



Vol 14

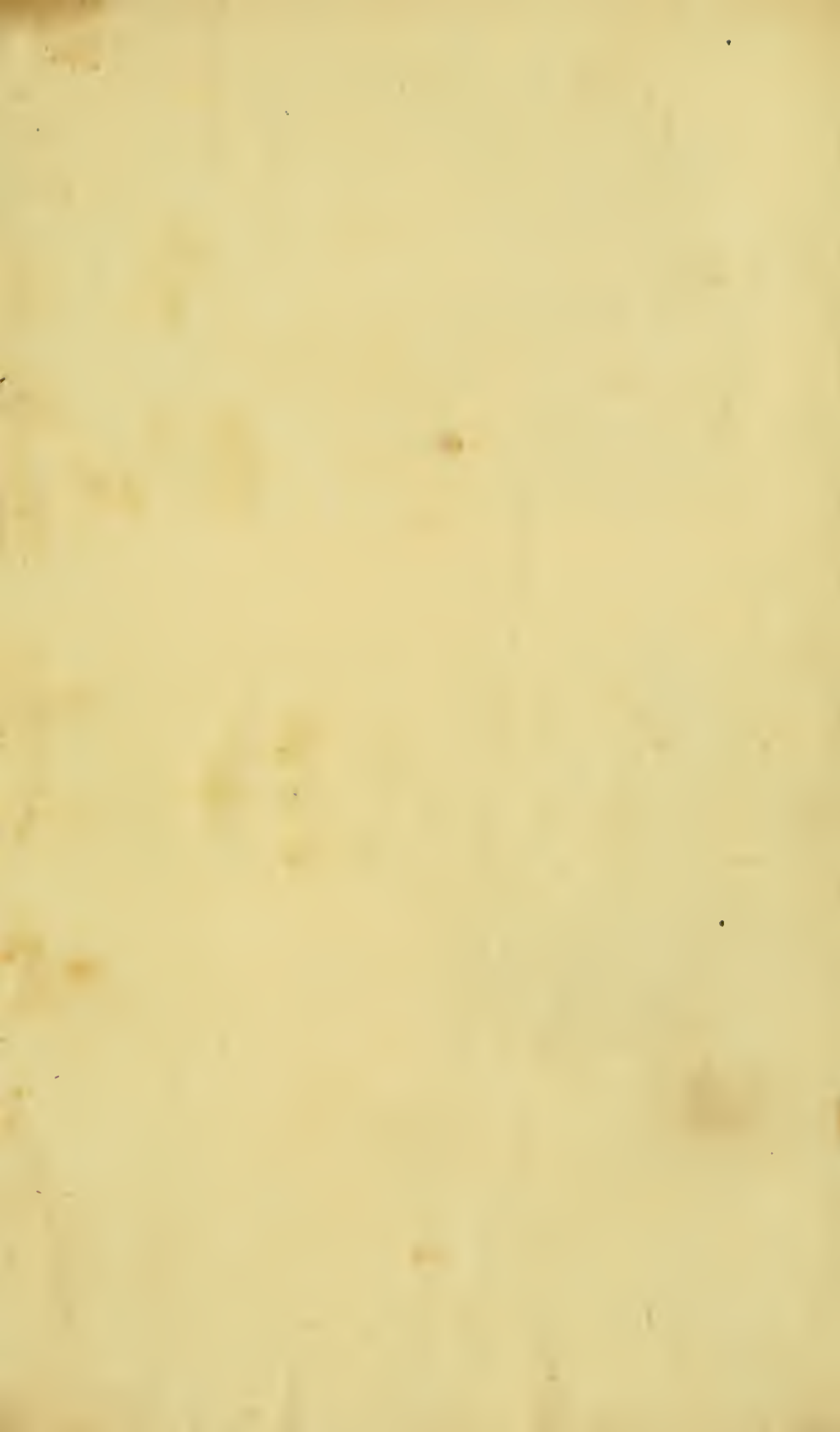
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REPOSITORY

OF

Arts, Literature, Commerce,

Manufactures **FASHIONS** and Politics

VOL. 14

OF 1802

This

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Is most Humbly Dedicated by Permission

To His Royal Highness

THE

Prince

Regent

BY HIS EXCELLENCY

R. ACKERMANN.



THE Repository

OF

ARTS, LITERATURE, COMMERCE,
Manufactures, Fashions, and Politics,

For JULY, 1815.

VOL. XIV.

The Seventy-ninth Number.

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TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We earnestly solicit communications on subjects of general interest, and also from professors of the arts and 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 Proprietor of the Repository respectfully informs his readers, that, with a view to the farther improvement of the work, and to render it still more worthy of the patronage bestowed on it, he shall close the present Series at the end of the Fourteenth Volume, and commence a new one, with some alterations in the plan, of which due notice will be given.

Our present Number will convince W. H. that the packet to which he alludes has arrived safe. A portion of it was intended for insertion in our last. This circumstance led to the notice in our last address, which was printed off before we had discovered, that the unexpected length of a particular article had obliged our printer to omit it. We attach too much value to his communications, not to take good care of them when they reach our hands.

The Architect, who inquires concerning a View of the Egyptian Building in Piccadilly, occupied by Bullock's Museum, is informed, that an Engraving of it will be given 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.

ERRATA.

Vol. XII. p. 11. To the quotation from Pratt's *Harvest Home*, prefix the head **RURAL ARCHITECTURE.**

— p. 131. After *omnibus* insert *una.*

Vol. XIII. p. 256. For *rustic work*, read *rustic nook.*

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For JULY, 1815.

The Seventy-ninth 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 vol. XIII. p. 314.)

MISS EVE. You said, Miss K. that you would shew me some of your engravings.

MISS K. Here is a whole-length portrait of myself, in a bower, singing and playing on a guitar.

MISS EVE. How beauteous! like as

When Sappho struck the quiv'ring wire
The throbbing breast was all on fire,
And when she raised the vocal lay
The captive soul was charm'd away.

What expression! the raised eyes swimming in joy! the sweetly smiling lips half open! With what expression you twang the instrument! what an arch beauteous Cupid with spotted wings! what sprightly birds and twining flowers, warmed by the yellow rays of the setting sun, in the manner of Titian! It is not many engravers that can give this idea of colours by their discrimination of surfaces. Your singing reminds me of these lines of the poet:—

No. LXXIX. Vol. XIF.

Thou on her sweet and tuneful voice shalt live,
Her warbling tongue shall sweetly with thee play;

Thou on her lips shalt stray,
And dance upon the rosy way.

My feelings are so inadequate to what I would express, that I use the best thoughts of others.

MISS K. The last lines you repeated are from Cowley; do you know the other part of the song? If you do, will you repeat it?

MISS EVE. Give me a harp; I will sing it, and try, as Waller expresses it, if

The trembling strings will round my fingers crowd,

And tell their joy for every kiss aloud.

You touch the guitar in this print in such a manner as would have filled Apelles and Zeuxis of old, Raphael, Corregio, Parmegiano, Guido, and Carlo Dolce, with wonder.

Cowley wrote this song for a lady who desired him to write one for her:—

B

Come, Poetry, and with thee bring along
 A rich and painted throng
 Of noblest words into my song;
 Soon to my numbers let them gently flow,
 Soft, and pure, and thick as snow,
 And turn thy numbers still to prove
 Smooth as the smoothest sphere above,
 And like a sphere harmoniously move.

Little dost thou, vain song, thy fortune know,
 What thou art destin'd to,
 And what the stars intend to do.
 Among a thousand songs, but few can be
 Born to the honour promis'd thee:
 Eliza's self shall thee receive,
 And a blest being to thee give;
 Thou on her sweet and tuneful voice shalt live,
 Her warbling tongue shall sweetly with thee
 play,
 Thou on her lips shalt stray,
 And dance upon the rosy way.

No prince alive that would not envy thee,
 And count thee happier far than he;
 And how shalt thou thy author crown,
 When fair Eliza shall be known,
 To sing thy praise when she but speaks her
 own!

Will you tell me by what principles or rules you engraved this print?

Miss K. I will first tell you from what I borrowed the design. The idea is from a song, entitled *Celia in a Jessamine Bower*.

Miss Eve. Will you repeat this song?

Miss K.

When the bright god of day
 Drove westward his ray,
 And the evening was charming and clear,
 The swallows amain
 Nimble skim o'er the plain,
 And our shadows like giants appear;
 In a jessamine bower,
 When the bean was in flower,
 And Zephyrs breathed odours around,
 Lov'd Celia she sat,
 With her song and spinet,
 And she charm'd all the groves with her sound.
 Rosy bowers she sung,
 Whilst the harmony rang,
 And the birds they all but ring arrive;
 The industrious bees,
 From the flowers and the trees,
 Gently hum with their sweets to their hive.

The gay god of love,
 As he flew o'er the grove,
 By Zephyrs conducted along,
 As he touch'd on the strings,
 He beat time with his wings,
 And Echo repeated the song.

O ye mortals, beware,
 How ye venture too near!
 Love doubly is armed to wound;
 Your fate you can't shun,
 For you're surely undone
 If you rashly approach near the sound.

You may observe that I have changed the spinet to a guitar.

Miss Eve. It may be justly said of this beautiful whole-length portrait, what Spenser, in his *Fairy Queen*, makes Sylvanus observe of Una, when brought by the satyrs:—

Sometimes dame Venus' self he seems to see,
 But Venus never had so sober mood;
 Sometimes Diana he her takes to be,
 But misseth bow and shafts and buskins at
 her knee.

How resplendent are the Cupid's wings! and they actually seem in motion.

Miss K. The song mentions but one Cupid, but here, in a subsequent sketch, I have made a group of them, which afforded me an opportunity of throwing this jovial company into easy, harmonious lines, and, as from centres, a variegated unity or totality, much like Champion's or Tomkins' flourishes in their specimens of penmanship; which is one of the principal rules by which Michael Angelo, Raphael, and some other first-rate painters, produced their admirable compositions. This rule is at present well understood by Fuseli, and constitutes much of the merit of his performances. In this company of playful children, I borrowed the harmony of lines from Julio Romano, Raphael's favourite pupil. I also borrowed the airs,

graceful turns in the attitude, beauty of countenance, poetical thoughts, &c. from Correggio, Albano, Guer-
cino, Cipriani, and from Cipriani's principal model, Fiamingo, the sculptor. I had likewise in my mind this description in the *Fairy Queen*:—

And all about her neck and shoulders flew
A flock of little Loves, and Sports, and Joys,
With nimble wings of gold and purple hue,
Whose shape seem'd not like to terrestrial
boys,
But like to angels playing heavenly toys.

Miss *Eve*. Your fancy soars above what we see here, to an ideal world—to what is heavenly. I observe, that you pursue this idea of perfection through every department of art, and thus become accomplished in all. You don't care so much for what is, as for what may be, or study so much what is probable, as what is possible. In this respect the poets seem to have an easier task; they have greater power over the fancy of others than those who must give actual representations. Milton, when he would colour well, may talk of “colours dipt in heaven”—“Tyrian dyes.” Mallet, in his ballad of *Margaret's Ghost*, may say,

Her face was like an April morn
Clad by a wintry cloud:

and Cowley, when he describes the archangel Gabriel—

Miss *K*. Can you repeat this description, Miss *Eve*.

Miss *Eve*.

—————Then Gabriel
Bodies and clothes himself with thicken'd air,
All like a comely youth in life's fresh bloom,
Rare workmanship, and wrought by heav'nly
loom.
He took for skin a cloud most soft and bright,
That e'er the mid-day sun pierc'd through
with light;
Upon his cheeks a lively blush he spread,
Wash'd from the morning's beauties deepest
red;

A harmless flaming meteor shone for hair,
And fell adown his shoulders with loose care;
He cut out a silk mantle from the skies,
Where the most sprightly azure pleas'd the
eyes,
This he with starry vapours spangles all,
Ta'en in their prime ere they grow ripe and
fall;
Of a new rainbow, ere it fret or fade,
The choicest piece ta'en out, a scarf is made;
Small streaming clouds he does for wings dis-
play,
Not virtuous lovers' sighs more soft than they:
These he gilds o'er with the sun's richest rays,
Caught gliding o'er pure streams on which he
plays.

—————Thus dress'd, he posts away,
And carries with him his own glorious day,
Through the thick woods; the gloomy shades
awhile
Put on fresh looks, and wonder why they smile;
The trembling serpents close and silent lie,
The birds obscene far from his passage fly;
A sudden spring waits on him as he goes,
Sudden as that which by creation rose.

I observe that you have introduced into this piece a high degree of that rich mellowness and variety which are so seldom seen, by making the outlines of the forms variously relieved, which constitutes one of Reynolds's best principles, and is, as you observe, so little known by the present painters. This principle of various relief might have been mentioned when speaking of the merits or rules to be found in a single hair. You said you would shew me Reynolds's professional pedigree.

Miss *K*. Sir Joshua Reynolds was born in Devonshire, as were his pupils, James Northcote, R. Cosway, and many other artists.

Miss *Eve*. What other celebrated men that were born in Devonshire, do you recollect?

Miss *K*. Sir Francis Drake, who was the son of a common sailor; General Monk, who contributed so much to the restoration of Charles

II.; the invincible Duke of Marlborough; the celebrated self-taught lawyer, Lord King; Dr. John Shebbeare, John Gay, Thomas Yalden, Thomas D'Urfey, Dr. Wolcott, &c. &c.

Miss *Eve*. What are Sir Joshua Reynolds's dates?

Miss *K*. Reynolds first drew his breath July 16, 1723, at Plympton, where his father, a clergyman, kept a grammar-school. His mother's maiden name was Theophila Potter; she was grand-daughter to the Rev. Mr. Baker, an eminent mathematician of the 17th century, of whom there is an account in the *Biographia Britannica*. His father's eldest brother was also a clergyman, fellow of Eton College, and canon of Exeter.

Miss *Eve*. Was not a mistake made, when Reynolds was baptized, in the insertion of his Christian name in the parish register?

Miss *K*. Yes: not long since, on searching the register for the date of his birth, there was found written—"Joseph, son of Samuel and Theophila Reynolds, born July 16, 1723." Whether the clerk forgot the infant's Christian name, or whether, as some suppose, that name was only half written, *Jos.* in the memorandum, and afterwards by the transcriber supposed to be *Joseph*, is now likely, as more than ninety years have elapsed since his birth, to remain for ever matter of conjecture.

Miss *Eve*. How little the Rev. Samuel Reynolds thought, when the kettle was singing on the fire, and the fragrant caudle smoking, that so much would be said about a mistake in the Christian name of this bantling!—Was not her grand-

father, the Rev. Mr. Baker, the mathematician, contemporary with Sir Isaac Newton, Edmund Halley, John Keill, the Rev. Samuel Clark, Rev. Isaac Barrow, John Flamsteed, and Roger Long?

Miss *K*. Yes; and several other eminent astronomers and mathematicians.

Miss *Eve*. Was Sir Richard Baker, who wrote the celebrated *Chronicles*, of the same family as Reynolds's maternal grandfather?

Miss *K*. I do not know. Sir Richard Baker was born at Sisinghurst, in Kent, in 1584: he died in 1651, and was buried in St. Bride's church, Fleet-street.

Miss *Eve*. Was Henry Baker, the naturalist, who married Sophia, the youngest daughter of Daniel Defoe, of this family?

Miss *K*. With this circumstance also I am unacquainted. Henry Baker was born in 1700, in Fleet-street; died in 1774, in the Strand, and was buried in the New Church there. I have lately read, with much pleasure, his excellent philosophical poem, entitled *The Universe, intended to restrain the Pride of Man*.

There was a John Baker, an ingenious painter and member of the Royal Academy, who, though he died only a few years ago, is now almost forgotten. I never heard that he was of Reynolds's family.

Miss *Eve*. Strictly speaking, we are all of one family.

Miss *K*. Yes, from our grandmother—your namesake. Defoe justly observes, in his *True-born Englishman*, that

— birth and family—it's all a cheat;
'Tis personal virtue only makes us great.

Miss *Eve*. I much admire De-

foe's novels, particularly his *Roxana* and *Moll Flanders*—but don't you think the latter a vulgar title for a novel? How it would sound to go to a circulating library, and ask, "Is *Moll Flanders* at home?"

Miss K. There was less of re-

finement and more of nature in this country when *Moll Flanders* made its appearance, which was shortly before the birth of Reynolds, than at present.

JUNINUS.

FRAGMENTS FROM THE POCKET-BOOK OF AN AMATEUR.

(Continued from vol. XIII. p. 260.)

PLACES — PARIS — STREET ARCHITECTURE.

NOTHING adds more to the embellishment of a city than its squares; or, as they are more appropriately named by the French, *places*. Surrounded by the habitations of the opulent, we expect to find them built in a superior style of architecture, such as is worthy to characterize externally the residence of men of fortune and rank. Here symmetry and regularity, if not absolutely necessary, ought, nevertheless, to be attended to, as the eye embraces the whole place at once, and is disappointed if it does not perceive that unity of composition so essential towards producing a pleasing and imposing *coup d'œil*.

Where, however, the *place* is of considerable extent, and surrounded with public and private buildings of various destination, regularity is not demanded. In such an instance the variety arising from a diversity of façades, more or less ornamented, will amply atone for the want of uniformity. Yet even here, where edifices of different character and embellishment, judiciously contrasted, tend reciprocally to set off each other; violent transitions from grandeur to insig-

nificance, from decorated elegance to meanness or deformity, should be studiously avoided. The plainest and most unostentatious of the private buildings should be so arranged as to form considerable masses, which, while they give an agreeable contrast and relief to fronts of a more splendid architectural character, would rescue them from the imputation of pettiness or flimsy attempt at ornament.

It must be allowed, that we possess no square in London which can enter into competition with the Place Vendôme, Place des Vosges, or the square of the Palais Royal, at Paris. However paradoxical it may sound, the English metropolis may be affirmed to be the better built city. Paris may be said to contain more splendid edifices; in point of comfort the palm may be assigned to London; while the French capital must be confessed to possess more attractions for the visitor and lover of the arts: its magnificent triumphal arches, statues, palaces, churches, hotels, galleries, libraries, and theatres, afford so many enjoyments, as amply to counterbalance every inconvenience, at least in the estimation of the connoisseur.

Nor will the admirer of architecture fail to visit more than once the barriers which ornament the avenues of that capital. These productions alone sufficiently attest the fertility of Ledoux's genius; they display great variety and novelty in their designs, and shew how well the artist understood picturesque effect. It must at the same time be acknowledged, that Ledoux was most fortunate in having such a favourable opportunity of exhibiting his talent, uncontrouled by pecuniary considerations, and not having to combat those difficulties which too often oppose the execution of the most magnificent projects. Thus singularly favoured, and enabled to give free scope to his imagination, he has not failed to avail himself of these advantages, as the multiplicity, variety, novelty, and originality of his compositions incontrovertibly prove.

But to return to the observations on *places*. With respect to their forms, the circular, octagonal, oval, or semicircular, are all beautiful; and it is to be regretted that they are not oftener employed, both on that account, and for the sake of variety. It has not unfrequently suggested itself to me, that a very magnificent place might be formed by two extensive crescents, facing each other, separated by a street of considerable breadth, and having an obelisk, fountain, or public monument, in its centre; the buildings similar to those of the Place de la Concorde in their elevation, and differing only in plan. Beneath the arcades of the basement might be fashionable shops, of print-sellers, booksellers, and confec-

tioners, coffee-rooms, &c. Above these a peristyle of the Corinthian order, forming a colonnade before the lodging-rooms of the first and second floors. Here magnificence and utility would be combined.

While, however, I should willingly behold London embellished by a *place* possessing the advantages of the Palais Royal, I am far from desiring that the profligacy and pollutions of the latter should be transplanted to British soil.

I am aware that there are many persons eager to stigmatize such embellishments as useless and extravagant expenditures: if by useless they mean, that they are not indispensably necessary, it must be admitted that in this sense they may certainly be so termed; yet allowing this, we must at the same time confess, that the epithet applies not only to every branch of the fine arts, but to all those whose object it is to administer those superfluities and luxuries which the nomenclature of refinement denominates necessities, and without which trade would be stagnant, commerce needless. Were the productions of architecture short in their duration, we might more reasonably condemn as extravagant that expence, of which the object was comparatively so trivial, the enjoyment so transitory. When, however, we reflect, that the creations of this noble art are destined to exist for generations and centuries—to remain memorials of splendour, science, grandeur, and taste to future ages, we are justified in bestowing upon them that labour and decoration, which, if expended upon objects less permanent, might justly incur the charge of extra-

vagance and want of economy.—“Economie,” observes a French artist, “not funeste, dont l’abus est si commun, et la vraie application beaucoup trop rare.” On the luxurious feast, or on the decorations of a fête, we can lavish without a murmur enormous sums; but when the question is of a monument of public magnificence, then it behoves us to calculate, and compute, and talk loudly of *economy*.

But quitting a digression which will perhaps be considered as impertinent: although regularity must be acknowledged to be in general most consonant to the character of a square or place, it may be questioned, whether a continued uniformity in the buildings of streets be preferable to irregularity. A long avenue of houses, similar, not in splendour, but in want of decoration, soon fatigues the eye by the monotony arising from a system so exclusive of all variety. Regularity of structure, without embellishment, degenerates into an insipid formality, and becomes a mere *caput mortuum*, equally destitute of all pretensions to grandeur, variety, and picturesque contrast. If neatness and convenience be the summit of perfection in architecture, London may proudly claim a pre-eminence over her rivals; yet although these qualities be admitted to be indispensable, there are surely others which are not to be disregarded.

Neatness, however desirable, is rather a negative than a positive excellence, one which it is more disgraceful to want, than meritorious to possess. It may exist where beauty is deficient, and may, in the opinion of many, adequately

supply the absence of the latter; yet, unless it can be proved, that a graceful and ornamented exterior is incompatible with either this quality, or inimical to convenience, it deserves more attention than is generally paid to it. Were beauty attainable only by the sacrifice of utility and comfort, it would betray a want of judgment to plead in its behalf; or did it follow of necessity, that an elegant elevation must be like the façade of many an Italian *palazzo*, merely *una bella maschera**, there would be greater propriety in rejecting architectural embellishment. Regularity of plan and breadth ought to be observed; while, at the same time, that unvarying repetition of the same forms, so uninteresting and wearisome for the spectator, might be advantageously exchanged for a more lively variety. A square, or crescent, being regular in its form and usually regarded as a whole, should be treated accordingly. But in a street the case is different; here is not a single mass of building, but a series of edifices, which are at liberty to deviate from similarity of feature without infringing the laws of sound taste. It must, however, be observed, that variety, if carried to excess, degenerates into confusion. Architecture, as well as painting, demands those masses so necessary to produce effect. A street therefore, in order to make a pleasing impression upon the spectator, should present different ranges of building, sufficiently broken to produce an agreeable variety in

* “Non s’ebbe il torto quel Viaggatore, quando la maggior parte de’ Palagi Italiani gli qualificò di belle maschere.” —Algarotti in a Letter to Samottì.

extent, outline, and design; and at the same time sufficiently continuous, not to destroy that grandeur which results from breadth of composition. This might easily be effected by uniting two, three, or more dwelling-houses into one ornamental façade.

According to the present system of street architecture, design is entirely discarded, nor is any scope allowed for originality and invention: indeed, if ornament is sometimes attempted, it is generally in so trifling and flimsy a style, as rather to excite contempt than admiration; and fronts, half beau, half Quaker in their appearance, in which meretricious finery is substituted for richness, where fantastic caprice supplies the place of novelty, and parsimonious nakedness is palmed upon us for simplicity,—disappoint and disgust the beholder, leaving him to regret that misapplication of labour and expence which has defeated their intent, but which, employed with economy and under the direction of a purer taste, might, without incurring greater cost, have produced a chaste and judicious decoration.

I have sometimes given the reins to my imagination, and amused myself with fancying an ideal city, in which the convenience and neatness of London should be combined with the brilliancy and splen-

dour of Paris; where, to the general appearance of comfort which pervades the former, might be added the external magnificence which characterizes the public buildings, places, and hotels of the latter metropolis. Were it in my power to create such an Utopian scene, by the stroke of a fairy wand I would concentrate within the boundary of a single city the beauties at present scattered through many. Rome should contribute its majestic basilica of the Vatican, its fountains, its statues, and its still noble remains of ancient art: Paris its palaces, quays, boulevards, hotels, barriers, and triumphal arches; its Place de la Concorde and the Champs Elysées: London should supply its magnificent bridges, parks, its two master-pieces of sacred architecture, its commodious pavement, and nightly illumination: Dublin its custom-house: Bath its Crescent: Berlin its Linden Walk: and St. Petersburg its magnificent windows of plate glass*, and the Newsky perspective.

* The luxury in this article is carried to such an extent in that city, that it is not uncommon to meet with windows formed of a single sheet of glass. The house of a private gentleman in the Morskoï has windows of this kind, every one of which must have cost at least 2000 rubles.—See *Spaziergänge in St. Petersburg, aus dem Franz. Leipzig, 1814.*

THE COGITATIONS OF SCRIBLERUS.

No. XVI.

The rose is fairest when 'tis budding new,
And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears;
The rose is sweetest wash'd with morning dew,
And love is loveliest when embalm'd with tears.—SCOTT.

WHAT a chequered scene is life! capability of happiness alike upon
The Deity, it is true, confers the all his creatures, but he visits them

also with misfortune, to punish their transgressions. With him is our destiny, and we continually see our fellows one moment kicking the beam of felicity, while the next plunges them down into wretchedness. It was one evening of an autumnal day when the Rev. John Clarke, who had been the travelling tutor to Sir Henry Dashwood, and who had passed this day with all the serenity of a good conscience, and had closed it with pious gratitude for the happy birth-day of his eldest daughter, when his son entered with the newspaper, which had just arrived from Worcester, and was pointing to the notice of his father a brilliant action which added another wreath to the brow of nautical valour. The gentlemen assembled had commented upon it, as well as the other political parts of the *County Chronicle*, when the girls joined in a playful scuffle for the first sight of the Births and Marriages. The merry Madelina, the second daughter of the vicar, gained the victory, and the rest of the party listened in merry silence to the witty remarks of the lively reader on the names as she declared them aloud. When these were finished, she passed on with somewhat more seriousness to the Deaths. The frequency with which these meet our sight causes them, like all other every-day occurrences, to become indifferent to us: the mind gets habituated to these details, and apathy follows; unless indeed our feelings are excited by the rupture of some tie of consanguinity. She commenced:—"At the elegant mansion of the lovely Mrs. Mandeville, the Casino, Gloucestershire, much lamented by all who knew him, Lieutenant-Co-

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lonel Sir Harry Dashwood, Bart. of the Coldstream Guards, whose gentlemanly qualities and"—

Emeline Clarke turned pale, she breathed short, while the other hearers burst into a laugh. "Come, come," said her brother, "no tricks upon travellers!"—But Madelina shewed him the paragraph, and too true—her father saw the dreadful sentences. "These newspaper editors," exclaimed Jasper Norton, a young lieutenant of the 21th, starting from his seat, "are the greatest villains upon earth—they killed me once; for if they can get a few lines fabricated to fill up their journals, they care not whose feelings they wound. I'll venture any wager there's not a single death in that paper but what will be contradicted in the next, to make another paragraph. You will then see:—

'We are happy to announce a mistake which occurred in our paper of last week with regard to the death of Mr. So and So, who, we rejoice to inform our readers, is now well in health at his seat at Thingum-merry.'—Surely our legislature should punish such miscreants; but, in the abused liberty of this country, if a member of the house make but half a motion to restrain these fellows, the liberty of the press is declared in danger. Thus do these abuses continue. It was but last week that an old lady, a friend of mine, read her son's death in the papers; and had he not, by the greatest chance in life, returned from London nearly at that moment, it is more than probable that his mother's reason would have suffered in consequence."

"Le malheureux qui se noyé s'accroche, dit on, à un brin de paille."

—These denunciations of Jasper Norton's against newspaper-editors could not have been introduced more à propos for the restoration of Emmeline, who knew that Sir Harry was in perfect health when he last wrote to her father, which was not long before. She determined to hope for the best, and restrained her feelings: for this purpose she summoned all her fortitude, and though the dreadful anticipation of — it *might* be true, would intrude sometimes, and cause her heart to sink within her, yet she sat down to a game of Pope Joan with as much *apparent* unconcern as if nothing had happened to deject her. Alas! this was but of short duration. While they were all laughing at Norton and Madelina, who were partners in the game, and had just gained *matrimony*, the man who brought their letters entered the room with one for the Rev. John Clarke: it was directed in an unknown hand, and while his daughter, trembling, dealt the cards for him, he read the following lines:—

“Sir,

“I have the inexpressible grief to inform you, that Sir Harry Dashwood now lies dead at our house. Having found a letter in his pocket from you, which assures me you are his particular friend, I have taken the liberty of addressing this to you, that we may be enabled to take the necessary measures.”

“JULIAN NOVERRE.”

“Casino, Gloucester.”

“Joy and grief are indeed twin brothers; they had revelled this day in the former, now they were under the dominion of the latter. Here at the parsonage they knew only of Sir Harry's good qualities,

and they all participated in the grief of the worthy pastor. But a little while before all was laughter and merriment—now what a contrast did this group exhibit! Emmeline Clarke, who, our readers will readily perceive, had unknowingly harboured a predilection of a tender nature for the unfortunate baronet, was now fully convinced that she had not, as she imagined, banished it entirely from her bosom. The bitterness this caused her parents, who could scarcely keep her for a moment from continued hysterical fits, may be easily imagined. Madelina, the lively Madelina, had fainted from sympathy, and the reverend parent, between this accumulation of trouble, was little short of madness. All tried to console each other: the once merry Madelina shed tears while she chid Emmeline for betraying such violent emotions; and while their pious father exhorted them to bend with submission to the hand of the Almighty, and endeavoured to pourtray the weakness and wickedness of repining at his dispensations, convulsive throbs checked his utterance, and tears coursed down his cheeks. The wound was yet too green to be healed by the styptic of attempted consolation, and his appeals for composure only opened it anew. He prepared, although the evening was far advanced, to obey the commands of the note from the Casino. The nightly repast remained untouched; they could only sob a farewell to each other, and after their father's departure, retired to their respective chambers, not to sleep, but to bedew their pillows with tears—tears of regret and sympathy.

Arriving at the Casino the following morning, the unhappy tutor repaired, like a criminal to the axe of the executioner, towards that bed where his friend was now lying, to be thence consigned to his last small house, and for ever immured from the sight of friendship. It was given out at the Casino, that Sir Harry Dashwood had died in consequence of a wound which he received from a dagger, which, on falling in the middle of a dance, had pierced the aorta; and the unfortunate man had not been able, had he been willing, to contradict this report. The lady, who had been the real cause of this mischance, had now abandoned herself to the most bitter remorse, and all the agonies which a woman may be supposed to feel under such circumstances. She had indeed determined within her own breast, not to survive his funeral. She would have become a willing victim, by throwing herself on the justice of her country, but her pride could not suffer her to contemplate a public exposure of her person by an ignominious death. Although her extreme grief rendered her at first nearly incapable of speaking, she attended Mr. Clarke to the fatal chamber, and mourned over Dashwood's body as would a mother over that of an only son. The expressions of her grief were loud and violent; she panegyricized him as possessing every virtue and every perfection under heaven; indeed, so warm was she in the expressions of her tenderness, that she left no doubt in the mind of the observer, that they arose from a warmer sentiment than friendship.

How little did she suspect, that

so fine a form could plunge the steel of revenge into the body of the man she loved! The reverend divine participated in her woe; he threw himself down by the body, and, in all the fervour of true regard, poured out his grief in the remembrance of his friend's good qualities, and, in an agony of sorrow, exclaimed, "Oh, my son! would I had died instead of thee!—Poor remains of a heart which bounded to relieve the unfortunate, thou wert ever more thine own enemy than another's; and if thy spirit is permitted to hover round us, thou wilt see how much thou art regretted! Shall I never see thee again? shall I never share in thy smiles, thy looks of joy and benevolence?—Alas! no! In vain we mourn over thee—thou hearest us not. Nerveless is that arm which was ever prompt to chastise insolence and the enemies of thy country; but now thou art fled, thou art gone for ever!" Thus ejaculated the sympathetic soul of the tutor; while Mrs. Mandeville, bathed in tears, could only answer with convulsive sobs and heart-bursting groans. He forgot all his friend's failings, and his virtues were now only present to his imagination. We seldom duly appreciate a benefit until it is lost.

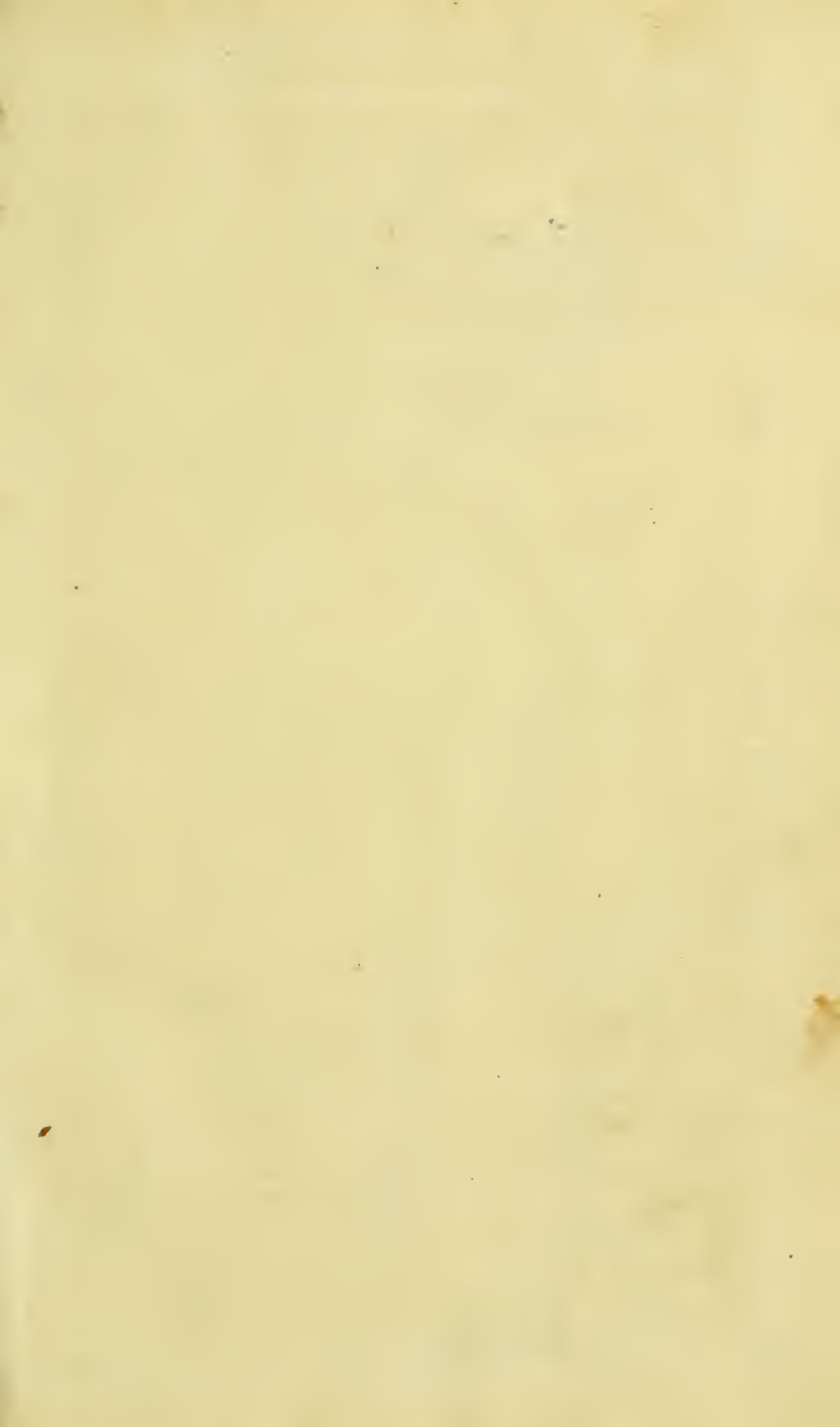
Come hither, ye who bask in the sunshine of eternal licentiousness, who make pleasure your idol; whom every night sees abandoned to intoxication and illicit love; who place your safety in your chariots and your horses; who, formed with muscular strength and matured in rosy health, continue to enjoy thankless every benefit of an Almighty Power but as your due; who abuse

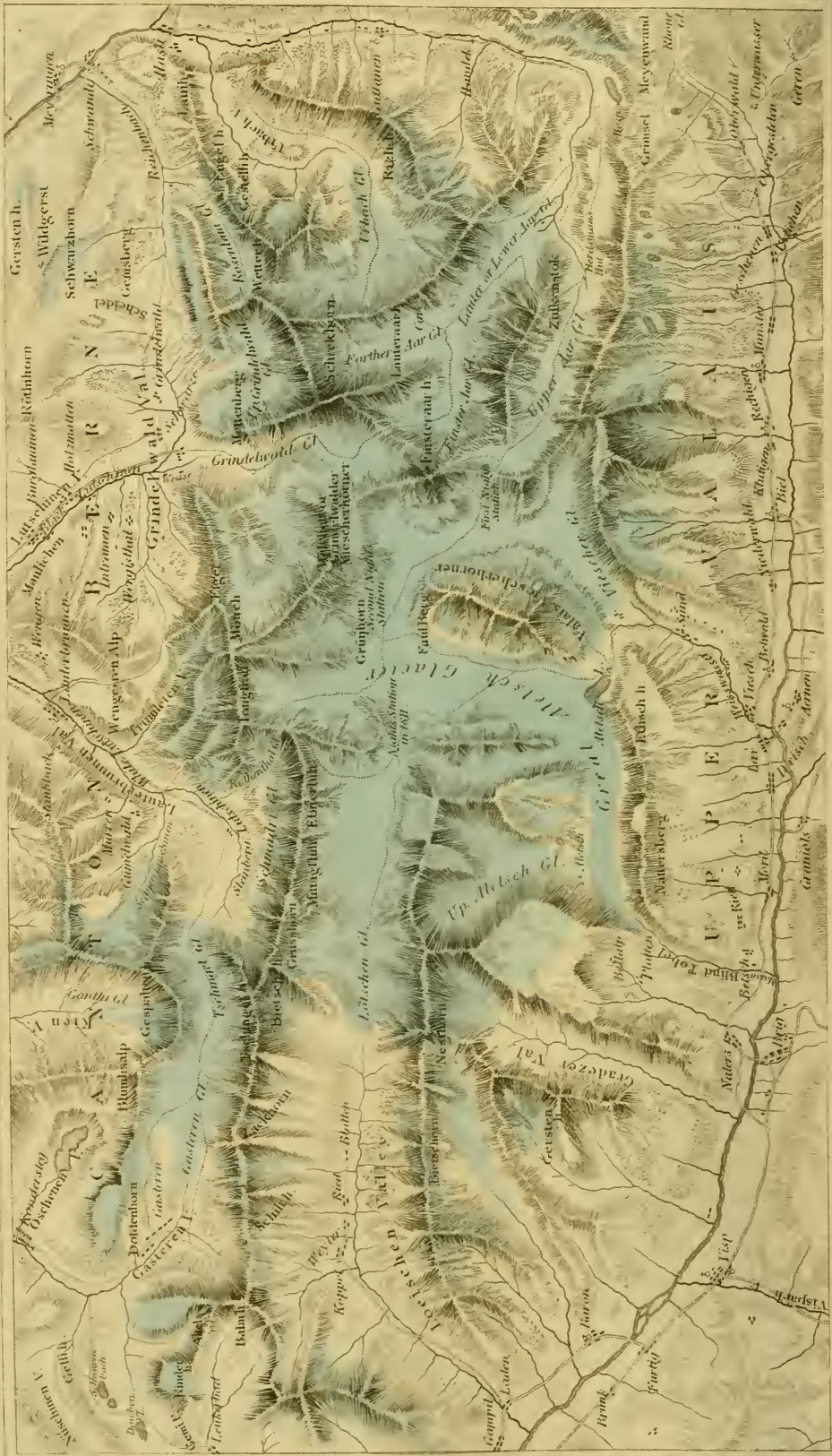
his munificence, and look forward to an eternal round of frivolity without alloy—how will you finish your mad career? Your frames are nervous and athletic; your hearts bound with joy—you start forward—you run—the goal of pleasure appears in sight, but ere you arrive at the spot, your foot slips, you fall in the midst of your course, and are thrown into the dust, never to rise again: come hither, and contemplate, ye sons of voluptuousness; curb the reins of passion, lest you be cut off in the blossom of your life, and rush into an hereafter with all your crimes upon your heads!

The reverend mourner had sunk on the ground in the phrenzy of the moment, for his feelings and sensibilities were of the most violent order. He was breathing forth a prayer dictated by his present sensations; but Mrs. Mandeville, who, amid all the chaos which reigned in her bosom, was still Mrs. Mandeville, was arranging her tresses, which anguish had disordered, in a glass which was placed facing the end of the bed on which her victim lay extended, when she thought she saw his hand raised up, and then fall again. She screamed for help, and feeling the breast of Dashwood, exclaimed, “He lives!” His tutor, however, willing to be convinced, saw no symptom to flatter the idea of this happy change; although, it is true, that at length a languid pulse was perceptible in the wrist of the dead, or dying man. The visitor now started from the chamber; he took horse, and, without ceremony, sent and rode himself to several medical practitioners. The apartment was

soon filled with the sons of *Æsculapius*, but all seemed useless; they very wisely concluded, that the patient *might* recover. One half slunk away, after receiving a handsome remuneration, and the rest followed, except one, who seemed more assiduous as the methods of resuscitation failed, until at length life seemed to glimmer in the body of the patient, like a spark emitted by the collision of metals. The reverend man scarcely indulged himself in hope: he continued with his friend all night; but all that night and the next day nature seemed at a stand, when, towards evening, Dr. Powell declared—he could do no more, and, by a miracle alone, he *might* recover.

No sooner was this decision communicated to Mrs. Mandeville, than she abandoned herself to joy, paroxysms of which shook her frame as violently as her grief was before excessive; and, had it not been for the extreme loveliness of her person, to which her visitor was not altogether insensible, he would probably, ignorant as he was of the double reason she had for rejoicing, have been disgusted at her conduct. He continually wrote short letters to his family as his friend's case varied, and related every circumstance connected with the subject to the wife of his bosom, whom he ardently longed to see. Emmeline, who, till the receipt of her father's last letter, had remained in a kind of stupor, from which neither medicine nor kindness could rouse her, now began gradually to revive. If all her relations knew the real cause of her malady, they never even hinted at it; except the waggish Madeline, who had at-





GLACIERS OF THE CANTON OF BERN.

drawn from notes in the field made by Mr. A.

tended without ceasing at her sister's bed-side. She, on her recovery, ventured, with a cunning look, to surmise her knowledge to Emmeline, whose blushes told the truth, but whose voice conjured her never to mention her imprudent acknowledgment of the regard she bore to one who never could be her's,

and whom every fresh circumstance in his life placed further from her wishes, even could Fortune be propitious. Here the affair rested, and Clarke, having continued with Dashwood till he was declared out of danger, flew on the wings of domestic love to Woodbine rectory.

(*To be continued.*)

PLATE I.—JOURNAL OF A TOUR TO THE GLACIERS OF THE CANTON OF BERNE, IN SWITZERLAND, IN THE SUMMER OF 1812.

By RUDOLPH MEYER, *Junior.*

My father having, in company with his brother Jerome, convinced himself, in the summer of 1811, of the practicability of ascending the most elevated summits and peaks of the range of glaciers in the canton of Berne, prepared the following year for a second journey thither. His object was, by means of exact measurements, to give greater accuracy to my grandfather's model of the glaciers; to make experiments on the air, electricity, heat, light, sound, &c.; and at the same time to prove how groundless were the doubts of certain sceptics, who pretended, that in the first visit they had been mistaken in regard to the peak called the *Jungfrau*.

We provided ourselves with the necessary instruments for this purpose. The company consisted of my father, Rudolph, and my uncle, Jerome Meyer, who had performed the first journey in 1811; Dr. Thilo, master of the school of Aarau; my brother Gottlieb, and myself. From the Grimsel we had, besides several porters, some herdsmen and chamois-hunters for our guides.

Two of these, Aloys Volker and Joseph Barthes, were Valaisans; and two others, Caspar Huber and Arnold of Melchthal, servant to the master of the Grimsel inn, were from Oberhasli. These men, accustomed from their youth to clamber, in all sorts of weather, after their goats among the mountains, or to hunt chamois, frequently excited our highest astonishment by their courage and agility. Without them we should not have been able to reach many of the places that we visited. For this reason I have mentioned their names, as any person, with the aid of these guides, and by consulting the annexed map, may easily traverse this icy region which we so long inhabited.

Besides the requisite provisions, poles, ropes, instruments of different kinds, two mattresses and bed-clothes, we took with us a quantity of canvas and a small tent. Our porters were obliged to bring us up fire-wood from time to time out of the vallies over the glaciers.

In the evening of the 25th of July, we left the Grimsel inn, which is itself above 5628 feet above the

level of the sea, and approached the glacier of the Aar. A path conducted us through a desert full of masses of rock over a hill, called the Kessi Tower, into the Upper Aar-Alp. Here we passed the night with a herdsman from the Valais, who, in his wretched, lonely hut, divided with us his black bread, which, together with goats' milk, is, for four months of the year, his only food on the borders of the habitable world.

Meanwhile my father, accompanied by a herdsman's boy, had set out before us by himself, in the morning, for the glacier, to ascertain whether our design was practicable or not. Night came on, and he had not returned.

The following morning, July 26, we set out with the first rays of the rising sun. The ascent was fatiguing, though not dangerous, through a narrow valley, over endless fields of ice. We saw the summit, which appeared to be not far distant; but simple objects of one uniform colour are very apt to deceive the eye. At length we climbed the acclivity of the valley, but the day was drawing towards a close. Here we obtained the first view of the empire of everlasting winter. All below and above us was ice and snow. Before us towered the immense pyramid of the Finsteraarhorn, from which we were separated only by a valley, the upper extremity of the Viescher glacier. In the back-ground, Mont Blanc, Rosa, and Matterhorn were crimsoned with the roseate rays of the setting sun.

After halting a short time to rest ourselves, we continued to ascend

to the valley of the Viescher glacier. The last faint trace of the inhabited earth, the dark green of the Alps, disappeared behind the ice-hill; the wide firmament of heaven above seemed to shut us within a narrower compass, and an inanimate nature surrounded us on every side.

When we had crossed this white, silent valley, and ascended the opposite height, we met with my father. He had, the preceding day, reached the Finsteraarhorn with his young attendant, but being overtaken unawares by dusk, had been obliged to pass the night upon a bare rock, and without fire, beneath the inclement sky.

In the middle of the height upon which we stood rose a black perpendicular rock: this is the Finsteraarhorn. On the left of us glistened the snow-clad summit of the Rothhorn; and at our feet lay the Viescher glacier, with its numerous chasms. The black colour of the rock, the whiteness of the snow, and the bluish green of the ice, together with the beautiful azure of the sky, which seems to rise from the glaciers and to sink on the opposite side upon the ice, afford the only variety to the dazzled eye.

In a deep ravine of the Finsteraarhorn, between rocks, at an elevation of 10,370 feet above the sea, we took up our lodging for the night. On the north side of our rock, where, in the height of summer, what is scarcely thawed by the noon-tide sun, freezes again at night, we found the moss-like *silene acaulis* in flower, clinging to the tempest-beaten granite. A stray wasp was humming round it. The

very mosses had here ceased, and the naked stone was covered only with yellow and blackish flakes.

Chamois never climb these heights unless when pursued. Like the soldanella in the vegetable kingdom, they love the confines of everlasting snow. So likewise does the marmot, whose curious burrows we frequently found here and there, underneath the glacier, not far from the extreme boundary of vegetation. On the first appearance of the sun, these pretty animals leave their holes to bask in his rays, and, like the chamois, to betray themselves, by their shrill piping, to the hunter.

Higher than the ordinary haunts of the chamois, at an elevation of 7 or 8000 feet, we observed traces of another species of *mammalia*, which we had not opportunity to examine sufficiently near to be able to describe it. The first intimation we received of its existence was from the following circumstance: One of our people had lost his cap in the glacier, and when we found it again it was half eaten away, as if by mice. This animal belongs either to the weasel or squirrel species; it is about as thick as the former, and five or six inches long, but dark brown, with a short tail; it runs very swiftly, and its haunts are every where to be found in the clefts of the rock.

Birds continued to hover round us at an elevation of 13,000 feet; sometimes we heard the snow-fowl, and crows were sporting over the Rothhorn. We saw an eagle sailing in wide circles round the highest summits of the Finsteraarhorn.

Even these animals, however, appear but rarely in the boundless solitude; insects are more frequent,

but it is probable that in many instances they are brought hither by currents of wind. Wasps and gnats are sometimes to be seen. At the base of the Finsteraarhorn, at an actual elevation of 12,000 feet, we observed a butterfly resembling the common white species, and another on the Aletsch glacier, upwards of 9000 feet high. The latter had just crept out of the chrysalis attached to a mass of rock. On the same glacier we sometimes found sunny tracts of snow, for half a mile together completely covered with small black insects, belonging to the species of *podura*, in the class of the *apteræ*. They are scarcely a line in length, and spring by means of their elastic tail, like fleas, especially when you approach them, to the distance of several inches from their former position. I regret that such of them as we took with us for the purpose of examining them more at our leisure at home, perished by the way. The next rock free from snow was at least a quarter of an hour's walk distant from the rendezvous of these glacier *poduræ*: they must consequently perform considerable journeys, for it is not likely that they lay their eggs upon the snow. They, as well as others of their species, can have no other food here than the dry leaves which the tempestuous winds from time to time carry up from the abodes of men to these dreary deserts. We saw even beach and oak-leaves upon the ice of the Aletsch towards the Valais. Perhaps also they may derive nourishment from the pollen of the scarlet lichen, which colours extensive tracts of snow, here of a paler, and there of a darker red.

We employed ourselves towards

evening in preparing our lodging for the night: we cleared the snow and ice from the rock; built a wall of loose stones; formed a roof of poles, which we covered with a tent-cloth, and laid stones at top. As contented as a family of Greenlanders, we assembled round a cheerful fire to our coffee, which we boiled with snow-water.

The sun gradually sunk behind Mont Blanc. His last rays scarcely tinged its summit, when the full moon rose from among the icy peaks into the dark azure, and threw her cold light upon the white plain around us. It was the silence of death. You might fancy that you could hear our hearts throbbing in our bosoms. A monotonous chaos of ice and snow, and ruins of riven mountains, spread their horrors among chasms and shadowed precipices.

No trace of life, no habitation, no motion, met the eye in the unbounded solitude. A cloud only now and then passes over the inanimate scene, as over the relics of a world which the Creator has resolved to forget. Gigantic columnar black rocks project from abysses lost in snow and vapour, like sepulchral monuments of deceased nature.

We slept soundly; and towards morning were awaked by the cold. Every preparation was made for the ascent of the Finsteraarhorn, the highest mountain in Europe, excepting Mont Blanc; but the dark red glow diffused by the rising sun unfortunately predicted a rainy day. Above and below us was an ocean of dull clouds. As early as nine o'clock snow began to fall, and continued faster and faster.

We frugally fed our fire the whole day, as we had not a splinter of wood to waste. Thus we passed a most tedious winter day in the middle of summer.

Night came on: the clouds grew blacker. We heard the hollow murmuring of the wind in the valleys. The storm soon reached us, after the long silence of the grave, like the roaring and howling of the cataract of the Rhine. The dry snow was driven upwards out of the abysses, and penetrated through our leaky walls.

About three in the morning (of the 28th of July) the tempest made a pause. It was a stillness that stunned the ear. The wind then returned in gusts, from the valley of the glacier, with increasing violence, and a noise like that of a lawine. The rocks seemed to shake. It passed off, and in the distance sounded like rolling thunder. Such hurricanes can scarcely be experienced even upon the ocean itself; in inhabited regions I had never met with any thing like it. Or had perhaps the auditory nerves been rendered more delicate by having been habituated for some days to the most profound silence?

We were obliged to go out several times during the night to clear away the snow from the tent-cloth, that it might not crush the roof. The cold was intense. About day-break the mercury in a Reaumur thermometer indicated eleven degrees below the freezing point. Our stock of wood decreased. None of us could sleep. The morning appeared gloomy: we therefore resolved to return to the Grimsel inn; leaving the instruments in the snow-covered hut, and sur-

rounded by fogs, we took the way by which we had come. But on the Upper Viescher glacier an ice-hill had in the mean time split in two, and half was suspended over head, and threatened every moment to cover the valley. Our guides, fearful lest a step should involve us in destruction, would not venture to pass under it; and we were necessitated to seek another way to the heights of the glacier of the Upper Aar.

Meanwhile the fog cleared away. The sun scorched us with his rays. A dazzling mantle of snow was spread over the extensive glacier, and deceitfully covered its clefts and chasins. Such places are commonly the graves of those hunters who go out to their occupation and never return. We all fastened ourselves, at the distance of ten paces from one another, to a rope, so that none of us could easily have been lost. Our guides, who led the way, explored suspicious places with their poles. We had a fatiguing journey, up to the knees in snow. The sun burned our faces, and our eyes smarted. Green gauze and green spectacles, which we took with us, were an insufficient protection. The reflection from the fresh snow was like the powerful sunshine itself, and every look cast upon it threatened to deprive us of sight. We frequently stopped, and by way of relief laid our faces in the snow.

At length we reached *terra firma*. The verdure of the Alps was balsam to our eyes. We arrived at the Grimsel inn. The weather continued unfavourable. Snow fell several times, whilst the people in the valley were reaping the harvest.

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Part of the company returned home, but I remained till the 14th of August. A serene evening then afforded the promise of finer weather. I immediately hastened with our guides to the hut of the herdsman on the Upper Aar-Alp, with the intention of proceeding again to the glacier the following morning.

We accordingly set out very early in the morning of the 15th of August. The ice and snow were firm and dry; and soon after noon we reached our first night's station. Here we found our instruments and provisions, and other things that we had left behind, enveloped in masses of ice. Many were broken or spoiled by the cold. With the aid of a hatchet and a good fire we cleared away the ice from them; but these different mishaps left but little chance of the success of the various experiments which my father had projected.

The sun was setting. In the habitable world, in summer evenings we see the sun's rays glistening on the summits of the lofty mountains long after it is quite dark in the valleys: the effect is the very reverse when you are on the tops of the mountains. The light of the sun is thence seen retiring to the distant abysses, till at length it is wholly extinguished at the deepest point.

As soon as the icy peaks were again tinged by Aurora, we prepared to prosecute our journey. It was the 16th of August, and a fine day. I determined to attempt the ascent of the Finsteraarhorn, that black pyramid, which, according to the measurements of Trallès, rises to the height of 13,234 feet above the Mediterranean sea, and

D

the summit of which no mortal foot has yet trodden.

We traversed the Viescher glacier, proceeding to the left of the deep glacier of the Finsteraar towards the prodigious tower of granite. We reached the ravine, and crept cautiously over it from the glacier to the solid earth. It is well known, that ice and snow melt most at the part nearest to the earth. The glaciers therefore seldom, or never touch the rocks, but encircle the steep mountain peaks at the distance of 30 or 40 feet. A deep cleft separates them. For this reason it is often impossible to get from the glacier to the solid earth, unless they happen to be connected by bridges of ice or snow.

After this we had to climb an almost perpendicular wall of snow on the rock. We set our feet in the steps made by the boldest of our party, who went first, always thrusting one arm deep in the snow, as a precaution against the insecurity of our footing. In some places the smooth ice was bare. Here the foremost cut steps for the feet and hands, and for the greater safety, we all fastened a rope round our bodies. In this manner we climbed over rocks, ice, and snow; and once also under a projecting block of ice of the most beautiful green, whose columnar icicles hung down like stalactites, and the moment we touched them, fell rattling into the unfathomable abyss of the glacier of the Finsteraar*.

* When in the autumn of the same year, our two Valaisans passed this way in a hunting excursion, they found that this prodigious block of ice had tumbled from the mountain into the valley.

About noon, after ascending for six hours, we approached the summit of the mountain; but this height was not climbed without difficulty and danger from the overhanging glacier.

We stood upon the Upper Aarhorn. The prospect was unbounded; the lofty mountains of the ancient cantons lay below us, and beyond the Alps of the Grisons we descried those of the Tyrol. The ranges of the Valais only retained from their proximity the appearance of mountains: the Upper Valais only looked like a valley; this tract alone exhibited a green colour, studded by the pine-woods with black spots. Nothing else could be discriminated by the naked eye—all was one unbroken mass of vapour. Italy was concealed behind a curtain of clouds. The abodes of men lay below us, like a dark sea. The Alps, with their snow-clad summits, did not resemble mountains, but projected above the dark green of their bases, like waves whose tops are whitened with foam. An uninterrupted covering of ice extended from our feet into the vallies, and ascended again to the heights of the Viescher and Aletsch peaks, and on the right to the ridges of the Walcher, the Jungfrau, and the Monk. It was impossible to contemplate the abysses immediately beneath us without shuddering.

The most elevated peak of the mountain appeared like a black rock before us to the north. This was the Finsteraarhorn, which was still to be climbed. It was one o'clock in the afternoon. My strength failed me: I therefore staid behind on the narrow ridge of

the glacier, where I hewed myself a seat in the ice—an exalted throne, at the foot of which lay all the kingdoms of the earth. Caspar Huber was obliged to keep me company.

Arnold and the Valaisans determined, however, to make the last attempt, to which I encouraged them. They descended to the ridge of the mountain. The following particulars are from the relation which they gave me the same evening.

They descended the lofty rocky mountain with great difficulty. They imagined that they were on the peak of the Finsteraarhorn, but on reaching the top, discovered their mistake. A still more elevated pinnacle, from which they were separated by a precipice, towered aloft before them. They descended; but it was long before any of them would venture to climb the last peak, or at least to lead the way; for the rock, cased with naked ice, overhung them. Through the arch they looked down into the glacier of the Finsteraar. At length Arnold took courage. Fastened to a rope held by the others, and creeping on his hands and knees, he scrambled over the hollow cap of ice, and drew his companions after him.

The topmost summit of the Finsteraarhorn was now conquered. It was four o'clock. They had been three hours in going a distance which might, to all appearance, have been performed in a quarter of an hour, so near did the last height seem to us all.

