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(Arts, Literature, Commerce,
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VOL. XI. NEW YORK

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To His Royal Highness

THE Prince Regent

BY HIS GRACE AND
R. ACKERMANN, DEPUTY SECRETARY.

Repository

OF

ARTS, LITERATURE, COMMERCE,

Manufactures, Fashions, and Politics,

For JANUARY, 1814.

VOL. XI.

 The Sixty-first Number.

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TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We earnestly solicit communications (post paid) from the professors of the arts in general, as well as authors, respecting works which they may have in hand. We conceive that the evident advantage which must accrue to both from the more extensive publicity that will be given to their productions through the medium of the Repository, needs only to be mentioned, to induce them to favour us with such information, which shall always meet with the most prompt attention.

The Hints of Sophronicus appear better suited to the columns of a newspaper, than to the pages of the Repository.

Jack's Answer to a Broken Heart, J. M. Lacey's Tribute of Respect, Amator's Stanzas, R. B.'s Lines, and those of F. C. S. are received, but owing to the pressure of other matter, we are obliged to defer the favours of many of our poetical correspondents.

From the specimen of the proposed Letters sent by J. H. R. we cannot encourage him to prosecute his plan, as it is impossible to pledge ourselves for their insertion in the Repository.

The want of novelty in the Patterns of Manufactures, has obliged us to suspend our practice of giving them in every Number of our Publication. They will, in future, be introduced only when any new articles worthy of the notice of our readers, may happen to be brought forward.

The Proprietor begs leave to remind such of his Readers as have imperfect sets of the Repository, of the necessity of an early application for the deficiencies, in order to prevent disappointment. Those who chuse to return their Numbers to the Publisher, may have them exchanged for Volumes in a variety of bindings, at the rate of 5s. per Volume.

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—————The suffrage of the wise,
The praise that's worth ambition, is attain'd
By sense alone, and dignity of mind.

ARMSTRONG.

CONVERSATIONS ON THE ARTS.—By JUNIUS.

(Continued from vol. X. p. 313.)

MISS EVE. What is that which has fallen from the newspaper containing the retirement from the stage of Tom King?

MISS K. It is an account of the retirement of David Garrick, the modern Roscius, in 1776.

MISS EVE. Suppose you read it?

MISS K.

DAVID GARRICK'S FAREWELL TO
THE STAGE.

On the 20th of June, 1776, the celebrated Roscius took leave of the town, after making his last theatrical appearance in the character of Don Felix, in *The Wonder*, by Mrs. Centlivre, the profits of which he generously gave to the fund for the support of decayed actors, being the second benefit from that theatre. The play being ended, the awful crisis approached, when the town was to see its favourite Roscius no more. The scene of his taking leave was beyond description distressing. Let the read-

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er conceive this universal favourite, impressed with all those feelings which his peculiar situation must call forth, advancing to bid farewell to that public to whom he owed so many obligations. After a short pause, which was necessary to enable him to recollect himself, under a visible agitation of spirits, he addressed the audience thus:—

Ladies and Gentlemen,—It has been customary with persons under my circumstances, to address you in a farewell epilogue. I had the same intention, and turned my thoughts that way, but found myself then as incapable of writing such an epilogue, as I should be now of speaking it. The jingle of rhyme and the language of fiction would but ill suit my present feelings. This is to me a very awful moment; it is no less than parting for ever with those from whom I have received the greatest kindness and favours, and upon that spot where

that kindness and those favours were enjoyed.—(Here for a moment he was unable to proceed until relieved by a flood of tears.)—Whatever may be the changes of my future life, the deep impression I have of your kindness will always remain *here* (putting his hand to his breast), fixed and unalterable. I will very readily agree to my successors having more skill and ability for their stations than I have, but I defy them all to take more sincere and uninterrupted pains for your favour, or to be more truly sensible of it than is your most obedient and grateful humble servant. Here he retired amidst the mingled tears and acclamations of the most brilliant audience that ever was assembled.

Miss *Eve*. How long did Garrick live after this?

Miss *K*. Something more than two years and a half. He died at his house, No. 5, Adelphi Terrace, Jan. 20, 1779. His widow, Eva Maria Garrick, whom he left immensely rich, still resides in the same house when in town. Mr. Garrick disposed of his half share of the patent of Drury-lane Theatre for 35,000*l.* to Mr. Lindsay, the musical composer, and two other gentlemen, jointly with Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

Miss *Eve*. Will you mention John Banks's dates?

Miss *K*. John Banks, the dramatic writer, was bred a lawyer, and was a member of the society of New Inn; but his genius led him to make several attempts in dramatic poetry, in which he had various success. Even when he met with the greatest encouragement, he was very sensible of his error in

quitting the profitable practice of the law to pursue the entertainments of the stage; but he was fired with a thirst of fame, which reconciled to his mind the many uneasy sensations to which the precarious success of his plays and the indigence of his profession naturally exposed him. Mr. Banks no doubt accomplished one part of his design by commencing poet—that of being remembered after death, which Pope calls, “the poor estate of wits;” for this gentleman has here a place among the poets, while nine-tenths of the lawyers of his time now sleep with their forefathers in oblivion, and nothing more is known of them than that they lived and they died.

Banks's genius was entirely directed to tragedy. His language is certainly unpoetical, and his numbers unharmonious, but he seems not to have been ignorant of the dramatic art; for in all his plays he has very forcibly roused the passions, kept the scene busy, and never suffered the characters to languish. He wrote *The Rival Kings, or the Loves of Oroonates and Statira*, acted 1677; *The Destruction of Troy*, 1679; *Virtue Betrayed*; *Anne Bullen*, 1682; *The Earl of Essex, or the Unhappy Favourite*, 1682; *The Island Queens*; *The Death of Mary Queen of Scots*, afterwards called *The Albion Queens*; *The Innocent Usurper, or the Death of Lady Jane Grey*, 1695; and *Cyrus the Great*, taken from Scudery's Romance.

Miss *Eve*. I think several other writers have chosen for their subject the story of the Earl of Essex, whose fate is said to have caused the death of Queen Elizabeth.

Don't you think Elizabeth was somewhat too old to die for love of a young man when she was almost 70 years of age?

Miss K. Some women are capable of a sincere affection at a very advanced age: when their bodies are 70, their minds are but as at 17.

Miss Eve. This is also poetical licence—the poetical ideal—it heightens the interest of the play.

Miss K. Since Banks's tragedy of *The Earl of Essex*, there have been three written, not only on that subject, but on this very plan, as that was as universally approved as the sentiment and diction were condemned. The last three were by Ralph Jones and Brooke; but more tears have flowed from the eyes of the tender and humane at the exhibition of Banks's *Essex*, than from any of the others. His *Island Queens* was rejected; but Queen Anne, in 1706, commanded it to be acted, when it met with success, and has often been revived with applause, for it is a very moving tragedy. Mrs. Rowe's *Death of Lady Jane Grey* is superior to Banks's. His *Cyrus the Great* was at first rejected, but afterwards brought out and acted with great success. I believe it is not known when Banks died. He seems to have possessed considerable abilities. His characteristic fault as an actor was, aiming at the sublime, which seldom failed to degenerate into bombast. Fire he had, but not judgment to manage it: he was negligent in his poetry; he has not sufficiently marked and distinguished his characters, but was happy in the choice of his fables, and he found out a way of

drawing tears which many a superior poet has tried in vain.

Miss Eve. You told me a love story of the royal family of France, Louis XIV. and the widow Scarron. Can you tell me another?

Miss K. Recline on that couch, my dear Miss Eve, and I will tell you a love story of Philip Duke of Anjou, second son to the Dauphin of France, and grandson to Louis XIV. when he went to take possession of the throne of Spain.

Miss Eve. I think he was born in 1683?

Miss K. Yes; and in 1701, in his 19th year, he was made King of Spain. On the 31st of December in that year, he arrived at Bourdeaux, and, while eating in public, the people were permitted to go into the hall where he was. There was, consequently, a great concourse, some entering as the others were going out. The dessert being brought in, a Gascon girl approached the king's table. She was about 18 years of age, well grown, of a majestic, lively countenance, very neatly dressed, and, besides this, had something charming in her air, which distinguished her from all the rest of her sex who were about the young monarch's table. The king, without any farther ceremony, took a dish of sweetmeats and turned them into her apron. She received his majesty's present with surprising modesty, but could not forbear blushing, which increased her charms, and caused her to be admired by all the spectators. The young king smiled upon her, and signified, by many tender glances, the impression she had made upon his heart.

As the fair virgin could not without confusion bear these glances, she thought proper to retire. His majesty, as she withdrew, whispered to one of his pages, ordering him to learn her name and abode. The repast being over, the king retired to his closet and wrote a note, which he gave to his page to carry to the female who had become the object of his sudden passion. It was conceived in these terms:—"Love reigns in the hearts of kings as well as in those of their subjects. She knows no power superior to her own, and the greatest monarchs in the world glory in their submission to her empire. You may think it strange, my dear, that I am affected with the charms of your person. I beg of you one hour's interview, that I may convince you of the success of my affection."

The king, when he delivered this billet to the page, gave him at the same time a rich diamond, with orders to present it in his name to the young female. The trusty page punctually executed his majesty's commands. The fair Gascon read the king's tender billet, and accepted his present. As she was of a sprightly genius, a quality natural to the people of that country, she answered the king's declaration, in a note which she gave to the page, in these terms:—

"*Sir*,—I do assure you, that if love reigns over the hearts of kings, so it does over those of the meanest of their subjects. Virtue, constancy, and fidelity reign also among women of mean birth, as well as among queens. I return your majesty my hearty thanks for the tender love you have conceived for me, and yet more for the declara-

tion that you have made in the billet you have been pleased to take the trouble of writing to me. Perhaps, great prince, if I had been descended from the blood of queens and sovereign princesses, you would not have noticed me. As I have never sacrificed my fidelity to a lover, to whom I have promised marriage, I beg your majesty to dispense with an interview, which cannot but be fatal to my virtue. Nevertheless, sir, I will keep your diamond as a precious token of the love which it has pleased so great a monarch to honour me with, at a time when I cannot answer him but with sighs and regrets."

The page, returning to the king with this answer, met the Duke de Beauvilliers upon the stairs, who asked him where he had been, and what he had in his hand. The page, confused at the questions of the duke, to whom all the court paid as much deference as to the king himself, ingenuously confessed the whole of the secret intrigue, and delivered to him the pretty Gascon's letter. The duke having read it, was very angry with the page for executing such a commission, went immediately to the king's chamber, and gave him the billet himself; at the same time explaining to his majesty the ill consequences which such adventures might draw upon a prince who was advanced to the throne, where wisdom ought to reign as well as the king.

Miss *Fre*. Do you know any particulars of John Crowne, the dramatic writer?

Miss *K*. He was the son of an Independent minister, and was born at Nova Scotia, North America. It is

said, that when he first arrived in England, his necessities were so urgent, that he was obliged to accept the situation of gentleman-usher to an old, independent lady.

Miss *Eve*. What kind of situation was that?

Miss *K*. Indeed I don't know. He wrote seventeen plays, among which are, the First Part of *Henry VI. of England, with the Murder of Henry Duke of Gloucester*, acted 1681; the Second Part of *Henry VI. or the Miseries of Civil War; Charles VIII. King of France, or the Invasion of Naples*, in heroic verse; *The Destruction of Jerusalem by Titus Vespasian*, in two parts, acted 1677, addressed to the Duchess of Portsmouth. These pieces met with extravagant applause, which is said to have excited the envy of Lord Rochester so much, that, on this account, he became an enemy to its author, whom he had before very much befriended.

Miss *Eve*. I can repeat some lines in the last-mentioned play, supposed to be spoken by an angel descending over the altar, and prophesying the fall of Jerusalem.

Stay, stay your flight, fond men, Heav'n does despise

All your vain incense, prayer, and sacrifice;
Now is arriv'd Jerusalem's fatal hour,
When she and sacrifice must be no more.
Long against Heaven hadst thou, rebellious town,

The public trumpets of defiance blown,
Didst open wars against thy Lord maintain,
And all his messengers of peace hast slain;
And now the hour of his revenge is come,
Thy works are finish'd, and thy slumbring doom,

Which long has lain in the divine decree,
Is now arous'd from his dull lethargy.
His armies rais'd, and his commission seal'd,
His order's given and cannot be repeal'd;
And now thy people, temple, altars, all,
Must in one total dissolution fall.

Heav'n will in sad procession walk the round,
And level all thy buildings with the ground;
And from the soil, enrich'd with human blood,
Shall grass spring up where palaces have stood,

Where beasts shall feed, and a revenge obtain
For all the thousands at thy altars slain;
And this once blessed house, where angels came

To bathe their airy wings in holy flame,
Like a swift vision, or a flash of light,
All wrapt in fire, shall vanish in thy sight;
And, thrown aside among the cannon store,
Sink down in Time's abyss, and rise no more.

Miss *K*. The Jews do not believe, that they shall rise no more?

Miss *Eve*. No; they believe in general, that our nation will be restored, though it is now above 1700 years since the last destruction of the Jewish nation.

Miss *K*. Some Jews assert, that we have not a correct translation of the Bible in English: what say you?

Miss *Eve*. It is only the illiterate Jews that maintain this: I understand Hebrew better than English; the letter is in some places different in the original, but the spirit or sense is the same in both.

Miss *K*. Which is the best translation, the German, Dutch, or English?

Miss *Eve*. I understand the German and Dutch languages also: the English is by far the best translation.—But we were talking of John Crowne, the dramatic writer.

Miss *K*. Besides his seventeen plays, he wrote *Pandion and Amphigenia, or the Coy Lady of Thessalia*, enriched with engravings, 1665; also *The Deaneid, or the Labours of the great Dean of Nôtre Dame in Paris*, for erecting in his choir a throne for his glory, and the eclipsing the pride of an imperious usurping character; an heroic poem in

four cantos, 1692. This is a burlesque poem, and chiefly taken from Boileau's *Lutrin*. Mr. Crowne was patronized by King Charles II. and becoming tired with the fatigue of writing, and shocked with the uncertainty of theatrical success, he requested the king to give him some office; but Charles, who loved comedy above all other amusements except one, which was more expensive and less innocent, said, that he should be provided for, but that he would first see another of his comedies. Mr. Crowne endeavoured to excuse himself, by telling the king, that he plotted slowly and awkwardly; his Majesty replied, that he would help him to a plot, and put into his hand the Spanish comedy *Non Poder Esser*. Crowne, thus stimulated, worked with uncommon success. The play was now ready to appear; every one who had seen it rehearsed, was highly pleased with it, and Crowne was delighted with the flattering hope of being made comfortable for the remainder of his life, by the performance of the king's promise. But on the last day of the rehearsal, he met Underhill coming from the playhouse as he himself was going towards it, on which the poet reprimanded the player for neglecting so important a part as he had in the comedy, and on a day of so much consequence as the very last day of the rehearsal. "Oh!" replied Underhill, "we are all undone."—"How!" cried Crowne, "is the playhouse on fire?"—"The whole nation," replied the player, "will quickly be so; for the king is dead." The author, on hearing this dismal news, was driven almost distracted; for he, who,

the moment before, was ravished with the thought of the pleasure he was about to give the king, and the favours he was afterwards to receive from him, now found, to his unspeakable sorrow, that his royal patron was gone for ever, and with him all his hopes. Coxeter says, that Crowne was alive in 1703, but as he was then very old, it is probable that he did not live long afterwards.

Miss *Eve*. I have a tragedy by Crowne which I read last week, entitled *Regulus*. The design of this play is noble; the example of Regulus being the most celebrated for honour and constancy of any of the Romans.

Miss *K*. There is a play with the same title by Havard, the comedian, a few years ago of the Theatre Royal Drury-lane.

Miss *Eve*. I think I will attempt a painting from this subject—The Return of Regulus to Carthage. Has any artist of this country succeeded in this attempt?

Miss *K*. An early production by West is the best painting that has been produced in this country from that excellent subject.

Miss *Eve*. Is it true, as Barry observes in his book on painting, that we should beware of short cuts, that is, beware of expecting to improve much in the arts, without a great deal of application? He says—

Painful and slow to noble arts we rise,
And long, long labours wait the glorious prize.

Miss *K*. This is not always true. Vandyke, Parmegiano, Paul Potter, and many others might easily be mentioned, who were excellent painters when they were little boys. These chanced to receive good in-

struction. An artist may be many years investigating a capital rule in painting, which, when found, he may, if he pleases, communicate in five minutes. Many of the first rules may be taught, as the painter is said to have been taught, at the first glance, when he viewed the paintings of Michael Angelo Buonarrotti in the Pope's chapel; where he, in a few moments, conceived ideal perfection, that raised him at once from the poverty of common nature.

Miss *Eve*. For the future I shall not be content merely with selection, but always endeavour to pursue the poetical ideal—every thing perfect in its kind.

Miss *K*. Yes, and always try, as was the constant practice of Raphael and the greatest masters, to catch nature in the fact, as it is termed; that is, copy the expression from nature, when she is unconscious of observation and peculiarly interesting. The harmony of lines, the airs of heads, the beautiful turns in the limbs, and a thousand such-like things may be copied from the best masters. This is best done in the night, that is, late at night, when we are quite secure by ourselves, and unseen, otherwise we shall be talked of for this, and be called plagiarists.

Miss *Eve*. I understand you—when the thieves are abroad on the look-out, to be slyly at home on the look-out: but there is this difference, that artists are subject only to the Spartan law. The other also is unpunished, if he is not detected.

Miss *K*. Art is selection, and is perfect when completely pursued through every department. Nine-

teen out of twenty of the artists are not even in the path that leads to excellence. Many despairing of being great, labour hard to be little; they are copyists in a very confined sense of the word; but many of them know not this.

Miss *Eve*. Who was Edward Moore?

Miss *K*. He was bred a linen-draper, and married Miss Hamilton, whose mother held the situation of table-decker to the Princesses at St. James's. He wrote *The Foundling*, a comedy, acted eleven successive nights in 1747. The part of Faddle was by Russel, a celebrated singer of that time, who was afterwards arrested for debt, and died in the Fleet prison. Moore also wrote *Gil Blas*, C. 1750; *The Gamester*, T. 1753; also Poems, Fables, Songs, &c.

Miss *Eve*. Do you know any other particulars of Russel?

Miss *K*. He was much admired for his agreeable manner of imitating the opera singers. He was handsome and elegant in his person, of consummate assurance, and caressed for some years by several leading ladies of quality; and yet, so capricious is the fate of these darlings of their day, that he was thrown into the Fleet prison, in the prime of life, for a debt not exceeding £40, which affected him so much as to drive him out of his mind, and he died there in a few months.

Mr. Moore has by no means met with the success which his plays have merited: his plots are interesting, his characters are well drawn, his sentiments delicate, and his language poetical and pleasing; and

what crowns all, and more forcibly claims public notice for his writings, is, that the greatest purity pervades the whole, the obvious tendency of every piece being the promotion of morality and virtue.

Here is part of a song addressed by Miss Hamilton, afterwards Mrs. Moore, to Miss Duck, daughter of Stephen Duck, the poet:—

Would you think it, my Duck! for the fault
I must own,
Your Jenny at last is quite covetous grown:
The millions if fortune should lavishly pour,
I still should be wretched if I had not *More*.
You will wonder, my girl, who this dear-one
can be,
Whose merit can boast such a conquest of me;
But you shan't know his name, though I told
you before,
It begins with an M—I dare not say *More*.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR OF MOZART, THE GERMAN COMPOSER.

IN presenting the readers of the *Repository* with the following biographical memoir of Mozart, the universal celebrity of his name and of his immortal works, supersedes the necessity of any prefatory justification of our undertaking. The particulars of his life, we are confident, must be welcome to every lover of harmony; and even to the few who may not be prompted to peruse our labour from musical partiality, the recital of a most extraordinary precocity of mental faculties cannot fail to appear interesting in a philosophical point of view. It is the history of a human being, who, at every stage of his short existence, exhibited the attainment usual to an age of precisely double the amount of years, and whose *life, therefore*, we had almost said—extended to twice its apparent duration.

If our task impart to the reader but a small portion of the gratification which we ourselves derived in beginning this offering to the memory of a man whom we adore, we shall be amply paid for the diligence with which we have gleaned our materials from a variety of authen-

tic sources, partly of German publication, partly of faithful oral testimony, and partly of personal observation. With such a mass of information at our command, the most arduous part of our labour arose from the obligation of brevity, which the limits of the *Repository* impose upon us. This difficulty of selection, and necessity of compression, will, we hope, plead our excuse for any eventual omission of importance in our narrative. For all other imperfections, we have no refuge but the indulgence of our readers.

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART was born at Salzburg, in Germany, on the 27th January, 1756. His father, Leopold Mozart, known to the musical world by a valuable work of instruction for the violin, was not only a skilful player on that instrument, but in every respect a thorough-bred musician; familiar with the theory of the science as well as with its practice on many different instruments. His talents and his amiable character soon procured him the honourable appointment of second Master of the Prince's Chapel, then containing



Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart.

Portrait by J. N. Krauss, 1756. Engraved by G. B. Schiavone, Dec 16th 1791.

a combination of talents of the first order.

Of several children of Leopold's, two only, Mary-Ann and our Wolfgang, attained to an age of maturity. Both evinced in their earliest infancy such extraordinary talents for music, as to induce the parent to give up all his scholars, and every other employment except that of his official situation, in order to devote all his time to the instruction of his children. Mary-Ann, as the eldest, was taken first in hand at the age of seven years. Although Wolfgang then was but an infant of three years, he gave unerring indications of his musical genius. Whenever the harpsichord was vacant, little Wolfgang would divert himself for whole hours in grappling with his little fingers for the thirds and fifths of every key, and express the liveliest joy, when, by his spontaneous efforts, he had hit upon a combination of sounds, which his musical soul taught him to be a concord. These hints of nature were not neglected by the discerning and tender father: short musical pieces, such as minuets, songs, &c. were forthwith attempted to be imparted to the infant mind and fingers; and, to the parent's surprise, the child caught and executed the melody with such expression, that, instead of a newly acquired task, it seemed rather the reminiscence or resuscitation of former abilities.

The progress of such a pupil may, or rather cannot, easily be imagined. He soon, by unwearied and spontaneous application, mastered the mechanical difficulties of the instrument: the father beheld with the sweetest astonishment the

giant strides of his pupil, whose genius anticipated and outstripped all common instruction. Music became now the boy's greatest delight, and all children's play was treated by him with absolute indifference, so much so, that it was frequently necessary to part Wolfgang from his instrument. No wonder that at the age of six he was considered a first-rate performer, and that he was capable of inventing small musical pieces, which his attentive father had to put to paper for the infant composer.

In 1762, old Mozart took his son and daughter to Munich, and shortly afterwards to Vienna; at both of which capitals Wolfgang surprised the respective sovereigns by his transcendent abilities. Francis I. would often converse with him familiarly, call him the little conjurer, make him play a concerto on a *covered* key-board, or propose to him to perform with *one* finger only; all which demands Wolfgang executed to his great astonishment.

In Vienna, one of his admirers had presented Mozart at his departure with a small violin. When the family had returned to Salzburg, a Mr. Wenzl submitted to the father six trios, which he had composed in their absence. In order to try the composition, it was proposed to execute the trios forthwith; old Mozart played the bass on the tenor, Wenzl the first violin, and a Mr. Schachtner, who happened to be present, the second. Little Wolfgang entreated permission to play the second violin; but the father, reprimanding him for his presumption, bade him be gone. The boy left the room with his little fiddle, crying bitterly. Mr.

Schachtner, who stood very high in Wolfgang's affection, called him back, and requested the father to allow the boy to play the second *with* him.—“Well,” said old Mozart, “you may play along with Mr. S. but mind! so low that nobody hears you, or else you shall be sent away.”—The trio (*a quattro*) began; Schachtner soon perceived, that Wolfgang's play rendered his own quite superfluous, put down his violin, and looked at the father, whose eyes were already moistened with tears of a parent's delight. In this manner the whole of the six trios were played by the self-taught violinist.

Mozart's acute perception of musical interval at that tender age, is illustrated by another anecdote. His friend Schachtner possessed a violin which was a great favourite of Mozart's, and which, on account of its soft tone, he used to call the “Butter-violin.”—That the butter-violin was resorted to at every musical visit at Mr. S.'s, is natural; but one day when Schachtner found Mozart precluding upon his own little instrument, the latter enquired after the butter-violin; and, after a pause, exclaimed—“What a pity, Mr. Schachtner, you don't keep your violin at the same pitch! The last time I played upon it, it was a quarter tone lower than my own here.” The by-standers smiled at the little virtuoso's prattle; but the father, from experience suspecting his son to be right, sent for the butter-violin, and, to every one's surprise, the instrument was, on comparison, found precisely a quarter tone lower than the little fiddle.

The same astonishing faculty,

perhaps, of discerning the difference of quantity in musical sound, may account for Mozart's expertness in figures. While thus almost exclusively trained up to harmony, his general education was not neglected, and Mozart made respectable advances in other branches of elementary instruction. Of these, however, arithmetic soon became a favourite study, which he pursued zealously to problems of the higher order; and his skill in the science of numbers enabled him to solve readily the most difficult numerical questions.

Young Mozart's fame abroad increased with his talents; musicians came from all parts of Germany to Salzburg, in order to witness a phenomenon in the annals of art. Encouraged by these flattering testimonials, and confident of his son's unrivalled excellence, the father determined to set out on a great tour with his two children. The principal cities of Germany, accordingly, were first visited during the year 1763; and in November, the family arrived in Paris, where they sojourned almost six months. During their stay, Wolfgang, then about seven, played the organ in the Royal Chapel at Versailles before the king; they gave two public *academies* with the greatest applause at Paris; and it was here that the first fruits of Mozart's septennial genius appeared in print. They consisted of sonatas for the piano-forte, dedicated partly to Madame Victoire (the king's second daughter), and partly to the Countess Tessa.

From France, the Mozart family passed over to England, in April, 1764, and performed before the

king the same month. Here they gave two great concerts, one for their own benefit and the other for that of the Lying-in Hospital. In both, all the symphonies were of the son's composition (then eight years old). Subsequently, the Mozarts once more performed before the royal family and the nobility; and, in a private audience, Wolfgang delighted the king by devising, *extempore*, a beautiful melody to a bass laid before him. Six sonatas for the piano-forte, which he wrote at that time, were published in London, and dedicated to the Queen.

On his return home, by the way of Brabant, Holland, Paris, Lyons, Switzerland, and Swabia, Mozart composed several more symphonies, variations, and songs; indeed such was his zealous love of his art, that even bodily illness did not interrupt his unwearied activity. In Holland (1765) the small-pox attacked him with great violence; yet, amidst all the sufferings of this dreadful disorder; the darling of the Muses found means to continue his offerings to the Pierian sisters. A desk was contrived across the boy's bed, on which his little fingers, covered with the eruptive poison, traced the effusions of his immortal soul.

In 1766, after three years absence, the Mozart family returned to Salzburg, and the repose of almost the whole succeeding twelve-month was employed in the study of the higher branches of harmony. Next to the excellent instruction of an intelligent father, the works of Emanuel Bach, of Hasse, of Handel, and of the earlier and more profound Italian masters, were young Mozart's guides.

In 1768, Mozart, then twelve years old, astonished the Emperor Joseph with his performance, and received from him the honourable commission to compose an opera buffa, entitled *La Finta Semplice*. This, his first essay in dramatic composition, earned the decided approbation of the great composer, Hasse, and of the celebrated poet Metastasio, but was not performed on the stage.

Few, if any, votaries of the fine arts have arrived at first-rate eminence, without visiting the soil in which the arts, after withering away in the chilling blasts of the tramon-tane barbarism of the middle ages, rebudded as it were from the parent trunk. Italy, the finishing school of every profession where taste takes the lead, was at once to admire our musical prodigy, and to send him back to his native country, adorned with every grace which she could instil, and which the genius of the youth was so susceptible of imbibing.

The mother country of harmony received her offspring with admiration, forgot her national prejudice and contempt against every thing Transalpine, and fostered him with the tenderness of a parent. In Milan, where Mozart arrived in the beginning of 1770, he was not only treated with the greatest distinction, but charged to compose the opera *Mithridate*, against the carnival of 1771. In Bologna he delighted the great contrapuntist Martini, by casting, extempore, any given theme into the complicated texture of a fugue. The same sensation his talents excited at Florence, both in public and before the Marquis of Ligneville,

a celebrated and deeply learned amateur.

At Rome our traveller arrived with the holy week, a period when every church in that capital resounds with the solemn strains of master-pieces in church music, when, in the Sixtine chapel, the annual performance of the celebrated *Miserere* of *Allegri* depicts the sufferings of the Redeemer, in strains capable of rending the heart of the Christian, nay, of converting the unbeliever. This composition, the acmé of sublime and sacred music, one of the highest efforts of human art, is the exclusive property of the church, and is never heard at any other time, nor in any other place; for excommunication follows the musician who dares to take a copy.

Mozart heard the *Miserere* on Wednesday, retained in his memory not only the melody, but the whole harmony, the progress of every voice, the responses, imitations, in short, the mechanic construction of the whole, went home to commit all to paper, and, at the usual second and last performance of the same composition, on the Friday succeeding, supplied or corrected every thing that had escaped him at the first. This unprecedented effort of musical penetration, when it came to be known, caused the greatest sensation in Rome, and at once defined the lad's exalted rank in the musical world.

That he was a welcome guest to the musical, the gay inhabitants of Naples, may well be imagined. Unaccustomed to hear such execution on the piano-forte, many of his Neapolitan auditors seriously ascribed the youth's extraordinary

powers to magic. He never played without a particular ring on one of his fingers: surely it must be the ring which contains the talisman! Our readers will scarcely believe us, when we inform them, that Mozart was actually, and in good earnest, requested to play for once without the magic ring. He complied instantly, but the magic of his play was not lessened. What sport for priestcraft in such a population!!

On his return through Rome, Pius VI. the unfortunate martyr of French revolutionary madness, conferred on him the honour of knighthood of the Golden Spur; and in Bologna, he was unanimously elected a member of the Philharmonic Academy, after having, in half an hour, composed a fugue in four parts, in a *locked-up apartment*; a severe trial, no doubt, which, fortunately for many a Mus. B. and Mus. D. Oxon, has not been deemed compatible with British liberality.

On the 6th Dec. 1770, Mozart brought his *Mithridate* on the Milanese stage; it was performed with the greatest applause twenty successive times, and procured him a further engagement for composing the opera *Lucio Sullà* against the carnival, 1773, which, in like manner, was acted uninterruptedly for twenty-six nights.

After a stay of sixteen months, Mozart returned to Salzburg, his native city, regretted by a nation from whom he brought an immense treasure of knowledge, an inexhaustible fund of new ideas, and a taste refined into truly classic elegance.

The limits of this historical sketch

will not permit our tracing the adventures and the numerous works of Mozart in chronological order. Although Salzburg was his principal residence from 1771 till 1781, he, in that period, undertook frequent professional trips to Munich, Vienna, and once even to Paris; where, however, he staid but a short time, principally from his decided dislike of the French taste in music. Into this period falls an immense number of his earlier works, such as sonatas, serenatas, symphonies, and one opera, *La finta Giardiniera*; few of which, however, although all in the style of a master, have contributed towards immortalizing his name. It is from his twentieth year that his works breathe the full development of a genius of the first order; and the serenata, *Il Re Pastore*, forms, as it were, the transition from his scholastic, to his classic productions; inasmuch as that serenata exhibits the earliest touches of the divine spark which burst forth into the brightest flame in his subsequent labours. With the opera *Idomeneo Re di Creta*, he seems to have taken firm footing in the realms of sublime composition. Many able judges have pronounced this opera, the most perfect and finished dramatic composition extant; it is, unquestionably, one of Mozart's master-pieces. It was composed at Munich, for the theatre in that city; and perhaps we may account for its excellence, by the circle of men of the first merit, and of the most amiable, social virtues, who strewed flowers and incense before every step Mozart took in that capital. Nay, the omnipotent divinity, LOVE, had a hand in the

excellence of this opera. Mozart was then paying his addresses to Miss Constantia Weber, sister of the celebrated female singer, Mad. Lang, and herself a vocal performer of no mean abilities. That so soft a passion of itself is capable of unbending the inmost recesses of the human soul, and of causing it to vibrate sympathetically into harmony, requires not our proof. Moreover, it was by a master-piece, like *Idomeneo*, that Mozart had proposed to himself to gain the hand of his Constantia from her unwilling parents, who had invariably urged the want of a settled provision to support a wife, as the only reason of their aversion to the match. When the musical father heard *Idomeneo*, and saw the rapturous applause of the audience, he is reported to have embraced the author:—"Take Constantia," said he, "the composer of *Idomeneo* carries a fortune with him wherever he goes!"

In the same year (his 25th) he removed to Vienna, where he finally established his residence, and where, some occasional journeys excepted, he sojourned during the remainder of his life. His abode at Vienna unquestionably had a most favourable influence on his compositions. That capital is not only the center whither, from all parts of Europe, and of Germany in particular, the most celebrated musicians are constantly repairing; but the bent of its inhabitants, of even the common class, is totally musical: and no city in the world possesses a population of more refined musical taste. There the Graces in harmony have fixed their abode, and it is from their hands Mozart has

drawn those inimitable melodies of tenderness and elegance, which render his compositions as dear to the common ear as to the adept. At Vienna, Mozart became the intimate friend of Gluck and Haydn; and the influence of his connection with those two great luminaries in harmony is perceptible throughout his works.

Not long after Mozart's arrival, the enlightened emperor, Joseph II. conceived the patriotic resolution of rendering the German opera equal to the Italian, and, if possible, of replacing the latter by the former. The first-rate German vocal performers were collected, and the talents of Mozart were to be instrumental in this undertaking. The opera which he composed for that purpose, *Die Entführung aus dem Serail* (*L'Enlèvement du Serail*), 1782, merits to be more generally known in England than it is. We praise it sufficiently by stating, that its applause from the Vienna public was the foundation of Mozart's celebrity. The emperor, on the night of its first representation, said to the author, "Too fine for our ears, and vast abundance of notes, dear Mozart!"—"Just as many as are necessary, your majesty," was Mozart's reply.

When some years afterwards, Mozart came to Berlin; and on his alighting in the evening at an inn in that city, saw, by a play-bill in the coffee-room, that this opera was to be performed on that very night, he forthwith proceeded to the theatre, *incognito*, and took his seat in the pit. Through a mistake of the copyist's, the second violins had in their part a natural instead of a sharp, in the first aria of the

second act, and played accordingly:—"Take F sharp, for God's sake!" exclaimed the indignant composer, with all his might. This attracted the attention of his neighbour, who, vexed at being disturbed in the musical treat he was listening to, desired Mozart to hold his tongue, and not find fault with such first-rate musicians.—"They may be what you please, sir," replied Mozart, "but it stands F sharp, and the second fiddles are continually playing F."—"How knew he that?"—"I ought to know something about it, I myself have written the opera; my name is Mozart."

Among the astonishing number of classic instrumental works which now rapidly followed each other from his assiduous pen, we will only notice his six violin quartetts, dedicated to Haydn (1785). Their unique excellence leaves every thing of the kind, before or since composed, at an immeasurable distance. Haydn himself declared, with his usual modesty, that those quartetts were a work of genius not to be surpassed; and to Mozart's father, then still living, he expressed himself in the following words:—"I tell you, dear sir, before God, and as an honest man, that I look upon your son as the greatest composer I have ever heard of. He combines taste with the most intimate knowledge of the science of composition." As a further confirmation of the great Haydn's opinion of Mozart's talents, we shall translate a letter which the former wrote, in 1782, to a friend of his at Prague, who had requested the transmission of an opera of his composition for the theatre in that city.

“You are desirous to have one of my opera buffa’s; with all my heart, if your wish is to have a vocal composition of mine *to yourself*. But if it is intended to be brought upon the stage at Prague, you must excuse me. All my operas are written and calculated for the sphere of our establishment here” (the Prince of Esterhazy’s chapel); “and, any where else, would fail in producing the effect I aimed at in their composition. The case would stand otherwise, were I fortunate enough to have to compose quite a new work for your theatre. But even then, the undertaking would be bold and venturesome on my side, since the great Mozart can scarcely be matched by any other. If it were in my power to impress upon every lover of music, and especially upon our great men, a proper sense of the inimitable works of Mozart; if I could make them feel their beauties with the same ardour of conviction with which I comprehend and feel them, all nations would rival each other to have such a jewel among them. Prague ought to lay

hold of the dear man, and also to recompense him; for, without due reward, the history of great geniuses becomes a sad picture, little calculated to encourage further exertions. Hence, alas! the woeful circumstance of so many great and hopeful minds bending down in obscurity under every kind of pressure. I am vexed and angry with the world, not yet to see this great, this incomparable Mozart engaged by some imperial or royal court. Pardon my digression, I love the man too much. . . .”

The veneration of these two great men was reciprocal. One day, when a composition of Haydn’s was performed in the presence of Mozart, a presumptuous would-be professor criticised a certain passage, observing to the latter, “I should not have done this so.”—“I believe you,” replied Mozart, very coolly. The critic suspecting the sneer, asked what Mozart meant.—“I mean, sir, that neither you nor I are able to do it so,” was Mozart’s explanation.

(*To be continued.*)

CORRECTION OF A VULGAR ERROR RESPECTING POETS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

MY intention, in this letter, is to offer some remarks on the mistaken notion which the world, generally speaking, forms of a certain race of men known by the title and qualifications of Poets. In some respects they may be said to live *out* of the world, yet they are not so far removed from the regions of mortality, as to be utterly neg-

lected by the inhabitants of this planet, and left to feed their bodies upon the resources of their minds, however fertile in imagination or fruitful in expedient. My present object, therefore, is to rescue this order of men from the jaws of *famine*, by pointing out the impossibility of their living here without some *substantial* assistance; and hence insinuating the propriety,

that those who reap either instruction or pleasure from their works, should contribute something to invigorate the Muse by regaling the poet. This indeed is but justice. They write to please the world; and to the real poet, I do believe, in that assurance rests his principal happiness. But this humane and generous world (as it should seem by the lives of many of the greatest poets both ancient and modern), with much shrewdness, imagines, that the sensations of vanity universally ascribed to poets, arising, I apprehend, from the consciousness of their genius, will amply furnish them with all the necessaries of life. They are immortal; and it is impossible, they reason, but that they cannot only feed upon, but make a glorious feast off these large supplies of *ether* which Heaven, in kindness, sends down upon the wings of that blessed angel of frigidity, *a cold north-east wind*. Their creative fancy can "turn them to shapes," and, by a happy versatility of talent, use them for a dinner, a bed, or a house, as occasion may require.

This is a very ingenious way of reasoning, if we consider the relative situation of the party making use of it; but if it be examined as it regards the poets, we shall, I think, discover that it savours more of *airy* sophistry than *substantial* logic. Were it possible to have reduced this theory to practice, the world would in all probability, ere now, have been ended, and this planet involved in its primeval chaotic darkness. That glorious luminary, the sun, which has been attacked at all points "from the rising to the going down thereof," must

long ago have fallen a prey to the voracious appetites of the poets, from the days of Homer, who alone would have carved a large slice from the reluctant sides of devoted Phœbus. Poor Cynthia would have had the burthen of so many lovers' sighs and oaths, bombastic sonnets, and dark-complexioned elegies, that her light would not only have been obscured and her strength diminished, but she would have been wasted away by their insatiate poetical fervour, and distributed by their hungry admiration into the philosophy of atoms. Nor would the remaining planets and the stars have shared a better fate: they would all have been long since devoured; and, as the mastication of so many solid bodies would have been *dry works* without the introduction of water (as rivers and streams of water by varying tend greatly to the improvement of the landscape), rills, rivulets, rivers, seas—nay, even the clouds themselves, would have been drunk up by the undistinguishing and unextinguishable thirst of the poets.

We find, however, Mr. Editor, that none of the poets, either ancient or modern, could accomplish this most desirable object; and not being cameleons, as might naturally be expected, it was the death of them. Even Horace, who has handed down to posterity an admirable set of rules in his *Art of Poetry*, has never even so much as hinted the practicability of this more than Herculean labour. He tells us,

"Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem."

But in no place has he in the most distant manner insinuated, that he

could extract meat, drink, or clothing either from fire or smoke: and I would ask, to what possible utility light could be applied without these substantial visitants to the "inward light?" Such a transformation of known usages was even beyond the power of the metamorphosing Muse of Ovid, who, it must be allowed, was a very ingenious poet in this respect. He says,

"In nova fert animus imitatas dicere formas
Corpora."

But I believe the learned will bear me out in saying, that he never professed to possess the power of changing air into good and wholesome food, nor of calling down the sun and planets to make a meal off. Nay, it was not once thought of by any individual of the numerous projectors in the Academy of Lagado. When Gulliver visited these redoubted philosophers, there was a man who had been eight years in the attempt to extract sun-beams out of cucumbers, and this without effect; though he hoped in eight years more to be able to supply the

governor's garden with sunshine at a reasonable rate: but it never entered into his speculative brain, to get cucumbers out of sun-beams. This truly would have been a secret worth knowing; a practical joke, which, I have a notion, would give great delight to a hungry poet, or a lean-visaged, starving philosopher.

But all this, Mr. Editor, being wrapt up in the impenetrable mantle of utter impossibility, I have to request that you will, in compassion for this no inconsiderable portion of his Majesty's subjects, insert this statement in your *Repository*. I only wish it had fallen to an abler pen to detail their deplorable case; but if this plain, unvarnished story can but touch the chords of pity, and extract the milk of human kindness from the breasts of any of your readers, the labour will not be in vain which has been bestowed upon it by, sir, your very obedient servant,

HUMANITAS.

MISCELLANEOUS FRAGMENTS AND ANECDOTES.

SIR JOHN MAYNARD.

WHEN Sir John Maynard, an eminent English lawyer, waited upon the Prince of Orange, the new monarch after the abdication of James II. with an address, and William having observed to him, that, from his age, he must have outlived most of the judges and eminent lawyers of his standing; Sir John replied, "And I should have outlived the law too, had it not been for the arrival of your Majesty."

No. LXI. Vol. XI.

CAUSES OF INSANITY.

Dr. Pinel says, that, when he examined the register of the Bicêtre, its descriptions of madmen were as follow:—A great many monks and priests, as also a considerable number of country people, who had been driven beside themselves by horrid pictures of futurity; several artists, as sculptors, painters, and musicians; some versifiers, in ecstasies with their own productions; a pretty considerable number of advocates and

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attornies: but there does not appear the name of a single person accustomed to the habitual exercise of his intellectual faculties; not *one naturalist* or *natural philosopher of ability*, no *chemist* nor *geometrician*.

Out of 265 patients in Bethlehem Hospital, 205 were found to be swarthy, with dark or black hair: the remaining 60 were of fair skin, with light brown or red hair. The principal causes of their madness were, gusts of violent anger, protracted indulgence of grief, terror impressed by erroneous views of religion, the degradation of pride, sudden fright, and disappointment in love.

RUSTIC COURTSHIP.

At a rustic merry-making, Roger was seated facing Patty; enamoured of her beauty, and stung by the arrows of the little god, he only vented his passion in sly looks, and now and then touching Patty's toe with his foot under the table. Patty, either fearful that the purity of her hose might be soiled, or determined to make the youth express a passion which he appeared so warmly to feel, at length exclaimed with spirit, "If you love me, why, tell me so; but don't dirty my stockings!"

JOHN KEMBLE.

It is related by Cooke, the late performer, that Kemble and himself played a scene belonging to the 3d act in the 2d. "I," says he, "was frightened out of my wits. 'We're wrong,' said I.—'Go on,' said he; and we went through it. When we came off, I exclaimed, 'Do you know what we have done? we have played a scene of the 3d act!'—'I know it,' says John very

coolly.—'And what shall we do in the 3d act?'—'Play the 2d?' and so we did. But the best of the joke was, that the papers never found us out."

It is said, Mr. Kemble had once a way of writing several letters at a time, sealing them, and afterwards directing them, which produced some games of cross purposes. Cooke received a letter from him, telling him, "He wondered at his impudence in applying to him after a discharge:" and it is supposed some poor devil received a hearty invitation to join his company and share half his profit. His landlady once received a letter from him, ordering her to get ready to play Clytus; and the performer another, directing him to be sure and have his sheets well aired.

MACHIAVEL.

Mr. Edgeworth very properly compares Machiavel's work with Swift's *Advice to Servants*. But why did Machiavel choose this style? Because he was aware, that a prince incapable of 'discerning the irony would be disposed to spurn at serious advice, and rather act diametrically opposite to it, than follow it. Hence he hoped to benefit both those who had sense enough to perceive his meaning, and profit by it; and those who, believing him serious, would for this reason go contrary to his precepts.

ENGLISH PRONUNCIATION.

The English mode of pronunciation was probably that of the ancient Greeks and Romans. Dionysius Halicarnassensis, *de Compositione Verborum*, §xi. speaks of the rhythm of verse differing from the

proper measure of the syllables, and often reversing it. Does not this imply, that the ancients read verse as we do? not as in Metronariston? Music, too, he said, altered the length of syllables.

The Greeks and Copts now use our *th*. This is the modern pronunciation of the *theta* among the Greeks, not as in the rest of Europe.—See Knight *on the Greek Alphabet*, 4to. 1791, p. 13, Dalloway's *Constantinople on the Pronunciation of Greek*.

SWIFT AND LORD ORRERY.

Sheridan, in his introduction to the Life of Swift, ascribes the manner in which Lord Orrery “treats the memory of his *friend* Swift” partly to the malevolence of his nature, but chiefly to his wish of acquiring literary reputation. That fame was the object of this author in composing his work, I have no doubt; but I am inclined to think, there was another motive lurking in his lordship's mind, the operation of which he would not have avowed, though its influence was far from inconsiderable. In a letter from Lord Orrery, dated the 3d of April, 1737, is the following passage:—“You shall certainly have the cheeses. If you will come to Somersetshire, I will eat one for joy. The best in England are made in my manor.” On this there is the following note in Nichols's edition of Swift's Works:—“The Earl of Orrery hated

cheese to such a degree, that he could scarcely bear the sight of it.” Now in Swift's *Political Conversation*, Works, vol. viii.-xix. p. 437, I observe the following speech by Lord Smart:—“An odd kind of fellow dined with me the other day; and when the cheese came upon the table, he pretended to faint; so somebody said, ‘Pray, take away the cheese.’—‘No,’ said I, ‘pray take away the fool.’” If John Earl of Orrery were not the fellow here meant, which I think he most probably was, as the cap certainly fitted him, he might feel a soreness at this passage, that he could neither forget nor forgive.

THE SCIENCE OF TRUTH.

“Nicolaus Damascenus says, that the Persians teach truth to their children as a science.”—Ensor *on Education*.—To teach truth as a science implies an absurdity on the very face of it. The fact, I have no doubt was, they were taught, that they must by no means lie; and therefore, as truth is not to be spoken at all times, that they must learn the *science* of concealing the truth without telling a direct falsehood: in other words, the art of evasion was taught them systematically. The connection of this education with the manners and morals of the highly polished Persians, both as a cause and an effect, might form a subject of curious and valuable enquiry.

ON COMMERCE.

No. XXXVIII.

To give your fair readers some idea of the beauties of the island of Johanna, we shall present them with a short extract from the ac-

count of an excursion made into the interior by Mr. Grose. He says, “We set out very early in the morning, with a design of penetrat-

ing about six miles into the country, before the sun should incommode us; and it was no common undertaking, considering the mountainous surface we had to pass. We had taken our fowling-pieces, in the hope of killing game, if we could attain the summit of the mountains, whither they retire; but, notwithstanding our utmost efforts to climb up them on our hands and knees, we found it impossible, and were obliged to content ourselves with the small birds that we found in the vallies, and on the hills whose ascent we had accomplished. We breakfasted on pine-apples, and the milk of cocoa-nuts served to assuage our thirst. Towards noon we arrived at a fine lake, on whose banks we sat down to make another repast, and to enjoy the natural cascades which fell from the rocks, and by blending their several noises from their respective distances, produced a soft and agreeable kind of water music. The orange and lemon-trees, bending beneath the weight of their fruit, dispersed a fragrance that embalmed the air. There were also wild pines, which bore a fruit of thirteen inches circumference, and of a more excellent flavour than those which I have since eaten in India: our guides also pointed out to us a great number of guava-trees, and also a tree whose fruit resembled our damsons,

which left an agreeable flavour on the palate several minutes after it was eaten: they all grow without regularity or order, and receive no advantage from cultivation; some cover the tops of the mountains, others shade the waterfalls, or thicken in the vallies; the whole forming a terrestrial paradise, in comparison with which the finest gardens of France, with their statues and canals, their parterres and their fountains, exhibit but a poor and meagre scenery. We quitted with regret this charming spot, after having admired its beauties, and what still added more to our pleasure, having had nothing to fear either from wild beasts or poisonous animals."

This island produces several other kinds of fruits besides those already mentioned, amongst which there is a remarkable kind of sweet orange; it is about the size of a common lemon, but of a much more delicious taste than those which grow in Portugal. The principal domestic animals are, neat cattle, sheep, and hogs; the former are of a moderate size, and, like those in the East Indies, have large excrescences on their backs; their flesh is very sweet, and the excrescence, when well salted, eats like marrow; the natives prefer it to the tongue.

MERCATOR & Co.

THE MODERN SPECTATOR.

No. XXXIV.

—Veniant a Dote sagittæ.—*JUV. Sat. vi. 138.*

'Tis Delia's fortune that discovers
In her fond train such troops of lovers.

I HAVE a very great favour to request of my correspondents, particularly the ladies, to do me the justice to believe that I am a friend

to human nature, and have no other interest in offering my lucubrations, but the wish to do good, and the satisfaction which results from the

experience, that my object is sometimes attained. I write against the practice of flattery in others, and I really feel something like a sense of injury, when I am the object of it myself. I have not less than three letters now upon my table, which are so interlarded with adulatory expressions, that I should be ashamed to publish them. Indeed, were I to do it, my readers, I fear, would have good reason to laugh at my vanity, instead of receiving instruction from my experience. There is something very inconsistent in this mode of treating me. I am considered by those who make application to me, as grave in my character, retired in my mode of life, well acquainted with the world, and deeply read in the volume of the human heart; and yet I am frequently supposed to be open to the grossest flattery, and not seldom addressed in the most absurd and far-fetched language of eulogium; and all this by those very persons who require my counsels in matters of real and serious importance; who, while they, by their serious applications, suppose me possessed of superior judgment and understanding, treat me as if all my supposed wisdom was tinged with the folly of being pleased with flattery. I love courtesy and decorum; I have ever been accustomed to them; I consider them among the first of the minor virtues, and, if I know myself, I shall never cease to practise them. I desire no more of others, and I hope, in future, that my correspondents will never exceed the bounds of them.

These observations have been occasioned by a letter, part of

which I shall present to my readers, as I feel myself obliged to suppress all the introductory page, which, though written with some degree of elegance, is too fulsome to be acceptable to any man of sense, or, indeed, to any woman who is not a professed coquette, or violently in love with some artful fellow who thinks her a fool.—But to my subject.

Fortune-hunting is a common practice, on which I do not pretend to suggest any new ideas; but I firmly believe, that I now have it in my power to display a very novel mode of carrying on this trade; at least a similar arrangement to get possession of young ladies' fortunes never appeared in the extensive range of my experience.—But *Belinda's* letter will best disclose it.

An Inn on the Road.

Mr. Spectator,

* * * * *

I am the daughter of a commercial man of the most respectable character; and though a premature death, for he died before he attained his fortieth year, prevented him from acquiring that opulence which was growing upon him, he nevertheless left my sisters and myself very handsome fortunes. As I was the youngest by several years, the accumulation of mine, previous to my coming of age, had rendered me an object of attraction to those who consider money as superior to every other qualification in a bride. My person, also, as I have reason to believe, is not without its recommendations, and my natural turn is to a proper proportion of intellectual pursuits. I

am not, therefore, without those qualifications which are generally thought to add elegance, and even the more solid attractions to the female character. But here comes the source of the mischief. My father thought proper to leave the fortunes of his daughters in such a way, that if either of them died without being married, her portion was to go to those who had married. Now it so happened, that both my sisters had entered into the hymeneal state; the one had married an attorney in great practice, and the other had accompanied to the altar an underwriter, in high credit at Lloyd's Coffee-House: and these persons are my fortune-hunters; for I have no doubt that they are acting in concert, to prevent my marrying; and as my constitution is thought to be rather delicate, they probably think the speculation a promising one, if they can, for a few years, keep me out of the clutches of a husband. I think, Mr. Spectator, you will be of the same opinion, when you have read the following account of the conduct of my brothers-in-law towards me. At least, I should wish to enjoy the advantage of your sentiments respecting it, and your counsel as to the best method of extricating myself from my present mortifying situation.

I pass my time alternately with these relations, and as far as kind treatment goes, I have every reason to be satisfied. I mean as to the personal civilities and attention due to so near a relation, though I pay a very tolerable price for them; of this, however, I do not complain: but it is the uniform practice of them both, if the form of a

lover appears at the house of the one, to transfer me to that of the other, by some extraordinary manœuvre. Thus I am moved backwards and forwards, as their fears suggest the necessity of the measure; and secret means are employed, as I have reason to believe, to prevent any gentleman of whom they entertain a jealousy, from continuing a visitor at their houses. The underwriter may probably insure my life, and open a policy upon my marriage; or if any young man should happen to pay me what he feels an alarming attention, and very trifling attentions indeed alarm both himself and his colleague, he would not hesitate to hint that my affections are engaged: but here his plans and contrivances end; and, in every other respect, he is truly careful of me and kind to me, and renders my abode beneath his roof, except the uncertainty of it, extremely agreeable: but I cannot, I think, say quite so much for my brother-in-law, *Lattit*; for it really appears to me, that if the fell serjeant, Death, had a writ against me, he would facilitate the execution of it.

This may be considered by you, Mr. Spectator, as a rash assertion; but I will just mention to you a few circumstances, among many others, on which I found this serious opinion. I once begged the favour of this good brother to purchase me a horse, as a favourite pad of mine had lately died. This commission he instantly executed; and the first time I mounted the animal, after displaying a vicious disposition in various unpleasant ways, he ran away with me, on one of the most frequented high-roads near Lon-

don, to the infinite alarm of every one who witnessed the accident. I am a good horse-woman, and fortunately had the presence of mind to keep my seat, till a turnpike-gate stopped my flight. On my expressing some degree of surprise to Mr. Latitat, that he should suffer himself to be so imposed upon by the person who sold him the horse, he very coolly replied, that he knew the beast had some trifling tricks, but that as I was such a fine rider, he did not think that they would be of any consequence; in short, he supposed they would give me an opportunity of shewing my airs and graces in the management of the creature. My sister, who is a meek, mild, amiable woman, and entirely under the controul of her husband, went into the hysterics on the occasion; and her feelings, which were very poignant indeed, were remarked upon with a sarcastic severity, to which she made no reply, but a look of reproach, such as I never saw her express before, accompanied with an internal ejaculation, which I did not understand. But this is not all: fortunately I received no injury from the late runaway business but a scratch on my leg, that brought on a trifling inflammation, which a poultice would have cured. A surgeon, however, was instantly called in, who contrived, and, as it appeared to me, with great difficulty, to eke out his attendance for three weeks; while my brother Latitat attributed this circumstance, in a secret whisper among all his acquaintance, to an inveterate scrophulous habit with which I was afflicted. This circumstance I did not discover till very late; and I

cannot help combining it with another which I could not help observing at the time, as having something particular in it. The case was as follows.

A gentleman of fortune, character, and accomplishments, who had a small villa in the vicinity of Mr. Latitat, and had employed him in his profession, about this time paid us more frequent visits than usual, and, I must own, had shewn some attention to me, which, without being very remarkable, were sufficient to awaken the attorney's apprehensions at the possible consequences; nor were they lessened by the gentleman's calling several successive days to enquire after me, in consequence of the danger which I had so lately escaped. There was nothing very particular in this, it may be said, and might be no more than the act of a well-bred, courteous neighbour. Be it so. I have no objection to such an interpretation of his conduct; nor does my vanity wish it otherwise. But I must own, it did appear singular to me, that, after calling, day after day, in the most friendly way, and expressing a real interest respecting me, he should at once cease his visits, in the last of which he was closeted with Latitat for an hour, and has never since entered the house when I have been an inmate of it.

Now, Mr. Spectator, let me ask you, whether you do not think that this artificial monster of a scrophula was conjured up to frighten this worthy man out of any serious pretensions he might entertain in my favour. But I must do this excellent brother-in-law of mine the justice to acknowledge, that, what-

ever secret mischief he may wish me, he is openly and avowedly profuse in my praise. He speaks respectably of my person and figure, but all his eloquence is exhausted in detailing the features of my character.—“She is not,” he says, “without the general accomplishments of a well-educated woman: but then,” he adds, “the girl has a mind that embraces the most important objects, and which cannot condescend to engage in the common concerns of life. So well is she acquainted with literature, that she finds nine out of ten of the men with whom she occasionally converses, to be downright dolts: and though she conducts herself in their presence with a becoming decorum, no sooner are they gone, then she treats them in a way, which, if they knew it, would ever prevent their giving her another opportunity of shewing her contempt of them. Marriage is a state which she considers as a condition of the most abject slavery, and to which she solemnly declares that she will never submit: and as for the powers of argument, in them she is unrivalled, and so persevering in the display of them as never to give up the point she is determined to support. If she had been a man and called to the bar, she would soon be at the head of the profession. What qualifications she may have to govern a family, may, perhaps, be rather dubious; but she is fit to govern a kingdom, and would make another Queen Elizabeth.” Such is the general account he gives of me at his own table when the ladies are gone; for his communications on my subject are confined altogether to the gentlemen.

I must beg your patience to another little circumstance, which, being rather more interesting to me than the rest, I cannot induce myself to omit. You must know then, that the clergyman of Mr. Latitat's parish, is a young man of great attainments, polished manners, and the most exemplary conduct. In his occasional visits to my brother-in-law's house, he appeared in a point of view that won my esteem. In one of my rides I accidentally met him, and, for the sake of his society, I chanced to prolong my airing a couple of hours beyond the usual time of my return. This circumstance, I suppose, produced an enquiry of my servant, who I have since found was a spy upon me, as to the cause of it: and the next day the attorney attended the parish vestry, with no other apparent view but to quarrel with the parson, in order to break off all further communication between them; and of course to prevent all future intercourse between the latter and myself. A pretence was afterwards made to transfer me to my other brother-in-law's residence, where an event took place, that unexpectedly unfolded a variety of transactions, the knowledge of which determined me to address myself to you. I must, however, acknowledge, that if the clergyman had made a proposal of marriage to me, and I have reason to believe that his diffidence alone has prevented him from doing it, I should have accepted it with pleasure; and this ambitious woman, this other Queen Elizabeth, would have been proud and happy to superintend the economy, enliven

the pleasures, and add to the comforts of a parsonage-house.

By the bye, I had forgotten to tell you, that my brother Latitat, who is hunting after my fortune by every means his cunning can suggest, has, at different times, brought me two lovers to solicit my hand, but whom he knew I should peremptorily refuse. The one was a vulgar, blear-eyed sugar-baker, a distant relation of his own; and the other a dull, heavy, stupid special pleader, who had served his time to him as an attorney: thus he can say with truth, as he continually does, that I have had several offers and refused them all. But this intelligence is always accompanied with a significant shake of the head, and the observation, that Belinda is an extraordinary girl, but that he would not advise any friend of his to speak to her on the subject of matrimony.

Now do tell me, Mr. Spectator, what I am to do. I was of age last August, and have thirty thousand, which is to be paid me on the day of my marriage, and the interest at my own disposal. How shall I get rid of these fortune-hunters, and not desert my sisters, whom I love, and who do every thing in their power to render me comfortable? Though I have used a feigned name, Latitat would discover himself if he were to read this letter, though he never reads any thing that will do him good. Perhaps some friend may see it, and, in great kindness, give him a hint of it: and then I am inclined to doubt whether it would do me good or harm. He would certainly pocket the affront, and probably be more

malicious. But with your advice I shall be prepared to encounter him.

I write this from an inn on the road in my way to the attorney's, whither I am going, as I suppose, from some sapient suggestion of the underwriter. It is a post-house, and I will put this letter into the box myself. I shall be impatient for the first day of the next month; and am, in the mean time, and at all times, your most humble servant,

BELINDA.

Such curious fortune-hunters as these have not before offered themselves to my observation, in the comprehensive circuit of my acquaintance with mankind; and I flatter myself, that, on this occasion, they will meet with the disappointment which they so well deserve. As for Belinda, the way to happiness is open to her. She has nothing to do but, on the first of next month, to send the *Repository*, by the stage-coach, or any ordinary conveyance, to the amiable rector of Mr. Latitat's parish, with a little insertion in the title-page of "*Vide Modern Spectator*;" and I have no doubt, but that before the publication of the following number, a certain arrangement will have taken place between certain parties, which will produce them real happiness. If I should be instrumental in forwarding such an union, I trust that Belinda will give me an early notice of the desirable event, that I may communicate it to my readers, to whom I doubt not it will give real satisfaction: I can answer at least for the sincere pleasure it will afford to myself.

E

THE COGITATIONS OF SCRIBLERUS.

No. 1.

An author much too poor to live,
 Too poor in this rich world to rove;
 Too poor for aught but verse to give,
 But not, thank God, too poor to love;

Gives this his lucubative lay:
 One truth I tell, in sorrow tell it,
 I'm forced to give my prose away,
 Because, alas! I cannot sell it.—GENT.

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF JOHANNES SCRIBLERUS, AUTHOR,

Sheweth,

THAT your petitioner, having, at great trouble, by racking his brains, and by great expence in buying pens, ink, and paper, composed and put together a number of incidents, reflections, or cogitations, which he calls Essays, and which he now ventures to lay before the public, humbly begging, that the same may be read attentively, and not only read, but praised and admired throughout all his Majesty's dominions: that the said Johannes Scriblerus may not only gain three times the value of these his Essays, from his bookseller, but that also he may gain a corner in Westminster Abbey, thereby living on the good things of this world; and his tomb be handed down to posterity by the tasteful pencil of a Pyne or a Mackenzie, to the very great comfort and pleasure of the said Johannes Scriblerus.

And the said Johannes Scriblerus, labouring under a complaint arising from the slow and tardy circulation of the fluids of his body, vulgarly called laziness, has, in some measure, suffered this his work to pass with a number of errors, grammatical, orthographical, literary, fashionable, and unfashionable, &c. &c. &c. he the said Johannes Scriblerus begs, entreats, and commands that such errors, grammatical, orthographical, literary, fashionable, and unfashionable, may not be considered as errors, but beauties; and that the carelessness of his style be considered like a simple dress thrown upon an elegant woman, the more becoming.

And further, should any party or parties wrongly conceive or take offence at such errors, grammatical, orthographical, literary, fashionable, or unfashionable, or conceive themselves reflected on, or their friends reflected upon, he the said Johannes Scriblerus doth hereby promise, for himself, his heirs, executors, or administrators, that by the party or parties considering themselves as so injured, applying to him, or asking him, his heirs, executors, and administrators to dinner; at which no less than three courses shall come to table, with so much ale, claret, Madeira, or Burgundy as he the said Johannes Scriblerus, his heirs, executors, and administrators may drink; he doth promise for himself, his heirs, executors, and administrators, that all such blunders, grammatical, orthographical, literary, fashionable, or unfashionable, be corrected, and he or they make any apology or

1

apologies as he, she, or they may require; and the offence or offences corrected in the next edition, or when published in separate volumes, if that ever be the case. And in case these Essays do succeed, he the said Johannes Scriblerus doth promise for himself, his heirs, executors, and administrators, to the trunk-liners and pastry-cooks, fruiterers and paper-stainers, one whole romance, written at the age of fourteen; which has already been offered to twenty booksellers, to take, print, publish, and distribute, without fee or reward to the said Johannes Scriblerus, or his partaking of any emolument arising from the sale whatever. And the said Johannes Scriblerus throws

himself upon a generous public, nothing doubting, that when they become acquainted with the beauties of these his Essays, which he assures them are manifold, they will comply with his modest request; without which, he must leave off eating, and be content to lie in a common church-yard, unnoticed and undistinguished, the afore-mentioned disease, laziness, preventing him from doing any thing till too late to be of service to him.

By complying with these requests, you will much aid and abet your petitioner, who, as in duty bound, will ever pray.

INNER TEMPLE, Dec. 1, 1813.

THE RUSSIAN AMAZON, OR THE HEROIC LOVE OF A RUSSIAN LADY.

By OTTO VON KOTZEBUE.

SUCH is the title of a Russian novel, which assumes to be a narrative of circumstances that really happened during the campaigns of 1806 and 1807. As this novel, for so it is nevertheless called, has obtained great applause, and the literature of Russia is still but very little known in the rest of Europe, a sketch of this original Russian performance may probably afford some amusement to the reader.

War was determined upon. Captain Wasili P*** and Olga T*** had for two years cherished a mutual passion, which had the approbation of their parents. Olga's father, a wealthy nobleman, wished his future son-in-law to quit the service, and to endeavour to ob-

tain some civil appointment. Wasili would cheerfully have complied; but the war commenced, and he thought that honour imperiously commanded him to defer his retirement from the army till the conclusion of the campaign. Olga, driven almost to despair by the approaching separation from her lover, determines to accompany him. In vain he opposes this resolution. She extorts from him an oath not to reveal her intention, and then proceeds:—"You must procure me a suit of male attire, and as I am tolerably well grown, I shall easily be able to conceal my sex. You shall then introduce me to your colonel as one of your relations, who is desirous of fighting for our country. I am convinced

that he will be satisfied with my behaviour," &c. . .

Olga had passed her childhood with an aunt who resided at a considerable distance, and had promised the good lady to pay her a yearly visit. She made this visit a pretext for quitting her father just at this moment. She possessed a little hoard of about two hundred rubles; some shifts and a few pair of stockings were packed up in a portmanteau, and the heroine was ready to start. Wasili brought the uniform, and the author has not forgotten to observe, that he placed himself in a corner, till she had put it on. He scarcely knew her again. Her firm step and fine military figure concealed her sex to admiration. She had, it is true, no beard, and her complexion appeared very delicate; but both these circumstances might naturally enough be charged to the account of her youth. It was concerted, that she should set out the next morning, professedly to visit her aunt, but stop, under the pretext of indisposition, at the first stage; whence Wasili was to fetch her, to present her to his colonel, and then to remain her inseparable companion. The whole trick was communicated to the aunt in a heart-breaking letter, in which she was entreated by her niece to lend her assistance to deceive the father, and to direct her answer to Sergeant H. in Captain P.'s company.

This letter Olga wrote, for what reason I cannot tell, in her male apparel, and it was not till she had done, that she began to think of resuming her proper habit. The modest Wasili withdrew for the purpose, but meeting her father at

the door, a most extraordinary scene ensues. The father, who is going into the daughter's apartment, is detained upon all sorts of pretexts by her lover, who has just come out of it: but when he, nevertheless, persists in his intention, Olga shuts the door in his face, and locks herself in. He tells her who it is, which she knew well enough already. Meanwhile, she hides the uniform in her bed, slips on a pelisse, and then opens the door.

Her father has company, and military exploits become the topic of conversation. Stories of this kind used to have no interest for Olga; but now she listens with eagerness, and fancies herself already in the midst of the tumult of battle. In the last sleepless night, however, her conscience at length awoke, and reproached her with her intended deception of so tender a parent. The danger into which she was rushing, and the probability of never seeing him more, were present to her view: her courage failed; she determined, however, at all events, to set out; for if she could get over the separation from Wasili, she had nothing to do but to go to her aunt; and with this half and half resolution, which, as might easily be foreseen, one look of her lover would infallibly overturn, she prepared for the journey. No sooner is she dressed, than her father enters; unable to conceive the reason of the extreme vehemence of her grief, he entreats her, with the utmost tenderness, to unbosom herself to him; and makes such an impression upon her, that she falls at his feet, and is on the point of discovering the whole affair, when she is fortu-

nately interrupted by Wasili, and at the first sound of his voice forgets her father. On this occasion, the author remarks, "few, except those who have loved so ardently as Olga, will be able to conceive how the presence of a lover could produce such a powerful effect."

A circumstance which would revolt many a reader, is, that Wasili, in Olga's presence, assures her father, that she knows her duty too well to conceal anything from him. Olga, meanwhile, recovers herself, and tells her father that, as he may easily imagine, nothing but her approaching separation from Wasili, was the occasion of her distress.

She now commences her journey, attended by her maid and a valet. Olga, as has been preconcerted, feigns indisposition at the first stage, and in a most incomprehensible manner, the maid and valet take themselves off, but whether we are not told; probably to the aunt, to inform her of the illness of their mistress, and that they have left her alone at the post-house to shift for herself. Wasili having, meanwhile, obtained leave of absence for twenty-four hours, hastens to her, and they breakfast for the first time together *lête-à-tête*. Wasili had brought with him a basket of provisions. The eatables, we are told, were very simple; on the other hand, they drank stoutly, so that, on counting up the toasts that were given, we cannot but suppose that Olga rose a little fresh from the table. They first drank *several times* to each other's health; then, success to the Russian arms; then, a speedy return to their country; then, to

their future conjugal happiness; then, *several times*, to the health of the old deluded father: so that if we reckon the *several times* at no more than two each, Olga must have had at least seven glasses for her share. This station pleased her so well, that she conceived the idea of entreating her father to celebrate her nuptials there—an idea which so transported her lover, that he gave her a kiss, "as a proof of his everlasting affection." The post-master soon perceived that the young lady's illness was over, "for the paleness of her face was changed to a fiery red."

Wasili now returned with his beloved Olga to the city. It may not be amiss to quote what follows in the words of the original:—"He related to her by the way, that he had hired an apartment, where she might reside till they should be ordered to march; and that he had already obtained permission from his colonel to introduce his step-brother as serjeant in the regiment. Olga was now obliged to change her clothes, as they proceeded, lest they should betray her sex in the house where she was to lodge. They were for some time at a loss how to contrive this, till the captain suddenly conceived the idea that she might do it in the carriage. Though this was not the most convenient place for a lady's toilette, yet Olga would have felt no hesitation, had not her modesty stood in the way. Wasili quitted the vehicle for a few moments. The bundle of clothes lay beside her; the uniform and a black stock were taken out, and in a few moments the handsome female who had sat beside the captain, was

transformed into a fine young man and fellow-soldier."

It was dark when they arrived at the city. Olga slept soundly. The next morning Wasili came to fetch her to present her to his colonel, "but they took care first of all to get a good breakfast." The colonel liked the handsome young serjeant extremely well. Wasili went to Olga's father's to "dinner," and afterwards told her how tenderly the old man spoke of her; "on which she shed bitter tears, but soon recovered herself, in the anticipation of future felicity."

When the time for marching came, Olga took her station in the right wing of the company, with a halberd in her hand and a cartouch-box at her back. Of the latter she had afterwards an opportunity of relieving herself, by placing it in a provision-waggon. She suffered very little inconvenience from the long and toilsome march. Every evening Wasili took her into his own quarters, "and if there happened to be but one bed in the apartment, he did not undress, and used all the precautions which the honour and innocence of his beloved Olga prescribed."

Not far from Pultusk she was overcome with fatigue to such a degree, that she could proceed no farther, and Wasili staid behind with her. It grew dark, and they were yet ten wersts from the quarters assigned them for the night. They had already relinquished all hope of reaching them, when they discovered a light glimmering at a distance; it led them to a village, whither the exhausted Olga arrived with difficulty. All the inhabitants were in bed, and they knock-

ed in vain at many of their doors. A poor artisan at length advised them to repair to the neighbouring mansion-house, whither he himself conducted them with a lantern, and where they were received by a Madame de B*** with great hospitality. "She immediately ordered the cloth to be laid," and, after supper, ushered the travellers into a chamber, "containing two excellent beds." Next morning the good lady even directed four horses to be put to her own carriage, to convey the handsome serjeant in high style to his regiment.

In the night of the 13th of December the Russians were posted in face of the enemy at Pultusk. As it was extremely cold and foggy, Wasili with his own hands kindled a fire for his subaltern, by which he subjected himself to the sneers of his brother officers. In the morning commenced the engagement, which, as it is well known, terminated in favour of the Russians, and in which Olga fought with the greatest intrepidity by the side of her lover. In a subsequent action, however, the Russians were obliged to give way, and in the confusion she was separated from Wasili. She kept running till she ceased to hear any noise, and finding a horse, whose owner had probably been shot, she sprung upon his back and galloped away in hopes of soon reaching the Russian camp; but at break of day found herself in a village where the French were every moment expected. The first thing she did was to procure "some refreshment." She then rode away, till her horse dropped down with fatigue. Proceeding now on foot;

she arrived towards evening at another village, and "called for something to eat." During the repast she entered into conversation with the landlord, an honest German, who bestowed many hearty curses on the enemy for having so unmercifully annihilated the whole Prussian army. Olga assured him, that in the Russians the enemy would find they had a hard nut to crack. After drinking manfully to the health of the Emperor Alexander, the weary Olga retired to rest, the host himself lighting her to her chamber.

In the middle of the night, she was suddenly roused from her slumbers by a French quarter-master, who thundered at the door of the inn, and insisted on sleeping in the apartment where Olga lay. The landlord did all that he could to save the young Russian soldier; but at length the quarter-master threatened to break down the door, so that he was reluctantly compelled to open it. Olga, roused by the noise, had crept underneath the bed. The Frenchman, "after he had eaten his supper," hastily undressed, and it was not till then that, to his extreme astonishment, he espied a Russian uniform on a chair by his bed-side. Snatching up a pistol, he examined the bed, and perceiving a couple of handsome feet projecting from beneath it, he laid hold of them and drew forth the trembling Olga. At the same time presenting his pistol, he cried, "Surrender or die!" Olga implored mercy; and the Frenchman was highly delighted, when, instead of a Cossack or a grenadier, he beheld a handsome female at his feet. His joy at this

unexpected *rencontre* may easily be conceived, and no sooner had he recovered from his surprise than he assured the modest maiden, "that though the Russians might now and then have the advantage in battle, yet in the skirmishes of love the French would always be their masters."

Now ensues an unequal contest, which the author delineates *con amore*; but at length, just at the moment when Olga is nearly exhausted, she owes the preservation of her virtue to the entrance of a French officer. She throws herself at his feet; he takes her under his protection; and she, to prove that she is worthy of it, relates her story, by which the Frenchman is so affected, that he repeatedly exclaims, "Olga is an angel! If France produced such females, they would rivet the attachment of their lovers, and the French would lose the reputation of inconstancy." — To return to the Russian army was now impossible, for Olga was already in the rear of the French, without knowing how she had got there. The officer therefore gave her his address, Gaspard Dufour, of the . . . regiment of hussars: he desired her only to apply to him whenever she needed his protection; and at his departure he privately gave the landlord four louis d'ors for her use. The Russian uniform was burned, and Olga remained for some time in the house of the honest host, in the apparel of a country lad. The morning after the above ticklish adventure, the landlady enquired how Olga had slept, and was rejoiced to hear that she was perfectly well."

From this place Olga wrote to her aunt, to whom she communicated all her adventures, and requested a supply of money, having determined to proceed to Cüstrin, whither many of the wounded Russians had been conveyed, and where she should perhaps meet with her Wasili. She actually set out with two young French officers, who had been slightly wounded, and who took her along with them as an attendant. They had another servant, named Louis; and she was obliged the very first night to sleep in the same bed with him for want of room. "This threw her into considerable embarrassment, for she had not yet forgotten the affair with the quarter-master." She determined, however, not to undress, and endeavoured to persuade Louis to spare himself that trouble likewise. "You may do as you please," replied Louis laughing, "but as for me, I don't often sleep in so comfortable a bed, and shall therefore enjoy myself." Upon this, he stripped without farther ceremony; Olga lay down upon the bed-clothes; and in this manner they passed the night. The jeers of her companion, who made many significant remarks on her conduct, kept her waking for some time, and the author declares, that "Olga again felt herself much embarrassed." At last she feigned sleep, and the merry Louis actually fell into a sound slumber.

The second evening she had to encounter a still more perplexing adventure. She was called to one of the young officers, whom she found stripped before the fire. He desired her to bind up his wound. What was to be done? She was

obliged to obey, and the officer could not comprehend why she turned so red during the operation. He was so well satisfied with her dexterity, that she had to perform the same office every day.

At length they reached Cüstrin. Here Olga parted from her companions and went to an inn, where a new adventure awaited her; for the maid of the house, a pretty girl, had fallen in love at first sight with the handsome young fellow, and gave such proofs of her fondness as must soon have rendered an explanation indispensably necessary.

The next morning she repaired to the hospital, and enquired of the superintendent, a German, named Bibern, if the Russian Captain P*** was among the wounded. Bibern replied, that their number was so great, he had not been able to make out any list, but she might go in and see. First of all, however, he examined her pockets, to satisfy himself that they contained no prohibited articles; and perceiving an unusual protuberance at the bosom, he conceived that something of the kind might be concealed under the waistcoat, which he accordingly pulled open, and discovered her sex.

Bibern, after his first astonishment had subsided, declared that he would not admit her into the hospital, for he was sure that Captain P. was not her brother, as she gave out, but her lover. She persisted in her assertion, but could not prevail on the superintendent to grant her request. On the way back to her inn, she accidentally met her old friend, Captain Dufour, to whom she made herself known and explained her situation. He immediately procured

an order for her admittance to the hospital, where, having previously resumed the habit of her sex, she for three days in vain sought her lover, whom she at length found extended on the floor in the most miserable state. Their joy at meeting again was inexpressible. Through the interference of Captain Dufour, she procured better attendance for the patient, who soon recovered, and was destined to be transported with the other officers to France. Bibern, who, from the first discovery of Olga's sex, had conceived a violent passion for her, offered to obtain her brother's release (for she still persisted in assuming the character of his sister), on condition that she should become his wife. She gave him hopes of compliance with his wishes, and merely solicited a short delay. Bibern had an assistant, named Truter, an excellent creature, who happened to bear an extraordinary resemblance to her lover both in figure and face. Him she persuaded to lend his clothes to the prisoner; and Wasili effected his escape while she kept Bibern engaged in a loving conversation, and even shewed him a letter which she had written to her father, to obtain his consent to her union with him. The old superintendent was transported with joy, and had not the least suspicion when Olga left the hospital to carry the letter herself to the post-office. Instead of doing this, however, she rejoined Wasili and Truter, and all three getting into a carriage provided for the purpose, set out for Königsberg.

Her triumph was, alas! of short duration. In their first night's lodging, thirty-five miles from Cüs-

trin, their chambers were suddenly stormed by French soldiers, who seized Wasili, and carried him back to Custrin. Olga followed him thither, and learned that they owed this new misfortune to the incensed Bibern. Wasili was kept in close confinement, and was destined in a few days to set out for France. The gaoler was a cruel fellow; but his step-daughter, Louisa, a tender-hearted girl, who was doomed to marry a man she detested, promised to accomplish the deliverance of the prisoner, if a rope-ladder could be sent to him in a large pye. Wasili, however, was obliged to march before this notable stratagem could be put in execution; and he just found means to write a note to his Olga, entreating her to summon up all her fortitude, and to return without delay to her father. Overwhelmed with despair, she sets out for the post-house, to comply with the entreaty of her lover, but, all at once, the magic cry of Peace! peace! resounds on every side. Fortunate, indeed, was this for Wasili, who would otherwise have been carried off to France, because he had refused to give his word of honour, that he would not again bear arms against the French during the war.

The lovers now lose no time in preparing for their departure. Truter, who has made up a hasty match with the susceptible Louisa, accompanies them with his young wife. The whole party reach Olga's home without accident. They are received in the kindest manner by the deluded father, and all repair to the post station, where Olga has determined to celebrate her nuptials. Here she thanks Heaven

for having delivered her from all the dangers into which her imprudence and inexperience had involved her; and prays, that her example might rather prove a beacon to warn other females to shun those rocks on

which they would most probably suffer shipwreck, than an encouragement to them to expose their lives and, what ought to be still dearer to them, their honour, to similar hazards.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

ON the 1st of January, 1814, will be published, the Third Number of *The Legal and Literary Journal, and Mercantile Magazine*. The arrangement to be adopted in future will be, 1. The Literary Department; 2. The Legal Department; 3. The Commercial Department; 4. The Theatrical Department; and 5. The Miscellaneous Department.—The causes which led to the temporary suspension of this Miscellany, as also of its change of title from *The Mercantile Magazine*, are explained in the prospectus which is ready for distribution. In future the mode of publication will be monthly.

In the course of the present winter will appear, a translation of the whole of *La Fontaine's Tales*, which, though published nearly a century, have never appeared in an English dress.

Messrs. Shepherd and Brighty announce for publication, Part I. of a new work, entitled *Figure Illustrations of Pastoral and Domestic Compositions of the Figure*, with appropriate letter-press. The work will be completed in six parts, each to contain four highly coloured etchings, aquatinted, in imitation of drawings. The parts will be delivered at an interval of six months between each.

The following works will appear early in January:—

1. *The Travels of Julius von Klaproth in the Caucasus and Georgia*, undertaken by order of the Russian government.

2. The second and concluding volume of *Langsdorff's Voyages and Travels*, containing his journey from Kamschatka to the Aleutian Islands, the north-west coast of America, and return over-land through Siberia to Petersburg.

3. *The Letters of Klopstock and his Friends*, translated from the German by Miss Bengel, 2 vols.

4. *The Essays and Letters of Professor Gellert*, translated from the German by Anne Plumptre.

5. A new edition of Mr. Barrett's *Heroine*, with considerable alterations and additions.

The Literary and Scientific Calendar, containing a biographical account of living authors, &c. the publication of which has been retarded by the laborious researches which it required, is now in the press, and will certainly appear early in 1814.

In a few days will be published, *Letters*, addressed to Lord Liverpool and the Parliament on the Preliminaries of Peace.

A humorous work is in the press, entitled *The School for Good Li-*

ing, or a *Literary and Historical Essay on the European Kitchen*, beginning with Cadmus, the cook and king, and ending with the union of cookery and chemistry.

New editions are preparing for publication, in French and English, of Madame de Staël's *Delphine*, and of her *Letters on the Character and Writing of Rousseau*.

A new novel is in the press, by the author of *The Blind Child*; it is called *Mystery and Confidence*.—Also, *A Sentimental Journey through Margate and Hastings*, by Dr. Comparative, jun.

Early in January 1814, will be published, the first number of a new work, to be called *The Rejected Theatre*, or a Collection of Dramas which have been offered for representation, but declined by the managers of the play-houses. As a great majority of the new plays are condemned on the first performance, and many of those which the public consent to tolerate, are but little esteemed, it has been justly thought, that, among the rejected pieces, some might be found not inferior in merit to those selected by the managers; and that a work of this nature would enable the lovers of the drama to appreciate the taste and judgment with which the most rational amusement is conducted, and how far the assertion is correct, that the pantomimic state of the stage is owing to decline in the dramatic genius of the nation.

The first part of Lackington's *Catalogue* will be published in a very few weeks. A new arrangement of the classes has been adopted, by which the research of the collector will be greatly facilitated;

an improvement much desired, and which has now become essentially requisite to this large and increasing collection of books.

The second volume of Wood's *Athene Oronienses*, by Mr. Bliss, is in great forwardness.

A new edition of Mr. Keys's complete *Treatise on the Management of Bees*, is nearly ready, being printed in an elegant volume of the pocket size.

A work on *Apparitions* is in the press; in which the whole mystery of ghosts, hobgoblins, and haunted houses, is developed; being a collection of entertaining stories, founded on fact, and selected for the purpose of eradicating those ridiculous fears, which the ignorant, the weak, and the superstitious are too apt to encourage, for want of properly examining the causes of such absurd impositions.

Mr. Rouse is printing his *Doctrine of Chances*, combining the theory and practice of all games of hazard, as cards, dice, lotteries, horse-racing, &c. with easy rules, whereby every person acquainted with common arithmetic, may calculate the probabilities of events, so as to convince themselves of the advantage or disadvantage of adventuring in any species of gaming, by the instant operation of the mind.

Lady Morgan, who has so often fascinated the public by the productions of her pen under the name of Miss Owenson, has in the press a *National Tale* after the manner of *The Wild Irish Girl*.

The first part of the *Memoires et Lettres du Baron de Grimm* anterior to the year 1770, have lately been discovered and published in

Paris. It is reported in the *Journal de l'Empire*, to be even superior to the 2d and 3d parts already published. A selection from them is printing in French and English, on the same plan as the former volumes published in London.

The first number of a new periodical Miscellany will be published the 1st February, entitled *The New Monthly Magazine*, the political features of which will be in direct opposition to those of the old Monthly Magazine, at present edited by Sir Richard Phillips. Several gentlemen of distinguished talent will contribute to this work, which will be open to disquisitions on every subject of general interest, and will also contain such articles of necessary information as will render it a complete Record and Chronicle of the Times.

The portrait of *Marquis Wellington*, now engraving by Mr. Minasi, as announced in our last, will be dedicated, by permission, to his illustrious brother, Marquis Wellesley, and be published soon after the commencement of the year.

Mr. Sadler has given the following account of his recent aerial excursion from Nottingham:—At a quarter before three o'clock on Monday, 1st November, I ascended from the Company's wharf, situated near the south-west corner of the town of Nottingham, and passing over the beautiful meadows which lie on the south, leaving the village of West Bridgeford on the right, and Camston on the left, I passed between Tollerton and Cotgrave, still hearing the shouts of the people and firing of guns. The balloon still rising, I passed over

Owethorpe; and not far from Colston Bassett, I entered Leicestershire, Long Clawson on my right hand, and Hose on my left. The balloon now appeared stationary, but by the shadow of it on the earth, I soon found it was going back to the north-west. I should have continued this direction, in the hope of returning to Nottingham, but the balloon being much distended and forcing itself through the hoop into the car, I opened the valve, which brought me again into the north-east current, and took me nearly over Goadby-Marwood and Scalford: I plainly saw the people on the roads, and distinctly heard them shout. Afterwards I passed near Waltham on the Wolds, and a little farther on, saw a number of inclosures, which I thought would be a good place for my descent. I called to the people, and was answered by an echo several times. I, a second time, called out to them, and the echo was repeated as before. I was about descending, but for fear of getting entangled with the buildings in the village of Garthorpe, I threw out ballast, and re-ascended. Here Belvoir castle appeared about six miles to the north, its turrets surrounded by numerous woods, forming a most beautiful and picturesque landscape. I passed over to Wymondham, but, still finding a number of woods in the direction of the balloon, I cleared some of them, and attempted to descend beyond Market Overton. I was first approaching to the earth, not far from the celebrated Thistleton Gap, but saw a large wind-mill a-head of me, and fearful the grappling irons might not take secure hold of the

earth, I thought it prudent to re-ascend, in order to clear the mill. I then passed over the great North road, near Greatham Inn and Twin Woods. At this moment, I was highly gratified with a second view, from the aerial regions, of Exton Park and its beautiful sheets of water, having before passed over it in my excursion from Birmingham, in October, 1811. Seeing, between the woods, ploughed and meadow fields, where there was a pack of hounds returning from hunting, I deemed it a proper place to descend, particularly as there was a number of woods further on, extending towards the sea, which at this moment I distinctly saw. I discharged as much gas as to cause my descent to be very rapid, and I fell with the car on one side of a high hedge, and the balloon on the other. A country girl assisted me in pulling the valve line, so as to keep it open to disengage the gas, until the huntsman and his party arrived, who assisted me in releasing the lines from the car. The place of my descent, I understand, is in the parish of Pickworth, in the county of Rutland. I completed this aerial excursion in fifty-nine minutes, being visible from the place of my ascension nearly three-fourths of the time. The length of my journey, measured in a direct line, is thirty-two miles, and the course nearly south-east. The balloon and car sustained but little damage, and were removed to an adjacent farmhouse. I immediately went to Greatham Inn, and after taking some refreshment, and being congratulated on my safe descent by the Duke of Montrose, who hap-

pened to arrive at the moment, I proceeded on to Grantham, where I slept: I breakfasted next morning at Bingham, and arrived at Nottingham about twelve o'clock, amidst the cheers and acclamations of the liberal inhabitants of the place.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

HARRY LE ROY, a Heroic Pastoral Burletta, founded on Dodsley's "King and the Miller of Mansfield," as performed with great applause at the Theatre Royal, Covent-Garden; the Words by J. Pocock, Esq. the Music composed and arranged for the Piano-Forte by H. R. Bishop. Pr. 10s. 6d.

WE have derived much real entertainment from the perusal of this opera, although we are free to own the pleasure we experienced was often mixed with a feeling of regret, at seeing talents like Mr. B.'s compelled, as it were, to run a race against time, an observation which most of his late dramatic works are calculated to excite. Although some carry with them a stamp of greater comparative maturity, yet we believe the world has yet to give a wishful guess at what the author might do, if totally uncontrolled by the pressure of the moment. His "Harry le Roy," with many individual merits, bears, in its plain scores, its occasional grammatical transgressions, and in the appropriation of much unacknowledged foreign property, evident and strong marks of hurried labour.

To give a brief sketch of the character of some of the songs, &c.:—Incedon's "Sweetly the bugles sound," has an original and

very interesting melody in a minor mood, which is happily relieved by an imitation of the subject in the major key. The subject of the duet (*p.* 10), "You're as welcome as the king," we are not unacquainted with; but we must own, that Mr. B. has treated it in a very able manner. A spirited cheerfulness prevails in all its successive ideas; the two voices support each other, either simultaneously or alternately, with great effect; and the occasional instrumental action imparts to the whole adequate richness.—Sinclair's "She was sweeter than the morning;" is a soft, melodious trifle, which, however, we have known long ago, under the name "Ye banks and ye braes."—Mrs. Sterling's "Though my heart with shame is burning," merits particular distinction; it is an elegant and highly interesting little song; its only fault consists in its shortness.—Of the two movements composing the duet, "Each doubt is flown," we were well satisfied with the lively allegretto in the polacca style. The quintett, "Why stays he now," is a very characteristic and commendable composition; the melody goes throughout hand in hand with the words, especially in *p.* 28, which, in other respects, too, has our particular favour. The whole constitutes a lively scene, full of dramatic effect.—We have been equally pleased with the duet, "The maid we love." It is ushered in by a neat symphony, the melody is altogether of a select pathetic cast, replete with sentiment and expression.—"On my wedding-day," is a lively, smart duet, with an inter-

esting intermediate minor phrase or two.—For the finale, we should have preferred something of Mr. B.'s own make to the well-known French melody, "Enfant chéri des Dames," successively served up in the three kindred keys of G, C, and D.

"*Stanco di pascolar,*" a Venetian Air, with Variations for the Piano-Forte, composed by V. Fiorini. Pr. 3s.

The sweet simplicity of this melody was well calculated for variation, and Mr. F. has done his duty by it. His variations are very tasteful, there is a due diversity of character in their conception, and no opportunity has been neglected to give them the zest of adventitious embellishments. In var. 1 and 2, we notice an uninterrupted career of expressive fluency; var. 3, in a minor mood, is chastely devised and interspersed with appropriate modulation. Var. 7, among other merits, derives a mellowed tone from the countersection of time entailed upon both hands; and var. 8 produces a striking effect by the active brilliancy infused into its bars. We have already noticed the abundance of figurative decoration in this publication; and cannot help adding, that, in our opinion, there is, in that respect, too much of a good thing. The constant recurrence of graces, which are flirted about at every step, in the manner of the modern Italian school, are hurtful to the general effect, and infuse an air of sameness into the work.

The Lundun, a National Portuguese Air, as danced by Mlle. Monroy at Lisbon, arranged with twelve

Variations for the Piano-Forte, and dedicated to Miss A. F. P. by an Amateur. Pr. 3s.

However disposed to encourage any effort from an unprofessional pen, especially when that pen is wielded by fair hands, we are reluctantly compelled to own, that the twelve variations before us exhibit not a vestige of internal evidence in support of the expediency of giving them typographical publicity. The harmony is very frequently erroneous, to such a degree that we are warranted in advising the fair author to devote some time to the study of the elements of musical science, before resolving upon another attempt at composition.

A favourite Duo, composed by Kozeluch, arranged for the Piano-Forte, Harp, and Flute, and inscribed to Miss Cheese, of Dublin, by J. Mazzinghi. Pr. 5s.; single, 3s.

We are well acquainted with the original which forms the basis of this trio. The smooth, unaffected style of Kozeluch is particularly conspicuous in this work of his; and the manner in which Mr. M. has divided its component parts among the piano-forte, harp, and flute, is such as might be expected from his veteran experience in the mysteries of harmony. The addition of ledger-lines to the piano-forte part, enables the student to execute the whole on that instrument, without experiencing any material void in the general harmony.

"Entre Nous," a Duet for two Performers on the Piano-Forte, No. 29. Pr. 1s. 6d.

The subjects of the two movements included in the present num-

ber of "Entre Nous," are, a well known spirited march and a rondo from Mozart's opera of *Figaro*, both arranged by Mr. P. Rosalli. In point of choice we have to compliment Mr. R.'s taste; but, on reverting to the score of the great Mozart, we must say, that, with the advantage of four hands, a superior arrangement would have been no difficult task to accomplish.

A favourite Collection of Waltzes, as performed at the Nobility's Fetes, composed and arranged for the Piano-Forte and Harp, by T. Marsano. No. I. Pr. 2s. 6d. (Piano-Forte Part, pr. 1s. 6d.)

Ditto, ditto, by ditto. No. II. Pr. ditto.

The two numbers before us contain four waltzes each, not of the speculative kind for the musical closet, but real waltzes, quite adapted to the ball-room. That they are throughout original, we are not prepared to admit; but this we will say, that they are conceived in the right spirit of the dance, void of affectation, lively, and pleasing. As the piano-forte part is charged with the whole melody (so that the harp may be missed without material inconvenience), and is set in a very easy style, we wish to recommend the practice of these waltzes to incipient performers. They could scarcely turn to any thing better calculated to combine instruction with entertainment at so moderate a price.

The Rose de Meaux, a favourite Ballad, respectfully dedicated to the Misses Hawkins; the Words by A. H. Esq. the Music by Gesualdo Lanza. Pr. 2s. 6d.

Both the pencil of the painter and the quill of the penman have

been put in requisition to add exterior embellishment to this publication, and an elegant title-page has been the result. To this we feel no other objection, than what is suggested by the fear lest the desire of possessing Mr. L.'s music might be checked with the unaffluent by the, perhaps mistaken, idea of paying for the rose and the swan at the same time. The air possesses the expression of playful and innocent simplicity required by the text; very studious care has been bestowed to direct the execution of the vocal performer; while, on the other hand, the instrumental support has been dispensed in a manner to be expected from the author's professional experience. The first minor portion (in F, p. 4,) appears to us to savour too much of sacred strains. The second minor (in A, p. 6,) has our decided approbation, especially with the intervening fine relief in C.

An original Air, with Variations for the Harp, composed, and dedicated to Lady Frederick Beauclerk, by C. Meyer. Pr. 3s.

Those that know from experience the difficulty of inventing a simple, and at the same time sweet and interesting strain of regular singing melody, will give Mr. Meyer the praise and thanks he deserves for the charming theme he has devised for these variations. *Poëta nascitur* is a saying equally applicable to harmony: all the contrapuntal study in the world *alone* will be insufficient to put together eight bars of good melody, such as we have in this instance. The theme is perfect, not only in that respect, but also in regard to its simply chaste harmony. As to the variations, it

would be difficult to desire any thing superior; graceful in the extreme, fluent, of distinct diversity of character, rich in harmony, they satisfy every æsthetical requisite of that species of composition. In the 4th variation, although one of peculiar merit, we discover an objectionable bar or two. Bar 5, p. 7, might be tolerated; but bar 6 appears to us decidedly harsh and incorrect; indeed it contains downright octaves. We had almost forgotten the introduction, which would have been an injustice to the author: it is conceived with much taste, its strains are imposing and fanciful, and terminate in an elegant cadence.

"Auld lang syne," harmonized for four Voices, with an Accompaniment for the Harp or Piano-Forte, by W. Knyvett. Pr. 2s. 6d.

This Scotch air is so arranged, that two voices alone execute the principal portion of the text, and the burthen is cast into a chorus of four; and thus the verses are repeated in score to the end. The arrangement is devised with unlaboured propriety, and the instrumental accompaniment affords every requisite support for the vocal performers.

A Military Serenade for the Piano-Forte, composed by L. Hoberecht. Pr. 3s.

Every page of this divertimento has afforded us such entire satisfaction, that we feel pleasure in doing public justice to the author's labour. It is good music! In the short introductory largo we observe a successful aim at pathetic expression. The allegro boasts of a regular construction in all its periods; the author's ideas are dictat-

ed by good taste and guided by science. As a proof of the latter merit, we might quote the series of solving chords in the last lines of pp. 3 and 5, the former leading to a change of key in F, the latter to a similar change in B b. The beginning of the 2d part (p. 4), and the ensuing modulations, are equally creditable. The rondo is rendered attractive by its lively, ingenious theme; its 9th page is replete with interesting ideas; and the conclusion, prepared in p. 10, is highly well conducted. The left-hand appears rather kept in comparative ease; but as this circumstance contributes its share to the general facility of the execution, we shall not start any objection on that score.

Elements of Music in Verse, adapted to the Piano-Forte, and calculated for juvenile Study; to which are added, a Series of progressive Lessons and a favourite Duet, by John Kelly. Pr. 5s.

We agree with the author as to the power of rhyme and metre in impressing facts or positive knowledge on youthful memories; and cannot but approve of his having applied the principle to the first rudiments of music. Whether the higher branches of the science, which ought to be reserved for an age of riper intellect, would, as Mr. K. conceives, derive benefit from the same method, remains questionable. The publication, however, now before us, has been studiously and very properly confined to mere elementary instruction; the poetical precepts are conceived in a plain and familiar style, and comprise every thing indispensably necessary at the first outset of musical tuition. They

are followed by a brief dictionary of musical terms; by two-handed gamuts of the principal major and minor keys; and, lastly, by a set of easy lessons: so that the whole may be recommended as a competent, advantageous, and certainly not expensive guide during the first months of musical instruction.

A Sonata for the Piano-Forte, in which is introduced the favourite Scotch Air, The Lass of Patie's Mill, and the new Tulloch Gorum, composed, and inscribed to Mr. Robert Nasmyth, by J. F. Barrowes. Op. IX. Pr. 4s.

The intrinsic worth of the greatest portion of this publication, would merit a much more extended analysis than our limits permit; it proclaims the author a man of classic taste and of much contrapuntal knowledge. Sometimes, indeed, Mr. B. would give rather a strong dose of it, and the attempt (as, for instance, in the two first lines of p. 4,) exposes him to an occasional *faux pas* or two: but, taking the work as a whole, we can, if we except the last movement, scarcely speak in terms too decidedly expressive of praise and frequently of admiration. To quote a few portions, we will only notice the select modulations, executed with crossed hands, p. 3; the still more exquisite play upon chords, p. 6, terminating by the able enharmonic substitution in four sharps at the close of that page. Such traits shew the master of his profession. Page 7, exhibiting an equally well managed transition, is no less meritorious; and the neat counterpoints in the last lines of p. 8, cannot, in justice, escape our record.

The *largetto*, however, is, in our opinion, the pride of the work: its excellencies are by far too numerous to be detailed; and we are free to say, a page like *p.* 12 is seldom to be met with in compositions of the present day. In elevated musical thought, in refined delicacy of expression, and in sterling science properly applied, this movement may safely be compared to Mozart's style, which, indeed, seems to have been throughout in the author's recollection and imagination.

Now, however, we have to complain of ill usage on the part of Mr. B. After raising our ideas to an exalted pitch of musical delight by his charming *largetto*, he, at one wanton leap, casts us headlong into a sink of vulgarity by his unfortunate "New Tulloch Gorum,"

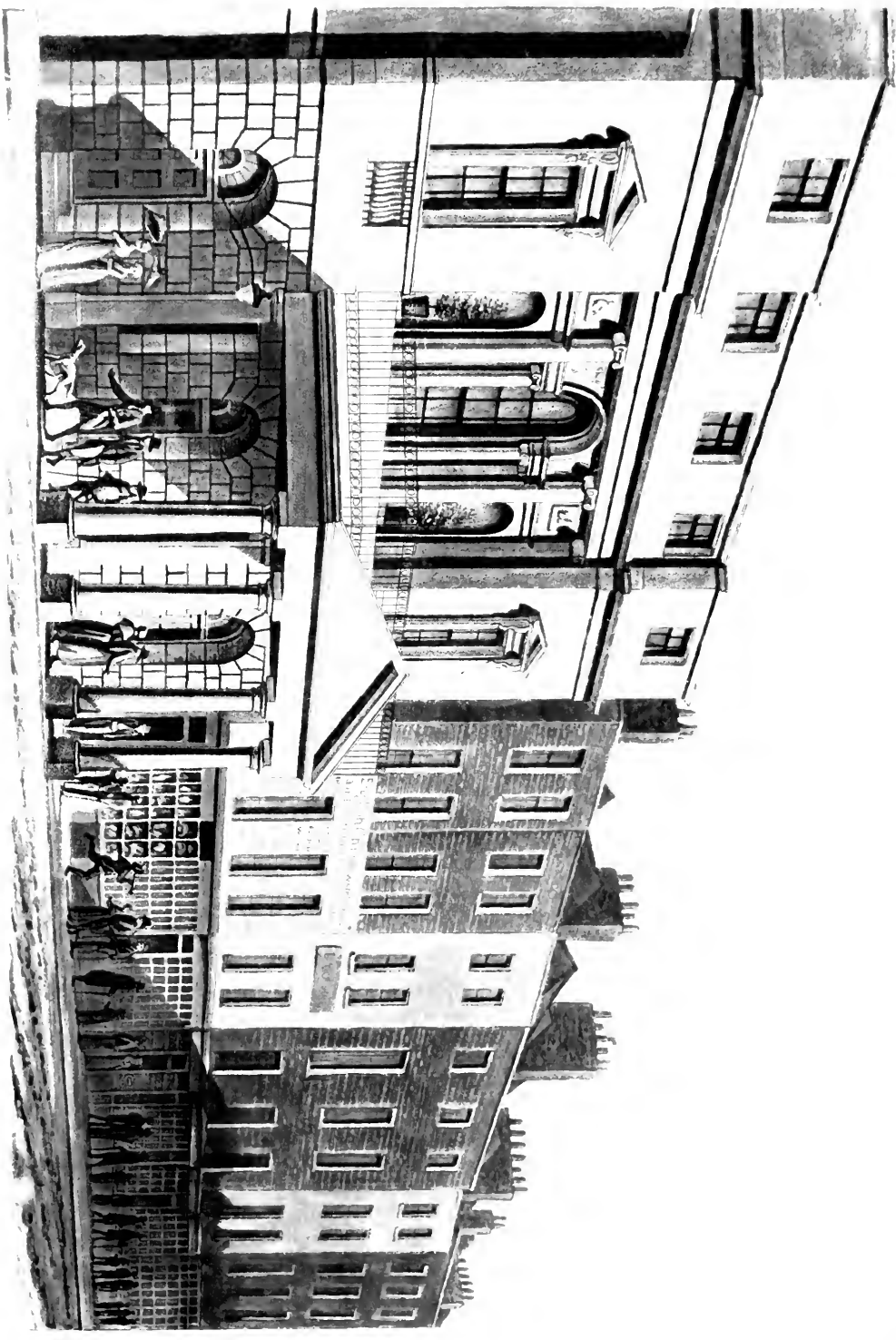
with all its genuine Bartholomew-fair harmony of killing fifths, &c. (bars 9, 10). It is cruel thus to play with our musical feeling. We allow, this choice theme soon makes way for better fare of Mr. B.'s own manufacture; but the "New Tulloch Gorum" raises its head again every now and then with mutinous obstinacy, and even makes its reappearance in a monstrous minor garb, with a good savouring of fifths too. From the exquisite taste displayed in the two former movements, we are inclined to think the adoption of the "New Tulloch Gorum" was not an act of free choice, but rather a severe trial, submitted to in compliment to an unfortunate fancy of some friend or other, and probably proved to the author as severe a pill to work upon, as it did to us to review.

PLATE 3.—THE PANTHEON.

THIS once noble structure, situated on the south side of Oxford-street, was originally built by the late Mr. James Wyatt, for the purpose of public evening entertainments. It was a most superb and beautiful structure, the admiration of all connoisseurs, foreigners as well as natives. The interior was fitted up in such a magnificent style, that it is scarcely possible for those who never saw it, to conceive the elegance and grandeur of the apartments, the boldness of the paintings, or the effect produced by the disposition of the lights, which were reflected from gilt vases. Below the dome were a number of statues, representing most of the heathen gods and goddesses, sup-

posed to be in the ancient Pantheon at Rome, from which it derived its name. To these were added three beautiful statues of white porphyry, representing the King and Queen, and Britannia. The whole building formed a suite of fourteen rooms, each affording a striking specimen of taste and splendour.

After the destruction of the King's Theatre in the Haymarket, by fire, in June 1789, the Pantheon was used for the exhibition of Italian operas, and was frequently honoured with the presence of their Majesties; till, on the 14th January, 1792, this beautiful structure also fell a prey to the same devouring element. The fire broke out in the new buildings which



had been added for the more convenient performance of operas; and before any engine reached the spot, the flames had gained such a height, that all attempts to save the building were in vain. Owing to the scenery, oil, paint, and other combustible materials in the house, the conflagration was so rapid, that not a single article could be saved. Persons who witnessed the progress of this tremendous fire, declare, that the appearances exhibited through the windows, the lofty scagliola pillars enveloped in flames and smoke, the costly damask curtains waving from the rarefaction of the air, and the superb chandeliers turning round from the same circumstance, together with the successive crashing and falling in of different portions of the building, furnished to their minds a more lively representation of Pandemonium than the imagination alone can possibly supply. The effects, too, of the intense frost which then prevailed, upon the water poured from the

engines upon the blazing pile, are described as equally singular and magnificent. The loss occasioned by this catastrophe amounted to £60,000; only one fourth of which sum was insured. The height of the walls fortunately prevented the conflagration from spreading to the contiguous houses.

The Pantheon has been rebuilt; the original elegant front and portico still remain, but the rest of the edifice exhibits not even a shadow of its former magnificence. Since its re-edification, it has been used principally for exhibitions, and occasionally for masquerades. Various plans have at different times been brought forward for opening it for dramatic representations; and this was actually done a few months since, under a licence from the magistrates, by a Mr. Cundy, who is understood to have embarked a considerable fortune in the concern; but whose right has been contested by the winter theatres, and is likely to become a subject of legal discussion.

RETROSPECT OF POLITICS.

BEFORE we enter upon the recital of the events which followed the battle of Leipzig (18th Oct.), we have to amend the imperfect recapitulation of the immediate results of that glorious day, and of the 16th preceding, given in our last Retrospect. They would appear incredible, were they not confirmed by the official reports of the allies, and the dispatches of Lords Cathcart and Aberdeen. The number of French killed on those two memorable days has not yet been

stated; but we know that Prince Poniatowsky and General Dumourstier were drowned, and that Gens. Latour - Maubourg, Bony, and a Gen. Bertrand died of their wounds. Of the number of French wounded, we have likewise no certain data: that Marshals Ney and Augereau were among the number, and that 22,000 sick and wounded were among the prisoners, is admitted on all hands. Of the number of prisoners taken we have a more satisfactory account. There

were 30,000 unhurt, and 27 generals, captured; among the latter we find the names of

Lauriston,	} French generals.
Regnier,	
Delmas,	
D'Hesnain,	
Aubry,	
Charpentier,	

Krasinsky, a Polish general.

Count Hlobberg,	} gens. of the Rhe- nish con.
Baron Hockorn,	
Prince Emile, of Hesse,	

250 pieces of cannon, upwards of 1000 ammunition waggons and caissons, several eagles and colours, 30,000 stand of arms found packed in chests at Leipzig, immense magazines of warlike stores, together with an incredible booty of various kinds obtained in that city.

The assertion of a premature blowing up of the bridge at Lindenuau as the principal cause of these losses, is proved, as we suspected, an impudent falsehood. The allies followed on the heels of the fugitive French by this same bridge.

We have by right another chasm to fill up in our preceding Report: it is the history of the French retreat from the Saale to the Rhine, 26th Oct. to 3d Nov. by the way of Erfurth, Eisenach, Fulda, and Francfort—two weeks of woe and misery, unparalleled in history, except by their retreat from the Dnieper to the Niemen. Although it was only in the first six or seven days of this period, that, out of the whole coalesced armies, some divisions of the brave Silesian army under Blücher, could keep up close enough to harass the enemy; yet even in this partial pursuit, as far as about Eisenach, upwards of 10,000 prisoners were made, 60 or

70 pieces of cannon taken, and the route of Bonaparte, as in Russia, was marked by desolation, pillage, conflagration, and by thousands of dead or expiring victims to his fallen fortune. But the disasters of the French army were not solely owing to the allies pursuing them from *behind*. A circumstance perhaps unheard of in military history, is, that General Czernicheff, with about 4000 Cossacks and other light troops, literally formed Napoleon's advanced guard throughout almost the whole of his flight. At times he lay in wait to surprise detached hostile columns, so as to oblige the army to keep together in a body and in one road; on other occasions, and more frequently, this enterprising partisan destroyed by anticipation the bridges lying in the enemy's route, and the magazines provided in the towns they had to pass. In these operations alone, Czernicheff took 4000 prisoners.

After being thus harassed and hunted down, what must have been the sensations of despair in the French army, when they learnt, that a further and still more severe trial awaited them on the Maine—that an Austro-Bavarian army, under General Wrede, was waiting for them on the Kinzig, to block up their return to France! Exactly like Tchichagoff on the Berezyna, had General Wrede arrived on the Kinzig, to seal hermetically the escape of Bonaparte; but, unfortunately, like Tchichagoff's operations, did General Wrede's efforts fail in accomplishing the object: on the Kinzig, as on the Berezyna, the desperate situation of the French animated the soldier

with the valour of despair; the French generals exhibited an extraordinary portion of skill; and Bonaparte had a lucid interval of that consummate generalship which formerly used to be an inseparable companion of his military undertakings.

It now appears, that the Generalissimo Prince Schwarzenberg made too sure of Wrede's eventual success: confident that Bonaparte would not be able to burst through the net, and be consequently compelled to turn off towards the Lahn and Coblenz, he diverted the track of Field-Marshal Blücher, who alone was upon Napoleon's heels, and directed him to take the route to Coblenz. If Blücher had gone on towards Hanau, Bonaparte would have found himself between two fires, and few of his men, perhaps not himself, would ever have crossed the Rhine.

The battle of Hanau (30th Oct.) was a desperate and murderous contest. The allies, in their official reports, state Bonaparte's force at from 70 to 80,000 men, their own at half that number; admit a loss of 7000 men killed and wounded, and some prisoners, but quote that of the French at 12,000 killed and wounded, and 15,000 prisoners. Be that as it may, it is evident that the French gained their object of forcing their way through the hostile ranks, and compelled the Austro-Bavarians to evacuate the weak fortress of Hanau, which they garrisoned, to cover their further retreat. But, on the next day, General Wrede, finding the French garrison in Hanau unsupported by the presence of the bulk of their army, attacked the place by storm.

In the assault he received what was then deemed a mortal wound, but from which he is slowly recovering. This exasperated his army to such a degree, that nothing could withstand their onset; they forced their way into the town, and cut to pieces the whole French garrison. After this they did not much annoy Bonaparte's retreat. He passed the Rhine at Mentz with from 50 to 60,000 men, according to the most accurate estimate that can be formed, but of these no more than 30,000 are reported as fit for further service.

The preceding details are necessary supplements to our last Report. We now turn to ulterior events of the giant struggle, classing them, as far as their blended nature permits, under the following distinct heads.

THE LINE OF THE RHINE.

The grand allied army, under the command of the Generalissimo Prince Schwarzenberg, began to arrive in the vicinity of Franckfort on the Maine on the 5th Nov. with the Emperor Alexander at their head; and on the succeeding day the Emperor Francis made his solemn entry into that city amid the enthusiastic acclamations of its joyful population, which had within its walls seen him crowned head of the German empire twenty years ago, and will probably soon witness a repetition of the same august ceremony. These two monarchs were on the 13th joined by their heroic ally, the King of Prussia, who had in the interval visited his capital and Breslaw. Meanwhile all the princes of the defunct Rhenish confederation who had not yet declared their sentiments, ab-

jured the vassalage of France, threw themselves into the arms of their legitimate chief, and hastened personally to Francfort, to protest their sincere devotion, and to pledge themselves to furnish double contingents towards the prosecution of the holy contest. Thus the King of Bavaria, the King of Wurtemberg, the Grand Dukes of Hesse, of Wurzburg, and of Baden, and other sovereign princes, arrived in succession; so that at a dinner given by the Emperor Francis on the 17th Nov. the rare spectacle was witnessed of an assemblage of seventeen crowned heads, including two emperors, three kings, three grand dukes, &c.

In this august senate, joined by the representatives of the British sovereign, the future destinies of Europe were weighed and determined upon; while the numerous legions of the coalesced potentates kept approaching the majestic Rhine, stationing themselves in imposing masses on various points of its banks from Basle to Cleves, and panting for new laurels. The arrangement of a new plan of campaign, the required repose from the fatigues of recent exertion, and the unpropitious season of the year, will easily account for the suspension of active operations in this quarter. No aggressive movement demands our notice, except the assault on the French advanced camp at Hochheim, an eminence within cannon range of Mentz, which took place on the 9th Dec. and succeeded without difficulty, the enemy sustaining a loss of six cannon, some hundreds of killed and wounded, and as many prisoners. The head-quarters of the

grand army remained at Francfort till the 9th December, when they were transferred to Friedberg, six leagues northward.

We have already stated, that Field-Marshal Blücher's route was directed to the lower Rhine. In spite of physical obstacles of every kind, this great man led his noble Silesian army, in an uninterrupted course, through a great part of Germany, and arrived on the Rhine at Mulheim (opposite Cologne) on the 13th Nov.; after which he assisted at the grand council of war at Francfort. On the lower Rhine, too, no active operations have as yet commenced: in the night of the 2d Dec. a body of troops crossed the river at Dusseldorff, surprised the French garrison at Neuss, whom they took prisoners, captured or destroyed the great French magazines, and returned to the right bank.

On the upper Rhine a numerous army of Austrians, Bavarians, and Suabians, is collecting in the vicinity of Kehl, in the neighbourhood of which fortress some skirmishes have taken place.

Higher up, an event has occurred which demands our special notice. Switzerland, after the overthrow of the French army at Leipzig, and the rapid advance of the allies upon the Rhine, has emerged from obscurity and French vassalage, to declare itself neutral. The act of neutrality was passed by the diet at Zurich on the 20th Nov.: two deputies were sent to Bonaparte, and as many to the allied sovereigns, to solicit consent; while the different cantons were arming to protect their frontier from insult. With Bonaparte

there was found no objection to a measure which would screen 150 miles of his frontier from invasion. The mediator of the Helvetic republic, in his present state of humiliation, accepted gladly Helvetic mediation for his frontier; but we doubt greatly the compliance of the allied powers, whose irresistible strength would force any barrier the Swiss could oppose. The end of the tale will probably be, that Switzerland will join the common cause; in which event, the army now raised by her under the pretext of neutrality, will prove a material accession of force on the left wing.

ITALY AND MEDITERRANEAN.

The operations of the different *corps d'armée*, under the command of General Hiller, continue to be attended with uninterrupted success. On the 30th Oct. the castle of Trent and the citadel of Trieste surrendered. The cannon found in the latter, added to what had previously been obtained by the conquest of the city, amounts to 182 pieces. In this operation, as well as in the taking of Fiume, the British squadron under Admiral Freemantle, and a detachment of British troops sent from the Ionian islands, under Colonel Robertson, rendered to the Austrian General Nugent the greatest service. On the 6th Nov. General Stahrenberg entered Padua, and General Eckart, Vicenza. The latter's advanced guard was vigorously attacked, on the 15th Nov. at Caldiero, by twelve battalions of Beauharnois' army, but forced the enemy to retreat, after an obstinate and bloody contest. The French army, by the last advices,

is in position behind the Adige, having its head-quarters at Verona. Venice, abandoned to its fate, is blockaded by land and sea. On the 11th Nov. General Nugent embarked a corps at Trieste, landed south of the Po, and took possession of Ferrara. The French papers state, that General Pino having assembled a force at Bologna, attacked Nugent at Malalbergo, on the 28th Nov. defeated him, re-entered Ferrara the next day, and compelled the Austrian corps to re-embark. Another Austrian corps, under General Tomassich, acts in Dalmatia, and has occupied the greatest part of that province.

Thus the general result of the Italian campaign has been, the reconquest of Carniola, Carinthia, Friul, Istria, the greatest part of the ancient Venetian territory and of Dalmatia.

The plague at Malta and Gibraltar is rapidly declining, and has probably ceased ere this. The Queen of Sicily, whom we erroneously stated to have arrived in the Austrian dominions, is still at Constantinople.

NORTH OF GERMANY.

The Prince Royal of Sweden followed in pursuit of the remains of the French grand army no further than Cassel, where he arrived on the 1st Nov. and found the hereditary prince of the legitimate sovereign, the Elector of Hesse, already replaced in possession of his father's dominions, by the support of his advanced guard under Generals Winzingerode and Woronzow, or rather by the tried loyalty of the Hessian people.

In this stage of his progress, the Prince Royal paused, and, after mature reflection, abandoned the

design of proceeding to the Rhine, in order to leave no enemy in his rear. Davoust had unwisely been left by Bonaparte on the forlorn hope at Hamburg, with probably 18,000 French: as many Danes were under his controul, the Elbe was in his power, and Denmark, on the 22d Oct. (four days after the battle of Leipzig!) had felt courage enough to issue two declarations of war, one against Russia, the other against Prussia.

This change of plan being determined on, the Prince Royal's army moved in three diverging directions.

One division, chiefly Russians, under Winzingerode, proceeded in the line of the Weser, towards Bremen and Osnabruck.

Another division, chiefly Prussians, under Bülow, traversed Westphalia, towards Münster and Holland.

The remainder and largest portion, comprising the whole Swedish army, the Crown Prince led into Lower Saxony, to act upon the Elbe; in which design he would not only have the co-operation of Walmoden's corps, but also of that of Bennigsen, which with that view had been directed to move down that river from Saxony.

No sooner did the advanced guard of the Swedish army appear at Hanover (1st Nov.), than the loyal inhabitants of his Majesty's electoral dominions joyfully embraced the opportunity of throwing off the yoke of the usurper, Jerome, and proclaiming their legitimate sovereignty. Under the auspices of H. R. H. the Duke of Cumberland, who was seasonably at hand, a provisional government was forthwith

established, which, on the arrival of Count Munster from England, will receive its former regular and final organization. The emancipation of Hanover was immediately followed by a considerable accession of territory to the Anglo-German dominions, in the annexation of the bishopric of Hildesheim, ceded to his Majesty by Prussia, through special convention.

The Prince Royal of Sweden, after staying some time at Hanover, Bremen, and Celle (during which interval the navigation of the Weser was restored by the reduction of Carlsfort, and of the fort of Blexen, 23d and 24th Nov.) crossed the Elbe in the latter days of November, with the Swedish army and Lutzow's corps, and established his head-quarters at Boitzenburg, 30th Nov. Stade had been attacked a few days previously by Count Strogonoff, but the assault failed: the French garrison, however, fearing a repetition, evacuated the town in the night, and crossed the Elbe to Hamburg. The French fort Napoleon, at Cuxhaven, attacked by a Russian detachment and a British marine force under Captain Farquhar, surrendered on the 2d Dec. Thus the left bank of the Elbe is cleared as far up as Harburg, which town is kept blockaded by the corps of Woronzow, whose head-quarters were at Winsen. Of the further operations of the Swedish Crown Prince, we have no intelligence; but a government bulletin just published, states, that at his approach the Danes had left Davoust, and that the latter had shut himself up at Hamburg. His fate is not doubtful. The patriotic Ham-

burgers, whose misery he has wantonly increased to the highest degree, and whose bank he seized on the 4th Nov. will soon be restored to their independence; and the capture of Davoust and his whole corps form an additional proof of the folly of Bonaparte in leaving behind him such considerable bodies of troops to garrison fortresses which cannot be defended for any length of time.

The fate of Dresden is a case in point. When Bonaparte assembled his forces at Leipzig, he left Marshal St. Cyr with his corps and the remains of that of Vandamme (who, by the way, has safely reached Moscow, where the energetic Rostopchin exhibited him like a wild beast to the inhabitants), to defend Dresden and cover his flank. On the 17th Oct. the Russian corps, which, under Count Tolstoy, was appointed to mask that city, was vigorously attacked and pushed away, with loss. The corps of observation was in consequence ordered to be strengthened, after the battle of Leipzig; and General Klenau charged with its command on the left bank, while the Prince of Wied-Runkel hemmed in the garrison on the right. When Klenau arrived, St. Cyr had just quitted Dresden to make his escape by the left bank, but he drove him back into the city. St. Cyr next (6th Nov.) made an attempt to abandon the city by the right bank of the Elbe; but here, too, the valour of the troops under Wied-Runkel forced him to retrace his steps. Thus baffled on all sides, the French marshal proposed a capitulation, which Klenau, moved probably by the misery of the in-

habitants, granted on the 11th Nov.; and by which the French troops were to lay down their arms, but be conducted to France, to be exchanged against an equal number of allied prisoners. The French troops accordingly set out on their march to France, and had proceeded some way, when a courier from Prince Schwarzenberg brought the generalissimo's refusal to ratify the capitulation, accompanied by orders, that St. Cyr and his corps should be reconducted back to Dresden, and replaced in their former situation previously to the surrender. The French marshal is stated to have refused to accept of this alternative, and to have submitted himself and his corps to captivity.

Stettin has capitulated, the garrison to surrender prisoners, if not relieved by the 5th Dec.

Erfurt has submitted to similar terms.

Dantzic capitulated upon terms similar to Dresden, which consequently Prince Schwarzenberg refused to ratify.

Torgau is visited by an infectious fever, to which Count Narbonne, its governor, has fallen a sacrifice: the German troops in it, as well as those in Magdeburg, had been sent out on terms not to serve against France for one year.

After this brief digression, we return to the operations of the remainder of the forces acting under the Prince Royal's orders.

Gen. Winzingerode established his head-quarters at Bremen, from whence he detached westward upon Oldenburg and East-Friesland, which provinces, including the

town of Embden, were restored to their lawful sovereigns. Thence his troops crossed the Ems, entered Holland, and took Groningen, making its garrison of 800 men prisoners. Zwoll, Kampen, Zutphen, Deventer, and other Dutch towns and their garrisons, shared the same fate.

The corps of General von Buloew almost simultaneously entered Holland from the side of Munster, sweeping every thing before it. Among other spirited achievements of this corps, is the capture of Doesburg by storm, 23d Nov. putting a great part of the garrison to the sword. A similar scene of slaughter occurred a few days after (30th), when Arnheim was taken by assault. Thus

HOLLAND!

which Bonaparte's lust of universal dominion had blotted out from the list of nations, has, as if by magic, recovered its independence and its sovereign. The news of the approach of the allied forces was still vague and doubtful, when the brave Dutch determined to be beforehand with their deliverers. On or about the 15th of Nov. the Hague, the cities of Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Haarlem, Leyden, and some other principal towns, rose in open resistance against the French military and the civil authorities: less bloodshed occurred on this first ebullition of patriotism, than might have been expected; since, where the French commanders had the prudence to submit to circumstances, they were suffered peaceably to withdraw with their troops. In one instance, at Woerden, the invaders, after being expelled, returned with increased

numbers, and committed barbarities of rapine, murder, and conflagration too horrid to detail. A provisional government being established at the Hague, two deputies were instantly dispatched to England, to invite the Prince of Orange to assume the government, and above all to solicit instant aid, in troops, in arms, in ammunition, and in clothing, from this country. Great Britain, the foster-mother of the orphan freedom of the world, was not deaf to the appeal. Her aid was granted with a promptitude and liberality becoming the nation that had already rescued Portugal and Spain. The guards and some other troops in immediate readiness, were sent off instantly; while a regular armament, under General Sir Thomas Graham, was ordered to be assembled in the Downs. The Prince of Orange, likewise, forthwith set out for his native land, and arrived at Scheveling on the 30th Nov. The Dutch nation hailed him as their saviour. On the 2d Dec. he repaired to Amsterdam, where he was not only received with enthusiastic joy, but saluted by the inhabitants by the title of *William the First, Sovereign Prince of the Netherlands*, which change of dignity he accepted by proclamation on the same day; the other towns following the example of Amsterdam in thus abolishing the former title of Stadtholder. The prince's son, that gallant youth who has so long and so nobly fought by the side of the great Wellington, was likewise instantly recalled from the Marquis's army in France, and he has just left the British shore, to fight the cause of his father and of his own country on Dutch soil.

Our room forbids the detail of the successive, yet rapid expulsion of the French from the territory of Holland. Besides the towns already mentioned, the Brille, Helvoetsluis, and the strong fortresses of Williamstadt and Breda, were soon cleared of the usurper's troops. The greatest part of Zeeland is free; so that, with the exception of a few insulated garrisons, all Holland north of the Waal and Maese, is emancipated at this moment. Among these exceptions is as yet the point of the Helder. Admiral Verheul, the commander of the Texel fleet, has not only hitherto refused to surrender the Dutch ships of war, but, with traitorous contumaciousness, landed a body of such men as he thought worthy of the base trust, and occupied the strong fort of La Salle, in order to defend himself to the last. As Dutch and British troops have already been marched against him, we may soon expect his reduction, and we hope his trial. Flushing is likewise still in the possession of the French, but the rest of the island of Walcheren has declared for the prince. The allied troops are arriving in great numbers from Germany, ready to pass into Dutch Brabant; and the last advices from the Dutch coast reported the British expedition under Sir Thomas Graham off the mouth of the Scheldt; so that further and great successes may reasonably be looked for: Antwerp, and the French fleet under its protection, are in imminent danger.