The extreme point of the Finsteraarhorn is sharp. The ice upon it is several fathoms thick. Through

a cleft in the ice you see the glacier of the Finsteraar. Not a mountain round about appears higher. Here the spectator commands all the other peaks. The black mountains of Switzerland, Alps, hills, and plains, appear one dark level. The lake of Thun alone glistened in the sun's rays in the depth beneath.

I saw from my glacier the bold fellows endeavouring, with great trouble, to erect a flag of red canvas upon the summit of the peak. They suffered from intense cold, though with me, three hours before, they had enjoyed the warmth of summer. They had taken with them a barometer and thermometer, but their observations on these instruments were so imperfect, that I could not pay any regard to them. This might be owing partly to the fatigue and anxiety of the men, and partly to the violence of the wind to which they were exposed, and which indeed was so great, that they could scarcely keep their feet. Whilst they were still on the top, the wind tore the flag from the pole, to which they again fastened it. In about half an hour, for no longer could they endure the intense cold, they set out on their return.

We descended from these heights on the west side with much greater facility, and now discovered, when too late, that the Finsteraarhorn may be ascended from that side without difficulty; whereas from the Grimsel side the task is a most arduous one. We came down without danger to the Viescher glacier, over snow and rocky crags, and to the mountain, on the opposite side of which was the hut where we

passed the night. The mountain was conquered. We rejoiced in the expectation of rest, but were disappointed.

The evening was cold and calm, but the night brought some snow. In the middle of it we were wakened by burning pains in the eyes,

of which we had felt nothing on lying down. Most of us were also troubled with oppressions of the chest; so that we were obliged to rise and seek refreshment in the cold outside of the hut.

(To be continued).

THE APPARITION.

A TRUE STORY.

THE minister of a small village in Germany had been six weeks in possession of his new parsonage. He had duly visited his new neighbours; the domestic arrangements were completed; and his accounts with the widow of his predecessor were finally adjusted. Pleased at the termination of this important business, which, owing to the integrity of both parties, had been transacted without the intervention of lawyers, the pastor left his study, delivered the parcel containing the balance which he had yet to pay, to be forwarded to the widow, and then seated himself under the lime-trees which overhung the entrance of his habitation. Here he was soon joined by his affectionate wife; they entered into conversation on the cheering prospect which promised them a decent provision, and the approach of those parental joys which they had not yet tasted.

A country, blooming as a garden, was extended before them. After a long succession of sultry days, a storm about noon had cooled the atmosphere. All nature had assumed a fresher appearance; the flowers were attired in gayer colours, and exhaled more fragrant

perfumes; the soft breeze waned about the glowing cheek of the husbandman, who, summoned by the evening bell, slowly returned with his implements to the peaceful cots of his village.

"Dear Dorothy," said the pastor, when his wife rose to make preparations for supper, "the heat from the past sultry weather is still very perceptible in the house. Suppose we take our supper this evening here under the lime-trees? We shall thus have an opportunity of airing the house thoroughly, and shall enjoy the beauty of the evening an hour longer in the open air."

"You take the word out of my mouth," replied his wife. "The evening indeed is too fine, and we shall certainly relish the pigeons, which are at the fire, and a nice sallad, as well again here as in the close rooms."

No sooner said than done. With cheerful industry Dorothy hastened to the kitchen; the pastor fetched the table and the chairs, laid the cloth, and even brought a bottle of wine out of the cellar. According to his general custom, this indulgence was reserved for Sundays or particular occasions; but this day, when, as the reader has

been informed, he had so happily terminated the business of settling his accounts, seemed to him worthy of being made an exception: it was an important day for him, as it was not till now that he felt himself completely installed in his office and habitation. Dorothy soon made her appearance with the pigeons, and she, with her husband and his sister, who had followed them to lend her assistance in removing and in their new domestic arrangements, sat down to the rural repast. It was seasoned by cheerful conversation and innocent mirth, whilst a late nightingale charmed their ears with his strains, and the worthy pastor quaffed the generous beverage out of a goblet on which, as an heir-loom of his grandfather's, he set a particular value, till the joyous tone of his mind was plainly expressed in his countenance. Thus the night stole upon them almost without their perceiving its approach. Dorothy was going to fetch a candle, but her husband detained her. "The evening to be sure is still fine," said he, "but the air grows cooler. You know, Dorothy, that you must take care of yourself. As soon as I have finished this glass, we will all go in together." Scarcely had the pastor finished speaking—scarcely had Dorothy taken her seat again, when all at once both the females started up with shrieks of terror. The pastor looked about, and to his utter astonishment an apparition stood beside him.

It was a tall, elegant figure. The face, of exquisite beauty, seemed tinged with the roseate glow of evening; a rose-bud decorated its hair, which flowed in charming ringlets

over a neck of snowy whiteness; a robe of azure blue, studded with stars of gold, covered its form; an effulgence resembling sun-beams encircled the angelic vision, which, with a look of inexpressible sweetness, seemed to invite the pastor to follow it.

The two ladies, as the reader has been already informed, had flown from their seats. The divine, attracted by the enchanting appearance of the phantom, rose and followed it. His wife and sister would have detained him, but he disengaged himself. When, however, the figure, moving on before him, directed its course towards the church-yard, his wife once more went up to him, clasped him in her arms, and entreated him with such earnestness and alarm to proceed no farther, that, in consideration of her state, he desisted from his intention. He returned back with her, promising not to follow the apparition; but he could not help asking, over and over again, how she could be afraid of a being, which, so far from having any thing terrifying about it, rather looked like an angel from heaven, whose invitations could only be designed for some good purpose. Both stopped before the house-door, and watched the spirit, which proceeded to the wall of the church-yard, rose to the top of it, and disappeared.

The consequences of this adventure were, however, far from agreeable to the worthy pastor. The report of it was soon spread with various additions over the whole country; the minister acquired the character of a visionary, and the neighbouring clergy, at the mention of

his name, would turn up their noses, significantly shrug their shoulders, and talk a great deal about Swedenborg, Schröpfer, and Co.; nay, there were persons ill-natured enough to express their conviction, that the phantom was created by the wine alone. The superintendent himself, who came a few weeks afterwards to introduce the pastor to his new congregation, when the other guests had retired after the dinner given on the occasion, began to make very circumstantial inquiries concerning the health of his host. "You are a man," continued he, "who are fond of the sciences, who have little domestic occupation, and, on account of the sequestered situation of the place, cannot expect much society. Under these circumstances, I am afraid that you will stick too closely to your books and your writing-table, neglect that exercise which is so essentially necessary, and thus lay the foundation of those numberless complaints, which, sooner or later, are the attendants of hypochondria. Let me persuade you to avoid this, my dear colleague. Rather take abundance of exercise; and consider your studies as a medium of conveying aliment to your mind and assuaging your thirst of knowledge, but which should by no means be purchased at the expence of your health and cheerfulness."

"I can assure your reverence," replied the pastor, "that I have nothing to fear from the attacks of melancholy. I delight in rambling abroad to enjoy the beauties of nature, and the charming environs of this place present irresistible inducements to me to gratify this

inclination. I am likewise very fond of gardening, with which I amuse myself several hours a day. I sleep well, and my digestion is good. I have a flow of spirits that very rarely fails me, and I cultivate the sciences in such a manner, that they rather afford me matter for recreation, and consequently for pleasure, than for gloomy meditations."

"Ah! yes," rejoined the superintendent, "this is always the language of you gentlemen; but such diseased persons are in the most dangerous way as fancy that they ail nothing. Beware, my dear friend, and let me recommend to you plenty of exercise and a due proportion of evacuants."

Our clergyman now began to imagine, that there must be some particular reason for these exhortations. After pausing for some time, he thus addressed his visitor:—"I am infinitely obliged to your reverence for the interest you take in my health; but it appears to me, that you must have some particular motive for your well-meant advice, and therefore earnestly entreat you to favour me with an explanation."

"Well then," answered the superintendent, "if you wish to know the real truth, I will tell you. I am informed that you believe in the appearance of spirits. I have received such positive assurances of this fact, and from such respectable sources, that I cannot have any doubt on the subject. I have far too good an opinion of your understanding to seek the reason of it there, and must, of course, attribute it to some of those obstructions which at times operate so powerfully on the imaginations

of persons possessing the strongest minds."

The matter was now perfectly clear to our divine. He perceived that the report of the apparition had reached the metropolis, and had occasioned the marked behaviour of the superintendent, but from which business had before prevented him from paying so much attention as he had done on this day. He therefore related to him the whole affair with the utmost fidelity and simplicity, and added, "It could not be an optical deception; for whence could it have proceeded in a lonely village, so far from any high road? Neither could it have been any delusion of the senses; for the figure was not only seen at the same moment, and watched till its disappearance, by myself, but likewise by my wife, my sister, neighbour A.'s man, and

neighbour B.'s maid, who all give the same description of it. What it was, or what it meant, whence it came, or whither it went, I know not, and I can do no more than repeat Hamlet's common-place observation so often quoted on similar occasions:—"There are many things between heaven and earth which were never dreamt of by our philosophy."

The superintendent smiled, shook his head, and said no more: but next morning, as he mounted his chaise, he could not forbear calling once more to the pastor:—"Remember the conversation we had yesterday, and my good advice. Plenty of exercise," &c. &c. The pastor bowed with a smile, which expired on his lips, as if suddenly checked by a sharp twich of the tooth-ache.

(To be concluded in our next.)

ANECDOTES OF THE COSSACKS AT DRESDEN IN 1813.

THE following anecdotes, illustrative of the good-nature, cheerfulness, and general character of the first Cossacks that passed through Dresden in 1813, may be relied on as authentic.

A young lady of a respectable family in the New Town, was seated at her piano-forte, playing and singing. She was heard by a Cossack who was passing under her window. As if enchanted, he followed the melodious sounds, pursued his way up stairs, from room to room, and, after traversing several apartments, discovered the right one. He entered, and stood listening behind the lonely musician, who, half dead with fear on

perceiving the figure of her martial visitor in a mirror, would naturally have run away. He detained her, and, in unintelligible language, but with friendly gestures, begged for a *Da capo*, and, without ceremony, fetched his comrades out of the street. The music soon relaxed the joints of the bearded warriors, and, in a few moments, they struck up the most charming Cossack dance in the best room in the house. The trembling girl was obliged to summon up all her courage and strength, that her fingers might not refuse to perform their office in this critical juncture. She returned sincere thanks to Heaven when the dance was over,

and was not a little surprised, when one of the delighted dancers, with the most cordial gestures, laid a piece of gold on the piano-forte. It was to no purpose that the young lady refused it—the donors retired, leaving behind them the piece of money, which the fair owner will doubtless preserve with care, as a memorial of the lovers of dancing and music from the deserts of Asia.

The *naïveté* of these people was expressed in a very different manner towards another young lady, likewise of a genteel family, who, out of economy, and supposing her guests to be so inured to hardship as to be proof against all sorts of weather, had directed, that no fire should be made in the quarters destined for them. Though the almanac had for some days announced the return of all-reviving spring, the Cossacks, however, experienced none of its enlivening effects in their uncomfortable quarters. Dissatisfied with the place, they sallied out in quest of a warmer lodging. It was not long before they discovered one. This was the apartment of the young lady of the house.—*Ah! here warm—here good—stay with Mamsell.* So saying, the reconnoitring party took a strong position against the cold in *Mamsell's* room; thither all their baggage also was soon transported. Mamsell, unless she had chosen to turn Cossack too, was obliged to relinquish her room to her polite guests, and to procure in another the climate that she had quitted.

A servant-maid, groaning under the weight of a large basket of damped linen, met a party of Cos-

sacks. They took the basket from her, convinced her by their gestures that they intended no harm, and intimated by signs to the poor girl, to shew them which way she was going. They not only carried the basket to the mangle, but helped to turn it for a whole hour; and, when they had done, desired nothing but a kiss for their pains.

A Cossack, surrounded by a legion of boys, whom he sometimes took by the hand, and sometimes set a running by throwing his cap for them to bring back again, met a lad selling cakes. He immediately laid an embargo on the whole stock of the itinerant trader, which he divided among his merry companions, reserving for himself about a dozen cakes, which he put into the pockets of his wide breeches. Whilst occupied in housing them, he spied an elegant lady coming towards him, but who was about to turn off to avoid the crowd of boys. The Cossack ran up to her, pulled the cakes three at a time out of his magazine, and offered them to the lady, half dead with fright. *Mamsell good!—Dobre Mamsell!* said he, with a friendly smile. When, however, neither kind words nor gestures could prevail on Mamsell to accept the cakes, he thrust them into her ridicule, and respectfully kissed her fair hands, in spite of all her endeavours to disengage them from his grasp. The lady made a precipitate retreat, and the Cossack watched as long as she was in sight with a look of concern.

The booksellers' shops, where representations of all the Russian nations were to be seen in the windows, were always beset with crowds

of Cossacks, who manifested the greatest joy on discovering themselves among them.

The Cossack colonel, Prince G***n, was quartered with a lady of rank. The footman of the latter, going out of the house one evening about nine o'clock, observed a Cossack before the door, holding two horses. To his utter astonishment, he soon discovered that it was no other than Prince G. his mistress's guest.—“Good God!” said he, “is your highness holding horses?”—“Yes; a Cossack who did not know me, just as I was coming out of the house, asked me to hold them for a moment. I did not like to refuse him; but the fellow stays rather too long. I have been standing here almost an hour.”—“Let me take the bridle; I will hold the horses.”—“No, I must keep my promise which I have given to the Cossack. A Cossack never breaks his word.” Whilst the servant was expressing his surprise at this kind of observance of the word of a prince, the Cossack came up, recognized the illustrious horse-holder, and threw himself at the feet of his colonel, who mildly said, as he went away, “Another time don't stay so long.”

The most ridiculous tales were currently told, with the utmost gravity, concerning these warriors. It was said, for instance, that they were locked fast upon their horses, and only let loose, like wild beasts, on the day of battle; that they were escorted and watched like prisoners by regular troops, otherwise they would carry off every thing they could lay their hands on, women, girls, and children not excepted; that they were never suf-

fered to enter towns or villages, but kept continually in bivouac; that they had poisoned darts, &c.

The Baschkirs distinguished themselves by their dress, bows, and arrows; the Calmucks by their quadrangular faces, flattened noses, small eyes, wide apart from one another, and prominent cheekbones. They were so much alike, that they all seemed to have been cast by Nature in the same mould.

The sight of all these Eastern and Northern hosts transported me back to the times when the Asiatic nations invaded the north of Europe, and occasioned the incursions of more southern tribes into Italy—to the times when the East and West Goths, the Huns and Vandals, the Alani and Suevi, spread devastation over the finest provinces of the Roman empire; and, in the tumult of victory, destroyed the most beautiful and sublime productions of Greece and Rome, in the most flourishing periods of their existence.

I already heard, in imagination, the whips of the Cossacks cracking in the Napoleon Museum—saw Baschkirs hanging up their bows and quivers in the Imperial library, and Calmucks feeding their horses in the mausoleum of French marshals. I saw Paris in flames, like Moscow; and, in later times, in ruins, like Rome and Athens. I saw Kamtschadale pupils, conducted by Tungusian tutors, travelling to this second Rome, to acquire classical notions of beauty in its majestic remains. I saw learned Wotjaks and Tscheremisses, Kirgises and Mestscheraiks, Borabinzes and Katschinzes, Jakutes, Aleutes, and Kurilians, eagerly turning up the

ruins of the Louvre in search of manuscripts, and selling such as they were fortunate enough to recover, at enormous prices, to Tschuktsian and Samojede librarians. Such were the scenes which my prophetic imagination was depicting, as I stood at the corner of

a street, when I was suddenly roused from my reverie by a man who rudely thrust me aside, that he might post up the Russian and Prussian proclamations, addressed to the good people of the Saxon metropolis.

RETRIBUTIVE JUSTICE.

CHARLES VON WALLING was brought up by his uncle at a lonely castle in the Black Forest. His uncle had been the chamberlain and favourite of a German prince. Grown grey amidst the intrigues of a court life, he had retired after the death of the prince to this his family castle; here he lived secluded from the world, engaged solely in the education of his nephew. He taught him to despise every principle that could obstruct him in the pursuit of fortune; and his precepts fell upon a fertile soil. At the age of eighteen Charles was a consummate egotist; artful and sly, he concealed under a most prepossessing exterior a heart thoroughly depraved and capable of every villany. With secret joy the uncle beheld the seed which he had sown spring up luxuriantly, and congratulated himself upon his success. He had a very old friend at the court of the King of Poland, and to him he recommended his hopeful nephew. Provided with abundance of regulations for his future conduct and a small stock of money, Charles arrived at Warsaw, where he was appointed to a lieutenantcy in the king's guards. He soon perceived that his limited income was insufficient for his purpose, and that money was the first

and most essential requisite for advancing his fortune. He considered of the means of obtaining it, and hit upon the usual expedient of adventurers. His handsome figure afforded him hopes of an advantageous matrimonial connection, and with eager eyes he surveyed the wealthy heiresses of the country. The young Countess Dobrovska was one of the first that attracted his notice. Her parents were recently deceased, and had left the orphan Paulina a considerable fortune.

So richly as she was endowed by Fortune, so unkindly had she been treated by Nature. Destitute of those female charms by which her companions were distinguished, she supplied the deficiency of external perfections by extraordinary goodness of heart and more than common understanding. She had the good sense to be aware, that it was impossible for her to captivate a man by beauty; the idea of being sought in marriage merely for the sake of her property was intolerable to her: she therefore resolved to continue single. Too soon, however, certain wishes sprung up in her bosom, and occasioned her many a painful hour. It was at this time that she became acquainted with Charles; cunning

as he was, he had no difficulty to discover the real state of her heart. Expert in the arts of hypocrisy, he succeeded in deceiving the inexperienced Paulina. The attentions of the handsome youth, who solemnly protested that the possession of her excellent heart, and not her fortune, was the object of his ambition, vanquished her resolution, and in a few weeks she was his wife. Scarcely was the nuptial ceremony over and Charles master of her property, when he threw off the mask. Too late did the deluded Paulina discover her error, but she bore the ill usage which she received with the patience of an angel. Unaccustomed to possess much money, Charles indulged in the most extravagant excesses, and launched into expences that far surpassed his income. Paulina ventured to remonstrate with him on the subject in the most delicate manner: her representations were answered with sovereign contempt alone; and all she could do was to lament in silence her unfortunate mistake, while her husband hurried from one amusement to another, and squandered her property in the company of gamblers and prostitutes. The natural consequence was, that in a few years he had involved himself in an ocean of debts. Necessity compelled him to devise the means of extricating himself; for he was anxious that the decline of his circumstances should not be publicly known. About this period a brilliant phenomenon engaged the attention of the Polish court. The young Princess Sultikowska had come for the first time to Warsaw. Her father, Prince Sultikovsky, commander in chief

of the armies, had kept her in the country for the purpose of education. Fortune seemed to have chosen Ludovica for her favourite. Profusely gifted with all the charms of youth and beauty, she was at the same time the daughter of the most powerful starost of the realm. It was no wonder therefore that the sight of her inflamed all hearts. Noble birth, high connections, wealth—in a word, all that the most ambitious can desire, were here combined with the face of a Venus and the figure of a Juno. Who could remain indifferent to such advantages and perfections? Touched by the magic wand of this mighty fairy, Charles was not one of the last to do homage to her power. Ludovica the fair—and what to him was infinitely more important—the wealthy Ludovica could extricate him at once from the abyss of his embarrassments, and conduct him into a paradise where superabundance prevailed, and honours would pour down from heaven upon him—but—he was married! This idea, like the angel with the fiery sword, scared him away from the gate of this paradise. What would he now have given to have been free! Had he not been a coward, like all villains, Paulina's life would have been in danger; but for such a step he wanted courage. With refined baseness he now treated his wife with redoubled cruelty. The unfortunate Paulina endured reproaches, threats, and even violence with Spartan patience and without a murmur. The fury of her husband was inflamed to the highest pitch, when he perceived that he was not indifferent to Ludovica. The art-

ful hypocrite had in fact made some impression upon her youthful heart. With vulgar rage, he cursed the ties that bound him to Paulina; and his fury was augmented whenever he considered the impossibility of dissolving this connection, for he was a Catholic.

Such was the state of things, when Charles unexpectedly received intelligence that his uncle was dead, and had bequeathed to him the old castle in the Black Forest. This information flashed like lightning through his brain. After a few moments' reflections, he exclaimed, with the malignant exultation of an infernal—"Yes—that shall be my plan—thou art mine Ludovica—thou art mine!"—From this day he completely changed his behaviour towards Paulina: instead of the imperious tyrant, he became all at once the most complaisant and tender of husbands. Paulina, suspecting nothing, returned thanks to Heaven with tears of joy for this happy alteration.

It was not till some weeks afterwards that Charles acquainted his wife with the death of his uncle, and the inheritance which he had left him. He represented to her the necessity of going in person to take possession of the castle, and invited Paulina to accompany him. She, who had no other will than that of a husband whom she tenderly loved, cheerfully consented, and they commenced their journey. Long affliction had impaired Paulina's health; the inconveniencies of travelling were felt by her the more severely; by the time they reached Dresden she found herself indisposed, but fearful of giving uneasiness to her husband, she forbore to complain. The violence

which she did herself aggravated her situation so much, that she arrived dangerously ill at the castle. Charles, with satanic joy, perceived her condition; but without taking the least notice of it, he compelled the sufferer, under the pretence of haste, to pass whole nights upon the road. At the castle the patient was committed to the management of an ignorant village barber, who would certainly have brought her to the grave had not her sound constitution finally triumphed. She was already convalescent, when one morning a report was circulated through the castle, that her ladyship had died the preceding night. Charles affected to be inconsolable for her loss, and caused her to be interred with great pomp. Every one was firmly convinced of her decease; but the unfortunate woman still lived, to die a more horrible death—for so it was concerted between the demon her husband and an old servant of his uncle's, whose assistance he secured by the promise of a pension.

Paulina was rendered insensible by an opiate, and the inhabitants of the castle were deceived. The night after her interment, Charles, with the help of his accomplice, removed her into a subterraneous vault, there to linger upon a scanty allowance, unseen and unpitied. Who can describe the horror of the forlorn creature when, awaking from her stupor, she found herself in this damp dungeon, extended upon dirty straw! From the old servant who brought her allowance of bread and water, she learned the dreadful circumstances attending her unhappy fate.

(*To be continued.*)



THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

PLATE 2.—MERCERS' HALL, CHEAPSIDE.

ON the site of this building stood, in ancient times, a hospital dedicated to St. Thomas of Acre or Acon, founded by Thomas Fitz-Theobald de Helei and his wife Agnes, sister to Thomas à Becket, the canonized Archbishop of Canterbury, who was born on the same spot.

At this place each new lord mayor formerly met the aldermen on the day on which he was sworn at the Exchequer, and went with them in solemn procession to St. Paul's, to pray at the tomb and for the soul of their benefactor, William, Bishop of London in the time of William the Conqueror. They then went to the church-yard, to the place where Thomas à Becket's parents were interred, and prayed for all faithful souls departed; and thence returned to the hospital, where the mayor and aldermen made an offering of one penny each.

Stow mentions a fair and beautiful chapel before this hospital, towards the street, arched over with stone. It was founded by Sir John Allen, lord mayor in 1525, who was buried in it: but his tomb being afterwards removed into the body of the church belonging to the hospital, this chapel was converted into shops.

This hospital was among the ecclesiastical establishments suppressed by Henry VIII. when its annual revenue was valued at 277*l.* 3*s.* 4*d.* It was afterwards purchased by the Mercers' Company, at the instigation of Sir Thomas Gresham, for the purpose of a hall.

The whole pile was destroyed by the great fire in 1666, but handsomely rebuilt by the company in its present form.

The front towards Cheapside, as may be seen in the annexed engraving, is highly ornamented.—The door-case is enriched with two Cupids mantling the arms, festoons, and other embellishments; and above the balcony it is adorned with two pilasters, entablature, and pediment, of the Ionic order. The intercolumniations are occupied with figures of Faith and Hope, and in a niche under the cornice of the pediment is that of Charity. The hall itself, with the chapel and ambulatory, is a magnificent building. The hall and great parlour are finely wainscoted with oak, and adorned with pilasters of the Ionic order, the ceiling being decorated with fret work. The stately piazzas are formed by large columns, and their entablature is of the Doric order. In the hall are the arms of England, the city, and the court of assistants, besides portraits of Sir Thomas Gresham and some other distinguished persons.

The Mercers' Company, which is the first of the twelve principal companies, was incorporated in 1393, and has numbered among its members several kings and princes, and upwards of one hundred lord mayors. It has ever been a public-spirited body. We have already seen, that after the destruction of the Royal Exchange by the dreadful conflagration in 1666, that building would not have re-appeared in its present magnificent state but

for the munificence of this company. It supports St. Paul's school and Mercers' school in London, and the schools of Horsham, in Sussex, and Lavington, Wiltshire. Several hospitals, numerous lectures, and twenty-two exhibitions

at the universities, are kept up by its bounty; of the extent of which some idea may be formed, when it is known that it distributes upwards of 3900*l.* annually for charitable purposes.

THE MODERN SPECTATOR.

No. LII.

An Oriental tale has been thought, by writers of eminence, to be an agreeable and impressive mode of conveying instruction, particularly on the higher topics of morality.

GOLDSMITH.

I HAVE received the following story from a correspondent whom I do not know, but who, I have reason to believe, has favoured me with his occasional communications; and I have no doubt that my readers will be pleased with that which I have now the pleasure of offering to their perusal. Whether the story is founded on historical fact, or proceeds from the writer's imagination, I have no means of ascertaining; but, as it is a fair picture of human nature, and an instructive moral may, in either case, be drawn from it, the consequence is immaterial, whether it is the work of an inventive mind, or taken from the pages of an historical volume.

AN ARABIAN TALE.

Nature had exhausted all her art to render Persia a perfect paradise; but the passions of men, for many centuries past, have contrived to transform it into a comparative desert. Both the Eastern and Western histories have furnished more accounts of intestine wars in this empire, than in any other part of the world. In the progress of one of them, Giaffar, a descendant of the ancient kings,

resolved to quit his native country. He could, without difficulty, have collected a considerable party, who would have rejoiced to place him at their head, and by whose powerful assistance and faithful support he might have obtained possession of the throne; but he had formed an opinion, which he determined should be the principle of his actions, that grandeur was too dearly purchased at the expence of blood, whether of friends or enemies, and could not therefore be enjoyed in peace; and for peace he languished, as the greatest good of life.

Soliman, at that time Caliph of Damascus, was a prince, the virtues of whose character rendered him altogether worthy of the high situation which his superior qualities adorned. In short, such was his excellence, and so uniformly was it displayed in all the duties of his high office, that even his most jealous enemies could alledge nothing against him, but that he halted in his gait, and was too much addicted to the pleasures of his table. The former was a mere defect in his person, which did not originate in himself, and the latter

could not be considered, with any justice, as interfering with his public virtues, which were universally acknowledged. Happy, indeed, is that country where the sovereign devours only the delicacies of his banquets, instead of the wealth and labour of his subjects. With Soliman Giaffar took refuge in Damascus. The caliph had already heard of his superior qualities; and, as virtue loves its own resemblance, he promised the illustrious fugitive his protection, and appointed a day to give him audience.

At the time appointed, Giaffar entered the royal apartment, when the caliph's habitual affability changed suddenly into displeasure and disquietude; and these emotions were quickly followed by a paroxysm of rage. "Begone, thou wicked wretch!" said he to Giaffar, "instantly leave my presence, which thou hast sought in order to execute the designs of baseness and infamy!" He then quitted the throne, and rushed, in an apparent state of the utmost displeasure and apprehension, into an adjoining chamber.

Giaffar's astonishment may be readily conceived, when, conscious of his innocence, he found himself considered as a criminal of the first magnitude; and when Soliman, whose character for kindness, moderation, and justice to all that approached him, was proverbial throughout his dominions, should be suddenly converted into a violent and merciless tyrant, when he appeared in his presence. He at first scarce believed what he saw; but a little reflection convinced him, that he should be shortly seized and executed for an offence

of which he not only was altogether innocent, but of the nature of which he could not entertain the most distant idea.

On his return to the caravansera, he was informed of a report which was then spreading throughout the city, that a stranger had approached the sovereign presence with a concealed poison, which was discovered by the particular appearance of a stone the caliph wore on his finger, which had the property of notifying, by a certain change it underwent, the vicinity of poison*.

The more violent apprehensions of Giaffar were shortly dispersed by the orders he received not only to quit Damascus, but every part of the caliph's dominions. He, however, obtained means to procure another audience of the vizier, to whom he communicated the mysterious circumstance that had occasioned the caliph's displeasure.

Having, for many years, lived in a frequent state of apprehension that he might fall into the hands of his enemies, the consequence of which would be a cruel and lingering death, he constantly wore, as a safeguard from the tortures of such a situation, a ring of peculiar contrivance, beneath the stone of which was concealed a poison of a nature so potent, that, in the instant of swallowing it, death was effected. This fact being proved by the application of the deleterious leaf to several animals, the circumstance was made known to

* Count Caylus, in his *History of Gems*, mentions, that the existence of such a stone is related among the philosophical whimsies of the Arabian writers.

Soliman, who hastened, with all the anxiety of his most rigid justice, to indemnify Giaffar by every possible mark of his regard and favour.

The caliph now entrusted him with the most important affairs of his government; and he succeeded in every undertaking which he submitted to Giaffar's direction, whose character daily increased, not only in the opinion of his sovereign, but of every class of subjects in his extensive dominions. But while the minister attended to the due administration of those public affairs which were entrusted to his wisdom, he was anxiously vigilant in the education of his own family; and his sons became as renowned for their talents and their virtues as their father had been, and were equally respected and beloved by all ranks of people. The house of Giaffar, however, attained its highest degree of wealth and honour in the person of his son Jahia. By the caliph of his day, he was entrusted with the education of his secondson, Haroun Alraschid; who, under such tuition, became the most accomplished prince of that age, as well in the arts of peace as in those of war. While he led the armies of his country to victory, and made his name terrible to its enemies, he cultivated science in the bosom of peace, was the encourager of learning and the patron of learned men; in short, by the greatness of his mind and the goodness of his heart, he so endeared himself to his father, that he meditated the resignation of his dominions to him, in preference to his elder brother.

Jahia was rejoiced to see, that his pupil was thought worthy of a

throne by his royal father, who, from his long experience, was such a consummate judge of the qualities necessary to fulfil the duties attached to sovereign power; but he felt a still greater pride from his confidence in the virtue of the young prince, which would not suffer him to accept the royal inheritance, to the prejudice of his elder brother, who, in the course of natural succession, was rightful heir to the crown. In this expectation he was not disappointed; for Haroun declined his father's proposition, and contented himself with succeeding on the death of his brother. The caliph died soon after this arrangement had taken place, and Hadi, the eldest son, ascended the throne of his father.

The new sovereign did not fail to testify his gratitude to Jahia by the most unbounded confidence, and the most important concerns of his dominions were subjected to the controul of his faithful minister, whom he elevated to the office of vizier. Thus, for a time, all the affairs of government were crowned with success, and prosperity distinguished the reign of Hadi. But the splendour of his power did not satisfy him, and a jealousy of his brother Haroun disturbed the happiness he might otherwise have enjoyed without interruption. Unmindful that he owed his kingdom and his crown to the inviolable justice which influenced the life and actions of that excellent prince, he could not bear to view in him the successor to his throne; and having a son, who was now three years old, he formed a determination to exclude his brother from the succession, in favour of the child.

This important and disgraceful object could not be well obtained without the assistance of Jahia; and he accordingly unfolded to him the secret wish of his heart. But the faithful minister, feeling the dishonour and foreseeing the calamities that might result from the attempt to carry such a design into execution, reminded him, with the submission of an honoured servant, and the courage of a faithful minister, of the respect due to the will of his father made known in that testament, which was the last act of his life; as well as of the gratitude which he owed to such a noble-minded, generous, and disinterested brother, and the duty incumbent on the monarch of being faithful to his word.

As these arguments seemed to have produced no effect on the mind of the caliph, he proceeded to represent to him, the high consideration in which Haroun was held by the people; the infant age of his son; the violent prejudices entertained by the Arabs against being governed by a child; and the probability that his reign, which had commenced under the auspices of peace and general harmony, would be instantly disturbed by prosecuting such an unexpected measure, which would require the sword to support it; and he dared, in the integrity of his heart, to suggest, that, in such a contest, his own crown might be endangered, if it should still be permitted to remain on his head.

The caliph appeared to listen to the counsels of Jahia with a complacent attention, while the most determined revenge rankled in his heart. Nor did he long delay to

attempt the gratification of it. That very evening, he sent for one of his courtiers, whom he considered as the most submissive to his will, and ordered him to procure the instant assassination of Haroun and Jahia; a commission very seldom disobeyed in the courts of Oriental sovereigns, as the custom appears to have prevailed, of allowing the officer who superintended such an act to inherit the fortune of his victim: on this occasion, however, it appears to have failed; for such was the veneration felt for Jahia in every bosom throughout the empire, except in his who governed it, that the slave appointed to the office, risked his own life in refusing to execute the commission. The same night, while he was employed in forming a more certain mode of executing the fatal deed which he meditated, Hadi died, but not without suspicion, that his mother, alarmed for the life of her favourite Haroun, had forgotten on the occasion, that she was a woman and a parent.

Jahia had long been regarded as the second person in the state, and his power now became more confirmed by the succession of a prince who owed every thing to him; his life, his kingdom, the formation of his mind, and, above all, that he surpassed the most renowned men of his dominions in greatness of soul, as in the splendour of power. He was a hero in war, but he was a philosopher in peace, and invited, from different parts of the world, persons accomplished in the various branches of learning and science, whom he rewarded with his bounties, and distinguished by his favour. But he did not acquire the

love and veneration of his subjects from his cultivation of knowledge, so much as from his inviolable attachment to justice, the right exe-

cution of the laws, and the consequent happiness of his people.

(To be continued.)

THE CATACOMBS OF THEBES.

AMONG the many spacious excavations formed in the mountains of Egypt that are still accessible, there is none that remains uninjured by time; on the contrary, they all exhibit a spectacle of complete derangement and destruction. The mummies lie neither in their receptacles nor in their places, but in the utmost confusion on the ground, which is quite covered with them, so that the passage is here and there obstructed by their multitude. You are obliged to walk over them, whilst they break to pieces under your weight, and you have frequently great difficulty to extricate your feet from the bones and rags in which they get entangled. Such a scene at first excites feelings of horror; but you soon become familiarized with it, especially as the embalmed bodies have nothing disagreeable either for the sight or the smell. The pitchy smell of the mummies, though strong, is not unpleasant, and has not the least similarity to that of a corpse. On the other hand, a very different sentiment from disgust engages and disturbs the traveller. As the embalmed bodies are all wrapped in cloth thickly overspread with pitch, the smallest spark is liable to set them in flames, and it would be scarcely possible to escape from such a conflagration, especially in the deeper or more crooked catacombs, or in those whose galleries and entrances are so choked up that

you are obliged to creep in and out of them upon your belly. As artificial light is the only sort that ever illumines these repositories, it is easy to conceive what danger attends the exploring of their recesses, with a wax-candle in one hand, whilst with the other the wanderer seeks a point of support. The idea of such a conflagration cannot fail to strike him, as the Arabs frequently pile up fragments of mummies which they have broken to pieces at the entrances of the catacombs, and kindle with them large fires, which are visible to a great distance, and often continue burning all night. It is evident too that mummies have been fired, either accidentally or on purpose, within the catacombs themselves, the walls and roofs of which are at such places turned quite black. Should any European have fallen a victim to his curiosity in these labyrinths, it must have been a death of inexpressible torment and horror.

Besides all kinds of small coins, thousands of which are scattered over the floor of the catacombs, you meet with amulets, small statues, and fragments of larger ones, as well of terra cotta and porcelain, as of stone, alabaster, and granite. All these articles are genuine, and of great value not only on this account, but also for the series of hieroglyphics which appear upon them. On the other

hand, the objects of this sort which you meet with in Lower Egypt, are always mutilated, of inferior workmanship, nay, even sometimes productions of modern art. A great quantity of fragments of stone are intermixed with the relics of art, especially in those grottos which have suffered from fire; the flames having acted upon the stone of the roof and split it in every direction. This state of the roof contrasts not a little with that of the side walls, which are smooth and polished. Thus at the present day every thing lies in complete disorder in the catacombs of Thebes. The paintings and basso relievos have not suffered so much. Here and there indeed you come to a fragment of painting or sculpture, which has become detached from the wall and fallen upon the ground; but this is the case only in the wide and easily accessible vaults, where travellers themselves have sometimes endeavoured to disengage portions of paintings, in order to convey them to Europe.

It is astonishing what a number of bats fill these receptacles and the wells in them, and are incessantly fluttering about with a piercing and disagreeable cry. It requires a very strong feeling of curiosity to overcome the disgust excited by a stay of an hour or two among these odious animals. The heat prevailing in the catacombs is likewise almost intolerable; it is partly occasioned by the lights and respiration in the narrow passages, and partly an effect of the ordinary temperature in all the subterraneous places in Egypt. In the catacombs Reaumur's thermometer stands continually at 22°, and in

the well of the pyramids it even rose to 25°.

Another circumstance, which not unfrequently occasions the ruin of the roof, is the sinking of the pillars that support it. In consequence of this, large masses of the roof sometimes tumble in, and whoever is not upon his guard against such accidents might easily be crushed to death. Thus M. Jomard (from whose account of these catacombs in the splendid work on Egypt, published at the expence of the French government, this article is extracted,) relates, that, whilst he was engaged in drawing, a quarter of a pillar gave way, and grazed his head in the fall. Another time his life was in the greatest danger from fire accidentally kindled at the entrance. By means of the pitch and other combustible matters, the flames had quickly communicated to the pieces of cloth, cotton, and wood that happened to be lying about. "I was just then with two Arabs in a well twelve feet deep, out of which we had to ascend by means of ropes, then to go upwards of thirty paces over very difficult ground, and at length to creep out at a very small hole, which fortunately was not obstructed by the flames."—"The fire went out of itself," says the writer, "and it was not till our departure from the vault, that the burning hot ashes over which we had to pass, and the blackened walls, convinced us of the magnitude of the danger which we had incurred."

"It was the 3. of October, 1799," continues M. Jomard, "about five o'clock in the afternoon, that two of our people ventured pretty far into a catacomb most magnificently

decorated, and composed of halls, galleries, and narrow passages, forming frequent angles. When in such excursions, the curious stranger often stops, and the imagination is very strongly affected by the extraordinary and wholly new objects that meet the eye; the distance passed appears greater, and the turnings more numerous. The wax-taper carried in the hand dispels but a small portion of the obscurity in which these subterraneous regions are enveloped. Thus many a superfluous step is taken to the right and left, and five hundred paces in a straight line seem like a thousand."

The wanderers in their progress had come to a well, according to their conjecture, about 30 feet deep: in order to reach the other side, they had been obliged to get upon the brink of it, and to creep along upon their hands and feet. As they had neither paid particular attention to the turnings they had made, nor examined the ground as they advanced, they imagined that they might have passed other wells; as indeed there are many of much greater depth in these catacombs. Upon the whole, they had a very confused or even a false notion of the spot where they were. By a most dangerous improvidence, they had provided themselves with no more than two wax-candles for their excursion. They were just engaged in contemplating some basso relievos, when suddenly a whole flock of bats sallied forth from a neighbouring passage, and agitated the air to such a degree that one of their candles was extinguished. The person who held it, instantly went to light it again at his companion's;

but at the very moment a similar accident befel that also. They now found themselves involved in profound darkness, in the midst of the labyrinth, and surrounded by abysses. For a few seconds the glimmering wicks of the extinguished tapers afforded a faint ray of light, which they employed to retrace their steps with the utmost precipitation. This last gleam expired, and the darkness became still more profound. After the wanderers had recovered from their first fright, and reason had gained the ascendancy over the imagination, they agreed upon certain signals in case they should be separated from one another. One of them clapped his hands repeatedly as loud as he could; the other called for help with loud and piercing cries, but received no answer, save here and there a fearful echo. As they had not commenced their subterraneous excursion till towards evening, their companions had already set out on their return to the Nile, about half a league distant. It was the more unlikely that they should be heard by any of the Arabs, as very few of these people are accustomed to reside in the catacombs. They, nevertheless, repeatedly shouted and hallooed, and then anxiously listened for an answer, but to no purpose; a dismal silence, and the still more dismal fluttering of the bats, convinced them that they were alone.

One of them now proposed to search for the well which they had passed. In order to find their way back to it, it was necessary that they should be able to recollect all the turnings and corners which

they had followed in going, and to distinguish them by the touch. They, nevertheless, determined to make this precarious trial, and the better to explore the ground, they agreed to lay hold of hands, extending their legs as wide as possible, while at every step each of them should with the other hand feel along the side of the gallery or the ground. In this manner they covered a space of from nine to twelve feet; especially as one of them was provided with an iron crow for the purpose of detaching the mummies. By means of this kind of chain they minutely explored the way, and were sure not to pass a wall, an outlet, or a well, without discovering it. After they had gone some hundred paces, they suddenly lost both the side walls at once, and perceived that they were in a cross road. They turned back in alarm, till they came again to the wall. Apprehensive lest their strength should fail them, they quickly resolved to follow the wall on the right side only, and not to leave it, however it might turn and wind; a plan which was sure either to lead them deeper and deeper into the labyrinth, or to the ardently desired outlet.

Along this wall they now continued their course for some distance, at one time slowly, for fear of coming to abysses, at another rapidly, out of anxiety to reach the well which they had before passed. They already began to be exhausted, and the silence of each betrayed to the other how near they were to despair, when all at once the foremost felt the border of the well. Both of them immediately sat down upon the narrow ledge; with their

head and back against the wall, and their legs and more than half their thighs hanging over the abyss, they shoved themselves gently along with their hands, not more than six inches at a time. Before they reached the opposite side of the well, the hand of one of the wanderers slipped; he caught at the other, and had nearly pulled him along with him into the abyss. The latter had luckily reached the farther corner of the well, which he grasped with all his might, and thus afforded a point of support to his comrade, who saved himself with difficulty. Having both passed the abyss, they persevered in their resolution of following the right-hand wall. It was not long before a scarcely perceptible gleam of light, apparently very far distant, met their eye. Uncertain respecting the cause of this appearance, doubtful whether it were a mere delusion of the senses, or the lamp of an Arab, or a luminous exhalation, they hastened with all possible expedition towards the cheering phenomenon. The light seemed to increase; it was not red like the flame of a lamp, but whitish, and seemed to have no defined limits. They now bethought themselves, that the sun must be near setting, and that it was possible his parting rays might penetrate to the bottom of the catacomb, and be thence reflected. Struck with this suddenly conceived idea, they now hurried without further precaution towards the luminous place. What they had seen was day-light. The reflection of the atmosphere had actually reached the farthest extremity of the principal avenue of the catacomb, and this light had been reflected

upon the nearest passages to a distance of 280 feet. The travellers had not gone a step out of the way on their return, and the well which they had cleared with such peril, was the very same which they had before passed. With throbbing hearts they now proceeded to the

entrance of the catacomb; and one of them, suddenly seized with a feeling not of joy, but terror, ran thither quite out of breath. Both, after experiencing the most painful vicissitudes of hope and despair, returned safe and sound to their companions.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

MR. ACKERMANN has issued proposals for publishing, by subscription, a large Print of *Field-Marshal Prince Blücher of Wahlstadt*, on horseback, from a painting by Professor C. Bach, of Breslau. The original portrait was painted for Princess Blücher, and, upon application, the picture was, with the greatest condescension, sent over from Silesia to the publisher. This only correct portrait represents the veteran hero full of martial fire. In the back-ground is seen the bustle of the battle of the Katzbach, subsequent to which the picture was painted. The engraving, in mezzotinto, by Charles Turner, will be ready for delivery by the middle of July; the size will be 23 by 19 inches.

Mr. Ackermann announces, that a new edition of Mr. F. Accum's popular work on *Gas-Light* is gone to press.

Such of our readers as recollect the interesting and humorous *Letters from Italy* which appeared in the early volumes of the *Repository of Arts*, will rejoice, that, by their republication, an opportunity is afforded of possessing them in a separate form, improved by the revision and additions of the author, and illustrated by maps, views, and other engravings. The sudden

turn that affairs have recently taken in Naples, to which country the work more particularly relates, and the renewed intercourse which may be expected to take place between the classic regions of Italy and the British islands, must enhance the value of the information contained in this volume, as well to those who do not, as to those who do, meditate an excursion to that beautiful peninsula.

Mr. G. Male is engraving, in mezzotinto, under the immediate inspection of Mr. Dawe, a whole-length *Portrait of Miss O'Neill in the Character of Juliet*, from the admirable picture painted by that artist. The size will be 27 inches by 17. The print will be ready for delivery by the end of the summer. The picture may be seen at 22, Newman-street, where names of subscribers are received.

Mr. Walker proposes to publish, by subscription, a print from the celebrated picture of *The Entombment of our Saviour*, by Lionel Spada, lately exhibited at the European Gallery. In this piece, the foreshortening of the figure of Christ is so astonishing and truly magical, that it fully warrants the title this performance has obtained, of the *Miraculous Entombment*.—The subject is rendered the more

interesting; by the artist having introduced the portrait of Annibal Caracci in the character of Joseph of Arimathea; the portrait of Ludovico Caracci as Nicodemus; and that of Pope Leo X. as St. Peter holding the key. The size of the print will be 26 inches by 20.

Mr. Charles Smith, the artist, one of the British prisoners in France during the late war, has announced, by subscription, a sacred epic poem, entitled *The Mosiad, or the Deliverance of Egypt from Egyptian Bondage*.

Dr. Halliday proposes to have ready some time this year, his *Observations in a Tour through certain Provinces of Eastern Russia*; namely, Nizhnei Novogorod, Cazan, Orenburg or Ufa, Zaubersky, &c.: wherein will be given an account of the Bashkiers, Tschuvashes, Mordvas, Tipteru, and Mecherikee Tartars, forming the Bizurtnee Kozack regiments, &c.; a description of the great yearly market at Makarea, in the government of Nizhnei Novogorod, &c.

The hydrographer of that useful periodical work, *The Naval Chronicle*, has nearly ready for publication, an edition of the entertaining *Adventures of Robinson Crusoe*, a work which, next to the inspired volume, has perhaps afforded more delight and moral instruction than any book in the English language. The present edition will appear in such a form as to be entitled to a place in the most select libraries. It will be revised and corrected with a view to the particular advancement of nautical education, illustrated by technical and geographical annotations, and embellished with maps and wood-cuts.

The Rev. Samuel Burder is preparing for the press, a new edition of the late Dr. Gibbons's *Memoirs of eminently pious Women*. A new volume will be added, containing accounts of such as have died within these twenty years; so that the whole will be comprised in 3 vols. 8vo. embellished with eighteen portraits, engraved by Hopwood.

Messrs. Robinsons and Holdsworth, of Leeds, have issued proposals for publishing, by subscription, a new Map of the extensive county of York, from an actual survey. As no survey has been taken since that by Jeffreys, in the middle of the last century, the necessity of such a work will be evident from a view of the changes which have taken place since that period. The great triangles, with the latitudes and longitudes of the county, will be laid down, from Colonel Mudge's trigonometrical survey, by Messrs. N. and F. Giles, of New Inn, London, as a grand basis to the general survey. The angular survey of the small triangles will be made upon that basis, by Mr. C. Greenwood, of Wakefield, under the inspection of Messrs. Giles; and Mr. C. Greenwood will also superintend the admeasurement of the full survey of the county. The drawing of the original map for the engraver will be made by Mr. William Mounsey, of Otley; and the engraving executed by a first-rate artist, under the immediate inspection of Messrs. Giles and Greenwood. The whole will be on a scale of three quarters of an inch to a mile, and consist of two parts of four sheets each.

Mr. W. Gregson, of Liverpool, has prepared for the press a few

choice MSS. under the title of *Fragments of the History of Lancashire*.

Mr. Ford proposes to publish, on the plan of Britton's *Architectural Antiquities*, a series of engravings from drawings by Mr. Palmer, of Cheetham's College, in Manchester, to be followed by a similar series of the Collegiate Church in the same town, which is one of the finest specimens of Gothic architecture now remaining.

Mr. Thomas Howell is preparing for publication, *An Account of Shrewsbury and its Environs*, illustrated by wood-cuts of the principal buildings.

Captain Algernon Langton has made considerable progress in a translation from the Spanish, of *The Life and Adventures of the Squire Marcon de Obregon*.

Mr. Dyer has in the press, in one large octavo volume (corresponding with his *History of the University*), *The Privileges of the University of Cambridge*; containing a chronological table of all its charters, from the earliest to more modern times, together with a series of the principal charters themselves, and various other public instruments and documents relating to the university.

Mr. Thomas Noble, of Liverpool, announces a poem, under the title of *Hampden, or the Concentric*, in which the leading circumstances of the life of that celebrated patriot will be exhibited.

Barrington Mowbray, Esq. has a new work in the press, *On the Breeding, Rearing, and Management of Domestic Poultry, Pigeons, and Rabbits*, from memorandums made during nearly forty years

practice; accompanied with a practical and experimental account of the mode of hatching the eggs of various fowls by artificial heat, after the method of the Egyptians.

Mr. Minasi has just published the first portion of his *Academical Studies, after the most eminent Masters*, containing the following engravings:—1. A Female Figure, drawn from the life by Flaxman, and engraved by Cheeseman: 2. A Male Figure, from the life, by West, engraved by Minasi: 3. A Female Figure, intended to represent Eve, from the life, likewise by West, and the last performance of the late Louis Schiavonetti: 4. A Female Figure, from the life, by Cosway, engraved by Minasi: 5. The Plague Stayed, or David's Repentance, an historical subject, after West, by Cheeseman, which obtained the gold medal from the Society of Arts. These specimens are fully equal to the high expectations that were formed on the announcement of the work. The selection has been made from the best academic studies of those who excel most in drawing the human figure. Mr. Minasi has copied with great faithfulness the manner of his prototypes; the engraving is chaste, yet masterly; the figures upon a magnificent scale, and his improved method of printing gives these engravings an air of originality; indeed they may be considered fac-similes of the admirable studies of which they are copies. In an age like the present, when the art of design is cultivated by amateurs with an extraordinary emulation, these examples of elegance of form, truth of drawing, and breadth of light and shadow,

cannot fail to improve the taste of those who will copy them with attention. Such a work has long been wanting, as very little assistance has hitherto been afforded by any preceding performance that treats of the human figure. We have much pleasure in being able to add, that

great and deserved encouragement has been given to the ingenious projector of this work, which, in this early stage, has been placed not only in the port-folios of the most distinguished personages, but also in the studies of the artist and connoisseur.

RETROSPECT OF POLITICS.

ITALY.

THANKS to the valour of the Austrian arms, it becomes our pleasing task, in this Retrospect, to record the downfall of the ostler-king Murat, and the restoration of the beautiful kingdom of Naples to its legitimate sovereign.

In our last report we detailed the operations in Italy up to the 27th April, when the advanced guard of the centre of the Austrian army, under General Bianchi, had arrived at Foligno, and thereby totally cut off Murat from Rome, as well as from the principal road of communication with Naples. At the same time, General Neipperg continued his progress with the left wing along the shores of the Adriatic; while General Nugent, with the extreme right, advanced by Rome; and thus still more interposed in the rear of Murat. The usurper, now only perceiving the danger of his situation, resolved to cut his way through the army of General Bianchi. He left a strong rear guard at Sinigaglia, to detain General Neipperg, changed front, and with the bulk of his army marched from Ancona towards Foligno. Although, from the rapidity of General Bianchi's march, the whole of his troops had not yet

come up, he nevertheless determined to face the enemy, and to dispute with him the important possession of the great road. He therefore moved forward through Tolentino, and in front of that place took a judicious and strong position on the river Chienti. On the morning of the 2d May, Murat began his attack with desperate violence, and continued it on various points of the Austrian line during the whole day; but all his efforts proved fruitless. Early on the next day Murat recurred to the charge, and fell with great masses on the Austrian left; but he was as completely repulsed as on the day before, compelled to abandon the field of battle, and forced to retrace his steps upon Macerata, whither he was pursued by General Mohr. His loss in killed and wounded was very great, including among the latter three generals, and the Austrians took upwards of 1200 prisoners. Murat was now under the necessity of resuming his retreat along the eastern coast of Italy, by the way of Fermo and Pescara, through roads so little fit for the passage of an army, that his artillery was obliged to be embarked in a port of the Adriatic.

Bianchi, perceiving his enemy

involved among the mountains, now again turned about, in order once more to intercept him on his march to the capital, and to form a junction with the corps of General Nugent. The latter had already made good his entry into the kingdom of Naples by the way of Rieti, possessed himself by capitulation of the important fort of Aquila, and advanced into the heart of the country, driving before him another army, called the Army of the Interior, which he forced to cross the Garigliano, and to fall back upon St. Germano. Here Murat joined the army of the interior on the 14th May, with a considerable body of the main army, and having thus a great superiority, attacked the Austrians, who retired in the best order upon their position on the Garigliano. This attack was probably made with the intention of securing the personal escape of Murat, who immediately afterwards fled to Naples.

On his arrival there, he found matters in a desperate situation. A British squadron of two or three ships, under Capt. Campbell, after taking the French frigate *Melpomene*, in her attempt to escape from Naples, and chasing a small French squadron into Gaëta, had appeared in the bay of Naples, and threatened to bombard the city. To avoid this, and the consequences which it might produce among the inhabitants of Naples, who were already in a state of great ferment, Madame Murat had entered into a capitulation with Commodore Campbell on the 11th, by which all the Neapolitan navy, the naval arsenals, dock-yards, &c. were to be surrendered to the joint disposal

of the King of England and of Ferdinand IV. Under such circumstances, Naples afforded no resting place for the fugitive Joachim: he therefore again betook himself to flight, and French accounts inform us, that he arrived on the 25th May at Cannes, in Provence, the same place where Bonaparte had landed on coming from Elba. The manner of his escape is variously reported; but the most probable account is that which states, that he in the first instance fled to the island of Ischia, and thence took his passage to France in a vessel which he happened to meet with in that island.

To return to the army of General Nugent, we have to add, that finding the Neapolitan army of the interior had evacuated St. Germano, and taken a strong position at Mignano, he attacked them in the night of the 17th with a very small force, routed them, and completely dispersed the whole of this army in all directions, with the exception of the prisoners that fell into his hands in consequence of that signal defeat. On the 18th, the commander in chief joined General Nugent, and marched forwards against Capua. The Neapolitan General Carascosa finding all further resistance useless, offered to enter into negotiation. The first interview with the Marquis de Gallo, on the 19th May, led to no arrangement, because the Austrian commander, and Lord Burghersh on the part of England, would listen to no other terms than the unconditional surrender of the Neapolitan dominions. But, on the next day, a second meeting took place with General Carascosa at

Casa Lanzi, near Capua, and a convention, dated 20th May, was there agreed upon, by which the whole of the kingdom of Naples, with the exception of Gaëta, Pescara, and Ancona (to which fortresses the command of General Carascosa did not extend), was ceded to the allied forces acting in the name of Ferdinand IV. The remains of the Neapolitan army were to retire upon Salerno, and there to await the decision of their future fate; and the allied army was to enter Naples on the 23d of May. Their entry, however, took place a day sooner, at the pressing request of General Carascosa himself, in order to prevent the excesses which were dreaded from the indignation of the inhabitants, who having risen against the partizans of Murat, had already committed some acts of violence, and had forced Madame Murat to seek refuge on board the British fleet. Indeed, the marines of the British fleet had, at the solicitation of Madame Murat, been landed in Naples before the entry of the Austrians, to keep some kind of order in the city. That lady had stipulated for a safe conveyance to France for herself and children; but Lord Exmouth, on his arrival with the British fleet, refused to accede to the arrangement, and, in concert with General Bianchi, ordered Madame Murat and her children to be conveyed in H. M. S. *Tremendous* to Trieste, there to await the ulterior dispositions of the Emperor Francis.

The joy of the inhabitants of Naples at seeing their deliverers enter the city was so much the greater, as they beheld at the same

time Prince Leopold, the second son of their legitimate sovereign, who accompanied General Bianchi. He immediately issued a proclamation, announcing the speedy arrival of his royal father, and holding out a general amnesty to all who had, more from the imperious circumstances of the times than from their own inclination, embraced the party of the usurper. An expedition from Sicily, consisting of about 6000 British and Sicilian troops, arrived in the bay of Naples on the 23d of May, and the men were immediately landed.

In bringing the history of the Neapolitan war to this glorious termination, we cannot refrain from expressing our admiration of both the valour of the Austrian troops and of the eminent tactic skill displayed by their different generals, and especially by the commander in chief, General Bianchi. This short campaign, of little more than six weeks, will ever form one of the brightest pages in the military annals of Austria; while, at the same time, its happy result cannot but be attended with the most important consequences in the impending great struggle against Bonaparte. Not only may now all the Italian armies of Austria be forthwith directed against the south of France, but the resources of all Italy, in men and supplies, will form a momentous addition in favour of the great cause. The great Austrian army which is to act against the Italian frontier of France, is rapidly collecting in Piedmont, under the supreme command of Baron Frimont, a general of first-rate abilities: the centre, under Frimont himself, occupies

at present the vicinity of Turin; the right wing, under General Bubna, stretches towards Chambery; and the left, under General Radiwojevitze, extends towards Nice and the maritime Alps.

FRANCE.

The great theatrical exhibition of the *Champ de Mai*, after several postponements, took place on the 1st June. If any of our readers expect that we should seriously enter into a detailed narrative of this political farce, they require more than we are able to perform. Who cares for the mock enumeration of the affirmative and negative votes, which led to the acceptance of the additional constitutional act published by the rebel usurper? Who can refrain from smiling, or rather from horror, at seeing the atheist wretch swear upon the holy Testament, that he will observe this constitution in all its points, and cause it to be observed? He who in Egypt, according to Berthier's own account, expressed his admiration of the Mohammedan creed, and gloried in having given the Christian religion a deadly blow by subverting the papal throne! The time is long gone by when these Napoleonades imposed upon weak intellects. The nostrums of the quack have done too much mischief to thrive by puffing. Immediately after the exhibition of the *Champ de Mai*, the peers of the realm Napoleon were nominated. The batch for the present was confined to 116; but what it wants in number, is compensated by the talent and great worth of the parties. All the princes of the precious blood, not excepting Prince Lucien, are among this respectable

band; and the remainder consists of revolutionary marshals, dukes, counts, barons, &c. The Chamber of Representatives brings to our notice many of those worthies who once figured in the National Assembly, and a great majority of the members are scummed together from the Jacobinical dregs of former periods of the revolution. The very outset, therefore, of their deliberations has given such an earnest of their future labours, that it will be a matter of surprise to us, if, in a short time, Bonaparte will not find his new senate very untractable, and regret his having gratuitously called into action a set of men as hostile to *his* views as they have ever been to their legitimate kings.