FRANCE.

The intelligence from that devoted country is only now important from the picture it exhibits of

the furious efforts of a grating despotism in its last agonies of despair. Exhausted in his plundered treasure, one of the tyrant's first financial measures since his return has been, a decree (11th Nov.) augmenting the assessed taxes and the duties on articles of consumption. But as this new revenue might be too precarious and slow for urgent necessities, it was subsequently found necessary to create a temporary paper currency of mandats, or assignations upon the produce of these new taxes, with which the requisitions and supplies for the armies are to be paid (decr. 27th Nov.) In the midst of these comforting arrangements, his mock senate addressed him in an unusually cool harangue, and urged the necessity of peace. His memorable reply was, "I accept the sentiments which you express towards me. All Europe was with us a year ago; all Europe is now against us: it is because the opinion of the world is regulated by France or by England. We should therefore have every thing to dread but for the energy and the power of the nation. Posterity will say, that if great and critical circumstances presented themselves, they were not superior to France and me." And lest the French nation might vainly hope for that peace which they represented as necessary to their salvation, on the next day (15th Nov.) a decree is issued for a new conscription of 300,000 more victims to be sacrificed for the maintenance of this miscreant upon the usurped throne of France.

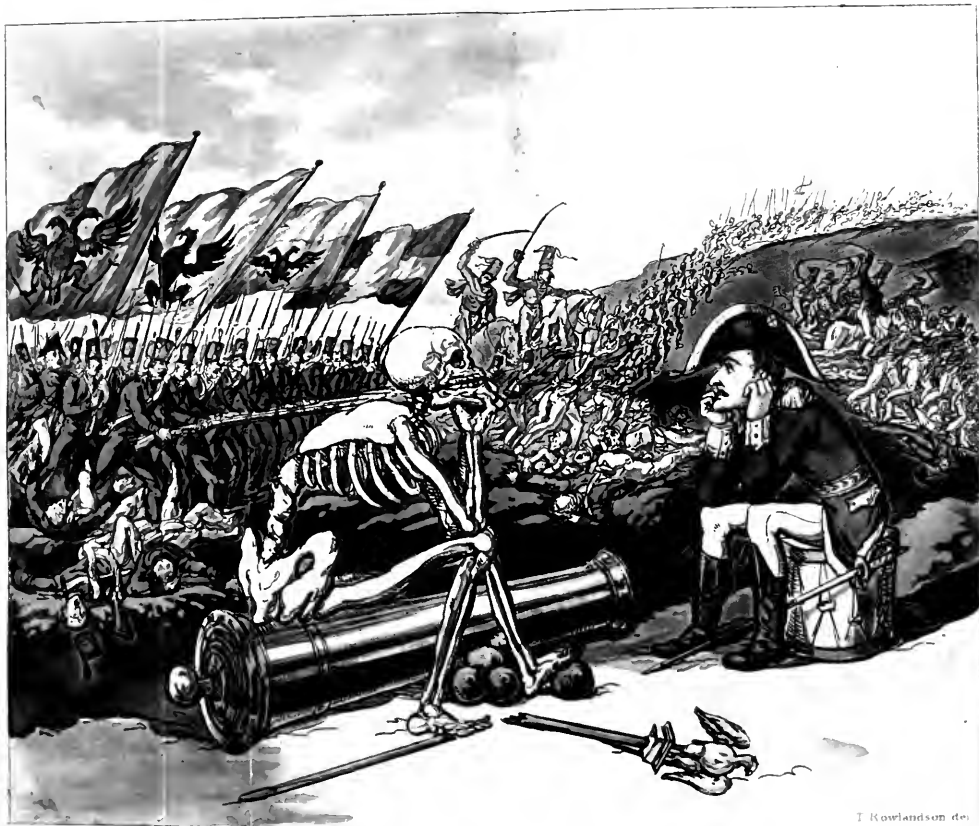
On the occasion of this levy, the allied sovereigns have (1st Dec.) issued at Francfort a manifesto,

which, however dignified in sentiment and noble in moderation, is likely to disappoint the hopes of the world, including even France, as much as their recent valorous deeds have outstripped expectation. By saying that this manifesto states, *Peace to have been offered to his majesty the Emperor of the French on conditions which would confirm to the French empire an extent of territory which France under her kings never knew*, and that these conditions are still ready to be granted, we have stated all that appears to us objectionable. Peace to France by all means, but no peace to the assassin usurper, except the peace of the tomb or that of voluntary abdication! Her frontiers to France by all means, but not the frontiers she owes to the devouring madness of that revolution which her neighbours and Europe have dearly enough paid for—even if she be made to regorge what is not her own! When we have the highwayman under our foot, instead of seizing all he robbed us of, and bringing him to justice, are we to be contented with the restoration of only part of our property, and let him loose again once more to infest the roads, and sooner or later to wreak his vengeance upon his liberator? Is Germany bounded by the Rhine? Are not the richest provinces of the holy Roman empire on and beyond its left banks? Are millions of loyal Germans to remain consigned by treaty to this tyrant's claws? Ye noble and virtuous arbitrators of the destinies of the world, will you sheathe your avenging sword, and only half finish your glorious task of emancipation? If so,

you will, ere long, but too late, discover that you have done little. Too late, because never will Europe again behold so virtuous, so noble a compact of princes: never will the princes be seconded, or rather impelled, by so glorious an enthusiasm, so heroic a valour on the part of their subjects. Your magnanimous end is the freedom of Europe; but Europe is not free if France remains under the destructive yoke of her tyrant. Bourbons or no Bourbons, just as France pleases, but no Napoleons!

SPANISH WAR.

Want of room compels us to observe modest brevity in the recital of the exploits of our own arms. The British hero, Lord Wellington, has added another victory to the catalogue of his great exploits. On the 10th Nov. our army in France broke up to attack the strongly entrenched lines of Marshal Soult along the river Nivelle, in the department of the Lower Pyrennees. The enemy defended himself with great obstinacy, but, after a severe contest, his left was turned, and our troops established in the rear of his right by night-fall. Darkness enabled Soult to withdraw his right, with the exception of 1900 prisoners, which, together with 51 pieces of cannon, formed the trophies of this victory. Our total loss was as follows:—*British and Portuguese killed and wounded*—2 general staff, 6 lieutenant-colonels, 4 majors, 44 captains, 80 lieutenants, 42 ensigns, 6 staff, 161 serjeants, 29 drummers, 2320 rank and file. After this battle, the French army retired into another entrenched camp under the protection of Bayonne; and our



army took a position extending from St. P³ to St. Jean de Luz, at which latter town head-quarters remained by the last advices; heavy rains, and consequent inundations and impassable roads, having rendered any forward movement impracticable.

DEATH AND BONAPARTE—A PARLEY.

Written on occasion of the TRANSPARENCY (of which the annexed Engraving is a copy) exhibited at ACKERMANN'S REPOSITORY OF ARTS during the Illuminations of the 5th and 6th of November, 1813, in honour of the splendid Victories obtained by the Allies over the Armies of France, at Leipzig and its environs.

DEATH.

GOOD MR. EMP'ror, I am come,
While you are sitting on your drum,
Not over pleas'd with what is past,
To say this hour may be your last:
Nor should such words your spirits grieve,
For sure you cannot wish to live.
Stript of your laurels and your pride,
Your friends all hurrying from your side,
Where, let me ask you, can you go,
Without the fear to meet a foe?
Your armies beat, your troops all flying,
What refuge have you but in dying?
Beat, circumvented, overthrown,
The soldier's fame no more your own,
Life must a very burden prove,
So I'll e'en take it out of love.
What's good for goose is good for gander;
Cæsar the brave and Alexander
Have long since in the tomb been laid,
With other fellows of the trade,
Who followed war, and thought it fun
To deal in blood, as you have done;
Who found it music to their ear,
The groans of dying men to hear;
And, by Ambition's fever curst,
With orphan's tears assnag'd their thirst,
Look on the thing which forms my seat,
And view your eagles at my feet.
The cannon that you made to roar,
From Moscow to th' Iberian shore,
Tickle your greedy ears no more: }
They glut the arsenals of your foes,
And there your eagles now repose.
Think you, exhausted France will give
The means by which you hope to live?
Think you, new legions will proclaim
Their zeal to renovate your name?

Or fear you not the conscript cry
May soon forestal your elegy?
Say, proud usurper, don't you dread
The power of justice on your head?
Say, bloody tyrant, don't you feel
Some terror of th' assassin's steel?
And do you look again to own
The splendour of the Gallic throne?
I cannot see what hope can give,
That you should have a wish to live.
Think you, when all your pastime's over,
That you'll be left to live in clover?
No, when you cease to cut and carve,
'Tis well if you are left to starve.
Or do you humbly mean to crawl
Beneath some cloister's ivied wall?
There seek Contrition's gloomy cell,
Obey Religion's holy bell,
That calls to prayer in hourly toll,
And count your beads to save your soul?
'Twere well, I think, to save your grinning,
I, at one stroke, can end your sinning.
You should with smiles my offer greet;
I'm the best friend that you could meet,
Who feign would save you from the pow'r
Of Fortune's more malignant hour.
The foes press on, your armies fly,
If you are wise, you'll wish to die.

BONAPARTE.

If I turn monk, perdition take me!
Good, Master Death, you do mistake me,
If you suppose that I am made
To enter into such a trade.
I'll be no hypocritic owl,
And wrap me up in hood and cowl:
'Tis not for that I wish to stay
In this same world another day;

I have far brighter hopes in view,
 Listen, and you'll applaud them too:
 But though you seem, I think, to sneer me,
 I beg you'll stay your hand, and hear me.
 Pray, potent sir, pray keep your seat;
 Let us as politicians treat,
 And calmly, candidly debate
 On the fell stroke you meditate.

I tell you, then, good Master Death,
 I want not yet to yield my breath;
 I have yet many things to do,
 That ought to be approv'd by you;
 And many a reason I can give,
 Why 'tis your interest I should live.
 What, kill me! sure you're not so mad!
 I'm the best friend you ever had;
 And still I may increase the claim
 To that stupendous, awful name.
 There's not one conqueror of the world,
 By whom destruction has been hurl'd
 O'er conquer'd realms, and has pursued
 His slaughter'ring way knee-deep in blood;
 Not a score of them who're enroll'd,
 By hist'ry, 'mong the brave and bold,
 In former times or latter days,
 Who have so well deserv'd thy praise;
 By whom thy greedy maw was fed
 With such accumulated dead,
 As, Mars-like, in my blood-stain'd car,
 I've furnish'd in the fields of war.
 Behold, on Syria's distant sands,
 The standards planted by my hands!
 Where the sun whitens the remains
 Of thousands on the scorching plains;
 And when the vengeful weapons fail'd,
 Poison's murderous cup prevail'd.
 Old Nilus, leaning on his urn,
 Will make surviving warriors mourn,
 As he de-cribes his slimy shore,
 With human blood encrimson'd o'er,
 While my fierce bands were seen to
 rove
 Vindictive through each palmy grove.
 I bade Destruction, War, and Spoil
 Inva'de Italia's sacred soil:
 And while my conquering Eagles stood
 On Danube's banks, it ran with blood.
 Did I not your fell sceptre wield
 In Jena's desolated field?
 Did not fire and wet'ring sword
 Obey my proud, imperious word,

Where Tyrolean mountains rise
 In lofty range, and brave the skies?
 Think, mighty sir, what pretty play
 I've made in the Peninsula;
 What countless numbers there have bled,
 What fest'ring mountains of the dead,
 Have through Iberia's realms appear'd,
 Since I my hostile standard rear'd:—
 And, Master Death, 'tis you can tell
 How many thousand victims fell,
 By gun, and sword, and piercing frost,
 Or in the snowy storms were lost,
 When my armies sallied forth,
 To deal destruction in the North:—
 And here, if you but look around you,
 The scene with pleasure must confound
 you:

For whether armies stand or fly,
 You care not, so they do but die;
 You always claim the victory: }
 And whether towns are kept or taken,
 You're ever sure to save your bacon.
 If I continue but to fight,
 You, sir, must think me in the right:
 Of battling foes the horrid din
 Will always make your worship grin.
 Then close not yet my bloody day,
 I have a million more to slay.

I mention not the fools I've strangled,
 What numbers on the tree I've dangled;
 Nor those who felt the tort'ring wheel,
 Or sunk beneath the secret steel;
 Or trouble, time, and drugs to save,
 Have found, ere dead, a common grave:
 Mere church-yard work, not worth the
 tale,

A make-weight in destruction's scale.
 Then, sure, it cannot be your plan,
 To kill so rare a journeyman.
 O spare me till the King of Rome
 Is ripe for mischief yet to come;
 That scion of the fatal tree,
 Whose odour is mortality.
 I think you've had a pretty dance,
 Since revolution beam'd on France;
 And if you'll let me but remain,
 There you shall dance, and dance again.
 I have no fears if you are kind;
 So, Master Death, unfold your mind.
 I think a ghastly smile portends,
 That you and I shall still be friends.

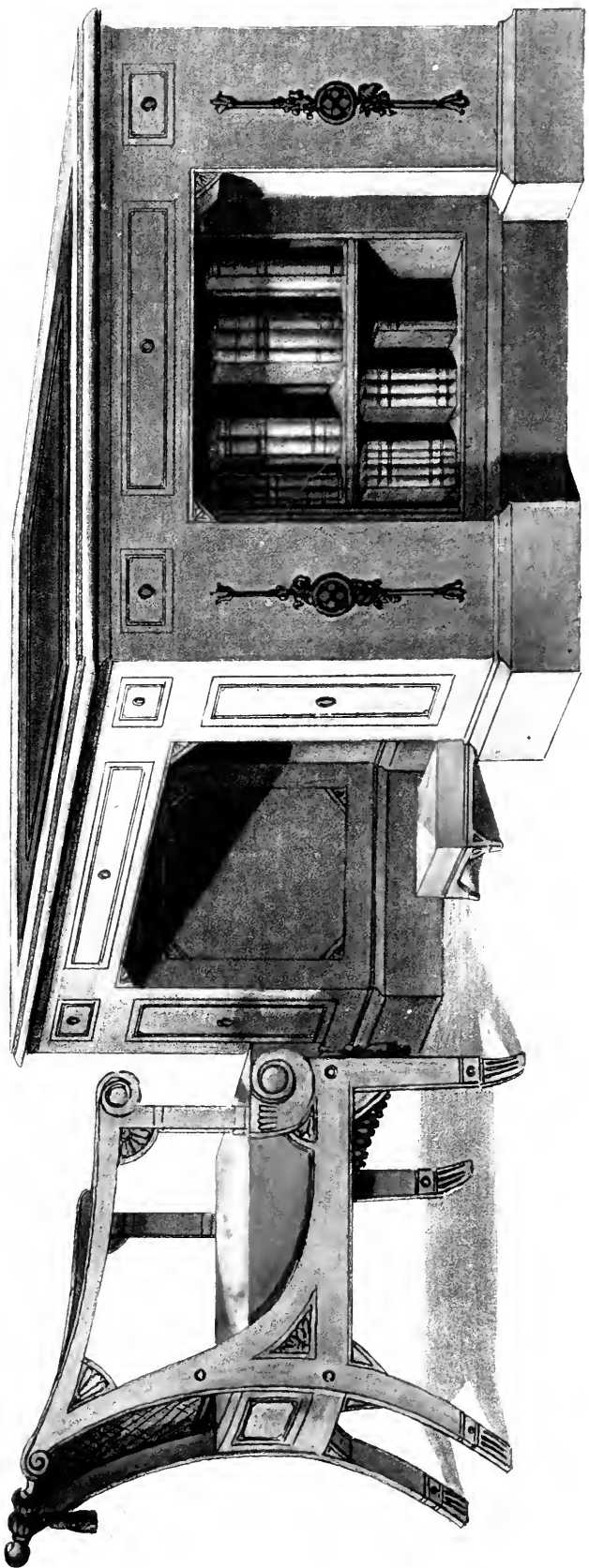


FIGURE 1. A safe with its doors open, showing interior shelves and drawers. The safe is supported by a heavy-duty iron stand with a curved base and decorative elements.

DEATH.

Well, Emp'ror, I submit to reason—
 Egad! you've speke a word in season:
 And, though I meant to pierce your liver,
 I'll put my dart up in my quiver.
 I will withdraw my stern decree,
 And check the web of destiny.
 I'll let you have another chance,
 To hurry off with speed to France.
 And, as this favour I've confer'd,
 Remember now, and keep your word.

Farewell! and may you not repent,
 That thus I stop'd my fair intent.
 A still worse fate may yet impend
 O'er your frail life, and cause its end.
 From this strong arm one certain blow
 Would, without suffering, lay you low;
 While some di-grateful, tort'ring fate
 May on your future days await.
 You may, in ling'ring pangs, resign your
 breath;
 Or, like the scorpion, sting yourself to
 death.

PLATE 6.—FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

THE chaste and elegant library table represented in the annexed engraving, is of a convenient form and moderate size, and is suited to an apartment of small dimensions: at the same time it exhibits that breadth of parts and greatness of design, which characterize most articles of modern furniture, and give a dignity heretofore unknown. The recess beneath renders it also extremely commodious for a writ-

ing-table, which was not the case with the library tables formerly constructed. The chair is designed with equal attention to elegance and convenience, and made to correspond. They may both be formed of mahogany, with rings and ornaments of bronze; the shelves of the table will divide, so as to admit either a row of folios and octavos, or two rows of quartos.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE weather of the last month has been highly favourable for the young wheats: the early sown have put forth a strong plant, forming a verdant mat to protect the tender fibres from the winter's frost. The latter-sown breadths have scarcely made their appearance above the surface of the soil; and from the dirty way in which the seed was put into the earth, in consequence of the extreme wet weather, but little can be said of that crop which does not appear. The wheat of last harvest yields most abundantly to the acre, and the quality is fine.

Barleys have come freely to market since the cattle have returned

to the straw-yard. Threshing-machines, in some districts, are getting into disrepute, on account of their not threshing barley with the same facility they do sheaf corn, and from the large quantity of corn they throw out with the straw.

Oats and peas are very productive, and of fine quality.

All the soiling crops look well; and the whole of the brassica tribe, from the late growing weather, are of large size and fine quality.

Ditching and draining have been the principal out-door work of the last month, in consequence of the short duration of the frost. The fall in the price of corn has not

much impeded the efforts of the farmer in this important branch of agriculture, in those counties where it is properly appreciated. There has been a greater number of drain-

ing-tiles sold this winter than in any preceding year: this is a most valuable acquisition in those tenacious districts where stone cannot be procured.

FASHIONS FOR LADIES.

PLATE 4.—PROMENADE COSTUME.

A PLAIN cambric robe, with long gathered sleeve and high arched collar, trimmed with net lace or muslin. A Spanish lap-pelled coat of fine orange Merino cloth; full epaulette ornaments on the shoulders: the whole lined throughout with white sarsnet, and trimmed with a raised border of white velvet or swansdown. A small, provincial bonnet of the same material as the coat, ornamented with a full curled ostrich feather. White spotted ermine or Chinchilli muff. Gloves grey or light blue kid. Half-boots of orange-coloured jean, or velvet.

PLATE 5.—MORNING DRESS.

A round robe of plain jaconot muslin, with spencer bodice, and

rounded falling collar, edged with lace or needle-work; the same ornamenting the bottom of the dress. A loose robe pelisse of Indian muslin, thrown quite open in front, trimmed entirely round with a full gathered border of muslin or lace; the back confined at the bottom with a lemon-coloured ribband, brought round the waist, and tied in bows and ends in front. The Flushing mob cap, composed entirely of lace, ornamented with lemon-coloured ribband, which also confines it under the chin. A small rosary and cross of amber, twisted round the wrist, and a broach of the same confining the dress at the throat. Slippers and gloves of lemon-coloured kid.

Poetry.

SONG,

FOR ST. ANDREW'S DAY,

Most respectfully inscribed to his Royal Highness the DUKE OF KENT, Chairman to the Scottish Corporation in London.

TUNE—*Roy's Wife.*

CHORUS.

HONEST men and lasses bonny,
Bonnetts blue and cockernonnie,
Here's a health to ane and a',
Honest men and lasses bonny.

Your farmer's sense, your gard'ner's skill,
Your weaver's loom, your grazier's
money,

Your scholar's lear, your doctor's pill,
Your honest men and lasses bonny.

Honest men, &c.

Your artless garb, your simple food,
Your poorest sharing with a brother,
Your Sabbath grave, your parsons good,
And nane to lord it o'er another.

Donald keen and Sandy canny,
Wivies true and bairnies many,
Here's to a' the clans and you,
Daddie Billy, mam, and grannie.

Here's the land that fed wi' cakes
A Duncan, Graham, Abercrombie;







Where Ossian's spirit yet awakes
A Scot, a Burns, or hopeful Tommie.
Honest men, &c.

Neddy Langshanks' gripe and guile
'To warr us a' was ripe and ready ;
But this our Edward's princely smile
Speaks a friend to Sandy steady.

Lang may every grace endear him !
Down with all that malice bear him !
May a' twixt him and John-a-Groats,
Hail him, thank him, bless and cheer him.

And may we ever thus combine,
Within all down, without all bristle ;
The Shamrock, Leek, and Rose entwine
Among the folds of friendly Thistle !

Donald, Paddy, Taff, and Johnnie,
Beef, potatoe, cake, and honey,
Wha could ever cope wi you ?
Wha without ye cope wi Boney ?

He raged, he vow'd he ne'er would stop,
While he'd a dart or we a drappie ;
But here's the firm, the good old shop,
That dealt destruction out to Nappie.

Donald, Paddy, Taff, and Johnnie,
Taff and Sandy, Patt and Johnnie,
Wha could ever cope wi you ?
Wha without ye cope wi Boney ?

J. R.

SONETTO

IN LODE DEL

MARCHESE WELLINGTON,

Scritto da GIACOMO MINASI.

GLORIA del Secolo ! Splendor del Mondo !
Altissimo Eroè ! Alla Patria diletto !
WELLINGTON immortale ! Dal Ciel pro-
tetto !

Non mai vinto dal fier nemico immondo !

Chi v'è ch'al coraggio e saper profondo
Tuo, o pur de' tuoi guerrieri all'aspetto
Non tremi o parenti ! E a ceder costretto,
Ruina Buonaparte furibondo !

No. LXI. Vol. XI.

L'Ebro e'l Tago, accesi d'un patrio amore,
Accogliesti alle tue bandiere intorno,
E liberasti dall' Usurpatore.
Per te Britannia (ansando il tuo ritorno)
Intatti lauri serba al tuo valore,
E alla virtù, di cui ne sei adorno !

TRANSLATION OF THE PRECEDING.

BOAST of thy 'country, pride of human
kind,
Immortal WELLINGTON, by Heav'n de-
sign'd
To curb the Gallic foe's infuriate rage,
And shine the glory of this latter age :

Matchless alike in council and the field,
Napoleon's fortunes to thy genius yield ;
Terrors unknown his baffled hosts assail,
The Tyrant trembles, and his Star turns
pale.

From Ebro's plains and Tajo's golden
strands,
Thy bright example rous'd the patriot
bands,
Around thy banners ranged, and to be
free,
Taught them to dare—to conquer liberty.

Britain, exulting in her darling son,
His splendid virtues and his trophies won,
Shall anxious wait the day that wafts
thee o'er,
To reap fresh laurels on thy native shore.

TRANSLATION OF "DULCE DOMUM."

SWEET HOME.

LET us sing a joyous measure,
Waft enchanting lays around ;
Home ! a theme replete with pleasure,
Home ! a grateful theme resound.

CHORUS.

Home, sweet home, an ample treasure,
Home, with every blessing crown'd ;
Home, perpetual source of pleasure,
Home, a noble strain resound.

I

Lo! the joyful hour advances,
 Happy season of delight;
 Festal songs and festal dances,
 All our tedious toils requite.

Home, &c.

Leave, my wearied Muse, thy learning,
 Leave thy task so hard to bear;
 Leave thy labour, ease returning,
 Leave this bosom, every care.

Home, &c.

Smiles the year, the meadows smiling,
 Let us then a smile display;
 Rural sports our pain beguiling,
 Rural pastimes call away.

Home, &c.

Now the swallow seeks her dwelling,
 And no longer loves to roam;
 Her example thus impelling,
 Let us seek our native home.

Home, &c.

Let our men and steeds assemble,
 Panting for the wide champaign;
 Let the ground beneath us tremble,
 While we scour along the plain.

Home, &c.

O what rapture! O what blisses!
 When we gain'd the look'd-for gate:
 Father's welcome, mother's kisses,
 There our blest arrival wait.

Home, &c.

Greet our household gods with singing,
 Lend, O Phosphor, lend thy ray!
 Why should light, so slowly springing,
 All our promised joys delay?

Home, &c.

LONDON MARKETS.

Return of Wheat from Nov. 29 to Dec. 4.

TOTAL, 7,560 quarters.—Average, 70s. 4½d. per quarter, or 6s. 11½d. per quarter lower than last return.

Return of Flour from Dec. 4 to 14.

TOTAL, 37,131 sacks.—Average, 59s. 5d. per sack, or 0s. 3d. per sack higher than last return

Average of England and Wales, Dec. 14.

	s	d	s	d
Wheat	72	7	44	9
Barley	44	9		
Oats	47	0	28	3
Beans				55
Pease				59

CORN, SEEDS, &c.

	s.	d.	s.	d.	Tares, per bushel	s.	d.
Wheat white, per quarter	48	78			Turnip	11	12
red	44	74			Mustard	15	18
foreign	40	70					
Rye	46	40			Canary, white	19	25
Barley, English	30	42			Canary, per qr.	10	15
Malt	50	75			Hempseed	100	115
Oats Feed	14	24			Linsced	68	74
Irishland					Clowers, red	90	112
Foreign	16	32			wh. tr.	70	95
Potato	25	34			foreign	83	112
Beans, Pigeon	44	50			white	73	100
					red	88	115
Pease, Polling	50	75			Trefoil	4	30
Grey	46	52			Caraway	78	80
Flour per sack	47	53			Coriander	25	34
Seconds	43	53					
Scotch	40	50					

American Flour — s a — s per barrel of 48 lbs
 Rapeseed, per last — — £40 a £44 a £48.
 Oil Cakes, per thousand, £18. 0s. to £20 0s.

SUGAR, &c. per Cwt.

COFFEE, Banded.

	s	d	s	d
Muscovado, fine	112	a	116	
good	108	a	111	
ordinary	102	a	107	
East India, white	123	a	124	
yellow	113	a	124	
black	103	a	112	
Mocha	103	a	112	
Triage	30	a	50	

Jamaica.

	s	d	s	d
Fine	75	6	a	85
Good	60	0	a	74
Ordinary	40	0	a	59
Triage	20	0	a	39
Mocha	300	0	a	600
Bombou	90	0	a	120
St. Domingo	90	0	a	70
Java	90	0	a	100

COCOA, Banded.

	s	d	s	d
Trinidad and Tobago	105	a	104	
Caraccas	90	0	a	100
Plantation	65	0	a	80

GINGER.

	s	d	s	d
Jamaica, white	82	a	200	
Barbadoes, ditto	75	a	80	
black	70	a	75	
Nutmegs	18	0	a	24
Cloves	10	0	a	10
Cinnamon	10	0	a	11
Yace	36	0	a	42
Pepp. white	5	3	a	2
black	2	5	a	2
Pimento	2	0	a	—

Average price of Raw Sugar, exclusive of duty, 75s. 4½d.
 There has been less doing in raw sugars than last month, but the prices are fully supported. Refined goods of low quality sell freely at high prices, the better sorts are not so much wanted.

HOPS in the Borough.

	£	s	£	s	£	s
Kent	—	5	0	9	0	11
Sussex	—	4	10	8	0	9
Essex	—	0	0	0	0	10

CORN, &c. per Quarter.

	s	d	s	d	Wheat	Barley	Oats	Beans	Peas	
Dec.	11	50	a	70	36	a	42	24	a	32
Newcastle	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Northampton	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Canterbury	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Lewes	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Chesterfield	11	68	a	85	40	a	50	25	a	32
Ashbourne	11	68	a	78	45	a	50	28	a	34
Quilford	18	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Gainsboro'	14	72	a	80	35	a	40	19	a	24
Louth	15	70	a	75	30	a	35	30	a	36
Huntingdon	11	60	a	68	34	a	39	20	a	34
Newark	15	75	a	80	38	a	42	24	a	28
Spilsby	13	50	a	63	38	a	42	17	a	42
Ryegate	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Devizis	16	70	a	84	35	a	47	27	a	34
Itching	18	60	a	83	27	a	39	24	a	30
Swasea	15	76	a	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Henley	16	50	a	80	38	a	40	20	a	34
Maidenhead	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Salisbury	14	62	a	78	36	a	40	22	a	30
Pemith	14	79	a	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Hull	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Basingstoke	15	50	a	80	30	a	39	24	a	29
Wakefield	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Audover	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Warminster	18	72	a	84	40	a	43	26	a	31

SPIRITS, per Gallon (exclusive of duty).

	s	d	s	d	s	d	s	d
Brandy, Cognac	6	9	a	9	0			
Spanish	5	0	a	5	2			
Holland's Gin	8	0	a	8	0			
Rum, Jamaica	4	6	a	6	0			
Lev. Isl.	3	9	a	4	0			
Mol. Spirits, British	13	10	a	14	0			
Irish	0	0	a	0	0			
Scotch	0	6	a	0	0			
Spirits of Wines	4	0	a	3	0			

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR NOVEMBER, 1813.

Conducted, at Manchester, by THOMAS HANSON, Esq.

1813.		Wind.	Pressure.			Temperature.			Weather.	Evap.	Rain.
Day.	Hour.		Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.			
1		S W 2	29,50	28,83	29,165	48,0°	34,0°	41,00°	rainy	.040	—
2		S W 2	29,53	29,50	29,515	47,0	37,0	42,0°	rainy	—	—
3		S W 2	30,50	29,51	30,005	45,0	33,0	39,00	cloudy	—	—
4		N E 1	30,54	30,50	30,520	46,0	30,0	38,00	cloudy	.180	—
5		S E 1	30,50	30,52	30,410	44,0	32,0	38,00	cloudy	—	—
6		S E 2	30,30	29,75	30,025	47,0	41,0	44,00	cloudy	.120	—
7		S W 1	29,75	29,20	29,475	40,0	40,0	43,00	cloudy	—	—
8		S 1	29,20	29,10	29,150	50,0	42,0	46,00	cloudy	—	—
9		S W 2	30,30	29,10	29,700	50,0	42,0	46,00	cloudy	—	.910
10		S W 2	30,30	30,30	30,300	50,0	42,0	46,00	cloudy	—	—
11		S W 3	30,30	29,24	29,770	51,0	42,0	46,50	cloudy	—	.080
12		W 3	29,30	29,24	29,270	52,0	40,0	46,00	cloudy	—	.615
13		W 2	30,45	29,30	29,875	52,0	43,0	47,50	cloudy	—	—
14		W 3	30,45	28,00	29,675	45,0	33,0	39,00	rainy	.350	—
15		W 2	29,00	28,00	28,950	44,0	34,0	39,00	rainy	—	.885
16		W 2	29,00	28,35	28,825	41,0	30,0	35,50	rainy	—	—
17		W 3	29,11	28,36	28,985	41,0	30,0	35,50	snowy	—	—
18		W 2	29,59	29,11	29,305	44,0	34,0	29,00	fine	—	1.750
19		W 1	29,50	29,50	29,500	40,0	34,0	41,50	rainy	—	—
20		W 1	29,75	29,50	29,625	50,0	47,0	48,50	gloomy	—	.140
21		S 1	29,85	29,72	29,800	49,0	47,0	48,00	gloomy	—	—
22		S W 1	30,15	29,86	30,005	53,0	45,0	49,00	gloomy	—	—
23		Var. 1	30,20	30,15	30,175	48,0	39,0	43,00	gloomy	.200	—
24		N E 1	30,35	30,20	30,275	42,0	30,0	36,00	gloomy	—	—
25		N E 1	30,39	30,36	30,375	42,0	25,0	35,00	gloomy	—	—
26		S E 1	30,39	30,25	30,370	42,0	30,0	36,00	gloomy	—	—
27		S E 1	30,39	30,15	30,270	40,0	30,0	35,00	gloomy	—	—
28		S E 2	30,15	30,15	30,150	40,0	28,0	34,00	gloomy	—	—
29		S E 1	30,15	30,15	30,150	40,0	30,0	35,00	gloomy	—	—
30		S E 3	30,15	29,52	29,885	34,0	29,0	31,50	gloomy	.240	.145
			Mean		29,783	Mean		40,80		1,160	4,525

RESULTS.

Mean barometrical pressure, 29.783.—maximum, 30.54, wind N. E. 1. — Minimum, 28.83, wind S. W. 3.—Range, 1.71 inch.

The greatest variation of pressure in 24 hours, is 1.15 inch, which was on the 13th.

Mean temperature, 40°.80.—Maximum, 53°, wind S. W. 1.—Min. 28°, wind N. E. 1. Range 25.

The greatest variation of temperature in 24 hours is 14°, which was on the 25th.

Spaces described by the barometer, 10,66 inches.—Number of changes, 13.

Total quantity of water evaporated, 1,160 inch.

Rain, &c. this month, 4,525 inches.—Number of wet days, 15.—Total rain this year, 32,030 inches.

WIND.

N	N E	E	S E	S	S W	W	N W	Variable.	Calms.
*	3	0	7	2	8	9	0	1	0

Trisk winds 6—Boisterous ones 0.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR NOVEMBER, 1813.

Conducted by Mr. J. GIBSON, Laboratory, Stratford, Essex.

1813	Wind.	Pressure.			Temperature.			Weather.	Evap.	Rain.
		Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.			
NOV.										
1	N W	29,77	29,37	29,57,0	48°	35°	41,5°	fine	—	—
2	N W	29,87	29,37	29,62,0	46	40	43,0	cloudy	—	—
3	N W	30,30	29,87	30,08,5	48	32	40,0	cloudy	—	—
4	N W	30,30	30,30	30,30,0	46	25	35,5	foggy	—	—
5	N	30,30	30,08	30,19,9	49	27	38,0	fine	—	—
6	E	30,08	29,50	29,94,0	49	31	40,9	fair	—	—
7	N E	29,80	29,50	29,65,0	53	41	47,0	gloomy	—	.28
8	S W	29,57	29,50	29,53,5	55	42	48,5	showers	.29	.20
9	W	29,63	29,57	29,60,0	51	42	46,5	cloudy	—	—
10	W	29,70	29,57	29,63,5	58	45	51,5	cloudy	—	—
11	W	29,70	29,69	29,71,0	55	47	51,0	fine	—	—
12	S W	29,64	29,60	29,62,0	55	35	45,0	rainy	—	—
13	W	29,67	29,64	29,65,5	45	32	38,5	fine	—	—
14	S W	29,64	29,34	29,49,0	44	33	38,5	gloomy	—	—
15	N W	29,50	29,34	29,42,0	46	31	40,0	cloudy	—	—
16	S W	29,34	29,18	29,26,0	45	35	40,0	cloudy	—	—
17	N W	29,57	29,28	29,42,5	43	32	37,5	snowy	—	—
18	W	29,70	29,57	29,63,5	42	34	38,0	cloudy	—	.54
19	S E	29,80	29,70	29,75,0	52	40	46,0	gloomy	—	—
20	S W	29,94	29,80	29,87,0	56	48	52,0	cloudy	.70	—
21	S W	29,07	29,94	29,95,5	55	40	50,5	cloudy	—	—
22	S	29,98	29,97	29,97,5	54	35	44,5	gloomy	—	—
23	W	30,04	29,98	30,01,0	45	39	42,0	cloudy	—	—
24	N E	30,10	30,64	30,97,0	45	32	38,5	cloudy	—	.01
25	N	30,10	30,09	30,09,5	44	35	39,5	cloudy	—	—
26	N E	30,09	30,07	30,08,0	43	31	37,0	fine	—	—
27	N E	30,97	29,95	30,01,0	42	25	33,5	cloudy	.14	—
28	E	29,97	29,90	29,93,5	37	35	36,0	fine	—	—
29	E	30,00	29,94	29,97,0	39	24	31,5	fine	—	—
30	S E	29,94	29,58	29,76,0	34	27	30,5	bleak	.06	—
				Mean		Mean	41,3	Total	1.19in.	1,03in

RESULTS.—Prevailing winds, westerly.—Mean height of barometer, 29,794 inches; highest observation, 30,30 inches; lowest, 29,18 inches.—Mean height of thermometer, 41,3°.—highest observation, 53°—lowest, 24°.—Total of evaporation, 1,19 inch.—Rain, 1,03 in.; in another gauge, 1,07 inch.

Notes.—1st and 2nd White frost on the ground—not indicated by thermometer which is placed about five feet above the ground.—2nd. Night stormy.—3d. Lunar halo.—4th. Gloomy, foggy day.—5th. Hoar frost.—7th and 8th. Boisterous nights.—11th. Very stormy night—wind S. W.—14th. Hoar frost and foggy morning.—16th. Very stormy night—wind N. W.—17th. Snowy afternoon.—18th. Ground covered with snow.—30th. Very cold wind from the eastward—boisterous night.

Prices of Fire-Office, Mine, Dock, Canal, Water-Works, Brewery, and Public Institution Shares, &c. &c. for DECEMBER, 1813.

Albion Fire and Life Assurance	£42 per sh.	Keunett and Avon Canal	£20 10s p. sh.
Glouce Ditto	103 do.	Grand Junction Ditto	210 do.
Royal Exchange Ditto	275 do.	Erewash Ditto	800 do.
London Dock Stock	£97½ per ct.	Huddersfield Ditto	12 5s. do.
West India Ditto	148½ do.	Oxford Ditto	645 do.
East India Ditto	110 do.	Wilts and Berks Ditto	18 do.
Commercial Ditto	157 do.	London Institution	43 do.
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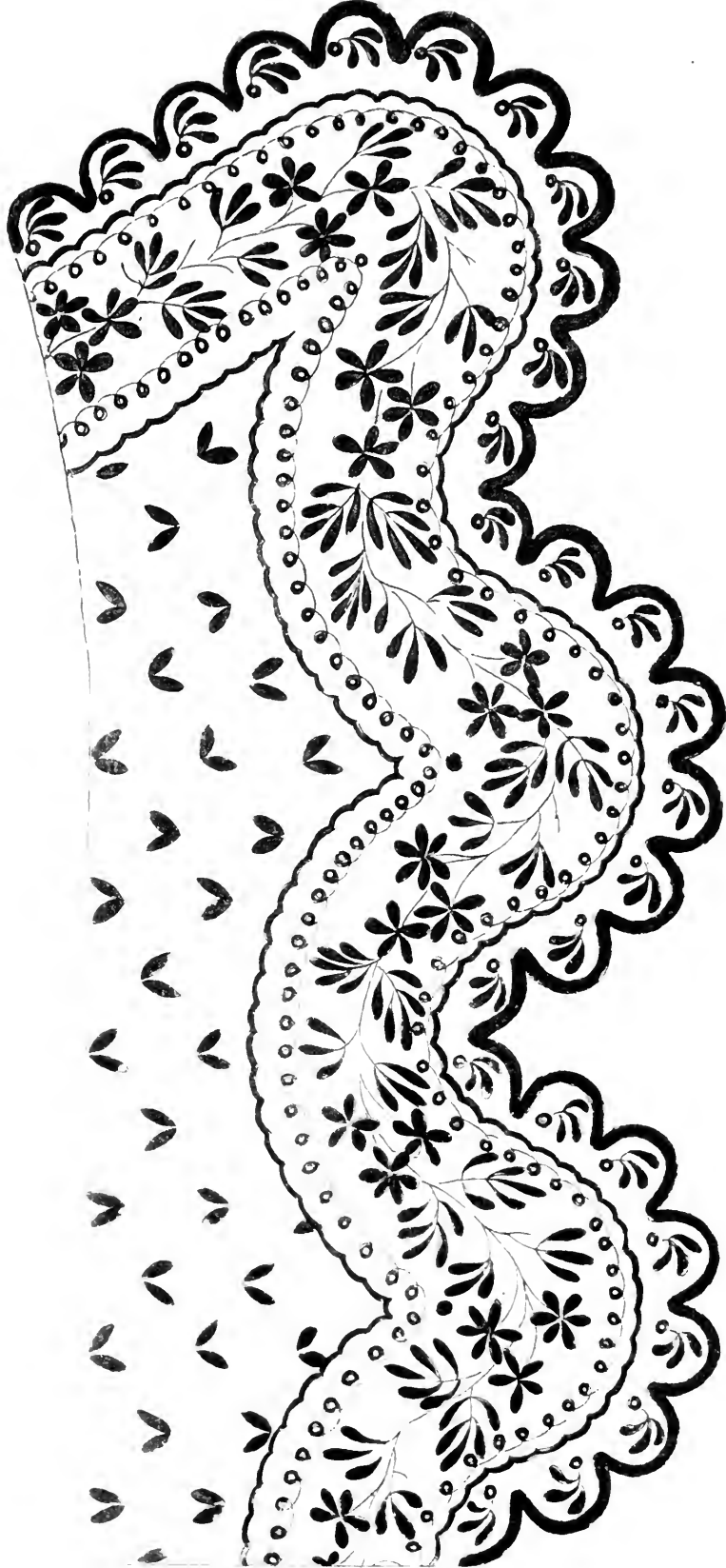
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1870



THE
Repository

OF
ARTS, LITERATURE, COMMERCE,
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For FEBRUARY, 1814.

VOL. XI.

The Sixty-second Number.

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TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We earnestly solicit communications (post paid) from the professors of the arts in general, as well as authors, respecting works which they may have in hand. We conceive that the evident advantage which must accrue to both from the more extensive publicity that will be given to their productions through the medium of the Repository, needs only to be mentioned, to induce them to favour us with such information, which shall always meet with the most prompt attention.

We should have forwarded an answer to an Old Traveller by the channel which he suggested, had not his letter arrived too late to admit of it. We feel obliged by his communication, but fear that its subject might be considered too grave by the readers of the Repository. We doubt not, however, that the journal of so intelligent an observer would furnish many anecdotes and extracts, which would prove acceptable.

Pride, a Vision, is received, and shall have an early place.

Among the embellishments of our next Number, will be a View of the Exterior of the beautiful little Church of St. Stephen Walbrook.

The Proprietor begs leave to remind such of his Readers as have imperfect sets of the Repository, of the necessity of an early application for the deficiencies, in order to prevent disappointment. Those who chuse to return their Numbers to the Publisher, may have them exchanged for Volumes in a variety of bindings, at the rate of 5s. per Volume.

ERRATUM.—Number LXI. p. 2, col. i. line 5 from the bottom, for *beginning*, read *bringing*.

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For FEBRUARY, 1814.

The Sixty-second Number.

—————The suffrage of the wise,
The praise that's worth ambition, is attain'd
By sense alone, and dignity of mind.

ARMSTRONG.

CONVERSATIONS ON THE ARTS.—By JUNIUS.

(Continued from p. 8.)

MISS EVE. Who was Thomas Meriton?

MISS K. He wrote *The Wandering Lover*, a tragi-comedy, 1658, and *Love of War*, a tragedy, the same year.

MISS EVE. That was the year Oliver Cromwell died.

MISS K. Yes.—These plays of Meriton's are said to have been acted at different places by the author and his friends, privately, with great applause. Langbaine says, that "he is the meanest dramatic writer England ever produced, and if he is allowed to be a poet, of all men that ever were or ever shall be, the very dullest."

MISS EVE. Did you ever read his plays?

MISS K. No; I only repeat Langbaine's words.

MISS EVE. Who was Charles Johnson?

MISS K. He wrote seventeen tragedies, comedies, and farces, dated from 1705 to 1732. Victor

says, that he had the pleasure of Mr. Johnson's acquaintance, and that he was a modest, sensible man, very comely in his person, but too corpulent. This author was greatly hurt at finding himself introduced into Pope's *Dunciad*; as he was not conscious of having ever given the least offence to any one: but it seems he was too large an object to be missed.

MISS EVE. Thomas Morton?

MISS K. He is a dramatic writer, now living, author of *Columbus*, *The Children in the Wood*, *Zorinski*, *The Way to get Married*, *Secrets worth Knowing*, *Town and Country*, &c. Some of these have obtained great applause. I am informed that he was born at Durham, that his father died in his infancy, that he was brought up by his uncle, Mr. Maddison, the stock-broker, and educated at Dr. Barrow's school, in Soho-square, with George Holman, the actor.

MISS EVE. I think you said, that

Holman also was brought up by his uncle?

Miss K. Yes, by the late Mr. Holman, who was sexton to St. Giles's church, and a very excellent man.

Miss Eve. Who was Charles Hopkins?

Miss K. Son of Dr. Ezekiel H. Bishop of Londonderry. He was born in Devonshire, and died young. He was the author of two tragedies, *Pyrrhus King of Epirus*, and *Friendship Improved*. He was a promising genius, and his writings bear strong testimony, both in the ease of the thoughts and the harmony of the numbers, that he was born to be a poet.

Miss Eve. Who was Henry Higden?

Miss K. He was a member of the Middle Temple, in the reigns of James II. and William III. He wrote *The Wary Widow*, or *Sir Noisy Parrot*, a comedy. Higden was a great wit, and an agreeable, facetious companion. Indeed, his fondness for convivial and social delights seemed very apparent even in the conduct of his play; for he introduced so many drinking scenes into it, that the performers became quite inebriated before the end of the third act, and being unable to proceed with the representation, were obliged to dismiss the audience.

There are many other dramatic writers besides those in that list, who have not titles. Here is a list of some of them.

Miss Eve. This separation decreases the confusion of names.—Who was Philip Frowde?

Miss K. He was son to the Post-Master-General in the reign of Queen Anne. He wrote two tra-

gedies, *The Fall of Saguntum*, 1727, and *Philotas*, 1737. He died in Cecil-street, Strand, Dec. 13, 1738. His tragedies have more poetry than pathos; more beauties of language to please in the closet, than strokes of incident and action to surprise in the theatre. Though the elegance of his productions recommended him to the general public esteem, yet the politeness of his genius formed the least amiable part of his character; for he considered wit and learning as only the more conducive to the excitement and practice of honour and humanity: therefore, with a soul cheerful, benevolent, and virtuous, he was in conversation delightful, in friendship punctually sincere.

Miss Eve. What do you know of Charles Gildon?

Miss K. He was born at Gillingham, near Shaftesbury, Dorsetshire, in 1665. He wrote the following tragedies:—*The Roman Bride's Revenge*, 1697; *Phaeton*, or *the Fatal Divorce*, 1698; *Love's Victim*, or *the Queen of Wales*, 1701. He died Jan. 1724, aged 58. None of his plays met with any great success; and, indeed, though they are not wholly destitute of merit, yet they evince too strong an emulation of the style of Lee, of whom he was a great admirer, but without being possessed of the brilliancy of imagination, which frequently atones for the mad flights of that poet. Mr. Gildon's verse runs into a perpetual train of bombast and rant.

Miss Eve. 'Tis the same in painting.

Miss K. Yes; one is all incorrectness and furor, like a run-away horse; another all tameness and in-

sipid correctness;—one vulgarises every thing he has to do with, and copies only common nature—another, under the idea, that supreme excellence consists in high finishing, passes his life in trilling.

Miss *Eve*. What said Michael Angelo Buonarotti, in his lecture to the humorous designers, when Hogarth, Bunbury, Dunthorne, and Gillray were voted the best in that department?

Miss *K*. He said, that most of the humorous designers mistook ugliness for character, and distortion for expression. He recommended the elegance and chastity of the antique and Raphael, and what was really sublime, when speaking of the higher provinces of the art. Two or three times, I remember, he said, “Overstep not the modesty of nature.”

Miss *Eve*. Who was Richard Flecknoe?

Miss *K*. He lived in the reign of Charles II. is said to have been originally a Jesuit, and, in consequence of that profession, to have had connection with most of the persons of distinction of the Roman Catholic persuasion in London. He was the author of many performances, both in prose and verse, more especially the latter, and has left behind him five dramatic pieces:—*Love's Dominion*, 1651; *Love's Kingdom*, a pastoral tragedy, 1661; *Erminia*, or *the Chaste Lady*, 1665; *Demoiselles à la Mode*, a comedy, 1667; and *The Marriage of Oceanus and Britannia*, a masque, 1667. Only one of these obtained the distinction of being acted, and that met with but indifferent success. The character given of him by Langbaine, is,

that “his acquaintance with the nobility was more intimate than with the Muses; and that he had a greater propensity for rhyming, than genius for poetry.”

Miss *Eve*. If I recollect right, when Dryden was deprived of the honour of being Poet Laureat for becoming a Papist, Richard Flecknoe, through interest, procured it to be conferred on himself.

Miss *K*. Yes; and Dryden not only disliked Flecknoe as a man, but also had much contempt for his abilities. He wrote a satire against him, entitled *Mac Flecknoe*, which is one of the severest and best written pieces of the kind in the English language. This poem furnished Pope with the hint of his *Dunciad*: the latter has been more happy in the execution of his design, as he had more leisure; but in Dryden's *Mac Flecknoe*, there are lines so extremely pungent, that they are no where exceeded in the *Dunciad*.

Miss *Eve*. You have already observed, that hints, and a sort of scientific parody, much contribute to the excellence, not only of the best painters, but also of the best poets and other writers.

Miss *K*. I have; and Pope has often taken very daring liberties in this way, and so indeed have most of the best painters and writers. Fielding used sometimes to say, that he held the public in too much contempt to feel any apprehensions respecting the detection of his plagiarisms.

Miss *Eve*. Will you give me a few instances of this in the best poets? Mention one by Pope.

Miss *K*. Take, for an example, the beginning of Elijah Fenton's epitaph:—

This modest stone, which few vain marbles
can,
May truly say—Here lies an honest man.

Crashaw, who died 38 years before Pope was born, commences an epitaph in this way:—

————— This plain floor,
Believe me, reader, can say more
Than many a braver marble can—
Here lies a truly honest man.

Thus, in thousands of instances, ideas are parodied by the best writers.

Miss *Eve*. I will sing one of Gay's songs in the *Beggars' Opera*: let me see if you can tell what he parodied it from, or where he obtained the hint.

Youth's the season made for joys,
Love is then our duty;
She alone who that employs
Well deserves her beauty.
Let's be gay, while we may,
Beauty's a flower despis'd in delay.

Let us drink and sport to-day,
Our's is not to-morrow;
Love with youth flies swift away,
Age is nought but sorrow.
Dance and sing, time's on the wing,
We mayn't know the return of spring.
Let us drink and sport to-day, &c.

Miss *K*. The idea of this song might easily be derived from the perusal of Armida's wonderful parrot in Fairfax's *Tasso*.

Miss *Eve*. Will you repeat those lines?

Miss *K*.

With party-coloured plumes and purple bill,
A wondrous bird among the rest there flew,
That in plain speech sung love-lays loud and shrill,
Her lesson was like human language true.
So much she talked, and with such wit and skill,
That strange it seemed how much good she knew;
Her feather'd fellows all stood hush to hear,
Dumb as the wind, the waters silent were.

The gentle budding rose, quoth she, behold,
That first scaut peeping forth with virgin
beans,

Half open, half shut, her beauties doth unfold
In its fair leaves, and less seen fairer seems;
And after spreads them forth more broad and bold;

Then languishes and dies in last extremes,
Nor seems the same that decked bed and bow'r
Of many a lady late and paramour.

So in the passing of a day doth pass
The bud and blossom of the life of man;
Nor e'er doth flourish more, but like the grass
Cut down, becometh wither'd, pale, and wan.

Oh! gather then the rose while time thou hast,
Short is the day, when scaut begun 'tis past;
Gather the rose of love while yet thou may'st,
Loving, be lov'd, embracing, be embrac'd.

She ceas'd, and, as approving all she spoke,
The choir of birds their heav'nly tune renew;
The turtles sigh'd and sighs with kisses broke,
The fowls to shades unseen by pairs withdrew.

It seem'd the laurel chaste, and stubborn oak,
And all the gentle trees on earth that grew;
It seem'd the land, and sea, and heav'n above,
All breath'd out fancy sweet and sigh'd out love.

Miss *Eve*. Many of the best writings, songs, &c. have often been professedly parodied, and some with a deal of humour.

Miss *K*. Yes; such as Hamlet's Soliloquy in Shakspeare—To be or not to be. I have seen the parodies of To wed or not to wed—To kiss or not to kiss—To drink or not to drink—To smoke or not to smoke—To write or not to write; and many other such, which, as you observe, display considerable humour.

Miss *Eve*. Which is the best song you have seen thus parodied?

Miss *K*. I think—Despairing beside the clear stream.

Miss *Eve*. Will you repeat it?

Miss *K*. I will sing it.

Despairing beside a clear stream,
A shepherd forsaken was laid,
And while a false nymph was his theme,
A willow supported his head.

The wind that blew over the plain,
 To his sighs with a sigh did reply;
 And the brook, in return to his pain,
 Ran mournfully murmuring by.

Alas! silly swain that I was!
 Thus sadly complaining he cried,
 When first I beheld that fair face,
 'Twere better by far I had died.

She talk'd, and I blest her dear tongue;
 When she smil'd it was pleasure too great;
 I listen'd, and cried when she sung,
 Was nightingale ever so sweet?

How foolish was I to believe,
 She could doat on so lowly a clown,
 Or that her fond heart would not grieve
 To forsake the fine folk of the town;
 To think that a beauty so gay,
 So kind, or so constant would prove,
 Or go clad like our maidens in gray,
 Or live in a cottage on love!

What though I have skill to complain,
 Tho' the Muses my temples have crown'd;
 What though, when they hear my soft strain,
 The virgins sit weeping around;
 Ah! Colin! thy hopes are in vain,
 Thy pipe and thy laurel resign,
 Thy fair one inclines to a swain
 Whose music is sweeter than thine.

All you, my companions so dear,
 Who sorrow to see me betray'd,
 Whatever I suffer, forbear,
 Forbear to accuse the false maid:
 Tho' through the wide world I should range,
 'Tis in vain from my fortune to fly,
 'Twas her's to be false and to change,
 'Tis mine to be constant and die.

If, while my hard fate I sustain,
 In her breast any pity is found,
 Let her come with the nymphs of the plain,
 And see me laid low in the ground.

The last, humble boon that I crave,
 Is to shade me with cypress and yew,
 And when she looks down on my grave,
 Let her own, that her shepherd was true.

Then to her new love let her go,
 And deck her in golden array,
 Be finest at every fine shew,
 And folie it all the long day;
 While Colin, forgotten and gone,
 No more shall be talk'd of or seen,
 Unless when, beneath the pale moon,
 His ghost shall glide over the green.

Here is the burlesque parody,
 entitled,

THE SCULLION'S COMPLAINT.

By the side of a great kitchen fire,
 A scullion so hungry was laid,
 A pudding was all his desire,
 A kettle supported his head.

The bogs that were fed by the house,
 To his sighs with a grunt did reply,
 And the gutter, that ear'd not a loose,
 Ran mournfully, muddily by.

But when it was set in a dish,
 Thus sadly complaining he cried,
 My mouth it does water and wish,
 I think it had better been fried.

The butter around it was spread,
 'Twas as great as a prince in his chair,
 Oh! might I but cut it! he said,
 The proof of the pudding lies there.

How foolish was I to believe,
 It was made for so homely a clown;
 Or that it would have a reprieve
 From the dainty fine folks of the town!
 Could I think that a pudding so fine,
 Would ever uncreaten remove?
 We labour that others may dine,
 And live in a kitchen on love.

What though at the fire I have wrought,
 Where puddings we boil and we fry;
 Though part of it hither be brought,
 And none of it ever set by;
 Ah! Colin! thou must not be first,
 Thy knife and thy trencher resign,
 There's Marg'ret will eat till she burst,
 And her turn is sooner than thine.

And you, my companions so dear,
 Who sorrow to see me so pale,
 Whatever I suffer, forbear,
 Forbear at a pudding to rail.
 Though I should through all the rooms rove,
 'Tis in vain from my fortune to go,
 'Tis its fate to be often above,
 'Tis mine still to want it below.

If while my hard fate I sustain,
 In your breasts any pity be found,
 Ye servants that earliest dine,
 Come see how I lie on the ground.

Then hang up a pan and a pot,
 And sorrow to see how I dwell,
 And say, when you grieve at my lot,
 Poor Colin loved pudding too well!

Then back to your meat you may go,
 Which you set in your dishes so plain;
 Where sauce in the middle doth flow,
 And flowers are strew'd round the brim;
 Whilst Colin, forgotten and gone,
 By the hedges shall dismally rove,
 Unless when he sees the round moon,
 He thinks on a pudding above.

Miss *Eve*. Which do you think the best lines in the parody?

Miss *K*. The hog's grunting to Colin's sighs, and the gutter running mournfully, muddily by.

Miss *Eve*. I'm persuaded, that Burke would have been of the same opinion.

Miss *K*. You have a peculiar archness and sprightly taste, Miss *Eve*, in singing a humorous song, superior, in my opinion, to the manner of Mrs. Jordan herself. Will you sing me one?

Miss *Eve*. What shall I sing to please you?

Miss *K*. One in praise of a country life.

Miss *Eve*. Here is a song that I learned from one of my maidens who came from the north.

In the fields in frosts and snows,
 Watching late and early,
 There I keep my father's cows,
 There I milk them yearly.
 Booming here, booming there,
 Here a boo—there a boo—every where a boo.
 We defy all noise and strife,
 In a charming country life.
 When at home amongst the fowls,
 Watching late and early,
 There I tend my father's owls,
 There I feed them yearly.
 Wooing here, wooing there,
 Here a woo—there a woo—every where a woo.
 We defy, &c.

When we summer fleeces heap,
 Watching late and early,
 Then I shear my father's sheep,
 Then I keep 'em yearly.
 Baaing here, baaing there,
 Here a baa—there a baa—every where a baa.
 We defy, &c.

In the yard among the logs,
 Watching late and early,
 There they lie, my father's hogs,
 There I feed them yearly.
 Grunting here, grunting there,
 Here a grunt—there a grunt—every where a grunt.
 We defy, &c.

Round about the pleasant moats,
 Watching late and early,
 There I tend my father's goats,
 There I water 'em yearly.
 Maaing here, maaing there,
 Here a maa—there a maa—every where a maa.
 We defy, &c.

When I've fed my father's flocks,
 In the morning early,
 Then I cram his turkey-cocks,
 There I feed 'em yearly.
 Gobble here, gobble there,
 Here a gobble—there a gobble—every where a gobble.
 We defy, &c.

Round my father's ponds and lakes,
 In the morning early,
 There I find his ducks and drakes,
 There I find 'em yearly.
 Qua-quack here, qua-quack there,
 Here a quack—there a quack—every where a quack.
 We defy all care and strife,
 In a charming country life.

JUNINUS.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR OF MOZART, THE GERMAN COMPOSER.

(Continued from p. 15.)

THE Emperor Joseph, not contented with the victory he had gained over the Italians, by the performance of Mozart's *L'Enlèvement du Sérail*, on the *German stage*, now conceived the hazardous resolution of combating the enemy on his own ground. An opera of Mo-

zart's writing was to be brought out upon the *Italian stage*, by *Italian* singers. He obeyed the imperial command with reluctance, observing to his friends, that he would much rather have entrusted his cause in a law-suit to a counsel that was his mortal foe. Beau-

marchais' celebrated piece, "*Les Noce de Figaro*," was selected for that purpose, and composed by Mozart accordingly. Those of our readers who have recently heard this opera in London, we can assure, that the representation of it at the King's Theatre, however frequent and much applauded, could convey but an imperfect idea of its excellence. It requires an aggregate of talents of a different cast, indeed of a higher order, taken in the whole, than our theatre can boast of, to do it full justice. The case was much the same on the first representation at Vienna, nay, worse! Although in the presence of the emperor, the envy and malice of the Italian performers was so paramount to every other feeling, that they visibly (and literally) did their worst to ruin the opera. Mozart, in the agony of a mother who sees her child in the act of being murdered, at the close of the first act, flew to the box of the emperor, and besought him, either to save him from the conspiratory cabal of the singers, or to stop the performance altogether. A threatening message to the green-room infused, not willing cheerfulness certainly, but at least decency into the performance of the second act.

At Prague this opera was received with the most enthusiastic applause; and Bondini, the manager, whose affairs had previously been in a very deranged state, often declared, that, but for Mozart's *Figaro*, he should have been a bankrupt.

Few Italian theatres, however, could boast of any financial advantages from Mozart's operas. The

reason is plain: Mozart's music required better singers and instrumentalists than had hitherto been sufficient for a very respectable performance of any Italian opera. Only at first-rate theatres, therefore, Mozart's operas were exempt from the hazard of shipwreck. An old Italian opera manager, who, since Mozart's popularity, felt sorely the diminution in his receipts, whenever, in his dramatical repertory, he chanced to fall upon an opera of Mozart's, uttered a groan, exclaiming, "*Questo e la mia rovina*"—(This one is my ruin.)

The flattering reception his *Figaro* met with at Prague, brought Mozart, about this time, frequently to that capital. He was the favourite of the Bohemians, a nation universally musical, from the nobleman to the mechanic. It was there he composed the celebrated opera of *Don Juan* (1787), another master-piece of the solemn and serious intermixed with the comic. The strains he assigns to the ghost, are of so awful and original a harmony, that it requires not the enthusiasm of partiality to be shaken with horror at their hearing. They are, as it were, the sepulchral sounds of a supernatural being. The *finale* of the first act, in our opinion, exceeds any composition in existence of that kind. The different character of its successive movements, the skill with which they are threaded upon each other, the richness of ideas, humorous or elevated, and the fulness of the instrumental support, baffles all conception, much more description. It is, moreover, remarkable for a most original, yet very appropriate whim of the author's. The scene represents a

ball, all the performers are on the stage, all dance and sing in full glee; *but every one his own way*; viz. one party a minuet, another a waltz, another something else: Mozart accommodates all parties with *one and the same* subject; the orchestra splits itself into three distinct bands, one playing the subject cast into $\frac{3}{4}$ time, the second group exhibiting, simultaneously, the same subject in $\frac{3}{8}$, and the third in $\frac{2}{4}$ time. This exquisite piece of compositorial artifice, *when well executed*, produces an astonishing and totally novel effect; but it certainly requires consummate skill and attention on the part of the performers, not to end in a chaos of confusion.

The beautiful, scientific overture remains a convincing proof of the astonishing rapidity with which Mozart's best works were written. The whole of the opera itself was finished, the singers were learning their parts, the last great rehearsal took place; still no overture, although the public performance was announced for the next day. His wife, the manager, all his friends conjured him to set about the work, representing to him the ruinous consequences likely to ensue to the theatre as well as to himself, from an eventual disappointment. "I shall write it this afternoon." The afternoon came, but Mozart, instead of writing, bethought himself of riding for pleasure into the country. In the evening he returned, and spent it in merry converse over a punch-bowl and wine with some friends, who trembled at the idea of Mozart's situation. At midnight he came home, "half seas over," to use the vulgar phrase,

and began his overture, but to no purpose. Exhausted, he found it necessary to lie down, charging his wife to call him in one hour. The good creature, however, thought it a pity to disturb so sweet a slumber, and let him lie two. At two o'clock she awoke him, made punch for him, sat down by his side, and by telling him a number of humorous stories and fairy tales, set him laughing to such a degree, that the tears trickled down his eyes. "Now is the time!" exclaimed Mozart, "now we are in trim for it!" and sat down *con amore*. Yet nature would at times exert her sway. More than once he nodded over his score, and the following particular passage seems to breathe, unequivocally, the nodding lapse towards sleeping:—



In a few hours, all was finished; at seven in the morning, a set of copiers came, and it was with difficulty they could accomplish their task before the evening. Some of the sheets were carried still wet into the theatre; and, what reflects no mean honour on the Prague orchestra, the overture, although in most parts quite original and abstruse, was so exquisitely performed, without any previous trial, that the audience encored it.

This surprising ease and celerity in composition, instead of being the consequence of wanton carelessness, was the result of mature previous deliberation. In fact, when Mozart sat down to write, it was only to record with symbols that which, by dint of intense medita-

tion, lay already arranged in beautiful order in his mind: for, when an opera was given to him, his labour consisted of three distinct stages, of which the writing was the last and the most mechanical. After reading the whole repeatedly, many days passed away in *apparent* inaction; but just then was his study the most assiduous. In his walks, on his pillow, his comprehensive fancy planned the whole structure of the edifice; and as he was capable of representing to his imagination not only the precise effect of simultaneous sounds, but of the most figured and chequered accompaniments, his unparalleled musical memory was thereby enabled to string successively all the component parts of the whole. The meditative process being completed, the next step was, an exposition of the conceived ideas on the piano-forte. Night was generally selected for that purpose; and, however unfit the absence of light may be for some human pursuits, even the intellectual ones, we may probably appeal to many of our readers for a confirmation of the assertion, that in the stillness of night, when no external object fetters our senses, when the recollection of mundane connections subsides into unruffled tranquillity,—that then only the whole soul of the feeling harmonist expands, and gives and receives impressions of a nobler cast. To hear Mozart in those magic hours of nocturnal silence, was a luxury sought by not a few. His strains would frequently collect listening crowds under his window; his neighbours, especially in summer, derived the benefit of letting their apartments without un-

profitable intervals; indeed, some of his listeners are known to have repaid the sacrilege of Allegri's *Miserere*, by catching and spreading short songs of the German Orpheus, in an imperfect and mutilated shape, before the author had published them.

Not till the rehearsal of his ideas on the piano-forte was completed and approved of, did Mozart take up the pen. No wonder, therefore, that this last operation proved as rapid as that of mere copying. Hence, also, the extraordinary neatness of all his rough scores, if that epithet were not improper; for it is seldom that these contain an erasure, or even any correction.

In 1789, Mozart composed the opera buffa, *Così fan' tutte*, for the theatre at Vienna. This opera, in spite of his Italian enemies, gained him universal admiration. In London, too, where, for the first time, it was brought on the stage only two years ago, its representation excited, on many successive nights, the most rapturous sensations. It was infinitely better performed than any other of Mozart's operas brought out in England. The terezett, *Soave sia il vento*, is a divine composition, never to be forgotten when once heard; and the exquisite comic humour which reigns in Don Alphonso's musical part, is truly unique.

In the spring of the same year, Mozart journeyed, by way of Dresden and Leipzig, to Berlin. His progress through Germany was a continued triumph; but at Berlin, in particular, he met with the most distinguished reception. The King of Prussia himself, Frederick Wil-

liam II. a great connoisseur in music, expressed his admiration of his genius, and gave him many proofs of royal favour.

Yet, a circumstance too common to excite wonder, with all this incense offered to him by the whole German nation, its princes, kings, and emperors, Mozart still remained without any appointment or settled income. His receipts and presents, it is true, were often considerable; but their uncertainty, the many *accouchements* and severe illnesses of his wife, and, above all, his want of any economical system whatever, left him not unfrequently in indigence. Like many of the musical brotherhood, Mozart was the very worst financier. More than once when, at the very brink of absolute want, an influx of a present, or of money paid in anticipation for work *to be* performed, arrived unexpectedly, the sudden change from penury to extravagance was truly ludicrous. The good Austrian table-wine forthwith made room for Tokay and Champaign; country trips to Schönbrunn, Fischamut, and other places of entertainment in the environs of Vienna, succeeded in alternation to dinner parties at home or in taverns. All was gaiety and joviality, till all was spent, and the *penseroso* once more succeeded the *allegro*.

Despairing of any fixed appointment on the part of any of the sovereigns, who better knew how to applaud than reward his exertions, Mozart determined to go to England, the visionary Atalantis of Continental speculation. Every thing was prepared for his departure, when an imperial patent, conveying to him the appointment of

Kammercomponist (composer to the Imperial Chamber), with a salary of 800 florins, altered his resolution. Thus the sum of £90 per annum was the price wherewith to insure possession of Mozart!! The patent likewise promised further amelioration in future; but Joseph's death and the Turkish war prevented the fulfilment of the promise.

In this period fall Mozart's new accompaniments to Handel's *Messiah*, *Acis and Galathea*, *Cecilia* and *Alexander's Feast*, which he wrote for Baron de Swieten, that great connoisseur and promoter of music, to whom we owe Haydn's beautiful oratorios of the *Creation* and the *Seasons*.

The year 1791, however, produced Mozart's finest compositions; while, alas! it terminated his earthly career. As if conscious of his fate, as if yet doubting the immortality of his works, and desirous of impressing the world with the keenest sense of the magnitude of its loss, he seems to have lavished all the fulness and the energy of his great mind on his last efforts. Within the four last months of his life, although interrupted by two journeys, haunted by disease, and by a too well founded anticipation of its result, Mozart wrote the following stupendous works:—

1. A Cantata for the Piano-Forte.
2. THE MAGIC FLUTE.
3. LA CLEMENZA DI TITO.
4. A Cantata for a full Orchestra.
5. A Concerto for the Piano-Forte.
6. THE REQUIEM*.

All this immense mass of labour

* *Requiem* (*Angl. rest*), a solemn mass, praying for the peace of a departed soul, sung in Catholic churches during funeral service.

and thought in a period scarcely sufficient for copying it!!!

Among the several operas which Mozart has written, it would be as hazardous and difficult to assign the pre-eminence to any one, as it would be to decide which of Raffaele's paintings is the best. The different character of each presents us with different beauties; yet, were we compelled to assent to the extermination of all the works of Mozart, with the reservation of only one, we should not hesitate to pronounce for the preservation of the *Magic Flute*. The fable itself, although indifferently and often miserably told, is unexceptionable, interesting throughout, full of moral tendency; in short, it satisfies completely the strictest æsthetical rules of the drama. With the greatest variety of character, the piece, in every stage of its progress, proceeds regularly and skillfully towards its final *denouement*. Its musical execution, too, proves, that Mozart, although no critic by school, felt the value of the drama fully worthy of the best exertions of his powers. The music exhibits master-pieces in every style of composition, abounding in incomparable effusions of the comic, of the tender, of the solemn, the awful; all the passions of the human mind are musically depicted so as to be divined without the text. If the old adage, *For populi cor Dei*, be applicable to harmony, the incredible rapidity with which the *Magic Flute* gained universal popularity in Germany, France, Italy, and, by piece-meal, in England, will be received as the surest test of its worth. From the Neva to the Guadalquivir, and from the

Drave to the Clyde, some of its airs are in the mouth of every child. That such an opera should not have found its way to the stage in England, remains a subject of wonder. The meritorious attempt, it is true, was made two years ago, at the benefit of Mr. Naldi, of the King's Theatre; but in a manner which, while it held out little encouragement for a repetition, required the indulgence of a British audience and the excellence of the music to endure the representation to its conclusion.

La Clemenza di Tito, Mozart's last opera, was composed for the States of Bohemia, in celebration of the coronation of Leopold II. at Prague. Mozart began the opera in the post-chaise, and after his arrival in the latter city, finished it within eighteen days. We cannot concur in the decision of some judges (however great our respect for their opinion in musical matters), that this is the most finished and valuable of all Mozart's works. The chorusses certainly are sublime, and admit of no rival, except, perhaps, in Glück's works; but there is a dearth of pieces in parts, such as quintetts and sextetts; the duets are unsatisfactorily brief, some of which, and several arias too, resemble mere musical sketches. In the accompaniments, above all, there reigns a vacuity, which visibly betrays the wane of the author's physical strength. How barren the wind-instruments, so rich in all the other dramatic works of Mozart! Its unusual simplicity of melody, and the deep melancholy tinge which distinguishes this opera from the others, bespeaks further the decline of mental energy, and the sombre

thoughts which, from disease and an inward persuasion of the slow approach of death, preyed upon the delicate and highly sensitive mind of its author. In the *Clemenza di Tito*, he was preparing for his reluctant departure on that mysterious journey from which there is no return; in the *Requiem* he took his last farewell. If it is possible for a bard to transfuse his sensations into his strains, we find an awful instance in the air of the

Clemenza: Non piu di fiori. Here Metastasio's words seem as if written for Mozart himself. The "vernal flowers were no more to bloom" for the darling of Apollo, who "beheld death stride towards him in measured pace." Hardened as flint must be the feeling of him, who, with the knowledge of circumstance, can hear those words, *Veggio la morte ver me s'avvanzar*, without sensations of the keenest sympathy. (To be concluded in our next.)

DESCRIPTION OF THE PRESENT STATE OF THE INHABITANTS OF THE CITY OF LEIPZIG AND ITS IMMEDIATE VICINITY.

In illustration of this subject, we shall call the attention of our readers to a pamphlet just published by Mr. ACKERMANN, the whole of the profits of which will be applied in aid of a fund destined to relieve the inhabitants of the theatre of the late destructive conflicts which sealed the political downfall of the Gallic emperor. The work in question, entitled *A Narrative of the most Remarkable Events which occurred in and near Leipzig, immediately before, during, and subsequent to the sanguinary Series of Engagements between the Allied Armies and the French, from the 14th to the 19th October, 1813*;—exhibits so faithful a picture of the enormities of the latter, and is so replete with interest, that, independently of the benevolent motive of this publication, it possesses the strongest claims to general notice. The narrative itself is introduced by the following remarks:—

“After a contest of twenty years' duration, Britain, thanks to her insular position, her native ener-

gies, and the wisdom of her councils, knows scarcely any thing of the calamities of war but from report, and from the comparatively easy pecuniary sacrifices required for its prosecution. No invader's foot has polluted her shores, no hostile hand has desolated her towns and villages, neither have fire and sword transformed her smiling plains into dreary deserts. Enjoying a happy exemption from these misfortunes, she hears the storm, which is destined to fall with destructive violence upon others, pass harmlessly over her head. Meanwhile the progress of her commerce and manufactures, and her improvement in the arts, sciences, and letters, though liable, from extraordinary circumstances, to temporary obstructions, are sure and steady; the channels of her wealth are beyond the reach of foreign malignity; and, after an unparalleled struggle, her vigour and her resources seem but to increase with the urgency of the occasions that call them forth.

“Far different is the lot of other nations and of other countries. There is scarcely a region of Continental Europe but has in its turn drunk deep within these few years of the cup of horrors. Germany, the theatre of unnumbered contests—the mountains of Switzerland, which for ages had reverberated only the notes of rustic harmony—the fertile vales of the Peninsula—the fields of Austria—the sands of Prussia—the vast forests of Poland—and the boundless plains of the Russian empire—have alternately rung with the din of battle, and been drenched with human blood. To the inhabitants of several of these countries, impoverished by the events of war, the boon of British benevolence has been nobly extended; but none of these eases appeals so forcibly to the attention of the humane as that of Leipzig, and its immediate vicinity. Their innocent inhabitants have in one short year been reduced, by the infatuation of their sovereign, and by that greatest of all curses, the friendship of France, from a state of comfort to absolute beggary; and thousands of them, stripped of their all, are at this moment houseless and unprotected wanderers, exposed to the horrors of famine, cold, and disease.

“That Leipzig, undoubtedly one of the first commercial cities of Germany, and the great Exchange of the Continent, must, in common with every other town which derives its support from trade and commerce, have severely felt the effects of what Napoleon chose to nickname *the Continental System*, is too evident to need demonstration. The sentiments of its inhabitants to-

wards the author of that system could not of course be very favourable; neither were they backward in showing the spirit by which they were animated, as the following facts will serve to evince:—When the French, on their return from their disastrous Russian expedition, had occupied Leipzig, and were beginning, as usual, to levy requisitions of every kind, an express was sent to the Russian Col. Orloff, who had pushed forward with his Cossacks to the distance of about 29 miles, entreating him to release the place from its troublesome guests. He complied with the invitation; and every Frenchman who had not been able to escape, and fancied himself secure in the houses, was driven from his hiding-place, and delivered up to the Cossacks, who were received with unbounded demonstrations of joy.

“About this time a Prussian corps began to be formed in Silesia, under the denomination of the Corps of Revenge. It was composed of volunteers, who bound themselves by an oath, not to lay down their arms till Germany had recovered her independence. On the occupation of Leipzig by the allies, this corps received a great accession of strength from that city, where it was joined by the greater number of the students at the university, and by the most respectable young men of the city and other parts of Saxony. The people of Leipzig moreover availed themselves of every opportunity to make subscriptions for the allied troops, and large sums were raised on these occasions. Their mortification was sufficiently obvious when the

French, after the battle of Lützen, again entered the city. Those who had so lately welcomed the Russians and Prussians with the loudest acclamations, now turned their backs on their pretended friends; nay, such was the general aversion, that many strove to get out of the way, that they might not see them.

“This antipathy was well known to Bonaparte by means of his spies, who were concealed in the city, and he took care to resent it. When, among others, the deputies of the city of Leipzig, M. Frege, Aulic counsellor, M. Dufour, and Dr. Gross, waited upon him after the battle of Lützen, he expressed himself in the following terms respecting the Corps of Revenge: *Je sais bien que c'est chez vous qu'on a formé ce corps de vengeance, mais qui enfin n'est qu'une polissonnerie qui n'a été bon à rien.* It was on this occasion also that the deputies received from the imperial ruffian one of those insults which are so common with him, and which might indeed be naturally expected from such an upstart; for, when they assured him of the submission of the city, he dismissed them with these remarkable words: *Allez vous en!* than which nothing more contemptuous could be addressed to the meanest beggar.

“It was merely to shew his displeasure at the Anti-Gallican sentiments of the city, that Napoleon, after his entrance into Dresden, declared Leipzig in a state of siege; in consequence of which the inhabitants were obliged to furnish gratuitously all the requisitions that he thought fit to demand. In this way the town, in a very short time, was plundered of immense sums,

exclusively of the expence of the hospitals, the maintenance of which alone consumed upwards of 30,000 dollars per week. During this state of things the French, from the highest to the lowest, seemed to think themselves justified in wreaking upon the inhabitants the displeasure of their emperor; each therefore, after the example of his master, was a petty tyrant, whose licentiousness knew no bounds.

“By such means, and by the immense assemblage of troops which began to be formed about the city at the conclusion of September 1813, its resources were completely exhausted, when the series of sanguinary engagements between the 14th and the 19th of the following month reduced it to the very verge of destruction. In addition to the pathetic details of the extreme hardships endured by the devoted inhabitants of the field of battle, which extended to the distance of ten English miles around Leipzig, contained in the following sheets, I shall beg leave to introduce the following extract of a letter, written on the 22d November, by a person of great commercial eminence in that city, who, after giving a brief account of those memorable days of October, thus proceeds:—

“By this five days' conflict our city was transformed into one vast hospital, 56 edifices being devoted to that purpose alone. The number of sick and wounded amounted to 36,000. Of these a large proportion died, but their places were soon supplied by the many wounded who had been left in the adjacent villages. Crowded to excess, what could be the consequence but contagious diseases? especially as there

was such a scarcity of the necessaries of life; and unfortunately a most destructive nervous fever is at this moment making great ravages among us, so that from 150 to 180 persons commonly die in one week, in a city whose ordinary mortality was between 30 and 40. In the military hospitals there die at least 300 in a day, and frequently from 5 to 600. By this extraordinary mortality the numbers there have been reduced to from 14 to 16,000. Consider too the state of the circumjacent villages, to the distance of 10 miles round, all completely stripped; in scarcely any of them is there left a single horse, cow, sheep, hog, fowl, or corn of any kind, either hay or implements of agriculture. All the dwelling-houses have been either burned or demolished, and all the wood-work about them carried off for fuel by the troops in bivouac. The roofs have shared the same fate; the shells of the houses were converted into forts and loop-holes made in the walls, as every village individually was defended and stormed. Not a door or window is any where to be seen, as those might be removed with the greatest ease, and, together with the roofs, were all consumed. Winter is now at hand, and its rigours begin already to be felt. These poor creatures are thus prevented, not only by the season, from rebuilding their habitations, but also by the absolute want of means; they have no prospect before them but to die of hunger, for all Saxony, together with the adjacent countries, has suffered far too severely to be able to afford any relief to their miseries.

‘ Our commercial house, God

be thanked! has not been plundered; but every thing in my private house, situated in the suburb of Grimma, was carried off or destroyed, as you may easily conceive, when I inform you that a body of French troops broke open the door on the 19th, and defended themselves in the house against the Prussians. Luckily I had a few days before removed my most valuable effects to a place of safety. I had in the house one killed and two wounded; but, some doors off, not fewer than 60 were left dead in one single house.--Almost all the houses in the suburbs have been more or less damaged by the shower of balls on the 19th.’

“That these pictures of the miseries occasioned by the sanguinary conflict which sealed the emancipation of the Continent from Gallic despotism, are not overcharged, is proved by the concurrent testimony of all the other accounts which have arrived from that quarter. Among the rest, a letter received by the publisher, from the venerable Count Schönfeld, a Saxon nobleman of high character, rank, and affluence, many years ambassador both at the court of Versailles, before the revolution, and till within a few years at Vienna, is so interesting, that I am confident I shall need no excuse for introducing it entire. His extensive and flourishing estates south-east of Leipzig have been the bloody cradle of regenerated freedom. The short space of a few days has converted them into a frightful desert, reduced opulent villages into smoking ruins, and plunged his miserable tenants as well as himself into a state of extreme want, until means can be

found again to cultivate the soil and to rebuild the dwellings. He writes as follows:—

‘It is with a sensation truly peculiar and extraordinary that I take up my pen to address you, to whom I had, some years since, the pleasure of writing several times on subjects of a very different kind: but it is that very difference between those times and the present, and the most wonderful series of events which have followed each other in rapid succession, the ever-memorable occurrences of the last years and months, the astonishing success which rejoices all Europe, and has nevertheless plunged many thousands into inexpressible misery; it is all this that has long engaged my attention, and presses itself upon me at the moment I am writing. In events like these, every individual, however distant, must take some kind of interest, either as a merchant or a man of letters, a soldier or an artist; or, if none of these, at least as a man. How strongly the late events must interest every benevolent and humane mind, I have no need to tell you, who must more feelingly sympathize in them from the circumstance that it is your native country, where the important question, whether the Continent of Europe should continue to wear an ignominious yoke, and whether it deserved the fetters of slavery, because it was not capable of bursting them, has been decisively answered by the greatest and the most sanguinary contest that has occurred for many ages. That same Saxony, which three centuries ago released part of the world from the no less galling yoke of religious bondage;

which, according to history, has been the theatre of fifteen great battles; that same Saxony is now become the cradle of the political liberty of the Continent. But a power so firmly rooted could not be overthrown without the most energetic exertions; and while millions are now raising the shouts of triumph, there are, in Saxony alone, a million of souls who are reduced to misery too severe to be capable of taking any part in the general joy, and who are now shedding the bitterest tears of abject wretchedness and want. That such is the fact is confirmed to me by the situation of my acquaintance and neighbours, by that of my suffering tenants, and finally by my own. The ever-memorable and eventful battles of the 16th to the 19th of October began exactly upon and between my two estates of Störmthal and Liebertwolkwitz. All that the oppressive imposts, contributions, and quarterings, as well as the rapacity of the yet unvanquished French, had spared, became on these tremendous days a prey to the flames, or was plundered by those who call themselves allies of our king, but whom the country itself acknowledged only through compulsion. Whoever could save his life with the clothes upon his back might boast of his good fortune; for many, who were obliged, with broken hearts, to leave their burning houses, lost their apparel also. Out of the produce of a tolerably plentiful harvest, not a grain is left for sowing; the little that was in the barns was consumed in *bivouac*, or, next morning, in spite of the prayers and entreaties of the owners, wantonly burned by

the laughing fiends. Not a horse, not a cow, not a sheep, is now to be seen; nay, several species of animals appear to be wholly exterminated in Saxony. I have myself lost 2000 Spanish sheep, Tyrolese and Swiss cattle, all my horses, waggons, and household utensils. The very floors of my rooms were torn up; my plate, linen, and important papers and documents, were carried away and destroyed. Not a looking-glass, not a pane in the windows, or a chair, is left. The same calamity befel my wretched tenants, over whose misfortunes I would willingly forget my own. All is desolation and despair, aggravated by the certain prospect of epidemic diseases and famine. Who can relieve such misery, unless God should be pleased to do it by means of those generous individuals, to whom, in my own inability to help, I am obliged to appeal.

‘I apply, therefore, to you, sir, and request you, out of love to your wretched country, which is so inexpressibly devastated, to solicit the aid of your opulent friends and acquaintance; who, with the generosity peculiar to the whole nation, may feel for the unmerited misery of others, in behalf of my wretched tenants in Liebertowitz and Störnthal. These poor and truly helpless unfortunates would, with tears, pay the tribute of their warmest gratitude to their generous benefactors, if they needed that gratitude in addition to the satisfaction resulting from so noble an action. You will not, I am sure, misunderstand my request, as it proceeds from a truly compassionate heart, but which, by its own losses, is reduced so low as to be

unable to afford any relief to others. Should it ever be possible for me to serve you or any of your friends here, depend upon my doing all that lies within my poor ability. Meanwhile I remain, in expectation of your kind and speedy fulfilment of my request, sir, your most obedient friend and servant,

‘COUNT SCHONFELD.

‘LEIPZIG, Nov. 23, 1813.

‘To Mr. Ackermann, London.

‘P. S. I have been obliged, by the weakness of my sight, to employ another hand. I remember the friendly sentiments which you here testified for me with the liveliest gratitude. My patriotic way of thinking, which drew upon me also the hatred of the French government, occasioned me, four years since, to resign the post of ambassador, which I had held twenty-five years, and to retire from service*.’

‘From documents transmitted to the publisher by friends at Leipzig,

* R. ACKERMANN would not feel himself justified in printing this letter, nor in presuming to make an appeal to the British public in behalf of the writer, were he not personally acquainted with the character of this unfortunate and patriotic nobleman, who is held in the highest veneration and respect for his benevolence to his numerous tenantry, his liberality to strangers, and his general philanthropy. To relieve the distresses which he has so pathetically described, the publisher solicits the contributions of the benevolent. A distinct book has been opened for that charitable purpose, at No. 101, Strand, in which even the smallest sums, with the names of the donors, may be entered, and to which, as well as to the original letter, reference may be made by those who feel disposed to peruse them.

eye-witnesses of the facts here related, have been selected the particulars of this narrative. The principal object of their publication is not so much to expose the atrocities of Gallic ruffians, as to awaken the sympathies and call forth the humanity of the British nation. Like that glorious luminary, whose genial rays vivify and invigorate all nature, Britain is looked up to by the whole civilized world for support against injustice, and for solace in distress. To her liberality the really unfortunate have never yet appealed in vain; and, with this experience before his eyes, the publisher confidently anticipates in behalf of his perishing coun-

trymen the wonted exercise of that godlike quality, which

“—droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven,
And bleaseth him that giveth and him that
takes.”

This extract will, we trust, prove sufficient to excite in our readers a desire to peruse the work from which it is taken, and in such of them as are blessed with affluence, a disposition to extend their aid to their much afflicted fellow-creatures. With a view to the relief of their urgent necessities, the contributions of the benevolent are received (a book having been opened for that purpose) by the publisher, 101, Strand.

IMPERIAL GALLANTRY.

EVERY one who has of late years paid the least attention to passing events, must have had frequent occasion to observe, how little greatness of mind is allied to greatness of power; and how impossible it is for a thorough-bred revolutionary ruffian, though long surrounded with all the external parade of a splendid court, to forego his nature, and to imbibe any portion of that true gallantry, which is compounded of generosity of spirit and courteousness of demeanour, and which characterized what is commonly denominated *the old school*. That gallantry taught the conqueror to alleviate, by the kindest attentions, the lot of those whom fortune had placed in his power; while the revolutionary code seems, on the other hand, to command its narrow-minded adherents to aggravate the calamities of the vanquished by studied insults, calculated to wound in the tender-

est part. The truth of these remarks the following anecdote will strikingly attest:—

After the preliminaries which led to the treaty of Tilsit were adjusted, Bonaparte was attended by the King of Prussia in his own apartment, where the unfeeling conqueror received him with the greatest haughtiness.—“Let me see your wife!” said he.—“She is at Königsberg, your Majesty.”—“I must see your wife,” sternly repeated the tyrant.—“She will not come,” replied the humbled monarch; “a sense of the injuries she has lately sustained, would forbid her attending you.”—“Let me see your wife, or I will not sign a peace,” added the Corsican. The king, reduced by the most urgent necessity, sent a letter to his queen, begging her attendance; but, as he expected, received a reply, that she could not submit to the interview. The king communicated this

reply to Bonaparte, who imperiously rejoined, "If you do not yourself bring your wife to my presence, our negotiations must end." Thus humbled, the painful alternative remained, to prevail upon the queen to comply, or to take the consequences of her final refusal. The king repaired to Königsberg, and his obedient queen consented to appear before the Emperor of the French. This *un-princely* prince eyed her with an attention bordering on rudeness.—"I expected," said he, addressing himself to her, "to see a fair queen, but I behold the fairest of women." Then, turning to a stand of flowers, he selected from among them a rose, and presenting it, added, "I offer the fairest of flowers to the fairest of her sex." The queen distantly replied, "Sir, we are not sufficiently acquainted for me to receive this compliment:" when the polished Bonaparte held it to her, and, with a menacing look and haughty air, replied, "Take it, madam—it is *I* who offer it to you!" The queen accepted the rose, and answered, "Sir, I receive it as a pledge of friendship to come." Apparently softened by her beauty and noble demeanour, this *gracious* emperor made an offer of his services, and enquired what favour he could grant her.—"I have nothing to ask," said the queen.—"I wish you to command my services—ask what I can give you."—"As a queen, I ask for nothing, sir," said the afflicted princess; "but, as a mother, I beg the town and citadel of Magdeburg for my sons."—"You are a very beautiful queen," replied Bonaparte, "but you know not

what you ask—Magdeburg is worth an hundred queens."

It will be recollected, that the important fortress of Magdeburg was treacherously surrendered to Bonaparte in 1806, through the cowardice and avarice of General Kleist, the governor. After the decisive battle of Jena, a messenger was sent by the French emperor to Kleist, to represent to him the futility of resistance against the whole force of the French army, which was marching to invest the place. The effect of this statement was enforced by the promise of 10,000 Napoleon-d'ors, in case of his immediate surrender. Overpowered by such weighty arguments, the general was induced to betray his sacred trust; Magdeburg was delivered up to the French; the gold was paid to the traitor, and he was ordered to depart with it immediately, and to repair to his estates, situated in Pomerania. He had proceeded to a very short distance from the city, when a party of French dragoons, who were in waiting for him, doubtless by their master's instructions, surrounded his carriage, and bore off the money in triumph. Chagrined at this mischance, Kleist arrived at his estates; where he was shunned by his equals, and pointed at even by little children, as a bungling traitor, who had not only lost his honour, but the price of it into the bargain. His situation became so irksome, and preyed upon his spirits to such a degree, that he did not long survive his disgrace. No sorrowing relatives, friends, or neighbours attended his corpse to the place of interment; but it was

followed thither by twelve carts belonging to men who, in Germany, perform the double office of public executioners and skiners of such cattle as happen to die of accidents or disease, and who are there held in such contempt and abhor-

rence as to be totally cut off from the rest of society: thus affording an awful warning to all who may feel tempted to barter their honour and the approbation of their consciences for mercenary advantages, however alluring.

BIOGRAPHICAL ACCOUNT OF MADEMOISELLE DE MONTPENSIER, COUSIN OF LOUIS XIV.

Extracted from The Lives of the Literary Ladies of France, by Mad. de GENLIS.*

As a patron of letters and as an author, Mademoiselle de Montpensier ought to be placed in the first rank of princesses who have loved and cultivated literature. She was the daughter of Gaston Duke of Orleans, brother of Louis XIII. and was born in 1627. The part she acted in the wars of La Fronde, was not that of a female, and still less that of a princess of the blood. She was at once an Amazon and a rebel. She was drawn into this faction by her admiration of the great Condé, to whom she rendered services which that prince ought to have held in constant remembrance, but which he forgot when no longer in want of them. It was, nevertheless, this same prince who wrote to Lennet (charged with negotiating his peace with the court), "Sacrifice, if it is necessary, all my interests, but give up none of my friends;" that is to say, the persons who had joined his rebellion. But these generous sentiments are rarely applied to women; ingratitude towards them is thought of little consequence.

Mademoiselle possessed a courage which is seldom found in her sex; in this war she gave many

striking proofs of it. At the city of Orleans she presented herself before the gates without any troops, and as the inhabitants refused to admit her, she ordered her attendants to make a breach in the gate, entered the gap alone, harangued the people, and took possession of the city. Several councils of war were there held, at which she assisted, and gave advice, that was generally attended to. She says on this subject, in her *Memoirs*, "I am assured, that good sense in this, as on all other occasions, regulates every thing; and when it is united to courage, there is no female who could not properly command an army." This was presuming a great deal with regard to females, but such was the opinion of all the heroines of La Fronde. They conceived that military and political talents consisted in boldness, an inclination for intrigue, and rebellion.

It has been said that Mademoiselle, by causing the cannon of the Bastille to be fired upon the king's troops, had killed her husband; because, had it not been for this action, Louis XIV. would have married her. This witticism of

* Lately published in 2 vols. 12mo. by Colburn, Conduit-street.

Voltaire is devoid of justice. The kings of France, to form useful alliances, have always preferred foreign princesses. Policy and the ties of blood had made Anne of Austria wish for some time the union of her son with the infanta of Spain. Besides, Mademoiselle was eleven years older than Louis XIV.: such a disproportionate age would alone have prevented this alliance.

Mademoiselle, handsome, sensible, virtuous, and the heiress of immense wealth, was addressed by many princes, and even by kings. Attached to France, to her family, and to her liberty, she rejected all their offers, and thus attained the age of 44. Then it was that a fatal attachment deprived her of her peace and overthrew her happiness. From the *Memoirs of Mademoiselle de Montpensier*, we see, that the Count de Lauzun behaved in the most artful and hypocritical manner towards her. Mademoiselle had never loved, and until then her dignity and the purity of her manners had kept every species of gallantry at a distance; she wanted experience in it, and this the count well knew. If he had dared to declare his sentiments, she would have banished him for ever from her presence. He studied the character of her whom he meant to enslave, and he perceived a haughtiness and a pride, the pretensions of which were unbounded. He once, for instance, saw this princess, when walking in the Cour de la Reine, treat the Countess de Fiesque with unhead-of-insolence; because, being under her displeasure, she did not leave the place immediately. Mademoiselle sent

orders to her to quit the promenade*. She required the same thing when she met her in the hall of a public theatre. Had the countess been at the farthest end of the room, she ought to have withdrawn as soon as she perceived the princess. The count conceived, that the way to gain her heart was, by submission and shewing her the greatest respect. He was extremely assiduons in paying his court to her, and very soon made himself distinguished by that profound respect, which seemed to deprive him of every idea of gallantry or hope of pleasing. However, he did please; and when it was hinted to him, he did not appear to perceive it: but as she wished him to know it, it was necessary to tell him plainly. These first advances the count seemed to consider as a painful and cruel ridicule. How could she leave a man who shewed so pure and so respectful an attachment in such an error? She explained herself in a still more positive and tender manner: the count persisted in respectfully complaining of an irony which overwhelmed him; he could never have the temerity either to aspire so high, or even to suspect that he

* This harsh and strange order marked the imperious and haughty character of Mademoiselle de Montpensier; but it was founded upon a custom, of which the profound respect due to the royal family required the observance. Every person in the disgrace of a prince of the blood, ought, when meeting him, to remove immediately from his sight, at least to appearance, and not to place himself in view. This respect, diminished under the following reigns, no longer extended to public places; but it was still attended to in the palaces.

was loved. Such a sentiment merited some return : what would be his surprise, his joy, his gratitude, when he knew that her bosom glowed with an equal passion ! But to inform him of it, she must speak without disguise ; at last she determined what course to pursue. One evening, Mademoiselle told the count, she secretly admired one of the courtiers ; she confessed that she could not resolve to pronounce his name, and begged him to guess it. The count, much astonished, vainly tried to find out the name ; and Mademoiselle, seeing that respect had taken away his penetration and had veiled his eyes, told him she would write it : she arose, and, upon a glass covered with dust, traced with her finger the name of " LAUZUN." Mademoiselle relates these details with great ingenuousness ; and even at the time she wrote her *Memoirs*, believed that the count had not used any artifice in his behaviour towards her. It is almost impossible for an intelligent person to be more candid, simple, and inexperienced.

Mademoiselle threw herself at the feet of the king, informed him of her sentiments, and, with all the eloquence and earnestness that a first passion could inspire, conjured him to grant her permission to raise the count to her own rank. The king, affected by her entreaties, consented, and authorised her to declare it publicly. Mademoiselle, with the utmost joy, loudly proclaimed her happiness ; she received the compliments of the whole court : she had the marriage contract drawn up, and gave to Lauzun the whole of her fortune, estimated at twenty millions, four duchies, and the pa-

lace of Luxembourg : she reserved nothing for herself, and gave herself up to the idea of doing for the man she loved, what no sovereign of France (until then) had done for any subject. Mademoiselle de Montpensier has been blamed, for having spent four or five days in preparations for this wedding ; but she felt perfectly secure, as the king's word was in her eyes the safest of pledges. Yet Louis XIV. retracted his consent, and some complaints, too well founded, escaping Lauzun, they were tyrannically punished with ten years' captivity. Never was a fall more rapid or more lamentable. In the space of a few days, Lauzun found himself raised to the rank of a prince of the blood ; and in a few days more, disgraced, stripped of every thing, deprived of the favour and friendship of his king, of the most noble alliance, an immense fortune, and his liberty. This unfortunate history ended as it began, very little to the honour of the court. Mademoiselle, at the end of ten years, could only obtain the liberty of Lauzun by the sacrifice of the sovereignty of Dombes, and the earldom of Eu, to the Duke of Maine. This princess, now at fifty-four, who ought to have considered Lauzun in no other light than as a friend, thought to find in him a lover, and was imprudent enough secretly to marry a man irritated by a detention as long as unjust. She was treated with a disdain which ambition no longer thought it necessary to dissemble. Mademoiselle, whose ideas of marriage were neither moral nor judicious, required a vehement love and respect : not finding either, she forgot the duties

of a wife, remembering only her superior birth; and one day she forbade Lauzun to appear in her presence from that moment. Thus was dissolved by anger an ill-assorted union, which had been formed by caprice.

Mademoiselle sought consolation in literature, which she had always loved and cultivated. She was on terms of intimacy with several learned men; the poet Segrais was her principal attendant for twenty-four years, and during the whole of that time, was loaded with marks of her esteem, confidence, and even of friendship. At the end of that period, Segrais gave Mademoiselle good advice against her projected union with Lauzun: but passion rarely listens to advice; it almost always produces coldness between princes and their confidants, and even between common friends, especially when the event proves the advice to have been proper; because, in general, those who have received it are peevish, and those who have given it triumph, and by these means destroy every remaining spark of friendship or attachment. Segrais quitted Mademoiselle, who retained a kind of resentment against him, which she shewed in her *Memoirs*: speaking of him, she says, he was "a kind of wit." D'Alembert, in his eulogium of Segrais, avenges the wit, by saying, that this phrase is the *jugement de princesse*, and that Mademoiselle was a weak and insolent woman. It is certainly very strange, that, under a monarchical government, an Academician, in a public chair, and in a printed discourse, should allow himself to speak thus of a princess of the

blood: such was then the philosophic style. Voltaire has done more justice to Mademoiselle; but in praising her character and greatness of mind, he invents a most ridiculous anecdote. He says, that, on the death of Cromwell, the court put on mourning, and that Mademoiselle alone had the courage to appear the same evening, in the queen's assembly, in colours. On the contrary, the princess, in her *Memoirs*, says, the court did not go into mourning on the death of Cromwell, because they already were it for a foreign prince. She adds, that if the court had taken it for that regicide and usurper, she thinks she should have had the courage to absent herself that evening from the queen's assembly. Besides these *Memoirs*, Mademoiselle has written a *Collection of Portraits of the Persons of her Time*; two little romances, one entitled *Relation de l'Île Imaginaire*, the other, *La Princesse de Paphlagonie*. We have also *Letters* from this princess, addressed to Madame de Motteville. All these works shew understanding and exalted sentiments. The *Memoirs* are filled with interesting facts and curious anecdotes; and, like the greater part of the memoirs of that time, have the air of truth. Mademoiselle de Montpensier died in the year 1693, aged sixty-six.

Lauzun survived her many years: he went to England, to assist James II. to recover his kingdom. This monarch obtained for him from Louis XIV. the title of Duke de Lauzun. After the death of Mademoiselle, he married again; the daughter of the Marshal de Lorges was his second choice. He died, with great piety, at the convent of

Petits Augustins, at Paris, in 1723, aged ninety-one. This man, celebrated for many extraordinary adventures, has always been considered a singular character, but particularly at the time he lived. Born with much ambition, address, and cunning, having a great knowledge of the world, and a romantic turn of mind, he thought to distinguish himself by singularities which could not fail to draw and to fix upon him the attention of the world. We have seen with what art he engaged and conquered Mademoiselle de Montpensier. He endeavoured above all to please Louis XIV.; his manners were naturally cold and reserved, and he was often earnest with the king, not only in words, but in actions, to which he gave the most original turn. They were related, and laughed at; the king himself,

though in reality he was pleased with him, laughed also. Lauzun maintained this conduct and gained his point. He is, perhaps, the only courtier who has braved ridicule, or, at least, what approaches very near to it, by calculation and with success. It was thus, that after his release from Pignerol, being admitted to the king's apartment, he threw his gloves and his sword at Louis's feet, and "attempted," says Madame de la Fayette, "all those trifling things by which he had formerly pleased him." Madame de la Fayette adds, that the king *fit semblant de s'en moquer*. This expression shews us, that the king had the good taste to see through the ridiculous demonstrations, and that he had the very excusable weakness of being flattered by them.

THE MODERN SPECTATOR.

No. XXXV.

Notitiam primosque gradus vicinia fecit:
 Tempore crevit amor; tædæ quo forte coissent;
 Sed vetuere patres, quod non potuere vetare.
 Ex æquo captis ardebant mentibus ambo.

OVID. *Met.* lib. iv.

Acquaintance grew, th' acquaintance they improve
 To friendship; friendship ripen'd into love;
 Love had been crown'd, but, impotently mad,
 What parents cou'd not hinder, they forbid.
 For with fierce flames young Pyramus still burn'd,
 And grateful Thisbe flames as fierce return'd.

IN my perambulations through the fashionable squares and streets of the west end of the town, what is called pleasure and tonish amusements, seem to me to occupy the universal attention of those I meet and see. The dashing spirit of some, and the languid lounging of others, seem to involve nearly the whole of those who move in the sphere of St. James's-street. When,

on the contrary, my peregrinations are directed to that part of the metropolis which is more generally known by the name of the city, nothing is seen but the hurrying, crowded bustle of business. The pursuit of gain animates every mind and employs every thought; while my fancy is ever disposed to place Plutus on the top of the Royal Exchange, dispensing his

influence in a thousand various directions to the multitudes who spread over the busy circuit beneath him. It is this spirit, however, that forms the commercial grandeur of our country, and is a chief support of its greatness.—But to my point. In this exterior view of the inhabitants of this enormous town, love, which has been poetically considered as the most powerful of the human passions, does not appear to exist; or, at least, is obscured by the more active, noisy, and bustling pursuits of pleasure and of wealth: while, when I look upon the contents of my writing-table, I should think that love alone occupies the human heart; for, of the nine letters which I have received this morning, eight are professedly on that subject; and the ninth, with very little straining, might be enlisted into the amoroso party. In short, I have so many amatory epistles upon my conscience, that I must discharge a couple of them to satisfy it; which I shall now present to my readers.

DOVECOT-HOUSE, Dorsetshire.

Good Mr. Spectator,

I am so perfectly persuaded of the goodness of your heart and the benevolence of your intentions, that, without the least hesitation, I unfold my very distressing situation to you, and request your assistance. I must tell you, then, that I am most devotedly attached to a young man who is possessed of a fortune, which, though not large, is equal to both our wishes. I am the object of his warmest affection, of which he has given the

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most decided proof, by refusing a match proposed to him with a lady who has four times my fortune.

My father, though he has been long acquainted with our mutual inclination for each other, obstinately continues his refusal to give his consent to our union; and, what still adds to my vexation, is, his peculiar conduct on the occasion: for, whenever I urge the excellent character of my lover as an argument in favour of his assent to my wishes, he never fails to speak of him in the highest terms of commendation; and declares, that his denial is out of pure regard to him as well as to me, being persuaded, that we could both of us do so much better for ourselves than by marrying each other. What a strange infatuation it is, that a father, so kind as he is in his disposition, and so just in his principles, should think that we can do better than make each other happy! The misfortune is, Mr. M——'s estate joins that of my father's; and if we were to marry without his consent, though my beloved Edward is willing to do it, and risk my fortune, such a circumstance might occasion a quarrel between the families, and destroy the harmony of the neighbourhood, which, I need not say, would be a great interruption to my happiness. Your opinion, and the manner in which you always so happily express your thoughts, may, perhaps, influence my father, who is a famous scholar and a professed admirer of your writings, to change his sentiments; on which depends the future comfort of your obliged, humble servant,

SOPHIA FAITHFUL.

N

I begin the few observations which I shall make, by declaring myself of the party of the young lady, if the state of her heart has allowed her to give me a fair statement of her situation. While it is the duty of a daughter to look up to, and be governed by, the opinion of a father, in an article of so much importance in life as that of marriage, I think it to be equally incumbent on a father to attend to the affections of his daughter, and not to suffer sordid ideas, and what is called a prosperous establishment in the world, to be the sole, or even, in certain cases, the leading principle of his conduct, when he resigns his daughter to a husband. There is a sympathy in characters, which is a more certain pledge of happiness in the nuptial state, than all the fortune with which Plutus can enrich the ceremony that forms it. A generous and constant passion in a man possessed of amiable qualities, where there is no great disparity in other circumstances, is the greatest blessing that can be possessed by the person beloved; and, if passed by in one, may never be found in another. As Miss Faithful's father is a scholar, I shall give him an instance of paternal tenderness, taken from an ancient writer, with whom I doubt not he is acquainted. It is carried, indeed, to a certain pitch of extravagance, and its circumstances are such as could not happen in the more refined and better days of Christian legislation and manners; yet the spirit of it is so tender and affectionate, as may justly reproach a harsh, interested, or worldly temper in a modern father. The story is as follows:—

Antiochus, a prince of great hopes, fell passionately in love with the young Queen Stratonice, who was his mother-in-law: the prince, finding it impossible to extinguish his passion, fell sick, and refused all manner of nourishment, being determined to put an end to that life which was become insupportable.

Erasistratus, the physician, soon found that love was his distemper; and observing the alteration in his pulse and countenance whensoever Stratonice made him a visit, was soon satisfied that he was dying for his mother-in-law. Knowing the tenderness of the old King Seleucus for his son, he told him, one morning when he anxiously enquired after his health, that the prince's distemper was love, but that it was incurable, because it was impossible for him to possess the person whom he loved. The king, surprised at his account, desired to know how his son's passion could be incurable.—“Because,” replied Erasistratus, “he is in love with the person to whom I am married. In short, sir, he is in love with my wife.”

The king immediately conjured him, by all his past favours, to save the life of his son and successor.—“Sir,” said the physician, “if your majesty would but fancy yourself in my place, you would be sensible of the unreasonableness of what you desire.”—“Heaven is my witness,” said Seleucus, “I could resign even my Stratonice to save my Antiochus;” at the same time the tears ran plentifully down his cheeks: which, when Erasistratus saw, “Sir,” said he, “if these are your real sentiments, the

prince's life is out of danger. It is Stratonice for whom he dies." Selencus accordingly gave immediate orders for their marriage, and himself attended the solemnities of it. The historian adds, though it is not much to our purpose, that the young queen very generously exchanged the father for the son.

Omnia vincit amor, et nos fidamus amori.

OVID.

Love conquers all, and we must yield to love.

DOWNING-STREET.

Mr. *Spectator*,

The well-known benevolence of your character, of which I have seen so many examples, induces me to make my present situation known to you, and confident I am that you will treat my affliction with tenderness, though it arises from love; yes, from love alone, which philosophers often assume to treat with contempt, and men of the world make a subject of ridicule, but which the humane and kind-hearted will ever regard with the most tender consideration. —But to my history, and that confession which is the most mortifying part of it.

Two years have passed away since I came of age, and consequently have been in possession of my fortune. During all that time I have encouraged the addresses of a gentleman, who, I thought, loved me more than life; at least, he made me believe so. I can truly say I loved him, and must acknowledge to you, though not without some degree of confusion, that I have long thought upon nothing so much as the happy life we should lead, when the sacred rites of marriage had made us one, and the

means I should employ to render myself still dearer to him. My fortune, indeed, was very superior to his, and, as I was always in the company of my relations, who were not of a disposition to encourage what they call an inferior match, he was compelled, in order to discover his inclinations and reveal his passion, to unfold himself, by stories of other persons, affectionate looks, and other modes of attraction, which he knew but too well that I should understand. Oh! Mr. *Spectator*, it is impossible to convey to your sober mind and guarded heart, how industrious I have been to make him appear lovely in my thoughts. I truly made it a point of conscience to think well of him, and of no man besides: but, hard to relate, he has become possessed, very unexpectedly, of a large estate, which has been bequeathed to him by a very distant relation, with whom he maintained no communication; and the consequence is, that he now actually makes love to another lady, for no reason that I can discover, but that her fortune happens to be larger than mine. I could not, at first, bring myself to credit the report of such a conduct in him; but, about a fortnight ago, I had too much reason to be convinced of the truth of it, by his own abominable behaviour.

He came to pay the family with whom I reside a formal visit, when in the general miscellany of conversation, the discourse accidentally turned upon an unhappy young woman, known to some of the party, who was represented as precisely in those unfortunate circumstances which I myself had so much

reason to deplore; and on one of the company expressing an opinion, that the story must be a misrepresentation, as no man, who associated honour with his name, could be guilty of such base and infamous conduct, I stole a look upon him as full of anguish as my countenance was capable of expressing. He could not but observe, that my eyes were filled with tears; nevertheless, he had the cold and cruel audacity to declare, that he did not discover any falsehood or dishonour in changes of sentiments on subjects of this kind, where no solemn contracts had been made, or vows interchanged.

I am certain, sir, that so far from making a jest of my misfortune, which too many are apt to do (so few friends have love-lorn females in the world), that you will pity my situation, and avenge my wrongs, by publishing this letter, as that is the only way I have of exposing his misconduct, and making him blush for it. I am your unfortunate, humble servant,

RELICTA HEARTACH.

My fair correspondent appears to be languishing under one of the most deplorable misfortunes that can possibly befall a woman. A man who is treacherously dealt with in love, may have recourse to many consolations: he may gracefully break through all opposition to his mistress, or explain with his rival; he may urge his own constancy, or aggravate the falsehood by which it is repaid: but a woman who is ill treated, has no refuge in her griefs but in silence and in secrecy. The world is frequently so unjust, that a female heart which is once known to have surrendered to the

tender passion, is too often thought to have lost something of its value, and its public complaints are considered as breaches of female decorum. I feel very much for the fair sex on this as on many other occasions; and though I think Miss Heartach does not seem to have acted as I should have recommended, by remaining so long in love without uniting herself to the object of it, which it appears she might have done at any time previous to the acquisition of his fortune, I cannot think otherwise of him than as a very dishonourable man, who deserves the utmost vengeance that such a champion of injured woman as I profess myself to be, can let loose against him.

I have read in some book of chivalry, whose title has escaped my memory, the menace which a valorous knight uttered against a recreant brother who had deserted the lady to whose hand he had made pretensions, and whose heart he had gained:—"Give me to know," said he to the disconsolate complainant, "give me to know the abode of this dishonourable lover, and I will give him as a feast to the fowls of the air, and drag him bound before you at my horse's tail."

Now as the days of this kind of chivalry are past, I cannot pretend to wield a lance in her behalf, or to eulst a horse's tail in her service; but I am fully prepared to exercise my prowess, according to my mode and my means: and if Miss Heartach will but let me know the name of the base deceiver, and the place of his abode, I will draw forth my most potent pen, and shed the last drop of my ink in avenging her.

ON COMMERCE.

No. XXXIX.

THE woods of the island of Johanna abound with monkeys of different kinds; and here are also found the mongoo and the maccauko, which differ in some particulars from the monkey, having headsmore like the fox, though in most other features they may be, by the naturalist, classed with the former: but here are neither ferocious beasts nor venomous reptiles of any kind. There are different species of fowl, and several kinds of game; but the natives are so awkward in the use either of nets or guns, that they seldom kill any of them. The sea abounds with excellent fish of various sorts, and the islanders are very skilful in taking them: they consist of the ray, the mullet, and a flat fish, which resembles our turbot: but the most remarkable is the parroquet fish, so named, not only from its colours, but also from the resemblance of its snout to the beak of that bird: with this snout it contrives to open the shells of both muscles and oysters, upon which it feeds. It is of greenish colour, spotted with yellow; its fins are blue; its eyes, which are very lively, are of the same colour, with yellow irides; its scales are large, and it has two rows of teeth, with which, in aid of its beak, it opens the shell-fish as before mentioned: its flesh is very firm, and of an excellent flavour.

The natives of this isle are in general tall, robust, and well made:

but the women are inferior to the men in these particulars; they have all long black hair, piercing eyes, and their colour is between olive and black. The poorer class live in huts composed of twigs, interwoven with and covered by a coat of strong grass, whilst the roof is protected by a strong mat made of the leaves of the cocoa-tree: the higher orders have houses constructed of stone, cemented with tempered clay. Vegetables and milk are the principal articles of their food; instead of oil and vinegar to dress their sallads, they use the milk of the cocoa-nut when sour. Persons of condition are distinguished by the nails of their fingers, which they suffer to grow to a great length, as in China; they also stain them with the alkana, which produces an orange colour. They in general wear large knives, slung in a belt, which is fastened round their middle; the handles of some of them are of agate, mounted in silver. The habits of the lower order consist of a piece of coarse cloth tied round their loins, with a cap made of any sort of stuff they can procure; the middle class wear a kind of shirt with large sleeves, which hangs down upon a pair of drawers, and covers a waistcoat made of a thick or slight stuff, according to the season. In addition to this, the people of the highest order wear turbans.

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PLATE 8.—CHURCH OF ST. CLEMENT DANES, STRAND.

RESPECTING the origin of the addition to the name of this church, our historical and topographical writers have given such various accounts, that, at this distance of time, it would be impossible to decide, with any degree of certainty, which of them approaches nearest to the truth. It is, however, agreed on all hands, that there was a church on this spot at a very remote period, even before the Danes infested this island. William of Malmshury informs us, that those invaders burnt the church which stood here, together with the abbot and the monks, and they continued to vent their sacrilegious fury throughout the land: but at length, when they were about to re-embark for their own shores, they were, by the just judgment of God, all slain at London, in a place which has since been denominated the Church of the Danes. Fleetwood, the recorder, in the account which he gave to Lord Treasurer Burleigh, who resided in this parish, ascribes the origin of its name to this circumstance:—That when the Danes were driven out of England, the few who chose to remain, being married to English women, had a place assigned for their abode between the island of Thorney and Ludgate, where they erected a place for religious worship, which was called *Ecclesia Clementis Danorum*. Baker tells us, that King Hardicanute, to be revenged on his deceased brother Harold, caused his corpse to be dug up and thrown into the Thames, where it remained till it was found by a fish-

erman, who buried it in the burial-ground of the Church of St. Clement, without Temple-Bar, then called the Church of the Danes.

Mr. Moser, who has bestowed great pains upon the illustration of the topography of the metropolis, gives it as his opinion, that the original church was erected by the Danes, who, from the contentions which arose between them and the Normans, seem to have been banished the city, and obliged to inhabit this suburb. The edifice itself might have been dedicated in compliment to Pope Clement II. ; or, as his reign was but short, it might have been termed only the Church of the Danes, and have acquired the addition of St. Clement in the reign of Richard I. ; as it is well known, that Clement III. who then filled the papal chair, not only took an active part in the Crusade, but, by means of the Knights Templars and other orders, enjoyed much greater influence in this country than any former pope had possessed. It is therefore not improbable, that he might be honoured by the dedication of this and other churches to his patronymic saint and martyr of the second century.

From an inscription under the south portico of the present edifice, and another upon a white marble stone on the north side of the chancel, it appears, that the old church being greatly decayed, was taken down in 1680, and rebuilt and finished in 1682, by means of the contributions of the parishioners and other benefactors ; “ Sir



Christopher Wren, his Majesty's surveyor, freely and generously bestowing his great care and skill towards the contriving and building of it."

Some late writers have criticised the architectural pretensions of this fabric with an asperity which some of the admirers of our great architect will, doubtless, be disposed to condemn. Malton, in his *Picturesque Tour through London*, calls it "a disgusting fabric, so obtruded upon the street as to be the cause of much inconvenience and danger to the public." He also expresses his concern, that, whilst an extensive improvement is carrying into execution, this unsightly church is to remain, and Temple-Bar to be taken away. The church, so conspicuously placed, and which will then be more conspicuous, is a disgrace to architecture; while Temple-Bar, on the contrary, has some merit as a building, and deserves to be retained, as marking the entrance into the capital of the British empire. The "inconvenience and danger" complained of by this writer, have been obviated by the late improvements in this part of the town; and his apprehensions respecting the removal of Temple-Bar, are not, and perhaps may not, for a long time to come, be verified.

The author of a *Critical Review of the Public Buildings of London*, observes, that there appears something very fantastic in the steeple, something clumsy and too heavy in the portico, and something poor and unmeaning in the whole frame.

On the opinions of these critics a late writer* judiciously remarks,

that it is probable Sir Christopher Wren was obliged by necessity in this, as in some of his other churches, to adopt the plan which he has followed; that it becomes us to be cautious in our animadversions on buildings designed by such an eminent judge of propriety; and that it is indeed saying too much, to call this edifice a disgrace to architecture.

From the same author we extract the following accurate description of this church:—"It is a handsome structure, entirely of stone, and of the Corinthian order. The body is lighted by two series of windows, the lower plain, but the upper well ornamented; and the termination is by an attic, whose pilasters are crowned with vases. The entrance on the south side is by a portico, to which there is an ascent of a few steps: the portico is covered with a dome, supported by six Ionic columns. On each side of the base of the steeple in the west front, is a small square tower, with a dome over the stairs to the galleries. The steeple, which was not added till 1719, and was the work of Gibbs, is carried to a great height in several stages: where it begins to diminish, the Ionic order takes place, and its entablature supports vases. The next stage is of the Corinthian order; and above that is the Composite, supporting a dome crowned with a smaller, from which rises the vane. In the tower are eight bells and chimes.

"The roof of the interior is cambered, and supported with neat wooden columns of the Corinthian order, plentifully enriched with fret-work, but especially the choir with cherubim, palm-branches, shields, &c. and six pilasters of

* *Hughson's London*, vol. IV. p. 156.

the Corinthian order. Here also are the arms of England in fret-work, painted.

“It is well wainscoted, and the pillars cased up to the galleries, which extend round the church, except at the east end. On the front of the south gallery are carved and painted the arms of the Duke of Norfolk, and the Earls of Arundel and Salisbury, formerly inhabitants of the parish. The pulpit is oak, carved and enriched with cherubim, anchors, palm-branches, festoons, fine veneering, &c. The body of the church is very uniform and well paved, and has three wainscot inner door-cases. The altar-piece is carved wainscot of the

Tuscan order; and the chancel is paved with marble.”

The length of this church is 96 feet, the breadth 63, and the height 48. The steeple, which consists of a tower strengthened with buttresses and a turret, is about 116 feet high.

The improvements in the neighbourhood of this church, accomplished within the last fourteen years, are, perhaps, more striking from their contrast with the former state of this spot, than any that have been carried into effect during the same period in any other parts of the metropolis: but of these we shall probably have occasion to speak hereafter.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

MR. WEST, the venerable President of the Royal Academy, has, in his 75th year, produced a picture which claims the character of being the master-piece of his pre-eminent genius, and a truly epic performance. It is on an immense scale, and all the characters are delineated rather larger than life. The subject is the *Ecce Homo*; and it is not too much to assert, that for composition, expression, masterly execution, and pathos, it is not surpassed by any picture in the world. For this sublime effort of his talents, the author is said to have refused ten thousand guineas.

A second edition of Pinkney's *Travels through the South of France, and in the Interior of the Provinces of Provence and Languedoc*, in the years 1807 and 1808, will speedily be published.

Mr. Ryland is completing his *English and Spanish Vocabulary*,

lately published, with some Rules for the Pronunciation of the English Language. He also intends to prepare a *Sequel* to the Imperial and County Annual Register of 1810, for which he wrote the Political History of Europe.

Some account of *The Life and Writings of the late Mrs. Trimmer*, with Extracts from her Journal, is printing in two 8vo. volumes.

Mr. Southey has nearly finished a poem, in one volume 4to. under the title of *Roderick, the last of the Goths*. He will speedily publish also *Inscriptions Triumphal and Sepulchral*, recording the acts of the British Army in the Peninsula.

Sir William Ouseley's *Travels* are in a state of forwardness. They will contain an account of the countries visited by him in 1810, 11, and 12, especially Persia, from which he returned about a year ago, by way of Armenia, Turkey in Asia,

Constantinople, and Smyrna. — While in Persia, he obtained, through the influence of his brother, the ambassador, permission to explore many places little known to Europeans: he traced the marches of Alexander from Persepolis and Pasargada to the Caspian Sea; and has collected many ancient gems and medals, besides manuscripts in the Pehlvi, or dialect of the fire-worshippers. This work, which will probably extend to two quarto volumes, will be embellished with maps, views, inscriptions, and various engravings, illustrating not only antiquities, but also modern manners and customs.

The Margravine of Anspach has composed *Memoirs of her Life*, which are intended for publication.

Mr. Lodge, Lancaster Herald, is preparing for press, *Portraits of Illustrious Personages of Great Britain*, with Biographical and Historical Memoirs. The work will be comprised in 20 parts, each containing six portraits, to be published quarterly, and form when complete two folio volumes.

Sir James Mackintosh has been some time engaged upon a *History of Great Britain*, from the Revolution in 1688 to the French Revolution in 1789. It is the wish of the author to confine the work to three 4to. volumes, but it may extend to four. He has already obtained access to many important original papers, and solicits information, through his publishers, Messrs. Longman and Rees, concerning such historical collections as may be in the possession of private individuals disposed to promote the object of his undertaking.

The long-expected *Travels in*

South America of Messrs. Humboldt and Bonpland, translated from the French by Helen Maria Williams, are at length in the press. The work will consist of eight volumes 8vo. with a picturesque and geographical atlas. The Paris edition of the original will be published here at the same time.

The Russian Captain Lisiansky's *Voyage round the World*, which promises much new and interesting information respecting the South Sea, is now printing, and will be accompanied with plates and charts.

Madame d'Arblay's new novel, *The Wanderer, or Female Difficulties*, will speedily appear, in five vols. 12mo.

Miss Plumtre has in the press, a translation from the German of *The Essays and Letters of Professor Giltert*.

Mr. Philippart, author of *The Northern Campaigns*, and other works on military subjects, has issued proposals for publishing *The Lives of British Generals*, from the Norman conquest to the present time, on the plan of Campbell's *Lives of the Admirals*.

Mr. Salt's *Second Voyage to Abyssinia*, undertaken by order of the British government, is printing uniformly with Lord Valentia's *Travels*; and will be accompanied with views, several charts, and a map of the country, on an extensive scale.

Mr. Cottle is preparing for the press, a poem of some extent, entitled *Messias*.

Mr. Britton's *History and Description of Salisbury Cathedral*, is announced for publication in the course of the present year. It will be produced in five numbers, at

five different periods, viz. April 1st, June 1st, August 1st, October 1st, and December 1st. Each number will contain six engravings. A few copies will be printed with proofs and etchings; and also a very small number in folio, to class with Dugdale's *Monasticon*. The architectural drawings are all by F. Mackenzie; and the plates by J. Le Keux and H. Le Keux.

In a few days will be published, *The Rights of Literature*, or an Examination of the contested Question between certain Public Libraries and the Publishers of Great Britain; including a critical review of the opinions and arguments that have been advanced in favour of the former, by John Britton, F.S.A.

An experiment of the most important kind has recently been tried upon the pensioners of Greenwich Hospital, by direction of the Honourable Governors of that Institution, with a view to ascertain the comparative success of the different operations for cataract. The operation of extraction had been performed, it appears, upon the blind pensioners for the last twenty years, by the celebrated oculists, the late Dr. Wathen, and by his successor, Mr. Phipps, but not, it is understood, with very satisfactory terminations. The Governors having now appointed Mr. Adams to be oculist to the Hospital (where all the blind men in the navy are sent when invalided), that gentleman has performed a series of novel operations for cataract upon a great number of patients with singular success. We have not been informed of the peculiarities in Mr. Adams's newest operations, nor have we accurate intelligence of

the results of those compared with the old methods; but those results, we have learned, are decidedly in favour of the former.

Mr. Ellis, of Mansfield, lately purchased a piece of old oak, three feet long and two square, which to all appearance was a solid, firm piece of wood: it being too large for the purpose he wanted it, he got the sawyer to cut it down the middle, and as the joiner was working one of the pieces, a small piece slipped out, upon which, on examining, there were the following figures—1054, nearly as legible as on the first day they were cut. There appears but very little doubt of their having been cut on the bark at that time; they were eight inches from the outside of the piece, so that the tree must have grown sixteen inches in diameter after the figures were cut on it: they are old-fashioned figures, about one inch and a half long. It seems probable that a branch of the tree had grown so close to the hole as to unite with it, as there is some appearance of bark: both sides are marked, one nearly as legibly as the other, that piece which slipped off having convex figures, and the other concave. Mr. Ellis has preserved the pieces of wood which have the figures on, as a curiosity.

A letter from Smyrna says—“We have received intelligence of a dreadful calamity having overtaken the largest caravan of the season, on its route from Mecca to Aleppo. The caravan consisted of 2000 souls, merchants and travellers from the Red Sea and Persian Gulph, pilgrims returning from Mecca, and a numerous train of attendants; the whole escorted

by 400 military. The march was in three columns. On the 15th of August last, they entered the great Arabian Desert, in which they journeyed seven days, and were already approaching its edge. A few hours more would have placed them beyond danger; but on the morning of the 23d, just as they had struck their tents, and commenced their march, a wind arose from the north-east, and blew with tremendous violence. They increased the rapidity of their march to escape the threatening danger; but the fatal Kamsin had set in. On a sudden dense clouds were observed, whose extremity obscured the horizon, and swept the face of the desert. They approached the columns, and obscured the line of march. Both men and beasts, struck by a sense of common danger, uttered loud cries. The next moment they fell beneath its pestiferous influence lifeless corpses. Of 2000 souls composing the caravan, not more than 20 escaped this calamity; they owed their safety to the swiftness of the dromedaries."

MUSICAL REVIEW.

A Russian Sailor's Song, as a Rondo, with an Introduction for the Piano-Forte, composed, and dedicated to Mrs. Rowland Stephenson, by Frederick Ries. Op. 50. Pr. 3s.

If this publication had come to us without a title, we could have equally pronounced it to be the superstructure reared by a great master on a most original Russian air. The prefatory andante is unique in its kind; both hands are

in continual simultaneous and equal action from beginning to end, producing at once a flow of melody and harmony of the higher order; and it is curious and gratifying to observe with what ease (the effect of profound skill and experience) the smooth progress of both hands falls into the aptest and most select harmonies. The theme of the rondo is, as we have already stated, quite original, its second part even *bizarre*. If our readers would wish for a *quantum sufficit* of scientific musical meditation, they need but resort to *p. 4*, and *p. 8*, in particular, as far as the return into the original key A, where they will find a treat of profound modulation. In *p. 6*, a fresh subject, Russian no doubt, makes its appearance. This, too, is whimsical in the extreme, and the alternate leaps from major into minor are not one of its least curious and novel features. We ought to add, by way of caution, that none but very proficient players will do justice to this excellent composition.

Pyrenean March for the Piano-Forte, composed, and dedicated to the brave Armies under Lord Wellington, by Lewis Berger, of Berlin. Pr. 1s. 6d.

We deem this march not unworthy of the brave warriors to whom Mr. B. has inscribed it; it is full of martial precision, and the bold and striking are well contrasted with the soft and melodious, particularly in the first part. The second part appears to us not sufficiently developed and completed; it is not rhythmically rounded. The trio is pleasing, and well suited to the march itself; and the harmony of the whole full and effective.

Fandango, with Variations for the Piano-Forte, composed, and dedicated to Mademoiselle Filhot, by D. Bontempo. Pr. 3s.

The subject for these variations is an artless yet attractive minor melody of Spanish character; but in the variations we meet with the richest effusions of a fertile fancy, guided by sterling science. No. I. is distinguished by its representing the theme under chromatic passages, alternately thrown in the right and left hand. No. II. when once the intricacy of its time-measure is seized (5 semiquavers being throughout employed as equivalent to 4), produces a novel impression. No. III. with its continual octaved progress in base or treble, and No. IV. which is most skilfully treated in a fugued style, are highly meritorious. We cannot, for curiosity's sake, omit No. VI. although we do not belong to the chosen few, whose thumb and little finger can travel over octaves, while the fingers between keep trilling away. Independently of this requisite, other difficulties occur, which can only be encountered by abilities of an advanced order.

Les Folies d'Espagne, the favourite Spanish Fandango, with Variations for the Violoncello, composed, and respectfully dedicated to Mr. T. Bean, by John Peile. Pr. 2s.

Our own partiality, and the dearth of compositions for the above-named instrument, would have procured our favour to a production of much less merit than the one before us. But the present variations have given us the highest degree of satisfaction; so much so, that, not contented with a careful, ocular examination, we have

followed the author on a tenor, from inability, candidly owned, to do him justice on his own instrument. The theme itself is eminently calculated for the violoncello, and the 12 variations extracted from it are equally adapted to its character; although some will be found to require a proficient player or much practice. In the latter point of view, we particularly feel desirous of recommending them to the few amateurs on that instrument; they will derive a fund of instruction from them: but even without any reference to actual execution, Mr. P.'s labour deserves praise, as an abstract composition; the variations, with two distinct parts, particularly entitle him to our commendation.

Three Sets of Preludes, expressly written and fingered throughout the most familiar Keys, intended to facilitate the Performance of common Passages, by J. Mazzinghi. No. I. Pr. 2s. 6d. (To be continued).

Each of these three sets of preludes has a different subject, repeated, or rather transposed, in the eight most common keys on the piano-forte; so that the melody in every set is the same. We approve of this, as the principal object is to train the hands of the student, who, by that means, at the same time acquires familiarity with the nature and fingering of all the other keys into which the same passage is cast. The name of the author supersedes the necessity of any prolix testimonial as to the manner in which he has executed his task. Every thing seems devised with a view to practical utility, so that the diligent study of these few

sheets may save the pupil's purse many a professional lesson. In the 2d and 3d changes we could have wished for an equally active employment of the left hand, as is the case in the first.

The Miller and his Men, a Melodrama, in two Acts, as performed with universal applause at the Theatre Royal Covent-Garden, the Music composed and arranged for the Piano-Forte by Henry R. Bishop. Pr. 10s. 6d.

The overture, which consists of four movements, deserves distinct notice, especially the introductory adagio, and the succeeding allegro. The former, with the exception of the harsh bar 32, is conceived with much skill and pathetic feeling. In the allegro we observe (pp. 3 and 5) some vigorous passages of bass support; and in the beginning of page 4 occurs a very interesting episodical part, fancifully distributed among the clarionets, violins, and flutes. The bugle andantino, into which some bars of Mozart's *Voi che sapete* have found their way (l. 4), is likewise respectable.

Of the four glees in this melodrama (for songs there are none), the first terzett, "When the wind blows," is in every respect commendable; the motivo is neat, and the three parts, when in action, are thrown in proper alternations. The *sestetto* "Stay, prythe stay," exhibits equal merit, and evinces the author's taste and experience; its andantino, p. 27, possesses a smooth flow of tasteful melodiousness.—The chorus of banditti, "Now to the Forest we repair," beginning in E minor, is introduced by a spirited symphony in E major, an idea we cannot but approve in this in-

stance: the first part (p. 38), is uncommonly characteristic and striking; we have, however, heard something very similar in a former composition of Mr. B.'s.

Of the numerous interloctory instrumental periods and movements, it would be invidious not to speak in terms of general approbation. The knowledge of musical stage effect which Mr. B. possesses in an eminent degree, renders these fragments highly interesting; but here too we meet not unfrequently an old friend with a new face: No. 11. for instance, is a scion from Mozart's fine symphony in E b; and the latter half of No. 12 is borrowed from the opening scene of the *Magic Flute*. The introduction of the 2d act in five flats by the wind instruments, ought not to pass unnoticed; it is extremely well imagined.

The Borehamian Divertimento for the Piano-Forte, composed, and respectfully inscribed to Miss Smith, of St. Croix, by P. W. Holder, Mus. Bac. Oxon. Op. 39. Pr. 3s.

Four movements: a pastorale in E major, an allegretto in E minor, and an adagio, *con espressivo* (?), and rondo in E major. Of all Mr. H.'s numerous works we have seen, this, in our opinion, bears away the prize. It breathes a peculiar delicacy of taste, a correct harmonic feeling, a considerable portion of originality, and a modest observance of the happy mean between far-fetched pomp or abstruseness of expression, and insignificant or common-place plainness. This is the general character of every one of the four movements; although each in its turn exhibit

distinct features of merit. The pastorale will be relished on account of the connected flow of its elegant melody, and the appropriate harmonic support. In the allegretto, besides its interesting minor motivo, we meet with several very agreeable passages and transitions. The adagio, in its major part, is distinguished by a sweet subject extremely well bassed; and its minor portion, p. 6, gives a very proper intervening relief. Of the rondo we are bound to speak in terms of peculiar commendation; the naïveté of its subject, the succession of fresh ideas, ably linked, the inventive versatility of expression evinced in its numerous passages, all naturally growing, as it were, out of the parent trunk, its modulations and its conclusion, render this movement a very chaste and classic production.

Marche des Royalistes, dédié au Roi, par M. Mugnié, *les Paroles* par J. B. de Cruchent. Pr. 2s.

This march, which we never saw before, has been sent to us, not as a new publication, but as a loyal effusion, which, although intended for another occasion, bears in the most direct and pointed manner on the present situation of France. The composer has with great skill and judgment introduced some passages from loyal national airs, such as, *Oh! Richard, O mon Roi—Fils d'Henry Quatre, fils de ce Roi vaillant*—and the well-known air, *Vive le Roi*. There was a time when these strains were dear to every Frenchman, when their electrifying sound called forth the tears of a nation proverbially devoted to their king; and this certainly seems to be the precise moment at which the

revival of those well known and once so highly popular sounds may be expected to rouse the feelings of the French people to steps worthy of their former character. *La Marseilloise* has done wonders in mischief, in repairing which, harmony surely ought to have its retributive share. To this desirable end the present publication may pave the way; but more still were to be expected from a poetical composition written at this moment by a Frenchman of talent, and set to music by an able master. The former might easily be found among the many accomplished emigrants now in England; and the latter we fortunately should know where to lay our hands upon in the person of the author of this march.

The Deserter's Meditations, a favourite Irish Air, arranged for the Harp, by S. Dussek. Pr. 1s. 6d.

Perfectly satisfactory; the air is harmonized not only with taste, but with great correctness and knowledge of effect. The two pages of variations, too, are equally deserving of our commendation: all seems to be the natural, unsophisticated offspring of the theme; every thing is well done, and nothing over done.

An Air, with Variations for the Piano-Forte, dedicated, by permission, to Miss Sarah Jones, by J. F. Burrowes. Pr. 2s.

Every ear of good taste will feel gratified by the performance of these variations. The author has not aimed at lofty flights of fancy, or abstruse harmony, but infused into his labour a style of easy, unassuming elegance, which, while it proves accessible to the more

numerous class of players, renders the execution an instructive, and at the same time pleasing task. The pretty theme, the good bass of var. 3, the artless simplicity of the minor (var. 5), with its neat bar of solution into E b, and the tasteful adagio (var. 7), demand our sincere approbation.

Aria, "Punge la Spina," sung with the utmost applause by Mrs. Dickons at the Argyle Rooms, composed, and inscribed to Miss Aston, by Samuel Webbe; jun. Pr. 1s. 6d.

There is no question but Mr. W. has made the most of this short couplet, which, from its elegant simplicity, we suspect to be of Petrarchan origin. The music exhibits abundance of erudition; perhaps even more of modulation than ought fairly to fall to the share of such contracted limits. Although the import of the text has, almost throughout, been most scrupulously adhered to, there is yet too great a break between "amore" and "senza," *p. 2, l. 2*. The poet was allowed to end his line with the former; but the composer having to recite the text musically, must take into account the sense, which, in this instance, is only developed by the succeeding line. To speak of grammatical flaws to a professor of Mr. W.'s knowledge, is hazardous; yet we cannot pass over the two last bars of *p. 3* without our protest—*sapienti sat*. That same page, however, contains many beautiful and some bold ideas, which shew the taste, originality, and science of the author in a very conspicuous manner.

"Let Lucia boast her Plants," Glee, composed, and inscribed to Thos.

Greatorer, Esq. by Sam. Webbe, jun. Pr. 2s.

This glee (for four voices) affords another flattering specimen of Mr. W.'s skill. We have seldom seen, in so small a space, such a display of art in the structure of the parts, such cleverness of counterpoint, unsparingly administered among every one of the four voices. This is particularly obvious in the 3d and 4th pages, of which Mr. W. may take pride in being the author. *General Bücher's Grand March and Military Rondo, as performed by the Band of the 1st Regiment of Guards, composed, and arranged for the Piano-Forte, by F. J. Klose. Pr. 3s.*

Although this composition is not distinguished by that energetic originality of character which we have had abundance of opportunities of admiring in the deeds of the Prussian veteran whose name it bears, it nevertheless has a fair claim to respectability. In literature, it would be classed as agreeable, light reading. The march is neat, its four parts are turned and put together in a workmanlike manner; and its triplet-variations, together with the series of chords constituting the coda, are quite proper and as they should be. The rondo, which has an agreeable subject, is much in Pleyel's style, playful and unassuming; but the digressive portions would not benefit by a continuation of the comparison: *p. 6*, we are sure cannot have cost Mr. K. much trouble, nor the preamble to the introduction of the subject (*p. 7, l. 4*); and here and there, as in *p. 9, l. 3*, bars 1 and 2, we meet with ungrammatical oetaves. With this qualification, we

do not hesitate to recommend the publication to players of moderate abilities: the whole is destitute of executive intricacies, the ideas are brought forward in proper and natural connection, and are of a nature to be understood and relished by a common ear.

RETROSPECT OF POLITICS.

AT the close of the year 1812, the champions of the liberties of Europe, led by their august sovereign, the Emperor Alexander, passed the Vistula and entered Germany, in order to wrest that country from the grasp of Napoleon's oppression. That great task having been nobly achieved in less than a twelvemonth, the close of the year 1813 is rendered still more memorable through the crossing of the Rhine by the allied troops, their entrance into France, and their advance towards Paris.

Thus with the year 1814 a new campaign has commenced, the most important in the history of the world, whether we consider the magnitude of its object, the number of warriors and sovereigns that have taken the field, or the gigantic plan upon which it is begun. Without taking into account minor operations out of the grand line of action, France is at this moment assailed along the whole range of an immense arc, beginning in the north at Antwerp, stretching east to Cologne, thence ascending the Rhine as far as Basle, further extending to Geneva and Lyons, and (with some chasm of as yet uninvaded French territory intervening) finally terminating on the Adour, in the vicinity of Bayonne; and, it is not a little curious, this arc is closed at both extremi-

ties by British armies, the one under Sir Thomas Graham, the other under Lord Wellington. The annals of the world present us with no parallel undertaking, since the time of the Crusades; and those even will, in more than one point of view, be found to fall short of the magnitude of the present contest. But to the events themselves.

UPPER RHINE.

The head-quarters of Prince Schwarzenberg having been removed to Freyburg, in the Brisgau (not Friedberg, as erroneously stated in our last), preparations were made for passing the Rhine simultaneously at a number of points, but especially on the Swiss frontier, between Schaffhausen and Basle. This movement alone renders it needless to add, that the act of neutrality recently passed by the Helvetic Diet was not acceded to by the allied sovereigns; on the contrary, it was plainly intimated to the Swiss, that the march of the army of Prince Schwarzenberg would be directed through their cantons; that any opposition would be overwhelmed by force; and that, in case of friendly reception, the allies would restore their lost freedom and independence.

In consequence of this resolution, the Rhine was crossed by the Austrian army, in several places between Schaffhausen and Basle,

on the 21st Dec.; the Swiss troops retiring into the interior without firing a shot. The corps of General Wrede (who has recovered from the wound received at Hanau) passed at Basle, immediately surrounded the fortress of Huningen, and took a position in Upper Alsace; while a detachment under General Reebberg surrounded B ffort, the minor fort of Landsron surrendering by capitulation, and that of Blamont being taken by storm.

The advanced guard of Prince Schwarzenberg, under the orders of General Bubna, traversed Switzerland, and arrived at Berne on the 23d Dec. when immediately the members of the government voluntarily resigned their functions into the hands of the former magistracy, which was forthwith re-established, and which, by permission of the allies, took possession of the Pays de Vaud and Argovia, districts of which Berne had been deprived by the act of Mediation. This done, General Bubna prosecuted his march, and arrived before the gates of Geneva on the 30th Dec. The population being decidedly hostile to the French, turned out their prefect and the small French garrison, and delivered the keys to the Austrian commander, who, on his entrance, found, among other considerable warlike stores, 117 pieces of cannon; and immediately detached parties to secure the passes over Mount Jura, as also the roads by the Simplon and St. Bernard. Our accounts of Count Bubna's operations go thus far; but add, that, on his approach, insurrectionary movements had taken place against the French in Savoy.

The latest accounts from Prince

Schwarzenberg's army, report his head-quarters at Altkirch, in Alsace, on the 3d January, when he was on the point of moving by Montbelliard into Franche Comt  and Lorraine, whither light parties, and particularly Cossacks, had been already detached.

General Wrede, when he had completed the second parallel before Huningen, was relieved in the siege by the arrival of the corps of Bianchi, and enabled to proceed against Colmar, which city he had entered at the date of Lord Cathcart's dispatch (Freyburg, 6th Jan.) In this service he was joined by the corps of the Prince Royal of Wirtemberg, who had likewise on the 21st Dec. crossed the Rhine below Old Breisach, and had commenced the blockade of New Breisach.

Count Wittgenstein has not been forgotten in this grand onset. His corps crossed the Rhine at the same time at Fort Louis, in Lower Alsace, and took possession of that fort. The line of his march is by Saverne into Lorraine. His right will be supported by the extreme left of General Blucher's army, and his left by General Wrede.

LOWER RHINE.

In our further descent along the Rhine, we arrive at the passage of that river by General Blucher. It is distinguished by the energy and success inseparable from the exploits of that gallant veteran and his matchless Silesian army, who have given him the flattering, but characteristic nickname of *Marshal Forward*. This movement was planned and carried into effect, on an extensive scale, on the 1st and 2d January. The centre, composed of the corps of Von York

and Langeron, passed the river at and about Caub, with little resistance: they assailed and took the strong post of Bingen, put Mentz under blockade, and entered Kreuznach on the 11th January; their line of operation being directed towards the river Saar.

The left wing, under General Sacken, crossed near Manheim; and, after securing the towns of Frankenthal and Worms, entered the interior of the Palatinate, in order to march by Kaiserslautern upon Deuxponts; and the right wing, under General St. Priest, made good its passage close to Coblenz, which city it took after a slight resistance. It will ascend the Moselle.

Lower down, to continue our exposition of this admirably grand plan of the campaign, we meet the corps of Generals Winzingerode and Czernicheff in the neighbourhood of Dusseldorf; still, however, on the right bank, as far at least as our accounts reach. They had only broken up from Eremen and the north of Westphalia (where they formed part of the Prince Royal of Sweden's army), a day or two before Christmas; yet on the 4th and 5th January we find these indefatigable troops at Dusseldorf; and we make no doubt they are long before this on the opposite bank. Report states, that the Crown Prince of Sweden will follow with his army, as soon as he shall have settled matters with Denmark. Meanwhile we conceive the corps of Winzingerode sufficiently strong to penetrate towards the Maese and enter Brabant, in order to support the operations of the Prussian corps under General Eu-

low in Holland; the events in which latter country, not to break the link of the grand chain, we think fittest to insert in this place.

HOLLAND.

After the gallant assault of Arnheim, related in our last, the several divisions of General Bulow's corps, under Generals Borstel and Lottum, pursued their successful invasion of the enemy's usurped territory. The strong district of the Bonmeler Waard, including the forts of Crevecœur and St. Andries, being next reduced, the Prussians advanced towards Breda, in order to come into junction with the British corps under General Graham. This British expedition had landed at Williamstadt, where it made its preparations to enter upon active service. Gen. Graham's headquarters removed first to Klundert, and afterwards to Zevenbergen; while Major-General Gibbs, with three regiments, was sent in advance to Breda, in order to secure that city from a *coup de main* on the part of the French, who a few days previously had detached from their camp at West-Wezel a considerable corps to surprize the town, but found the small garrison and the burghers so well prepared, that, after a slight bombardment, they thought it prudent to retrace their steps. It appears, by the most recent accounts (the official reports being still out-standing), that a combined movement being determined upon between Sir Thomas Graham and General Bulow, the latter arrived with his corps at Breda on the 8th of January, and, after concerting operations with Sir Thomas, marched against the

enemy in the night 10-11th Jan. (with 10,000 Russians forming the centre), upon Groot Zundert. On his arrival there in the morning, the British troops, forming the right wing, and was attacked from the side of Rosenhal, were already hotly engaged with the enemy, and the same was the case with the Prussian left wing at Hoogstraaten. The enemy, who is stated to have been commanded by General Decaen (brought thither from Barcelona), made a most obstinate resistance, especially on both wings, but was ultimately overcome, and forced to retire upon Antwerp, whither the Anglo-Prussian army pursued him, its head-quarters being reported at Donk on the 12th, within a few miles of Antwerp.—The losses on both sides are as yet unknown: the allies, however, have taken some cannon and prisoners. In this battle the Hereditary Prince of Orange was present; his highness had landed from England on the 19th December, and had previously joined General Bulow.

Of the Dutch fortresses, Nimeguen and Gertruydenberg have been evacuated; Naarden, Deventer, Goreum, Bois le Duc, and probably Bergen op Zoom are still in the possession of the enemy: nor has Admiral Verhulst come to any terms of the surrender for himself and fleet; he still defies his lawful sovereign, in the strong fort of La Salle, at the Heider, under the guns of which the Dutch fleet is placed.

LOWER ELBE.

The Prince Royal of Sweden, after having passed his army to the right bank of the Elbe at Boitzenburg, began his active operations against the French and Danish

forces in Holstein with the month of December. While Count Woronzow manœuvred on the left flank, and took Berzdorf by assault, the Swedish army and General Walden's corps made good their passage across the Stuckenitz on the 20 and 31 of that month. They next moved by their right upon Lübeck, which city they were prevented from storming by General Lallemand's offer to capitulate. According to the terms granted him, he evacuated the town at ten at night on the 5th December, not to be pursued till day-break. General Lallemand made the best haste to gain Segeberg and the Danish army under the Prince of Hesse; but his rear being overtaken by Generals Walden and Skioldebrandt, he lost a considerable number in killed, wounded, and prisoners the next day. Lübeck was immediately reinstated in its former liberties as a free Hanse-town.

Davoust, by separating from the Danes, and shutting himself up in Hamburg, left the right flank of his allies uncovered, an advantage of which the Prince Royal of Sweden did not fail to profit instantly. General Tettenborn, manœuvring on the left flank, subdued all the western part of Holstein, crossed the Eyler, took possession of Tonnungen and Husum, blockaded the fort of Vollerwyck (which afterwards surrendered), and detached parties upon Schleswig and Flensborg. On the right, the skillfully devised operations of Generals Skioldebrandt and Walden succeeded in cutting off the Danish army from the fortress of Rendsborg, after a series of more or less

important, yet uniformly well-contested combats. The Danish army having been forced upon Kiel, dispositions were made for surrounding and capturing it. With that view, a great part of Walmoden's corps was pushed across the Eyder, to intercept the road into Schleswig by Eckernförde, by which it was presumed the Danes would endeavour to penetrate. But the Prince of Hesse, by a skilful manœuvre, crossed the canal at Kiel, and proceeded by the opposite bank towards Rendsborg. At Osterode he met a few battalions, which, under General Walmoden himself, protected the bridge over the Eyder: these he cut his way through, causing the allies a loss of 600 men; and thus effected the escape of the Danish army into Rendsborg; where, however, he found himself so surrounded as to render his flight into the peninsula of Jutland impracticable. Under these circumstances, the Prince of Hesse proposed an armistice, which, in the hope of its leading to a definitive treaty of peace, and the surrender of the kingdom of Norway (not lost sight of by Sweden), the Crown Prince granted, on the 15th Dec. to last to the 29th, but subsequently extended to the 6th of January. By this truce, the Danish army was to remain shut up in Rendsborg, but to receive its daily rations from Denmark. The fortresses of Fredericksort and Gluckstadt remained exempted from its stipulations, and subject to be hostily proceeded against. The former, on the 19th Dec. surrendered its garrison to be prisoners of war, together with 101 pieces of cannon; and Gluckstadt, after being

bombarded for five or six days by British batteries, erected and served by the crews of Captain Farguhar's squadron, was allowed a capitulation (5th January), according to which, its garrison is not to serve for one year and one day against the allies. Report states, that a treaty of peace has actually been concluded, ceding Norway to Sweden, against Swedish Pomerania, and obliging Denmark to furnish 12,000 men towards the reduction of Hamburg.

That devoted city is, through the barbarities of Davoust, brought to the brink of ruin. Determined to defend himself to the last extremity, although certain that no efforts of his can save him, and that relief from France is out of the question, he has not contented himself with burning the beautiful suburbs of Hamburg to the ground, but has, in the depth of this severe winter, turned more than 30,000 inhabitants out of the gates, because they had not the means of complying with his order to lay in a stock of provisions for six months. This act of inhumanity has touched the manly heart of the Prince Royal of Sweden. By a decree, dated Kiel, 24th Nov. he has taken these unfortunate exiles into his immediate protection; has granted them the sum of 40,000 rix-dollars, and has made dispositions for alleviating their wretched condition, by assigning them temporary refuge in the surrounding towns and villages. Bremen, Lubeck, Kiel, and Altona have received numbers of them with open arms, and even British generosity is exerted in their behalf. The importance of preserving Hamburg from ruin,

both to Germany and to England, would, in our opinion, have long ago warranted an offer to Davoust to evacuate it with all his troops unmolested, and to proceed with arms and baggage whithersoever he might chuse to go.

In regard to the enemy's other garrisons in the rear, we have to note the following data, in addition to our last report:—

General Rapp, on being informed, that the capitulation he had entered into with the Prince of Wurtemberg, could not be sanctioned, replied, that he should, nevertheless, as had been agreed upon, surrender Dantzic on the 1st of January, 1814, leaving his own fate and that of his troops to the generosity of the Emperor Alexander.

The Polish fortresses of Modlin and Zamosc capitulated on the 1st Dec. to the Russians. Of the garrisons, the French troops, including General Daendels, remain prisoners of war, the Poles and Germans return to their own country.

Torgau surrendered on the 24th Dec. the remains of the garrison, dreadfully thinned by a pestilential fever, to be prisoners of war.

Erfurth was to surrender its town on the 26th Dec. and its citadel on the 5th Jan. to the corps of General Kleist.

The garrison of Stettin, which laid down its arms on the 5th Dec. consisted of 533 officers and 7100 privates; and 351 pieces of cannon were found in the place.

But the loss Bonaparte sustained through the capitulation of Dresden, is so immense and memorable as to warrant the following detail

of the French prisoners the allies derived from it, over and above 237 pieces of ordnance.

Marshal Gouvion St. Cyr.

Thirteen generals of division, viz. Loban (Mouton), Duronnel, Dumas, Bonnet, Clapartele, Duvernet, Berthezene, Razout, Dumonceau, Girard, Cassagne, Teste, and Freyre.

Twenty generals of Brigade, viz. Borrelli, Schramm, Paryolotti, Cousture, Bertrand, Godard, Goguet, Le Tellier, D'Eslevin, Stedman, Jacquet, Fezensac, Doucet, Chartraud, Gobrecht, Weissenhof, Poskosky, Baldus, O'Meara, and Bernard.

Superior and inferior officers and privates, viz.

	<i>Officers.</i>	<i>Privates.</i>
1st Corps d'Armée (Vandamme's)	452	6507
11th Corps	917	17129
Garrison of Dresden	360	4078
In the Hospitals	—	6031
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	1759	33745

An army of itself, unnecessarily left, like that of Davoust, on the forlorn hope, by the blunders and infatuation of the great hero of the age!

If true greatness manifest itself most conspicuously in a state of adversity, the present situation of Bonaparte gave his admirers a right to look for an extraordinary display of intellectual powers and heroic firmness. They have been disappointed. On perusing the official articles in the *Moniteur*, and the sententious replies of Bonaparte to the desponding addresses of his creatures, we look in vain for that thundering haughtiness which not two years ago shook thrones and appalled nations. Fear and alarms

have seized the tyrant's breast ; he seems to anticipate the issue of the contest, from a consciousness of the insufficiency of his means to avert the stroke. "Peace" is now the watchword of the humbled boaster, and of his obsequious satellites ; peace on any terms : for, as he very truly observes, "the question is now no more to recover the conquests we have made." His only and avowed object is, to force the allies to make peace on the basis which they themselves held out to him, viz. *the independence of all the European states, politically known before the Revolution.* This basis Bonaparte, as he tells us, accepted as soon as it was offered to him, through his Saxon ambassador, Mr. St. Aignan, who, being taken in Dresden, was admitted to an interview with the allied ministers : but the allies, instead of entering upon negotiations in consequence of his acquiescence, in their famous declaration of the 1st of December, exchanged the olive-branch for the sword, and entered France on all points. If one could depend on the truth of Bonaparte's statement, there certainly would appear something inexplicable in the conduct of the allied sovereigns. According to their declaration, they are now fighting to compel *Bonaparte* to terms of a solid peace, which would leave *him* an extent of territory unknown to the kings of France. Does that declaration, perhaps, mean more than it literally avows? Are the coalesced powers unwilling to proclaim openly the doom they have awarded to Bonaparte? Or is there a difference of opinion among them as to this point, which difference they

perhaps think of adjusting *chemin faisant*?

We should have supposed the latter to be the case, were it not for a recent declaration of the Emperor Francis, spread with the assurance of authenticity, *that on his part no objection would be offered to the restoration of a Bourbon prince to the throne of France, provided it was done with the will of the French nation.* That the fate of Bonaparte is a matter of discussion among the Continental cabinets, is more than probable ; and in all likelihood, it was either that question itself, or interests connected with it, that determined the British government suddenly to dispatch so high a personage as the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, to the head-quarters of the allied sovereigns. On the 27th of December Lord Castlereagh, accompanied by a numerous diplomatic retinue, left London for the Continent ; and we know of his having passed through Amsterdam in his progress to the Upper Rhine.

Be this as it may, we do not think the means left to Bonaparte will enable him to make any effectual resistance to the immense forces now entering France from all sides. Thus far their advance has not only met with scarcely any opposition, but it does not even appear that they have encountered any embodied army any where, or that such an army exists at all between them and Paris. It seems as if Bonaparte intended to assemble the aggregate of his disposable force in the vicinity of his capital, and, as at Leipzig, dispute the possession of that city, and the title of his usurpation, by one great combat,

on which he will stake his all, providing, perhaps, a fast-sailing frigate at Brest, in case of the worst, to take him to America. To accelerate the levies in the departments, he has had recourse to a very hazardous measure. By a decree of the 26th of December, twenty-six commissioners have been appointed and sent into the provinces. To these Bonaparte has delegated, in retail, his sovereign power; their sway, while it may last, is as absolute as that of the deputies whom the National Convention, in the reign of terror, attached to the armies on the frontier. It is hardly credible, that all of them, in the hour of personal danger, will remain true to their principal. By another decree, moreover (4th of January), the national guard of Paris has been armed, called out, and put under the command in chief of Bonaparte himself. Thus, if there is a spark of character left in the French nation, the means of cutting the Gordian knot are put in their own hands. Unfortunately, the declarations of the allies, and the proclamations of their generals, leave the French in doubt, whether, by forsaking their tyrant, or disposing of him, they might not draw upon themselves the vengeance of his enemies!!

SOUTH OF FRANCE AND SPAIN.

A series of sanguinary engagements of five days duration, counting from the 9th of December, has brought Lord Wellington to the banks of the Adour, and close to Bayonne.

After the enemy had been driven from the Nivelle, he occupied a very strong entrenched camp, con-

nected with the fortress of Bayonne. General Paris's division was at Jean Pied de Port, and there were strong bodies between the Nive and the Adour. On the 9th December, Lord Wellington caused the right wing, under Sir Rowland Hill, to cross the Nive at Cambo; and the 6th division passed the same river at Ustaritz, in order to favour that operation. Both these movements were attended with complete success. On the same day, the left wing, under Sir John Hope, reconnoitred the right of the enemy's entrenched camp, while the light division reconnoitred the front; they drove in the enemy's posts, and in the evening returned to their respective positions.

On the morning of the 10th, the whole of the enemy's army moved out of their camp, and attacked with great fury the left wing under Sir John Hope, and the light division under General Charles Alten; but both attacks were gallantly repulsed, with the gain of about 500 prisoners: and thus Marshal Soult's intention of obliging Lord Wellington to withdraw his right wing, in consequence of the vigorous pressure on the left, was completely frustrated.

After this day's action, the German regiments of Nassau and Francfort came over in a body from the French, to join their brethren on the Rhine.

In the course of the 11th and 12th the French repeated their attacks (though more feebly) on the advance of the British left wing; but were invariably repulsed.

The enemy now withdrew nearly his whole force from his right, and on the morning of the 13th com-

menced a desperate attack upon Sir Rowland Hill, who had taken a position between the Adour and the Nive. In the anticipation of this attempt, Lord Wellington had ordered the 4th and 6th divisions and part of the 3d to reinforce Sir R. Hill; but the latter had succeeded in defeating the enemy with immense loss before these troops joined him. The French army being thus worsted at all points, retreated into their entrenchments. The total number of British and Portugese that have been killed in these several actions is 572, and the wounded about 3100.

According to the last dispatches from Lord Wellington, Soult has withdrawn the main body of his army from Bayonne, where he left a strong garrison, has ascended the Adour, and, after several fruitless manœuvres to intimidate Sir Rowland Hill's rear, has taken a position behind the Gave, his left resting upon Peyrehorade. It is expected, that Lord Wellington will forthwith make a forward movement, to favour the operations of Prince Schwarzenberg's army in the east of France; at least, such is supposed to be the purport of the special mission to his lordship of Colonel Bumbury, one of the Under Secretaries of State for the Foreign Department, who left London on the 13th January. Our army in Catalonia is stated to have broken up to join Lord Wellington's forces, as the greater part of Suchet's troops, together with himself, have been recalled into France, to make head in a quarter of more pressing danger.

The Spanish Cortes, on the 29th Nov. suspended their sittings in

the Isla, to be resumed on the 15th Jan. at Madrid, whither the regency and all the branches of government set out on the 19th December.

ITALY AND MEDITERRANEAN.

The war in the Venetian territory seems quite at a stand; at least we have no intelligence of any interest from that quarter. General Bellegarde is appointed commander in chief of the Austrian army in Italy. In Dalmatia the fortress of Zara surrendered on the 6th of December to the combined Austrian and British besieging corps, after a siege of thirteen days, in which the exertions of the British sailors under Captain Cadogan were very conspicuous.

The French papers have surprised us by announcing the landing and re-embarkation of a British expedition near Leghorn, on the 10th Dec. A *coup de main* on that town appears to have failed; but, until British official advices arrive, it would be premature to enter the details on our record.

The Continental journals are unanimous in the assertion of a secret negociation being on foot between Murat, and Austria as well as Lord William Bentinck. That King Joachim is not more at ease on *his* throne than his imperial brother-in-law, will be readily imagined; but why it should be thought expedient to listen to any overtures from him, may be a question of more difficulty. His capital has been plunged into great consternation by a tremendous eruption of Vesuvius on Christmas-day.

The plague at Malta has ceased, and the island is on the eve of being declared healthy. This has

been already done at Gibraltar, by proclamation, dated 22d Dec. Of 15,690 inhabitants in the latter place, 880 had died in all, and of 5500 garrison, 441 fell a sacrifice to the fever.

UNITED STATES.

The American government, not discouraged by the defeats of their armies sustained in the course of the year 1813, resolved to terminate the campaign by a decisive effort. Great part of the forces being withdrawn from Fort George, the American disposable troops were divided into three armies, of about 8 to 10,000 men each. One, under Major-General Harrison, was to profit by the command recently gained over Lake Erie, to invade Upper Canada, while the lower part of the province was to be entered by two other armies in different directions, and every effort made to reach Montreal.

General Harrison's expedition alone succeeded: Major-General Proctor, having only about 450 soldiers and 1200 Indians with him, at Sandwich, on learning that so overwhelming a force was proceeding against him from Sandusky by Lake Erie, dismantled the forts of Detroit and Amherstburg, and, on the 24th of September, began a speedy retreat towards Burlington heights, at the head of Lake Ontario, where Major-General Vincent was blockading the remains of the American army, in Fort St. George. After having proceeded about eighty miles, General Proctor was overtaken at the Moravian village. Opposition being in vain, he ordered his small force to disperse and rendezvous one hundred miles further at An-

castre, where a few days after he collected nearly one half of his men, with which he succeeded in joining General Vincent. General Harrison retraced his steps to Sandwich, on which march he was greatly annoyed by our Indian allies. Of the two armies which were to possess themselves of Montreal, one was commanded by General Wilkinson, and the other by General Hampton. The latter entered the province, near the Chateaugay, which river he followed, till arrested by a small body of Canadian militia, not exceeding 100 men, under Colonel De Salaberry. Favoured by an excellent position, and an *abatis* in front, this little band of heroes repelled every attack of a force almost twenty times its strength (26th October), and the American general found it prudent to give up the contest, and retire to the quarter from which he had come.

General Wilkinson's operations were equally defeated in the outset. He descended along the St. Lawrence towards Montreal. On the 11th of November, a division of his army, under General Boyd, consisting of from 3 to 4000 men, was attacked at a place called Christler's farm (about twenty miles above Cornwall), by Colonel Morrison, who, with 800 men, totally defeated the Americans, their loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners, amounting to nearly 1000 men, besides one cannon. Upon this the enemy forthwith commenced his retreat, precipitately crossed the St. Lawrence at St. Regis, and proceeded to the Salmon river, where it is probable their boats will be frozen in, and the troops be

compelled to march across the country to Plattsburg. For this season, therefore, we may hope that Lower Canada will be safe from further insult.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Under this head, we have merely room to notice the adjournment of Parliament to the 1st of March next, which took place on the 20th of December last.

MISCELLANEOUS FRAGMENTS AND ANECDOTES.

COLARDEAU AND BARTHE.

A FRENCH writer, named Barthe, had been on terms of friendship with Colardeau, but towards the conclusion of the life of the latter, they had seldom met. Hearing that Colardeau was given over by the physicians, he flew to his house, and finding him yet sensible, "I am shocked," said he, "to see you so ill, and yet I have a favour to ask; it is to hear me read my *Selish Man*." This was a play which he had just written.—"Consider, my friend," replied Colardeau, "that I have only a few hours to live."—"Alas! yes; but that is the very reason which makes me anxious to know your opinion of my piece." He pressed the subject so strongly, that the dying man was compelled to consent; and after hearing it through without interruption, "Your character," said Colardeau, with a smile, "is deficient in one point only."—"What is that?" enquired the other.—"It only wants the power," rejoined Colardeau, "of forcing a dying man to attend to the reading of a comedy in five acts."

It is probable that, on this occasion, Barthe desired no more of his friend than he would himself have done under similar circumstances; for, when the Marquis de Villévielle went to see him the day

before he died, he said to him, with great composure, "My physicians tell me that I am better; I feel but too sensibly, from the acuteness of my sufferings, that I can never recover: but a truce to this subject, let me enjoy the pleasure of your company, and tell me something about the Opera." Regardless of his sufferings, he talked of nothing but *Iphigenie*, and of the success of Mademoiselle Dozon, whose talents in that part had strongly interested him.

TRAGIC FATE OF THE CHEVALIER DE LA BARRE.

In 1766, Madame Feydeau de Brou, daughter of a keeper of the Privy Seal of France, and abbess of the convent of Villancourt, at Abbeville, sent for her nephew, the Chevalier de la Barre, a young officer whose father had squandered away his property. She procured him a lodging not far from the convent. One Belleval, who held a civil office in the town, and was in love with the abbess, under the idea that her conduct proceeded from her having conceived a tender attachment for her nephew, immediately endeavoured to devise some method of destroying the chevalier. He knew that this young officer and a Sieur Etallonde, who was scarcely eighteen years of age, had passed the host without taking

off their hats, and that some persons unknown had damaged a wooden crucifix placed on the bridge of Abbeville; and he resolved to avail himself of these circumstances to destroy his supposed rival. The Bishop of Amiens, whom he acquainted with these facts, published admonitory addresses, and ordered a solemn procession in honour of the mutilated crucifix, which did not fail to inflame the minds of the people of his diocese. Belleval, the accuser, assembled at his house footmen, servant-maids, and labouring men, to prevail upon them to bear witness against the youths: but in spite of all his machinations, the only crime of which they were duly convicted, was, that they had sung some immoral songs, and spoken too favourably of Voltaire's *Philosophical Dictionary*. The judges of Abbeville, nevertheless, conceived it their duty to sentence them to have their tongues and hands cut off, and to be burned in a slow fire. This punishment Etallonde escaped by flight; but as for the chevalier, who was already in custody, the parliament of Paris confirmed his sentence, in opposition to all the proofs of his innocence, adduced by ten of the most celebrated advocates. It only diminished, in some respect, the severity of his punishment, by allowing him to be beheaded before he was thrown into the flames. Out of twenty-five judges, fifteen voted, for a considerable time, for the acquittal of the young man; and at last they only acceded to the opinion of the ten others in consequence of the observation, that, at a time when the parliament was attacking

the Jesuits, it was of the first importance to the bishops to prove themselves the zealous supporters of a religion, whose ministers they found themselves compelled to arraign.

BUFFON.

"The style of the President de Montesquieu!" once exclaimed M. de Buffon in a tone of sovereign contempt. "But has Montesquieu a style?"—"It is true," replied the person to whom this question was addressed, "Montesquieu has only the style of genius; and you, sir, have the genius of style."

IMPUDENCE OF A VENETIAN
CONJUROR.

A conjuror of Venice, who boasted that he was able to perform the greatest of miracles, that of recalling the dead to life, had the audacity to pretend to exercise this wonderful power on a corpse which was passing at the moment when he was haranguing the populace. He repeatedly summoned the deceased in the most urgent manner to arise and walk home; but as all he said still produced no effect, he at length turned to his auditory, and, with the most imposing impudence, exclaimed—"Never did I see so obstinate a corpse."

THE MISER AND HIS IRON CHEST.

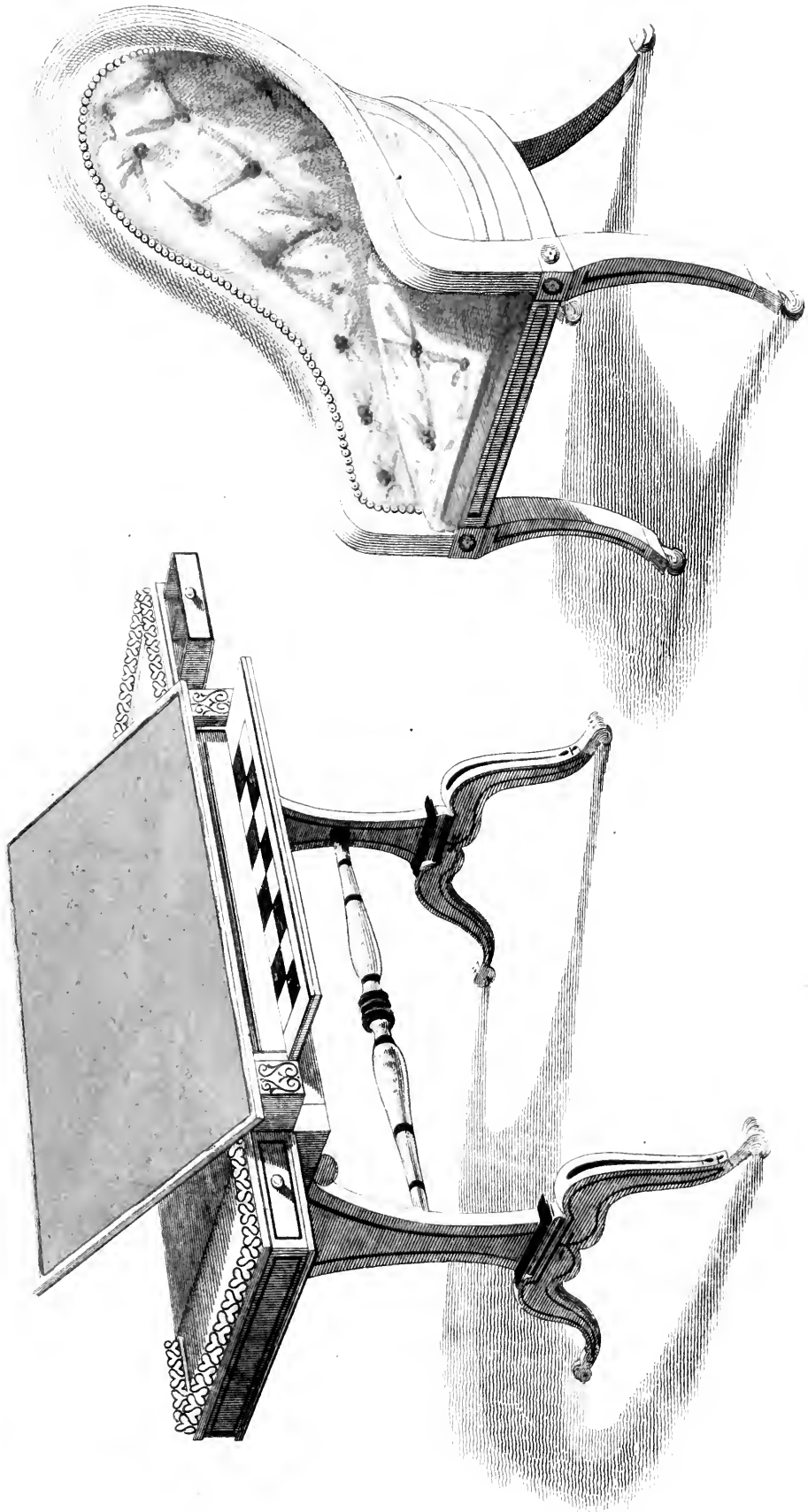
A miser, who was not less attached to his pleasures than to his money, had some difficulty to reconcile two inclinations which were so much at variance. The method which he took to adjust matters was as follows:—He made it a rule never to expend more than a certain sum annually. When some fancy tempted him to violate this law, he first debated the matter

with himself, and then falling upon his knees before his iron chest, he stated to it, in the most pathetic manner, his great want of some extraordinary assistance, begging the loan of the sum that he wanted. But as a security for returning the money, he always deposited in the chest a diamond ring which he wore upon his finger; and he never took it back till, by economy in his other expences, or by some new speculation, he was enabled to repay the full sum for which it was pledged.

JEAN JAQUES ROUSSEAU.

M. Cerutti relates the following curious anecdote respecting Rousseau, in the words of Baron Holbach, by whom it was communicated to him.—“It would be difficult to form a conception of the scene which terminated in our rupture. Rousseau was dining with me in company with several other literary men, as Diderot, Saint Lambert, Marmontel, Raynal, and a vicar, who, after dinner, read us a tragedy of his own writing. It was prefaced by a discourse on theatrical compositions, the substance of which was the following:—He drew this distinction between comedy and tragedy:—‘In comedy,’ said he, ‘the plot turns on marriage; in tragedy, it turns on murder.’ The whole intrigue in both turns on this grand event:—Will they marry? will they not marry?—Will they murder? will they not murder? There will be a marriage; there will be a murder. This forms the first act. There will not be a marriage; there will not be a murder—and this gives birth to the second act. A new mode of marrying and mur-

dering is presented for the third act. A fresh difficulty impedes the marriage or the murder, which the fourth act discusses. At last the marriage and the murder are accomplished for the benefit of the last act.’ We thought this system of poetics so original, that it was impossible to answer seriously the questions of the author. I will even confess, that, half in jest and half in earnest, I ridiculed the poor vicar. Jean Jaques, who had neither uttered a word, nor smiled, nor moved from his arm-chair, on a sudden leaped up like a madman, and falling foul of the vicar, snatched the manuscript from his hands, and dashed it on the floor, saying to the terrified author, ‘Your piece is good for nothing; your preface is the wildest extravagance. See how all these gentlemen are laughing at you! go, get you gone, return and vicarize it in your own village.’ The vicar now rose in equal fury, and poured forth a volley of abuse against his too sincere critic; and from abuse they would have proceeded to blows and tragic murder, had not the company interposed. Rousseau went away in a rage, which I thought momentary, but which has ever since been increasing. Diderot, Grimm, and myself tried, to no purpose, to bring him back; he ran too fast for us. Hence arose all those misfortunes, in which we took no share, except to lament them. He considered our concern as affected, and his misfortunes as our contrivance. He took it into his head, that we were arming against him the Parliament, Versailles, Geneva, Switzerland, England, all Europe.”



A SERIOUS CHALLENGE.

The following serious challenge was sent by one friend at Paris to another:—

Sir,—To-morrow at noon, in the Bois de Boulogne, you will give me satisfaction for the look which you cast on me yesterday. To-morrow, sir, that is to say, when delay shall have given you leisure to repent, and me time to be appeased, and shall leave neither of us the excuse of a first transport of passion, we will cut each other's throats, if you please, in cold blood. I believe you to be too brave to testify regret for the fault you have committed; and on my side I think much too nobly not to wash it out in your blood, or in my own. You must be aware, that in shewing me such disrespect, you have given me a right over your life, and have acquired a right over mine. I should be far from pardoning you, even if you were to confess to me that you had acted inconsiderately; I should in that case only add contempt to resent-

ment. But if you should have the luck to kill me, I esteem you the more for it beforehand, and forgive not only your offence, but my death; for, to tell the truth, I feel for you neither hatred nor disdain, and would not confer on many others the honour that I bestow on you. Our fathers have instructed us, that there are a thousand occasions in life in which we cannot dispense with killing our best friend. I hope you will believe them on their word, and that, though we have no hatred for each other, we shall, nevertheless, enjoy the pleasure of cutting one another's throats. To plunge the sword into the bosom of an enemy to our country, is a low and vulgar action; to this we have the strongest inducements: but to kill a fellow-citizen, a friend, for the slightest offence—this, this, according to the feudal code of the Germans, our worthy ancestors, is the height of grandeur and magnanimity.—You know the place and hour—be punctual.

 PLATE 9.—FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

THE very elegant and tasteful article represented in the annexed engraving, is intended to serve the double purpose of usefulness and pleasure. In the first, it is convenient as a breakfast or as a sofa-table; it also forms a convenient writing or drawing-table, with drawers for paper, colours, pencil, &c. For the second, a sliding board for the games of chess, drafts, backgammon, &c. which slides under the desk. It is very light, goes upon

castors, and is particularly pleasant to sit before, as there is sufficient accommodation for the knees by its projecting top.

The chair is contrived for study or repose. Its sweeping form is calculated to afford rest to the invalid; and the arms are sufficiently low to allow it to be used at the writing or reading-desk. It is lighter than its form would indicate, and it is easily moved, being placed upon traversing castors.

FASHIONS FOR LADIES.

PLATE 11.—EVENING OR DANCING DRESS.

A WHITE crape petticoat, worn over gossamer satin, ornamented at the feet with rows of puckered net, with a centre border of blue satin, or velvet, in puffs. A bodice of blue satin, with short full sleeves, and cuffs to correspond with the bottom of the dress. A full puckered border of net, or crape, round the bosom. Stomacher and belt of white satin, with pearl or diamond clasp. Hair in dishevelled curls, divided in front of the forehead, and ornamented with clusters of small variegated flowers; a large transparent Mechlin veil, thrown occasionally over the head, shading the bosom in front, and falling in graceful drapery beneath. Earrings, necklace, and bracelets of Oriental pearl, or white cornelian. Slippers of white satin, with blue rosettes. White kid gloves; and

fan of spangled crape and blue foil.

PLATE 12.—PROMENADE OR CARRIAGE COSTUME.

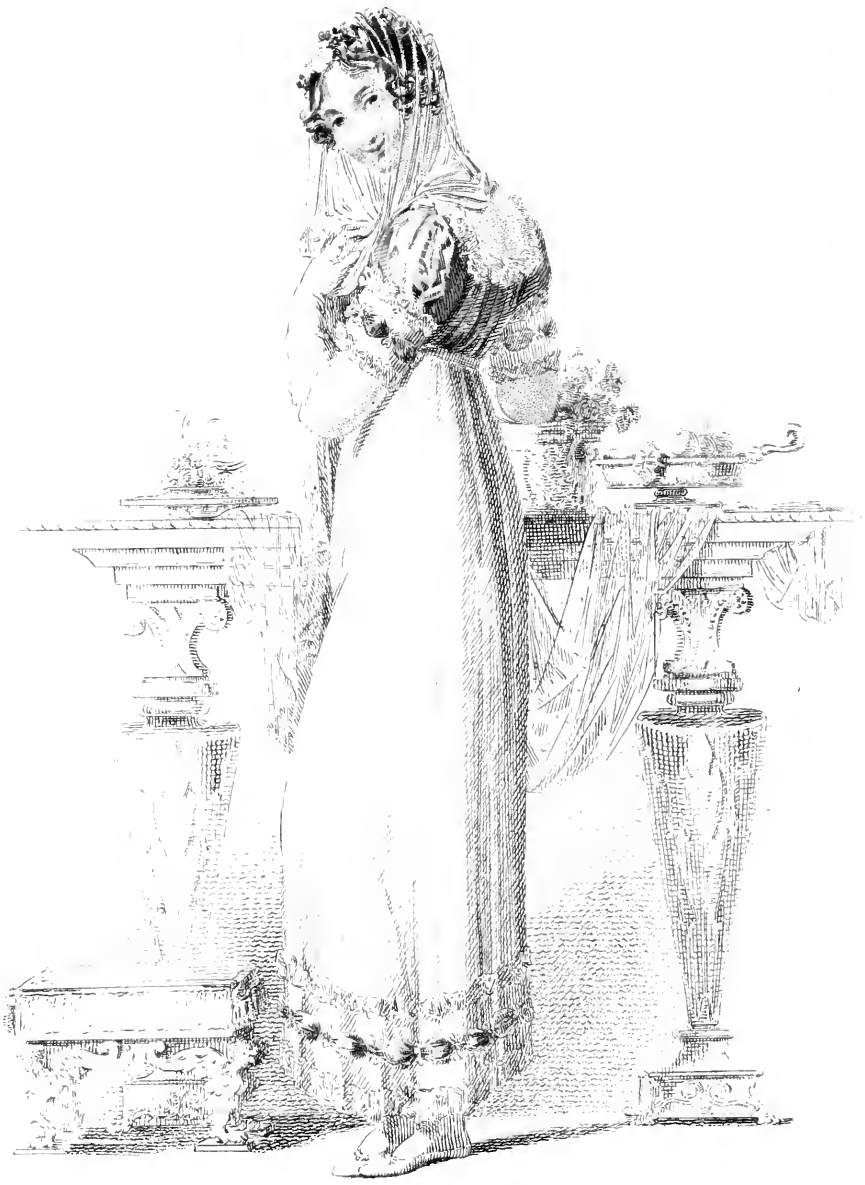
A round high robe, with long full sleeves, of fine cambric; a high collar, and deep border of needlework round the bottom. A Russian mantle of pale salmon-coloured cloth, with spencer bodice, lined throughout with white sarsnet, and ornamented with a border of morone velvet and white silk cord: the spencer seamed to correspond, and the mantle confined in front of the bosom with a broach. A small helmet bonnet, composed of the same material as the mantle, lined with morone velvet, and edged with white silk cord, ornamented with a double curled ostrich-feather. Half-boots of pale salmon-coloured kid, edged and laced with morone cord. Gloves of lemon-coloured kid.

 AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

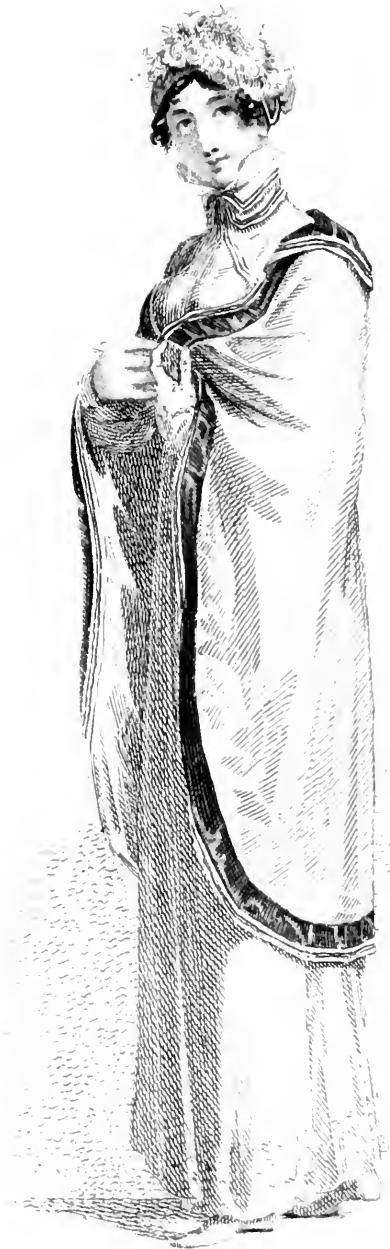
THE past month commenced with the heaviest mist and thickest fog ever remembered in this country, and which lasted a longer time than fogs or mist are accustomed to hover over the British islands. Being accompanied with a gentle frost and a calm atmosphere, it produced the thickest and most beautiful hoar frost that ever decorated the branches and tendrils of Britain's vegetation: never was a winter scene of the northern climes more inimitably displayed than by our landscapes at the commencement of the year. To the weather

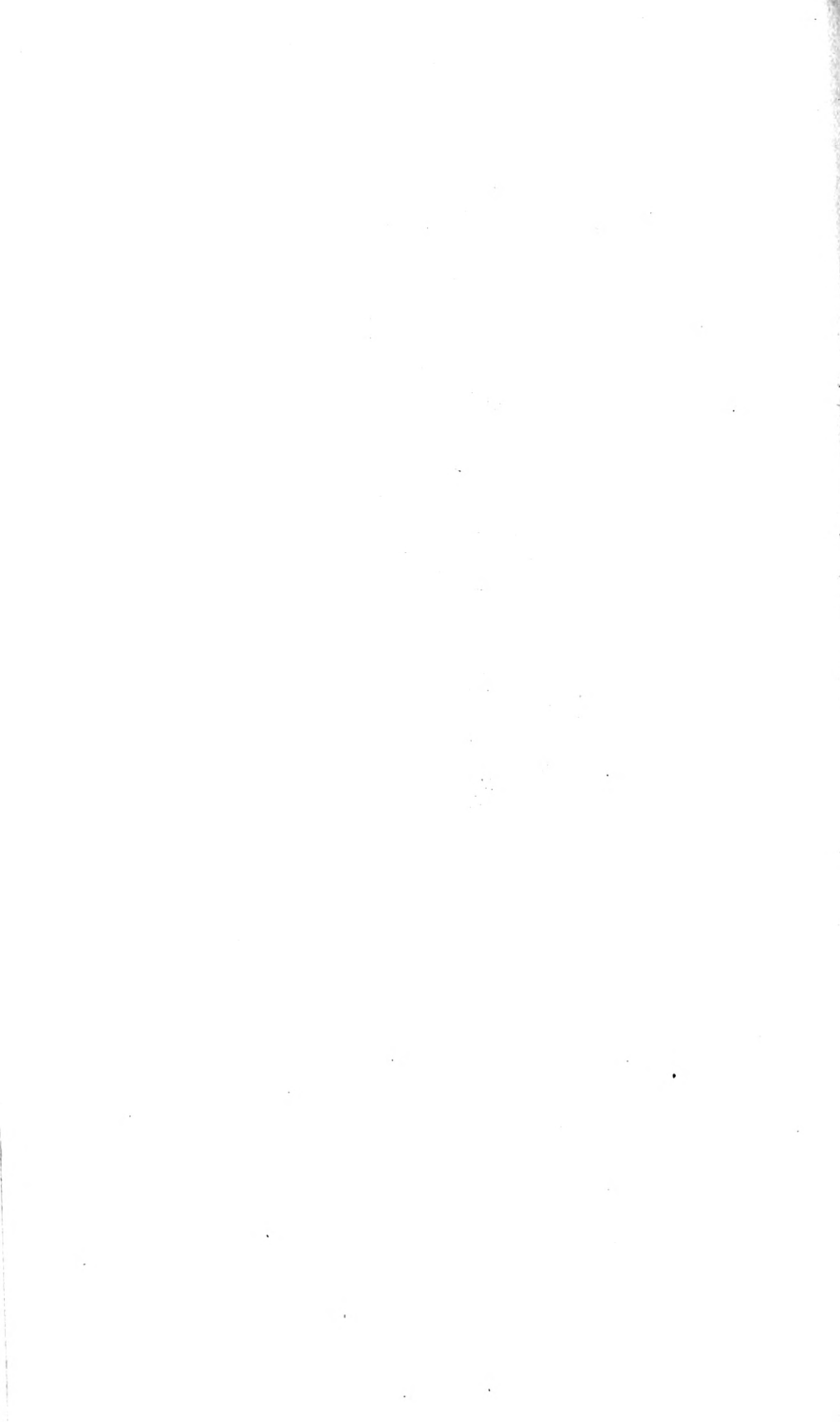
which produced these beautiful objects for the pallet and pencil, succeeded the most severe and intense frost, and prodigious fall of snow, ever recollected, which have impeded the pursuits of agriculture through nearly the whole of last month. The farmer has never been more completely excluded from field employ by the extremes of weather, the snow lying too deep to admit of the accustomed winter improvements of the soil. It has also locked up from consumption the green products of the earth, and caused large draughts to be





THE END OF THE WORLD







made upon the dry food in the farm-yard. These urgent demands have directed the farmer's attention more to his barn employ than any preceding season. The threshing-machine, with all its imperfections, has been set to work to supply the cattle with food. The great variety of the implements, with the wear, tear, and breakage to which they are so perpetually liable, render it an object of the first importance,

that some one simple and effectual mode should be invented, to separate corn and seeds from their straw and chaff. Every farmer, who already uses or has employed machinery for this purpose, can easily appreciate the value of such an invention.

The depth of snow prevents any observation on the crops or appearance of the country.

PLATE 10.—MADemoisELLE MOREAU.

It is impossible to contemplate the portrait of this interesting young female, without feelings of the deepest regret for the fate of her brave, accomplished, and excellent father, just at a moment when his services were likely to be most beneficial in the sacred cause which has leagued all the potentates of Europe against him who has, for fourteen years, been the general disturber of its repose. On such events, however, which baffle all human hopes and calculations, it is the duty of man to submit with resignation to the high behests of Providence, and to believe that they are permitted by the Almighty Ruler of the universe for wise purposes, though our limited understandings are unable to fathom them.

General Moreau, the most popular, and in every point of view the most meritorious of those persons whom the French Revolution raised to the highest distinction, on resigning the command of the armies of his country, married Mademoiselle Hulot, now his much afflicted widow, and buried himself in retirement at Gros Bois, a man-

sion and estate which he had purchased of Barras. At this place, we presume, Mademoiselle Moreau was born, and passed the first years of her life, till the apprehension and trial of her father, who was accused of having implicated himself in the plans of Pichegru and Georges for overturning the government of Bonaparte. The proceedings on this occasion are notorious to the world, but the unmanly methods pursued, for the purpose of wounding the imprisoned general in the tenderest part, are not so well known. Bonaparte had given orders to his agents not to suffer him to have any communication with his wife, without being most vigilantly watched. When that afflicted female, with her infant in her arms, applied for admission at the Temple, she was forced to wait in the open air, in the cold and rain, till the gaoler thought fit to open the gate. Sometimes she passed whole hours thus exposed to the inclemency of the weather, unless the compassion of the centinels prompted them to offer her the shelter of a watch-box.

Thus at a very early age this young lady began to experience the persecutions of fortune, though her tender infancy rendered her unconscious of their severity. On the exile of Moreau, he carried his wife and daughter with him to America; whence they returned in 1812 to France, for the sake of their health. About the same time that the General quitted America to

join the armies of the allies, Madame Moreau and her daughter repaired to England, and are still resident in this country, where the talents and virtues of the husband and father, and the recollection of the cause for which he died, have endeared these objects of his affection to every generous and patriotic mind.

Poetry.

A TRIBUTE OF RESPECT,
ADDRESSED TO HIS FRIEND, MR. JAMES
REDIT, ON HIS BIRTH-DAY, MAY 18,
1818.

By Mr. J. M. LACY.

To thee, my honour'd father's friend and
mine,

That father sleeping now within the
tomb!

Redit! to thee I consecrate my line,

And hail thy natal day's returning
bloom.

You knew me ere I lisp'd or pray'r or
praise;

Have known me since thro' ev'ry varied
hour;

And well can estimate my votive lays,
A humble wreath from Truth's im-
mortal bow'r.

Revolving round the wheel of Time,
this day

With much of serious consequence is
fraught;

Past, present, future, all assert their
sway,

And claim the lively, or the tender
thought!

To thee, although the retrospective
glance

May picture long-past hours of grief
and pain,

Yet joys remember'd glide in airy dance,
And drive from mem'ry pleasure's
bitter bane.

Founder of thine own fortune thou hast
been;

Pleasure ne'er won, when business
claim'd thy care;

Honour thy close companion still was
seen—

Honour! in our degen'rate days how
rare!

Fair Competence, her blest attendant
came,

And Comfort follow'd her on seraph
wing;

All deign'd to smile, and linger round
thy name,

A trio bright and beaming as the
spring!

The present sees them thine! This day
thy board

Shall prove the poet's bold assertion
true;

There let his wish be heard, be thrice
encor'd,—

“Long, very long, may they attend
on you!”

My friends shall join the bard with glad
acclaim;

My mind's eye sees them raise the
goblet high;

I hear the shout that celebrates thy
name—

I will not say, it rends the vaulted
sky.

Yet, ah! it sinks upon thy heart, my friend,

Like night-dew on the fair, but fainting flow'r ;

'Twill to thy breast another pleasure lend,

Proclaiming, as it does, true friendship's pow'r.

Be all thy future hours the hours of peace ;

And while life lasts, oh! be thy portion Health!

Alas! when her diviner moments cease,
Vain are the splendid toys of pride or wealth!

Nor only thine be Health; may her sweet rose

Still shed on them you love its dearest balm:

The wife your first and fond affections chose,

The daughter who has blest with filial charm.

Thus life's last hour shall lose each fearful gloom,

Shall gently close, no throb of terror giv'n ;

And thou shalt only deem thine earthly tomb

The passage to eternal bliss in heav'n!

SONG.

The Ethereals, one day, in the court of high Jove,

Of this earth and her sons held converse,

And each nam'd the country he deign'd to approve,

And his right to it 'gan to rehearse.

Cytherea and Mars to France laid their claim,

And boasted their murders and fair;

And Anarchy, soon as he heard the fell name,

Exultingly yell'd for his share.

But Britain, bless'd Britain! what candidates rose,

When thy name in heav'n's palace was heard?

No. LXII. Vol. VI.

For Mine, va and Neptune that day were seen foes,

As their heads o'er the rest they up-rear'd.

Then thus spoke the stern, puissant lord of the sea,

“ By this my dread trident I swear,

That bright queen of the waves belongs but to me,—

Let the godhead deny it, who dare.

“ Who gave her great Nelson, her glory and pride?

And what gift with him shall compare? In Aboukir's red fight, I stood by his side,

And I taught him to win Trafalgar.”

Calm Pallas replied, “ All Heaven does allow,

Thy Nelson the boast of the sea!

But to Wellington's worth e'en great Bronte must bow,

And, Britain, I gave him to thee!”

The Thunderer now spoke—“ Ye Gods, give an ear,

To this our impartial decree:

Ye who both have just claims to that island so dear,

Her joint guardians henceforward shall be.”

F. C. S.

ANSWER TO THE BROKEN HEART*.

To remedy a broken heart,

In vain the doctor tries his art;

Trust me, my friend, his drafts and pills Will never mitigate your ills.

But in a trice to cure your woe,

A sovereign specific I know;

'Twill soon make you a happy dog,

And this same stuff is called grog.

'Tis a safe and pleasant physic,

Cures the colic and the plithisic;

Mild in all its operations,

Frees the mind from all vexations:

Grog will make you feel quite jolly,

And dispel your melancholy;

Make it strong, and I'll assure you,

It will never fail to cure you.

JACK

* See Repository, vol. X. p. 396.

STANZAS.

TO * * * * *

Behold the bosom of the deep ;
 No breeze disturbs its hallow'd rest ;
 The azure-curtain'd night-winds sleep,
 And ruthless storm sinks down unblest.

Yet soon, alas ! the light-wing'd morn
 Awakes the winds, and bids them rise :
 The rising waves on waves are borne,
 And dashing billows climb the skies.

Thus, Sarah, was my bosom's peace
 Unruffled once by deep-flush'd ire :
 No jealous pangs affrighted ease—
 It knew not love and warm desire.

But when a ray from thy bright eye,
 Like lightning's flash, sought its recess,

I rag'd with madd'ning agony—
 I spurn'd at smiling happiness.

Since then thou smit'st my heart with fire,
 And 'reav'st of sense my fever'd brain ;
 Forgive ('tis just) my jealous ire,
 Or give me back my peace again !

ELEGY,

IN IMITATION OF HAMMOND.

Farewell that liberty our fathers gave ;
 In vain they gave, their sons receiv'd in
 vain :
 I saw Negera, and her instant slave,
 Though born a Briton, hugg'd the servile
 chain.

HAMMOND.

I saw thee, Mary, and thine "instant
 slave,"
 By rosy fetters bound, I felt the flame ;
 No more the flag of liberty I wave ;
 No more a Briton's privilege I claim.

That I adore thee with a love sincere,
 Full well thou know'st by my enraptur'd
 eye,—
 Yes, silent anguish and affection's tear,
 Are sad companions of my bosom's
 sigh.

Let those, who feel, declare the aching
 pain
 Of tender passion lurking in the heart ;
 They, they alone, bewail the hapless
 swain,
 Whose falt'ring tongue daren't own
 the cruel smart.

Love, thus conceal'd, is like the jav'lin's-
 point,
 Which rankles latent in the warrior's
 breast ;
 Whilst glowing tortures pierce through
 ev'ry joint,
 Snug lies the mischief-making elf at
 rest.

Thus, Love, thine influence perforates
 each pore,
 Kindles around inflammatory strife ;
 Ah ! take thy flight, and madden me no
 more,
 Nor murder thus the comfort of my
 life.

Yet thou must not abandon me :—no—
 stay ;
 I said it, but with thee I cannot part ;
 And to my bos'm I'll hug thee night and
 day,
 Whilst Mary's charms electrify my
 heart.

AMATOR.

LONDON MARKETS.

Return of Wheat from Jan. 5 to 14.

TOTAL, 6,121 quarters.—Average, 75s. 9d. per quarter, or 1s. 5d. per quarter higher than last return.

Return of Flour from Jan. 5 to 14.

TOTAL, 10,276 sacks.—Average, 71s. 4½d. per sack, or 3s. 7d. per sack higher than last return.

Average of England and Wales, Jan. 15.

	s	d	s	d
Wheat	78	6	Barley	41
Rye	64	9	Oats	29
			Pease	59

CORN, SEEDS, &c.

Wheat white, per quarter	50	84	Fares, per bushel	10	12
—red	48	76	Turnip	15	19
—foreign	40	70	Mustard, brown	18	24
Barley, English	36	50	—white	13	18
Malt	30	44	Canary, per q.	90	105
Oats Feed	14	24	Hempseed	64	70
—Friesland	16	32	Linsced	80	115
—Potato	25	34	Clover, red, per cwt.	75	90
Beans, Pigeon	44	50	—white	90	115
—Horse	50	75	—foreign, red	70	95
Peas, Boiling	45	52	—white	95	120
—Grey	65	—	Turkey	5	32
Flour per sack	50	60	Caraway	81	90
—Sicily	45	55	Coriander	20	30
—Scotch	—	—			

American Flour — s — per barrel of 190lbs.
 Rapeseed, per last — — — — — £3s a £42 a £46.
 Oil Cakes, per thousand, £15. 0s 10 £20. 0s.

SUGAR, &c. per Cwt.

COFFEES, Bonded.

Muscovado, fine	119	a	12½	s	d	s	d
—good	115	a	11½				
—ordinary	109	a	11¼	Fine	75	0	a
East India, white	130	a	131	Good	67	0	a
—yellow	120	a	129	Ordinary	70	0	a
—brown	112	a	119	Triage	30	0	a
MOLASSES 94s. od. a 6s. od.				Jamaica.			
REFINED SUGAR.				Fine	75	0	a
Double Leaves	194	a	220	Good	69	0	a
Hambro' ditto	173	a	180	Ordinary	40	0	a
Powder ditto	172	a	170	Triage	20	0	a
Single ditto	169	a	175	Mocha	300	0	a
Canary Lumps	165	a	170	Bombon	90	0	a
Large ditto	100	a	104	St. Domingo	60	0	a
Eastards, whole	108	a	112	Java	50	0	a
—faces	114	a	116	COCOA, Bonded.			
—middle	110	a	113	Trinidad and			
—tips	104	a	108	Caraacas	90	0	a
				Plantation	65	0	a
				Spices and Pepper, per lb.			

GINGER.

Jamaica, white	82	a	200	Nutmegs	18	0	a
Barbadoes, ditto	75	a	80	Cloves	10	0	a
—black	70	a	75	Cinnamon	10	0	a
				Mace	35	0	a
RICE, Bonded.				Pepp, white	5	3	a
Carolina	24	a	26	—black	2	5	a
Brazil	26	a	28	Plantaino	2	0	a

Average price of Raw Sugar, exclusive of duty, 77s. 10½d.
 Sugars have been in brisk demand this month, at an advance of 2s. per cwt. on last month's prices

CORN, &c. per Quarter.

	s	d	s	d	s	d	s	d
Wheat	50	a	79	35	a	42	24	a
—Newcastle	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
—Northampton	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
—Canterbury	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
—Lewes	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
—Chichester	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
—Ashbourne	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
—Bulford	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
—Framsholt	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
—South	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
—Buntingford	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
—Newark	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
—Spilshy	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
—Devizes	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
—Reading	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
—Swains	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
—Haulhead	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
—Salisbury	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
—Peworth	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
—Hull	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
—Pasingstoke	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
—Wakelind	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
—Andover	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
—Warrminster	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—

Wheat, Barley, Oats, Beans, Peas.

Barley	50	a	79	35	a	42	24	a
Oats	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Beans	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Peas	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—

SPIRITS, per Gallon (exclusive of duty).

Brandy, Cognac	5	0	a	9	6	Mol. Spirits,	13	10	a	14	0
—Spanish	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	
—Holland's Gin	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	
—Rum, Jamaica	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	
—Lew. Isl.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	

HOPS in the Borough.

Kent	5	10	a	9	0	Essex	5	5	a	8	0
Sussex	5	5	a	8	0	Essex	5	5	a	8	0
Essex	5	5	a	8	0	Essex	5	5	a	8	0

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR DECEMBER, 1813.

Conducted, at Manchester, by THOMAS HANSON, Esq.

1813.		Wind.	Pressure.			Temperature.			Weather.	Evap.	Rain.	
DEC.			Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.				
1	SE	2	29,07	29,05	29,060	35,0°	34,0°	34,508	gloomy	—		
2	E	5	29,05	29,14	29,295	34,0	28,0	31,00	gloomy	—		
3	SE	2	29,33	29,14	29,230	42,0	33,0	37,50	gloomy	—		
4	Var.	1	29,50	29,32	29,410	42,0	38,0	35,00	gloomy	—		
5	NW	1	29,70	29,50	29,600	42,0	34,0	38,00	gloomy	—		
6	NW	2	29,97	29,71	29,840	45,0	30,0	40,50	gloomy	.092	.050	
7	NE	3	30,30	29,97	30,135	44,0	37,0	40,50	gloomy	—		
8	NE	2	30,19	29,99	30,090	48,0	39,0	43,50	gloomy	—		
9	NE	2	30,27	30,19	30,230	43,0	33,0	40,50	cloudy	.095		
10	NE	2	30,56	30,27	30,415	42,0	34,0	38,00	cloudy	—		
11	SE	1	30,54	30,45	30,495	40,0	34,0	37,00	cloudy	—		
12	SE	1	30,46	30,10	30,285	36,0	32,0	34,00	cloudy	—		
13	SE	1	30,12	30,10	30,110	38,0	27,0	32,50	cloudy	—		
14	SE	1	30,14	30,04	30,090	34,0	25,0	29,50	cloudy	—		
15	SW	1	29,76	29,04	29,850	39,0	30,0	34,50	cloudy	—		
16	S	1	29,76	29,15	29,455	42,0	29,0	35,50	rainy	.140	—	
17	SE	1	29,16	28,84	29,000	50,0	40,0	45,00	rainy	.022	—	
18	S	1	28,86	28,84	28,850	51,0	46,0	48,50	rainy	—	—	
19	W	1	29,09	28,86	28,930	49,0	42,0	45,50	gloomy	.062	.055	
20	SW	1	29,50	29,00	29,250	46,0	39,0	42,50	rainy	—	—	
21	SW	1	29,50	29,18	29,340	44,0	34,0	39,00	rainy	.040	—	
22	SW	1	29,50	29,18	29,340	46,0	38,0	42,00	cloudy	—	—	
23	SW	2	29,85	29,56	29,675	42,0	34,0	38,00	cloudy	.056	—	
24	SW	1	30,10	29,85	29,975	50,0	40,0	45,00	cloudy	—	—	
25	W	1	30,39	30,10	30,245	49,0	40,0	44,50	cloudy	.046	—	
26	SW	1	30,75	30,39	30,570	43,0	34,0	38,50	fine	—	—	
27	Var	1	30,75	30,73	30,740	38,0	27,0	32,50	fine	—	—	
28	N	1	30,73	30,60	30,665	32,0	24,0	28,00	foggy	—	—	
29	N	1	30,62	30,60	30,610	36,0	24,0	30,00	foggy	—	—	
30	N	1	30,62	30,52	30,620	38,0	24,0	31,00	foggy	—	—	
31	N	1	30,62	30,50	30,560	42,0	25,0	33,50	foggy	.110	.300	
			Mean	29,892			Mean	37,60			.646	1,005

RESULTS.

Mean barometrical pressure, 29.892—maximum, 30.75, wind S.W. 1. — Minimum, 28.84, wind S.E. 1.—Range, 1.91 inch.

The greatest variation of pressure in 24 hours, is .61 inch, which was on the 16th.

Mean temperature, 37°.60.—Maximum, 51°, wind S. 1.—Min. 24°, wind N. 1. Range 27°.

The greatest variation of temperature in 24 hours is 17°, which was on the 31st.

Spaces described by the barometer, 10,04 inches.—Number of changes, 7.

Total quantity of water evaporated, .646 of an inch.

Rain, &c this month, 1,605 inch.—Number of wet days, 9.—Total rain this year, 34,630 inches.

WIND.

N	NE	E	SE	S	SW	W	NW	Variable.	Calm.
4	4	1	7	3	7	1	2	2	0

Brisk winds 2—Boisterous ones 0.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR DECEMBER, 1813.

Conducted by Mr. J. GIBSON, Laboratory, Stratford, Essex.

1813		Pressure.			Temperature.			Weather.	Evap.	Rain.	
DEC.	Wind.	Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.				
1	E	29,58	29,57	29,575	35°	31°	33,0°	bleak	—	—	
2	S E	29,57	29,25	29,410	39	34	36,5	cloudy	—	—	
3	S E	29,30	29,27	29,335	42	34	40,0	drizzly	—	—	
4	N E	29,56	29,40	29,480	42	36	39,0	rain	—	—	
5	N	29,80	29,56	29,680	43	32	37,5	cloudy	—	—	
6	N	29,80	29,79	29,795	43	33	38,0	cloudy	—	—	
7	N E	29,80	29,78	29,790	42	37	39,0	cloudy	—	—	
8	N E	29,93	29,80	29,850	44	38	41,0	cloudy	—	—	
9	N E	30,07	29,99	29,985	43	37	40,0	cloudy	—	—	
10	N E	30,17	30,07	30,120	41	35	38,0	fair	—	—	
11	N E	30,17	30,10	30,135	40	35	37,5	fine	—	—	
12	S E	30,10	29,88	29,990	37	28	32,5	fine	—	—	
13	N W	29,96	29,88	29,920	34	23	28,5	fair	—	—	
14	N W	29,90	29,88	29,890	31	21	26,0	fair	—	—	
15	N W	29,90	29,60	29,750	35	25	30,0	cloudy	—	—	
16	S W	29,90	29,48	29,540	45	36	40,5	cloudy	—	—	
17	S	29,48	29,34	29,410	53	47	50,0	drizzly	—	—	
18	S W	29,34	29,33	29,340	57	44	50,5	cloudy	.19	.52	
19	S W	29,40	29,34	29,370	49	33	41,0	cloudy	—	—	
20	W	29,67	29,30	29,535	41	29	34,5	cloudy	—	—	
21	N E	29,57	29,55	29,560	46	32	39,0	variable	—	—	
22	S W	29,80	29,57	29,685	46	34	40,0	cloudy	—	—	
23	S W	29,99	29,80	29,880	47	38	42,5	cloudy	—	—	
24	S W	30,65	29,96	30,005	51	44	47,5	cloudy	—	—	
25	S W	30,27	30,05	30,160	50	39	44,5	cloudy	—	—	
26	N W	30,45	30,27	30,360	44	28	36,0	fine	—	—	
27	Calm.	30,45	30,35	30,400	31	25	28,0	foggy	—	—	
28	Calm.	30,35	30,30	30,325	39	24	27,0	foggy	—	—	
29	Calm.	30,35	30,34	30,345	39	19	24,5	foggy	—	—	
30	Calm.	30,34	30,30	30,320	32	22	27,0	foggy	—	—	
31	Calm.	30,30	30,20	30,250	35	22	28,5	foggy	.10	.29	
		Mean			29,844	Mean		36,6	Total	.29in.	.81in.

RESULTS — Prevailing winds, northerly. — Mean height of barometer, 29,844 inches; highest observation, 30,45 inches; lowest, 29,25 inches. — Mean height of thermometer, 36,6°. — highest observation, 57° — lowest, 19°. — Total of evaporation, .29 inch. — Rain, .81 inch.

Notes.—1st. Lunar halo.—14th and 15th. Hoar frost.—16th. Drizzly day.—20th. Very foggy morning.—21st. Hoar frost with fog in the morning—noon fine—evening rainy.—22nd. Fine morning.—26th. Very fine day.—27th to 31st. An unusually thick fog the whole of these days—the trees beautifully covered with rime.

Prices of Fire-Office, Mine, Dock, Canal, Water-Works, Brewery, and Public Institution Shares, &c. &c. for JANUARY, 1814.

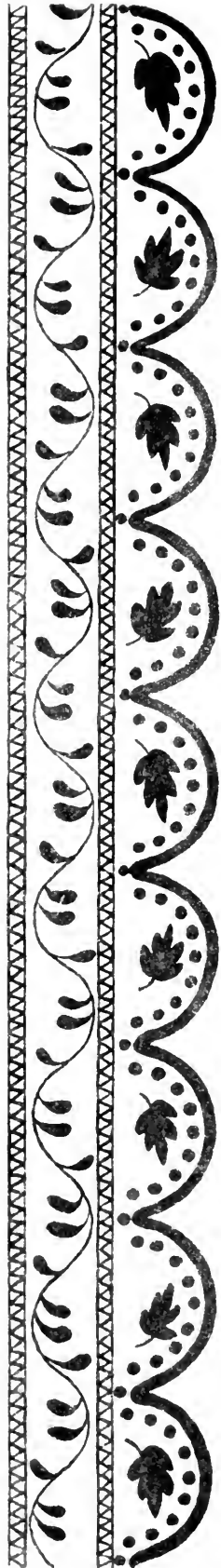
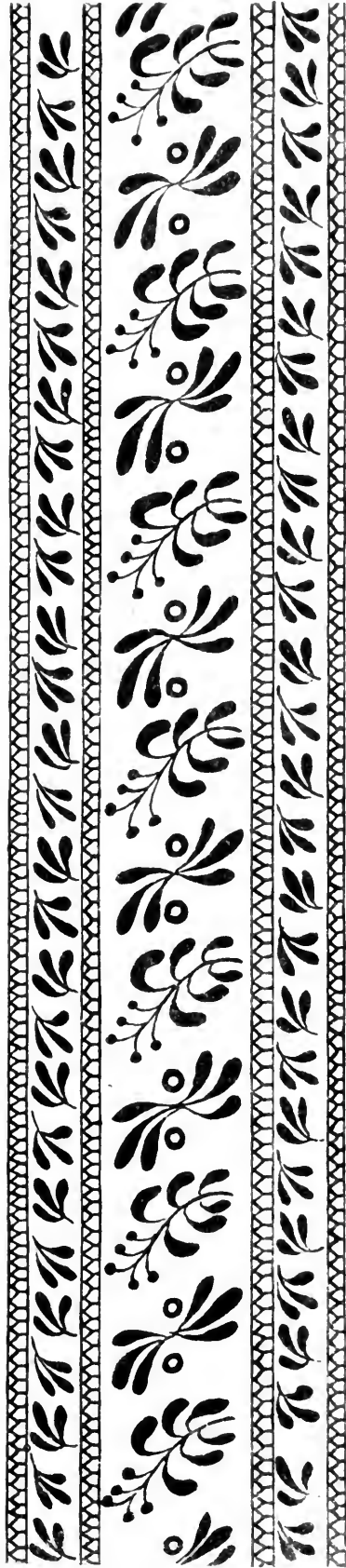
Albion Fire and Life Assurance	£42 per sh.	Huddersfield Canal	£12 5s.	pr. sh.
Globe Ditto	103 do.	Croydon Ditto	17 10 a	18 do.
Imperial Ditto	42 10 do.	Oxford Ditto	550	do.
East India Dock Stock	£112 per cent.	Wilts and Berks Ditto	19 10s	do.
Commercial Ditto	137 do.	Warwick & Birmingham Do.	285	do.
Grand Junction Waterworks	40 pr. sh.	Coventry Ditto	800	do.
East London Ditto	60 10s do.	London Institution	43	do.
West Middlesex Ditto	28 do.	Sury Ditto	13 10s	do.
Kent Ditto	56 10s do.	Drury-Lane Theatre, Old	190	do.
Colchester Ditto	12 5s do.	Ditto Ditto, New	355	do.
Kennett and Avon Canal	20 15s p. sh.	Gas Light and Coke Co.	5 5s	do.
Ellesmere Ditto	72 do.			

PRICES OF STOCKS.

Date.	Bank Stock.	3 Pr. Ct. Consols.	3 Pr. Ct. Red.	4 Pr. Ct. Cons.	Navy 5 pr ct.	Long Ann.	Omnium	Imp'l. pr. ct.	Imp'l. Ann.	Irish pr ct.	5 S. Sea Stock	India Bonds.	Exchgr. Bills & d.	St. Lott. Tickets	Cons. for ac. Jan 90
Dec. 21	Hol.	Shut	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
22	249	62	77½	77½	Shut	15½	12 Pm.	—	—	—	Shut	2 Dis.	5 Pm.	—	63½a64
23	—	65	79½	79½	—	16	17½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	Par.	5 Pm.	—	65½a67
24	241	65½	80	80	—	16½	17½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	1 Dis.	5 Pm.	—	67½a71
25	Hol.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
26	—	63½	79½	79½	97½	15½	15 Pm.	—	—	—	—	Par.	6 Pm.	—	64½a65½
27	—	63½	78½	78½	97	14½	14 Pm.	—	—	—	—	2 Dis.	6 Pm.	—	64½a65½
28	—	63½	79½	79½	96½	15½	14 Pm.	—	—	—	—	1 Dis.	6 Pm.	—	65a66½
29	242	63	79	79	Shut	15½	13½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	1 Dis.	5 Pm.	—	64½a66½
30	241½	63	79	79	96	15½	12½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	1 Dis.	5 Pm.	—	64½a66½
31	237	62½	79	79	95½	15½	12½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	Par.	5 Pm.	—	63½a64½
Jan. 1	—	62½	77½	77½	96½	15½	12½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	Par.	5 Pm.	—	63½a64½
2	—	—	78½	78½	96	15½	13½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	Par.	5 Pm.	—	63½a64½
3	235½	63	78½	78½	96	15½	13½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	Par.	5 Pm.	—	64½a65½
4	—	63½	78½	78½	96½	15½	13½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	Par.	6 Pm.	—	64½a65½
5	239	64	79½	79½	97½	15½	13½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	Par.	6 Pm.	—	64½a65½
6	—	—	—	—	97½	15½	13½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	Par.	6 Pm.	—	64½a65½
7	240½	64½a65	80	80	95½	15½	16½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	Par.	6 Pm.	—	64½a65½
8	245	65	80	80	95½	15½	16½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	Par.	6 Pm.	—	64½a65½
9	—	65½a66	80½	80½	95½	15½	16½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	Par.	6 Pm.	—	64½a65½
10	245½	65	80½	80½	95½	16	17½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	1 Pm.	7 Pm.	—	66½a67
11	246	65½a66	80½	80½	95½	16	17½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	Par.	7 Pm.	—	66½a67
12	247	66½a67	81	81	95½	16	17½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	Par.	6 Pm.	—	66½a67
13	Hol.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
14	248	65½a66	81½	81½	95½	16½	17½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	Par.	6 Pm.	—	66½a67
15	252	65½a66	82½	82½	95½	16½	18½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	1 Pm.	6 Pm.	—	67½a68½
16	253	65½a66	82½	82½	95½	16½	19½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	3 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	67½a68½
17	253	65½a66	82½	82½	95½	16½	19½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	4 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	68a69½
18	—	66½a67	83	83	95½	16½	20 Pm.	—	—	—	—	3 Pm.	6 Pm.	—	68a69½
19	—	66½a67	83	83	95½	16½	19½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	3 Pm.	6 Pm.	—	68a69½
20	—	66½a67	82½	82½	95½	16½	19½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	1 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	67½a68½

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L. Harrison & J. C. Leigh, Printers, 373, Strand.



1891

THE
Repository

OF
ARTS, LITERATURE, COMMERCE,
Manufactures, Fashions, and Politics,

For MARCH, 1811.

VOL. XI.

The Sixty-third Number.

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TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We earnestly solicit communications (post paid) from the professors of the arts in general, as well as authors, respecting works which they may have in hand. We conceive that the evident advantage which must accrue to both from the more extensive publicity that will be given to their productions through the medium of the Repository, needs only to be mentioned, to induce them to favour us with such information, which shall always meet with the most prompt attention.

Mr. Hanson's Meteorological Chart, accompanied with general Observations on the Atmospherical Pressure and Temperature for 1813, is received, and shall be introduced in our next.

According to the intention announced at the conclusion of the last volume of the Repository, we shall next month give Patterns of new Manufactures in the usual form.

Florio is informed, that his future favours will be acceptable.

J. M. L.'s request shall be complied with.

We thank our correspondent who writes from Sunderland, for his hints; but beg to remind him, that it is usual on such occasions to pay postage.

The Proprietor begs leave to remind such of his Readers as have imperfect sets of the Repository, of the necessity of an early application for the deficiencies, in order to prevent disappointment. Those who chuse to return their Numbers to the Publisher, may have them exchanged for Volumes in a variety of bindings, at the rate of 5s. per Volume.

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ARTS, LITERATURE, COMMERCE,
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—————The suffrage of the wise,
The praise that's worth ambition, is attain'd
By sense alone, and dignity of mind.

ARMSTRONG.

CONVERSATIONS ON THE ARTS.—By JUNIUS.

(Continued from p. 68.)

MISS EVE. Who was Nathaniel Field, the dramatic writer in your list?

MISS K. He lived in the reign of James I. and Charles I. and was not only a lover of the Muses, but beloved by them, and by the poets his contemporaries. He was also an actor, and appears to have been held in considerable estimation. He wrote *Woman is a Weather-Cock*, comedy, 1612; also, *Amends for Ladies*, with *The Merry Pranks of Moll Cutpurse*, or *the Honour of Roaring*, com. 1639.

MISS EVE. What strange titles some of the earliest dramatic writers chose for their plays!

MISS K. Yes; I will mention some of them:—*A Play between John the Husband and Tib his Wife*, published in 1533, by John Heywood—*The four P's*, by the same author, 1569—*The longer thou livest the more Fool thou art*, 1570, by William Mayer—*Like will like, quoth the Devil to the Collier*, an interlude,

No. LXIII. Vol. XI.

1587, by Ulpian Fulwell—*The Merry Devil of Edmouton*, 1593, by Michael Drayton—*The two Maids of more Clack*, 1599, by Robert Avonin—*Hans Beer-Pot*, *See me and See me not*, 1618, by D. C. Bechier—*The honourable History of Friar Bacon and Friar Bungy*, 1633, by Robert Green—*The Swaggering Damsel*, 1640, by Robert Chamberlaine.

MISS EVE. I have a piece by Heywood, entitled *A Play between the Pardoner, the Friar, the Curate, and Neighbour Pratt*, dated 1533. Was he not the earliest writer for the English stage?

MISS K. I have a comedy called *Virtue and Good Order*, by John Skelton, dated 1526, that is seven years earlier, and 28 before Shakspeare was born. Heywood was an author celebrated for mirth and quickness of conceit. As he himself says, he "made men merry with many mad plays." *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, written afterwards, in the reign of Edward VI. is com-

posed of five acts; the scenes are unbroken, and the unities preserved: it is the first English comedy that is at all regular. It was acted at Christ-Church, Cambridge, and was written by a Master of Arts, whose name is concealed under the initial S.

Miss *Eve*. What a strange word is *Gammer!* yet I am told, that not a hundred year ago, among such persons as trades-people, farmers, &c. the wife called the husband *Gaffer*, and the husband called his wife *Dame**.

Miss *K*. Even in names there has been a great alteration. I do not at present know a woman of the name of Joan, though it was formerly so common. At the time of the Saxons, about 1000 years ago, the names in this country ran very much in the letter E. Of the twenty kings from Egbert in A. D. 800 to the Norman Conquest in 1066, fourteen, which is above two thirds, began with that letter.

From about the year 500 of the Christian era to 1300, that is an interval of 800 years, is called the dark or Gothic ages. Not only the arts, but literature in general, was but little cultivated; the drama languished with the rest. Stowe observes, that the parish clerks of London were of old time accustomed to assemble at Clerkswell or Clerkenwell yearly, to play some large history of Holy Scripture, "For example, of late time, in 1390, the 14th of Richard II. I read," says he, "that the parish clerks of London, on the 18th of July, played interludes at Skinners' Well,

* This appellation is still commonly used in Yorkshire; and in Lancashire the term *Wench* is equally common.—Ed.

near unto Clerkenwell, which play continued three days together, the king, queen, and most of the nobility being present. Again in 1409, the 13th Henry IV. they performed a play at Skinners' Well, which lasted eight days. The subject was the Creation of the World; and most of the nobility and gentry of England were present. There is now a pump at Clerkswell, near the bottom of Clerkenwell Green, on which is an inscription, shewing that to be the spot where the parish clerks of London used to perform their plays." In 1564, 6th Queen Elizabeth, Shakspeare, that prince of dramatic writers, first drew his breath. From the reign of Elizabeth till the civil wars under Charles I. the stage began to flourish. The court led the fashion, and the people followed it. Tragedies, comedies, and masques were performed in the royal palaces and at the houses of the nobility, in which no expence of decoration was spared. In the title-page of Ben Jonson's Masques, it is observed, that Inigo Jones, the most celebrated architect of that time, was employed in designing the machinery and decorations. The royal family and the nobility frequented the performances. This encouragement excited the industry of the wits of those times. Besides Shakspeare, that child of Fancy, and Ben Jonson, who has been characterized as

—————
instructed from the school
To please by method and invent by rule,

arose many other writers of extraordinary merit. Jonson may be styled the father of English dramatic poetry, for before him no author had thought of writing upon the model of the ancients; the tra-

gedies of those times being merely historical dialogues—and in comedy, the writers exactly followed the thread of any novel. In his *Episcane*, or *Silent Woman*, Jonson has given a perfect example of comedy.

Miss *Eve*. I think the ancient Romans succeeded better in comedy than in tragedy.

Miss *K*. Yes. Seneca, whose works have come down to us, leaves us nothing to regret in having lost the Roman model. They were late in cultivating tragedy.

Miss *Eve*. The works of their first tragic writers, Livius Andronicus, Accius, and Pacuvius, are lost, I believe.

Miss *K*. They are. In comedy the Romans had much better success. Terence, by birth an African, the freedman of Terentius Seneca, patronized by Scipio Africanus and Laelius, translated the works of Menander and Apollodorus, the Greek comic writers, whose pieces are lost; and in the six comedies of his composition yet extant, he has exhibited a pattern of dramatic art which has not since been excelled. Of Plautus, the other celebrated writer, we have 19 plays, which though not formed with the ingenuity of Terence, nevertheless display strength and variety of incident and character, and keenness and vivacity of wit.

It is related that both tragedy and comedy took their rise in Greece about 550 years before the Christian era, or about 2350 years ago. Thespis is said to be the father of tragedy, which in its infancy was in a very rude state, not half so respectable even as Robert Cox's theatre: for Thespis carried his performers from place to place in

a waggon, which served for the theatre and the stage; and we are told, that the only decoration used by this company, consisted in besmearing their faces with the lees of wine. Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides afterwards improved the poem, which was at first but a simple ode and chorus in honour of Bacchus, to that excellent model which has since received but little improvement.

Miss *Eve*. Who was Robert Cox?

Miss *K*. He is mentioned in the list among the dramatic writers. During the civil wars under Charles I. most of the players joined the king's army, and when the royal party was overthrown, about a year before Charles's execution in 1647, many of these performers came to London, and formed one company, which played at the Cockpit in Drury-lane. Their exhibitions, however, continued but a very few days before they were suppressed. The Long Parliament prohibited all plays and interludes; and the stage, seats, gallerie, &c. were ordered to be pulled down. All actors, if convicted of having performed two months previous to such conviction, were adjudged to be punished as rogues and vagabonds, and every spectator was sentenced to pay five shillings for the use of the poor. These severe measures drove the players to great distress. Some of them gained a precarious livelihood, at the hazard of Bridewell and the beadle's lash, by travelling the country and performing at noblemen's houses; and others picked up a little money by printing copies of such plays as had never been published. Langbaine informs us that Robert Cox, an actor of those

days, had address enough, under pretence of rope-dancing, to obtain permission to act drolls or farces (or perhaps those representations were rather connived at), either written by himself, or made up of favourite scenes in the stock plays of the reduced companies. His house was at the Red Bull near Smithfield, but he went to wakes and fairs, and even performed at the universities.

Miss *Eve*. I suppose somewhat like Saunders, Scowton, and Richardson, at the present time. I have seen these at Bow fair and at Fairlop fair in Essex.—I think you said that Mrs Pritchard, the celebrated actress, had this humble beginning.

Miss *K*. She first appeared at Bartholemew fair at the age of 16, about the year 1727. Her first song was—

Sweet, if you love me, smiling turn—
which was at that time much admired.

Miss *Eve*. Was this at Jobson's or Flockton's?

Miss *K*. It was before they were of the profession.

Miss *Eve*. What pieces were attributed to Robert Cox?

Miss *K*. The farces entitled—*Cenone, with the Humours of Bumpkins—Actæon and Diana—Hobbinol—Singing Simpkin*—and *Simpleton the Smith*.

Soon after the restoration of Charles II. in 1660, the stage arrived at its highest degree of brilliance and magnificence, under the direction of Sir William Davenant, to whom we are indebted for our first regular theatre, for the improvement of the dresses, for the addition of musical compositions,

and the graceful propriety of representing female characters by female performers. But this elegant improvement was the cause of much immorality, with which the stage was afterwards too justly charged. A *double entendre* lost half its poignancy from the lips of a young man or a boy in petticoats, but was highly relished when spoken by a beautiful woman. A female, gay, loose, and wanton, represented by a beardless youth, was a character not likely to be well received; but when filed by a young and handsome woman, desiring and desirable herself—(it may be, too, the very original from which the poet, in the warmth of his fancy, perhaps a little heated by love, drew the glowing picture,) the odiousness of the representation was wiped off, vice was rendered amiable, and she herself became the object of impure desires. Thus we find that Charles II. was so irresistibly charmed on seeing Nell Gwynn in some such character, that he carried her off, like Jove, the mighty ravisher of Olympus, in her stage clothes. In the days of innocence, *Eve* seduced, became herself a seducer: in like manner, when the female players became abandoned, their fellow performers of the other sex could not preserve the purity of their morals as before.

Miss *Eve*. I suppose it was some time before a regular set of female performers was procured.

Miss *K*. Yes: for a considerable time after the Restoration, the handsomest young men were put in petticoats to personate female characters. Kynaston, who had been fellow-apprentice with Betterton to Rhodes, a bookseller of Char-

ing-Cross, wore them with great success. It was on his account that the well known apology was made to Charles II. who arriving at the theatre somewhat earlier than was expected, and waiting in his box for the rising of the curtain, was informed, that the *queen*, who was to appear in the first scene, was not yet *shaved*. This Kynaston was a great favourite of the female nobility. Plays then began at four o'clock in the afternoon, so that the ladies could go to the Ring in Hyde Park after they were over; and it was the fashion to take this performer in his female habit along with them in their coaches.

At the time of the Restoration, the chief dramatic performances were at Rutland House, in Charter-House-yard, and soon afterwards at the Cockpit in Drury-lane. Here Betterton, the *Roscias* of the 17th century, first appeared at the age of twenty.

Before the troubles of those times, Rhodes, the bookseller, had been wardrobe-keeper to the theatre in Blackfriars. Soon after the Restoration, he obtained a licence for a company of players to perform at the Cockpit. Two years afterwards, Rhodes's whole company was taken into the house opened by Sir William Davenant, who had obtained a patent from Charles II. to form a new company of actors. He opened a theatre in Little Lincoln's Inn Fields with *The Siege of Rhodes*, a play of his own writing.

Miss *Eve*. This was curious, to get Rhodes's company and then open a theatre with a play of that title.

Miss *K*. Here he introduced a variety of beautiful scenes and ex-

cellent machinery; the first ever seen on any stage where plays were performed for hire. To defray this extraordinary expence, he raised the price of the seats. The pit, which was before but 1s. 6d. was raised to 2s. 6d.; the boxes, from 2s. 6d. to 4s.; the first gallery, from 1s. to 1s. 6d.; and the upper gallery, from 6d. to 1s. How long the old prices had been established, is uncertain.

Miss *Eve*. Considering the difference of the value of money, the charge was then full as much as at present.

Miss *K*. I should have observed, that a little before the Restoration, Sir William Davenant, who had followed the fortunes of the royal exile in France, obtained permission to open a sort of theatre at Rutland House, Charter-House-yard. He copied the introduction of women and girls to fill the female characters, as well as the scenery, from the Parisian theatres.

Miss *Eve*. In what year did Mr. Collier attack the profaneness and immorality of the stage?

Miss *K*. In 1698. His animadversions were principally directed against Sir John Vanbrugh and Congreve, whose wit was mingled with gross obscenity and licentiousness, and against the immoral lives of the players since the introduction of women. In the fury of his zeal, he was for demolishing the stage altogether; though it must be allowed, that there are many plays (and all might be) which instruct as well as divert the spectator; and thus much may be said in behalf of the stage. It certainly affords amusement for the idle and relaxation for the man of business,

who, were they deprived of such diversions, might seek others of a less innocent kind. Had the stage no other object than this last, it would entitle it not only to be permitted, but even to be encouraged by the most rigid legislature. It must, nevertheless, be acknowledged, that Collier's castigation was attended with good effects. Succeeding writers became more guarded; and it is now rather to be feared, that the stage is chastened into the other extreme of sentimental insipidity, as, in respect to our present performers, we must in justice say, that they lead as virtuous and sober lives as can be expected of players.

Miss Eve. It is the same in the arts. Some are such sticklers for simplicity, and so fearful of admitting any thing ornamental or meretricious, that if they were to design emblems of Comedy or Tragedy, there would be so little discrimination of character, that the passing gazer would scarcely be able to distinguish the one from the other. An artist should be like the clerks of the Bank, in regard to the various requisites of the arts, and give to each claimant his respective due.

Miss K. Simplicity guards against affectation, but, as you observe, each claimant ought to have his due.

Miss Eve. Who was Ludowick Carlell, the dramatic writer?

Miss K. He was a courtier who lived in the reigns of Charles I. and II. He had several places, being Gentleman of the Bows to Charles I. and Groom of the King's and Queen's Chamber; and he likewise served the queen's mother

many years. He wrote several dramatic pieces, most of which were acted with considerable applause.

Miss Eve. Who was William Duncombe?

Miss K. He wrote *Lucius Junius Brutus*, a tragedy, 1732, and *Athaliah*, a sacred tragedy, from Racine, 1734. He also published many small poetical pieces of estimation, and a very good translation of a celebrated tragedy by Voltaire.

Miss Eve. Who was the celebrated Laurence Echard?

Miss K. He was the son of a clergyman, who possessed a good estate in Suffolk, and received his education at the University of Cambridge. Soon after he had taken orders, he was presented to the living of Walton and Elkington, in Lincolnshire, where he spent twenty years of his life. His *History of England*, though violently attacked by Oldmixon, has been much admired. Mr. Echard died in 1730. He translated the following pieces from Plautus and Terence:—*Adelphi*, *Amphytrion*, *Andria*, *Epidichus*, *Eunuchus*, *Heautontimorumenos*, *Heecyra*, and *Phormio Rudens*.

Miss Eve. One of these names is somewhat like Carey's mock tragedy, called *Chrononotonthologos*, or the Margravine of Aspaeh's *History of the Kinkvervankotsdarsprachengotchdernes* — Johnson's *Hurlothrumbo* is nothing to this. Was not this eccentric Johnson of the same name as our great moralist?

Miss K. Yes.

Miss Eve. I have observed, that Harry Carey's first dramatic piece was, *Hanging and Marriage*, or *The Dead Man's Wedding*, a farce, 1715;

and you say, that the manner of his death answered to the first word of this title.

Miss K. Yes, he put an end to his life in 1744, in Great Warner-street, Cold Bath Fields.

Miss Eve. Is it true, that Barton Booth, the celebrated actor, was poisoned?

Miss K. Here is an advertisement at the end of the play of *The Cornish Squire*, published in 1730:—"Just published, *Memoirs of the Life of Barton Booth, Esq.* with his Character; to which are added, several Poetical Pieces written by himself, viz. Translations from Horace, Songs, Odes, &c. &c.: what was observed (particularly with regard to the quicksilver found in his intestine) upon the opening of his body, in the presence of Sir Hans Sloane, by Mr. Alexander Small, surgeon. Published by an intimate acquaintance of Mr. Booth, by consent of his widow."

Miss Eve. I see by the *dramatis personæ* of the *Cornish Squire*, that Mr. Hallam acted the part of the Second Physician in that play. Was it not the same person who was killed by Macklin?

Miss K. Yes, in May, 1735. They quarrelled behind the scenes about a wig, and Macklin thrusting a stick in Hallam's face, pierced his eye with it, which occasioned his death. Macklin was tried for this at the Old Bailey, and acquitted.

Miss Eve. Who was Anthony Brewer, the dramatic writer?

Miss K. He lived in the reign of Charles I. but we have no biographical particulars of him. He wrote *Lingua*, a comedy, 1607; *The Country Girl*, com. printed 1617; and *The Lovesick King*,

printed 1655. Brewer, though so little known, was a first-rate genius. His *Lovesick King* is one of the best irregular plays, next to those of Shakspeare, in our language. The story, which is extremely interesting, is conducted with as much art as spirit; the characters are animated, and the scene busy.

Miss Eve. Who was Henry Brooke?

Miss K. He was the son of an Irish clergyman, born in 1706; educated at Dr. Thos. Sheridan's school, and at Trinity College, Dublin. He died in that city, in 1783. He wrote *Gustavus Vasa*, tragedy, 1738; *Jack the Giant-Killer*, farce, 1748; and the *Earl of Essex*, tragedy, 1761. The second of these pieces was acted at Dublin, but prohibited after the first representation. His *Earl of Essex*, in which the fire and pathos of Banks are happily mixed with the poetry of Jones, will long keep possession of the stage, and delight succeeding generations. They may here see the portrait of the great Elizabeth, whose manner and behaviour, and that of her ministers and courtiers, are so strongly marked, and, from the characters of Essex and Southampton, imbibe sentiments that do honour to human nature.

Miss Eve. I think Jones was also a native of Ireland?

Miss K. Yes; he was born at Drogheda, bred a bricklayer, and patronized by the celebrated Lord Chesterfield. He died in great want, in a garret belonging to the master of the Bedford Coffee-house, in April, 1770. His character is thus described by an acquaintance:—"His temper was, in

consequence of the dominion of his passions, uncertain and capricious, easily engaged and easily disgusted; and as economy was a virtue which never could be taken into his catalogue, he appeared to think himself born rather to be supported by others, than under a duty to secure to himself the profits which his writings and the munificence of his patrons from time to time afforded. After experiencing many reverses of fortune, which an overbearing spirit and an imprudence in regard to pecuniary concerns, consequently drew upon him, he died in great poverty."

Miss *Eve*. What novel do you think presents the best portrait of Queen Elizabeth?

Miss *K*. *The Recess*, by Sophia Lee.

Miss *Eve*. The same work, if I recollect right, also exhibits a very affecting picture of Mary Queen of Scots. I admire that well known song, in which Mary is supposed thus to apostrophize Elizabeth:—

False woman, in ages to come
Thy malice detested shall be;
And when we are cold in the tomb,
Some heart still will sorrow for me.

Miss *K*. There are many songs in remembrance of the unfortunate Mary.

Miss *Eve*. Will you sing me one?

Miss *K*.

You meaner beauties of the night,
Who poorly satisfy our eyes,
More by your numbers than your light,
Ye are but officers of the skies,
What are ye when the moon doth rise?

You violets that first appear,
By your fine purple colour known,
Taking possession of the year,
As if the spring was all your own,
What are ye when the rose is blown?

You charming birds that in the wood
Do warble forth your lively lays,
Making your passion understood
In softest notes, what is your praise
When Philomel her voice doth raise?

You glancing jewels of the East,
Whose estimation fancies raise,
Pearls, rubies, sapphires, and the rest
Of glittering gems, what is your praise
When the bright Diamond shews his rays?

But, ah! poor light, gem, voice, and smell,
What are ye if my *MARY* shine?
Moon, diamonds, flowers, and Philomel,
Light, lustre, scent, and music, time
And yield to merit more divine.

Thus, when my mistress you have seen,
In beauties of her face and mind,
First by descent, she is a queen,
Judge, then, if she be not divine,
And glory of all womankind.

The rose and lily, the hale spring,
Unto her breath for sweetness speed;
The diamond darkens in the ring,
When she appears the moon looks dead,
As when Sol lifts his radiant head.

JUNIVS.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR OF MOZART, THE GERMAN COMPOSER.

(Concluded from p. 74.)

IF, at its departure from this sensual abode to regions of eternal bliss, the human soul requires to be previously freed from all mundane dross, Mozart's *Requiem*, in which he bade to the world his last farewell, must surely have operated in him that purification: for an awfully sublime farewell it is, such as might be expected from the heart and the head of a Mozart; a farewell which will draw forth the tears of our descendants in afterages. Where is the blunted

being in human shape, whose wooden frame its piercing harmonies have left unmoved? Who can hear those heart-rending strains, borrowed, as it were, from the lamentations of angels, without forgetting all that is worldly, and elevating his thoughts into the awful regions of futurity?

That such a funeral composition should have been the dying effort of Mozart's inspired genius, is of itself remarkable; but the circumstances which gave rise to the composition, and attended it in its progress, are more than extraordinary—they are mysterious, and have remained so to this day. Whenever the historian has to relate an event which transgresses the common routine of human occurrences, his veracity becomes generally a matter of doubt with some of his readers. In the present case, therefore, we think it right to premise, that the truth of what we are about to relate, is vouched, not only by the testimony of Mozart's widow, but by that of all his friends; in short, that the fact is a matter of general notoriety, and has never, at the time and on the spot, been called in question by any person whatsoever.

Shortly before the coronation of the Emperor Leopold, and just before Mozart received the invitation to come to Prague, a strange messenger delivered to him a letter in an unknown hand and without signature. This letter, after several compliments paid to his talents, contained an enquiry, if Mozart was inclined to compose a *Requiem*, at what price, and by what time he would complete the work; indicat-

ing, at the same time, the place where an answer was to be sent to.

Mozart, who was in the habit of consulting his wife upon the most trifling concerns, communicated to her the letter, with the circumstances of its delivery, and expressed a wish to try his powers in that species of composition, the more so since the elevated and pathetic style of sacred music had at all times been a favourite study of his. Mrs. Mozart approved his resolution, and an answer was returned, fixing the price of the composition; but adding, that the time of its completion could not be stated precisely; and requesting to be informed, whither the music, when finished, might be forwarded. A short time after, the same stranger returned not only with the sum stipulated, but with the promise of a considerable addition at the delivery of the score, since the demanded price had been so moderate; desiring Mozart to suit his own convenience, and only write when in a suitable disposition of mind, but to abstain from all enquiry to discover the person who had ordered the composition, as measures had been taken to render every such attempt fruitless. The work was to be kept till called for.

Meanwhile Mozart received the honourable and advantageous offer to compose the *Opera seria* for the coronation of the emperor at Prague.—At the moment when stepping with his wife into the carriage on his journey thither, the strange messenger, like a ghost, presented himself, pulled Mrs. Mozart by the gown, and asked, “How will it fare with the *Requiem*?”—Mozart, from

his seat in the chaise, alledged the necessity of his journey on such a peculiar occasion, and the impossibility of having acquainted the unknown gentleman with his departure, but promised, that, on his return, the *Requiem* should be his first occupation: it depended, however, entirely upon the unknown stranger whether he chose to wait thus long. The messenger disappeared, perfectly satisfied with the assurance.

When arrived at Prague, a visible change took place in Mozart's health. His appetite gradually diminished, his complexion grew pale, his countenance wan and dejected. He took medicines continually, to little avail; his spirits drooped sensibly, except when, in the circle of his intimate friends, good humour tended to revive him for the moment.

On his return to Vienna, he again took up the *Requiem*, and worked at it with the most intense application and the most lively interest. But his indisposition augmented in the same proportion, and plunged him into a state of extreme melancholy. His wife perceived with inward grief the gradual decline of his health, and tried to enliven his spirits by every means in her power. One fine autumnal afternoon she took him, for a diversion, to the Prater in a carriage; both had scarcely sat down on a sequestered spot, when Mozart began to talk of death, exclaiming, with tears in his eyes, "It is for myself, my dear Constantia, I am composing that *Requiem*, you may depend upon it."—When she endeavoured to divert him of so gloomy a thought, he said, "Ah! no, my dear! I feel

too much what is the matter with me; it cannot last long with me; they have given me poison, I am certain of it; I try in vain to reason against the idea—my inward feelings are too convincing."

These words struck the heart of the affectionate wife with all their dreadful importance. She was scarcely capable of administering comfort, and inventing arguments to prove the absurdity of such a suspicion. Conceiving that perhaps the *Requiem* might affect her husband's nerves too powerfully, and be the cause of a fatal illness, she called in a physician, and took the score from him.

Upon this, his case changed somewhat for the better, so that he was enabled to compose a small cantata for a convivial festivity, the able performance of which, together with the applause it received, imparted new vigour to his mind. His spirits returned; he demanded repeatedly his score, in order to continue and finish the *Requiem*, and his wife now did not hesitate to return it to him.

Alas! this seeming reanimation was the struggling glimmer of the dying lamp. In a few days he relapsed into his former melancholy, grew rapidly weaker and worse, till at last he was confined to his sick bed, from which he never rose again.

His death followed on the 5th December, 1791, at night. But the day before, he called for his score, and casting a farewell glance over the whole, exclaimed, "Did I not tell you, that I was writing this *Requiem* for myself?"—The physicians were not unanimous as to his illness; according to the most probable account, it was that species

of consumption which is called *Tuberculous*.

Shortly after his death, the mysterious stranger re-appeared, with a note addressed to Mozart himself, requesting the delivery of the *Requiem*, if completed; and enquiring the terms upon which he would compose a certain number of quartets annually. The widow conscientiously handed both the fair copy and the rough score to the stranger, and never saw him afterwards. All the strenuous endeavours, not only of Mozart's friends, but of persons of the first note at Vienna, to trace either the messenger or his master proved fruitless at the time; and to this very day no further clue whatever has been obtained to throw some light on this extraordinary transaction. The performance of a composition requiring the fullest orchestra, could remain no secret, had it ever taken place in any part of Europe. But this has not been the case—the *Requiem* was no more heard of!!

Fortunately for the musical world, the person who used to copy most of Mozart's scores for him, and who had made the fair transcript of the *Requiem*, had clandestinely kept a copy of the whole work for himself. For many years, however, this remained a secret to every one but himself; but when, after a great lapse of time, this person found that this master-piece of his late patron was likely to be lost to the world, he honestly handed his private copy to Mozart's widow, through whose means the *Requiem* has thus been made public.

Whether Mozart died a natural death, or whether, as he himself suspected, poison was the cause of his dissolution, is a question that has

been agitated over and over again by many German writers, some of whom go so far as to consider it possible the letter was poisoned which bespoke the *Requiem*. As we have detailed every material circumstance attending his death, we shall leave our readers to their own opinion; observing only, that the premature death of a man like Mozart may be accounted for without having recourse to *aqua tossana*. We have already alluded to his irregular course of life. He worshipped pleasure under every form. A summary of his gallantries, before and after marriage, would probably equal the length of the catalogue of Leporello in his *Don Juan*. Wine and punch were the next fatal weapons which made incessant war against his constitution: and all these enemies to the human frame found a still more destructive ally in the sedentary life, the incessant study and application, and the constant nocturnal labour, to which we owe the innumerable and voluminous works of Mozart, far exceeding the number of compositions produced by any other author in the first 35 years of his life, the age at which Mozart died. That causes like these will abbreviate the span of life, it would be needless to argue, even if the history of many great men, such as Ruffelle and Mr. Pitt did not afford cases in point.

That so early a death of such a man should still be the subject of general regret among the lovers of harmony, is a matter of course, and that that regret should be accompanied with an estimation of the immense number of further sterling works which a common pro-

longation of his life might have produced, is equally natural. At the same time it remains a psychological question, whether the fire of true genius, if it burns in continual blaze, do not consume itself the sooner? whether the quantum of such transcendent intellectual endowment, and of its fruits, be not measured out to mortals, to be spent quickly, or in husbanded duration? The case of precocious children would warrant such a supposition; and if so, we have less cause for regret in Mozart's instance; for then we would have received from him in a brief space nearly as much as a more extended existence would have entitled us to expect. He blossomed prematurely—he bore fruit prematurely—he withered prematurely.

Prematurely for the world, and no less so for his family. For already, when little hopes were entertained of his recovery, he received the lucrative appointment of Master of the Chapel of St. Stephen's cathedral; and almost at the same time a number of extensive commissions and highly advantageous offers for fresh compositions arrived from Hungary, Amsterdam, and other quarters. All these useless prospects tended only still more to embitter Mozart's last days. "Now only," lamented he frequently during his illness, "am I to be gone, just now, when brighter prospects of independence would no longer have fettered my pen to the shackles of fashion, or to the sordid whims of speculators, when I might have followed the dictates of my own sense and feeling, and have written what my heart and head alone approved of."

This latter expression reminds us of a piece of advice which Mozart gave to a young musician, who requested some instruction, or fundamental rules, for composing good music in a style similar to Mozart. "My dear sir," replied the latter, "there is little need of rules for that; if all is right with you *here and here*" (pointing to the head and heart), "compose away as fast as you chuse; it will prove good, depend upon it: but if these are wanting, all other rules will be in vain."

Of several children which Mozart had, only two boys were alive at his death. The eldest the writer of this biographical sketch conversed with in 1802 at Leghorn, where he was placed in a counting-house, to be brought up as a merchant. He resembled the portrait of his father prefixed to these Memoirs in a strong degree, played with great taste on the piano-forte, and possessed much of that mild and modest demeanour which was inherent in the father's character. The youngerson, Wolfgang, was a child at the death of Mozart, who once prophesied, that this would be *another* Mozart; because one day, when the father was playing, the cries of the infant modulated themselves precisely into the key in which he played. We are ignorant whether this prediction has been verified. Probably not; for the child was not fortunate enough to have the same excellent instruction which the father enjoyed.

From the portrait here given, which has the merit of the strongest resemblance, our readers are enabled to trace the great com-

poser's physiognomical features, none of which, in our opinion, announce the greatness of his mind, with the exception of the large and penetrating eye. His looks were unsteady and absent, except when he sat at the piano-forte; then his whole countenance changed, his eyes sparkled, and every muscle of his face corresponded with the expression of the music. His hands were small and elegant, and their motion on the key-board graceful and natural in the extreme. Nothing but a most perfect system of fingering could enable those diminutive hands to execute those wonderful grasps of passages, especially in the bass, of which he was so perfect a master. Although the son of a handsome pair, his figure was small and inelegant. This is to be attributed to premature mental exertion, want of exercise, and excessive sitting, all which conspired to injure and mar the growth of the handsome infant.

From what has been stated on several occasions in the course of these pages, our readers may already be enabled to form some idea of Mozart's character. We have not glossed over his weaknesses, but that those should be found in a being whose frame was interwoven with the most delicate sensibility, that a nervous texture so finely organized should have sought enjoyment of the senses beyond the bounds of sober reason, is scarcely to be wondered at. Nay, perhaps those tender feelings of Mozart, to which we owe so much of delight, could not exist in human conformation without the excesses to which he was subject. With this exception of frailty, his moral principles were pure as the

light of day. A sincere friend, an excellent husband, benevolent towards all mankind, modest in the extreme, humble in his opinion of his own transcendent merits, he admired those of others; to art, cunning, flattery, and dissembling, he was a total stranger. Always in good humour with every body, full of fun and tricks, his character precisely resembled that of a good-natured, flighty, amiable boy. His anger, rarely excited as it was, was momentary. This happened chiefly when an idle noise of talking interrupted his or any other musical performance. This was the greatest offence he could receive, and was instantly chastised by the most severe epithets, without regard to the society or the person guilty of the transgression. Once, when he played at Count P——'s, before persons of the first distinction, he cast round a piercing look of scorn to silence a chattering corner; and when this proved ineffectual, he rose, took his hat and cane, and walked off. On the other hand, whenever Mozart was present at any musical performance, his mind was absent from every thing else around him. His whole soul soon became wrapt up in harmony, and so forcibly was his frame operated upon, that to see him shed abundance of tears, even when there was no vocal text, was a circumstance quite common with him.

Among his hobbies, arithmetic, as we have already stated, took the lead; billiards were the next in favour. He was so partial to this game, that he had a billiard-table in his own house, and, to have always a companion at hand, taught

it his wife, who frequently would play with him even by candlelight, long after the servants had gone to bed.

Of birds and domestic animals he was a great fancier, and all those he took under his care he generally fed himself, with the scrupulous attention of a kind-hearted master. Nature, in her luxuriant garb of vigour, had in him an enthusiastic admirer; and few summers passed that he did not hire a garden in the suburbs of Vienna, where he would attend the cultivation of his flowers, and enjoy the coolness of the evening with his wife and friends.

However irregular in his mode of life, he observed the greatest method and plan in his musical occupations. He kept a catalogue of all his compositions, wherein he entered the subject of every work, with the date of its completion. On the theoretical part of music he has written nothing; a circumstance which is more to be regretted than wondered at. There is extant a letter of his addressed to one of his fair pupils, in which he instructs her as to the manner of playing

one of his Fantasias. This letter amply proves both his deep research into his art, and his capability of conveying the results of his study in an impressive and elegant style.

Such was Mozart! like a brilliant comet which for a while illumines the vault of the heavens, obscures the splendour of the stars, and after a brief course vanishes from the eyes of mortals, to return never, or in future ages only; with that welcome difference, however, that while the short stay of the luminous stranger of the heavens lives in our recollection alone, the *genius* of Mozart has left monuments of his greatness, which will be coeval with the duration of harmonic science. Like the poems of Homer, his works stand alone and aloof in stupendous grandeur, deterring to any competitor, and unattainable, perhaps for centuries, if ever; for with the giant fling of his genius he has impelled the whole edifice of our harmonic knowledge forward into the perfection of ages yet unborn.

THE COMMUNICATIVE POCKETS.

By AUGUSTUS VON KOTZEBUE.

In the time of Dr. Faustus lived at Bamberg a knight named Herrman, of Runenburg, a handsome young man, whom the fair sex in general viewed with partial eyes, but whose affections yet continued disengaged. Contrary to the custom of youth, his heart was filled with mistrust: he considered all women as deceivers, and knew their scandalous chronicle by heart. He had

partly learned the facts from intimate friends and jovial companions, and was partly acquainted with them from his own knowledge. At the age of twenty-five this suspicion of the fair-sex proved a great drawback upon his happiness. Whenever the language of his eyes would have betrayed him, his jealous head was sure to check his willing heart, and to impose silence

on them. This cost him many a struggle, which usually ended with the exclamation, "How provoking, that no reliance is to be placed upon women!"

These words had just escaped him, perhaps for the thousandth time, when he was walking on the banks of a river, his eyes fixed on the ground, and his hands joined behind his back. He all at once espied a ring lying upon the sand at his feet. He picked it up. It was of gold, in which was enchased a crimson stone. It did not seem to be of any great value, but was too pretty to be left where it was. Herrman put it on his finger and slowly pursued his walk.