Besides partial insurrectionary movements that have manifested themselves in various parts of France, the whole of La Vendée has once more openly declared for the Bourbon cause, and bidden defiance to the rebel government. Furnished with arms and ammunition from England, the royalists have formed themselves into regular bodies, and several sanguinary actions have already been fought with Bonaparte's troops; in one of which one of the principal leaders of the royalists, the Marquis de la Roche Jacquelin, is stated to have been killed. General Travot, the who once before put an end to the Vendean war, commands the usurper's force, which he has been obliged to augment to 30,000 men. It is, however, to be deeply regretted, that these praiseworthy efforts should have been made thus prematurely, and before Bonaparte was attacked by the allies on the front

tiers: at such a time an insurrection in the interior would have produced the most important results; whereas, in the present situation of things, it is to be feared, that Bonaparte will be able to conquer his internal enemies before his troops are wanted to combat the foe without.

Louis XVIII. continues to reside at Ghent, and the number of faithful subjects that arrive from France to join the Bourbon legion, increases daily and rapidly. The Duchess of Angoulême, while recently on a visit to her royal uncle, was received by these troops with the greatest enthusiasm. On the other hand, Marshal Berthier, who had followed the king in his flight from France, has intentionally thrown himself out of a window, and been killed on the spot. The event happened at Bamberg, in Franconia, while a column of Russian troops was passing under the windows; and the reasons assigned for it are various. Some accounts state, that he regretted his emigration, and wished to return to France, but was refused passports from the allies, which induced him to commit suicide. Other reports assert, that he had attempted to tamper with the fidelity of some of the Bavarian generals, and that the ill success of his scheme, and the consequent discovery, brought him to despair. Be this as it may, it is evident that the *good* cause has lost nothing by Berthier's death, and the event may serve as a further warning, not to place trust in any Frenchman, of whatever party, during the present operations against the common enemy.

Although several contradictory reports have succeeded each other

with regard to Bonaparte's departure from the capital, the latest advices leave no doubt of his having left Paris on the 12th June, on his way to the Belgian frontier.

PREPARATIONS OF THE ALLIES—

GERMANY, &c.

The delay in the arrival of the Russian armies appears to be the principal reason why the operations against France have not yet commenced. Eighty thousand men, however, have arrived on the Rhine, and the remainder are expected to be at their post in the beginning of July. From a statement which Lord Castlereagh made in the House of Commons, the gigantic force to be employed by the allied powers in this war, appears numerically as follows:—

Austria	300,000
Russia	225,000
Prussia	236,000
German States	150,000
Holland	50,000
Great Britain	50,000

Total 1,011,000

Towards the subsistence of the Austrian, Russian, and Prussian troops, for one year, England pays a subsidy of five millions sterling. The subsidy to be shared by the smaller states is fixed at 2,500,000*l.* which England pays as a contribution for the deficiency in her own contingents, the full amount of which would have been 150,000 men. Besides these grants, Holland receives two millions in aid of the expence required for putting the Belgian and Dutch fortresses in a state of defence; and a further million for ceding to England the colonies of Demerara, Berbice, and Essequibo. To Sweden one mil-

lion sterling is likewise to be dispensed for relinquishing her claim on the island of Gaudaloupe, which had been promised her by a former treaty, but which she consented to renounce in favour of Louis XVIII. To meet this vast expenditure, the Chancellor of the Exchequer has had recourse to a loan of 36 millions, besides a vote of credit of six millions more granted by Parliament. Whether any and what subsidies are to be granted to Portugal, Spain, and Sweden, appears as yet undetermined upon; nor indeed is it quite clear whether and in what manner Portugal is disposed to co-operate in the contest. As for Spain, all accounts agree in stating the warlike preparations of Ferdinand VII. to be on a scale of magnitude which, under the exhausted resources of the country, we could scarcely have expected. The Spanish declaration of war against Bonaparte, dated the 2d May, although somewhat ponderous, breathes the most determined hostility against the usurper. The main force is assembling in Catalonia, under General Castanos; and it is added, that the king himself, with the Duke d'Angoulême, intends to join his army as soon as it is ready to take the field. We may add here, by the way, that the Spanish expedition of about 12,000 men, which sailed from Cadiz, has arrived at Caru Pano, on the Spanish main, from whence it is destined to act against the rebels in the Caraccas, and not against Buenos Ayres, as had at first been given out.

The sovereigns of Russia, Prussia, and Austria have at last quitted Vienna; the two former on the

25th May, and the latter on the day following. The Emperor Alexander has for the present fixed his residence at Munich; the King of Prussia is gone to his capital, previously to joining his armies; and the Emperor Francis has resorted to Heilbron, the present head-quarters of Prince Schwarzenberg. Before the separation of these monarchs, every object of importance relative to the European politics is stated to have been definitively adjusted; so that the Congress of Vienna may be considered as substantially terminated. The affairs of Poland are finally arranged, and the country is constituted into a kingdom under the sway of Russia: but the treaty by which the fate of that country is decided, has not yet been promulgated. The King of Saxony has at last submitted to the diminution of his dominions prescribed to him by the Congress, and, with that view, entered into a treaty with Prussia, which was concluded at Vienna on the 18th, and ratified on the 21st May. Of the twenty-three articles of which it consists, our room admits only the substance of those which relate to the territorial cessions in favour of Prussia. The extent of these dismemberments appears considerable, so that from the Elbe to the bishopric of Merseburg, the bailiwicks of Torgau, Eulenburg, and Prussian Delitsch, are cut off, with the exception of some reciprocally inclosed districts. The *enclavés* in the principality of Reuss, which, with the circle of Neustadt, became Prussian, are, Geran, Blintendorff, Sparenberg, and Blankenberg. The King of Prussia assumes, on account of his

new provinces, the title of Duke of Saxony, Landgrave of Thuringia, Margrave of both Lusatias, and Count of Henneberg.—The constitution of Germany, on the basis of a federative system of its several states, is likewise stated to have

been agreed upon between the leading powers concerned, by whom it is to be submitted to the acceptance of the plenipotentiaries of the German princes, who for that purpose have remained at Vienna.

MISCELLANEOUS FRAGMENTS AND ANECDOTES.

FÊTE AT WARWICK CASTLE.

THE following curious account of a fête held on account of Queen Elizabeth's visit to Warwick castle in August 1572, is extracted from the Black Book of Warwick:—"Her maiesty that Saturday night was lodgid agayn in the castill at Warwikk; where also she restid all Sunday, where it pleasid her have the countrey people, resorting to see her dannee, in the court of the castill, her maiesty beholding them out of her chamber wyndowe, which thing, as it pleasid well the countrey people, so it seemed her maiesty was much delightyd, and made very myrry. That afternoon passid, and supper done, a shoue of fire-works, prepared for that purpose in the Temple fields, was set abroche, the manner whereof this writer cannot so truly set furth as if he had been at hit, being then sick in his bed. But the report was, that there was dévisé on the Temple dicke a fort made of slender tymber covered with canvais. In this fort were appointed divers persons to serve as soldiers, and therefore so many harnesses as might be gotten within towne were had, wherewith men were armed and associated to shoue themselves; some others appointed to cast out fireworks, as squibbes and balles of fyre. Against that

fort was another castill-wise preparyd of like strength, whereof was governor the earle of Oxford, a lusty gentleman, with a lusty band of gentlemen. Between theis forts, or against them, were placid certain battering pieces, to the number of twelve or fourteen, brought from London, and twelve faire chambers or mortyr pieces brought also from the Towre, at the chardge of therle of Warwick. Theis pieces and chambers were by traynes fyred, and so made a great noise, as though it had been a sore assault; haveing some intermission, in which time therle of Oxford and his soldiers to the number of 200, with quivers and harquebuigees, likewise gave divers assaults; they in the fort shoting agayn, and casting out divers fyers, terrible to those that have not been in lyke experiences, valiant to such as delightid therein, and indeed straunge to them that understood it not; for the wildfyre falling into the river Avon, wold for a tyme lye still and then agayne rise and fly abrode, casting forth many flashes and flambes, wherewith the quene's maiesty took great pleasure, till after by mischance a poore man or two were much troubled.

"For at the last when it was appointed that the overthrowing of the fort should be a dragon flying, cast-

ing out huge flames and squibbes, lighted upon the fort, and to set fyere thercon to the subversion thereof; but whether by negligence or otherwise, it happened that a ball of fyere fell on a house at the end of the bridge, wherein one Henry Cowper, otherwise called Myller, dwelled, and set fyere on the same house, the man and wief being bothe in bed, and in sleepe, which burned so as before any reskue could be, the house and all things in it utterly perished, with much ado to save the man and woman: and besides that house, another house or two nere adjoining, were also fyred, but reskued by the diligent and careful helpe, as well of therle of Oxford, Sir Fulke Greville, and other gentlemen and townsmen, which reparid thither in grater number than could be ordered. And marvaile it was that so little harme was done, for the fyre-balles and squibbes cast upp did flye quiet over the castell and into the mydst of the towne, falling downe some on houses, some in courts and backsides, and some in the streats, as far as almost to Saint Mary church, to the great perill or else great feare of the inhabitants of this borough: and was by what means is not yet known, foure houses in the towne and suburbs were on fyre at once, whereof one had a balle come through both sides, and a hole as big as a man's head, and did no more harme. This fyre appeasid, it was tyme to go to rest; and in the next morning it pleasid her maiestie to have the poore old man and woman that had their house burnt brought into her, whom so brought, her maiesty recomfortid very much; and by her grace's

bounty, and other courtiers, there was given towards their losses that had taken hurt, 25*l.* 12*s.* 8*d.* or thereabouts, which was disposed to them accordingly."

SIR JOHN DUDDLESTONE.

Prince George of Denmark, the noninal king, consort of Queen Anne, in passing through the city of Bristol, appeared on the Exchange, attended only by one gentleman, a military officer, and remained there till the merchants had pretty generally withdrawn, not one of them having sufficient resolution to speak to him, as perhaps they might not be prepared to ask such a guest into their houses. But this was not the case with all who saw him; for a person whose name was John Duddlestone, a bodice-maker, went up, and asked him if he was not the husband of the queen, who informed him he was. J. Duddlestone told him he had observed, with a great deal of concern, that none of the merchants had invited him home to dinner, telling him he did not apprehend it was for want of love to the queen or to him, but because they did not consider themselves prepared to entertain so great a man; but he was ashamed to think of his dining at an inn, and requested him to go dine with him, and bring the gentleman with him, informing him that he had a piece of good beef and a plum-pudding, and ale of his dame's own brewing. The prince admired the loyalty of the man, and though he had bespoken a dinner at the White Lion, went with him; and when they got to the house, Duddlestone called his wife, who was up stairs, desiring her to put on a clean apron, and come down,

for the queen's husband and another gentleman were come to dine with them. She accordingly came down, with a clean blue apron, and was immediately saluted by the prince. In the course of the dinner, the prince asked him, if he ever went to London. He said since the ladies had worn stays instead of bodices, he sometimes went to buy whalebone; whereupon the prince desired him to take his wife with him when he went again, at the same time giving him a card to facilitate his introduction to him at court. In the course of a little time he took his wife behind him to London, and with the assistance of the card, found easy admittance to the prince, and by him they were introduced to the queen, who invited them to an approaching public dinner, informed them they must have new clothes for the occasion, allowing them to choose for themselves: so they each chose purple velvet, such as the prince had on, which was accordingly provided for them; and in that dress they were introduced by the queen herself as the most loyal persons in the city of Bristol, and the only one in that city who had invited the prince, her husband, to their house; and after the entertainment, the queen desired him to kneel, laid a sword on his head, and to use Lady Duddlestone's own words, said to him, "Ston up, Sir Jan." He was offered money, or a place under government, but he did not choose to accept of either, informing the queen that he had fifty pounds out at use, and he apprehended that the number of people he saw about her must be very expensive. The queen, however, made Lady Dud-

dlestone a present of her gold watch from her side, which my lady considered as no small ornament when she went to market, suspended over a blue apron.

MORO, THE PAINTER.

Moro was a portrait-painter of skill, and was much esteemed by that amateur of fine arts and of executions, Philip II. of Spain. It has been remarked of this prince, that he had deserved well of the arts, and in company with them he found himself for once among his friends. In his council-chamber the defection of provinces galled his pride, and the dispersion of armadas thwarted his ambition. In his closet the injured Perez stung his conscience, and the unhappy Don Carlos haunted his imagination. But in the academy he saw himself in his most favourable light, and perhaps the only one which can reflect a lustre on his memory. Moro was not a Spaniard, and was not sufficiently impressed with the awful sanctity of majesty: he therefore rashly fancied, that he might return the familiarities of the king. One day when he was at his work and Philip looking on, Moro dipt his pencil in carmine, and with it smeared the hand of the king, who was resting his arm on his shoulder. The jest was rash, and the character to which it was applied not to be played upon with impunity; the hand of the sovereign of Spain (which even the fair sex kneel down to salute) was never so treated since the foundation of the monarchy. The king surveyed it seriously a while, and in that perilous moment of suspense the fate of Moro balanced on a hair! The courtiers, who were in

awful attendance, revolted from the sight in *horror and amazement*. Caprice, or rather pity, turned the scale, and Philip passed the silly action off with a smile of complacency; the painter, dropping on his knees, eagerly seized those of the king, kissed his feet in humble atonement for the offence, and all was well, or seemed so to be. But the person of the king was too sacred in the consideration of those times, and the act too daring, *to escape the notice of the Inquisition*. These holy and enlightened fathers, maturely weighing all the circumstances of the case, learnedly concluded, that Antonio Moro, being a foreigner and a traveller, had either learned the art of magic, or obtained in England some spell or charm, wherewith he had *bewitched* the king. If Moro had contended, that he practised no other charms upon Philip than those of his art, which over some minds has a kind of bewitching influence, such a plea would scarcely have passed with his judges, whose hearts were far out of reach of such mechanical fascination. As it is hard to suppose how any man could daub the fingers of a *king of Spain*

with carmine, unless by the correspondence and conspiracy of the devil, or some of his agents in witchcraft, no doubt the tragedy of poor Torregiano would have been revived on this occasion, had not the same devil, in the shape of one of Philip's ministers, luckily snatched Antonio from his fate, whilst the tortures were preparing to force out the impious secrets of his black and diabolic art.

THE SILENT SPEAKER.

As the brother of the proud Duke of Somerset, who then filled the chair in the House of Commons, was returning from Bath, his carriage was interrupted on the road by the audacious and dangerous negligence of a West-country waggoner. Indignant at the insult, he jumped out of his carriage, and began to lay about him with his gold-headed cane upon the head of the waggoner, who, in his turn, soon plied his long whalebone whip so sharply, that his honour was glad to retreat, exclaiming, "Villain! do you know who I am?"—"Noo," replied the West-country flogger, "who beest, after all?"—"Why, sirrah, I'm the SPEAKER!"—"Then why didn't thee *speak* before?"

PLATE 3.—FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

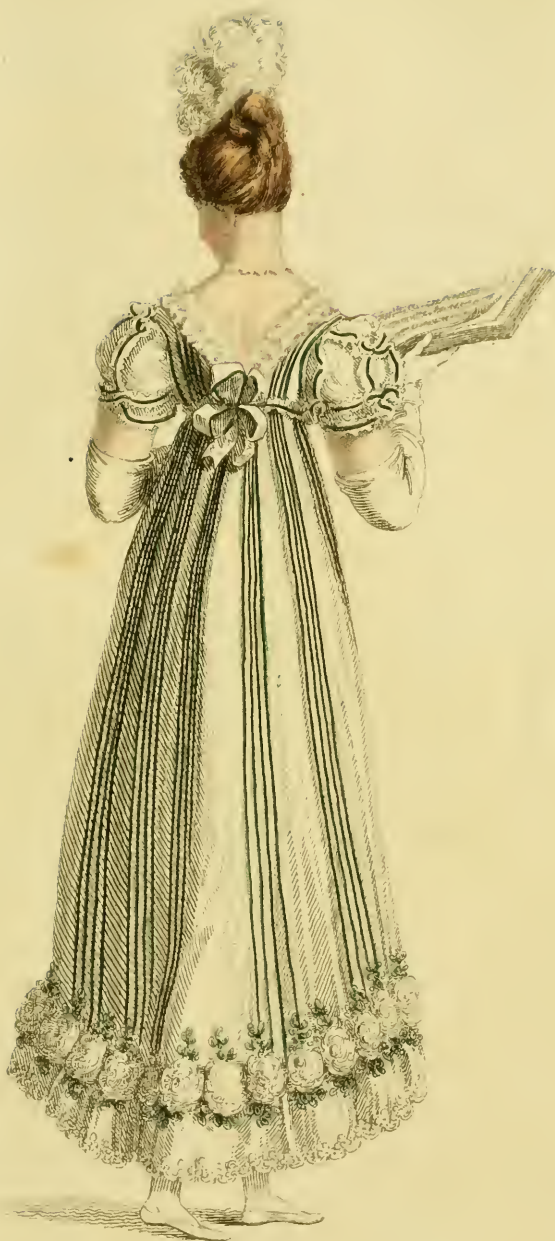
OUR engraving this month exhibits a table, chair, and rack, adapted to the apartment of an artist or amateur; the whole are of mahogany. The table is provided with a desk capable of being raised or lowered at pleasure, and two drawers at each end for the purpose of holding the drawing materials, while a shelf beneath is destined to receive those books which are wanted for imme-

diately reference. The chair, with stuffed seat, is lined with blue morocco, bordered with silk fringe and tassels of the same colour. The tops of the rack, supporting the portfolio of drawings, are also covered with blue morocco, bordered in the same manner as the chair. The chaste simplicity evinced as well in the general design as in the detail of these articles, which

Stander for an. Sticks, or. Amateurs' Apartments.







EVENING DRESS.



are nevertheless not destitute of a due degree of elegance, will not fail to strike every observer of taste, and to recommend them to the imitation of those classes of persons for whose use they are intended.

FASHIONS FOR LADIES.

PLATE 4.—WALKING DRESS.

A HIGH dress, of short walking length, made of French cambric or jaconot muslin, trimmed at the feet with treble flounces of French work, gathered into a rich bead-heading, and laid upon the dress, at a suitable distance, one above the other; the body made with open fronts, worn with a full ruff of the French work, corresponding to the trimming at the feet; a long sleeve, drawn alternately across the arm, terminates with a broad wristband, worn plain over the hand. French bonnet of white satin, edged and tied under the chin with satin ribbon of celestial blue; ornamented with a rich plume of white feathers, edged to correspond. French mantle of the twilled silk *en suite*, richly embroidered at the ends in shaded silks, composing roses or lilies of the valley. Patent silk stockings. Slippers, or half-boots, of bluekid, or primrose colour. Gloves to correspond.

The bodies of the morning and promenade costume continue to be worn with cross or handkerchief fronts, and are generally trimmed, agreeably to the texture of the dress, with quilled tulle or ribbon. The quilled ribbon is also predominant in single rows at the feet of all dresses composed of silk, bombazeen, or fancy prints. The prevailing colours are primrose, celestial blue, and evening primrose; the waist short, and the fulness of

the petticoat carried to the back. Ruffs of French work are universally worn, except in full dress. The length of the petticoat continues not to exceed meeting the top of the boot; and the colour of the latter corresponds with the glove, mantle, and trimming of the bonnet.

PLATE 5.—EVENING DRESS.

A white satin slip, worn under a dress formed of tulle, with folds of satin of Pomona green and white alternately let in, terminating at the feet with a rich flounce of blond lace, headed with a broad border of white roses, appliqued with lilies of the valley. A frock front, tastefully varied with tulle and satin ribbon; the back brought to a point, reaching the bottom of the waist, and trimmed from the points of the stomacher in front with quilling of blond lace. Short fancy sleeve of tulle and satin ribbon, corresponding with the front of the dress. Short sash of net edged with green satin, tied in bows behind. Head-dress, a plume of ostrich feathers; necklace, pearl; ear-drops and bracelets to correspond; slippers, white satin; gloves of French kid, drawn over the elbow.

The dresses of this month, as well as those of the last, are furnished by Mrs. Bean, of Albemarle-street, a lady to whose taste and invention the fashionable world is under considerable obligations.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE verdant and varied landscapes that decorate the British islands at this interesting and life-inspiring season, give the traveller an idea of luxuriance and a promise of future comfort, rarely felt at any other period of the year. He anticipates no bar or check to the bright prospects of the husbandman; he views the young corn bursting into ear with the gladdening hope of a favourable harvest, and passes on to enjoy, at the end of his journey, the fruits of his expectations. The appearance of every species of crop, on every kind of soil, has been the most promising through the whole of the last month. The wheat has eared kindly, but the straw promises great bulk, and will require dry weather to mature the grain, and prevent its being thrown down.

Rye is a strong and full crop.

Barley is so much loaded with a succulent flag, as to be much laid, and rotting on the ground before the ear appears. The crop, upon the whole, will be much heavier than for some years past.

Oats are a great crop upon all soils.

Beans and peas and all the leguminous class are most abundant, bloom well, and are free from the fly.

All the soiling species are much larger than can be remembered.

The turnip fallows are in an indifferent state, except those that were early tilled. All the brassica tribe are very promising.

Hops are kind; but apples, in the western cyder counties, have universally failed.

Poetry.

EXTRACTS

From "SIR WILBERT DE WAVERLEY; or, The Bridal Eve:" a Poem, by Miss E. S. FRANCIS.

WHEN softly stealing on our view
The beams of day their course renew,
When thro' the eastern portals wide,
Morn's rosy shadows lightly glide,
How gaze we with delighted eye
On golden cloud and blushing sky,
Till rising full before our sight
We hail the orb of heat and light!
'Tis thus, when first within our soul
We own of love the dear controul—
'Tis mild, 'tis soft, 'tis sweet to feel
The gentle influence slowly steal—
The hope that's indistinctly form'd,
The love that's scarce by passion warm'd,
Till he, who to the throbbing heart
Each dear sensation could impart,
With manly pride avows his flame,
And kindles in our soul the same!

So shone the youth, so felt the maid—
When each to each their love betray'd;
Then lost was every woe in bliss,
And irksome every theme but this.

No word the stranger spoke again,
But seem'd in silence to remain,
Immersed in thoughts that caused him
pain.

He moved to where a deep recess
Concealed him from the view,
And then, attired in bridal dress,

The lovely dame he saw—he knew;
Still revell'd in her youthful mien
The roseate charms of gay eighteen:
The pilgrim mark'd the bridegroom's
pride,

When gazing on his lovely bride,
And saw the ray of rapture fly
From Geraldine's to Alwin's eye.
Was that the glance of fire awhile?
What strange expression in that smile!

'Twas but remembrance flashing o'er
 The train of wrongs his heart had
 borne;
 A smile those lips might own once more,
 But 'twas the bitter smile of scorn!
 The hectic glow that cross'd his cheek,
 Did aught but health or peace bespeak.

THE BARD'S LAMENT ON LLEWELLYN.

No more shall gladness visit these sad
 eyes,
 Or ought arrest my tortur'd bosom's
 sighs;
 Then welcome, conqueror death, in tri-
 umph come,
 And lead thy captive to a willing home.
 Shall such a fragile plant of earth as me
 Desire to live, rest of its parent tree?
 Forbid it, Heav'n! Oh, that the mourn-
 ful day
 Which snatch'd my best, my noble friend
 away,
 Had spent its rage upon this care-worn
 frame,
 And kindly left me but an empty name!
 And art thou gone, fair Cambria's only
 guide,
 The Saxon's terror, and thy country's
 pride?
 Have those fleet limbs, unmatched by
 mortal pace,
 Now ceas'd, alas! to urge the rapid race?
 Shall they no more ascend Pinlinimon's
 height,
 Or bear thee headlong thro' the ranks of
 fight?
 Where is that wonted arm's tremendous
 force,
 Which 'gainst the Saxons bent its death-
 ful course?
 And where is flown that blood-distilling
 spear,
 So ably taught to glean their routed rear?
 All, all are buried in that narrow cave,
 Which we short-sighted mortals call a
 grave:
 There sleep all who of mortal race e'er
 sprung,
 The rich, the gay, the gallant, and the
 young;

And yet shall sleep all of the future born,
 Till nature to her pristine state return.
 Could honour, virtue, or could valour
 save,
 Sure then Llewellyn ne'er had found a
 grave.
 How will the Saxons bless the death of
 him,
 'Fore whom they trembled once thro'
 every limb,
 And not the boldest from their Edward's
 board,
 Would ever singly dare to measure sword!
 Methinks, e'en now, I hear th' exulting
 strain
 For our great leader stretch'd along the
 plain;
 This is the song rais'd by a thousand cries:
 "Llewellyn falls, and Cambrian freedom
 dies."
 Woe-worth the hour that I should live
 to see,
 Low laid in earth the last remains of thee;
 Whose arms have oft sustain'd thy infant
 form,
 And in my bosom hid thee from the
 storm;—
 Oft have these eyes bent o'er thy glow-
 ing face,
 Declar'd thee blest with more than mor-
 tal grace:
 How well thy noble heart could conde-
 scend,
 To act the patron, prince, and bosom
 friend!
 Long shall my bleeding country mourn
 the day
 Her dauntless hero press'd his native clay;
 The Cambrian maids, o'erwhelm'd in sad
 despair,
 Beat their white breasts and rend their
 golden hair.
 But can the deepest sorrow bring relief,
 Heal up our wounds, or yet revive our
 chief?
 Ah, no! a prey to death's grim king he
 lies,
 The spirit fled to its own native skies.
 Happy, thrice happy they, in early stage,
 Who 'scape the troubles of advanced age!

How blest, compared with mine, their lot
appears,
Who quit this worldly scene in early
years;
Their vigorous nerves no slow decay shall
know,
Pain, sickness, grief, with all their host
of woe:
Yet happier still who like Llewellyn falls,
In arduous combat for his native walls;
His greatest pride on earth the power to
claim
A hero's and a patriot's glorious name.
Borne high upon the circling wings of
time,
His fame shall spread itself thro' every
clime,
On firmest basis stand, nor fear a fall,
Until one blank oblivion covers all.

DONALD.

Melvin-House, May 3, 1815.

*Addressed to the Daughter of Lord LOVE-
LACE, then the Hon. Miss LOVELACE,
one of the Maids of Honour to Queen
Caroline. She was afterwards Lady
HARRY BEAUCLERCK.*

You ask, dear Lovelace, where true plea-
sure dwells,
Whether in palaces or humble cells?
Courts we have tried, and therefore may
forbear,
With fruitless toil, to seek her footsteps
there.
Nor does she always deign to hide her
head
Beneath the rafters of a lowly shed;
We often see confusion, fraud, and strife,
Destroy the comfort of a cottage life.
Whence is she then? methinks I hear
you say,
Is she from earth for ever fled away?
Alas! I fear she is: but I may err,
And would not to your heart my fears
transfer.
I'll tell you, therefore, where she yet
may be,
And condescend to dwell with you and
me:—
Far from the city, in some pleasing
shade,
Where art a little helps what nature made;

Whose gloomy covert yields a kind re-
treat
From the sun's glaring beams and noon-
day heat;
Where fragrant herbs the wholesome
walks perfume,
And flowers in all their pride of beauty
bloom;
While from the trees the birds in cheer-
ful notes,
Inspired by her, extend their mellow
throats:
Not joined to wealth, o'ergrown to such a
height,
As will administer each false delight
That vanity or luxury can wish,
The gold apparel, state, and costly dish;
But with a torture not so much confined,
As checks the dictates of a gen'rous mind,
That when the sufferer's misery we de-
plore,

We to our pity may add something more;
Nor the beseeching wretch's hope de-
ceive,
But with a liberal hand his wants relieve,
And open wide our hospitable door,
To entertain our friends and feed the
poor.
Our passions calm, our stubborn will sub-
dued,
We'll own what Providence directs is
good;
And while at leisure we our lives review,
From our experience own this maxim true:
That, through our days, those hours were
blest alone,

In which our duty was sincerely done,

SOMERSET.

THE CHESHIRE CHASE,
Or the marvellous Adventure of EPHRAIM
JIMP, *Chirurgeon and M. D.*

Exhalat doctor odors.

"Where doth the bold chirurgeon dwell,
"So fierce and fine to see?
"His shoppe is near the great Blue Bell,
"And o'er it shines a gilt pestell,
"With 'EPHRAIM JIMP, M. D.'
"O come, thou bold chirurgeon, forth,"
A ploughboy page quoth he,
"For Mrs. Dawe is in the straw,
"And all the dames at Norwoodhaugh
"Are full of miserie!

"O come, thou bold chirurgeon, forth,
 "And mount thy sorrel speed!"

Forth doth the bold chirurgeon come,
 But not with nickle speed.

For in the self-same village where
 Good Mrs. Dawe did dwell,
 Lay patients thicke, who being sicke,
 Were not all vastly well.

And now was Ephraim Jimp, M. D.
 To save a journey will'd;
 Quoth he, "With one well manag'd stone
 "These birds may all be kill'd."

Some pills he made for Madam Trott,
 Some oil he bottled too,
 Of aniseed, for Alice Reade,
 Who makes tremendous cakes indeed,
 And keeps the Boar so blue.

A bolus then of special power
 For farmer Munch made he,
 And draughts, and drops, and plaisters
 twain,
 And powders two or three.

"And now," quoth he, "'tis meet I dress
 "Myself in garments fair;
 "Yea, meet that I in fine array
 "To Mrs. Dawe repair."

He took his waistcoat red forsooth,
 And hosen all so black,
 And eke with coat of gay pea-green
 He did bedeck his back;

His new white hat he took likewise,
 His Sunday wig also;
 Then fierce and fast his shop he past,
 And to his steed did go.

And now away, right glad and gay,
 Rides Ephraim Jimp, M. D.;
 For Mrs. Dawe is in the straw,
 And all the dames at Norwoodhaugh
 Are full of miserie!

A mile along the road he went,
 And twain along the moor;
 When, lo! he saw good Masterre Dawe,
 All breathless to be sure.

'Twas long before the yeoman bold
 Could half his story tell;
 At last he said, "My wife's abed,
 "And doing vastly well:

"Yet thou," quoth he, "shalt have thy
 fee;

"I came to let thee know,
 "We thought thee long, and, right or
 wrong,
 "Have call'd in Captain Crow."

Now Ephraim Jimp, M. D. did feel
 His heart to woes inclin'd,
 And said, forsooth a piteous case
 Had kept him long behind.

Alas! that ever leech should lie!
 Yet thus a fibbe he told;
 When, lo! did he advancing nigh
 A pack of hounds behold.

Right glad was Ephraim Jimp, M. D.
 No more he rubb'd his eyes;
 He quite forgot poor Madam Trott,
 And Alice Reade likewise.

With joy he shook his bridle reins,
 And eke his wig so gay.
 "Adieu!" quoth he to Mr. Dawe,
 "My love to all at Norwoodhaugh,"
 And gallopeth away.

Yea, to the hunters bold he doth
 Right speedily repair;
 But they in vain try wood and plain,
 They cannot find a hare.

With them doth Ephraim Jimp, M. D.
 Ride with a crackling whip,
 And merry hunters urge him sore
 To take a flying leap.

Yea, gallant squires did hail him oft
 With many a greeting fair;
 And all did laud his hosen black
 As meet to hunt a hare.

Yea, squires of high degree did say,
 "Thou art a doctor deep;
 "But never wast apprenticed,
 "So now must learn to leap.

"Thou art a doctor bold," quoth they,
 "Of Aberdeen M. D.
 "So needs must take a flying leap,
 "That all the world may see.

"Thy hat is like emulsion white,
 "Thy waistcoat red as blood;
 "So, doctor, thou must leap outright."
 Quoth he, "I wish I could."

"Nay, nay," quoth they, "we all do
 know,

"Thou art a leech of skill;
 "So leap, thou fine surgeon, leap!"
 Quoth he, "Forsooth I will."

Then to himself quoth he, "I've made
 "Full many a boot and pump,
 "Then made myself a doctor fine,
 "And now will make this horse of mine
 "Make an amazing jump.

"Yea, boots I made, and shoes likewise,
 "And dancing pumps also;
 "Yet none that do in Cheshire dwell
 "My former trade shall know:

"For every knight, and every squire,
 "And yeoman stout, shall say,
 "'The doctor, and the doctor's steed,
 "'Can jump as well as they.'"

He said, and pluck'd up all his heart,
 And cracking well his whip,
 He proudly spurr'd his sorrel steed,
 And o'er the beck that cross'd the mead
 He took a flying leap.

Lament for Ephraim Jimp, M. D.
 Lament for Alice Reade,
 Never shall she the bottle see
 That held the aniseed!

"Tissmash'd—adown the pea-greenskirts
 The od'rous oil doth run;
 It trickleth down the horse's flank,
 And droppeth on his shoen.

The sorrel steed is frighten'd sore,
 Yea, out of all its wits!
 And scampereth off; but Dr. Jimp
 Full well in saddle sits.

Stiff as a stake the tall M. D.
 Doth hold his head on high,
 And far behind the long green skirts
 Float gaily to the eye.

The steed flies well o'er dale and dell,
 And well the doctor rides;
 Yea, like to plaisters spread with skill,
 His knees do stick, with right good will,
 Fast to his courser's sides.

Now stop awhile, ye ladies gay,
 And every hunter-swain,
 And think ye see the tall M. D.
 In garb so green, rush o'er the lea,
 And near the woods again.

O see him scud, as oft the blast
 In winter sweeps the glen;
 And think, O think, ye hear behind
 The sounds of dogs and men.

The hounds have found the aniseed,
 And open in full cry,
 And after the anointed steed
 Across the fields they fly.

The huntsman tries with all his might
 'To call them off' in vain;
 With wild delight, their game in sight,
 They chase o'er hill and plain.

In vain is still the huntsman's skill;
 In vain he chides them well;
 The sorrel steed they chase with speed,
 By wold and wood, by mount and mead,
 O'er plain, and dale, and dell.

O'er hill and plain he flies again,
 And well the doctor rides,
 And sticketh still, with right good will,
 Fast to his courser's sides.

Splash, splash across the wet he goes,
 Spank, spank along the dry,
 Hurra! the doctor rides apace;
 But still the hounds be nigh!

He leaves the lea, he leaves the field,
 And through the woodlands gay,
 O'er flowery farze, and bush, and broom,
 He takes his wondrous way.

Fast as the whistling wind he flies,
 His heart is fill'd with fear;
 His charger good skims by the wood;
 But still the hounds be near.

Splash, splash across the wet he goes,
 Spank, spank along the dry,
 The fine surgeon rides apace;
 But still the hounds be nigh.

Alas! alas! thought Dr. Jimp,
 These dogs will bite me sore;
 I'd rather thump within my shop
 At bark for evermore.

Would I were in the parlour neat,
Where I and Sukey dine;
And then, if I leap brooks again,
May jalap broth be mine!

O pleasant sight! O sight of joy!
He views the turnpike road,
That as an arrow straight doth lead
Unto his own abode.

Swift, swift along that road he rides,
He hears the market-town;
Yea, pass'd both he the Fishes Three,
And pass'd the Rose and Crown.

'Tis market-day, and all are gay,
And many a mother cries,
"See, see, my child, how fast the wild
New poicary flies!"

With wonder too the butchers blue
The furious steed survey;
And fill'd with fear, the potters near
Right nimbly wend away.

Crash, crash among the pots and pans
Resound the sorrel's legs;
Ah! "crump" and "crack" cry tea-
pots black,
And "squash" quoth lots of eggs.

The dishes white are put to flight,
And rolling far they fly;
Yea, basons brown come tumbling down,
In shivers soon to lie!

Here valiant Blücher's head is crack'd,
As he had lost his wits;
And here doth bold Lord Nelson lie
Beside him, all in bits.

It were in truth a grief to see,
And likewise for to hear,
The fate of jugs and pretty mugs,
All scatter'd here and there.

Now goodly cakes of gingerbread
Were rang'd in order meet;
But, lo! the stall is doom'd to fall,
And cakes bestrew the street.

And now the dogs, and now the dames,
To mingle sounds begin,
And barks and divers threats and shrieks
Compose a wondrous din.

No. LXXIX. *Fch. XIV.*

Mine host that keeps the Rose and Crown,
Though deaf, could hear the roar;
Behind the jovial cry of hounds,
The cry of dames before.

For apple-daints what man may daunt?
They heart and hand combine,
To face, to hoot, and pelt to boot
The leech so fam'd and fine.

Ah! why do h shake the doctor thus
His nose with such a grace?
A rotten pear hath smote him there,
And splash'd upon his face.

How fast the rotten fruit doth fly!
How fast the doctor too!
Yea, swiftly out of reach he bounds;
And swiftly out of view.

But now the huntsman heads the dogs,
And past is cause of fear,
For all the hounds are munching pounds
Of butter scarce'd near.

Yet neither Ephraim Jump M. D.
Nor steed inclines to stop;
Until at last all dangers past,
They both behold the shop.

Forth from the shop a damsel steps
To take the sorrel steed,
And says, "O dearest master mine!
"Thou art a sight indeed!"

"Ah! why doth dirt thy face defile?
"Why dost thou stare so sore?"
"I am alive," quoth Dr. Jimp,
"And I will hunt no more.

"I am alive," quoth Dr. Jimp;
"How well that sentence sounds!
"The hounds were all for eating me,
"But when I hunt again, d' ye see,
"I'll eat up all the hounds."

MORAL.

Ye doctors p^rie, who read my tale
(Who doth not read's a dunce),
With all your skill, ah! do not kill
Too many birds at once.

Learn also hence, like men of sense,
Of leaping to beware;
And take good heed, for aniseed
May make a man of mickle speed
A vastly awkward hare.



NEEDLEWORK PATTERNS

Wholesale and Retail

July 1875

1815

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR APRIL, 1815.

Conducted at Manchester by THOMAS HANSON, Esq.

1815.		Wind	Pressure.			Temperature.			Weather	Evap.	Rain
APRIL.			Max.	Min.	Mean	Max.	Min.	Mean			
1	1	S W 1	29,88	29,90	29,770	73,0°	50,0°	61,50°	brilliant	.134	
2	2	S W 1	30,30	29,88	30,090	60,0	48,0	54,00	brilliant	.126	—
3	3	S W 1	30,30	30,04	30,170	58,0	42,0	50,00	brilliant	.064	
4	4	S W 1	30,08	30,04	30,060	51,0	38,0	44,50	cloudy	.040	—
5	5	S W 2	30,24	30,08	30,160	53,0	38,0	45,50	cloudy	.022	—
6	6	S W 1	30,28	30,24	30,260	56,0	46,0	51,00	fine	.038	
7	7	S W 1	30,24	29,20	30,220	64,0	49,0	56,50	brilliant	.062	
8	8	E 1	30,20	30,10	30,150	60,0	47,0	53,50	brilliant	.084	
9	9	E 1	30,14	30,10	30,120	62,0	42,0	52,00	brilliant	—	
10	10	E 2	30,10	30,06	30,080	57,0	40,0	48,50	fine	.194	.220
11	11	S W 1	30,06	30,06	30,060	56,0	45,0	51,00	fine	.036	
12	12	S W 1	30,06	29,90	29,980	62,0	47,0	54,50	gloomy	—	
13	13	Var. 2	29,90	29,74	29,820	59,0	44,0	51,50	gloomy	.110	—
14	14	N W 3	30,10	29,74	29,920	45,0	38,0	42,00	gloomy	—	
15	15	Var. 2	30,15	30,10	30,125	48,0	34,0	41,00	fine	.170	
16	16	Var. 2	30,26	30,15	30,205	51,0	28,0	39,50	clear	.021	
17	17	S E 1	30,46	30,26	30,360	50,0	32,0	41,00	clear	.059	
18	18	S E 1	30,46	30,38	30,410	54,0	32,0	43,00	brilliant	.070	
19	19	S W 1	30,38	30,20	30,290	54,0	44,0	49,00	cloudy	.026	
20	20	W 2	30,20	29,76	29,980	54,0	42,0	48,00	fine	.060	
21	21	N E 2	29,76	29,20	29,480	47,0	38,0	42,50	rainy	.038	
22	22	N E 2	29,36	29,20	29,280	46,0	36,0	41,00	rainy	—	—
23	23	N E 2	29,50	29,20	29,350	40,0	38,0	43,50	cloudy	.136	
24	24	N E 2	29,72	29,50	29,610	50,0	38,0	44,00	cloudy	.056	.520
25	25	N W 2	29,91	29,72	29,830	53,0	34,0	43,50	cloudy	—	.010
26	26	N W 2	30,26	29,91	30,100	56,0	36,0	46,00	fine	.074	
27	27	N W 2	30,20	30,22	30,240	56,0	40,0	48,00	fine	.054	
28	28	N E 2	31,22	30,92	30,120	60,0	41,0	50,50	fine	.096	—
29	29	E 2	30,02	29,88	29,950	55,0	42,0	48,50	brilliant	.144	
30	30	N E 2	29,88	29,76	29,820	52,0	38,0	45,00	showery	.036	.170
					30,090				47,60	.970	.920

RESULTS.

Mean pressure, 30,000—Maximum, 30,46, wind S E 1.—Minimum, 29,20, wind N E 2.—
Range, 1,26 inch.

Greatest variation of pressure in 24 hours is .56 of an inch, which was on the 21st.

Spaces, 4,3 inches.—Number of changes 9.

Mean temperature, 47,06°.—Maximum, 73°. wind S W 1.—Minimum, 28°. wind, var. 2 —
Range, 55°.

Greatest variation of temperature in 24 hours is 23°. which was on the 1st and 16th.

Water evaporated, 1,970 inch.

Fall of Rain, .920 of an inch—wet days, 14—snowy, 1—hail 3.

WIND

N.	N. E.	E.	S. E.	S.	S. W.	W.	N. W.	Var.	Calm.
0	6	4	2	1	10	1	4	3	9

Brisk winds 1—Boisterous ones 0.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR MAY, 1815.

Conducted at Manchester by THOMAS HANSON, Esq.

1815.	Wind	Pressure.			Temperature.			Weather.	Evap.	Rain.
		Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.			
1	N E 2	29.94	29.88	29.910	64.0°	44.0°	54.00°	fine	—	—
2	N E 2	30.30	29.94	30.120	60.0	44.0	55.00	fine	—	—
3	N E 2	30.30	30.30	30.300	64.0	46.0	55.00	fine	300	—
4	N E 2	30.30	29.92	30.110	64.0	45.0	54.59	brilliant	—	—
5	N W 2	29.92	29.88	29.90	64.0	44.0	54.00	brilliant	—	—
6	S W 1	29.88	29.82	29.850	64.0	44.0	54.00	rainy	.130	—
7	S W 1	29.82	29.80	29.810	62.0	50.0	56.00	showery	.050	—
8	S W 1	29.82	29.80	29.810	62.0	50.0	56.00	rainy	.041	—
9	S W 1	30.04	29.82	29.930	63.0	51.0	57.00	fine	.086	.300
10	S W 1	30.04	29.94	29.990	64.0	48.0	56.00	cloudy	.040	.460
11	S W 1	29.94	29.70	29.820	70.0	52.0	61.00	brilliant	.090	—
12	S W 2	29.74	29.70	29.720	61.0	52.0	56.50	rainy	.052	.380
13	S W 2	29.76	29.74	29.750	60.0	48.0	54.00	rainy	.044	—
14	S W 2	29.88	29.74	29.810	61.0	51.0	56.00	rainy	.044	.400
15	S W 2	29.88	29.74	29.810	58.0	49.0	53.00	rainy	.000	—
16	S W 2	30.34	29.88	30.110	60.0	46.0	53.00	brilliant	.050	.330
17	S W 1	30.30	30.34	30.350	60.0	46.0	53.00	gloomy	.056	—
18	S W 1	30.40	30.36	30.380	60.0	52.0	56.00	rainy	.034	—
19	S W 2	30.40	30.10	30.250	60.0	50.0	55.00	rainy	—	—
20	W 3	30.10	29.58	29.850	60.0	48.0	54.00	variable	.100	—
21	N W 3	29.86	29.63	29.770	57.0	44.0	50.50	cloudy	.060	—
22	N W 2	30.08	29.85	29.970	56.0	44.0	49.50	cloudy	.090	—
23	W 2	30.06	29.94	30.010	52.0	40.0	46.00	rainy	.036	—
24	W 1	30.06	30.08	30.070	58.0	44.0	51.00	fine	.656	—
25	W 1	30.28	30.06	30.170	63.0	42.0	54.00	brilliant	.054	.830
26	E 1	30.34	30.28	30.310	69.0	54.0	61.50	brilliant	.085	—
27	E 1	30.34	30.20	30.270	70.0	64.0	67.00	brilliant	.115	—
28	E 1	30.20	30.04	30.120	63.0	52.0	59.00	cloudy	—	—
29	E 1	30.04	29.96	30.000	60.0	51.0	55.00	rainy	.120	—
30	S E 1	30.00	29.96	29.980	62.0	50.0	56.00	cloudy	.070	.780
31	Var. 1	29.96	29.92	29.990	64.0	47.0	55.50	cloudy	.100	—
		Mean	30.009		Mean	55.14			1.946	3.640

RESULTS.

Mean pressure, 30.009—Maximum, 30.40, wind S. W. 1.—Minimum, 29.70, wind S. W. 1.—Range, .70 of an inch.

The greatest variation of pressure in 24 hours, is .46 of an inch, which was on the 16th. Spaces described by the curve, formed from the mean daily pressure, 3.60 inches.—Number of changes, 8.

Mean temperature, 55.14°.—Max 70°, wind S. W. 1.—Min. 40°, wind W. 2.—Range .30°.

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

Water evaporated, 1.946 of an inch

Rain, &c. this month, 3.640 inches.—Number of wet days, 21—snowy, 0—hail, 3.

WIND.

N	NE	E	SE	S	SW	W	NW	Variable.	Calm.
0	4	4	1	0	14	4	3	1	0

Brisk winds 2—Boisterous ones 0.

Prices of Fire-Office, Mine, Dock, Canal, Water-Works, Brewery, and Public Institution Shares, &c. &c. for JUNE, 1815.

Albion Fire and Life Insur.	£41. 10s pr. sh.	London Dock	£75 a 77 pr. sh.
Eagle Ditto	2 10s do.	East India Dock	126 do.
Hope Ditto	2. 2s do.	Highgate Archway	10 do.
London Ship Ditto	20 do.	Russell Institution	14 do.
Grand Junction Canal	206 a 208 do.	Surry Ditto	13. 10s do.
Chesterfield	100 do.	Auction Mart	20. 10s p.m.
Shropshire	78 do.	Gas Light	9 15s. a 10 do
Birmingham	690 a 695 do.	London Com. Rooms	50 pr. sh.
East London Water-Works	63 do.	Drury-Lane Theatre	200 do.

WOLFE & Co. 9, Change-Alley, Cornhill,

& FORTUNE & Co. 13, Cornhill.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR MAY, 1815.

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

1815.	MAY.	Wind.	Pressure.			Temperature.			Weather.	Evap.	Rain.
			Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.			
	1	E	29.80	29.78	29.790	67°	51°	59.0	fine	—	—
	2	Var.	29.86	29.80	29.830	70	46	58.0	stormy	—	.35
	3	N W	29.86	29.84	29.850	71	47	59.0	fine	—	—
	4	N W	29.84	29.84	29.840	63	46	54.5	fine	.42	—
	5	W	29.86	29.81	29.850	70	51	60.5	showers	—	—
	6	S W	29.86	29.85	29.855	68	51	59.5	clouds	—	—
	7	S E	29.85	29.85	29.850	68	53	60.5	cloudy	.39	.07
	8	S W	29.84	29.85	29.895	70	53	61.5	fine	—	—
	9	W	30.03	30.00	30.015	63	52	57.5	fine	—	—
	10	S W	30.00	29.95	29.975	68	55	61.5	fine	—	—
	11	S W	29.95	29.74	29.845	73	57	67.5	fine	.68	.24
	12	S W	29.84	29.80	29.820	69	53	61.0	fine	—	—
	13	S W	29.88	29.84	29.860	68	49	58.5	showery	—	—
	14	S W	29.94	29.90	29.920	65	50	57.5	showers	.64	.21
	15	S	30.04	29.88	29.960	66	47	56.5	showers	—	—
	16	Var.	30.30	30.04	30.170	63	43	53.0	fine	—	—
	17	W	30.30	30.28	30.290	66	56	61.0	fine	.51	—
	18	N W	30.28	30.20	30.240	71	54	62.5	fine	—	—
	19	N W	30.20	29.95	30.075	67	53	60.0	fine	—	—
	20	N W	29.95	29.74	29.845	70	47	58.5	fine	.46	—
	21	N W	29.89	29.74	29.815	61	43	52.5	showers	—	—
	22	N	29.99	29.89	29.910	56	37	46.5	cloudy	—	—
	23	S W	29.89	29.88	29.885	61	44	52.5	showery	—	—
	24	S W	30.08	29.89	29.985	66	48	57.0	showers	.41	.35
	25	N W	30.20	30.08	30.140	71	51	61.0	fine	—	—
	26	N W	30.24	30.20	30.220	80	47	63.5	fine	—	—
	27	N E	30.24	30.07	30.155	73	52	62.5	fine	.42	—
	28	N E	30.07	29.94	30.005	78	58	68.0	fine	—	—
	29	Var.	29.95	29.90	29.925	69	50	59.5	showery	—	.11
	30	Var.	29.97	29.95	29.960	68	49	58.5	cloudy	—	—
	31	S W	29.88	29.86	29.870	72	54	63.0	clouds	.54	.07
			Mean			Mean			Total	4.47 in	1.30 in.

RESULTS — Mean height of barometer, 29.957 inches; highest observation, 30.30 inches; lowest, 29.74 inches — Mean height of thermometer, 59°0.; highest observation, 80° — lowest 37° — Total of evaporation, 4.47 inches. — Total of rain, 1.30 inch — in another gauge, 1.22 inch.

Notes — 1st Very fine day. — 2d Morning fine and calm, wind E.: before noon there were considerable appearances of thunder in the clouds, from W. to S. and about one o'clock repeated flashes of lightning and some very distant thunder at intervals. About five o'clock P. M. the S. W. was further blackened, and every appearance indicated an approaching storm: at 20 minutes past five o'clock, the wind was variable, but the S. W. prevailed; several very vivid flashes of lightning were succeeded by loud peals of thunder and a shower of hail, or rather of lumps of ice, of irregular appearance, as large as common beans, followed: fortunately, the wind was then calm, and the shower did not continue many minutes; there was then some heavy rain. On going into the garden, after the storm, I was struck with the general altered appearance of the fruit-trees; the leaves of the currant-trees were pierced through, and torn in every direction; whole bunches were beaten off, as well as gooseberries of considerable size; the leaves of the strawberry plants, of young cabbages, and others, were beaten to the ground, and I particularly observed some double wall flowers changed from the usual blood colour to a bright yellow; the apple blossom was generally beaten off, as well as that of the pear, plum, and cherry-trees. In the evening the wind continued calm, and settled in the N. E. — the barometer rose very gradually during the day. — 5th A thunder-storm about noon — 11th. A heavy storm of thunder, lightning, and rain about half past nine o'clock P. M. which continued for half an hour, previous to which there was very frequent lightning. — 13th A thunder-storm about nine o'clock A. M. — 14th Lunar halo — 25th. Foggy morning — 29th. Fine morning — about one o'clock P. M. the sky was suddenly overcast, and a little thunder ensued — rainy afternoon — wind variable in the morning S. — settled in the N. W. in the afternoon.

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May 24	—	58½a	57½	86½	14½	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	10 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	58½a
25	227½	58½a	57½	86½	14½	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	11 Pm.	6 Pm.	—	59a8
26	—	58½a	57½	86½	14½	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	11 Pm.	6 Pm.	—	58½a
27	—	58½a	57½	86½	14½	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	12 Pm.	6 Pm.	—	58½a
29	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
30	227	58½a	57½	87½	14½	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	11 Pm.	6 Pm.	—	59½a
31	228½	58½a	58½	88½	14½	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	11 Pm.	6 Pm.	—	59½a
June 1	227½	58½a	58½	87½	14½	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	9 Pm.	2 Pm.	—	—
2	227½	58½a	57½	87½	14½	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	9 Pm.	1 Pm.	—	59a
3	—	Shut	58½	Shut	14½	—	—	—	—	Shut	—	Shut	7 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	59½a
5	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
6	227½	—	58½	—	14½	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	8 Pm.	4 Pm.	—	—
7	227	—	57½	—	14½	—	58½	—	—	—	57½	—	7 Pm.	4 Pm.	—	58½a
8	227	—	57½	—	14½	—	58½	—	—	—	57	—	3 Pm.	3 Pm.	—	58½a
9	220	—	57½	—	14½	—	58½	—	—	—	—	—	4 Dis.	4 Dis.	—	58½a
10	—	—	57½	—	14½	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	5 Dis.	7 Dis.	—	56½a
12	—	—	55½	—	14	—	53	—	—	—	—	—	7 Dis.	10 Dis.	—	57½a
13	—	—	54½	—	14	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	3 Dis.	3 Dis.	—	56½a
14	—	—	54½	—	14	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	4 Dis.	5 Dis.	—	55½a
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16	220	—	53½	84½	—	—	—	—	—	—	53½	—	2 Dis.	4 Dis.	—	55½a
17	—	—	54	84½	13½	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	3 Dis.	2 Dis.	—	55½a
19	217	—	53½	84½	13½	—	59½	—	—	—	—	—	2 Dis.	2 Dis.	—	56½a
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THE Repository

OF

ARTS, LITERATURE, COMMERCE,
Manufactures, Fashions, and Politics,

For AUGUST, 1815.

VOL. XIV.

The Eightieth Number.

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TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We earnestly solicit communications on subjects of general interest, and also from professors of the arts and 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 Proprietor of the Repository respectfully informs his readers, that, with a view to the further improvement of the work, and to render it still more worthy of the patronage bestowed on it, he shall close the present Series at the end of the Fourteenth Volume, and commence a new one, with some alterations in the plan, of which due notice will be given.

The extraordinary length of our Political Retrospect this month, has obliged us to defer the favours of our poetical contributors.

E.'s Lines on Sir Thomas Picton shall have a place in our next.

T. F.'s Remarks shall appear, though perhaps not in their present shape.

The Account of Corsica would not, we fear, have much interest for our readers.

Our old correspondent, Scriblerus, is informed, that the last portion of his Cogitations reached us too late for insertion in this Number.

A View of the Tomb of Theodore Körner, the German hero and poet, of whom we gave an interesting account some months back, is intended to embellish our next publication.

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.

THE
Repository
OF
ARTS, LITERATURE, COMMERCE,
Manufactures, Fashions, and Politics,

For AUGUST, 1815.

The Eightieth 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. 5.)

Miss K. Here is a sketch I made of the birth of Reynolds, and another of the procession to church at a christening at that time. There was then much more of neighbourly sociality, of homely, hearty, heart-felt joys, than at the present day.

Miss Eve. A fiddler first, followed by a merry group; the men with large wigs flowing about their shoulders; gold-laced hats; large, long-skirted waistcoats, the pocket-holes almost down to the knees; roses and tulips as large as, and coloured like, nature, flourished about the front of these waistcoats; the gossips with the infant—O what frights! yet how merry! the neighbours at their antiquated porches. Such, I suppose, was the scene exhibited when Reynolds was carried squalling to Plympton church. But you have not noticed the parson and the clerk.

No. LXXX. Vol. XIV.

Miss K. I always avoid burlesquing the clergy, to whom reverence is due. I think Hogarth is wrong in the last plate of the *Harlot's Progress*, in putting one of the parson's hands where it ought not to be.

Miss Eve. I am of the same opinion, and think many writers to blame for pursuing a contrary line of conduct. Thomson, in his *Seasons*, has represented the parson of the parish outdrinking a company of intoxicated fox-hunters. Hogarth, in his *Modern Midnight Conversation*, has also transgressed in the same manner. And yet Thomson's father, I believe, was a clergyman.

Miss K. Yes; so was Ben Jonson's, Fletcher's, Lee's, Otway's, Pomfret's, Tate's, Tickell's, Arbuthnot's, West's, Churchill's, Lloyd's, Andrew Marvell's, &c.

Miss *Eve*. Reynolds had a great advantage in being born after the great colourists.

Miss *K*. Here is a list of some of them, with the number of years he was born after each. I make out lists of this kind at my leisure for improvement. They cause me to reflect on the year of their birth, and this reflection fixes their dates in my memory.

Titian	} . . . 246	M. A. Caravaggio	154
Giorgione		Rubens	146
Pordenone	. . . 239	Jordaens	} . . . 129
Piombo 238	Velasquez	
Corregio	} . . . 229	Vandyke	124
Udine		Blanchaert	123
Holbein 225	Rembrandt	117
Elder Palma	. . . 215	Diepenbeck	116
Bassano 213	Young Teniers	113
Tintoret 211	Paul Potter	98
A. More 204	Baptist	88
Barrochio 195	J. Van Huysum	41
Paul Veronese	. . . 191	Watteau	39
Younger Palma	. . . 179	Denner	38

Miss *Eve*. If they had lived till 1723, they would have been so many years old.

Miss *K*. These were all dead at that time, except Van Huysum and Denner. Denner lived till Reynolds was 24, and Van Huysum till he was 26 years of age.

Here is a list of most of the principal painters who lived in this country at the time Reynolds was born, or who have since resided many years in it, with their ages in 1723.

Sir G. Kneller	. . . 77	William Smith	. . . 16
J. Richardson	. . . 58	Allan Ramsay, jun.	10
Sir Jas. Thornhill	47	G. Smith 9
William Aikman	41	Joha Smith 6
James Worsdale	31	Nathaniel Hone 6
J. Highmore	. . . 30	J. B. Cipriani 2
William Hogarth	25	D. Serres 1
Thomas Hudson	. . . 22		

The three Smiths were brothers, and are called the Smiths of Chichester, because they resided there.