It was not long before he heard some one running after him. He turned, and beheld a man of tall stature and with a face uncommonly wrinkled, while his eyes glowed like fire beneath his bushy eyebrows.

"Stranger," said he, "have you found a ring?"

"Yes," replied Herrman, "is it your's?"

"It is mine, and most unfortunate shall I be unless I recover it."

"There it is!" said Herrman, and would have pulled it from his finger.

"Stop!" cried the man, in an authoritative tone; "be not so hasty. You must restore it to me voluntarily."

"Well, there it is, voluntarily."

"I cannot take it till you know who I am, and what virtue resides in this ring. Fate compels me to reveal both, or to renounce the ring for ever, as a punishment for my carelessness."

"Speak then!"

"I am Dr. Faustus."

Herrman started. "I have heard a great deal about you," said he.

"In this crimson stone," continued the other, "is inclosed a powerful spirit. It is obedient to the possessor of the ring. Now you know all. Be generous."

Herrman was a good Christian, who wanted to have nothing to do with suspicious spirits. He therefore returned the ring, without ceremony, to the great joy of the sorcerer.

"You have acquired a claim to my gratitude," said Dr. Faustus, "tell me how I can serve you?"

"I have no occasion for your services," rejoined Herrman.

"Who knows," replied the other, "but what you may at some future time, if you have not at present? you shall always find me at your service." With these words he departed.

"Ho! Doctor!" cried Herrman, as soon as he was gone; "I have just thought that you may, perhaps, have it in your power to render me an important service just now."

"What is it?"

"I would fain find a female on whom to fix my affections."

"That is a business for which you don't want my assistance. Beauty is the charm that must operate there."

"But I should like to know whether she to whom I would give my heart, is worthy of possessing it. Can you teach me the art of reading what passes in the female bosom?"

Dr. Faustus smiled. "Indeed I cannot," said he; "neither can any of my spirits."

"Then, farewell, I have nothing farther to ask."

“Hem,” muttered the magician, “I should be sorry to let your kindness go unrequited. Let us see what we can do. To comply with your wish in its full extent is absolutely impossible, even if I were to raise up Satan himself from the infernal regions: but I can furnish you with the means of accomplishing your object in the majority of cases. Among my spirits I have a little artful dæmon, whom I commonly use as a spy. I had lent him to a papal nuncio at the imperial court, who is lately dead. A jealous wife has to be sure just applied to me for the loan of my Puttli, but you shall have the preference. He shall accompany you wherever you go; he shall slip into the pockets of all the persons with whom you may happen to be in company, and inform you of their contents.”

“And of what benefit will that be to me?”

“Of the very greatest, my dear friend. If you did but know what people had in their pockets, you would seldom be mistaken in your opinion concerning them.”

“And if I should be at a loss what inference to draw from the contents of a pocket, can Puttli help me out?”

“No: he can only give you a faithful account of what he has found. It will be your business to draw conclusions.”

“Well, I’ll try at least.”

Dr. Faustus now began to make preparations to summon little Puttli; but Herrman begged to dispense with his personal attendance, alledging that it was quite sufficient if he did but hear him.

“You shall hear me at the right time,” suddenly cried a delicate

voice, which, in spite of its subtlety, caused the knight to shudder. He soon became familiarized, however, with his invisible attendant, and the same evening went to the court of the Bishop of Bamberg, where on this occasion he found an assembly of men only.—“Never mind,” thought he, “I will begin with selecting a friend.”

The company was numerous: it was composed of ecclesiastics, knights, and ambassadors of foreign courts, men of the most sanctified appearance and the most edifying conversation. The bishop was engaged in discourse with the confessor, on the immorality of the age, on which subject both made many pious and impressive observations. The attentive Herrman was particularly delighted with the words full of unction which fell from the lips of the confessor. “How happy should I be,” thought he, “had I such a venerable Mentor for my inexperience. Puttli, slip into his pocket, if thou art not too much afraid of the beads which thou wilt certainly find there.”

“There is nothing in me,” whispered the pocket, or the roguish Puttli in its stead, in a voice heard only by the knight, “nothing at all but—a key to the chamber of the butler’s young wife.”

Herrman turned indignantly from the hypocrite. “How scandalously he deceives the bishop!” muttered he to himself.

“No such thing!” cried the bishop’s pocket, into which the officious Puttli had crept unbidden. “Here is a love-letter from a nun, who is sister to the confessor.”

“Heavens! is it possible! who would have supposed, from their

sanctimonious faces, that their pockets could contain such things?"

The ambassador of a foreign prince now entered, and assured the bishop, in the most glowing terms, that his master was burning with desire to demonstrate the high veneration which he entertained for him.

"It is not true," cried his pocket, "'tis all dissimulation. He is directed to lull the bishop into security, because his master designs to invade the territories of the prelate and carry off his treasures."

Herrman contemptuously turned his back on the ambassador. The circle about the bishop became more and more numerous. Among the rest appeared a chamberlain with silver locks. "In that man, however," thought the knight, "I may venture to place confidence."

"Beware of him," whispered his pocket; "here are false dice."

"But that judge who is just entering with such a dignified air?"

"Here is a torn judgment," said his pocket.

"But why torn?"

"Beside it lies a purse of gold given by the party who lost the cause."

"And who was he?"

"The guardian of defrauded orphans."

"Ah! Puttli! let me hear something to make amends for all these disagreeable reports."

"I dare not tell a falsehood, sir, willingly as I would conceal the truth."

"But who is that man with such a prepossessing countenance, bowing so affably to every person he sees?"

"Rosaries!" cried both his pockets—rosaries of cornelian, and a relic in a little box set with diamonds."

"A pious man, beyond a doubt?"

"They are pledges on which he has lent money."

"And this officer, who is relating his military achievements with such eloquence?"

"Here is a box of ointment," cried the pocket.

"Probably to heal his wounds."

"Yes—those upon his back," whispered Puttli.

"Alas!" thought the worthy knight of Runenburg, "by what a set of scoundrels am I surrounded!"

"They are neither better nor worse," rejoined Puttli, "than those with whom you have hitherto associated; only you had never before an opportunity of examining their pockets."

"Gladly would I drop the discouraging scrutiny for the present," rejoined Herrman:—"but I should first like to know something more of that venerable father. He is chaplain to the court, a zealous defender of the faith, a man who is not afraid to utter bold truths in the pulpit."

"I am empty," said the pocket.

"Quite empty?"

"Here is nothing but the handkerchief which wipes away, in the pulpit, the perspiration that bedews the brow of the energetic preacher."

"God be praised!" exclaimed Herrman, "him at least I may trust. He drew nearer to father Jerome, and listened attentively to the admirable precepts which drop-

ped from his lips. Next morning he repaired to the church, and placed himself near the pulpit, that he might not lose a single word. What thunderbolts did the holy man hurl against all heretics! What a hideous picture he drew of the sulphureous lake, to which they will be everlastingly consigned! Honest Herrman was deeply affected; he never thought of concerning himself about the pious father's pocket, but the rogue Puttli sneaked into it, and laughed.

"For shame, Puttli! how can you laugh?"

"I am reading a treatise that swarms with heresies."

"He probably intends to refute them. Don't you hear how zealously he contends for the true faith?"

"Ah, no! 'tis written by himself. Those who are most orthodox in the pulpit, are often the worst heretics in their hearts."

Herrman sighed as he went out of the church. "I'll have nothing more to do with men," said he, angrily. "Let me turn to the fair-sex, perchance there I may discover at least one upright soul."

He now became what is termed a lady's man. Wherever females were assembled, the handsome Herrman of Runenburg was sure to be among them, and Puttli was busily employed in diving into one pocket after another: but the intelligence which he obtained was rarely satisfactory.

The fair Margaret listened to him with modest blushes and down-cast eyes, and when he talked of love, the dear inexperienced soul knew not what he meant. Her

pocket, however, told a different story:—"Here is a billet, in which the Knight Ulric promises to pay her a visit to-morrow night."

Louisa, a brunette, declaimed, with sparkling eyes, on the degeneracy of the age. Ten years before, when she was in the first bloom of youth, things were totally different; virtue and chastity were then to be found among the sex. At the same time, a letter of remonstrance from a poor woman in the country, complained bitterly of her backwardness in paying for the nursing of an infant, whose history was best known to herself.

Cunigund, with a sigh, condemned the vanity of the world, the sinful hankering after finery and ornaments for the person, whilst rouge-box, comb, and mirror rattled in her pocket, among hundreds of receipts for washes and cosmetics.

A mother spoke with unction of the Christian education of her children, and described her whole time as being engaged in that most important of duties. Puttli, however, found her pocket full of songs and ballads, which she composed in rivalry of Wolfram von Eschenbach and Henry von Veldeck, the most celebrated minstrels of that day.

A matron lamented the absence of her husband in the strongest terms that conjugal love could dictate; but the treacherous pocket concealed a ladder of silken cord, which she was accustomed to let down every night from the balcony for her favoured innamorato.

"I shall presently drive thee back to thy infernal master," cried Herr-

man to the little demon. "Thou extinguishest the last spark of my confidence in men, and deprivest me of the last ray of hope, that I shall ever find the reward of my valour and the happiness of my life on the bosom of a female upon whom I can rely."

(*To be continued.*)

PRIDE:—A VISION.

*Loca nocte silentia latè,
Sic mihi fas audita loqui: sic nemine vestro,
Paudere res aliâ terra et caligine measas.*

VIRG.

THERE are times when the mind loves to retire within itself, to escape from the turmoil of this lower scene of things, and to examine objects suggested by its own thoughts, as images reflected in a mirror. Thus engaged, it is, as it were, the general of its own forces: it may review them, in order to ascertain their strength, and to correct their several weaknesses, or supply their deficiencies, and thus be enabled to wage a successful warfare against the bland allurements of vice, whose forces occupy most of the strong-holds of the affections of the world.

In a reverie of this sort some evenings since, I was insensibly led, by a train of kindred reflections, to a contemplation of the various obstacles thrown into the human character by passion, to obviate the beneficial efforts of virtue, and the consequent diffusion of happiness. From the recollection of a particular circumstance I went into a practical enquiry (if I may be allowed that expression) into its primary causes, and discovered, that pride had been the sole, though latent, principle of much unhappiness. I was thence induced to examine this vice in a more general way; and the result of my specu-

lation was, a melancholy conviction, that it was of universal sway, more or less, over the hearts of all mankind. From these reflections I had so strongly impressed the subject on my mind, that on retiring to bed, I had the following dream:—

I was transported into a high-road, where I saw crowds of people of both sexes, who were all travelling in the same direction; and by the anxiety visibly impressed upon their countenances, they had some object of no common importance which it was their study to obtain. All was silence. Every one was wrapt up in his own meditations; yet they all pressed on with great eagerness, apparently to the same point. I involuntarily mixed among them. We soon arrived at a magnificent gate, which was the entrance into a spacious garden. We went in, and were conducted by a beautiful winding path to the centre of this second Paradise, for so it appeared. Our ears were delighted with all the variety of music; and Harmony, one would have thought, had left the world to fling rapture over the souls of the inhabitants of this blessed seclusion. My attention, however, was taken off from the attractive witcheries of the place by a curious

and irresistible impulse to know where I was, and to enquire what could be the object of the numerous persons in whose company my steps were bent to this enchanting spot. But I had only to rouse myself from the admiration and astonishment into which the hurry of things had thrown me, to satisfy my curiosity. I looked up and beheld a female figure seated on a superb throne. She was dressed in the most extravagant manner, and tricked out with baubles of all descriptions, sizes, and colours; indeed, she was more like a morris dancer than the mistress of such a place; but though her dress was by no means tasteful, yet it was astonishingly splendid. In fineness it far exceeded silk, and it vied with the rainbow in its glowing richness and variety of colour. On her head she wore a crown of great brilliancy, and immense diamonds, and pearls, and precious stones, of all descriptions, were spread in great profusion over her person. I soon discovered that she was the deity of the place. Her name was *Pride*; and the people who were already assembled, and who still kept pouring in from all parts of the garden, were her votaries, who had come to worship her. At her feet stood a monster which had something of the figure of a man, though in other respects he approached nearer to the nature of a brute. His right foot was placed on the neck of a beautiful virgin, who appeared to be in the agonies of death; with his left he kept down a modest youth, who lay prostrate on the ground. He answered the sighs of the one, and elatised the impatience of the

other, by alternate stripes administered with a horrible scourge, composed of living serpents, which he held in his right hand. This monster I understood to be *Power*; under his right foot was *expiring Liberty*, and his left repressed the soaring imagination of *Genius*.

But now commenced the business of the day.

The first who submissively crowded to the goddess, and humbled himself before the throne, I discovered, by a certain obsequiousness covering on his lengthened visage, to be an *ex-minister of state*. He also betrayed himself by casting a haughty and disdainful eye upon *expiring Liberty*, and a look of utter contempt upon degraded *Genius*. After repeating a prayer so low that no one could hear (whence it was whispered round, that it was "*no good*"), and a close conference with the monster *Power*, he arose with evident signs of a favourable hearing. *Pride* had already imparted a sullen blaze to his eye, and *Power* had planted the standard of *Ambition* on his lately dejected countenance. He stalked off with the conscious superiority of the one, which enabled him to display with exultation the consequence given to him by the other.

A person next addressed himself to the goddess, who called himself a *Patriot*. He prayed for fame and popularity, which plainly evinces, that he was a patriot only *by courtesy*; for, according to the common notion of us who were below the throne, the proper duty of a patriot appeared to be (as the name imports), *to have the interest of his country at heart*, and not to consist in

the art of fascinating and deluding a sanguine and unwary people by the false glare of oratory, by whose aid he might varnish over his idle professions of patriotism. The love of our country can neither be shewn by making a long and violent harangue upon a hustings, nor abusing a minister of state and his measures, however heartily, in any assembly. The lungs are not in such sympathetic union with the heart, that the strength of the one should betoken the firmness of the other. His prayer was, however, granted without question or dispute.

I next saw a long procession, which I soon discovered to be composed of the *clergy*; and I had not time to reflect upon the seeming indecency of the ministers of the Gospel invoking a power, against whom I had so frequently heard them declaim with the greatest vehemence, before a bishop approached the throne, and implored both *Pride and Power*, that they would graciously lend him their assistance in raising him to the primacy. He expatiated at large upon the great advantages the people would derive from his filling that elevated station; that he could the more effectually enforce the doctrines of *Christian charity* and *mutual forbearance*; the shamefulness of *luxury*, and the necessity of *self-denial*; and (what surprised me most) *the vanity of pomp, splendour, and riches*, when opposed to the *mildness of humility* and the *content of poverty*. Deans and prebendaries prayed to be exalted to *bishoprics*, that they might preach the Gospel with more beneficial effect, and that their *characteristic benevolence* might be universally exten-

sive. The lowest order of the clergy insisted, though with many expressions of deference and submission, on the indispensable necessity of *pulpit eloquence* to bring back the lost sheep to their folds. It seemed to me, however, that the fame of being esteemed fine preachers, and the more persuasive arguments of *avarice*, were the real motives of their supplications. Cowper's admirable picture of a good preacher, and his faithful delineation of the contrary character, rushed unbidden upon my recollection.

Would I describe a preacher, such as Paul,
Were he on earth, would hear, approve, and
own,

Paul should himself direct me. I would trace
His master strokes, and draw from his design.
I would express him simple, grave, sincere;
In doctrine uncorrupt; in language plain,
And plain in manner; decent, solemn, chaste,
And natural in gesture; much impressed him-
self,

As deeply conscious of his awful charge,
And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds
May feel it too; affectionate in look,
And tender in address, as well becomes
A messenger of grace to guilty man.
Behold the picture! Is it like? Like whom?
The things that mount the rostrum with a
skip,

And then skip down again; pronounce a text;
Cry, hem! and reading what they never wrote,
Just fifteen minutes, huddle up their work,
And with a well bred whisper close the scene.

To my astonishment, however, they were all dispatched with assurances of favour.

An innumerable group with white wigs and black gowns now presented themselves: these, I was told, were *lawyers*, and that it was a common practice in the long vacation to pay their devotions *for the year*; for that they were so closely engaged all the rest of the year, particularly in term time, that they had not even sufficient leisure to say

their prayers. Whether they were ashamed of the prayers they offered up, I know not; but they hurried them over in such a confused and indistinct manner, that some one jocosely whispered in my ear, that it reminded him of the *incantations of wizards*. What passed, I do not pretend to say; it had, however, the desired effect, and they went away, like many other great men, well pleased with a smile and a gracious nod.

The crowd now pressed forward, and offered up their several petitions. Women prayed for *beauty*, and soldiers for *military honours*.

Those sigh'd for love, and these for glory.

A variety of other petitions were presented by persons whose callings I did not learn, nor could distinguish.

I perceived, however, a body of *authors* attempting to get near the throne, but they were pushed aside by a superior force of blustering cri-

tics, who, together with commentators and compilers, darkened the face of *day*, as they not unfrequently make obscure the face of *learning*: but the remedy is as bad as the disease*. *Genius*, who had long been depressed by the overbearing weight of *Power*, now broke loose, and was about to drive these unworthy candidates for fame from his offended presence, into the "outer darkness" of oblivion, when *Power* again seized him, and was in the act of lashing him with his terrific scourge of serpents. At this moment the horror with which the sight thrilled my whole frame, abruptly roused me from my slumber.

SOMNIATOR.

* A cloud of critics, of compilers, of commentators, darkened the face of learning; and the decline of genius was soon followed by the corruption of taste.—GIBBON'S *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*.

MISCELLANEOUS FRAGMENTS AND ANECDOTES.

GENEROUS REQUITAL.

ALEXANDER DE MEDICIS, who was sent on a mission from Pope Clement to the Emperor Charles V. lived in a style of such magnificence in Flanders, where the emperor then resided, that he had expended all his money before he could receive any supplies from Florence. A rich merchant of Antwerp, hearing of his embarrassment, carried to the cardinal 50,000 crowns, requesting him to accept that sum, and to repay it when convenient. He said nothing about interest; and thus rendered the cardinal, in every point of view, a

most acceptable service. This merchant was some time afterwards greatly reduced by misfortunes, so that he was under the necessity of soliciting the cardinal to repay the loan. The latter not only returned the 50,000 crowns, but made him a present of a like sum, as a testimony of his gratitude for the confidence which he alone had placed in his honour, and lent him 50,000 more, without interest, to be repaid when it suited him.

THE FATHERS OF THE OLD TESTAMENT.

An opulent widow at Naples had made her will, in which she be-

queathed all her property to the Jesuits; but was afterwards persuaded by her poor relations to annul this disposition by another in their favour. The testatrix died; her will was opened, and, to the mortification of the Jesuits, they found the property disposed of in a very different manner from what they had expected. They appealed against this will, but without success, and lost their suit. The morning after this decision, they found inscribed over the gate of their convent—"Here dwell the Fathers of the Old Testament, who have no part in the New."

ORIGIN OF BLIND-MAN'S BUFF.

The French, as every body knows, call the game of Blind-man's buff, *Colin-Maillard*. The origin of this denomination is as follows:—Father Maillard, a preacher, who was much feared in his time, on account of his severity, was the confessor of Charles VIII. This prince had a female favourite named Carnelle. The father often came when the king was at supper with her, and his presence was not the most agreeable to the playful mistress of the monarch. In order that she might have some mirth with him, and by degrees induce him to take part in the romps and sports which he disturbed, she hit upon the idea of running away, while the king was to catch her. "There is no art," said she, "in catching me, for you run faster than I can, but suppose I were to tie something over your eyes."—"Well, do so," said the king, whom she used to call her Colin. She accordingly fastened a handkerchief over his eyes, and in this state he endeavoured to catch her. The

other ladies mingled in the sport, and even Maillard himself took a share in the diversion. The new game soon spread from the court to the city, and received the name of *Colin-Maillard*, after the enamoured monarch and the rigid confessor.

POWER OF GOOD WINE.

The wine of Mantes was formerly in great request, because it did not spoil in the most distant voyages. Rubruquis, the Franciscan, who was sent to the Great Chan of the Tartars, presented a large flask of this wine to that prince, who found it so excellent, that he was induced by means of it to adopt the Christian religion. The missionary intimates in his report, that if he had had more of this wine with him, he might have converted the son of the prince, the celebrated Dschergis Khan, also to Christianity.

COUNTESS MIRABEAU.

Mirabeau, the father of him who acted so conspicuous a part in the French revolution, was universally known by the honourable appellation of *L'Ami des Hommes*, because he had published a work with that title, and was, in reality, a man of the most benevolent disposition. His wife was equally celebrated for intrigue. One day, when she was entering a large company, Piron, who was present, announced her as *Madame la Comtesse de Mirabeau, l'Amie des Hommes*.

THE PHILOSOPHIC PEASANT.

A king of Persia, taking one day the diversion of hunting, perceived a very aged man planting a walnut-tree. He rode up to him, and asked how old he was. "I am four years old," replied the peasant. One of the courtiers re-

proved him for giving so absurd an answer in the presence of the monarch. "You censure me unjustly," rejoined the old man. "I know what I say; for rational people would not reckon that time which men lose in folly and worldly cares. Accordingly, I consider that only as my real age which I have spent in the worship of God, and in the performance of my duty to my neighbour." The king, admiring this original method of reasoning, observed, that he could not hope to see the tree which he was planting arrive at maturity. "True," replied the peasant, "but as others who went before us planted the trees that yield us fruit, it is but right that we should plant for those who are to come after us."—"Excellent!" cried the king: on which the treasurer, according to custom, whenever his majesty testified his approbation aloud, gave the old man a thousand pieces of gold. The acute rustic received the present with profound obeisance, saying—"The trees of other people, O king, are forty years in attaining maturity, but mine bear fruit as soon as they are planted."—"Bravo!" exclaimed the king, and another purse of gold was given to the old man, who hereupon observed—"Other people's trees bear fruit but once a year, but mine yield two crops in one day."—"Incomparable!" replied the king, and a third purse was delivered to the peasant. The monarch clapped spurs to his horse, with these words:—"I dare not stay longer, good old man, otherwise thy wit would exhaust my treasury."

THE IGNORANT SCHOOLMASTER.

A village schoolmaster, who had

formerly been a barber, was once engaged in a controversy with the parson, respecting the propriety of a certain expression.—"It is quite a barbarism," said the rector.—"*A barberism!*" cried the pedagogue: "do you mean to reproach me on account of my former profession? May not a barber speak as good English as a parson?"

CURE OF INTEMPERANCE.

Kamhi, Emperor of China, was particularly anxious that his table should be regularly supplied with European wines. One day he invited a mandarin, who was an especial favourite, to drink with him, and on this occasion he became so inebriated, that he fell fast asleep. The mandarin, apprehensive of the bad consequences which might ensue from this intemperance, went to the eunuchs, and acquainted them with the condition of the emperor. He represented to them, that it was to be feared the monarch might accustom himself to such excesses; and that wine might tend to excite still more his already irritable temper, in which case his most intimate friends would not be safe from mal-treatment. "To prevent so great an evil," added he, "you must put me in chains, and throw me into a dungeon, as if by the emperor's command." The eunuchs, for their own sake, complied with his desire. The emperor, on awaking, was surprised to find himself alone, and enquired for his companion. He was told that the mandarin had unfortunately fallen under his majesty's displeasure, that he had been by his command thrown into a dungeon, whence he would soon be removed for execution. The mo-

narch sat for a moment in thought, and then ordered the mandarin to be brought into his presence. He appeared loaded with fetters, and fell at his sovereign's feet, like a malefactor awaiting the sentence of death. "What has reduced you to this condition?" asked the prince. "What crime have you committed?"—"I know not my crime," replied the mandarin; "only this I know, that your majesty ordered me to be carried to prison and executed." The emperor became still more thoughtful, and betrayed the greatest uneasiness and embarrassment. At length, ascribing the supposed injustice to the immoderate use of wine, he ordered the mandarin's chains to be struck off, and from that day avoided all intemperance in drinking.

REMARKABLE DEATH OF A CATHOLIC PRIEST.

Urban Nikolai, after his secession from the Lutherans, joined the Catholics, and became parish priest at Kuhnwalde, near Bantzen. On Trinity Sunday 1537, he launched, while in the pulpit, into the most vehement abuse of Luther, and concluded with saying, "If Luther's doctrine be true, may the lightning of heaven strike me dead!" The most extraordinary part of this story is, that this fate befel him the very same night.

SINGULAR EXPEDIENT OF A COURTIER.

Bois Robert presented his nephew to Cardinal Richelieu when the minister was taking a walk, and a moment afterwards threw the young man into the basin of a fountain. All the persons present were much alarmed, thinking that he would be drowned. "Are you

mad?" cried the cardinal. "No, monseigneur," was the reply; "I know what I am about: without this little experiment, you would have forgotten my nephew as you have done many others."

EFFECT OF MUSIC ON SNAKES.

On this subject Mr. Forbes gives the following particulars in his *Oriental Memoirs*:—"The Cobra di Capello, or hooded snake, called by the Indians nag, or nagao, is a large and beautiful serpent; but one of the most venomous of all the coluber class; its bite generally proves mortal in less than an hour. It is called the hooded snake, from having a curious hood near the head, which it contracts or enlarges at pleasure: the centre of this hood is marked in black and white, like a pair of spectacles, from whence it is also named the spectacle-snake. Of this genus are the dancing snakes, which are carried in baskets throughout Hindoostan, and procure a maintenance for a set of people, who play a few simple notes on the flute, with which the snakes seem much delighted, and keep time by a graceful motion of the head; erecting about half their length from the ground, and following the music with gentle curves, like the undulating lines of a swan's neck. It is a well attested fact, that when a house is infested with these snakes, and some others of the coluber genus, which destroy poultry and small domestic animals, as also by the larger serpents of the boa tribe, the musicians are sent for; who, by playing on a flageolet, find out their hiding-places, and charm them to destruction: for no sooner do the snakes hear the music, than

they come softly from their retreat, and are easily taken. I imagine these snakes were known in Palestine, from the psalmist comparing the ungodly to the deaf adder, which stoppeth her ears, and refuseth to hear the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely. When the music ceases, the snakes appear motionless; but if not immediately covered up in the basket, the spectators are liable to fatal accidents. Among my drawings is that of a cobra de capello, which danced for an hour on the table while I painted it; during which I frequently handled it, to observe the beauty of the spots, and especially the spectacles on the hood, not doubting but that its venomous fangs had been previously extracted. But the next morning, my upper servant, who was a zealous Mussulman, came to me in great haste, and desired I would instantly retire, and praise the Almighty for my good fortune. Not understanding his meaning, I told him, that I had already performed my devotions, and had not so many stated prayers as the followers of his prophet. Mahomed then informed me, that while purchasing some fruits in the bazar, he observed the man who had been with me on the preceding evening, entertaining the country people with his dancing snakes: they, according to their usual custom, sat on the ground around him; when, either from the music stopping too suddenly, or from some other cause irritating the vicious reptile which I had so often handled, it darted at the throat of a young woman, and inflicted a wound of which she died in about half an hour: Mahomed

once more repeated his advice for praise and thanksgiving to Alla, and recorded me in his calendar as a lucky man."

Dr. Russell, in his valuable treatise on Indian Serpents, has distinguished between the venomous and the harmless species, in the three genera of *boa*, *coluber*, and *anguis*: he has given an accurate description and coloured engravings of forty-three of the most common serpents in Hindoostan; experiments on the effects of their bite, and the several remedies applied; with observations on the apparatus provided by nature for preparing and instilling their poison: he mentions, that a quantity of warm Madeira wine, taken internally, with an outward application of eau-de-luce on the punctures, was generally successful in curing the bite of the most venomous species; and that the medicine called the Tanjore pill, seemed to be equally efficacious. Dr. Russell further observes, that "of forty-three serpents examined and described by him, seven only were found with poisonous organs; and upon comparing the effects of the poison of five Oriental serpents on brute animals, with those produced by the poison of the rattle-snake and the European viper, it may in general be remarked, that they all produce morbid symptoms nearly similar, however much they may differ in the degree of their deleterious power, or the rapidity of its operation. The bite of a rattle-snake in England killed a dog in two minutes; the bite of the most pernicious snake in India was never observed to kill a dog in less than twenty-seven minutes."

THE MODERN SPECTATOR.

No. XXXVII.

Man, in his ev'ry turn and feature,
 Appears but an imperfect creature;
 And such intended by the Power
 Who call'd him to his natal hour:
 But still with all the means endued,
 To be a being great and good;
 If, in his road through toil and pain,
 He strives that honour to attain.
 But, in his most resplendent hour,
 The clouds of ill are seen to lour;
 And from his most determin'd way,
 He cannot fail sometimes to stray:
 All we can hope,—that in the scale
 The good may o'er the ill prevail.

DRYDEN.

It is one of the errors of philosophy, to judge of a man from systems of its own, which have so little foundation in the nature of that being whose faculties they pretend, I might say, presume, to analyse. Hence it is that we see him sometimes raised to the character of a demi-god, or sunk into the mere instinct of a brute. Now, as it happens, he is neither the one nor the other, but compounded of both, and according to the greater or less exercise of the rational faculties with which he is so pre-eminently endowed, he rises towards the one, or sinks to the other. It is not necessary for my purpose, to enlarge on the effects produced by the philosophical sects of former ages, or the fanatical enthusiasts of our own. It will be sufficient for me to observe, that man is a probationary creature, that he is free to stand or fall, and is precisely what he was intended to be; a being whose actions are to be influenced, under various modifications and dispensations, by the sense of a finite and uncertain state, an overlooking Providence, and a future world. That we are frail by nature, is a truth, essential to the

human character; but it is attended with the consolatory conviction, that he who made us so, does not expect perfections from us, and will pardon errors which do not proceed from wilful corruption and obstinate perseverance in evil.

There is an ancient fable, illustrative of this subject, which is equally just in its moral, and humorous in its narrative; and which has been so modernized, as to justify me in the hope that it will administer to the entertainment of my readers.

Jupiter, after he had seized the throne of Saturn, conquered the Titans, and made the universe his own, leaving the government of this lower world and the affairs of mankind to the inferior deities. Each, it seems, had his separate votaries, and it was so arranged, that no one was to interfere in the department of another. Mars was generalissimo of the soldiery of all nations; Neptune was lord high admiral; Bacchus presided over clubs and festivals; Mercury over trade; Apollo over wit and physic; Minerva over learning; Venus and the Graces over beauty; Juno over marriage; Diana over chastity, &c.

In the first ages of the world, the affairs of men seemed to be in a very flourishing condition; but the face of things began gradually to change, till at last a general depravity appeared to prevail over the face of the earth. At length the celestial deputies, finding themselves unequal to the task imposed upon them, and angry with mankind, petitioned Jupiter to take the government of them into his own hands: but he treated their request with a resentful dignity, commanding them to proceed as they had begun, and leave the consequences to himself. The deities, perplexed at their repulse, convened a council among themselves, in which it was agreed, that they should present a second petition to Olympus, requesting that, for the better understanding the nature of mankind, they should have permission to pay a visit to the world, and take upon them for a time the several natures of their respective votaries. Jupiter was amused at the conceit, and consented to their petition, but with this particular limitation, that they should be entirely divested of all supernatural power; and, as they were to personate mortals, that they should be subject to their frailties.

These condescending personages consented to the will of Jove, and, having deliberated on the several parts they were to act, made their descent upon the earth. Mars immediately purchased an ensigncy in the Guards, where his figure, activity, and personal attractions, soon advanced him to a higher rank. His equipage was dashing; his dress was in the same style; he danced with elegance, and he swore

with grace. He could occasionally knock down a watchman, or cane an impertinent waiter, make a riot in a tavern, storm a brothel, rattle a dice-box, and exhibit a most military figure on the parade: but having unfortunately attempted liberties with the wife of a friend, he was called out on the occasion, and having refused to make the required apologies for his misconduct, he was compelled to meet the injured husband in Hyde Park, where he received a shot, which, after a few days of agony and distress, consigned him to the tomb.

Neptune was a rough, hardy seaman, and was so very fortunate as to get appointed to a frigate at a very early age. It so happened, that he fell in with a fleet of Spanish merchantmen from South America, which at once enriched him with the spoil. His prudence was, however, equal to his courage; for it had been remarked, that he had never sought reputation in the cannon's mouth; and having had the misfortune to mistake his admiral's signal to attack, for a signal to sheer off, and not happening to have any interest with the minister, he was called to a court-martial, which cruelly declared him to be incapable of remaining in the service; so that nothing was left for him but to retire into an inland part of the country, where he had purchased a large estate, and drown all remembrance of his disgrace in rural amusements and bacchanalian hospitality.

Bacchus became a country squire, a decided sportsman, and never thought the day well spent which was not concluded by his being conducted, in a state of intoxica-

tion, to his bed. He was well-tempered in his cups, generous in his disposition, careless of his affairs: he attended to nothing with seriousness, but the boundary of his manors and the preservation of his game, a temper which involved him in continual quarrels with the neighbouring gentlemen, and made him the prey of the attorneys who fomented them. These gentry, who ate his dinners, drank his wine, and picked his pocket, hastened the effects of his general extravagance; so that, in a few years, he was obliged to sell his estate, and was soon afterwards so reduced in his circumstances, that, after various unsuccessful endeavours to gain a livelihood, he became a servant at a public-house, and drew beer for hackney-coachmen and porters.

Mercury was a linen-draper in the city, and acquired a fortune by being three times a bankrupt; but happening to be detected in his arrangements for getting advantageously through a fourth commission, having been betrayed by an attorney whom he had entrusted with a large sum of money, of which he had no proof, he was stripped of all his wealth, and very narrowly escaped the gallows. He afterwards gained a precarious livelihood by pilfering; and at length became the captain of a notorious gang of thieves, when being taken, he was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged; but to save the honour of Olympus, he was recalled to heaven from the condemned hole in Newgate.

Apollo commenced his mortal career in the character of physician; and dismissing, by his pills, boluses, and panaceas, such num-

bers of souls to the shades below, that Charon delivered in a petition for a larger and stronger boat, as his present wherry was in danger of sinking every time he passed the Styx. Jupiter, concerned for the human race, and incensed at his daily murders, commanded him to begin the world again in some less obnoxious profession. Apollo obeyed the supreme injunction, and became a wit. He now composed plays, satires, sonnets, and melo-dramas. He wrote adulatory dedications to any one who would pay for them; and libels against the best men in the kingdom, if the worst would reward him. At length, having lost his principal patron, by refusing to marry his cast-off mistress, he was reduced to toil in a garret, on bread and water, for the booksellers.

Minerva was a lady of brilliant parts and great learning, but an incorrigible slattern. She never stuck a pin in her clothes, nor changed them till they were worn out. Her linen was stained with ink, her hair was seldom combed, her stockings were frequently full of holes, and she walked slipshod. She did not appear to be attached to any thing but an owl, which hung in a wicker cage in her room. Her conversation was learned, but unintelligible. When she wrote, heroics flowed from her pen, and her earthly career concluded by marrying an Irish usher at a country academy.

Venus, who had at all times shewn a disposition towards mortal lovers, was quite delighted with the idea of frisking about this world of ours; and so well pleased was she with her abode here, that she

never entertained a wish to resume her immortality, till her gay, tonish life had so impaired her health, that she was obliged to take up her residence in the chambers of a public hospital.

Diana retained her former disposition. She was a great prude, but contrived to meet an Endymion every moon-light night. This was attended with no domestic inconvenience in her immortal state; but here the nature of things was changed, and poor Diana found herself, at the close of her earthly career, with a family of seven children, whom she left to be maintained by the parish.

Of Juno it is only said, that she scolded seven husbands to death; and of the Graces, that they were very neat, well-dressed girls till they were married, when they became the most arrant sluts in their respective neighbourhoods.

Having staid the time allotted them upon earth, they were all summoned to heaven in their human forms and habits, to make their appearance before the throne of Jupiter. Mars and Neptune made a tolerable figure, but they could not help discovering somewhat of an awkward sensation, that their recollections might hint to them. Bacchus was in a greasy jacket and dirty pantaloons, with a string of pewter-pots thrown across his shoulder. Mercury appeared fettered and hand-cuffed, with a cap on his head and a halter round his neck. Apollo appeared in an old great-coat, which covered a dirty shirt, half-boots which had forgot the feel of blacking, with stockings without feet, and a hat that seemed to have been stolen

from a scare-crow; his features were begrimed with snuff, and his mouth crammed with tobacco. As Minerva approached to make her curtsey, Jupiter told her to keep at a distance, and declared his aversion to learned ladies, who thought it beneath their profound wisdom to keep themselves sweet. He then called aloud to Flora, to perfume the air and sprinkle his beard with otto of roses. Venus held her fan before her face, ashamed to discover the ravage which human disease had made in it: she was, however, ordered to display her diminished beauties, which she did with successive hiccoughs, when the thunderer ordered her a cup of ambrosia, to moderate the effects of the Hollands which she had taken in the morning before she set out on her journey. Diana complained of a dropsy, which caused Jove to burst into a fit of laughter that made Olympus shake, and ordered all her virgins into immediate attendance upon her. Juno appeared to be extremely displeased, that she was reserved to be one of the last to be noticed; and was about to express herself in very angry terms on the occasion, when Jupiter, with a gracious nod and an affectionate smile, assured her, that all her seven earthly husbands were safely lodged in Elysium. The Graces would have apologized for being in such a state of dishabille; but Jupiter interrupted their apology by assuring them, with a very kind aspect, that there would be no necessity, in future, for such excuses, as he was determined to have no marriages in heaven.

He now restored them all to their divinities; and, after ridiculing and

rebuking them for their murmurings and curiosity, dismissed them to their several charges, telling them, that they were now enabled to make allowances for the frailties and imperfections of human nature, having experienced, in their own persons, that he had peopled the world with men, and not with gods.

I yesterday received the following brief, energetic epistle, which I take the earliest opportunity of inserting, because I wish to give it an immediate and energetic answer.

LIME-STREET, Midnight.

Mr. *Spectator*,

A most unfavourable character which I read by chance last night, as I never before met with any of your scandalous and malignant lucubrations, is so like me in some of its particulars, that, however unlike in others, it must certainly be intended to represent, or rather misrepresent, me; I therefore feel myself authorized to tell you my opinion of your conduct. Where you have seen me, and how you came to know me, I cannot tell; but a shocking consideration it is, that persons in my situation in life, or indeed in any situation, should be liable to the wanton abuse and malicious scurrility of such hireling, hackney writers as yourself. It is a crying evil, which ought to be a subject for the interference of the law: but as I find, on consulting my first cousin, Counsellor Nimbletongue, that an action will not lie against you, under all the cowardly precautions which you have taken, I am determined to make it a condition with the first gentleman who offers

proposals of marriage to me, that before I receive him as a lover, he shall bring me a certificate, that he has laid a cane with no common activity across your shoulders.

SUSAN SPITFIRE.

I beg leave leave to assure Miss Spitfire, that I never saw or heard of her, till she has been pleased to make herself known to me by the agreeable communication which I have just offered, to amuse my readers. As the lady has not mentioned the character which has given her so much offence, I can make no observations upon it; but this I know, that I avoid every thing which is personal in the composition of these papers, and look only to the general features of human nature, as my experience teaches me. If, in the more unpleasing part of my duty, I have dwelt upon the imperfections which Miss Spitfire seems to acknowledge to be a part of her character, I certainly did it with a view to illustrate some truth, or to hold up some example for the instruction of those who peruse my writings. I endeavour, in my pictures of good or bad qualities, to paint from the images which the world offers me; and that I am a successful copyist of the latter, at least, Miss Spitfire's accusation affords a very decisive testimony. She has, poor passionate lady, betrayed herself without alarming me; for as to the threat of a future beating from a lover of her's, I shall not begin to think of guarding against it, till she gets one; and as I presume she does not possess very powerful attractions, it may be some time yet before that event takes place. She may be, indeed, for aught I

know, a lady of fortune; but I could name instances of men, who, after having married rich wives, have, from the personal qualities of their ribs, been very soon of opinion, that gold may be bought at too dear a rate. I am no enemy to this lady or to any one; in short, I am so much her friend as to ad-

vice her, whenever she again writes a letter in a passion, to shew it to some cool friend before she dispatches it. Her cousin, Counsellor Nimbletongue, would not have advised her to expose herself as she has now done, to the compassion of the

MODERN SPECTATOR.

ON COMMERCE.

No. XL.

THE women of the island of Johanna are clad in a sort of petticoat, with a jacket and a loose robe; when they go abroad they are veiled: they adorn their legs, their arms, and their ears with a profusion of ornaments, loading the latter with such a variety of pendants, that the lobes are drawn down to their shoulders by their accumulated weight; their arms and wrists are decorated with numerous bracelets made of glass, iron, copper, tin, or silver, according to their rank and fortune. Their children are accustomed to go naked, both male and female, until seven or eight years of age. They consider heat as more prejudicial to the human frame than cold, and think that a free circulation of air around their bodies, is more invigorating and more conducive to health, than being swaddled up in clothes.—Health seems to be (and wisely) the chief object with these people; they have the good sense to consider it as the first and greatest blessing of life. They are conspicuous for their simplicity, obliging disposition, and hospitality: their manners also assume that natural appearance which tends to

prove, that they have not yet been quite corrupted by the arts of the more enlightened world, except that, in their former dealings with the Europeans, they were contented and delighted if, in exchange for the minor refreshments they furnished, such as cocoa-nuts, plantains, and other fruits, birds, &c. they received handkerchiefs, glass bottles, pieces of iron, and every kind of ready-made clothes, without caring for money: but, having learned the value of coin, they are no longer eager to obtain trifles, as formerly, for they now insist on being paid for the commodities they furnish, either in money, fire-arms, or gunpowder. The delightful temperature of the climate renders them indolent; they will ask freely for what will give them pleasure in possessing, but are by no means addicted to theft. Of all the Europeans, they treat the English in particular with the greatest cordiality, from a principle of gratitude for the essential assistance they received from them formerly, when at war with the people of Mohilla: at the same time, they are exceedingly jealous of all other nations, especially of the

Portuguese, with whose usurpations on the continent of Africa they are well acquainted. Their language is a corrupt Arabic, blended with that of Zanguebar, a part of the African coast opposite to them, and whence it is more than probable these islands were originally peopled. Their religion is a gross-kind of Mahometanism, mingled with the remains of their own an-

cient superstitions: they hate and fear the devil to such a degree, that they sometimes burn him in a stogy, as a mark of their detestation for that common enemy of the human race. There is a considerable number of villages in this island, besides the town of Johanna, where the king resides.

MERCATOR & Co.

COGITATIONS OF SCRIBLERUS.

No. II.

Ah! Fear—ah! frantic Fear,
I see—I see thee near.

COLLINS.

NOTWITHSTANDING poor human nature is continually repining, and exclaiming, “All the evils of Pandora’s box, without their attendant, Hope, are let loose to make us miserable,” yet this is not enough for us; we frequently render our troubles twofold, and increase them by some fictitious phantom of our own raising; we even seem to delight in our own annoyance. The hypochondriac, for instance, not content in having a respite from pain, continues to feel his pulse; he anticipates another fit of agony, he calculates on his dying symptoms, and renders this pause from bodily anguish nearly as acute as the pain he has just felt, by his mental fears. The wretch who speculates in worldly dross, while he hugs his millions, is still harassed by the idea, that some mischance may reduce him to poverty, and that a parish workhouse will close his eyes. The fair-sex, also, are not satisfied with tormenting themselves with fancied jealousies from rivals, or disappointment from dress-makers, but they fill up the vacuum with mi-

nor troubles, and those formidable animals, the mouse and the spider, assisted by the vapours, fill up those moments when flattery and scandal have in vain essayed to make them happy. “Some men there are who cannot bear a gaping pig, others a bagpipe tweak i’ the nose;” and I know as brave a seaman as ever stepped upon deck, who is absolutely near fainting at the sight of a cat; I also know a rustic who is obliged to leave his landlord’s table on seeing a person bite a sharp apple. We all know, that the music of a saw sharpening, or the creak of a fork on a plate, will, to some of us, impart a most exquisite sensation.

But my friend Will Irritable has, I think, after all, found out the most ingenious way of tormenting himself. Will is a married man, and loves his wife; his children, of which he has two, contribute also to his happiness; he lives elegantly, his money comes in without any trouble, and his creditors are sent away satisfied whenever they tender their bills. Will hears the

hurricane burst against his windows, but as he has no "argosy" on the waves, he heeds it not on that account; he reads even of bankruptcies without terror, for his money is under the care of Henry Hase, and unspeculated. Yet, alas! he gets no sleep, for fires will happen, and burglaries may be committed. He is not satisfied, that he has invented preventives for the former, and bolts against the latter. He locks up every door himself, and seems superlatively happy should he catch a half-extinguished cinder lurking near the hearth-rug. He is every night so fastened up, that he might be burnt to death before he could undo his patent lock, or unfix the life-preserver, which fastens his window-bar. He once *lit up* his curtains, in lying in wait for a housebreaker; and at one time a thief contrived to make a nocturnal depredation by ascending a fire-escape, which, ready prepared, depended from his window. In vain every night he has made all safe; in vain he lets down the draw-bolt of his chamber, for servants are now-a-days treacherous; and in vain are the real terrors of his wife when the charged blunderbuss is put under his pillow: he still hears, or thinks he hears, a noise; his wife, seized by the consternation, is sure she hears a shutter fall, and, in imagination, some one is rioting in her china closet—hist again—and all is still. Again they are tucked in bed—'tis a winter's night—they are getting once more into a glow, but the wind blows drearily. Will turns round to his deary, "'Tis a night, my dear, fit for robbers;" this is answered by, "Very true." He has forgot to lock up a silver cup;

again she is disturbed with a "hist," a noise is indeed heard below stairs. The clothes are swept off—he jumps

"Antipodes upright!"—

the candle is snatched from the table; his knees, naked and trembling, are shuffled to the window; the sash is up, and his head, with whitened tassel cap bedecked, is exposed, while he is thundering out, "Watch! watch!" and poor Mrs. Irritable is left in a bath of perspiration. The key is dropped from the window, the bolts are at length drawn back, and the half-a-sleep guardian of the night enters the passage. It is true, some one has entered the scullery: they sally out against the invader; armed, they enter the pantry; he flees; they rush into the kitchen; again he escapes them; till at last they seize the midnight assassin by the neck; puss is found guilty of burglary and an attempt at privately stealing, for a bunch of sheep's lights is seen on the floor, and the grid-iron, which the convicted felon brought with them to the ground, lying by its side. Will comforts himself and his wife with the idea, that it might have been worse—fees the watchman—determines not to abate his vigilance, and, perfectly satisfied with his heroism, prepares to compose himself to sleep.

All this is nothing, however, to what occurred to him last week. It was Friday night, and caution was doubly necessary; for, indeed, but a night before, an old hat had been stolen from a neighbour's passage; and this evening the chimney of Mr. Combustion, the oilman, at the corner of the same street, had been on fire. In the middle of Irritable's first sleep, he was awaked by a noise, apparently



in the room they were in: again my friend is nearly out of bed; his attitude assumes that of a tailor with regard to his legs, but his head and ears are distended to all the length of anticipatory fear. Some one must be in the room—he darts at the lamp, which, for more security, is placed in a recess at some distance; in his over eagerness he upsets it; the light vanishes, and a dreary darkness envelopes him; his fears picture to him the light extinguished by a midnight depre- dator, and he halloos lustily. Some one seizes him by the tail of his shirt, but from this he is soon re- lieved by a tremendous rent: but another holds his arm in speechless fury—now some one strikes him—he hears, close to him, the screams of his wife. This would make the lamb a tiger, and he clenches human hair in his fist; while a sort of scream- ing duetto and a growling bass are kept up by him and his deary. A crowd collect round the house—he is too frightened to get out, and too cou-

rageous to let go his hold, and the watchman cannot get in, notwith- standing an iron crow has been for some time tried at the door. The servants sleep too soundly to hear their master's noise, and if they did, have been too often unnecessarily disturbed, to heed him now. At length, a ladder is placed at the window; the broken panes of glass rattle on the ground—lights are brought—no thief is discerned—but, to the astonished beholder, is seen Mrs. Irritable holding fast by the wounded shirt—his hand is fastened in the hair of her head—both, though nearly breathless, ex- claiming, “We have got—we have got him!”

A feeble noise is, indeed, heard in the room; the parties recover themselves, and the watchman re- moving the chimney-board, dis- covers, not two assassins, but an unfortunate pigeon, whom dis- tress and a recreant pair of legs had driven from the house top.

PLATE 14.—ST. STEPHEN'S WALBROOK.

THE first account we have of a church in this situation, is in Dug- dale's *Monasticon*, where it is re- corded, that Endo, steward of the household to Henry I. gave the church of St. Stephen super Wal- brook* to his new founded monas-

tery of St. John, Colechester; and the abbot and convent presented to the living till 1422. In 1428, Sir Robert Chicheley, who had been lord mayor seven years before, gave a plot of ground, 208 feet long and 66 broad, to the parish, for the purpose of erecting a new church, and forming a church-yard. In 1429 he laid the first stone of the proposed fabric, which was finished in 1439. Sir Wiliam also contri- buted the sum of £100 towards its erection, and bore the charges of all the timber-work, besides co- vering the new structure with lead,

* Walbrook, after which the street of that name is called, was an ancient rivu- let, so denominated from an aperture in the city wall between Bishopsgate and Moorgate, by which it entered. This stream, after winding through the city, which it supplied with water, emptied itself into the Thames at Dowgate.

giving all the timber for roofing the side aisles, and defraying the expence of carriage.

This church, after being substantially repaired by the parish, at an expence of upwards of £500, between 1622 and 1632, was destroyed, with the exception of the steeple, by the great conflagration of 1666. In its place was erected the present edifice, from the designs of the great Sir Christopher Wren.

The walls and tower are stone; the roof within, over the middle aisle, is arched; in the centre is a spacious cupola and a lantern. The roof over the rest of the church is flat, covered with lead, and supported by columns and pilasters of the Corinthian order. There are three aisles and a cross aisle paved with stone; and from the street there is an ascent of fifteen steps.

The principal beauties of this justly admired edifice are in the interior. The dome, which is spacious and noble, is finely proportioned to the church, and divided into small compartments, decorated with great elegance; while the roof, which is divided into compartments, is supported by noble Corinthian columns, standing upon elevated pedestals. On the sides under the lower roofs, are circular windows, but the roof is lighted by small arched ones; and at the east end are three very noble arched windows. The appearance produces a striking effect upon entering, as the eye embraces every part at once, except the bases of the columns, which are injudiciously eclipsed by the carving on the top of the pews: but this was not the design of the architect. The roof and cupola are adorned with an en-

tablature and arches, ornamented with shields, palm-branches, and roses of fret-work, and pannels of crocket-work. Over the altar is a beautiful historical painting of the stoning of St. Stephen, from the classic pencil of Mr. West, the venerable President of the Royal Academy. It is scarcely possible to speak in adequate terms of this performance, whether we consider the sublimity of the subject, the chastity of the design, or the correctness of the execution.

“This church, so little noticed by us,” says the author of a *Critical Review of Public Buildings*, “is famous all over Europe, and is justly reputed the master-piece of the celebrated Sir Christopher Wren. Perhaps Italy itself can produce no modern building that can vie with this in taste or proportion: there is not a beauty which the plan would admit of, that is not to be found here in the greatest perfection; and foreigners very justly call our judgment in question, for understanding its graces no better, and allowing it no higher a degree of fame.”

Whether these remarks are exactly applicable at the present day, we are not prepared to examine, but that the censure conveyed in them would not have been too strong eighty or a hundred years ago, is demonstrated by the following anecdote:—Lord Burlington, the founder of Burlington House, Piccadilly, and who at once patronised and cultivated the arts, being at Rome, was particularly struck with a print of the interior of a church, suspended in one of the apartments in which he had taken up his quarters. Eager to behold this master-

piece of architecture, he ordered his *cicerone* to conduct him to it. The man was for some time mute with astonishment; at length an explanation ensued, and his lordship learned, with no less surprise than shame, that the capital of his native country possessed, in the church of St. Stephen Walbrook, a jewel of the very existence of which he was utterly ignorant. On his return to England, he hurried to London; and such was his impatience to gratify his curiosity, that though it was midnight when he reached the metropolis, he instantly repaired to this church, caused the sexton to be called up, and would not rest till he had gratified himself with an inspection of its beauties by torch-light.

In this sacred edifice Dr. Thomas Wilson, a late rector, and son of the venerable Bishop of Sodor and Man, to shew his respect for Mrs. Macaulay, who had written an intemperate History of the House of Stuart, caused a whole-length statue of her to be erected during her life-time. The indecency of this proceeding was duly noticed and censured, and the statue was removed by Mr. Towaley, his successor.

The length of St. Stephen's is 75 feet; breadth, 56; height of the middle roof, 34 feet; of the cupola and lantern, 58; and of the tower, in which are three bells, to the top of the rail and banister, about 74.

The rector of this church, at the time of the Reformation, was Dr. Henry Pendleton. This divine, whose sentiments seem to have nearly coincided with those of the celebrated Vicar of Bray, being once, during the reign of Edward VI. in company with Laurence Sanders, the latter, a man of a meek and diffident spirit, expressed his doubts whether he had strength to endure persecution. Pendleton, on the contrary, boldly declared, that, "for his part, he would see every drop of his fat and the last morsel of his flesh consumed to ashes, before he would swerve from the faith as then established." On the accession of Queen Mary, the rector of Walbrook, however, again changed with the times, and saved his *fat* as well as his *flesh*, whilst the mild, fearful Sanders, rather than abjure his religion, suffered at the stake in Smithfield.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

IN consequence of the distressing accounts received from various parts of the Continent, respecting the misery into which many thousands of its innocent inhabitants have been plunged by the calamities of war, a committee, formed about eight years since, for their relief under similar circumstances, have renewed their benevolent ex-

ertions. After several private meetings, at one of which, on the 14th of January, those gentlemen, in reliance on the liberality of the British public, determined to remit, by that night's post, the sum of 3500*l.* to such places, as had the most urgent need of assistance; a general meeting was convened on the 27th January, at the London

Tavern. The chair, which was to have been filled by his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, who was prevented from attending by indisposition, was taken by Henry Thornton, Esq. M. P. and the following resolutions were unanimously agreed to:—

1. That it appears to this meeting, that the distress arising out of the ravages of war in Germany, and other parts of the Continent, is inconceivably great, and loudly calls on the British nation for the exercise of its accustomed beneficence.

2. That this general meeting, convened by the committee appointed in the year 1803, for relieving the distresses in Germany, and other parts of the Continent, approves most cordially of the object of the committee, and especially of the prompt measures taken at their meetings of the 14th and 13th of January, anticipating the liberality of the British public, and sending immediate succour to the places in greatest need.

3. That an addition to the subscriptions already opened by the committee be now applied for, to meet the relief they have already ordered; and that the committee be desired, without delay, to use its utmost endeavours to procure further contributions, to alleviate, as much as possible, the present unparalleled distress on the Continent.

4. That it be recommended to the committee, in the distribution of the funds, to observe the strictest impartiality, and that the measure of distress in each place or district do regulate the proportion of relief to be afforded.

5. That the several bankers in

the metropolis and the country be, and they are hereby requested to receive subscriptions for this great object of charity; and that the country bankers be, and they are hereby requested to remit the amount received, on the 1st day of March, to Henry Thornton, Esq. Bartholomew-lane, with the names of subscribers, and to continue the same on the first day of each subsequent month.

6. That the clergy of the church of England, and ministers of all religious denominations, be, and they are hereby earnestly requested to recommend this important object to their several congregations, and to make public collections in aid of its funds.

7. That all the corporate bodies in the united kingdom be, and they are hereby respectfully requested to contribute to this important object.

8. That the most respectful thanks of this meeting are due, and that they be presented to his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, for his condescending and immediate acquiescence in the request, that he would take the chair on this important occasion.

A subscription was immediately opened, and the contributions advertised up to February 22, amount to about £30,000.

The sums voted by the committee, are as follow:—

Voted on the 14th January.

To Leipzig and its vicinity . . .	£500
To Dresden and its vicinity . . .	500
To Bautzen and its vicinity . . .	500
To Silesia, on the borders of which seventy-two villages were almost entirely destroyed	500
To Lauenburg, Lunenburg, and the vicinity of Harburg, in Hanover	500

To the many thousands who have been forced from their habitations in Hamburg . . .	£1000	To Schwerin, Rostock, and vicinity	500
And at a subsequent meeting on the 18th Jan. to Erfurt, Naumburg, and their vicinity . . .	500	To Wismar and vicinity . . .	200
<i>Voted on the 28th of January.</i>		To Frankfurt and vicinity . . .	500
To Hamburg and its vicinity . . .	1000	To Lübeck and vicinity . . .	500
To Berlin, its vicinity, and hospitals	1000	To Lauenburg, Ratzeburg, Lüneburg, Zelle, Hauburg, Staade, and neighbouring villages . . .	1000
To Leipzig and its vicinity . . .	1000	To Berlin and Wittstock . . .	1000
To Silesia and Lusatia	500	To be held at Berlin for the sufferers at Magdeburg when that fortress shall be evacuated by the French	1000
For the relief of several hundred children, turned out of the Foundling Hospital at Hamburg . . .	300	To Stettin	500
<i>Voted on the 31st Jan.</i>		To Hamburg	1000
To Wittenberg and its vicinity . . .	500	To Bremen	500
To Halle and its vicinity	500	To Würzburg	500
To Dresden and its vicinity	500	<i>Voted 17th of February.</i>	
To the different towns, villages, and hamlets between Leipzig and Dresden	1000	To Stettin	500
<i>Voted on the 1st of February.</i>		To the exiles from Hamburg at Altona, Barmen, Lübeck, and wherever they may be	3000
To be given for the relief of Hannover and its vicinity	500	To Kiel in Holstein	500
To be given to Stettin and its vicinity	500	To Leipzig, Chemnitz, Freyberg, and their vicinity	2000
<i>Voted on the 3d of February.</i>		To Dresden, Pirna, and their vicinity	2000
To be given to Stargardt, its hospitals, and vicinity	300		
<i>Voted on the 10th of February.</i>			£36,000
To Liegnitz, Neusalz, Janer, Bunzlau, and the seventy-two villages of Silesia, which are nearly destroyed	2000	The Literary Meetings at Mr. Ackermann's commenced for the season on Wednesday the 23d of February, and will be continued, on the same evening in each week, until Wednesday the 20th of April inclusive.—The object which Mr. Ackermann proposes in continuing this meeting, is, to be allowed the pleasure of bringing together a select number of gentlemen, professors and lovers of literature and the fine arts. The library in which it is held contains books exclusively upon art, or such as have graphic illustrations, including many of the most splendid publications, English and Foreign, which he trusts will be found interesting to gentlemen who cultivate an acquaintance with the fine arts.	
To Bautzen, with the recommendation of Bischoffswerda, Zittau, Lauban, Leubau, and vicinity	600		
To Culin and neighbourhood	500		
To Dresden and vicinity	500		
To Pirna, Freyberg, and vicinity	500		
To Lutzen and vicinity	300		
For the peasantry in the vicinity of Leipzig	1000		
To Torgau	500		
To Naumburg and vicinity	500		
To Weissenfels and vicinity	500		
To Erfurt and Eisenach	500		
To Dessau and vicinity	500		
To Fulda, Hannau, and vicinity	1000		

MUSICAL REVIEW.

Prelude, Variations and Rondo, for the Harp or Piano-Forte, composed by Bernard Romberg.
Op. 18. Pr. 3s.

THE prelude of this publication at once establishes a standard for our expectation in regard to the remainder. It is tasteful, replete with fanciful combination of ideas and scientific demonstrations. An andante of uncommonly chaste simplicity constitutes the theme of the variations, which are conceived in the first style of excellence. We cannot too much applaud var. 4, in which the melody is carried through an uninterrupted flow of slow notes, intersected, as to time, between both hands. The fifth variation exhibits touches of the most delicate harmonic sensibility, first in the major key, and afterwards in minor moods; imparting to the theme, constantly perceptible, a diversity of character and a novel interest, until in the 6th page it merges into an elevated and well contrived conclusion. The subject of the rondo is distinguished by its tranquil unaffected gracefulness, which prevails equally in the accessory portions; modulation is used with judicious economy; although the subject recurs under several allied keys, especially in the fine part in A b (p. 9): The termination is bold and brilliant. Although evidently set for the harp, this piece possesses, in an eminent degree, the advantage of adapting itself to the sphere of the piano-forte.

Grand Triumphant March, for two Performers on one Piano-Forte, composed by Ferdinand Ries.
Pr. 2s. 6d.

This is truly a grand and striking composition, in which the spark of original genius is as visible as the matured talent of the master. Ushered in by a prelude of drums and fifes, the march (in C) begins in an imposing manner; its second part falls admirably into an episodic portion in E b, from which, by means of minor transitions, the learned author, rather boldly, re-enters his original key. The trio in four flats commands our warmest applause; it is sweet in its melody, yet full of expressive precision and skilfully contrived. Indeed on the score of judicious arrangement and rivetting of the parts, this march deserves the attention of incipient composers, to whom we would recommend a careful examination of the four staves, as a most beneficial means of instruction how to employ four hands on one piano-forte in a workmanlike manner, and with an effect approaching that of a full band; and how to avoid making the four hands move in constant hammering simultaneousness, like a battalion performing the manual exercise.

Les petits Bijoux, consisting of favorite Airs, Dances, and Rondos for the Piano-Forte, composed by the most celebrated Professors. No. 15. Pr. 2s.

In this number we find Mr. Bishop in a character we have seldom seen him in, that of a mere instrumental composer for the piano-forte; we feel therefore the greater pleasure in complimenting him on his success in that walk. The subject is a polonaise of his, in B b, from the melo-drama of "The Brazen Bust," which is throughout

extremely well treated, not only in its own key, but in the kindred scales of F and C (p. 2). The whole of the 3d page is particularly meritorious; its several neat modulations breathe entirely the spirit of the theme. The minor (p. 5) in B b, with its major variation in D b, is conceived with delicate feeling and in the best taste; and, in the conclusion (p. 6), the protracted suspension of the cadence through a series of chords, has a peculiar, but by no means an unpleasing effect; only the chord of $\frac{3}{2}$ (bar 19) we would wish to be considered the inalienable property of the church, not to be profaned in the "gallant" style of composition, where it is by far too cutting.

Portuguese March, arranged for the Piano-Forte, composed and dedicated to the Portuguese Army, by their Countryman, J. D. Boutempo. Pr. 1s. 6d.

When, as in this instance, patriotic enthusiasm goes hand in hand with great talent, the result cannot but be successful. The march before us is any thing but a common-place conception. Its structure is not regularly symmetrical, but its style is lofty and grand, and its harmony, in more than one part, of the higher order, so as to impart to the whole an air of imposing originality. Among its excellencies we reckon, the clever contrapuntal motion of the bass (l. 4), and the fine part in E b minor; although in the last line of the 1st and the beginning of the 2d pages, it merges into a train of abstract modulation, which we should almost think too learned to guide the step of the Caçadores,

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unless they were as thorough-bred musicians as they have proved themselves to be brave soldiers. The return, too, from G minor to the original key E b (p. 3, l. 2), is not a little bold.

Waltz for the Piano-Forte, composed, and dedicated to Mademoiselle Dillon, by J. D. Boutempo. Pr. 1s.

For the closet, not for the ball-room. Even in this trifle, the author's skill has known how to introduce parts of superior interest. Of that description are the melodious three bars in line 3, and the next succeeding diverging chords of solution into C; also the opportune employment of the extreme sixth (l. 1), &c. In some instances the rhythm has been neglected; this is particularly felt in the 4th line, where the excision of a superfluous 8th bar would be highly desirable. In a waltz (and the part we are speaking of appertains to the dance itself, before there is yet a question of bye-road excursions), we look for symmetrical squareness of periods.

The Nine Muses, or nine fashionable Waltzes for the Harp or Piano-Forte, composed, and dedicated to Miss Charlotte Allen, by Aug. Voigt. Pr. 2s.

Of the nine waltzes before us, each bears the name of one of the Pierian sisters. Whether by so doing the author intended to render his labour more agreeable to the votaries of the Muses; or whether, feeling, as we do, disgusted by the vulgar appellations which are so frequently given to English dances, he wished to make a beginning of a more decorous nomenclature, we cannot say; but

thus much we will aver, that his waltzes have given us entertainment. They have one decided merit; they run in the true spirit of the German dance; although a greater variety of character, and indeed of originality, would have been desirable. Miss *Erato's* waltz is by far the best, and would do the author infinite honour, if it were not a very close imitation of one of Mozart's waltzes. *Thalia* and *Melpomene* are also pleasing, but in the latter the 6th bars of the 2d part and trio are faulty in harmony. We are well satisfied with *Polyhymnia*; and with the neat trio of *Terpsichore*. The last, *Urania*, is particularly deserving of notice and commendation, and the coda which is appended to that Muse gives the publication a dashing finish.

Three easy Divertimentos for the Piano-Forte, with an Accompaniment for a Flute or Violin, composed by J. Gildon. Op. 38. Pr. 3s. 6d.

This is a posthumous work of an author, whose premature death is regretted by a numerous class of musical amateurs. What Mr. Gildon's compositions wanted in originality, was compensated by their correctness, their agreeable simplicity, and their facility of execution. All these merits are discernible in the three divertimentos before us. They are evidently intended, and certainly very proper, for pupils of moderate proficiency. The several short movements possess the ease and melodious expression which reaches the intellect of that class of performers, and affords them entertainment along with the instruction.

The former object is moreover furthered by the addition of a part for the flute, or rather for two flutes in most instances. Of the three divertimento's, the last, and of that the last movement, a polacca, appear to us to claim a decided preference.

Psalm Tunes, Chants, &c. adapted for the Organ or Piano-Forte, by Thomas Tomlins. Vol. I. Pr. 5s.

Only a few lines appended to the end of this book bear Mr. Tomlin's own name as author, the rest is a collection of psalm-melodies from different churches, in England chiefly. Among those we meet with some of decided merit, such as the hymn p. 12, the 125th psalm (York,) the evening hymn, and a few others; but there is not an inconsiderable number which rank with mediocrity. As Mr. T. seems inclined to continue this collection, we must beg a greater attention to correctness of harmony for the future. Consecutive octaves and fifths, as well as other grammatical errors, are by no means rare in this volume. In profane compositions these might more readily be overlooked, but the harmony of the church ought to be as strictly pure as its doctrines. *On the Eolian Harp, a Glee for three voices, composed, and inscribed to his Friend, Charles Dignum, by Joseph William Holder, Mus. Bac. Oxon.* Pr. 2s. 6d.

Mr. H. has infused into this glee a considerable degree of pathetic expression and a respectable share of science. The different sections into which it is divided coincide well with the varied import of the text: the bass is in several instances managed with peculiar

skill, and the other parts are equally indicative of judicious contrivance. Of the several movements, the *lento* (p. 6) is particularly conspicuous by its expressive solemnity.

The Copenhagen Waltz, with Variations for the Piano-Forte, and Flute Accompaniment, composed by J. Purkis. Pr. 2s.

This really pretty waltz has been treated by Mr. Purkis in a manner calculated to give satisfaction. The variations are unaffected, neat, and pleasing. This is particularly the case with var. 3. On looking at the fourth variation one feels surprised, that its nature should not have suggested to the composer the idea of setting flute and piano-forte, bar by bar, in alternate responses. The change of time in var. 4, although commendable in point of skill, detracts much from the character of the theme. The conclusion is almost as shewy as that of a grand overture.

Sonata for the Piano-Forte, in which are introduced the favourite Airs of "Sweet little Barbara and Tweed Side," composed, with Accompaniments for the Flute or Violin and Violoncello, and respectfully dedicated to Mrs. Black-haz, by F. Klose. Pr. 4s.

Setting out with rather a meagre subject, the allegro of this sonata gains in interest as it proceeds, and again terminates in an unsatisfactory manner with bare common chords, thrown into triplets. The intermediate portions afford more room for commendation: the passages and modulations, although of the usual kind, are conceived and strung together with propriety; this is particularly the case with

p. 6. The *larghetto*, "Tweed Side," merits distinctive notice; it is treated and harmonised with much taste, and by no means destitute of scientific touches, particularly in the last line of p. 8, and first line of p. 9. These do Mr. Klose real and very great credit, especially the enharmonic substitution of G sharp for A b. The conclusion too is good. Of the polacca we are no less bound to speak favourably; the theme and the various features of superstructure thereon, breathe an air of agreeable liveliness and delicate thought; the minor is perfectly appropriate; its C part respectable; in short, all is in good order and style. As this sonata is very easy, we deem it, in all respects, advantageous for the practice of the rising pupil.

The favourite Sicilian Air "Se tu sarai costante," with twelve Variations and an introductory Movement for the Piano-Forte, composed, and most respectfully inscribed to Miss Todd, by Richard Light. Pr. 3s.

This is a pretty simple theme, well chosen for variations. In regard to the harmony of bars 5, 6, 7, and 8 of the second part, the following succession would have been preferable to Mr. L.'s bass: (G major being the key)

$$\begin{array}{cccccc} 3 & 6 & 6 & 3 & 6 & \frac{4}{2} & 6 \\ C & B, & A & G, & C & C, & B, & \&c. \end{array}$$

The variations are too numerous to admit of an individual muster; their general feature is that of unostentatious neatness, and they are not destitute of diversity of character. Of those that possess pre-eminent merit, we have to mention var. 8, where the alternations be-

tween the two staves claim especial favour; also var. 11, which we deem the best of all, on account of its good bass. The march, however, var. 9, contains some objectionable harmonics. After giving the theme once more (p. 8) in its simple garb (and very properly, for the number of antecedent vari-

ations might obliterate its recollection), var. 12, in quick time, leads to a termination by means of a coda, which not only is perfectly satisfactory and *à propos*, but exhibits one or two fanciful touches, that assist the winding up in an appropriate and effective style.

RETROSPECT OF POLITICS.

THE rapid succession of the almost marvellous events of the day, blunts, in some degree, the sense of their historical magnitude. Yet if we go back to measure them by the almost obliterated scale of our former expectations, however sanguine, we cannot fail to be struck with amazement. What a contrast, to have beheld Napoleon, the terror of nations, leading his irresistibly numerous legions through the heart of Russia up to Moscow; and to find him now, after the destruction of two immense armies in as many campaigns, employed in defending the approaches of Paris, and palisading the suburbs of his good city! Two successive winters form the canvas of these companion pictures.

OPERATIONS OF PRINCE SCHWARZENBERG'S AND BLUCHER'S ARMIES.

If there were a proof wanting of the annihilation of the second French army through the recent German campaign, it would be furnished by the rapid and almost unmolested advance of the allies into the heart of France—into regions which for many centuries had remained free from hostile invasion, which opinion had pronounced nearly as inaccessible by force of

arms, as the interior of Africa. Thus the narratives of the progress of the grand army under Prince Schwarzenberg, and of the brave Silesian army under Blücher, are mere *marche-routes* as far as the river Marne—that boasted iron frontier of France, a cobweb.

The bulk of Prince Schwarzenberg's army having arrived in Upper Alsacia, that general broke up from Altkirch, where we left his head-quarters on the 3d January, proceeding by Lure upon Vesoul, which was entered on the 14th of the same month. The right wing, under General Wrede, marching into Lorraine by a more northern, but parallel route, met with more opposition; its advanced guard, under Le Roy, was driven out of St. Diez (10th) by General Milhaud; but General Wrede arriving opportunely with reinforcements, retook the town with ease, and made some hundreds of prisoners. An intermediate column, under the Prince Royal of Wirtemberg and the Hetman Platow, had nearly at the same time to cut its way through a French cavalry corps at Epinal.

From Vesoul the main army moved against Marshal Mortier at Langres; but he evacuated the

place, and retired to Chaumont, which was also abandoned, and a position was taken up by him at Fontaine, in order to cover Bar sur Aube. From thence the enemy ventured to attack Prince Schwarzenberg's advance (the 24th Jan.), but was defeated with considerable loss, and pushed on Bar sur Aube. This town too he deemed it prudent to evacuate on the night of the following day.

Here we must leave Prince Schwarzenberg's advance, in order to bring the brave Silesian army, by a still more rapid career, to the same point. We left Blücher's head-quarters on the 4th January at Kreutznach, in the Palatinate. Marmont, his opponent, commanded too dispirited and miserable a force to make a stand any where. The celebrated military position at Kaiserslautern was given up without a blow; the string of fortresses on the Moselle and Saar were deemed an unsafe shelter: all here was precipitate retreat and confusion. A garrison of 1000 men was abandoned at Trier, to fall prisoners to a detachment under Colonel Henckel (6th Jan.); and Blücher's army having repaired the destroyed bridges over the Saar, crossed on the 10th. Having left two brigades to blockade Saar-Louis, Thionville, and Luxembourg, the veteran Marshal *Forward* directed his course upon the Moselle. Nancy was evacuated, and taken possession of by General Sacken on the 14th, and some hundreds of Spanish prisoners were liberated. On the 15th the Silesian army effected its junction with the grand army, whose extreme right wing under Wrede had then reached Charmes. The

garrison of Toul, 400 men, to avoid an assault, surrendered on the 17th, and the Silesian army moved on towards the Meuse. This river was likewise abandoned by Marmont; and, although an interruption in the official accounts creates here a little chasm, we find Blücher on the Marne about the 25th Jan.

On the same day Bonaparte set out from Paris, and arrived at Châlons sur Marne. By great exertions, and by concentrating all his scattered remnants, he had once more contrived to bring together what his present exhausted means justified him in calling a grand army. But his ideas of grandeur have suffered such successive modification, in proportion as his sphere of action became narrowed and brought nearer to the capital of the *grand nation*. On the Niemen, the complement of a grand army was 500,000 men, on the Elbe, 300,000, on the Marne, 70,000. We have also now once more a first French bulletin. If we could trust to this, under allowances, it would appear, that Blücher's army having crossed the Marne, had marched upon Brienne, and was preparing to cross the Aube, when Bonaparte unexpectedly came up from Châlons, attacked Blücher's rear-guard, still at St. Dizier, on the 27th Jan. and drove it upon its main body. Bonaparte actually now marched after the advancing Blücher, found him at Brienne, where a fierce contest ensued, which terminated in the conflagration of part of the town, and the expulsion of the allied troops, according to the French account. Blücher's army, upon this, seems to have concentrated; to have changed front, and to have

received a reinforcement of the two corps of Count Gyalay and the Prince of Wirtemberg, from Prince Schwarzenberg's army, in order to be able to give battle to Bonaparte. The plan of attack being adjusted, Prince Schwarzenberg paid to the veteran the compliment, to entrust him with the command for the day of the important contest.

The French army, 70,000 strong, commanded by Bonaparte in person, occupied an excellent position, with its right on the Aube, at Dienville (near Brienne), its centre at La Rothiere, and the left extending to Tremilly, and occupying the village and woods of La Giberie. The action began at noon; after some skirmishing and cannonading in the plain between Dienville and La Rothiere, an obstinate contest began on the left for the position of La Giberie, which the Prince of Wirtemberg at length succeeded in carrying. Bonaparte endeavoured to remedy this disaster by moving a corps to his left; but he was closely watched by Blücher, who drew the whole of Sacken's corps towards the centre, leaving Count Giulay alone to attack Dienville. In consequence, the most desperate conflict took place at La Rothiere, which formed the key of the enemy's position; the combat lasted till 10 at night, when the Russians remained masters of the town. It was not till midnight that Count Giulay expelled his opponents from Dienville; and in the mean time the Prince of Wirtemberg advanced beyond La Giberie, formed his junction with General Wrede at Chaumenil; so that the victory was at length complete on both wings as well as in the centre;

and 36 pieces of cannon remained in the hands of the allies, which number, by the morning of the 2d, was increased to 73. The loss of the French in prisoners amounted to 4000. At one o'clock in the morning Bonaparte commenced his retreat across the Aube, pursued and annoyed, as much as the unfavourable weather permitted, by the victorious troops of Blücher. Napoleon withdrew in the first instance to Troyes; but finding this city untenable, he further retrograded on Nogent, where his head-quarters were on the 9th Feb. Two days before, the Prince of Wirtemberg entered Troyes, Schwarzenberg's head-quarters being on the 6th at Bar sur Seine, and Blücher's at Planey on the Aube.

In pursuance of Bonaparte's general plan of concentration, the corps of Macdonald having been recalled from the lower Rhine, hastened by forced marches through Liege and Namur into Champagne. Von York's corps, dispatched northward, to oppose Macdonald's junction with Bonaparte, met, and defeated his rear-guard with the loss of three pieces of cannon, at La Chaussée (5th Feb.) pursued him to the gates of Chalons, and bombarded the town; but on the next day, by capitulation, allowed Macdonald with his corps, and those of Sebastiani and Arrighi; to evacuate Chalons, and to retire to the left bank of the Marne.

Later than the 8th of February the official accounts of the allies are not in our possession. French bulletins to the 12th announce some important successes gained by Bonaparte on the Marne during the two preceding days; but as

we do not mean to ground our narrative on such proverbially fraudulent vouchers alone, we prefer closing it with the first mentioned date, as to the main scene of action, and shall now direct our attention to more distant quarters.

The corps of Winzingerode, whose arrival at Dusseldorf on the first day of January we reported in our last, crossed the Rhine there forthwith, and hastened through the Low Countries, nearly in the aforesaid track of Macdonald, to the frontiers of France. Without an opponent, it passed through Namur, and the latest accounts announce its advanced guard at Laon, on the borders of Isle de France. The corps of St. Priest, in the mean time, had taken Bonn, Cologne, Juliers, Aix la Chapelle, &c.

HOLLAND.

The action at Groot Zundert (11th Jan.), fought by General Bulow and the British corps under Sir Thomas Graham, although successful, appears to have been followed by no important result. On the 13th the same chiefs set out upon a general reconnoissance against Antwerp; the village of Merxem was gallantly stormed by the British, and that city so nearly approached, that shells could be thrown into the town; but finding the fortress too strong and too well garrisoned for a *coup de main*, the Anglo-Prussians retreated into their former quarters, and remained inactive during the remainder of the month. In the mean time, part of the French force under General Maison having been recalled to the frontiers of France, the two allied commanders resolved once more upon a serious enterprise against

Antwerp, with a view of firing the French fleet. They moved on the 1st February; on the 2d, the village of Braeschat, in front of Antwerp, was carried by assault by the British, and batteries were erected for the bombardment of the city. Defective as the supply of heavy ordnance was, owing to the interrupted communication with the sea, the bombardment was continued during the 3d, 4th, and 5th, but with little effect. Unfortunately, when all the serious obstacles had been surmounted, General Bulow received orders to march into Brabant, and combine his operations with the designs of the grand armies in Champagne. Gen. Graham, therefore, was compelled to abandon his views upon Antwerp, and retire upon Groot Zundert, where his head-quarters remained on the 10th.

General Bulow's advance, under General Borstell, entered Brussels on the 4th, and himself had his head-quarters in that city on the 8th, a division of his force having spread to the right, and entered Ghent, Bruges, and other towns in West Flanders.

On the 26th January, the Prussians marched to the assault of Hertogenbusch, the town whereof they gained without difficulty, by the co-operation of the inhabitants from within; and, on the same day, the French governor, who had retired to the citadel, surrendered, by capitulation, his garrison as prisoners of war.

Gorenu capitulated on the 4th Feb. the garrison to surrender prisoners, unless previously relieved, on the 20th, till which time an armistice exists.

NORTH OF GERMANY.

The armistice entered into between the Crown Prince of Sweden and the Danish government having expired on the 6th Jan. without the latter's acceding to the bases of pacification proposed by the former, hostilities recommenced on that day. But they were soon again suspended, and on the 14th of the same month a treaty of peace between Denmark on the one side, and Great Britain and Sweden on the other, was definitively signed. Its principal conditions are, that Denmark is to have restored to her every conquest except Heligoland; she is to join the allies with 10,000 men, on receiving from England a subsidy of 400,000*l.* in the year 1814; Pomerania to be ceded to her by Sweden, in exchange for Norway; Stralsund to continue a depôt for English merchandize; Denmark to do all in her power to abolish the slave trade; England to mediate between Denmark and the other allies.

Soon after the conclusion of this treaty, the Swedish army and the other corps under the command of the Prince Royal of Sweden, put themselves in motion for the Rhine. Wallmoden and Woronzow's corps crossed, with that view, the Weser on the 20th January; the Prince Royal arrived at Hanover on the 2d Feb. where the Swedish army was forthwith expected.

At Hamburg matters remain as in our last; Davoust within, and the blockading army under General Bennigsen, close before its ramparts.

The fortress of Wittenberg was stormed by the Prussian besieging corps under General Tauenzien,

in the night of the 12th-13th Jan. and all that did not surrender, put to the sword. The fruits of this gallant achievement were, 91 pieces of cannon and 2000 prisoners. General Tauenzien has marched against Magdeburg.

Having thus taken a brief survey of military events, it remains for us to add a few observations relating to the state of France itself, and to the views of the allied sovereigns in regard to the fate of that devoted country.

France, no longer supporting the war by the plunder of invaded or conquered countries, feels already, that is, in the first month of hostile invasion, the pressure of want, both public and private. On the 20th of January, the national bank at Paris, in consequence of a great deficit of cash, limited its payments in coin to 500,000 francs per day. As, however, no person can receive any part of this limited sum, without a special ticket from the mayor of his quarter, we are inclined to deem this ostensible limitation a complete stoppage, and to suspect, that the cause lies in Bonaparte's having laid violent hands on the funds of the bank.—Another unpleasant symptom of financial consumption, is, the decree which abolishes the restrictions of legal interest to 5 per cent. and permits loans to be contracted at any price.

The calling out of the *levy en masse*, a measure which in the patriotic and enthusiastic country of Prussia, produced such great results, has entirely failed: the allies, in their progress through France, have met few, if any, armed

Inhabitants. The mass of the people appeared invariably passive and indifferent, manifesting neither attachment to Bonaparte, nor any peculiar wish for the return of the Bourbons. Peace, on any terms, seemed all that this once proud, now worn-out nation sighed for most ardently, whether brought by a Bourbon or procured by Bonaparte. This apathy of depression may likewise be ascribed to the uncertainty which the famous Franco-British Declaration of the 1st Dec. last, must have created in the minds of the French people in regard to the real intentions of the coalesced powers; and would probably not have been observed, had that important state paper, instead of acknowledging the imperial diadem of Napoleon, frankly and boldly proclaimed to the nation, that peace depended on the expulsion of the usurper, leaving the question of his successor to their choice.

How far the Princes of the House of Bourbon may have received encouragement from some of the allies to hope for a restoration, remains unknown; but so much is certain, that in the latter days of January the under-mentioned three princes simultaneously left England for the following stations:—Monsieur has set out for the headquarters of the allies, the Duke d'Angoulême for those of Lord Wellington, and the Duc de Berri for Jersey. At all events, the French people of the east, south, and north will thus, if disposed, have a Bourbon within call.

Lord Castlereagh was at Troyes on the 10th of February. If we are to believe the French accounts, his lordship, together with the

ministers of the allies, has had previously some diplomatic conferences at Chatillon with Caulincourt, as Bonaparte's plenipotentiary, and the parties have eaten and drunk together. The arrival of several flags of truce with cabinet messengers, warrants a belief in negotiation, and (what may be numbered among the political phenomena of the day), instead of hailing the prospect of a peace, the very idea of negotiating with an assassin has spread alarm among the English people. It is asserted, that there exists a difference of opinion on this vital question in the British cabinet, as well as among the allied sovereigns; and it cannot be denied, should the latter insist on their part upon coming to terms with the wretch, an awful alternative of choice will be left to Great Britain. In this respect, as well as with regard to the fortune of the recent and impending military events, the period to our next Retrospect will lead, in all probability, to a decisive disclosure of the mystery.

ITALY.

If recent and circumstantial intelligence from Vienna is to be credited, the idea of treating with Bonaparte will create less surprise. It states, that letters from Vicenza of the 18th January, announce the definitive accession of Murat to the *great and good* cause. According to those letters, "Prince Pignatelli, Mr. Graham, Lord Bentinck's secretary, and Mr. Von Mentz, the Austrian charge d'affaires at Naples, had that day arrived at the head-quarters of Field-Marshal Bellegarde. Mr. Von Mentz immediately set out from

thence to the Emperor of Austria, with the treaty of alliance between Austria and Murat. The English have made the necessary arrangements with regard to Sicily." If this be true, there will be another nebulous spot in the rising sun of European liberties; and well might we exclaim, *Non istis defensoribus eget respublica* (the sacred cause lacks not such aid). To have made terms with Eugene Beauharnois would have been less objectionable; nay, to have severed Murat from Bonaparte three years ago, in the splendour of his power, would have been more excusable; but now, when the trunk of the poison-tree is tottering, yea, in the act of falling, to save one of its rankest branches, and foster it in the luxuriant soil belonging of right to our most faithful ally, is an act which we will not credit till we see the official documents.

With the accession of Murat, it is probable affairs in Italy will assume a more active aspect than hitherto. Up to the latest advices, Eugene has maintained Verona and his position on the Adige; and General Bellegarde his head-quarters at Vicenza. Gen. Nugent, whose head-quarters were at Ravenna on the 20th Dec. appears to have gained some small advantages at Corvia and Forli, on the south of the Po.

The receipt of official dispatches confirms the landing and failure of the small British armament sent against Lucca and Leghorn, noticed in our last.

SPAIN AND LORD WELLINGTON'S ARMY.

The seat of the executive government and of the legislature of Spain, is once more re-established

in the capital. On the 5th January the Regency and Cortes made their solemn entry into Madrid; and both immediately found matter of important deliberation prepared for them by the wily machinations of the Corsican monarch. By his permission, or rather by his instigation, the Duke of San Carlos had arrived the day before at Aranjuez, and delivered the regency a letter from the captive king, Ferdinand, and another from Bonaparte himself. In the former Ferdinand expresses his satisfaction at the struggles and sacrifices made by his faithful subjects in his behalf, and praises the valour and perseverance of the English, the admirable conduct of Lord Wellington, and the devotion and bravery of the Spanish generals, in the cause of Spain. He then is made to say, that he has been spontaneously invited by the Emperor Napoleon, through his minister, Count Laforet, to conclude a treaty of peace with France, the basis of which shall be, the liberation of his own person and the integrity of his dominions, without any clause derogatory to the independence, honour, and interests of Spain; and that, in consequence, he had concluded a treaty with Napoleon, which was herewith transmitted to the regency for ratification.

This mock treaty, dated Valence, 11th Dec. 1813, and comprised in fifteen articles, provides for the restoration of Ferdinand to the Spanish throne, and the integrity and independence of the monarchy; to which Ferdinand likewise pledges himself, especially in regard to Ceuta and Port Malon: a military convention is to be concluded,

whereby the French and English troops are to evacuate the Peninsula at the same time; all the Spaniards that followed Joseph are to be restored to their country and property; and all French prisoners, in whatsoever hands, are to be liberated. Bonaparte and Ferdinand agree to maintain the maritime rights of Europe as established by the treaty of Utrecht, and acted upon till 1792. Ferdinand to pay his father and mother thirty millions of reals annually, and at the death of the former, two millions of franks to the latter yearly: a treaty of commerce, similar to that which existed before 1792, to be concluded between France and Spain.

The course adopted by the regency upon this extraordinary occasion, was prompt, upright, and magnanimous: they declared, without a moment's hesitation, or any discussion of the treaty itself, that, in conformity with the decree of the Cortes of January 1, 1811, as well as with their existing obligations to Great Britain, they could entertain no proposition to negotiate with Bonaparte for the suspension of arms, or for any composition or compromise whatsoever, so long as their king was a prisoner, or except in conjunction with their allies. To this effect the regency returned a letter by the Duke of San Carlos to King Ferdinand, inclosing the above decree, and also explaining to his majesty the impossibility of ratifying such a treaty, which (being the work of Bonaparte singly) was null and void in all its parts. The letter from Bonaparte the regency returned unopened. In all this conduct there is the grandeur and dig-

nity of the Roman senate in the best days of the republic.

Another similar messenger presented himself on the 27th January, in the person of General Palafox, the hero of Saragossa; but the particulars of *his* errand have not yet transpired. It is also stated, that, by the treaty above-mentioned, Bonaparte had provided a consort for Ferdinand in the person of the Austrian Archduchess Beatrix. Nothing is more likely and natural than the wish of Bonaparte to prop his falling fortunes still further by Austrian connection, which alone, if his ruin is not to take place, will have saved him.

From the armies we have nothing of importance to relate. Lord Wellington's head-quarters are still at St. Jean de Luz, and the position of his army remains as in our last; except that, on his right, Harispe succeeded, on the 12th Jan. in occupying Baygorey, previously held by Mina, who retired upon Aldude; but the former has since been again abandoned by the enemy. Now that considerable drafts have been made from Soult's army, it is probable that his lordship may decide upon a forward movement. In Catalonia, too, every thing has remained quiet, except as to a general reconnoissance on the Llobregat, undertaken by the Spanish troops under General Copons and Sarsfield, and the British force under General Clinton, which produced an affair of no great moment or result on the 16th January.

UNITED STATES.

The last advices from America communicate the pleasing intelligence, not only of the complete recovery of the Niagara frontier of

Canada, but of some considerable successes beyond it. On the 12th Dec. Fort George was taken possession of by part of General Vincent's force, without opposition. On the 19th a British and Indian expedition crossed the river, and completely surprized the American fort Niagara, which they took, and put to the sword or captured the whole garrison. The British force then spread over the country as far as Black Rock, and gained some minor trophies. On the 30th Dec. our troops crossed at Black Rock, and encountered an American army of several thousand men under Major-General Hull, who, according to his own account, sustained a complete defeat. His army was dispersed, the flourishing village of Buffalo was laid in ruins, the whole Niagara frontier over-run, and four American schooners taken in Buffalo creek.

Sir George Prevost's general orders of the 12th Dec. induce us to state briefly the origin of a transaction which we left hitherto unnoticed, but which may ultimately produce serious consequences.—Among the prisoners of war taken by the British some time ago, there were found 23 British subjects, who were sent to England to be tried for high treason. The American government, on the plea (unjustifiable by the laws of civilized nations), that these people, through previous naturalization, had ceased to be British subjects, confined 23 British prisoners, to answer for the fate of these traitors. Upon this the British government ordered 16 American prisoners of war to be closely confined, which was answered by the Americans confining

16 British officers; and this act was followed by Sir George's general orders above-mentioned, confining 16 American officers. Thus the matter stands at present; and we shall be curious to see where the progression of retaliatory detainers will end.

On the 20th Dec. the American legislature passed a new act of embargo, to be in force till the 1st of January, 1815; and on the 6th Jan. the President laid before Congress a correspondence between Mr. Monroe and Lord Castlereagh, in which the latter declined treating with America under the mediation of Russia, and proposes to treat with the United States direct, either at Gothenburg or in London. This offer has been accepted by the American government, and two plenipotentiaries have been appointed by it, to repair to Gothenburg for the purpose of entering into pacific negociations.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The frost, which early in January succeeded the remarkable and intense fog of a whole week's duration, continued increasing to such a degree, that, in the beginning of the present month (February) the Thames between Blackfriars and London bridges was completely frozen over, and rendered safely traversable to foot-passengers. On the 2d, 3d, and 4th February, booths of various kinds for roasting and boiling, for the sale of refreshments, games at skittles, printing-presses at work, &c. were beheld in the midst of the congealed waters of our majestic river.

Early in the morning of the 12th Feb. the Custom-House of London was discovered to be on fire. The

assistance was immediate; but owing to the knowledge, rapidly circulated, of a considerable quantity of gunpowder being deposited in the building, the firemen soon left the fire to its fate. The expected explosion actually took place about nine o'clock A.M. shattered all the windows in the neighbouring streets, carried documents through the air to more than a mile's distance, and was heard much farther off. Nothing remains of the building, and many adjacent houses fell a prey to the flames. The loss, in consequence, to the public and to individuals, and the inconvenience to the mercantile world, may naturally be

conceived to be very great. As the erection of the new Custom-House near it, has as yet proceeded but slowly, immediate arrangements were made for carrying on the public business elsewhere; and the Commercial Sale-Rooms in Mining-lane have been contracted for, and appropriated to that effect. Two or three lives were lost on the occasion.

The British court is in mourning for the Queen's brother, the Duke of Mecklenburg Strelitz, for whose arrival in England, on a visit, every necessary preparation had been made. His serene highness is stated to have died on the 2d of February.

MEDICAL REPORT.

REPORT of diseases in the practice of a physician, from the 15th of November, 1813, to the 15th of February, 1814.

Acute diseases.—Catarrh, 51...Pneumony, 8...Hæmoptoe, 6...Inflammatory sore-throat, 5...Acute rheumatism, 18...Measles, 6...Whooping-cough, 8...Fever, 7...Acute diseases of infants, 12.

Chronic diseases.—Cough and dyspnœa, 33...Consumption, 4...Scrophula, 3...Asthma, 6...Chronic rheumatism, 15...Rheumatic gout, 3...Lumbago, 4...Nephralgia, 1...Ischuria, 2...Colic, 2...Enterodynia, 3...Gastrodynia, 4...Head-ach, 6...Vertigo, 1...Marasmus, 2...Asthenia, 8...Palsy, 4...Apoplexy, 1...Dropsy, 4...Syncope, 1...Hysteria, 2...Hypochondriasis, 3...Dyspepsia, 6...Diarrhœa, 5...Dysenterœa, 2...Cutaneous eruptions, 8...Female complaints, 7.

During great part of the interval in which these reports have been

suspended, the weather has been uncommonly severe. The latter end of December and the beginning of January will ever be memorable in the annals of meteorology, for a dense fog, which completely enveloped and overshadowed the whole metropolis, and extended many miles round, rendering "darkness visible," and, indeed, almost tangible, so dense and impenetrable was this extraordinary vapour. At the same time, we experienced a great degree of cold. These united causes occasioned in many individuals a painful depression of spirits, and thus facilitated the accession of disease; for, in civilized life, health and disease are so nicely balanced, that the scale is easily turned. It is natural for all living beings, to dread certain atmospheric changes: we observe birds fly from a storm, and a severe winter is often with certainty prognosticated by the

unusual visit of this pleasing tribe; animals cannot take such distant journies, but we see them retreat into covers and secure shelter; the very fish in the streams are susceptible of the coming evil. Man alone meets the shock of contending elements without apprehension: nevertheless, he is subject to their influence, and every change of temperature and season brings with it peculiar blessings or intense sufferings, according to the degree of its mildness or severity.

It has long been admitted by the most intelligent physicians, that severe winters are unfavourable to health, and the present season is not an exception to the general principle. Numbers, who in milder

weather might have again felt the invigorating influence of spring, have sunk under complaints which on former occasions had yielded to medicine. Pulmonary affections, of course, have been the most prominent disease of the period under consideration. They have appeared in every possible form, and, notwithstanding the best care, have proved unusually fatal. Several cases of paralysis have occurred, some of them at an early period of life, in the form of hemiplegia. Electricity, in addition to the usual medical treatment, will often assist in restoring muscular action where the power of motion seems quite lost.

PLATE 15.—FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

LADY'S BOOK-CASE.

THIS elegant and novel piece of furniture is calculated for a lady's *boudoir*, being extremely light, and occupying but a very small space. It is contrived to serve as an *escrutoire* and repository for various articles, which may be inclosed within the folding doors beneath the drawers. The gilt ornaments upon

each door, relieved upon the silk curtains, produce a pleasing and tasteful effect; and when the whole is closed, it has the appearance of an elegant cabinet.

The book-case from which this design was made, is manufactured by Messrs. Morgan and Sanders, Catherine-street, Strand.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE severe weather in the early part of last month, succeeded by frosty nights and clear days, has considerably impeded the early sowing and other necessary operations in agriculture.

The young wheats have not suffered by the severity of the winter. The early sown have thrown out a strong and luxuriant flag, a sure

indication of a full crop. The latter sown, upon tenacious soils, have been checked, but the plants, although backward, look healthful.

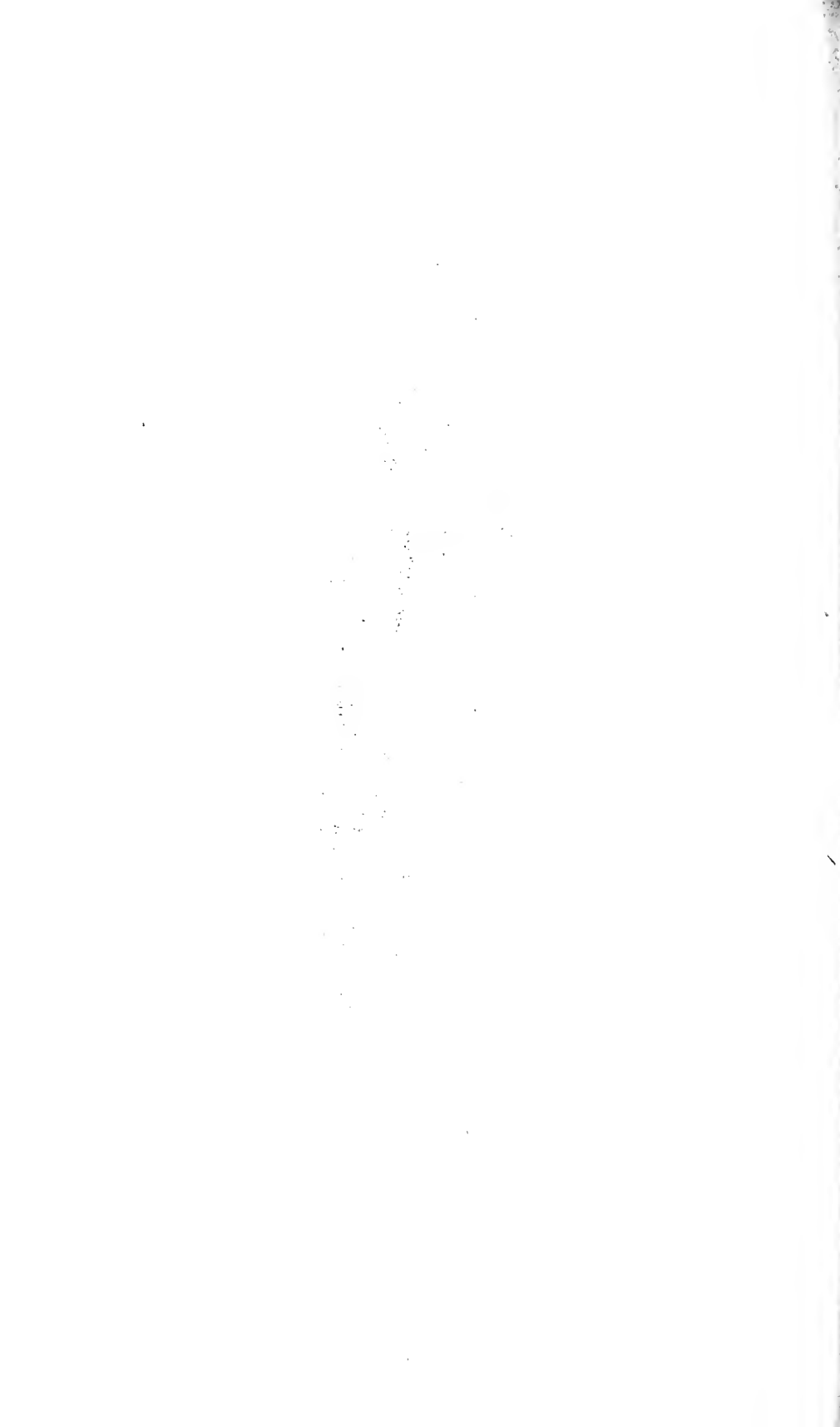
The spring preparations of the land to receive the Lent corn, must be thrown backward in consequence of the frosty weather. Considerable breadths of peas and beans have been put in principally in the







London: G. & C. B. 1850.











after part of the day, when the sun had thawed the soil.

The earth is much ameliorated and fertilized by the large covering of snow, and works kindly under the plough both on tith and lay.

The young clovers, tares, rye, winter barley, and all the sowing species, are in the most promising state.

Turnips and the brassica tribe have not suffered so much as might have been expected from the severity of the winter; and from the same cause there is more of this species of spring food than can be recollected, and will consequently keep back the feeding cattle from market, and throw the barley sowing very late on those soils.

FASHIONS FOR LADIES.

PLATE 16.—EVENING DRESS.

A white crape, or fine muslin petticoat, worn over white satin, embroidered in silver lina round the bottom. A bodice of olive, or spring-green satin, ornamented with a silver stomacher. Short, full sleeve, and rounded bosom, trimmed with a full silver border to correspond. A fan frill of fluted lace, continued round the back, and terminating in front at the corner of the bosom. A silver fringe round the bottom of the waist. The hair in irregular curls in front, falling low on each side, drawn smoothly on the crown of the head, and brought in a small bunch of curls at the back. A bandeau of pearl, twisted round the curls behind. Necklace and cross of pearl earrings, and bracelets to correspond. Occasional scarf of white silk, richly embroidered in silver and coloured silks. Gloves of white kid. Slippers of green satin, with silver rosettes.

PLATE 17.—PROMENADE OR CARRIAGE COSTUME.

A white cambrie robe, with full long sleeves, unornamented at the feet. Deep double Vandyke frill of lace, tied with a white cord and cassel at the throat; a deep Vandyke cuff of the same. The Austrian shawl cloak, composed of pale dove-coloured cloth, lined throughout with rose-coloured satin or sarsnet, trimmed entirely round with a broad sable fur; a fancy cape or hood terminating in front of the bosom, and tied with a rose-coloured ribbon. A Circassian turban cap, composed of crimson velvet, ornamented with tufts of rose-coloured satin; a rich silk cord round the edge, terminated on one side with correspondent tassels. Hair in full curls on each side, much divided in front of the forehead. Half-boots of crimson velvet. Gloves of lemon-coloured kid, or pale tan colour.

Poetry.

FAMILIAR EPISTLE

To my Friend, Lieutenant BLYTHE, at Carterwick Signal Station, near Colchester.

DEAR BLY,

Is time's perpetual range,
How oddly occupations change.

Of late 'twas thine o'er seas to roam,
Far from your country and your home,
Encountering battles—fearful storms,
In all their worst and wildest forms;
And as some farmers shoot their crows,
'Twas thine to boot Old England's foes.

Behold! how chang'd the scene is now!
 No longer doom'd the seas to plough,
 But ploughing 'stead thy land so marley,
 And contemplating crops of barley;
 While with your gun, to keep your
 hand in,

If e'er our foes should dream of landing,
 We find thee—and pray where's the
 blame,
 Since of the French you can't *make*
game?

Till there shall come a gen'ral peace,
 Instead of Frenchmen, shooting geese;
 And, 'mid thy rivulets and lakes,
 Destroying curlews, ducks, and drakes.

There's one great bird, before the
 spring,

I think will be upon the wing;
 Where he must fly, Heav'n only knows,
 He'll scarcely make good meat for crows:
 Should he approach Old England's coast,
 And come, my friend, athwart thy post,
 Take your best aim, Bly, bring him down,
 And send him, live or dead, to town.
 Ere this you guess what bird I mean;
 One that has fed, in war's wild scene,
 On human gore, and plung'd his beak
 Deep in the bosoms of the weak:
 I mean, that foe to milk and honey—
 That vulture of all vultures, Boney!
 Yet will he be, where'er he wanders,
 Fit but to head a troop of ganders!

The goose you shot, and sent to Redit,
 Did you, the donor, much good credit;
 For be it known, our mutual friend
 Did unto me a message send,
 Inviting me to take a slice;
 In truth, the Solan bird was nice.
 For things of this sort I've a taste;
 And, no more pen and ink to waste,
 Just let me hint, if geese should fly
 Quite thick, and darken all your sky,
 And you should murder many more
 Than you may want for friends or store,
 I've this request, and 'tis a free one,
 I should be very glad to see one.
 Just tie a ticket to his wing,
 My old friend Hedge's coach will bring
 The bird to town; and 'tis no sin,
 To say I live in Clement's Inn;—
 But this you know. Now let me say,
 I wish your life a summer's day;

As long, as light, as happy too,
 Old griefs destroy'd by pleasures new;
 Health to your friends while life shall last,
 And peace eternal when 'tis past.
 Thus, having run my rhyming race, I
 May say I'm your's,

JAMES MURRAY LACEY.

THE TEAR.

How dear is the sigh when the bosom is
 feeling,

For sins that are past, and for pleasures
 that fade!

How precious the tear that is hastily
 stealing

Adown the fair cheek of the penitent
 maid!

Ah! Julia, said I, when she seemed so
 blooming,

'Twas a seraph, methought, from the
 smile on her face;

Thou' fate that sweet form may be cruelly
 dooming,

Sure heaven reserves for such beauty a
 place.

My Julia sigh'd at the tender upbraiding,
 For Memory came, like a warning
 sublime,

With an eye dimm'd with tears, and a
 look ever fading,

And accused her heart of an envious
 crime.

Ah! soon in her eye love and sorrow
 were blending,

For it gazed so kindly, yet sparkled so
 meek,

I perceived that an heavenly tear was
 descending,

And kiss'd it in haste from her softened
 cheek.

But some guardian angel had watch'd it
 while flowing,

For the gem that so lately to me had
 been given,

He snatched from my lip, that with rap-
 ture was glowing,

In his bosom convey'd it to pitying
 heaven:

Where soon at the throne the fair angel
 appearing,
 He pray'd that she never might perish,
 ah! never,
 And purposely dropping the tear so en-
 dearing,
 It fell on the crime, and defaced it for
 ever, FLORIO.

ON A FAVOURITE CHELTENHAM
 BEAUTY.

On seeing Miss B. in a Cottage Dress.

As Nature once, with lovely smile,
 Was gazing on Britannia's isle,
 And all her works survey'd,
 Observ'd, that tho' the British fair
 Had always been her nicest care,
 Yet few were perfect made.
 She, therefore, thought, for Beauty's sake,
 A form of softer clay she'd make,
 With health divinely warm;
 And to this form of mind and face,
 She'd add each fascinating grace,
 Each heart-inspiring charm.
 From roses breathing with perfume,
 The cheeks she made of softest bloom,
 Such as to angels given;
 The lips, where nectar'd blisses meet,
 A smile, than cherubin's more sweet,
 The eyes were lights from heaven.
 She form'd the nymph to be caress'd,
 Bade Pity dwell within her breast,
 And Love to share a part;
 The while upon her syren tongue
 Soft and endearing accents hung,
 To melodize each heart.
 A lovely dress round her she laid
 (A dress Simplicity had made,
 Ere Art so proud was grown);
 She bade the Graces with her go,
 And tell us mortals here below,
 To call her Barbara B——n.
 FLORIO.

THE BATTLE OF VITTORIA.

(Extracted from Gwilliam's Poems.)

Quick, quick as was the summons heard,
 The manly charge was given,
 Havoc his foaming war-horse spurr'd,
 And thunder shook the heaven:
 No. LXIII. Vol. XI.

But what can move the stubborn rock
 Which centuries have bound,
 What, but an earthquake's sudden shock,
 Can root it from the ground?
 So France, secur'd by various skill,
 Maintain'd awhile each dark'ning hill,
 Raking the line from left to right,
 That peopled half the plain,—
 Where Havoc saw, with high delight,
 The swift, but temporary flight
 Of Portugal and Spain:
 So Britain, finding France prevail,
 Drove forward from the dusty vale,
 With all her prowess to assail
 The rash, presuming foe:
 For since nor Portugal nor Spain,
 Thus huddled, could their posts maintain,
 Britain must strive, perhaps in vain,
 To lay the rebels low:—
 A mightier conflict must be fought,
 A more gigantic power be brought
 To fix their overthrow.
 At such a crisis, Britain knew
 What scheme her sons must then pursue;
 Her foremen from the mountain crest
 Now gain'd, in harrying legions press'd,
 And Gallia's swarms defied,
 And link'd with Spain's and Lusia's might,
 Turn'd the disasters of the fight
 On proud Zadora's tide.
 Oh! 'twas a most stupendous scene,
 When tearing from the mountains green,
 Stern Scotia's veteran bands were seen
 The daring foe to meet;
 When, as the flying thunders peal'd,
 They sought the foe the clouds conceal'd,
 And forc'd him to retreat!
 But while on every side they swarm,
 With Hope's sublimer pictures warm,
 France, in a dark and iron storm,
 Laid hundreds at her feet;
 And Britain pass'd—the pause was dread—
 France, from another mountain's head,
 Had strewn the battle field with dead,
 And thought her scheme complete;
 While Spain beheld her dauntless bands
 Scatter'd as are the drifted sands
 Before the tempest's heat.
 But vigorous still, and undisgay'd,
 The doubtful chances all are weigh'd
 By Erin's darling son;

And though the fight were long delay'd,
 And France full many an effort made,
 The field was yet unwon.
 Then onward, in a firm phalanx,
 Spain led again her swartly ranks,
 And down upon Zadora's banks
 The Lusian heroes tread;
 While Britain, still intent to wrest
 The eagle from the mountain's crest,
 Her charging squadrons quickly press'd,
 And there such ruin spread,
 As fill'd the most determined breast
 With pity and with dread.
 Thus Britain still her aim pur-u'd,
 And in her dark and angry mood
 Ascended every height,
 Turning, as all her foes she view'd,
 The long precarious fight;
 Still hoping on the distant coast,
 Where Gaul display'd her varied host,
 And on Vittoria's heights, to raise
 The standard of her earlier days,
 And thence with spreading ruin sweep
 The rebels from the plain;
 Where now their secret furies sleep,
 And Death and Pain their vigil keep,
 Revolving o'er the slain—
 Scatter'd in many a smoky heap,
 For whom the kindred heart shall weep,
 But weep, alas! in vain.

THE MISER AND WOODMAN.

BY MISS CAMPBELL.

“ Oh! cold and sullen blows the wind,
 And fast descends the rain;
 Oh! ope thy door, for once be kind,
 Relieve an aged swain.

“ Hark to the thunder's dreadful roar,
 The vivid lightning's glare;—
 For pity's sake, oh! ope thy door,
 And hearken to my prayer.”

Thus at the miser's fast-locked door
 An aged stranger stands,
 And for admittance doth implore,
 And wring his feeble hands.

In vain,—for on a stony heart
 The piteous accents fell:
 He bade the aged man depart,
 Whose anguish none can tell.

Far o'er the lone and storm-beat heath
 The wanderer held his way;
 So keen his woes, he prayed for death
 To snatch him hence away.

Now near a clump of aged trees
 The weary wanderer drew,
 When from a cot some feeble rays
 Struck sudden on his view.

His bosom glowed with new-sprung hope,
 He reach'd his lowly door,
 Soon to his plaint the door did ope,
 And half his cares were o'er.

Before a cheerful blazing fire,
 Its humble master stood;
 Its mistress, robed in plain attire,
 Produced their frugal food.

A smiling boy, with looks of love
 And cheek of rosy hue,
 With many a childish trick, now strove
 To attract the stranger's view.

The hearty welcome they bestow,
 Their sweet and wholesome fare,
 Bade his cold heart with pleasure glow,
 And banish'd all his care.

And now their frugal supper made,
 The night with prayer they close,
 And 'neath the woodman's lowly shed
 He sunk in sweet repose.

The storm with wild, resistless sway,
 Roar'd round the miser's dome,
 And soon the tottering building lay,
 Its niggard master's tomb.

Mould'ring amid its dreary gloom,
 With his lov'd wealth he lay;
 The humble woodman cheer'd his home
 For many a happy day.

Return of Wheat from Jan. 31 to Feb. 5.
 TOTAL, 3,031 quarters.—Average, 77s. 1½d per quarter;
 or 1s 5½d. per quarter lower than last return.

Return of Flour from Feb. 5 to 11.
 TOTAL, 11,532 sacks.—Average, 74s. 3d per sack, or
 6s. 2½d. per sack lower than last return.

Average of England and Wales, Feb. 12.

Wheat	78	5	Barley	49	3	Beans	51	5
Rye	47	6	Oats	30	9	Pease	54	7

CORN, SEEDS, &c.

Wheat white, per quarter	49	76	Tares, per bushel	11	13
—red —	45	72	Turnip —	19	19
—foreign —	40	70	Mustard, brown	18	20
Barley, English	39	42	—white	13	20
Malt —	59	75	Canary, per qt.	120	135
Oats Feed	11	25	Lampseed	64	70
—Friesland —	—	—	Hempseed	80	120
Poland	10	32	Clower, red,	—	—
Potatoe	25	34	—per cwt	63	92
Beans, Pigeon	44	50	—white	75	110
Pease, Boiling	50	68	—foreign,	65	94
—Trey —	40	48	—red	99	115
Flour per sack	70	—	—white	12	33
—St. Loals	55	66	Turfol —	—	—
—St.orch	50	60	Caraway —	84	91
—St.orch	50	60	Coriander —	20	32

American Flour — 8s — per barrel of 100 lbs.
 Rappeseed, per cwt — — £42 a £48 a £50.
 Oil Cakes, per thousand, £17. 0s to £19. 0s.

Muscovade, fine
 —good
 —ordinary
 East India, white
 —yellow
 —brown

Double Leaves
 Hambro ditto
 Powder ditto
 Single ditto
 Canary Lumps
 —large ditto
 Bastards, whole
 —fines
 —middles
 —tips

REFINED SUGAR.

Plantation
 Spices and PEPPER, per lb.
 Nutmegs
 Cloves
 Camamon
 Mace
 Pepp. white
 —black
 Pimento

COCOA, Bonded.

Trinidad and
 Caraccas

Average price of Raw Sugar, exclusive of duty, 94s. 9d.
 Sugars have been very dull this month, raw sugars support
 their prices tolerably well; refined have declined 2s. 6d. perwt.

HOPS in the Borough.

Kenil	5	10	9	0	5	cut	—	6	10	12	0
Sussex	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Essex	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—

Newcastle
 Northampton
 Scarborough
 Lewes
 Chertsefield
 Ashburne
 Guildford
 Gainsboro'
 South
 Huntingdon
 Newark
 Spilsby
 Ryegate
 Devizes
 Reading
 Swansra
 Hockly
 Maidenhead
 Salisbury
 Penrith
 Hull
 Basingstoke
 Wakefield
 Andover
 Warrminster

Wheat, Bailey, Oats, Beans, Peas.

60 a	74.40	a	42.22	a	30	a	1	a	1	a	—
—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
19	08	a	72.34	a	33.25	a	27.49	a	49.40	a	4
12	61	a	64.14	a	42.35	a	35	a	50	a	5
12	84	a	92.49	a	30.28	a	34.04	a	7	a	7
19	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
15	70	a	74.37	a	40.29	a	24.70	a	—	a	—
10	62	a	72.35	a	39.18	a	31	a	—	a	—
12	62	a	72.38	a	42.20	a	24.30	a	35	a	—
10	68	a	74.39	a	42.23	a	20.50	a	9	a	—
14	60	a	70.34	a	40.18	a	25	a	—	a	—
—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
17	06	a	80.41	a	30.24	a	30.44	a	64	a	—
10	55	a	80.39	a	37.15	a	24.39	a	50.49	a	5
10	78	a	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
17	52	a	74.39	a	37.29	a	30.38	a	44.19	a	5
—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
15	66	a	72.28	a	33.26	a	29.40	a	59	a	—
15	73	a	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
10	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
18	48	a	78.40	a	43.24	a	35.14	a	58	a	—
—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
19	70	a	79.45	a	39.35	a	28.18	a	54	a	—

SPIRITS, per Gallon (exclusive of duty).

Brandy, Cogn.	5	0	6	Mol. Spirits,	13	10	14
—Spanish	8	0	0	—Irish	—	—	—
—Holland's Gin	8	0	8	—Irish	—	—	—
—Rata, Jamaica	4	0	6	—Scotch	—	—	—
—Lew. Isl.	3	8	4	—Spirits of Wine	24	6	8

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR JANUARY, 1844.

Conducted, at Manchester, by THOMAS HANSON, Esq.

1844.		Pressure.			Temperature.			Weather.	Frag.	Rain		
JAN.	Wind	Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.					
1	N	1	30,50	30,20	30,350	30,0°	29,0°	31,00°	cloudy	—	—	
2	Var.	1	30,20	29,90	30,050	31,0	22,0	28,00	cloudy	—	—	
3	N E	1	29,90	29,58	29,740	37,0	33,0	33,50	clear	—	—	
4	N	1	29,58	29,25	29,415	30,0	18,0	25,00	fine	—	—	
5	N E	3	29,25	29,18	29,215	34,0	29,0	27,90	snowy	—	—	
6	N E	2	29,60	29,18	29,390	33,0	20,0	29,50	cloudy	—	—	
7	N E	1	29,75	29,58	29,665	24,0	13,0	18,50	cloudy	—	—	
8	Var.	1	29,75	29,75	29,750	34,0	29,0	30,00	gloomy	—	—	
9	S	1	29,75	29,75	29,750	34,0	17,0	25,50	variable	—	—	
10	S E	3	29,90	29,75	29,825	28,0	16,0	22,00	gloomy	—	—	
11	S E	3	29,90	29,84	29,870	27,0	23,0	25,00	gloomy	—	—	
12	S E	2	29,84	29,68	29,760	31,0	21,0	26,00	gloomy	—	—	
13	Calm		29,67	29,32	29,495	31,0	18,0	24,50	foggy	—	—	
14	N E	1	30,32	29,88	29,160	32,0	16,0	24,60	foggy	—	—	
15	S E	1	29,88	29,38	29,630	32,0	23,0	26,00	foggy	—	—	
16	E	2	29,38	29,18	29,280	30,0	22,0	26,00	snowy	—	—	
17	E	1	29,54	29,38	29,460	29,0	19,0	15,00	foggy	—	—	
18	E	1	29,91	28,98	28,995	32,0	19,0	24,00	foggy	—	—	
19	E	3	29,25	28,98	29,130	35,0	29,0	31,00	cloudy	—	—	
20	N	1	29,86	29,36	29,580	34,0	29,0	27,00	cloudy	—	—	
21	Var.	1	29,90	29,86	29,880	27,0	17,0	22,00	foggy	—	—	
22	E	1	30,13	29,86	29,995	31,0	27,0	29,00	snowy	—	—	
23	E	1	30,13	29,97	30,050	32,0	29,0	26,00	clear	—	—	
24	N	1	30,12	29,60	30,010	33,0	29,0	27,50	fine	—	—	
25	Var.		29,99	29,65	29,820	33,0	29,0	30,50	gloomy	—	—	
26	S W	1	29,95	28,13	29,380	33,0	32,0	35,90	variable	.160	—	
27	S	1	29,13	28,83	28,935	41,0	39,0	35,50	gloomy	—	—	
28	S W	1	29,00	28,83	28,915	41,0	37,0	38,00	cloudy	—	—	
29	N E	3	28,83	28,00	28,815	35,0	39,0	32,50	cloudy	—	.600	
30	N W	2	29,00	28,78	28,865	35,0	29,0	33,50	cloudy	—	—	
31	N W	2	29,55	29,00	29,275	38,0	29,0	33,50	cloudy	124	—	
			Mean			29,510	Mean			27,70	.284	.600

RESULTS.

Mean barometrical pressure, 29.516—maximum, 30.50, wind N 1.—Minimum, 28.90, wind N. E 3—Range, 2.50 inches.

The greatest variation of pressure in 24 hours, is .53 inch, which was on the 29th.

Mean temperature, 27.70.—Maximum, 41°, wind S. 1.—Min 10°, wind E. 1. Range 31.

The greatest variation of temperature in 24 hours is 17°, which was on the 9th.

Spaces described by the barometer, 7.40 inches.—Number of changes, 11.

Total quantity of water evaporated, .284 of an inch.

Rain, &c. this month, .600 inch.

WIND.

N	NE	E	SE	S	SW	W	NW	Variable.	Calm.
4	6	6	4	2	2	0	2	4	1

Brisk winds 5—Easterous ones 0.

Notes—9th. Very dense fog A.M. trees, &c. beautifully covered with rime; river Irwell frozen over—17th. Much snow during last night; remarkable low state of temperature; this day's mean 17° below freezing—18th. Sudden rise in temperature, which caused a slight indication of thaw.—21st. Copious fall of snow early this morning—much rime on the trees.—23d. Wind for several nights past changed from N. E. to W. but during the days returned to E—26th. Thaw commenced to-day, with gentle rain and falling barometer.—28th. Very great depression of pressure, with a strong N. E. wind, attended with snow and sleet.

1811	Wind	Pressure			Temperature			Weather.	Evap.	Rain.
		Bar.	Th.	Therm.	Bar.	Th.	Mean.			
JAN										
1	Calm.	29,20	29,00	29,00	31°	20°	25,0	foggy	—	—
2	Calm.	29,90	29,83	29,895	32	25	30,0	foggy	—	—
3	Calm.	29,55	29,55	29,55	31	21	21,0	foggy	—	—
4	N E	29,55	29,37	29,46	31	25	29,0	snowy	—	—
5	N E	29,47	29,27	29,32	34	32	31,0	snowy	—	—
6	N	29,65	29,27	29,47	31	19	26,5	snowy	—	—
7	N W	29,70	29,95	29,90	28	11	19,5	fine	—	—
8	N W	29,79	29,70	29,74	31	12	21,5	fine	—	—
9	N W	29,89	29,79	29,79	28	8	18,0	fine	—	—
10	N W	29,95	29,89	29,85	27	17	23,0	snow	—	—
11	S E	29,80	29,66	29,73	25	15	21,0	cloudy	—	—
12	N W	29,65	29,65	29,65	28	19	23,5	fine	—	—
13	N W	29,44	29,69	29,665	39	15	25,5	fine	—	—
14	E	29,36	29,70	29,53	27	22	24,5	fine	—	—
15	E	29,70	29,40	29,55	31	23	27,0	cloudy	—	—
16	E	29,79	29,49	29,64	33	18	25,5	cloudy	—	—
17	N W	29,77	29,49	29,53	32	14	23,0	cloudy	—	—
18	N E	29,34	29,29	29,28	34	32	33,0	snowy	—	—
19	N E	29,54	29,29	29,41	35	29	32,0	snowy	—	—
20	N E	29,89	29,54	29,71	33	16	24,5	snow	—	—
21	Var.	29,85	29,79	29,75	26	20	23,0	fine	—	—
22	N W	29,64	29,87	29,905	39	11	23,5	cloudy	—	—
23	N W	29,87	29,85	29,86	32	11	21,5	fine	—	—
24	N W	29,45	29,87	29,66	29	24	26,5	fine	—	—
25	N W	29,95	29,75	29,85	35	26	39,5	fine	—	—
26	Var.	29,79	29,40	29,575	39	33	36,0	cloudy	—	—
27	S W	29,49	29,34	29,41	39	34	36,5	cloudy	—	—
28	S W	29,37	29,69	29,085	38	31	34,5	cloudy	—	—
29	Var.	29,19	29,38	29,79	45	32	38,5	rainy	—	—
30	W	29,44	29,19	29,29	43	28	33,0	cloudy	—	—
31	N W	29,85	29,44	29,65	36	31	33,0	fine	3,41	1,92
			Mean	29,631		Mean	27,2	Total	4,111	1,921

RESULTS.—Prevailing winds, north-e.v. — Mean height of barometer, 29,631 inches; highest observation, 30,29 inches; lowest, 29,38 inches.—Mean height of thermometer, 27,2°.—highest observation, 45°—lowest, 8°.—Total of evaporation, 41 inch.—Rain, 1,92 inch.

Notes.—1st, 2nd, and 3d. A dense fog the whole of this time—the trees covered with rime.—4th. About five inches of snow fell generally in the course of the day: the rime, which had covered every tree and every blade of grass in the most beautiful manner for the last seven days, fell off this morning.—5th. A gradual thaw in the evening.—6th. Thaw continued till about four o'clock P. M. it then began to freeze again—the thermometer 25°. at eight o'clock P. M.—snow at intervals during the day—bright moonlight night.—7th. Clear, frosty morning.—8th. Clear, frosty morning.—evening cloudy.—9th. Foggy morning—very fine day.—10th. Rime on the trees—the moon 15° at nine o'clock A. M.—12th and 13th. Fine mornings.—10th. A slight thaw during the day—some snow in the evening, when it began to freeze again.—17th. Very fine morning—the moon 15° at nine o'clock A. M.—18th. Snowy morning—boisterous night.—19th. Snow and sleet during the day—wind very high from the N. E. in the night.—21st. Fine, clear day—the wind, which in the morning was S. W. & W. fixed in the N. W. about noon—some snow in the evening.—26th. Snowy morning—a gradual thaw—wind variable—chiefly S. and S. W.—27th. Thaw continues—foggy morning.—28th. Foggy morning, with rain—thaw continued till about four o'clock P. M. it then began to freeze—thaw commenced again during the night.—29th. Very severe morning, with sleet—day rainy—a tremendous gale of wind from the W. and N. W. during the night—the thaw again stopped by frost.—30th. Morning calm and very fine—the thermometer last night at nine o'clock 23,48 in.; this morning at the same hour, 23,40 inches.—31st. Some snow in the evening.

Prices of Fire-Office, Mine, Dock, Canal, Water-Works, Brewery, and Public Institution Shares, &c. for FEBRUARY, 1811.

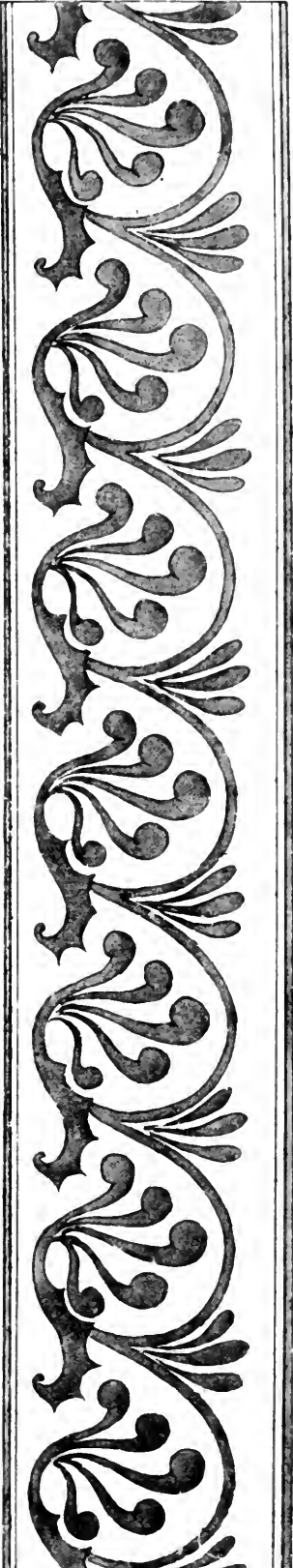
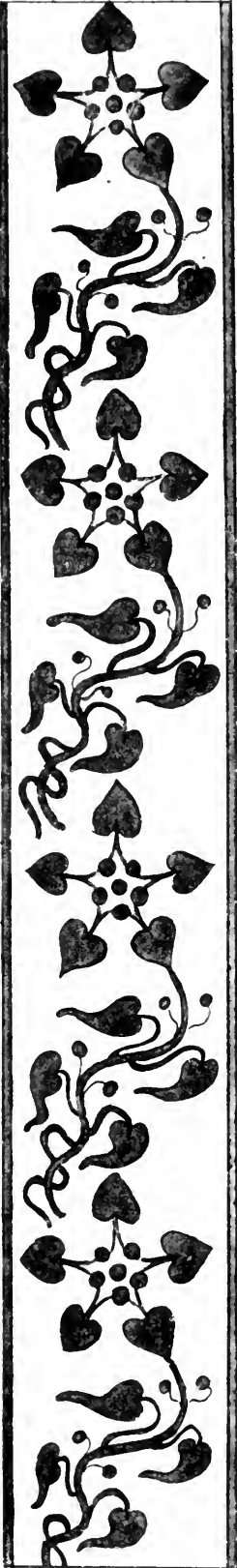
Albion Fire and Life Assurance	£42 per sh.	London and Avon Canal	£20 15s p. sh.
Globe Ditto	108 do.	London Ditto	550 do.
Atlas Ditto	4 do.	Reading Ditto	20 15s. do.
East India Dock Stock	£112 percent	Grand Trunk Ditto	1180 do.
London Ditto	109 4-5 do.	Breast Ditto	800 do.
Commercial Ditto	110 do.	London Ditto	210 do.
Grand Junction Waterworks	50 11s. sh.	Croydon Ditto	17 16s 10 do.
East London Ditto	40 10s do.	London Institution	43 do.
West Middlesex Ditto	33 5s do.	Surrey Ditto	13 10s do.
Ellesmere Canal	£72 9 73 10s do.	Derry Lane Theatre, Old	100 do.
Birmingham Ditto	545 do.	Ditto, New	355 do.
Grand Junction Ditto	231 do.		

PRICES OF STOCKS.

Date	Bank Stock.	3 Pr. Ct. Consols.	3 Pr. Ct. Red.	4 pr. Ct. Cons.	Navy 5 pr. Ct. Cons.	Long Ann.	Omanium	Impl. pr. Ct. Anns.	Irish 5 S. Stock. pr. Ct.	S. Sea Anns.	India Stock.	India Bonds.	Exchgr. Bills. 3 d.	St. Lottry. Tickets	Cons. for ac. Feb 25
Jan. 21	257½	60½ a 4	66½	82½	95½	10½	19½ Pm.	—	—	—	191	1 Pm.	5 Pm.	£24. 48.	—
2	—	60½ a 5	66½	82½	95	10½	18½ Pm.	—	—	—	191½	3 Pm.	6 Pm.	—	60½ a 3
3	—	60½ a 5½	66½	82½	94½	10½	19 Pm.	—	—	—	191½	3 Pm.	6 Pm.	24. 88.	60½ a 3
4	358½	60½ a 1	60½	82½	94½	10½	19½ Pm.	—	—	—	191½	4 Pm.	6 Pm.	—	60½ a 7
5	359½	60½ a 6	67½	82½	95½	10½	20½ Pm.	—	95½	—	192½	7 Pm.	6 Pm.	—	67½ a 3
6	362	67½ a 6	67½	82½	95½	10½	20½ Pm.	—	—	—	193½	7 Pm.	6 Pm.	—	67½ a 3
7	362	67½ a 6½	67½	82½	95½	10½	20½ Pm.	—	95½	—	194	7 Pm.	6 Pm.	—	67½ a 3
8	—	67 a 4	67½	82½	96	10½	20½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	6 Pm.	6 Pm.	—	67½ a 6½
9	—	67 a 6	67½	82½	95½	10½	20½ Pm.	—	—	—	195	7 Pm.	6 Pm.	—	67½ a 6
10	200	66½ a 07	67	82½	95½	10½	19½ Pm.	—	—	—	196	6 Pm.	6 Pm.	—	67½ a 4
11	200	66½ a 6	66½	82½	95½	10½	19½ Pm.	—	—	—	196½	7 Pm.	6 Pm.	—	67½ a 4
12	259½	66½ a 6	67	82½	95½	10½	20½ Pm.	—	—	60½	197½	8 Pm.	6 Pm.	—	67½ a 6
13	258½	66½ a 1	67	82½	95½	10½	19½ Pm.	—	—	—	198	8 Pm.	6 Pm.	—	67½ a 6
14	—	66½ a 2	67	82½	95½	10½	20 Pm.	—	—	—	—	8 Pm.	6 Pm.	—	66½ a 7½
15	259	66½ a 5	66½	82½	95½	10½	19½ Pm.	—	95½	—	—	8 Pm.	6 Pm.	—	66½ a 7½
16	258	66½ a 5	67	82½	96	10½	20½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	8 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	67½ a 1
17	—	67 a 8	68½	84	96½	10½	20½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	7 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	67½ a 6
18	265	68½ a 9½	70	85	98	17½	25 Pm.	—	—	—	200	6 Pm.	6 Pm.	—	69 a 7
19	266	70½ a 7½	71½	86½	99½	17½	25 Pm.	—	—	—	201	6 Pm.	6 Pm.	—	70½ a 7
20	266	72 a 7	71½	86½	99½	17½	28 Pm.	—	—	—	200½	9 Pm.	6 Pm.	—	72 a 7
21	266	71 a 7	71½	86	99	17½	27 Pm.	—	—	—	200½	9 Pm.	6 Pm.	—	71 a 7
22	266	71 a 7	71½	86	99	17½	26 Pm.	—	—	—	—	8 Pm.	7 Pm.	—	71 a 7
23	263	69½ a 7	70	85	98	17½	26 Pm.	—	—	—	—	8 Pm.	7 Pm.	—	69½ a 7
24	—	69 a 7	70½	85	97½	17½	26½ Pm.	—	—	—	200	8 Pm.	7 Pm.	—	69 a 7
25	—	69 a 7	70½	85	97½	17½	26½ Pm.	—	—	—	199½	8 Pm.	6 Pm.	—	69 a 7
26	—	70 a 6	70½	85	97½	17½	26½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	8 Pm.	6 Pm.	—	70 a 6

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L. Harrison & J. C. Leigh, Printers, 373, Strand.



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

Printed and Published by the University of Chicago Press, Chicago, Ill., U.S.A.



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OF

ARTS, LITERATURE, COMMERCE,
Manufactures, Fashions, and Politics,

FOR APRIL, 1814.

VOL. XI.

The Sixty-fourth Number.

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TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We earnestly solicit communications (post paid) from the professors of the arts in general, as well as authors, respecting works which they may have in hand. We conceive that the evident advantage which must accrue to both from the more extensive publicity that will be given to their productions through the medium of the Repository, needs only to be mentioned, to induce them to favour us with such information, which shall always meet with the most prompt attention.

Several Literary notices were forwarded to us at too late a period of the month to be introduced into the present Number.

J. Forman need not be told, that it is usual to pay the postage of such inclosures as his.

Junius Alter might possibly obtain admission into the columns of a newspaper. We adhere to the resolution which we have often expressed, of keeping aloof from political discussion.

Lavinia, a Tale, is much too prosing for our poetical department.

M.'s Biographical Anecdote is deficient in one quality only, but, in our old-fashioned opinion, an essential one, we mean, truth.

Had Castigator borne in mind the homely proverb, that "charity should begin at home," he would not have displayed the same defects in himself, which he so kindly undertakes to cure in others.

The Proprietor begs leave to remind such of his Readers as have imperfect sets of the Repository, of the necessity of an early application for the deficiencies, in order to prevent disappointment. Those who chuse to return their Numbers to the Publisher, may have them exchanged for Volumes in a variety of bindings, at the rate of 5s. per Volume.

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For APRIL, 1814.

The Fifty-fourth Number.

—————The suffrage of the wise,
The praise that's worth ambition, is attain'd
By sense alone, and dignity of mind.

ARMSTRONG.

CONVERSATIONS ON THE ARTS.—By JUNIUS.

(Continued from p. 132.)

Miss E. The fate of Mary Queen of Scots and Lady Jane Grey has often been lamented.

Miss K. Banks wrote a tragedy on the latter, entitled *The Innocent Usurper, or the Death of Lady Jane Grey*, 1691; and Rowe published another, dated 1715. Banks also wrote *The Island Queens, or the Death of Mary Queen of Scotland*, a tragedy, 1684.

Miss E. I have, among a collection of songs, an old ballad on Lady Jane Grey; in one part, where the unfortunate young lady is represented going to execution, it says,—

She did go unto the block,
Sweetly praying in her book;
In her face was seen no woe,
But she did wish for angels' wings,
To see the golden, golden, golden
Sight of heavenly things.

Miss K. Here is a short account of her death:—About an hour after the decapitation of her husband, Lord Guildford, whose headless

body she saw brought from execution, the lieutenant of the Tower led this noble and excellent young lady, who was only seventeen, to a scaffold erected opposite to the White Tower, where she was attended by Dr. Feckenham; but without paying any regard to his discourses, she kept her eyes fixed on a small book of prayers which she held in her hand. After a short recollection, she saluted those who were present with a composed countenance; then, addressing herself to Dr. Feckenham, she said, "God will abundantly requite you, good sir, for your humanity to me; though your discourses give me more uneasiness than all the terrors of my approaching death." She then made a plain and short speech to the spectators; after which, kneeling, she repeated the *Miserere* in English: then rising, she gave her two women her gloves and handkerchief, and her prayer-book to the lieutenant of the Tower. In

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unting her gown, the executioner offered to assist her; but she desired him to let her alone, and turning to her women, they undressed her, and gave her a handkerchief to bind over her eyes. The executioner then kneeling, desired her pardon, to which she answered, "Most willingly." The handkerchief being bound close over her eyes, she began to feel for the block, and being guided to it by one of the spectators, she stretched forward, and crying, "Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit;" her head was instantly separated from her body at one stroke.

Miss *Eve*. I think Mary Queen of Scots was buried in Westminster Abbey?

Miss *K*. She was beheaded at Fotheringhay castle, February 8, 1587, and buried in the cathedral at Peterborough; but her remains were afterwards removed by her son, King James I. to Henry the Seventh's Chapel at Westminster Abbey.

Miss *Eve*. How old was this princess?

Miss *K*. She was born in 1542, crowned at Stirling 1543, and was consequently 44 years old at the time of her death. Robertson observes, that, "to all the charms of beauty and the utmost elegance of external form, she added those accomplishments which render their impression irresistible; polite, affable, insinuating, sprightly, and capable of speaking and writing with equal ease and dignity: sudden, however, and violent in all her attachments, because her heart was warm and unsuspecting."

In another place the same historian says, "she possessed the ut-

most beauty of countenance and elegance of shape of which the human form is capable. Her hair was black, though, according to the fashion of the age, she frequently wore borrowed locks, and of different colours. Her eyes were a dark grey, her complexion was exquisitely fine, and her hands and arms remarkably delicate. Her stature was of a height that rose to majesty. She danced, she walked, and rode with equal grace; her taste for music was just, and she both sung and played upon the lute with uncommon skill."—"No man," says Brantome, "ever beheld her person without admiration, or will read her history without sorrow."

Miss *Eve*. The other *Island Queen* also gained much admiration.

Miss *K*. Smollet says, that "in her conversation she was masculine, tall, straight, and strong-limbed, with a high, round forehead, brown eyes, fair complexion, fine white teeth, and yellow hair. She danced with great agility; her voice was strong and shrill; she understood music, played upon several instruments, possessed an excellent memory, understood the dead and living languages, had made a good proficiency in the sciences, and was well read in history. Her conversation was sprightly and agreeable, her judgment solid, her apprehension acute, her application indefatigable, and her courage invincible." She is said to have died broken-hearted for the loss of her favourite, the Earl of Essex. In one of the plays named after that nobleman, the Countess of Essex thus describes her husband to the jealous Elizabeth:—

Aye, in his person there you sum up all;
 Ah! loveliest queen, did you e'er see the like?
 The limbs of Mars and awful front of Jove,
 With such an harmony of parts as puts
 To blush the beauties of his daughter, Venus:
 A pattern for the gods to make a man by,
 And Michael Angelo to frame a statue
 To be ador'd through all the wond'ring world!

Miss *Eve*. This seems to be a parody of the passage in Shakspeare's *Hamlet*, beginning,

Now look upon this picture, and on this.

By the bye, I think that Michael Angelo has, in many of his designs which I have seen, "overstepped the modesty of nature."

Miss *K*. Yes; he was very extravagant in his attitudes, too ostentations of his skill in anatomy, and often foreshortened his figures to excess; but he was the most sublime designer among the moderns.

Miss *Eve*. I have somewhere read, that fairies were of the Roman Catholic religion, and that they have not appeared in this country since the Reformation.

Miss *K*. This notion you have acquired from a humorous old song written by Dr. Corbet, afterwards Bishop of Norwich.

Miss *Eve*. Will you repeat it?

Miss *K*.

THE FAIRIES' FAREWELL.

Farewell, rewards and fairies!

Good housewives now may say;

For now fade slurs in fairies

Doe fare as well as they;

And though they sweep their hearths no less

Than mayds were wont to doe,

Yet who of late for cleanliness

Finds six-pence in her shoe?

Lament, lament, old abbies,

The fairies' lost command!

They did but change priests' babies,

But some have changed your land;

And all your children stolen from thence,

Are now grown Paritances,

Who live as changelings ever since,

For love of your domaines.

At morning and at evening both,

You merry were and glad;

So little care of sleepe and sloth

These pretty ladies had.

When Tom came home from labour,

Or Ciss to milking rose,

Then merrily went their labour,

And nimbly went their toes

Witness those rings and roundelays

Of their's which yet remayne,

Were footed in Queen Marie's dayes

On many a grassy playne;

But since of late Elizabeth,

And later James came in,

They never danc'd on any heath

As when the time had been.

By which we note the fairies

Were of the old profession;

Their songs were Ave Marias,

Their dances were procession.

But now, alas! they all are dead,

Or gone beyond the seas,

Or farther for religion fled,

Or else they take their ease.

A tell tale in their company

They never could endure;

And whoso kept not secretly

Their mirth, was punish'd sure:

It was a just and christian deed

To pinch such blacke and blue:

O how the commonwealth doth need

Such justices as you!

Now they have left our quarters,

A register they have,

Who can preserve their charters;

A man both wise and grave.

An hundred of their merry pranks

By one that I could name

Are kept in store; con twenty thanks

To William for the same.

To William Churne of Staffordshire

Give laude and praises due,

Who every meale can mend your cheare

With tales both olde and true;

To William all give audience,

And pray ye for his noddle;

For all the fairies' evidence

Were lost if it were addie.

Miss *Eve*. I think Dryden, in his *Hic of Bath*, says, that it was common to meet with fairies in this country in the days of King Arthur.

Miss *K*. Yes, he does.

Miss *Eve*. Will you repeat these lines by Dryden?

Miss K.

In days of old, when Arthur fill'd the throne,
Whose acts of fame to foreign lands are known,
The king of elves and tittle fairy queen
Gambol'd on heath and danced on every green;
And where the jolly troop had led the round
The grass unbidden rose, and mark'd the
ground.

Nor dark'ning did they dance, the silver light
Of Phœbe serv'd to guide their steps aright,
And with their tripping pleas'd, prolong'd the
night

Her beams they follow'd when at full she play'd,
Nor longer than she shed her horns; she stay'd,
From thence in airy flight to foreign lands
convey'd.

Above the rest our Britain held they dear,
More solcantly they kept their sabbaths here,
And made more spacious rings, and revell'd
half the year.

I speak of ancient times, for now the swain
Returning late may pass the woods in vain,
And never hope to see the nightly train.
In vain the dairy now with mint is dress'd,
The dairy-maid expects no fairy guest
To skim the bows and after pay the feast:
She sighs and shakes her empty shoes in vain,
No silver penny to reward her pain:
For priests, with prayers and other godly gear,
Have made the merry goblins disappear,
And where they play'd their merry pranks
before,

Have sprinkled holy water on the floor;
And friars, that through the wealthy region run
Thick as the motes that twinkle in the sun,
Resort to farmers rich, and bless their halls,
And exorcise their beds and cross their walls:
This makes the fairy quires forsake the place,
When once 'tis hallow'd with the rites of grace.
But in the walks where wicked elves have been,
The learning of the parish now is seen;
The midnight paison posting o'er the green
With gown tuck'd up to wakes, for Sunday
next,

With humming ale encouraging his text,
Nor wants the holy leech to count y girls betwixt.
From fiends and imps he sets the village free.
These haunts not any incubus but he;
The maids and women need no danger fear
To walk by night, and sanctity so near;
For by some haycock or some shady thorn,
He bids his heads both even song and morn.

Miss *Eve*. I think much useful
knowledge may be gained in the
art of painting, by reflecting on
what is called connoisseur's *caut*:
such as the *grand contourno* of Mi-

chael Angelo and Goltzius; the
grace of Raphael, Correggio, and
Parmegiano; the *air* of Guido;
the *purity* of Domenichino; the
learning of Poussin; and the *great-*
ness and *taste* of the Caracci.

Miss K. Yes—also the *golden*
manner and *glowing tint* of Titian;
the *silver tint* of Guido, the young-
er Teniers, and Vandervelde; the
lightness of Paul Veronese, Rubens,
and Gainsborough; the *brilliance*
of Bassano; and the *spirited touch*
of Velasquez. These and a hun-
dred such observations may be
learned in an hour, and serve con-
noisseurs to talk of all their lives;
yet, as you remark, much may be
learned by the judicious reflecting
on such observations.

Miss *Eve*. Also the pyramid,
the contrast, the gradations, the
grouping, the unity, the buoyancy
of the boats, the tout-ensemble,
and the aerial perspective.

Miss K. I have made above
twenty drawings of subjects from
the History of England, some of
which I have painted, and others
I mean to paint. They are in that
mottled portfolio.

Miss *Eve*. I have made some
progress in this study, but my at-
tainments in it are trifling when
compared to your's. I am passion-
ately fond of study. An eccentric
and romantic disposition is, I think,
one of the greatest prizes bestowed
on us by nature. I often walk of
an evening in the fields, admiring
the varieties of nature, and adoring
the God of nature. A romantic
disposition is also benevolent, and
can sincerely say to all animated
nature—Be happy!—or rather—
I wish you happy!—and would con-
tribute all in its power to make it

so. The setting sun, the moon rising from behind the distant trees or chimnies, the distant shower blackening the glow of summer; the bleak winter, the sunny day, the dark night, the storm, the flash, the rolling thunder, produce various and delightful sensations on the romantic, susceptible, and sentimental mind.

Miss K. You are a genius, Miss Eve. These are the true symptoms of that rare quality. Yellow dirt is the *somnum bonum* of mean minds. This, though it produces but a scanty pleasure at best, makes some other muck-worms of the same sort wish them dead, to get it from them.

Miss Eve. I am such an enthusiast for study, that when I retire to bed and chance to wake in the night, I often lie ruminating on some interesting idea or some design which I have seen by the hand of genius, which I sketch with my finger, and thus strongly impress it on my mind.

Miss K. This was one of the favourite methods of study of Leonardo da Vinci, who often thus amused and improved himself in bed, surrounded by the darkness of night. Those who reflect have no night: often do you lie awake and plan benevolent acts to others, and then sink into sweet slumber, as if rocked by ministering angels, who in dreams exhibit to you beings of a better world, show you their lovely selves, play, dance, twang their golden instruments, which they accompany with the melodious strains of their heavenly voices, and display forms, attitudes, airs, and graces, far superior to the best that were ever delineated by mortal

hands. The antique Raphael, Corregio, and Parmegiano are but as Rembrandt or others of the Dutch school, when compared to these visions which often visit the slumbers of the good, and from which they obtain their best improvement. Milton's third wife, Elizabeth, used to say, that her husband informed her he was thus favoured.

Miss Eve. Suppose we return to the dramatic writers:—Who was John Dover?

Miss K. Son of Robert Dover, an attorney at Boston on the Heath, Warwickshire, and manager and director of the Olympic Games annually celebrated upon Cots-would Hill, Gloucestershire. John Dover was educated at Magdalen College, Oxford, and being intended for the law, removed to Gray's Inn, and was called to the bar. He was afterwards a minister at Drayton, in Oxfordshire. He wrote *The Roman Generals, or the Distressed Ladies*, a tragedy, 1677; and was living at a very advanced age in 1720.

Miss Eve. What are Thomas Dogget's dates?

Miss K. He was born in Castle-street, Dublin; and commenced actor in his early youth. He made his first theatrical attempt in his native city, but not meeting with encouragement, removed to England, and for some time performed at the provincial theatres. His first appearance in London was at Lincoln's Inn Fields, where he received much applause in such characters as Fondlewife in *The Old Batchelor*, and Ben in *Love for Love*, which Congreve, with whom he was a great favourite, wrote in some measure with a view to his manner of

acting. In a few years he removed to Drury-lane Theatre, from which he retired from the profession in the very meridian of his reputation. He lived some years after quitting the stage, in very easy circumstances, having by his care and economy made himself independent. In his political principles, he was, in the words of Sir Richard Steele, a Whig up to the head and ears; and so strongly was he attached to the interests of the house of Hanover, that he never let slip any opportunity which presented itself, of demonstrating his sentiments in that respect. To mention one instance among many others:—The year after George I. came to the throne, he gave a waterman's coat and silver badge to be rowed for by six young watermen, the first year after the expiration of their apprenticeship, on the 1st of August, being the anniversary of the king's accession to the throne. At his death, which happened in 1721, he bequeathed a sum of money, the interest of which is to be appropriated to the purchase of a like coat and badge, to be rowed for on the same day for ever. The candidates, setting out at a signal, at the time of the tide when the current is strongest against them, row from the Old Swan, near Watermen's Hall, London Bridge, to the White Swan at Chelsea, a little beyond the Hospital. The signal for starting is the firing of a pistol from a barge near the spot where they are arranged, generally one at each pier from the centre of the bridge.

Miss *Eve*. I have seen this ceremony. The music, the variety of dresses, flags, colours, &c. in

the boats, form a pleasing and picturesque spectacle. Some of the candidates are without their shirts, and shew their muscles in action; and such as have been victorious in former years are rowed about, wearing their coats and badges, and pointed at, to their no small gratification. I am informed, that the silver badge also confers protection from being impressed. I have observed, that some, instead of making the best of their way, row to the sides of the river Thames.

Miss *K*. This is to avoid the strength of the current; and these managers are in general the winners. Thus we see, that in rowing, as in painting, manœuvre often surpasses active talent. London, Blackfriars, and Westminster bridges, the Temple gardens, the Adelphi, Milbank, and Smith's tea-gardens near Vauxhall, are crowded with company, and exhibit silks, satins, feathers, and colours like beds of tulips. A pistol is fired at the White Swan stairs, Chelsea, when a barge stationed there is passed by the first man, who is cheered with loud acclamations from his friends on his victory, and a band of music begins to play. The second of the competitors is entitled to five, and the third to three pounds.

Dogget wrote *The Country Wake*, a comedy, 1696; which has been altered to a ballad farce, called *Flora, or Hob in the Well*, which has frequently been performed.

Miss *Eve*. There is a ballad farce by Charles Dibdin, entitled *The Waterman, or the First of August*. Tom Tug's sweetheart at a window, watching her lover's boat first pass the stationed barge, and

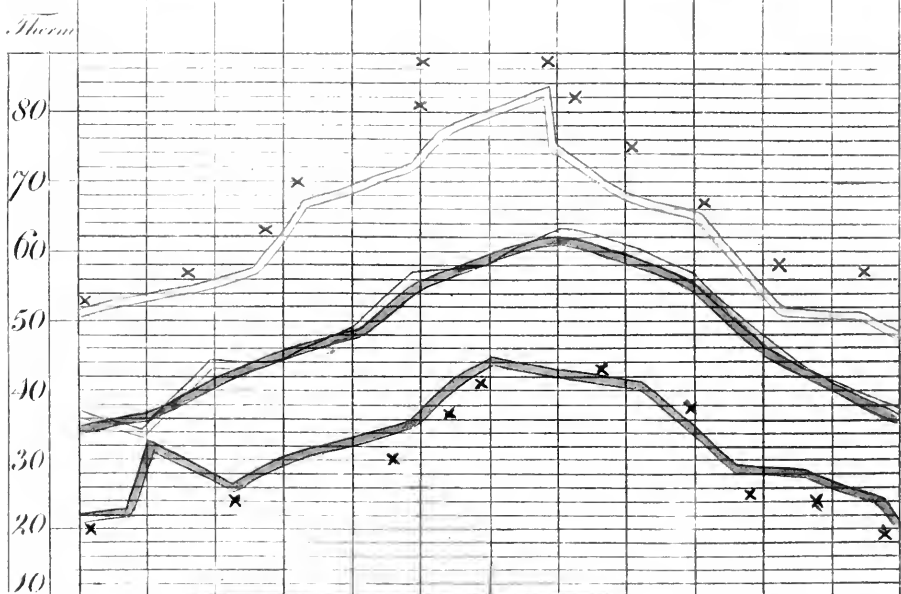
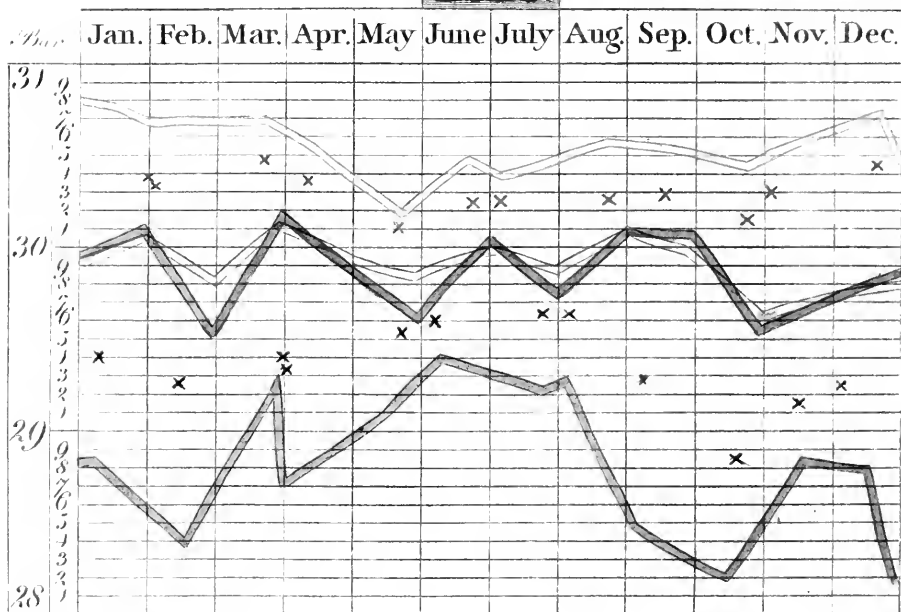
METEOROLOGICAL DIAGRAMS

Of the Pressure and Temperature in the Year 1813, exhibiting the Monthly Means and Extremes, deduced from Diurnal Observations made at

MANCHESTER,

1813.

by *THO^S HANSON.*



Mean Annual Pressure 29.900. Max. 30.77. Min. 28.23. Range 2.54
Mean Annual Temperature 48.66. Max. 83. Min. 22. Range 61.

her joy on the occasion, have a very affecting and impressive effect.

What did Noverre write?

Miss K. A pantomime, entitled *The Chinese Festival*, which was first acted in 1755, and in which one hundred persons were employed.

Miss E. I think this was too trifling to entitle Noverre to a place among the dramatic writers. When did pantomimes first appear in this country?

Miss K. About the year 1718. The rival theatres of Drury lane and Lincoln's Inn Fields made great exertions to eclipse each other in providing novelties to

amuse the public. Sometimes one and sometimes the other drew the most crowded houses. Each had recourse in turn to some new-fangled foppery, and music having been tried without success, the managers of Drury-lane contrived to improve dancing into something better than mere motion. The fable of Mars and Venus was therefore formed into a connected series of dances in character, which succeeded beyond expectation; and from this original hint sprung all the dumb representations since called Pantomimes.

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PLATE 21. — EXPLANATION OF THE METEOROLOGICAL CHART OF THE ATMOSPHERICAL PRESSURE AND TEMPERATURE FOR THE YEAR 1813.

By THOMAS HANSON, Esq.

THE accompanying chart exhibits at one view the periodical results of the atmospherical pressure and temperature, made at Manchester, during the past year; as well as similar results taken in the vicinity of London for the same period, by Mr. J. Gibson, Laboratory, Stratford, Essex. The chart is drawn up precisely in the same way as the one inserted in the *Repository* for April 1813.

In order to distinguish the curves intended to shew the results for Manchester, from those for London, it will be proper again to observe, that the blue curves represent the monthly means for Manchester, and the orange ones the means for London;—the red curves shew the monthly maximums, or highest states of the pressure and temperature; and the green, the minimums, or lowest states of the

same. The stars are coloured, to correspond with my curves, and serve to point out the extremes for London.

Of all the methods of exhibiting cotemporary observations of the weather, particularly of the periodical variations of the pressure and temperature, this, or a similar plan, appears the best, as it serves much better for comparison, than if the results were drawn up with figures in a tabular form. I do not doubt, if diagrams were published without the curves, similar to the weaver's point paper, but that it would much facilitate the interesting study of meteorology. As a proof of the utility of diagrams, it may be worthy of notice, that those in this chart supersede the necessity of upwards of six hundred figures.

A great similarity is evident in

the general results of the two last years, between Manchester and London: the most prominent are, with respect to pressure, the same inclinations of the mean monthly curves, as well as the ranges; but with this difference, that the monthly ranges at London are by no means so great as those for Manchester. But I do suspect, that my ranges are too great: for the barometer is of the wheel kind, and particular care is taken to disengage the mercury, by tapping the instrument gently; a precaution perhaps not sufficiently attended to by Mr. Gibson. The mean monthly curves of temperature for the two places, are pretty nearly alike; the annual mean for London, as usual, is greater than that of Manchester; and the ranges of the extremes are almost invariably greater at the former place, particularly the maximums.

We shall now advert to the principal meteorological occurrences noticed at Manchester for the past year.

January.—The commencement of this period was mild, cloudy, and humid, the wind being for the most part south: rain fell in six instances, at intervals, to the 13th, when there was a slight fall of snow, for the first time: an easterly wind, diminished temperature, and dry atmosphere, were now the leading occurrences to the end. The minimum temperature of 22° , was on the night of the 25th.

February was decidedly a warm month, as it was attended for the most part with a south and a south-west wind, but which blew very strong: on five days hurricanes occurred; they blew chiefly from the

south-west quarter, and were attended with frequent showers of rain. On the 13th there was a faint lunar halo, and on the 23d hoar-frost.

March.—The first ten days were mild and warm, with a few showers of rain; but the temperature experienced a sudden depression on the 12th: this arose from a change of wind from west to north: but its continuance in that quarter was of short duration; for the monthly maximum was on the 18th, being an augmentation of 31° . Rain, with slight showers and snow, closed the month. Wind, south and west on nineteen days; its strength never reached a hurricane. Upon the whole, the weather was favourable to vegetation.

April was ushered in with a low pressure and temperature; the latter shewed its monthly minimum on the 4th; previous to which, there were several showers of snow, hail, and peals of thunder; which were succeeded by a quick augmentation of temperature, as well as a gradual one of pressure. On the 10th the weather became so serene, warm, and brilliant, that the thermometer indicated a summer's heat, being as high as 66° , which was an increase since the 4th of 37° : vegetation of course made a rapid progress, but being too early, a check might be expected; accordingly the last ten days were marked with frequent showers of snow and hail, and boisterous north and north-east winds, which did great damage to vegetation, particularly to tender buds and foliage in exposed situations. Blossoms of fruit-trees, &c. were never known to be more promising.

but the severity of temperature and hail-storms, and particularly of the strong east winds, almost stripped them of their beauty.

May.—Although there was a gradual increase of heat from the commencement of this period, yet the prevailing easterly winds had not ceased to be destructive till about the 7th, when the weather became more mild, and nature seemed once more eager to repair the injury done to trees and vegetation. Rain about this time was much wanted, as the fall in the two preceding months had scarcely exceeded two inches in depth. From the 7th to the 26th rain fell daily, with the exception of the 12th, sometimes in very heavy and long-continued showers, and in four instances with thunder and lightning. On the 24th a hail-shower:—this period was generally favourable to the productions of the earth.

June.—In two instances the diurnal temperature was lowered to 50° : the first was on the 6th, and was in consequence of an easterly wind; the latter was on the 19th, which was immediately preceded by six days of almost incessant, but gentle showers of rain. On the 13th a shower of hail. This month was frequently marked with brilliant days, which, with the rain, were very seasonable.

July was remarkable for much thunder and lightning, interspersed with showers of rain, and in two instances hail. On the 30th, after a high, but desultory state of temperature, there was a sudden augmentation of 32° , being as high as 83° . The monthly minimum of 44° occurred on the 3d, being a difference of 39° .

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August.—The first twelve days of August were cloudy and rainy, which had the effect of lowering the temperature; for, on the 24th, the minimum was as low as 42° . The force of evaporation obeys the vicissitudes of temperature: in the present instance, the monthly quantity is four-tenths of an inch less than the evaporation for July. Neither thunder, lightning, nor hail, occurred; and there were few changes of atmospherical pressure, but the two principal ones commanded great ranges.

September.—The weather for the first fifteen days was very cloudy, gloomy, and wet, with an unsettled state of temperature. In about sixty hours, viz. from the 7th to the 10th, there was a loss of 27° of temperature, when it became more mild, with a brilliant, serene atmosphere, and a high barometrical pressure, which continued to the end.

October.—On the 4th the temperature maximum, when rain fell very copiously: the temperature now continued to descend to the 18th, when freezing was observed the first time this season. The heat soon after rose, and the weather to the end was fine and dry, with the exception of the two last days. Prevailing wind, south-west.

November.—The most prominent variation in this month was, the vibratory impulse given to the atmospherical pressure during the first half of the month; indeed, a similar occurrence took place at the same time with the temperature. The weather, upon the whole, was mild for the season, as the temperature was very seldom under freezing. Rain fell copiously from the

8th to the 18th. No hail was noticed, and there was only one appearance of snow.

December was decidedly gloomy, cloudy, and rainy; but not so cold as is usually the case at

this time of the year, except the few last days. The nightly state of temperature (in consequence of a gentle north wind) was lowered, in three instances, eight degrees under freezing

RESULTS OF RAIN, EVAPORATION, BAROMETER, AND WIND.

1813.	RAIN.			EVAP.	BAR.	WIND.											
	Inches.	Wet Days.	Upon Blackstone Edge.	Inches.	Spaces in Inches.	Changes.	North.	N. E.	East.	S. E.	South.	S. W.	West.	N. W.	Variable.	Brisk.	Boisterous.
Jan.	1.445	6	—	—	8.10	19	0	5	6	5	5	1	1	2	6	2	0
Feb.	2.040	14	—	—	13.15	21	0	0	0	0	7	12	7	1	1	12	5
Mar.	1.490	11	—	—	7.86	19	5	1	0	1	9	3	10	1	1	7	0
April	.655	7	4.215	—	6.90	18	2	5	2	1	7	8	2	2	7	3	3
May	7.140	22	14.890	2.585	7.00	21	0	5	0	1	9	8	6	0	2	2	1
June	1.935	9	4.520	3.285	4.95	12	1	3	4	4	1	4	6	3	4	2	0
July	3.446	12	5.430	3.075	6.10	11	0	1	0	0	6	13	5	4	2	0	0
Aug.	2.425	12	4.840	2.665	5.04	15	3	3	0	1	1	13	6	4	6	0	0
Sept.	3.008	10	9.840	2.040	6.60	13	1	5	1	1	4	9	1	7	1	1	1
Oct.	5.795	10	19.220	1.810	10.15	22	0	10	0	4	0	14	1	2	0	1	6
Nov.	4.525	11	11.550	1.160	10.00	13	0	3	0	7	2	8	9	0	1	6	0
Dec.	1.095	9	11.580	.616	10.04	7	4	4	1	7	3	7	1	2	2	2	0
Total	34.903	133	86.085	17.266	95.83	191	16	45	14	32	18	99	61	28	22	42	10

The annual barometrical pressure for the past year, is 29.900 inches: the maximum of 30.75 occurred twice, viz. on the 22d of January and the 26th of December. The minimum of 28.24 inches, was on the 17th of October: the range of these extremes, of course, will be 2.51 inches. The greatest variation in twenty-four hours, for the whole year, was on the 14th of November, being 1.55 inch.

The mean annual temperature is 48°.66, being half a degree more than the annual temperature of 1812; the maximum was on the

30th of July, and the minimum on the 26th of January: the difference of the two extremes, will make a range of 61°. Greatest variation in twenty-four hours was 28°, which occurred on the 14th of April. The mean temperature of the six summer months, is 56°.23; and for winter, 41°.04.

The annual fall of rain, snow, hail, &c. is nearly 35 inches in depth. Mr. George Walker's account of rain, is two inches more; but the low situation of his gauge, compared with mine, will partly account for the difference. We

are enabled to state, that May, October, and November, were the wettest months of the year, and April the driest. I have been favoured with an account of rain taken at *White Holme Reservoir*, upon *Blackstone Edge*, by my friend Mr. Mathew Leadbetter, of Laneside, near Middleton, a gentleman whose accuracy of observations I can place implicit confidence in: his account commences on the 1st of April, as will be seen in the above table. The very great fall of rain upon *Blackstone Edge* is most astonishing, being 86 inches in depth in nine months. At a future opportunity, I intend to give a description of the place where the gauge is fixed: at present it may be proper to observe, that the funnel is exactly the same diameter as mine, and the same means are used in measuring the quantity collected. From so remote and elevated a place, situated as it is upon the borders of the two counties of Lancaster and York, perhaps

where no observations of the kind were ever before made, it cannot fail of being particularly interesting, but in an especial manner to the proprietors of the Rochdale canal, as their hopes of supply are principally drawn from that source.

Total quantity of water evaporated (from a surface of water exposed to the effects of wind and to the sun, but not to its direct rays), since the 1st of May, is a little more than 17 inches.

The surface of the barometer has risen and fallen near 96 inches, or eight feet; the greatest monthly space described in any one month, was in February, being 13 inches. Annual number of changes, 101; most in October, and least in December.

The south, south-west, and west winds, have been the prevailing ones. The most brisk and boisterous winds blew in February, March, and April.

MANCHESTER, Feb. 13, 1814.

THE COMMUNICATIVE POCKETS.

By AUGUSTUS VON KOTZEBUE.

(Continued from p. 113.)

HERRMAN seriously resolved to inform Dr. Faustus, that he could no longer endure Puttli's loquacity; for he was now convinced, that if he would love his fellow-creatures, he ought not to pry into their pockets. In this state of mind he beheld Amalberga, a beautiful female of eighteen, but whose heavenly features were usually overcast with a cloud of dejection. She was an orphan, and had been left unprovided for by her father, a ce-

lebrated knight, who, on his deathbed, purchased with his possessions an exemption from purgatory, bequeathing to his child nothing but a spinning-wheel and a loom, and the pious counsel, to take the veil. Amalberga, endowed with a warm and tender heart, felt no predilection for a monastic life. She determined to try whether she could not, by industry, earn sufficient to support herself in the world in a manner becoming her birth. With

rigid economy, and by occasionally even abridging the intervals of repose, she succeeded in the attempt. Her fare was little more than bread and water; but when the young ladies of distinction appeared at the episcopal court, she was seen dressed in a less costly manner perhaps, but with equal elegance, and her graceful figure attracted every eye. Her aged uncle, when he saw his beautiful niece thus tastefully attired, would jocosely say, "Girl, thou must certainly have a spirit at thy command that supplies thee with money; and were I not thoroughly convinced of thy virtue, I should be ready to think—God forgive me!—that thou filledst thy purse by the sacrifice of it."

Such was actually the notion of her brother, a young man of loose conduct and principles, who often repeated, that female virtue and the philosopher's stone had never yet been discovered. He was always in want of money; his affectionate sister gave him what she could spare, and this strengthened him in his suspicions—for in what other way could she obtain it? That industry improves the golden hours, and like the bee flying from flower to flower, brings away a rich harvest from each, was a consideration which never entered into the noddle of the giddy youth.

Amalberga's beauty fixed Herrman's eyes, which faithfully transmitted the impression to his heart. He trembled at the idea of finding her pockets also in contradiction to the modesty of her demeanour; and it was long before he would suffer the sanctuary of innocence to be profaned by his roguery. At

length he determined to venture. The first experiments proved satisfactory. There was nothing in the pocket but a handkerchief and a prayer-book. "Amalberga shall be mine!" triumphantly exclaimed the knight. "Exult not prematurely," cried the malicious dæmon, "the best women in the world are fickle; one day they stand with one foot in heaven, the next we can scarcely endure them in hell. Try the girl a short time before you suffer her to draw the net tight over your head."

Herrman began to think that the devil sometimes talks very sensibly, and adopted his advice. For several successive weeks Puttli went daily to examine Amalberga's pocket, but daily had to repeat his first report, and the knight heartily enjoyed his triumph. One day, however—a day on which an irresistible gloom again beclouded the virgin's brow—Herrman was on the point of throwing himself at her feet, when the pocket suddenly whispered—"I contain a forged bill."

"Thou liest!" retorted the youth, inflamed with indignation.

"Nothing can be more true than that the bill is forged."

"Then speak!—how is it to be accounted for?"

"I cannot tell."

"How came it in her pocket?"

"I do not know."

"She may be perfectly innocent."

"Perhaps so; but the bill is forged."

This discovery vexed the knight, and confident as he was of her virtue, he nevertheless thought fit to defer the declaration of his passion. How was he to clear up

this suspicious circumstance? In vain did he rack his brains how this was to be accomplished. The following day the bill had disappeared, and the prayer-book occupied its usual place.

Among other magic powers possessed by female charms, they have the effect of making the man who plainly enough perceives something bad lurking behind them, rather turn his eyes another way, and persuade himself that he has seen nothing. Herrman soon forgot the forged bill; but whenever memory happened to dwell upon it, he consoled himself with his *who knows?* and at length, when Amalberga was missing for two whole weeks (nobody could tell whither she was gone), this privation of the sight of her only served to inflame his passion. He longed to behold her, and meanwhile his imagination was busily engaged in clothing her beloved image in all the charms of body and mind. At length she appeared again, pale, drooping, and more dejected, but likewise more charming and more interesting than ever.

Herrman's lips opened a second time for the purpose of pronouncing the sweet confession, when Puttli whispered from her pocket—"Here is poison."

"Poison?"

"A dose that would send a troublesome husband to the infernal regions in a trice."

The knight was thunderstruck. Poison in the pocket of a beautiful young female!—this was indeed too unaccountable, and love reluctantly yielded its place to suspicion. Yet ever and anon would the former suggest from its

corner, "It is perhaps only a cosmetic: a little vanity is pardonable."

"No; it is poison, I tell you;" and in this declaration the merciless Puttli persisted.

"Well, but may she not have procured it merely to destroy the rats?"

"Hardly! what should it then be doing in her pocket?"

"Perhaps she has received it to-day from some friend, and intends to night to make use of it."

Puttli was silent; but the next and many successive days, he reported, with a sarcastic grin, that the poison was still there. Herrman now sought the company of Amalberga's uncle, in hopes that by his means he might be enabled to unravel the mystery. He had hitherto been rather shy of his acquaintance, for the old knight was known to the whole court to possess a turn for satire, and in his youth had brought himself into many a scrape by his epigrams. This might possibly be the reason also why he never advanced himself, in spite of his integrity and valour. Too proud to complain, he chose rather to endure the most pinching want, and yet was always as good-humoured as if he revelled in pleasures and abundance. "But let us hear what testimony his pocket will bear him," said Herrman to the officious Puttli; and before the words had passed his lips, the sprite complied with his wish.

"Here is a little box with splinters of bones, evidences of the wounds received by the knight in many a conflict for the bishop. Here is a hard crust of bread, probably the reward bestowed by

the prelate for his heroic exploits. Here is also a billet from an old chamberlain."

"Read it."

"Beware, sir knight, of the anger of the bishop. Your virtuous refusal has inflamed him to fury. He swears to be revenged, and, in spite of you, to accomplish his wicked purpose."

"Is that all?"

"It is."

"What has the knight refused to the bishop?"

"I do not know."

"What wicked purpose has the bishop in contemplation?"

"I cannot tell."

"Be it what it will, I know enough to be convinced that the old knight is an honest man."

Herrman now neglected no opportunity of sounding him respecting his niece, and even intimated his intentions of proposing an honourable alliance, if only certain mysterious circumstances could be cleared up by the uncle's assistance: but he could get nothing more from him than the assurance, on the word and honour of a knight, that his niece was an excellent girl, and that he wished her brother had but a single drop of her blood in his veins. This testimony was certainly encouraging—but the forged bill!—the poison!

"Pshaw!" cried Herrman, with impatience, "she may clear up these matters when we are married. At any rate, I will acquaint her with my sentiments." Away he went the third time, firmly resolved to declare to the fair Amalberga what she had long since divined.

Once more Puttli abruptly cried, "Stop!"

"What is the matter now, thou unmerciful demon?"

"Here is a note by the side of the poison."

"From whom?"

"There is no signature."

"Read it."

Puttli read as follows:—"It gave me pain, dear Amalberga, that you should have murdered my child without the least pity. But a little reflection convinces me, that I ought to commend your foresight. To have been known as the father, might have been dangerous for me and injurious to your reputation. What had better remain a secret, would then have been the talk of the town. By thy prudence thou hast put the man to shame. Accept my thanks, thou dear and trust-worthy girl."

"Heaven and hell!" exclaimed Herrman, "what is this?"

"Did you not hear?" rejoined Puttli, drily—"she has murdered a child. Now it is evident for what purpose she wanted the poison."

Herrman shuddered. He resolved to banish the image of hypocrisy from his heart for ever. But how was he to accomplish this if he continued to see her every day? He determined to join the crusade against the pagan Lithuanians, and to seek in military enterprises either tranquillity or death.

"Saddle my horse," cried he late the same night to his squire. "The morning sun shall see me far from Bamberg." The steed was saddled, and he sprung upon his back.

"Shall I attend you?" asked Patti.

"Go to the devil!" replied Herrman, and in an instant the little demon vanished with a loud laugh of malicious joy.

Slowly, and with his eyes fixed on the ground, the youth passed the gate, followed by his trusty squire. The moon threw a feeble light upon his road. The night was cool and rainy; but the chill gloom of nature was not equal to that which pervaded his heart. He had just passed the place of execution, when he heard behind him the footsteps of a horse advancing at full speed, and the loud shrieks of a female apparently in great distress. In those days, before the right of the stronger had given place to the influence of law, it was no unusual thing for females to be forcibly carried off by their disappointed suitors. Herrman immediately concluded, that the sounds which assailed his ears originated in one of those violent attempts. Mindful of the duties of chivalry, he turned his horse about, fixed himself firmly in the stirrups, and loudly called out to the person advancing to stop. At the same time his sword glistened in the moonlight, and the trusty squire who carried his lance, brandished it over his head till it whizzed again in the air.

The stranger's horse, on suddenly finding an obstruction in his road, started back and snorted. The black rider uttered dreadful imprecations, and the white figure behind him piteously implored assistance. "Make way," cried the former, "whoever ye be, and let

me pass. The girl is my sister; I am carrying her to a convent."

"'Tis false!" exclaimed the female. "For Heaven's sake have compassion on an orphan!" Herrman recognized with horror the voice of Amalberga. Without farther consideration he fell upon the ravisher, who also knew how to handle his sword, and was not backward at returning the blows. Who can tell how this conflict in the dark might have terminated, had not Herrmann's squire with his lance unhorsed their opponent, and extended him senseless upon the earth.

"You are saved, fair Amalberga," said Herrman, with a faltering voice; "command whither I shall conduct you."

"Gracious God!" exclaimed the trembling maiden, "you are the knight of Runenburg."

"I am."

"Then to *you* I owe the preservation of my honour and of my life!"

At the word *honour* Herrman shrunk back, but forebore to reply. After a short pause, he coldly asked, "Will you return to Bamberg?" She answered in the affirmative. He ordered his squire to lead her horse by the bridle, and himself rode slowly and silently before to her habitation. Here he drily bade her farewell, and turned his horse without making any enquiry respecting her adventure. But Amalberga embraced his knee with virgin modesty. "No, sjr knight," said she, "you shall not depart thus. Come into my house, that I may refresh you with a bowl of generous wine, and that by the

taper's light you may witness my grateful tears."—Away! be gone! cried Herrman's head: Stay, whispered his heart, and he did stay. A delightful sensation thrilled his whole frame when he entered Amal-

berga's neat apartment. Here stood the spinning-wheel, there the loom; and on the wall hung a picture of St. Theresa.

(To be continued.)

ACCOUNT OF THE DESTRUCTION OF THE CUSTOM-HOUSE, AND RECOMMENCEMENT OF BUSINESS AT THE COMMERCIAL SALE-ROOMS, MINCING-LANE.

ON Saturday morning, the 12th February, 1814, a dreadful fire consumed that extensive building, the Custom - House, in Lower Thames-street. It is scarcely necessary to observe, that in the very numerous offices of this edifice almost all the import and export business relative to that branch of the revenue was carried on, and that on its basement and ground-floors it contained an extensive warehouse full of valuable property, either deposited for the security of duties, or under confiscation, which was almost wholly consumed.

The fear inspired by the knowledge that gunpowder was deposited there, for the use of the Custom-House brigade (and part of which in fact exploded with a tremendous shock), prevented the usual exertions of the firemen, so that the destructive element raged almost unopposed, and with terrific grandeur, till it had no further materials on which it could feed, and by ten o'clock the late busy Custom-House exhibited bare roofless walls, and those shattered by the effects of the exploded gunpowder.

A conflagration in itself so extensive, and in its consequences so important, from the destruction of books, documents, and public records, and the interruption which

it was expected to give to the operations of the chief branch of revenue in a commercial country, spread unusual anxiety.

Crowds more numerous than at ordinary fires pressed to the spot; the ships in the river, boats, and bridges, the gallery of the Monument, and the tops of buildings, were thronged with spectators. The numerous officers of the customs, arriving at the usual hour for business from distant residences to attend to their several duties, were filled with consternation, on finding the place in which many of them had kept not only their important official accounts with the public, and with their superiors, but in which many had deposited, as in a continually guarded place of security, much of their private property, one large pile of glowing ruins.

The commissioners, soon after reaching the spot, issued a public notice, that they were sitting at the house of their secretary, Mr. Delavaud, in Trinity-square, for the purpose of receiving information; and that they should continue to sit from day to day, Sundays included, till further notice.

Before noon the whole metropolis seemed to be agitated as to the consequences of this dreadful ca-

lanity, and conjectures were afloat, and rumours circulated as to a substitute for the Custom-House till the new building, just begun, could be finished for business.

The general sentiment appeared to concur in expecting, that the elegant structure nearly erected for the Mint, on Tower-Hill, or else that part of the Tower itself would be assigned for the use of the customs. It was justly deemed a matter of high interest by all, as an interruption to the business of that essential branch of the revenue, would be of immense consequence to commerce, at a period when, from the late victories on the Continent, a greater trade might be expected than had ever been known: and the dread of delay to ships arrived, and to those about to depart to join convoys appointed to sail on fixed days, produced a distressing anxiety in persons more immediately concerned. The subject became, of course, a topic of general conversation and eager enquiry.

Happily we have to record, and it is with feelings of joyful congratulation that we do record, a circumstance which appears to be little less than the effect of magic; and which, if it had been promised without our knowing the means of accomplishment, we candidly own, would not have received our belief.—But to the point: the Custom-House of London, in all its great extent, was consumed on Saturday, the 12th of February, and on Monday the 14th, with the lapse of only one intervening day, the officers of the several departments were at assigned and distinct posts in distinct, appropriate, and assigned offices. The usual business

of the Custom-House was actually recommenced on that day; was greatly increased on the 15th; and, on Wednesday, the 16th, had acquired such a degree of currency, that the fire of the preceding Saturday was in some measure forgotten, and the trade of the port of London, inwards and outwards, suffered very little interruption, comparatively, with what might have been reasonably expected.

In our publication for the month of May, 1813, p. 299, we gave a perspective View of that beautiful new building in Mincing-lane, denominated the London Commercial Sale-Rooms; and we beg our readers to refer to that Number for an account of the purposes for which this structure was erected by its public-spirited proprietors. The great number of offices which it contains, its peculiarly favourable locality, in the very centre of trade, having an access eastward from Mark-lane, as well as westward by its front in Mincing-lane, appeared so suitable for the purpose of mercantile convenience, and an elegant market for colonial and other produce, that no cost had been spared in the purchase of the site, or pains to render the building commodious.

At this time it was nearly completed and beautified, and was beginning to feel the happy effects of commerce reviving, in consequence of the liberation of the Continent and the expectation of peace; and promised to reward the patient perseverance of the proprietors, by affording the desired convenience and a remuneration for the large capital they had embarked in the undertaking.

Every advantage which this spacious building possessed for the purpose of commerce, might equally be turned to the advantage of the Customs, under this unexpected calamity. The directors deeming that, under such an exigence of public necessity, they ought to consult the national welfare; and persuaded, that no other place near that spot could offer equal advantages of prompt occupation and a large number of distinct yet connected offices, made at once an offer to the Commissioners of the Customs of all the accommodation in their power, both in the Institution itself, and the house adjoining, the lease of which they had purchased. With these advantages they offered also the greatest which could be desired, viz. unconditional and *instant* possession, trusting with confidence to the liberality of government for the remuneration which ought to be given for such a ready sacrifice of their commercial views, and the great interruption and delay which the proprietors would experience in their own peculiar objects, from their desire to promote the public interest.

The commissioners acknowledged, in polite and warmly grateful terms, the extraordinary accommodation which was thus so handsomely and seasonably tendered to the public; and having personally surveyed the premises, ordered the officers of the customs to await their instructions at the Commercial Sale-Rooms; at the same time directing that all books, &c. saved, should be brought and deposited there immediately. A military guard from the India brigade was placed for security at each access.

On Sunday, the committee of heads of offices, nominated by the commissioners to co-operate in facilitating a general re-organization, allotted the offices to the several departments; and they were taken possession of by the respective officers, who received the books, &c. as they were brought in from the Corn-Market in Mark-lane, which had been the grand depository during the time of the fire, and which it was absolutely necessary to clear before the next morning's corn-market could begin. Thus unexpectedly accommodated, the Commissioners of the Customs were enabled to give notice, that on Monday they would sit for the dispatch of public business in the London Commercial Sale-Rooms, the directors of that Institution having offered the commissioners the use of their board-room till a larger one could be prepared. Numerous carpenters were then put in requisition, who worked through the night; and on Monday morning the several offices were filled, and the titles over them shewed the accommodation afforded to the following departments:—

1. Board-Room.
2. Waiting-Room.
3. Secretary's-Room.
4. Committee-Room.
5. Solicitor for London and Western ports.
6. Solicitor for Northern Ports.
7. Solicitor for Bonds.
8. Solicitor's Clerks.
9. Western Clerks.
10. Northern and Principal Clerks.
11. Western and Northern Department.
12. Minutes, Whitehall, and Quarantine Department.
13. Plantation Clerks.

- 14. Clerk of the Papers.
- 15. } Copying Clerks.
- 16. }
- 17. Petition Office.
- 18. Recvr. of Fines & Forfeitures.
- 19. } Register General of Shipping
- 20. } and Property Tax.
- 21. Inspector of Out-Port Accts.
- 22. Gaugers.
- 23. Coffee Office.
- 24. Bond Office.
- 25. Landing Waiters.
- 26. Landing Surveyors.
- 27. General Surveyors.
- 28. Treasurer.
- 29. } Searchers
- 30. } and
- 31. } Clerks.
- 32. }
- 33. } Inspector General and Clerks.
- 34. }
- 35. Accountant of petty Receipts.
- 36. } East India Officers and other
- 37. } Clerks.
- 38. }
- 39. Register of Debentures.
- 40. Comptroller General.
- 41. Receiver of grand Plantation and Wine Receipts.
- 42. Bench Officers.
- 43. Long Room Outward Department, viz.
Collector Outwards Offices, for
Nine Cocket Writers,
Principal and extra Clerks,
Receiver and Clerk,
First and Second Assistant Collectors.
Comptroller Outwards Department, viz.
Assistant Comptroller,
Chief Clerk,
Two Clerks.
Bills of Entry Office Inwards and Outwards, viz.
Deputy Patent and Clerk.
Surveyor Outward Department, viz.
Assistant Surveyor and Clerk,

- Registrar of Certificate Cockets and Clerk,
- Receiver of Turkey and Russia Dues.
- Usher's Department, viz.
Usher of the Long Room,
Two Clerks to the Usher.
- 44. Long Room for the Inward Department, viz.
Surveyor Inwards and Clerks
Examiner Inwards and ditto,
Clerk of the Rates and ditto :
Report Office Inwards—
Comptroller Inwards & Clerks,
Clerk of Certificates and ditto,
Clerk of Ships' Entries and do.
Computer of the Wine Duties and ditto,
Examiner of the Wine Duties and ditto,
Computer of the Duties on East India Goods and ditto,
Computer of the Duties on East India Calicoes and ditto.
- 45. Receivers General and Supervisors.
- 46. Southern European and Southern Plantation Jerquers.
- 47. Northern European and Northern Plantation Jerquers.
- 48. Surveyor of Sloops.
- 49. Wood Farm Officers, or River Office.

The throng was very great on the Monday, from those who occupied the offices, from numerous enquirers, and not a few attracted by mere curiosity. A certain degree of confusion was naturally to be expected, yet some public business was transacted: every officer was at the post assigned him, and the offices were found so judiciously distributed by the committee, as to afford much facility to dispatch. On the Tuesday many ships were reported inwards, and others cleared outwards, and entries of goods

were passed both ways; and on Wednesday the public had already become so perfectly acquainted with the new routine as to transact business with a regularity, expedition, and ease, that were truly surprising, and will be a lasting honour to the port of London, and to every person whose exertions tended to obtain this great national benefit*.

THE MODERN SPECTATOR.

No. XXVIII.

Is mihi demum vivere et frui anima videtur, qui aliquo negotio intentus præclari facinoris aut artis bonæ famam querit. —SAL. *Del. Cat.*

In my opinion, he only may be said truly to live, and enjoy his being, who is engaged in some laudable pursuit, and acquires a name by some illustrious action or useful art.

IF my memory does not deceive me, for though I cannot account for the change, I am not, I think, so faithfully served by it as I have heretofore been; I say, if my memory is correct, it was a maxim of the school of Pythagoras, "that every idle man is a dead man;" and it was the established discipline in the college of that philosopher, when any of the students grew weary of application and improvement, and returned to an idle, unprofitable life, the rest regarded them as dead, clothed themselves in mourning, performed their funeral obsequies, and raised tombs to their memory, with such inscriptions as suited their respective characters, and encouraged those who remained to continue in the practice of those active exertions which would advance their progress in knowledge, and extend their utility to the world. I imagine, that though the church of Rome would not allow it, the custom of introducing young women to a monastic life, which is accompanied, more or less, with a funeral ceremony, has arisen from the same principle. I remember, in my travels, being present when a young lady of high birth took the veil, which was certainly rendering her completely useless, in every sense of the word, during the rest of her life. This devoted fair-one, and I lamented her lot the more as she was very handsome, having been regularly stripped of all the splendid robes with which she was decorated, was habited in the dress of the order, her beautiful tresses cut off, and having prostrated herself on the ground, a kind of pall was thrown over her, when, as a funeral sermon was quietly performing by the priests, a solemn dirge was played by a very numerous band of musicians, the bells of the church rang a solemn peal, the relations wept, and this victim of folly, superstition, and priestcraft was buried to the world. She

* It is a tribute due to the energy and promptitude displayed by R. H. Marten, Esq. the Chairman of the Committee of the Commercial Buildings, to state, that the mercantile interest and the public in general, are chiefly indebted to his indefatigable activity for the immediate accommodation afforded in the present instance to this important branch of the revenue. Neither should it be forgotten, that, notwithstanding the multiplicity of business which demands his attention, it is this same gentleman whose humanity has prompted him to undertake the laborious office of Secretary to the Committee for the Relief of the distressed Germans, in which he has manifested a philanthropic zeal, assiduity, and ability, that reflect equal honour on his head and heart.—EDITOR.

then, with a taper in her hand, approached the door of the cloister, which opened to receive her into its living tomb, and instantly closed upon her. As a theatrical exhibition, it was a spectacle worth the attendance; but as a reality, it affected me more than it is now necessary to express.

Dr. Middleton, in his celebrated Letter from Rome, has, with his usual ability, proved the connection between the ceremonies of the pagan religion and those of the Roman Catholic church. I, however, feel a pride in having unfolded, what he never dreamed or thought of, that the ceremonies of a monastic admission may be traced to such a far distant and more remote period as the time of Pythagoras: though I hope it will not be considered by my readers, a vain and affected display of any little recondite learning which I may possess, as I should blush to appear guilty of that vanity myself which I am continually endeavouring to repress in the minds of others.

I shall now proceed to give another, and, as I rather apprehend, a very unexpected example of this Pythagorean principle; not as operating on the ceremonies of religion, or the forms of political institution; but as it has woven itself into a hunting society, composed of sportsmen of rank and fortune, and established in all the splendour of the chase. One of their leading regulations, and to which I exclusively refer, as connected with my subject, is so far similar to a monastic ordinance, that it strictly enjoins a state of celibacy. In short, the club consists of high, sporting

men, who, to use the elegance of newspaper diction, have never led any lady to the altar of Hymen. In fact, they are a pack of bachelors, being determined, that no one of them shall be liable to the interruption described in the old hunting song:—

And still my wife cries,
My dear, do not rise,
But cuddle me longer in bed.

This irrevocable decree was framed in honour of the sport, as it was observed, that, whenever a member married, he grew irregular in his attendance, came frequently too late to the appointed cover; no longer risked his limbs or his neck in taking a leap; would make objections to certain toasts; refuse to take his usual quantum of wine by a bottle or two; kick a pet hound that lay before the fire; and drench his handkerchief with lavender water when he attended feeding time, as the smell of horse litter was no longer pleasant; nay, a married member had been even heard to declare, that his children's nursery was preferable to any dog-kennel in the kingdom. These and similar circumstances occasioned, at times, certain bickerings and animosities, which interrupted social harmony: and as it was a matter of considerable delicacy, the various arrangements which had been proposed to remedy the grievance, were either too violent or peremptory to answer the end, without risking the dissolution of the society. At length an event happened, which gave the members an opportunity of preventing any future uneasinesses, at least from the interposition of married men.

It happened one day when the

hounds were at fault, that the huntsman had reason to call, with a vociferating degree of displeasure, to two of them whose names were *Cuckold* and *Fixen*: the only *Benedict* at that time of the club, being within hearing, took immediate offence, on the strange notion, that those terms were purposely applied to him and his wife; and insisted peremptorily, that the man should be instantly discharged from his situation. The unconscious Nimrod solemnly declared, that he never thought about gentlemen or ladies when he was hunting his dogs: that since he had been their honours' huntsman, there had always been dogs of those names in the pack; *Cuckold* had been but lately entered and wanted talking to, and that *Fixen* sometimes wanted a smack of the whip: that, for his part, he did not know any thing about the gentleman or madam; but that every body knew, that a huntsman must call to his dogs, and that every hound in the pack knew his name as well as the gentleman or the lady: and he hoped his honour would not deprive an old huntsman of his bread, for calling a dog and a bitch by their right names. A jury of sportsmen could not but give their verdict against the complainant, who immediately quitted the club. The members now resolved, that married men should no longer remain in it: a resolution to the following effect was accordingly drawn up, which was unanimously agreed to, at a special meeting called for the purpose, and added to the regulations of the society:—

“*Resolved*, That no married man shall be admitted into this club; and if any member should think

proper to marry, the clerk of the hunt shall, at the expiration of the honeymoon, that is, one month after the said marriage, transmit to him the following notification, accompanied with a pair of doe-skin gloves stitched with black, and a crape hatband:—

“The hunt, according to the established custom, take leave of their late member with great regard and equal regret; at the same time, they wish him good sport in pursuing his new game, and that he may be speedily in at the death.”

It may indeed be observed, that hunting could not be a Pythagorean amusement, as the doctrine of the metempsychosis, or transmigration of souls, evidently militates against it; for, according to that, these sportsmen might hunt the grandmother of some of them in the shape of a fox, or a grandfather in the form of a deer. But I rely merely on the principle of those who are no longer useful in the society to which they belong; and, on this ground, I flatter myself that I have maintained my argument to the conviction, and, of course, to the satisfaction of my readers.

I have heard or read somewhere of a curious scheme of existence, which, though produced with a fanciful ingenuity, is founded on the genuine principles of philosophy; and will appear, if considered with due attention, to illustrate still further the doctrine which forms the topic of this paper. This scheme involves both the living and the dead; but I beg it may be understood, that, among the latter, are comprehended all persons, of what title or dignity soever, who

pass most of their time in eating and drinking, to support that imaginary existence of theirs which they call life; or in dressing and decorating those shadows and apparitions which are regarded by the vulgar as men and women. For the principle of the system is this: that whoever passes his time without being, or assiduously striving to be, useful in his rank and condition, is a dead man to all intents and purposes. The living, accordingly, are those alone who are some way or other laudably employed in the improvement of their own minds or for the advantage of others; and even these are only considered to be alive during that part of their existence which is actively and usefully occupied: so that, according to this notion, many men are not alive half their days, and some do not begin to live till they have passed through a large portion of them; indeed, I am afraid that examples may be found of such as have been dead all their lives. Now, as there may be many idle, quiet, honest men, who pay the taxes, never run in debt, and live peaceably in their habitations, who are not yet born, or have departed this life, I most earnestly invite the former to break forth into being, and become good for something: and the latter, to rejoin, without delay, the number of the living. This scheme of arranging mankind under the proposed denominations, is authorised by Solomon himself: "A man that worketh not;" or, in plain English, an idle, worthless fellow, "is, as it were, one that is dead."

There is an Arabian, or which is much the same thing, an Orient-

tal proverb, which expressively and openly describes *Idleness as the Devil's play-fellow*. This allegorical sentence is so self-evident and intelligible, that I shall not suppose it necessary for me to enter into an illustration of it. There is so much sound common sense in it, that it would be insulting such persons as I have reason to think honour my lamenbrations with their attention, to add a word upon the subject. I think, however, that, among the industrious and active part of mankind, they who have been inventors of any thing that tends, in any way, to the advantage or innocent amusement of mankind, are to be ranked in the first class. And, therefore, I have given a most respectful consideration to patentees of every kind. Invention implies genius, however employed. The dignity of discovery, indeed, depends upon the extent of utility which the thing discovered produces. The simplification of vast and complicated machinery, is one thing; and an improvement in snuffers or nut-crackers, is another. That invaluable medicine known by the name of James's Powder, is one thing; and a new and better mode of preparing anchovy, is another. But I respect the spirit of invention, however different may be the ratio of their individual merit whom it inspires. Besides, it produces emulation, and emulation leads to excellence, wherever it is known to operate. It may be a subject of ridicule, though I contend that nothing is ridiculous which is attended with good, when I mention the contest that many years ago prevailed between two rival pastry-cooks, re-

specting the invention, which they both claimed, of a certain kind of delicious *cheese-cake*, when well made, entitled and styled a *Maid of Honour*. Which of these culinary chemists was the genuine inventor I cannot tell, but over the shops of both was displayed in golden letters their respective testimonials:—"The original and genuine *Maids of Honour* sold here." I have frequented them both, and could not determine which was the best manufacturer of these dainties. The circumstance occasioned a good deal of playfulness and mirth at the time, from the equivocal application of the title of certain courtly ladies. Some fanciful blunders were also, and not unfrequently, committed on the occasion. I remember once, when being in a pastry-cook's shop, a dirty boy

came in and asked for a *stale* Maid of Honour, for which he paid half price; and I was so tickled with the circumstance, that I gave him a couple just fresh from the oven; and the lad, on thanking me, said he had never tasted a fresh Maid of Honour before. I still continue my partiality for them, and have only to complain, that their price is raised twofold, and that they cannot now be had for less than two-pence a piece. I am not in a rank of life to associate or drink tea with Maids of Honour, but I am going to make my supper of them, and as the servant has just brought in the tray whereon they are displayed with some mashed potatoes beside them, I shall take leave of my readers and conclude my paper.

THE COGITATIONS OF SCRIBLERUS.

No. III.

"There is no passion so universal, however diversified and disguised under different forms and appearances, as the vanity of being known to the rest of mankind, and communicating a man's parts, virtues, or qualifications to the world: this is so strong upon men of great genius, that they have a restless fondness for satisfying the world in the mistakes they may possibly be under, with relation even to their physiognomy."—*Guardian* (STEELE).

It has precisely turned out as I conjectured; I knew I had but to take up my pen, and the whole world would be delighted with my lucubrations: not but I have been sneered at by the envious, who have thrown impediments in my way to prevent my works being printed; but I have at length succeeded; and I have no doubt that the additional sale of the *Repository of Arts* is entirely owing to the Cogitations of Johannes Scriblerus. As, however, I have a regard for the interests of the publisher, I shall contrive, as much as possible, to

veil my genius; well knowing, that if I indulge the full blaze of it, the rest of his correspondents, fearful of encountering the comparisons which may be made not altogether to their credit, may lay down their pens; and even the editor, clever as he may flatter himself he is, may, from jealousy and despair, relinquish the superintendence of the Miscellany which I have deigned to honour with my assistance. Yes, my name is now up; and if I keep myself no longer concealed, it is only because I fear, that some years hence I may be-

come like another Junius, and all the merit of my works, my deep reasoning, my unaffected pathos, and sublimity of thought, be all — all given to another. With what enquiries, what prayers, what in-treaties to throw off my disguise, am I incessantly assailed! Heaven knows, I have long withstood their solicitations, but the number of fair supplicants, whose asking eyes have long wandered to find out the Cogitator, have softened my iron heart: I acknowledge my weakness; I am not made of marble; and though I cannot at present unfold the full orb of my charms to their sight, in pity to maiden hearts, yet I will give them some hints, whereby I may be known. I shall draw the most tender parts of my outline, and leave the detail and finishing to another opportunity. There are people malicious enough to pretend, that the crowd gathered continually round my friend Ackermann's window, is arrested by the arrival of a Cossack, or the display of English art and fanciful taste; and that this crowd is increased by the placards of *second edition*, stuck on the windows of a neighbouring newspaper-office. Insidious varlets! how is it, then, that every time the door opens, the cry is repeated of, "*Here he comes! this is he!*" Not the brave Zemlemtin light, but the dear Cogitator; while the poor souls loudly express their disappointment on not seeing me, but some other guess person who would run away with my reputation. I must confess I could not help hugging myself on my security last Wednesday night, when so many heads were employed, so many eyes en-

gaged in looking over works of art; had they known the Cogitator was present, in vain would the charms of pictorial embellishment have solicited their notice. The numerous applications that have been made to me to sit for my portrait, have quite bewildered me; and, much as I have debated with myself on whom I shall confer an honour which must inevitably procure fame and patronage, I am yet undecided. I shall certainly not sit to Lawrence or Shce, but in all probability confer this honour on some unprotected artist, who, of course, must present me with the resemblance. Thus I shall become a patron of art; and if Mr. Ackermann be very importunate, I don't know, but that, for certain advantages, I may condescend to grant him a copy to embellish his *Repository of Arts*, &c. But to my purpose; the delineation of my face, my person, and abilities, which I would advise my readers to attend to, and to beware of counterfeits, for such are abroad.

First, then, for my abilities, on which, although I think them fully demonstrated to the readers of this Magazine, I shall beg leave to expatiate a little. That I consider myself perfectly competent to the task of "catching the manners living as they rise," I must, with the usual modesty of an author, firmly aver, being quite sure that I am in possession of the necessary requisites. In short, I am what the world calls a genius. I have built castles in the air, which have as speedily fallen to the earth; I have written novels, which were never printed, and composed dramas, which have never been performed:

and I have invented a thousand projects, all of which have vanished, and,

“like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Left not a wreck behind.”

My adventures and actions have ever been guided by novelty; and when I have informed the public, that I have driven *Jarcy* in his own hack, or a duchess in her barouche, and taken the conceit out of a waterman, all *pour passer le temps*, surely I may be allowed some share of applause for the variety of my amusements; and when I add, that I can either roar a catch, or sing a psalm, the versatility of my powers must be obvious. I may be seen at one time listening to a ballad-singer’s “Heigh ho! said Boney,” or applauding Braham’s *Woodpecker*; laughing at Grimaldi’s *Tippitywitchet*, or ravished with Catalani’s *Ah! quanto l’anima*. At one time I may be seen running along the city in a slouched hat and Belcher handkerchief; at another, lounging down Bond-street in fur and velvet; sporting my Marlborough at the Opera, or my cue at a billiard-table; sometimes making one at a meeting of eccentrics, surrounded with tobacco and porter, at others rattling the bones at Brookes’s; one day taking a chop at Belsham’s, the next sporting Champagne and turtle at Stevens’s.

Doubtless, these avocations must farther raise the curiosity of my readers to know my age, and how I have spent the latter part of my life. With regard to the first, I inform them, that I am trotting on to forty; to the second, that I have been so busied all my life in censuring other people, that I have

not had time to regulate my own conduct. My figure—and if I pride myself more on one thing than another, it is this—is about the middle height, and my shape would by some be thought genteel, that is, if it is not just as corpulent again as it should be. My face would be handsome, were it not so round; at present it is not much unlike a full moon, yet would it be more like that planet, did not two immense cheeks fall down over my neckcloth. My beard is so dark, that it has not been unaptly compared to a nursery for blacking-brushes: my eyes, I assure you, are none of the worst, could they be seen to advantage, but an overhanging forehead prevents this; while heavy eyebrows, large and bushy, give me an appearance which I think profound, but which malicious virgins have censured as sulky and gloomy. My nose is large and snubbed, and not unfrequently covered with pustules; the colour which should be on my cheeks might be tolerable, did it lie in the right place, instead of the tip of my nasal organ. My mouth is large and wide, but generally drawn down, between ill-humour and contempt; yet if I do condescend to smile—but I get prolix. Of my temper, the least said of it is best; yet, notwithstanding all these amiable aberrations, I have often felt the tender passion, and, not to speak it profanely, have not had much cause to complain of the neglect of the fair sex. Mothers have wished me for a son-in-law, and fathers have sounded me on my intentions; while my desk is not unoccupied with billet-doux and valentines.

from some sweet creature or other. I have also had auricular proofs of their esteem for me or my money, and oral signs of their attention to the same doubtful purpose.

The fairest of ladies have condescended to be treated at my expense; and my superiors have done me the honour of taking their mutton and claret with me. Tradesmen have wished I owed them a thousand pounds, but have alarmed me when my bill has exceeded twenty. Friends have professed much for me when I have been above their assistance, but have been out of cash when I wanted the loan of five guineas. Thus, then, having stated my virtues and abilities, of which I possess no

common share, and having given so many hints, that my person may be no longer unknown, pleased with the gratification I have no doubt conferred on the anxious million, I shall for the present take my leave.

P. S. For fear of mistakes, I beg leave to observe, that the little bandy-legged man so often seen coming from Mr. Ackermann's, with a roll of papers in his pocket, *is not me!*

The Cogitator informs Miranda, that he should be very happy to receive any communication from her, were he not fearful he might be thought to intrude on the department of the Modern Spectator.

ON COMMERCE.

No. XLI.

THE whole of the inhabitants of the island of Johanna are calculated to amount to about 130,000. The town of the same name contains about 200 houses, the greatest part of which are inhabited by the chief persons of the country: they are of stone, but low; except the king's palace, which is lofty and spacious. His majesty possesses unlimited power over all his subjects, both in religions and temporal concerns; his general residence is a few miles from the town, and he seldom comes thither, except when any European ships arrive. On such occasions, he is accompanied by a numerous retinue, and seldom fails to go on board, where he is entertained by the captain, and saluted on his arrival and departure with five guns; a circumstance of which he is extremely jealous,

because it is a mark of esteem and importance, which renders him more respected by his subjects. Without his permission, no captain can trade with the inhabitants; to obtain which, nothing more is necessary than to present him with a small quantity of European manufactures. Mr. Grose says, "As soon as a vessel has cast anchor in the road, it is immediately surrounded by a great number of canoes, which hasten to bring refreshments of all kinds: it is amusing to see the confusion and eagerness of the rowers to arrive first at the ship; when the sea is boisterous, it often happens that they are overset, but without any danger of their lives, as they are all excellent swimmers, and sustain no other loss than their little cargoes." The only account of the

island of Mayotta (another of this group), on which we can depend, is that of Commodore B. Francis Beaulieu, who, in his narrative of his expedition to the East Indies, says, that the island of Mayotta is low, cold, and damp; that it abounds with provisions and fruits, and is covered with verdure, but is not inhabited on the sea-shore. In sailing along the coast, he came to a spot where he found a vessel about 40 tons, which came from Moka, the captain of which, an Arab, supposing him Dutch, had sent all his cargo on shore. He shewed him two letters, the one from an English commander named Martin, the other of a Captain Banner, in which they inform their countrymen, that they had found many refreshments here, particularly fruit, but had not been able to find

any fresh water; that linen and paper were in much request among the inhabitants, but that great care should be taken not to offend them, as, with all their friendly appearance, they might do much harm. The commodore sent back the Arab captain to his vessel, with the strongest assurances, that he had no bad intentions, and also of his friendly disposition; he likewise charged him with a letter written in Spanish, containing the same assurances to the sovereign of the island. Soon after, the king sent some of his principal people, to assure the commodore of his friendship, and of his inclination to furnish him with all the productions of the island which he might stand in need of.

MERCATOR & Co.

EXHIBITION OF THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THE eighth Exhibition of the British Institution is now on view, and we can confidently say, that it is not inferior to any preceding collection of works of art that have appeared upon the walls of this place, appropriated by the munificence of a few noblemen and gentlemen to the patriotic purpose of encouraging native talent.

It has been erroneously held by many speculatists, that institutions of this kind have produced neither improvement in art, nor patronage to artists. Happily, the experience of eight years of increasing ability on the part of the artists, and enlarged patronage on the part of the public, have proved, that such an institution alone was wanted, to give that energy to the fine arts,

that shall henceforth shew British genius in painting to be equal to that displayed by professors of other sciences, and so creditable to the country.

We shall resume the pleasing occupation of offering a few observations on some of the pictures *con amore*, and leave the task of criticism to those who delight more in the display of their own acuteness, than in an ingenuous admission of the talents of their contemporaries.

15. *The Disposal of a Favourite Lamb.*—W. Collins.

We have before noticed the progressive advancement of this young artist; but the great stride which he has taken on his path to fame

since the last Exhibition, is highly creditable to his industry and talent. This picture tells its artless tale with a truth of expression that excites emotion in every feeling breast. Subjects of this class, wherein children form the *dramatis personæ*, are usually so insipid, that connoisseurs feel inclined to turn away at the first sight of them: but if infantile compositions were always treated in so painter-like a manner as in this picture, we should have no objection to see these subjects in every collection.

70. *Forenoon Landscape*.—The same.

On the margin of a limpid brook, a group of little cottagers angling for minnows is represented in this pleasing composition. On the face of a boy is a just imitation of an incident of light, which marks the observant mind of the painter. This child holds a bottle in his hand, which he has elevated between his face and the sun, with a curious desire to peep at the imprisoned fish; the light passing through the density of the bottle and the water, is reflected on part of his visage, and the pure rays of the sun glance upon the other with the most natural identity. The landscape is sweetly composed; the water and the rushes are touched with a light and spirited pencil. We think this a choice cabinet picture.

25. *The Town Miss visiting her Country Relations*.—The same.

There is much dramatic expression in this subject, wherein is represented a tawdry miss seated in an old-fashioned chair by the fire-side of an humble cottage, the dwelling of her aunt, who is surrounded by a numerous progeny

of young children, cousins to miss; one of whom is offering, with a pleasing artlessness, a glass of home-made wine, which the fine London lady is turning from with affected disgust. Her countenance displays pride and ignorance, whilst that of the aunt is descriptive of surprise and distress, that her best efforts of hospitality should meet so ungracious a return. Upon an oak table is placed a plum-cake, baked in compliment to this gay visitor. The children are hiding behind the projecting parts of the room, or peeping slyly at the haughty stranger. The decrepid grandmother is hobbling down stairs, whose homely appearance is not likely to add much to the comfort of this new inmate.—We are much pleased to see this dramatic style of art cultivated by our young artists. The admired talents of Wilkie, it appears, have given rise to this branch, which promises to rival similar works of the Flemish and Dutch schools in the executive part, and to excel them in thought and expression.

42. *Othello, Desdemona, and Iago*.

—Henry Munro.

Whatever praise or censure may be bestowed upon this picture, can avail nothing to him whose mind conceived, or whose hand painted, thus feelingly the Othello and Desdemona of our great bard. But to his family, his friends, and to all who regard the arts, this personification of the poet will ever be remembered as a monument of the great abilities of this young artist, whom death has prematurely taken to the tomb. Beauty, innocence, and chastity adorn the countenance of Desdemona, which is

finely contrasted with the disturbed visage of the jealous Moor. One of the highest qualities of art, expression, is carried far in this composition. The colouring is rich and pure, and the penciling firm.

Indeed, so much talent is exhibited in this picture, that the country may deplore the loss of this youth of promise.

(To be continued.)

PLATE 22.—ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

THE first church erected in the British metropolis, and dedicated to St. Paul, is said to have been founded early in the seventh century by Ethelbert, King of Kent, who made it the seat of a bishop, which dignity he conferred on one of the companions of St. Augustine, deputed by Pope Gregory the Great to convert the English to the Christian faith. Its revenues were augmented by the grants of his successors and other opulent persons; but in 1086 this structure was destroyed by fire, together with the greatest part of the city. Scarcely was it rebuilt when a second conflagration, in 1135, which ravaged the whole of the city from London bridge to the church of the Danes, destroyed the new cathedral. It was a considerable time before it again rose from its ruins; the steeple having been finished in 1222, and the church itself in 1233. On the 1st February, 1441, the steeple was set on fire by lightning; a similar accident befel it on the 4th June, 1561, when the whole of the spire was consumed, together with the roof of the church. Queen Elizabeth issued orders for the speedy repair of the mischief, for which purpose she herself gave 1900 marks of gold and 1000 load of timber. Animated by the royal example, the citizens of London,

the clergy, and great officers contributed upwards of £6700; by which the chapter was enabled to restore the roof, but the rebuilding of the steeple was not attempted till 1620. At that time, however, various circumstances concurred to frustrate the design; but in 1631 a new commission was issued for the prosecution of the work, towards which many of the nobility and gentry largely contributed. Inigo Jones commenced the projected repairs and improvements, for which upwards of £100,000 was received between the years 1631 and 1643. The walls and roof were now covered with lead: but this church shared the fate of other sacred edifices during the destructive civil wars. The revenues of the dean and chapter were seized by the parliament; the stalls in the choir were taken away, the marble pavement torn up, the monuments defaced, and saw-pits dug in the church, which was frequently converted into quarters for horse-soldiers, and in many places suffered to tumble down for want of repair. Such was the state of the edifice at the Restoration, and such it remained, till the dreadful conflagration of 1666 once more reduced it to a heap of ruins.

This church was in the form of a long cross; the materials chiefly

stone and timber, with lead. In the middle of the roof was a stately spire of 274 feet, standing upon a tower of 260, so that the total height was 534 feet. The length of the building was 690 feet, the breadth 130, and the area of the ground-plot three acres and a half. This is the account of Dugdale, from which, however, that of Stow considerably differs. According to the latter, the total altitude of the steeple was only 520 feet, but the length of the church he states at 720.

It was on the ruins of this church that the present magnificent edifice was erected. In 1671 letters patent were issued under the great seal, authorizing commissioners to manage the great work, and appointing Sir Christopher Wren to prepare a suitable design. The architect, finding a concurrent desire in persons of all ranks for magnificence and grandeur, endeavoured to gratify the public taste with a well studied design, conformable with the best style of the Greek and Roman architecture. Of this design he caused a large and elegant model in wood to be made, with all its proper ornaments, and presented it to the king; but it was disapproved by the bishops as not being sufficiently ecclesiastical. The architect was therefore ordered to amend his plan, and at length produced the scheme of the present structure, which was honoured with his Majesty's approbation. It is well known, that Sir Christopher set by far the highest value on his first design, which was of one order only, the Corinthian, like that of St. Peter's at Rome. This original

model, for which he received an hundred guineas, is still preserved in one of the upper apartments of the cathedral. This great work was commenced in 1675, and the last stone on the top of the lantern was laid in 1710; so that this mighty fabric was begun and finished by one architect, Sir Christopher Wren; one principal mason, Mr. Strong; and under one bishop of London, Doctor Henry Compton. The expence amounted to £736,752, great part of which sum was raised by a duty on coal imported into the metropolis.

St. Paul's, the chief ornament of the British capital, and the cathedral of the see of London, stands in the centre and most elevated part of the city, between Cheapside on the east, and Ludgate-street on the west. It is built of fine Portland stone, in the form of a cross; and over the spot where the lines of that figure intersect each other rises a stately dome, 108 feet in diameter, from the top of which springs a lantern, adorned with Corinthian columns. On the lantern rests a gilded ball, surmounted by a cross, which is also gilded, and crowns the ornaments of the edifice. On the outside of the building are two ranges of coupled pilasters, consisting of 120 each; the lower range of the Corinthian order, and the upper of the Composite. The spaces between the arches of the windows and the architrave of the lower order are filled with a great variety of curious enrichments, as are also those above. The church is adorned with three porticoes; one at the principal entrance facing the west, and the two others facing the

north and south, at the extremities of the cross aisle, and corresponding in their architecture.

The west front, of which a representation is given in our engraving, is a specimen of grandeur and elegance perhaps equal to any thing of the kind in the world. The portico consists of twelve lofty Corinthian columns below, and eight of the Composite order, supporting a noble pediment crowned with acroteria. This pediment is embellished with the history of the conversion of St. Paul, boldly carved in basso relievo by Bird, for which the artist received £650. The majestic figure of St. Paul on the apex of the pediment, with St. Peter on his right and St. James on his left, have a fine effect. The four Evangelists, with their proper emblems, on the front of the towers, are likewise very judiciously disposed and well executed. St. Matthew is distinguished by an angel, St. Mark by a lion, St. Luke by an ox, and St. John by an eagle. The ascent to this entrance is by a flight of 22 steps of black marble, running the whole length of the portico; and at each corner of the west front is a beautiful turret.

The portico at the northern entrance consists of a dome supported by six Corinthian columns, with an ascent of twelve circular steps of black marble. On the pediment, the royal arms, with the regalia, are beautifully embossed, and the statues of five of the apostles are placed at proper distances, to relieve the sight. The opposite portico is similar, except that the ascent consists of 25 steps, the ground on that side being proportionably lower. On the pediment is the

appropriate device of a Phoenix rising out of the flames, and underneath, the word RESURGAM. It was probably suggested by a circumstance which occurred at the very beginning of this great work, and which was particularly remarked as a favourable omen by Sir Christopher Wren. When he had himself set out the dimensions of the intended building and fixed upon the centre of the dome, a common labourer was ordered to bring him a stone, the first he should meet with from among the rubbish, to leave as a mark for the masons. The stone which was brought and laid down for the purpose happened to be a piece of a grave-stone, with nothing remaining of the inscription but the single word RESURGAM, in large capitals. On this side of the building are also five statues.

On the exterior of the dome, 20 feet above the roof of the church, is a circular range of 32 columns, with niches, placed exactly against others within. These are terminated by their entablature, supporting a handsome gallery, adorned with a stone balustrade. Above the columns last mentioned is a range of pilasters, with windows between them; and from the entablature of these the diameter of the dome gradually decreases.

The dome itself is supported by eight stupendous columns; the buttment, rising to the height of five feet, is of brick, and for security is surrounded by a vast iron chain, strongly linked together at every 10 feet. This chain is let into a channel cut into the bandage of Portland stone, and defended from the weather by a groove filled with lead. As the whole church

above the vaulting is covered with a substantial oak roof and lead, so the architect concealed the brick cone from sight by an exterior eucopia of those materials.

It would far exceed our limits were we to enter here upon a description of the interior of this extraordinary edifice, or an explanation of the admirable contrivances displayed in its construction. To this part of the subject before us we shall probably have an opportunity of recurring in the course of our work.

The dimensions of this fabric are as follow:—

	<i>Feet.</i>
Length from east to west within the walls	510
From north to south within the doors of the porticoes	282
Circuit	2292
Height from the level of the ground	440
Breadth of the west entrance	100
Height of ditto to the top of the pediment	120
Circumference of the dome	430
Height of the towers of the west front	287

The area of the ground-plot occupied by this edifice is 2 acres 16 perches: but with the church-yard

occupies 6 acres. This space is railed round with iron balustrades, placed upon a dwarf wall of hewn stone: at the west end of it, opposite to the principal entrance, is a marble statue of Queen Anne, surrounded with emblematical figures, representing Great Britain, France, Ireland, and America.

Various are the objections which have been urged against this cathedral, notwithstanding its magnificence. Its situation is such that it cannot be viewed at a distance. The division of the porticoes and the whole structure into two stories externally, would seem to indicate a like division within. The dome, it has also been observed, is too large in proportion to the rest of the fabric, and ought to have been raised exactly in the centre of the building; besides which, there ought to have been two steeples at the east end, to correspond with those at the west. In spite, however, of all these complaints, it is universally admitted, that the grandeur of the design, and the beauty and elegance of the proportions in general, justly entitle St. Paul's to rank among the noblest edifices of the modern world.



INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

THE tenth Annual Exhibition of the Society of Painters in Oil and Water-Colours, is expected to open with additional variety and increased interest. The public will be pleased to hear, that Mr. Glover has resumed his water-colours. He will exhibit this year many beautiful pictures in both styles. Mr.

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Cristall and many of the old members of the society have been making great exertions; and there will be a series of interior views of the favourite buildings in Oxford, by Mackenzie and Pugin, finished in so minute and exquisite a manner, as to form quite a new era in the art.

G G

Mr. Richard Brown, architect, is preparing for the press, *The Principles of Practical Perspective, or Scenographic Projection*; containing various rules for delineating designs on plane surfaces, and taking views from nature, by the most easy and simple methods; also instructions for shadowing and colouring. The whole treated in a manner calculated to make the science of perspective easy of attainment to every capacity; exemplified on fifty plates, royal quarto, with appropriate descriptive letter-press. The work will be published in four parts, the first of which will appear on the 1st of May.

The *History of Edisbury*, by George Ormerod, of Charlton, Esq. M. A. and F. S. A. is withdrawn as a distinct publication, and will appear in its proper place, as part of *A History of the County Palatine and City of Chester*, by the same author, which will be published on the most ample scale of county history, in parts, forming three volumes in folio, with a very considerable number of engravings on wood and copper. With the exception of King's *Fale Royal* and Leicester's *Cheshire Antiquities*, of which a reprint will be incorporated, and the matter of many rare tracts connected with the subject; the work will be wholly founded on, and contain references to, MS. authorities; and will combine whatsoever is to be found in the manuscript papers of Erds- wick, Leicester, Chaloner, Booth, Bostock, Williamson, and Randle Holmes; all which, residence in the county and diligent research have brought within the author's immediate observation, either by

minute local investigation, or inspection of private papers and public documents. The pedigrees, nearly three hundred in number, will be supplied by the Visitations and other authentic sources, corrected and enlarged by collation with original charters, and continued from the matter furnished by family deeds, wills, and parochial registers.

Mr. Hamilton Roche, of Sudbury, has issued proposals for publishing, by subscription, *A History of the Campaigns of the Marquis of Wellington, in Spain and Portugal*; embellished with numerous engravings, illustrative of the fields of battle, fortresses, citadels, and military works in the Peninsula; with correct likenesses of all the general officers of distinction. The whole will be arranged and carefully compiled from observation, as the author will proceed to Spain, for the purpose of acquiring all the information and incidents necessary to render this work a publication of merit; calculated to inspire with enthusiasm and confidence the rising military genius of Great Britain; exhibiting to her future warriors a faithful and imperishable detail of the most glorious achievements; deserving the patronage of a victorious and generous empire, and of being recorded for the emulation of posterity. The size of the work will be royal 4to. The author hopes to be able to submit it to the public on the 1st January, 1815, and pledges himself, that the price shall not exceed 30 guineas.

The same gentleman has in the press, an heroic poem, entitled *Russia*.

On the 31st of March, 1814, will

be published, in imperial and royal quarto, the first part of *The Thames*, being a picturesque delineation of the most beautiful scenery on the banks of that noble river, from its source to its confluence with the sea; engraved by W. B. Cooke and G. Cooke, from original drawings, made expressly for the work, by S. Owen, and other eminent artists. This work will comprise 104 views, and will be published in eight parts, which will appear at intervals of two months. The descriptions will be given at the conclusion of the work, in 8vo. only.

Mr. Octavius Gilchrist is preparing for the press, *A Selection of Old Plays*, to be published in fifteen octavo volumes, with biographical notices, and notes critical and explanatory. This work, founded on Dodsley's *Old Plays*, edited by Mr. Isaac Reed, will be enriched by the accession of a very valuable collection, which has been forming during the last fifteen years, with a view to this particular purpose. In this collection there are many dramas *perfectly unique* and interesting, equally from their extreme rarity and literary merit. A careful collation of the various editions, where they exist, will be scrupulously resorted to, in order that the necessary illustration may not be unaccompanied by that which is by far the most important object, namely, a *correct text*. The work will be produced in a form correspondent with our best edition of Shakspeare, and with Mr. Gifford's editions of Massinger and Ben Jonson. The number to be printed will be very limited; a few copies will be thrown off on royal octavo.

In a former number we noticed, in a general manner, the success of various operations performed by Mr. Adams, the oculist, by order of the directors of Greenwich Hospital, on several of the pensioners, for the purpose of ascertaining the efficacy of his new modes of treatment for the cure of the various species of cataract and the Egyptian ophthalmia. From the official papers on this subject, published by order of the directors, it appears, that the operation for extraction performed on 24 eyes, previous to the employment of Mr. Adams, had produced the following results:—Eyes destroyed, 12; obliterated pupils, 1; gutta serena and secondary cataract, 3; opaque cornea and other diseased changes of the eye, 1; successful, 1. To this statement the result of Mr. Adams's operations forms a striking contrast. The first set of patients placed under his care, requiring 13 eyes to be operated upon, were all cured, with the exception of one man, a person of notoriously perverse character; and with eleven other patients, who replaced the former, he was equally successful, except in regard to two who had been previously couched by another oculist. In these last cases, as it appears from the report of the medical officers of the hospital, the want of success is to be attributed not to any failure of the operation, but to the diseased state of the optic nerve. "It is, however, very important," they say, "to have ascertained, by actual experiment, that even when the optic nerve has been so much diseased as to deter a former practitioner from operating, yet, by the removal

of the cataracts, and subjecting the eyes to a particular plan of discipline, their functions have been sufficiently recovered to afford useful, and sometimes almost perfect vision." They proceed to state, that the cures effected by Mr. Adams, prove, that a large proportion of persons afflicted with blindness, and hitherto considered incurable, are susceptible of relief from his new and improved operations and after-management of the eyes. They also inform us, that Mr. Adams has discovered a mode of curing the Egyptian ophthalmia, which has been successfully practised upon several of the pensioners, some of whom had been blind three or four years, and given up as incurable by the most eminent oculists; and conceive, that the promulgation of this important discovery, relative to that destructive and hitherto untractable disease, will be considered as a great national desideratum.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

A Sonata for the Piano-Forte, composed, and dedicated to Muzio Clementi, by his Pupil, Louis Berger, of Berlin. Op. VII. Pr. 5s.

LEST this transcendent effort of harmonic combination fall into bungling hands, and be murdered out and out, we think it charitable to premise, that this sonata requires first-rate fingers to play it, and a first-rate musical head to relish, or even to understand it; for there are thousands of players in London to whom it will be nearly as unintelligible as the Chinese alphabet. Mr. Berger, by this sonata, has done the highest honour

to the instruction of his master, Mr. Clementi, and has established his own rank among the few select composers of the present day. We have seldom seen such a treasure of real knowledge and genius employed with so unsparing, perhaps even too liberal a hand; for we think, by a little less close adherence to the fashion of the Beethoven school, this meritorious work would have gained in *general* favour. It would be utterly impossible to give, within the compass of our limits, any thing like a detail of the innumerable interesting portions and beauties of this incomparable sonata. We shall therefore just notice its several movements: the introduction is formed by an adagio in three flats, as original as it is truly sublime. Next comes an allegro in C minor, of an uncommonly fine motivo, but of its elaborate treatment we must forego the pleasure of speaking. The slow movement which follows, an adagio "patetico," is an absolute master-piece; and the rondo, which boasts of a very original minor theme, is of a piece with the excellency of the movements preceding. To performers well advanced in proficiacy, and zealous to fathom the art in its full extent, this sonata presents an inexhaustible fund for practice and mental study, and to those we most strenuously recommend Mr. B.'s labour. *Grand Military Rondo for the Piano-Forte, composed by J. W. Cramer. Pr. 2s.*

In this composition of Mr. Cramer's we find that correctness and aptness of harmony, that fullness of effect produced by an unostentatious and that chaste

simplicity of expression, which are characteristic features of all his works. What in the sister art is called harmony of colouring, might be applied to Mr. C.'s musical labours. We are much pleased with the unaffected, yet imposing subject of the rondo; and its second part, in the first, and particularly the second lines, contains some very delicate ideas, exhibited in an exquisitely clever form. The modulations in the third page are replete with interest, and well contrasted by the sweet passage in C, in which the effect of the pedal is eminently happy. The same idea is thrown into G, in the fifth page, with equal success, and imitated in an allied minor mood. In the sixth page some further very ably devised digressive and modulatory evolutions intervene; and in the 7th and last page the subject is resumed, and made to be subservient to the final close. This is the right sort of music to form the learner's taste along with his fingers.

Leipsic Waltz, as a Rondo for the Piano-Forte, composed by T. Haigh. Pr. 1s. 6d.

The theme of this waltz is not unknown to us; nor do we think, if we understand the title rightly, that the author presents it as original. But even confining our observations to what evidently is attributable to Mr. H.'s own share in this piece, there is great room for commendation. Every thing is arranged with great propriety, and with due attention to both harmonic correctness and executive ease. This little rondo, therefore, may be well recommended as a fit lesson to pupils, whom it will equally amuse and instruct.

A favourite Air by Rode, with Variations for a Flute and Piano-Forte, by F. Eley. Pr. 2s.

In this composition, both the above-named instruments have alternately *obligato* portions assigned to them; and the flute part requires a player of some proficiency to give due effect to the author's labour, which is of a nature to demand our warmest commendation. The variations are perfectly worthy of their parent, the beautiful theme. They betray a rich and cultivated taste, guided by thorough knowledge and compositorial experience. The first variation for the flute is charming, especially in its second part. Equally commendable is the chaste simplicity of the slower movement of var. 3; and its fine transition into E minor and B minor, in the first and second parts, cannot fail to interest true musical feeling. After a well linked flow of piano-forte passages in the fourth variation, a very interesting coda, principally sustained by the flute, winds up the whole with great effect.

Mr. BRAHAM'S Music in the favourite Serio-comic Opera of NATRENSKY, or the Road to Yaroslaf, arranged with an Accompaniment for the Piano-Forte, by the Author. Pr. 12s.

In this selection are contained four songs of Mr. Braham, two of Mrs. Dickons, two duets for both, and a trio, in which, besides these two celebrated singers, Miss Kelly is honoured with a part. The cultivated taste and sweet simplicity which prevail in Mr. Braham's compositions, are more or less conspicuous in all these pieces, and we do not hesitate to declare, that

every one has its peculiar claim to the favour of vocal amateurs. Among those which preferably excited our attention, we select No. 1. *Forget me not*, sung by Mr. Braham. This is a melody of much genuine feeling, unaffected, yet highly impressive. It is, however, not wholly free from error: the G (voice) *p. 2, l. 2, b. 3*, should be D; and the next succeeding minor episode contains an objectionable harmonic progression; the author, in *l. 3, b. 3*, entering $\overset{7}{B}$ without sufficient preparation, and leaving that seventh without due solution. In Mrs. Dickons's song, No. 4, *Don't believe them*, we observe an original cast of character, and the expression of the preceding three words (*p. 11.*) appears to us infinitely appropriate and happy. The echo song, No. 5, *In this Cottage my Father once dwelt*, is pathetic and affecting; and the echo well expressed, although the idea of a man's being his own echo, puts us in mind of the ventriloquism of the Sieur Charles. No. 6, *When thy Bosom heaves the Sigh*, is a bravura duet between Mr. B. and Mrs. Dickons. The effect of the wind-instrument, in the soft and harmonious melody of the first movement, is well calculated; and the spirited and neat motivo of the succeeding quick movement, acts in good contrast with the slow and steady progress of the former. No 7, *The Bird for freedom pines*, a bravura of Mrs. Dickons, derives its leading merit from the bold and excellent theme of its allegro, which Mr. B. has made the best use of, to form a shewy and vigorous medium for the display of Mrs. D.'s powers; not omitting the conclusion, which,

both as to voice and energetic instrumental support, is brought on with skill and striking brilliancy. The trio, "Love binds the brow of Youth with flowers," is of an easy and agreeable cast; and we should have to commend the description of bass assigned to the third voice in the minor part, *p. 41*, were it not that, in its coincidences with the upper voices, occasional discords make their appearance, which cannot avail themselves of the licence that passing notes may be indulged with.

The Overture and Music in "The Farmer's Wife," a Comic Opera in three Acts, as performed with the highest applause at the Theatre Royal, Covent-Garden, composed by Henry R. Bishop. Pr. 10s. 6d.

In the greatest portion of the vocal pieces contained in this publication, we observe a high degree of chaste melody, much variety of character, and many scientific contrivances. To mention a few of the instances, which appear to us entitled to one or other of these encomiums, we shall begin with the quartett, *Oh! how sweet the opening day*. This is a very pretty glee; its subject, as well as the progress of the rest of the melody, is full of placid simplicity, the parts are well arranged, and one or two neat transitions give it additional relief. Miss Stephens' song (*p. 29*), *Trifler, forbear*, likewise deserves great praise; the opening symphony and the short recitative are of a superior order; and in the succeeding polacca we have to applaud, besides its attractive motivo, the changes of key in the portions in C and E b. All these, as well as the conclusion, are managed in the best taste. Miss Matthews'

song, *Weave, oh! weave me Garlands gay*, appears to us the best in the whole collection; at least, in point of science and select thoughts (some of which, it is true, are not new), it bears the palm over the others. We were much pleased with the neat and unlooked-for transition to A minor, p. 32, l. 2; also the part in the four flats, and the succeeding phrase in five flats, belonging to the higher order of compositions, although the author enters the former in rather an awkward manner. The quick movement, p. 35, in the waltz style, possesses much elegance and pleasing simplicity. What we particularly approve is, the idea of beginning in the midst of this motive and only giving it complete in the subsequent repetition. Mr. Sinclair's ballad, *Love has Eyes*, is a pretty trifle; and the passage at "In one soft look," &c. although not original, is particularly neat as far as the music goes; but its metre clashes with that of the text, so that the word "lies" obtains rather a droll emphasis. Miss Matthews' second song, *Ti done, si done, ah! mon Ami*, likewise of the playful kind, has an agreeable narrative melody, and the barden, not new, suits the text well. We have said nothing of the overture, although we should have to speak very highly of the allegro, were it Mr. Bishop's property, but it is little more than a most copious selection from the overture to the *Magic Flute*, or rather, a kind of parody of that master-piece.

Les petits Bijoux, consisting of favourite Airs, Dances, and Rondos, for the Piano-Forte, composed by the most celebrated Professors. No. XVII. Pr. 2s.

The late Mr. Gildon is the author of this number, which contains a rondo entitled *L'Asphodele*. The music is agreeable, the successive portions are connected together in a natural and satisfactory manner, and the whole forms a useful and entertaining exercise of the lighter cast, without being conspicuous for originality or selectness of thought.

A Collection of popular Airs, arranged as Rondos, or with Variations for the Piano-Forte, by Samuel Wesley. No. III. Pr. 2s.

The air of *Patty Kacamah* forms the subject of this number of Mr. Wesley's collection; and we are bound to add, that in the arrangement of the harmonies, as well as in the invention and contrivance of the variations, Mr. W. has not been sparing of that contrapuntal skill and sterling science which he possesses in so eminent a degree. As vouchers to our assertion, we shall refer our readers to pp. 3 and 6, where they will, with us, do justice to the author's superior management of his basses. In the fine minore, p. 4, and in the concluding page, they will meet with a rich display of select harmony, and have to admire more than one instance of good counterpoint. In the latter page, that part which assigns the theme to the left hand, claims distinct and honourable mention.

"Fin ch' au dal Vino," a favourite Air, with Variations for the Piano-Forte, composed by W. A. Mozart. Pr. 1s.

The unknown author of the variations to this mirthful theme of Mozart's, might safely have affixed his name to his labour. The variations are conceived in a tasteful

style; their character is duly diversified; they are easy of execution, yet by no means commonplace. We therefore recommend them to the student with much pleasure.

A Selection of the most popular Melodies of the Tyne and the Wear, consisting of Twenty-four Original Airs, peculiar to the Counties of Durham and Northumberland, arranged for the Piano-Forte, by Robert Topliff. Pr. 15s.

From an attentive perusal of the volume before us, we are enabled to bear witness to the care and labour employed by the author to render this publication entertaining to musical amateurs in general, and especially to those who feel local predilections for the national melodies it contains. With a due attention to variety, some of the airs are exhibited as rondos, others as glees, others as dances, and several as themes with variations; and, to render the whole complete, the original poetry of all is given at the end of the work. Among the numerous variations engrafted upon the first air, "Weel may the keel row," the second variation, and the neat minor variation, No. 8, claim preferable distinction. The air, "Dol li A," altogether an original minor theme, is cleverly harmonized; and the variations do Mr. T. much credit, especially the bass of var. 2. The glee, "Life's Journey," is likewise ably arranged; the symphony is tasteful, and the vocal parts are contrived with every attention requisite to produce a pleasing and connected harmony. Our limits do not admit of our entering into an enumeration

of other meritorious portions of this comprehensive publication; nor will we, from the same reason, draw up a catalogue of such parts or passages against which we feel ground for critical censure. The 10th and 17th pages are any thing but commendable; and in more than one instance have we met with faulty harmonies, which, although perhaps more excusable in a work of such extent, would, we are convinced, have been avoided with the addition of careful attention in the revisal.

"*The Fairy Song,*" set to Music by W. Grosse, with a Piano-Forte Accompaniment, for the Benefit of the Distressed near Leipsic. Pr. 1s. 6d.

There is a peculiar naïveté and fanciful style of expression in the sprightly melody of this vocal trifle, much resembling in character a boat song of Hurka's; and this peculiarity of style is eminently assisted by the purposely chosen monotonous accompaniment of the piano-forte in the droning manner of a hurdy-gurdy. But the musical value is the least merit of this publication. It is the patriotic offering of a worthy native of Germany, whose benevolent heart felt for the sufferings of his brave countrymen; and who, anxious to contribute towards their relief, resorted to this means of accomplishing so laudable a purpose, pledging himself, in an advertisement, to appropriate the produce of the sale to the assistance of the distressed inhabitants of his native town, Dessau, and to account for the same in the public papers. Any exhortation towards furthering so noble an object, would be a libel

on British generosity; it will be sufficient to state, that the *Fairy Song* is to be had of Mr. GROSSE,

No. 14, *Prince's-Row, Warwick-Row, Pimlico*, and at all the principal music-shops.

RETROSPECT OF POLITICS.

WAR IN FRANCE.

WE have to resume our narrative of the operations of the allied armies, from the first week in February. The city of Troyes had been entered by the advance of Prince Schwarzenberg's army on the 9th of that month; and on the same day Nogent was the head-quarters of Bonaparte, who appeared to be in full retreat towards Paris.

Of Marshal Blücher's movements we could not in our last give any satisfactory account subsequently to his victory at La Rothiere; we merely noticed his arrival at Plancy on the Aube on the 6th Feb. It now appears, that, after the above-mentioned battle, Blücher's army separated from that of Prince Schwarzenberg, and drew by forced marches towards the Marne, with the design of approaching Paris in the direction of that river, while Schwarzenberg should proceed against that city along the Seine. This separation itself was not only judicious, but probably necessary, from the difficulty of procuring supplies for both armies when united. But the angle of these two lines of operations was too contracted. The armies were too near each other to act as separate bodies, and too distant to act in junction. With Bonaparte between both, his wings might nearly reach both, and he might, with the same troops, operate upon both at very short intervals. This turned

out to be the case; and, in addition to the objections against the plan itself, there were errors in its execution. The army of Blücher, instead of advancing towards Paris on this new line, in as close a chain as possible, was on the 10th of February so extended, that its head under Sacken was at La Ferté sous Jouarre, General York at Chateau Thierry, an intermediate division under General Alsfueff at Champaubert, and Blücher himself with Langeron's corps at Vertus, thus stretching over upwards of 30 miles of country.

Bonaparte, aware of this error, and of the danger to Paris, broke up from Nogent on the 9th of February; on the day following his advance cut right through the line of Blücher's army, and fell upon Alsfueff's division. That general, with but 1000 men under him, defended himself for some time against an overwhelming superiority; but at last the greatest part of his men were either killed, wounded, or taken, and about 1000 men escaped and joined Blücher. Alsfueff himself remained a prisoner. Von York and Sacken, on learning this irruption on their rear, turned about, joined, and marched on Montmirail. Here a severe action ensued on the 11th, in which the two allied chiefs made head against very superior numbers, but found it impossible to break through the enemy, who

had interposed between them and Blücher. They therefore retreated in good order upon Chateau Thierry, although pursued by several corps, led by French marshals, and followed by Bonaparte in person. At Chateau Thierry, Sacken and York passed the Marne (12th), destroyed the bridge, and, by circuitous routes, withdrew towards Chalons.

On the 13th, Marshal Mortier, having repaired the bridge, began pursuing York and Sacken's corps; and the same day Bonaparte arrived at Chateau Thierry, with an intent to follow in the same direction; but he was on the same evening recalled by new events to Montmirail.

Blücher, with the two corps of Kleist and Langeron, had broken up from Vertus on the 13th, to attack the corps of Marmont, which Bonaparte had left at Etoges, to observe the Prussian marshal.—Marmont fell back, fighting, as far as nearly to Montmirail, where, on the 14th, he was joined by Bonaparte and his guards, and a great body of cavalry, who, by a forced night march, had come from Chateau Thierry. A desperate combat now ensued, in which Blücher not only had to oppose a vastly superior enemy, but to cut his way through great bodies of hostile cavalry and infantry, by making a retreat in formed squares, over an extent of four leagues. In this manner, and with a loss of about 3500 men, Blücher regained his former position near Vertus in the first instance, and afterwards Chalons, where, on the 16th, the corps of York and Sacken arrived also, and where the Silesian army (whose aggregate

loss during these actions is admitted at 13,000 men *hors de combat*, was forthwith put under re-organization.

It is not likely that Bonaparte would have left Blücher undisturbed, even at Chalons, had he not again been recalled, in order once more to face, with the same troops, another enemy in a different quarter. The force which he had left on the Seine, under Victor and Oudinot, to observe Prince Schwarzenberg's movements, was too weak to act with any effect, even on the defensive. The generalissimo moved from Troyes on the 10th, Nogent and Sens were taken by storm, and the enemy's forces on the left bank of the Seine retired to the right, after destroying the bridges. General Wrede, nevertheless, effected his passage, and marched upon Provias; the corps under the Prince of Wirtemberg, Bianchi, and Giulay, with more or less resistance, crossed at Bray and Montereau. On the 16th of February, the head-quarters of Prince Schwarzenberg were advanced to Bray, and on the 17th Fontainebleau was taken by Colonel Hardegg and Platoff; and on the same day, the advance of the grand army, under Generals Wrede and Wittgenstein, had gone as far as Nangis, about 40 miles from Paris.

But here too the opportune arrival of Napoleon with his guards changed the aspect of affairs. On the day before, he had reached Guignes on the Yeres; and on the 17th the enemy resumed the offensive. Wittgenstein's corps was furiously attacked at Nangis, and compelled to retreat with great loss. The remainder of the allied

forces, that had crossed the Seine, now retired to the left bank; and on the 18th the enemy pursued them across the river with more or less resistance, in different quarters, but with the greatest opposition at Montereau, where the corps of the Prince of Wirtemberg, after an obstinate combat of many hours, was at last compelled to yield, likewise, to superiority of numbers.

On the 21st, the French headquarters were again at Nogent, and on the 23d Bonaparte appeared before the city of Troyes. In consequence of the threat of securing their retreat by means of burning the town, the allies obtained a capitulation, according to which they evacuated it unmolested in the night of the 23-24th, and Bonaparte entered the next day. Here, after making an *ex post facto* decree for the occasion, against persons convicted of having worn the badges of the ancient dynasty, the tyrant shot a poor emigrant officer, who, during the stay of the allies, had worn his cross of St Lewis.

Meanwhile Blücher, after resting his army but a few days at Chalons, and collecting every reinforcement within reach, had set out to join the army of Prince Schwarzenberg. On the 21st of February, he had scarcely arrived at Mery upon the Seine, and relieved Wittgenstein's corps, when that town was attacked by two corps from the opposite side, without any further result than that the town itself fell a prey to the flames, although Blücher maintained his position. Why the marshal had come thus far south to join Prince Schwarzenberg, and why, after

having effected the junction, he almost immediately again separated, and marched north-west, has not been explained in the reports. But before we follow him on this fresh expedition, we shall just add, that his short stay tended to cover Prince Schwarzenberg's retrograde movement, which was continued as far as the Aube, the head-quarters being withdrawn as far in the rear as to Chaumont.

It is probable that the following considerations may have influenced the change of plan in Blücher's operations. Bulow's, Woronzow's, and Winzingerode's several corps were fast approaching from the north, and a detachment of the latter's force had already advanced as far as Rheims and Séillons, and had taken this last town by assault, and its garrison, of upwards of 2000 men, prisoners. It was desirable to obviate any hindrance in the progress of these detached reinforcements, by coming to their assistance; and Blücher, on the other hand, by joining all of them to his former force, would gain a most imposing army, would, as soon as the junction was effected, change front, and operate from the northward against Paris, a direction far more eligible than the one before chosen, it being almost facing the direction of Prince Schwarzenberg's line; so that now Bonaparte would no longer be able to act with the same troops against both armies: and, if *both were really and equally* desirous of penetrating to Paris, the probability of one or the other accomplishing this object was greatly increased.

With these views, in all likeli-

hood, Blücher broke up from his position at Mery on the 23d of February, crossed the Aube the next day near Auglure, and marched across the country towards La Ferté Gaucher. At his approach, Marmont's corps withdrew to La Ferté sous Jouarre, on the Marne, where it was joined by the corps of Mortier, who had been previously at Chateau Thierry, to observe Winzingerode.

By a skilful demonstration upon Meaux, which menaced the communication of the enemy with Paris, Blücher compelled him to evacuate La Ferté sous Jouarre, and crossed the Marne at and near the latter place with all his army and without opposition on the 28th of February. Meanwhile, Bonaparte, having learnt the movement of Blücher, once more broke up from Troyes (the 27th) with the flower of his army, leaving a very *inefficient* force to observe Prince Schwarzenberg, and marched after Blücher; who, on Napoleon's arrival on the Marne, 1st March, was a march beyond it, in the direction of Soissons. This town had previously been retaken by the French; but by the opportune arrival of the corps of Bulow, the allies fortunately recovered the position, and it served as the point of concentration for all the corps destined to act under Blücher. On the 3d March, the corps of Winzingerode from Rheims, that of Woronzow from Rethel, and that of Bulow from Laon, were severally amalgamated at Soissons with Blücher's army, which now extended from that town along the Aisne as far as Craone. On the next day Bonaparte arrived on the Aisne, and on

the 5th he attempted to force a passage at Soissons. Baffled in this endeavour with great loss, he defiled the principal part of his army to the right, and on the 6th succeeded in crossing the river higher up, at B'ry le Sec. On the 7th he attacked the left wing of Blücher's army at Craone under Winzingerode. That general defended his post with the greatest obstinacy, but was at last obliged to retire towards Laon. The whole of Blücher's army in consequence took up a new position, in an excellent commanding situation, immediately in front of Laon. On the 9th Bonaparte appeared before it with 80,000 men, and commenced a general attack, which continued during the whole of the next day. This contest may be considered as the second great battle fought on French soil. Our limits do not admit of even an abstract of its principal features. Suffice it to say, that on the 9th Blücher's whole line was assailed simultaneously. On the right and centre he gained no other advantage than that of maintaining his ground; but on the left wing, where the brave York and Sacken fought, the discomfiture of the enemy was complete. There and in his retreat he lost 48 pieces of cannon and 5 to 6000 prisoners. As the official reports in our possession do not go further than the 11th, we cannot say much of the effects of this victory, beyond the bare fact, that, the night before, Bonaparte resolved upon a general retreat in the direction of Soissons, and that the allied cavalry, in pursuit, had made many captures of men and stores.

But we had a right to expect great events on the Seine during this protracted absence of the flower of the French army in so distant a quarter, especially when we consider, that the force Napoleon had left behind to observe the grand army of probably 80,000 men, was at the utmost 30,000 strong. Our hopes, however, have been sorely disappointed. All that the army of Prince Schwarzenberg has done from the end of February to the 11th or 12th of March, is to re-occupy the ground it had previously lost between the Aube and the Seine, and to push its headquarters once more to Troyes. In this insignificant forward movement, it occasionally encountered some resistance, and two or three affairs occurred which cost from 2 to 3000 men, but which we do not think it worth while to notice in detail. The head-quarters remained inactively at Troyes during the precious time that the brave Prussians and Russians spilt for the good cause torrents of blood at Soissons, Rheims, Craone, and Laon; and, according to the latest advices, Prince Schwarzenberg had even left Troyes and moved sideways towards Chalons.

That all this cannot but give rise to serious doubts as to the accomplishment of the downfall of the tyrant, we will not deny; and we are inclined to believe, that such an event lies beyond the plan of Austria, and that it is owing to a wish to preserve Bonaparte on his usurped throne, that more attention has not hitherto been paid to the situation of the Bourbon princes. One of them, Monsieur, has arrived at Vesoul, and, if we are to

credit the official accounts from his party, has been hailed by the inhabitants of the departments he traversed, and by the people of Vesoul, as the brother of their lawful sovereign.

Another cause for wonder presents itself, in the tardy progress of the Crown Prince of Sweden. Instead of hastening to the scene of active operations in the heart of France, and of contributing the powerful assistance of his talents and of his Swedes towards the overthrow of the villain who publicly proclaimed him an intriguer, a traitor, and a maniac, Charles Jean has tarried a fortnight at Cologne; and although at last arrived at Liege, on the 27th Feb. our last advices still report him in that city. Supposing his Swedes to be *necessarily* so much in the rear, why not leave a proper officer to conduct and speed their march, and at least appear in person on the theatre of the great actions performing in his own country?

On the south-eastern frontier of France, Bonaparte has also had sufficient success to revive his fallen hopes. Angereau, who at Lyons had arrested the progress of Count Dubna's invasive operations, received considerable reinforcements from the south of France, and especially from Suchet's army, in the first half of February; so that, on or about the 18th of that month, he was enabled to commence offensive operations with an army of 25,000 men. It seems, that this force spread itself in three directions; one column, proceeding against Savoy, repossessed itself of Chamberi; another, acting along the

Saone, recovered Macon, Bourg, and Lons le Saunier (where Augereau's head-quarters were on the 2d March); and a third column, manœuvring against Swisserland, had appeared in sight of Geneva, and, if French accounts may be credited, had actually taken that city. This progress against his flank and rear, had obliged Prince Schwarzenberg to detach the corps of Count Bianchi to the support of General Bubna; and an official bulletin, without giving the details, informs us, that Bianchi had succeeded in defeating Augereau at Macon.

During all this period, and up to the latest advices, the negotiations at Chatillon between Caulaincourt on one side, and the allied plenipotentiaries on the other (including Lord Castlereagh, who remains still in France), have proceeded without any apparent interruption; but we are as ignorant of the topics discussed as we feel indifferent on the subject, excepting the fear we still entertain of a peace, which would establish a murderer in the rank of lawful and acknowledged sovereigns.

ITALY.

The reception among the latter of King Murat (mentioned with doubts in our last), is but too fully confirmed. He has announced it to the world himself, in a short and curious manifesto, dated 17th Jan. When we weigh all the circumstances of this singular event, and consider the permission, nay, the advice, which a twelvemonth ago Bonaparte had given to Denmark to make terms for herself with the allies, we are inclined to believe, that the two brothers-in-law un-

derstand each other perfectly with regard to this apparent defection. Be this as it may, the troops of Murat have entered the Papal territories (19th Jan.); established a provisional government at Rome (24th); and have, in their farther progress northward, occupied Florence.

On the 22d Jan. 6000 of them joined the Austrians at Ferrara; and General Bellegarde having previously had a personal interview with Murat, began to put his troops in motion in the commencement of February. With the Neapolitans marching on his flank and rear, Eugene Beauharnois was compelled to abandon the positions on the Adige, which he had hitherto so well maintained, and to fall back upon the Mincio. Thither Gen. Bellegarde followed him with the Austrian army as far as Valeggio, where, on the 8th Feb. a very severe contest ensued. A great number of men was lost on both sides, without any very decisive result; since the subsequent retreat of Beauharnois arose more from the demonstrations of the Neapolitans against his rear, than from defeat. Owing to the same cause, the French head-quarters have since still further retrograded; and it is probable, that, thus assailed, Beauharnois will successively be compelled to abandon the greatest part of northern Italy.

Beyond the Adriatic, the allied arms have continued successful. On the 8th of January the important forts of Cattaro surrendered to the British Captain Hoste, R. N.; and, on the 29th of the same month, the Austrian troops, under General Tomassich, obtained by capitula-

tion possession of the forts and city of Ragusa.

SPAIN AND LORD WELLINGTON'S ARMY.

In addition to the measures adopted by the Spanish government on the extraordinary occasion of the treaty entered into between Bonaparte and King Ferdinand, the Cortes, in the contemplation of the possibility of Ferdinand's returning to Spain under Bonaparte's auspices and influence, have passed a solemn decree, on the 2d February; of which, as our limits forbid even an abstract, we shall only say, that it provides every desirable safeguard to the Spanish nation in case of such an event; and that, should the king present himself in the country, it will render it impossible for him to receive the reins of government, except on terms strictly consonant with the interests of the Spanish nation.

As we anticipated in our last, Lord Wellington has opened the campaign in the south of France in the middle of February; and although we know little more beyond the operations at the very outset, every thing promises the most brilliant and decisive events to our arms, provided they be not paralyzed by the peace we still dread. The operations commenced on the right wing. On the 14th, Sir R. Hill drove in the enemy's picquets on the Joyeuse river, and forced General Harispe to retire from Hellette to St. Martin; and at the same time part of General Mina's Spanish troops formed the blockade of St. Jean Pied de Port. On the 15th, Sir R. Hill pursued the enemy to Garris, where Harispe was joined to General Paris' divi-

sion, which was recalled from its march for the interior. On this day the second English division, under Sir William Stewart, and the Spanish division of General Muriilo, attacked and drove the French, with loss, from their position near St. Palais, where they retired across the Bidousse during that night. On the 16th, Sir R. Hill crossed that river, and on the 17th he drove the enemy across the Gave de Mouleon. From this they were also driven, and on the 18th our troops were established on the Gave d'Oleron. After this operation, Lord Wellington returned to his left wing under Sir John Hope, which, according to a bold conception, was to cross the Adour between Bayonne and the sea. That this has been happily accomplished, we may anticipate from a dispatch of Admiral Penrose, which details the extraordinary exertions of our navy, in getting over the bar of the Adour the ships' boats intended to ferry over that part of our army. That arduous task was executed with a very trifling loss of lives on the 23d and 24th Feb.

HOLLAND.

A proclamation of the "Sovereign Prince of the United Netherlands," dated the 2d of March, announces to the Dutch nation the completion of a constitutional code for their future government, and directs the meeting of 600 deputies from all the provinces, to be opened at Amsterdam on the 28th of March, and the mode of their election. To this national assembly of "Notables," the constitutional code will be submitted for deliberation and decision.