Cipriani was then probably at Florence; Serres squalling at Aux, in Gascony; Ramsay with his renowned father, the barber of Edinburgh, who at that time, I think, sold books there, and kept a circulating library.

Charles Jarvis died in 1739; Michael Dahl in 1713; Lambert in 1765; Sam. Scott (called the English Vandewelde), at Bath, in 1772. I don't know the dates of Brook- ing, Wootton, Seymour, Gravelot, Boitard, Gwinn, Kettle, Pine, &c. Neither do I know whether Blakey, Worlidge, Bardwell, the Highmores, Wells, Toms, Marlow, Barrett, Hayman, &c. were born before Reynolds or not; most of them probably were.

Richardson, Hogarth, Gwinn, Wills, and Bardwell, have written upon the arts. Indeed, so much has been written upon the best painters and their works, that those who think much more may be added, do not know what has already been done. The same may be said of poetry. There is but little except gleanings left for us. The best thoughts have been selected by our predecessors. The artful combination of these contributes much to excellence.

Miss *Eve*. Were Closterman, Van Hacken, or Casali, who lived in this country, in existence in 1723?

Miss *K*. Closterman imitated Sir Godfrey Kneller, and died ten years before him, in 1713, the same year as Carlo Maratti. Kneller died in October, 1723, when Reynolds was fourteen weeks old. I never heard that Maratti was in England, nor those excellent painters of the eighteenth century, Sebastian Conca and Pompeo Batoni.

Conca was 44 years of age, and Batoni 15, when Reynolds drew his first breath. Mengs was not born till March 1723, about six months before Francis Bartolozzi, the best engraver that has resided in this country.

I don't know the dates of Van Haacken or Casali.

Of the sculptors, J. M. Ryssbrack was living in 1723, at the age of 31, and Wilton, 5. I do not know the dates of Scheemakers or Roubiliac. The latter died in 1762.

Among the architects, William Kent, the painter, architect, and gardener, was 33; Sir William Chambers, 1.

I don't know when Sir John Vanbrugh was born. This excellent dramatic writer and architect was much ridiculed by his contemporaries, for which they are censured by Reynolds in his Lectures, who there treats at considerable length of his merits.

Miss *Eve*. Even after death, Vanbrugh was pursued by the wits of his contemporaries. They wrote for his epitaph—

Lie heavy on him, Earth, for he
Laid many a heavy load on thee.

They asserted, that in Spitalfields church he caused three times as much stone as was necessary to be employed.

Miss *K*. Vanbrugh died at Whitehall, March 26, 1726, six days after Sir Isaac Newton.

Miss *Eve*. Did not Sir Christopher Wren die the same year as Reynolds was born?

Miss *K*. Yes; and was buried in the same place.

Miss *Eve*. Some sects would think it not impossible, that Wren and Reynolds were the same spirit

in two inclosures. I think Wren, like Reynolds, was the son of a clergyman.

Miss *K*. Yes; Sir Christopher Wren was son to the Rev. Christopher W. chaplain to Charles I. and rector of Knoyle, in Wiltshire, where he was born in 1632.

Miss *Eve*. King Charles I. had some clever lads about him, such as Betterton, the Roscius of the 17th century, the son of his cook, and Sir Christopher Wren, the son of his chaplain. His second son, Charles, afterwards Charles II. was nearly of the same age as they.

Miss *K*. Charles II. was born in 1630, Wren in 1632, and Betterton in 1635.

Miss *Eve*. There was an architect of the same name as Gwinn, the painter.

Miss *K*. You mean John Gwynn, who was a member of the Royal Academy of London; he lived near Leicester-Fields, in the same house with Wale, who was also R. A. and the first professor of perspective to that institution. The names of Gwynn and Gwinn, though both excellent artists, are but little known; but Quin, the actor, will be long remembered.

Among the engravers who were living, at the birth of Reynolds, in this country, or have since distinguished themselves in it, were, Piccart, then 50 years of age; Vertue, 39; Vandergucht, 27; Hogarth, who was then an engraver and in obscurity, 25; Ravenet, 18; Thomas Major, 3; Sir Robert Strange and Charles Grignion, 3. These are now all dead, except Charles Grignion*, who has long

* He died soon after this was written, November 1, 1810.

breathed the pure air from the Highgate and Hampstead hills at Kentish-Town; but as he has now lived many years beyond what is called the age of man, and as Death is a very careful gleaner, he will probably soon travel, like the rest, to

That undiscovered country from whose bourn
No traveller returns:

but when this will happen, though I understand astrology, I cannot tell.

Miss *Eve*. How strange it seems, that Dryden should have believed in the truth of astrological predictions, and cultivated this absurd science!

Miss *K*. In books, well written in other respects, we meet with similar observations. In *Du Piles' Comments on Du Fresnoy* we are seriously informed, on the authority of Pliny, that Apelles made his portraits so very like, that a certain physiognomist (as is related by Ap-pion, the grammarian,) foretold, by looking at them, the very time at which the persons represented in those pictures would die, or at what time their death happened if they were already dead.

I don't know any engraver who finished his plates well with so little work as Grignion; or any English engraver that produced so many, or worked so long. Here is a print of his called *Quadrille*, from Gravelot and Hayman, published by T. and J. Bowles, April 4, 1743. The original of this and several others were painted for Vauxhall Gardens.

Miss *Eve*. Did any foreign engraver who was living when Reynolds was born, work longer than Grignion?

Miss *K*. I don't recollect any, except Gaspar Duchange, engraver to Louis XV. who was born at Paris in 1660, and died in 1757, in his 97th year. He was almost as old as Fontenelle, who was born at Rouen in 1657, and died three days after Duchange, in his 100th year.

Miss *Eve*. It is justly said of Fontenelle, that he strewed with flowers the dry paths of philosophical disquisition.—I think Garrick, the Roscius of the 18th century, was of French extraction—a compound of French vivacity and English solidity.

Miss *K*. Yes; he sprung from Peter Garrick, the recruiting captain. Gentlemen of this class seldom want vivacity. His mother, whose maiden name was Clough, was a woman of much solid sense. He was born in 1716, at an inn at Hereford, and was long intimately acquainted with Reynolds.

Here is a list of our best actors living in 1723, with their ages:—

Colley Cibber . . . 52	Theoph. Cibber . . 20
Barton Booth . . . 42	David Garrick . . . 7
Joseph Miller . . . 39	H. Woodward . . . 6
James Quin . . . 30	Spranger Barry . . . 4
Lacy Ryan 29	Samuel Foote . . . 1
T. Macklin 24	

The then best actresses were,

Anne Oldfield . . . 40	— Pritchard } . . 12
— Horton . . . 28	Catherine Clive }
Susanna Maria Cib- ber 14	Margaret Woffling- ton 5

Miss *Eve*. Do you know the dates of Miss Lavinia Fenton, the first Polly Peachum, who became Duchess of Bolton?

Miss *K*. No; nor of Miss Nassau, the second Polly Peachum. I have not mentioned Margaret Fryer, a country-woman of Margaret Woffington's. I have somewhere an anecdote of this lady.

In 1720, Charles Molloy wrote a farce called *The Half-pay Officers*. It was brought out at Drury-lane, and to Miss Margaret Fryer, who had quitted the stage in the reign of Charles II. was assigned the part of an old grandmother. The bills announced "the part of Lady Richlove to be performed by Peg Fryer, who has not appeared upon the stage these fifty years" — which drew a great house. The character in the farce was supposed to be a very old woman, and Peg exerted her utmost abilities. The farce being ended, she came again on the stage to dance a jig, at the age of 85. She advanced tottering, and seemed much fatigued, but all on a sudden the music striking up the Irish Trot, she danced and footed it almost as nimbly as any wench

of 25. She afterwards kept a public-house at Tottenham Court, and lived there in good health till November, 1747, when she died at the age of 117 years.

Miss Eve. I believe Miss Budgell was a natural daughter of Eustace Budgell, the celebrated writer, who was related to Addison.

Miss K. Yes.

Miss Eve. And Mrs. Cibber, sister to Dr. Arne.

Miss K. Second wife of Theophilus Cibber, and sister to Dr. Arne. When Reynolds was born, Dr. Arne was 13 years of age, Handel 39, Stanley 11. Purcell had been removed 28 years, as it is said on his monument in Westminster Abbey, "to that place where only his own harmony is exceeded."

JUNINUS.

FRAGMENTS FROM THE POCKET-BOOK OF AN AMATEUR.

(Continued from p. 8.)

A SUPPLEMENTARY ARTICLE TO
"THE MISERIES OF HUMAN LIFE."

UNLESS my memory deceive me, the facetious author of *The Miseries of Human Life* has forgotten to insert in his catalogue, one as trying to human patience as any he has recorded. A parcel arrives from your bookseller's, containing some work which you have seen announced in the newspapers as illustrated with elegant engravings: eager to behold them, you open the book, and your eyes are saluted with some of the most contemptible and paltry prints that ever disgraced a catch-penny publication.

This is a misery of too frequent occurrence; and there are few who peruse this Miscellany, who, I fear,

have not more than once had their patience put to the test by so provoking a circumstance.

One would suppose that hardly any author or publisher would have the effrontery to affix the epithet *elegant* or *beautiful* to the most clumsy and impotent efforts of the graver; since, although he may be restrained by no sense of shame, he cannot expect for a moment, that so palpable a falsehood should escape immediate detection. A poet might with equal modesty and justice assure us in his title-page or preface, that the productions of his Muse do not yield in the least to Milton or to Shakspeare.

That examples of such audacity should be frequent is as disgrace-

ful as it is surprising: that any publication, professing the least pretensions to respectability, should degrade itself in the first instance by miserable engravings, and in the second still more by asserting them to be beautiful, is almost incredible. Instances of this contemptible and barefaced species of imposition will, I make no doubt, suggest themselves to every one's recollection. But I think it must be allowed, that hardly any can be more impudent than the recently published volume of the *Encyclopædia Londinensis*. I must confess, that I did not expect to find prints of but very moderate execution; yet not to behold such wretched caricatures of buildings as those inserted to *illustrate* and *embellish* the article *London*.

In drawing, perspective, engraving, as well as in resemblance to the object intended to be represented, they are equally vile. Nor is there one which would be an ornament to any Magazine. One example will be sufficient. The View of Covent-Garden Theatre gives certainly the same number of columns, windows, niches, &c. as are in the original: yet here all resemblance ceases; every trace of beauty or of grandeur is vanished. The representation is, besides, so extremely unfaithful and incorrect, that the pilasters at the extremities of the building, are here made to recede a little from the line of the front.

It is really deplorable, that at a time when we may reasonably hope that the arts are cultivated with at least as much attention as during any former period, the public should suffer themselves to be thus shame-

fully imposed upon in a work which, it may be presumed from its title, size, and extent, wishes to be considered as not unworthy of admission into a gentleman's library.

It is at any rate to be hoped, that not a copy will find its way to the Continent, else what a contemptible idea must foreigners entertain, not only of the original buildings thus vilely caricatured and misrepresented, but likewise of the state of engraving in this country, if such are to be considered as fair specimens!

In a work of this kind, if we cannot expect fine engravings, we may at least not unreasonably hope to meet with such as are not below mediocrity. The editor and publishers of the *Encyclopædia* would have better consulted both their interest and reputation, had they not introduced any of the prints alluded to, unless it had been in their power to have given some far superior.

It can be no very pleasant circumstance for an architect to behold a building of which he has just reason to be proud, thus metamorphosed into most hideous deformity; since those who have never beheld the edifice itself, or a more faithful portrait, will be induced to entertain no very favourable idea of the original.

Severe as these observations may seem, they are justified by the prints which have occasioned them.—Should any one be of a contrary opinion, he is at liberty to stigmatize them as unwarrantable, illiberal, and malignant.

LONDON.

Notwithstanding the numerous histories and descriptions of the,

British metropolis which have been successively published, not one that has hitherto appeared, can be recommended as a useful companion to him who is desirous of a Guide, who, while he accurately describes the various edifices worthy of attention, occasionally intersperses those reflections and criticisms which bespeak both the intelligent observer and the man of taste.

Those descriptions which we already possess, are too expensive or ponderous to be either generally attainable or convenient; or else written rather with a view to satisfy the antiquary and historian, than those who seek not for information respecting obsolete customs, buildings no longer existing, or anecdotes narrated for the hundredth time; but an account of London and its edifices as actually existing. Such a work might be comprised in a moderate compass, and nevertheless sufficiently detailed to avoid that brevity of description and scantiness of observation, which preclude all desirable information. It is evident, that, in order to execute a similar publication as it deserves, the author must not be a mere compiler, who retails second-hand criticisms; but that he ought to be thoroughly conversant with the arts; that he must enter upon his employment *con amore*, and be capable of enlivening descriptive narrative by observations, that prove him well qualified to appreciate the various productions of the fine arts, and to point out in what respects our capital surpasses, or in what it is inferior to, the other great cities of Europe.

I should have no hesitation in recommending Owen's *Thames* as

a model for a similar Guide through the metropolis; that work being not only cheap and sufficiently portable, but elegant in its embellishments, and as far as regards the literary execution, correct and satisfactory. The descriptions of Park Place and Nuneham Courtenay especially appear to have been written *con amore*, and must delight every one who has a taste for the beauties of art or of cultivated nature.

Ralph's *Critical Observations* is an excellent work, but it requires to be considerably enlarged; and the description of the Leverian Museum, which occupies a considerable portion towards the conclusion of the book, might be judiciously omitted as irrelevant to the intent of the work, and occupying a space that might be employed to greater advantage.

The common fault of both *Guides* and *Pictures* is, that they are very moderate and insipid performances, so meagre as to convey no satisfactory information respecting the objects they pretend to describe; or so unreserved and unqualified in their flattery, that the reader might suppose himself to be reading a puffing advertisement extracted from the columns of a newspaper; and these flimsy accounts often betray a most consummate ignorance of even the terms peculiar to the arts.

It is singular, that the work most nearly approaching what I should desire to see performed, is a production of the Parisian press. It is entitled *Description de Londres et ses Edifices*, 8vo.

COTTAGE BUILDINGS.

The mania for cottage-building

which has of late years been so prevalent, does not indicate the soundest architectural taste; but may rather be regarded as a symptom of the imbecility and decrepitude of the art, or of the want of *taste* in those who affect to patronise it, or of want of *talent* in those who pretend to make it their profession. It is not easy to conceive what can induce any one to bestow his labour on a field so barren and ungrateful as that of rural architecture, since it affords not the least scope for any thing deserving the name of design. There is but one species of beauty of which the cottage is susceptible, namely, the picturesque: and what is it which creates this quality? Certainly not regularity of plan, symmetry of form, elegance of workmanship, or neatness; but the very reverse, or absence of all these, is necessary to constitute that which is significantly denominated picturesqueness.

Objects of real beauty, as, for instance, a magnificent piece of architecture, or a statue, delight both in reality and representation: the second class comprises such objects as are neither beautiful in themselves, nor adapted to graphic delineation: the third includes those which, although destitute of that quality which is understood by the term *beauty*, or although even disgusting, in reality are most admirably suited to the pencil of the artist; and hence termed *picturesque*. To this class belong the tattered garb of the beggar, the tanned complexion of the peasant, the mouldering ruin surrounded with rubbish and weeds, the rural cottage, the stagnant pool, and the nauseous dunghill.

It should seem therefore, that the epithet *picturesque* is most appropriately applied when bestowed on objects which, although capable of producing great effect on canvas, are yet not beautiful in themselves. —The Madonnas of Raphael are beautiful; the Beggars of Murillo, and the Peasants of Ostade and Teniers, picturesque. Clothe your beggar in a decent garment, and he is no longer a subject for the painter. Spruce up the rustic cottage, remove those excrescences of moss and vegetation which nearly cover its sides and conceal the outline of its roof, whitewash its stained and weather-beaten walls, enlarge its windows and paint their frames—in short, let it be neat; and, without becoming beautiful, it ceases to be picturesque. Proceed a step farther: let it be costly in its material, symmetrical in its elevation, elegant in its decoration, it is then no longer a cottage, but the decorated villa or casino.

A building possessed of neatness only, although it may form a comfortable dwelling, will neither possess sufficient beauty to captivate the admirer of architecture, nor sufficient picturesqueness to merit a place in the sketch-book of the painter. What artist would select a Quaker as a happy subject for his pencil? Would he not prefer a squalid, tattered gipsy, or a Venus? In buildings which aim only at convenience and economy, we ought to be content if these objects are attained, without making any preposterous attempt at novelty of design or picturesque effect, which latter is only the result of time and dilapidation. It will perhaps be said, that although motives of eco-

mony may induce us to construct such buildings of inferior material, and bestow upon them little ornament and finish, yet they do not prevent us from introducing variety and elegance into their forms and outlines. Still it ought to be considered, that although a building might thus become attractive at the first glance, or when beheld at a distance, our subsequent disappointment would be proportionable to our expectation. The spectator will be apt to regard it as an abortive, unfinished attempt at elegance, a crude essay at design, and instead of considering it superior to a plainer and more unassuming building, will rather regret that it is so much inferior to what it ought to have been, and he will turn from it with contempt and disgust.

In short, if your fortune will permit you, build a splendid palace, or an elegant villa; if not, a modest, unostentatious dwelling; not a frippery, flimsy elevation, an awkward and motley composition, half Quaker and half beau, in which tawdriness and meanness are united.

Amphora cepit

Institui; currenle rota eur urceus exit?

Denique sit quodvis simplex duntaxat et
mum.

Were architects, or those who style themselves architects, to pay due attention to the excellent maxim inculcated in the above-quoted lines of the Roman critic, we should not be so often shocked and disgusted with beholding the paltry and puerile designs denominated ornamented cottages. It would seem that the licence allowed in this anomalous species of building, permits every rule of regular architecture and correct taste to be infringed-with impunity: otherwise

could any one think for a moment of forming upon paper a preposterous jumble of virandas and battlements, pointed windows, thatched roofs, and iron railing, and terming it a design? or introduce a few pointed windows into a wall otherwise blank, and then denominate it a building in the Gothic or castellated style? Did these absurdities occur less frequently, or were they merely confined to paper, we might treat them with the ridicule and contempt which they merit; but when we are doomed to witness a ceaseless repetition of them, when we behold them issuing from the press in quarto volumes, or disfiguring scenes of rural loveliness, we cannot express our surprise and indignation in terms adequately severe.

To many, this warmth respecting a mere matter of taste will appear ridiculous; they may regard it as perfectly unimportant or indifferent whatever rules of architecture are violated, provided the owner himself is satisfied, that his house is elegant and tasty, and ought to be admired. They may consider a predilection for any particular style of architecture as mere prejudice; yet they ought at the same time candidly to confess, that it is equally unimportant whether we are delighted with a Homer, a Virgil, a Tasso, a Camoens, and a Wieland, or with the strains of the most miserable versifier; and that it is also indifferent, whether we are charmed with the symmetry of a Grecian Venus, or with a Hottentot. One thing, however, is certain, that it is impossible to be attached to both; it is therefore worth while to enquire, whether that per-

son who has formed his taste for architecture after the greatest master-pieces of the art in both ancient and modern times, is not capable of receiving a higher gratification, than one whose admiration of the most contemptible efforts in building arises from ignorance of, or want of relish for, real beauties. The latter will indeed be less frequently disgusted than the other, and so far indeed appears to possess the advantage: if he sees a pointed window, in which French sashes are substituted for rich tracery and painted glass, he will nevertheless not dispute its pretensions to the title of Gothic, which, if taken in the sense of barbarous, it certainly merits; and if a few columns be prefixed to a plain house, he will as good-naturedly allow it to be a beautiful piece of Grecian architecture.

A friend of mine, possessed of less indulgence, though of more taste, being asked his opinion of the portico to the new Surgeons' College, replied, "It is too much

like a witty preface to a stupid book."

ANECDOTE.

The same gentleman was once taken by an acquaintance to see a temple which he had lately erected in his garden. This edifice, of which the builder appeared to have borrowed the idea, not from any of the remains of antiquity, or from any thing among the works of the best architects, but rather from some of those piles of pastry which grace a civic feast, or from some recipe "To make a magnificent temple in flummery," was not as yet designated, and the owner requested Mr. — to suggest some name for it, as he was undetermined whether to call it the Temple of Peace—of Solitude—of Flora—of Venus, or of any other heathen deity. My friend replied, he was astonished that he could hesitate for a moment about a name, since none could be more appropriate than the TEMPLE of BAD TASTE.

PLATE 8.—SOME ACCOUNT OF OSTEND.

AMONG the flourishing and numerous cities of the Netherlands, Ostend formerly held a distinguished rank. Its decline was rapid, though its port continued to be frequented. About the commencement of the French revolution, it appeared almost a desolate and deserted place. That event, if it did not restore it to its former opulence, at least prevented its utter decay. By the various circumstances of the revolutionary war, Ostend acquired a partial revival

of its commerce and consequence; and it has become, at this very momentous period, a place of peculiar interest and importance to the British nation.

In the long line of coast from the Texel to Brest, there is not one good natural harbour; for the embouchures of the Rhine and Scheldt, though accessible at all times of the tide in fine weather, yet are so blocked up and impeded by sand-banks and shifting sands, that the approach in bad weather,



or during dark nights, is very dangerous. The other ports are factitious tide harbours, dry at low water, and some of these even at half tide. Of these, Ostend (which word signifies *East-port*) is among the best.

The harbour of Ostend is formed by a natural inlet of the sea, which has forced a passage between two sand-hills. The south-western bank, or beach, is of a triangular shape, and possesses some degree of elevation above high-water mark and the surrounding flat country, so that, at half tide, it is completely peninsulated; and on this bank the town is built. This inlet has been improved at different times. The ground has been scooped out so as to form the interior harbour or bason, which terminates in the great canal of Bruges, to which it is connected by superb flood-gates, piers, and sluices. Externally, the channel is confined and deepened by two piers or jetties: their construction is simple, yet effective, being nothing more than double rows of piles driven into the sand, and connected by a flooring of strong planks. Not above 100 yards from the end of the piers there is a bar, which runs across the harbour's mouth, upon which, in neap tides, there is not more than 7 or 8 feet water; at high water, in ordinary tides, there are 12 feet; and, in lunar tides, 25 feet and upwards on the bar. If these jetties were carried out so as to rest upon the sand-bank which forms the bar, it would deepen the water and prevent the further accumulation of sand, which is constantly thrown by the northern current on the east side of the harbour. If Ostend

were to remain ultimately in our possession, the improvement of its harbour, of which it is very susceptible at a moderate expence, would be worth the consideration of government.

During the period of its commercial prosperity, that is, between the years 1720 and 1780, the town of Ostend became greatly enlarged. Ramparts were demolished to make room for buildings, and a new town was regularly laid out and completed. It in some respects resembles an English town, being built of brick, with flagged foot-ways, a convenience not met with any where else on the Continent. Yet the inhabitants persist in walking in the middle of the street, amidst heaps of dung, carts, horses, &c. so inveterate are prejudice and habit. The beauty of the new town consists principally in a fine quay, which borders the inner harbour, where the large and handsome hotel of the *ci-devant* East India Company makes, at this day, a conspicuous figure.

The old town has a shattered and somewhat shabby appearance. It contains, however, two good squares, or, as they are more properly called, places. The Maison de Ville forms the entire side of one of them. It was formerly reckoned among the most magnificent structures of the kind in the Netherlands, being ornamented with two fine towers at each wing, and a dome in the centre; but this superb building was nearly ruined by the bombardment of 1745. The body of the town-house still subsists, but of its dome and two beautiful towers, there only remains the stump of one of them, surmounted by a wooden cupola. The church

is a large heavy building of brick, without the smallest claim to architectural merit; but the inside is richly ornamented. It has a lofty octangular steeple, with a very clumsy spire; affording, however, an excellent sea-mark, which may be seen at a great distance, when nothing else on land can be discerned. The Pharos is also a striking object. It is a simple column, standing solitary, like Pompey's Pillar, on the beach. It supports a large reverberating lanthorn. Near the Pharos is a flag-staff, on which a blue flag is gradually hoisted in proportion as the tide flows into the harbour.

The fortifications of Ostend are more than two miles in circumference. They were dismantled, but had not been essentially injured. They are now undergoing repairs and additions, which will make them very formidable. As the place is situated on an elevated beach, the ramparts tower above the flat country, which being lower than high water-mark, can be speedily and extensively inundated. The only hostile approaches are along the high sand-hills to the north and south: the former is protected by a strong redoubt, built by the late French government, called Fort Napoleon; and there are at present 2000 men at work constructing another on the south side.

By a census made six years ago, the inhabitants of Ostend were found to amount to 10,570 individuals, exclusive of the garrison. Their number must have increased since.

The civil and military history of Ostend is interesting. Like many of the towns of modern Europe,

it was indebted for its origin to ecclesiastical establishments, the signiory being invested in the abbey of Saint Bertin at Saint Omer. Mankind owes more to saints and their reliques than an incredulous world is willing to allow. If some of these never had existence, we know that their foster-fathers, the monks, had; that, like the martins that built their nests in Macbeth's castle, they enjoyed an instinctive perception in the choice of the most healthy, fertile, and picturesque situations for their habitations; and that to their selection we are indebted for some of the finest and most flourishing cities of Europe.

On this sanctified ground Robert le Frison, Count of Flanders, built a church, dedicated to Notre Dame, in the year 1072. This Robert was an usurper, and, like all usurpers, was a man of talent and courage. He dispossessed his nephew, the true heir, who fled to Philip I. King of France. Philip marched with a great army to reinstate him; but the usurper totally defeated the French, and the nephew fell in the battle. Robert being now established in the possession of Flanders, the Pope enjoined him, as a penance, to build churches and found abbeys. Robert did not dispute the mandate of his holiness; he was one of the first improvers of the country, and, after a long reign, left it in a flourishing condition. The church, like that of Dunkirk, was soon surrounded with dwellings, and became a considerable town; but on the 22d November, 1334, both church and town were swallowed up by a sudden influx of the sea. The very next year, how-

ever, a new church and a new town, fortified with palisadoes, were built higher up on the beach, which have braved the fury of the elements ever since. In 1445, Philip le Bon, Count of Flanders, surrounded Ostend with walls, erected the four gates, and formed the harbour.

About this period Ostend acquired maritime importance, and became the most noted fishing station on the whole coast. Its fishermen are commemorated for catching mermaids, sea-monsters, and odd fishes. This species of fishery has of late declined; but, perhaps, if they threw their nets farther westward, it might again revive.

It was not until the year 1583 that Ostend was regularly fortified, by Maurice of Nassau, Prince of Orange, who made it the seaport of the great cities of Ghent and Bruges, which he had recently taken. The same year Alexander Farnese, Prince of Parma, attempted to carry the newly fortified town by a *coup de main*, in which he failed. But the Archduke Albert, the Spanish governor of the Netherlands, having lately espoused Isabella, Infanta of Spain, daughter of Philip II. thought that he could not better signalize the outset of his government than by the reduction of so important a place. Ostend was therefore invested by the Spaniards, with a powerful army, in 1601. For two years the siege was prosecuted with that calm fortitude and steady perseverance which so eminently distinguish the Spanish character; but it was defended by that obstinate valour and that indefatigable exertion for which the Dutch were no less remarkable. The latter, moreover,

threw in succours by sea, of which they had the undisputed possession. Duke Albert, finding that no serious impression was made on the place, whilst the losses of the besiegers were immense, had the good sense to discover the superior talents of Ambrose Spinosa, then a junior general, to whom he entrusted the future conduct of the siege, notwithstanding the open discontents of his superiors. Spinosa soon changed the aspect of affairs. His first care was to equip a flotilla of galleys, to cut off the supplies by sea, which was commanded by his brother Frederick; and though this fleet was defeated in an attempt to raise the siege of Sluys, then besieged by the Prince of Orange, in which Frederick Spinosa himself was killed, yet it partly effected its purpose. Meanwhile Spinosa pushed on his approaches through sands and marshes which were supposed to be utterly impassable, with the utmost vigour. He succeeded at length in raising his batteries within point-blank shot, from which the works were incessantly battered by cannon of a large calibre, carrying fifty-pound balls. The fire was returned with equal spirit by the besieged, and it is reported, that the noise of the firing was heard as far as London. At last the place being totally destroyed, the remnant of the brave garrison capitulated on the 14th of September, 1604, and obtained honourable terms, after a siege, for ever memorable, of three years, three months, and three days. Ostend was commanded during the siege by four successive governors; Charles Vandernoot and Robert de Vere (an English general) were

killed, and Frederick van Dorp was dangerously wounded. Daniel de Hortain, Lord de Marquette, survived, and signed the capitulation.

The Archduke Albert and his consort, the Infanta Isabella, made their triumphal entry into, what they expected to find, the city; instead of which, their terrified looks glanced over the horrors of an immense cemetery, where mutilated human bodies were intermingled with masses of smoking ruins. They could not contemplate such a scene without reflecting, that so much important time had been thrown away, so much blood and treasure expended, for the sorrowful conquest of a sterile bank of sand and a misshapen heap of rubbish. During the siege the garrison was frequently renewed. The besieged sustained a loss of about 50,000 men, whilst that of the besiegers amounted to more than 80,000.

The employment of the enemy's best troops in this protracted siege, gave time to the Prince of Orange to recover his losses, and to make himself master of Rhenberg, Grave, and Sluys. It was followed by a truce of twelve years, in which the independence of the Dutch republic was first recognised by Spain. In consequence of such great results, the Dutch thought themselves amply indemnified for the loss of Ostend. Both sides struck medals on the occasion, to commemorate their respective triumphs. The archduke struck two, which denoted the commencement and end of the siege. They had punning mottos: *OstenDe nobis pacem*, and *OstenDAM initia pacis*, the Roman numerals being the

chronogram. On the other hand, the Prince of Orange struck a medal with the legend of *Jehova plus dederat quam perdidimus*.

In those times and for many years after, all remarkable events were commemorated by medals. It is much to be regretted, that this classical custom has been discontinued. Medals are historical epigrams—

'The brief abstract and chronicle of the times'—and what a rich and varied collection might not the present times have afforded? and would not a series of medals collected from every source, give a juster and more lively account of events, than could be gathered from the party publications of the day—at once fulsome and abusive—always dull, though never impartial? Of the swords of the Xenophons and Cæsars we may proudly boast, but where shall we find their pens?

Ostend being a convenient seaport soon rose from its ashes. The Netherlands having passed to the house of Austria, it remained under its government till the French revolution. In 1648, the French attempted to carry the place by a *coup de main*. They embarked in batteaux for that purpose a select corps of 2000 men; but the flotilla was intercepted, and most of the troops killed or made prisoners. The town was compelled to sustain another siege in the year 1706. The allies, commanded by Field-Marshal Nassau de Overkerke, sat down before it on the 23d June, whilst it was blockaded by an English squadron under Admiral Fairborn. After undergoing a furious bombardment, which again reduced the place to ruins, it surrender-

ed, on capitulation, the 6th July following. Ostend then received a Dutch garrison; but it was restored to the emperor by virtue of the Barrier treaty, concluded in 1715. From this date, Ostend began greatly to prosper. The Emperor Charles VI. established an East India Company there, which had so much success, that it excited the commercial jealousy of the Dutch, English, and French. The court of Vienna was induced to abandon this fertile source of wealth, from political and diplomatic intrigue. It is even affirmed, that a *douceur* of ten millions of florins caused the India Company of Ostend, with all its rights and charters, to be transferred to Amsterdam. After which the place soon began to decline; two thousand of its richest and most commercial citizens transported themselves, their wealth, experience, and industry, to other places; and though various attempts were made to revive its trade, for which purpose, in 1781, it was declared a free port, yet it never could recover itself.

Before its absolute decay, Ostend was fated once more to suffer a destructive siege. When the battle of Fontenoy had laid open all Flanders to the French, Ostend was besieged by Count de Lowendhal. He sat down before the place on 23d August, 1745, and after thirteen days open trenches, and five days bombardment (which dilapidated the greater part of the buildings, and among the rest the superb *Maison de Ville*), it surrendered upon honourable terms. The garrison amounted to 3600 men, most of whom were English. Louis XV. made his triumphal entry into

Ostend on the 3d of the following September; but it was finally restored to Austria by the peace of Aix la Chapelle. When the Emperor Joseph II. caused all the towns of the Austrian Netherlands to be unfortified, Ostend was dismantled, but its ramparts remained entire.

On the breaking out of the French revolution, the battle of Jemappe put this maritime fortress into the hands of the republicans. The subsequent reverses of Dumourier restored it to the Austrians. Become now a sort of military shuttlecock, it was again placed at the disposal of the French; when the fatal battle of Fleurus opened all the Netherlands and Holland itself to the enemy.

The English government having at all times appreciated the importance of Ostend, planned an expedition, in 1800, to surprize the place, or at least render it useless to the enemy. About 3000 men, under the command of Sir Eyre Coote, disembarked without opposition near the city, and immediately proceeded to destroy the flood-gates, and blow up the locks which joined the inner harbour to the canal of Bruges, and situated about a mile and a half outside the fortifications. After effecting this service, the troops attempted to re-embark; but, in the mean time, the weather had become stormy, and so great a surf broke on the beach, that no vessel, not even a boat, could approach it. The little army was therefore obliged to bivouac on the sand-hills; and the next day, the wind blowing still fresher, it found itself surrounded by numerous military corps called in

from all the neighbourhood. A partial action took place, in which the English had about 100 men killed and wounded, the general being among the latter. No way of escape being open, the small force had the mortification to ground their arms and become prisoners, even within view of the fleet, which could not possibly assist it.

Napoleon meditated great improvements for Ostend, but the su-

perior importance of Antwerp engrossed all his care. That city and Ostend were the last places which the French reluctantly evacuated, agreeably to the late treaty of Paris.

Ostend lies 12 miles W. of Bruges, $10\frac{1}{2}$ N. E. of Newport, and $31\frac{1}{2}$ N. E. by E. of Dunkirk. It is scarcely 20 marine leagues E. by S. from Ramsgate. Lat. $51^{\circ} 13' N$. Long. $3^{\circ} 3' E$. from London.

E. W.

RETRIBUTIVE JUSTICE.

(Concluded from p. 28.)

CHARLES passed a few weeks longer at the castle, and then set out with a light heart to seize that happiness which, in his opinion, could not now escape him, having previously extorted from his old servant an oath of the most profound secrecy. He flew on the wings of impatience to Poland; but who can describe his surprise and mortification, when informed, on his arrival at Warsaw, that the Princess Sultikowska had been some weeks the wife of Count Soderini? His rage knew no bounds; he cursed the innocent Ludovica, and swore to be revenged on her. The fortune left him by his uncle had indeed released him for the moment from his embarrassments, but all his magnificent prospects were blasted, and he was determined that the author of his disappointment should not escape with impunity. The first step he took was to endeavour to gain admittance to the house of the count; and this was no difficult task, for he had long been acquainted with So-

derini, and Ludovica was charmed with his agreeable company. Thus Charles became in a short time the most intimate friend of the family. Soderini, a native of Italy, was to be sure not the best pleased to leave the handsome Walling always, and in general alone, with his wife: jealousy, that innate vice of the Italians, was kindled in his bosom; but too delicate to betray his suspicions to his wife, he said nothing till business required his absence for several months. At parting, he intimated to Ludovica, that, to avoid scandal, he should be glad, if, whilst he was away, the visits of Walling were not so frequent as they had previously been. Ludovica smiled, and shrugging her shoulders, promised to comply with his desire. For the first week she kept her word; she was very rarely at home to Charles; but she was so accustomed to his society, the hours which formerly passed so agreeably, now seemed so tedious, that she could not withstand the temptation to break her promise.

"Why," thought she, "shall I doom myself to the dull and solitary life of an anchorite on account of a jealous, groundless whim of my husband's? If I know my heart to be pure, what need I care for the never-ceasing clack of gossiping scandal-mongers?" Thus did she excuse herself, and Charles was not so often denied admittance—nay, his visits soon became more frequent than ever. This was just what the artful wretch wished for. If he happened to be in any public place at the same time with the countess, he never took his eyes from her; if he observed that any person noticed him, he fixed them on the ground, like a detected criminal.

It was natural that such behaviour should attract the attention of all the loquacious retailers of scandal. They watched him more closely; Charles seemed to betray himself by a hundred trifles, and he contrived so cunningly to involve Ludovica herself in equivocal expressions, that no doubt was left in the minds of those who overheard them. On various occasions he accompanied the countess in her carriage, and by his affected embarrassment, he so artfully strengthened the suspicion, that in a short time all Warsaw talked of an intrigue between the Countess Soderini and Charles von Walling as of an undoubted fact. It may easily be conceived, that a report, which appearances so strongly confirmed, could not be indifferent to the friends of the count. One of these friends, thinking it right to open the eyes of the deluded husband, wrote to him what had passed during his absence; representing, that it was absolutely necessary for him

to return, to avenge his injured honour and to check the sneers of the world. What impression this letter was calculated to make on the already too jealous Italian, may readily be imagined. In a paroxysm of rage, he swore to wash away the disgrace in the blood of him who was the occasion of it. He threw himself into a carriage, and urged by torturing jealousy, ordered the postilion to drive with the utmost expedition. On his arrival at Warsaw he did not alight at his own house, but at the residence of the friend who had transmitted to him the dreadful tidings. A servant of Walling's was accidentally passing through the street when the count hastily got out of the carriage; he knew Soderini, and hastened to carry the intelligence to his master, to whom nothing could be more gratifying. The count would have proceeded immediately to call his wife and her base seducer to a public account; but his cooler friend advised him to investigate the matter more closely, and to procure incontestible evidence before he took any steps. It was therefore agreed, that the arrival of the count should be kept secret, whilst two trusty attendants were charged to watch unobserved every step of Walling, and instantly report such discoveries as they should make.

Charles, who, after the information given by his servant, was upon his guard, very soon perceived the two men who followed him wherever he went, and secretly rejoiced at the circumstance, than which nothing could have been contrived more favourable to his plan. He succeeded in bribing a chamber-

maid of the countess, and with her assistance he hoped infallibly to accomplish his object. He remarked that one of the count's spies was generally at the coffee-house where he was accustomed to sup; he therefore one evening invited one of his friends, whom he knew to be a very inquisitive man, to sup there with him. They had scarcely seated themselves at the table that was laid for them, before the spy appeared, and took his place at the next table. It was not long before Charles was called away, and shortly returned with looks of evident joy: his curious companion immediately enquired the reason. Charles returned no answer; his friend became the more urgent, and at length Walling told him in a whisper, but loud enough to be heard by every body in the next seats, that he had just received an invitation to a celestial meeting for the following night: at the same time, he pulled out a note, which he kissed with warmth, but when he would have apparently put it in his pocket, he purposely let it fall on the floor. This did not escape the spy; he presently dropped his handkerchief, and slyly contrived to pick up the billet along with it. Charles, who seemed to know nothing about the matter, was heartily glad to see the man soon afterwards leave the coffee-house. The count's fury was unbounded when he read the following note in his wife's hand-writing: — "Dear Charles, you have conquered; I can no longer withstand your solicitations. Come to-morrow night at ten o'clock to the back door that leads into the garden. When all is quiet, clap your hands three times; the door

shall then be opened, and you shall find the full reward of your love in the arms of your Ludovica."

The count could now entertain not a shadow of doubt, that he was dishonoured and betrayed by her to whom he was most tenderly attached. Such conduct demanded revenge—ample, signal revenge. Unfortunately his friend had left town for a few days; and being now without adviser, he listened only to the suggestions of his rage; while Ludovica had not the slightest suspicion of the tempest that was gathering over her innocent head. The note was a forgery: Charles had found means to procure some of her writing, which he had counterfeited with extraordinary accuracy. The dreadful evening arrived, and Charles repaired well armed to the narrow lane into which the garden-door opened. He remarked the figure of a man wrapped in a cloak, standing close in an obscure corner; he rightly conjectured it to be the count, who thus willingly fell into the snare so artfully laid for him. Charles went up to the door, gave the preconcerted signal; it was opened by the maid whom he had bribed, but just as he was about to enter, the count sallied out upon him from his corner, with his sword drawn, crying, "Receive your reward, villain!" This was what he did not expect, but he had no time to lose: his antagonist rushed furiously upon him; he parried a few strokes, made a desperate thrust, and the unfortunate count fell at his feet wallowing in blood, and expired. Though all these circumstances had taken him completely at unawares, his pre-

sence of mind did not forsake him ; he hurried home, packed up his money, for he had lately won considerable sums at play, and posted without delay to the frontiers. Soderini's precipitation had indeed frustrated his plan ; for he designed only to excite the count's jealousy, to inflame his anger, to induce him to a separation from his supposed faithless wife, and revenge himself sufficiently in this manner ; but he had no intention of taking so much trouble for nothing. He therefore wrote from the frontiers to his regiment, and excused himself on account of his flight, which he alledged to be the only method of saving his life, since he was not safe in Poland from the vengeance of the family of the count, who had certainly fallen by his hand, but only in self-defence, as he had attacked him out of jealousy in the night. He never so much as hinted at the innocence of Ludovica : this circumstance, coupled with the reports of the count's friend and the previous talk of the whole town, caused every one to consider her as guilty, in spite of her protestations ; especially as the chambermaid, who might have thrown some light upon the matter, was, for good reasons, silent. The unhappy countess, secluded in a convent from the slanderous world, now deplored her indiscretion, while Charles repaired to the Austrian capital.

The inhabitants of Vienna received him with that frankness and hospitality which are their well-known characteristics. Among other houses to which he obtained access, was that of Balabetti, the banker. Balabetti had amassed an

immense fortune by his industry and activity. His daughter, a beautiful girl of eighteen, was his only heir. No sooner had Charles made himself acquainted with the circumstances of this family, than he conceived the idea of aspiring to the hand of this fascinating young lady, and her still more fascinating fortune. He soon found means to win the confidence of the parent and the affections of his child. Emboldened by his success, he formally solicited Balabetti to give him his daughter in marriage ; and the banker seemed not disinclined to the match, but wished first to make some inquiries concerning the family of his future son-in-law, who told a very plausible story to account for his flight from Warsaw. Charles, naturally enough, took good care to exhibit himself in a favourable light. Balabetti possessing too much knowledge of the world, to give implicit credit to all that was told him, wrote to one of his correspondents at Warsaw, and, to his astonishment, received an answer which totally contradicted Charles's account, and was by no means to his advantage. Balabetti showed this letter to Charles, and, without ceremony, desired that he might be spared any future visits : an affront which a man like Charles was incapable of feeling. He built his hopes on the affection of Julia, who was attached to him with all the ardour of a first love. He found means to write to her ; asserted that the account from Warsaw was a mere fiction, invented to part her from him, because her avaricious father was desirous of a more wealthy alliance : he swore that he could en-

joy no happiness without her, and urged her to defy the tyranny under which she was held, and elope with him. Julia's dutiful heart revolted against this proposal; but Charles, who met her in one of her lonely walks in the Prater, represented the matter as perfectly innocent, telling her, that they would only go to a village a few miles from Vienna, there to be united for ever, and then return to obtain forgiveness at the feet of her father. His persuasions, his intreaties, his hypocritical tears, prevailed—Julia consented.

On the appointed day, Julia begged permission of her father to visit a female friend: Balabetti cheerfully granted it, as he wished his daughter to take amusement. Beyond the gate of the city Charles was in waiting with a carriage, into which he lifted the trembling Julia, and galloped away to a village, where a clergyman, bribed with a considerable sum, was in readiness to receive them at the door of the church. Charles alighted with his victim; they went into the church, and the ceremony commenced. He had just pronounced in a firm tone the affirmative, *Yes*—when a voice exclaimed, “Hold, perjured wretch!” and before him stood the figure of one whom he had long imagined to be dead—of his much injured wife, Paulina. Horror-struck, he fell trembling upon his knees, confessed all his crimes, and then springing up, ran out of the church, as if distracted, to the Danube, which flowed past at a little distance, and plunged in. Some labourers, who happened to be at work close by, perceiving the action, jumped in after him, drew him out

of the water, and carried him before the judge of the village, who, after investigating the affair, delivered him over to the police of Vienna.

The instrument of the deserved vengeance that overtook the culprit was no supernatural appearance; it was Paulina herself. She had languished a whole year in her dungeon, when the French penetrated through the Black Forest into Swabia. The ancient castle was occupied by a detachment and plundered: not a cellar, not a corner remained unexplored; and thus they at length discovered a door, which the keeper, Charles's old servant and confidant, positively refused to open. The French, supposing that it led to some receptacle of hidden treasures, broke open the door and entered the prison of Paulina. They carried her to their commanding officer, a young and tender-hearted man. Her miserable condition deeply affected him, and he would have immediately transmitted a report of it to the general in chief, that farther inquiries might be made concerning the horrible affair, and that the atrocious cruelty of her obdurate husband might be duly punished; but Paulina's generous spirit harboured no revenge. She entreated the officer to keep the matter secret, and merely to procure passports for her, that she might proceed to her aunt in Austria, and there recruit herself after her sufferings. The officer complied with her request, and furnished her with money; and Paulina arrived safely at the residence of her aunt, to whom the village above-mentioned belonged: here she lived under an assumed name, firmly resolved ne-

ver to make known her wrongs, but to leave the punishment of Charles to the will of Providence. One morning, as she was returning from a lonely walk, her road led her past the church, before the door of which she saw a coach drawn up, and a young lady and her husband alighting. She knew Charles again at the first glance, and for some time stood stupified with surprise after the new-comers had entered the church. An unaccountable uneasiness now seized her; she felt herself involuntarily urged forward, and went into the church just as the marriage service had commenced. She long struggled against her feelings, but when Charles pledged his troth with such consummate assur-

ance, she could restrain herself no longer; she ran up to the profaned altar, and then followed the scene that unmasked the abandoned hypocrite, and delivered him over to deserved punishment. The sentence of the law doomed him to expiate his crimes in the dreary dungeons of the Spielberg. At the entreaty of the grateful Balabetti, the saviour of his daughter went to reside in his house. Paulina became the bosom friend of Julia; she brought her up to be an excellent wife to a husband every way worthy of her; and in the circle of a family, whose happiness was her work, she found compensation for her unmerited sufferings.

THE APPARITION.

A TRUE STORY.

(Concluded from p. 23.)

ONE day, in the summer of 179-, a stranger came to me, and delivered a letter from the lady of General M. who informed me in it, that "the bearer, Mr. S***, was an artist of great skill in optical deceptions, and who, in several exhibitions at H. had given great satisfaction to the public. As he intended to exhibit the same at C. she should consider herself obliged if I would endeavour to promote the views of Mr. S. whom she was particularly anxious to serve." Mr. S. who was a man of considerable talents and prepossessing manners, soon found means to interest me in his favour, and I prevailed upon my father to allow him the use of a large empty apartment in the mansion in which we resided. As

this apartment was upon the same floor with my room, I could not help having almost hourly occasions of seeing and speaking to the artist whilst employed in making his various arrangements. Sometimes he explained to me this or that part of his apparatus; at others he entertained me with an account of his travels, his residence in the principal cities of Germany, and his various adventures. Thus, among other things, he related to me what follows:—

"In one of my journies from Dresden to Frankfurt, I took it into my head to visit the beautiful valley of A. I therefore turned off from the high road, but about noon was overtaken by a storm, and obliged to stop at a village, be-

cause my automata had got wet under the canvas which covered my carriage. Whilst I was drying them, I availed myself of the opportunity to clean my mirrors, and was just going to pack up my apparatus again, when my wife pointed out to me a party, consisting, as I afterwards learned, of the minister of the place and two females, who were supping under the shade of the lime-trees before the door of the parsonage. In a fit of playful humour, she persuaded me to dish up an apparition, as a desert for the company; and, as the parsonage was exactly opposite to my room on the ground floor of the inn, and only at a moderate distance, as the windows were low, and the party remained till late, I could not have had a better opportunity for complying with the wish of my frolicsome wife. I directed my mirror, and sent over a figure which I intended them to see. The ladies started with affright from their seats, but the pastor, a courageous man, followed the apparition, till one of the ladies, probably his wife, pulled him back, and I made the figure disappear at the wall of the church-yard. This event raised a great noise in the village. As I had entered the inn-yard by the back way, I had been noticed by very few persons; on account of my puppets, I kept my door locked; there were no children in the house, and at the time the apparition was seen, my host and his people, who took me for a dealer in toys, were engaged in housing a waggon-load of hay which had come in very late. I had therefore plenty of time to remove my apparatus, and thus to obviate all sus-

picion of my having any hand in the affair. The apparition was regarded as supernatural, and several of the inhabitants who talked over the subject under my window, were of opinion, that it was a token of a death that would speedily happen at the parsonage, not only because the apparition had directed its course from that place to the church-yard, but also because the pastor's wife was, for the first time, in the family way.

"I know not how it happened," continued Mr. S. "that I purposely left these people in their error. I well knew how to appreciate the moral object of such phantasmagoric exhibitions; namely, to form delusive figures by the aid of optics, and by explaining the natural means employed for the purpose, to destroy the belief in supernatural appearances; I knew, moreover, that no man can calculate the consequences of an action, and it was therefore doubly my duty to clear up the matter as soon as the danger of my deception was exhibited in pretty strong colours by those superstitious expressions.—Notwithstanding all this, I left the people in their absurd notions; and the mischief which I may have then occasioned, still sometimes lies heavy upon my heart."

"As for this cause of uneasiness," I replied, "I am glad to have it in my power to relieve you from it. The family of the pastor of A. still enjoys good health; instead of having diminished, it has been increased by three robust, hearty boys; and the character of a visionary, which he acquired, may now be done away by the very natural explanation of this occur-

rence. At the same time it may serve to convince him and his colleagues, that it is extremely silly to maintain, because we cannot account for any particular circumstance, that it must necessarily be inexplicable."

JOURNAL OF A TOUR TO THE GLACIERS OF THE CANTON OF BERNE, IN SWITZERLAND, IN THE SUMMER OF 1812.

By RUDOLPH MEYER, Junior.

(Continued from p. 20.)

NEXT morning we broke up our hut, for the weather was bad, and we wanted wood for fuel. I determined to wait for better weather in the Alpine huts on the Aletsch glacier, which is seen far above Brieg and Naters, in the Valais. We traversed the Viescher glacier, and proceeded through the solitary icy valley on the height between Viescherhorn and Walcher. A boundless ocean of ice opened upon us; the middle of it is the Aletsch glacier, which almost extends to the lake of Aletsch, and, surrounded by steep mountains, disappears at its extremity among verdant hills.

The clouds rose darker and darker above the summits of the masses of ice. A violent tempest soon drove us before it from the foot of the Jungfrau. The lightning flashed through the blackened firmament, till the storm spent itself in a torrent of rain which poured down upon the ice-fields. We, meanwhile, skipped away over the clefts in the ice to the beginning of the lake, where we found shelter in a cavern of crystal.

On the bluish bosom of this lake, about a league in length, as in the Arctic ocean, float ice-islands, formed of fragments of masses precipitated from the glaciers. Around it appears the verdure of the Alps.

The quantity of water discharged by it into the Viescher valley changes almost every quarter of an hour, according as the outlet is more or less obstructed by the blocks of ice. It has frequently happened, especially after hot summers, that the whole lake has, on a sudden, completely emptied itself; and its waters, together with the glacier, have tumbled into the valley, and desolated whole districts.

At the southern extremity of the lake I was hospitably received by the stone huts of my guides. Here I remained six days. Even in fine weather we were obliged to abstain from ascending the glaciers, on account of inflammations of the eyes.

On the 24th of August, however, I determined myself to ascend the summit of the Finsteraarhorn once more from the west side, with a view to make at least some observations there. The sky was serene.

We reached the top of the Aletsch glacier. The pleasingly terrific impressions produced by the prodigious desert of snow, are always renewed at every fresh visit. No movement far around, but the vapours creeping up the mountains, or detached clouds floating in the deep azure of the firmament; no sound, save now and then the crash

of a mass of falling ice, repeated by numerous echoes, or the rattling of blocks, which, dashing from rock to rock, at length dissolved in snow and fog, expand into clouds of spray, and form, for a few moments, the most beautiful cata-racts.

A rocky mountain towers above the glistening solitude, like an island in the Frozen Ocean. In the clefts and hollows, where a small quantity of mould had collected, blossomed solitary flowers among short grass; the purple *silene* without stalk, the small golden *alpendraba*, the moss-like saxifrage (*saxifraga cæsia*), *poa laxa*, &c. This mountain is, on this account, denominated by the chamois hunters the *Green Horn*.

Here, in the midst of the sea of ice, I discovered, to my very great joy, human beings. They were our fellow-travellers, who had returned from the lower world; my brother Gottlieb, my uncle Jerome, and Dr. Thilo, with their guides and porters. They had passed the night on the *Green Horn*.

They had left the Grimsel the preceding day, and traversed the Upper Aar and Viescher glaciers. What with the intense heat, and the necessity of wading through the snow, their journey had been both long and fatiguing. They sunk several times into pits when the deceitful covering of snow gave way under their feet; but the fall and preservation of my brother Gottlieb bordered on the miraculous.

All of them were upon the ridge of an ice-mountain in the Viescher glacier, the same where we had fixed our first night's station. When they were about to descend on the

other side, one of the guides remarked, probably only in jest, that they might slide down the mountain, sitting on the surface of the snow. Gottlieb sat down to make the attempt. At first he proceeded pleasantly enough, but soon with greater velocity. He could not stop himself, as the frozen ice was too hard for him to make any impression upon it with his feet. Obligated to resign himself to his fate, he perceived below him a projecting rock. He strove, whilst descending, to guide himself towards it, that he might be able to hold fast there. The declivity, however, became steeper, and his descent more and more rapid, so that he was glad to avoid the rock, where he must have been dashed in pieces. All that he could now do was to keep his legs stiffly extended. The velocity of his descent redoubled. It hurled him, from time to time, for some distance, through the air over the surface of the snow. All hope of saving his life vanished; he lost his equilibrium, and was at length precipitated into a cleft 30 or 40 feet deep, upon the relics of an avalanche that had fallen in. The shock was so violent, that he rebounded from the snow, and the back of his head was buried in it. Lumps of ice rolled rattling down to the depths below. Thus he had gone, in two minutes, a distance that would have taken a quarter of an hour. Had he not been stopped by this cleft in his fall, he must infallibly have been precipitated twice as far as he had already descended. For some time he lay senseless, imbedded in snow. On coming to himself, he scrambled out, and found that he had sustained no injury, excepting a

slight contusion on the hand. It is true, indeed, that for a few days he complained of pains in his chest. Whilst he was sitting at the bottom of the chasm, recovering from his fright, a black squirrel, or one of the glacier weasels already mentioned, ran quickly past him, and crept away between masses of rock and ice.

He clambered out of the chasm without accident. It was a considerable time before he was found by his companions. They had pursued their way over the *Glofer*, or *Guffer*, that is to say, over the remains of fallen rocks.

Thus did they at length reach the Green Horn, where our whole party was assembled, and where we resolved to take up our abode for several days.

We constructed a hut upon the rock. It was the 24th of August, one of the hottest days in the year. The rocks were heated. In the afternoon, when the mercury in the thermometer on the lake of Thun, as well as at Aarau, stood in the shade at 21° , and according to Zschokke's observations at Aarau, it was only 30° even in the sun, it rose upon the glacier to 35° .

The weather, nevertheless, continued during the succeeding days to be extremely variable. We measured a horizontal line of 5500 feet over snow and chasms in the ice, but were often interrupted in the operation. We made experiments with colours, to ascertain at what distance from the Green Horn we could discern them in the Aletsch glacier. But these attempts also were frustrated by the fickleness of the weather: sometimes it snowed, at others rained, and at others again

there was so thick a fog, that, after passing three days to no purpose on this spot, we were obliged to seek refuge again in the huts near the Aletsch lake. The cold increased; and as the surface of this lake was not thawed the whole day in the first month of autumn, we returned through the Upper Valais to the Grimsel, to recruit ourselves after our fatigues. My brother Gottlieb alone remained behind at the lake with the two Valaisans, determined to wait for a fine day to ascend the summit of the Jungfrau.

Before I proceed to give an account of this expedition, and of the manner in which he accomplished his purpose, I will introduce a few observations on these most elevated portions of our quarter of the globe.

It is vain to attempt to produce accurate topographical descriptions of the regions of the glaciers, as of other tracts of country, because the face of them changes every year. The towering summits and spiry peaks of the mountains alone remain unaltered; they alone serve as land-marks for the traveller upon these oceans of ice, when he beholds them again after the lapse of years. Vallies are transformed into hills, and hills into vallies. Here fields of ice fall in and disappear; there bald rocks become enveloped with a frozen mantle, while other peaks lose the icy caps with which they were covered. The tempests and frost of a nine months' winter, the intense heat of the short summer, are incessantly moulding new forms in these changeable regions.

We saw masses of ice more than one hundred feet thick. Not even

these are permanent. As much as accumulates on their surface by snow and rain, so much melts away below through the natural heat of the earth. The purity and dryness of the atmosphere in these regions, promote a rapid and copious evaporation of the melted surface. To this must be added, that the weight of the masses of ice piled up above the ridges of the mountains, naturally tends to sink them into the vallies. There their extreme borders are incessantly melting away, whilst the upper part falls in, and becomes intersected by long clefts running in general parallel to one another.

The observations of Saussure respecting the electrical phenomena on the ice-mountains of Savoy, and on the daily rise and fall of the thermometer, apply to those of the canton of Berne. The difference of the heat and cold at the same hours in the valley at the foot of the mountains, and on the glaciers, still remains to be ascertained by more numerous experiments. As the summer of 1812 had but few hot days, and even on these the heat was never so intense as it usually is in other years, still, as I have already remarked, the mercury in the sun rose to 35° above the freezing point: hence it is highly probable, that on hotter days it may be up to 40° . How low it may be in the depth of winter, it would be difficult to determine. The meteorological observations making by the Natural History Society, among other places, on Mount St. Bernard, will afford points of approximation. Meanwhile we know, that the cold there in winter is from 20° to 23° , though the convent has an absolute

elevation of only 7560 feet, and is screened by more lofty mountains. There cannot therefore be any doubt, that in the Alps, especially on the glaciers, the degrees of heat and cold are more intense than in the vallies situated at their feet; and that, consequently, those must be egregiously mistaken who assert, that winter and summer, or the warmest and coldest hour, are nearly the same in the Alps as in the less elevated plains. Though it cannot be denied, that, *beyond our atmosphere*, where the sun's rays find no more caloric to set at liberty, the temperature of winter and summer must be invariably alike; still the mountains of our earth are much too small a standard for calculating the point beyond our globe, where there is neither winter nor summer, cold nor heat. For so far as the atmospheric air extends the difference is very considerable, and the elevated regions of the peaks of the glaciers may often happen to abound most with the ascending gases, in which the principle of heat may be developed; as, on the contrary, in serene weather, especially in winter, a maximum of cold may be produced, of which we, in habitable regions, cannot perhaps form any conception, owing to the proximity of the surface of the earth and the evolution of vapours.

Our observations upon the effect of those elevations on the human constitution, are still too defective for us to draw any certain inferences from them. Much therefore that is related by M. de Saussure concerning the effects of the atmosphere at such a height upon the human frame, is not generally ap-

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plicable, but only to particular cases. None of us, for instance, was seized, at an absolute elevation of from ten to twelve thousand feet, with sleepiness, violent fever, vomiting, fainting fits, or other affections, which, according to some travellers, are incidental to such situations. Much also that is ascribed to the purity of the air may have been the effect of alarm at the prospect of possible dangers connected with extraordinary exertion, which naturally occasions more speedy exhaustion. Though it is not to be denied, that the pulses beat twice as quick as before, yet, with sufficient repose, they return to the same state as in the vallies and plains. We all of us several times repeated this experiment. Even the fainting-fit which seized one of our guides near the summit of the Jungfrau, seemed to be produced partly by excessive exertion in ascending, and partly by fear of the dangers incurred. None of us ever experienced any thing of the kind in *descending*. The effects of the atmosphere upon the frame must necessarily differ, according as the atmosphere is more or less

dry or humid. On dull days, when there is a damp fog and rain, they are not, of course, the same as in clear and brilliant weather.

Every traveller may convince himself of the truth of this upon the glaciers of the canton of Berne, the traversing of which is not attended with so many difficulties and dangers as people would hitherto fain have it imagined. The journey as far as the ridge between the Jungfrau and Mönch, where you descend into the vallies of the highlands of Berne, may be performed without any danger upon the dry glaciers. The Viescher glacier and the glacier and lake of Aletsch afford prospects to the lover of rural nature, which fully indemnify him for any little trouble that he may have taken. From the Grimsel inn he may make excursions in every direction, and always return thither in bad weather for shelter and refreshment. The attendance is far superior to what might be expected in so remote a place, though the landlord does not charge every customer as if he were an English nobleman.

(To be concluded in our next.)

PLATE 9.—THE LONDON MUSEUM, PICCADILLY.

THE annexed engraving exhibits a view of the Egyptian building lately erected in Piccadilly, by Mr. Bullock, for the purpose of containing his valuable Museum of Natural History, of which we gave an account in a former volume; which, in point of the number, beauty, and variety of the specimens, and the exquisite manner in which they are preserved and arranged, sur-

passes every collection that has existed, or is known at present. The National Museum of Paris, at the *Jardin des Plantes*, though amply endowed, and presented with every thing that could be procured worthy by the French government, since the time of the Count de Buffon, was found, by a comparative catalogue lately made, to contain fewer species than this collection, made in a

few years by individual industry, liberality, and perseverance, assisted by the advantages which arise from the unrivalled state of our navy and extended commerce, which leave not the remotest corner of the globe unexplored. Thus the natural productions of every clime are conveyed to our shores, and this facility has enabled Mr. Bullock to complete his magnificent exhibition. The manner in which the objects in the cabinet are displayed, is perfectly novel, and, at the same time, strictly scientific, conveying correct ideas of the habits and mode of life of the subjects; by which means the student or admirer of the boundless works of creation, may obtain more information in a few hours examination, than by years of reading only.

The collection contains upwards of 25,000 quadrupeds, birds, fishes, reptiles, insects, shells, corals, &c. &c. which have cost the proprietor

near 30,000*l.* independent of the numerous valuable presents made by the royal family, and the most distinguished persons either for rank or science in the kingdom. The entire collection of birds, made by Sir Joseph Banks and Captain Cook during their voyage, have lately been added; and the directors of the French Museum have presented the whole of their duplicates wanted by Mr. Bullock, who has just returned from Rome and the principal cities of Italy, with a number of very valuable and interesting articles. It gives us great pleasure to be able to state, that the merits of this collection are duly appreciated by the public: no place of amusement, where a moderate sum commands immediate admission, has met with such universal and continued support; and few strangers, whether natives or foreigners, visit this metropolis without seeing the London Museum.

CRITICAL OBSERVATIONS ON THE STYLE OF FRANCESCO BARTOLOZZI,

With References to the Style of other eminent Engravers.

By WILLIAM CAREY.

AFTER the brief survey of the course of his studies as a draftsman, designer, and painter, and a notice of his career in Italy, England, and Portugal, inserted in the last number but one of this publication, the style of this celebrated artist, as an engraver, becomes the subject of present consideration. It is easy to get rid of investigation by general terms of praise or censure. The words fine, excellent, admirable; bad, wretched, and execrable, possess a powerful

significance; although it requires little knowledge of the subject, to grace common-place terms with their utmost emphasis. But, in rendering an honest tribute to superior genius, we ought to avoid even the appearance of so unworthy a subterfuge. The analysis necessary to mark distinctly, in a limited compass, the characteristics of extraordinary merit, is undoubtedly attended with difficulty; but that difficulty is forgotten in the hope of contributing to interest a wealthy

public in behalf of the arts, which, with the style of the artist, are the subject of impartial discussion.

In any country, where the pleasing and agreeable only are sought for by the people, painters, who are ultimately governed by the choice of their patrons, are discouraged from subjects of terror, grandeur, and sublimity. It is reasonable to conclude, that Bartolozzi, in Italy, was, in common with other painters, obliged to contract his aims to the circle in which he lived; and to submit, in some degree, to what Fuseli has aptly termed, "the dastard taste of *the age*." How far this submission prevented the cultivation of his powers, in some diversities of style, is a point of important consideration: but here it is not intended to speculate on what he might have effected, if he had flourished two centuries earlier. Our inferences are derived from his productions in that field to which he was confined by the state of the fine arts in his own age and country.

Breadth, mellowness, and harmony of effect; purity and elegance of outline; an ideal grace of form; beauty and loveliness of character, constituted the principles of his style as a designer and painter. To these principles, modified by the duty of faithfully entering into the spirit of the masters from whom he copied, his executive powers as an engraver were subservient. By these principles, his portraits, single figures, fanciful groups, landscapes, and grand historical prints, are all, in due degrees, enriched and elevated. In the dignified spirit of historical painting, he sought to give only the general character of objects,

and employed a chaste and simple style of execution, as the fittest means of obtaining his end. In this fitness to the general character, by which his execution is always subordinate to the style of the painter from whom he engraved, consists the superior beauty of his lines, or handling of the graver. This free and beautiful simplicity is to be found in his prints, whether he produced his effect by finished line engraving, or stippling, or etching with the fire of a painter, or an union of the etching point and graver with aqua-tinta. In whatever style he worked, he adopted the true character of the originals before him, with a correspondent purity of outline and a painter-like facility of stroke, as if he himself still handled the pencil, and not the graver. As a manner injurious to general effect, he avoided the ostentation of a contrasted direction and crossing of the lines on each particular object. There is an harmonious variety in his lines, but contrast was not a primary principle in his style. Not only are his subordinate masses of light and shadow duly kept under by gradation of tint, but his subordinate objects are judiciously kept down by the chastity of their execution.

The contrasted crossing and diversity of stroke may be appropriate as a leading principle in prints, after ornamental portraits, like those of Hyacinth Rigaud. Edelinck, Drevet, Chereau, and other able French engravers, employed a beautiful variety of delicate tooling in engraving the laces, ribbons, grand crosses, and other courtly finery of his pompous pictures. Wille, the most famous of

the modern engravers, for variety of line and the popular magic of exquisite mechanical dexterity, has produced some brilliant specimens in this class, from the works of Gerard Douw, Mieris, Netscher, Terburgh, Dietricy, and other Flemish and Dutch painters. The linen, stuffs, silks, satins, metals, glass, and other substances, are so minutely identified by a particular direction or crossing of the lines, that each attracts the eye by a particular effect; in some instances at the expence of the principal part of the subject. This admired engraver justly ranks among the foremost, if not the first, in his class; and his works are deservedly held in high estimation. But the very circumstance of his taste for detail, his mechanical excellence, and anxious attention to the fineness, contrast, and regular beauty of his lines, unfitted him altogether to engrave from Raphael or the great Italian masters.

A warm feeling for the opposite beauties of the several schools, in their proper classes, is the characteristic of an enlarged mind duly cultivated. The same breast may receive pleasure, in discriminate degrees, from the admirable truth of ordinary life in Flemish art, and from the deep sentiment and ideal majesty of the Italians. But there are many who do not look beyond the surface, and limit their gratification to that which the eye receives from curious elaboration, high finishing, or brilliant colouring. Others narrow their sphere of enjoyment still more, and attach themselves to the works of one or two masters exclusively. An amateur, who is struck by the

effect of light and shade, more than by the dignity of the objects which it is employed to shew, prefers Rembrandt to Raphael. Those who admire the delicate penciling, enamel polish, and minute details of individual nature in the works of Gerard Douw and Mieris, more than the elevation of Michael Angelo's design, or the grandeur of Giorgione's conception and colouring, prefer the engravings of Wille and his school to those of the whole race of historical engravers, from Marc Antonio to Sharp and Bartolozzi. But, although Wille's execution entitles him to so high a rank in his class, it would be as incorrect to term him an *historical engraver*, as to term Gerard Douw, Mieris, or Terburgh, *historical painters*.

It is unreasonable to suppose, that a person who lifts a great weight, or runs a great distance in a given time, does not, thereby, furnish a proof of his capacity to lift a less weight, or run a shorter distance with at least equal facility and speed. It is as contrary to good sense to suppose, that Bartolozzi, who drew in so superior a style, and who used his graver as an instrument of drawing, character, and effect, with so unprecedented a facility and beauty, could not have achieved the easier task, that of cutting lines on the copper with as much fineness, ostentatious contrast, or regular beauty, as any other engraver, if he had deemed the excellence of historical engraving to consist in the regularity and fineness, or ostentatious contrast of lines. None but those who doubt that the less quantity is contained in the greater, can doubt

this. No person complains, that Shakspeare, when composing his dramas, or Dryden, when translating the *Æneid*, did not deem it necessary to vie in beautiful penmanship with the writing-masters of their day. The historians, Hume and Gibbon, were as inattentive to beautiful penmanship, because it was not necessary for their purpose. Bartolozzi, for a similar reason, did not aim at a flourishing fineness of stroke, or that mechanical beauty which is sought for by an ostentatious contrast of crossing on every object, and by an extreme regularity of hatching on each particular. The engraver who excelled in the highest excellence, could have displayed with ease all those subordinate qualities; as a general, who has scaled the mountain-top, commands all its inferior elevations. He admired these subordinate qualities in their proper province, when judiciously displayed in prints after many of the high-finished works of the Dutch and Flemish painters; but abstained from them himself in his prints after the Italian masters, as being injurious to relative and general character, harmonious effect and sentiment in an historical engraving. Truth and beauty of form, expression, and sentiment, were the end, which he sought according to the spirit of the masters from whose works he engraved; and that great artist considered his *lines* merely as his *means of obtaining that end*. On the contrary, a mechanical engraver mistakes the means for the end; and, having acquired a mastery of his instrument, is too apt, in laying a stress upon forced oppositions of black and white, and the

fineness, flourish, contrasted hatching, and regular beauty of his lines, to overlook historical character and sentiment, as if mechanical excellence constituted the sole beauty and end of art.

In the great style of landscape and historical painting, the brightest colouring, smoothest and most elaborate penciling, are not necessarily considered the best. Nor is the freest and boldest execution valued for its boldness alone. The colouring, touch, and penciling, however varied, which are most pregnant with truth, character, and beauty, are most esteemed. In music it is not the most dexterous bravura of voice and instrument which possesses the greatest power over the heart. How many smooth versifiers are there, and how few breathe the true inspiration of poetry! The superior beauties of poetry, music, painting, and engraving, are estimated by the same rule of truth and warm feeling, in distinction from their mere mechanical or executive excellence. In these arts, every part of the execution which does not contribute to character and sentiment, enfeebles their effect; and all elaboration beyond the just expression of the object, is tortuous and destructive of its real end. The execution, therefore, in an historical print, however exquisitely worked up in the tooling, is not justly entitled to the praise of beauty or excellence, in the higher acceptation of those words, unless it is subordinate to the sentiment, and a vehicle of truth and feeling. The engraver must be second to the painter; and the personages and story, not the fine stroke, oc-

cupy the eye and mind of the spectator.

In this just view, as an engraver of poetical and historical composition, Bartolozzi's lines possess superior grace, facility, and beauty. His is not simply the beauty of *line*, as it is termed, which consists in a twirl or flourish of the graver, a fineness or vigour of cut, and a polished regularity or ostentatious contrast of hatching. This mode of execution is employed to attract the eye by its glittering details: but even when that end is obtained, it is in some degree cold or black, deficient in historical effect, and either used to veil the want of higher qualities, or obtained by the sacrifice of correct drawing and truth of expression. There is a beautiful lightness and tasteful play in the direction, curvature, and harmonious crossing of Bartolozzi's lines; but, as before observed, that beauty is a subordinate accessory to the still higher beauty which arises from their superior fitness to their end. His style of hatching or handling with the graver, exhibits an adaptation of lines the most perfectly suited to express the objects on which it is employed. The lines are beautiful from their simplicity and mellowness; but their essential charm consists in their being productive of truth and beauty of form and expression.

In the true spirit of an historical painter and engraver, he rejected all petty and unnecessary identification; and bestowed his chief attention on the just expression of his heads, and the fleshiness and correct determination of his naked forms. He marked each subordi-

nate object by its general character of light, shadow, form, and density. His accessories possess their due importance, but no more. The folds of his drapery are broad and noble; they possess an unequalled flow and dignity. His trees, water, buildings, clouds, and every part of his back-grounds, are etched and finished with surprising lightness and vivacity. His landscapes from Zuccarelli, may be aptly termed paintings upon copper: those models of true taste not only express the sunny light and mellow transparency of that master's shadows, but the airy and sparkling touch of his enchanting pencil. He intermixed etching and engraving so admirably, as to retain the freedom of the one without its harshness, and the firmness of the other without its dryness. Although no artist ever possessed greater facility, sweetness, or spirit of graver and point, he, at all times, rose above the mechanical pride of brilliant tooling, and the false spirit which is so cheaply obtained by *forced oppositions of black and white*. His line, on whatever it is employed, or however diversified, invariably melts into bold effective masses. He left no busy details; nothing spotty or glaring; no affected freedom; no part obscured or suppressed in shadow, because misunderstood or inaccessible to his power. The profound intelligence and the master-hand are every where visible. His lights are warm and rich; his shadows ample and united; his reflections so finely treated as to relieve and mark his forms with clearness and decision, without disturbing the delicious harmony of his general effect. As,

in an historical composition, the characters, groups, and masses of light and shadow have each their *principal*, to which they are subordinate; so, in his prints, the engraver is subordinate to the painter, the detailed handling to the characters, and the general execution to the sentiment of the story. Every

part rests in grand accord; every object is animated by science and fine feeling; and a charming union of spirit and softness, of lustre and repose, forms an harmonious spell in his style and a proud superiority in his productions.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE MODERN SPECTATOR.

No. LIII.

AN ARABIAN TALE.—(*Continued from p. 34.*)

THE caliph had acquired, from the virtues which adorned his character, the surname of Alraschid, or the lover of what is good: though, like other human beings, he was subject to failings; but they were overlooked among the many noble qualities which distinguished the career of his power.

It was, however, known by foreigners, as well as his own subjects, that the caliph owed the formation of his character to the care, and the glory of his government to the counsels, of Jahia. Several of the neighbouring princes, therefore, who feared the ambition of Alraschid, and were sensible that, if he chose to add their territories to his empire, they should not be able, by any combination they could form, to resist the force of his arms, sought the friendship of the vizier, and courted an alliance with him. The Prince of Chozomar accordingly offered his daughter in marriage to Jahia's eldest son, Fadhel; but the intended bride died on the journey, and was the innocent cause of a bloody war. But though the family of the vizier were disappointed in their hopes from the

failure of the proposed alliance, they were gratified in another way, as they unexpectedly succeeded to his power, before the angel of death had summoned him to the tomb.

Jahia had four sons, Fadhel, Giaffar, Mahomet, and Moussar. Though Giaffar was the second in birth, in this history he must take the precedence, and consequently will be the first whose person and character it is necessary for us to delineate.

A more beautiful form or a greater soul than he possessed, nature has seldom given to man. His person, which had all the exterior of majesty, was enlivened by a countenance at once open, animated, and seducing; eyes blue as the hyacinth and clear as crystal; cheeks full and blooming, and a mouth which seemed to speak when it said nothing, formed the manly beauty of his face. These were attractive of the admiration of all who gazed upon him; but they were no longer regarded when he began to speak. His words flowed with a smoothness that delighted, and conveyed a knowledge which

instructed all who heard him; always blending his superior powers with the most encouraging affability. None of the poets of the East surpassed him in purity of style, justness of conception, or splendour of invention. Young as he was, his alacrity in pursuing public business, and his judgment in executing it, were not exceeded by the most experienced statesmen of the Persian empire. Beloved by the women, honoured by the men, and adored by the children of want and affliction, he was tender without weakness, magnificent without pride, but liberal even to profusion. Happiness seemed to have courted him from his infant years, and from his childhood he had constantly been in pursuit of wisdom and virtue; and Wisdom and Virtue had made him their own.

Fadhel was scarcely inferior to his brother Giaffar in personal qualifications, or in the magnanimity and liberality of his character, as well as in the gifts of his mind; but at the same time that he practised the virtues of moderation and beneficence, he chose to assume a haughtiness of demeanour, that could not be easily reconciled to the qualities of his mind and his heart.

Mahomet and Moussar were not unworthy of their elder brothers, though, in their characters, they rather resembled Giaffar than Fadhel, as they were kind and condescending as the former, without the least mixture of the pride of the latter.

Such a family gave, in the hopes and contemplation of it, new life and vigour to its venerable head;

but, feeling at length the weight of years, and doubtful as to his capacity of continuing to execute the important duties of his high office, he determined on retiring from the theatre of public affairs; but before he executed his design, he assembled his sons, and addressed them in the following manner:—

“My dear sons, you are the pride and boast of my life, and a great comfort at the approach of death; and if a sensation of regret should accompany my last hour, it would arise from my separation from you. But I have no fears as to my allotment in the world of spirits; and I trust that you will, each of you, follow my example, so that we may meet there to part no more.

“I have passed a long day in the sunshine of worldly splendour, and I now wish to spend what remains of the evening of life in the shade of retirement; indeed, I languish for repose. My strength begins to fail me, and it becomes me, before it is exhausted, to retire: my duty, as well as my inclination, requires me to say farewell to greatness. In a few hours I shall throw myself at the feet of the caliph, and entreat his permission to resign the authority he has so long confided to me, into other hands: a part of it at least may be transferred to you; and I wish to prepare you for the important duties to which you may be appointed by my counsels. They will be those of a father and a friend.

“The hand of fortune has lavished wealth upon me in ceaseless profusion, and my treasures will descend to you. Let me exhort you, therefore, to make a right use of them, by calling the wise, the

virtuous, and the distressed, to share your abundance with you; and fear not to decrease it by a humane and generous liberality: so that if it should please the divine will to scatter it abroad; or the wickedness and deceits of mankind should rob you of it, the consciousness of having employed it well while you possessed it, will give a satisfaction which mere wealth cannot purchase, however great, nor the sceptre of monarchs command. Riches ought to be considered in no other light, than as entrusted to us to be administered to the encouragement, comfort, and relief of others. Let not the tears of the innocent flow before you in vain, nor the weight of a broken heart rest upon you. I confine myself, my sons, to this one point; because, if you rise superior to the corruption of great wealth, you may be confident respecting your victory over the subordinate passions. May you all live till your hairs are white! But may you be consigned with ignominy to the tomb, if you ever shed the blood of the guiltless—if you cease to be the protectors of the innocent!"

Jahia then impressed a kiss on the foreheads of his sons; and, on the following day, he presented himself to the caliph, and requested his permission to retire. To this petition Alraschid consented with great reluctance, and then only on the condition, that one of his sons should succeed him, who, in all urgent affairs, might have the advantage of his counsels. He accordingly named Giaffar, or, as he always called him, the gentle Giaffar, to succeed him.

The new vizier was clothed with all the power of his father, was his equal in goodness, but his superior in talents and in genius. The caliph on his throne, with all his activity of mind, and his zealous, never-failing attention to the state of his empire and the welfare of his people, was but an instrument in the hands of his minister, who enjoyed, contrary to the general lot of royal favourites, the love of mankind as well as the confidence of his master. All the wise men declared him worthy of his high situation, and there was none who did not feel himself happy under his administration of it.

But the career in which Giaffar was engaged, was not capable of satisfying his mind. He loved fame and grandeur, but he loved them as a philosopher rather than as a statesman. He did not wish to retire to a hermitage, but he loved that calm pursuit of science which the duties of his station would not allow him. He was the friend of justice, but he could not bear to be its executioner: to punish did not suit his nature; and he was not contented. Besides, he had reason to believe that his brother Fadhel, whose ambition could not easily be satisfied, regarded him with envy; and this circumstance, for he loved Fadhel, was another cause of the dissatisfaction that oppressed his mind.

The caliph not only regarded him, as he so highly merited, in the character of a minister, but he loved him as a companion and a friend; so much so, that he enjoyed no pleasures if Giaffar did not partake of them: and one day, when the whole of it had been

busily employed by the vizier in the affairs of some distant provinces, the caliph grew so impatient, that, in the evening, he commanded his instant company, however urgent the business might be that occupied his attention. Giaffar sought the presence of his sovereign, who complained of his absence in terms of the warmest affection; and did not hesitate to add, that having been accustomed to his constant society during fifteen years of their more early days, he scarce knew how to dispense with it, and make such a sacrifice, even though the welfare of the empire might demand it.—“May I then, great sovereign of the faithful,” said Giaffar, “may I speak, may I unfold the secret of my heart before you?”—“Speak,” said the caliph, “make known thy wish, and be gratified.”—Giaffar then spake as follows:—

“It is not with an affected humility that I address my lord, my master, and my friend; it is not that I find the duties of my high office beyond the exercise of those talents which nature has given me, or my father’s instructions have improved: but I feel as my sovereign feels, my heart sympathises with his; and I should rejoice to resign the pomp of power and all the external grandeur of my station, to be the partaker of his private pleasures, the associate of his private virtues, and the companion of his leisure hours. Believe me, gracious and illustrious sovereign, I would rather, far rather, be the confident of thy secret wishes, than the executor of thy royal commands. Take, O take from me the over-measure of thy bounty,

and let me again be to thee what I once was! Permit me to resign my power into thy hands, and let my brother Fadhel succeed me. His well-known honour and integrity, his talents, generous nature, and experience, and his zeal in the pursuit of all that is good and great, have long been established in the public opinion. Make choice of him for my successor, and your empire will be satisfied.”

The caliph embraced Giaffar, and on the same day Fadhel was invested with the dignity which his brother had so gladly yielded to him.

Giaffar now enjoyed all that tranquillity which his heart could wish, illumined as it was by wisdom, the pursuits of science, friendship, and a conscience without reproach. It appeared that he had now attained the height of happiness, and he was more than disposed to entertain that opinion: yet Fortune thought him worthy of her further favours.

The Caliph Haroun Alraschid had a sister, whose name was Abassa. She was perfect in form, in understanding, and in the qualities of the heart; and it would be needless to engage in a further description of this transcendent female. Her brother loved her with great tenderness, and made her a higher object of regard than is usually shown to the female branches of the imperial families of the East. With her he usually passed some part of every evening, though he used to regret, that the custom of the Persian court would not allow him to make Giaffar the companion of his visits; as no one was allowed access to the princess, but her im-

perial brother, her women, and the attendant eunuchs. The caliph, however, considering this obstacle to what would add so much to his happiness, as subject to his sovereign will, was determined to remove it. He accordingly ordered an apartment to be furnished with superior splendour, where supper should be prepared every evening for Abassa; and to which he always caused some of his principal courtiers to be invited: as it may be supposed, Giaffar never failed to be present at these repasts.

The princess now saw the friend and favourite of her brother, on whom she had so often heard him bestow such animated and unceasing encomiums; and Giaffar was admitted to the society of this illustrious lady, whose lovely portrait he had heard so often drawn by the vivid imagination of the caliph. Thus they had both reciprocally indulged a very high opi-

nion of each other; but on their acquaintance, they were equally sensible, that the description fell far short of the objects they attempted to display.

Was it possible for Giaffar to see such beauty, and be insensible to its power? Was it possible for Abassa to be inattentive to the commanding and attractive qualities of Giaffar? Oh, no! Love, the most powerful of human passions, is the plant of every soil, and shoots into shape and strength ere it is known to have taken root. The presence of the caliph was a restraint upon them; but Abassa could not but perceive that she was beloved, and Giaffar's penetrating spirit saw that his passion was returned. Nor did the inequality of their rank, though a dreaded obstacle to their union, entirely quench the hope that it might be consummated.

(To be continued.)

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

PRINCE LICHNOWSKY, of Vienna, has announced a publication, undertaken at his expence, for the purpose of illustrating the principal Gothic edifices of the Austrian empire. The drawings for this work will be executed from nature, by Mr. Joseph Fischer, engraver to the Imperial Court of Austria, and director of Prince Esterhazy's gallery; and the first artists of Vienna are engaged to transfer them to the copper. The size will be small folio. A part, containing six plates and six sheets of explanatory text in German and French, will appear every three months.

It is calculated that the sale of 300 copies will cover the expences, and should there be any surplus, the public-spirited projector engages to employ it solely in the embellishment of the work. The price of each number, with proof plates, will be £2.; of these only 50 copies will be printed. The common impressions will be 1*l.* 7*s.* each number. The names of subscribers, in this country, are received by Mr. Ackermann.

Mr. J. E. Marston is engaged in translating *The Campaigns of Field-Marshal Prince Blücher*, from the German of General Gneisenau,

quarter-master-general to Prince Blücher's army. The work will be interspersed with much novel and interesting matter, and enriched with authentic anecdotes and biographical incidents of all the leading characters of both the confederate and French armies, drawn from original and official sources; embellished with a fine portrait, and engraved plans of the most signal battles.

The Life and Correspondence of Lady Arabella Stuart, Cousin-german to King James I. of England, compiled from letters in her own hand-writing, never before published, is in the press. This is the lady whom it was intended, on the demise of Elizabeth, to place on the throne—a design organized at Rome by Pope Clement VIII. and generally denominated the conspiracy of Sir Walter Raleigh and Lord Cobham, from the circumstance of its execution having been committed to them.

Mr. H. Repton, assisted by his son, J. Adey Repton, F.S.A. is about to publish a new volume on *Landscape-Gardening and Architecture, as connected with Rural Scenery*, of the same size and style as his former work. It will be published in five parts, imperial 4to. the first of which will be ready next spring.

Dr. Miller, editor of the fourth edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, has announced his intention of commencing a new Dictionary of Arts, Sciences, &c. under the title of *Encyclopædia Edinensis*.

Preparing for the press, and in a few months will be published, in two volumes 4to. *The History of*

the most ancient and honourable Military Order of the Bath, its Statutes, Patents, Laws, and Regulations, from its first institution (a period anterior by several centuries to its supposed creation by Henry IV.) to the present time; with correct lists of all the knights created during the last four hundred years, accompanied with anecdotes of the talents and services which obtained for them that distinguished honour: to which will be prefixed, a dissertation on ancient chivalry, its rise, progress, decline, and fall, illustrated by many superb engravings. The ancient part will be compiled principally from original MSS. in the British Museum and the Imperial Library at Paris.

A northern islander has in the press, *Zetland*, a poem, descriptive of the most interesting scenes in the Zetland Isles, the earlier period of their history, and the character of the natives; with other pieces on subjects peculiar to that region.

Messrs. Baber and König, of the British Museum, have recently returned to this country from Munich, where they have purchased for that national institution the celebrated library and collection of Baron Moll, the former consisting of 23,000 volumes on various subjects, particularly natural history; the latter containing, among other valuable specimens, a very complete series of specimens of all the German rocks.

Mr. Harris and Mr. William Savage will shortly publish, in a small octavo volume, *A Familiar History of England*, intended for the use of schools, divided into instructions and lessons, and constructed upon an entirely new plan.

Each reign, subsequently to the Conquest, will be decorated with a neatly engraved portrait of the sovereign.

The Rev. W. L. Bowles will speedily publish *An Essay on the original Sources of Error*, which have led to the perversion of the pure word and plain sense of the Bible, from the earliest period of the Christian era to the present time.

Mr. E. V. Utterson is preparing for publication, *Select Pieces of early Popular Poetry*, in which no piece will be given that has been printed subsequent to the close of the 16th century; nor any that did not, either in the subject-matter or style, possess claims to popularity. The work is not intended to exceed two volumes, of the same size as Ritson's *Ancient Popular Poetry*, and the impression will be limited to 250 copies.

A work on the *Costume of the original Inhabitants of the British Islands*, is announced by Samuel Rush Meyrick, LL.D. and F.S.A. and Charles Hamilton Smith, Esq. The sources, therefore, to which the editors have had recourse, consist not only of all the Greek and Roman writers have left, but of the more curious and less known documents in the ancient British and Irish languages. The whole have either been copied from some ancient relic, or composed from the result of a comparison between the Greek, Roman, and Celtic notices.

A Treatise on Theology is preparing for publication, written by Mrs. Lucy Hutchinson, author of the *Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson*, governor of Notting-

ham castle and town, &c. &c.: to which it is proposed to add, a Letter, written by Mrs. Hutchinson to her daughter, on the Principles of the Christian Religion; and also the Life of Mrs. Hutchinson, written by herself, a fragment.

A comparative experiment has been made at Dublin with two mail-coaches, one of which was constructed upon the principle recommended by Mr. Edgeworth, of carrying the baggage underneath the coach, and having the outside passengers accommodated behind;—the other was of the common construction. This trial demonstrated that the former had not only the advantage of being free from the danger of upsetting, but it carried four passengers more than the latter. An exact statement will be laid before the public in a report of the committee of the Dublin Society.

Mr. Nathansen, a wealthy inhabitant of Copenhagen, has undertaken the execution of a Holberg Gallery, on the plan of the Shakspeare Gallery, by Boydell. Two subjects for the pencil will be selected from each of the comedies of that favourite Danish dramatic author; and are to be engraved by the first artists in the Danish capital. Lorensen, professor of painting, and Eckersberg, an artist of eminence, have already finished several of these pictures, which have been exhibited at the Academy of Painting; and Professor Clemans is proceeding with the engraving of them. The choice of the scenes has been committed to Schwartz, the actor.

The Emperor of Austria has, by a recent decree, offered a premium

of two thousand florins to any person who shall discover and communicate to his chamberlain, within the space of two years (dated from April, 1814), the art of making perfectly white glass (particularly of the sort used for mirrors), from glauber salts or soda, without the addition of potash, in such a manner that the expence of making it shall be less than its present manufacture with potash.

Frantz Schams, an apothecary at Peterwardin, in Hungary, has discovered, that the root of the *Nymphæa alba*, which grows in large quantities in stagnant waters, is an efficacious substitute for gall-nuts, Campeachy wood, and other black dyes. It also affords a permanent and very reasonable species of ink.

-MUSICAL REVIEW.

A Rondoletto for the Piano-Forte, composed, and dedicated to Adolph Goldschmidt, by Ferd. Ries. Pr. 3s.

THE short largo by which the principal movement, an allegretto in B b, is introduced, begins—originally enough—with a seventh, and its few bars are highly interesting.

The subject of the rondo, or rondoletto, is a beautiful and novel polacca-theme, which Mr. R. has turned about in a variety of Protean, but elegant shapes. Among the very many sterling ideas which arrested our attention in the perusal, we shall content ourselves with noticing the following few:—In the 4th line, *p. 3*, we observe the delicate and novel manner in which the discord is solved; the minor part (*p. 4*,) is uncommonly original; a

whimsical oddity pervades the whole, and continues through a great part of the succeeding page, the last line of which forms as whimsical an introduction to the return of the subject, *p. 6*. In the latter page an episodical part appears, with three flats, closely in the spirit of the theme. This portion has great claims to our applause, and, among the rest, the chromatic evolutions towards the end of the page demand distinct notice. These are continued in the 7th page till *l. 4*; when, by the apt employment of enharmonic substitution, the author abandons his flat keys, and at once plunges, first into A major, and afterwards into D, in which key he repeats the theme. At the bottom we again meet, under a varied form, the select chords employed in solution, which we noticed page 3; and immediately after those, the author enters upon the termination of his composition. He playfully touches upon, and turns, his original theme in the most delicate manner, and thus produces a charming conclusion of his labour. We have only to add, that, with all the excellences and originalities before adverted to, no intricacies of execution present themselves which ought to deter even a moderately able performer. *Three Italian Ariettas, composed for, and dedicated to, Miss Charlotte Raikes, by P. A. Corri. Pr. 3s.*

We have, in a preceding number, had occasion to bestow our meed of approbation upon three ariettas of Mr. Corri's, dedicated to Lady Cranstoun. The present set bears all those general features of ease in expression, chasteness of melody, and facility of execu-

tion which distinguish the former. In the two first, *Quel bel fior che sul mattino*, &c. and *La Farfaletta mira*, &c. those that are familiar with the best Italian style of vocal music, will find themselves quite at home. The last, *Mille volte il tuo bel labro* (labbro?), appears to us to have been favoured with the greatest share of the author's musical genius. Its successive ideas are extremely select, and some bear the stamp of true originality: the repetition of the words *E il mio cor credeva*, &c. (*l. 4*), is beautifully expressed. The minor part is conceived with much feeling and character; and we particularly note the elegant turn the melody takes at *Vita mia*, &c. (*p. 7, l. 2*). These airs cannot be too strongly recommended to practitioners in singing: they are free from any vocal or instrumental intricacies; the melodies proceed with a chaste ease, and never transgress the compass of a common voice.

Sonata for the Piano-Forte, in which is introduced an ancient Swedish national Air, composed, and dedicated to Muzio Clementi, by C. L. Lithander. Pr. 4s.

In bringing this author for the first time before our readers, we feel it due to him, to accompany our introduction with something more than a general notice of his performance; for the work before us is really of a stamp, that the more detailed we give our criticism upon its component parts, the greater will be the tribute of approbation we must bestow upon the author.

The allegro of this sonata, in the key of C, sets out with a spirited and well defined subject,

which, after a few bars of digressive demonstration, is cleverly imitated in the key of G, and followed by a pleasing dolce. The semi-quaver passages (*p. 3, ll. 1 and 2*), are devised in the best style, and not without originality. Another dolce, equally agreeable, succeeds; but in that, as well as the preceding one, we observe objectionable octaves (*p. 3, l. 4, b. 3—p. 2, l. 6, b. 5*), which might easily have been avoided, and which indeed are avoided in the varied repetitions of the respective periods. In the 4th page we observe an interesting portion adapted for crossed hands, and a very select digression in minor, the return from which to the tonic (*p. 5*) is ably handled. The 5th and 6th pages, altogether, have particularly engaged our attention, by the mellowness with which their several classic ideas are successively treated; but the same octaves as noticed before, occur in corresponding places (*p. 6, l. 1—p. 7, l. 2*).

The andante (in F) which succeeds the allegro, is a chaste composition. After fully propounding his subject, Mr. L. with much effect, at once drops into the relative minor key, and takes occasion to introduce a series of excellent bass passages, followed by some very pathetic thoughts; from which at last he ably returns to his subject (*p. 9, l. 2*). This movement evinces much feeling, guided by a taste formed upon the best models.

The scherzo allegro, which succeeds, is quite in the style of Haydn's matchless minuets. Some attention is necessary to give the due accent to the first bars of the subject, the nature of which is somewhat original: indeed the

whole of this movement is conceived with masterly energy. We observe with approbation the varied repetition of the subject (*l. 4*), the excellent part in four sharps (*l. 6*), and the ingenious manner by which the subject is, insensibly as it were, deduced out of its termination; nor are we unaware of the diversity of harmony under which every reintroduction of the theme takes place. The last three lines which effect the termination, are of very superior merit. The converging motion of both hands through a series of select chromatic chords (*l. 4*), the bold seizure of the tonic by means of the diminished seventh (*l. 5*), the freedom with which the subject is played upon and dressed out, are all so many tokens of true musical genius and talent.

The theme of the rondo is formed by a sweet pastorale, with appropriate accompaniment, in which an occasional touch of the ninth produces an agreeable impression; the second part of the subject is naturally deduced from it; and the elegant crossed-hand passages (*pp. 12 and 13*) are entitled to distinct notice. The ancient Swedish air, introduced *p. 14*, possesses great originality. It certainly offered no particular facilities as a subject for variation; but the two variations which Mr. L. has engrafted upon it, have overcome every obstacle: they are as original as the air itself, and eminently clever in point of contrivance. As we have already exceeded our limits, we shall content ourselves with stating, that, after terminating these variations, the author, under a very neat preparation, resumes the rondo, and

brings it to an appropriate and highly brilliant conclusion.

As the present sonata is probably the first publication of Mr. L.'s in England, we beg leave, while congratulating him upon his success, to express a hope, that he will persevere in the sterling walk he has begun; and not, as has lamentably been the case with talent equal to his, suffer that talent to bend under the flimsy taste of the day, and to devote itself to the production of ephemeral trifles, for the sake of stocking the shop-windows with monthly novelties.

The celebrated Spanish Bolero, danced in the Ballet of Don Quichotte, arranged as a Rondo for the Piano-Forte, and dedicated to Miss Hill, by J. B. Logier. Pr. 1s. 6d.

This original Spanish tune is too well and too favourably known to require an expression of approbation on our part, as to the choice of the theme; but it is due to Mr. L. to acknowledge, that in the treatment of that theme he has evinced much skill and ingenuity. The digressive portions are throughout in character; the quick passages easy and tasteful; and the bass-parts, as indeed the whole harmony, arranged with great propriety.

La Chasse, Overture for the Piano-Forte, composed, and dedicated to Miss Ann Hadley, by W. Ling. Op. 14. Pr. 2s. 6d.

The slow movement by which the overture is introduced, consists chiefly of horn passages; and its neat and unostentatious progress must be owned to be eminently in character. The allegro (the motivo of which greatly resembles that of a hunting piece of Romberg's) is respectable; it proceeds with spi-

rit and propriety through a continued flow of well connected periods, has a *tant soit peu* of modulation, and closes with effect. On the march which follows, we have to confer the same degree of approbation: all is proper, both melody and harmony; but the ideas are not altogether uncommon. The trio has given us peculiar satisfaction; the neat employment of the triplets under the most apt harmony, imparts to the whole a sweetness of ingenuous expression, which contrasts well with the determined outset of the march itself.

"Sweet, mutable Month," Canzonet to April, as sung by Mrs. Ashe at the Bath and Nobilities' Concerts, composed by F. I. Klose. Pr. 1s. 6d.

Although no particular novelty of ideas strikes the ear in this little canzonet, it will nevertheless be found to possess the recommendation of a graceful flow of melody, suitably relieved by an intervening minor portion. The symphonies are neat and appropriate.

"Oh, say once more you grant my Suit," a favourite Duet, sung by Mr. Sinclair and Miss Stephens at the Theatre Royal, Covent-Garden, composed by Mr. Braham.

We could have guessed the author of this duet, without the information on the title-page: it possesses all that melodious richness of the Italian school and that vigour of impassioned sentiment, which are so conspicuous in Mr. Braham's compositions. The subject is very pretty; the responses "We ne'er" — "will sever," (p. 2,) supported as they are by the semiquavered chords, have a somewhat novel and agreeable effect. The adagio, "Thus oft the Pilgrim," &c. is

highly pathetic and shewy; towards the conclusion, especially, we observed much figured embellishment by means of triplets and otherwise; and the end itself is impressive. The instrumental accompaniment, probably for the sake of more general accommodation, is very plain, and not in every instance the most technical.

Three Divertimentos for the Piano-Forte, composed, and dedicated to Miss Mercer Elphinstone, by F. Fiorillo. No. 14. Pr. 3s.

The divertimento before us (No. 14.) consists of nine or ten short movements, quick and slow, in the keys of C, F, and G. All these are set in a familiar and easy style, and their general merit is rather that of agreeable melody and propriety of harmony, than striking novelty of thought. In fact, it is evident that this publication is intended for a less advanced class of performers; and to that class it unquestionably will prove both instructive and entertaining. Among the several pieces, we distinguish preferably, the larghetto p. 2, on account of its attractive singing melody; the first scherzo p. 5, which, although short, possesses some degree of originality; and the andantino p. 6, in which some little employment for the left hand is judiciously introduced. The finale too is pretty, and well put together.

Mozart's celebrated Overture to "La Clemenza di Tito," adapted to the Piano-Forte, with Accompaniments for a Violin and Violoncello (ad libitum), by F. S. Rimbault. Price 3s; without Accompaniments, 2s.

Among the many piano-forte extracts of this incomparable produc-

tion of the divine Mozart, the one before us merits honourable mention. Mr. R. has discharged his arduous task quite to our satisfaction; the instrument being charged with as much of the crowded score as two hands can conveniently master, and as much of the character of the piece being infused into the extract as appears to us to have been practicable. This, however, will be more fully attained by the addition of the violin and violoncello parts, which, although *ad libitum*, have assigned to them much of the responsive and other essential portions of the harmony.

A Voluntary for the Organ, in a familiar Style, suited to Church Service, composed and selected by S. F. Rimbault, Organist of St. Giles in the Fields. No. III. Op. 5. Pr. 1s. 6d.

This publication contains four successive movements; a prelude, an "Allemanda," an adagio, and another Allemanda in quick time. As we are not told how much of these is selected, and what is new, we find ourselves precluded from bestowing praise where, perhaps, it ought justly to attach to Mr. R. The style of the pieces is that of the old school (not at all out of its place in compositions of this kind), and many of the ideas appear to be taken from the manly scores of Corelli. The harmony throughout is contrived with skill and judgment.

Overture and Grand March to the new Melo-drama of ZEMBUCA, or the Net-Maker and his Wife, performed at the Theatre Royal, Covent-Garden, composed and arranged for the Piano-Forte by W. H. Ware. Pr. 2s.

The beginning of the allegro of this overture, appears to us very

select and interesting; and the digressive matter, although not deviating from the track usual in pieces of this kind, is respectable. The end is brilliant. An agreeable andante succeeds, and is, in its turn, followed by a march, which is not new to us.

The favourite "Pas de Deux," in the same, composed by the same. Pr. 1s. 6d.

A polacca, which is introduced by a short slow movement, much to the purpose, and altogether neatly devised. The polacca is pretty, and proceeds through its several parts very creditably.

The Turkish Tambourine Dance, in the same, composed by the same. Pr. 1s.

Although of a light texture, this trifle is shewy, and, no doubt, was well calculated for the object intended. Major and minor are pleasing: it is, however, rather unusual to see the piece begin in C, and end in A major.

"When the Sun through the Cypress Grove," the favourite Glee, in the same, composed by the same. Pr. 2s. 6d.

However satisfied we are with the symphony which precedes this vocal trio, we must observe, that, in the repetition of the first period (*p. 2, l. 2*), a superfluous, and indeed objectionable, bar has crept in, there being altogether five, instead of four, bars to that period, which destroys rhythmical symmetry. The glee itself is entitled to a great share of our approbation; its subject is chaste, and the melody throughout agreeable and duly connected; the vocal parts are arranged with considerable skill, especially in *p. 6*, where they successively fall in with the best effect.



PLATE 7.—FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

FURNITURE FOR A MUSIC-ROOM.

THE music-room has not failed to experience the patronage of our fair country-women, who, in the choice of its furniture, have selected forms appropriate to its uses, and established in its embellishments a character of beauty, which, at the same time that it harmonizes with the drawing-room, affords a most desirable variety with that more sumptuously decorated apartment. To pursue this object, the plate of the present month exhibits designs for an ordonnanceur, a seat, a footstool, and a music-stand; in which a correspondence of style is preserved, on principles of graceful and simple elegance.

RETROSPECT OF POLITICS.

THE usurper is once more hurled from the throne of France, and Louis XVIII. restored to it. The events which led to this sudden catastrophe, are so momentous and multifarious, that the room which the most concise recital of them demands, precludes any prefatory introduction.

Bonaparte left Paris on the 12th, and arrived the 14th at Beaumont, a town on the Brabant frontier, about five miles from the Sambre, and forty-five from Brussels. During the four preceding days he had assembled in the vicinity of Beaumont, on a line stretching between Maubeuge and Philippeville, one of the finest and most numerous armies ever employed in his most brilliant victories. It consisted, besides the Imperial guard, of the 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, and 6th *corps d'armée*. The Imperial guard alone constituted an army itself; he had augmented it to the utmost of his power, and it was composed, in its turn, of three distinct corps; viz. the old guard, the young guard, and the provisional guard. The cavalry and

artillery of the army was equally numerous, complete, and well appointed; so that, on the most moderate computation, this mass of force must have exceeded 150,000 men. Soult was chief of the staff; Ney had, at a day's notice, been summoned from retirement to head the left wing; Bonaparte himself commanded the centre, and General Gerard the right. Vandamme, Grouchy, D'Erlon, and other notorious characters, held subordinate commands.

A very small part of the Duke of Wellington's army, consisting, besides British, of Hanoverian, Belgian, Brunswick, and Nassau auxiliaries, was stationed south of Brussels, the bulk extending rather in a westward direction along the Flemish frontier. The Prussian army, under Prince Blücher, was more concentrated, and occupied with its four corps the points of Fleurus, Namur, Ciney, and Hanut.

The plan of the allies appears now to have been, to commence operations simultaneously towards the end of June, on the whole line

of frontier from Savoy to Flanders, and with overwhelming numbers. Bonaparte's interest therefore was to strike a blow in the Netherlands before the Austrian and German forces were ready on the Rhine, and before the Russians had arrived on that river, behind which, strange to tell, all these troops were marching and collecting, as if the Rhine still formed the boundary of France; instead of taking more advanced positions in the Palatinate, and the countries of Treves and Luxemburg.

As it was, the armies of Wellington and Blücher, the only ones in a state of preparation, were totally insulated from the rest of the allied troops on the Rhine, when Bonaparte, with almost the whole of the disposable force of France, and certainly with the flower of his army, fell upon those two chiefs, who so little expected him, that the former received at a ball in Brussels, the first intelligence of the hostile army being within less than 30 miles of that city.

This was on the 15th June, at night. On that day Bonaparte had opened the campaign by attacking the Prussian corps under General Ziethen, stationed on the Sambre, and forcing it to fall back with considerable loss upon Fleurus. He next turned against a brigade of Belgians, and forced it to fall back from Frasnes upon Quatre Bras.

16th JUNE.

*Battle of Ligny with the Prussians.
Battle of Quatre Bras with the
English.*

As soon as the inroad of the enemy was ascertained to be a serious attack, Prince Blücher concen-

trated his army upon Sombref (15th), with the exception of the 1th corps under General Bulow, which was only expected a day later; and the Duke of Wellington directed his army to march to their left, in the direction of Nivelles. On the 16th, in the forenoon, therefore the Prussian army was in position between Brie, Sombref, Ligny, and St. Amand: but of the British army, only one division under Sir Thos. Picton, and the corps of Brunswick and of Nassau under the Duke of Brunswick, had been able to arrive in support of the Belgians at Quatre Bras, a post which, till the arrival of these troops (2 p. m.), they had maintained with the greatest valour.

At three in the afternoon, the whole French army, with the exception of one corps, which directed its operations against Quatre Bras, amounting to 130,000 men, furiously attacked the position of Blücher. The villages of St. Amand and Ligny were not only taken and retaken several times, but, for five hours, the combatants were in the villages themselves, disputing part of a street, a yard, or a single house with the most desperate obstinacy; while masses of infantry, stationed behind so much of the villages as belonged to each party, continually fed this work of destruction. The heroic Prussians fought against double their numbers, expecting relief every moment by the arrival either of Bulow's corps or of the English army; but the former was retarded in its march by a variety of impediments, and the small part of the English army that had reached Quatre Bras, was equally assailed by superior numbers. Till night-

fall, nevertheless, the issue of the battle was doubtful; but, favoured by darkness, the French succeeded in turning the village of Ligny, and interposing a great body of infantry between the main force of the Prussians and a corps stationed in the rear. This caused the loss of the battle; and, with less heroic troops and a less firm captain, would have led to the destruction of the Prussian army. It was compelled to retreat; but this retreat, through the midst of the enemy, and in the dark, was effected in masses, with the loss, it is true, of many thousands of lives and of fifteen pieces of cannon, but with unshaken spirit. Thus it happened, for the first time in the annals of warfare, that an army, surrounded and broken, was seen to withdraw from a lost battle, and form again at a distance of a quarter of a league. In this murderous contest the Prussian army lost no prisoners, except the wounded it left behind, and which the French had the wanton barbarity to mutilate in a variety of ways. The veteran Blücher himself, by a miracle, escaped captivity or perhaps a similar treatment. A charge of cavalry, led on by himself, had failed; while that of the enemy was vigorously pursuing, a ball struck the marshal's horse, which, as if conscious of the value of its burden, galloped on furiously till it dropped down dead. Blücher, stunned by the fall, lay entangled under the horse. In this situation the pursuing French cuirassiers passed him rapidly; when, being again charged in their turn by fresh Prussian cavalry, they, in their retreat, again

rode by without perceiving him, and left the marshal to be disengaged by his devoted warriors.

While this great battle was fought with the Prussians, a minor, but not less serious and destructive attack took place upon our position at Les Quatre Bras. As we have already stated, but a small part of our army, and no cavalry, nor the artillery, had been able to reach that place. Nothing, therefore, but the most determined and undaunted courage, displayed at the cost of many valuable lives, could resist the repeated onsets of the French troops, and especially of the cavalry under Marshal Ney. Several of our regiments, mostly Scotch, and those of the Brunswick corps, were almost annihilated; and that patriotic prince, the Duke of Brunswick, like his illustrious father in 1806, fell, fighting gallantly at the head of his troops. But the position of Quatre Bras remained ours at the close of the day.

17th JUNE.

Although the battle of Ligny dispossessed the Prussians of only a part of their position, Blücher, seeing that Bulow's corps was still not come up, and that the same was the case with a great part of the British army, resolved to fall back altogether upon Wavre. This movement rendered a corresponding one on the part of Wellington necessary. The duke, therefore, in the morning of the 17th, retired upon WATERLOO, on the southern extremity of the forest of Soignies, about twelve miles distant from Brussels. Neither of them being molested in these retrograde movements, no occurrence of import-

ance took place on the 17th; and thus the British army gained a day for collecting, while the Prussian main body was brought nearer to Bulow's corps, so anxiously waited for. This corps, it appears, was still marching in the direction of Ligny, where the Prussians had stood yesterday; and we mention this circumstance, since it was the cause why a French corps, under Marshal Grouchy, that was sent against it on the 18th, totally missed it; and since, by that means, the corps of Bulow, late on the 18th, arrived unopposed, and most opportunely, on the flank and almost rear of the grand French army, whose defeat and total annihilation it completed.

18th JUNE.

Grand Battle of La Belle Alliance, or Waterloo—Annihilation of the Grand French Army.

On this ever-memorable day, Bonaparte erroneously persuading himself that he had, on the 16th, put the three corps of the Prussian army *hors de combat*, and provided against the arrival of the 4th, or Bulow's corps, determined to fall with the bulk of his force upon the Duke of Wellington, leaving only one corps to manœuvre against the Prussians. The duke's line in front of Waterloo extended on the right to Merke-Braine, and on the left to Ter la Haye. It was in every respect a military position of great strength, of every advantage of which the English general had skilfully availed himself. We shall not enter into a long detail of the features of this battle. The attack upon the whole line began at ten o'clock, with a furious assault on Mont St. Jean,

a post we occupied in front of the centre of our right, and which, after a long and desperate conflict, was carried; but this was the only success the French could obtain. In vain did they uninterruptedly assail, during seven hours, every part of our line with great masses of infantry; in vain did their numerous cavalry make repeated charges upon the British squares. They were invariably repulsed, and in their turn charged by our cavalry, who made many prisoners and took one eagle. This work lasted till evening. Bonaparte, stationed on a moveable scaffold, seeing all the valour of his troops baffled, now ordered a division of the Imperial guard, his sheet-anchor, to the attack. This onset, however, not only failed as completely as all the former, but produced the most disastrous consequences to the assailants. The Duke of Wellington, observing that the foiled enemy retired from this attack in great confusion, that the march of Bulow's corps upon Planchenorte and La Belle Alliance had begun to take effect, and that Blücher had joined in person with a corps of his army, to the left of our line, determined to attack the enemy instantly. The whole British line of infantry, therefore, supported by cavalry and artillery, moved forward at about half-past seven p. m. Its attack proved irresistible on every point; the enemy was driven from position to position; "*a complete panic at once spread itself throughout the whole field of battle; the troops threw themselves in the greatest disorder upon the line of communication, soldiers, cannoniers, caissons, all pressed to this point; the old*

guard, which was in reserve, was infected, and was itself hurried along. In an instant the whole army was nothing but a mass of confusion; all the soldiers, of all arms, were mixed pellmell, and it was utterly impossible to rally a single corps. Even the squadrons of service, drawn up by the side of the emperor, were overthrown and disorganized by these tumultuous waves, and there was then nothing to be done but to follow the torrent. The parks of reserve, the baggage, in short, every thing that was on the field of battle, remained in the power of the assailants*." The carriages and personal baggage of Bonaparte, of Maret, and of many of his first generals, were taken; and in them papers of great importance, together with thousands of copies of proclamations to the Belgians, intended to be issued at Brussels, and, by way of anticipation, dated from the palace of Laaken, near that city. The Duke of Wellington's share of this spoil was 150 pieces of cannon, two eagles, and about 8000 prisoners unhurt; and Prince Blücher took between 60 and 70 pieces of cannon. The troops of the latter, less exhausted than the British, continued the pursuit, or rather the hunt, by moonlight; but took few prisoners, no quarter being given by the Prussians, whose rage, at the mutilation of their comrades two days before, knew no bounds. The loss of the Prussians on this and the three preceding days, is quoted at from 20 to 25,000 killed and wounded. That of the Duke

of Wellington, during the same period, comprising British and Hanoverians, but excluding Belgians, Brunswickers, and Nassauers, was gazetted as follows:—

Killed.		Wounded.		Missing.		Total.	
Off.	Men.	Off.	Men.	Off.	Men.	Off.	Men.
June 16th.							
32	321	155	2293	4	175	191	2719
June 17th.							
1	34	7	128	4	67	12	229
June 18th.							
113	1929	507	6509	20	1603	645	10041
151	2284	669	8860	28	1945	848	12989

Among the killed, we have to regret the brave Lieutenant-General Sir Thomas Picton, Major-General Sir W. Ponsonby, nine colonels and lieutenant-colonels, &c; and of wounded general officers, we have to mention the Hereditary Prince of Orange (severely), Lieutenant-Gen. the Earl of Uxbridge (right leg amputated), and Lieut.-Gen. Sir H. C. Alten (severely); six major-generals, 22 colonels and lieutenant-colonels, &c.

The loss of the French, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, we are not enabled to state with any degree of accuracy; but when it is considered, that the conquerors admit a loss of nearly 40,000 men, it is reasonable to suppose, that an army, so routed, must have lost double the number in killed, wounded, and prisoners. All that was afterwards boasted to have been saved by Grouchy out of the wreck, and brought back to Paris, amounts to 40,000, including probably fresh troops picked up on the road. Taking therefore the original strength of the enemy at 150,000, 30,000 at least may be supposed to have been of the number of those who are admitted to have provided for their individual safety by running

* The lines in Italics are copied verbatim from Bonaparte's official report; a companion to his *Mohedshno* and *Leipzig* bulletins!

back to their homes in all directions. A defeat like this is unprecedented in the annals of modern tactics: to this disgraceful end were at last to come those invincible legions, so lately the terror of civilized Europe; this humiliation was reserved for the great Napoleon, so lately idolized as the first captain of the age; an epithet, however, which almost every step of his military career for the last two years has belied: for in the dispositions of even this four-days campaign, gross military faults are perceptible, and loudly imputed to him by Ney himself; which it is not necessary here to explain. But here, too, he resorted, for the fourth time, to the same cowardly expedient as in Egypt, Russia, and Leipzig. He again abandoned the remains of his troops to shift for themselves, and arrived on the 21st in Paris, which he had left nine days before to open the campaign!

Before we proceed with our narrative, we have to revert to the corps of Grouchy. In search, as we have before stated, of the corps of Bülow, he had continued his movements until he found himself completely insulated, far in the rear of Blücher's army, and in front of Wavre, the Prussian head-quarters, which he attacked at the same time in the evening that the great battle was going on at Waterloo; and which he would probably have carried, had he not learned the disaster of Bonaparte, and deemed an immediate retreat necessary. This he effected ably (although with considerable loss from the Prussians, who made every effort to intercept him), by the road of Namur and Dinant; and the boast remains with him, that, of all the grand army,

his corps alone was brought unbroken back into France, and finally into Paris.

The enemy's country being thus, as it were, unlocked at one blow, Blücher and Wellington determined immediately to march to Paris; the former by Bavay, Cateau Cambresis, Nesle, &c. keeping the right; and the latter by Beaumont, Guise, La Fere, Noyon, &c. on the duke's left. The King of France was forthwith apprised of this determination, and being invited to follow the track of Wellington, left Ghent on the 22d.