The failure of Sir Thomas Graham's enterprize upon Antwerp, mentioned in our last, has been followed by a much more disastrous attack on Bergen-op-Zoom. This almost impregnable masterpiece of Cohorn's was, without any breaching or previous preparation whatsoever, to be taken by a *coup de main* in the night of the 8-9th of March, under the immediate command of Major-General Coote. The attack was made in four columns, and was attended in the first instance with much success. Two of the columns penetrated into the fortress, and obtained possession of the ramparts, with very little loss. But the left column, having fallen into disorder, in consequence of having lost its principal leaders, and the right being weakened, by the loss of a detachment of the 1st guards, which was cut off by the enemy, the resistance was renewed with fresh vigour. Towards daylight, the troops which held possession of the Antwerp gate, retired from that important point, and the greater part of the force remaining in the place was obliged to surrender, after making a gallant resistance.

On the 10th of March, an agreement was concluded with General Bizanet, the French governor, for the liberation of the prisoners; and all men, not wounded severely, were sent in consequence to the British cantonments, to be embarked for England, on condition not to serve until exchanged.

Our avowed loss was 300 men killed, and 1800 prisoners, including a great number of wounded. The number of officers killed and wounded were as follows:—Two

generals, 12 field officers, 20 captains, 29 lieutenants, and 23 ensigns. We doubt whether the military annals of Great Britain have on record any event proportionally more calamitous, even including the misfortune at Buenos Ayres, to which, in result, the disaster at Bergen-op-Zoom bears a great resemblance.

DOMESTIC, NAVAL, AND MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Parliament met on the 1st of March, but was adjourned to the 21st, in consequence of a message from the Prince Regent, probably owing to an expectation of a decisive turn of affairs in France during the interval.

A separation has taken place between the Princess Royal of England and her consort, the King of Wirtemberg; and her Royal Highness will in consequence return to her native country, accompanied by Sir Thomas Tyrwhitt, who, for that purpose, has already departed for the Continent.

The Gazettes of this month have added three French frigates to the list of the British navy, viz. L'Alcmene, L'Iphigenie, and La Clorinde. The Venerable, 74, took L'Alcmene in the latitude of Madeira, on the 16th of January, by boarding her; and the same ship, after a few days chase, came up with the Alcmene's companion, L'Iphigenie, and compelled her to strike on the 20th of January.

The Clorinde was taken on the 25th of February by the Eurotas frigate, after a long and murderous contest, in which the French captain was killed, and the British commander, Captain Phillimore, severely wounded.

The city of Dantzic has been re-annexed to the Prussian monarchy.

The Petersburg Court Gazette contains the treaty of peace between Persia and Russia, the substance of which is, that Persia cedes to Russia the governments of Karabag, Ganschin-Schekin, Schirwan, Derbent, Kubin, Baku, Talischin, and the whole of Daghes-

tan. Persia renounces, besides, all its claims to Georgia, with the province of Schuragel; upon Imeretta, Guria, Mingrelia, and Abchaise; and gives up to Russia the perpetual sovereignty over those countries, as also the sovereignty over the Caspian sea, which in future no other than Russian vessels of war are to navigate.

MEDICAL REPORT.

AN account of the practice of a physician from the 15th of February to the 15th of March, 1814.

Acute Diseases. — Catarrh, 8.... Fever, 3.... Sore-throat, 4.... Peripneumony, 2.... Acute Rheumatism, 2.... Acute diseases of infants, 12.

Chronic Diseases. — Diseases of the lungs, including coughs, 40... Asthenia, 8... Chronic rheumatism, 10... Head-ach and vertigo, 3... Palsy, 2... Lumbago, 2... Epilepsy, 1... Dyspepsia, 4.... Enterodynia, 3.... Gastrodynia, 2... Diarrhœa, 1... Dropsy, 2... Dysure, 2... Female complaints, 6.

The severity of the season continues unabated. If there is occasionally a variation in intensity, the alteration is in the degree of unpleasantness; it is not a change from bad to better, from disagreeable to tolerable, but a variety of rough weather, distressing to all conditions of people, and inducing in many fatal disorders.

Besides the usual train of coughs and affections of the respiratory organs, influenced by the season, several of the cases have been rendered more dangerous by the occurrence of hæmoptoe; a symptom always alarming, and to be dreaded in proportion to the extent of the

hæmorrhage. Where the lungs, however, are not actually diseased, the ruptured vessel may heal, and the patient recover perfect health. In such cases the use of fox-glove (*digitalis purp.*) has more than once been insisted upon in these reports; though styled by many a deleterious drug, and deprecated by those who may not have sufficiently understood its qualities, it still maintains its ground as one of the most valuable articles in *materia medica*.

Catarrh is declining, but in some instances has been accompanied by symptoms which do not ordinarily belong to it, such as sore-throat and a typhoid character. But this has chiefly occurred in patients who have long struggled with a cold, and neglected to use suitable precaution. Hooping-cough is prevalent, and, as might be apprehended, in most instances severe. Measles are very rare. The alarm excited by a northern physician, that measles are more fatal in children who have been vaccinated, is altogether groundless; it is not the case at least in London; and if the measles in Glasgow assumed, during a particular period, a worse character than in other places, it by no means

follows, that vaccination had any thing to do with the effect: it has not been observed in other large towns; and it is by no means unusual for epidemics to be more severe and fatal at one season than at another, without our being able to assign an adequate or entire cause. Let us be wise, but not presumptuous.

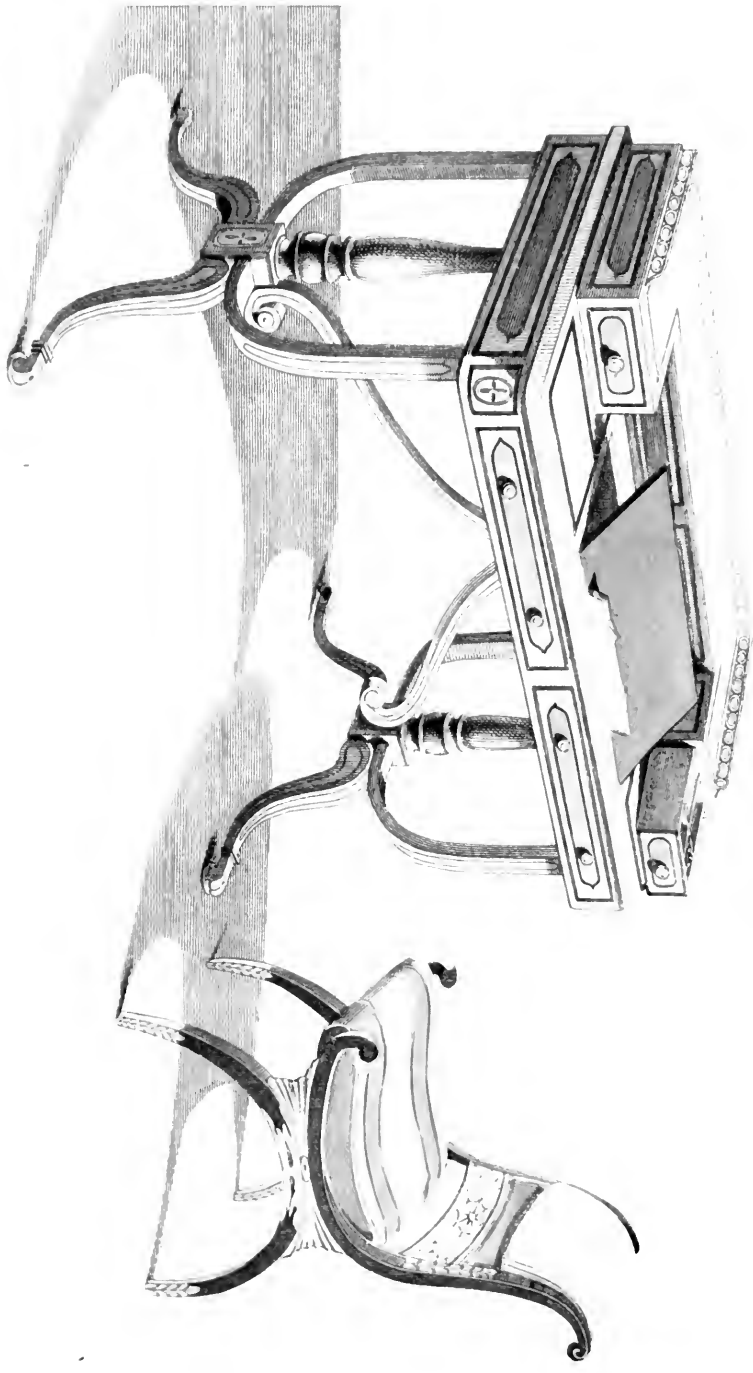
AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE frosty nights and cloudy days, through nearly the whole of last month, have impeded the spring sowing to a degree beyond recollection. — On the 20th of March there was more sun than through the whole of the preceding part of the month. This dark weather may have had the best effect in preserving the young wheats from injury, as they were covered with a thin coat of snow, which one day's March sun would have dissolved. Its effect upon the turnips, and all the brassica tribe, has been most destructive, as there is scarcely a green leaf to be seen, even in the most sheltered situations. The flag of the wheatplant is much affected in its colour, but the root is not injured.

Very little corn of any kind was put in the ground before the 20th of last month, and but a very small breadth ploughed to receive it. The pastures and meadows upon the warmest and most fertile soils are still clothed with their russet winter covering. The grass plants have not made a visible effort to produce that beautiful verdure which decorates an English mead. The bud, the store-house of the young wheat, is not opened. Upon the whole, the spring is backwarder than might have been expected, although preceded by such a severe winter. The soiling species, upon the warm soils, have a corresponding appearance with those upon the cold; both have alike suffered from the severity of the winter. The ever-greens, the laurels, and laurustinus, have suffered more than in any preceding season in recollection. The Scotch and spruce firs have their branches bent and broken more from the pressure of the snow than has been before noticed in this climate. What effect it has had upon the fruit-bearing trees, remains to be observed next autumn.

PLATE 23.—FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

WE know that a people become enlightened by the cultivation of the arts, and that they become great in the progress of that cultivation. That a just knowledge of the useful and a correct taste for the ornamental go hand in hand with this general improvement, the dullest observer may be satisfied by looking around him. We now acknowledge, that it is alone the pencil of the artist which can trace the universal hieroglyphic; understood alike by all, his enthusiasm



communicates itself to all alike, and prepares the mind for cultivation. A national improvement is thus produced by the arts, and the arts are supported in their respectability by the calls which the improving public taste makes for their assistance; they are inseparable in their progress, and mutually depend on each other for support. In the construction of the domestic furniture of our dwellings we see and feel the benefit of all this. To the credit of our higher classes who encourage, and of our manufacturing artists who produce, we now universally quit the overcharged magnificence of former ages, and seek the purer models of simplicity and tasteful ornament in every article of daily call.

The table and chair which are the subject of the present engraving, are peculiarly of the description of improvement of which we are speaking. They exhibit a judicious combination of elegance and usefulness, do great credit to the artists who designed and executed them, and highly merit the patronage afforded them. They are from the ware-rooms of Messrs. Morgan and Sanders, of Catherine-street, Strand. They take the name of Carlton-House Table and Chair, as we presume, from having been first made for the august personage whose correct taste has so classically embellished that beautiful palace.

MISCELLANEOUS FRAGMENTS AND ANECDOTES.

FREDERIC THE GREAT.

THE following stratagem was employed by the King of Prussia, to draw the Marquis d'Argens back to Potsdam, in 1765. He had given him permission to go and make a visit in Provence, his native country, when, fearing that the bright sun by which that delicious spot is warmed, would have powerful attractions for the chamberlain, who was one of the most chilly of men, that he would grow accustomed to it, and not like to return, he was resolved to find the means of preventing his farther stay. He accordingly sent the marquis's valet-de-chambre several copies of a printed document, purporting to be an injunction from the Archbishop of Aix, against the marquis's writings, or-

dering the valet-de-chambre to put one of these upon his master's chimney. The artifice succeeded; the marquis, alarmed, packed up his things immediately, and set out, without losing a moment of time, for Potsdam, not confiding to any one the motive for his hasty departure, and changing his name in travelling through France. At every place where they stopped for the night, the valet took care to give one of the injunctions to the inn-keeper, with orders to him to give it to the marquis casually as one of the productions of the day. This made the marquis increase his haste to a country where indeed the sun is not so bright as in Provence, but where he had no fear of the archbishop, and his injunctions.

VOLTAIRE.

An Englishman, who was about to cross the Alps, having stopped at Verney, to see M. de Voltaire, in taking leave of him, asked if he had any commands for Italy. The patriarch requested him by all means to bring the ears of the Grand Inquisitor. The Englishman, when he arrived at Rome, talked of this commission in several companies, till at length it reached the ears of the Pope. When the Englishman had an audience of his holiness, after some other conversation, the latter asked him whether he was not charged with some commission? The traveller, understanding from this question, that the Pope knew the story, smiled; upon which his holiness said, "I beg you to let M. de Voltaire know, that the Inquisition has for a long time had neither eyes nor ears."

JOSEPH II.

One day, when the Emperor Joseph II. was walking in the Prater, as he often did alone, without any suite, he met a young woman whom he did not know, and who seemed in great affliction. — She was lamenting her fate very bitterly, without suspecting by whom she was overheard. Joseph approached her, and enquired into the cause of her lamentations. The young woman, perceiving a person unknown to her, who seemed to take an interest in her sorrows, related to him, with much simplicity, that her father, an officer in I know not what regiment, having been killed in the service of the Empress-Queen, her mother having no one to protect her, or take any interest in

her behalf, had fallen into great distress; and this had been considerably increased by the late scarcity. She added, that having been supported principally by the work of their own hands, this resource was now about to fail, since the hardness of the times daily diminished the number of those by whom their works could be purchased, so that she was fearful they might soon be reduced to the utmost misery. The emperor enquired whether they had ever received any assistance from the government? She answered, *None*. He then enquired why her mother had never thought of soliciting the emperor for relief, as he was so easy of access? "They say he is avaricious," she replied, "and we therefore thought such a step would be useless." The monarch profited by the lesson thus innocently given him; he gave the young woman some ducats and a ring, telling her, that he had the honour of being in the emperor's service, and would endeavour to recommend her to his majesty. He then appointed a day and hour, on which he desired her to come with her mother, to the emperor's apartments, as he should be on duty that day, and he hoped he might be able to bring her some good news. He added, that she need only present the ring he had given her, and she would then be admitted into the emperor's private apartment; where, he concluded, "you will find me." The young woman thought she had been talking with a tutelary angel; nor was she mistaken; and hastening home immediately, imparted the fortunate adventure she had met with to

her mother. The emperor, in the mean time, made enquiries into the truth of the young woman's story, and finding it confirmed, he waited for the moment he had appointed to receive her in his private apartment. She did not fail to come with her mother, in hopes of finding her benefactor, and returning him the ring: she, indeed, knew him again the moment she saw him, but at the same time she perceived, by the respect paid him, that it was the emperor himself. She then called to mind what she had said on the subject of his avarice, and turned pale with apprehension. His Imperial Majesty bade her not be alarmed, and then informing the mother that he had settled a pension upon her from the army funds, he turned to the daughter, and said, "Another time I hope you will not despair of a heart that is just;" words worthy of being enrolled in the archives of humanity.

CHINESE VICTORIES.

The Emperor of China sent to Louis XV. sixteen sketches made by the Jesuit missionaries, that they might be engraved by the best French engravers. The engraving them cost more than a hundred thousand French crowns. These sketches represent the principal ceremonies of the court of Peking, and different victories gained by the emperor. A very singular part of the story in all the battles, is, that in not one of them a single Chinese is killed! no, nor even wounded! Nothing was inculcated more strongly upon the persons who made the sketches, than a particular attention to this very extraordinary circumstance.—Is not this

exactly the fable of the Lion and the Carver?—*If we lions were the artists!*

MARSHAL CATINAT.

At the time when the French Marshal Catinat commanded in Italy, a young officer, full of presumption, and impressed with a high idea of his own courage, came and requested, with great eagerness, the honour of being permitted to serve under him. Catinat, on the faith of a physiognomy which pleased him much, accepted the young man's services, and promised him employment. A few days after, he sent him, at the head of a small detachment, to execute some orders. He was attacked, scarcely had the action commenced, when he was wholly bewildered; he lost his self-possession entirely, and fled. His misconduct passed in the presence of too many witnesses to remain concealed; all the details of it were known to the marshal, and he alone did not consider it with severity. He immediately himself presented the young man to the officers of the company, and said, "Gentlemen, I entreat of you to do more justice to your comrade. I wished to put his obedience to the test; what he has done, was by my orders." After loading him with caresses in public, he spoke to him in private, representing how much his confidence would be betrayed, if he did not justify it immediately in some very distinguished manner. The young man fell on his knees, acknowledging, that he owed him much more than his life, and assuring him, that he had the most ardent desire to repair his fault. An opportunity was given him the same day; he dis-

tinguished himself exceedingly in a very perilous action, and was, from that moment, one of the bravest officers in the army. Few instances could be cited of greater forbearance and presence of mind; few examples more striking of that talent so rare and so sublime, of elevating minds of an ordinary cast above themselves; or, at least, of restoring to a mind suffering under a temporary depression, all the energy of which peculiar circumstances had deprived it.

LA HARPE AND DORAT.

Among the traits of generosity which do honour to letters, and to those by whom they are cultivated, may be cited the conduct of M. de la Harpe towards M. Dorat. Having received a letter, signed *A Capuchin*, in which he was requested to meet the writer in one of the most remote corners of Paris; M. de la Harpe, whose prudence was distrustful even of such a character, did not think proper to return any answer. In consequence he soon after received a second letter, infinitely more pressing, and couched in terms which he thought obviated every reason for apprehension upon the subject; he therefore determined to comply with the wishes of the writer. The monk did not fail to make himself known to the academician by signs that he had indicated; and having led him to a place where they were perfectly private, he told him, that he had been formerly secretary to M. Dorat, from whom he had experienced a great deal of injustice, but that he had in his hands the means of taking ample vengeance on him. "I have addressed myself to you," he added, "not

knowing of any one more capable of seconding my views, or more interested in doing so." He then drew from his sleeve a large parcel of manuscripts; among which were many gross satires against the Academy, particularly against M. de la Harpe, and a correspondence with a married woman, which he said might be made the foundation of a very spirited and scandalous novel, such as would ruin M. Dorat's reputation entirely. All these manuscripts, he said, it was his intention to sell to a bookseller, with the reserve of some letters which he should find the means of remitting to the husband of the lady. M. de la Harpe could not forbear evincing to the monk the horror he felt at the idea of so much perfidy; and after urging, in the most forcible manner, every possible motive that suggested itself to make him abandon his purpose, quitted him. When he returned home, however, he thought he had not done enough; that he had resigned himself entirely to the first emotions of his sensibility, and that his duty demanded something more. He had observed, that the want of money seemed to be one of the leading motives which swayed the monk; and wrote to him to say, that having reflected farther on what he mentioned, he wished he would let him examine the papers in question, for he thought he could make use of them in a manner which would be more profitable and less hazardous. The artifice succeeded, and in the course of the day M. de la Harpe received the parcel, carefully sealed up. He immediately sent it, as he received it, to M. Dorat, mention-





ing by what means it had come into his hands, and desiring no other proof of his gratitude, than a solemn promise, not to proceed in any way against the wretch by whom the papers had been entrusted to him. All literary hatred vanished at once before a procedure

so generous. M. Dorat hastened to embrace the man whom he had treated so ill in Freron's *Journal*; and from that time M. de la Harpe always endeavoured to give his opinions of M. Dorat and his works in far milder language.

FASHIONS FOR LADIES.

PLATE 21.—PROMENADE DRESS.

A FINE cambric round robe, with high bodice and long sleeves, not so full as of late: embroidered stomacher front and high collar, trimmed with muslin or lace; a Tuscan border of needle-work at the feet. A Cossack mantle of pale ruby, or blossom-coloured velvet, lined with white sarsnet, and trimmed entirely round with a broad skin of light sable, ermine, seal, or the American squirrel; a short tip-pet of the same: the mantle confined at the throat with a rich correspondent silk cord and tassels, very long. A mountain hat of velvet, the colour of the mantle, finished round the verge with a narrow vandyke tripping: a small flower placed in the hair beneath, on the left side. Half-boots the colour of the mantle: and gloves of primrose kid or pale tan.

PLATE 25.—MORNING DRESS.

A petticoat and bodice of fine jacobin muslin, finished round the bottom in vandykes and small but-

tons. The Rochelle spencer composed of the same material, appliqued with footing lace down the sleeve, and trimmed at each edge with a narrow, but full border of muslin. Double fan frill of muslin round the neck, very full, continuing round the bottom of the waist, where it is gathered on a beading of needle-work. Bourdeaux mob cap, composed of lace, with treble full borders, narrowed under the chin. A small flower placed backward, on the left side. Hair much divided in front, and in full waved curls on each side. Necklace of twisted gold and pearl, with pendent cross in the centre. Spring Greek kid slippers; and gloves of the same.

The beautiful cloak given in our last Number, as well as both the dresses in this, are from Mrs. Gill, of Cork-street, to whose taste and invention this work as well as the world of fashion, are under such continued obligations.

Poetry.

LINES,

ADDRESSED TO A LADY.

TRUE—I may bend at Beauty's shrine,
 And praise the charms unknown to thee;
 But then, my thoughts return to thine,
 For thou art Beauty's self to me.

Those eyes of thine so black, so beaming,
 Attract the gazer given to rove;
 Secure the faith at first but seeming,
 And glance at once the light of love.

Wilt thou not sooth the breast, thy mind,
 Thy face, thy form have taught to feel?
 Do let that laughing lip be kind,
 And with a kiss its sweetness seal!

But still thy heart retains its rest,
 That lip will ne'er be prest to mine;
 The coldness of thy lovely breast
 Will ne'er depart, will ne'er decline.

And yet I love!—sad, sad it is,
 To live the power of passion proving;
 To see, to feel, yet fail in bliss,
 Live unbelov'd, yet still be loving.

R. H. J.

SONG,

Intended for the CENTENARY of the SOCIETY OF ANCIENT BRITONS, March 1, 1814,

By Mr. J. M. LACEY.

RECITATIVE.

An age has pass'd!—a century has fled!
 Since ye, of British brethren a firm band,
 In times when Danger rear'd his threat'ning head,
 Stood forth with Loyalty to cheer the land.

Not only Loyalty—Religion's flame,
 With pure benevolence, divinely rose;
 To be your king's best friends, your truest fame;
 Your brightest boast, to heal sad Mis'ry's woes.

AIR.

'Tis your's to dry the orphan's tear,
 'Tis your's to raise the child of want,
 To sooth the bitter throb of fear,
 And mercy's kindest boon to grant.

Ne'er conquer'd yet in war's wild hour,
 The Briton still—as kind as brave—
 Exults much more he has the pow'r
 To comfort sorrow and to save.
 Saint David, who fair Cambria blest
 With every good, with pious joy,
 He bade the lonely wand'rer rest,
 Sweet charity his dear employ.

Be your's the envied office now,
 To emulate so great a name;
 Unbounded let your bounty flow,
 Oh! heed Affliction's pensive claim!
 And when another age has fled,
 May Ancient Britons then be found,
 To raise of want the drooping head,
 To spread soft happiness around!

May Britain then, as now, be known,
 The spot where wealth and freedom smile!
 May Brunswick's princes fill the throne,
 And bless with patriot sway our isle!

STANZAS,

Addressed by an Old Husband to his Old Wife on her Birth-Day.

Yes! I greet, my dear wife, the return
 of this day,
 Though to silence is stricken the sound
 of my lyre,
 And ill health has extinguished the ge-
 nial ray
 Which once kindled a spark of poetical
 fire.

Still in doggerel rhyme let me utter a
 prayer,
 And the wish I express is most piously
 true—
 That the remnant of life we together
 may share,
 And that I may not sink unsupported
 by you.

While the winds of the tempest tremen-
 dously blow,
 And the deep thunder rolls, and the
 lightning is hurl'd;
 That, by mutual succour upheld, we may
 show,
 How securely we buffet the waves of
 the world:

And when'er our old bark must go down
 In the main,
 And the eas. bitter waves of the ship-
 we know'er;
 That the tide, which has ebb'd, and is
 flowing again,
 May restore us to life on a happier
 shore!

P. O. S.

LINES,

On the brave and noble Conduct of Lieutenant
 CHESSEY, of the Royal Artillery, who, at
 the risk of his Life, saved several Fisher-
 men on the Coast of Ireland.

The sea was calm, the sky serene,
 Not a portentous cloud was seen;—
 E'en Zephyr, from his downy wing,
 Was down'd no gentle breeze to fling;
 When Industry, with joyful face,
 Anxious to lure the finny race,
 Prepares the hook, directs the sweep,
 And boldly launches to the deep.

Delusion sad! the sleeping wave,
 By furies rous'd, begins to rave;
 And, dreadful in his lurid form,
 Appears the demon of the storm!
 Thick clouds obscure the face of day,
 Save where the vivid lightnings play;
 The little barks, by mountains toss'd,
 Sink, re-appear, again are lost!

Hope! brightest daughter of the skies,
 On thee each anxious heart relies!
 But vain! the howling storms efface
 The lovely features of thy face.
 In lieu of thee, Distress, and Fear,
 And Death on every side appear;
 Is there no heart with pity warm,
 To rescue from the whelming storm?

Yes, CHESSEY hastes, the prompt, the
 brave!
 And fearless rushes to the wave;
 Nurs'd in the school where heroes glow,
 Let all the winds tempestuous blow,
 His noble breast, his zealous pride,
 Buffet the roaring surge aside,
 And many a father, in my a son,
 Already from the grave are won!

No. LXXVII. Vol. VI.

Yes, glorious youth! tho' martial Fame,
 With sounding trump, extend thy name;
 Tho' Glory in the tented field
 To thee her greenest laurels yield,
 This act, on Feeling's hallowed shrine,
 Ever pre-eminent shall shine;
 And thou shalt gain the brightest meed
 By sweet Humanity decreed.

* * * For this distinguished exertion of bra-
 very and humanity, the Humane Society pre-
 sented a medal to Lieutenant C.

A DIRGE,

To the Memory of Capt. CHAS. W. THOMP-
 SON, First Regiment of Guards, who fell in
 the action off Bidast, on the 12th Dec
 1813.

By Mrs. OPIE.

Weep not, he died as heroes die,
 The death permitted to the brave!
 Mourn not, he lies where soldiers lie,
 And Valour envies such a grave!

His was the love of bold emprise,
 Of soldiers' hardships, soldiers' fame;
 And his the wish by arms to rise,
 And gain a proud, a deathless name.

For this he burn'd the midnight oil,
 And por'd on lofty deeds untir'd,
 Resolv'd like Valour's sons to toil,
 And be the hero he admir'd.

Yet gentler arts, yet softer lore,
 Could lure him to their tuneful page,
 And Dante's dread-inspiring power,
 And Petrarch's love his soul engage.

How sweetly from his accents flow'd
 The Tuscan poet's magic strains!
 But vainly Heav'n such powers bestow'd;
 He fought, he bled, on Gallia's plains!

No mother's kiss, no sister's tear
 Embalm'd the victim's fatal wound;
 No father pray'd beside his bier,
 No brother clasp'd his arms around!

Amidst the cannons' loud alarms
 He fell, as soldiers still must fall;
 His bier his toil-worn comrades' arms,
 And earth's green turf his funeral pall.

K K

But who is he in arms array'd,
 That bids the verdant turf unclose?
 Who dares that dread obscure invade?
 Who breaks the soldier's chill repose*?
 A heart he priz'd, a hand he lov'd—
 The daring deed excuse, impel—
 His brother comes, by fondness mov'd,
 To look a brother's last farewell!

And, lo! to meet his sparkling eye,
 That silent eye's reveal'd to light,
 And hallow'd by his bursting sigh
 The earth that hid it from the sight.

See from his breast, his hand removes
 The treasur'd gem he joy'd to wear—
 The holy theft affection loves,
 And feeling holds the spoiler dear.

'Tis done—his long, last look he takes,
 And bids the turf for ever close,
 His brother's grave he then forsakes—
 To meet, like him, his country's foes.

But may that Power whose high behest
 Decreed the one an early grave,
 Still guard the other's valiant breast,
 And him for anxious kindred save!

Yet why lament? to daring souls
 Such patriot deaths of choice belong—
 That thought regret's keen pang controuls,
 And thus we frame our votive song:—

“ Weep not, he died as heroes die,
 The death permitted to the brave—
 Mourn not, he lies where soldiers lie,
 And valour envies such a grave!”

* A true incident.

EPITAPH FOR CHATTERTON.

Written by GREENWOOD*.

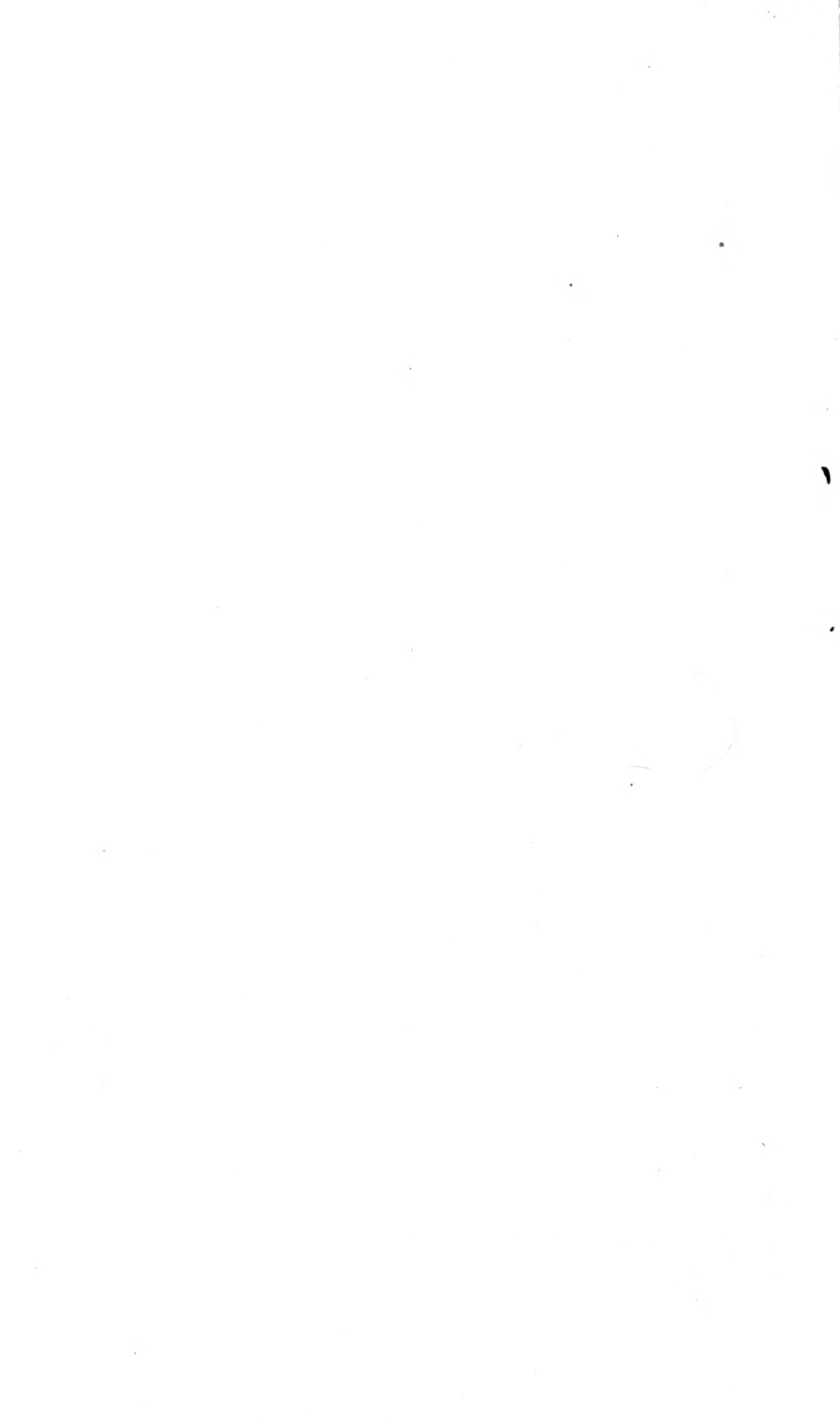
Here rests, who living never tasted rest,
 And died unpitied, as he liv'd unblest.
 From Life's plain path by genius led
 astray,
 He wander'd pensive till he lost his way;

* Greenwood was employed as a chemist at the works of Messrs. Henshall and Williams, at Longport, in the Potteries, Staffordshire.

But early found the gay delusion cease,
 Sunk weary to the grave, and slept in
 peace.
 If some soft eye should shed a gen'rous
 tear,
 Or some kind hand strew flowers upon
 his bier,
 Oh! choose those flowers that best his
 fate display,
 That *early bloom* and *unperceived decay*;
 Blossoms that fall before their fruit is
 born,
 The rose that withers on its parent thorn,
 Narcissus pale, that peeping from its bed,
 Beholds a low'ring sky, and drops its
 head;
 The snow-drop rash, that sudden frosts
 invade,
 The slighted violet breathing in the shade;
 Each plant to mourning sacred, solemn
 yew,
 And sorrow's chosen emblem, bitter rue;
 Strew these around, and mindful of his
 lays,
 Grant him ('tis much his due) one sprig
 of bays.

But fly, ye sons of wealth! whose sordid
 souls,
 No faith, no promise, no remorse controuls,
 Who deaf to justice, deaf to honour's
 voice,
 Accept a service, but refuse the price;
 False friends, false patrons, all the low-
 est train,
 By whom unhappy genius blooms in vain!
 Dull critics much by learned dust be-
 spread,
 Irreverend spoilers of the sacred dead;
 Priests scant of goodness, but replete
 with grace,
 That in implicit faith all virtue place:
 Fly! fly! no more his hallow'd rest in-
 vade,
 Or dread the presence of his injured
 shade.





LONDON MARKETS.

Return of Wheat from Feb. 28 to Mar. 5.

TOTAL, 7,553 quarters.—Average, 74s 1d per quarter, or 2s 6½d. per quarter higher than last return.

Return of Flour from Mar. 5 to 11.

TOTAL, 26,620 sacks.—Average, 69s. 2½d per sack, or 6s. 2½d. per sack higher than last return.

Average of England and Wales, Mar. 12.

	s	d	s	d	s	d	
Wheat	76	6	Barley	30	4	Beans	48
Rye	43	4	Oats	20	5	Pease	53

CORN, SEEDS, &c.

	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Wheat white, per quarter	65	8	Tares, per bushel	8	11	
Do do, red	58	8	Turnip	15	20	
Do do, foreign	56	8	Mustard, brown	16	26	
Rye	30	4	Do do, white	12	21	
Barley, English	35	4	Canary, per pip.	180	200	
Do do, Scotch	67	8	Hempseed	65	70	
Oats, Ireland	20	20	Linsced	65	120	
Do do, Scotland	20	30	Clover, red	65	95	
Do do, England	30	35	Do do, white	90	130	
Beans, Peas	48	5	Do do, foreign	70	100	
Peas, boiling	54	7	Do do, white	92	130	
Do do, dry	44	5	Do do, foreign	1	32	
Flour, per sack	75	—	Caraway	95	100	
Do do, combs	60	65	Coriander	20	30	
Do do, catch	50	63				

American Flour — s — s per barrel of 100 lbs.

Respectively per cwt — £42 s £48 s £50.

Oil Cakes, per thousand, £17. 0s to £0. 0s.

SUGAR, &c. per Cwt.

COFFE, Banded

	s	d	s	d	s	d
Muscovade, fine good	128	a	130			
Do do, ordinary	110	a	119			
East India, white	131	a	140			
Do do, yellow	121	a	130			
Do do, brown	116	a	126			

REFINED SUGAR.

	s	d	s	d	s	d
Double Loaves	186	a	240			
Powder ditto	175	a	180			
Single ditto	168	a	178			
Canary Lumps	150	a	174			
Large ditto	161	a	169			
Bastards, whole	116	a	114			

COCOA, Banded.

	s	d	s	d	s	d
Trinidad and middles	160	a	100			
Do do, tips	160	a	100			

GINGER.

	s	d	s	d	s	d
Jamaica, white	82	a	200			
Bambades, ditto	75	a	80			
Do do, black	70	a	75			

RICES, Banded.

	s	d	s	d	s	d
Carolina	24	a	26			
Brazil	26	a	28			

Average price of Raw Sugar, exclusive of duty, 93s 1d. Raw sugars are not lower this month, but the market is a dull as possible. Refined goods are rather more in demand.

HOPS in the Borough.

	£	s	£	s	£	s
Kent	5	15	a	0	6	11
Sussex	5	10	a	8	13	6
Essex	0	4	a	0	6	10

CORN, &c. per Quarter.

	Wheat		Barley		Oats		Beans		Peas	
	s	d	s	d	s	d	s	d	s	d
Newcastle	64	a	70	30	a	42	a	30	a	—
Northampton	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Canterbury	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Lewes	19	8	84	35	a	42	a	28	a	42
Cheshamfield	12	7	93	40	a	42	a	33	a	33
Ashborne	12	8	92	44	a	38	a	30	a	30
Waulford	10	—	49	a	44	a	28	a	33	a
Gainsboro'	15	7	76	39	a	41	a	27	a	27
South	10	0	71	34	a	36	a	24	a	24
Hamtingloa	12	0	80	32	a	36	a	21	a	21
Newark	10	7	80	37	a	40	a	24	a	24
Spilsby	14	2	85	31	a	39	a	25	a	25
Reves	17	0	88	34	a	42	a	30	a	30
Reading	19	7	98	33	a	39	a	23	a	23
Swansea	16	7	84	a	32	a	—	—	—	—
Holy	17	0	90	30	a	41	a	29	a	29
Wainhead	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Salisbury	15	7	84	33	a	38	a	29	a	29
Penrith	15	8	81	a	33	a	27	a	—	—
Hull	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Basingstoke	16	0	91	33	a	41	a	32	a	32
Wakefield	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Andover	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Warrminster	19	7	84	35	a	40	a	25	a	25

SPIRITS, per Gallon (exclusive of duty).

	s	d	s	d	s	d
Brandy, Cognac	8	9	a	9	0	0
Do do, Spanish	5	0	a	5	0	0
Holland's Gin	8	0	a	8	0	0
Rum, Jamaica	4	0	a	6	0	0
Do do, Lew. Isl.	3	8	a	4	0	0
Mol. Spirits, British	13	10	a	14	0	0

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR FEBRUARY, 1814.

Conducted, at Manchester, by THOMAS HANSON, Esq.

1814.		Wind.	Pressure.			Temperature.			Weather.	Evap.	Rov.
FEB.			Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.			
	1	NE 2	30,10	30,00	30,050	36,0°	26,0°	31,00°	cloudy	—	—
	2	NE 2	30,26	30,10	30,180	41,0	30,0	35,50	cloudy	—	—
	3	NE 1	30,26	30,20	30,230	34,0	25,0	28,50	fine	—	—
○	4	Var. 1	30,30	30,26	30,280	31,0	22,0	28,00	fine	—	—
	5	SW 3	30,26	29,82	30,040	41,0	30,0	35,50	cloudy	—	—
	6	W 3	29,82	29,35	29,585	44,0	30,0	40,00	rainy	.280	—
	7	W 3	29,60	29,35	29,475	38,0	32,0	35,00	cloudy	—	—
	8	W 3	29,35	29,03	29,190	43,0	34,0	40,00	rainy	—	—
	9	W 2	29,80	29,55	29,675	48,0	38,0	43,00	cloudy	—	—
	10	SW 1	29,95	29,30	29,875	48,0	40,0	44,00	cloudy	—	—
	11	S 1	29,95	29,93	29,940	49,0	43,0	46,00	cloudy	—	—
✓	12	S 1	30,05	29,95	30,000	50,0	43,0	46,50	cloudy	—	—
	13	SW 2	30,05	29,97	30,010	47,0	38,0	42,50	cloudy	.194	—
	14	NW 2	30,32	29,97	30,145	43,0	30,0	36,50	cloudy	—	1,140
	15	NE 2	30,40	30,32	30,360	37,0	29,0	33,00	cloudy	—	—
	16	E 2	30,62	30,32	30,170	44,0	32,0	38,00	cloudy	—	—
	17	E 2	30,70	30,64	30,670	38,0	33,0	35,50	fine	—	—
	18	S 1	30,70	30,57	30,665	35,0	34,0	36,50	gloomy	—	—
	19	NW 1	30,65	30,57	30,610	43,0	33,0	38,00	gloomy	—	—
○	20	SW 1	30,65	30,63	30,640	40,0	32,0	36,00	fine	—	—
	21	SE 1	30,63	30,52	30,575	40,0	29,0	34,00	fine	—	—
	22	SW 1	30,52	30,52	30,520	42,0	26,0	33,60	fine	—	—
	23	SE 2	30,53	30,34	30,435	39,0	28,0	33,50	fine	—	—
	24	SE 2	30,38	30,34	30,350	39,0	24,0	30,00	fine	—	—
	25	SE 2	30,32	30,24	30,280	35,0	29,0	32,50	fine	—	—
	26	SE 2	30,35	30,24	30,295	39,0	27,0	33,00	brilliant	—	—
○	27	SW 2	30,35	30,00	30,175	40,0	23,0	31,50	variable	—	—
	28	SW 1	30,00	29,66	29,830	48,0	32,0	40,00	gloomy	.626	.695
			Mean	30,163		Mean 36,30			1,100 1,235		

RESULTS.

Mean barometrical pressure, 30.163—maximum, 30.76, wind E. 2.—Minimum, 29.93, wind W. 3.—Range, 1.73 inch.

The greatest variation of pressure in 24 hours, is .47 inch, which was on the 5th.

Mean temperature, 36°.3.—Maximum, 50°, wind S. 1.—Min. 22°, wind var. 1. Range 28

The greatest variation of temperature in 24 hours is 17°, which was on the 27th.

Spaces described by the barometer, 4,80 inches.—Number of changes, 6.

Total quantity of water evaporated, 1,100 inch.

Rain, &c this month, 1,235 inch.

WIND.

N	NE	E	SE	S	SW	W	NW	Variable.	Calm.
0	4	2	5	3	7	4	2	1	0

Brisk winds 4—Boisterous ones 0.

Notes—2d Fine day, with high barometer—stagn evening—5th Thaw to-day, with snow, sleet, and rain; maximum temperature at bed-time—6th Much rain to-day, with a high W. wind.—7th Frequent showers of hail and snow, P. M. which were soon melted, in consequence of sun that fell in the evening.—8th This was a completely rainy day; during the afternoon the barometer shewed its monthly minimum—16th and 17th Much hoar frost in the mornings.—27th A general thaw indicated by a change of wind from S. E. to S. W. a gently falling barometer, and quick increase of temperature—at bed time a small lunar halo

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR FEBRUARY, 1814.

Conducted by Mr. J. GIBSON, Laboratory, Stratford, Essex.

1814		Pressure.			Temperature.			Weather	Evap.	Rain.
FEB.	Wind.	Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.			
1	N W	30,07	29,96	30,015	37°	30°	33,5	cloudy	—	—
2	N W	30,08	30,07	30,075	39	25	32,0	fine	—	—
3	N W	30,07	30,05	30,060	34	19	26,5	fine	—	—
4	Var.	30,10	30,15	30,170	33	27	30,0	fine	—	—
5	S W	30,15	29,79	29,970	41	34	37,5	snowy	—	—
6	W	29,70	29,68	29,690	41	30	37,0	cloudy	—	—
7	N W	29,76	29,65	29,705	42	38	40,0	cloudy	—	—
8	W	29,77	29,65	29,710	48	38	43,0	cloudy	—	—
9	W	30,00	29,77	29,885	46	40	43,0	cloudy	—	—
10	S W	30,06	30,05	30,055	49	42	45,5	cloudy	—	—
11	S	30,00	29,98	29,990	53	36	44,5	fine	—	—
12	N E	29,99	29,98	29,985	48	39	43,5	cloudy	—	—
13	S W	29,98	29,99	29,970	47	37	42,0	cloudy	—	—
14	S E	30,09	29,98	30,035	42	31	36,5	fine	—	—
15	N	30,17	29,99	30,120	40	30	37,0	fine	—	—
16	N E	30,37	30,15	30,260	41	29	35,0	fine	.55	—
17	N E	30,40	30,37	30,385	33	23	28,0	fine	—	—
18	N W	30,37	30,18	30,275	29	30	34,5	cloudy	—	.27
19	N W	30,38	30,18	30,280	40	22	31,0	fine	—	—
20	N E	30,39	30,34	30,365	35	20	27,5	fine	—	—
21	S E	30,34	30,28	30,310	36	20	28,0	fine	—	—
22	S E	30,28	30,26	30,270	42	22	32,0	fine	—	—
23	S E	30,26	30,18	30,220	34	20	27,0	fine	—	—
24	S E	30,19	30,18	30,185	33	15	24,0	fine	—	—
25	S E	30,18	30,09	30,135	39	21	30,0	fine	—	—
26	S E	30,10	30,07	30,085	37	19	28,0	fine	—	—
27	S E	29,97	29,95	29,960	40	30	35,0	fine	—	—
28	Var.	29,95	29,24	29,595	42	40	41,0	cloudy	.42	—
		Mean		30,064		Mean	34,6	Total	.97 in.	.27 in.

RESULTS.—Prevailing winds, easterly.—Mean height of barometer, 30,064 inches; highest observation, 30,40 inches; lowest, 29,24 inches.—Mean height of thermometer, 31,6°.—highest observation, 53°—lowest, 15°.—Total of evaporation, .97 inch.—Total of rain and snow, .27 inch.—in another gauge, .32 inch.

Notes.—3d. Fine morning—hoar frost—4th. Very distinct lunar halo about nine o'clock, P. M.—18th and 21st. Hoar frost.—27th. Lunar halo.

Prices of Fire-Office, Mine, Dock, Canal, Water-Works, Brewery, and Public Institution Shares, &c. &c. for MARCH, 1814.

Eagle Fire and Life Assurance	£2 8s per sh.	Kennett and Avon Canal	£20 15s p.sh.
Hope Ditto	27s do.	Ditto New Ditto	2 10s do.
Globe Ditto	112½ do.	Leeds and Liverpool Ditto	£203 a 205p sh.
East India Dock Stock	£122 per cent.	Leicester Ditto	210 do.
London Ditto	107 do.	Nottingham Ditto	210 do.
Commercial Ditto	150 do.	Oxford Ditto	530 do.
Grand Junction Waterworks	50 do.	Trent and Mersey Ditto	1180 do.
East London Ditto	63 do.	Beerstone Lead & Silver Mine	54 pu.
West Middlesex Ditto	33 5s do.	Butspil Ditto	22 a 24 do.
Kent Ditto	56 10s do.	Combe Martin Ditto	30 a 33 do.
Ashton and Oldham Canal	£82 a 85 per sh.	Highgate Archway	15 per sh.
Birmingham Ditto	618 a 650 do.	Strand Bridge	48 do.
Chester & Blackwater Do.	80 do.	London Institution	43 do.
Coventry Ditto	800 do.	Surry Ditto	13 10s do.
Dudley Ditto	45 10s do.	Russell Ditto	18 1ss. do.
Erewash Ditto	800 do.	Drury-Lane Theatre, £500 Share	£199 a 200 do.
Grand Junction Ditto	232 a 235 do.	Gas Light & Coke Company	5 5s. do.
Union Ditto	79 do.		
Western Ditto	52 10s do.		

PRICES OF STOCKS.

Date.	Bank Stock.	3 P. Ct. Consols.	3 P. Ct. Red.	4 P. Ct. Cons.	Navy 5 P. Ct.	Long Ann.	Omnium	Imp. pr. ct.	Imp. Ann. pr. ct.	5 S. Stock.	S. Sea Ann.	India Stock.	India Bonds.	Exchq. Bills. 3 d.	St. Lotty. Tickets	Cons. for ac. Feb 25
Feb. 21	263	70½ a 72½	72½	86½	98½	18	26½ Pm.	70½	—	—	—	—	8 Pm.	6 Pm.	£23. 3s.	798703
22	202½	70½ a 69½	70½	85½	97½	17½	27½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	8 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	708½
23	—	70½ a 68	70½	85½	97½	17½	28 Pm.	—	—	—	—	199	8 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	708½
24	—	70½ a 4	70½	85½	97½	17½	28½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	6 Pm.	4 Pm.	—	708½
25	—	70½ a 69½	70½	85½	97½	17½	27½ Pm.	69½	—	—	—	—	5 Pm.	5 Pm.	Apr. 6.	71479
26	—	69½ a 70½	70½	84½	97½	17½	27½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	199	5 Pm.	4 Pm.	—	708½
28	202	70½ a 68	70½	84½	97½	17½	27½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	7 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	708½
1	202	70½ a 68	70½	85	97½	17½	27½ Pm.	69½	—	74	70½	199	8 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	708½
2	204½	70½ a 1	70½	85½	97½	17½	27½ Pm.	69½	—	70½	70½	200	8 Pm.	6 Pm.	—	708½
3	202	70½ a 6	70½	80	97½	Shut	27½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	8 Pm.	6 Pm.	—	708½
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14	—	70½ a 1	71½	—	98	—	27½ Pm.	—	—	—	70½	—	12 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	708½
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16	—	70½ a 1½	—	—	98	—	27 Pm.	69½	—	—	—	—	10 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	708½
17	—	71½ a 1	—	—	98½	—	27½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	9 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	708½
18	—	71½ a 1	—	—	98	—	27½ Pm.	70½	—	—	—	—	11 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	708½
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THE
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OF
ARTS, LITERATURE, COMMERCE,
Manufactures, Fashions, and Politics,

For MAY, 1814.

VOL. XI.

The Sixty-fifth Number.

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TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We earnestly solicit communications (post paid) from the professors of the arts in general, as well as authors, respecting works which they may have in hand. We conceive that the evident advantage which must accrue to both from the more extensive publicity that will be given to their productions through the medium of the Repository, needs only to be mentioned, to induce them to favour us with such information, which shall always meet with the most prompt attention.

W. H. will perceive, that we are complying with his suggestion. His future favours will be highly acceptable.

If An Enquirer will turn to any of the various Encyclopædias, he will find a satisfactory solution of the matter to which his letter relates.

We must decline the introduction of the Historical Narrative, on account of its excessive prolixity.

The spirit with which, according to Britannicus, the Ode transmitted by him abounds, must certainly be below proof, as we have not been able to discover any traces of it.

The newest Patterns of British Manufacture will appear in our next Number.

The Proprietor begs leave to remind such of his Readers as have imperfect sets of the Repository, of the necessity of an early application for the deficiencies, in order to prevent disappointment. Those who chuse to return their Numbers to the Publisher, may have them exchanged for Volumes in a variety of bindings, at the rate of 5s. per Volume.

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The Sixty-fifth Number.

—————The suffrage of the wise,
The praise that's worth ambition, is attain'd
By sense alone, and dignity of mind.

ARMSTRONG.

CONVERSATIONS ON THE ARTS.—By JUNIUS.

(Continued from p. 193.)

MISS EVE. Rich's harlequin is said to have been so excellent, that his manner of taking leave of Columbine, when he is supposed to have been separated from her for ever, filled the eyes of the audience with tears. At present the best performers in this character do not even aim at this.

I do not wonder that pantomimes draw overflowing audiences. The generality of people, as Lord Chesterfield observed of the generality of princes, "have eyes to see, but not understandings to judge." They will always be pleased with singing, dancing, fine clothes, jewels, gold, silver, feathers, machinery, fun, and brilliant lights.

MISS K. Very true. The generality of people have indeed little besides eyes to see and ears to hear; and those who can amuse the one and tickle the other will find no difficulty to lead their rea-

son captive. A judicious writer, whose book was published in 1731, treating of decorations, observes—

"It is impossible for any poet or master of a playhouse to be too expensive in the beauty and grandeur of their scenes and machines. The more just and surprising they appear, the sooner the spectator will be led insensibly to imagine every thing real, and of consequence prove the easier persuaded of the instruction intended. Besides, they are absolutely necessary in all parts of a play where the plot requires the intervention of some supernatural power, in order to conquer difficulties and solve mysteries. For what is a god, or a devil, or a conjuror, without moving clouds, blazing chariots, flying dragons, and enchanted castles? Airy spirits, terrestrial hobgoblins, and infernal demons, must, at a word, descend, rise, and vanish. These

things, justly introduced, strike an awe upon the audience; and while they are amazed and delighted, they are instructed. This gives the stage a character with the world, and poets and actors are esteemed demi-gods. Thus when people are prepossessed in favour of their power, they dare not but embrace their doctrines. The Abbé Hédelin observes, that the ornaments of the stage so sensibly delight, by a kind of witty magic, as to raise from the dead heroes of past ages. They present, as it were, to our eyes, a new heaven and a new earth, while we are so agreeably deceived as to imagine every thing present. Even people of understanding take them for enchantments, and are pleased with the dexterity of the artists, and the neat execution of so many contrivances. For this end, the ancients bestowed the richest decorations upon their theatres. The heavens would open for their gods, to descend and converse with men; the air would be filled with thunder, lightning, and storms; the sea would shew tempests, shipwrecks, and sea-fights; the earth would produce gardens, forests, deserts, palaces, and temples. Out of its bosom would rise furies, demons, and all the prodigies of their fabulous bell; and the poets never failed to fill their plays with such incidents as required these magnificent decorations.

“The habits of the actors likewise have a prodigious influence on the minds of an audience. We see daily in the great world a vast difference shown to the figure of a suit of clothes, and how regularly degrees of respect rise from the

gold and silver button and button-hole to lace and embroidery. How nicely are the distances between cloth, velvet, and brocade observed! Much more in the theatre should this distinction prevail, where our senses are to be touched, pleased, and taken by surprize, and where every spectator indeed is to receive an impression of the character of the person from his dress; and the first ideas are generally the most lasting. Tragedy borrows vast advantages from the additional ornaments of feathers and high heels; and it is impossible but that two feet and a half of plume and buskin must go a great length in giving an audience a just notion of a hero. That great appearance gives an air of grandeur to every thing he says or does. The best Grecian poets who brought tragedy to its perfection, first gave birth to the invention. They found it of service, and all other nations continued it. In Rome once commenced a famous dispute between two eminent tragedians, which best represented Agamemnon; he that stepped loftily and on tiptoe, or he who appeared pensive, as if concerned for the safety of his people: but the tall man carried it. These useful allies to the drama take more with the generality of people than the brightest thoughts or justest expressions. It is impossible for the best tragic bards so readily to give an audience as true an idea of a queen by the noblest sentiments and finest language, as the wardrobe-keeper can by half a dozen laced pages, and as many yards of embroidered train; and indeed there should be something particu-

larly adapted to the look and dress of every actor, which should, at first view, speak his character, before he opens his mouth; and as the frown shows the king, the stride the hero, the thoughtful air the statesman, and the silly smile the fop; so do the robe, the truncheon, the bundle of papers, and the clocked stockings.

“The appearance of a retinue suitable to every distinct character of the drama, which should make a figure on the stage, is another point of very great consequence, and ought to be principally regarded. What is a tyrant without guards, or a princess without her maids of honour, a general without a troop of officers, a first minister without a levee of spies and dependants, a lawyer without a flock of clients, or a beau without a train of lacquies? A great number of attendants gives an air of dignity too, and distinguishes the proper superiority of each character. Besides, when the stage is crowded, the greatness of the show casts a mist, as it were, over the eyes of the spectator, and makes the thinnest plot appear full of business. Keep the stage filled, and you'll instil life and spirit into the dullest play; the passions will never flag, nor the action cool. I have known a tragedy succeed by the irresistible force of a squadron of Turkish turbans and scymetars, and another owe the whole of its success to the graceful procession of a mufti and a tribe of priests. A poet who fights cunningly will judiciously throw into every act a triumph, a wedding, a funeral, a christening, a feast, or some such spectacle, which must be managed

by a multitude. Thus, by a well disposed succession of crowds in every scene, he lies, as it were, safe under cover from all criticism. It may be supposed that this was the chief design of the ancients, in establishing and encouraging, at so prodigious an expence, their chorus; for by these means the stage could never be empty, which proved of infinite service to their poets, and contributed vastly to the satisfaction of the people.”

Miss *Ere*. Who was James or Thomas Moore Smyth?

Miss *K*. Smyth wrote *The Rival Modes*, com. 1726. The public formed great expectations of this piece, as the author was a young man of fortune and fashion, and remarkable for his intimacy with all the reigning wits of the age; but the performance of it ruined him every way. Pope attacked him in the *Dunciad* as a plagiarist, and his creditors assailed his fortune. He died soon afterwards.

I have already remarked, that the idea of Pope's *Dunciad* was borrowed from Dryden's *Mac Flecknoe*; but his *Rape of the Lock* arose from the following circumstance:—Lord Petre presuming on an intimate acquaintance with the Hon. Mrs. Farmer, took the liberty, when they were out in company on a party of pleasure, to cut off a lock of this lady's hair. Though this piece of gallantry was intended as a compliment, it happened unfortunately to be taken in a wrong light by the lady and her family, which produced mutual animosity, and was proceeding to a great length, when the poem was presented to Mr. Farmer. It had

the happy effect of producing a cordial reconciliation between the two families.

Miss *Eve*. The creative power of imagination, which distinguishes true poetic genius, is displayed with more brilliancy in the *Rape of the Lock* than in all Pope's other works; and this poem has the more merit, from being formed on this most ridiculous circumstance, which, but for the happy thought of the poet, might have produced fatal consequences.

Miss *Eve*. I have seen some interesting pictures by Alexander Pope, the actor.

Miss *K*. Yes; he also draws portraits very well in crayons. He was husband to the celebrated actresses, the Mrs. Popes. I have heard that he is now married to the widow of Francis Wheatley, the painter. Alexander Pope, the poet, used also often to amuse himself by painting: one of his designs is as a frontispiece to his *Essay on Man*.

Miss *Eve*. Mr. Pope was very intimate with Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.

Miss *K*. Yes; and he has paid this lady an elegant compliment in some verses printed at the conclusion of his letters.

Miss *Eve*. Pope did not always compliment. I think he called Savage by a very degrading epithet.

Miss *K*. Yes; this is alluded to in some verses I have seen to the memory of Savage.

Miss *Eve*. I think he was the author of *Sir Thomas Overbury*.

Miss *K*. Yes; that piece was performed about thirty years after his death, with a prologue by

Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Esq. in which he calls the play,

The orphan offspring of an orphan bard,
Loom'd while he liv'd, unpitied, to sustain
More real misery than his pen could sign.

Miss *Eve*. Do you recollect the lines in memory of Savage?

Miss *K*.

From pomp in mind and meanness in estate,
From rebel passions still at war with fate,
Now manumiz'd, th' unequal strife is o'er,
Fix'd in his fate—his hopes and fears no more.
Peace to his sor'—I wish and hope it too,
Since in his crimes his punishment we view;
Left to remorse by rage, to scorn by pride,
To friendship wro'g'd, a martyr when he died*.

Oh! blamed yet mourn'd, despised yet honour'd
name,

No more shalt thou enjoy a chequer'd fame.
Thy faults shalt perish, all thy worth shall
shine,

For Traill's mortal, excellence divine:
O'er all the rest while dark oblivion flows,
Late times shall know thy birth, thy lays, thy
wees;

Shall read, admire, compassionate, and praise,
And with their tributary tears below the
bays.

Miss *Eve*. What are Savage's dates?

Miss *K*. In 1697, Anne Countess of Macclesfield became pregnant, and being desirous of obtaining a divorce from her husband, declared that the father of the expected infant was Savage Earl of Rivers. By this expedient she accomplished her purpose. The infant to which she gave birth in Jan. 1697, was Richard Savage. He was almost immediately deserted by his unnatural mother, and sent to an old woman at St. Alban's, who brought him up as her son. About 1711, he was placed with a shoemaker in Holborn, with the intention of being apprenticed to

* This alludes to Pope's having called him a scoundrel, which the unhappy Savage did not long survive.

him, but his supposed mother at St. Alban's dying about this time, he went to take possession of some trifling property which she had possessed, when he discovered some letters that unfolded to his wondering eyes the secret of his own remarkable birth. His life is very pathetically written by Dr. Samuel Johnson, in his *Lives of the Poets*. After various vicissitudes and distresses, Savage died in Newgate, Bristol, where he was confined for a debt of *8l.* Aug. 1, 1743, in his 47th year, and was buried in the church-yard of St. Peter and St. Paul, in the same city, at the expense of the keeper.

Savage wrote *Woman's a Riddle*, from a Spanish play, 1716, to which Mr. Bullock's name is affixed; *Love in a Veil*, 1718, from a Spanish plot; *Sir Thomas Overbury*, a tragedy, part I. 1724. He was also the author of various poetical pieces, as *The Bastard*, *The Progress of a Disease*, *The Triumph of Health and Mirth*, *On the Recovery of Lady Tyrconnel*, *On Public Spirit with regard to Public Works*—Panegyrics, Epigrams, &c.

I have some other interesting particulars of Savage in the other room, which I will get presently. Suppose you mention another dramatic writer.

Miss *Eve*. I was all attention to the story of Mr. Savage; but since you desire it—Who was John Lacy?

Miss *K*. John Lacy flourished in the reign of Charles II. He was born near Doncaster, in Yorkshire, and was bred a dancing-master, but afterwards went into the army, having a lieutenant's commission and a warrant as quarter-master.

He quitted a military life to become an actor, in which profession, from the advantages of a fine person, being well shaped, of a good stature, and well proportioned, added to a sound critical judgment and a large share of comic humour, he attained such a degree of excellence, as to be universally admired; and was so highly esteemed by Charles II. that his Majesty had his picture painted in three characters; Teague in *The Committee*, Scruple in *The Cheats*, and Galliard in *The Variety*: which picture is still preserved at Windsor castle. His cast of acting was chiefly comedy, and his dramatic writings are all of that kind. His four comedies are—*The Dumb Lady*, *Old Troop*, *Sawney the Scot*, and *Sir Hercules Buffoon*. The last of these was not brought on the stage till three years after the author's death, which happened Sept. 17, 1681. D'Urfy, who wrote the prologue, has, in the following lines, paid a very great, but, as it appears, a very deserved compliment, to Mr. Lacy's theatrical abilities in reference to the advantages which the piece would have received from the author's own performance of it, had he been living:—

Now that foun'd Lacy, ornament of th' stage,
That standard of true comedy in our age,

Wrote this new play;
And if it takes not—all that we can say on't
Is—we've his fiddle, not his hands to play
on't.

Miss *Eve*. You mentioned a set of drawings you had made from the history of England, some of which you have painted—will you shew me them, and tell me the rules by which you designed and painted. I am desirous to be your humble

pupil. You blush, Miss K. as Milton expresses it, "celestial rosy red," looking through your dark brown ringlets like a rosy angel through a dark cloud.

Miss K. I ought to blush, Miss Eve, when you desire me to be a lecturer to such a genius as yourself. If I thus feel before such an indulgent critic, what must those young actresses feel—I mean those of refined sensibility—when they first approach the tribunal composed of all sorts of judges, that is to decide upon their merits!

Miss Eve. This soon wears off by a little practice. I was in the stage-box of Drury-lane Theatre, when Miss —, the beautiful young actress, made her first appearance. When she was to go on the stage, she first peeped and blushed, and seemed so alarmed as though she would have fainted. For some time she hung upon the stage-box and leaned close to me. An experienced actress who stood by her, tried to encourage her, saying, "What are you afraid of? Do as I do. I am going this moment on the stage, and you shall see how I'll face 'em. I consider the audience with as much indifference as I would so many rows of cabbages growing in a garden."—I was in the same place about a month afterwards, and saw this same young lady walk smiling on the stage, amidst thunders of applause, with as much indifference as if she had been walking in the street unconscious of observation.

Miss K. I have made two sets of designs from the History of England—the first from the landing of Julius Cæsar to the Norman conquest. The second set in

this port-folio is from the Norman conquest till of late years. I will take out about six at a time, and thus we may the more easily consider them; and I will explain the rules by which they were composed, and by which I mean to paint them.

1. The Battle of Hastings and the Death of Harold II. 1066.

2. William II. called Rufus, from his red hair, accidentally killed by an arrow discharged by Sir Walter Tyrrell, a French knight, in the New Forest, Hampshire, 1100.

3. The Death of William Duke of Normandy, only son to Henry I. who was shipwrecked upon the rocks near Barleaur, in his passage from Normandy 1120.

4. The Empress Matilda rejecting the proposal of the Queen of Stephen, for the relief of the King, 1140.

5. Eleanor, Queen of Henry II. offering the choice of a bowl of poison, or the stroke of a dagger, to Rosamond Clifford, called Fair Rosamond of Woodstock Bower.

6. King John signing Magna Charta at Runnemead.

Miss Eve. *The Battle of Hastings.* How expressive is this of the hurry and confusion of a battle! What character, what energy! We see not with our eyes, but with our judgment. Now you have increased my judgment, you have, as I may say, opened my eyes—now many of the rules by which this striking piece is performed, have become apparent to me—now I perceive the harmony of your lines, their length, their winding, their convex forms like a blown bladder, the long lights, the gradations, the balancing, and the small number of the groups.

Miss K. I have endeavoured to seize the most important or interesting moment. I have not so much considered what probably happened in this battle, as what might have happened; I have pursued this idea through every department of the art.

Miss Eve. I understand so much, Miss K. as that you practise the poetical ideal even in your historical compositions. To be sure it is not likely, that so many figures would be so arranged as to produce a general harmony of lines, like a schoolmaster's specimen of flourishing, but, as you observe, they might. This is not at all probable, yet it is possible. This is possible perfection.

Miss K. Yes, an improbable possibility—such as that the capital prize in a lottery shall be also the first-drawn ticket. This is one of the most important rules in painting and in every art. Under the influence of this great idea of perfection, the most meritorious works in the world have been produced. This gained Julio Romano the first place in the poetry of painting; and this has placed Michael Angelo, Raphael, and a few more in the very first class of their profession.

Miss Eve. And this has made Miss K. the princess of painters, or rather the queen of that profession. I now see the uniformity and simplicity that produce grandeur—how the parts run from centres like ornaments—how the hair flows away, like snakes running after each other, like flourishes or coats of arms, such as are engraved on silver plate, or the flowers painted on Birmingham tea-boards.

Miss K. I perceive you understand the system on which I compose my designs; but coats of arms and the other things you have just mentioned, show the art too much. Art should conceal art.

Miss Eve. This is very true. In dress and a variety of other things, “though all is art, yet all should artless seem.” How accurately the costume is preserved, and how admirably the age and country are defined in the principal figures!—Here is the unfortunate Harold, there are his two valiant brothers, Gurth and Leofwin, and yonder the victorious William. 'Tis curious that Harold and William should thus contend for the crown of England, when neither of them had a right to it.

Miss K. Edgar Atheling, grandson to Edmund Ironside, by his youngest son Edward, was the rightful heir to the crown; but as this prince was very young at the time, and was reported to possess but mean abilities, his title was overlooked.

Miss Eve. What became of Edgar Atheling?

Miss K. He followed the fortunes of Robert Duke of Normandy, who was also cheated out of his right of inheritance.

Miss Eve. I think this Robert was eldest son of William the Conqueror.

Miss K. Yes, and William Rufus and Henry I. the third and fourth sons of William the Conqueror, usurped the crown of England.

Miss Eve. What became of the second son?

Miss K. His name was Richard; he was killed by a stag in the New

Forest, Hampshire, where his next brother was killed by an arrow, and where also a son of Robert, the eldest brother, accidentally lost his life.

Edgar Atheling was taken prisoner by Henry I. at the battle of Tenchebray, when fighting for Robert; but Henry despised his abilities too much to think him at all dangerous. He therefore gave him

his liberty and a small pension, on which Edgar lived retired in this country, totally neglected, and at last died very old and almost forgotten.

Miss Eve. As Henry did not fear Edgar, he did not hate him. Friends are often loved for being fools. Burke truly observes, that "love stands much nearer to contempt than is generally imagined."

THE COMMUNICATIVE POCKETS.

By AUGUSTUS VON KOTZEBUE.

(Concluded from p. 202.)

THE lady, agreeably to ancient custom, loosed the helmet of the knight with her own delicate fingers, and took it from his head; and when he had thrown his iron gauntlets on the table, she kissed his hand. She then fetched a flaggon of wine from a closet, pledged him the bowl, and a tear dropped into it. Herrmann quaffed the generous beverage, as indeed he would have done, had he been certain that the poisonous drug lay at the bottom of the bowl. He soon began to imagine that this wine was really an enchanted potion, for a liquid fire seemed to run through all his veins; but it was love, whose flames were again bursting from the ashes.

"O why is not Puttli here?" thought he: "how should I rejoice to find her innocent!" She looked at him so kindly, so tenderly—no, it was absolutely impossible she could be criminal.

He then enquired the name of the person from whom he had rescued her. "Did he not tell you himself?" replied Amalberga. "Alas! he is my brother!"

"Your brother!—how?—why?"

"Pardon me, Sir Knight, if I beg to be allowed to draw a veil over this horrid secret."

"Lady!" cried Herrmann, with a voice that betrayed his profound emotion, "the moment is arrived in which I must be made acquainted with every thing, and sink confounded at your feet, or hurry away with a heart rent by despair, to rush upon the sabres of the infidels."

Amalberga started, and looked timidly at him.

"Lady," continued he, "you must long since have perceived that I love you."

At these words the blood suddenly mounted into her pale cheeks.

Long since should I have solicited your hand, like an honourable man, but for certain extraordinary circumstances, for which I was unable to account. If you think it worth your while to clear up my doubts, answer my enquiries; and if you despise not this hand, conceal nothing from me."

Amalberga raised her eyes and replied, "I will conceal nothing from you."

"But ask no questions on the subject, whatever may be your astonishment, that I should be acquainted with things which you thought hidden from all the world."

"I will ask no questions," said Amalberga.

"Well, then—some time ago you had a forged bill in your pocket—"

Amalberga was thunderstruck.

"But why so confused?" added Herrmann.

"How can I help being so? How should you know it?"

"You promised to ask no questions. What was the meaning of this bill?"

"I have vowed to St. Theresa that the secret should never escape my lips; but she is a witness to our conversation, and, for the sake of my suspected innocence, she will release me from my vow. There was an opulent merchant at Nürnberg, in whose name this bill was forged, and who was fortunately an old friend of my father's. He soon discovered the culprit, my unfortunate brother, who, caught in the toils of a selfish woman, had no other means of supporting her extravagance. Out of respect for my father's memory, the merchant forbore to make the transaction public, and merely required compensation to be made in private; but his indulgence was repaid with abuse and scorn. Upon this he came to me, and complained that he should be necessitated to stigmatise the name of his deceased

friend, and at the same time to wound my feelings. I was exceedingly alarmed. I had just then embroidered a costly robe, which it took me two years to finish, in those leisure hours which I could spare from the wheel and the loom. I intended to shew off in it at the next tournament. You know, sir knight, how vain we females are. But you may believe me when I assure you, that I hesitated not a moment to save the honour of my misguided brother, and to preserve the name and the escutcheon of my ancient family from disgrace. I showed my work to the Nürnberg, who was well pleased with it, and asked how much he thought it was worth. He valued it at scarcely half the amount of his demand; but when he heard how long I had worked upon it to procure myself a girlish pleasure, and that I was ready to sacrifice it to compromise the matter, he seemed moved, gave up the bill, and took the robe."

"He did take it?" cried Herrmann, angrily.

"He said it should be his daughter's wedding dress. I put the forged bill in my pocket, to deliver it to my uncle as soon as I should see him. This happened the next day. I never said a word about it to my brother, in order to spare his feelings. Now you know all. The merchant and my uncle will attest, that I have told you the truth."

"What?" exclaimed Herrmann, "and this brother, whose reputation you so magnanimously preserved, would have carried you off to-day by force?"

"The same."

"I implore you, fair lady, to explain this riddle also."

"Give me your word, that you will not betray my secret."

"My word and my honour."

"Well, then, you must know, that the hypocritical bishop has long been striving to ensnare my virtue."

"The bishop?"

"He might probably imagine, that my poverty favoured his base designs. He persecuted me with proposals, which were rejected with deserved abhorrence. He sought to gain my uncle by splendid promises, but that excellent old man, though poor as myself, despised the powerful bishop. He then concealed his mortification, praised my virtue, and called me his daughter. Fool that I was, he completely deceived me. Some months since—perhaps you still remember the time when I was away for two whole weeks."

"Well do I remember it," replied Herrmann, with a sigh. "The abbess of Frauenthal had enticed me into her convent. I considered her as a woman of integrity, and had no conception that her sacred habit could cover such villany. Too soon I found that she was but the bishop's agent, and that, in the asylum of virtue, I was to be delivered up to him either by fraud or force. I was a prisoner. It was not long before he made his appearance, and had recourse to entreaties and threats. I gave myself up for lost, but my patron saint did not forsake me; I prayed to her most fervently, and she touched the heart of the porteress, who opened the gate of the convent for me one very dark

night. I fled to my uncle; and as he has confidants at court, I was soon apprized, through him, how the bishop had raved when he heard of my escape, and sworn he would, nevertheless, sooner or later, accomplish his design. My uncle warned me to be upon my guard, and even advised me to remove out of the bishop's dominions."

"And why did you not follow his advice?" asked Herrmann.

"I intended," rejoined Amalberga, and a deeper glow crimsoned her cheeks—"I intended, but put it off from day to day. Must I tell you why?"

At these words she raised her downcast eyes, which made a modest confession, and then again became fixed on the ground.

"To what risks have you exposed yourself!" said Herrmann, in great agitation.

"I thought," continued Amalberga, "that the bishop would never set decency so far at defiance as to carry me by force from my own house in the midst of the town. Then again I took every possible precaution to frustrate his artifices. Against one person only I was not upon my guard, and that was my own brother. My heart rejected, with horror, the idea that he was capable of assisting in the execution of the atrocious project of his sister's dishonour. How grievously was I mistaken! Him who was always needy, the bishop has but too easily gained over, and promised him one of his nieces in marriage. Yesterday he persuaded me to pay a visit to an aged blind aunt, who lives retired not far from Bamberg. Without the least sus-

pcion, I mounted behind him. The old lady received us most kindly, and entertained us in the best manner she could. When it began to be dusk, I reminded my brother, that it was time to return home. He made various excuses for delaying our departure, so that it was not till near midnight that we at length set out; but instead of taking the road to Bamberg, he galloped away, and threatened to murder me if I obstinately persisted in spurning my good fortune, as he termed it. The rest is known to you. Death would soon have been my portion, had not the hand of Providence conducted to me a generous protector."

"Worse than death!" muttered Herrmann.

"O no!" rejoined Amalberga; "for I had long provided for the worst. Since the affair in the convent, I always carried poison about me. Had every other hope failed, that should have saved me."

"For that purpose, was it?" cried Herrmann, with transport, and would have thrown himself at her feet, when he suddenly imagined that he again heard Puttli's voice, as he read the letter, the horrid contents of which drove him from Bamberg.

"Lady," stammered he, "there is but one more weight that presses upon my heart. Your frankness gives me courage. The most atrocious circumstance of all yet remains to be explained."

"The most atrocious?" repeated Amalberga with astonishment. "I have nothing more to explain."

"Have you not murdered a child?"

She shuddered. "Surely you cannot be serious?"

"Can you deny, that a few days since there was in your pocket a note without signature, doubtless from some favoured lover, who thanked you for having murdered his child, and thereby saved your reputation?"

Herrmann was not a little confounded when Amalberga suddenly burst into a loud laugh. She opened a drawer and took out a paper, which she handed to him. "Do you mean this?" said she.

"The same."

"It is from my old uncle. You are acquainted with his satirical turn. When I related to him my adventure in the convent, he was at first highly exasperated, and vowed that he would run the bishop through the body. I reminded him of our poverty and weakness, and that it would be better to say nothing about the matter, than to give scope to malicious tongues, and to draw down upon us the vengeance of a powerful enemy. I succeeded in pacifying him; but a few days afterwards he could not withstand the impulse to write a long and cutting satire on the bishop, with the intention of distributing it at court. I trembled for the consequences, and begged him to lend me the piece, as though I wanted to read or copy it, and threw it into the fire. This is what he in this note jocosely calls, murdering his child."

It is impossible for language to describe the feelings of the knight when he beheld the object of his affections standing before him pure and unimpeachable. Love and shame bent his knees, and the ve-

hemencc of his passion pleaded in excuse of the odious suspicion. The following day he presented Amalberga as his wife to the bishop, who "grinned horribly a ghastly smile."—The old knight celebrated the union of his niece in a spirited epithalamium, and never did a happier pair ascend the bridal bed.

Herrmann daily discovered new attractions in his wife. She had but one fault, in common with all her sex—curiosity. She did not rest, till in a happy moment she drew from her husband in what manner he had become so intimately acquainted with the contents of her pocket. He obliged her indeed to promise with an oath, not

to reveal the secret; and she faithfully kept her vow for many years. But when her beautiful daughters grew up, Amalberga could not withstand the impulse which she felt to communicate it to them. Thus it circulated privately from one to another, till at length it was transmitted to the present age, in which the ladies may perhaps have still stronger reasons than even those of former times, for not turning their pockets inside out. But, behold! in order to prevent the danger of being betrayed by some malicious Puttli, they suddenly and unanimously came to the resolution—*of wearing in future no pockets at all.*

EXTRAORDINARY ACCOUNT OF A BLIND LADY*.

OF all those who have been deprived of sight almost from their birth, the most surprising that ever existed, or will exist, was Mademoiselle Melanie de Salignac. She was a relation of M. de Lafargue, lieutenant-general in his Majesty's service, an old man, covered with scars and loaded with honours, and daughter to Madame de Blacy, who is still alive; she never ceases to regret the loss of a child who constituted the charm of her life, and was the object of admiration to all around her. Madame de Blacy is a woman distinguished for the eminence of her moral qualities, and who will readily answer any questions relative to the truth of my narration. It is under her auspices that I have collected such

particulars of the life of Mademoiselle de Salignac as escaped my own observation during an intimacy in the family, which began in 1760, and continued, without interruption, till 1763, the year that closed the life of the lady in question.

She had an unusual fund of good sense, the utmost mildness and sweetness of disposition, an uncommon penetration in her ideas, and great simplicity of character. One of her aunts invited her mother to come and assist her in entertaining nineteen Ostrogoths, whom she had invited to dinner. "I cannot conceive what my aunt means," said the niece; "why go and entertain nineteen Ostrogoths? For my part, I only wish to entertain those I love!"

* Extracted from the translation of the truly interesting *Memoirs and Correspondence of Baron de Grimm*, recently published by Colburn, Conduit-street.

The sound of the voice produced the same effect on her as the physiognomy has upon persons that see. One of her relations, a receiver-general of the finances, behaved very ill to her family, in a way extremely unexpected, on which she remarked, "Who could have conceived this with so sweet a voice!" When she heard any one sing, she distinguished between the voice of a fair and of a dark person. When any one spoke to her, she judged of their height by the direction in which the sound came.

She had no wish to see; and one day, when I asked her the reason of this, she answered me, "I should then have nothing but my own eyes, and now I enjoy the eyes of every body. By this privation, I am an object of constant interest and commiseration. I am obliged in some way at every moment, and at every moment I am grateful. Alas! if I were to see, people would soon think of me no more." The errors of sight very much diminished its value in her ideas. "I am," she said, "at the entrance of a long avenue; at the extremity of it is some object; to one of you it appears in motion; to another it appears still; one says that it is an animal, another that it is a man, and, on approaching it, it appears to be the stump of a tree. No one knows whether the tower they perceive afar off be round or square. I brave the clouds of dust, while those around me shut their eyes, and are miserable; sometimes they even suffer a whole day, for not having shut them soon enough. An almost imperceptible atom is sufficient to torment them cruelly."

At the approach of night she used to say, "that our reign was at an end, and her's was just then beginning." It will easily be conceived, that living in constant darkness, with the habit of acting and thinking in an eternal night, lying awake, which is so tormenting to us, was scarcely felt by her.

She could not pardon me for having said, that blind people, being deprived of witnessing the exterior signs of suffering, must also necessarily be cruel. "Do you think," said she, "that you hear the accents of complaint as I do?"—"But," said I, "there are many who suffer without allowing themselves to complain."—"I should soon find them out," she said, "and only pity them the more."

She was passionately fond of hearing any body read, and still more of music. "I think," she said, "that I could never be tired of listening to people who sing or play in a superior manner. If this happiness be the only one we are to enjoy in heaven, it will be sufficient for me. You think justly when you say, that it is the most powerful of all the fine arts, without excepting either poetry or eloquence; that even Racine does not express himself with the delicacy of a harp; that his melody is heavy and monotonous, compared with that of the instrument; and that you have often desired to give your style the force and lightness of the tones of Bach. For my part, it is the finest language I know. In languages spoken, those are reckoned to pronounce the best who articulate the syllables the most distinctly; instead of which,

in the language of music, the sounds that are the most remote from each other, from the grave to the acute, from the acute to the grave, are blended together, and follow imperceptibly; 'tis, if I may say so, one long syllable, the inflexions and expressions of which vary at every moment. While melody carries this sound to my ear, harmony executes it without confusion upon a variety of different instruments, two, three, four, or five, all concurring to strengthen the expression of the first; and the parties singing are so many interpreters, which I could readily dispense with, when the symphonist is a man of genius, and knows how to give character to his performance. It is in the silence of night, more especially, that I find music expressive and delicious.

"I persuade myself," she continued, "that those who see, distracted by their sight, can neither hear nor understand as clearly as I do. Why does the eulogium of music, which I hear from others, always appear to me poor and feeble? Why could I never express myself as I feel? Why, in the midst of what I would say, am I obliged to stop, seeking in vain for words which can paint the sensations I experience? Is it that no adequate words are yet invented? I cannot compare the effect that music has upon me, but to the sort of intoxication I experience when, after a long absence, I throw myself into the arms of my mother, when my voice fails me, all my limbs tremble, tears stream down my cheeks, my knees will no longer support me, I seem dying with pleasure."

She had the most delicate sense of modesty that I ever witnessed. Asking her the reason of it, "It is," she said, "the effect of my mother's good counsels. She has said so many things to me on this subject, that I will own I could scarcely comprehend them for a long time; and perhaps, in comprehending them, I have ceased to be innocent." She died of an inward tumour, which her modesty prevented her ever mentioning. In her dress, in her linen, in her person, there reigned a neatness, which is so much the more extraordinary, as not seeing herself, she could never be sure that she had done all that was requisite to avoid disgusting people of the opposite quality. If they were pouring out drink for her, she knew from the noise of the liquor in falling when the glass was full enough; she took her food with a surprising circumspection and address. Sometimes, as a joke, she would place herself before a glass to dress, imitating all the manners of a coquette, who is arming for conquest. This mimicry was most exact, and most truly laughable. From her earliest youth, it had been the study of all about her to improve her other senses to the utmost possible degree, and it is wonderful how far they had succeeded. By feeling she could distinguish peculiarities about the person of any one which might easily be overlooked by persons who had the best eyes. Her hearing and smell were exquisite; she judged, by the impression of the air, the state of the atmosphere, whether it was clondy or serene, whether she was in an open place or a street; and if a street,

whether it was a *cul-de-sac*; also, whether she was in the open air or in a room; and if in a room, whether it was large or small. She could calculate the size of a circumscribed space by the sound which her feet produced, or by that of her voice. When she had once gone over a house, the topography of it remained perfect in her head to such a degree, that she could warn others of any little danger they were likely to incur. "Take care, the door is too low—Do not forget that there is a step." She observed a variety in voices, of which we have no idea; and when once she had heard a person speak, she always knew the voice again.

She was little sensible to the charms of youth, or shocked at the wrinkles of old age. She said that she regarded nothing but the qualities of the heart and mind. One advantage which she always enumerated in being deprived of sight, particularly for a woman, was, that she was in no danger of having her head turned by a handsome man. She was exceedingly disposed to confide in others; it would have been no less easy than base to deceive her. It was an inexcusable cruelty to make her believe that she was alone in a room. She was not subject to any kind of panic terrors; seldom did she feel *ennui*, solitude had taught her to be every thing to herself. She had observed, that in travelling, at the close of day, the company began to grow silent. "For my part," she said, "I have no occasion to see those with whom I converse." Of all the qualities of the heart and mind, a sound judgment, mildness, and cheerfulness, were those which she prized the most.

She spoke little, and listened much: "I am like the birds," she said, "I learn to sing in darkness." In comparing things which she heard one day with those she heard another, she was shocked at the contradiction of our judgments; it seemed to her a matter of indifference whether she was praised or blamed by beings so inconsistent. She had been taught to read by means of letters cut out; she had an agreeable voice, and sung with taste; she could willingly have passed her life at the concert or the opera, nothing but noisy music was disagreeable to her. She danced delightfully, and had learned to play on the violin; from this latter talent she derived a great source of amusement to herself in drawing about her the young people of her own age, to teach them the dances that were most in fashion.

She was exceedingly beloved by all her brothers and sisters. "This," she said, "is another advantage which I derive from my infirmities. People attach themselves to me by the cares they render me, and by the efforts I make to deserve them and to be grateful for them. Added to this, my brothers and sisters are not jealous of me. If I had eyes, it would be at the expence of my heart and mind. I have so many reasons to be good—what would become of me if I were to lose the interest I inspire?"

In the reverse of fortune experienced by her parents, the loss of masters was the only one she regretted; but the masters of geometry and music had contracted so great an attachment and esteem for her, that they earnestly intreated permission to give her lessons gratuitously. "What shall I do,

Mamma?" said she, "they are not rich and have occasion for all their time."

She had been taught music by characters in relief, which were placed in raised lines upon the surface of a large table. These characters she read with her hand, then executed them upon her instrument, and after a very little study could play a part in a piece however long or complicated. She understood the elements of astronomy, algebra, and geometry. Her mother sometimes read to her the Abbé de la Caille's book, and asked her whether she understood it—"Oh perfectly," she replied. Geometry, she said, was the true science for the blind, because no assistance was wanting to carry it to perfection. "The geometrician," she said, "passes almost all his life with his eyes shut."

I have seen the maps by which she studied geography. The parallels and meridians were of brass wire; the boundaries of kingdoms and provinces were marked out by threads of silk or wool, more or less coarse; the rivers and mountains by pins' heads, some larger, others smaller; and the towns by drops of wax, according to the size of them. I one day said to her, "Mademoiselle, figure to yourself a cube."—"I see it," said she.—"Imagine a point in the centre of the cube."—"It is done."—"From this point draw lines directly to the angles, you will have divided the cube?"—"Into six equal pyramids," she answered, "having every one the same faces, the base of the cube, and the half of its height."—"That is true, but where do you see it?"—"In my head, as you do."—I will

own that I never could conceive how she formed figures in her head without colour.—Was this cube formed by remembering the sensations in touching it? was her brain become a sort of hand under which substances realized themselves? was a sort of correspondence established between two different senses? why does not the same correspondence exist in my head? and why do I see nothing in my head without colouring it?—What is the imagination of a blind person? This phenomenon is not so easy to be explained as one might suppose.

She wrote with a pin, with which she pricked a sheet of paper stretched upon a frame, on which were two movable metal rods, that left between them only the proper space between one line and another. The same mode of writing served in answer; she read it by passing her finger over the inequalities made by the pin on the reverse of the paper. She could read a book printed only on one side; Prault printed some in this manner for her use. One of her letters was inserted in the Mercury, of the times. She had the patience to copy with her needle the *Abrégé Historique* of M. Henault, and I have obtained from Madame Blacy this singular manuscript.

The following fact appears difficult to be believed, though attested by every one of her family, by myself, and twenty other persons still alive. In a piece of twelve or fifteen lines, if the first letter of every word was given her, with the number of letters of which each word was composed, she would find out every word, how oddly soever the composition might be put to-

gether. I made the experiment upon the *Amphigouris* of Collé. She sometimes hit upon an expression much happier than that used by the poet.

She would thread the smallest needle with great dexterity, placing the thread or silk on the index finger of her left hand, and drawing it to a very fine point, which she passed through the eye of the needle, holding it perpendicularly. There was no sort of needle-work that she could not execute; she made purses and bags, plain or with fine open work, in different patterns, and with a variety of colours; garters, bracelets, collars for the neck, with very small glass beads sewn upon them in alphabetical characters. I have no doubt that she would have been an excellent compositor for the press; they who can perform the larger work, can execute the smaller.

She played perfectly well at *reversis*, at the *mediator*, and at *quadrille*. She sorted the cards herself, distinguishing each by some little mark she had formed to herself, and which she knew by the touch, though they were not perceptible either to the sight or touch of any other person. The only attention required from the rest of the party was to name the cards as they played them. If at *reversis* the *quinola* was in danger, a gentle smile spread itself over her lips, which she could not restrain, though conscious of the indiscretion.

She was a fatalist, and thought that the efforts we make to escape our destiny, only contribute to bring it on. What, it may be asked, were her religious opinions?—I cannot tell; it was a secret

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which she kept to herself, out of respect for a pious mother.

Nothing more remains but to give you her ideas upon writing, drawing, engraving, and painting. I do not believe it possible to have any nearer to the truth. You will, I hope, form the same judgment when you read the following conversation, in which I am an interlocutor. She speaks first.

“If you were to trace on my hand the figure of a nose, a mouth, a man, a woman, a tree, I certainly should not be mistaken; I should not despair, even, if the likeness were exact, of being able to name the person you had sketched: my hand would become to me a sensible mirror; but great indeed is the difference between this canvas and the organ of sight. I suppose, then, that the eye is a living canvas of infinite delicacy; the air strikes the object; from this object it is reflected towards the eye, which receives an infinite number of different impressions, according to the nature, the form, and the colour of the object, and perhaps the qualities of the air: these are unknown to me, and you do not know much more of them than myself: it is by the variety of these sensations that they are painted to you. If the skin of my hand equalled the delicacy of your eyes, I should see with my hand as you see with your eyes; and I sometimes figure to myself, that there are animals who are blind, and not the less clear sighted.”

“But the mirror?”

“If all bodies are not so many mirrors, it is by some defect in their texture, which extinguishes the reflection of the air. I adhere

so much the more to this idea, since gold, silver, fire, polished copper, become proper for reflecting the air, and that troubled water and streaked ice lose this property. It is the variety of the sensation, and consequently the property of reflecting the air in the matter you employ, which distinguishes writing from drawing, drawing from engraving, and engraving from painting. Writing, drawing, engraving, painting, with only one colour, are so many cameos."

"But when there is only one colour, how can any other colour be discerned?"

"'Tis apparently the nature of the canvas, the thickness of the colour, and the manner of employing it, that introduces in the reflection of the air a variety corresponding with that of the forms.

For the rest, do not ask me any thing more; I have gone to the utmost extent of my knowledge."

"And I should be giving myself a great deal of very useless trouble in endeavouring to teach you more."

I have not told you all respecting this interesting creature that I might have observed, if I had had more opportunities of seeing and interrogating her; and I give you my word of honour, that I have related nothing but what I witnessed myself. She died at the age of twenty. With an astonishing memory, and a penetration equal to it, what a progress might she have made in the paths of science, if Heaven had granted her a longer life! Her mother used to read history to her very much, and it was a function equally useful and agreeable to both.

THE COGITATIONS OF SCRIBLERUS.

No. IV.

"So far at present are our dreams in our power, that they are generally conformable to our waking thoughts."
BYRON.

I HAD prepared my writing paper last evening for my usual monthly essay, had nibbed my pen, and put a fresh quantity of ink into my glass, with the intention of treating my readers with a most *sublime* essay. I continued to turn over the last number of the *Repository*, and criticised on the lubrications of my fellow-labourers in that journal, when I found myself become less and less qualified for the task I had undertaken. Whether this arose from the fatiguing *dance* I had had to my bookseller's in the city, or from taking an extra glass of "black bodied

port," I know not, but the pamphlet vanished, by degrees, before my eyes. I was no longer conscious of being in my study. I nodded, and soon fell into a profound sleep. The visions, however, of somnolency partook of my waking thoughts: methought the Magazine which I held in my hand was now *upreared* before me on my writing-table; the embellishments passed embodied before my sight, and at length the plate of fashions paused before me. Here methought two beautiful females in elegant costume stepped out of their envelope; they then joined hands and parad-

ed before me, in a manner in which I had seen the Lady Catherine of the galanted slow promenade, to the great delight of a juvenile auditory; they then dropped a curtsy, and addressed me as follows:—"Mortal, whose province it is to cogitate for the readers of the *Repository of Arts*, attend to what we are about to say. We are deputed by the Genius of Fancy to conduct you to one of her depositories; follow then our instructions." At these words, the females vanished in the perspective, until they again fell into the leaves of the book; they then kissed hands to me, and were lost in the leaves. Suddenly, methought, a flight of literary bannings flew over my head, making a noise like the rustling of folios of paper; and as it subsided, a card fell on the ground, with the following inscription written in gold letters:—"Admit Johannes Scriblerus to our depôt," and signed, "Fancy." I was about to draw on a pair of silk stockings, preparatory to my expedition, and was trying to *coar* a small hole which appeared above my shoe, and in so doing had started a larger higher up, which no gaiter could cover; when I felt a slight tap on the shoulder, and catching my eye in my looking-glass, found my appearance so visibly changed, that, like the old woman in the song, I doubted "if it could be I." My rusty black coat was changed to a fashionable brown; my linen, which no laundress had had the temerity to wash for some weeks, except by flooding it with water, now looked beautifully white; a stiff frill, vying with that of a corporal of the guards, projected from my breast; wristbands,

of a length to cover my knuckles, nearly met two rings of diamonds; a scarlet silk under-vest gave a warm tint to my cheeks; my *catalogues* were of black velvet, and my shoes were decked with lachets of or-molu; nor was a *chapeau-bras*, with a *blind* cockade, wanting, to make me *au fait*.

Thus attired, I pass by "the rest of the stuff that dreams are made of," and proceeded to the scene of action. On my arrival, I passed through a pair of folding doors, formed of painted glass, and lighted by flames of gas in the shape of the millet and lotus; when, arriving at a flight of steps, I was shewn into a large apartment or library. Its form was a parallelogram, and at its sides were arranged books, treating of works of art, of the most expensive and scarce kinds, ornamented with the most superb bindings. These rose to the *dado* of the wall. The part above was covered with works of the pencil; but in this collection no doubtful varnishings of old masters struck the sight, but those of the English school, which, perhaps, it is left to posterity duly to appreciate; and then only will the truth of a Hills, the silvery tints of a Varley, the breadth of Cristall, obtain the proper meed of applause. In a niche was a lovely figure of Psyche, rivalling marble; on chiffoniers of rose-wood stood busts of our beloved Monarch and the Prince Regent, surrounded with various ornaments of taste and virtue. From the centre of the ceiling hung an immense chandelier of bronze; library tables were placed for the convenience of reading books, at the end of which were

large urns of bronze, surmounted with ground glass lamps, which shed a tender light on all around. Over the chimney, at one end, was an inscription, the penmanship of the inimitable Tomkins.

Having for a time surveyed the inanimate inhabitants of the fairy scene, I turned my eyes to the animated part: the chairs were occupied by groups of females turning over books of pictorial embellishment. Here was a lovely brunette, darting an eye of piercing black over the Sports of India, and, in brilliancy, vying with the sparkling vision of the mimic tiger, to fascinate the unsuspecting beholder; there an eye of softest blue, viewing herself in the embellishment of a Shakspeare and a Milton, rivalling a Musidora or an Ophelia. In one place were groups of gentlemen discanting on the politics of the day; there a galaxy of females poring over modern costume. "The room you now stand in," said a gentleman in green, "is the one which was once kept by Mr. Shipley, from whose exertions emanated the Society for the Encouragement of Arts."—"It is then," said I, "classic ground."—"So far," continued my informant,

"you are right; as here a Cosway and a Mortimer first evinced those abilities which have done honour to their country. That gentleman," continued he, "who now enters the room, is the proprietor of the building; to him the public owe the national works of a *Microcosm*, a *Westminster Abbey*, and *Histories of Oxford and Cambridge*. He is fond of the society of literary men and of artists, and will always be glad to see you. But see, sir," continued he, "the party is dispersing, will you join us at the supper-table?" This, I thought, would be too familiar. I, therefore, for the present, declined it, promising, however, quickly to visit the Temple of Fancy again. Methought I was now set down at my own lodgings, and was about to pay the hackney-coachman; but, alas! the goddesses of Fancy had forgot to empty the 3s. 6d. out of my blue worsted pantaloons, and my velvet *culottes* were *sans sous*. Coachee was abusive. I was about to strike him, when my knuckles received a contusion. It awoke me, and I found myself, not in the Repository of Arts, but in the Inner Temple Chambers, preparing to vent a Cogitation.

FRAGMENTS FROM THE POCKET-BOOK OF AN AMATEUR.

PORTICOS.

OUR architects have not unfrequently been accused of impropriety, for having introduced into this country the architecture of Italy. It is urged, that the difference of climates will not admit a similar style of building; that colonnades and porticos, however

elegant, are but sacrifices of comfort to appearance in our humid atmosphere.

But if the validity of these objections against the portico be admitted, they must surely operate with double force against the viranda, which is the native of a still warmer clime. The former cer-

tainly appears better able to support the pelting of the storm, and less likely to be affected by the northern blasts, than the latter, which is formed of much more "penetrable stuff;" and surely with regard to appearance it is indisputably pre-eminent: if therefore beauty be at all worth our consideration (and in any of the fine arts it ought always to be a principal one), this alone would determine us in favour of the portico.

But admitting that the portico is only an useless appendage to a building, its extreme beauty would still plead strongly in its favour. "*Gran senza al peccat é gran bellezza**," is a maxim which in architecture ought not to be wholly disregarded.

Can those who inveigh against the impropriety of adopting the Palladian model, survey with indifference the supreme elegance of a Chiswick, or the magnificence of a Wenstead or a Holkham? or can they contend, that any of these would be improved by a removal of the portico, the most conspicuous, perhaps not the least beautiful feature? Let it, too, be considered, that, notwithstanding the reproaches made against the ungenialness of our climate, the sun sometimes condescends to visit us. The portico has almost universally a southern aspect: in a bright day in winter, therefore, when the sun is low, it receives all its rays, and being sheltered from the north, affords an agreeable ambulatory, convenient from its proximity; to which advantages may sometimes be added the charm of interesting prospect.

* Great beauty atones for many errors.

In summer it will often be found inconveniently warm in the middle of the day, notwithstanding our English sky; yet even then the portico will afford a delightfully shaded lounge in an evening, for those who choose not to roam further.

Colonnades possess nearly similar advantages; yet as they are generally employed to connect the wings to the main building, they are more remote from the saloon or principal rooms; neither do they command so extensive a view: they form, however, a longer walk, and if of different aspects, sun or shade may be chosen, as best adapted to the temperature of the weather.—By moonlight, the portico or colonnade is not less attractive than by day. To the studious or invalid they must be very convenient: to the first, as affording a promenade at a short distance from the library, perhaps nearly contiguous; to the latter, not only as offering an opportunity of taking moderate exercise and of enjoying fresh air, but as affording a walk sheltered and perfectly dry at those times when the damp of the grass might render the lawn neither so secure nor pleasant.

The viranda does not possess equal advantages: it has not the spaciousness of the portico, nor the length of the colonnade; in beauty it has no pretensions to rival them: it may therefore be presumed, that no one would choose the former who could afford to build the latter. In street architecture the viranda has no utility, as very few, I presume, would choose to lounge in so conspicuous a situation. The portico may at least

have some appearance of utility, if only as an entrance. The colour of the viranda, which is, I believe, always green, gives it a vulgar look. Unless supported by columns, it conveys an idea of insecurity, which is no inconsiderable defect: at best, it appears to be not a part of the building to which it is attached, but an excrescence—something of a temporary erection. Yet how often does it happen, that

L'ennui du beau nous fait aimer le laid,
Et préférer le moindre au plus parfait.

WATTS'S VIEWS.

This work contains some extremely beautiful subjects, beautifully executed; yet, as a collection of Views of Seats, it is very imperfect, and, as a *selection*, it exhibits a most singular capriciousness.

The views of Chiswick House, Wanstead, Houghton, Wrotham, and a few more are exquisite delineations of elegant buildings, and cannot fail to captivate every lover of architecture. *O si sic omnia!* But from these we turn to views of Harewood and Caen House (or rather prospects of the adjacent country, than views of those seats), of Hooton, Melton Constable, and Westwick: the three latter are destitute of all pretensions to beauty; nevertheless, they are admitted, while Blenheim and Castle Howard are excluded.

Yet surely Blenheim, as a national monument, ought not to have been overlooked; surely Castle Howard is not inferior either to Milton or Westwick House. Sir Joshua Reynolds did not think it unworthy to be particularised by him as one of the noblest fabrics which this country possesses.

GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE.

Gothic architecture has been of late years a favourite pursuit, and many scientific works have been published on the subject. The pencil of the artist has been almost unremittingly employed in delineating the noble specimens with which our island abounds; and the architect has not unfrequently copied them, and endeavoured to erect the modern villa from the remains of our abbies and castles. It is not my intention, in this place, to discuss the comparative merits of Gothic and Grecian architecture; each style possesses beauties peculiar to itself, which are in many instances quite incompatible with the genius of the other.

The extended aisle, fretted roofs, and storied windows of the ancient cathedral, appear, from the awe and reverence which they inspire, to be peculiarly adapted to a place of devotion, to which the gloom and sombre hue of the whole adds not inconsiderably. The antiquity too of these sacred edifices, which have beheld a hundred successive generations within their walls, acts no less forcibly on the imagination. Were we to divest them of this solemn appearance of age, of their mysterious gloom and silence; in short, were we to renovate them, we should rob them of their greatest interest. At any rate, Gothic architecture does not appear well calculated for convenience of internal arrangement and domestic comfort; if characteristic, and undebased by capricious innovations, it will have a sombre air, ill according with the elegance of modern habits of living: it must, indeed, be confessed, that the Gothic

style would not be inappropriate in either the library or chapel; yet the other apartments ought not to be sacrificed to these alone.

A Gothic staircase has always proved a stumbling-block to modern architects; still, when a strict adherence is paid to beautiful models, a Gothic mansion may be tolerated: but this, from the delicacy and redundancy of its ornaments, will be attended with great expence, and, unless this is done, deformity is generally produced; plain windows and arches are hideous. If the ecclesiastic, that is, the conventual and cathedral style, is not the most eligible for a residence, the castellated is still less so.

An ancient castle, situated on a beetling cliff, or upon some bold eminence, surrounded by coeval woods and congenial wildness, whose massy walls and towers appear to bid defiance to the rage of elements, the force of war, or the power of time, is undoubtedly a highly noble, romantic, and picturesque object; yet who would select it for a dwelling? Enlarge its loopholes to modern sashes, remove the ponderous portcullis, in short, metamorphose it to a *spruce* building, with battlements, it becomes contemptible, calculated to please none but the most vicious taste. It would be as consonant to propriety, to change our houses into prisons or fortresses, as to quit the rules of Palladio for those of Vauban.

THE BEAUTIES OF ENGLAND AND WALES.

In prefixing this title to their work, it appears to have been the intention of the editors to select for its embellishment, such scenery or buildings as were most conspicu-

ous for elegance and beauty; this at least might be naturally expected: it is not, therefore, without great astonishment, that we find many subjects totally devoid of beauty, others so much misrepresented as to convey not the remotest idea of the originals. What person of common sense would expect to find the residence of the *celebrated* Dr. Solomon (certainly a snug comfortable sashed box) distinguished as one of the edifices most worthy representation? To judge by such specimens, our island must be very deficient indeed in beauty. But seriously speaking, it appears to be little less than an insult to the public, to insert such trash in any work that pretends to respectability. For instances of *misrepresentation*, let the views of Wanstead, Carlton House, and Whitehall, suffice.—“Nil fuit unquam sic dispar sibi!” Perhaps it is better to have such contemptible objects as Gilead House, executed in a corresponding style, than to behold edifices of real beauty delineated in so contemptible a manner.

These remarks are equally applicable to

THE BEAUTIES OF SCOTLAND, which exhibit, if possible, still less judgment in selection, and inferior execution. Edinburgh has supplied but two subjects; Glasgow and Aberdeen none. The two former cities contain some very elegant buildings, both public and private; although I believe they have never yet been delineated collectively in any graphic work of importance. It is, however, to be hoped, that, among the numerous splendid works daily publishing, some one will appear, which may

supply this deficiency, and enable those who have not visited our northern metropolis, to form a correct idea of its most prominent and characteristic features. Will not those artists who have given such eminent proofs of their abilities in the plates to Ackermann's *Westminster Abbey* and *Oxford*, employ them, at some not very distant period, upon subjects, which, if not equally beautiful, are, from their remoteness, less known? Such an undertaking could hardly fail of encouragement.

STATUES.

Many persons affect to consider the employing of statues as external ornaments, an absurdity. A critic of this sort will say, that, it is ridiculous to place a figure in such a situation as no living person could maintain, at least not for any length of time; nor is he able to behold them exposed to the severity of the weather, without expressing that commiseration, which perhaps he would not do for human beings in real distress.

To suppose for a moment, that any one can mistake a statue for a man, is to suppose a gross absurdity. Perfect illusion is far from being the aim of an artist: for were we to assume this as the criterion of excellence, we must allow, that the *chef d'œuvres* of Greece are inferior to wax-work. Even in the drama complete deception is not aimed at; nor would it, if attained, constitute superior excellence; else must Shakspeare be inferior to the writer of a modern farce.

Ridiculum odi, is the exclamation of those critics who pretend to reject with contempt every thing that is unnatural; not reflecting,

that, in all the imitative arts, much absurdity (or at least what according to their reasoning is absurdity,) must be admitted, or much excellence sacrificed. What is the poetic language of our best tragic poets, if estimated by this standard, but a glaring absurdity? what the polished diction of our best comic authors but an absurdity? in real life no one speaks blank verse, or maintains in conversation that true elegance which we so much admire on the stage. Every thing on the theatre is exaggeration — every passion heightened — all is less *natural* that it may be more pleasing; were it otherwise, a monstrous insipidity would be the result.

Might not those who affect to compassionate a statue exposed to the inclemencies of the seasons, as well pretend to regard with pain the representation of a storm in a picture; and with greater propriety, as the storm exhibits a picture of distress, whereas the statue discovers no signs of impatience or suffering. Statues are placed where no person could stand without being giddy: this, say they, is intolerably absurd; and is a portrait, which supposes an aperture in the wall, a less absurdity? where the ground is frequently represented, although the picture is placed at a considerable distance from the floor; consequently, were the aperture real, no pavement or floor could be seen. Might we not also quarrel with a painter for not giving motion to his figures, alledging it to be a gross defect to see figures apparently in motion, yet really stationary? If the artist had attained the highest excellence compatible with the rules and extent



of his art, we ought not to blame him for not having performed impossibilities. What are those exquisite arabesques, reliefs, and sculptures, the pride of art, and the delight of those who have any relish for it, but absurdities, *ambilis insanie*.

But to attempt to criticise the productions of art and imagination by the same rules that we apply to realities, must be confessed to be, of all absurdities, the greatest.

(*To be continued.*)

PLATE 23.—ST. LEONARD'S CHURCH, SHOREDITCH.

SHOREDITCH, the north-eastern avenue to the British metropolis, did not receive its name, according to the idle story, from the beautiful, but ill-fated Jane Shore, the mistress of Edward IV. who is said to have expired of want in a ditch. It is certain that this manor, formerly termed Sordich, some centuries before that period gave name to a distinguished family, of which Sir John de Sordich, a person eminently skilled in the laws, was sent by Edward III. to Pope Clement VI. to remonstrate against the right claimed by his holiness to present to English livings, which he filled with foreigners, who never resided on their cures, and thus drained the kingdom of its wealth. It is somewhat remarkable, that the pronunciation of the lower classes of the Londoners at present exactly corresponds with the ancient mode of writing this name.

In the time of Henry VIII. Shoreditch acquired much fame from Barlo, an inhabitant, and an expert archer, who, in a shooting-match at Windsor, gained the favourable notice of the king, who named him on the spot Duke of Shoreditch. This title the captain of the London archers retained for many years. The first duke gave a splendid match, though at the

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expense of the city, to his associates of the bow. On this occasion he summoned all his officers, with their train of archers, to accompany him to Smithfield. In compliance with this requisition, appeared the *Marquisses* of Clerkenwell, Islington, Hoxton, Pancras, Shacklewell, &c. marching in fantastical habits, characteristic of their mock nobility, and followed by hunters who wound their horns. Near a thousand of this gallant train had gold chains, and the rest were richly dressed. The archers, with their attendants, amounted to 4000 men, and after performing their evolutions, they shot at the target for glory.

At the northern extremity of Shoreditch, and facing the end of Old-street-road, stands the church of St. Leonard. Upon this spot there was, at a very early period, a religious edifice dedicated to the same saint; and there exist records relative to a dispute concerning it in the reign of Henry II. About the beginning of the last century, the old church, built of chalk and rubble, was so much out of repair, that on Sunday, Dec. 23, 1716, during divine service, the walls cracked with a frightful noise, and occasioned the fall of a considerable quantity of mortar, which sq

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alarmed the congregation, that they fled on all sides to the doors, where many were severely injured in their efforts to escape. The surveyors reported, that the walls were utterly decayed, the pavement eight feet lower than the street, and the ceiling very low. The edifice was accordingly taken down, and the present church, erected in its stead, was finished about 1735.

It is a handsome stone building, to which there is an ascent by a double flight of plain steps, leading to a portico composed of four Doric columns, bearing an angular pediment. The body of the church is plain, but well lighted; and the steeple lofty, light, and elegant. The tower, at a proper height, has a series of Ionic columns, on the entablature of which are scrolls supporting as many Corinthian columns on pedestals. These again support a dome, from whose crown rises a series of columns of the Composite order: on their entablature rests the spire, with its vane, upon four balls, which give it an air of additional lightness. The tower contains a good ring of ten bells.

The interior is handsomely decorated. At the east end is a window of painted glass, one compartment of which represents the Last Supper. It was bought and set up in the old church, at the expence of certain of the parishioners, and seems to have formed one of the subjects of complaint urged by the puritanical reformers in 1642, against the Rev. Mr. Squire, the then vicar. Dr. Walker, in his *History of the Sufferings of the Clergy*, relates, that the tenth article exhibited against that divine

was, "allowing the picture of the Virgin Mary, and our Saviour and his twelve Apostles at his Last Supper, in glass."—"In return to which (continues the same writer), it must be known, that there was no picture of the Virgin Mary in his church; of our Saviour and his Apostles there was indeed. The parishioners would have had these taken down, and a crucifix erected in the room of them, but this Mr. Squire opposed. The figure taken for that of the Virgin was intended for St. John, whose face is represented as very effeminate."

On one side of this painting is another, which was in the east window of the third aisle of the old church. The subject of one compartment is the Reconciliation of Jacob and Esau. The second light is the Vision of Jacob; and the third represents that patriarch on his knees, with a scroll, bearing the words of Genesis xxxii. 10, in Latin, issuing from his mouth. Over these, in smaller lights, are the evangelists, with their proper symbols. On one side are the arms of the Clothworkers' Company, and on the other those of Mr. Austin, who, according to an inscription underneath, gave these embellishments in 1634. This part of the window is said, by the late Earl of Orford, in his *Anecdotes of Painting*, to have been executed by Baptista Sutton.

On each side of the altar are pictures of Aaron and Moses, given in 1740 by Mr. Thomas Page.

This church was repaired in 1766, and again in 1792. Its length is 130 feet; breadth, 72; height from the pavement of the portico, 102.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

MR. ACKERMANN has in the press, a *Common Prayer-Book*, in royal 8vo. with twelve beautiful engravings, from designs by Burney and Thurston.

Speedily will be published, *Historical Sketches of Russia*, by Mr. PAUL SVININE, the gentleman who brought the late General Moreau from America, and in whose arms he expired. It will comprehend particulars never before published, and twelve engravings, consisting of picturesque views, and portraits of the Emperor Alexander and the Empress, from paintings lately executed by himself; that of his Majesty being done not a month since, at his head-quarters in France.

Shortly will be published, in foolscap 8vo. *Tears of the Novel Writers, or Fiction's Urn*, a satirical poem: to which will be added, Epistles to the most celebrated Authors of the nineteenth century.

The Rev. John Townsend, of Bermondsey, has announced, by subscription, in two vols. 8vo. dedicated by permission to his Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester, a new edition of *A Defence of the Reformation*, by the learned and Rev. John Claude.

Mr. Roche, of Sudbury, is finishing for the press a poem, in quarto, to be entitled "*France*."

Mr. Alexander Walker has in the press the following works:—

1. *A Critical Analysis of Lord Bacon's Philosophy*, preceded by a historical sketch of the progress of science from the fall of the Roman empire till the time of Bacon; a biographical account of that philo-

sopher; a critical view of his writings in general; and a delineation of their influence over philosophy down even to the present times, two vols. 8vo.—2. *Outlines of a Natural System of Universal Science*, preceded by a preliminary discourse, exhibiting a view of the Natural System, and followed by refutations of all the prevalent hypotheses in philosophy, three vols. 8vo.—3. *A Natural System of the History, Anatomy, Physiology, and Pathology of Man*, adapted not only to the use of the professional student, but to that of the general reader, the amateur, and the artist; illustrated by numerous plates and synoptic tables, four vols. 8vo. and one folio.—These three works form one systematic series. The first is chiefly meant to deliver the great principles of modern science; the second, to combine its scattered facts under one theory, and to reduce them to one original, simple, and impressive system; and the third, to detail those particular portions of science which, of all, the author deems the most interesting.

Speedily will be published, *The Churchman armed against the Errors of the Times*, by the Society for the Distribution of Tracts in Defence of the Established Church. This work is on the plan, and a companion to *The Scholar Armed*, and will, like that, form two large vols. 8vo.

A work is announced by subscription, entitled *Roman Costume*, from the latter period of the Republic to the close of the Empire of the East, by a Graduate of the University of Oxford and F. S. A.

The valuable discovery of paintings and bronzes, by the excavations at Herculaneum, affords authentic originals for the dress at the beginning of the empire. The column of Trajan presents many specimens in the commencement of the following century, as does that of Antonine for the middle of it. The arch of Severus begins the succeeding one; that of Constantine the next; and the column of Theodosius the middle of the following one. Other pieces of sculpture, diptycs, and coins, fill up the intermediate times, and extend it to the end of the Empire of the West. That assiduous collector, Du Cange, and others, lend their able assistance towards the pursuit of costume in the Eastern Empire; and its latter periods have survived the ravages of time in illuminations on vellum, illustrating the literary productions of the age. The correct colours of the Roman dress are to be found, not only by a reference to the notices of their authors, but in the Herculaneum paintings, tessellated pavements, and Greek manuscripts.

The Origin of the Constitution, or the Identity of the Church and State in Great Britain, will appear in a few days, in a small octavo volume.

Major Landmann's *Historical, Military, and Picturesque Observations on Portugal*, illustrated by numerous coloured views; and authentic plans of all the sieges and battles fought in the Peninsula during the present war, will form two elegant volumes: the first comprising the military and political account of that country, from the

earliest period down to the time of publication; and the second volume, containing the author's Military Reconnoissances, the Local History and Picturesque Observations, embellished with views selected for the purpose of conveying as much military information as possible. The engravings, about seventy in number, will be accurately coloured, from the original drawings of the author; and the whole will be comprised in twelve or fourteen parts, published monthly, price one guinea each.

The Princess Elizabeth, whose literary and inventive powers have often been displayed through her pen and pencil, and which have always done so much credit to her exalted rank, has, we are informed, been long engaged in a series of biographical sketches, which, to a future age, are likely to constitute the secret memoirs of a considerable part of her father's eventful reign. Many beautiful drawings and engravings, after exquisite designs by this illustrious lady, already adorn the collections and libraries of the nobility. We understand, however, that she has latterly been engaged chiefly in painting subjects of natural history, a branch of art which she now prefers to works of mere imagination.

We learn also, that her Majesty has evinced royal munificence in her rich collection of illustrated books, in her newly formed and splendid library at Frogmore. Her Majesty's select library at the Castle evinces her taste and acumen in matters of general literature; but her library at Frogmore is an

example worthy of being followed by crowned heads and persons of high rank throughout Europe.

Early in the present month, a meeting took place at the London Tavern, for the purpose of effecting a reform or change in the treatment of insanity. Hitherto the insane have been subject to a severe and harsh treatment; and the strong principle of fear, sternly and indiscriminately applied, has been almost the only means adopted of correcting the wanderings of reason, or the diseased ebullitions of passion. It has, however, been ascertained, by an experiment made in a lunatic asylum, called *The Retreat*, at York, that better effects have resulted from a system, the prevailing feature of which is kindness, and even certain degrees of indulgence; and a laudable desire to extend the same system to the metropolis, led to this meeting at the London Tavern. The institution there proposed, and the design of which was zealously adopted by the meeting, is intended to be founded near London, for the accommodation of 400 patients of every class, upon terms suited to the poor as well as the rich. A space of not less than forty acres is to be allotted to the building, for garden ground and other purposes, either of pleasure or profit; the expences to be defrayed by a subscription of one thousand shareholders, at 100*l.* each. It was stated at the meeting, that an intelligent physician estimates the number of insane persons, in and near London, at six thousand; and that nearly half the number of patients admitted into the hospitals are every year dismissed incurable. In

the Retreat, at York, where the mild treatment has been acted upon for many years, the ratio is sixteen out of eighty-two old or hopeless cases, which have been discharged cured; in St. Luke's but eighteen out of three hundred and twenty-three; and in Bethlem but one out of seventy-eight. These facts are unerring proofs of the public duty of supporting the new system.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

A Selection from the Melodies of different Nations, including a few popular Airs, by celebrated Authors, united to original English Verses, never before published, with new Symphonies and Accompaniments for the Piano-Forte, by Muzio Clementi; the Poetry by David Thomson. Vol. I. Pr. 15s.

No one will deny, that a work of the above description, if conducted with judicious selection, by a combination of musical and poetical talent, must prove one of the greatest treats the cultivated amateur and even the professor can wish for; and we are free to add, these requisites appear to us to have had their full share of co-operation in the production of the publication before us. Of its poetical merit it would not become us to pronounce critically; but as far as our individual opinion, given without any pretension, may be accepted, we think Mr. T. has done much more than merely finding metre and rhyme for the various melodies contained in this volume; and, generally speaking, the fidelity of the translation is vouched by even the music itself, to which, in most cases, we were compelled

to resort for evidence, from our ignorance of the original texts; which, by the bye, we should have been glad to have found added to the Spanish, Italian, and German songs. In the case of the German air, however ("Cupid in London"), we must own, the melody feels the liberties that have been taken with the original text.

With regard to the musical arrangement, the name of Mr. Clementi, of which it boasts, will be sufficient to impart to the whole work classical distinction; and his share in the undertaking is the more precious and welcome, at a time when his unrivalled Muse seemed to have bid farewell to her lyre. In hearing the symphonies and the accompaniments to these melodies, we feel afresh, and with increased keenness, the loss we sustain by the veteran's repose from an active, long, and brilliant professional career.

As to the choice of the airs themselves, whether of Spanish, Italian, German, Russian, Gaelic, Irish, Scotch, English, or Persian growth, we perceive throughout the collection the discrimination of a refined taste and a matured judgment. The typographical execution of the work does the publishers great credit; its beauty may challenge competition with any musical publication in this country.

A Trio for the Piano-Forte, Flute, and Violoncello, in which is introduced the popular Air, "When War's Alarms," composed, and dedicated to Miss Littlejohn, by T. Haigh. Pr. 2s. 6d.

A composition of real merit. The character of the air upon which it is founded, has infused into the

whole a tinge of the steady old style; which, however, is so much in its place, and exhibited with so much skill, as to become attractive even to a modern ear of taste. Indeed, the science Mr. H. has displayed in the arrangement of his parts, his basses, the clever counterpoints, and fugued passages, places him very high in our estimation. Among the many individual portions of this publication, we content ourselves with noticing the coda, *p. 6*, the regular progress of which, by a range of syncopated chords upon a bass of successive fourths, has afforded us true gratification. The introductory prelude too is chastely conceived, proceeding with regular activity to the pause, which prepares for the *andante*. All is good.

Air from the Opera of Castor and Pollux, composed by Winter, with Variations for the Piano-Forte, by Gelinek. Pr. 2s. 6d.

From a most charming theme, the Rev. Mr. Gelinek has in this publication deduced six variations and a coda of exquisite workmanship, and of which it would not be easy to select any portion as deserving of preference over the remainder. The whole is a masterly performance, eminently entitled to our warmest commendation. It requires, however, considerable proficiency to do justice to it, as many of the passages are of somewhat a novel character, and as the left hand has its full share of active employment.

"Liondormoit," a celebrated French Air, with Variations, composed by J. Mugnié. Pr. 2s. 6d.

Few subjects have been so often varied as this well known French

air; in which there is a *naïveté* and simplicity of melody, eminently susceptible of every kind of embellishment. Mozart himself has honoured it with his pen in the same manner as Mr. Mugnié, and, in our opinion, the labour of the latter is by no means obscured by a comparison with the variations of the great German Orpheus. What we peculiarly approve in the publication before us, is, the effective employment of the left hand. In the second variation, the two hands are in constant alternate play; in the third, the bass has an active triplet accompaniment, interspersed with crossed-hand touches; and, in the fourth, the passages of the bass are numerous and appropriate. The *adagio* (var. 5,) is a fanciful and really elegant production; but somewhat intricate, on account of the diversity of time in the notes that represent the melody.

Vittoria, Field Marshal Wellington's Grand Victory, a Military Bravoura for the Piano-Forte, composed by M. Holst. Pr. 3s.

A military *bravoura* for the bayonet, unquestionably; but less so for the piano-forte. This we mention for the author's advantage, lest such an appellation might unnecessarily deter modest merit from venturing upon the performance of his composition, which appears to us by no means of difficult execution; on the contrary, every thing lies well under the hand; nor is there any display of profound or even uncommon harmony, which might startle the perception of a common musical ear. The two movements, a march and a waltz, in three flats, proceed with regular propriety, through their several

component phrases, in a smooth and agreeable manner, and, what is now-a-days of no small merit, with constant attention to the requisites of correct harmony.

A second Air, with Variations, for the Piano-Forte, composed, and inscribed to Miss Marshall, by J. F. Burrowes. Pr. 2s.

On a very simple theme, Mr. B. has engrafted six or seven variations, in the conception of which we observe less novelty of ideas, than agreeable ease and volubility. We think the 4th var. entitled to preferable commendation; its delicate semitonal shades render it peculiarly graceful and select: the minore (var. 6.) is likewise respectable; and the coda, with its repletive bass manœuvres, is neatly imagined. The whole being free from executive intricacy, will be found a proper exercise for players of rising ability.

Instructions for the Piano-Forte, consisting of 32 progressive Lessons; fingered, prefaced, and interspersed with various necessary Observations; to which is added, a short Prelude in the seven principal Keys: the whole composed, selected, and arranged by F. I. Klose. Pr. 5s.

As a compendium to be used under the direction of a master, this elementary work appears to us very eligible: it is perspicuous and concise indeed, the whole of the preparatory instruction being contained in three pages. That such contracted limits must have left it to the master to supply by oral instruction many things generally included in such treatises, is natural. The chapter of the scales of the different keys, for instance,

is omitted, although the keys themselves are regularly introduced in the lessons which follow the didactic part, and occupy the principal portion of the publication. These lessons, indeed, constitute its great merit: the author's care to render them scrupulously progressive, and the judgment with which he guides his pupil from step to step, initiating him, *en passant*, as it were, in a variety of essential points, not only deserve great praise, but impress us with a high opinion of Mr. K.'s qualifications as a teacher.

Cherubini's Overture to Anacron, arranged for the Piano-Forte, Flute, Violoncello, and an (ad libitum) Accompaniment for the Harp, inscribed to H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge, by J. Mazzinghi. Pr. single, 2s. 6d.; with Accompaniments, 4s.

The applause with which this fine overture has recently been publicly performed, will no doubt render its publication in the present form very acceptable to the amateur of true taste and matured ability. The latter requisite we think indispensable; for it is not a common player that will do justice to the music of Cherubini; a master, whose compositions aim at originality, whose harmonies are devised with art, and whose bold effects surprize at every step. This is the character, too, of the overture before us; and that character is not only well preserved by Mr. Mazzinghi's arrangement, but his judgment in compressing and properly distributing the aggregate work of a full orchestra among so few hands, is eminently conspicuous.

No. XVI. *Dr. Haydn's celebrated military Air, with Variations for the Piano-Forte, Harp, Flute, and*

Violoncello, composed, and inscribed to Miss Graham, of Netherby, Cumberland, by J. Mazzinghi. Pr. 5s.; single, 3s.

Often as we have heard this military air of Haydn's (the most popular piece perhaps of any he has composed), we have again heard it with delight in the dress which Mr. Mazzinghi has given it. He has truly seized the spirit of his author, without disfiguring the chasteness of the melody by overloaded embellishments; and as the manner in which it is published, renders the piano-forte part complete without the other instruments, and as the passages are devised with due attention to digital convenience, we cannot but commend Mr. M.'s labour to the favour of our musical readers.

Le Retour à Bath, a Divertimento for the Piano-Forte, with (ad libitum) Accompaniments for the Harp and German Flute, composed by G. Kiallmark. Pr. 5s.; single, 4s.