Here we shall for a moment leave the Anglo-Prussian armies, in order to cast a look over the interesting and rather ludicrous scenes acted by the Great Nation at Paris, during the short interval before the arrival of the conquerors. Immediately on Bonaparte's return to that capital (21st), he published the bulletin already adverted to, in which his disaster, too great to be concealed or disguised, was fully confessed. On the next day (22d), he again abdicated the crown; but now it was in favour of his son that this abdication, voluntary or extorted, took place. His alleged motives were the determined hostility of the allied powers to his person, against which alone, according to their manifestoes, the war was directed: this sacrifice, therefore, he thought it his duty to bring to the welfare of France. This intelligence being conveyed to the Chamber of Peers by Carnot, and to the Deputies by Fouché, both bodies thanked him in person for his kindness, and he made a Napoleon speech to them. Some debates, however, arose on the question of

appointing a regency in the name of Napoleon II. whom the majority of both Chambers willingly acknowledged and proclaimed as their emperor, and the discussions ended by the formation of a commission of government acting in his name. Its five members were, Grenier, Guinettes, Caulaincourt, Carnot, and Fouché, names well known in the annals of Jacobinism and Terrorism. Commissioners were immediately dispatched to apprize the allied sovereigns of the incipient reign of Napoleon II.; but the allied generals not conceiving the intelligence sufficiently interesting, forbade their passing through their lines, and after some days all of them returned to Paris. Fouché, the president of the commission, likewise addressed the French people by a proclamation, in which he announced the reign of young Napoleon, and exhorted them to rally for the defence of their liberties and independence. The national guards were every where called out, and that of Paris received Massena for a commandant; the lines of Montmartre, of the canal de l'Ourcq, and of Belleville, which defended Paris on the right of the Seine, were rendered more formidable by the addition of new works and cannon; and Grouchy being appointed commander in chief of the wreck of the army of the North, was ordered to make every effort to get to Paris with all the troops he could collect. The Commission and the Chambers proclaimed their determination not to have the Bourbons for rulers, and both Chambers declared the country in danger, their sittings permanent, and their fixed resolution that

nothing but bayonets should dispossess them of their senatorial seats.

While thus the great nation still talked great, Wellington and Blücher were advancing with great strides towards the capital. No foe being in the field before them, the fortresses alone were to be minded. But their garrisons and military equipment being generally insufficient, they were either masked, taken, or otherwise rendered harmless. Avesnes surrendered 22d June; Cambray was taken by storm 24th, and its citadel by capitulation next day; Peronne stormed 26th; St. Quentin was abandoned; Quesnoy surrendered (29th) to Prince Frederic of Orange; Bapaume hoisted the white flag the next day. To Lisle an armistice was granted; and Valenciennes, in which the Royalist and Bonaparte parties had had bloody encounters, was and is still closely blockaded and bombarded. Having thus provided for the security of their communications, the two allied chiefs had rapidly proceeded to within 40 miles of Paris, when Blücher's advanced guard fell in, at Villars Coterets, with the corps of Grouchy on its return to Paris. An affair ensued (28th), which obliged the latter, after the loss of some cannon and 1000 prisoners, to turn off to Meaux. On his way he met Bulow's corps, which caused him some further loss; but he succeeded in crossing the Marne, and conducting his troops along the left bank of that river to Paris.

By this junction, the enemy possessed, for the defence of the capital, 40 or 50,000 troops of the line, besides the national guards and some new levies, with all which

he seemed determined to resist on the strongly fortified lines between Montmartre and Belleville. But these were rendered useless by a skilful manœuvre. As Lord Wellington approached the environs, Blücher, who had hitherto formed the left, on the 30th, by a flank march, hastened to the right, crossed to the left of the Seine at St. Germain, and advanced upon Paris on that side. In his march he was strongly opposed at St. Cloud, on the 2d July; but the bravery of the Prussian troops overcame every resistance, and enabled them to establish themselves on the heights of Meudon and Issy. In this position they were again attacked on the 3d, at three in the morning, but the French were repulsed with considerable loss; and finding that Paris was now open on its vulnerable side, that a communication had been established with our army by a bridge thrown across the Seine at Argenteuil, and that a British corps was likewise moving upon the left of that river towards the Pont de Neuilly, the enemy proposed an armistice, for the purpose of negotiating for the surrender of Paris. Accordingly, late on the 3d, a *military convention* was concluded at St. Cloud, and ratified on the next day by Wellington, Blücher, and Davoust, the latter being then in command of the French force. The terms were in substance, that the French army was to evacuate Paris within three days, and proceed behind the Loire, with its arms, guns, military chest, and every species of regimental property; *public property*, and private persons and property, to be respected; and no person to be molested on account of his politi-

cal conduct or opinions. This convention to be common to all the allied armies, provided it be accepted by the sovereigns upon which they depend; and ten days previous notice to be required in case of a rupture being determined on by either party. In consequence of these articles, the French army retired behind the Loire, within the time stipulated, and the English and Prussian armies marched into Paris on the 6th July.

It is probable, that the situation and limited strength of the allied armies rendered it desirable, to dispose of the French force in this manner for the moment, rather than risk the consequence of a capture of the city by force. At the same time, the intelligence of the possession of Paris, under all the conditions of the convention, did not produce in England that degree of exultation which so important an event might otherwise have caused. It was not well understood how far one of the stipulations might or might not screen traitors from punishment; and it was, and is still, feared that the term *government property* might insure to the vanity of the French the possession, of not only the productions of art which they had plundered from those nations, by whom, in their turn, they were, for the second time, conquered and humiliated; but also of those modern monuments of architecture which their arrogance had spread over Paris, to perpetuate the memory of their successful aggressions against those who were now their masters. To have deprived them of both, appeared not only an act of justice, but a measure of sound policy, considering the nation we

had to deal with, without advert-
ing to the moral necessity of pun-
ishing crimes of the blackest dye.

Notwithstanding the surrender
of Paris, and the actual entrance
of the Anglo-Prussian armies into
the city, the two Chambers contin-
ued their sittings and their cla-
morous discussions. The approach
of Louis the Eighteenth, whose re-
turn to his throne, they were sa-
gacious enough to see could not
be prevented, appeared to them
to require increased diligence, in
order to frame, in all haste and
before he arrived, *another new*
constitution, expressing the nation-
al will, and restraining the hands
of absolute power. It was also
deemed an act consonant with the
majesty of the national repre-
sentation to issue a solemn decla-
ration, protesting, in anticipation,
against any eventual infringement
of the French liberties on the part
of the allied sovereigns; and against
receiving any sovereign, except he
subscribe to about a dozen and a
half articles laid down by them.
The actual arrival of the king at
St. Denis (6th) did not disconcert
these legislators; they repaired only
the earlier in the morning of the
8th to the Hall of Assembly: but,
to their utter astonishment, they
found General Dessolles had got
up sooner, and had, by order of
the king, locked the doors and taken
the keys. Thus, and by an ordi-
nance of the king afterwards issued,
were the two Chambers relieved of
their labours, and dissolved. As
to the commission of government,
four of its worthy members decamp-
ed with the rebel army behind the
Loire; but its president, Fouché,
the main actor in the late rebellion,

preferred staying behind, and ap-
prized the king, that it had dissolved
itself; a message which was nei-
ther authorized by the others, nor
true. The event has proved the
superior prudence of M. Fouché's
conduct: the next day he was ad-
mitted to the Duke of Wellington's
table, and the day after he was made
one of the ministry of Louis; the
porte-feuille of the police being
consigned to him.

Louis XVIII. himself made his
public entry into Paris on the 8th,
amidst great expressions of joy, we
may add, although expressions, sen-
timents, and speeches are but mo-
mentary *façons de parler* with the
nation over whom he has the mis-
fortune to rule. The sovereigns of
Austria, Russia, and Prussia, reach-
ed Paris on the 10th, and the re-
presentative of the Prince Regent,
Lord Castlereagh, had previously
arrived.

Having thus concisely, and with
some regretted omissions, brought
our narrative of the momentous
events of the last month down to
the restoration of Louis, we shall
very briefly advert to the operations
of the Austrian, Bavarian, German,
and Russian forces on the Rhine.
Through the battle of Waterloo,
these operations became little more
than passages of troops. That bat-
tle not only hastened the opening
of the campaign on their part, but
probably caused a material altera-
tion in the original plan. The one
actually put in practice was as
follows:—Prince Schwartzemberg
commanded four corps d'armée, all
which were put in motion on or
about the 20th June; the first under
the Prince of Hohenzollern, and
the second under Prince Jerome

Colloredo, and both under the supreme command of the Archduke Ferdinand, having crossed the Rhine near Basle, entered Alsace by Huningen; the first corps operating westwards in the direction of Montbeillard, Befort, and the south of Lorraine, while the second pushed northwards towards Colmar and Strasburg. Their march was ineffectually opposed, partly by a corps under General Le Courbe, who afterwards shut himself up in the fortress of Huningen, and in some instances by armed inhabitants, upon some of whom, especially at Muhlhausen, which was given up to pillage, a severe, but proper chastisement was inflicted. The third corps, under the command of the Hereditary Prince of Wurtemberg, and with which were the grand head-quarters of Prince Schwartzberg and of the three allied sovereigns, marched from Mannheim by Spire, in a southern direction, against Strasburg; while a separate body, under Count Walmoden, manœuvred in a parallel direction up and along the left bank of the Rhine. The celebrated lines of Weissenburg were gained without difficulty, but in the further advance, a French corps under General Rapp, favoured by the extensive forest of Hagenau, opposed considerable resistance: so ably did Rapp defend every inch of ground, that near Brumath (about nine miles from Strasburg), a general and severe affair ensued; which, however, terminated in Rapp's retiring into Strasburg, and in the immediate blockade of that great fortress. Meanwhile the second corps having come up from Colmar, the third, under the Prince of Wur-

temberg, was relieved from the duty of watching Strasburg, and forthwith proceeded with the grand head-quarters across the Vosges mountains by the defile of Pfalz-burg, to circumvent which fortress a road was necessary to be made through rocks. In its march towards Paris, this army, joined by the first corps under Hohenzollern, and otherwise increased to 60,000 men, arrived at Troyes on or about the 12th July, and head-quarters were at Fontainebleau on the 14th. The 4th corps, chiefly Bavarians under Prince Wrede, had begun operations before any of these troops forced the passage of the Saar at Saarbruck, and being strenuously urged by Wellington and Blücher, had hastened its march through Lorraine and Champagne to Paris, in the neighbourhood of which it arrived soon after the capitulation. The first division of the Russian army, estimated at 70,000 men, under General Barclay de Tolly, is yet most behind, but it has entered Lorraine likewise, and follows the track of Prince Wrede.

On the southern frontier of France, Suchet, like Bonaparte, was beforehand with the allies. On the 15th and 16th he gained some slight advantages over the advanced posts of the Austrian General Frimont, at Aiguebelle; but, as soon as that commander put his army in motion, and crossed Mount Simplon with 60,000 men, while General Bubna, with 20,000, traversed Mount Cenis, Suchet was forced to retreat. The abdication of Napoleon caused a momentary armistice between both parties; but, on its termination, operations were con-

tinued, Suchet abandoned Lyons, and, by the latest accounts, the Austrian army before it was expected to make its entry on the 16th July.

On the side of the Pyrennees the Spanish army had just put itself in motion to cross the Bidassoa, when the course of events produced an armistice.

In the Vendée the royalists had continued to gain ground; but immediately after the battle of Waterloo, Louis XVIII. to spare French blood, directed operations to cease in that quarter, and an armistice was in consequence entered into between both parties.

Of the entire submission of the French army behind the Loire, we have no authentic accounts as yet. Some regiments are stated to have declared for the king; and the remainder of the rebels, although almost surrounded by hundreds of thousands of allied troops, are, strange to tell, formally negotiating for their submission with their legitimate king.

We have, or rather ought, yet to account for Bonaparte himself. But it is not a little surprising, that nearly a month should have elapsed since his abdication, without any certain accounts being received as to his fate. Davoust's demand to the Duke of Wellington for passports to enable Napoleon to go unmolested to America, has not been listened to; and the mission of M. Otto to Dover, for the same object, was equally unsuccessful. In consequence of these refusals, Napoleon is stated to have proceeded to Rochefort, where a frigate has been secretly fitted out to take him across the Atlantic, and

from whence an attempt to escape is asserted to have been frustrated by a British blockading squadron on the 9th July. Besides this squadron, an infinite number of British vessels has been spread over the Atlantic, to intercept his passage to the new world.

The seizure of Bonaparte's person, although desirable by all means, may at this moment be deemed a matter of secondary interest. Even his head, the safety of which, however, the recent course of affairs seems almost to insure, would be only *one* head less from the trunk of the Jacobin hydra, while some of the remaining heads are fostered by the hands of those whose dearest relations the many-mouthed monster has devoured. We trust, we hope in Heaven, the experience of last year will not be lost upon the too generous heart of Louis. We hope it will not be thrown away upon those illustrious monarchs, whose subjects, deeply alive to the most patriotic feelings, have again so nobly devoted their treasure and blood to mend a flaw of over-magnanimous policy. With Europe in arms again spread over the soil which engendered all our ills during five and twenty years, we have a right to expect a thorough weeding by the root. Justice, dealt out in all its severity, will be the best guardian of our future repose.—Surely, supported as Louis stands, by the combined strength of all the great powers, there can be no need of a compromise with rebels and traitors; he will not, by so doing, gain *their* friendship, but he will lose the affections of the only true friends he hitherto numbered in France; and, much as we revere

his private and public virtues, and rejoice in his restoration, it is a question, whether the reign of this estimable prince, should it be influenced by the counsels of persons who bore a principal share not only in the horrors of the revolution, but even in the recent rebellion, can promise greater security to the rest of the world, than might have been expected from the sway of a Bonaparte, stripped of the power of mischief, by the privation of the conquests of Louis XIV. the renunciation of which at Chatillon would have secured to him the throne of France.

The length of the narrative of the preceding important events, commands the utmost brevity in the remainder of our Retrospect.

NAPLES.

Ancona and Pescara have surrendered to the Austrian blockading corps. Gaëta still holds out. King Ferdinand made his solemn entry into Naples, from Portici, on the 17th June, amidst the most sincere demonstrations of public joy. General Bianchi, by whose valour his restoration has been so speedily effected, has been created Duke of Capua, with a revenue of 6000 ducats.

Madame Murat, on her arrival at Trieste, was received with the salutes of artillery *due to her rank*; but, on a subsequent representation of Ferdinand of Spain and Ferdinand of Naples, that the 18 millions (francs) worth of treasure which she had landed, contained a great quantity of stolen goods from the royal palaces at Madrid and Naples, and from the museum at

Portici, all which the legitimate proprietors formally reclaimed, the Austrian government is stated to have detained her ex-majesty's baggage, and assigned to her a residence at Prague. Murat himself is reported to be at Toulon, negotiating with some English minister in the vicinity, for either a safe conduct to join his consort, or a safe asylum in England.

GERMANY.

The King of Saxony returned to his capital on the 24th of May.

By a decree dated 25th May, the King of Prussia has announced to his subjects his desire of giving them a national representation, and a constitution founded on a representative system of government.

The cession, on the part of Denmark, in favour of Prussia, of that part of Pomerania which until recently belonged to Sweden, has been finally settled. Prussia, in return, cedes East Friesland to Hanover, and Hanover makes compensation to Denmark, by giving up to her the duchy of Lauenburg.

AMERICA.

The American squadron sent out against the Algerines, has already signalized its arrival in the Mediterranean by a victory obtained over the hostile squadron near Cape de Gatte, on the 20th June. The Algerine flag-ship, the *Mezoura* frigate of 44 guns, was taken, and the admiral on board of her killed. The next morning another frigate was driven on shore by the Americans near Carthage; and a corvette was then under chase, and likely to be overtaken.

The Spanish expedition which long ago sailed from Cadiz, under the command of General Murillo,

has arrived at the island of St. Margarita, with a view of commencing operations against the rebels on the main land of Cumana.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Parliament has voted a further grant of 200,000*l.* to the Duke of Wellington, as a reward for his grace's splendid services at the battle of Waterloo.

Besides the monuments to be placed in St. Paul's to the memory of Generals Sir Thomas Picton and Sir William Ponsonby, who gloriously fell in that battle, the legislature has sanctioned the erection of a grand national monument in commemoration of the victory of Waterloo, and of the officers and soldiers who with their lives purchased that proud day in the military annals of the British empire.

London, with its usual patriotism and munificence, has given the signal for a general subscription throughout the country, for the relief of the widows and orphans of the officers and soldiers that fell in the battles of Quatre Bras and Waterloo.

Parliament was prorogued the 12th July, to assemble again on the 22d August. By a majority of one vote, it had, a few days before,

thrown out a bill for granting an annuity of 6000*l.* to H. R. H. the Duke of Cumberland, in consequence of his recent marriage with the dowager Princess of Solms-Braunfels. This majority was caused, singularly enough, by the single vote of Lord Cochrane, who on that night resumed his seat in the House of Commons; the term of his confinement in the King's Bench having expired, and he having paid the fine of 1000*l.* in which he had been condemned on the trial adverted to in a former number of the *Repository*.

Count Meerfelt, the Austrian ambassador, suddenly expired in London on the 3d July.

Mr. Samuel Whitbread put an end to his existence on the 6th July, by cutting his throat with a razor. Depression of spirits and mental infirmity, attributed to his active interference in the concerns of Drury-lane Theatre, and to the intense application which he devoted to the discharge of his parliamentary duties, as a leading anti-ministerial member, are assigned as the cause of this rash act. The verdict of the coroner's inquest was *Insanity*. He died at the age of 57.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

VERY few preceding seasons have been so blessed as this. The wheat blossom went off most kindly; the consequence of which has been a large and prolific ear, without an appearance of mildew, and promises, if the weather continue cool and dry, a most abundant and early harvest. The crop is large in

breadth and bulk, and if well secured, will doubtless defeat those intentions that tended to keep up the price.

Barley is also an universally good crop, but with much straw upon the deep loamy soils, being considerably lodged even before it broke into ear.

Oats are also well belled, large on the straw, and promise more than an average crop.

Beans, peas, and the whole of the leguminous kind, have podded well, being large and full, and remarkably free from the fly and the grub.

All the soiling species have yielded, this spring, a greater produce than can be remembered by the oldest farmer; but the brassica

tribe have suffered much, in consequence of the late dry weather; the turnips in particular, except the early sown Swedes.

The hay crop has been secured in very good order, and the quantity is much larger than can be remembered for many years past.

The hops have a favourable appearance. But the apples in the cyder counties fall short indeed.

FASHIONS FOR LADIES.

PLATE 10.—EVENING DRESS.

A WHITE satin petticoat, richly ornamented at the feet with a broad border of tulle and satin; a frock-body, tied behind, composed of tulle and satin, with a quilling of tulle terminating at each point of the shoulder-strap; a short sleeve, richly ornamented with frilled tulle, corresponding to the bottom of the dress; short sash of white satin, tied in full bows behind. Cap composed of white satin and gathered tulle, decorated in the front with a full wreath formed of tulle edged with satin. Stockings plain silk. Slippers white kid or ribbed sarsnet. Gloves French kid, drawn over the elbow.

The waists of both morning and full dress continue extremely short, and the backs in full dress are generally brought very low, and frequently to the bottom of the waist. The fronts of both high and low bodies continue without alteration; and are made plain, to fit the shape. In morning and promenade dress the sleeve is universally long, and this month worn of the same material as the dress. The short full

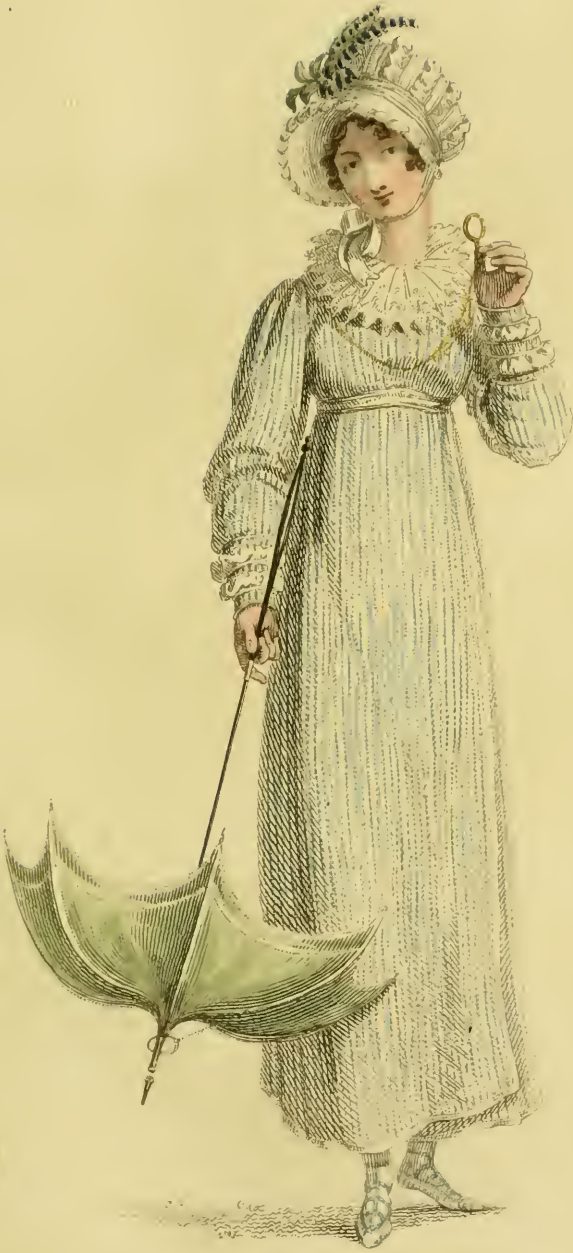
sleeve is equally prevalent in evening costume. The length of the walking petticoat continues to meet the top of the sandal, which appears in more estimation than the boot. The most prevailing colours for the present month are, Pomona green, primrose, apple-blossom, and the celestial blue.

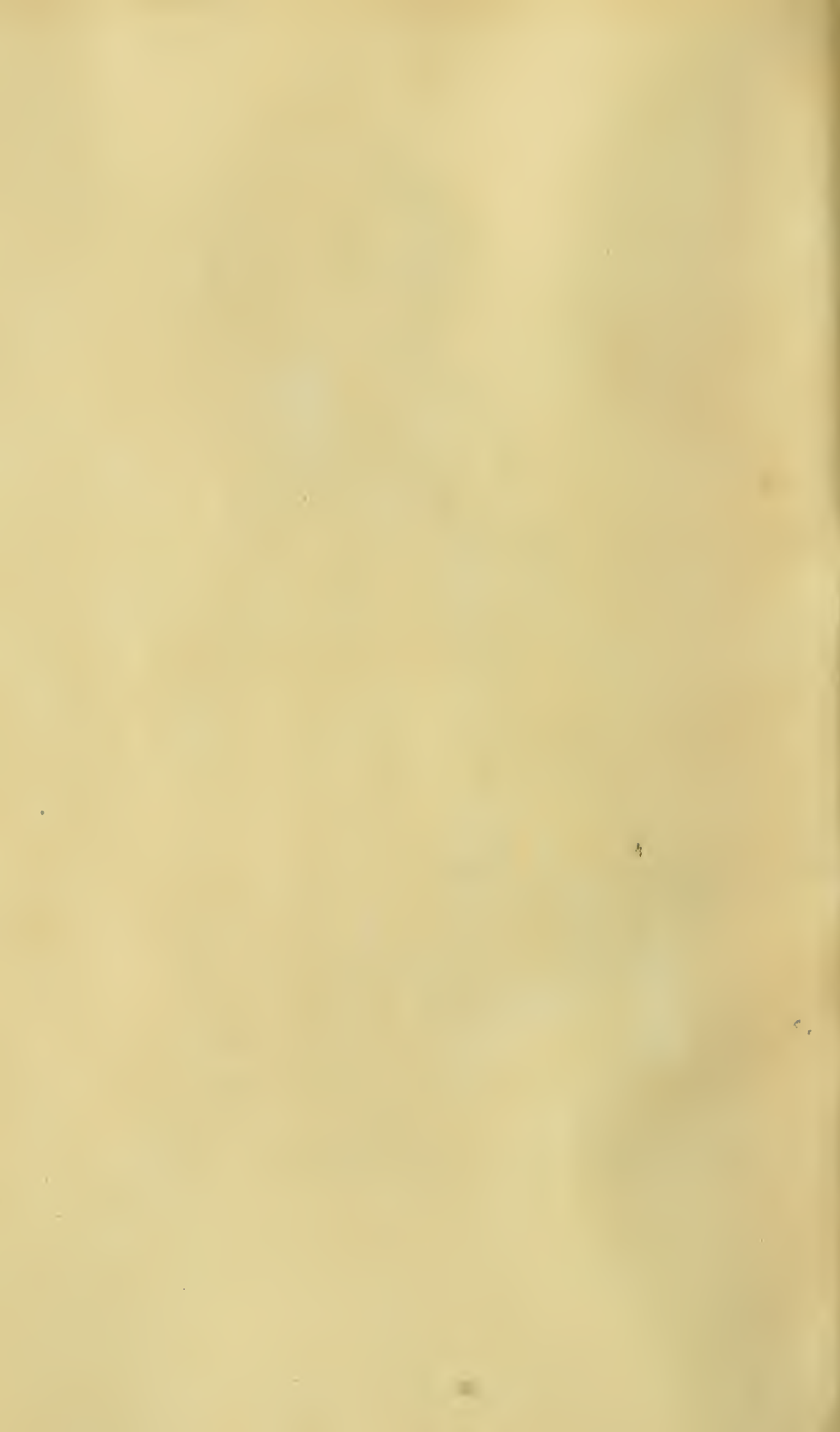
PLATE 11.—PROMENADE DRESS.

High dress, with plain body, buttoned or laced behind, composed of a rich satin-striped sarsnet, of celestial blue and white colour, trimmed at the feet with white satin; long loose sleeve, confined at the wrist with a fulling of tulle, edged with white satin; a deep full ruff, of the French work, round the neck; a short sash of white satin ribbon, tied behind. A French bonnet, composed of tulle fulled in, and alternate folds of white satin; a roll of white satin, laced with tulle, ornaments the edge of the bonnet; satin strings, tied under the ear. Necklace of Oriental gold. Stockings elastic or ribbed silk. Sandals crossed high up the ankle with blue ribbon. Gloves Limerick or blue kid. Parasol of shaded silk.



EVENING DRESS





METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR JUNE, 1815.

Conducted at Manchester by THOMAS HANSON, Esq.

1815.	Wind.	Pressure.			Temperature.			Weather.	Evap.	Rain.
		Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.			
JUNE										
1	N E 1	30,10	29,95	30,000	63,00	48,00	55,50	brilliant	100	—
2	S 1	30,18	30,16	30,170	65,0	45,0	55,00	brilliant	.070	—
3	S W 1	30,10	30,66	30,110	62,0	48,0	55,00	drizzly	.030	—
4	S W 2	30,06	29,78	29,920	62,0	51,0	56,50	rainy	.064	—
5	S W 1	29,78	29,63	29,730	61,0	50,0	55,50	fine	.030	.770
6	S 1	29,68	29,55	29,620	58,0	42,0	50,00	rainy	.070	—
7	S 1	29,78	29,48	29,730	63,0	40,0	54,50	fine	.074	.360
8	S W 1	29,95	29,78	29,870	65,0	46,0	56,00	brilliant	.050	.090
9	Var 1	29,98	29,96	29,970	66,0	40,0	56,00	brilliant	.064	—
10	S W 1	29,98	29,90	29,970	67,0	54,0	60,50	brilliant	.116	—
11	S W 2	29,98	29,90	29,940	71,0	53,0	62,00	brilliant	—	—
12	S E 1	29,90	29,78	29,840	68,0	51,0	59,50	fine	—	.120
13	S E 2	29,78	29,52	29,650	65,0	48,0	56,50	fine	.276	—
14	S E 2	29,52	29,44	29,480	65,0	51,0	58,00	cloudy	.086	—
15	N W 2	29,86	29,52	29,690	64,0	52,0	58,00	cloudy	.054	.190
16	N W 1	29,90	29,80	29,880	63,0	50,0	59,00	fine	.120	—
17	E 2	29,80	29,68	29,770	64,0	53,0	58,50	rainy	.076	—
18	Var 1	29,70	29,68	29,720	64,0	53,0	58,50	fine	.044	—
19	N W 1	29,80	29,68	29,770	68,0	52,0	60,00	brilliant	.088	—
20	N E 1	29,86	29,86	29,860	64,0	55,0	59,50	brilliant	.112	.365
21	S W 1	30,30	29,80	30,050	67,0	54,0	60,50	brilliant	.120	—
22	N W 2	29,94	29,86	29,900	63,0	51,0	58,50	showery	.060	—
23	N W 1	30,16	29,94	30,050	62,0	54,0	58,00	gloomy	.070	—
24	S W 1	30,16	30,04	30,100	64,0	52,0	58,00	gloomy	.060	—
25	N W 1	30,22	30,00	30,110	64,0	50,0	57,00	fine	.104	.310
26	N W 2	30,22	30,22	30,230	69,0	49,0	57,50	fine	.026	—
27	N W 1	30,30	30,24	30,270	65,0	54,0	59,50	fine	.064	—
28	Var. 1	30,40	30,30	30,350	74,0	58,0	66,00	brilliant	.090	—
29	Var. 1	30,38	30,30	30,340	76,0	59,0	66,00	brilliant	.125	—
30	Var. 1	30,30	30,30	30,300	75,0	58,0	66,50	brilliant	.170	—
		Mean	29,950		Mean	58,45			2,436	2,145

RESULTS.

Mean pressure, 29,950—Maximum, 30,40, wind Var. 1.—Minimum, 29,44, wind S. E. 2.—Range, .96 of an inch.

The greatest variation of pressure in 24 hours, is .44 of an inch, which was on the 21st.

Spaces described by the curve, formed from the mean daily pressure, 3,10 inches.—Number of changes, 19.

Mean temperature, 58,45°.—Max 76°, wind Var. 1.—Min. 42°, wind S. 1.—Range .34°.

The greatest variation of temperature in 24 hours is 20°, which was on the 2d, 8th, 9th, and 29th.

Water evaporated, 2,436 inches.

Rain, &c. this month, 2,145 inches.—Number of wet days, 12.

WIND.

N	N E	E	S E	S	S W	W	N W	Variable.	Calm.
2	2	1	3	3	8	0	8	5	0

Brisk winds 0—Boisterous ones 0.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR JUNE, 1815.

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

1815.	Wind.	Pressure.			Temperature.			Weather.	Evap.	Rain.
JUNE		Max	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min	Mean.			
1	N E	30,09	29,83	29,95	70°	38°	54,0°	cloudy	—	—
2	N W	30,10	30,06	30,08	72	55	63,5	fine	—	—
3	W	30,00	29,99	30,025	69	59	64,0	showers	.63	—
4	W	29,99	29,70	29,875	75	57	66,0	clouds	—	—
5	S W	29,70	29,65	29,705	68	51	59,5	showery	—	.26
6	Var.	29,66	29,57	29,615	67	49	58,0	showery	—	.19
7	S W	29,77	29,66	29,715	70	57	63,5	clouds	.51	—
8	Var.	29,90	29,77	29,835	71	50	60,5	fine	—	—
9	S E	29,95	29,90	29,925	74	47	60,5	fine	—	—
10	Var.	29,95	29,95	29,950	71	43	59,5	fine	.31	—
11	N W	29,93	29,89	29,910	77	47	62,0	fine	—	—
12	S E	29,80	29,67	29,780	71	61	61,0	cloudy	—	—
13	Var.	29,67	29,36	29,565	68	54	61,0	showery	.30	.59
14	Var.	29,69	29,46	29,530	73	53	63,0	showery	—	.13
15	Var.	29,90	29,60	29,750	70	51	60,5	fine	.25	—
16	S W	29,90	29,70	29,800	78	59	68,5	fine	—	.26
17	S W	29,70	29,69	29,695	77	58	67,5	showery	.26	.07
18	W	29,77	29,70	29,735	73	56	64,5	clouds	—	—
19	W	29,78	29,77	29,775	75	59	67,0	fine	.23	—
20	S E	29,85	29,78	29,815	76	48	62,0	fine	—	—
21	N	29,95	29,85	29,900	74	52	63,0	showery	—	.20
22	W	29,98	29,94	29,960	71	51	61,0	clouds	.31	—
23	N W	30,08	29,98	30,030	68	54	61,0	fine	—	—
24	N W	30,08	29,97	30,025	69	56	62,5	fine	.25	.17
25	N W	30,14	30,08	30,110	64	44	54,0	fine	—	—
26	N W	30,15	30,09	30,120	67	47	57,0	fine	.20	—
27	S E	30,18	30,15	30,165	75	53	64,0	fine	—	—
28	S E	30,25	30,18	30,230	82	54	68,0	fine	.22	—
29	N E	30,28	30,25	30,265	80	50	65,0	fine	—	—
30	S E	30,25	30,18	30,215	81	58	69,5	fine	.25	—
		Mean		29,902	Mean		62,3	Total	3,72in	1,87in.

RESULTS.—Mean height of barometer, 29,902 inches: highest observation, 30,28 inches; lowest, 29,46 inches.—Mean height of thermometer, 62° 3.; highest observation, 82° — lowest, 38°.—Total of evaporation, 3,72 inches.—Total of rain, 1,87 inch—in another gauge, 1,74 inch.

WIND.

N.	N. E.	E.	S. E.	S.	S. W.	W.	N. W.	Variable.
1	2	6	6	0	4	5	6	6

Notes.—11th. Some showers in the evening.—13th. Rainy morning.—17th. Rainy morning.—25d. Some distant thunder in the afternoon.—30th. Cloudy morning.

Prices of Fire-Office, Mine, Dock, Canal, Water-Works, Brewery, and Public Institution Shares, &c. &c. for JULY, 1815.

Albion Fire and Life Insurance	£42 pr. sh.	Grand Junction Canal	196 pr. sh.
Globe Ditto	102 do	Shropshire	78 do.
Imperial Ditto	48 do.	London Dock	76 pr. ct.
Rock Ditto	2. 8s. do.	West India Dock	142 pr. sh.
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26	229	—	58 $\frac{1}{2}$	73 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	14 $\frac{1}{2}$	12a13	—	—	—	—	—	8 Dis.	6 Dis.	—	61a59 $\frac{1}{2}$
27	229	—	59	73 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	14 $\frac{1}{2}$	13 Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	8 Dis.	2 Dis.	—	61a59 $\frac{1}{2}$
28	231	—	59	74	—	14 $\frac{1}{2}$	12 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	—	58 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	9 Dis.	7 Dis.	—	61a60 $\frac{1}{2}$
29	—	—	59 $\frac{1}{2}$	74 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	12 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	—	—	—	9 Dis.	8 Dis.	—	61
30	—	—	59 $\frac{1}{2}$	74 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	14 $\frac{1}{2}$	12 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	—	—	—	9 Dis.	8 Dis.	—	60 $\frac{1}{2}$
July 1	220	—	58 $\frac{1}{2}$	73 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	14 $\frac{1}{2}$	11 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	—	—	—	9 Dis.	8 Dis.	—	60 $\frac{1}{2}$
2	220	—	58 $\frac{1}{2}$	74 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	14 $\frac{1}{2}$	12 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	—	58 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	6 Dis.	7 Dis.	—	60 $\frac{1}{2}$
3	231 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	59	74 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	14 $\frac{1}{2}$	12 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	—	—	—	5 Dis.	6 Dis.	—	60 $\frac{1}{2}$
4	232	—	59	74 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	14 $\frac{1}{2}$	13 $\frac{1}{2}$ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	4 Pm.	3 Pm.	—	60 $\frac{1}{2}$
5	232	—	59	74 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	14 $\frac{1}{2}$	12 $\frac{1}{2}$ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	4 Pm.	3 Pm.	—	60 $\frac{1}{2}$
6	231 $\frac{1}{2}$	58 $\frac{1}{2}$ a9 $\frac{1}{2}$	58 $\frac{1}{2}$	74 $\frac{1}{2}$	86 $\frac{1}{2}$	14 $\frac{1}{2}$	12 $\frac{1}{2}$ Pm.	58 $\frac{1}{2}$	86 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	—	4 Pm.	3 Pm.	—	60 $\frac{1}{2}$
7	233	59a43 $\frac{1}{2}$	59	74 $\frac{1}{2}$	86 $\frac{1}{2}$	14 $\frac{1}{2}$	12 $\frac{1}{2}$ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	4 Pm.	3 Pm.	—	60 $\frac{1}{2}$
8	—	58 $\frac{1}{2}$ a9 $\frac{1}{2}$	58 $\frac{1}{2}$	73 $\frac{1}{2}$	85 $\frac{1}{2}$	14 $\frac{1}{2}$	11 $\frac{1}{2}$ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	4 Pm.	1 Dis.	—	60 $\frac{1}{2}$
10	—	57 $\frac{1}{2}$	57 $\frac{1}{2}$	73 $\frac{1}{2}$	85 $\frac{1}{2}$	14 $\frac{1}{2}$	10 $\frac{1}{2}$ Pm.	—	—	—	57 $\frac{1}{2}$	174 $\frac{1}{2}$	4 Pm.	2 Pm.	—	59 $\frac{1}{2}$
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12	—	56 $\frac{1}{2}$	56 $\frac{1}{2}$	72 $\frac{1}{2}$	84 $\frac{1}{2}$	14 $\frac{1}{2}$	8 $\frac{1}{2}$ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	1 Pm.	3 Dis.	—	58 $\frac{1}{2}$
13	—	57 $\frac{1}{2}$	57 $\frac{1}{2}$	72 $\frac{1}{2}$	85 $\frac{1}{2}$	14 $\frac{1}{2}$	9 $\frac{1}{2}$ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	2 Dis.	1 Dis.	—	59
14	—	57 $\frac{1}{2}$	57 $\frac{1}{2}$	72 $\frac{1}{2}$	85 $\frac{1}{2}$	14 $\frac{1}{2}$	9 $\frac{1}{2}$ Pm.	—	—	60 $\frac{1}{2}$	57	—	3 Dis.	5 Dis.	—	59
16	—	57 $\frac{1}{2}$	57 $\frac{1}{2}$	72 $\frac{1}{2}$	85 $\frac{1}{2}$	14 $\frac{1}{2}$	9 Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	2 Dis.	2 Dis.	—	59
17	—	56 $\frac{1}{2}$	56 $\frac{1}{2}$	72	84 $\frac{1}{2}$	14 $\frac{1}{2}$	8 Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	2 Dis.	4 Dis.	—	58 $\frac{1}{2}$
18	—	56 $\frac{1}{2}$	56 $\frac{1}{2}$	72	84 $\frac{1}{2}$	14 $\frac{1}{2}$	8 $\frac{1}{2}$ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	9 Dis.	7 Dis.	—	—

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THE Repository

OF

ARTS, LITERATURE, COMMERCE,
Manufactures, Fashions, and Politics,

For SEPTEMBER, 1815.

The Eighty-first Number.

VOL. XIV.

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TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We earnestly solicit communications on subjects of general interest, and also from professors of the arts and 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 Proprietor of the Repository respectfully informs his readers, that, with a view to the farther improvement of the work, and to render it still more worthy of the patronage bestowed on it, he shall close the present Series at the end of the Fourteenth Volume, and commence a new one, with some alterations in the plan, of which due notice will be given.

We shall endeavour to comply with the suggestion of a well-wisher to the Repository, who dates Notts.

C. R. W.'s Contribution shall have a seasonable place.

We have been favoured, by an ingenious Correspondent at Brussels, with a View and Description of the House called La Belle Alliance, which makes such a conspicuous figure in the reports of the late glorious victory; and shall gratify our readers with them 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.

ERRATA.

Page 143, col. 1, line 29—for "*grateful flow*," read "*graceful flow*."

— 144, col. 1, lines 40, 41—for "*stroke after stroke*," read "*every after-stroke*."

— 145, col. 2, lines 20, 21—for "*the variety of differences of style*," read "*to express the differences of style, and give a variety of objects their true general character*."

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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. 67.)

Miss K. Here is a list of our best writers living when Reynolds was born, and their ages at that time.

Elkanah Settle . . . 75	Wm. Somerville . . . 31
Sir Richard Black-	George Lillo . . . 30
more 73	Lord Chesterfield . 29
Daniel De Foe . . . 70	Richard Savage . . 26
John Dennis . . . 67	William Warburton 25
Thomas Southerne 63	Christopher Pitt . 24
Francis Atterbury 61	James Thomson } 23
Jonathan Swift } 56	John Dyer } 23
Lord Lansdowne } 52	Robert Blair } 23
Thomas Yaldea } 52	David Mallet } 20
Ambrose Philips } 52	Robert Dodsley . 20
Wm. Congreve } 51	Henry Fielding } 15
Lord Bolingbroke } 51	Stephen Duck } 15
Isaac Watts . . . 49	Lord Lyttelton } 14
Benjamin Hoadly } 47	J. Hammond } 13
Sir R. Steele } 47	Paul Whitehead } 13
Thomas Sherlock . 45	David Hume . . . 12
Edward Young . . 42	Laurence Sterne . 10
Aaron Hill } 42	James Hervey } 9
George Berkeley } 39	Wm. Shenstone } 9
Thomas Tickell } 39	J. Hawkesworth . 8
Eustace Budgell . 33	Thomas Gray } 7
Allan Ramsay . . 37	Sir John Hill } 7
John Gay 36	Tobias Smollett } 3
Alexander Pope . 35	William Collins } 3
S. Richardson } 31	Mark Akenside } 2
Leonard Welsted } 31	Wm. Robertson } 2

Miss Eve. You have not mentioned Reynolds's intimate friend, Dr. Johnson.

Miss K. Samuel Johnson (born in the same year as Lord Lyttelton) was then 14 years of age. This was a few years before he kept a school, and had the modern Roscius for his pupil.

Miss Eve. Davis says, that Garrick, about this time, was a very handsome, sensible, and entertaining child. It has been observed of him, that his fame will be as immortal as that of Roscius and Æsopus. If a more excellent actor than any at present living were to arise, and to be called a modern Æsopus, this appellation would not be well understood; it would remind most people of Æsop, the fabulist.

Miss K. I have omitted many good writers whom I did not happen to recollect when I put this list together. Dr. Doddridge was 22 years of age in 1723; John Cleland,

16; William Whitehead, the poet laureate, 9.

Miss *Eve*. Was not Whitehead of the family of the Bakers?

Miss *K*. I never heard that he was: his father was by trade a baker at Cambridge.

I do not recollect any celebrated genius except Reynolds born in 1723, though several died that year, as Charles Gildon, Jan. 12; Sir Christopher Wren, Feb. 25; Thomas D'Urfey, Feb. 26; Sir Godfrey Kneller, Oct. 27; and Mrs. Centlivre, Dec. 1.

Elijah Fenton died July 12, 1730; John Arbuthnot, Feb. 1735; Harry Carey (father of G. Saville Carey) and Creech in 1744; Charles Coffey, May 13, 1745; William Broome, Nov. 16, 1745; George Ogle, Oct. 20, 1746; Aaron Hill, Feb. 8, 1749.

Miss *Eve*. I think Aaron Hill (born in Beaufort-buildings, in the Strand,) died at the very moment of the earthquake that filled the inhabitants of London with such consternation.

Miss *K*. Yes, his excellent spirit took flight at that awful moment: his body was buried in Westminster Abbey, by the tomb of Lord Godolphin, and near the remains of his wife, to whose memory he wrote this epitaph:—

Enough, cold stone—suffice thy long-loved name,
Words are too weak to pay thy virtue's claim;
Temples, and tombs, and tongues shall waste away,
And power's vain pomp in mould'ring dust decay,
But ere mankind a wife more perfect see,
Eternity, O Time, shall bury thee!

Gilbert West died March 26, 1756. Colley Cibber, poet laureate, son of Cains Gabriel Cibber, the sculptor, who executed the bas re-

liefs on the Monument, the figures at Bethlem Hospital, &c. was, like Philip Massinger, R. Duke, and Richard Savage, found dead in his bed at nine o'clock in the morning of December 12, 1757, by his servant, who had conversed with him at six. In his Memoirs he says, that he obtained the appointment of poet laureate for writing the comedy of the *Nonjuror*, which was so acceptable to the Whigs and other well-wishers to the Brunswick succession. Theophilus, his son, was drowned on his passage to Dublin in October, 1758: his life began and ended in a storm.

Miss *Eve*. I think it began when the destructive storm passed over England in November, 1703, and did so much mischief in London. Addison, in his *Campaign*, has a beautiful allusion to this event. Can you repeat the lines Miss *K*?

Miss *K*.

So when an angel, by divine command,
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land—
Such as of late o'er pale Britain, in pass'd—
Calm and serene he guides the furious blast,
And, pleas'd th' Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.

Henry Jones died, in great want, in a garret belonging to the master of the Bedford Coffee-House,* in April, 1770.

Miss *Eve*. This was the same year in which that unfortunate youth Chatterton destroyed himself in a garret by poison, for want.

Miss *K*. Yes; four months after the death of Jones, in August, in his 18th year.

Mark Akenside died of a fever, June 23, in this year; and William Falconer, author of *The Shipwreck*, was lost going to the East Indies, in the Aurora frigate, which touched

at the Cape of Good Hope, and was never heard of afterwards.

Eustace Budgell was drowned in 1736, but not like Theophilus Cibber and Falconer; he drowned himself.

Miss K. This suicide was much deplored. How awfully situated was Miss Budgell, the actress, when her father endeavoured to persuade her to accompany him to the Thames, and thus desperately terminate her life! What relation was Budgell to Addison?

Miss K. He was born in the same county as Reynolds, at St. Thomas's, near Exeter, and was the eldest son of Gilbert Budgell, D. D. by his wife Mary, daughter of William Gulston, Bishop of Bristol, whose sister Jane married Dean Addison, and was mother to Joseph Addison.

Miss Eve. Many eminent men in all ages have originated from the clergy. Pope has passed a very elegant compliment on George Berkeley, Bishop of Cloyne, who took many of his notions from Plato.

Miss K. Yes; Pope observes—

Even in a bishop I can spy desert:
Secker is decent, Rundle has a heart;
Manners, with candour, are to Benson giv'n,
To Berkeley every virtue under heav'n.

Pope seems here to mix satire with his commendation: it cannot be considered any great compliment to say of a man that he is decent; and one would have thought, that, out of forty-nine right reverend fathers, the prelates of England and Ireland, the poet might have selected more than four as worthy of praise.

Miss Eve. Yes; it is true, he has selected but four out of more than four dozen.

Was Emanuel Swedenborg, whose works have found so many admirers, living in 1723?

Miss K. Yes; and Zinzendorf, the founder of the Moravians: the former was 35 years of age, and the latter 23.

Miss Eve. Fox, the founder of the society of Quakers, was dead, I suppose, at that time.

Miss K. George Fox first drew breath at Drayton, in Leicestershire, 99 years, and died in London 33 years, before this time. His father was a weaver, and himself a shoemaker.

Miss Eve. Protestantism began many years before Quakerism and Methodism.

Miss K. Just 300 years before Fox was born, and 400 before the birth of Reynolds.

Miss Eve. Wickliffe, Huss, and Jerome of Prague, began what Martin Luther continued with more success. It is curious, that King Henry VIII. who introduced the Reformation or Protestantism into this country, should, early in life, have so strongly opposed it as to write a book against Luther.

Miss K. Yes; he was then so zealous for the Catholic faith, that he wrote against Luther concerning the seven sacraments, which so much pleased Pope Leo X. that, in 1521, he bestowed on Henry the title of *Defender of the Faith*, which has been retained by all his successors.

Miss Eve. What do you suppose to have been Henry's motive for the change?

Miss K. On this subject opinions are divided. Some assert, that he thought the Protestant a better religion than the Roman;

while others allege, that the Pope enraged him by not granting him a divorce from Queen Catherine, with whom, as the widow of his brother Arthur, he declared that his conscience would not allow him to continue any longer. Shakspeare says, that he was tired of his queen, with whom he had lived 18 years, and had conceived a passion for her maid, Anna Bullen: others again have surmised, that Henry wished for a male heir, and therefore repudiated Catherine, because she had discontinued having children. We are likewise told, that Wolsey persuaded him to introduce this change, in order to revenge himself on Catherine's brother, the Emperor Charles V. who had twice prevented Wolsey's elevation to the papal chair; and it has also been supposed, that he adopted it in order that he might seize the riches of the monasteries. Many other probable reasons are mentioned in the *History of England*; what was his real motive is unknown.

Thomas Cranmer, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, consulted the heads of the universities of Europe, who agreed, that Henry's marriage with Catherine could not be justified by any laws, human or divine. Encouraged by this declaration, the king, setting the Pope at defiance, created Anna Bullen Countess of Pembroke, and married her November 14, 1532. On the 7th September, 1533, Elizabeth, their daughter, first appeared on the stage of life.

Miss *Eve*. Our sex has at times been the cause of great altercations; witness Eve, Helen, and many others.—But you have not

mentioned the names of any of the female writers of this country living in 1723.

Miss *K*. Here is a list of them, and their ages at the time:—

Mary Astell . . .	55	Constantia Grierson 17
Elizabeth Rowe 49		Lætitia Pilkington 11
Cath. Cockburn 44		Sarah Fielding . . . 9
Susan. Centlivre 43		Mary Collyer . . . 7
Mary Chandler . 56		Elizabeth Carter . . 6
Eliz. Heywood . 27		

Astell, Carter, Chandler, Fielding, and Heywood, died unmarried, I believe. De la Riviere Manley, daughter of Sir Roger Manley, died in 1724. Constantia Grierson married a printer; I think his name was Johnson, but of this I am not certain.

Miss *Eve*. I suppose Frances Chamberlaine was not in existence in 1723.

Miss *K*. She was the granddaughter of Sir Oliver Chamberlaine, and not born till the following year. She married Thomas Sheridan, the celebrated actor, and was mother to Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the best dramatic writer of the present day.

Charlotte Charke, daughter of Colley Cibber, died in 1759; Lady Mary Wortley Montagu in 1762; Lady Betty Germaine in 1769; Catherine Macauley Graham, sister to the late Alderman Sawbridge, in 1791.

I do not know the dates of Mary Davies, Frances Griffiths, Mary Pix (whose maiden name was Griffiths), Charlotte (sometimes called Arabella) Lennox, Mrs. Brookes, daughter and wife to clergymen, and whose maiden name was Moore, Mrs. Celesia, daughter of David Mallet, &c.

JUNINUS.

THE COGITATIONS OF SCRIBLERUS.

No. XVII.

You ask, dear Lovelace, where true pleasure dwells,
 Whether in palaces or humble cells?
 Courts I have tried, and therefore may forbear,
 With fruitless toil, to seek her footsteps there.——ANON.

ALTHOUGH the physicians had pronounced Sir Harry Dashwood out of danger, they had certainly said as much as they could warrant on the fair side of the question; for their patient seemed almost to put, by his slow recovery, a negative to their assertions. It was only a minute before he felt the sensation of dying, that he had any idea his case was at all a dangerous one, and was surprised on his fainting the day after the accident. His wound had been treated by a supple or ignorant apothecary as if it were of a trifling nature, and his relapse was occasioned by a great discharge of extravasated blood, which vented itself from the exertions he made in endeavouring to leave the casino. "Whatever is right;" and this illness of Sir Harry Dashwood caused him to think more seriously in one month than he had ever done before in his whole life. We contemplate death at a distance with indifference, and although we see hundreds of our fellow-creatures summoned to his dark abode, yet we rather seem to suppose that we are not destined to the same fate, until he knocks at our own doors. It is then we learn, that we also are mortal, and too late we become as useless warnings to those who still proceed in the same line of apathy which marked our conduct. Sir Harry's body, now become enervated by disease, and his spirits wearied

with pain, found every violent passion die away. Conscience took her seat in his bosom, and imperiously demanded attention to her suggestions. She recapitulated all the occurrences of his life, and while she told him that he was now on the verge of eternity, his heart palpitated with fear. Yes, the gallant Dashwood, who had led men to the cannon's mouth without fear, and who, had he been exposed to such a circumstance, would have risked his life by the pistol of the man whom he was first to injure; who, in cold blood, would have immolated his friend at the falsely termed altar of honour, now trembled, and damps of perspiration bedewed his face. Strange, indeed, did it appear to him, that his own life, which he had until now spent with so much seeming satisfaction, should, at this moment, appear so little like the progress of a rational being. He wondered that these ideas had never struck him before. Even what he flattered himself were virtues, which he thought he had practised, and on which he once highly valued himself, he found to be only negative qualities, founded in interest or originating in caprice. Was any other circumstance wanting to make his present situation more uncomfortable, it was the remembrance of the many females whose peace of mind had suffered through his suggestions; to whose ruin, although he might

not be the primary cause of it, he had in some way or other been an accessory ; and he now found, that deliberately shooting a fellow through the head, or leading a battalion as the forlorn hope against the enemy, was nothing to the sensations of a man who is obliged to confess, on his death-bed, that in the whole course of his life he has not done one meritorious action. He made many resolutions should he recover ; he already renounced all connection with Mrs. Mandeville, who had not of late been allowed to enter his room. Many things were to be done, should his life be spared, which he sometimes felt as if it could not be, and he would have given all its *éclat* to be as fit to leave the world as was his old friend and tutor.

Care, however, and an excellent constitution, in about a month found Sir Harry Dashwood so much recovered from his illness, that he was enabled to leave the residence of her to whom he owed his indisposition. It is true, he had not been allowed to see company, but he had not been debarred from reading ; and his *lovely* hostess had sent him a long detail of *her* sufferings, soliciting his forgiveness, and attributing her madness, as she called it, to extreme *love*. But whether from alarm at the consequences of her conduct, or whether her passion had in some measure subsided on beholding his pale and emaciated form at the time he remained unconscious of what was passing—perhaps all conspired to induce her to leave him for some time at full liberty with regard to his future conduct ; though, in her last avowal of her sentiments, she

made him an offer of her hand. This letter he answered with as much delicacy as possible ; intimating, however, that a further meeting while he was at the casino would be better dispensed with, as it would only prove a source of pain to both ; assuring her, that every circumstance should be deeply buried in silence, and that she might rely on his honour, that her name should never be used in any way unbecoming *her dignity*. The fallen Mrs. Mandeville remained during Sir Harry's illness at the house of a noble relative near her own residence ; and as to the friends she had engaged to pass the autumn with her, they had begged to be excused remaining longer immediately after Dashwood's *accident*, which had robbed the *fêtes* of some share of their former hilarity ; and these birds of passage flew to other climes more congenial with their feelings, leaving their *kind* hostess alone, like the widowed dove, to mourn the illness of her mate.

The convalescence of Sir Harry Dashwood was finally effected at the residence of the Rev. John Clarke, who was the last to be acquainted with the sentiments involuntarily betrayed by his daughter for his pupil. The distance at which rank had placed these parties, appeared to him an insuperable bar to any tender intimacy between them ; and, fully occupied in reinstating the health of his young friend, all sinister motives were entirely banished from his heart. Sir Harry, without knowing it, felt indeed a *penchant* for Emmeline, but as his attentions to all were of the same complexion,

suspicion had nothing on which to form conjecture or establish scandal. Escaped from the jaws of death, and from scenes of noisy dissipation, he discovered that the country possessed charms, to which, until now, he had been an utter stranger, when the following letter at once recalled him to scenes at which his mind revolted :—

“Three times, dearest and most injured of men, have I perused the fatal billet which dismissed me from your presence. I appeared not before you while you were under my roof, lest, on so doing, I should accelerate your departure. Your health was likewise so dear to me, that it enabled me to get the better of an inclination to demand your pardon on my knees, and die at your feet. Little did I then think, that your heart could dictate, or your hand inscribe, such cutting words as those contained in your last, and to one who is ever doomed to love, to adore you. Must one crime, the offspring of a too violent regard, never be forgotten? Will you be for ever inexorable? and must I be eternally doomed to water my pillow with my tears, tears shed for your cruelty? You made me swear to live; yes, cruel as you are, you have caused me still to exist, but it is in the state of Tantalus. In vain would I have recourse to pride and resentment. Love, almighty love, reigns triumphant, and your dear injured form is ever present to my agonized imagination. Is it a trifle to offer

you myself, an object which you know princes have sighed to possess? Come, then, my Adonis, once more come and rest on this faithful bosom. My life, my all is your's. That I am truly penitent, witness the tears I have shed since that fatal evening, tears sufficient to have washed out the foulest crimes. Hasten, then, to pour some consolation into the disconsolate breast of the unhappy

“HONORIA MANDEVILLE.”

This letter, in his present state of mind, he treated with the greatest contempt. The native charms of *his* Emmeline, an epithet he now often indulged himself in using, threw the practised wiles of Mrs. Mandeville far in the back-ground. His imagination, it is true, wandered over her once fascinating powers, but it wandered like the eye of a painter over a sterile country, without one spot to rest his tired vision. The scruples of his tutor were at length conquered, in the hope that his daughter's happiness would be increased; and the lovely Mrs. Mandeville sought, in contempt for the man who could marry the daughter of a country rector, a cover for her chagrin and disappointment. She, however, sold her casino, and has just paid her second visit to France, where her splendid entertainments would make people believe her to be the really envied creature whom the gay and thoughtless Parisians have assured her that she is.

FRAGMENTS FROM THE POCKET-BOOK OF AN AMATEUR.

(Continued from p. 72.)

GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE.

The following observations on Gothic architecture are extracted

from Hakewill's *History of Windsor*, note, page 254

“The prevailing taste of the day

has fallen upon an imitation of the pointed architecture for almost every purpose, a style of building entirely incompatible with the arrangements of modern convenience, if the character of its principal features be strictly attended to. These are, however, in most instances sacrificed; and while good taste is violated, comfort is scarcely secured. The larger openings for windows are made to exhibit the pointed arch, but the characteristic tracery has given way to the modern, though uncongenial, adaptation of a French casement. The smaller ones are robbed of their mullions; and the paramount necessity in the climate of England of opposing all the frontage we are able to the cheering influence of the sun, obliges us to avoid those numerous projections and irregularities, which can alone, by the depth and variety of their shadows, produce the effect of Gothic solemnity.

“But the principles which have brought these imitations of the pointed architecture into use, to the exclusion of those examples which the Greeks, and indeed the Romans, have left us, deserve to be well considered, before we sanction (even were the copy more perfect) this novel adoption of what has been termed ecclesiastical architecture for domestic purposes.

“The difficulty of the undertaking is heightened by the consideration, that the examples from which we copy for these uses, are to be found only in the grand and magnificent cathedrals with which our island abounds, and with which we can scarcely fail to compare these modern imitations. The op-

posite merits of the Grecian and pointed architecture are thus described by an author of much feeling and taste*:—‘Since the time of Chaucer and the period of the Reformation, the study of Grecian architecture has been revived; and it has not failed to excite and engross the commendations of the connoisseur and the learned. It undoubtedly possesses many advantages over the architecture of our Gothic ancestors. It is *infinitely more graceful, beautiful, and sweet*; its *symmetry is more exact*, and its *simplicity more perfect*; it has a more finished character; it is highly congenial to a tasteful, a refined, and a polished mind.’—He continues, ‘But in spite of these recommendations, the edifices of our ancestors may boldly present themselves and challenge the comparison. They are *more religious*.....We *admire* more the Grecian style of building—we *feel* more from the Gothic.’