Of the four successive movements (*invariably* in F major), constituting this divertimento, the first, a moderato, is, in our opinion, by far the most interesting; its ideas are pleasing, and strung together in easy connection, so as to form a pertinent *tout ensemble*. In the theme of the military movement (p. 4), Mr. K. has been less successful; it is ordinary; the variations, although certainly free from blame, do not rise beyond the common level of that species of composition; and the kind of coda appended rather abruptly to the last variation, does certainly add nothing to its value. As the third movement is, bar for bar, a copy of Mr. Brahmi's "Though love is

warm awhile," we have no critical vocation towards it. The *rience* which follows it, is a variation upon the before-mentioned air, devised with propriety; and the *coda*, which terminates it, is of a nature to give satisfaction. Although this divertimento contains much active employment for the fingers, the passages yet lie sufficiently under the hand to be mastered by moderate players, for whose practice the whole appears to us very proper.

The much admired Overture for the Piano-Forte, with an Accompaniment for the Flute or Violin (ad lib.) to the new Pantomime, called Harlequin and the Swans, or the Bath of Beauty, as performed at the Theatre Royal Covent-Garden, composed by W. H. Ware. Pr. 2s. 6d.

The slow movement by which this overture is ushered in, has given us much satisfaction. Short as it is, it has been constructed with feeling and chaste simplicity; the successive portions in F major, F minor, A b major, and the close in C, are natural and aptly linked. The second movement, a waltz, is likewise neat and proper; the third is the air of Crazy Jane adapted for the bugle; and the fourth and last movement, formed upon a Scotch subject, although the least interesting, may possess sufficient attraction in the judgment of a mixed pantomime audience.

"The Oyster crossed in Love," the popular Duet sung by Messrs. Duruset and Grimaldi in the new Pantomime of Harlequin and the Swans, composed and adapted for the Piano-Forte by W. H. Ware. Pr. 1s. 6d.

There is a good deal of tasteful
No. LXX. Vol. XI.

melody in this curious duet; and the humorous idea of making a love-sick oyster tell his woes to Grimaldi, is much assisted by the affecting strains which the composer has assigned to the disconsolate native. The effect, however, can only be judged from witnessing the scene itself; it required strong muscles to preserve seriousness at seeing the oyster's *shake* represented by a quivering motion of the two shells, in waggish imitation, perhaps, of a celebrated female singer, whose under-jaw frequently acts a very similar part in passages of executive difficulty.

"The smart little Mid," a favourite Ballad sung by Master Williams in the Pantomime of Harlequin and the Swans, by W. H. Ware. Pr. 1s. 6d.

As it would be preposterous to look for great originality or superlative excellence in a little ballad merely intended to introduce the infant vocal powers of Master Williams, we are not disposed to exert strict criticism on the trifle before us. It has the negative merit of not being liable to particular objection, except that of leaving the hearer in doubt whether he had not heard it before.

Two Solos for the Flute, composed by M. P. Corri. Op. 5. Pr. 1s. 6d.

Although solos, they are by no means bravuras for the flute; but rather exercises of an easy nature, so as to come within the sphere of middling players, who will derive instruction and entertainment from their study.

Holsoll's Collection of Duets for two Performers on one Piano-Forte. No. XXXIV. Pr. 1s. 6d.
Mr. M. P. Corri has, in the pre-

sent number, arranged the well known dance *Juliana*, and appended a minor part to it, in a manner which we should deem rather too plain and common, did we not think his aim to have been to produce something within the reach of almost incipient players.

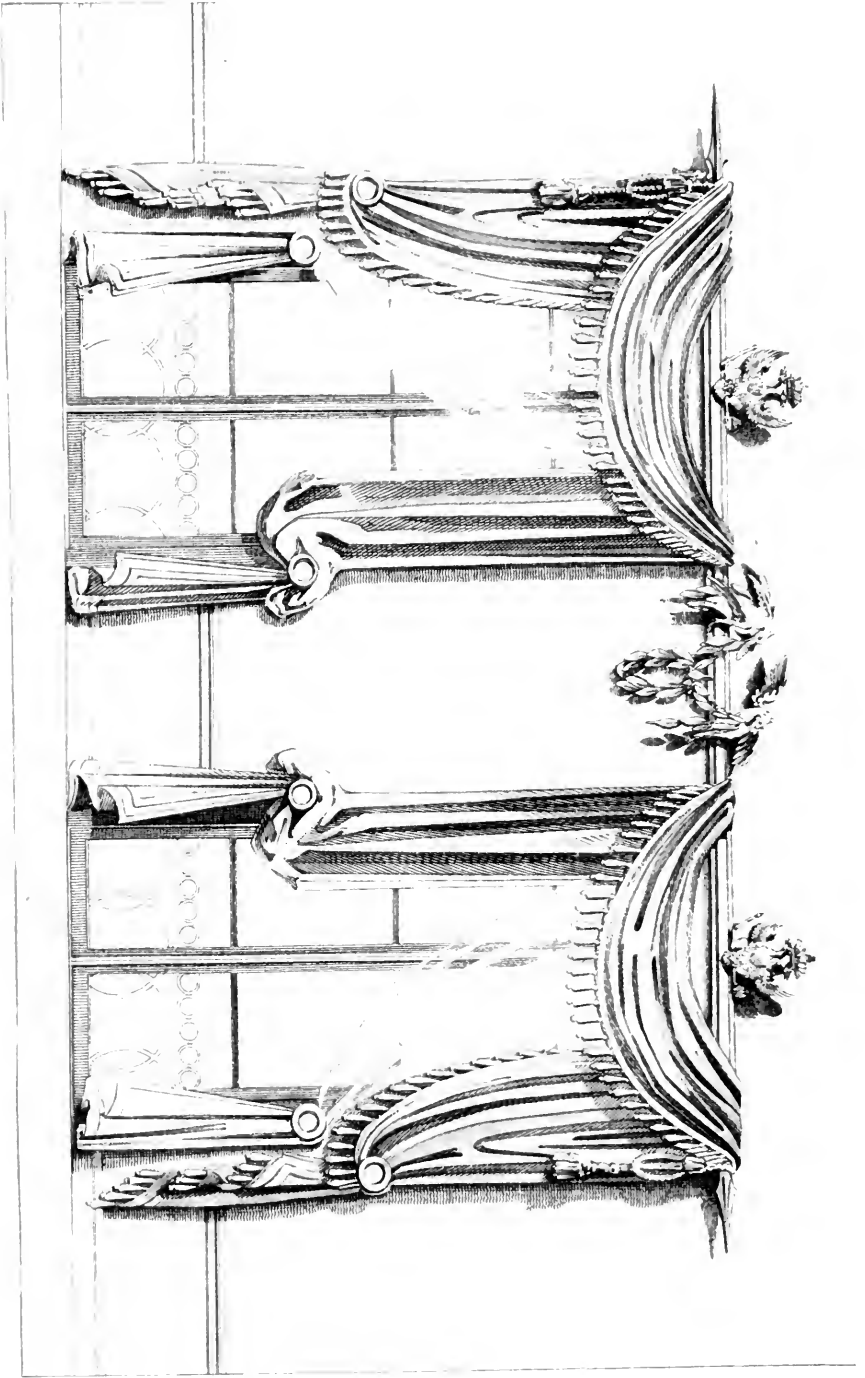
PLATE 29.—FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

AMONG the variety of advantages derived from the fine arts, perhaps the most prominent is, the faculty of commemorating passing events. The efforts of the pencil produce indelible impressions on the mind. Painting is to the eye what poetry is to the ear. An event related in harmonious verse warms the imagination and acquires additional interest; but the painter collects in his design scattered and collateral occurrences, the eye comprehends at one view each particular circumstance, and the mind, wrapt up in the object before it, suffers no distraction: we are insensibly transported amid the group delineated on the canvas; we cease to be mere spectators, we actually participate for the moment in the scene before us.—The memory being more strongly impressed with what we see, than with that which is only a subject of narration, produces this superiority of painting over the sister art. The sight of an object possessing any allusion to a past event, seldom fails to excite all those feelings of which the circumstance itself was capable. The wish to obtain this gratification is natural and honourable, and he who exercises his talent in the promotion of this feeling, promotes the best interests of society.

We generally delight to cherish the recollection of a memorable

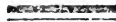
event by reference to surrounding objects. In a minor class of productions of this nature, our domestic furniture is well calculated to produce this effect, when so contrived as to be sufficiently conspicuous, without being obtrusive. Many articles of furniture have lately been offered to the public, which combine purity of invention with much elegance and utility: for this we are indebted to the improved taste of the age, which sees the necessity of inviting the professional ability of the artist in the appropriate arrangement of domiciliary decoration. The manufacturer finds it necessary to anticipate the wants of his employer, and to call for the assistance of the arts, to furnish him with such designs as the season and circumstances may require: this frequent application to professional talent for correct design, induces artists of the higher order to bend themselves to it, and submit the luxuriant production of their imaginations to the practical experience of the manufacturing tradesman. This is highly creditable to both parties; it marks the taste of the latter, and the desire of the former to render his pencil more diffusively useful. But we must refer all this to its real source—the munificent encouragement afforded by the higher classes.

The late glorious events which



have so thickly crowded on us, give a new spur to such exertions. The design for a suit of drapery window-curtains, represented in our present plate, is produced under the inspection of Morgan and Sanders, of Catherine-street, Strand, who so constantly distinguish themselves as indefatigable caterers for the public taste. The whole design and colouring of the drapery are correct and appropriate. The azure and white, which may be sprinkled with lilies, are the colours of the legitimate dynasty of France, and are beautifully correspondent with the opening season. The eagle of Russia surmounts the whole, in allusion both to the superiority she has obtained

in arms, and in just compliment to her magnanimous forbearance, and her noble and respectful conduct towards the French capital, as a seat of the fine arts. The doves sporting with laurel, the insignia of victory, are emblematical of confidence, and of the security and repose of peace, to whom the ensigns of war are no longer terrible. Indeed to the fertile imagination, this design, though not incumbered with ornament, will appear replete with the most delicate conceits and comprehensive allusions; and will probably lay the ground-work of happier efforts in emblematical and splendid furniture, than have yet been produced.



EXHIBITION OF PAINTERS IN OIL AND WATER COLOURS,
At the Great Room, Spring-Gardens.

PROUD as we feel of the honour which the country has derived from the ingenuity of its artists in the discovery of Painting in Water Colours, we cannot but feel great satisfaction in offering to our readers some observations upon certain of the works that appear this year upon the walls of their Exhibition. We earnestly hope, that such a display of talent, that such an intellectual feast as is there offered to the lovers of works of taste, will be honoured by numerous guests, and by many whose munificence and patriotic feelings will lead them to cherish that genius, which has proved England to be no less celebrated for her arts, than for her extensive commerce and her prowess in arms.

4. *The Isle of Elba.*—J. Smith.

This little drawing will excite some interest, from its being a faithful representation of the place destined to receive the deposed Corsican tyrant, the wretch so justly execrated by the whole civilized world. The town, which lies toward the sea, is surmounted by a lofty rock, upon which stands an extensive castle, commanding the shore for a considerable distance. The island appears to be very romantic, and the town of some extent. Mr. Smith has two drawings of this island in this Exhibition, from which engravings will shortly be published.

11. *Windsor Castle—Morning.*—W. Hunt. Painted in oil.

The cheerfulness of a bright

summer's morning is described in this cabinet picture with much truth. On a rich meadow, herds of cattle are grazing: the grass is of vivid green, softening into a dewy atmosphere; and the grand continuity of the royal castle is naturally represented in that vapour which the time of day so frequently produces, and which forms so grand a feature for a picture.

50. *Cottage in Hyde Park.*—Miss Goldsmith. Picture in oil.

This fair artist has represented the subject of her imitation with her usual fidelity, both as to form, effect, and colour. Of the many views of this rural building, with its accompanying scenery—the Serpentine river, the woody grounds, and other picturesque appendages, we do not remember one that has formed so complete and satisfactory a cabinet picture.

54. *Scene near Montgomery, South Wales.*—J. Glover. Painted in oil.

The taste displayed by Mr. Glover in the choice of his subjects, has often been spoken of with praise by the admirers of English landscape scenery. All that is romantic and picturesque, is frequently combined in his pictures with a pleasingness of effect that renders his landscapes cheerful to the utmost degree. This scene, which is richly clothed with trees, is cool and fresh in colour, from so great a portion being under shadow; whilst a ray of light from the declining evening sun, appears through an opening, and rests, with magical brilliancy, upon a broken sandy bank, covered with sheep. There are great clearness of colouring, harmony of effect, and

spirited execution in this performance, which is a perfect imitation of nature in its most enchanting garb.

65. *Solomon's wise Judgment.*—Haydon.

Sacred history has perhaps not furnished a subject that has been more frequently chosen by the painter than the Judgment of Solomon. It has been represented by most of the celebrated historical painters of the Italian, Bolognese, Flemish, and other schools, with various success. In this work of Mr. Haydon's, we perceive the nearest approach to the moment so beautifully described in the sacred book. The royal Jewish dispenser of justice is seated on his throne, richly clad, and has a countenance truly characteristic of the great and the wise Solomon. The two women, mothers of the children, possess the feelings by which we could almost discover the story without the aid of the historian. The mother of the dead child has a countenance which shews at once that she is an impostor; it is fraught with unfeelingness, cunning, and exultation at the terrible order of the judge, anxious for its execution; whilst the mother of the living infant is all emotion, lest the soldier should put it in force; her countenance describes the agony of her soul. There is a fine episode in the composition. A mother, who is a spectator in the court, on hearing the determination of the judge, is seizing her two children, and, in terror, is rushing from the spot. The children too partake of her fears. The other figures are well conceived and full of character. We can easily assi-

mitate them to this distant period of Jewish history. As an epic picture, we may rank this with similar works of any age; the story is told with great pathos; and, as a piece of colouring, we hesitate not to say, it is equal to any production of the British school.

61. *Windsor Castle*.—W. Turner.—
Painted in oil.

The variety of views which have been made of this ancient royal castle, from the time of Paul Sandby to the present day, have yet left ample scope for the display of the talents of the topographical painter; indeed, it offers so many fine forms, from the various points of view, such variety of parts, and such majestic grandeur when regarded as a whole; added to which, the constant change of effect which its vast extent admits of from the varieties of clouds, sun, and atmosphere, that no two representations, if painted with attention to the real view, can be alike.

The small picture by Mr. Hunt, represents the effect of morning; this, by Mr. Turner, is painted under the influence of the blazing light of noon, when every part of the building is seen in the full splendour of light, shadow, and colour. The grand combination of the castle towering above the town, and the river, with its rushy margin, reflecting the surrounding objects, composes a fine scene. This picture is rich and harmonious, is painted with great vigour, and is a faithful imitation of nature.

122. *Farm-Yard—Twilight*.—
R. Hills.

That period of the day when the landscape is every moment becoming less visible, has ever

been a subject on which the poet has delighted to dwell: greater scope is given to his fancy, and less limited are his means than those of the painter; yet we have occasionally seen pictures that describe this point of time with an effect that charms the mind, and excites all those pleasing reflections that twilight is wont to produce. The poet, as well as the painter, has generally chosen imagery of a classic order, to adorn his descriptions of the moment of departing day. In this picture the artist has drawn his imagery from an humbler source. The scene is a farm-yard, wherein is represented the team returning from the field, and the cows ruminating before they go to rest. The blazing hearth is illuminating the windows of the farmhouse, and tells us of the busy housewife's care in providing the comfortable repast for the industrious husbandman, whose daily toils are over. The sweet serenity which pervades this picture, reminds us of the evening of a genial summer's day; the colouring and effect are strictly conformable to nature; the cattle are admirably grouped; and the scene is truly characteristic of that comfort which is to be found in the British farm.

258. *Cattle.—Scene on the Lake of Ullswater*.—R. Hills.

Truth of drawing, variety in grouping, with natural and brilliant colouring, are manifested in this composition. The woods which grow upon the banks of the lake, form a rich fore-ground; the cattle are finely relieved upon the pure grey tint of the water. They are executed with scrupulous attention to their respective characters, are

well grouped and highly finished; the trees are touched with lightness, and are grand in form and finely coloured. The effect of the whole is bright and cheerful, and describes the evening of an autumnal day.

268. *Farm-Yard*.—R. Hills.

Every class of painting, every subject, whether the creation of the mind, or the portraiture of any particular place or person, when treated by the hand of a master, will delight the true connoisseur. A collection of paintings, like a library of books, should contain variety, to make it pleasing. The peculiar study of this artist has been, the portraying of picturesque domestic animals, accompanied by such scenery and circumstances as are fitted to their habits. By perseverance in this walk, all the pictures of Mr. H. are faithful transcripts of nature, and never fail to make a due impression upon the admirers of art. This rural picture is composed entirely of circumstances which would occur in the rural scene. The barn is rudely built, the cattle are such as accord with the place; the occupation of the women and the other figures are domestic. The colouring has locality and truth. These requisites combined, produce in this, as in all other of Mr. H.'s works, pictures that every one can comprehend, and all must wish to possess.

285. *Forest Horses*.—R. Hills.

The same attentive observance of nature is manifest in this cabinet drawing of forest horses. They look all wildness and agility, and are placed upon precipitous banks, as is usual with these hardy animals,

where they seek the weeds that grow in the crevices of rocks, &c. The white mare looking round upon her foals, with her profuse mane flying in the wind, is most exquisitely painted.

394. *Fallow Deer*.—R. Hills.

A beautiful cabinet drawing. These innocent inhabitants of the forest are represented in their favourite haunts. In a sequestered spot, they seek at noon the cooling stream. All the rich varieties of their dappled skins are here most faithfully copied: the action, look, and character of the fallow deer are truly portrayed.

155. *Choir of Christ-Church Cathedral, Oxford*.—F. Mackenzie.

Were it not so generally known and acknowledged, that the art of painting in water colours had attained an excellence in this country unknown to any former age or nation, we should fear to speak with such unqualified praise of many works that have appeared in this and former Exhibitions, not only of the Painters in Water Colours at Spring Gardens, Bond-street, &c. but also of the Royal Academy—works that have nearly approached the perfection of art.

Of the merit of this drawing, the Choir of Christ Church, it is perhaps not saying too much, that it is the finest specimen of architectural drawing that has ever met the public eye. Indeed we did not conceive, that the power of painting in this style could extend so far. It is the opinion of many respectable connoisseurs, as well as painters and architects, that no artist has ever produced so true an imitation of an interior of a Gothic building. The most scrupulous

attention to the details of this beautiful and magnificent structure, is united with the most powerful effect of light and shade. Every part of the building, the roof, windows, pillars, floor, and the stalls, with their rich carvings, is defined with the utmost boldness of effect and richness of colour; and yet the whole has an union, a breadth, and an air of grandeur and solemnity that words cannot express. Never did painter more completely prove, than by this extraordinary production, the truth of the axiom, "That correct drawing and attention to parts are not incompatible with the production of a grand whole."

176. *The Theatre, Oxford, at the Annual Commemoration: with the Ceremony of conferring the Degree of Doctor in Civil Law.*—T. Uwins.

The doctor presented is passing up the steps to take his seat; the vice-chancellor, who occupies the centre chair, rises to receive him. On the right hand of the vice-chancellor is the high steward, on the left the regius professor of divinity; below, with their caps on, sit the proctors; noblemen, heads of houses, and doctors in the several faculties, fill up the semicircle. On the floor other doctors in their scarlet gowns wait to be presented, and behind them noblemen, about to take their master's degree, accompanied by the deans of their respective colleges. At each extremity of the semicircle sit the curators of the theatre, and over them are the seats of the regius professors of physic and law. The rostrum on the left of the picture is that from which the successful candidates for the prizes recite

their compositions; and that on the right is occupied by the poetry professor, or public orator, whose business on this occasion is to make a Latin speech, in commemoration of the founders and benefactors of the university.

This theatre was built by Sir Christopher Wren, and was designed to receive a splendid auditory, such as is represented in the drawing. Few persons can judge of the merit of the architect's design, unless the building be seen thus crowded: the figures in combination with the architecture alone finish the effect. This picture of the theatre is decidedly the finest representation of a crowded assembly that we have seen. The splendour of the academic dresses, the fine arrangement of the figures, the brilliant light and shadow, render it one of the most distinguished works in the whole collection. It is a truly interesting historical picture.

293. *Hall of Christ Church, Oxford.*

—A. Pugin.

At no period has so general a taste for topographical pictures existed, as at the present. Perhaps no species of painting possesses so many admirers; for the associations united with faithful portraits of ancient buildings, convey more interesting recollections, and more affecting ideas of the affairs of mankind, in times past, than any other monuments. The mind, when in viewing these magnificent works of our forefathers, naturally embraces the pleasing thought, that, within these walls, lived and acted those great characters of whom history delights to speak. In this very hall, how oft had its illustrious

founder sat at the table, surrounded by the learned men whose genius had been called forth by his munificence! Here too the unfortunate Charles held his councils, when the loyal University of Oxford armed in defence of his injured person; and here, for many months, he and his queen were held in safety, although the place was surrounded by hosts of foes, thirsting for his blood. Mr. Pugin has in this picture given such identity of parts and such

general effect, that you are actually within the hall. The correctness of the perspective, the truth of light and shade, the beauty of details, and the purity of colouring, are so happily united in this magnificent subject, that we are astonished at the power of an art, that can thus, on so small a space, produce an imitation so illusive as to make the spectator feel, that he is contemplating the real fabric.

(To be continued.)

RETROSPECT OF POLITICS.

“THE ALLIED POWERS HAVING PROCLAIMED, THAT THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON WAS THE ONLY OBSTACLE TO THE RE-ESTABLISHMENT OF THE PEACE OF EUROPE, THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON, FAITHFUL TO HIS OATH, DECLARES, THAT HE RENOUNCES FOR HIMSELF AND HIS HEIRS THE THRONES OF FRANCE AND ITALY; AND THAT THERE IS NO PERSONAL SACRIFICE, EVEN THAT OF LIFE, WHICH HE IS NOT READY TO MAKE TO THE INTEREST OF FRANCE.

“Done at Fontainebleau,
the 6th of April, 1814.”

(Signed) “NAPOLEON.”

THE Almighty Disposer of events has heard the prayers of the human race. Here, at last, is the charter of the reviving happiness of the world, the golden fleece, which the champions in the holy cause, at the head of their nations from the Wolga, the Neva, the spree, the Danube, the Rhine, the Tejo, the Thames, the Baltic; in short, the legions of leagued Europe, have, with the valour of their sword, extorted from the execrated tyrant in his very den.

Although by thus prefixing to

our present portion of monthly annals the hypocritical act of Napoleon's abdication, we have given at once the sum total of their intended contents, still the recital of the events themselves which led to this unexpected, wonderful, nay, miraculous catastrophe, not only retain their full importance, but by their very result acquire heightened interest. We confess, however, that the task is beyond our powers, humble in themselves, but at this time scarcely sobered from the marvel, the stupor, the intoxicating delight into which the intelligence so recently plunged our senses. Under such circumstances it is not eant to ask for indulgence.

In our last Retrospect we expressed some anxiety as to the issue of the great political drama. The negotiations at Chatillon, incessantly pursued, *only* aimed at a reduction of Bonaparte's usurped empire; the quantum of its extent was the only question of disagreement, not its legitimacy: we saw the surprising efforts of Napoleon

muster the remains of his decrepid means into an effective force, with which, aided by his almost superhuman activity and by his military talent, he had for some time alternately made head against the vastly superior armies of Blücher and Schwarzenberg, and even obtained considerable advantages; and although experience had created full confidence in the skill of the allied chiefs and in the valour of their soldiers, the events of the whole of the month of February and of the first half of March were not calculated to impress a conviction of a cordiality and sincerity in the co-operation of all the sovereigns acting a part in the great struggle.

Even Blücher's victory at Laon, in which General Kleist again added new lustre to a name already immortal, was productive of no decisive result. Bonaparte, finding the judicious position of Blücher impregnable, abandoned the idea of pursuing his intended plan against the Prussian veteran, and resolved once more to face Schwarzenberg. After his retreat from Laon he filed off to the right towards Rheims, which General St. Priest had taken by storm on the 12th. Two days after it (14th) Napoleon approached the city with a considerable part of his army. St. Priest, who awaited his arrival in a position before the walls, was attacked by a very great superiority of numbers, himself mortally wounded, and his corps defeated with the loss of at least 2000 men, the remainder making good their retreat upon Blücher's army, which they joined on the 16th. On the same day Bonaparte broke up from

Rheims, directing the bulk of his army (except the corps of Mar-mont and Mortier, which were left to observe Blücher's movements,) by Chalons, Epernay, and Fere Champenoise, towards the Aube.

Meanwhile Prince Schwarzenberg's army had again moved towards Paris, crossed the Seine, and advanced as far as Provins and Villenoze; but as soon as Bonaparte's approach was ascertained, the watchful Austrian generalissimo drew in his troops, to put himself in the enemy's way; and with that view placed his army on the left bank of the Aube, between Pongy and Arcis, which latter town was already occupied by the French army, the centre and left extending along the right bank of the river. On the 20th March, Bonaparte, by manœuvres and reconnoissances, tried the position of his opponent; but although by the possession of Arcis, he was perfectly master of the passage of the Aube, he found the countenance of his adversary too imposing to deem the crossing of the river, in the face of the allies, advisable.

Bonaparte now resolved upon a new plan of operation, in the adoption of which, it is possible, he may have been influenced by the receipt of the intelligence of the rupture of the negotiations at Chatillon, which took place on the 18th. On the 21st, the bulk of the French army suddenly left the Aube, and filed off eastward. However surprised by this unexpected movement, Prince Schwarzenberg did not remain an idle spectator; the French rear-guard at Arcis was immediately attacked by the Prince Royal of Wurtemberg, com-

pletely defeated, Arcis retaken, and part of the Austrian army passed to the right bank of the Aube, the remainder crossing on the 22d.

Here we have arrived at that most memorable epoch, which proved decisive of the issue of the campaign, of the fortunes of Napoleon, of the destinies of France, of the fate of Europe. The direction of Bonaparte's mysterious movement remained not long in doubt, although its object could scarcely be divined by any person of even ordinary military talent. It evidently appeared, that Napoleon had adopted the inconceivable, the desperate resolution of passing with his army, between that of Blücher and the forces under Schwarzenberg, into Lorraine, and to operate upon the rear of the grand army; leaving Champagne (hitherto so well contested by him), and even Paris, to their own fate. It is probable, that, by this daring manœuvre, he hoped at least so far to alarm Prince Schwarzenberg, as to induce him to fall back into Lorraine likewise, by which means the grand army would have been thrown out of the reach of a junction with that of Blücher. This manœuvre might have been attended with the expected result had Bonaparte's army been 100,000 men, instead of 50 or 60,000, or had the awe of his "profound" military genius been the same as it was a few years ago; and above all, had he had to deal with an opponent of less sagacity and resolution than Prince Schwarzenberg. In his present circumstances, it was the height of infatuation to think of such a step.

The German generalissimo, with the eye of a true military genius, instantly perceived, not only his enemy's blunder, but the glorious opportunity which it offered, to terminate the war with one blow, by marching at once to Paris. He not only suffered the great Napoleon to run unmolested into his own ruin, to cross the Marne near Vitry, and march absolutely out of the way to St. Dizier; but even so far humoured and deceived his devoted opponent, as to proceed with the allied army to Vitry (23d), as if he intended to follow the traces of the French army. Bonaparte's whole army now was completely behind the curtain, with the exception of the two corps of Marmont and Mortier, the only regular troops still between the Marne and Paris; and Blücher's army having come down from the Aisne, and its left wing being put in communication with the right wing of Prince Schwarzenberg, these two great armies, full 180,000 men strong, proceeded by forced marches upon Paris (24th); the former advancing by Etoges and Montmirail, and the latter by Fere Champenoise, Sezanne, and Coulomiers, equally upon Meaux. The two corps of Marmont and Mortier had also been ordered to join Bonaparte on his wild-goose chase, but, to their great surprise, they found the road blocked by the advancing army of Prince Schwarzenberg, and it was not without difficulty and great loss that they fell back upon the capital. Another corps of 5000 men, chiefly conscripts, which escorted a great convoy of provisions destined for Bonaparte's army, after falling in with Blücher's cavalry, and retiring before

it, fell into the very midst of Prince Schwarzenberg's troops, and, after a brave resistance, was forced to surrender (26th). In this affair the aide-de-camp of General Moreau, Col. Rapatel, was killed.

On the 27th the Silesian army reached Meaux, and on the 28th it repulsed the enemy in a severe action at Claye.

On the 29th the grand army likewise crossed the Marne at Meaux, and drove the enemy as far as Pantin, in the environs of Paris, the north side of which was now surrounded by the combined allied armies, stretching from Bondi towards Montmartre.

In this critical state of affairs, Joseph Bonaparte made a shew of assuming the chief direction of the defence of the capital, the national guard of which, together with other detached bodies, was added to the two corps of Marmont and Mortier, and the whole placed in positions well defended by redoubts and batteries, from Montmartre to Belleville. But Joseph, in imitation of his brother's frequent example, bethought himself of his personal safety, and fled from Paris. A flag of truce, which the Emperor Alexander and the King of Prussia had sent on the 29th, to offer terms to the city of Paris, was not admitted; dispositions were therefore made for bringing up the troops for the attack of the French positions on the next day. Accordingly, on the 30th, about noon, the assault took place. After a most obstinate struggle, the heights of Belleville were carried, and the right wing of the Parisian army driven within the gates of the capital. Marshal Marmont now

requested an armistice, which was granted, on condition that the French positions at Montmartre should also be given up; and in the night, or rather at two o'clock in the morning of the 31st, the capitulation of Paris was signed, in consequence of which the two corps of Marmont and Mortier had to evacuate the city at seven o'clock A. M. not to be pursued till two hours after; and thus Paris, with all its magazines, was ceded to the valour of the allied arms.

To revert to the operations of Bonaparte, we shall here briefly state, that when he found how completely he had been duped, or rather had duped himself, he faced about, and, by forced marches, dragged his army from St. Dizier, by Troyes, Nogent, and Sens, to Fontainebleau, where it arrived on the 31st of March (but one day too late to dispute the possession of the capital), and was joined by the two corps of Marmont and Mortier.

On the same day the German heroes, Prince Schwarzenberg and Marshal Blücher, together with the Russian and Prussian monarchs, made their triumphant entry into Paris at the head of their victorious warriors, who defiled along the Boulevards, and were passed in review in the Champs Elisées. The inhabitants, who had, by the Corsican's lying bulletins, been made to expect the most horrid scenes of devastation from such an event, but who, to their astonishment, beheld the foreign armies traversing their capital not only in the most disciplined array, but with the most

friendly disposition, bailed them as their deliverers from the iron sceptre of the tyrant. Their wishes were soon fulfilled by a proclamation, signed by Alexander, which declared a determination no longer to treat with Bonaparte, guaranteed the integrity of France, and without imposing on her, or even advising, any form of government, called upon the French nation to form their own constitution under the protection of the allied sovereigns. In the evening of this same eventful day (31st), Caulaincourt came deputed from Bonaparte to Alexander, offering to accede to the terms that had been rejected at Chatillon; but received for answer, that the time was past for treating with Napoleon as sovereign of France.

On the 1st of April the French Senate was convoked by Talleyrand, Prince of Benevento, in his capacity of Vice-Grand Elector and President. Its first cares were directed to form a provisional government of five of its members, with Talleyrand at their head, and to appoint a commission for drawing up the plan of a constitution. In its sitting on the next day a decree was passed, excluding Bonaparte and his family from the throne of France; and in an audience which the Emperor Alexander gave to the Senate, he restored to France all the French prisoners in his dominions. Among other early decrees of the provisional government, we notice those which restore the Pope and the Infant Don Carlos to their liberty, and which disband the conscripts.

As soon as the Senate had passed the decree of forfeiture against

Bonaparte, the civil and religious authorities, and the French marshals and generals, who, it may be observed, had, from principles of honour, remained faithful to him to the last, to a man, sent in successively their declaration of adherence to the new order of things. Marshal Marmont, with the whole of his corps, was the first to embrace the good cause; and to the glory of having saved Paris by an opportune capitulation, he added another trait no less honourable to him. He passed over with in the lines of the allies on the express condition, that Bonaparte's life and liberty should be guaranteed, and that he should be permitted a retreat on a piece of territory at the choice of the allies; all which was granted.

Meanwhile, Marshals Ney, Macdonald, and Caulaincourt had prevailed on Bonaparte, who had remained at Fontainebleau, to resign the crown *in favour of his son*. With this intelligence they repaired to the Emperor Alexander; but their intercessions were fruitless, the abdication was to be without such reserve. Returning again to Fontainebleau, they had to urge new persuasions, and, as is reported, threats, to procure his unconditional resignation. This they obtained on the 6th of April: it is the canting document prefixed to our Retrospect, and must be considered as bearing that date, although no date is given in the copy officially published by the British government.

The island of Elba, between Corsica and Tuscany, has been fixed upon for Bonaparte's exile for life. His retired allowance has

been variously stated at 6,000,000, and at 650,000 livres a year; it is probably the latter sum, which would amount to about 25,000*l*. He had not left Fontainebleau so late as the 15th of April, being detained, as it is stated, by a violent cutaneous disorder; and, if we are to believe other accounts, likewise by mental disease. His unfortunate consort, Maria Louisa, who, at the approach of the allies, had fled with the ex-king of Rome to Blois, and has since returned to Rambouillet, will not accompany him, but will be provided for in Italy, where she is to have a sovereignty, either Guastalla or Parma and Placenza. The fate of the ex-king of Spain, Joseph, of the ex-king of Westphalia, Jerome, and of the ex-king of Holland, Louis, is as yet undecided.

To return to the thread of our history: the constitutional charter, or bill of rights, framed by the committee of the Senate, was accepted unanimously by that body on the 5th, and by the Legislative Body on the 6th of April. It consists of twenty-nine articles, and greatly resembles the constitution of England. The dynasty of the Bourbons is hereditarily acknowledged, and Louis Stanislaus Xavier is proclaimed King of the French, as Louis XVIII. The executive authority rests with the monarch, the legislative with a parliament composed of two houses, viz. the Legislative Body, which, like our House of Commons, is chosen by election from the different departments; and a Senate, which does not, like our House of Lords, consist of all the peers of the realm, but the members of which are

named by the king, with this restriction, that their number is not to exceed 200, nor to fall short of 150; and that the actual senators retain their seats for themselves and their heirs, and enjoy the revenues hitherto allotted to that body, exclusively. The ancient nobility is reinstated, and the new nobility maintained in their titles.

This constitutional charter has been transmitted to Louis XVIII. in England; and it remains to be seen, whether he will unconditionally accept it here, or whether its acceptance will be postponed till his arrival in France; an event which will not be delayed, inasmuch as his Majesty has already left Hartwell House, and made his public entry into London (20th April), accompanied by the British Regent. His Majesty's brother, Monsieur, who had followed the allied armies, and had been invited by the loyal inhabitants of Nancy to their city, entered Paris on the 12th April, amidst the acclamations of its population, was, on the 14th, by a decree of the Senate, proclaimed lieutenant-general of the kingdom, and the provisional government consigned to him until the arrival of the king. The Duke de Berri, too, set foot on his native soil on the 12th of April, being landed at Cherbourg by a British man of war from Jersey.

The Emperor of Germany, who, on the advance of the allied armies, had staid behind, under the protection of a corps commanded by General Ducca, and had, not to fall into the hands of Bonaparte, been obliged to retreat as far as Dijon, likewise made his public entry into Paris on the 15th April.

To this assemblage of august personages the most recent advices have further added the Crown Prince of Sweden, in regard to whom we otherwise should not have had it in our power to say where he actually was; although it is quite certain, that, for what reasons we cannot state, his Royal Highness, as well as his Swedish troops, which are still somewhere about the Low Countries, kept perfectly without the range of the great events that have sealed the liberties of France and of the universe; so that the immortal glory of the great deed remains to be shared exclusively by the two German captains, Prince Schwarzenberg and Field-Marshal Blücher. They have nobly avenged their injured country by hurling its oppressor into his primitive obscurity. It is thus, that, for a second time, German valour has rescued the freedom of France, under circumstances not dissimilar to those when Clovis, at the head of the Franks, crushed the tyranny of the Romans by the battle of Soissons. While thus, however, we behold in Schwarzenberg and Blücher the immediate agents of the momentous achievement, the magnanimous aid of the Russian monarch will hand his name to the latest posterity: the same posterity will no less acknowledge her debt to that insular power, the cradle and depository of real freedom; which, while in this long and arduous struggle it alone stood with undaunted and persevering firmness, has dispensed benevolent succours to the distressed; has held her valiant arm to every nation that solicited her aid; has clothed, armed, and subsidized all Europe in the

contest against the tyrant; and now, at the successful termination of the struggle, gives to the emancipated nations the model of her own glorious constitution, and sends back to them their monarchs, who, during the raging storm, found in England alone a safe and hospitable asylum. What more could we give?

Although the miraculous events on the Seine have terminated all at one single blow, it is not to be doubted, but the final issue of the campaign would, somewhat later, have been attended with a fortunate result! The allied arms were simultaneously successful in the rest of France. At any other time the occurrences on the Soane and Garonne would have afforded us matter of considerable detail and exultation; at present, diminished as they have become in interest, we can only touch upon them superficially.

After the defeat of Augereau at Maçon, on the Seine, by General Bianchi, 12th March, Count Bubna resumed the offensive from the side of Geneva, and entered the city of Lyons on the 22d of the same month.

Had, therefore, the war continued, the Austrian army in the east of France would probably, ere now, have been in communication with the victorious troops under the command of the British hero in the south; for Lord Wellington's operations in that quarter have been attended with the most successful results; which, however (although as brilliant as any of his former career), we are compelled to compress into the mere form of an abstract. After the arduous undertaking of crossing the Adour

below, and in sight of Bayonne, achieved in the close of February, by his lordship's left wing under Sir John Hope, who immediately invested that fortress, the commander in chief continued his advance with the centre and right wing. In this no material obstruction occurred until the army arrived near Orthes. Here Marshal Soult had chosen a strong position, in which he awaited his opponent. The attack took place on the 27th February, and the issue was for some time doubtful. British valour, however, prevailed over every resistance. The enemy fled in great disorder, abandoned Mont Marsan, was driven from Aire, where he lost all his principal magazines on the 2d March, and finally retreated to the eastward, leaving the road to Bourdeaux entirely open. Lord Wellington, in consequence, detached thither a corps under Marshal Beresford, which entered Bourdeaux on the 12th March, not only without resistance, but was hailed by the inhabitants and the magistrates as its deliverers. This city boasts the honour of having been the first in France to declare in favour of its legitimate king; the Duc d'Angouleme, who had remained with the British army, was immediately invited within its walls, made his public entry forthwith, and assumed the government in the name of Louis XVIII.

Lord Wellington, in following the retreat of Soult, who had been joined by 10,000 men from Suchet's army, arrived before the town of Tarbes on the 20th March, which he carried on the same day, after considerable resistance. The French

marshal now directed his retreat upon Thoulouse, where he arrived on the 24th March, and whither he was followed by Lord Wellington, as soon as the state of the weather would permit. The last accounts from his lordship, dated 1st of April, report his arrival before Thoulouse, the suburbs of which they represent as having been so strongly fortified by the enemy, that his lordship had determined to cross the Garonne in another place, and thus turn the city the first moment that the waters of the river, swelled by rain and the melting of the snow, would render the passage practicable. We, however, anxiously hope, that the knowledge of the revolution in Paris will reach one or the other commander soon enough to prevent any further hostility and effusion of blood in that quarter.

We shall add to the narrative of Wellington's achievements what we have to report from Spain, the nursery of his laurels. Ferdinand VII. set at liberty by Bonaparte, is arrived on Spanish soil. After having informed the regency of his intended departure from Valency, the place of his former residence, or rather confinement, he arrived at Gerona, in Catalonia, on his way to Madrid, the 24th March, and was there received with due honours by General Copous. The latter province is now likewise free from French troops, excepting Tortosa and Barcelona; for Olot, Puycerda, and Gerona were voluntarily abandoned; and Llerida, Mesquinenza, and Monson were recovered, and the garrisons captured, by a stratagem of General

D'Eroles, who, through a forged order of Suchet's, induced the garrisons to evacuate those fortresses.

In Italy, Eugene Beauharnois has to the last continued to give proofs of military talents of the first order. He has maintained his post far better than his adopted father, Bonaparte. Our last accounts find him still on the Mincio, and the Austrian General Bellegarde even under the necessity to fall back to Verona. Had, however, the war continued, Eugene's position would now be endangered by the operations of King Murat on his flank, and by the landing of a British force from Sicily at Leghorn, under the command of Lord William Bentinck. On the 6th March, the former attacked General Severoli near Reggio, defeated him, carried that city and pushed on towards the Po; and the British army, after landing at Leghorn early in March, had on the 13th set out for Lucca, in order to join Murat. As the case now stands, therefore, this British force will probably have to pay the last honours to Bonaparte on his journey for Elba, and a British frigate most likely will have to set him down in his future insular exile.

The only intelligence we have to communicate from Holland is, the extraordinary assembly of the Notables at Amsterdam on the 28th March last. After an address from the Prince Sovereign, the constitutional code was laid before the deputies, who accepted it almost unanimously the next day. The ceremony of installation and taking the oath followed on the 30th. The proposed marriage of the He-

reditary Prince with the Princess Charlotte of Wales, has been publicly announced, and is to take place in July next.

Norway is in a state of anarchy. The nation has openly proclaimed its determination to resist the entrance of the Swedish troops; and Prince Christian Frederick, the Danish regent, has identified himself with the wishes of the people; so that the unfortunate annexation of the country to the Swedish crown is likely to produce bloodshed before it can be accomplished.

To the naval captures mentioned in our last, we have to add the following:—

The *Terpsichore* French frigate was taken by his Majesty's ship *Majestic*, on the 3d of February; *La Sultane* frigate by his Majesty's ship *Hannibal*, on the 26th of March; her companion, *L'Etoile* frigate, on the 27th of March, by the *Hebrus*; and the *Uranie* frigate, to escape capture, was set on fire by her commander on the 3d of February, in Brindisi harbour. The latter fate befel also the *Regulus* French line of battle ship; she was burnt by the French commander in the Gironde, which river was entered by a British squadron under Admiral Penrose, after the capture of Bourdeaux, in order to clear the passage up the channel to that city.

Great reinforcements of troops, ships, and extensive naval equipments, left England for North America in the beginning of April. But we hope the tidings of the events in France will operate a





GENERAL BLÜCHER,

General of the Army, and Duke of Saxe-Weimar.

General of the Army, and Duke of Saxe-Weimar, and Prince of Prussia.

moderation in the pretensions of the American government that will render the employment of coercive means, now amply at our command, unnecessary; and that the negotiations, which are to commence forthwith at Gothenburg (where the American commissioners have already arrived), will soon complete the peaceful relations of Great Britain with the whole world.

The British Parliament met on the 21st of March. The documents relating to the rupture of the negotiations at Chatillon, which were proposed to be laid before the legislature, were rendered

unnecessary by the events which immediately succeeded, and which spread a degree of joy and exultation over the British empire scarcely ever equalled. The illuminations, which blazed over the whole of the metropolis during the 11th, 12th, and 13th of April, were as grand as the occasion which produced them.

Her Imperial Highness the Duchess of Oldenburg, sister to the Emperor Alexander, arrived in London on the 1st of April, and still honours the British capital with her presence. Report assigns her hand to his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence.

PLATE 27.—FIELD-MARSHAL BUCHER.

AMONG the names of those who have acted the most distinguished parts in the great events that have recently taken place in Europe, history will not fail to enrol that of the brave commander-in-chief of the Prussian army, who, in an advanced period of life, manifests all the ardour, promptitude, and decision of youth, combined with military talents, which, had they been earlier called into action, would probably have surpassed the fame of the most successful captains of the present age.

Marsbal Blücher was born in 1742, at his father's mansion in Pomerania, and entered into the service of his country in his 15th year. He commenced his military career in the Seven Years war, under the patronage of the enterprising General Zieten, a friend and favourite of the Great Frederic. Being naturally of an ardent temper, he preferred the cavalry, and

entered into the regiment of Red hussars, which peculiarly distinguished itself on various occasions, especially in the defeat of the French at the memorable battle of Rosbach. In this regiment he continued near twenty years, when, disgusted at the promotion of a junior officer over his head, he demanded and received his dismissal. He now passed some years in retirement, devoting his attention to the cultivation of his paternal estates; and such was the stern and unforgiving disposition of Frederic II. that all the attempts of Blücher's friends to procure his restoration to his rank in the army, proved unavailing. He, nevertheless, regularly attended the great annual reviews, and at one of these he was noticed by Frederic William II. soon after his accession. To that monarch belongs the honour of having again introduced into the Prussian army a man who was des-

tinged to raise its fame, after a short eclipse, to a higher pitch than it had ever before attained. From this period his promotion was rapid. He obtained a squadron in his old regiment of hussars, and not long afterwards the vacant colonelcy. This regiment formed part of the force, which, under the command of the Duke of Brunswick, entered France in 1792, and was engaged in the campaigns of the succeeding years against that country, till, in 1795, her government found means to prevail upon the Prussian monarch to withdraw from the ranks of her enemies.

From this time Prussia enjoyed a considerable interval of repose, and the leaders of her armies had consequently no opportunities of acquiring military renown, till she was again suddenly embroiled with France in 1806. We shall not stop here to investigate the causes of that war, or to enquire how it happened, that an army so numerous and so well appointed as the Prussian, could have been annihilated at one stroke, as if by magic. Suffice it for our present purpose to state, that Blücher, with the rank of lieutenant-general, had the command of a division in the decisive battle of Jena, and that his admirable retreat, after that disastrous engagement, was little less glorious for him than the most brilliant victory. He first hastened with the troops under his command towards the Oder, for the purpose of effecting a junction with the corps of the Prince of Hohenlohe, who had taken that direction. Learning, on his march, that the prince had been obliged to capitulate at Prentzlau to a far

superior force, he, with extraordinary presence of mind and resolution, adopted a new plan, which would never have occurred to a less enterprising commander.—With a view to draw off the French from the Oder, and to remove them from the heart of the Prussian monarchy, that time might be gained for provisioning the fortresses, for the assembling of the dispersed Prussian corps, and for the advance of the Russian auxiliaries, he turned aside with his little army, of about 10,000 men, into the duchy of Mecklenburg, where he was unexpectedly joined by a corps which had been commanded by the Duke of Saxe Weimar. He then continued his progress through Mecklenburg to the Elbe.

Bonaparte, indignant at his escape, had detached a force several times as numerous as his own, to intercept him. During this memorable retreat, he had to contend with three divisions of the French army, Murat being on his left flank, Soult on his right, and Bernadotte in front. In this critical situation, Blücher threw himself into Lübeck, where, supported by the Trave, he conceived that he should be able to defend himself at least for a short time. The following day, however, the French forced the gates, and, after a most sanguinary conflict, stormed the city. The brave Blücher, convinced that farther resistance would tend only to a useless sacrifice of the lives of his brave followers, now reduced to 9,500 men, who, after fourteen days incessant fighting, were destitute of provisions, ammunition, and every necessary, reluctantly capitulated to the over-

whelming force by which he was surrounded. The general was conducted by the French as a prisoner of war to Hamburg.

It is easy to conceive the mortification which must have been felt by a man of his ardent mind and patriotic spirit, on finding himself reduced to this situation. Fortunately he was not doomed long to endure it, having been exchanged for General Victor. He immediately repaired to Königsberg, and was soon afterwards sent by sea, at the head of a division, to Swedish Pomerania, to assist in its defence; but the peace of Tilsit intervened, and suspended his operations. On this event he once more retired to his native province.

The annihilation of the French army in Russia, at the conclusion of 1812, operated as a signal to Prussia to liberate herself from the galling yoke of Bonaparte. Her whole population, as if animated with one soul, flew to arms, and the heroic veteran, who is the subject of this brief memoir, was summoned to lead her patriotic bands to the field of glory. What consummate talents and what wonderful energy he has displayed at the head of the brave army of Silesia, as the Prussian army has been denominated, from the first theatre of its operations, is abundantly attested by the pages of our Political Retrospect, the greatest part of which, for the last year, we should be obliged to transcribe, were we to attempt to recapitulate all his services during that period. His achievements at Lützen, Bautzen, the Katzbach, and Leipzig, will transmit his name to the latest posterity: but it is the unparalleled general-

ship displayed in his operations ever since his entrance on the territory of France, that binds his brows with the fairest wreath. While his detestable opponent, implacable, cruel, desperate, and despising every other right than that of force, has exhibited only the spirit of an exasperated gladiator; Blücher has shewn throughout his whole career the coolest valour, the most splendid ability, and the purest patriotism. He has driven the self-styled *Hero of the Age* before him, from the Oder to the Seine, and, like Cæsar, wherever he has appeared, has come only to see and to conquer.

Blücher is not distinguished merely by the qualities which command admiration; the following trait proves that he has others which endear the possessor. On the storming of Leipzig by the allied troops, the Prussian general, with that humanity which has ever been observed to accompany genuine valour, was heard to declare, that it was the most gratifying spectacle he had ever witnessed, to behold his troops making themselves masters of the city, without committing the slightest violence upon the innocent inhabitants. Immediately after that event, his sovereign, in a letter written with his own hand, acknowledged his inability to keep pace with his extraordinary deserts, and announced his promotion to the rank of field-marshal.

The public prints have lately asserted, that this distinguished soldier, after having witnessed the complete success of his glorious exertions, has, on account of ill health, resigned his command: but, though now seventy-two years of

age, it is to be hoped, that he will long enjoy the sweets of repose in the shade of the laurels which he has so honourably won.

The accompanying portrait of the venerable hero is remarkable, not only as it presents an accurate

and spirited likeness of this great military character, but as being engraved from a painting executed by the amiable consort of Prince Wilhelm, brother to his Prussian Majesty.

DISTRESSES IN GERMANY.

THE following is translated from the Dresden Newspaper.

Generous Women of Germany!

In the course of a few months more than 500 children have been deprived of their parents, and become forlorn and helpless orphans, in the Upper District of the Circle of Meissen alone, by war, and by diseases, those insidious and murderous attendants on war.

We are sensible how deeply this information must affect every humane heart, how in particular it must harrow up the feelings of such of you as are mothers. We behold *those* mothers who had raised their hands to heaven, as if to implore the restoration of their own infants snatched from their embraces, now stretching them forth to press to their bosoms fatherless and motherless innocents, to replace those sainted infants, who have now found a Father in Heaven.

To you, dear countrywomen, on whom God has preferably bestowed the gift of children, and to whom He has delegated the task of bringing them up, to you we first address ourselves. O withdraw not your compassionate attention, without either receiving one of those poor forsaken infants under your maternal care, or resolving to contribute to their relief!

Let the sun of your affection and charity expand the germs of virtue in their little hearts, bring them into flower, and foster them to maturity. They shall call you by the endearing name of mother, and you may share with us the care over them; in a word, they shall be your own.

And you, kind-hearted, but less opulent females, whose circumstances forbid you to appropriate to yourselves one of these orphans—recede not bashfully from the honourable mark set before you. By small means much may be accomplished—none is so poor as not to be able to spare something. The value of one frock less in a year for *your* children, may procure you a rich reward; for the Kingdom of Heaven, through Jesus Christ, belongs to little children. The grain of corn, which is committed this day to the ground, and produces next harvest but a single ear, will in a few years yield sufficient to sow whole fields. The child which shall be brought up, through your aid, to the honour of God, resembles this grain of corn; posterity will inherit its virtues, and incalculable are the benefits which they may produce.

Of what avail are the hopes of better times, unless we educate

our children for them? Are we not therefore bound conscientiously to fulfil the only part which the Almighty hath so expressly allotted to us in the bringing up of children? O ye mothers, wives, maidens,—pursue your most important calling, that when the Saviour of the world shall appear, ye may be able to meet him with joy, and say, “Lord, here are we and the children whom thou hast given us,” or entrusted to our care!

Act individually, or form associations, that your pious intentions may be completely carried into execution. All your exertions, your sacrifices, your contributions, of whatever kind they may be, will be acceptable. We will return speedy and explicit answers to your letters; we will advise you in what manner your benevolence may be most beneficially exercised, and spare no pains to lighten your cares: only consider, that “the cheerful giver, whom God loveth,” gives twofold by giving without delay.

Two institutions, one for boys, another for girls, in which they are to be educated till they have attained their 16th or 17th year, are already forming; and a specific monthly contribution would at present be most acceptable, as affording the best and most prompt means of relieving the necessities of the poor orphans.

Finally, we request your full confidence, that we and our worthy co-adjutors in this great undertaking, shall justify ourselves by a conscientious management of what may be intrusted to our care, by a faithful account of its expenditure, and by the education of the children themselves, to the glory of the Almighty.

The Central Committee and Association for the Support of the Orphan Children in the *Upper District of the Circle of Meissen.*

DRESDEN, March 21, 1814.

VON ZEESCHWITZ,
VON RÄMER,
D. WEBER,
ZAHN,
GRAHL.

The representation here made, and the necessity of speedy assistance in procuring the execution of the benevolent plan proposed, is strongly corroborated by the following extract of a letter from Leipzig:

LEIPZIG, April 2, 1814.

Amidst all our difficulties, the greatest is indisputably, how we shall support about 2000 children of the poor in the country, who have lost their parents by the war, or the diseases attendant upon it. The Association at Leipzig does all that lies in its power in this district; but as these poor children must be maintained for several years, we are seriously concerned about their future subsistence. You will see from the above, how matters stand in this particular in one part of the circle of Meissen only. Would to God we could obtain some assistance!

(Signed) FREGE & Co.

The above pathetic address to the ladies of Germany cannot fail most powerfully to interest the feelings of the ladies of Great Britain; and as the present unexampled miseries on the Continent have called forth unusual energies among the female part of the community, who have equalled, if not exceeded the promptitude and diligence with which a men of influence and charitable dispositions have pleaded the cause of the dis-

tressed, the Committee trusts, and earnestly hopes, that the ladies of our highly favoured country will be excited to second these generous and amiable efforts, by their exertions, perhaps by forming similar associations throughout Great Britain, for the purpose of

making collections to aid this work of charity. Sums thus collected may be remitted to the Committees for the affairs of the suffering Germans; or to their treasurers, Messrs. Hammersley and Co. or Messrs. Down, Thornton, and Co. London.

FASHIONS FOR LADIES.

PLATE 30.—OPERA DRESS.

A white sarsnet or worked muslin worn over a white satin half-train frock, the fleur de lis embroidered round the bottom of the dress; long sleeve, loose and unconfined, the cuff ornamented to correspond with the bottom of the dress; a plain back, to fit the shape, and the fulness of the train extended round the waist, rather beyond the back; the front raised to a point in the centre of the bosom, and in similar form meets a narrow shoulder-strap, headed with a double quilling of lace, which terminates at the corner of the bosom. A shell lace tippet, open in front and tied with a rich military cordon of silk, with bullion tassels. White velvet belt, edged with corresponding embroidery, and clasped in front with a pearl or diamond ornament. The hair, combed smoothly over and carried down low to the back of the head, is loosely twisted, and falls in careless curls over the neck, separated on the centre of the forehead by a pearl ornament or the fleur de lis: it is worn much over the face, in dropping curls, extending below the ear. Stockings with lace clocks. Slippers of white velvet or satin, with silver ornaments. White kid or

Limerick gloves. Pearl or diamond necklace and bracelets: ear-rings to correspond. An occasional shawl of India silk.

PLATE 31.—WALKING DRESS.

A high dress, of short walking length, composed of French cambric or mull muslin, plain buttons, and unornamented in the front; a military collar, with an edging of embroidery; a full fan frill of lace, or a single fluted ruff of the same; the bottom of the dress ornamented with a full flounce, confined by two borders of embroidery corresponding with the collar; plain long sleeve, with a military worked cuff. White silk shawl handkerchief, the corners richly embossed with the fleur de lis, tied carelessly over the bosom with a bow of satin ribband. The hair worn much over the face in loose curls. The Blücher, something resembling the Spanish hat, has a square and low crown, is formed of sea-green satin, lined with white velvet, and trimmed with richly cut velvet ribband: it is ornamented in front with a drooping plume of ostrich feathers. The scarf mantle, corresponding in colour with the Blücher, is composed either of velvet or satin, has neither cape nor hood; it is rounded at one end, and







brought to a point at the other, with a deep long slope in the neck, and is trimmed all round with a broad white lace. Slippers of green kid; gloves to correspond, or Limerick.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

For evening dress white is of course the predominant colour, and evinces its prevalence not only in dresses, but in every article of dress; and is constantly attended with the fleur de lis whenever it can be introduced. The lilac and sea-green are, notwithstanding, occasionally visible, ornamented with the same emblematic flower, embroidered round the bottom of the dress without exception. The sleeves loose and generally carried down to the wrist, some of them continuing to be drawn four or five times down the arm, and each drawing fastened with a small bow of white satin ribband. The bosoms of the dresses are cut less square than they were, and the work down

the front is not so universally worn as it is round the bottom. Some ladies wear their dresses festooned, and frequently trimmed with blond lace. Long hair is fast gaining an ascendancy over the short head-dress, and is worn very low in the neck behind. Drooping ostrich feathers are much worn. The Blücher and elegant scarf mantle are spoken of in terms of high approbation, and are expected to meet with general encouragement through the spring season. Silver sprigged and spotted muslins appear in higher estimation for the approaching summer, than silks or gossamers. Flounces to the dress are generally single, and much let in between a narrow trimming of needle-work or embroidery. White silk shawls and scarfs, richly embroidered at the corners and ends with fleur de lis, have an elegant and novel appearance, and are much in vogue.

MEDICAL REPORT.

REPORT of diseases in the practice of a physician, from the 15th of March to the 15th April, 1814.

Acute Diseases.—Fever, 2.... Catarrh, 6.... Pleurisy, 1.... Scarlet fever and sore-throat, 3... Urticaria, 2... Hooping-cough, 3... Acute rheumatism, 2.... Gout, 1... Acute diseases of infants, 6.

Chronic Diseases.—Cough and dyspnœa, 31.... Pulmonary consumption, 3.... Scrofula, 1... Asthma, 2.... Asthenia, 8.... Dropsy, 7.... Palsy, 2.... Dyspepsia, 4.... Head-ach, 5.... Vertigo, 2.... Worms, 3.... Hysteria, 2.... Tic douloureux, 1... Chronic rheumatism, 6.... Gravel,

2.... Cutaneous eruptions, 1... Gastrodynia, 3.... Female complaints, 7.

Since the 20th of March, we have experienced the mild influence of spring, always grateful to the feelings and salutary to the constitution of man, but especially so, after a winter seldom equalled in this country, in duration, intensity, or unpleasantness.

The change, though highly favourable to health in general, has, in some particular instances of pulmonary disease, proved less beneficial than might have been anticipated, and, in a few individuals, has brought on catarrh.

Cases of head-ach are frequently recorded in these reports. They are not those trifling affections which, in many persons, occur upon the slightest occasions, and cause only momentary inconvenience, but serious complaints, demanding considerable attention. In general, pain in the head is merely symptomatic of disorder in some other organ, and can only be removed by directing the curative means to the original seat of disease. A young gentleman was for some years subject to violent pain in the fore part of the head, which deprived him of sleep, rendered any kind of exertion unpleasant, and occasioned great fretfulness and peevishness, though his natural temper was placid. His appetite was much impaired, and the face flushed after eating; the extremities were cold, and the fingers had

a bluish hue, mingled with white, somewhat resembling the hands of a washerwoman after long immersion in hot water. The pulse was remarkably slow, from forty to fifty pulsations of the heart in a minute. The case was at first treated as an organic affection of the head.—Bleeding, blistering, cupping, and purging, had from time to time been freely employed, but without benefit. This plan of treatment, which had been pursued by several practitioners whom he had successively consulted, was changed; a less watery diet was directed, the defective action of the stomach was assisted with tonic medicines, and the patient was recommended to try change of air, and use a warm sea-water bath every other day. He has persevered in these means, and is recovering under their combined operation.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE sudden transition from winter to summer, so uncommon to the climate of Britain, has been apparent in the course of last month; at the beginning of which the young verdant shoot had scarcely appeared through the opening bud; but before the end the branches were profusely decorated with leaves and blossoms. The cloudless hot days, without a green leaf to repel the vivifying ray, produced sensations rarely experienced in the month of April. A more sudden and exuberant burst of vegetation cannot be collected.

The wheat has made such rapid progress in growth as to outstrip

the injurious effects of the worm, which had commenced his depredations upon some soils. Those breadths that had the appearance of thin crops, are now filled up with a mat of dark-coloured luxuriant flags, and indicate a large and early produce.

The season has been most congenial for spring sowing. The barley upon tenacious soils has gone in kindly, and the seasonable showers that fell about the middle of last month produced a quick vegetation, so that a very small portion of the barley crop will be of two growths.

Oats are got into the ground in the most husbandman-like state.

Beans and peas of every kind have a strong and clear plant, not at all injured by the slug or fly.

The soiling crops of every species have come forward in a luxuriant state. The early ones are

nearly fit for the scythe. The brassica tribe have run to blossom in proportion to the season; and the pastures and meadows abound more with grass at May-day than can be recollected.

FRAGMENTS AND ANECDOTES.

PREDICTION OF THE BISHOP OF ARLES, IN THE YEAR 1610.

THIS prediction was extracted in 1775, by Dr. Jones, late Bishop of Kildare, from a book deposited in the royal library at Paris, and in the possession of two respectable gentlemen of Dublin upwards of twenty years, one of whom received it from Dr. Jones.

“The administrators of this kingdom (France) shall be so blinded with vice, that they will leave it without defenders. The hand of God shall extend itself over them—over all the rich. There shall be two husbands, the one true and the other adulterous (1): the legitimate husband shall be destroyed (2). A division (3) shall spring up in the house of God. There shall be a great carnage, and as great effusion of blood as in the times of the Gentiles. The Universal Church and the whole world shall deplore the ruin and destruction of a most celebrated city (4), the capital of a great nation. The altars and temples shall be destroyed (5); the holy virgins outraged and driven from their monasteries; the church pastors shall be driven from their seats, and the whole church shall be stripped of its temporal goods (6): but at length the black eagle (7) and the lion (8) shall appear hovering over far countries. Misery

to thee, O city of opulence! thou shalt at first rejoice, but thy cry shall come. Misery to thee, O city of philosophy! (9) thou shalt be subjected, and captive kings (10), humbled to confusion, shall be released, receive their crown, and shall destroy the children of Brutus (11).

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. Napoleon. | 9. Paris. |
| 2. Louis XVI. | 10. Of Spain. |
| 3. Constitutional Clergy of France. | 11. Napoleon assumed the title of Brutus Bonaparte, at the recapture of Toulon.—(See his dispatches in the <i>Moniteur</i> at that period.) |
| 4. Moscow. | |
| 5. France, Portugal, and Spain | |
| 6. By the junction of Rome and the French empire. | |
| 7. Russia. | |
| 8. Great Britain. | |

MINUTE WRITING.

The *Iliad* of Homer in a nutshell, which Pliny says Cicero once saw, it is contended, might have been a fact, however to some it may appear impossible. Ælian notices an artist who wrote a dispatch in letters of gold, which he inclosed in the rind of a grain of corn. Antiquity and modern times record many such penmen, whose glory consisted in writing in so small a hand, that the writing could not be legible to the naked eye. One wrote a verse of Homer on a grain of millet; and another, more indefatigably trifling, transcribed the whole *Iliad* in so very confined a space, that it could be inclosed even in a nut-shell. Menage men-

tions, that he saw whole sentences which were not perceptible to the eye without the microscope, and pictures and portraits which appeared at first to be lines and scratches thrown down at random; one of them formed the face of the Dauphiness, with a pleasing delicacy and correct resemblance. He read an Italian poem in praise of this princess, containing some thousand verses, written by an officer in the space of a foot and a half. This species of curious idleness had not been lost in our own country—about a century ago this minute writing was a fashionable curiosity. A drawing of the head of Charles I. is in the library of St. John's College, Oxford. It is wholly composed of minute written characters, which, at a small distance, resemble the lines of engraving. The lines of the head and the ruff are said to contain the Book of Psalms, the Creed, and the Lord's Prayer.

EXTRAORDINARY FIDELITY OF THE
GENTOO BOYS.

Lieutenant-Colonel Sir J. Malcolm, in his important evidence recently given to the select committee of the House of Commons, on the affairs of India, states, that he has known *innumerable instances of honour* in our native subjects (chiefly among the military tribes), which would, in England, be considered more fit for the page of romance than of history. There is (he observes) a large class of menials, such as the Gentoo *Palanquin-boys*, at Madras, who amount to 20 or 30,000, and a great proportion of whom are employed by the English government or the individuals serving it, who, as a body, are remarkable for their industry

and fidelity.—“During a period of nearly thirty years, I cannot call to mind *one instance* being proved *of theft*, in any one of this class of men, whose average wages are from three to eight rupees a month, or from 7s. 6d. to 1*l.* I remember hearing of one instance of extraordinary fidelity; where an officer died at the distance of nearly 300 miles from the settlement of Fort St. George, with a sum of between 2 and 3000*l.* in his palanquin. These honest men, alarmed at even suspicion attaching to them, salted him, brought him 300 miles to Madras, and lodged him in the town-major's office, *with all the money sealed in bags.*”

POWER OF MUSIC.

When Yaniewicz, the musician, first came into this country, he lived at the west end of the town. One day, after paying several visits, he found himself a little out of his latitude, and called a hackney coach, when this dialogue ensued:

COACHMAN. (Shutting the door.) Where to, sir?

YAN. Home—*mon ami*—you go me home.

COACHMAN. Home, sir, but where?

YAN. By gar, I know no—de name of de *dam* street has *echape*—has escaped out of my memory—I have forgot him. Vat I shall do?

COACHMAN. (Grins.)

YAN. Ah! you are gay—come now—you understand de musique—Eh!

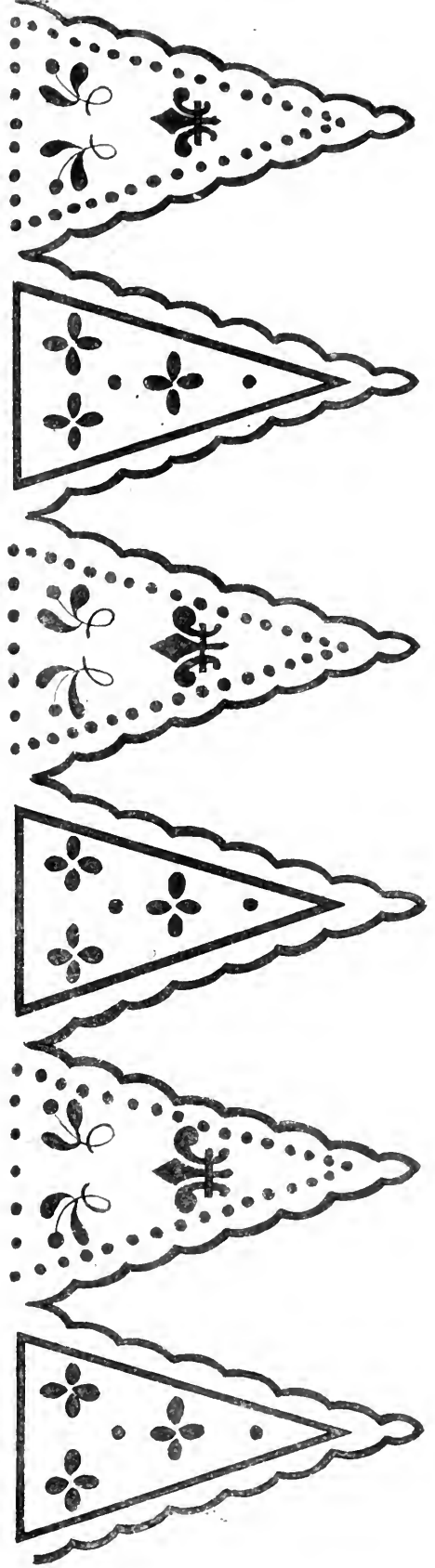
COACHMAN. Music—what's that to do with the street?

YAN. Ah! *vous verrez*—you shall see (hums a tune)—Vat is dat?

COACHMAN. Malbrook.

YAN. Ah! by gar—dat his him—Marlborough-street—now you drive a me home—Eh!

This is a fact. We have often heard, that “music hath charms” to do many clever things, but this is, we believe, the first time of its instructing a hackney-coachman where he was to set down.





METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR MARCH, 1814.

Conducted, at Manchester, by THOMAS HANSON, Esq.

1814.		Pressure.			Temperature.			Weather.	Evap.	Rain
MAR.	Wind.	Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.			
1	S W 1	29,66	28,58	29,120	36,9°	32,6°	39,0°	rainy	—	—
2	S W 1	28,35	28,35	28,350	41,0	30,0	35,50	rainy	—	.225
3	S W 1	28,93	28,35	28,540	40,0	32,9	36,00	cloudy	—	—
4	N E 2	29,39	28,93	29,160	39,0	32,0	35,50	cloudy	.098	—
5	E 2	30,05	29,39	29,720	37,0	30,0	33,50	cloudy	—	—
6	Var. 2	30,95	29,76	29,965	37,0	24,0	30,50	snowy	—	—
7	S E 2	29,95	29,76	29,855	36,0	24,0	30,00	cloudy	—	—
8	N E 2	30,02	29,96	29,990	36,0	28,0	32,00	cloudy	—	—
9	N E 2	29,68	29,68	29,680	36,0	30,0	33,00	cloudy	—	—
10	N E 1	29,68	29,62	29,650	37,0	30,0	33,50	cloudy	—	—
11	N E 2	29,70	29,62	29,660	37,0	31,0	34,00	cloudy	—	—
12	N E 1	30,10	29,68	29,890	38,0	30,0	34,00	cloudy	—	—
13	E 1	30,25	30,10	30,225	38,0	31,9	34,50	cloudy	—	.140
14	S W 1	30,50	30,35	30,455	44,0	32,0	38,00	gloomy	—	—
15	E 2	30,84	30,50	30,700	41,0	31,0	36,00	gloomy	—	—
16	E 1	30,83	30,78	30,805	41,0	27,0	34,00	cloudy	—	—
17	S E 1	30,78	30,63	30,705	42,0	28,0	35,00	cloudy	—	—
18	S W 2	30,63	30,40	30,515	45,0	31,0	38,00	cloudy	.450	—
19	E 1	30,42	29,94	30,180	42,0	27,0	34,50	fine	—	—
20	S 1	29,94	29,72	29,830	46,0	31,0	38,50	fine	—	—
21	Var. 1	29,72	29,61	29,665	45,0	37,0	41,00	rainy	—	—
22	S W 1	29,75	29,61	29,680	50,0	41,0	45,50	rainy	—	—
23	W 1	29,83	29,80	29,815	52,0	44,0	48,00	brilliant	—	—
24	W 1	29,59	29,57	29,580	53,0	42,0	46,00	rainy	—	—
25	W 1	29,59	29,57	29,580	52,9	42,0	47,00	gloomy	—	—
26	S W 1	29,72	29,59	29,655	48,0	42,0	45,00	rainy	—	—
27	S W 1	29,88	29,71	29,795	58,0	40,0	49,00	fine	—	—
28	S 1	29,60	29,57	29,585	58,0	40,0	49,00	brilliant	—	—
29	S E 2	29,60	29,50	29,550	53,0	44,0	48,50	cloudy	—	—
30	S W 2	29,65	29,50	29,725	58,0	40,0	49,00	brilliant	—	—
31	S W 2	29,95	29,70	29,825	54,0	42,0	48,00	cloudy	.725	.680
		Mean		29,790		Mean	38,90		1,279	1,045

RESULTS.

Mean barometrical pressure, 29,790—maximum, 30,84, wind E. 2.—Minimum, 28,35, wind S. W. 1.—Range, 2,49 inches.

The greatest variation of pressure in 24 hours, is 1,08 inch, which was on the 1st.

Mean temperature, 38° 9.—Maximum, 58°, wind S. W. 2.—Min. 24°, wind var. 2. Range 34.

The greatest variation of temperature in 24 hours is 18°, which was on the 17th.

Spaces described by the barometer, 7,10 inches.—Number of changes, 12.

Total quantity of water evaporated, 1,279 inch.

Rain, &c this month, 1,045 inch.

Fall of rain, 1,045 inch—rainy days, 7—snowy, 9—haily, 1.—Fall of rain upon Blackstone-Edge, in Jan. .700 of an inch.—Feb. 3,690 inches—March, 2,525.

WIND.

N	NE	E	SE	S	S W	W	N W	Variable.	Calm.
0	6	5	3	2	16	3	0	2	0

Brisk winds 0—Boisterous ones 6.

Notes—2d Very great and quick fall of the barometer; at its greatest depression, thaw commenced, in consequence of the wind blowing from the south-west, with slight showers of rain, but in the evening the sky became clear and stary, when there was a pretty keen frost: the mercury, from the 18th of the preceding month, had lost two inches and three-tenths of pressure.—5th. Slight showers of snow in the forenoon; the snowy flocci presented a very singular arrangement of its particles; they were in the form of small flat stars, very regular in size, and each formed of six radii: all that I noticed were exactly of that number.—6th. Frequent showers of snow to-day: the distribution of its flocci was very similar to what fell on the 5th, except that they were better defined, being a little larger, more dense, and incusted, which was evidently the result of a cold stratum of atmosphere at some elevation; the temperature at the time, upon the ground, was about the freezing point.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR MARCH, 1814.

Conducted by Mr. J. GIBSON, Laboratory, Stratford, Essex.

1814		Pressure.			Temperature.			Weather.	Evap.	Rain.
MAR.	Wind.	Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.			
1	Var.	29,97	29,05	29,660	45°	31°	38,0°	rainy	—	—
2	S W	29,95	28,97	29,010	45	31	38,0	rain	—	—
3	E	29,28	29,05	29,165	42	30	36,0	cloudy	—	—
4	N E	29,59	29,28	29,435	35	31	33,0	cloudy	—	—
5	N E	29,83	29,59	29,735	34	28	31,0	snow	—	—
6	N E	29,88	29,77	29,825	34	28	31,0	cloudy	—	—
7	E	29,85	29,77	29,810	32	21	26,5	snow	—	—
8	N E	29,85	29,76	29,805	33	26	29,5	snow	—	—
9	N E	29,75	29,60	29,710	34	27	30,5	snow	—	—
10	N W	29,66	29,58	29,620	35	29	32,0	snowy	—	—
11	N E	29,76	29,58	29,670	36	28	32,0	snow	—	—
12	N E	30,00	29,76	29,880	35	22	28,5	snowy	—	—
13	N E	30,18	30,00	30,099	39	30	34,5	cloudy	—	—
14	N E	30,30	30,18	30,240	36	30	33,0	cloudy	—	—
15	N E	30,37	30,39	30,385	37	31	34,0	cloudy	—	—
16	N E	30,33	30,28	30,330	37	33	35,0	cloudy	—	—
17	N E	30,28	30,24	30,260	37	28	32,5	cloudy	—	—
18	N E	30,24	30,66	30,150	37	29	33,0	gloomy	—	—
19	N E	30,06	29,88	29,970	35	30	32,5	gloomy	—	—
20	S E	29,88	29,77	29,825	46	35	40,5	fine	—	—
21	S E	29,77	29,70	29,735	47	42	44,5	rain	—	—
22	S W	29,50	29,70	29,750	55	35	45,0	fine	.33	—
23	S W	29,83	29,80	29,815	52	42	47,0	fine	—	—
24	S W	29,80	29,75	29,775	52	41	46,5	gloomy	—	—
25	W	29,75	29,70	29,725	52	38	45,0	showers	—	—
26	S W	29,88	29,70	29,790	57	40	48,5	cloudy	—	—
27	W	29,90	29,88	29,890	56	38	47,0	cloudy	—	—
28	W	29,88	29,65	29,765	59	39	49,0	cloudy	—	—
29	S E	29,89	29,65	29,725	51	37	44,0	cloudy	—	—
30	S W	29,97	29,89	29,885	62	36	49,0	cloudy	—	—
31	S E	29,97	29,78	29,875	56	47	51,5	rain	.43	1.38
			Mean	29,795		Mean	38,0	Total	.81 in.	1.38 in.

RESULTS. — Prevailing wind, north-east — Mean height of barometer, 29,795 inches; highest observation, 30,38 inches; lowest, 28,97 inches. — Mean height of thermometer, 38°; — highest observation, 62° — lowest, 21° — Total of evaporation, .81 inch. — Total of rain and snow, 1.38 inch.

Notes. — 1st. Wind variable, chiefly N. W. — rainy — some sleet in the afternoon. — 2d. Rain and sleet at intervals. — 3d. A little snow in the morning. — 4th. Snowy morning. — 6th. Some snow in the evening. — 7th to 13th inclusive. Ground covered with snow; a considerable quantity fell in the nights of the 9th, 10th, and 11th — the 12th a very snowy day. — 20th. Fine day. — 21st. A little rain in the evening. — 30th. Foggy morning.

PRICES OF STOCKS.

Date.	Bank Stock.	3 Pr. Ct. Consols.	Red.	3 pr. ct. Cons.	4 pr. ct. Cons.	5 pr. ct. Navy.	Long Ann.	Quarterm. pr. ct.	Imp. Ann.	Irish 5 pr. ct. Stock.	5 S. Sea. Ann.	6 S. Sea. Ann.	India Stock.	Bonds.	India Bonds.	Exch. Bills 3 d.	St. Lot. Tickets	Cons. for ac.
Mar. 21	Shut	71½ a 70½	71½	Shut	Shut	97½	Shut	20½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	shut	10 Pm.	—	5 Pm.	£23. 38.	Apr. 6
22	—	70½ a 71	Shut	86½	—	97½	—	27 Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	9 Pm.	—	6 Pm.	71½ 0g	71½ 0g
23	—	70½ a 69½	70½	Shut	—	97½	—	23½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	9 Pm.	—	5 Pm.	71½ 0g	71½ 0g
25	—	69½ a 69	—	—	—	96½	—	23½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	8 Pm.	—	5 Pm.	70½ 0g	70½ 0g
26	—	69½ a 65½	67	—	—	95½	—	19 Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	6 Pm.	—	5 Pm.	68½ 0g	68½ 0g
28	—	69½ a 67	67	83½	—	95	—	65	—	—	—	—	—	4 Pm.	—	4 Pm.	68½ 0g	68½ 0g
29	—	66½ a 65½	66	—	—	91½	—	16½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	4 Pm.	—	4 Pm.	68½ 0g	68½ 0g
30	—	65 a 62	64½	—	—	93½	—	15½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	4 Pm.	—	4 Pm.	68½ 0g	68½ 0g
31	—	64 a 61½	63½	—	—	92	—	11½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	1 Pm.	—	1 Pm.	68½ 0g	68½ 0g
April 1	—	61½ a 62	62½	—	—	91½	—	11½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	1 Pm.	—	1 Pm.	68½ 0g	68½ 0g
2	—	63½ a 62	63	—	—	91½	—	12 Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	1 Pm.	—	1 Pm.	68½ 0g	68½ 0g
4	—	62½ a 61	—	78½	—	91½	—	14½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	1 Pm.	—	1 Pm.	68½ 0g	68½ 0g
5	—	63½ a 64½	—	—	—	93½	—	14½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	1 Pm.	—	1 Pm.	68½ 0g	68½ 0g
6	—	67 a 70	68½	—	—	97½	—	21½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	1 Pm.	—	1 Pm.	68½ 0g	68½ 0g
7	—	70 a 68½	69½	83	—	98½	—	25½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	1 Pm.	—	1 Pm.	68½ 0g	68½ 0g
8	Hol.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	68½ 0g
9	—	72½ a 70	70½	84½	—	98	—	28 Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	1 Pm.	—	1 Pm.	68½ 0g	68½ 0g
11	—	71 a 68½	67	82½	—	97½	—	23½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	1 Pm.	—	1 Pm.	68½ 0g	68½ 0g
12	—	68½ a 69	67	82½	—	96½	—	22½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	1 Pm.	—	1 Pm.	68½ 0g	68½ 0g
13	—	68½ a 67	68	82½	—	97½	—	24 Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	1 Pm.	—	1 Pm.	68½ 0g	68½ 0g
14	259	69 a 81	68½	82½	—	97½	—	24 Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	1 Pm.	—	1 Pm.	68½ 0g	68½ 0g
15	259	69 a 81	67½	81½	—	97	—	22 Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	1 Pm.	—	1 Pm.	68½ 0g	68½ 0g
16	—	67 a 65½	66	79½	—	96½	—	19½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	1 Pm.	—	1 Pm.	68½ 0g	68½ 0g
18	—	65½ a 67	65½	80½	—	95½	—	19 Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	1 Pm.	—	1 Pm.	68½ 0g	68½ 0g
19	257½	67½ a 66½	65½	81½	—	95½	—	19 Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	1 Pm.	—	1 Pm.	68½ 0g	68½ 0g
20	252	66½ a 68	65½	80	—	95½	—	17½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	1 Pm.	—	1 Pm.	68½ 0g	68½ 0g

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For JUNE, 1814.

VOL. XI.

The Sixty-sixth Number.

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THE
Repository

OF

ARTS, LITERATURE, COMMERCE,
Manufactures, Fashions, and Politics,

For JUNE, 1814.

The Sixty-sixth Number.

—————The suffrage of the wise,
The praise that's worth ambition, is attain'd
By sense alone, and dignity of mind.

ARMSTRONG.

CONVERSATIONS ON THE ARTS.—By JUNINUS.

(Continued from p. 256.)

MISS EVE. The principal figures in this piece (the Battle of Hastings) seem not only to have their conspicuity, but all the other figures a just subordination according to their importance.

MISS K. And none are admitted that are useless: upon this plan also the *Iliad* of Homer, and other epic poems, plays, &c. are written. Achilles is so frequently mentioned in the *Iliad*, that he is often called Pelides' son, to soften the continued repetition of the name. There are many ways by which a painter may increase or subdue conspicuity. The regulation of this subordination requires much attention.

MISS EVE. How varied and how striking are the attitudes of the figures in this battle!

MISS K. I have endeavoured to show their best parts.

MISS EVE. I suppose you always draw the osteology correct before
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you clothe the figures (if I may use the expression) with their muscles.

MISS K. I endeavour to do so.

MISS EVE. You do not draw from a model, like most of the painters of this country, who, when this figure grows tired and languid, copy what they see.

MISS K. No: I consult my reason, and mark the muscles according to the vigour of the momentary exertion.

MISS EVE. These painters do not, like you, borrow the harmony of lines from Michael Angelo Buonarotti and Raphael d'Urbino. Did you copy the harmony of lines in this composition from those great masters?

MISS K. I often do; but the harmony of lines in this piece I copied from Massaccio of Tuscany and Polydore da Caravaggio. Most of our painters are ignorant of the existence of such a rule as this. They procure porters or boxers for

models, and as they happen to stand, so artists draw.

Miss *Eve*. There seems to be but little marking of the muscles in that figure which lies down.

Miss *K*. That figure, if you observe, is lusty : the body is covered with fat in different degrees in different parts. Here it is much covered with that integument.

Miss *Eve*. What swag-bellied fat Flanderkins were the females that Rubens generally painted! like Dutch frows or butchers' wives!

Miss *K*. A female, to be captivating, should be large about the middle, and slender about the extremities. Cipriani drew elegant and graceful females.

Miss *Eve*. I have observed that the female head in Cipriani's works is small and shaped like an egg, with the smaller end downwards; the hair is beautifully dishevelled; the whole figure has the gently flowing form which Hogarth calls the line of beauty, and the lines flourish about harmoniously, in your manner. You would not be half so handsome as you are, Miss *K*, if you were not formed in this manner.

Do you measure the proportions?

Miss *K*. I know the proportions, but I do not rely much on measuring, because every part is more or less foreshortened. I find that I gain greater accuracy by trusting to the eye.

Much of the merit in this composition arises not only from the harmony of the lines, but also from the particular winding lines, and from these lines running on, as it were, from centres; from the grandeur that arises from uniformity and its attendant simplicity, and from the unostentatiousness of the

attitudes and the contrasts. The story, you must allow, is well told; but this I borrowed or stole—call it which you please—from modern painters who lived when this art was best practised, that is, about 300 years ago. Observe in what a few large parts the figures are drawn, in imitation of the Greek terms.

Miss *Eve*. I observe you make the long flowing lines run across the various objects. What a long line runs along the arrow and the arm of that archer, then sweeps away round the drapery that is flying over his head, and twirls again and again like a schoolmaster's flourish, such as we see in specimens of penmanship. This principle is extended also to the various groups.

Miss *K*. The minor parts in these flowing lines, also the greater as you observe even in the groups, wind and run about somewhat like the harmonious flourishes you speak of, but not so obviously to the injudicious eye. I endeavour to make the figures and parts support each other, like a band of music or chorus of voices—I will shew you this principle in perfection in the works of Michael Angelo and Raphael.

Miss *Eve*. We will also study other masters—as Pope observes,

Each heav'nly piece unwearied we'll compare,
Match Raphael's grace with thy lov'd Guido's
air,

Caracci's strength, Corregio's softer line,
Paulo's free stroke, and Titian's warmth divine.

Miss *K*. Besides sketching with these scrolls, I always draw outwards or convex, like a blown bladder:—few parts, simplicity, uniformity. I avoid affectation, ostentatious foreshortening, and ostentatious contrasts. I do not descri-

minate draperies, &c.; this belongs to the ornamental style. I introduce what contributes to vastness.

Miss *Eve*. What is so likely to introduce greatness as universal greatness?

Miss *K*. In this picture the colouring is between the Roman and the Bolognese. Had the picture been of the ornamental kind, I should have introduced more variety, more contrast, more small lights, discrimination, finery, flutter, and broken colours, also the Venetian or Flemish colouring.

Miss *Eve*. You have aimed at and accomplished greatness, sublimity, the grandeur of simplicity, breadth in the masses, breadth of touch, square drawing. In that other archer who has just discharged his arrow, what character there is, what energy! the bow absolutely seems to sound, and the bow-string to cry *Twang*. And there is an unfortunate man who seems to have received a mortal wound, which has just deprived him of life: this fatal arrow has just whistled his knell. This brings to my mind the lines in the old ballad of *Cherry Chase*, where one dies in this way by an arrow:—

The grey goose wing that was thereon
In his heart's blood was wet.

That great organ of circulation, the heart, seems to pant in its pericardium.

Miss *K*. That arrow inflicted instant death. It is often the case that the flesh will move for some time after expiration, and shrink from a wound made by a sharp instrument. This is well known to butchers, &c.

Miss *Eve*. Some of our poets and painters would make a figure

running away with such a wound; and, on the other hand, dying by one not at all dangerous.

Most actors, when supposed to be killed on the stage, immediately become stiff, as if they had been frozen to death two or three days. How unnatural is this!—and when carried off too, they wish to shew that they are not only dead, but stiff: this in reality proves them to be not only alive, but very strong.

Miss *K*. The body remains flexible for some time after death.

Miss *Eve*. 'Tis not every poet, painter, or actor that studies anatomy; neither does every painter know, like you, how to introduce this greatness. In this piece you are not, like Rubens, content with ornamental splendour, with the combination of opposites reconciled, or harmonized by balancing.

Miss *K*. This splendour is nothing else. The figures, it may be observed, are often dressed in black satin, to balance the strengths. This manner, which Westall now practises, may be learned by considering your remark for a few moments.

Miss *Eve*. Will you repeat the executive principles which constitute the merit of the generality of artists? such as mere copyists, engravers, &c.

Miss *K*. Precision clears every thing; strengthening the shadows in their middles imparts force and mellowness; the gradations produce warmth; and attention to the angles on the outside gives accuracy. In splendid pictures, not only precision, but the reflections and the shadows from objects being very apparent, with broad lights and shades, and the balancing of

opposites, produce the effect of the sun shining on the piece.

Miss *Eve*. Reynolds compares the golden or warm yellow manner of Titian to the rays of the setting sun; Rubens' florid style to a nose-gay of flowers; and Barrochio's laky manner, he says, makes the figures look as if they were fed on roses. Here Sir Joshua is wrong: feeding upon roses would not make people look florid; it would make them look pale: but it is ornamental to write about gold, silver, roses, diamonds — about the silvery tint of Guido, and the golden tint of Titian.

That figure puts me in mind of Earl Douglas, in *Chevy Chase*, where that nobleman is thus described:—

Earl Douglas on a milk-white steed,
 Much like a baron bold,
 Rode foremost of the company,
 Whose armour shone like gold.

I observe that it is very commonplace among painters of battles, to put a white horse loaded with colour towards the middle of the picture, by the centre of vision, to make a central mass of light.

Miss *K*. No doubt, Miss *Eve*, you have many paintings of battles in your collection?

Miss *Eve*. I have two Michael Angelos, a Brescianino, three Bourgononis, five Salvator Rosas, two Gioseppinos, a pair of Lingelbachs, three young T. Wykès, a Kuyp, a Knupper, a Rugandas, a pair of Nolleys, two Rices, and three Jongs.

Who are the painters of the battle-pieces in your collection?

Miss *K*. Besides several by painters whom you have mentioned, I have four R. van Hoecks, a

Celza, a Francisca, a Gaal, a Stomma, a Strada, three Peter van Bloemens, two Valerio Castellis, two Franks, a Crabbitje, two Berckmanns, a pair of Vogelsangs, and three old Vandermuirs. Many other painters have excelled in battle-pieces.

Miss *Eve*. Vandermeulen, Paternier, Paul de Vos, the two Marks (Estevan and his son Miguel), have much merit in this way; as have also Pandolf, Poriz, and Don Francisco Ricci.

Miss *K*. Yes; and likewise J. Schellink's, Lilio's, Ligozzi's, Cornelius de Waal's, and old Justus van Huysum's battle-pieces are in high and deserved repute among connoisseurs.

Miss *Eve*. In your Battle of Hastings did you copy after any of these?

Miss *K*. Beides availing myself of Masacci and Polydore, I took a few hints, a sort of points from which to start, from Julio Romano, Tibaldi of Bologna, and Goltzius.

Miss *Eve*. From Goltzius of Venlo?

Miss *K*. No; from his son Henry, of Mulbrack.

Miss *Eve*. Henry Goltzius is a sort of caricature of Michael Angelo Buonarotti's style. He carried the blown-bladder principle to a daring excess.

Miss *K*. Yes; with his bloated corpulence he makes the art ridiculously apparent; yet much may be learned from such copyists in every department. They make every merit so excessive, that it passes the line and becomes a fault — just as virtues when carried to excess degenerate into vices. This

may be particularly observed among colourists. When the colours should be bluish, reddish, yellowish, or any other colour, they make every colour so to such a degree, that the method of the original becomes very apparent.

Miss *Eve*. When you spoke of the executive principles just now, you omitted noticing the rule that the comparing of the lights with each other, and the classing of them, as 1, 2, 3, &c. and the comparing and classing of the shadows also, are productive of harmony; or that the variety of tints in tender differences or gradations gives richness in the masses of light; that the subordination of the detail, breadth in the masses, breadth of touch, square drawing, discrimination of surfaces, drawing outwards, the flourishing flow, contribute their various excellencies; likewise that giving the general character of every thing, as objects appear at the proposed distance, and working here and there, about and about, according to your expression, produce lightness or sketchiness, make every thing look as it were alight, impart a fiery appearance, give a due balance, and put all the parts well together.

Miss *K*. Yes, I remember I made these observations. These principles and those I just now mentioned, constitute nearly the whole merit of copyists, particularly engravers and draughtsmen, at least those that only copy, and also those who draw figures (considered in that light alone) at royal academies, with the addition of anatomy and the proportions.

Miss *Eve*. I observe, that bad academy figures on coloured paper

are almost always very white, and seem as if they wanted dusting, especially at the lower extremity. The best figures are conformable to the rules you have mentioned, and to these they owe their excellence. Good copiers, I observe, make the half tint of the paper serve as much as possible; they keep the black and white chalk separate from each other, and generally throw the latter upon the upper part, as about the bosom; on the most beautiful parts, which are generally the upper parts; making the shades darkest, and the lights lightest, in the middle. I find that light, half tint, shadow, and reflex, make every object, every limb appear round. If I was a young man, and drew at a royal academy, I feel that I should knock these principles about and about with such sketchy freedom, touching here and there, often with a blunt chalk or crayon, as to animate the R. A.'s with the liveliness of my manner.

Miss *K*. Many a true word is spoken in jest. Indeed, Miss *Eve*, I think you would dash in character, life, expression, force, lightness, &c. so as to surprise others, and even yourself. You would consider *the whole together*, that is, all the principles; and under the influence of this general feeling, your works would be excellent. There is such a correspondence between the mind and the hand, that what the former feels, the latter expresses, provided there is also an acquaintance with the rules.

I propose to go to-morrow to an auction, to buy a battle-piece, by Rinaldo Santo, called *Il Tromba*. This artist excels in horses.

Miss *Eve*. Reynolds says, that Rubens painted the horse better than any other master. I admire the horses of Jordaens, a pupil of Rubens.

Miss *K*. Reynolds painted excellent horses himself: indeed he excelled in every thing. This was owing to his painting objects, not as they are, but as they appear at the given distance. What nature here presented he dared to follow: hence much of his merit.

Miss *Eve*. The horse is a beautiful animal. How many convex, flowing lines his parts present! What poet has best described the horse?

Miss *K*. I think Virgil, in his *Eneid*.

Miss *Eve*. Will you repeat his lines?

Miss *K*. They have been thus rendered by Dryden:—

The fiery courser, when he hears from far
The sprightly trumpet and the sound of war,
Pricks up his ears, and trembling with delight,
Shifts pace, and paws, and hopes the coming
fight;
On his right shoulder his thick mane reclin'd,
Ruffles at speed and dances in the wind.
His horny hoofs are jetty black and round,
His chine is double, starting with a bound,
He turns the turf and shakes the solid ground.
Fire from his eyes, clouds from his nostrils
blow,
He bears his rider headlong on the foe.

Miss *Eve*. This is very excellent. I admire also that description in Tasso, where Argillon is compared for fierceness to a horse:—

As when to battle bred the courser freed
From royal stalls, now seeks the wonted mead,
There unrestrain'd amid the herd he roves,
Bathes in the streams and wantons in the
groves;
His mane dishevell'd down his shoulders
spread,
He shakes his neck, and bears aloft his head;

His nostrils flame, his horny hoofs resound,
And his loud neighing fills the valleys round.
So Argillon appears, so fierce he shows,
While in his looks undaunted courage glows.

Homer's description, to which his successors have been evidently indebted, is also very beautiful:—

— The pamper'd steed, with reins unbound,
Breaks from his stall and pours along the
ground;
With ample strokes he rushes to the flood,
To bathe his sides and cool his fiery blood.
His head now freed, he tosses to the skies,
His mane dishevell'd o'er his shoulders flies:
He snuffs the females in the well known plain,
And springs exulting to the fields again.

Miss *K*. Among the many sublime and excellent descriptions in the Bible, the following, in Job, can scarcely be surpassed:—"Hast thou given the horse strength? hast thou clothed his neck with thunder? Canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper? The glory of his nostrils is terrible; he paweth in the valley and rejoiceth in his strength. He goeth on to meet the armed men; he mocketh at fear and is not afraid, neither turneth he back from the sword: the quiver rattleth against him, the glittering spear and the shield. He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage, neither believeth he that it is the sound of the trumpet. He saith among the trumpets, Ha! ha! and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thundering of the captains and the shouting."

Miss *Eve*. I often read the Scriptures, and peruse with great attention the history of our people, the ancient children of Israel.

Miss *K*. Indeed, the Jews must find much to flatter them in the Bible. God often calls them his peculiar people.

Miss *Eve*. It is somewhat re-

markable that Michael Angelo Buonarrotti and Raphael d'Urbino, so often termed the *Divine*, from the celestial gracefulness of his works, —that these two best painters among the moderns should have the same names as the two archangels, and that their characters should correspond, the one being so sublime, the other the model of grace and gentleness.

Miss K. It is said, that there are seven of these principal angels. In *Tobit* xii. 15, Raphael says to Tobit and his wife Anna—“I am Raphael, one of the seven holy angels which present the prayers of the saints, and which go in and out before the glory of the Holy One.”

Miss Eve. Milton, in his *Paradise Lost*, has very strictly preserved this character of sublimity in one and gentleness in the other.

I observe, it is very common-place among the poets and painters, to represent a horse pawing with his foot, snorting, champing, foaming, and whisking his tail. A poet or painter gains a great deal by seizing only what is common-place.

Miss K. Much of what is common-place is introduced into this *Battle of Hastings*, but is known to be such only to those who are intimately acquainted with what has been already done, to one in a hundred, or perhaps it would come nearer the truth to say, one in a thousand. This sometimes procures the reputation of originality. So much has been done by others, that were we really to invent, it is likely that we should only hit upon something that has been better done already. This consideration led

Reynolds to observe, that the more we copy, the better and more original will be our inventions.

Miss Eve. Reynolds also says, “I am not afraid to repeat it too often: you must have no dependence on your own genius.” It is curious, that the narrowest intellects believe in the powers of unassisted genius, that they are in a high degree favoured with this quality; and that, on the other hand, the greatest geniuses say, that the native force of the mind, or, in other words, unassisted genius, is a deplorable weakness.

But to return to the *Battle of Hastings*:—how very muscular you have drawn William the Conqueror! he looks like one of Michael Angelo Buonarrotti's figures.

Miss K. This successful invader was very muscular: his strength is said to have been so great, that no man in this kingdom at that time could bend his bow or sustain the weight of his armour.

Miss Eve. With what a clear, clean precision you have drawn his muscles!

Miss Eve. It is very easy with a clear pen to draw a sketch with this extreme sharpness, that great source of clearness, which almost any schoolmaster can attain in writing: but even in a finished picture, I not only preserve this clear line or sharp termination at the very centre of vision, but also take off the sharp crudeness of this continued line by softening and blending, and also sometimes make the parts lighter and at others darker behind this outline; and at others, again, so much like the colour or shade, that the outline can be traced

only in the distant effect. These antagonists to clearness give a mellowness to my pictures—

Miss *Eve*. Which I never perceived in the works of any other painter, except Sir Joshua Reynolds. This, I suppose, and his giving the general character by a liberal, grand, scientific conception of what was before him, greatly contributed to his excellence.

Miss *K*. Yes; he was always considering the whole together, always working under the influence of this extensive idea—

Miss *Eve*. Which made him the best painter that was a native of this country, and the best portrait-painter that ever lived in it, except Vanduyke and his master, Rubens.

I should like to copy some prints, to acquire this mellowness of drawing: which would you recommend?

Miss *K*. *The Sleeping Child, Ariadne*; the portraits of *Dr. Sam. Johnson* and *Admiral Keppel* in mezzotint, by Wm. Doughty, from pictures by Reynolds, whose pupil he had been. The tone or degree of tint, as it relates to the intermediates between black and white, and which may be called engravers' colouring, is here better preserved than in any other prints that I know.

Miss *Eve*. I suppose these prints

are shade upon shade, without the crudeness of an outline, which make the engravings look so much like paint or paintings.

Miss *K*. Yes; you will also find this merit in these prints: our present engravers are like our present painters, they have much to learn before they attain perfection, or reach the excellence of many of their predecessors.

Miss *Eve*. 'Tis a pity our engravers are not so excellent as they were: this country has now no Bartolozzi, Sherwin, or Strange, as it had twenty years ago.

Miss *K*. The engravers in general are much better than they were; but their works do not approach to the excellence of either of the three you have just mentioned.

Miss *Eve*. You say the engravers in general have made some improvement, by rebiting their plates and introducing more breadth and tone; that is, keeping down the lights to take away chalkiness, and giving greater variety to these, in which Doughty's prints so highly excel.

Miss *K*. Yes; and they begin in general to know somewhat more of the perspective of the stroke, particularly Bromley, who comes nearer to Sherwin than any other.

FRAGMENTS FROM THE POCKET-BOOK OF AN AMATEUR.

(Continued from p. 273.)

THE SCREEN OF CARLTON-HOUSE

HAS been censured as a solecism in architecture; for a peristyle of columns supporting nothing, and without either real or apparent utility, can hardly be defended as consonant to judgment or good

taste: neither does the façade, before which they are placed, require any concealment—it is sufficiently ornamental in itself. Had the contrary been the case, the architect might have been justified in having recourse to a screen. Perhaps it

was his intention to inclose the area in front of the house, to render it more secluded, and, at the same time, to present a more ornamental object than blank wall. Still, as this screen is merely ornamental, it is not sufficiently so—it should have been copied from the most highly decorated example of the order extant, and the columns should have been fluted. After all, an insulated range of pillars, however rich, has too great an appearance of insecurity to please. We should have preferred an order of Caryatides, as in the Pandrosium of Athens; or had the court been sufficiently spacious*, a double peristyle, forming an open portico, with a magnificent arch in the centre, and inclosed by an elegant palisade. Thus a full view of the beautiful portico would have been admitted in a most picturesque manner through two ranges of columns; which, by forming a corridor, would, at least, have had a sufficient appearance of utility to rescue them from that imputation of absurdity attached to the present screen.

We hope that, among the projected alterations of the Regent's palace, some improvement in this most conspicuous part will not be forgotten.

EXAGGERATIONS OF DESCRIPTIVE WRITERS.

The ingenious gentleman of La Mancha was perpetually mistaking miserable inns for palaces, and country wenches and chambermaids for nymphs and princesses. Some modern tourists and dealers

in description appear to have laboured under a similar faculty: their good-nature is so unbounded, that they willingly believe (at least would make their readers believe) every snug country-box to be an elegant villa; every house of more than common dimensions to be a palæe: their pen, like the wand of a harlequin, transforms each object that it describes; and they are as liberal of their commendatory epithets as an auctioneer, or puffing advertiser, whose hyperbolic style they imitate nearly "passibus æquis."

Even grave encyclopædists do not appear to have entirely escaped this infection: for instance, in describing London, one of them characterizes the Adelphi as "a most magnificent mass of building." Not content with asserting it to be magnificent, he ascribes to it a superlative degree of magnificence, thereby challenging a comparison between this pile and the most celebrated pieces of architecture. If mere extent were sufficient to constitute magnificence in building, the Adelphi might then have some pretensions.

The writer could hardly be daring enough to presume, that it would for a moment admit of a comparison with Somerset-House, Greenwich-Hospital, the Louvre, or many other edifices of still inferior rank: yet if it does not, what meaning does the sentence convey? Mr. Cumberland more justly terms the building in question,

The pile fraternal upon Thames's bank
Which draws its title, not its taste, from Greece.

Why the writer in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* should choose to

* As in the Palais du Corps Legislatif, at Paris.

bestow such exaggerated praise on the Adelpi, can be accounted for only, by supposing that his judgment was biased by his national partiality. The Adams were natives of Scotland, and as such might have more merit in the estimation of a Scotchman than Palladio himself.

It is undoubtedly our duty to encourage native genius; to regard with an honest pride those works of art which are indigenous to our own country: yet we must not overrate them. Artists should be cosmopolites; should divest themselves of illiberal prejudices, and pay homage to genius, whether native or foreign.

ORNAMENTED COTTAGES

May be considered as anomalies, which reject all rules but those of caprice. They possess the formality of regular architecture, without its richness or elegance; and the mean form of the cottage, without its picturesqueness. A common rustic habitation, with its patched thatch almost covered with moss and lichens, its clay walls beautifully tinted by the stains of the weather, its small casement partially concealed by the foliage of some plant, exhibits an object worthy to be represented on the painter's canvas, not a model for the builder. To imitate by rule that which is the result of accident, is ridiculous; it is "cum ratione insanire."

If we must have picturesque cottages, we ought to reject the rule and compass; not to demand a design from our architect, but a sketch from the port-folio of the draughtsman, and leave the completion of the work to Time, who will here be found to be the best

workman; otherwise our efforts to attain picturesqueness will prove abortive, and the spruce building bear as correct a resemblance to the cottage, as shepherdesses of the Opera-House to the peasant girls of Gainsborough.

Among the many designs for cottages, published of late years, not one can be termed picturesque. This may be considered as too severe a censure; but where is the painter who would venture to introduce them into his landscapes? and if they cannot stand this test—if unfit for representation in painting, with what propriety can they claim the epithet picturesque? The builders of those cottages which the artist and lover of the picturesque so much admire, never aimed at any thing further than economy and convenience; for whatever they possess of the picturesque, they are indebted to time and casualties alone. The tattered garment of a beggar is picturesque; yet we do not so far sacrifice comfort and decorum to picturesqueness, as to wear rags.

ARTHUR YOUNG.

The tours made by this gentleman through different parts of the kingdom, although perfectly agricultural, yet contain some very good accounts of seats, and shew the author to be possessed of a correct taste in architecture and painting. It is to be wished that they were republished, separate from the main body of the work, with additional matter respecting those changes which may have occurred since their first appearance, and descriptions of those seats which Mr. Young did not visit, the whole arranged in alphabetical form, as the *Ambulator* is. This latter is a

very clever and useful book, although it appears in so humble a form; it contains much information comprised in a small compass, and judicious criticisms. Why have we not county tours on the same plan, cheap and portable? As Sterne says, they manage these things better in France; there they consult the pocket of every class—they exhibit their galleries and works of art both in magnificent folios and humble octavos.

WINGS.

Whenever the offices form the wings to a mansion, they ought to be ornamental, and made to accord with the character of the centre. This, however, is far from being generally the case; in many instances they are quite destitute of ornament, and but very ill assimilate with the rest of the building, thereby giving a mean appearance to the whole; an example of which may be found at Buckingham-House, where the offices are paltry, and disfigure the area which they might have contributed to adorn. It will perhaps be alledged in defence of this mode, that ornament is not required in buildings which are intended merely as lodgings for servants, and for domestic purposes: certainly not an *equal* degree of decoration with the main pile, yet sufficient to make them harmonious; otherwise, if from motives of economy it be judged proper to bestow on them no more than what convenience demands, let them be removed out of sight, and not occupy so conspicuous a situation; if they cannot be beauties, at least do not permit them to become blemishes. To see such heterogeneous parts assembled toge-

ther, as is too frequently the case, reminds us of the first lines of Horace's *Art of Poetry*:

Humano capiti, &c.

GARDEN BUILDINGS.

Buildings constitute a considerable part of ornamental gardening: judiciously employed, they assist in heightening the impressions made by the surrounding scenery, and frequently give a more decisive air to its character. Yet it often happens, that number, rather than excellence, appears to have been aimed at: when crowded, they tend more to destroy than create grandeur; and when executed on too trifling a scale, convey a paltry air to the landscape.

In buildings of this kind, the architect may give scope to his fancy; or may produce exact copies of the noble monuments of antiquity, executed on a corresponding scale. Indeed, it is better to have but a single edifice of real grandeur, than a number of little seats and temples not superior to the common painted decorations of a tea-garden. If ruins are introduced, either Gothic or Roman, let there be some appearance of plan to assist probability: let them have at least an imposing air; which, if it cannot prevent them from being censurable as violations of truth, may yet hinder them from being contemptible as pieces of art. In buildings intended solely for utility, we cannot blame economy; in those of ornament, any sacrifice of beauty is unpardonable. If the expence is too great, why introduce them at all; since, unless they delight the spectator by their elegance, they disgust him, not only by their deformity, but their

would-be beauty. Horace has told us, that mediocrity in poetry is not to be tolerated: in every one of the fine arts, and all their branches, it is the same; if we cannot attain excellence, we may dispense with them altogether. The plainest building, if it makes no pretensions to appearance, may pass uncensured; if any attempt at ornament is perceived, it becomes ridiculous. A Grecian portico placed (and that sometimes very awkwardly) against a plain wall, containing merely apertures for the windows, is most contemptible; it is the bathos of taste: an instance may be seen in the new Surgeons' College,

Lincoln's Inn Fields. But it is needless to particularize instances of so common a deformity: we have beheld a farm-house, whose front was nearly concealed by *five* massy pillars of the Grecian Doric order. "Risum teneatis amici?" may it ever continue to be an unique! If we are too parsimonious to erect monuments of architecture, let us not, under pretence of embellishment, disfigure our streets by these crude abortions, composed of, or, to speak more justly, jumbled together with parts the most discordant.

(To be continued.)

PLATE 33. — ACCOUNT OF A VISIT TO THE ROCK-SALT MINES AT NORTHWICH, IN CHESHIRE.

THE rock salt, with few exceptions, is ascertained to exist only in the vallies of the river Weaver and its tributary streams: in some places manifesting its presence by springs impregnated with salt; in others being known by mines actually carried down into the substance of the strata.

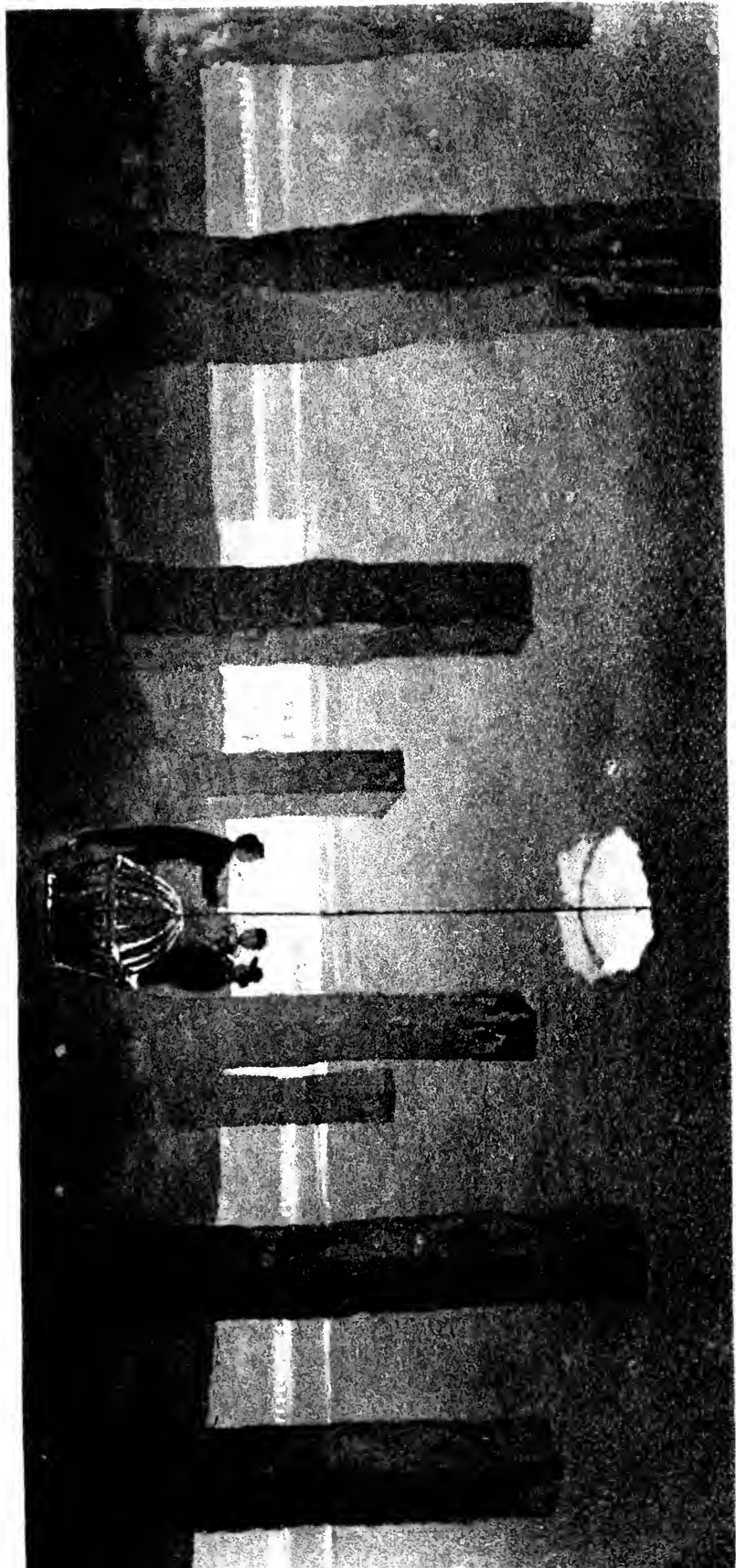
At Northwich the brine-springs are very abundant, and many mines have been sunk, for the purpose of working out the fossil salt.

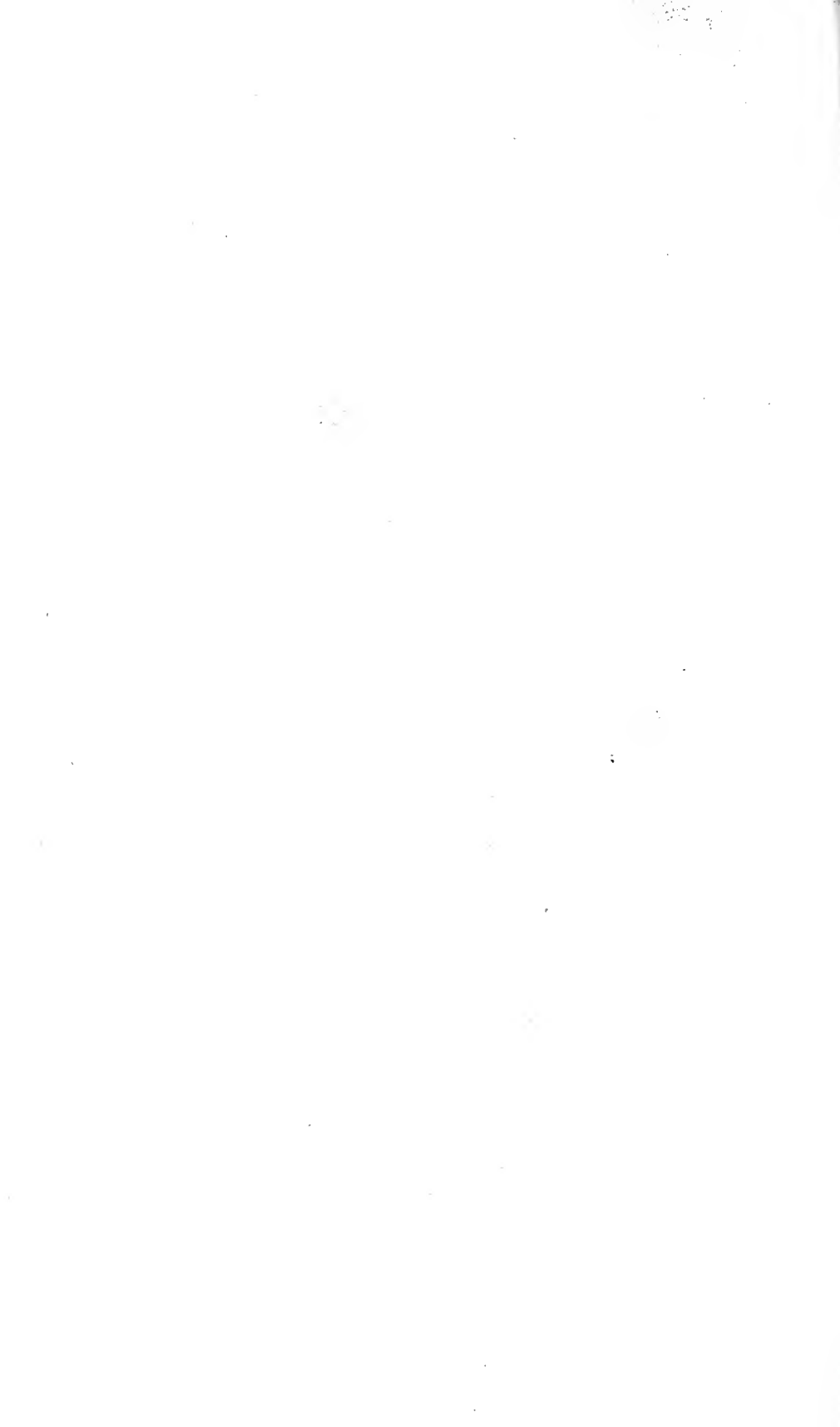
The brines are generally formed by the penetration of spring or rain waters to the upper surface of the rock salt, in passing over which they acquire different degrees of strength, according to a variety of circumstances. The brine is pumped out of the pits by steam or other engines, and first conveyed into large reservoirs, and then drawn off, as wanted, into evaporating pans

made of wrought iron, and the residuum is white salt.

The importance of the Cheshire salt-manufacture will be obvious from the statement, that, besides the salt made for home consumption, which annually amounts to more than sixteen thousand tons, the average quantity sent to Liverpool for exportation has not been less than one hundred and forty thousand tons annually.

Rock salt was first discovered about one hundred and forty years ago, at Marbury, near Northwich, when searching there for coal. The rock salt of Northwich occurs in two great strata or beds, lying nearly horizontally, but on different levels, and separated, the superincumbent from the subjacent stratum, by several layers of indurated clay or argillaceous stone, which have an uniform thickness of thirty





to thirty-three feet, and are irregularly penetrated by veins of the fossil salt. The thickness of the upper bed of rock salt at Northwich, and which is generally found at about one hundred and ten feet from the surface, is from sixty to ninety feet; that of the lower bed has never yet been ascertained in any one of the mines in this district. The workings in this lower stratum are usually begun at a further depth of from sixty to seventy-five feet, and are carried down for fifteen or eighteen feet through what forms the purest portion of the bed. In one of the mines a shaft has been sunk to a level of forty-two feet still lower, without passing through the body of rock salt; thus ascertaining the thickness of this bed to one hundred and twenty feet, and no direct evidence, that it may not extend to a considerably greater depth.

No marine exuvæ, or organic remains, have been found in the strata situated over the rock salt.

In every part of the rock are found separate crystalline concretions of muriate of soda, variously disposed--sometimes occurring distinctly in the cubical form, in other places in masses of larger size and irregularly shaped. The colour of these concretions, which are of the foliated species of fossil salt, is usually a greyish or milk white: they are always translucent, and often attain a considerable degree of transparency.

In some of the pits, where pillars, eighteen or twenty feet square, form the supports of the mine, the appearance of the cavity produced by the workings of the mine, is singularly striking; and the brilliancy

of the effect is greatly increased, if the mine be illuminated by candles fixed to the sides of the rock. The scene so formed would almost appear to realize the magic palaces of the Eastern poets.

The present number of mines is eleven or twelve, from which there are raised, on an annual average, fifty or sixty thousand tons of rock salt. The greater part is exported, and the remainder employed, in the Cheshire district, in the manufacture of white salt by solution and subsequent evaporation.

The great body of the rock presents to the eye a confused red mass, varied here and there by crystalline portions of salt. The surface of an horizontal section of the rock presents various figures, distinctly marked, and differing considerably in the forms which they assume,—some nearly circular, others perfectly pentagonal, and others of irregular polyedral figure. The lines which form the boundaries of these figures, are composed of extremely pure white salt, forming a division between the coarse red rock, exterior to the figure, and the equally coarse rock included within its area. Those bordering lines or rims vary from two to six inches in width. The figures themselves differ greatly in size; some of them being less than a yard in diameter, others as much as three or four yards; and they very frequently are observed one within another, gradually diminishing in size to a centre.

With respect to the theory of the formation of rock salt, little doubt can exist of the general fact, that the beds of this mineral have been formed by deposition from the

waters of the sea. This is probable, from the situation in which these beds usually occur; and the circumstance of the beds decreasing in thickness as they recede from the sea, may be admitted as an argument in behalf of the opinion. It is difficult, however, to give a satisfactory account of the consolidation of these beds of salt.

We are indebted for the above to a very ingenious paper, read before the Geological Society by one of its honorary members.

Few articles are more essentially necessary to human comfort, than salt. In domestic use, it enters into almost every culinary preparation. It is a most important article of commerce, both in the unmanufactured rock, and in the white salt made by evaporation, either by the solar heat or fire. Our fisheries for herrings, pilchards, &c.; those of cod on the great banks of Newfoundland; the sea-stores for our navy; our butter, cheese, and a thousand other articles, are dependant on salt for their preservation and extensive usefulness.

The late visit of the Right Hon. Mr. Canning, has called the public attention peculiarly to the Cheshire salt-mines: it gives us the greater pleasure to be permitted by a friend, who, during the last summer, visited one of the Northwich salt-mines, to lay before the public a copy or sketch which he made of the appearance of the mine, memoranda of his descent, taken for the assistance of his own recollection, and which we here present to our readers, persuaded, that they will feel not less interest than we

have taken in the sight and perusal of them.

“The river Weaver is at Northwich of depth sufficient to float loaded vessels of 100 tons, which are here called flats; and I was informed, that nearly seven hundred such vessels (the average cost of which is nearly one thousand pounds) are employed in the salt and coal trades on the Weaver and Mersey rivers to Liverpool. From the number of steam-engines pumping up brine, or working up rock from the pits, the air was dark with smoke, and the roads to the works black with the falling soot; among which, particles of salt glistened in the sun-beams. The blackness of the salt-houses and lofts, and their age and condition, give the place a rather dismal and ruinous appearance.

“The rock pit-house at Dunkirk belongs to Messrs. Marshalls, whose polite invitation to see the pit, I thankfully accepted, and Mrs. — with much courage consented to accompany me. The mouth of the pit may be about 12 feet by 8, and the inside, for some little way down, lined with battens. It is framed round and defended by a railing. When not used, it is covered by a strong wooden top, moved by a small windlass in the surrounding railing. In an adjoining room is a steam-engine, to work the salt up by large iron-bound buckets, suspended from a flat ropework of four two-inch ropes, united sidewise, so as to lie quite flat round the cylinders and rollers. As one of these buckets ascends loaded with about half a ton of rock, the empty one descends.

They become invisible at about half way down the depth of the pit, and the first sight of the ascending bucket is as a small fluttering cloud, expanding as it approaches to more distinct vision, and the time of the whole ascent takes nearly five minutes.

“When we were informed that preparations for our visit were completed, we got into the tub, in which we were placed tolerably comfortably. The novelty of the undertaking did, in defiance of our endeavours, excite something like fear: but there was no expression of fear, or even an intimation of reluctance, and we began our descent with the appearance of much resolution.

“When we had descended about 100 feet, and familiarity had banished every thought of danger, we suddenly stopped with a considerable jerk, and remained stationary. We were then in a minute or two drawn up and lowered alternately, two or three times; and this did excite a suspicion, that something was wrong, as we were persuaded there must be a cause for it: and while anxiety was saying, What can all this mean? we were suddenly wound up to the pit's mouth, and the tub relanded.

“The cause of our sudden and unexpected return to the light of the upper world, was an accident to the rope, which had slipped from the horizontal over the shoulder of a perpendicular roller, and was jammed so tight as to require the strength of the engine to extricate it. This had not been without some danger of breaking the rope by which we were suspended. It was, however, soon rectified, and we began immediately to descend.

“We passed through the upper bed of rock salt which was called the old mine. It appeared of a large extent, and the alleys were illuminated with several hundred candles, to shew us their great length all round us. Our carriage was stopped a little while, that we might enjoy the sight; but we did not alight there, and soon proceeded till we got down to the lower mine, 330 feet from the pit's mouth.

“On alighting from our vehicle, we were struck with the peculiarity of the scene. The first *coup d'œil* amazed us! we appeared as if in an immense, solemn, and awful temple. Around the walls of an extent of full three acres, lighted candles were placed so as completely to shew that extent, and lighted candles were also stuck around each of the massy pillars of salt. To increase the awe with which the mind was impressed, silence prevailed throughout for a while, and was then broken only by the heavy blows of the hammers with which the workmen were preparing the rock for blasting by gunpowder, while workmen, near and at a great distance, passing to and fro between us and the lights, seemed like dark shadows, and greatly aided the idea of enchantment.

“Round the spot on which we alighted, there was a circle of faint glimmering of daylight from the shaft by which we had descended. Except this, there was none but candle-light, and even the more than a thousand candles which gave their light, did not illuminate the extent, more than to shew the verge and render darkness visible.

“The roof is about 22 feet high from the floor, and is very neatly finished, exhibiting numerous light

circles, as if globes of salt had been transversely cut, and is of pretty appearance. These globular forms, of which the rock originally consisted, have given rise to some conjectures, but none of them have been satisfactory.

"The ceiling, sides, and pillars were wrought by tools very neatly, and exhibited the appearance of a variegated Purbeck stone, with frequent glitterings, as the crystals of salt reflected the passing light.

"The floor was even and soft, from the dry dust into which the salt was ground by the feet of the miners and the wheels of the heavy trucks which convey the rock under the shaft. The floor is constantly reducing, by taking away a depth of about 3 feet; and when the whole is taken, then another similar depth is commenced.

"The air was pleasingly warm and constantly dry.

"Besides the portion taken from the floor, the workmen were enlarging the mine on one side, and detaching the rock, and then breaking it, to send in the tubs up the shaft. The principal and most forcible mode is by gunpowder. With a long iron chissel continually worked on the salt, the rock is perforated to the depth of 3 or 4 feet. This is then charged with a few ounces of powder, on which a long straw filled with powder is placed, to serve as a fuse; loose salt fills up the hole, and is rammed hard into it. The men having lighted the fuse, retire, and the explosion soon succeeds. It is calculated, that about four tons weight of rock are separated by each "shot;" and as the men prepare for each by picking away in the se-

veral desired directions, that the shock may operate on particular portions, they can, in general, depend upon the result.

"Several of these small mines had been prepared to be sprung when we should be present, and we were much gratified by the novelty of the scene. The noise was as of thunder rather near; and when its majestic sound had ceased in the pit in which we were, we heard it renewed in the upper mine through which we had passed in our descent; and again, when it finally escaped at the mouth of the pit.