“Assenting to the learned author’s eulogium on Grecian art, and giving to it all the preference which is justly its due, from its intrinsic excellence and admirable capability of appropriation for the purposes of domestic architecture, let us enquire why the Gothic or pointed architecture is *more religious*? Why it possesses infinitely more *power to incite the passions and generate an enthusiastic spirit*? Why, though we *admire* more the Grecian style, we *feel* more from the Gothic?

“These principles we are led to examine from observing, that this prejudice has spread far among us, and is adopted without much con-

* Godwin’s *Life of Chaucer*, v. I. p. 229.

sideration or fear of error. Our author says, that the cause of this advantage on the side of the Gothic style is, partly, the bolder dimensions of the pillars of the early Gothic, the height of the roof, and the uniformity of the columns and arches producing an artificial infinite in the mind of the spectator. But is he not aware, that all those requisites may be given to Grecian architecture? that those proportions which are "infinitely more graceful, more beautiful, and more sweet, the symmetry of which is more exact, and the simplicity more perfect," than the Gothic, would immediately, if employed in larger buildings, acquire all that commanding influence over the mind, which is now so generally and so individually claimed for the pointed architecture by its numerous advocates and admirers?

"Is it not education, or early habits of association, alone, that make us ascribe to it those powers? Is it not, that destitute of all means of contrasting these venerable buildings (made awfully impressive by the consideration of their devotion, their antiquity, and their sanctity,) with Grecian temples of equal dimensions, we are apt to ascribe to the former those advantages which consideration and candour cannot award to them, and which, even in their most improved age, still evince a coarseness of expression and a sad barbarity of accessory decoration? It is in this latter character that the pointed architecture seems to fail, *more decidedly than in any other, in its claim for adoption for a domestic style of building.* With what an idea of the grace, with what a charm of the

propriety, with what a fascinating and delightful contemplation, do we dwell upon every part of a building embellished with the stores of Grecian art! The statues, the bas-reliefs, the pictures, all tend to give a finish; each assists the general plan, while each, individually, becomes in turn an object of attention, and delights both the eye of taste, and the mind educated to relish and feel its beauties. But after expressing the wonder created by Gothic architecture, so ably described by our author, after tracing the extent of the plan, and the artist's skill in placing his roof upon pillars so apparently unequal to support that superincumbent weight, where shall the mind dwell on the wonders of the sculptor's art, or the painter's splendid deceptions? In the decorations and accessory parts of Grecian architecture we frequently indeed see the representations of chimeras and monsters, of beautifully designed, but unnatural formation; but besides these, we see niches filled with statues breathing life and expression, bas-reliefs exhibiting the actions of gods and heroes, teeming with life, and composed with the highest skill and most exquisite judgment. But though in the pointed architecture we may admit a monstrous and grotesque exhibition of ill-designed monkish heads, to enrich the cornice or fill the niches, and may ornament the exterior with stiff and harshly carved figures of kings and abbots; yet were we to go farther than this, and employ sculpture of what must be denominated a better taste, were we to refine upon the carving of our days of comparative darkness

in works of elegance and art, we should forfeit all pretensions to *character*, which we had endeavoured to obtain, and should destroy the *very essence of the style and taste of the original*," &c.

Again, page 340, speaking of Chertsey church, Mr. H. says, "As far as was possible, consistent with the economy now necessary to be attended to on all similar occasions, the pointed architecture has been used: but the *mere outline* of that style has no attractive merit; it is the multiplicity and variety of its mouldings and enrichments that delight us in our ancient examples; while it is the absence of these *indispensable characteristics* which displeases in the meagre and imperfect attempts of modern imitation."

In the addenda to his volume, the author, referring to the first quoted observations, says, "These principles received the strong and valuable confirmation of Mr. Soane, professor of architecture in the Royal Academy, in his lecture delivered to the students on Friday, March 12, 1813."

These observations evince much taste and judgment, and do great credit to the author. It must be confessed, however, that his book is most exorbitantly dear; and the engravings are far from being excellent: many of the subjects appear to have been chosen with little taste; and the buildings are inferior in execution to the landscape, a circumstance rather sin-

gular in a work published by a professed architect.

The value of the book would not have been depreciated, had Mr. Hakewill omitted the view of Ditton Park, in which a bridge and gate of most contemptible architecture form the most conspicuous objects. The same may be said of the print of Langley Park: as a piece of architecture the house has no claim to attention, nor does the landscape possess any striking beauty. The view of Stoke Pogis does not give a very flattering or advantageous idea of that seat: the house is seen in a most awkward manner, and it is hardly possible to conceive that a person with any feeling for architecture could represent a building with so little taste: it might have been equally well drawn by one accustomed to employ his pencil in landscape only; and is engraved in a style of similar inferiority. It is to be regretted, that an architect, apparently possessing so much real taste for his art, should not have proved himself as expert with his pencil as with his pen. From a professional man it might have been expected, that the buildings would have been delineated *con amore*, and rendered objects equally important as the surrounding scenery.

The view of Frogmore is perhaps the best in the work; but the building is a very plain structure, with little pretension to the admiration of the architect.

JOURNAL OF A TOUR TO THE GLACIERS OF THE CANTON OF BERNE, IN SWITZERLAND, IN THE SUMMER OF 1812.

By *RUDOLPH MEYER, Junior.*

(Concluded from p. 89.)

WHEN the weather at length cleared up, on the 2d of September, Gottlieb Meyer set out the same evening, with his two Valaisans, at five o'clock, and crossed the Aletsch glacier to the Green Horn. They proceeded till long after dark, the one warning the others of the chasms in the ice, and each treading in the footsteps of his predecessor. About nine they arrived at their hut on the Green Horn.

At five the next morning, they travelled over the glacier between the Mönch and the Jungfrau to the foot of the colossus which they had to climb, and which glistened in the rays of the rising sun. Under the idea of finding a better way, they ascended the east side of the Jungfrau, consequently on exactly the contrary side to that which they had chosen the preceding year. The acclivity of the mountain became more and more steep, and at length so abrupt that the guides sunk nearly exhausted. It was the more unpleasant to them all, as they had that morning taken nothing warm, and had left their kettle behind at the Aletsch lake. Gottlieb Meyer cheered them as well as he could. They refreshed themselves a second time with bread and cheese and some snow, and continued to ascend, having fastened themselves to ropes at a certain distance from one another.

Soon after eleven o'clock they arrived before the last peak, about

400 feet in height. It seemed to be nearly perpendicular. In climbing up they came to a chasm of great depth, three feet broad, and the sides perpendicular as a wall; above it hung an enormous mass of ice upwards of 100 feet high.

After a momentary embarrassment, one of the guides laid a pole against this mass across the abyss. The others helped him up, and he cut footsteps in the ice. Gottlieb Meyer followed, but at the first step the ice broke under him. He caught hold of the pole and clambered up. The third followed with better luck. The first now tied the rope to his stick; the others held fast by this rope; each made or enlarged with a knife the steps in the ice, to obtain a hold for their hands and feet. In this manner they reached the ice-covered ridge of the mountain, from which they could look down into the black, dark vallies of the inhabited world, and on the other side into the abysses of the glaciers. The ridge along which they were obliged to proceed was very narrow, and conducted to the most elevated summit of the Jungfrau.

Here one of the guides fell exhausted with excessive exertion and alarm. He lay down upon the ice, pale and speechless, and was able only to motion with his hand. His companions hewed him a safe resting-place, where they left him lying, and pursued their way, for

the goal was just before them. After some time he recovered; crept to a rock, the most elevated on the peak of the Jungfrau, licked from the stone the snow water, melted by the sun, that ran down it, and followed them after this refreshment to the summit.

It was past two o'clock in the afternoon. It had taken them full four hours to ascend a height of 400 feet. The most elevated point of the Jungfrau on which they now stood, had undergone considerable alteration since the preceding year, when it was much more rounded. It was now nearly pointed. They were obliged to hew themselves seats. Of the old flag which they fixed up the year before, not a vestige was left*. They floated as it were in a boundless ocean of æther. The sky was serene around them; beneath was a sea of clouds, through the apertures and chasms of which appeared here and there the dark ground of the earth. They clearly distinguished the lake of Thun. All the mountains round about were clear; Mont Blanc, Mont Rose, and Matterhorn alone were enveloped in clouds.

Gottlieb Meyer, while the Valaisans were praying, observed the thermometer and barometer. The following was the state of the mercury in the instruments at half past three on the 3d of September:—

	Barometer.		Therm.	
	"	"	"	°
At Aarau	27	0	62	14 $\frac{1}{16}$
— the Lake of Thun . . .	26	6	3	12 $\frac{1}{16}$
— summit of the Jungfrau	16	11	50	6

* This is the less remarkable, as signal-posts set up the preceding year on the Titlis were completely buried by the snow.

It should be farther remarked, that at Aarau the barometer was elevated six feet above the ground on the steeple of St. Laurence. On the lake of Thun it was 11 feet above the mean height of the surface of the water. From various barometrical observations made at the same time, it was ascertained, that the mean elevation of the lake of Thun is 486 Paris feet above Aarau.

While Meyer was making these observations and measuring some angles with a pocket sextant, the Jungfrau began to be enveloped in fog. This terrified the guides, as nothing is more alarming to persons ascending the mountains. They hastened to leave behind a mark of the second ascension of the Jungfrau; made a hole five feet deep in the ice and snow, to receive a long pole, to which was fastened a piece of oil-cloth, about four feet square, as a flag. To render the mark still more independent of the caprice of the tempestuous wind, a second pole without a flag was firmly planted in the ice near the other*.

The three travellers now prepared for their return. The Valaisans vowed, on the summit of the Jungfrau, to the Blessed Virgin, to perform a pilgrimage to Maria Einsiedlen, if they came off unhurt from their perilous situation†. They now descended cheerfully and without stopping. Though the Valaisans in ascending had been

* According to the Berne newspaper, it has been seen with a telescope from the valley of Grindelwald.

† This vow they executed in the autumn of the same year, and on their return paid a visit to their fellow-traveller as they passed through Aarau.

obliged to rest every ten paces, and even felt symptoms of sickness, they perceived nothing of the kind in going down. They arrived without accident, about seven in the evening, at their station for the night on the Green Horn. The fog followed close after them from the Jungfrau to their hut.

The thickness of the fog prevented them on the following day from climbing to the summit of the Mönch. About four in the afternoon, snow began to fall in large flakes, which descended quietly and softly. About the same hour there was a thunder-storm, which extended over Switzerland*. At the same time there was, in the vicinity of the lake of Aletsch, a hurricane with snow, probably the reaction of the electric explosions, or strong atmospheric shocks. Nothing, however, of all these revolutions of the lower regions of the atmosphere was perceived on the summit of the Green Horn.

On the 5th of September, the travellers returned in bad weather to the huts on the lake of Aletsch.

The same day that my brother ascended to the top of the Jungfrau, I proceeded from the Grimsel over the glacier to Grindelwald.

A report exists here and there among the herdsmen of the neighbouring vallies, that, about 100 years ago, a Dr. Klauss made his way over the glacier of Grindelwald to the Grimsel. Ebel, in his *Directions for Travelling in Switzerland*, says, under the head of Grindelwald:—"According to the report still prevalent here, there were

* This storm of the 4th of September did not reach the zenith of Aarau till about seven in the evening.

formerly fertile vallies between the Mettenberg, Eiger, and the Vieschhörner, which whole space is now full of ice, and a pass led through these valleys into the Upper Valais. As a proof of this, a bell, with the date of 1044, which hung in the chapel of St. Petronella in this pass to the Valais, is still shewn at Grindelwald. A similar tradition in the Upper Valais corresponds with the former. There in the Vieschthal may still be seen even remains of the former road to Grindelwald, and the Vieschthal is now almost entirely filled with ice. During the civil war in 1712, three Bernese fled from the fanatic fury of the Valaisans into the glaciers of the Vieschthal, and ventured to push on through these frightful regions to Grindelwald, which they reached in safety."

Hunters affirm, that chamois, when pursued, seek refuge from Grindelwald in the icy valley between the Schreckhorn and Finsteraarhorn, where they are perfectly safe; for few of the boldest hunters have yet advanced to the distance of one league only beyond the glacier of the Finsteraar.

To ascertain whether the way from the Grimsel to Grindelwald is still practicable, I set out from the hospital with two guides very early on the morning of the 4th of September. Jerome Meyer and Dr. Thilo were resolved, if there was any hope of success, to attempt the passage in company with me. To this end, after making my observations, I was to return to a cavern on the Lauteraar, where we agreed to meet in the evening and pass the night.

I first followed with my com-

panions the course of the Lower Aar to its source, where it issues in a powerful stream from a recess of the glacier. Here dwells a herdsman. During the whole summer an overhanging block of ice is the only shelter of himself and his little stock.

We pursued our journey with ease from this place over the glacier of the Lower Aar, along the ridge of which run two lines of *guffer* from the Finsteraar. Guffer lines are those series of heaps of stone, or rather of sand and gravel, which extend longitudinally over all the glaciers, down to the vallies, where they commonly produce a vast pile of rubbish, and form the borders of the glacier, which are frequently 100 feet in height. In warm summers, these lines of guffer, and the ice upon which they lie, are more elevated than the other parts of the glacier. Thus you here and there see lofty pyramids of ice, with large pieces of rock upon their summits. It would seem that the stones and rubbish prevent the melting of the ice situated beneath them. This is asserted by some naturalists, though it is well known that a stone lying upon ice, will, when warmed by the sun, sink into the ice by melting it: hence the origin of the many holes, large and small, in the glaciers, which perforate the whole thickness of the ice.

The guffer lines run sometimes along the border, at others in the middle of the descent of the glacier from the height into the valley, in long and frequently parallel stripes, which go from above to below. Writers have often puzzled themselves in accounting for this phenomenon, of which the follow-

ing is the simple explanation:—Every efflux of a glacier that hangs down from the icy sea into the valley, is compressed at the point where, like a river issuing from a lake, it enters between banks of rock. The ice drawn down by the power of gravity towards the valley, forcibly rubs off the stones and covers itself with the fragments. As the glacier keeps annually settling from the same cause, the line of rubbish grows longer. The guffer lines are still more frequently formed by such stony matter as falls from the higher rocks which bound the sides of the glacier. Were it not for the gradual settling of the glaciers towards the vallies, large heaps of rubbish would at length be formed. At present they assume the appearance of long stripes. If you ascend high enough into the fields of ice, you always discover the commencement of each line of guffer under the rocks that overhang it.

It was five good hours before I reached the foot of the Finsteraarhorn with my companions. Here on the left you see the northern glacier of the Finsteraarhorn descending in terrific beauty, like ten of the cataracts of the Rhine placed one above another, and whose falling waves have been suddenly transformed, in the midst of their impetuous motion, to solid ice. From this inanimate chaos rises the gigantic peak of the Finsteraarhorn. We could still discern with our glasses the pole that had been planted on its top.

From this place the glacier runs round the Lanteraaarhorn, where it commences an immense basin of ice, three leagues across, surround-

ed with precipitous rocks. The way up this dazzling field is not steep, but yet we were much fatigued. We were tormented with thirst, which the eating of snow rather augments than allays. We discovered, to our comfort, on the height a running stream in the glacier. From this height we were obliged to climb the summit of a rock. We fortunately found a bridge of snow, which filled up the chasm between the glacier and the rocky mountain, and in an hour we had ascended the latter.

What a glorious prospect! At our feet lay nothing but ice full of chasms, which resembled a hardened stream of lava, tumbling between the icy precipices of the Eiger and Schreckhorn into the fine verdant valley of Grindelwald. The highlands of Berne lay extended at our feet, the mountains in the distance beyond the lake of Thun looked like small stripes of clouds, and behind them appeared boundless plains. Whilst we were resting here, we plainly discerned, with the telescope, our companions on the summit of the Jungfrau. It is in vain to attempt to describe the sensations that agitated me in this remarkable moment of my life.

We all thought it impossible to get across those icy precipices into the valley. It was doubtful also whether we should find an outlet on the left. The ice was here covered with recent snow. This favoured our purpose, for the snow afforded better hold for our feet. It balled under them, rolled down, formed small avalanches, and tumbled over the precipices into the depths below. We fortunately came to a green hill at the foot of this

mass of ice. A band of snow, diversified with rocks, skirted an abyss.

At this moment, when we beheld the land of promise at so small a distance before us, when we would not venture again in the night upon the glacier, none of my guides was willing to turn back. We therefore glided boldly and with little difficulty upon our poles, as upon a sledge, down the snowy declivity. Steering between lofty pyramids of ice and avoiding the deep chasms, we at length once more reached a verdant spot. We had now no other way left than over a precipice 200 feet deep. A wide chasm, through which ran a small stream, separated us from the opposite side. We ventured to clamber down it, and succeeded better than we had expected. Descending from ledge to ledge, we at length reached the ice again, and there we espied the first herdsman's hut. We joyfully ran across the glacier that lay between us and this pleasing object, and entered the dwelling of the friendly herdsmen, who listened to the recital of our adventure as to a tale of another world. They refreshed us with the best they had. We then descended into the valley by a way hewn in the rocks; towards evening we entered the cool pine-forest, and before eight o'clock had reached the inn of Grindelwald.

Dr. Thilo and Jerome Meyer had the same day proceeded across the Lauteraar towards the foot of the Schreckhorn. Here they waited for us, and passed the night in a cavern, which is known to the chamois-hunters by the name of the inn. Next morning, seriously concerned respecting us, they fol-

lowed our steps, which led them to the top of the glacier of Grindelwald. They had already surmounted the principal difficulties, when so thick a fog rose from the vallies, that they could not see before them, and were obliged to turn back to the Grimsel. Thence they return-

ed to Aarau, as I did from Grindelwald, and thus ended our adventures.

In another year, if business shall allow us leisure, and the weather prove favourable, we intend to make a third journey to these mountains.

CRITICAL OBSERVATIONS ON THE STYLE OF FRANCESCO BARTOLOZZI,

With References to the Style of other eminent Engravers. By WILLIAM CAREY.

(Concluded from p. 95.)

It is of importance, as a corroborative authority, to note that Giacomo Frey, who occupied a place in historical engraving, similar to that which the Caracci, as founders of the eclectic school, filled in painting, adopted a simplicity of style in his lines, or handling of the graver. That eminent artist has no where exhibited, in his original engravings, an elaborate attention to mechanical beauty and contrast of chastity. If we reason from the sober chastity of line in his numerous prints, we may fairly infer, that he also considered an ostentatious beauty of tooling to be incompatible with the dignified character of historical engraving.

We may, however, presume that Frey would have paid more attention to the subordinate requisites of mere mechanical excellence, if he had engraved from Dutch and Flemish pictures of ordinary life. His object would, in that case, have been different. The painters of the latter class of subjects, having no historical interest, impassioned sentiment, or ideal beauty of form and character, to move the nobler

sympathies, were obliged to atone for the want of these superior instruments, by minute details and an admirable fidelity in the imitation of individual nature. The small size of their pictures, also, required a correspondent delicacy of pencil and enamel surface. There is, in their best works, a species of beauty, arising from the accord of the subject with its style of finishing, which affords an agreeable diversity of art to persons of unsophisticated taste and feeling. Representations of humble nature, connected with familiar and agreeable incidents, unless degraded by absolute poverty of style, or indelicate representation, will ever come home to the lover of nature. The works of Wilkie, Collins, Bird, and other painters of English domestic and rustic life, are proofs of this power. Sharp, with minute delicacy of touch, and Glover, with a bolder pencil, in pictures of genteel life, possess equal interest.—Mulready's *Village School*, or *Idle Boy*, in simple truth, lightness of pencil, harmony of colouring, and vigour of effect, may vie with any similar subject of the best Dutch

painters. The humour is more chaste, and, by selecting comely objects, the artist has avoided the error of the Dutch, whose representations of common life are too often crowded with homeliness and vulgarity. Placed beside the best picture by that excellent artist, Jan Steen, the *Idle Boy* would be seen to great advantage.

Truth of detail and mechanical beauty of execution are, therefore, as much a *right reason*, or primary principle, in Dutch and Flemish painting and engraving from ordinary life, as ideal grandeur, selection of form, a noble breadth, and simplicity of execution, are in the Italian schools. The brilliant tooling which might be considered a beauty in an engraving from Mieris or Gerard Douw, would be an egregious defect in an historical engraving from Raphael or Michael Angelo. We may conclude from the examples of Frey and Bartolozzi, and the sound principles of art, that, in executing prints of the latter class, every mode of handling ought to be rejected, which does not essentially contribute to the dignified expression and repose of the whole composition. Whatever elaboration is not in the spirit of the original picture, must enfeeble the sentiment, and prove a defect in the print.

It is not enough to state, that Bartolozzi was correct in his anatomical details. The single quality of correctness, considered as a mere exemption from defective outlines, unconnected with the sensibilities of genius, is, in itself, a negative merit of little claim or interest. This quality, which is to be found in the works of so many

cold, tame, and mechanical painters and engravers, may be compared to a narrative of an unimportant fact, without any other recommendation than its grammatical propriety. Bartolozzi's correctness in adopting the style of the great masters from whose works he engraved, has nothing of the tame hesitation or anxious servility of a copy. It resembles the free and spirited correctness which a great painter shews in making a repetition or duplicate of his own compositions. His mind was so filled with the fine forms of nature and the antique, his hand so skilful, and his eye so acute, that *correctness became the language of his graver*. The *conversation of that inspired instrument*, like the discourse of an accomplished scholar, could not voluntarily descend to incorrectness or vulgarity. Somewhat like an advocate in a court of justice, he was bound to the defects and merits of the masters from whom he engraved; and although the peculiar duty of his art obliged him to a faithful representation of his great originals, he never exaggerated their defects, nor let a single beauty pass from him impaired, as other distinguished engravers have done. His pure taste, superior power as a draftsman, and unexampled rapidity of execution, so completely veiled the difficulties of his art, that we might be induced to suppose he determined his contours with as much certainty as an official secretary writes his name without error. Owing to his science and mastery, the drawing in his prints, with all its fine following of the originals and beautiful correctness, possesses

an easy harmony, resembling, in its freedom, the harmonious fluency which is to be found in the public speaking of a man of fine imagination and natural eloquence; or in the verses of a poet, whose mind overflows in metre from its own fulness, as Pope

—"lisp'd in numbers, *for the numbers came.*"

But as it is not enough to produce smooth, flowing verses with facility, unless they flow with the true spirit of poetry; so the mere facility of cutting smooth and polished lines upon the copper, is not the facility here commended. There is not a greater difference between the smoke of Stephen Duck and the fire of Dryden, than between the facility of Bartolozzi and that of ordinary artists. Dryden's *Ode to Music*, besides its rich imagination, majesty of diction, and sonorous melody, possesses the charm of easy versification in the first degree. Its noble flights of fancy flow in a verbal order, which possesses the natural graces of colloquial simplicity, and fills the mind with an idea of a work of inspiration, rather than of effort.—The fame of the author of the *Elegy in a Country Church-yard*, is founded in his power over the most imperishable kindred and social sympathies. The succession of just and affecting images, by which the moral beauties of that admirable poem are unfolded, and the striking circumstances by which the solemnities of the hour, the scene and subject are depicted, are rendered more impressive by the genuine simplicity and natural flow of the versification. Yet Gray, notwithstanding his delicate taste, poetical skill, and enthusiasm, has,

in some instances, weakened the effect of his fine fancy, by leaving "the smell of the lamp" upon his verses. The following lines, in his charming *Ode on a distant View of Eton College*,

"Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey;
Whose turf, whose shade, whose* flowers
among

Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver-winding way"—

* *Over-finishing* in poetry, painting, and engraving, has a similar effect. This notice of labour, towards the close of the first stanza, is accompanied by a warm sense of its beauties. The grand prospect of a river winding through a fine country, with ancient spires, towers, and lofty elevations in the distance, is enfeebled by the anxious accumulation of shewy embellishments. Its majestic unity is broken into petty parts, and lost in the numerous divisions, "grove, lawn, mead, turf, shade, and flowers." A river wandering among *turf* blends a great and little object, and lowers the one without exalting the other. This puerility is more obvious, for the nobler expression *fields* was probably rejected, because contained in its synonyme, *mead*, in the preceding line. Of all *finery*, *landscape finery* is the worst. The description, instead of rising, sinks in its progress. From the commanding features of scenery which occupy the first seven lines, there is a sudden descent to the *pretty garniture* of *turf* and *flowers* in the eighth, which can only be considered additions, as water adds to wine, but takes away from its strength. The monotonous construction of the seventh and eighth lines, in three equal quantities, with the forced expulsion of the preposition *among* from its verbal order at the commencement, and pressing it in at the close of the eighth, merely to assist the constrained verbal transpositions in the ninth in eking out a rhyme for *along*, are equally hurtful to the ear and the mind. These efforts of toil are very unlike the vigorous conception and

afford a strong instance of expletive struggle and constrained inversion of the idiomatic order, "Among whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers, the hoary Thames wanders." The repose of the scenery is injured by cold minutiae; and the tender cast of melancholy feeling produced by the opening,

"Ye distant spires! ye antique towers!"

is disturbed by the laboured construction and quaintness of expression of the 8th, 9th, and 10th lines.

An appearance of extemporaneous ease, or creative facility, in the execution of any great work of art, is an unequivocal proof of superior power, which, united to beauty of form, expression, and sentiment, renders a painting, a statue, or an engraving, sweet and pleasant to the eye: like the sparkling freshness of wine newly poured into the cup, it invites the taste, and affords a delicious gratification. The characteristic charm of Bartolozzi's outlines, next to their truth, is their grateful flow and unaffected facility. This noble species of correctness, in the spirit of a free translation, approaches more closely to the originals, by its generous licence; and, compared

tender feeling in the subsequent stanzas of this admired ode. Gray fell into an error here, similar to that of Count Algarotti. The latter injudiciously praised Titian for a supposed display of *botanical skill* on the fore-ground of his famous Martyrdom of the Dominican Friar in the Forest. But Sir Joshua Reynolds, in his Lectures, in contradiction of that nobleman, shews, that Titian did not intend any such display; meaning, that an attention to the detail of herbs and flowers would have been injurious to the grandeur of that immortal landscape.

with the cold, tame indecision of mechanical artists, has the effect of a great truth, warm from the heart, connected with important interests, and graced by the irresistible magic of poetical conception.

In the most difficult part of his art, Bartolozzi possessed the greatest power. The beautiful curve of his stroke upon the muscles invariably expresses their rise, form, and action. In this paramount excellence he was the paramount in his art. The parts are marked with precision, but without ostentation. Like units, which merge silently in one grand total, they are incorporated in the figure with a masterly union of truth and freedom; and the charming breadth and mellowness of his style are preserved, although every essential detail is inserted.

In treating the undraped parts, the order of his lines is simple and in the purest taste. The disposition and curve are not only designed to express the forms, but to give a clear and beautiful representation of the *chiaro-scuro*. Many distinguished engravers have lost the true character and brilliancy of their lights and half-tints on the flesh, and given them a cold, laboured, heavy appearance, by covering them over more closely with finer tooling in their gradation from the shadows. This mode of "working up the lights," as it has been termed, was, in reality, working them down. Bartolozzi adopted, in his finished line engravings, an opposite practice. His prints are a proof that the tender, fleshy lights are expressed with more mellowness, lustre, and beauty, by

open work, and the shadows by closer lines and hatchings. On the shaded side of the face, limb, or muscle, his lines and crossings, without being so close as to become hard or black, approach so harmoniously near, as to produce the mellow obscurity of shadow with the clearness of flesh in the darkest masses. His crossings are also somewhat inclined to squareness, or rather less lozenged, in the shadows. In the half-tints, the curves are so happily managed as to open gradually, and the crossings are more lozenged. In the local colour they diverge more widely, are tastefully broken, insensibly melted down and lost in delicate, open, irregular dots of the etching-point, sweetened into a low, warm clear tone, by the light and precious touches of his finest graver. In many clever French and Italian prints these parts, like the carnations of Vanderwerff's paintings, lose much of their tenderness by the *careful regularity* of *over-finishing*; but Bartolozzi's local colour and lights owe much of their brilliancy and freedom to the *regular irregularity* of the dots and touches with which they are expressed. This easy, graceful irregularity also gives an appearance of masterly negligence to his sweetest finishing. No engraver ever knew so well when enough was done, or that critical point which constitutes beautiful finishing, and where stroke after stroke detracts from the spirit of the print.

Those sharp touches of high light which strike upon the most prominent features, and give a gem-like lustre to the broad masses of light, are, in Bartolozzi's prints, marked

distinctly in their proper place; and where the accidental or cast shadows are directly opposed to the light on the face and body, they are determined with unerring truth and spirit. The want of the former, in many elaborate engravings, produces a mistiness and loss of relief in the lights; and a failure in the latter, that tameness, which artists term *woolliness*, in the shadows. Sir Joshua Reynolds, in his Lectures, has remarked on the importance of duly attending to this last and most essential beauty of execution. The masterly combination of correctness and fine feeling in his drawing and light and shadow, with the graceful, easy elegance of his execution, gives to his finished prints the painter-like freedom and unimpaired spirit of the original designs. This unimpaired spirit has the same relation to a work of art, which its freshness and odour have to a rose in the garden, glittering in dew. It produces an impression upon the spectator like that which we receive from sunshine in a landscape, or the lambent fire of intellect on the human countenance. As invention is the chief faculty of genius, unless the higher qualities veil the appearance of labour, the artist is sunk into a mechanic. Although an historical engraving is known to be a translation, if it has lost the free spirit of the original, it has lost its essential charm; like a rose torn from its stem, which retains its form after it has lost its sweetness. As a specimen, or link in the history of art, it may hold a place in a collection; and as such, from its rarity or popularity, retain a high pecuniary value; but, like a body

from which the soul has departed, to those who are best qualified to feel the beauties of art, it becomes an object of painful recollection, rather than of agreeable contemplation.

His drawing, in those subjects where naked ideal groups, Nymphs, Bacchanalian Boys, and Cupids, are introduced, is very beautiful; and his conception of the female figure characterized by joyous innocence, sensibility, and loveliness. The exquisite delicacy and freedom of his light and sportive graver, were eminently suited to the smiles and graces of poetical composition. The purity of his outlines was only to be equalled by the tenderness and fleshy character of his gradations. His transitions from shadow to half-tint and local colour, exhibit, on these subjects, the delicious tone and rising pulp of glowing animation. Like Paris upon Mount Ida, he may be said to have possessed the golden apple, and bestowed it liberally on the fairest. In rounding the forms of an Eve, a Venus, a Hebe,

a Naiad, or Dryad, the graceful curve and voluptuous undulation of his line wanted at will in the expression of beauty. The critical eye is at a loss which most to admire, the extent of his knowledge, his fine taste, the sweet truth with which he determined the delicate extremities, or the versatility with which he entered into the spirit of so many different masters.

It may be said, therefore, with perfect impartiality, that his execution, in a comparative estimate of the schools and the masters from whom he engraved, exhibits the highest degree of perfection. It is here considered as a system of handling with the graver, employed to express the variety of differences of style, and to give to objects their true general character; not as if they stood singly, but as members of dignified composition and vehicles of sentiment, in harmonious relation to a whole. In this liberal view, the truth and noble simplicity of his style constitute the purest standard for the study of his own time and posterity.

THE ROGUISH APOSTLES.

THE most notorious rogues at Paris, about the commencement of the 17th century, were two men who went by the names of L'Eclair and Fine Oreille. In a work recently published at Paris, is the following amusing anecdote of these personages.

A lady of extraordinary piety, about 50 years of age, very credulous, but likewise very rich, one day attended mass in the church of St. Paul, and after partaking of

the holy sacrament, returned to perform her devotions. How great was her astonishment, when, on opening her prayer-book, her eye was caught by a billet, surrounded by a border of flowers in miniature, and containing the following words in letters of gold:—

“The pleasing odour of thy prayers hath ascended unto God, and the holy patron of this church hath become so mighty an intercessor for thee in heaven, that he hath

obtained the unprecedented favour of being permitted to visit the earth, and to sup with thee to-morrow: but to enjoy so distinguished a privilege, it is necessary that thou shouldst remove all persons from about thee, and remain alone with him. Then wilt thou hear things such as ear never yet heard, and which the Almighty would not reveal to any but to so pure and so devout a soul as thine.

“PAUL, the Apostle.”

The reader may conceive the impression which this intelligence was calculated to make upon a head which bigotry had already turned. She immediately called her servant, who gave way to the delusion as easily as her mistress. They read the sacred message ten times over from beginning to end, and shed tears of joy. The first thing to be considered was, how they should receive the saint; what they could provide good enough for him; what *restaurateur* was capable of furnishing a supper worthy of the apostle of the Gentiles. They would gladly have availed themselves of the assistance of some of their female neighbours, but they were expressly enjoined to keep all persons out of the way. It was absolutely necessary that they should be alone, and St. Paul would be highly offended if any one besides the very religious maid was admitted to a party where such wonderful things were to be revealed.

At length it was resolved, that the maid should bespeak a superb supper for two persons of a *traiteur* at the end of the same street. Upon the repeated questions of the *traiteur* on the subject, the girl could not withstand the temptation to ac-

quaint him with the promised interview between her mistress and the blessed apostle; conjuring him, to keep the matter a profound secret. The *traiteur* swore not to open his lips about it to any human creature; but when the maid was gone, his good sense led him, upon farther consideration, to imagine that it was some contrivance which more nearly concerned the purse than the soul of his pious customer. He ran therefore immediately to a celebrated goldsmith, the brother-in-law of the lady, to inform him of the business. The goldsmith was not at home, and one of his men had, without scruple, lent a splendid service of silver plate to his master's sister-in-law, who had just sent and fetched it away. This circumstance confirmed the suspicion of the *traiteur*, and he waited till the return of the goldsmith, who well knew the extraordinary simplicity of his relative, and resolved to rescue her from the impending danger.

Having procured the assistance of a party of the police, he disguised himself as St. Peter, and repaired with his escort to the house of the lady about the time that St. Paul was to arrive there. Every thing went according to his wishes, and in about half an hour he observed the apostle approaching the house. He was attired like a Jewish patriarch, had a false beard on his chin, a book under his arm, and a long staff in his hand. He knocked: the lady and her maid opened the door, threw themselves at his feet, and then conducted him to the splendid apartment prepared for his reception, where they shut themselves in with him. A quarter of

an hour afterwards came the *traiteur* with a basket containing the supper. The maid quickly took it in, and carefully locked and bolted the door again. Scarcely was the first dish served up, when St. Peter, who had observed all that passed, knocked loudly at the door. The maid would have run to open it, but St. Paul forbade her. The knocking was redoubled, with threats of breaking the door down. In spite of the injunctions of the apostle, it was absolutely necessary to inquire the cause of this disturbance, and to take measures for putting a stop to it. "Who is there?" cried the maid.—"St. Peter," was the reply; to the great joy of the lady, who fondly flattered herself that she should this night be favoured with the company of the whole college of the apostles, and would have immediately opened the door, though St. Paul insisted more strongly than ever upon being alone. At length the knocks became so loud and frequent that the door began to crack, and the maid, deaf to all farther prohibitions, drew back the bolts and unlocked the door.

As soon as it was opened, St. Peter appeared in an ancient Jewish habit, with a bald head, sandals on his feet, and a bunch of keys in his hand. Turning to St. Paul, he solemnly addressed him in these emphatic words:—"Apostle of the Gentiles, whom the Lord raised up to bring back the lost sheep of the house of Israel, what moved thee this day to exceed the limits of thine office, and to descend without an express commission to the earth? I am sent from heaven to reprove thee for this conduct, and to show unto thee the decree of the Most

High, which commandeth thee to suspend thine endeavours, and to follow me to those peaceful abodes from which thou hast absented thyself, to the great astonishment of the whole heavenly host; and if thou shouldst refuse to obey, here is something more than conquering grace to enforce thy submission." At these words he introduced the police-officers, and ordered them to do their duty. St. Paul was presently stripped of his patriarchal beard and his apostolic dress, under which were found pistols, picklocks, files, daggers, and other implements of the kind employed by thieves and murderers, to the no small astonishment and terror of the pious lady and her equally pious handmaid. Thus was L'Eclair, who acted the part of St. Paul, outwitted; but the apostolic fisherman soon fell into his own net.

Fine Oreille was upon the watch near at hand, and guessed the design of the goldsmith, as soon as he observed his dress and escort. He could not prevent them from entering, but quickly took his measures, and returned as they were coming out of the house. The unmasked apostle marched dolefully along in the midst of the brigade behind his antagonist, who still retained the apostolical apparel and the keys. A second St. Peter suddenly made his appearance, with an equal number of runners, crying out, that he was come at the head of the Corinthians, to set their apostle at liberty and to cut off the ear of Malchus. This was the very name of the affrighted goldsmith, who immediately took to his heels, accompanied by his men, who had promised not to desert him. St.

Paul and the new St. Peter hastened to their devout protégée, to acquaint her with the miracle which had happened, in order to convince the ungodly and to put them to shame. The business ended in the

vanishing of a bag full of ducats, and the whole service of plate which the apostles wanted for a grand entertainment that was to be given in Paradise.

ANECDOTES OF HENRY IV. OF FRANCE.

WHEN Henry IV. was only King of Navarre and Duke of Albret, he resided at Nerac, a small town of Gascony. Here he lived exactly in the style of a plain gentleman, and frequently took the diversions of hunting, as the country abounds in all kinds of game. When he had tired himself in the chase, he frequently rested in the hut of a *Berret*—as the country-people of Bearn are called, from the woollen cap of a particular form which they are accustomed to wear—and there took some simple refreshment. When the modern Philemon and his Baucis saw from a distance the beloved prince approaching, they ran to meet him, shook him by the hand, and while delight beamed from their faces, cried in their *patois*—“Ah! happy day! my Henry! happy day! my Henry!” In this manner they conducted him in triumph to their cottage, where they made him sit down on a wooden stool. The Berret would then fetch out a bottle of his best wine, and his wife bread and cheese; and Henry, who was better pleased with the goodness of heart and simple manners of his hosts, than he would have been with the most sumptuous entertainment, always ate heartily of their fare, and conversed familiarly with them on subjects which were not above their comprehen-

sion. When Henry had refreshed himself, he took leave of the honest folks, and always promised at parting, that he would not fail to visit them whenever the chase brought him into their neighbourhood; and he was sure to keep his word.

After he had ascended the throne of France, the Berret and his wife heard the news with a joy which it would be difficult to describe. It immediately occurred to them, that he had always been fond of their cheese, and as this was the only present that their necessitous circumstances would allow them to make, they packed two dozen of their finest cheeses in a basket, and the Berret undertook to carry them to Paris. He embraced his wife, and commenced his journey. In three weeks he reached the capital, hastened to the Louvre, and said, in his country dialect, to the sentinel—“I want to see our Henry—wife has sent him some cow-cheeses.” The sentinel stared at the peasant so uncouthly attired; he was completely puzzled by his almost unintelligible questions, and taking him for a madman, gave him several blows with the butt-end of his musket to drive him away.

The Berret was much hurt at this treatment: he already repented of having undertaken this vexatious journey, and, oppressed with pain-

ful reflections, he paced the court-yard, asking himself incessantly, what he, who had come to make a present to the king, could have done to draw upon him such ill usage. At length he fancied that he had discovered the reason: he had said *cow-cheeses*, and he supposed that it was this expression which had provoked the sentinel. He determined therefore to make amends for this fault. While his thoughts were thus engaged, Henry, who just then happened to be standing at the window, perceived a Berret walking in the court-yard. The well-known costume occasioned some surprise, and he ordered the peasant to be immediately brought before him. The Berret appeared, and fell at the feet of the king, joyfully exclaiming—"Good day, my Henry!—wife has sent you some ox-cheeses." The king, almost ashamed that one of his countrymen should be guilty of such an absurdity before all his court, stooped down and whispered in his ear—"Can't you say *cow-cheeses*?" The peasant, who still felt the pain of the blows, replied, "I would advise you, my Henry, not to say *cow-cheeses*; for when I used this expression at your household, a great lubber in a blue coat almost broke my bones for me; and you might perhaps be served in the

same manner." The king laughed heartily at the simplicity of the poor fellow, accepted the cheeses, loaded the bearer with marks of friendship, and made him and his whole family happy.

One fine summer's day, Henry, being out a-hunting, was separated from his retinue, and found a peasant seated at the foot of a tree.—"What are you doing here?" said Henry.—"Sir," said he, "I have placed myself here to see the king ride past."—"If you will get up behind me," rejoined Henry, "I will take you to a place where you may see the king quite at your ease." The peasant gladly accepted the offer, mounted behind the king, and away they rode. By the way, he asked his conductor how he should know the king. "You must," replied Henry, "keep your eye fixed on him who has his hat upon his head while all the others stand bareheaded before him."—Henry soon reached his retinue, and all the gentlemen who composed it respectfully saluted him. "Well," said he to the peasant, "which is the king?"—"Why, sir," replied the man in amaze, "it must be either you or I; for we are the only persons that have our hats on."

THE MODERN SPECTATOR.

No. LIV.

AN ARABIAN TALE.—(Continued from p. 99.)

AT this time an act of Giaffar's generosity was blazoned throughout Bagdat, and added, if possible, to that exalted character, which

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was not only venerated by the people, but confirmed by the suffrages of the wise, and sanctified, as it were, by the unlimited confidence

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and unbounded affection of his sovereign.

A person named Muslim, who had lately arrived in the city, offered a slave to Giaffar, whom he described to be so transcendently beautiful, as to justify his estimation of her at twenty thousand pieces of silver. The vizier accordingly ordered her to be brought into his presence; and when she took off her veil, he beheld a beauty which could only be surpassed by Abassa. "Thy demand," said he to the master of the charming slave, "so far from being exorbitant, does not mark her value. I will purchase her of thee, and shall not think forty thousand pieces of silver too much to pay for the possession of her." The money was immediately produced, the merchant bowed down before the vizier, and was about to depart, when the lovely slave thus addressed her former master, weeping bitterly as she spoke:—"Didst thou not swear, by the sacred light of the sun, that source of life and joy, that thou wouldst never part with me; that no price would ever tempt thee to transfer me to the arms of another? Nor would he now," said she, turning to the vizier, "have given me for all your riches, if dire necessity had not compelled him to the heart-rending deed. I know him better than he knows himself; he will now return to the prosperous state of which his virtues have deprived him, but he will remember me in spite of all his endeavours to forget me, and be wretched; but while he nurses his sorrows, the angel of death will have relieved me from mine." Muslim lifted up his eyes to heaven, clasped his

hands together, and uttered a deep groan.

Giaffar sympathised with their sorrows, and, in a mind like his, sympathy was certain of being followed by relief. "Heaven forbid," he exclaimed, "that I should destroy such a fabric of affection by the power of my wealth! No! rather let my treasures be employed to establish it. I declare this lovely creature to be free, from this moment she is no more a slave: you, Muslim, shall instantly make her your wife, and the sum which I have given as her purchase, shall be her bridal portion.—Depart, therefore," continued he, "to be worthy of each other, and be happy."

Though Giaffar had commanded them to be silent on the subject, their gratitude forbade them to obey the command; and this noble action not only pervaded the city of Bagdad, but penetrated the most secret recesses of the imperial palace. The caliph admired the generous conduct of his favourite: but no one felt it as Abassa did; and gladly would she have consented to be a slave, not, indeed, to be rejected by Giaffar, but to have been retained by him, and to have passed her life as the object of his affection.

The first time the vizier appeared, after this event, at the royal supper, the emperor, with an air of jocularly, rallied him upon so readily resigning so much beauty as he understood had been offered to his possession; when, throwing a slight glance at Abassa, he replied, that the morning star, with all its brilliance, was no longer visible when the sun appeared. At

this moment the face of the princess was covered with a crimson suffusion; and for some time she was so overwhelmed with delight at the comparison, that she did not perceive the approving complacency with which her imperial brother contemplated the silent declaration of her affections. When, however, she appeared to have recovered herself from the resistless impression of the moment, and had resumed her usual dignity, he took her by the hand, and thus addressed her:—"Let me ask thee, my dearest sister, if thou hadst been in the situation of the slave, and in the present state of thy heart, wouldst thou not have wished that Giaffar should have become thy master?" Again Abassa's cheeks resumed their blushes, and, rising from her seat, she threw herself at the feet of her brother. The caliph amused himself for some time with the distress of two persons so dear to him, and then resumed his discourse:—"Dost thou think, Abassa, that thy brother's eyes are so dim, or his understanding so devoid of penetration, as not to discover the flame which love has kindled in both your hearts? Or can you imagine me so cruel as to place you in such a trying situation as to sport with those feelings which I must suppose would be the consequence of it? How could I think that Abassa would know Giaffar as she now knows him, without sharing in her brother's affection for him? and how was it possible for my friend to see Abassa, as he has seen her, without becoming subject to the predominance of her beauty? It is as I intended; my wish has been, that you should

love each other, and my intention is, that you shall be united. The man whom I love as my best friend, is surely worthy of becoming my brother.—Arise," said he to the vizier, who had thrown himself at his master's feet, "and be assured, that as soon as the journey which I am about to undertake through a part of my empire is completed, your nuptials with Abassa shall be consummated. Give each other, at this moment, the first embrace of mutual love, and leave the rest to me. The future happiness of you both will add another ray, and be among the brightest of those which have given so much splendour to my reign and to my life." He then ordered all the principal officers of state into his presence, and commanded them to regard Giaffar as the future husband of his only and darling sister. Congratulations were offered by all on this important but unexpected occasion, and the few remaining hours of the night were passed in the most splendid festivity.

The happiness of Giaffar seemed almost to be beyond the malice of fortune to interrupt it. Honour, wealth, power, and virtue, had combined to place him out of the reach of mortal arm to injure him; but the dæmon of Envy regarded him as an object that might add to its malignant triumphs, and did not delay to proceed, with all its cunning and artifice, to undermine this noble structure of merited prosperity.

The journey of the caliph, which was to be completed before Giaffar attained the summit of his happiness, was an annual act of duty which that prince imposed upon

himself. He had divided his empire into a certain number of districts, which he visited every year in succession, to hear the complaints and to advance the happiness of his subjects from his own experimental observation. It was during this journey, that Achmet Abu Moslem, a principal officer of the emperor's household, a consummate courtier, and a person of no mean capacity, hoped to find an opportunity of instilling into the mind of his master a jealousy of Giaffar. This man had long been envious of the favourite's greatness; but when it was announced that he was to espouse the sister of the sovereign, an honour to which several Eastern princes had in vain aspired, his envy was inflamed to a degree that determined him to risk every thing in executing the purposes that it suggested. He had three sons also, whose advancement Giaffar had constantly opposed, but from the purest motives, as the young men were notoriously vicious, and therefore became obnoxious to that love of justice and regard to merit which governed all his actions. Their father, however, felt Giaffar's conduct as an injury to him and his family, and this helped to quicken the spirit of his revenge.

The difficulties seemed to be insuperable to Achmet Abu Moslem; but what will not enraged passion attempt to fulfil its malignant purposes? The emperor, who could not enjoy any thing unless Giaffar was associated with it, made him the principal companion of his journey. But ere he had proceeded two days from his capital, he was overtaken by a special messenger

from the vizier Fadhel, to make him acquainted with intelligence of the greatest importance, which was no less, than that Georgia and the adjacent provinces were in a state of insurrection, and demanded an instant and powerful force to quell the revolt.

On the receipt of these dipatches, the emperor said to Giaffar, "I shall lose half the pleasure of my journey by losing you, but the public welfare requires your absence from me. You must instantly repair to Georgia, where your courage, wisdom, and moderation will, I doubt not, speedily restore tranquillity to that disordered province. —I again," repeated he, "lament the necessity that separates you from me, but its imperious demands must be obeyed, and you must go." Giaffar immediately departed, and the caliph proceeded on his journey.

This was an opportunity which Achmet had so anxiously desired, but which he had scarce ventured to contemplate as likely to be offered him. His station placed him continually near the person of the caliph, and the absence of Giaffar allowed his more immediate communication with his imperial master. The artful courtier watched, in the course of the journey, for some event to take place, or some circumstance to arise, which would give him the opportunity for which his malignant soul languished. It so happened that the imperial journey lay through a province where Giaffar had passed some of the earliest years of his life, and from the natural predilections to it which such an occurrence had occasioned, added to its natural beauties, he

had purchased large portions of it, which he had adorned with all the magnificence that could be created by his immense wealth and unrivalled power. This circumstance, of which he found the caliph was ignorant, appeared to him as susceptible of mischief, and he did not delay to employ it to his purpose.

With this view he recommended the caliph to turn from the high road, and penetrate into the interior parts of the province, whose exterior beauties had already attracted the imperial attention. The sovereign was pleased with the suggestion, and directed his progress thither. Nor had he proceeded an hour on his way, when, from an elevated part of the road, he observed a building of such apparent magnitude, as to induce him eagerly to enquire who was the possessor of it; when Achmet replied, the worthy and excellent Giaffar, whose consummate qualities had advanced him to the highest favour of his imperial master. Other stately buildings appeared in succession, that marked the wealth of the owners of them. He was informed, that they also belonged to Giaffar. "And who," he enquired, "are the proprietors of the extensive, rich, and populous country bounded by yonder far distant mountains that lift their heads to the clouds?"—"All which the eye can now see, commander of the faithful, belongs to the ever-honoured and happy Giaffar."—"I did not think," said the caliph hastily, "that he had such vast possessions as these;" but recovering, as it appeared, from an expression which he did not wish to have uttered, he added, "but Giaffar deserves it all."

The artful, penetrating Achmet perceived, as he thought, that the poison he had endeavoured to infuse into the caliph's mind, had begun to operate, and he proceeded to strengthen its mischievous power by new and continued applications of it.—"No caravansera," he said, "can offer such a place of repose for the sovereign of Persia, as one of these palaces of his highly favoured servant Giaffar:" and the caliph ordered his household to proceed and make preparations for his reception in a castle near the spot, which Giaffar preferred to all the mansions he had caused to be erected, and where he displayed a profusion of splendour and magnificence. Here the sultan found, to his great astonishment, that no household of his was wanting, as he was received with a degree of grandeur and luxurious accommodation, that was not exceeded, and would be scarcely equalled, by the costly abundance of his own palace.

This arrangement had been secretly made by Giaffar, in order to surprise his imperial friend and sovereign with the most splendid mark of attention that his wealth and his power could offer, and he had himself proposed to contrive a deviation from the order of the caliph's progress, to effect his object. With this design Achmet had been made acquainted, and he availed himself of the confidence, in Giaffar's absence, to display this unexpected appearance of the favourite's grandeur, but without giving the least hint to the emperor of the real cause of it; so that it appeared to him, not as an occasional and prepared festivity to his ho-

nour, but as the habitual, vain, and idle ostentation of Giaffar, to increase his authority and add dignity to his character among the inhabitants of the province. In that point of the view, the caliph, being kept ignorant of the real origin of all this magnificence, was irresistibly disposed to consider it. He was angry with himself for suffering the shadow of an unpleasant thought to accompany the idea of one he so dearly loved, and he hoped it would never return. But it was

the prevailing error of this monarch's character, when left to himself, to nourish suspicion. His faithful minister Jahia, while he lived, continually warned him against harbouring such a dangerous guest; and the last words which he addressed to him were, a renewed intreaty to employ his utmost endeavours to extinguish it, accompanied with a prayer to Heaven, that they might be crowned with success.

(To be concluded in our next.)

PLATE 14.—DESCRIPTION OF THE MONUMENT ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF THEODORE KÖRNER;

In a Letter from one of his Friends.

I COMMUNICATED to you, my dear friend, a few months since, some account of our German poet and hero, Körner*, who fell in battle for his country. I mentioned, on the same occasion, that the Duke of Mecklenburg intended to erect a monument to transmit to future generations the memory of the warrior-bard. This design has been executed with the concurrence of the parents of the deceased; the monument is finished, and it gives me great pleasure, as you have expressed so much interest in the fate of this extraordinary youth, that I now have it in my power to conduct you to the spot where his ashes repose.

When the lifeless body of our friend was brought, on the night of the 26th of August, 1813, to our camp† near Wöbbelin (about 8 miles from Ludwigslust), and delivered to us, we first placed it in a neigh-

bouring house. Next morning some Hanoverian and Hanseatic troops marched past Wöbbelin. The melancholy intelligence of the death of the favourite bard of Germany, whose martial songs were already in the mouths of all the warriors of his country, was speedily circulated through the adjacent camp, and when these troops passed by ours, their officers thronged to see the patriot-poet, and many of them staid behind to attend his funeral. The melancholy ceremony was performed in the afternoon. During the night and in the forenoon, two carpenters belonging to the corps had made a strong oak coffin, in the best manner that circumstances would permit. This was filled with oak-leaves; Körner was laid upon them, and covered with leaves. Jägers of the company in which he had served as lieutenant, carried his remains, which were followed by the whole corps, from the highest to the lowest, and the procession

* See the *Repository* for October 1814.

† Lützow's corps of volunteers.



THEODORE KOERNER'S MONUMENT

moved to the grave which we had prepared for him.

In his poems, in which Körner very confidently predicted that he should fall during this war, he had repeatedly expressed a wish that his ashes might rest under a German oak. In the middle of a field near Wöbbelin, very near our camp, stood such a tree of large dimensions. We had dug him a grave beneath its overhanging branches, and carved on its trunk his name and the day of his death. We deposited our friend in German ground, which he had so spiritedly defended with lyre and sword, and after firing three salutes, due to his heroic death, we sung one of his last battle-hymns, in a close circle round his grave. Scarcely had we finished when the drums rolled, and the bugles and trumpets sounded in the camp. Orders for marching had just arrived. With fresh courage, and the firm determination to prove ourselves worthy of our deceased comrade, we all hastened to the fight.

Since that time I have not seen the burial-place of my friend. That it has been much altered and embellished by the monument erected

upon it, is evident from an engraving which I have just received from the worthy father of our lamented bard. I have inclosed it, as I know that it will gratify you to contemplate the delineation of the spot where weeping Germany deplores the loss of one of the most hopeful of her sons.

A superficies of 48 square fathoms round the oak has been given, as I have been informed, by the Duke of Mecklenburg for this purpose, inclosed with a wall, and converted by plantations into a small garden. In the middle of it, over the grave, is a quadrangular altar, upon which are placed a lyre and sword of cast iron, surrounded by an oaken wreath. On the front of the altar is an appropriate inscription, which, as well as the monument itself, may be seen through an open iron gate, to which an alley of poplars leads from the high road.

The monument was solemnly consecrated by the chaplain of the ducal chapel of Ludwigslust, in the presence of a numerous assemblage of persons of all ranks in the vicinity.

H. A.

PARTICULARS OF THE LATE REVOLUTION AT NAPLES,

In an Extract of a Letter, dated May 20.

THE Austrians are now within ten miles of Naples, and will be here immediately. Ferdinand is said to be embarked on board the Queen from Palermo, and is expected here every hour. Murat and his family are embarking on board the British fleet, with their fortunes and adherents, for France.

We have been in great apprehension of a revolt of the Lazzaroni, and have passed a week of sad and anxious suspense: nothing prevented this dreadful event but the formation of the most respectable citizens into a civic guard; but for this the sanguinary and desolating scenes which ensued here in 1799,

would have been renewed. A revolution here is not, as in most other countries, the result of a conflict of discordant political opinions, but an insurrection of the lowest order of people, the vilest, perhaps, that exist on the face of the habitable globe, for the purpose of robbing and destroying respectable persons: it is sufficient to be above mendicity, to be, in the eyes of these vagabonds, a proper object of their depredations. The British squadron which blockaded the port, threatened, in case of a refusal on the part of the government to deliver up the fleet, to bombard the town. Had this threat been put in execution, the first gun they had fired would have signed the death-warrant of every Englishman in Naples. The Neapolitans openly declared, they would not leave an Englishman alive.

May 24. The revolution has been effected with little bloodshed, and all again is tranquillity. On the 20th, Lord Exmouth arrived here in the *Boyne*, with four sail of the line; and, in conjunction with the Austrians, who were near Capua, effected the final overthrow of Murat's government. The admiral landed marines, who joined the civic guard in preventing the general massacre and sacrilege which the Lazzaroni meditated. For three days we were completely under martial law; patrols of armed men in every street, the shops all shut up, and after dark scarcely a person to be seen in the streets. A solemn stillness prevailed, which was only interrupted now and then by the "*Chi viva*" of the patrols to any straggler who was necessitated

to pass the streets. Notwithstanding these precautions, the Lazzaroni grew bolder, and assembled in secret: a plan was formed for breaking open the prisons, and releasing their companions; but it was fortunately discovered, and 22 were immediately fired upon: about a hundred may have thus lost their lives. The British, having preserved the city from the outrages of these villains, are now the objects of their detestation. Two marines and four gentlemen belonging to the civic guard, yesterday fell a sacrifice. On the 22d, some Austrian patrols entered; and, on the 23d, we had the happiness to see Prince Leopold, the second son of the King of Sicily, enter at the head of 15,000 Austrians. He was received with loud and air-rending welcomes. The balconies of the houses were all decorated; the air was perfumed with the quantity of flowers thrown from the fairest hands of Naples on their deliverers as they passed the main street towards the palace. In the evening the city was illuminated, and even at midnight the streets were crowded. Great was the change which 24 hours had effected. The preceding night, nought was heard but the din of arms; distrust and fear reigned in every bosom, every house was a fortification, and when we closed our eyes, it was with the dread of never opening them again. But last night every door was open, every window was a blaze of illumination; upon every face was cheerfulness, in every heart glee. Lord Burghersh arrived with the prince. His lordship insists on sending Murat's wife and family either to Vienna or London. Murat



has escaped in disguise, in a Danish merchant-vessel, and is supposed to be gone to Marseilles. Some very liberal and well-worded proclamations have been issued; and as Ferdinand will no doubt profit by the lessons taught by adversity, this country is likely to be one of the happiest in Europe. Ferdinand is accompanied by a Cavalier de

Medici, a descendant of the famous Tuscan family of that name, a man of very considerable abilities. This morning a royal salute was fired from the fleet, upon Ferdinand's colours being once again hoisted on the castles and forts of Naples. All are now anxiously expecting the arrival of the king.

PLATE 15.—ST. STEPHEN'S CHAPEL.

WESTMINSTER HALL, with the House of Lords, the House of Commons, and other contiguous buildings, are the remains of the old royal palace of Westminster, erected by Edward the Confessor, which stood close to the bank of the Thames and covered the space still called Old Palace-yard.