"The rough parts of the rock salt may be said to resemble coarse brown sugar-candy; yet many parts are not equal to this, but rather more like an inferior Purbeck stone: while some most beautiful specimens were occasionally found, of a lively cherry-red, and sparkling with small crystals; and other specimens, in almost die-square crystals, nearly white, translucent, and many transparent.

"The ladies were politely furnished with tools by the workmen, and shewn where to provide themselves with some of the best specimens, to shew to their friends when they should return to the world from which they were now so deeply distant, and to keep as memorials of their remarkable visit.

"The workmen usually descend into the pit about half past six in the morning, to begin their labour by seven o'clock; and they continue, with little intermission, till three in the afternoon, and then quit, that they may not over-exhaust their strength, which has sufficient exercise by eight hours ex-

ertion. They work by companies, and are paid rateably by the ton, according to the quantity of rock sent up, and of which an account is kept by an excise officer, who always attends whenever salt is drawn from the pit.

“ On looking up the shaft to the light, we could see the head of a person looking down, but at the distance the head appeared hardly so large as the closed hand of a person near.

“ It would be unjust not to notice the very great civility of the workmen, and the cleanliness, neatness, and order in which every thing is kept; the singularly dressed appearance which the circular marks gave to the ceiling and the pillars, which were all finished as if tooled off by masons, and exhibited an even, if not a polished surface.

“ We remained in the pit about an hour and a half, which very soon passed away. It would be difficult to describe the feelings of the mind during our subterraneous

visit. The scene excited a sense of solemnity and grandeur to almost a degree of awe; it increased by the recollection which frequently recurred, that, when above, we had pointed out to us some ponds of deep water occasioned by other rock-pits having fallen in, and the excavation being filled with water; and that we were then embowelled in the earth beneath an immense mass of stone, and between 300 and 400 feet below its surface, so that but for machinery (and we had just experienced that this was not of absolute certainty), we were for ever cut off from the enjoyment of the society and the comforts of the world. The mind seemed to labour under the weight of these considerations, and to be relieved in the prospect of again ascending to behold the cheering light of the sun.

“ Our ascent occupied about five minutes, and on safe arrival we were received and complimented by the friends who had waited our return.”

THE WAY TO GET MARRIED.

ONE fine morning in autumn, Linval was taking a walk in the Tuileries at Paris, and found an open billet containing the following lines:—“ If the person who happens to find this paper is disposed to perform a benevolent action, he is requested to enquire at No. 340, Rue Saintonge, for Eugenie de Mirande.

“ P. S. Such as may not be inclined to assist an unfortunate mother, are entreated, at least, not to hinder others, and to throw the billet again where they found it.”

No. LXVI. Vol. XI.

Linval, the best dancer in Paris, was just humming a new tune; he picked up the paper, and, after reading it, whisked it up in the air with his cane and pursued his walk.

The next person who noticed it was an elderly man, simply dressed, who was hurrying to the public office in which he had a place, because it was already late. He contrived, nevertheless, to spare so much time as was necessary to read the billet; which, however, shrugging up his shoulders and raising his eyes to heaven, as much as to

X x

say, *That is no concern of mine*, he carefully replaced in its former situation.

He was followed by a farmer-general, one of those moderate people who are satisfied if they can clear 3000 livres a day; who, elated by their wealth, give themselves airs of such consequence, and of whom La Bruyere says, that they "hear loud and spit far." At first, he kicked the billet along with his foot, but his curiosity being excited, he took it up, threw his eye over it with a scornful smile, amused himself with tearing it in small pieces, at the same time muttering, "An impudent imposture!"

The next morning a similar billet lay on the same spot. The first person who read it, took down the address in his pocket-book, and replaced the paper. Next came a young couple, who had not long been married, and picked up the billet. Julia, who expected in about three months to become, for the first time, a mother, said to her husband, "Let us go, my dear: what we can offer is little, to be sure; but, in many cases, a little may save the unfortunate from despair. Come, let us go!"

They accordingly went. After they had found the specified number in the Rue Saintonge, they learned, that the house was inhabited by an old physician, who had retired from practice, and was thought to be rich, and had an only daughter distinguished for understanding and talents. They ascended a handsome staircase, and were ushered into an apartment on the first floor, which was furnished not magnificently, but with

great taste. They enquired for Eugenie de Mirande, and a lady, young, elegant, and accomplished, made her appearance. She requested her visitors to step into a saloon that seemed to be the haunt of the Muses. Books, drawings, and musical instruments were intermingled, and formed by no means an unpleasant contrast with the neatness and order which every where else prevailed. The young couple could not conceive where persons in need of assistance were to be sought in such a habitation.

"I fear, madam," said Julia, that we are wrong. We found a billet with your direction in the Tuileries, and expected to meet a distressed person to whom we might have afforded some relief; but all that we see here seems rather to indicate opulence, than to call for the exercise of benevolence."

Eugenie replied, with some embarrassment, that she was merely the interpreter of a very unfortunate female, who, from a relic of pride, wished to remain unknown, but was certainly deserving of compassion. Julia expressed a wish to become acquainted with this lady. "I am no stranger to distress," said she; "before me she would have no occasion to blush." Eugenie declined to gratify her in this particular; observing, that misfortune had made her *protégée* so shy and mistrustful, that it was extremely difficult to gain her confidence.

"Has she any children?" asked Julia.

"Three; and her husband, whose labour procured a scanty subsistence for his family, is just dead,

after a long and expensive illness."

"Good God! what a melancholy situation!—And how old are her children?"

"They are all very young. The eldest is a girl of five years."

"I shall myself soon be a mother," said Julia, "and the fate of the little unfortunates affects me the more deeply. I would gladly take one of them, but my own infant will demand all my care. However, permit me to send you a packet of little articles for the children: for I cannot suppose that this family, protected as it is by you, can be in want of the absolute necessities of life."

Eugenie cordially thanked her in the name of the unknown lady, promised to take care of her present, and noted down Julia's name and address.

No sooner had Julia and her husband retired, than the same object brought a young man to the house. "I beg pardon, madam," said he to Eugenie, "it is not you that I want, but Eugenie de Mirande."

"I am the person."

The young man was not less staggered than Julia had been, and received the same explanation. Affected by the story, he offered his assistance. "I am not rich," said he, "but a bachelor's money, with a little frugality, always put by a little for the relief of the distressed."

"Sir," replied Eugenie, "there are cases in which money cannot afford relief. There are other ways in which the interference of the benevolent may prove infinitely more serviceable to the unfortunate."

"Of what nature is the interference that your friend stands in

need of? Speak out. Upon your recommendation, I will cheerfully undertake whatever lies in my power."

"Then excuse a rude question, on account of the motive which prompts it:—Are your connections such that you can obtain access to the minister?"

"No, madam. My father possesses a small estate in the neighbourhood of Paris, the value of which has been doubled by his industry; but he never appeared in the antichambers of the great, and, God be thanked! he has no occasion for them. Easily satisfied, I shall once share, with five beloved brothers and sisters, the patrimony left by my father, and hope that the minister will never hear my name; unless, indeed, your friend stands in need of an advocate to plead her cause. In this case, I am ready; only let me know in what way I can serve her."

"It was found necessary," replied Eugenie, "to destroy some grounds which my friend's husband had planted and laid out at a great expense, because the safety of our army required it. It is an indemnity for this loss that she solicits."

"And is any patronage required for this?"

"Not exactly, for the claim is just. But you know how often such matters are protracted in the public offices, and even wholly forgotten. It would therefore be an essential point to accelerate the affair."

"The best way would be, to address a short, but strong, memorial to the minister."

"True; but how to draw it up—there lies the difficulty." Here

a pause succeeded. "Might I request that favour of you?" resumed Eugenie, with a look of modest entreaty.

"I will do it with pleasure, and should have offered at first, had I been aware of the circumstances."

"I don't doubt it," said Eugenie.

"But I am not yet sufficiently acquainted with the matter."

"You shall know every thing."

Here her father entered the room; she quickly informed him of the object of the visit, and on receiving a sign from her, the old man asked the stranger to dinner any day that might be convenient. The day was appointed, and Dumont (such was the name of the visitor) was punctual in his attendance to receive the promised instructions. The dinner was cheerful and free from restraint. The party conversed on all kinds of subjects, excepting the business which brought them together. The stranger thought Eugenie very accomplished, very sociable, and—at last too, very handsome. After dinner she detailed all the particulars of the cause which he had undertaken. He listened with the utmost attention, promised in two days to produce the memorial, and was as good as his word. It was concise, clear, and energetic. Eugenie read it with evident pleasure. "It is written with much warmth," said she herself, with great emphasis. "Were I the minister, you would be sure to gain your point."

Dumont blushed, and stammered some reply.

"Complete your work," continued Eugenie: "you know how powerfully such a petition is supported by impressive words and ac-

tion on the part of the petitioner. Procure my friend an audience of the minister, that she may deliver the memorial to him in person."

Dumont went away, and after an interval of eight days, during which he had moved heaven and earth to accomplish his purpose, he exultingly entered Eugenie's apartment. "To-morrow," said he, "your friend will be admitted. Let her only produce this note, and every door will be thrown open to her." Eugenie thanked him with ardour. "But," said she, "a female, naturally timid and depressed by misfortune, would scarcely be able to present herself to advantage, if she were to appear unattended. Could you be prevailed upon to be her conductor?"

This last favour was a sacrifice for Dumont; but he was by this time incapable of refusing Eugenie any thing: it is likewise possible that he might be stimulated by some degree of curiosity to become acquainted with the mysterious *incognita*. He promised to come the following day to be introduced to Eugenie's friend. The night before this remarkable day Eugenie made the following reflections:—This young man evidently possesses a solid character and a good heart. His figure is not amiss. At first indeed he seemed not to take particular notice of me—but he has since made ample amends for this inattention. As for my father—has he not told me a hundred times, that this was *my* affair? he can have no objection. From all the information that I have obtained, the young man's account of himself is strictly true in every respect; but that was manifest enough

at the very first look. The frankness and sincerity of his behaviour inspire confidence—I like this candour.—But does he like me? Perhaps his heart is already engaged.—O no! no! in that case he would not have eyed me with looks so significant that it is impossible to mistake their meaning.

Eugenie slept but little, rose early, dressed herself with more than usual care, and was more fascinating than ever. Dumont appeared at the appointed hour, looked about him, and said, “Is she not come yet?”

“No,” replied Eugenie with some emotion.

“Well then, I’ll wait.”

He then took a chair and seated himself beside her at the breakfast-table. They began to speak on various topics, but some how or other the conversation was repeatedly broken off. Long pauses, filled up by eloquent looks alone, intervened. Dumont coloured. He was sensible of it, and this consciousness would have quite confounded him had not Eugenie blushed too. This flattered his heart and gave him fresh courage.

“I cannot help blessing the accident,” he at length began, “to which I am indebted for your acquaintance.”

Eugenie’s downcast eyes were fixed on her heaving bosom.

“Your kind behaviour, sir,” said she, “has made a deep impression upon me, and will never be effaced from my remembrance.”

His eyes were now cast down in their turn, and a painful silence again ensued. At length Dumont formed an heroic resolution:—“I know not whether I do right,” said

he, “but in truth I can no longer disguise my feelings, which you must, I dare say, long since have guessed.”

She had in reality long discovered them, but in such cases women never have compassion enough to shorten a poor fellow’s embarrassment; it is absolutely necessary to speak out in plain terms; and thus Dumont also was at length obliged to pronounce distinctly the word *Love*.

No sooner was this barrier, guarded by shame and timidity, broken down, than the conversation proceeded in its usual rapid course. Enquiries were made respecting each other’s taste, way of thinking, family connections, and so forth; and answers returned with such loquacious confidence, such undisguised sincerity, that two hours passed unobserved, till at length Dumont recollected, that the stranger was not yet come.

“Neither will she come,” replied Eugenie. Dumont’s looks betrayed his surprise. “Would you be really angry,” she resumed, “if my whole story concerning my unfortunate friend were a fabrication?—if it were invented to procure me if possible the acquaintance of a man whose attachment to me should not flow from any impure source?”

Dumont stared; but without any appearance of anger.

“Many suitors,” continued Eugenie, “have solicited my hand, perhaps because they thought me handsome, or because I am rich. None of them came up to the model which my imagination had pictured. I lost my mother at an early age. My father became my

friend. He permitted me to make this trial—rather a bold one to be sure; to which, however, I could always give such a turn as I pleased.”

Dumont was almost petrified.—“Then my memorial ——”

“That,” said she, “I will preserve as an honourable monument of your talents and goodness of heart.”

“And what do you mean to do with the author?”

“To make him my husband, if he consents.”

Dumont sunk at her feet, but she raised him in her arms, and a glowing embrace sealed the happiest union that was not originated by Cupid, though indeed the little urchin had seriously interfered in the progress of the business. The first time they went abroad together was to pay a visit to the benevolent Julia.

THE COGITATIONS OF SCRIBLERUS.

No. V.

“The pleasure naturally arising from the contemplation of works of painting and the other imitative arts, a pleasure felt by, and common to, the people in common life, of all nations and characters, will of necessity find its vent in society, in some channel or other.”

HOARE'S *Enquiry*.

PERHAPS the following desultory cogitations on art, may be pardoned at a time like the present, when the artist, resting from his labours, is awaiting the meed of applause which his abilities demand, and the public are crowding to those depositories which his genius has contributed to adorn. “Pray, sir, is it a good Exhibition this year?” is a question continually put by those who wish to know something of the polite arts, to those who flatter themselves, either from a natural predilection, from a fancied taste, or from being on an intimacy perhaps with some mongrel painter, that they are capable of relishing art, as it is applied to pictures. That it is absolutely necessary for a person so addressed, to have some answer *cut and dried* for the occasion, that may satisfy the curious enquirer, without depreciating his own judgment, is pretty evident. You may, indeed, get out of the scrape, by a wise

shake of the head, or a shrug of the shoulders: these are to be recommended, because they will invariably impress an idea of censure, which is necessary, if you would be thought a very profound judge. On this account, I would always advise the mysterious. I have practised this plan myself, several times, with effect; in fact, it has never failed to answer a general purpose. But I have met with a class of still more curious enquirers, who wish to analyze every Exhibition, and to be informed whether this last is better, and in what degree, than the preceding one. This, I confess, has staggered me; and I hereby declare myself unable to satisfy those who wish to know, if, in this Exhibition of the arts, termed polite, we make a regular annual improvement.

There are people, however, much more knowing than I am. One Joshua Reynolds has said, that it was some time before he could relish

the works of the divine Raffaele, and much longer before he dared to criticise them. But to overhear a party at Somerset-House, you would fancy pictorial criticism is as easy as eating an egg. The modern fine lady draws out her anti-pathies, and the fashionable lounge-exclaims, "Devilish bad, 'pon my soul!"

Drawing, in particular, has taken so large a stride, as to leave the mere amateur at a distance. The productions of the pencil must be somewhat superior, to amuse the domestic circle, and the very natural cow of Master Bobby, or the flower-pot of Miss Biddy, are no longer regarded with admiration. Well do I remember being the Apelles of the school; yes, I drew every thing as natural as life, until the improvements of the Sandbys, the Girtins, and Varleys discouraged me so much, that I became an admirer, who was once also an imitator. There are other persons who date an academy's perfections from its classical attractions. Lawrence's *Kemble* or *Siddons*, West's *Bard*, the pencil of Wilkie, or the productions of Turner, have rendered of none effect many minor excellencies; many a gem of art is overlooked, many a beautiful cabinet-picture unheeded, while the public, judging by quantity instead of quality, give most praise to that picture whose dimension covers the greatest space of wall.

If the eye of man were not over fastidious, if native talent were duly appreciated, and if no lurking propensity still shewed itself in praise of foreign artists alone, the followers of Du Bos and Winkelmann must confess, from the many exhibitions of English painters now

thrown open to them, that they, no longer bowed down under the density of a heavy atmosphere, are really capable of producing works of genius. From the motley mixture of an Academy Exhibition, I am not prepared to particularize germs of human perfection. While the gentlemen of the hanging committee are allowed to *tone* down, or bring out their pictures in preference to their humble rivals; where the productions of ability are kept down by a different light from that in which their pictures were painted, merit, without interest, can have little chance. I therefore do not consider the Exhibition as a proper ordeal in general for works of art, where often the production of great abilities lurks in a corner, and where dogs or horses obtrude themselves in places where historical subjects have alone a right to appear. It is true, that in a public exhibition-room all must take their chance, but when once admitted, all further competition should cease. But while those in power have the privilege to favour their own productions, while their unprotected neighbour is doomed to suffer by other means than those the artist could foresee, comparisons are incorrect.

I shall leave, then, the Royal Academy, an establishment which affords another proof of the imperfection of all human plans; I shall leave an institution where the student is obliged to get forward as he can; where no professor is seen to take the poor tyro by the hand; whose library is kept from their eye, save a few hours in one day in the week; and pass on to another exhibition, called the Society of Water Colours. Here I shall view

that fine production, *The Judgment of Solomon*, a composition that will confer immortal honour on the artist who painted it, and the age in which it was produced; a work which, I was going to say, only wants the name of Raffaele to make it perfect. To descend from this to the water-colour drawings that surround it, is to contemplate smaller causes as great effects. Shall I be ungrateful for the pleasure I received from the drawings of Varley, and be pardoned if I do not mention names nearly as illustrious as his? I hesitate not in saying, that his works, *The Plot of Rising Ground*, and *Thomson's Grave*, are every thing that poetical feeling could combine and pencil execute. I dwell on these, because they took so forcible a hold on my imagination; they so strongly chained my feelings, that I have not forgotten the sensation they produced; and I do conceive, that a contemplation of these two pictures would administer repose to a mind maddened by fury itself. The contemplation of such subjects produces a calm highly stimulative to the feelings of humanity, as a view of nature, in her mildest mood, fills the heart of sensibility with piety and adoration.

From this exhibition I would lead my reader to Westall's Gallery. I would bid him tell me where he has seen so splendid a piece of colouring as his *Dioctesian and Damocles*, where such blazing gold, such depth of richness as in his reds and blues. After having viewed all these, if he will not believe that English genius can achieve ancient excellence, I will take him to the British Gallery,

and there convince his wavering mind, that Englishmen, under the encouragement of peace and her Leo, could produce works worthy of ancient art. The British Institution have conferred a favour on the British public, in furnishing them with a view of such works, which deserves our utmost gratitude.

Before English art had received a moiety of the encouragement which it now has, it produced works that might have adorned a Florentine gallery.

But for the exertions of the managers of this gallery, we (at least hundreds of us) would never have been acquainted with the excellencies of a Reynolds, a Wilson, or a Gainsborough, a Zoffany, or a Hogarth. I contend, that the *Sophonisba* of the latter is not the bloated cook-maid I had heard her represented, and that his colouring is as rich in effect, as his combination of humour is irresistible. Away then with the common-place, the hackneyed complaints, that the living race of English artists are not equal to those whom death has closed in the tomb; that the same feeling which animated the Carracci and Caravaggio of old times, has drooped for ever. They would not, were they living, thank us for propping their excellence on our incapability. Have we not a proof in the Titian of Mr. Ward, with other copies of his cotemporary artists, how near they may be approached? Let us, then, properly value the talents we possess, instead of deploring what once existed, and what perhaps derives much of its celebrity from the difficulty of possession.

THE MODERN SPECTATOR.

No. XXXIX.

*Somnia quæ ludunt animos volitantibus umbris,
Non delubra deùm, nec ab æthere numina mittunt,
Sed sua quisque facit.*

It is observed by Mr. Locke, that "*Dreaming* is the having of ideas, whilst the outward senses are stopped, not suggested by any external objects or known occasion, nor under the rule or conduct of the understanding." Such is the definition given by this great and accurate philosopher, of a state which has hitherto baffled the enquiries of metaphysical men as to its precise cause and nature. Is it the action of the corporeal organs, or is it merely the operations of the soul, freed from the power of the senses, and acting in the full enjoyment of its own peculiar properties? If the organs alone produce our dreams by night, why not our ideas by day? If it be the soul acting from itself, and uninterrupted by the intrusion of the senses, whose suspension is the only cause of our sleeping ideas, whence is it, that they are almost ever irrational, irregular, incoherent, and often impossible? Can it be that in the time of the soul's most abstract quietude, its imagination would be the most confused? It must be allowed, that in all our ideas in sleep we are entirely passive: our will has no share in these images: we seem to think for several hours together, without having the least inclination to think, or any certainty that we do think. Superstition has always dealt much in dreams; and they make as great a feature of ancient history as the oracles themselves. The following

observation, however, will, I believe, be found to be universally true:—that those dreams alone, and they are comparatively very few, which are followed by somewhat of an accomplishment, become the subjects of narrative and reflection, while the others are not thought worthy of remembrance. But I shall leave this perplexing subject, in which I have often bewildered myself, to communicate a very curious and interesting dream which I this morning received from one of my correspondents.

TO THE MODERN SPECTATOR.
PARAGORIC-HOUSE,
May 10, 1814.

SIR,

I do not pretend to have formed any opinion concerning dreams; many learned ones have been given on the subject, and you may, perhaps, be disposed to favour your readers with such reflections as they may have suggested to you. But, at this time, I particularly wish to ask your opinion, whether it would not be an eligible plan to try to live without sleep: but observe, if you please, that I allude merely to myself, who dream so much, and am often in such hurries and bustles, that I should think it would wear out my mind, and therefore be in a greater degree prejudicial to me, than the want of rest would be to my body. In short, without any further introduction, I dreamed the night before last, that I was conveyed, but by what means

I do not recollect, to a country fair. The booths were beautifully decorated, the situation of the place perfectly picturesque, the lads and lasses neatly dressed, and every one apparently happy. Among the crowd I perceived a sweet little boy that seemed to give delight to many, though occasionally he met with a frown; but by one of his arch looks it was soon converted into a smile.

On enquiry, I found that his name was *Fun*, that he was the offspring of *Wit* and *Whim*; but, as they had neglected his education, *Pity* took him to *Good Sense*, whose residence was chiefly in the country. The latter consulted with his friend *Wisdom*; when they selected *Virtue* for his nurse, recommended *Industry* as his companion, and proposed, as he advanced in years, that *Knowledge* should be his preceptor. He was allowed occasionally to mingle with the *Sports*; and he himself was so attached to *Good-Nature*, that they were constant playmates at the season of recreation: but, at length, he unhappily got acquainted with *Mischief* and *Idleness*, which proved very injurious to his future life.

I next discovered him in my dream, grown up and arrived at a great city. Here *Fun* was almost always in company with *Riot*, who led him into many scrapes, and soon introduced him to *Extravagance*, with whom *Vanity* constantly resided, while *Fashion*, *Dissipation*, and *Luxury* were her constant associates: *Vice*, too, and her *hangers-on* were frequent visitors. In many of her select parties, *Fun* met his father *Wit*; and, where *Cheerfulness* presided, he was a welcome guest; but seldom remained long

in crowded assemblies, or where cards and dice were seen to predominate. His mother *Whim* he often found at the fêtes of *Extravagance*, and *Dress* and *Folly* were commonly of her party. Among the frequenters of this mansion, many appeared in the garb of *Friendship*; but, on being investigated by *Truth*, they turned out to be *Flattery* and *Falsehood*: *Love* also might be found, but *Flirtation* never failed to animate the assemblies. *Envy* was generally in the room; and *Discontent* and *Ill-Humour* often sat in the corner; while *Extravagance* received every possible attention from *Wealth*, *Rank*, and *Power*.

As my dream continued, the scene of gaiety appeared suddenly to undergo an unexpected metamorphosis; as *Fun*, on paying his usual visit to *Extravagance*, was very much surprised to find that *Melancholy* had new-modelled the house. *Misery* opened the door; *Want* and *Woe* stood in the hall, and they informed him, that it was now become the abode of *Care*. He heard the voice of *Censure* loud in reprobation; and *Report* busy in telling all, and more, than had happened. *Remorse* now touched the heart of *Fun*, and gave it a poignant, but momentary sensation; and *Error* convinced him, that the path he had taken would not lead to *Joy*. *Persuasion*, feeling for his situation, recommended his return to *Good-Sense*. He accordingly set out, but on his way was joined by *Hope* and *Fear*. The timidity of the latter had almost made him change his design; but the courage of *Hope* conquered, and, though far from his old home, he travelled on, amused at times by *Drollery* in his way;

till at length he saw the dwelling of *Good Sense*, to which he directed his steps. At first, it seemed in a mist, but that gradually dispersed, and, by a cautious approach, he arrived at his old abode. *Compassion* recollected him, and made his arrival known to *Good Sense*, who ordered *Patience* to admit him. He received him with open arms, but pointed out to him the follies he had committed, and how he might avoid a repetition of them. *Pleasure*, who was a spectator, supported the genuine character of *Fun*, and undertook to be security for his future good and unoffending conduct. His former guardian then counselled him to shun *Gravity*, but to make *Reason* and *Prudence* his guides; promising also to reconcile him to *Virtue*, who is ever ready to pardon and overlook those errors in others which she never commits herself. She soon approached, arrayed in all her native charms; and, as she clasped *Fun* to her bosom in a warm and animated embrace, I started, and awoke.

You may, perhaps, expect me to apologise for not having given some account of those lively sallies of pleasantry and unluckiness, I will not say mischief, to which *Fun* is so well disposed: but the fact is, that my dream shewed me none;

and had it been otherwise, I should not, I think, have ventured to describe them, as my experience suggests to me, that I have seldom known his tricks to be such as to please in the relation; their merit is in the actual performance. Besides, different persons have different opinions respecting him; and it would be a sensible mortification to me, if you and I should disagree on the subject. For often has it happened, that I have seen a whole company very differently affected by his pleasantries and practical jokes. Some have laughed, others looked grave, and a few might discover contempt.

Thus, sir, I have given you a full and true account of my extraordinary dream, which, when I awoke, was as strongly impressed on my remembrance, as if the fancies of it had been real occurrences in life.

I am, with great respect, your obliged, humble servant,

PETER POPPYFIELD.

I have been informed, or I have read, that Gay, in his Epitaph, had originally used the word *dream*:

Life is a *dream*, and all things shew it;

and that the word *farce* was afterwards substituted at the suggestion of Swift.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

MR. R. WINTER has circulated proposals for publishing, by subscription, *A History of Whitby, the Abbey of Streonshath, and Mulgrave Castle*; the History, Antiquities, Mineralogy, Botany, Biography, and other local knowledge, comprehended within the limits of

twenty-five miles round Whitby. To enhance the utility of the work, a correct map of the district will be given, the basis of which is obtained from the unparalleled survey of Lieutenant-Colonel Mudge, the coast from the author's own observations, and the places of less

note have been copied from Mr. Take's excellent map of Yorkshire. A fine view of the town and abbey will be given in copper-plate, besides vignettes, &c. cut in wood.

A work on *Egypt, Syria, Asia Minor, and Greece*, is in preparation for the press, under the care of Mr. Walpole. The materials are taken from unpublished documents, journals, and papers of English travellers, who, during a late period, have directed their attention to the antiquities, geography, and natural history of those countries. According to the arrangement pursued by the editor, he has assigned the first place to some remarks on the antiquities of Egypt. These will be found to possess intrinsic value, as they were the result of a patient and laborious survey of the monuments to which they refer. The theodolite was frequently employed; and the plans and the dimensions both of the catacombs of Alexandria and the pyramids, have been corrected and improved by repeated and rigorous examinations. An account of a journey to Suez, to the mounts Horeb and Sinai, to the rock of Meribah, and to the Jebel el Mokatib, together with some observations on the manners, customs, habits of life, and character of the different classes of the inhabitants of modern Egypt, succeed to the remarks on the antiquities of that country. With regard to Syria, the reader will peruse with pleasure the narrative of a traveller, whose route, in the year 1802, conducted from Tripoli to the ruins of Balbek, and onward to Damascus; thence northward by Homs and Hamah, to Aleppo; and through the plain of Antioch, wa-

tered by the Orontes, to Alexandria. Some new and interesting remarks will be found on parts of the extensive region of Anatolia; and in this portion of the work an account is given of some of the cities on the Asiatic side of the Hellespont, which have escaped the curiosity and research of most travellers. A survey will be added, of the antiquities and remains upon the Troad, without any reference to the supporting or invalidating of any particular theory. This will be succeeded by a narrative of a journey through the plain of Bacramitch, up to the summit of Ida. Some full and satisfactory details will be given concerning Lemnos and Andros; two islands of the Archipelago, which have been but seldom visited. A collection of Greek inscriptions, which have not yet been published, will form a separate chapter; and a dissertation will be appropriated to the discussion of the causes of the gradual decay of the Greek language under the Byzantine sovereigns.

Mr. John Gifford, author of the *Life of Pitt, &c. &c.* has announced *A General History of the French Revolution*, from its commencement to the present important era, including a preliminary view of the reign of Louis XVI. and comprehending annals of Europe for the last twenty-five years. The author, having long had the composition of this work in contemplation, has collected a vast mass of materials, to enable him to give it that degree of authenticity and interest which are essentially requisite in historical productions. The recent triumph over the principle of the revolution, in the establishment of

a free government, raises the event in the estimation of mankind, and by bringing this great political drama to a happy *denouement*, renders it a proper subject for the labours of the historian.

Mr. Murray, of Albemarle-street, has announced the speedy publication, in 4to. and 8vo. of the *Original Journal of the late Mungo Park*, during his second journey into the interior of Africa, in 1805, and transmitted by him to his Majesty's Secretary of State; also a translation of the Arabic journal of Isacco, a native African, sent some time afterwards from the river Gambia, in search of Mr. Park, and who brought the interesting particulars of his melancholy death. A biographical memoir of Mr. Park, and several original letters and papers, will be prefixed.

Madame de Merck, widow of General de Merck, formerly governor of the fortress of Valence, has announced by subscription, in French, *A Narrative of the Captivity and Death of Pope Pius VI.* drawn up by her late husband. Independently of the interesting nature of the narrative, this work will contain many curious circumstances, unknown to the public, which the author's peculiar situation allowed him to observe; among others, an account of the general's endeavour to bring the pontiff to England. It will form an octavo volume, embellished with portraits of the Pope and the author, who died in the British service.

The portraits of many distinguished characters of the reign of George III. from the pictures of Sir Joshua Reynolds, are now engraving, and are to be published

under the title of *Iconographia Reynoldsiana*.

Mr. Craig has opened a unique, rich, and tasteful Exhibition of his own Drawings in Water-Colours, in Lower Brook-street. He very properly describes this branch of art as *native*, and the perfection to which he has brought it, proves that it is an honour to the country. Mr. Craig has shewn, in this collection, that water-colours are applicable to every variety of subject, and, in the hands of a man of genius, are susceptible of the freedom of execution, boldness of effect, and display of *chiaro-oscuro*, which have usually been considered as exclusive powers of oil painting. In this exhibition we find compositions in history, landscape, marine subjects, cattle, flowers, portraits, and still life. We have not room to notice particular pictures, but *the Servants robbing the Larder, the Cook, the Portrait of Mrs. Howe*, and some of the cattle species, possess a degree of merit which, in this branch of art, have never been exceeded.

The lovers of art will be gratified to learn, that the patronage and success of sculpture in London, is not inferior to that of painting. In this department we long boasted of a Bacon, and we now have a Flaxman, Bacon, junior, Westmacot, Nollekens, Garrard, Chantry, and some others, whose labours are successively adorning our cathedrals and public buildings. Mr. Flaxman, whose monument of Lord Mansfield, and illustrations of the Lord's Prayer, are master-pieces of British art, and whose entire works indicate so exquisite a taste and so perfect a knowledge of the antique,

is at this time engaged upon a noble statue of Sir Joshua Reynolds, for the cathedral of St. Paul's; and another of Lord Nelson, for the same mausoleum, which we praise sufficiently when we observe, that it is worthy of its subject. He has also nearly completed, for the cathedral of Exeter, a beautiful monument of that able man, the late General Simcoe; and a statue, of a colossal size, of the brave, but unfortunate, Sir John Moore, for the city of Glasgow, of which he was a native. Among Mr. Flaxman's smaller works may be named a shield of Achilles, after the description of Homer, of which he has recently finished two or three compartments.

A vault in the church of St. Maryport, Bristol, was lately opened for the purpose of an interment, when it was discovered to be too full to admit another coffin without being sunk deeper. The situation is precisely under the remains of a monument, which, from its style, must have belonged to the times of Henry VII. and has been always called the tomb of William Little, the Bristol grammarian; over which is a tablet, erected to the memory of Thomas Kington, of Notton, Wilts, Esq.—The oldest of four coffins which were removed had been in the vault only 16 years; but all of them were quite decayed, and their inhabitants mingled with their kindred dust. Upon breaking up the bottom of the brick work, and digging down a few feet, the spade struck upon a hard substance, which was soon discovered to be a coffin of lead, being about 15 feet below the surface, without any inscription. It was taken up,

and the next morning examined in the presence of several gentlemen. The lead was of considerable thickness, and contained a thick shell of red deal, with the interstices stuffed with straw. When the lid was lifted up, some gas of a soapy odour escaped, and the whole became perfectly inoffensive. A very interesting spectacle presented itself. There lay, in a most perfect state of preservation, the body of a robust man, measuring six feet two inches. The flesh in some parts resembled supple brown leather—in others it was quite white, and bore a natural appearance—in others again, it appeared fatty. The features were perfectly distinct; the teeth regular; the nose projecting; the eyes so little injured that the transparent part was still pellucid, like horn. The hands, in admirable preservation, rested upon each thigh; and scarcely a bone of the toes was wanting. The throat was swollen very much under the lower jaw, giving the idea of strangulation. The hair was cut off in a ragged manner over the whole head, and was not to be found at all. The head itself rested upon a pillow, composed of blue and white striped tick, stuffed with feathers, not different in any respect from those in common use. The body was wrapped up in a quilted counterpane, blue outside, and worked within, curiously, with red roses in bud. There was nothing resembling what we now call grave-clothes. Under the counterpane was a wove doublet, buttoned down in front with small wooden buttons, worked with thread; with long skirts and an overflap collar, in the costume

of Oliver Cromwell's time. Under this was a fine linen shirt, with a worked neck-piece; and on the legs, a pair of wove brown woollen stockings, but no shoes. Upon the hands had been a pair of leather gloves, which had fallen to decay. From the chin to the top of the head, passed a blue and white linen handkerchief, figured, and tied very firmly in a handsome knot, probably to retain the lower jaw in its place. The body having been carefully lifted from the shell, the latter was minutely examined, as well as all its furniture, together with a quantity of hemp, forming a bottom layer; but not the slightest trace of any thing metallic could be found; not a mark upon his linen, nor an iota which could lead to a knowledge of his person. Two professional gentlemen examined the state of the subject itself. The lungs were somewhat shrivelled and black; but the heart was in such a perfect state, that its vessels, cavities, and valves, would have admitted of an anatomical demonstration, as easily as a recent one. It was quite white, felt like soft chamois leather, and was evidently converted into that substance which the chemists call *adipocere*; being an inferior sort of spermaceti. The midriff was completely so changed. The liver had a yellow crust of this substance, the eighth of an inch thick; deeper down it was but imperfectly formed; and towards the centre, this organ appeared quite fresh and natural. The bowels were shrivelled, and an entire curiously coiled-up mass of spermaceti appearing, quite covered with crystals. The muscles in front of the ribs, upon the

loins, on the thighs, and, in fact, every where, were more or less converted into a brown dirty-looking fatty substance. The gristles were elastic; and the bones quite firm, fresh, and sound. The weight of the body has been apparently a good deal diminished, although the limbs had yet considerable plumpness.

M. Sementini has availed himself of Berthollet's important discovery of the hyperoxygenated muriate of potash as a medium of restoring suspended animation.— Among other extraordinary properties possessed by this substance, is that of containing nearly a third of its weight of oxygen, which, when exposed to a moderate heat, is reduced to the state of gas. The apparatus with which he operates, consists of a retort placed upon a spirit-lamp, having its neck screwed into a cylinder of wood, from which a flexible leather tube conveys the gas to a pair of bellows, that forces it into the lungs. By this apparatus M. Sementini has restored to animation one person supposed to be drowned.

Messrs. Sobolewsky and Horrer, of St. Petersburg, have employed wood for the purpose of producing inflammable gas. The pyroligneous acid obtained in this operation, when freed from the tar with which it is mixed, is applicable to all the uses of vinegar. A cubic cord of wood equal to 2.133 French metres (a metre being something more than an English yard), yields 255 Paris pounds of charcoal, and 70 buckets of acid. The latter gives 30 pounds of tar, after the extraction of which 50 buckets of good vinegar remain. The same quan-

tity of wood furnishes 50,000 cubic feet of gas, sufficient for the supply of 4000 lamps for five hours.

A letter from Major-General Bonham, governor of Surinam, dated Dec. 2, 1813, communicates the following curious fact, which, at the period of writing, might be witnessed in his house:—A wiry haired Scotch terrier bitch having lost her puppies, was then suckling a kitten, a marmoset monkey, and a lamb, sometimes separately, sometimes together. No art whatever had been used; the kitten first attached itself, then the monkey, and lastly the lamb, which had lost the ewe.

Sir William Gell, the topographer of Troy, Ithaca, and Argolis, during his last visit to the plain of Marathon, procured, among other valuable remains of antiquity recently found on that interesting spot, two engraved stones, which, from the devices, are supposed to have belonged to the Persians slain there in the battle so celebrated in Grecian history. The anxiety of some English travellers to possess antiquities of this description, has so enhanced the value of these gems, that Sir William could not obtain them under a price amounting nearly to twenty-five guineas each. The conjecture concerning the origin is corroborated, and their value consequently raised, by the circumstance of four others of a similar kind being found in Persia by Sir William Ouseley, during his travels in that country. Among a variety of brass arrow-heads, brought also from Persepolis by Sir William Ouseley, some are said to resemble those which have been found on the plain of Marathon.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

“*Mayence Walse,*” with *Variations for the Piano-Forte*, by Gelinek: Pr. 2s. 6d.

Of the theme for these variations, the trio which succeeds the waltz greatly surpasses the waltz itself; and the variations are so contrived, that they alternately represent the waltz and the beautiful trio. As the 11th variation succeeds the coda appended to the 8th, we have in vain looked for variations 9 and 10. The merit, however, of those that are given, is certainly of the first order; graceful sweetness, brilliancy, and skilful arrangement are every where conspicuous; and players that feel seriously desirous of improving their taste along with their execution, will thank us for pointing out this and other publications of Mr. Gelinek’s, as proper means to attain those objects.

“*The De’il’s awa,*” a *favourite Scotch Melody, as a Rondo for the Piano-Forte*, by J. B. Cramer. Pr. 2s.

If in this rondo we discover nothing beyond those general and, as it were, innate merits of Mr. Cramer’s harmonic Muse, we feel inclined to ascribe the cause to the ungrateful subject he has chosen for the basis of his labour. Not but it offers abundance of that neatness of classic harmony and that habit of apposite diversification of ideas which are inseparable from the author’s experienced pen; but we miss novelty of thought and combination, and, with some exceptions, that flow of elegant sentiment which we have so often had occasion to admire in his works. It is those works which have formed the scale of our expectations ap-

plicable to Mr. C.'s productions; a scale which has rendered us so far fastidious, that what in many others we should feel called upon to eulogize, we consider as neutral matter of course, when hearing his name.

Six Country Dances and thirteen Walzes, for the Piano-Forte, composed by Beethoven. Pr. 3s. 6d.

Mistrusting our own judgment, we adopted the innocent stratagem of submitting these dances to a friend of musical skill and taste, concealing within the name of the composer, and leaving him to guess it. Without mentioning what name our friend hit upon, we shall only say, that it was any thing but *Louis van Beethoven*. The respectability, however, of the publishers being to us a sufficient guarantee, that a Beethoven is really the author, we investigated the book anew; and, on a careful examination, occasional glimpses of Beethoven's manner, both in melody and in harmony, seemed to strike our ear; although it appeared to us quite clear, that it did not require the talents of the author of "The Mount of Olives" to produce either the six country dances or the thirteen waltzes before us. The latter, oddly enough, are invariably in the key of D; and Nos. 4, 6, and 9 appear to us entitled to a preference: of the country dances our partiality leans to Nos. 1 and 1. As pieces for practice, however, we wish to recommend the whole to the attention of the advancing pupil: he will not find them quite so easy as they look; and, we think, will feel well repaid for the little application which occasional niceties in the accompaniment demand of him.

No. LXXI. Vol. XI.

La joyeuse Rencontre, or the Landing at Scheveling, a new Military Divertimento for the Piano-Forte, in which is introduced the popular Air of Orange Boven, composed, and dedicated to the Hereditary Prince of Orange, by T. Haigh. Pr. 3s.

More political music! but, considered as an occasional effusion, certainly of a superior stamp; such indeed as we had a right to expect of the author, from the opinion we formed of his talent by some late labours of his. The introductory andante is respectable; and the march which follows it, deserves very favourable mention on more than one account. Its determined character, scientific arrangement, and select modulations, render it altogether an interesting movement: we confess, however, that, taken altogether, it resembles more an overture than a march. The lively air of Orange Boven has given Mr. H. an opportunity of launching into a variety of fanciful and diversified evolutions, of which we distinguish the portions in a minor mood, as deviating praiseworthy from the hackneyed routine of minor imitations.

"*Sovereign Prince of the Netherlands*," *grand March and quick Step, for the Piano-Forte, with Flute Accompaniment, composed, and dedicated to the Hereditary Prince of Orange*, by John Purkis. Pr. 2s.

The march and quick step are set in one flat, and entitled to favourable mention. In the former, although some of the ideas are not new to us, we observe a character of precision, regularity of periods, and proper connection: and its

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trio, in which the flute takes up the melody, is very pleasing. The quick movement, with its minor, and little coda, is likewise spirited and agreeable. The whole publication is of easy execution, which circumstance, together with its purity of harmony, warrants us in recommending Mr. P.'s labour to juvenile practitioners.

The Crown Prince of Sweden, grand March and military Walz, for the Piano - Forte, composed by M. Holst. Pr. 2s.

Even the Prince Royal of Sweden receives here a Pæan of musical admiration from one of our loyal composers, whom the martial spirit of the age has seized equally with the rest of the British nation. The first movement, a march, we look upon as indicative of the martial character of his Royal Highness's first *début* on the fields of Saxony; while the last, a waltz, seems to represent the *délassemens* at Cologne and Liege. Mr. Holst's style is not the most modern or lightsome, but his music has the merit of correctness and steadiness. This observation applies particularly to the march: the waltz will be found more in the present fashion, and therefore more popular; but, unconsciously perhaps to the author, some broad reminiscences from a waltz of Mozart's and from Martini's *Cosa Rara*, have found their way into Mr. H.'s staves.

"*The Rose,*" a favourite Song, sung by Mrs. Ashe at the Nobility's Concerts, composed by F. J. Klose. Pr. 1s. 6d.

Excepting one or two harmonical oversights, such as, for instance, p. 2, l. 2, b. 2 (where there is a want of coincidence between the voice

and right hand), we can aver, that this air, in F major, has given us great pleasure. The melody is tasteful, delicate, and well devised, to suit the artless tale of the text; and the accompaniment, without being overcharged, possesses all that kind of variety which well chosen transitions of chords can impart. The one into G major (p. 1, l. 3, b. 4,) is somewhat sudden. The poet's metrical incorrectness has brought the composer into the dilemma of giving "wash'd" two quavers, by which the word drags awkwardly. The same sensation is caused by the four semiquavers assigned to "fill'd." The English language is very unfavourable to extensions of this sort. This by the way, without at all detracting from the aggregate merit of the song before us, which we consider as a highly favourable specimen of the author's talents for vocal composition. "*Strike the warbling Lyre,*" a favourite Glee for three Voices, composed by J. C. Nightingale, Organist of the Foundling Hospital. Pr. 1s. 6d.

Without any thing peculiarly original or impressive, this short vocal trio moves on respectably through a very usual progress of melody and harmony. Its correctness of construction, however, and the smoothly connected track of its melody, render it recommendable to plain singers. The termination with the third of the key does not afford the repose looked for in a final conclusion.

The Allied Pleasures in Paris, composed for the Piano - Forte, and most respectfully dedicated to His Excellency Field - Marshal von Blücher, by Wm. Grosse. Pr. 3s.



The author of the above has, on a recent occasion, given musical evidence of his German patriotism in so handsome a manner, that we should have felt surprised not to have seen his pen set in motion by the successes of his countrymen in France. The "Allied Pleasures" which have emanated from this praiseworthy impulse, have certainly the merit of great variety. After an introductory "Grand parade march," of respectable gravity, the whole of the coalesced forces lay aside their swords and spurs, and fall to dancing, every one according to his country's fashion, either in a "Grand imperial

Russian waltz," an "Austrian laendler," a "royal Prussian waltz," a "Gallopade," or a "Cossack" pas seul; and when the whole company have singly displayed their national dancing abilities, all join merrily in a "Pontes ensemble," as the author terms it. A composition thus launched at short notice, must not be judged with the eye of rigid criticism; it would not be manners to look for an awkward step or two in the Russian or Austrian skipping, and thus disturb the *Allied pleasures*. The Prussians, as they fought best, here dance most to our mind.

PLATE 31.—THE OLD BAILEY.

THE accompanying view exhibits a representation of the north end of the street called the Old Bailey; the Sessions-House being on the right; Newgate in the centre; and part of St. Sepulchre's church on the left.

THE SESSIONS-HOUSE, separated from Newgate by a tolerably spacious yard, though not an elegant modern building, is not equal to what a stranger would expect to find in the criminal court of the metropolis of a rich and mighty empire. It is built of stone and brick, the entrance being in the front which faces the prison. Here sessions are held eight times in the year for the trial of offences committed in London or the county of Middlesex, before three of the twelve judges, the lord mayor, the aldermen in rotation, and the recorder. The sheriffs also in general attend. The juries are com-

posed of householders for offences committed in the city, and of freeholders and leaseholders in Middlesex for the county.

The city of London, as it is well known, was in ancient times surrounded with a wall, some remains of which yet exist in the street thence denominated London Wall. In it were several gates with posterns, resembling Temple-Bar; and one of these was Newgate, which ran across the western extremity of the street of that name. A gaol is recorded to have stood here so far back as 1218; it is described as a most miserable dungeon, and was rebuilt by Sir Richard Whittington, when it received the name which is yet retained. This edifice was destroyed in the conflagration of 1666, and again rebuilt in 1672, with greater strength and more convenience for prisoners, though nearly on the former plan. As one

of the entrances to the city, this was not an inelegant structure, but as a prison, "the builders," says Mr. Howard, "seem to have regarded in their plan nothing but the single article of keeping prisoners in safe custody." The rooms and cells were so close as to be almost the constant seats of disease and sources of infection, which was dreadfully exemplified in 1750, when the contagion of the gaol fever was communicated to a great number of persons in the Sessions-House, and proved fatal, among others, to the lord mayor, two of the judges, many of the lawyers, most of the Middlesex jury, and several of the spectators. In consequence of this disaster, a machine was placed on the top of the prison, to promote the circulation of fresh air, the building was thoroughly cleansed, and every other precaution taken to preserve the health of the prisoners. At length it became so ruinous as to be declared incapable of repair, and the first stone of the present structure was laid by Alderman Beckford, during his second mayoralty, in 1770. The site of the Gaol and Sessions-House was given by the city of London, and including £50,000 granted by Parliament, the cost of those two edifices exceeded £130,000.

The building was not quite finished when it was destined to feel the effects of popular fury roused into acts of the most atrocious violence by Lord George Gordon, in 1780. On the first day of this tremendous Anti-Catholic frenzy, several of the rioters had been taken and committed to this prison. On the 6th of June, however, the mob,

whose audacity was increased by the feeble opposition made to their lawless proceedings, repaired to Newgate with the avowed determination of liberating the culprits. On reaching the prison they required Mr. Akerman, the keeper, to deliver up their comrades, and upon his refusal, some began with ladders to scale the walls, while others with pickaxes and sledge-hammers broke open the doors and entrances to the cells, and several were busily engaged in collecting combustibles and throwing them into the keeper's dwelling-house. What contributed greatly to the spreading of the flames was, the great quantity of household furniture belonging to Mr. Akerman, which the rioters threw out of the windows, piled up against the door, and set on fire. The flames soon communicated from the house to the chapel, and thence through the prison; all the inhabitants of which, to the amount of 300, including four under sentence of death, and ordered for execution on the Thursday following, were released. By the conflagration the building was reduced to a mere shell, and the walls considerably injured. Mr. Dance, the city surveyor, estimated the sum necessary for repairs at £30,000: the House of Commons voted £10,000 for commencing the work; subsequent applications were made by the corporation, who were thus enabled to finish the edifice as it at present appears.

NEWGATE is described by Mr. Malcolm as "a black, dreary rustic wall, broken at intervals by niches, partially filled with statues and grated windows."—"The most indifferent spectator of the horrid

front of this human sepulchre," says the same writer, "must perceive, that the size is totally inadequate to the purpose for the enormous city of London. Besides, the keeper's apartments occupy a considerable part of the building, which is extremely narrow and confined. In short, a prison of such material consequence ought not to have been situated in the middle of a populous neighbourhood, for reasons obvious to a person of the least reflection; yet compared with the horrible dungeon whose place it occupies, the present Newgate is a palace, and the residence a paradise."

Without entering into any examination of the accuracy or injustice of the character here ascribed to an edifice which so rudely shocks Mr. Malcolm's tender sensibility; without involving ourselves in the details of the interior arrangements, we venture to declare, in the most unqualified manner, that, in our simple apprehension, if there be a building in the British metropolis which exhibits a perfect fitness and adaptation in its external appearance to the purposes for which it is designed, that building is Newgate. Its massive solidity, chaste simplicity, and great extent are certainly calculated to produce on the mind of the unprejudiced spectator a very different impression from that which they seem to have made upon Mr. Malcolm.

The front which faces the west, consists of two wings; the north side appropriated to debtors, whose number generally rises from 200 to 300; and the south for felons. The prisoners in the latter amount

from 150 to 300 in number. The plan of the whole is an area of three squares; the north quadrangle for debtors of both sexes, a wall dividing the men from the women. Behind the keeper's house, which occupies the centre of the front, is a large quadrangle for male felons, on one side of which is a plain, neat chapel. The south quadrangle contains the state side, as it is called, where such prisoners as can afford it may procure better accommodations. The salary of the keeper is £450, and his fees amount to a considerable sum. The chaplain, or ordinary, part of whose duty it is to attend criminals under sentence of death, receives £235 per annum; and a surgeon, with a salary of £100, visits the prison daily.

In the area opposite to the Debtors' door of Newgate, the prisoners capitally convicted at the Old Bailey have for many years been executed on a moveable scaffold, instead of being conveyed, as formerly, to expiate their crimes at Tyburn. The immense crowd assembled on one of these occasions, produced the most fatal consequences. At the execution of two men, named Holloway and Haggerty, for the murder of Mr. Steele on Hounslow Heath, in 1807, 27 persons were crushed and trampled to death by the crowd.

Among the good old customs of our pious and benevolent forefathers, which it is impossible to consider without feelings of mingled love and veneration for their memory, the following, closely connected with the subject before us, seems worthy of record:—Mr. Robert Dow, citizen and merchant

tailor, who died in 1612, and whose extraordinary benevolence is recorded in an inscription on his monument in St. Botolph's, Aldgate, left £1 6s. 8d. yearly for ever, to the sexton of St. Sepulchre's church, to pronounce two solemn exhortations to persons condemned to die, and to ring the passing-bell as they were carried to the place of execution. The following is the exhortation to be pronounced the night before an execution:—

“ You prisoners that are within, who for wickedness and sin, after many mercies shewn you, are now appointed to die to-morrow in the forenoon; give ear and understand, that to-morrow morning the greatest bell of St. Sepulchre's shall toll for you in form and manner of a passing-bell, as used to be tolled for those that are at the point of death, to the end that all godly people, hearing that bell, and knowing it is for you going to your deaths, may be stirred up heartily to pray to God to bestow his grace and mercy upon you whilst you live. I beseech you for Jesus Christ his sake to keep this night in watching and prayer, for the salvation of your own souls while there is yet time and place for mercy; as knowing to-morrow you must appear before the judgment-seat of your Creator, there to give an account of the things done in this life, and to suffer eternal torments for your sins committed against him, unless, upon hearty and unfeigned repentance, you find mercy through the merits, death, and passion of your only mediator and advocate, Jesus Christ, who now sits at the right hand of God, to make intercession

for as many of you as penitently return to him.”

The following words were appointed to be spoken on the day of execution, as the criminals passed the church on their way to Tyburn:

“ You that are condemned to die, repent with lamentable tears: ask mercy of the Lord for the salvation of your own souls, through the merits, death, and passion of Jesus Christ, who now sits at the right hand of God, to make intercession for as many of you as penitently return unto him.

“ Lord have mercy upon you;
 “ Christ have mercy upon you;
 “ Lord have mercy upon you;
 “ Christ have mercy upon you.”

The constant attendance of the ordinary of Newgate on condemned prisoners has rendered these exhortations nugatory, and both are, we believe, discontinued; and instead of the passing-bell of St. Sepulchre's, one fixed on the top of Newgate calls to prayers in the chapel, and is used for the knell of criminals about to suffer the sentence of the law.

On the west side of the Old Bailey stood Sidney House, in which the family of that name resided till their removal to Leicester House. On the site of their mansion, after the great fire, was the habitation of the notorious Jonathan Wild, now a broker's shop. From the same side of this street runs Green Arbour-court, where Goldsmith lived when he composed the *Vicar of Wakefield*, the *Traveller*, and some other of his early performances. The abode of genius, though humble, is always interesting, and for this reason we shall

not apologize for the introduction of the following anecdote:—A friend of Goldsmith's paying him a visit in this place, in March 1759, found him writing his *Enquiry into the present State of Polite Learning*, in a wretched dirty room, in which there was but one chair; and when he from civility offered it to his visitor, he was himself obliged to sit in the window. While they were conversing, someone gently tapped at the door; and being desired to come in, a little ragged girl, of very decent behaviour, entered, who, dropping a curtesy, said, "My mamma sends her compliments, and begs the favour of you

to lend her a chamber-potful of coals." The friend who relates this, and who is supposed to be Dr. Johnson, declares that he should not have mentioned the circumstance, did he not consider it as the highest proof of the splendour of Goldsmith's genius and talents, that by the bare exertion of their powers, under every disadvantage of person and fortune, he could gradually emerge from such obscurity, to the enjoyment of all the comforts and even the luxuries of life, and admission into the best societies of London*.

* Life of Goldsmith prefixed to his works.

MEDICAL REPORT.

AN account of the practice of a physician from the 15th of April to the 15th of May, 1814.

Acute Diseases.—Scarlet fever and sore-throat, 2....Inflammatory sore-throat, 3....Nettle-rash, 1.... Measles, 4...Small-pox, 2...Hooping-cough, 5....Catarrh, 10....Acute rheumatism, 2....Tic douloureux, 1....Erysipelas, 2....Acute diseases of infants, 12.

Chronic Diseases.—Cough and dyspnœa, 20...Hæmoptoc, 3...Pleurodyne, 2....Head-ach, 6....Vertigo, 3....Palpitation, 2....Asthenia, 6.... Rheumatism, 4...Jaundice, 1...Dyspepsia, 3....Schirrous liver, 1.... Dropsy, 2....Diarrhœa, 4...Gastrodynia, 2....Consumption, 2....Cutaneous diseases, 3....Female complaints, 5.

Pulmonic disease, in various forms and modifications, still claims our chief notice. Hooping-cough especially is becoming prevalent, and children afflicted with it, in

many instances, suffer severely. This very trying disorder is often left too much to itself, or the cure of it sought for in trifling and inefficient remedies. To the neglect of hooping-cough in infancy, may sometimes be traced the foundation of pulmonary consumption, which, in this variable climate, carries off so many young people. Measles, which may be regarded as another disease of infancy, also occasionally conduces to this effect: as long as cough exists, there is danger. One of the cases of measles this month has been succeeded by a general dropsical affection of the extremities of the body. This also is not unusual after scarlet-fever. The appearances sometimes are threatening, but, in general, yield to proper treatment. Although the patient appears, and actually is, very feeble, cathartics tend to stimulate the impaired action of the absorbent vessels, and to discharge

the liquid accumulated in the cellular membrane. It sometimes becomes necessary to puncture the skin in different places, which, when much distended, affords speedy relief.

Amongst the cases of asthenia, which is used here as the generic term for certain diseases attended by debility, but which have no particular distinguishing name, are always some instances in which the affection is caused by excess, which, in some cases, being of an innocent nature, is not suspected. Thus young people dancing all night, without very long intervals of repose, frequently get into a state of extreme languor, debility, and inertness; experience a variety of nervous feelings, sometimes even epilepsy, and the cause is perhaps attributed to a constitution naturally weak, or to some accident.

The patient is treated for a disease which does not exist, and the favourite, but destructive diversion is resorted to till nature is fairly worn out; in stricter language, the waste of the nervous system, from which all animation is derived, is greater than the supply. As men vary in power and capacity, so they endure fatigue with more or less derangement of the system. If a delicate person is exhausted with three hours' dancing, he should be contented with two. But it is not so much the excess of dancing, as the continuing many hours in an unwholesome atmosphere, during the time when nature indicates repose, that is hurtful. The vital powers for awhile may be excited by stimulants, and a degree of seeming health be enjoyed; but they render the event more certain, and the cure more difficult.

BRITISH INSTITUTION FOR PROMOTING THE FINE ARTS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

Exhibition of Pictures by the late WILLIAM HOGARTH, RICHARD WILSON, THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH, and J. ZOFFANI, by Permission of the Proprietors, in Honour of the Memory of those distinguished Artists, and for Improvement of British Art.

WE know not what could contribute more essentially to the advancement of painting in this country, than the measures which have been adopted by the noblemen and gentlemen who have formed the British Institution. They have liberally furnished the best examples of ancient foreign schools, from their own collections, for the improvement of students in painting. The rapid progress which has been manifested to the public since the commencement of this munificent plan, which is but a very few years,

is the best comment that can be made upon the discernment of such liberal patrons.

The collection of portrait, historical, and other paintings by Sir Joshua Reynolds, exhibited last year on the walls of the British Gallery, delighted every connoisseur and every lover of art. The most brilliant glow of colouring, the most fascinating combination of fancy, taste, and exquisite feeling, were made manifest in these works; they proved, that "England is a soil in which the polite arts will

take root, flourish, and arrive at a very high degree of perfection."

It is no compliment to the age that saw an Hogarth, a Wilson, and a Gainsborough, and suffered them to owe to posterity the just admiration due to their self-taught knowledge in an art, the last that has ever attained to excellence in countries distinguished for their civilization and mental superiority over the rest of mankind. The six pictures of *Marriage à-la-Mode* were publicly sold, for a sum so insignificant, and even then under circumstances so disgraceful to the public, that had not Hogarth possessed that dignity of mind, which poets, painters, and other men of genius have so frequently evinced in all ages, he would have destroyed his works, and sought for bread in any employment better suited to the notions of the middle of the eighteenth century!

Wilson, whose works are now sought with an avidity worthy of their extraordinary excellence—which adorn the mansions of our nobility, and which their possessors appreciate as "treasures above price," could not find employment, even by the picture-dealers, although his pictures were offered for sums less than that which one of the prints from some of his landscapes will now produce in a public auction.

Gainsborough, whose landscapes are now the subject of admiration amid the throng of nobility and all the great—the theme of loud adulation amidst the constellation of beauty and fashion at the British Gallery—Gainsborough, the painter of nature, was constrained to quit the contemplation of sylvan

scenes, in which his elegant and amiable mind took delight, to cover his canvas with portraits of those, many of whom posterity will scarcely know the names.

The praises bestowed upon the works of these honoured men, are not heard with envy by the professors of the same art. By none are the merits of Hogarth, Wilson, and Reynolds more ardently felt than by painters; and veneration for their talents has been publicly demonstrated by their rivals in the present day. But we will not patiently hear reiterated—what these our illustrious countrymen were obliged to bear—a depreciating comparison of their works with those of painters who were no more in their day. Let those who now, in their enthusiastic admiration of the productions on the walls of the British Institution, exclaim, "These were painters indeed! we have now nothing comparable with these!"—let them pause and reflect, that it is possible they may, *unwittingly perhaps*, leave posterity to give them a place in a future *Dunciad*, when some living artists may in their turn—when DEAD—have the same *liberal* chance for FAME.

Could the honoured shades of Hogarth, Wilson, and Gainsborough appear, they would approve what we now will assert:—That in Wilkie we have a genius, which, when yet almost a boy, produced works that Hogarth would have felt proud to own. In Turner we have a genius that honest Wilson would have taken the laurel from his own brow to have crowned.—"Happy, thrice happy young man," would he say, "that thy fate has not been like mine!" In Cal-

cott we have a painter that Gainsborough would compliment: he would say, "Go on and prosper, amiable young man! In thy works do I see *perfected* that which I felt."

We owe it almost to accident that West, like Milton, did not go to the grave no *genius* in his day.—The picture of *Christ giving Sight to the Blind* was painted for a charitable purpose; it was to have been presented by its great author to the infirmary in Pennsylvania. The directors of the British Institution munificently purchased the picture; and the public at once discovered, that there was an historical painter, who had passed the allotted age of man, residing among us, who had talents for epic composition not inferior to the greatest painter of any age or country.

The works of Hogarth abound in true humour, and satire which is generally well directed. They are admirable moral lessons, and a fund of entertainment suited to every taste; a circumstance which shews them to be just copies of nature. We may consider them too as valuable repositories of the manners, customs, and dresses of the age that is past. What a fund of entertainment would a collection of this kind afford, drawn from every period of the history of Great Britain!

In design, Hogarth was seldom at a loss. His invention was fertile, and his judgment accurate. An improper incident is rarely introduced, a proper one rarely omitted. No one could tell a story better, or make it, in all its circumstances, more intelligible. His *genius* led him to compose low or

familiar subjects, from which he knew he could best represent scenes such as his dramatic turn had determined him to pursue, and from which alone he could deduce such moral lessons as would be most useful to correct the age in which he lived. Hogarth's greatest excellence in his art, was expression, a quality added to his inventive powers, his just discrimination of character, and his moral turn, that fitted him well for the walk in which he shone so conspicuously.

The Rake's Progress.—William Hogarth.

The first subject of the eight pictures which compose this pictorial drama, represents a young heir taking possession of a miser's effects. The passion of avarice, which hoards every thing without distinction, what is, and what is not, valuable, is admirably described in this the miser's room.

Young Rakewell, newly arrived, eager to ascertain the extent of his possessions, has caused the old wardrobes to be wrenched open; the strong chests are unlocked, bonds, mortgage deeds, and bags of gold are indiscriminately tumbled out. The countenance of the young man, the hero of the story, exhibits strong marks of simplicity, and at once prepares us to expect, that he will become a prey to every worthless wretch, and will not know how to make a proper use of his wealth.

The second picture represents this youth, metamorphosed into a man of fashion, surrounded by French barbers, French tailors, bravos, lockeys, and the whole retinue of flatterers and scoundrels, such as prey upon a rich, weak young man.

The third picture represents Rakewell in a bagnio, surrounded by men and women of the most profligate description. This appears to be a faithful exhibition of the too common vices of the time.

The fourth picture exemplifies the consequences arising from extravagance and vile associates. Rakewell is arrested in his sedan going to court, and is liberated by the purse of a female whom he had betrayed. This generous act is intended as a high compliment to the women. It affords a striking proof of that constant affection in the fair sex, which, when once rooted, the severest treatment can scarcely alienate.

The fifth picture represents the spendthrift recruiting his fortune by marrying an ugly old woman. The episodes in this subject are replete with wit.

The sixth picture exhibits the hero Rakewell in a gaming-house; he has lost his fortune, and, on his knees, in a desperate state of mind, is uttering the direst imprecations on his folly.

The seventh picture, by a natural transition, removes Rakewell from the gaming-table to a prison.

The eighth brings the hero of this drama to a climax of misery. He is represented in a madhouse, in a hopeless state of insanity, lacerating himself with his own hands, and chained to the floor, to prevent his doing violence to others.

This series of pictures exemplify the fruits of vice in the most frightful shape, and, it is presumed, had a moral effect upon the conduct of many thoughtless young men in that age of vice in which they appeared. It was the custom

to hang the prints of Hogarth in the rooms not only of private houses, but of taverns, inns, and other places of public resort.

Marriage à-la-Mode.—The same.

The causes of unhappy marriages have furnished employment for the reflecting philosopher, the fancy of the novelist, and the imagination of the poet. It was reserved for the pencil of Hogarth to embody their ideas, to reprobate the absurdity and folly of forming matrimonial connections chiefly for pecuniary considerations; and as this practice is most prevalent in the higher circles, he has taken the subject of *Marriage à-la-Mode* from high life.

The first picture of this series represents the son of an earl and the daughter of a grovelling citizen and alderman, with their fathers and the attorneys of each party, forming a marriage settlement. The young persons appear totally indifferent to each other. No contrast can be greater than that of the pride of the gouty earl, shewing his pedigree, and the sordid, calculating cit examining the mortgages upon his lordship's estates.

The second picture discovers these young people married, living in luxury; the wife yawning at her breakfast, after the dissipation of a night of company *at home*; and the husband looking ruefully, having just returned from the gaming-table, after a run of ill luck.

The third picture places the husband, who is a libertine, in the apartment of a quack doctor, with two females. It is not easy to develop this subject.

The fourth picture shews us the

customs of fashionable life in the middle of the eighteenth century. The wife at her toilette, with a French barber dressing her hair, preparatory to her going to a masquerade. She is surrounded by company, and is entertaining her friends with vocal and instrumental music; the performers, celebrated Italians well known in that day.

The fifth represents this depraved wife in a bagnio, with her innamorato. The husband has burst the door, and, in a rencontre with him, is run through the body. This picture is filled with horror.

The sixth picture represents the room of the alderman, who has his daughter returned upon him. She is expiring in agony, having taken

poison. The sordid wretch, her father, ever mindful of saving, is taking a diamond ring from the finger of his dying child.

These six pictures are esteemed the best of Hogarth's works. No tale was ever told with more consummate skill, with greater originality of expression, or truth to nature. As paintings, they rank with the best works of the old Flemish school.

To the other paintings by this original genius, which are described in the catalogue of the Exhibition, it is not possible to do sufficient justice in words. They must be seen, and being seen, they cannot fail to excite universal admiration.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

As usual, the most prominent feature of this Exhibition is portrait. The many painters who cultivate the study of portrait-painting, afford ample proof, that no species of painting meets with equal encouragement. The partiality, however, for this branch of art, which certainly affords less interest to the public than historical, landscape, or other subjects of more extensive means, wherein the genius has greater scope for the exercise of its powers, affords us one satisfaction for the absence of more interesting pictures, namely, that of our *limners* being most excellent in their walk. Did it more frequently happen, that the living model were worthy of being handed down to posterity by the pencil of the illustrious painter, then, indeed, the public would rejoice to see great talent employed in the

study of portraiture; but it excites no pleasing reflections to see, from year to year, painting thus excellent bestowed upon whole-lengths, half-lengths, &c. &c. of persons whom "nobody knows, and for whom nobody cares."

Lawrence, Northcote, Owen, Shee, Thomson, Phillipps, and Beechy have each fine specimens of their respective styles in this Exhibition; and we feel no hesitation in saying, that some of these and others of their works, when time has given to their pictures that mellowness which Titian, Vandyke, Velasquez, and others have attained, will hereafter be sought for, and venerated as much as the portraits of these illustrious old masters.

23. *Portrait of Viscount Castlereagh.*

—T. Lawrence, R. A.

A most elegant air, mixed with a manly department, characterises

this half-length picture of Lord Castlereagh. The expression of the countenance is open and dignified; he looks a man of sense and a gentleman. We should like to see this picture placed beside one of the finest works of Van Dyke, of the same size. Perhaps the comparison might favour the English painter; we think it would.

56. *Portrait of Lady Leicester.*—
The same.

This elegant and beautiful lady is painted as a personification of one of the well-drawn characters of the poet Spenser:—

With him came Hope in rank, a handsome
maid,

Of cheerful look, and lovely to behold,

.....

She always smil'd; and in her hand did hold

An holy water sprinkle, dipp'd in dew;

With which she sprinkled favours manifold

On whom she list, and did great liking
shew—

Great liking unto many—but true love to few.

It rarely happens that a *portrait* supplies the image of the object raised in the mind by the poet. This picture, however, stands a fair exception to the axiom. The painter could not have selected a better model for his subject, nor could his fancy have supplied a more animated personification of Hope.

138. *Portrait of Lady Grantham.*
—The same.

This head possesses ineffable sweetness; the countenance is soft and expressive, chaste and full of sentiment. It is painted with a delicacy and purity of tone worthy of the original.

146. *Portrait of the Marquis of Abercorn.*—The same.

We recollect a very fine half-

length portrait of this nobleman, by the same artist, which was exhibited a few years ago in the Royal Academy. The same animated likeness is visible in both pictures; but, abstracted of the present one being a whole-length, we prefer this to the first. The figure is grand and impressive; it is painted with a masterly feeling; the composition is good, and the colouring harmonious.

277. *Portrait of Master William Lock.*—The same.

On contemplating this picture, we are reminded of one of the infant angels of Raphael, which, for an infant, carries in its countenance strong indications of dignity of mind. It is one of Mr. Lawrence's most happy performances.

52. *Portrait of the Right Hon. Sir Joseph Banks, Bart. painted for the Corporation of Boston.*—
T. Phillipps, R. A.

This also is a second picture of the venerable and highly respected President of the Royal Society that has appeared on these walls from the pencil of Mr. Phillipps. The first was painted for the Royal Society, and hangs in the room of that scientific body. It was placed in the hands of the elder Schiavonetti, to be engraved. Death snatched that promising artist to the grave before he had finished the plate. His ingenious brother completed the work, and followed him to the tomb. Both pictures are such faithful resemblances of the worthy baronet, that posterity will see the man, and will respect the skill of him that could make them thus acquainted with so munificent a patron of science.

72. *Portrait of the Marquis of Stafford.*—T. Phillipps, R. A.

This patron of the fine arts, the Deputy - President of the British Institution, is justly portrayed by the identity of Mr. Phillipps's pencil. Of all the British portrait-painters, perhaps this artist aims least to excite applause by the blandishments of *manner*. His pictures are unsophisticated copies of the object of his imitation; their excellencies are pure, and charm by their truth. This portrait of the Marquis of Stafford is well drawn, natural in colour, and combines the higher qualities of art in an eminent degree.

93. *Portrait of Miss Stanley in the Character of Juliet—Scene in the Balcony.*—The same.

“What's in a name? that which we call a
rose,

By any other name would smell as sweet:
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name,
And for that name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.”

There is a sweetness of expression in this portrait that seems fitting to the sentimental Juliet: the figure in all its proportions, the air in all its contour, are delicately feminine. If the original be comparable with this imitation, who would not at once become a Romeo, and woo so fair a maiden—aye, though she were a Capulet? We think this decidedly one of the happiest effusions of the pencil of Mr. Phillipps.

65. *Pembroke Castle, South Wales.*

—G. Samuel.

This ancient building is situated in one of the most beautiful districts of South Wales, and is an

object sought by all our tourists. We have seen many views of this venerable ruin, but none that conveys a more just recollection of the castle, or a more pleasing display of the rich landscape that surrounds its mouldering walls. The composition, though true, has much the air of an Italian scene: the lines are chaste, nothing is abrupt, nor is there any passage without interest; the colouring is pure and natural, and the penciling is free. We think this the best effort of Mr. Samuel's pencil.

200. *View of the Town and Castle of Richmond, Yorkshire.*—W. Westall, A.

The spectator, on viewing this rich and picturesque scene, is placed on a height, and sees the river flowing beneath in gentle undulation, surrounded by shady woods and cheerful meads. The castle, majestically placed upon its lofty site, commands from its antique towers a vast expanse. The atmosphere pervading this landscape is clear and serene, it is a perfect summer's day. The water is pellucid, the trees are touched with a light and tasteful pencil, and the colouring is vivid and natural. Richmond, renowned in topographical description, may be truly recognized in this pleasing picture.

255. *View in a Mandarin's Garden, on the Banks of the western Branch of the Pe Kiang River, with Mandarins and Women of Rank.*—The same.

The rich luxuriance of an Eastern garden is described with truth, and a mixture of poetic grandeur, in this picture. In a climate such

as is here represented, who is there that cannot fancy the delight of sitting beneath the spreading canopy of the trees, or conceive the luxury of ablution in the pellucid stream. Such enjoyments form the song of the poets of the East. But woe to the British bard that hopes

to please, who sings of shady woods, of cooling grots, and purling streams!

This picture is elegant in design, and is executed with a masterly taste. It is well coloured, and conveys the most pleasing sensations to us shivering islanders.

EXHIBITION OF PICTURES AND DRAWINGS BY RICHARD WESTALL, R. A. FALL-MALL.

We should be wanting in respect to the noblemen and gentlemen who have so liberally patronised Mr. Westall, were we to refrain from offering our humble applause on this subject. Almost all the pictures which form this Exhibition are the property of patrons of the fine arts; and when the munificent prices which have been given for many subjects, and the value that must be set upon all by their respective possessors, are considered, we cannot but offer with grateful feelings our esteem for this instance, in granting the loan of these works, of their zeal for the promotion of the arts, and for so marked a respect for the interests of their ingenious author. That honour which Great Britain has derived from the discovery of the art of painting in transparent water colours, and which the most enlightened foreigners have so willingly accorded to us, is in a great degree to be ascribed to Mr. Westall. His drawings for many years formed a principal feature of attraction at the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, and were the first that combined an union of the clearness and aerial beauty of drawings with the splendour and force of paintings in oil. In looking with

careful attention upon many works from his pencil that were produced several years since, we were gratified to find, that they had lost scarcely any portion of their original splendour: from which we venture to infer, that works executed with this material, will last for many years, if preserved with care.

The room, and its adjoining cabinets, in which this collection is arranged, have a pleasing and elegant effect. We think it the most interesting *coup d'œil* that we have seen, and shall feel disappointed, should it appear that the public neglect to pay a due compliment to a collection thus brought before them by the favour of the enlightened possessors of the pictures and drawings, and at so great an expence by the artist whose extraordinary talents produced the same.

Our limits preclude us the pleasure of expatiating individually upon any of the pictures, many of which merit singular praise. Among those which form series, we particularly feel the merits of those which are designed to illustrate an edition of the Old and New Testament, now publishing in parts, the engravings by Mr. Heath the younger. The drawings are finely designed, and executed with

the utmost beauty and delicacy; and should the engravings continue to be as faithful to the originals as those already published, we shall possess the most elegant small edition of the Holy Bible that has yet appeared in the world.

Among the smaller designs for the embellishment of books, much beauty and feeling are displayed in those for editions of the British Classics. The drawing which describes the death of the pious Hervey, cannot be seen without exciting emotion: it is full of pathos; it is truly an "expiring Christian." Who but could wish their end to be like that of the author of *Meditations among the Tombs*?

We congratulate the age that can publish books ornamented with engravings from drawings such as these. The period has happily arrived when the talents of the poet and the painter are united for mutual benefit. This union has raised the character of the British press.

The pictures in oil in this collection display fertility of imagination, exuberance of taste, elegance of drawing, splendour of colour, and a most poetic imagination. It may stimulate the rising artist to industry, to reflect, that this collection, which contains more than three hundred subjects, forms only a part of the works of Mr. Westall's prolific genius.

RETROSPECT OF POLITICS.

SINCE our last report, the great work of universal pacification has made a most rapid progress; the monstrous empire of the despicable usurper has crumbled within the limits of ancient France, the political chaos into which he had plunged the whole Continent has assumed an aspect of order, the several states of the great European family have more or less returned into their primitive consistency and independence, and the tyrant himself has been transported from the Continent.

Be it our first task to dispose of him historically. On the 2d of April the Senate dethroned him, and on the 6th he signed his abdication. On the 11th, however, a treaty, hitherto secret, was entered into between him and the allied powers (England, as it is stated, excepted), by which his future fate and condition were definitively re-

gulated, and by which, if we are to believe what seems incredible, the title of Emperor was left him. Under various shifts and pretexts, he tarried at Fontainebleau till the 20th of April, the day finally fixed for his departure. Used to canting and stage tricks, he came from the palace and addressed the imperial guards in an incoherent, rhapsodical harangue, in which, among other ridiculous tirades, he stated, that he had forborne to put an end to his life, because he wished to write it. He then called for the eagles, which he kissed, and, with tears in his eyes, stepped into the carriage. Generals Bertrand, Drouet, Lefebvre-Desnouettes, and Dombrowsky are stated to have accompanied him by choice, and one commissioner from each of the four allied powers set out with him for the coast of Provence. On this side of Lyons his journey was tolerably

undisturbed, but in the south of France the indignation of the inhabitants was manifested in many places, and especially at Aix and Avignon, so that the presence of the commissioners and of the escort was scarcely sufficient to defend him from the effects of popular resentment. Disguise and other stratagems were resorted to by him; and to those who still entertained doubts as to one particular feature of the character of this extraordinary adventurer, his pusillanimity and cowardly fears of being the victim of force or poison, caused not a little astonishment. At every slight apprehension of danger he trembled and cried like a child, and the moment the dread was no more, he manifested his joy and became talkative. Thus it was the great Napoleon arrived at Frejus, where, of a French ship of war and the Undaunted English frigate, left to his choice, he preferred the latter for his passage to Elba, precisely as we had anticipated in our last. On the 28th of April he sailed from St. Rapheau, near Frejus, the very same port by which, in 1799, he returned from Egypt to usurp a despotism over France and the Continent, which, for upwards of fourteen years, spread misery and desolation over Europe. As we have no room for reports, however singular, we shall for the present content ourselves with seeing the ex-emperor fairly out of France, without noticing a strange story, just current, of his arrival at the island on the 4th of May.

As to the remaining branches of the ex-imperial family, we have to add, that none have thought proper to share Napoleon's fate. Jo-

seph and Jerome, after wandering about in France, have for the present retired to Switzerland; and Louis is stated to have set out for his former place of residence, the town of Gratz, in Styria. Lucien has just left England for Rome; whither Madame Lætitia, the mother of the Bonapartes, has likewise directed her course. The Archduchess Maria Louisa, the future sovereign of Parma, Piacenza, and Guastalla, and her son, young Napoleon, are on their way to Vienna.

FRANCE.

During the short stay of Louis XVIII. at London, the sovereign, the government, and the people paid him every honour due to his rank and private character. He was invested with the order of the Garter in return for that of the Holy Ghost, with which, on his arrival in the capital, he had decorated his Royal Highness the Prince Regent. On the 23d of April his Most Christian Majesty took his departure from London, with the daughter of Louis XVI. the Duchess of Angouleme; and the day following he embarked at Dover, on board the royal yacht, escorted by a British fleet under the temporary command of his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, the Prince Regent having in person conducted his Majesty on board.

In three hours the French monarch set foot on French ground at Calais, where, as well as in every other place on the Paris road, he was received with the most enthusiastic exultations by the public authorities and the people at large. This and indisposition retarded his arrival at the capital.

At Compiègne his Majesty was met and addressed by the Senate, the Legislative Body, and the French Marshals in the name of the army (29th April); and from St. Ouen, the last stage of his journey, he issued, on the 3d of May, a document of the highest importance, in the shape of a declaration to the French people. In this state paper the King rejects the constitutional charter which had been framed by the Senate, as an instrument which, although substantially good, had been framed with the precipitation of the moment, and required alteration: he states his intention to cause another constitution to be drawn up by a commission chosen out of the Senate and Legislative Body, which he would lay before those two bodies on the 10th of June; for which day (afterwards altered to the 31st of May) they are invited to meet. The King, in the same declaration, enumerated the bases of the constitution in contemplation, which principally differs from the Senate's constitution, in that the privileges which that body had endeavoured to secure to itself are not touched upon.

The day after this decisive step (3d May), the King made his entry into Paris. Grand preparations had been made to give this solemnity the highest eclat; and, as far as could be inferred from the outward demonstrations of a people so open to the impulse of the moment, his arrival appeared to diffuse almost universal joy. An exception was, however, found in some of the troops of the line, and especially the late imperial guard, whose skulking attachment to their

late master was visible on their sullen countenances; nay, audible in some daring voices, that cried "*Vive l'empereur!*"

Among the numerous dispositions which have already taken place since Louis's arrival, we notice the reduction of the French navy to thirteen ships of the line, twenty-one frigates, &c.; the disbanding of sailors engaged from foreign or conquered countries; the appointment of Monsieur to be colonel-general of the national guard; a decree ordering the restitution of works of art plundered from eight noble families of Spain; the definitive appointment of the ministry, including Talleyrand as minister for foreign affairs, Montesquieu for the interior, and Gen. Dupont for the war department; and the banishment from Paris of Cardinal Maury, Fouché, and some more senators and other notorious characters; the transfer of the command of the army of the south to Suchet from Soult, who, like Davoust (also displaced from his command) appears to be in disgrace.

In regard to the proceedings of the allied powers towards France, we have to advert to the armistice provisionally concluded with her by Russia, Austria, Prussia, and England, on the 23d of April last, which stipulates the evacuation by the allied forces of all the provinces within the frontiers of old France, as these stood on the 1st of January, 1792, and the return within those frontiers of all French troops and garrisons stationed beyond them, the general liberation of all prisoners of war, &c. In consequence of this agreement, Antwerp, Flush-

ing, Menz, and many other towns, have already been delivered over to the allied forces; General Girard has arrived at Hamburgh, to bring off the French garrison; and the Helder, as well as the Dutch fleet, have been surrendered to the Prince of the Netherlands by Admiral Verbeul, the 5th of May. Some Russian divisions have begun their march home, although a great proportion, together with the Austrian and Prussian armies, still remain in France. For our part, we hope they will not leave it until the new government is firmly settled; there are yet embers remaining among the many fickle and volatile heads of that nation, which, if not completely subdued, threaten explosion. The magnanimous mildness of the allied sovereigns, after their glorious and dearly bought conquest of France, is without example in history; it has been carried to such a length, that the French army soon forgot the continued series of defeats from the heart of Russia to the heights of Montmartre, and from the Guadalquivir to Toulouse, by which its pride ought to have been humbled into modesty at least. Certain green sprigs, which the German conquerors, after the usage of their country, stuck in their caps, offended the returning vanity of the vanquished. Affrays of a serious nature, and, according to private letters, real and sanguinary combats have taken place in the streets of Paris; for which Bonaparte, in the situation of the allies, would have shot, as he did in Moscow, the perpetrators by dozens. But the allied sovereigns, as if the last of their conquests had termi-

nated their authority in the conquered country, and had reduced themselves and their soldiers to the situation of private individuals, have forbore to animadvert on these outrages, and have contented themselves with the king's removing all French regulars out of Paris.

SOUTH OF FRANCE.

In our last we had indulged a hope, that the events at Paris would be known early enough in Gasconne to stay the impetuous career of our heroic army under Lord (now Duke of) Wellington, and prevent the further effusion of the blood of our gallant countrymen. And such would have been the case, had not the messengers who were dispatched from Paris been stopped or delayed, either wilfully or innocently, by authorities still under the influence of Bonaparte's expiring sway; a delay which, we lament to say, has cost Great Britain an immense number of valuable lives.

On the 8th of April our army crossed the Garonne; the 9th was employed in reconnoitring the enemy and making the necessary arrangements for storming the chain of fortifications with which Marshal Soult had surrounded Toulouse, and rendered that city apparently impregnable. — On the 10th, Easter Sunday, our army, together with its Portuguese and Spanish allies, assailed successively the enemy's redoubts, and finally carried all. Unnecessary as the effort was, we will not detail the features of a battle, which, although one of the most skillful and brilliant of this campaign, was attended with such a sacrifice of lives, that the number of killed and wounded

amounted to between 5 and 6000 men, British, Portuguese, and Spaniards. On the 11th Soult withdrew his army; and on the 12th, in the morning, our victorious troops made their triumphant entry into Toulouse, whose loyal inhabitants received their deliverers with enthusiasm, and, although yet ignorant of the overthrow of Bonaparte's power, courageously declared for the Bourbons. It was only in the evening of the same day, that the joyful post arrived, which ensured the safety of their determination, and which diffused rapturous delight among the whole population. A few days after (16th), suspensions of hostilities were signed with Soult and Suchet, who both sent in their adherence to the new order of things.

The loss sustained in the battle of Toulouse, is in some measure compensated by its glory to the British arms; but the same consolation is wanting in our record of an almost cotemporary event under the walls of Bayonne. In the night between the 13th and 14th April, the French governor of that fortress made a sortie with the greatest part of his garrison, and surprised the blockading corps under Lieutenant-General Sir John Hope. After a sanguinary contest, in which our army was severely handled, the enemy was finally chased within their ramparts, with General Hope himself in their power, who had been wounded, and lost his horse by a shot. Major-General Hay was killed; and our loss in killed, wounded, and missing, amounted to between 8 and 900 men.

SPAIN.

The British army in Catalonia,

under Lieutenant-General Clinton, has been broken up, and embarked for Sicily or Italy in the middle of April; and the remaining French garrisons in that province have been recalled into France.

In our last we announced King Ferdinand's return to Spain, and his progress towards Madrid. His expected arrival in the capital, however, has met with an unlooked-for delay. On the 6th of April he entered Saragossa, and on the 11th he left that city to proceed to Valencia, where the latest accounts still report him. It is stated, not improbably, that this reluctance to enter Madrid proceeds from an aversion to the constitution which the Cortes, during his captivity in France, have settled for the Spanish monarch, and which the king's adherents consider as bearing too republican a character. Of all the restored monarchs, the situation of his Catholic Majesty appears to us the most delicate and singular; and without prudent and moderate councils on both sides, the expulsion of the foreign invader may easily be succeeded by intestine misunderstandings and commotions. It is therefore with the highest gratification that we have learnt the expected arrival of the Duke of Wellington at Madrid. Further, his grace set out on the 12th of May from Paris, where he received from the Sovereigns of Russia, Austria, Prussia, and France, and from the French nation, the tribute of honourable acknowledgment, which his transcendent military genius, and his great and arduous services in the cause of Europe, so justly entitle him to. He will have nobly finish-

ed his work, if, after freeing Spain from the French yoke, his endeavours and authority succeed in establishing the internal tranquillity and happiness of the nation whose champion he has been.

ITALY.

In this quarter too the British arms had distinguished themselves just before the knowledge of the revolution at Paris had reached them. On landing at Leghorn, Lord William Bentinck, learning that Genoa was held by only 2000 men, conceived the spirited plan of gaining possession of that important city. Accordingly he moved his army, with singular rapidity, across the difficult and mountainous road by Massa, secured the forts and gulf of Spezzia, and appeared before Genoa on the 16th of April. The enemy, who had, however, been reinforced with 6000 men, was found in a strong position in front of the city. Here he was attacked the next day, defeated, and driven within the city, just at the moment when the British fleet, under Sir Edward Pellew, opportunely appeared in sight to aid the operations by land. To avoid a bombardment, the French governor surrendered the city on the 18th by a capitulation, which put the conquerors in possession of an immense train of artillery, abundance of warlike stores, one line of battle ship ready for launching, another on the stocks, and some smaller vessels. Our loss did not exceed two hundred men.

On the 12th and 13th of April, King Murat had also gained some decisive advantages over part of Eugene's army on the Taro, and had penetrated in consequence as far as Piacenza; but the arrival

of intelligence from Paris put an end to further warfare. A suspension of hostilities was entered into on the 16th, between the Viceroy and General Bellegarde; in pursuance of which, and of subsequent arrangements, the French troops retire out of Italy, and give up the fortresses, including Venice, which city, together with the Milanese and Mantua, has been provisionally taken possession of by the Austrian army in the name of the allied sovereigns. Eugene Beauharnois, faithful to the last to the trust of his adopted father, from honourable motives, respected even by his enemy, has bidden adieu to his Italian army and subjects, and awaits the determination of the allied powers to enter upon a new sovereignty, probably Deuxponts, in Germany. Popular commotions broke out at Turin, and especially at Milan (20th April), as soon as the fate of Bonaparte was known, and some of his adherents have paid with their lives for their attachment to his government.

The venerable head of the Catholic church made his entry into Rome on the 21st of April; and the King of Sardinia is stated to have landed at Genoa on his way to his former continental dominions.

Advices from Malta report the re-appearance of the plague in the adjacent island of Gozo, which was immediately subjected to the strictest quarantine.

SWEDEN, NORWAY.

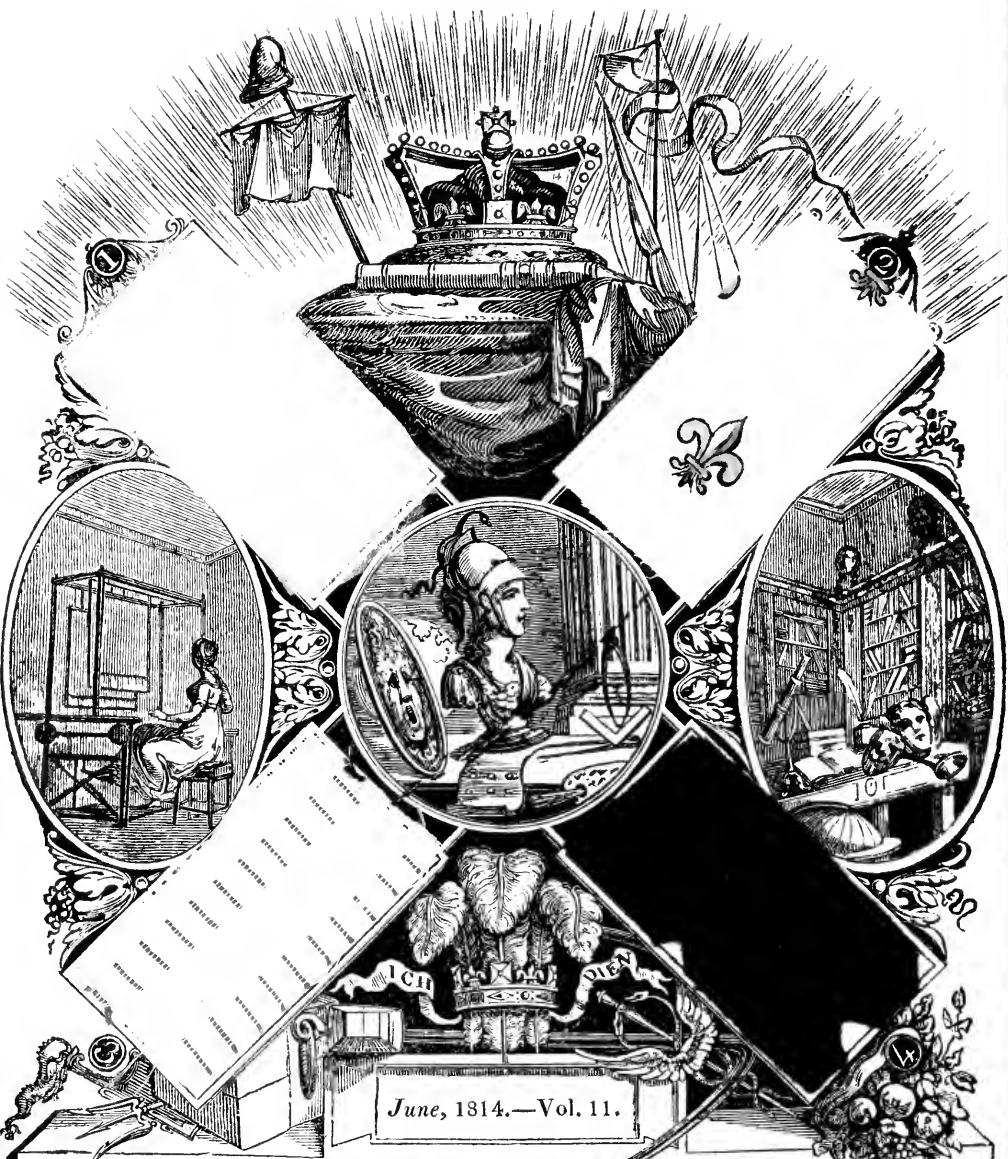
The Crown Prince of Sweden, after some days stay in Paris, has set out for the north, no doubt in consequence of the unexpected critical state of affairs in Norway, as mentioned in our last. That

country has declared itself independent; and a diet, summoned to Edswold, has fixed the basis of a constitution, similar to that of Great Britain, and conferred the title and power of King upon the Regent, Prince Christian; who has opened the ports to all flags, and declared the country at peace with all Europe; but signified the determination of himself and his new subjects to resist to the last any foreign invasion. To maintain this resolution, all Norway has risen in arms. The most conciliatory proposals have been made to the nation by the King of Sweden, such as taxation by a legislature of its own, exemption from military service in foreign wars, exclusive appropriation of the revenue to Norwegian purposes, &c. The King of Denmark, moreover, has, by proclamation, exhorted the people to conform to the treaty of Kiel, by which he was obliged to cede the country, and has recalled Prince Christian, under threat of high treason in case of disobedience. All this, however, has as yet produced no effect. Nay, England, conceiving herself pledged to assist Sweden by her maritime means in obtaining the possession of Norway, has, certainly against the wish of her heart, found herself compelled by good faith to put the ports of that country under blockade; a measure which, like the treaty itself that led to it, has produced weighty discussion in the British Parliament. Beyond this blockade no coercive measures have been resorted to, and a hope still remains, that the brave Norwegians, by submitting to necessity and fearful odds, will avert the storm which a perseverance in their determina-

tion must inevitably bring upon the country.

AMERICA.

The remains of General Wilkinson's army, which, after the disgraceful failure of the expedition against Montreal, had retreated to Salmon river, have, by the severity of the weather, been obliged to abandon their cantonments, and to retire upon Platsburg and Sackett's Harbour, after previously destroying all their ships and stores; and this unpleasant event has been followed by the intelligence of the *beginning* of Bonaparte's reverses in Champagne, and of the *probability* of the allies marching to Paris. The consequence has been a wonderful change in the hitherto haughty tone of the government of Mr. Madison, who, well anticipating the storm that gathers over his country, has himself caused a bill to be brought before the House of Representatives, to repeal the embargo act (enacted through him last December), and to allow the importation of British goods and manufactures: moreover, the American negotiators sent to Gothenburg are said to have been instructed not to insist on the Madisonian doctrine of impressment. But further lowering in pretensions will appear advisable, when our transatlantic opponents shall hear of the downfall of their ally in France, of the arrival of the great reinforcements which sailed for Canada last month, and of the destination of 10,000, or, as some accounts state, 20,000 veteran soldiers from the Duke of Wellington's army, which are now embarking in the Garonne, under the reported command of General Picton.



June, 1814.—Vol. 11.

The Repository

Of Arts, Literature, Commerce, Manufactures, Fashion, and Politics.

MANUFACTURERS, Factors, and Wholesale Dealers in Fancy Goods that come within the scope of this Plan, are requested to send Patterns of such new Articles as they come out, and if the requisites of Novelty, Fashion, and Elegance are united, the quantity necessary for this Magazine will be ordered. *R. Ackermann, 101, Strand, London.*

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Gazette of the 3d May announces the following honourable rewards to the under-mentioned distinguished generals of our Spanish army:—

Lord Wellington to be Duke and Marquis of the united kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, by the title of Marquis Douro, and Duke of Wellington, in the county of Somerset.

To be barons of the united kingdom, viz.

Sir John Hope, by the title of Baron Niddry, of Niddry, in the county of Linlithgow.

Sir Thomas Graham, by the title of Baron Lyndoch, of Balgowin, in the county of Perth.

Sir Stapleton Cotton, by the title of Baron Combermere, in the county palatine of Chester.

Sir Rowland Hill, by the title of Baron Hill, of Almaraz, and of Hawkstone, in the county of Salop.

Sir William Carr Beresford, by the title of Baron Beresford, of Albuera.

To these officers (excepting Sir John Hope and Sir Stapleton Cotton, who declined pecuniary reward) Parliament has, in pursuance of a recent message from the Prince Regent, awarded the following grants:—

To Lords Lyndoch, Hill, and Beresford, each an annuity of 2000*l.* To the Duke of Wellington (in addition to the 100,000*l.* and the annuity of 4000*l.* formerly

given), a further annuity of 13,000*l.* commutable for 400,000*l.* at his Grace's option, for the purpose of being laid out at his pleasure in the purchase of a landed estate and mansion: thus completing the national grant to half a million, or 40,000*l.* annuity, besides the first annuity of 4000*l.*

Of our naval commanders, Lord Keith has been raised to the dignity of Viscount, by the title of Viscount Keith; and Sir Edward Pellew created a Baron by the title of Baron Exmouth, of Canonteign, in the county of Devon (Gaz. 14th May).

Great preparations are making in London for the reception of the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia, who will immediately honour this country with a visit. A fleet is in readiness to escort these august strangers from Calais to Dover, under the command of his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence. Penetrated as is the British nation with the grateful sense of the benefits which England and the whole human race owe to the valour, the magnanimous devotion, and the persevering exertions of these truly great monarchs, it awaits, with impatience, the moment which will afford it an opportunity of manifesting to them the feelings of respectful admiration, which their virtues and deeds must command, not only of their cotemporaries, but of the latest posterity.

ALLEGORICAL WOOD-CUT, WITH PATTERNS OF BRITISH MANUFACTURE.

No. 1. A figured China crape silk, admirably adapted for the approaching summer months, forms

a cool and elegant evening domestic dress, is worn with loose white muslin sleeves, and trimmed round

the bottom with a silk ball fringe of corresponding colour. It is equally calculated for a morning or promenade costume; and is sold, at 30s. the dress, by Layton and Shears, Henrietta-street, Covent-Garden.

No. 2. An elegant printed marcella for gentlemen's waistcoats, remarkably appropriate to the season, and peculiarly adapted by the *fleurs de lis* to the present circumstances of the times. It is manufactured by Messrs. Kestevens, of York-street, Covent-Garden.

No. 3. Lace muslin, a new and delicate article, peculiarly suitable for *dishabille*, and is either formed as a plain high dress with a tie collar, or as a loose robe open down the front; a tippet cape, falling collar, and trimmed entirely round with a narrow white frill. It is furnished us by Messrs. T. and J. Smith, Tavistock-street, Covent-Garden.

No. 4. Ladies' cloth of the most prevailing colour for riding-habits,

pelisses, &c. furnished by William Barry, 55, New Bond-street, inventor of the winter morning and evening cloth dress, given in our *Repository* of Dec. 1818. The chief object of this pattern is, to point out to the public a most valuable discovery made in the improvement of the edges of cloth, ladies' cloth, merino cloth, and kerseymeres, so as to supersede the use of turning in or hemming, which process has been found, by two years experience, fully to answer the so much wanted purpose. The two sides having a small piece cut out, are left in the original state; the other two have undergone the above process, and will be found, by applying a brush, to remain solid, while the others will be found to fray by the same application. As a small pattern cannot shew this to advantage, any lady or gentleman can be fully satisfied, by having part of any article of dress done gratis, by applying as above.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE late dry weather has had the best effect upon the corn crop, the whole of which, upon all those soils that were properly cultivated, is in the most promising state. The young wheats have tillowed abundantly, and shot up into a spindle with a strong dark green pendant flag, an appearance that always precedes a full crop.

The barley crop is most promising, being a regularly grown plant, in consequence of the genial showers that fell at the beginning of last month: the late sown is finely upon the curl.

Rye has sprung into ear, and promises an early ripe crop.

Oats have also tillowed well, and appear a full crop.

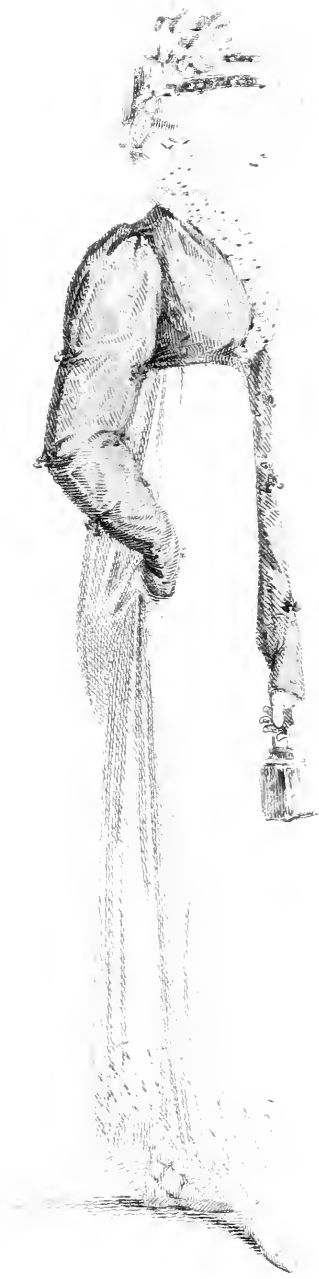
Peas are strong on the bind, free from the fly, and look well on those soils under the row culture.

Beans have a large leaf and a regular plant.

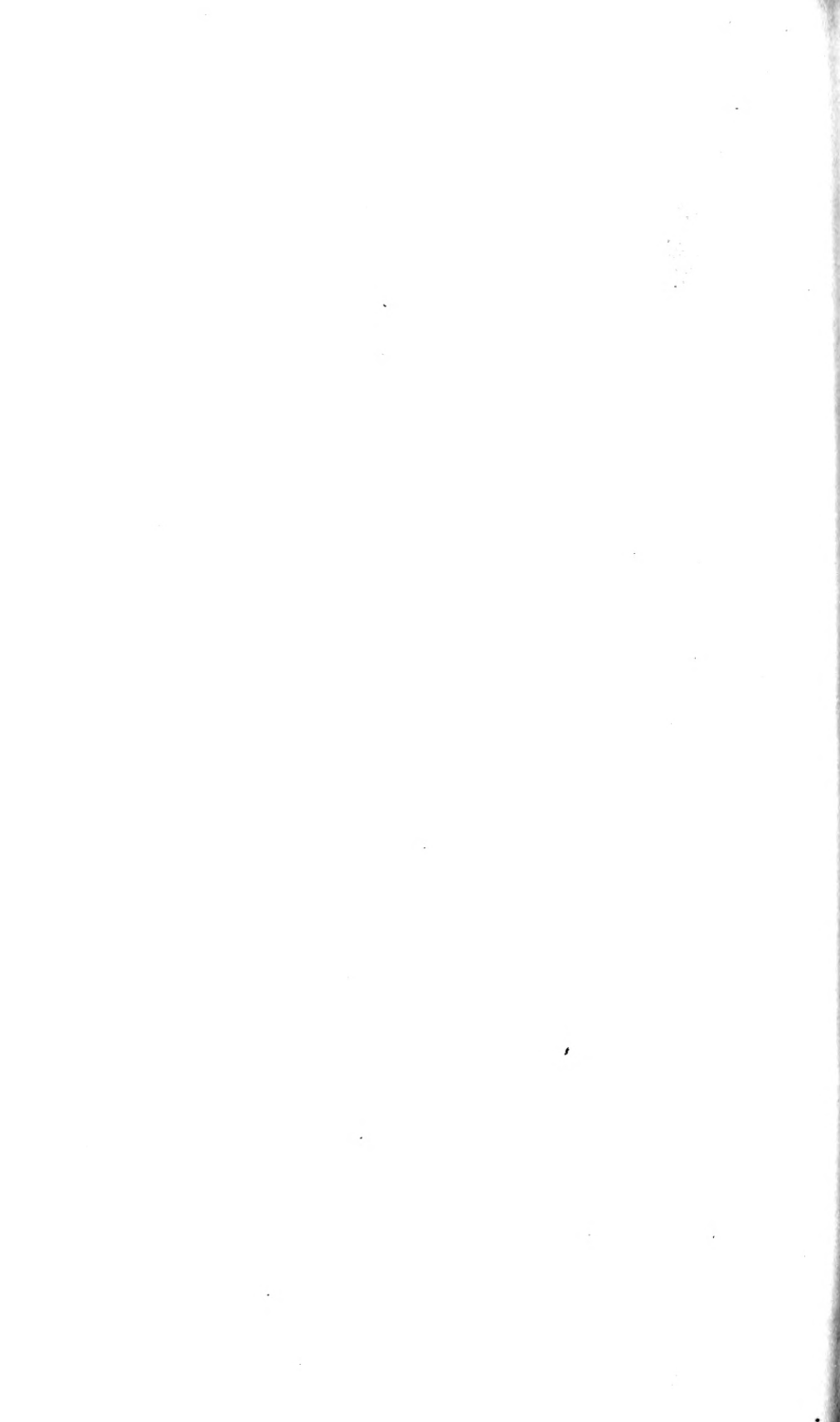
The soiling crops are not so good, as the winter vetches have suffered upon poor soils, from the severity of the winter, the slug, and the fly.

Grass, both on high and low lands, is of forward growth, and promises an early and heavy hay crop.

The hop-plants are healthful and strong.







FASHIONS FOR LADIES.

PLATE 36.—WALKING DRESS.

A HIGH round dress, of short walking length, made of French cambric or worked muslin, trimmed at the bottom with a treble flounce of Vandyke or shell needlework; a long loose sleeve, with corresponding trimming at the wrist; a short white ribband sash, tied in front; a shell lace, or worked muslin ruff. Spencer, without collar, composed of striped Pomona sarsnet, ornamented round the neck and down the front with tufts of blond lace; the fulness of the sleeve drawn in on each side three or four times down the arm, and confined by a silk tassel of similar colour to the spencer. An Oldenburg bonnet, formed of white figured satin, inlet with blond lace, ornamented with a full trimming of the latter round the edge, and bows of white ribband round the crown, with a cluster of roses on one side. Half-boots or sandals of Pomona satin. Gloves, pale tan or Limerick.

PLATE 37.—EVENING OR FULL DRESS.

A white satin slip, terminating at the bottom with a flounce of French blond, headed with tufts of the same; a short tunic, rounded at the corners, of evening primrose-

colour striped gauze, trimmed entirely round with tufts of blond lace, corresponding with the heading worn upon the slip; a lowshaped back, ornamented down the seams with silver bead trimming. The tunic is united at the bottom of the waist in front, and has a stomacher of white satin affixed to the slip, ornamented with silver trimming, corresponding with the back. The sleeves are composed of tulle or silk net and white satin, with four drawings, of easy fulness, lengthwise of the arm, severally edged with silver beading, and terminate at the wrist with a silver Vandyke fringe. A corresponding belt round the waist is tied behind with tassels. The hair combed up smoothly behind, and brought forward, falls in irregular curls over the face, confined upon the crown by a short wreath of flowers. Ribbed silk stockings; lilac kid slippers, embroidered with silver; Limerick or white kid gloves; pearl necklace and earrings.

Mrs. Bean, of Albemarle-street, so justly celebrated for chaste elegance of taste and novelty of fashion, is the inventress of these dresses.

LONDON MARKETS.

Return of Wheat from May 2 to 7.

TOTAL, 5,350 quarters.—Average, 67s. 7½d. per quarter, or 08.2½d. per quarter lower than last return.

Return of Flour from May 7 to 13.

TOTAL, 20,308 sacks.—Average, 65s. 10½d. per sack, or 0s. 1½d. per sack higher than last return.

Average of England and Wales, May 14.

Wheat	s	d	s	d	Beans	s	d
8	10	Barley	37	2	43	3	
Rye	43	2	Oats	26	0	50	1

CORN, SEEDS, &c.

Wheat white, per quarter	s.	80	Tares, per bushel	s.	8	10
red	48	74	Turnip	16	21	
foreign	35	68	Mustard,			
Rye	32	30	brown	14	20	
Barley, English	30	40	white	16	16	
Malt	56	78	Canary, per qr.	100	172	
Oats	12	21	Hempseed	68	75	
Freeland			Linseed	80	113	
Poland	14	20	Clover, red,	per cwt	40	80
Potatoe	20	20	white,	70	105	
Beans, Pigeon	42	45	foreign,	50	84	
Horse	50	66	white	72	108	
Peas, Boiling	40	46	Trefoil	16	34	
Flour per sack	60	65	Caraway	90	95	
Seconds	50	55	Coriander	18	24	
Scotch	45	50				

American Flour — s — s per barrel of 106lbs.

Rapeseed, per last — — £30 a £40 a £42.

Oil Cakes, per thousand, £9.08 to £10.08.

SUGAR, &c. per Cwt.

Muscovado, fine good 99 a 110

ordinary 84 a 95

East India white 120 a 130

yellow 105 a 110

brown 95 a 104

MOLASSES 42s. od. a — s. — d.

REFINED SUGAR.

Double Loaves 200 a 250

Hambro' ditto 165 a 178

Powder ditto 156 a 163

Single ditto 150 a 158

Canary Lumps 148 a 154

Large ditto 124 a 130

Bastards, whole 92 a 98

 faces 96 a 102

 middles 90 a 94

 tips 82 a 88

GINGER.

Jamaica, white 82 a 200

Barbadoes, ditto 75 a 80

 black 79 a 75

Carolina 24 a 26

Brazil 56 a 28

Average price of Raw Sugar, exclusive of duty, 71s. 5½d.

We have had a fair demand for raw sugars this month, in consequence of the reduction of prices. Refined goods continue very dull.

HOPS in the Borough.

Bags	£	s	£	s	£	s
Kent	6	0	9	0	6	10
Sussex	5	12	8	12	6	10
Essex	0	0	0	0	0	13

CORN, &c. per Quarter.

Wheat,	Barley,	Oats,	Beans,	Pens.
58 a 72	36 a 38	24 a 26	40 a 48	70
Newcastle	14	14	14	14
Northampton	—	—	—	—
Southampton	—	—	—	—
Lewes	64 a 70	32 a 35	—	—
Chersterfield	72 a 84	40 a 45	35 a 38	—
Ashborne	68 a 79	40 a 42	24 a 32	60 a 64
Guildford	16	—	—	—
Gainsboro'	68 a 73	35 a 40	18 a 25	40 a 50
Louth	18	55 a 60	30 a 31	16 a 20
Huntingdon	14	50 a 55	32 a 35	26 a 38
Newark	18	68 a 78	38 a 42	22 a 24
Spilsby	16	52 a 60	34 a 38	—
Raygate	—	—	—	—
Devizes	19	62 a 80	32 a 38	40 a 47
Reading	21	60 a 89	33 a 39	23 a 27
Wanslea	18	78 a 80	32 a 35	—
Leahly	19	58 a 80	32 a 39	24 a 30
Gardenhead	—	—	—	—
Salisbury	17	58 a 66	27 a 31	20 a 27
Penrith	17	78 a 80	32 a 35	—
Hull	—	—	—	—
Basingstoke	18	60 a 82	30 a 35	23 a 27
Wakefield	—	—	—	—
Audover	—	—	—	—
Warminster	21	64 a 80	30 a 35	26 a 30

STURINS, per Gallon (exc. lusive of duty).

Brandy, Cogn.	s	d	s	d	Spirits,	s	d	s	d
Spanish	5	0	9	6	British	13	10	14	0
Holland's Gin	8	0	8	6	Irish	0	0	8	0
Rum, Jamaica	4	5	6	9	Scotch	0	0	0	0
Lev. Ind.	3	8	4	6	Spirits of Wine	24	0	0	0

PRICES OF STOCKS.

Date.	Bank Stock.	3 Pr. Ct. Consols.	3 Pr. Ct. Red.	3 Pr. Ct. Navy (Cons. 5 pr. Ct.)	Levy Ann.	Opium	Opium (pr. Ct.)	Opium (Sh. Ct.)	India	India (Steel)	India (Bonds)	India (Bills 3d.)	St. Lott. Tickets	Cons. for ac. Ma 25
Apr. 21	251 1/2	60 a 5 1/2	64 1/2	80	10 1/2	17 1/2 Pm.	—	—	199	199	9 Pm.	5 Pm.	£23.11s.	60 a 1/2
22	252	65 1/2 a 6 1/2	64 1/2	79 1/2	12 1/2	18 Pm.	—	—	196	196	11 Pm.	6 Pm.	—	60 1/2 a 1/2
23	251	60 1/2 a 5 1/2	65 1/2	79 1/2	16	18 1/2 Pm.	—	—	—	—	12 Pm.	6 Pm.	—	67 1/2 a 1/2
25	Hol.	60 1/2 a 5 1/2	65 1/2	80	15 1/2	18 1/2 Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	66 1/2 a 1/2
26	252	60 1/2 a 5 1/2	65 1/2	80	16	18 1/2 Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	67 a 1/2
27	252 1/2	60 1/2 a 5 1/2	65 1/2	80 1/2	16	19 1/2 Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	67 1/2 a 1/2
28	252 1/2	60 1/2 a 5 1/2	65 1/2	80 1/2	16 1/2	20 1/2 Pm.	—	—	199	199	14 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	67 1/2 a 1/2
29	252 1/2	67 1/2 a 1/2	66 1/2	80 1/2	16 1/2	20 1/2 Pm.	—	—	199	199	11 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	67 1/2 a 1/2
30	253 1/2	67 1/2 a 1/2	66 1/2	81 1/2	16 1/2	20 1/2 Pm.	—	—	199	199	11 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	67 1/2 a 1/2
May 1	254 1/2	67 1/2 a 1/2	66 1/2	81 1/2	16 1/2	20 1/2 Pm.	—	—	199	199	11 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	67 1/2 a 1/2
2	252 1/2	67 1/2 a 1/2	66 1/2	81 1/2	16 1/2	20 1/2 Pm.	—	—	199	199	11 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	67 1/2 a 1/2
3	252 1/2	67 1/2 a 1/2	66 1/2	81 1/2	16 1/2	20 1/2 Pm.	—	—	199	199	11 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	67 1/2 a 1/2
4	252	67 1/2 a 1/2	66 1/2	82 1/2	16 1/2	20 1/2 Pm.	—	—	199	199	11 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	67 1/2 a 1/2
5	252	67 1/2 a 1/2	66 1/2	82 1/2	16 1/2	20 1/2 Pm.	—	—	199	199	11 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	67 1/2 a 1/2
6	252	67 1/2 a 1/2	66 1/2	82 1/2	16 1/2	20 1/2 Pm.	—	—	199	199	11 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	67 1/2 a 1/2
7	252	67 1/2 a 1/2	66 1/2	82 1/2	16 1/2	20 1/2 Pm.	—	—	199	199	11 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	67 1/2 a 1/2
8	252	67 1/2 a 1/2	66 1/2	82 1/2	16 1/2	20 1/2 Pm.	—	—	199	199	11 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	67 1/2 a 1/2
9	252	67 1/2 a 1/2	66 1/2	82 1/2	16 1/2	20 1/2 Pm.	—	—	199	199	11 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	67 1/2 a 1/2
10	252	67 1/2 a 1/2	66 1/2	82 1/2	16 1/2	20 1/2 Pm.	—	—	199	199	11 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	67 1/2 a 1/2
11	252 1/2	67 1/2 a 1/2	66 1/2	82 1/2	16 1/2	20 1/2 Pm.	—	—	199	199	11 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	67 1/2 a 1/2
12	251	67 1/2 a 1/2	66 1/2	82 1/2	16 1/2	20 1/2 Pm.	—	—	199	199	11 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	67 1/2 a 1/2
13	250 1/2	67 1/2 a 1/2	66 1/2	82 1/2	16 1/2	20 1/2 Pm.	—	—	199	199	11 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	67 1/2 a 1/2
14	250 1/2	67 1/2 a 1/2	66 1/2	82 1/2	16 1/2	20 1/2 Pm.	—	—	199	199	11 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	67 1/2 a 1/2
15	250 1/2	67 1/2 a 1/2	66 1/2	82 1/2	16 1/2	20 1/2 Pm.	—	—	199	199	11 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	67 1/2 a 1/2
16	250 1/2	67 1/2 a 1/2	66 1/2	82 1/2	16 1/2	20 1/2 Pm.	—	—	199	199	11 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	67 1/2 a 1/2
17	Hol.	60 1/2 a 5 1/2	65 1/2	81 1/2	16 1/2	19 1/2 Pm.	—	—	199	199	11 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	66 1/2 a 1/2
18	250	60 1/2 a 5 1/2	65 1/2	81 1/2	16 1/2	19 1/2 Pm.	—	—	199	199	11 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	66 1/2 a 1/2
19	Hol.	60 1/2 a 5 1/2	65 1/2	81 1/2	16 1/2	19 1/2 Pm.	—	—	199	199	11 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	66 1/2 a 1/2
20	250 1/2	67 1/2 a 1/2	65 1/2	82 1/2	16 1/2	21 Pm.	—	—	199	199	11 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	67 1/2 a 1/2

Highest and lowest prices of 3 per cent. consols, others highest only.—HORNBY and Co. Stock-Brokers, State Lottery-Office, 26, Cornhill.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR APRIL, 1844.

Conducted, at Manchester, by THOMAS HANSON, Esq.

1844.	Wind.	Pressure.			Temperature.			Weather.	Evap.	Rain
		Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.			
APRIL										
1	S E 1	29,70	29,43	29,565	56,0°	42,0°	49,00°	showery	—	—
2	S W 2	29,09	28,87	28,980	54,0	44,0	49,00	showery	—	.520
3	S W 2	29,40	28,80	29,130	54,0	44,0	49,00	showery	.150	—
4	W 2	29,74	29,40	29,570	55,0	42,0	48,50	fine	—	—
5	S W 2	29,90	29,74	29,820	56,0	45,0	50,50	brilliant	—	—
6	S W 2	30,10	29,90	30,000	60,0	46,0	53,00	brilliant	—	—
7	S W 1	30,48	30,30	30,390	63,0	52,0	57,50	gloomy	.324	—
8	S E 1	30,50	30,48	30,490	64,0	50,0	57,00	brilliant	—	—
9	S 1	30,50	30,46	30,480	66,0	44,0	55,00	brilliant	—	—
10	S E 1	30,47	30,34	30,405	66,0	48,0	57,00	brilliant	—	—
11	S E 1	30,21	29,09	30,150	64,0	41,0	52,50	brilliant	.406	—
12	S W 1	30,09	29,98	30,035	65,0	40,0	57,00	brilliant	—	—
13	S E 1	29,98	29,87	29,925	64,0	41,0	52,50	brilliant	—	—
14	S E 1	29,57	29,55	29,560	68,0	54,0	61,00	brilliant	—	—
15	S E 1	29,43	29,29	29,360	68,0	48,0	58,00	variable	.520	—
16	S W 2	29,32	29,29	29,305	61,0	52,0	56,50	rainy	—	—
17	S E 4	29,50	29,08	29,290	58,0	46,0	52,00	rainy	—	—
18	S W 2	29,50	29,50	29,500	57,0	42,0	49,50	rainy	.260	—
19	S 3	29,71	29,50	29,605	60,0	40,0	50,00	rainy	—	—
20	S 2	29,71	29,71	29,710	65,0	46,0	55,50	fine	.080	.880
21	S 2	29,73	29,71	29,720	60,0	48,0	54,00	cloudy	—	.160
22	N W 3	30,20	29,94	30,070	55,0	41,0	48,00	cloudy	.112	—
23	S W 2	30,20	29,90	30,050	54,0	36,0	45,00	rainy	—	—
24	S W 2	30,06	29,90	29,980	49,0	38,0	43,50	rainy	—	—
25	N W 3	30,20	30,65	30,125	52,0	38,0	45,00	cloudy	.098	.385
26	N 2	30,35	30,20	30,275	51,0	39,0	45,00	cloudy	—	—
27	S E 1	30,35	30,25	30,370	54,0	40,0	47,00	cloudy	—	—
28	S 2	30,35	30,24	30,295	51,0	43,0	47,00	rainy	.090	—
29	S 2	30,24	30,12	30,180	51,0	42,0	48,00	cloudy	—	.715
30	S 1	30,22	30,12	30,160	60,0	42,0	51,00	cloudy	.662	—
				Mean 29,883		Mean 51,44			2,042	2,660

RESULTS.

Mean pressure, 29,883—maximum, 30,50, wind S. E. 1.—Minimum, 28,86, wind S. W. 2.—Range, 1,64 mch.

The greatest variation of pressure in 24 hours, is .54 inch, which was on the 3d.

Spaces described by the curve, formed from the mean daily pressure, 4,85 inches.—Number of changes, 7.

Mean temperature, 51.24.—Maximum, 68°, wind S. E. 2.—Min 36°, wind S. W. 2. Range 32.

The greatest variation of temperature in 24 hours is 23°, which was on the 11th and 13th.

Water evaporated (from a surface of water exposed to the effects of winds and the sun, but not to its direct rays), 2.022 inches.

Fall of rain, 2,660 inches—rainy days, 18—hail, 3.

WIND.

N	NE	E	SE	S	SW	W	NW	Variable.	Calm.
1	0	0	9	7	10	1	2	0	0

Brisk winds 2—Boisterous ones 1.

Notes—1st. Frequent flying showers of rain, with slight ones of hail.—2d. Copious fall of rain, particularly during the night.—3d. Much rain, with a little hail.—11th. Wind upon the surface of the earth S. E. when the clouds indicated a S. W. current.—15th. A sudden gust of wind A. M. accompanied with very large drops of rain; wind S. E.: the preceding day was marked with a high temperature, being the maximum for the month.—19th. Heavy showers of rain, diminished temperature, there being occasional showers of hail.—22d. The weather very chilly, minimum temperature occurred in the night.—28th. Incessant rain the whole day.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR APRIL, 1814.

Conducted by Mr. J. GIBSON, Laboratory, Stratford, Essex.

1814		Pressure.			Temperature.			Weather.	Evap.	Rain.
APR.	Wind	Max	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.			
1	S E	29,78	29,59	29,610	61°	44°	54,0	showers	—	—
2	S W	29,59	29,13	29,499	60	43	51,7	fine	—	—
3	S W	29,96	29,59	29,580	60	32	49,0	fine	—	—
4	N W	29,75	29,66	29,720	53	34	49,0	fine	—	—
5	Var.	29,97	29,78	29,875	59	38	48,5	fine	—	—
6	W	30,08	29,97	30,025	61	38	49,5	fine	—	—
7	S E	30,28	30,08	30,180	64	49	52,0	fine	—	—
8	N E	30,18	30,04	30,260	63	32	47,5	fine	—	—
9	N	—	—	—	—	—	—	fine	—	—
10	N	—	—	—	63	37	50,0	fine	—	—
11	N E	—	—	—	65	39	52,0	fine	—	—
12	E	29,83	29,76	29,795	74	43	58,5	fine	—	—
13	E	29,76	29,62	29,699	76	42	59,0	fine	—	—
14	S	—	—	—	76	48	62,0	fine	—	—
15	S E	29,64	29,59	29,615	69	51	60,0	showers	—	—
16	S W	29,64	29,47	29,555	70	49	59,5	showery	1,58	—
17	S	29,70	29,47	29,585	64	44	54,0	showers	—	—
18	S E	29,75	29,79	29,725	64	44	54,0	showers	—	.42
19	S E	29,77	29,75	29,760	69	45	57,0	clouds	—	—
20	E	29,77	29,77	29,779	63	48	55,5	cloudy	—	—
21	W	29,88	29,76	29,820	58	45	51,5	showers	.66	.43
22	N W	30,06	29,88	29,970	55	39	47,0	fine	—	—
23	W	29,88	29,86	29,870	58	42	50,0	showers	—	—
24	N W	29,89	29,88	29,885	50	40	45,0	showers	—	—
25	N W	29,96	29,89	29,925	47	40	43,5	showery	—	.48
26	N W	30,15	29,96	30,055	51	34	42,5	fine	—	—
27	N W	30,16	30,15	30,155	51	42	46,5	fine	.55	—
28	S W	30,16	30,16	30,130	53	43	59,5	cloudy	—	.05
29	S E	30,19	30,07	30,085	61	48	54,5	fine	—	—
30	S W	30,19	30,07	30,130	69	46	57,5	fine	.49	—
		Mean	29,857		Mean	51,8	Total	3,28in.	1,38in.	

RESULTS. — Prevailing winds, westerly — Mean height of barometer, 29,857 inches; highest observation, 30,28 inches; lowest, 29,47 inches. — Mean height of thermometer, 51,8; — highest observation, 76° — lowest, 32°. — Total of evaporation, 3,28 inches — Total of rain 1,38 inch. in another gauge, 1,46.

Notes. — 6th, 7th, and 8th. Foggy mornings. — 17th Swallows first observed at the Laboratory. — 18th. Rainy morning. — 21st. Windy night. — 24th. A strong wind from the N. W. all day.

Prices of Fire-Office, Mine, Dock, Canal, Water-Works, Brewery, and Public Institution Shares, &c. &c. for MAY, 1814.

London Dock Stock	£104 $\frac{1}{4}$ a $\frac{1}{2}$ pr sh.	Ashton and Oldham Canal	£82 a 85 per sh.
West India Ditto	160 do.	Birmingham Ditto	650 do.
Commercial Ditto	150 do.	Chesterfield Ditto	100 do.
Ditto New Ditto	105 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 17 pm.	Dudley Ditto	45 a 46 do.
Chelsea Waterworks	12 5s. pr. sh.	Erewash Ditto	809 do.
East London Ditto	70 do.	Leicester Ditto	210 do.
West Mid-Exes Ditto	32 do.	Regent's Ditto	23 dis.
Rock Life Assurance	2 14s. do.	Grand Trunk Ditto	1021 pr. sh.
Kent Ditto	10 do.	Highgate Archway	19 dis.
Birmingham Fire Ditto	200 do.	Surrey Institution	11104 pr sh.
Imperial Ditto	48 do.	Russell Ditto	18 18s. do.
Eagle Fire and Life	2 2s do.	Flour Company	5 do.
Globe Ditto	112 do.	Drury-Lane Theatre,	190 a 200 do.
Hope Ditto	2 5s. do.	Gas Light and Coke Co.	2 5s do.

WOLFE & Co. 9, Change-Alley, Cornhill, & FORTUNE & Co. 15, Cornhill.

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