The remains of St. Stephen's chapel adjoin to the south-east angle of Westminster Hall. This chapel was first erected by King Stephen in the ancient palace, in honour of the martyr of the same name; and was rebuilt in 1347 by Edward III. who dedicated it to the honour of Almighty God, and especially of the Blessed Virgin, his mother, and of the martyr St. Stephen. He made it collegiate for a dean, twelve secular canons, vicars choristers, and subordinate officers; and, by his letters patent, endowed it with his inn situate in Lombard-street, his tower in Bucklersbury, called Swete's Tower; his inn named Le Reole, since the Tower-Royal; and other possessions in London, Berks, and Yorkshire. Edward also built, for the use of this chapel, in the Little Sanctuary, a strong bell tower,

covered with lead, in which were three large bells, which were usually rung at coronations and on other occasions, and the sound of which was vulgarly supposed to sour all the beer in the neighbourhood.

The last dean, Dr. John Chamber, who was physician to Henry VIII. and one of the founders of the Barber-Surgeons' Company, built the beautiful cloisters at the expence of 11,000 marks. This foundation shared the fate of other monastic institutions dissolved at the Reformation, and on its surrender to Edward VI. its annual revenues were rated at 1085*l.* 10*s.* 5*d.* That monarch gave it to the Commons for their sittings, to which use it has been ever since applied; and hence its ancient name has been almost superseded by the more modern appellation of the House of Commons.

The old house was formed within the chapel, chiefly by a floor raised above the pavement, and an inner roof considerably below the ancient one. In order to make room for the members added by the union with Ireland, the entire side-walls were taken down, except the buttresses that supported the an-

cient roof, and thrown back, by which more seats were procured. The chapel, as finished by Edward III. was of such perfect beauty, that it is impossible to forbear deeply lamenting its having been defaced by these alterations. On the latter occasion, when the inner walls were unmasked by removing the wainscot, much of the ancient decorations was discovered. The interior of the walls and the roof were curiously wrought and adorned with a profusion of gilding and painting. It appears to have been divided into compartments of Gothic, but not inelegant shapes; each having a border of small gilt roses, and the recesses being covered with paintings. At the east end, including about a third of the length of the chapel, which part exhibited various tokens of having been once inclosed for the altar, the walls and roof were completely covered with gildings and paintings, and presented, even in their mutilated state, a beautiful relic of the fine arts as patronised in the magnificent reign of our third Edward. The gilding was remarkably solid and highly burnished, and the colours of the paintings vivid, both being apparently as fresh as in the year in which they were executed. One of the paintings, representing the *Adoration of the Shepherds*, had some merit even in regard to the composition. The west front of the chapel is still to be seen, and has a fine Gothic window. Between it and the lobby of the house is a small vestibule in the Gothic style, of extraordinary beauty.

Beneath the house, in passages or apartments appropriated to va-

rious uses, are considerable remains, in great perfection, of a chapel of curious workmanship, and an entire side of a cloister, the roof of which is not surpassed in beauty by Henry the Seventh's chapel. A small court of the palace is also left entire, and with its buildings belongs to the official residence of the Speaker of the House of Commons. Between this house and the river is a garden belonging to the Speaker. It is this portion of the building, with its beautiful Gothic window and pinnacles, that is exhibited in the annexed view taken from Westminster Bridge.

Adjoining to Westminster Hall and the Houses of Parliament, is a modern building of stone, plain but respectable, containing committee-rooms and various offices belonging to the House of Commons.

The present House of Commons, though still rather too small, is peculiarly adapted to its use, and fitted up in a very good style. Along the west end runs a handsome gallery, to which access may be obtained by strangers when the house is assembled, either by the introduction of a member, or by a gratuity of a few shillings to the door-keeper. No ladies are admitted during the sittings.

We cannot but give our hearty concurrence to the remarks of Mr. Malton, who, in treating of this and the contiguous edifices, says, "It is greatly to be wished that the example of a sister kingdom might prevail over our prejudices in favour of antiquity, and that Westminster Hall, with its surrounding buildings, which are inconvenient

and insufficient for the various purposes to which they are appropriated, might give way to the noble idea of forming the whole of this heterogeneous mass into one grand design, which would extend from Margaret's-street to the river-side, and thence along a spacious embankment by the present House of Commons into Old Palace-yard. In such a magnificent plan, the different departments of the legislature might be accommodated in a manner suitable to their respective dignities. Round a noble hall adorned with columns in the Grecian style, the different courts of

justice might be distributed, and at one end the two Houses of Parliament, with their numerous committee-rooms, might be arranged, under one roof. Nor would it be impossible, in such a design, so to connect the two chambers, that by removing a screen or partition, his Majesty, whenever the forms of the constitution required his presence in the senate, might, from the throne, behold, at one view, the whole of his parliament assembled. Such a project would be worthy of the dignity and opulence of the nation."

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

MR. ACKERMANN has just published *A Plan of the Battles of the 15th to the 18th of June last*, which terminated in the glorious victory of Waterloo, taken on the spot by Lieutenant Tyler. To the military man this accurate illustration of the most remarkable conflict in modern history, must prove peculiarly valuable; while the general reader cannot but feel great obligation to the author for this excellent key, to a due understanding of the operations connected with that important event.

Mr. Samuel Rootsey has in the press, a *Bristol Dispensary*, in which it is intended, 1st, To establish, upon a permanent basis, the nomenclature of pharmacy; and, 2dly, To explain the advantages of a new method of expressing the compositions of medicines.

Travels through Poland, Austria, Bavaria, Saxony, and the Tyrol, in the Years 1807 and 1808, by Baron

d'Uklanski, is in the press, and will be published in the course of the present month.

The Royal Irish Academy propose to give a premium, not exceeding 50*l.* to the author of the best essay on the following subject:—"On the mixture of fable and fact in the early annals of Ireland, and the best modes of ascertaining what degree of credit these ancient documents are justly entitled to." Essays are to be sent in to the Academy-House, Grafton-street, Dublin, post-free, any time previous to the 14th of March, 1816.

Mr. J. Man is compiling *The Ancient and Modern History and Antiquities of the Borough of Reading*, with maps and prints.

The Rev. William M'Gregor Stirling is preparing for the press, *The Priory of Inchmahone*, an historical and statistical work, illustrated by engravings. He is also

about to publish an engraved Chart, Chronological and Geographical, of British History, with a short Memoir.

The Literary and Philosophical Society of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, is engaged in the publication of two tracts on the means of establishing authentic records relative to the state of the collieries in that neighbourhood, and to other points which promise to be both of national and local importance.

The eighth volume of Shaw's *Zoology*, under the superintendence of Dr. Leach, is in considerable forwardness.

An officer of the medical staff, who served in the late campaigns in Spain and Flanders, will soon publish a poem, of which the battles of Waterloo, Orthes, and Toulouse, will form the principle subjects.

The author of *The Battle of Nevil's Cross*, a metrical romance, *Ode to the Emperor Alexander*, &c. has in the press, and nearly ready for publication, in one volume 12mo. a *History of the House of Romanof, the present Imperial Russian Dynasty, from the earliest Period to the time of Peter the Great*; designed as an Introduction to a History of the Life and Reign of that celebrated monarch, including the Russian History from the first accession of the family to the throne. In elucidating the momentous transactions of the minority of Peter, during the regency of the Princess Sophia, and in reconciling the contradictory statements of former historians and travellers, and of the Russian archives, the most laborious attention has been bestowed.

The same author is also preparing

for publication, *Plans for ameliorating the Condition of the lower Orders of Society*.

Mr. Ackermann has announced to the subscribers to the History of the University and Town of Cambridge, now in course of publication, that in order to complete the graphic illustration of this history, he proposes to give an interesting and appropriate addition, by a *Series of the Portraits* of those distinguished persons who were the Founders of Colleges and Public Buildings in that University, from pictures at Cambridge and in private collections. These plates will be ready for delivery on or before the 1st of January, 1816, in due time for their forming a part of the work. The series will consist of, 1. Hugh de Balsham, St. Peter's College.—2. Elizabeth de Clare, Clare Hall.—3. Mary Countess of Pembroke, Pembroke College.—4. Henry Duke of Lancaster, Corpus Christi or Bene't's.—5. William Bateman, Trinity Hall.—6. John Caius, Caius College.—7. Henry VI. King's College.—8. Margaret wife of Henry VI. Queen's College.—9. Robert Woodlark, Catherine Hall.—10. John Alcock, Jesus College.—11. Margaret Countess of Richmond, Christ's College.—12. Margaret Countess of Richmond, St. John's College.—13. Edward Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, Magdalen College.—14. Henry VIII. Trinity College.—15. Sir Walter Mildmay, Emanuel College.—16. Frances Sidney, Countess of Sussex, Sidney College.

Mr. Ackermann has given notice to the subscribers to the *History of the Colleges of Winchester, Eton,*

and Westminster, with the Charter-House, and the Free Schools of Harrow, Rugby, &c. &c. that the first number of this work will not, as was proposed, be published on the 1st September next, but is unavoidably postponed till the 1st of January, 1816.

Messrs. Boydell have issued proposals for publishing a print of *The Battle of Waterloo*, in the first style of engraving, in the same manner and size as those which they published of the Death of General Wolfe, the Death of Lord Nelson, &c. &c.; for which purpose they have engaged Mr. Atkinson to execute a picture of large dimensions, with the exception of the portraits, which will be painted by Mr. Devis, both of whom are now on the Continent collecting every information, and taking portraits of the Duke of Wellington, Prince Blücher, the Prince of Orange, Duke of Brunswick, and such others as will be essential to the composition of the picture of the Battle of Waterloo.

The Royal Medical Society of Edinburgh proposes, as the subject of its prize essay for 1816, the following question:—"What changes of composition does the process of digestion in quadrupeds produce on earths, oxides, and earthy, alkaline, and metallic salts?"

Mr. Joseph Singer, in a paper published in a late number of the *Philosophical Magazine*, details the superior advantages possessed by spectacles formed of thin metallic plates, with very fine apertures, over those made of glass, as helps to any state of defective vision and preservers of the sight. This con-

trivance is as well adapted to the short-sighted as to those whose natural lens has been flattened by time. Where the two eyes are, as it frequently happens, of entirely different conformation, they may, with its aid, be brought into equal exercise. In *strabismus*, or squint, where the distortion of the pupil lies chiefly, if not wholly, on one side, the small aperture may on that side be gradually brought in an oblique line towards the centre, until the pupil by habit finds its true station. The exercise of vision, in this case, ought to be confined to the side on which the distortion lies, the other eye being covered with an imperforated metallic plate, so as to shut out its view. It should be observed, that the metallic spectacles can only be employed where there is a sufficient light. To those who wish to make trial of this contrivance, it may be useful to state, that Mr. Jones, optician, of Charing-Cross, has contrived a pair of adjusting metallic spectacles, by means of which he measures the distance between the pupils, so as to adapt the instrument to any individual, and bring the two sights into one.

The new town-house at Copenhagen, supported upon six Doric columns, is completed, and is a most beautiful and regular edifice. —The building of the palace of Christiansburg is proceeding under the direction of Mr. Hansen, to whose architectural talents, Hamburg, Altona, and Copenhagen, owe some of their finest buildings. The back front is finished, and the principal one is expected to be completed in the ensuing autumn. Though much smaller than the

former prodigious structure, it will nevertheless be one of the most magnificent palaces in Europe.

The tendency to English manners and fashions, which the spirit of the times could not fail to create, continues to gain ground in the north of Europe. Though the French exerted their utmost efforts against it, so that the ferocious Davoust even gave notice to the ladies of Hamburg, never to appear at the public balls, or those given by the French, in any kind of English stuff; this only served to strengthen their predilection, and at last scarcely any females were to be seen in the boxes of the French theatre; and the company, notwithstanding all the support which it received, was obliged to shut up the house. In Russia these sentiments were still more strongly expressed; and the performers at the French theatre in Moscow, during their journey from that city by St. Petersburg, Stockholm, and Copenhagen, were hardly safe from the fury of the populace. In Hamburg and the north of Germany, this spirit is general; there the French language, fashions, and manners, are execrated, whilst every thing English is hailed with enthusiasm. In Denmark, where the nation was not immediately subject to the oppression of the government of Napoleon, and many even beheld with pleasure the brilliancy of the distant meteor, this feeling has gained the ascendancy, partly out of imitation, and partly on account of the ancient and more congenial connection with England. Sweden, on the other hand, whose inhabitants are not unaptly called the *French of the North*, remains

more attached to French manners, partly from habit, partly from inclination, and partly because a native of France is heir apparent to the throne. Norway was always closely connected with Great Britain, and more particularly with Scotland, which lies opposite to it; and the partiality for whatever is English bursts forth there with new vigour. There the English language is as much liked and cultivated among the higher, and especially the commercial classes, as the French among the Swedish gentry, and German among persons of education in Denmark: but the Swedes are the only nation of the three, who, in conversation with one another, give a preference to a foreign language over their mother tongue.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

A Russian Air, with Variations for the Piano-Forte, composed by Ferd. Ries. Pr. 2s. 6d.

THIS air, in G minor, not only bears on the face of it the stamp of national authenticity, but possesses a fascinating plaintiveness, which, aided by the most mellow and skillfully disposed harmonic arrangement, cannot fail making its way to the heart of the hearer. In the eight variations of the theme, Mr. R. has, with strict adherence to the subject, produced continual diversity of expression; but this is the least merit of the present performance: we perceive at every step that solidity of thought, that originality of superior harmonic combination, which forms a characteristic feature in all his compositions; in short, we recognize the darling pupil of Beethoven:

It would be as difficult as perhaps unjust to fix preferably upon any one of these variations, when all possess their peculiar claim on unqualified favour. The 1st proceeds in semiquavers, skilfully linked into an unbroken flow of melody, through the subject: the triplets which characterize the second, boast of the same ability in combination, especially in the delicate series of broken chords which belong to the beginning of the 2d part. In the 3d var. the theme is thrown at first into major mood (G), then merges into B minor, and again concludes in the major key; all which is done with the utmost aptness and with refined musical feeling. No. 4 is replete with the most pathetic expression, and the 2d part arranged in a masterly manner. The same praise is eminently due to the 2d part of var. 6, in which, moreover, the crossing of the hands appears with the highest effect. Var. 7, again in G major, presents a continual range of rapid demisemiquavers, linked with such consummate attention, in both bass and treble, that not a shadow of interruption intervenes. In the 8th and last var. (in $\frac{4}{8}$ time), Mr. R. has given full scope to his inventive, inexhaustible talent; all hands are here upon deck to produce a *tout-ensemble*, which must be heard to be appreciated. The manner in which the allegro *vivace* in A b is introduced, and in which that key gives at once way to that of G minor, the play between minor and major, in short, every bar of this variation, evinces the genius of the author: the whole is, as it were, harmonic poetry; always something new and unexpected,

nothing stale and common-place. Even in the highly original conclusion, the theme again protrudes itself under a novel protean shape, and leads to the final winding up. Although these variations require more than a moderately proficient player, yet they are destitute of any deterring difficulties, and this merit gives them an additional claim to the favour of the real amateur.

Lettera d'un Figlio di Marte alla sua Amante, Song, composed for and dedicated to Miss Dance, by P. A. Corri. Pr. 2s.

This is really a mere love-letter, not reducible to either rhyme or metre, short and sweet; but if the frequent repetition of its sentences really occurred in the original, *il mio bene* will in all probability have had to pay double postage, *i suoi lamenti e pene a consolar*. To set prose to music is no easy undertaking; and in this case the melody, however select, strongly labours under that difficulty. The symphony is highly interesting, and the motivo of the air is conspicuous for its chaste simplicity, as well as its neatness in point of harmonic arrangement, although in the second line it takes rather a common turn. In the third page we have to applaud the effective and skilfully contrived harmony of the two first lines, which we deem greatly superior to the remainder of the page. In the beginning and end of page 4 we observe the peculiarity of the accompaniment, with the alternate descent and ascent of the bass; but do not think that the harmony beats in all cases well together; and the passage from "*pianissimo*" is throughout an imitation of "When the stormy winds do

blow." The conclusion is replete with pathetic expression.

Strains of other Days, No. 1. containing the Irish Melodies, "Kitty Tyrrel, or Oh! blame not the Bard," and "The Legacy," arranged for the Piano-Forte by J. B. Logier. Pr. 2s. 6d.

The air of Kitty Tyrrel, with the exception of the grating bars 7 and 8, is as satisfactorily harmonized as the melody probably would allow; indeed in several places (*l.* 6 for instance) we can pronounce the author's treatment of his subject meritorious. The pathetic conclusion (*p.* 2) likewise claims this distinction. "The Legacy" has been so often bequeathed to the public by hosts of composers, that it is no easy matter to make it appear under a novel dress. But of the many specimens we have seen, this is one of the best. The arrangement is clever, and the digressive matter tasteful. We are much pleased with the passages and modulations *p.* 3; as also with the turn the melody takes into C, in the same page. In the 4th page the subject is neatly treated in the key of F; some agreeable crossed-hand passages are likewise introduced. The cadence in the 5th page is ingenious; and the conclusion *p.* 6, quite appropriate and in character.

"*Deep in my Soul that tender Secret dwells,*" *Canzonetta, written by Lord Byron, composed by J. M. Murdic, Mus. Bac. Oxon. Pr. 1s. 6d.*

The author seems to have aimed at select pathological expression, and in some instances he has succeeded; but we miss in this composition that unity of design, that unlaboured

connection between the successive ideas, that regularity of rhythmical construction in the periods, which are so essentially requisite in all melody, and especially in vocal melody. The introductory symphony appears to us to repeat too great a portion of the song; and is therefore equally liable to the objection above stated.

Capriccio, with nine Variations, on a favourite Air from the Opera-Dance of "La Nouvelle Zoe," for the Piano-Forte, composed by D. Steibelt. Pr. 5s.

In critically examining this classic production, it is impossible not to become impressed with the strongest admiration of the genius of its celebrated author, whether we advert to the incomparable introductory "Fantasia," or to the set of beautiful variations deduced from one of the most elegant themes that could have been chosen for such a purpose. In the "Fantasia" we can only cursorily notice the exuberant sweep of rapid passages over the whole range of keys, *p.* 1; the unexpected anticipation of the theme under crossed-hand execution, *p.* 2, *ll.* 1 and 2; the sudden irruption into C from the key of E major, *l.* 4, and the modulations immediately succeeding, as original and profound, as they are beyond ordinary digital powers. In the 3d page, *l.* 1, we find the melody ably assigned to the left hand, which, in its transfer across the other, leaves the right to make its way through select, but certainly very intricate semiquaver passages, until in the two last lines they join, for repose as it were, in a slower mood, full of expression and sterling science. In the next page

(4), Mr. Steibelt again modulates in a superior style, until he resumes the subject of the "Fantasia," from which he, *p. 5*, imperceptibly merges to a hint of the theme of his variations, well assisted by the action of the pedal, and then glides into the theme itself. Of the variations, voluminous as they are, we cannot treat at length; they are of a piece with the preceding movement, and augment in interest as they proceed. The third is rendered attractive by the chaste and well connected flow of its phrases, generally exhibiting two distinct parts for the right hand. Var. 5 is devised in a peculiar style, bordering upon that of a polacca. No. 6, in A minor, again distinguishes itself by a mellowed combination of dexterous quick passages, of which those in C major appear to us particularly tasteful. The 7th var. deserves our increased attention; the alternation in the passages of the bass and treble produces the happiest effect, especially those of the bass, which are set with a skill and exhibit a graceful smoothness above our praise. Var. 8 is an andantino, replete with the most chaste and noble expression, and indicative of the highest delicacy of feeling; the bass accompaniment above all, towards the conclusion, leaves nothing to be desired on that score. The finale (var. 9.) is a quick movement, of so very superior an order, that to do it justice would require more room than we have already devoted to this publication. Suffice it therefore to assure the musical readers, upon the faith of our credit with them, that their expectations as to true originality and transcendent compositorial skill, No. LXXXI. Vol. XIV.

however sanguine, are more likely to be surpassed than disappointed. Altogether, this work, in our opinion, approaches very nearly to ideal musical perfection.

"*My native Land, good Night,*" written by the Right Hon. Lord Byron, composed, and inscribed to Miss Elizabeth Fletcher, by F. J. Klose. Pr. 2s.

The music to this little sonnet certainly is agreeable and melodious; but we think the beauty of the poetry had a fair claim upon a greater aim at select expression on the part of the composer. The first period is, unconsciously no doubt, taken from the beginning of one of Pleyel's sonatas. After the passage in C minor (*l. 5*), the sudden turn the melody takes to the pause in \hat{G} , produces, in our ear, an unsatisfactory termination, a want of proper repose. The music of the second verse is repeated at full length, not quite unnecessarily, for the composer had to mend the metrical inattention of the poet; a task which Mr. K. has judiciously accomplished.

Three Divertimentos for the Piano-Forte, composed, and dedicated to Miss Mercer Elphinstone, by F. Fiorillo. No. 15. Pr. 3s.

In our preceding number we have favourably noticed the first of these three divertimentos (No. 14). The present one appears to lay still greater claim to our partiality. Besides that unlaboured and fluent ease which distinguishes all Mr. Fiorillo's works, we perceive in the publication before us considerable originality. The introductory lento, with the exception perhaps of its last bar, is elegant; the andante,

which follows, attracts our attention by its agreeable subject, the neat counterpoints in *p. 3*, the whole tenor of its general construction, and the interesting conclusion. A short, but sweet adagio succeeds *p. 4*; and this is followed by a *scherzo vivace*, full of life and spirit, and peculiarly entitled to the praise of originality above adverted to.—The march (*p. 6*) is throughout select; but the conclusion of the first and beginning of the second parts present prominent features of distinction. The finale (*p. 8*) is an agreeable and playful composition: in the eighth line, however, we cannot applaud the harmonic succession of the chords B 4 6 — C 3 — C (sharp) 5 6. The conclusion is happily imagined. This divertimento will gain additional favour from the amateur, by the executive facility which prevails throughout. MOZART'S celebrated Overture to

"*Le Nozze di Figaro*," adapted for the Piano-Forte, with Accompaniments for a Flute and Violoncello, *ad lib.* by S. F. Rimbault. Pr. 3s.; without Accompaniments, 2s.

As this is not the first piano-forte extract we have seen, of Mozart's spirited and beautiful overture to the opera above named, we feel the more enabled to judge of the merit of the present arrangement, and it gives us pleasure to express our unqualified approbation of Mr. R.'s labour. To have compressed such a score into the compass before us, to have preserved all its leading features, and to have produced the effective *tout-ensemble* in the manner Mr. R. has done, required not a little care and judgment. The whole arrangement is excellent, even without flute and violoncello,

and lies so well under the hand, that no other difficulty than that of the rapidity inherent in the composition itself, will check the performer's progress at first sight.

"*He hath drunk of the Brook*," a favourite Song and Recitative, from the *Ascension*, a sacred Oratorio, sung by Mrs. Bland, with great applause, at the Theatre Royal, Drury-lane, composed by Mr. Hook. Pr. 1s.

In the recitativo we observe nothing but what, from frequent use, has become common property in this species of composition. In the air itself, although consisting of but two distinct ideas, there is much unaffected sweetness of expression, well suited to the text; but we cannot coincide with the propriety of the composer's pronunciation of the word "therefore," the last syllable of which falls into the accentuated part of the bar.

No. 2. CALEDONIA, a new medley Divertimento, arranged in a familiar style for the use of young Practitioners on the Piano-Forte, by J. Monro. Pr. 2s.

This is the sequel of a similar publication entitled *Albion*, noticed before; and the conclusion, entitled *Hibernia*, we intend reserving for our next Critique. Each of these books contains a collection of national tunes belonging to the respective countries; and in the present we have before us a multiplicity of Scotch airs, such as, "Mrs. McCloud"—"Jack shall be the dady on't"—"From the banks of the Doon," &c. &c. The harmonic arrangement being contrived for incipient faculties, is quite plain, yet proper, and one key only (F) prevails throughout; which certainly, and literally indeed, im-

parts an effect somewhat monotonous.

Three German Waltzes, composed and arranged for the Piano-Forte by
M. C. Gall. Pr. 1s. 6d.

These waltzes are very pleasing, and conceived in the true spirit of the waltz. The accompaniments might have been a little more va-

riegated, although as they are, they contribute to render the performance totally free from any difficulties even at first sight. Hence, and in consequence of the general propriety of the composition, Mr. G.'s waltzes will be found fit lessons for incipient players.

RETROSPECT OF POLITICS.

THE battle of Waterloo, decisive as it was of the fate of France and of Europe, has scarcely left room for the occurrence of ulterior events of any magnitude. What we have to relate, therefore, in the present number, is but a continuation of the results of that memorable victory; and chiefly refers to the measures taken by the allied sovereigns and by the King of France, to repair the mischief caused by the ephemeral sway of Bonaparte, and to ensure the future tranquillity of that country and of the rest of Europe.

BONAPARTE.

Among these measures, the sequel and conclusion of the political (alas! not the physical!) existence of Bonaparte himself, claims our first attention. We reported in our last his arrival at Rochefort, and his attempt to escape from thence to America, which was frustrated by the vigilance of a British blockading squadron, so stationed as to keep that port, as it were, hermetically sealed. Why, after seeing the impossibility of escaping by sea, he did not return and put himself under the protection of the French army, which, under Da-

voust, had at that time effected its retreat behind the Loire, is not easily to be explained; unless it be ascribed either to the want of confidence among characters of his stamp, or to the vacillation which prevailed in the whole tenour of his conduct: although Mons. Fouché, the police minister, would have us believe, that, owing to his dispositions alone, Bonaparte was equally hemmed in on the land-side. Be this as it may, Napoleon took the resolution, unquestionably the most prudent one in his situation, to throw himself on the generosity of his bitterest enemies, the English; and having, after fruitless attempts to obtain more, insured, on the 14th July, from Captain Maitland, of H. M. S. Bellerophon, a pledge that he would convey him and all his suite to England, to be received in such manner as the Prince Regent might deem expedient, he embarked with his attendants on the 15th. Among these, near sixty in number, the most conspicuous characters were, Generals Bertrand, Savary, Drouet, and Lallemant. He at the same time addressed the following letter to the Prince Regent:—

"The victim of the factions which divide my country, and of the enmity of the greatest powers of Europe, I have terminated my political career, and I come, like Themistocles, to seat myself at the hearths of the British people. I place myself under the protection of their laws, which I claim of your Royal Highness as the most powerful, the most constant, and the most generous of my enemies."

The *Bellerophon*, with Bonaparte on board, sailed from the Basque roads on the 16th July, and arrived at Torbay on the 24th, from whence she was ordered round to Plymouth, to await the decision of the British government, in conjunction with the allied sovereigns, as to the ulterior fate of Bonaparte. During the interval of his stay on board at Plymouth, the number of the curious who hastened from all parts of England to obtain a glimpse of their inveterate foe, was immense; and as access to the ship was strictly forbidden, he gratified, from time to time, their eagerness, by exhibiting himself from the stern-gallery to thousands of surrounding boats. It was at last settled, that the ex-emperor's future place of residence should be the island of St. Helena; that Admiral Sir George Cockburn should convey him thither in the *Northumberland*; that Gen. Sir Hudson Lowe should, in the capacity of commissioner and governor of the island, be entrusted with the responsibility of the persons of the state prisoner and the few of his attendants allowed to accompany him; and that instead of the East India Company's troops, the 2d battalion of the 53d regiment of the line, and a detachment

of the royal artillery, should garrison the island.

A belief was entertained by those not sufficiently acquainted with Bonaparte's love of life, that he would rather destroy himself than submit to this exile; indeed he himself gave a hint to that effect, and when the intelligence was officially communicated to him by the under secretary of state for the foreign department, Sir Henry Bunbury, he flatly answered, "*Je n'y vais pas*" (I shall *not* go). But the event proved these to have been but empty words. Lord Keith, as admiral on the station, was charged with the superintendence of transshipping Napoleon from the *Bellerophon* to the *Northumberland*; and it was only by some dexterity and by putting to sea from Plymouth in the *Tonnant*, accompanied by the *Bellerophon*, that his lordship escaped the effects of a curious attempt to delay the departure of Bonaparte by legal means. Some infatuated adherent of Napoleon had procured a writ of *habeas corpus* for the person of Bonaparte, or, as other reports state, a *subpœna* to bring him as witness to a trial, the serving of which upon Lord Keith his lordship eluded, as above stated.

On the 6th, the *Northumberland*, from Torbay, met the *Tonnant* and *Bellerophon* off Berry-head, according to appointment, and the persons that were not to accompany Bonaparte, were transferred on board the *Eurotas* frigate, excepting Generals Lallemand and Savary, whose fate was otherwise provided for. On the 7th, the following persons, being allowed to accompany Bonaparte, were removed

to the Northumberland :—General Bertrand and wife with three children, Count Montholon and wife and child, Count Las Cases, General Gorgaud, nine men and three women servants. At two o'clock on the same day, Bonaparte himself was trans-shipped on board the Northumberland, with such parts of his baggage and treasure as it was deemed proper to permit him to take with him; and after waiting for the Weymouth store-ship and some other vessels composing the little, but important St. Helena squadron, the whole finally sailed for their destination on the 11th of August; Lallemand or Savary, if not both of them, being sent to France to be delivered up for trial.

FRANCE.

In the course of the last month, the different armies of the allied sovereigns pursued their march into the heart of France, in different directions; but the bulk of their force continued shaping their course towards Paris. The first Russian army, under General Barclay de Tolly, arrived in the neighbourhood of that capital early in August; the second, under Count Wittgenstein, is still traversing Germany. The main force of the Austrian army is stationed to the south of Paris, in the direction of Troyes; another Austrian army, under General Frimont, after having occupied Lyons, advanced to the right bank of the Loire; and a third, under the Prince of Hohenzollern, is spread over Alsace. The Prussian army partly occupies Paris and extends from thence southward to the banks of the Loire; while a corps under General Tauenzien is employed in watching or

reducing the fortresses on the northern frontier. The British army, under the Duke of Wellington, which is continually receiving reinforcements, and which will be augmented by a subsidiary corps of Danes now on their march through the Netherlands, extends from Paris towards Normandy as far as the coasts of the Channel. To facilitate the supply of such numerous bodies of troops, and at the same time to keep the refractory spirits of the country in awe, the armies of each power have severally a certain number of departments assigned to them for occupation, which, as far as relates to the subsistence of the combined forces, have been put under the administration of military governors. The provisioning of the foreign troops forms part of the contributions which the sovereigns have imposed on France to defray the expence of the war, and which is stated to amount to no less than 800 millions of francs (nearly 40 millions sterling); although other reports quote the amount much lower, and add that the generosity of the sovereigns has consented to remit the greatest part of the original demand. Upon this subject we possess no positive data. The greatest energy of conduct has been displayed hitherto by Prince Blücher. His stern treatment of the French nation, however mild in comparison with the French extortions in Prussia, appears to us not only an act of justice, but the wisest line of policy; and we deeply regret to see his measures encounter any check from high authority.

It was he who boldly gave the signal for taking an account of the

legitimacy of the title the French could make out to the works of art in the Museum at the Louvre. With the catalogue in his hand, he ordered the restoration of all such as were taken from any place belonging to the Prussian monarchy. Austria appears to have followed this example, since we perceive, that special commissioners have been sent for from Vienna to identify and recover the paintings and statues taken from the emperor's German and Italian dominions; and the King of the Netherlands not only has, in a reply to a deputation from the city of Antwerp, promised his exertions to obtain back the classic works of the Flenish school which were purloined by the French, but has ordered a list of all such works to be prepared throughout the extent of his dominions.

The French army which evacuated Paris under the command of Davoust, and retreated behind the Loire, and which was joined by the corps of Suchet from Lyons, as well as by the force under Clausel from Bourdeaux, was by the allies left in quiet possession of its station, and merely watched by some corps which were detached towards the right bank of that river. Hence this army of the Loire, instead of submission, assumed a dictatorial tone towards its legitimate king, and attempted even to enter into negociations through the means of commissioners sent to Paris. While it affected to hoist the white cockade, and to declare its adherence to the legitimate government, it acted as an independent body, uncontrouled by the king's authority, although continual desertions were reducing its numbers greatly.

A decisive step towards such a set of men was a matter of urgent necessity. The king therefore appointed Marshal Macdonald to succeed Davoust in the command of that army. In all probability Davoust's submission to that order was the result of some previous understanding, by which his safety and fortune were guaranteed to him; for he made way for his successor without resistance, and Macdonald, on his arrival at Bourges on the 31st July, took the command accordingly. His first step was to divide the army into small bodies, which were separated from each other, and spread over an extended tract of country.

The army of the Loire, therefore, did no longer exist as a whole, when the king's ordinance for disbanding all the land and sea forces was promulgated. Even this ordinance was not issued without circumspection, and some degree of artifice; for it is antedated 23d March, to correspond with the time when the king was at Lisle, on his flight from France. Without entering into the motives of this expedient, we shall only add, that the publication of this ordinance was immediately followed by another, providing for the organization of a new army. According to that act, the new French army will be composed of

86 Legions of infantry, of 3 battalions each.

8 Regiments of foot artillery.

4 Regiments of horse artillery.

1 Regiment of royal carabineers.

6 Regiments of cuirassiers.

10 Regiments of dragoons.

24 Regiments of chasseurs.

6 Regiments of hussars.

A royal corps of engineers.

Among the many royal ordinances issued since Louis's restoration to the throne, we observe one that annuls all the former restrictions of the press, and another which again revokes so much of this as affects periodical writings, those being put under special censorship.

But of all the enactments of the Bourbon government since its re-establishment, those which are directed against the adherents of Bonaparte, demand our first attention, as evincing, in some degree, a laudable determination not to let crime once more raise its head with impunity. An ordinance of the 24th July deprives of peerage those members of the Bourbon Chamber of Peers that had accepted seats, and sat, in the Napoleon Chamber of Peers. The number thus degraded is 28; and among it we observe Lefebvre (Duke of Dantzic), Ney, Suchet, Monecy, and Mortier. Another ordinance of the same day directs, that the generals and officers who betrayed the king before the 23d March, and attacked his government, shall be arrested and brought before courts martial. The number of the persons thus to be proceeded against is limited to 19, viz. Ney, Labedoyere, the two brothers Lallemand, Drouet d'Erlon, Lefebvre Desnouettes, Ameilh, Brayer, Gilly, Mouton-Duvernct, Grouchy, Clausel, Laborde, Debelle, Bertrand, Drouet, Cambrone, La Valette, and Savary. The same ordinance contains a second list of 38 persons, whose fate is more in suspense, inasmuch as they are merely banished from Paris to the interior, to await, under the surveillance of

the police, the decision of the two Chambers, whether they are, in like manner, to be brought to trial, or banished the kingdom. In this second list we find the names of Soult, Carnot, Merlin, Maret, Excélmans, Vandamme, and of other less noted characters. The 4th article of this ordinance expressly declares, that the proscriptions are *closed*, and shall not be extended to any more persons, *otherwise* than in the forms and according to the constitutional laws.

As this ordinance did probably not appear before many of the parties had an intimation or a suspicion of their fate, a considerable number of the proscribed had already banished themselves from the French territory. Nevertheless, several of the principal conspirators have been traced and arrested. Among those we have to mention the following:—

Colonel Labedoyere, who at the first landing of Bonaparte had himself seduced into rebellion the regiment which the king had given to him, was tried, on the 14th August, by a court-martial assembled at Paris, and condemned to death.

Marshal Ney has been arrested in his concealment in the department of Lot, and ordered to Paris for trial.

Marshal Brune, after being seized at Toulon by the king's commissioner, the Marquis de Riviere, was sent towards Paris. On his way through Avignon, the loyal populace assailed the inn; and, to avoid falling a victim to their fury, he blew his brains out. Some reports state, that he was really assassinated by the mob; it is certain, at least, that his corpse was

ignominiously dragged through the streets in triumph.

General La Valette was arrested at Paris.

Generals La Marque and Drouet surrendered themselves voluntarily.

Murat, who stayed at Toulon during Brune's command, escaped before the surrender of that town, and fled towards the mountains of Piedmont, where he scarcely can hope to escape. His wife, more fortunate, has been permitted by the Emperor Francis to reside six leagues from Vienna, at the castle of Hainburg, which she purchased from a private individual.

Lucien Bonaparte, in his flight from France, was arrested at Turin, where he remains a close prisoner in the citadel.

Joseph Bonaparte, according to a French account, has been arrested in the Pays de Vaud by the Bernese government.

The guilt of these people is only aggravated by the reflection, that they could not hope for the smallest chance of ultimate success, when they saw all Europe in arms to crush their rebellious designs, by which, had they possessed a spark of true patriotism, they must have foreseen, that they could only wantonly plunge their country into the state of ruin now overwhelming it. Not one third part of the allied forces fought in the battle of Waterloo, and at once routed the only army upon which they had built all their hopes. But besides the enemies they had from without, the whole of the western part of France, as well as a great portion of the south, were in open resistance to the usurper's government. Of these loyal dispositions the British go-

vernment appears to have taken proper advantage, even before the battle of Waterloo. An expedition entered the Gironde on the 13th July, and, in spite of the batteries, approached so near to Bourdeaux, that General Clausel, no longer able to repress the ebullition of the numerous royal party in that city and its neighbourhood, was obliged to enter into a convention with Count Montalembert and the British commander, to evacuate the town and retire upon the Loire. A similar expedition, under the joint command of Lord Exmouth and General Sir Hudson Lowe, sailed on the 4th July for Marseilles, the inhabitants of which, no longer willing to endure the oppressions of Bonaparte's commissioners, had applied for this assistance. On their arrival, they were joined by the national guards, and, in conjunction with the king's commissioner, proceeded towards Toulon, to put an end to the despotic sway exercised by Marshal Brune in those parts. Some trifling skirmishes occurred under the walls of Toulon; but Brune finding the foe, without and within the town, superior to his means of resistance, and a spirit of dissension among his officers and troops having further paralyzed these means, nothing remained to him but to surrender to the Marquis de Riviere.

Even beyond the seas the fostering hand of British aid was stretched out to the cause of the Bourbons. The islands of Martinique and Guadaloupe had long been surrendered to French governors. On the news of Bonaparte's arrival in France, the majority of the

troops in both the islands declared for their darling usurper. The governor of Martinique, Count Vaugirard, true to his legitimate sovereign, applied for assistance to the commanders of the British colonies; and Admiral Durham with General Leith promptly arrived with a military force, which preserved the island to Louis XVIII. They afterwards offered the same aid to Guadaloupe; but here Count de Linois, who had been reappointed governor by Bonaparte, and had treacherously hoisted the tri-coloured flag, repelled the proffered interference. Guadaloupe, therefore, according to the latest accounts, remains blockaded by British vessels.

In the north and east of France, the governors of many of the principal fortresses, although professing a willingness to surrender to Louis XVIII. still refuse to hand over their command to the allied troops; and it is reported, that, by secret instructions, they are authorized in that line of conduct. Thus Landau, Strasburg, Schlestadt, New Brisach, Huningen, Pfalzburg, Metz, Longwy, Montmedy, Rocroy, Marienburg, Valenciennes, and some other strong places, remain in the hands of Bonaparte's men; and it is only by force of arms that the allies have, within the last month, successively compelled into surrender, Toulon, Grenoble, Maubeuge, Condé, Landrecies, Givet, Soissons, Philippeville, and a few more places of minor importance. We are surprised at this forbearance on the part of the combined powers: their situation in the heart of France, together with the object of confirming the

throne of Louis XVIII. renders it a matter of imperious necessity, that for the present all the fortresses should be occupied by them; and it is questionable whether, instead of allowing French armies to exist in bodies, and national guards to do duty, they ought not rather to insist on the complete and unconditional disarming of every Frenchman.

GERMANY—CONGRESS OF VIENNA.

The great act of the Congress of Vienna, dated 9th June, and signed by the plenipotentiaries of Austria, France, Great Britain, Portugal, Prussia, Russia, and Sweden, has appeared in public. Considering the importance of this instrument, which forms the keystone of the political relations of the European monarchies, we have to lament, that the great length of its 121 articles does not even admit an abstract thereof to be inserted in this place. In addition, however, to such of its territorial stipulations as have been noticed by anticipation in some of our preceding Retrospects, we shall briefly state, that Russia obtains the duchy of Warsaw, with the exception of the territory of Posen, which falls to Prussia.

Of the accessions to the Prussian monarchy, the best general idea may be formed from the new organization of its territory. It will henceforth be divided into ten provinces, containing together twenty-six circles, viz.

I. EAST PRUSSIA. 1. *Koenigsberg*—2. *Gumbinnen*.

II. WEST PRUSSIA. 1. *Dantzic*—2. *Marienwerder*.

III. POSEN. 1. *Posen*—2. *Bromberg*.

IV. SILESIA. 1. *Breslau*—2. *Bunzlau*—3. *Reichenbach*—4. *Op-peln*.

V. BRANDENBURG. 1. *Berlin*—2. *Potsdam*—3. *Francfort*.

VI. POMERANIA. 1. *Stettin*—2. *Coeslin*.

VII. SAXONY. 1. *Magdeburg*—2. *Weissenfels* or *Merseburg*—3. *Erfurt*.

VIII. MUNSTER. 1. *Munster*—2. *Bielefeld*—3. *Hamni* or *Arens-berg*.

IX. GRAND DUCHY OF THE LOWER RHINE. 1. *Cologne*—2. *Coblentz*.

X. CLEVES AND BERG. 1. *Dus-seldorf*—2. *Cleves*.

The places in *Italics* are the capital cities of each province.

The Holy See is reinstated in the possession of all its former territories; and in consequence, the three marches of Ancona, Camerino, and Benevento, as well as the three legations of Bologna, Ferrara, and Ravenna, have been occupied by the Papal troops.

The duchies of Parma, Piacenza, and Guastalla, are secured to the Empress Maria Louisa; a stipulation against which, as well as against the restoration of Olivenza to Portugal, a formal protest has been entered by the Spanish plenipotentiary, Don Labrador, whose signature, in consequence, is not subjoined to the act of Congress.

The accessions to the new Hanoverian monarchy we have already stated. In consequence of the death of the Duke of Brunswick, his states have, by proclamation, dated Carlton-House, 18th July, been placed under the administration of the King of Hanover, as guardian to the successor of the duke during his minority.

Sir Sidney Smith's memorial to the Congress on the expediency of entering into a crusade against the piratical states of Barbary, does not appear to have been entertained.

Another equally important document has been signed at Vienna, on the 8th of June. It is the German Act of Confederation, by which the kings and princes of Germany, including Austria and Prussia, have entered into a common league, under the presidency of Austria. They will be represented in a Diet at Francfort on the Maine, the first sittings of which are to be on the 1st September next. The states guarantee to each other mutually their possessions, and pledge themselves to maintain the integrity of Germany, and to aid and protect any member of the league in case of attack; as also to establish in their dominions representative assemblies of States General. War to be declared conjointly, and after the declaration no member to enter into separate treaty with the enemy. The votes of each to be as follows:—Austria, 1 vote; Prussia, 1; Bavaria, 1; Saxony, 1; Hanover, 1; Wurtemberg, 1; Baden, 1; Elector of Hesse, 1; Grand-Duke of Hesse, 1; Denmark, for Holstein, 1; Netherlands, for Luxemburg, 1; the Grand Ducal and Ducal Saxon Houses, 1; Brunswick and Nassau, 1; Mecklenburg Schwerin and Mecklenburg Strelitz, 1; Holstein Oldenburg, Anhalt, and Schwartzburg, 1; Hohenzollern, Lichtenstein, Reuss, Schaumburg-Lippe, Lippe, and Waldeck, 1; the free cities of Lubeck, Francfort, Bremen, and Hamburg, 1.—Total 17 votes, the absolute majority of which will be decisive.

On questions relating to the fundamental laws of the constitution, or to the act of confederation itself, a different system of voting is provided for; the votes in that case being 69, of which a majority of not less than three-fourths is decisive.

NETHERLANDS.

To cement the union of Holland with the Low Countries, agreed upon in London in June 1814, and finally confirmed by the Vienna Congress, King William has caused a new constitution for both countries to be framed. It is a modification of that which this wise and beloved sovereign had before given to Holland; and its acceptance on the part of the nation will be determined on by assemblies of deputies in each district, to be chosen in proportion of 1 to every 2000 souls.

The same monarch has also, by letters patent, raised the Duke of Wellington to the rank and dignity of *Prince of Waterloo*; a name so appropriate and big with patriotic recollections, that we could wish no other to be in future made use of in designating the conqueror of Bonaparte.

SPAIN.

A great number of fresh penal sentences inform us, that the vengeance of King Ferdinand against the patriots who reconquered the crown which he had lost, is not yet satiated. The city of Corunna, one of the first that bade defiance to French usurpation, is severely visited by the late sentences. Heavy fines, exile, dungeons, the galleys, and even gallows, are the rewards of the exertions of its citizens in behalf of their country.

Letters from Madrid report the landing of Murillo's army on the main land of South America; and add, that, after the capture of Carthage, he marched against Comayagua and the Caraccas.

EAST INDIES.

Recent arrivals from India have surprised us with the intelligence of two wars being simultaneously carried on in regions widely distant from each other, and with very different success.

From an official document published by the Governor-General in Bengal, Lord Moira, it appears, that for a long time back serious disputes had been pending between the East India Company and the Rajah of Nepaul, respecting some districts on the north-western frontier of British India, which the rajah laid claim to, and had forcibly taken possession of. It was in vain endeavoured to obtain an amicable adjustment of the differences, and the forbearance on our part only augmented the insolence of the aggressors. War remained the only alternative; it was formally declared, and our troops commenced the campaign in December last. They soon found, however, that they had to deal with a formidable enemy, whose warlike spirit derived additional support from the local difficulties of the soil on which he was attacked. The commencement of our operations, up to the middle of January, has been checkered by alternate success and defeat; the particulars of which would little interest our readers, but, upon the whole, the balance seems considerably to lean in favour of our antagonist thus far. It is, therefore, with some anxiety, that we

look to further arrivals from Bengal.

The intelligence of the conquest of the whole Island of Ceylon (of which we hitherto possessed only the maritime coasts), reached us before we had known of the war itself. The motives of our invasion of the kingdom of Candy have not been officially stated; and it is even reported, that the war was undertaken by Lieutenant-General Sir R. Brownrigg without directions from the British government. Private advices, however, state the ostensible cause to have been, the barbarous treatment of some British native subjects; the king's refusal to allow a road across his dominions from the western to the eastern coast; and probably also a desire to avenge the cruel death of many of our countrymen, who, in the disastrous invasion of Candy by the British troops twelve years ago, had been taken prisoners and inhumanly tortured or butchered by the king. The present moment certainly was highly favourable for such an undertaking. The king's first adigar, or prime minister, had fallen into disgrace, and fled to Colombo. Through his means we obtained not only every kind of information which could facilitate the invasion of a country otherwise almost inaccessible, but the great party he possessed in the kingdom became our friends, and betrayed their king, whose cruelties had moreover rendered him odious to his subjects. Thus was the cam-

paign begun in February last; our divisions penetrated, with scarcely any opposition, into the heart of the country, and entered Candy, the capital, on the 12th February, which they found abandoned by the king, and completely deserted by the inhabitants. The king being pursued in his flight, was taken seven days after, and he now resides as a captive at Colombo. His sceptre, crown, and sword of state have been presented to the Prince Regent. This important conquest has not cost a single life to Great Britain.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

On the 6th of August, the Duke of York broke his arm by slipping on an oiled floor-cloth, when coming out of a shower-bath. We are, however, happy to add, his royal highness is nearly recovered from the accident.

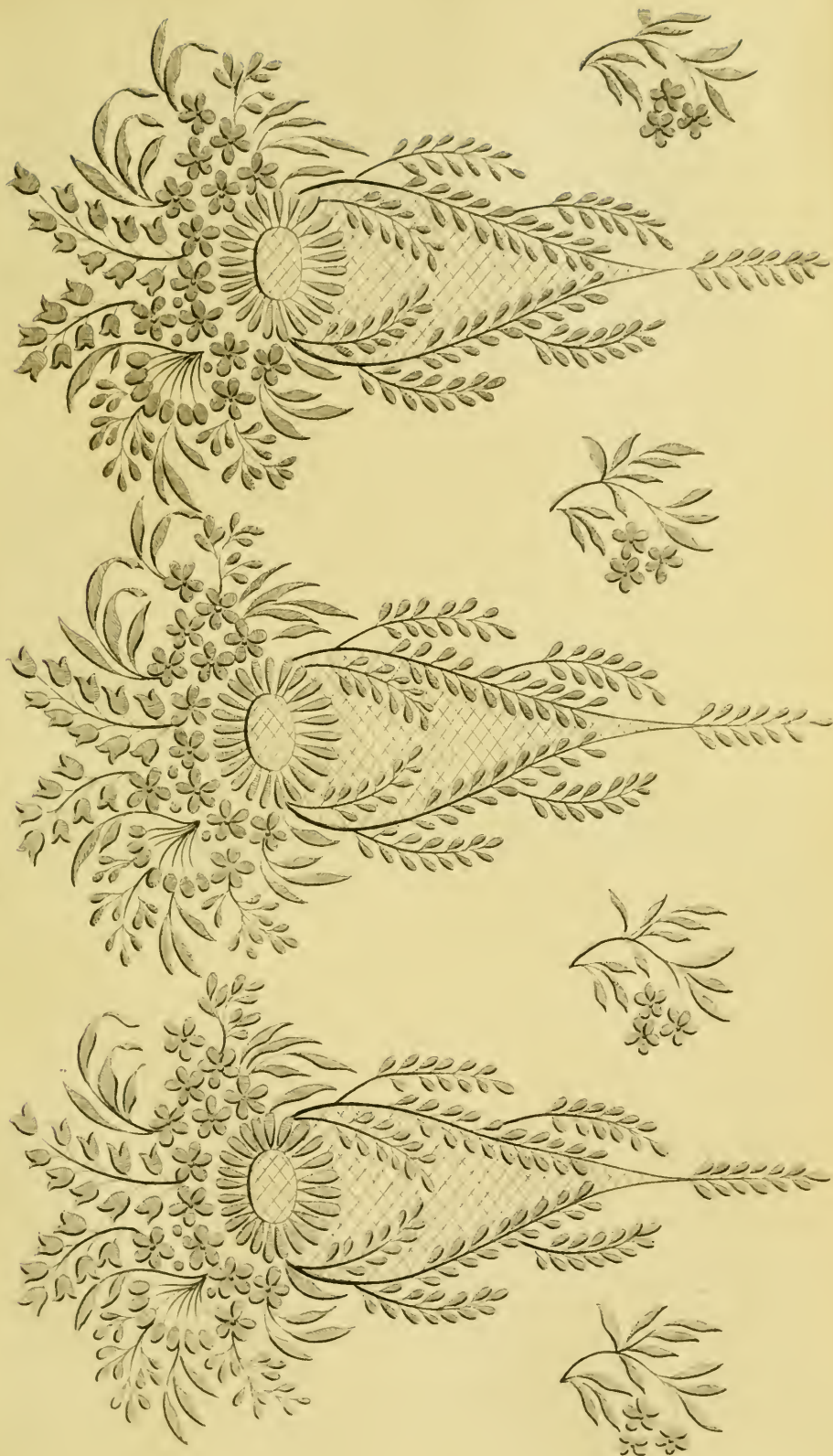
The residence of the Duke of Wellington is at length fixed to be in Cheshire. A purchase of land is stated to have been agreed upon, consisting of about 12,000 acres, and 200,000*l.* are to be expended in the erection of a mansion.

The two London subscriptions for the relief of the widows and orphans of the sufferers at Waterloo, have proceeded with unexampled rapidity, and amount already to upwards of 150,000*l.* In consequence of a mandatory letter of the Prince Regent to the Archbishop of Canterbury, collections are making in every parish.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THIS has been one of those seasons which are so remarkably favourable and congenial to the agriculture of the British islands; a season when the clays and the sands equally produce a good crop: in





addition to which, the weather has been the most favourable for an abundant harvest, which has been well secured in the southern counties. The new wheats are heavy in hand, bright on the straw, and free from blight; the produce will considerably exceed an average crop. The husbandman's old adage, "The sands or the clays have it," will not apply this year, for they both have it.

The dry weather has had the best effect upon the barley crop, much of which was down at the time of earing, and would have been light and hedge-grown had the weather been wet; instead of which it has risen heavy to the cart, the quality fine, and a full average crop.

Oats have turned out a great crop upon all soils, except those that are under the ruinous culture of succeeding white crops, when oats are mostly the last on a worn-out tilth.

Beans are a large and good crop, great on the balm, and full of corn: the acreable produce must therefore be a full average crop.

Peas have been affected in a small degree, in some districts, with the white rust or mildew; but this has taken place only on the late sown. The early peas have been well harvested, and produce more than an average crop.

The clover-seed crop is very promising; but the hops have suffered considerably from the dry weather.

Turnips are a very partial, patched, and irregular crop, particularly the middle sown ones on the broadcast system. The early sown drilled crops are universally good, which proves the superiority of that mode, particularly in precarious and unkind seasons. The turnip is a small seed, and requires a fine bed to receive and nurture it; but the space it occupies upon the soil, in its infant state, is but a very small proportion of the surface of the field, and may, by the row culture, be prepared with more facility and certainty than in the broadcast way.

PLATE 13.—FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

BOUDOIR WINDOW-CURTAINS.

THE annexed plate represents curtains designed for the boudoir or the breakfast-parlour, in a style of singular elegance and of moderate expence. The draperies are festooned, and suspended on consoles of Grecian forms, in black and burnished gold, the base being of a dark tea-green, ornamented with black velvet wreaths. The curtains are of fawn colour, with tea-green independent margins, to match the ground of the consoles, and edged

with black fringe: the windows are, in effect, united by the seeming connection of the vanneur, making a whole of great simplicity and richness. The muslin curtains are edged with a tea-green chenille: other colours may be adopted of course, but they should be arranged on similar principles, or there will be danger that the effect will fail to prove sufficiently chaste and corresponding with the prevailing fashion of the day.

MISCELLANEOUS FRAGMENTS AND ANECDOTES.

CASUAL REMARKS.

THE character of Richard III. is the picture of a mind completely depraved, of a disposition hardened in villany: it is perfectly natural. When men have committed one crime, they are frequently obliged to perpetrate another, in order to escape punishment, or shun detection: in the end, so far from shuddering at their guilt, they learn to glory in it; if they proceed in safety, they smile at the thought of conscience, and despise the opinion of the world. This is Richard's maxim:—

“Why let them say it;

They cannot say but that I got the crown:
They can't say, I was fool as well as knave.

Men of a simple disposition have generally their leading character marked in their countenance: it is those that are inclined to deceive, that in this point give the lie to nature.

Every one must have noticed the peculiar variations of taste. It is said of Dermody, that being once in company with a few friends, one of them particularly advised him to leave the composition of small pieces, and to employ his talents on some great moral subject. This did not suit the wish of another; he maintained, that nothing could be more tedious than idle lectures on the beauties of virtue, the darkness of vice, &c. &c. A third would have nothing but small literary essays; a fourth would have politics. “Well,” cried Dermody, “I perceive that it is not in my power to satisfy you; for I tell you

candidly, that I'll never form my head into a magazine to please you all.”

Frugality, though worthy of being called a virtue, may sometimes be carried too far. The miser who would rather die than pay a physician, is the worst of idiots. Some, by sacrificing a little when circumstances required it, have not only avoided greater losses, but have been often repaid with tenfold interest. T. F.

BOLTON-STREET, DUBLIN.

DANGEROUS EFFECTS OF FRIGHT.

Some years ago, a very intelligent, handsome, and promising youth, whose name is Henry Pargeter Lewis, the son of a respectable attorney in Shrewsbury, was placed for a probationary time, previously to an intended apprenticeship, with a surgeon and apothecary, of the name of Powell, in the immediate neighbourhood of one of our great public schools. He had not been there long, before one of the scholars, who lodged at the surgeon's (in league with the servant-boy of the house), devised the following stratagem to frighten him:—One night, during an absence of the master, the servant-boy concealed himself under the bed of Henry, before the latter retired to rest; and remained there till the hour of midnight, when, on a preconcerted signal of three raps at the chamber-door, it suddenly opened, and in stalked the school-boy, habited in a white sheet, with his face horribly disguised, and bearing a lighted candle in his

hand; the servant-boy at the same moment heaving up the bed, under Henry, with his back. How long this scene was acted, is not known: it was done long enough, however, completely to dethrone the reason of the unfortunate youth; who, it is supposed, immediately covered himself with the bed-clothes, and so continued till the morning. On his not rising at the usual time, some one of the family went to call him; and not answering, except by incoherent cries, he was discovered in the state just described. The melancholy tidings of his situation were conveyed to his friends; on his removal to them, the facts were disclosed, partly by the confession of the servant-boy, and partly by the unfortunate youth himself, during the few lucid intervals which occurred in the course of the first year after his misfortune. His father and mother were then living, but they are now both dead; and the little property they left to support him is now nearly exhausted, together with a small subscription, which was also raised, to furnish him with necessaries, and to remunerate a person to take care of him. He is perfectly harmless and gentle, being rather in a state of idiocy, than insanity, seldom betraying any symptoms of violent emotion; except, occasionally about midnight (the time of his unhappy disaster)—when, full of indescribable terror, he exclaims, “Oh! they are coming! they are coming!” All hope of recovery is at an end, more than twenty years having elapsed since the catastrophe happened.

The Rev. Mr. Booker, of Dudley, by whom this narrative was

lately communicated to the editor of a respectable periodical work, continues:—“My motives for requesting its insertion in your pages, are these: 1st. That it may stand a chance of meeting the eye of *him* who was the contriver and chief agent of the fatal mischief; that if living, he may make the only practicable amends in his power, by contributing towards an alleviation of the misery which he himself has occasioned. *His* name and that of the school (though no blame attaches to the latter) are withheld, from a principle of delicacy. I am told he was then a young gentleman of large expectations; perhaps he is now in possession of affluence: if so, *his own heart will dictate what he ought to do.*—A second motive for thus giving publicity to the pitiable case is, that it may prove a warning to inconsiderate youth, by showing what dreadful effects may follow such wanton acts of mischief.—Lastly, my hope is, that the simple narrative may move the good hearts of some of your readers, to assist with their charity the wretched object, whose case is thus laid before them. Perhaps their humane feelings may be somewhat more interested concerning him, when they are informed, that his mother was remotely related to the royal house of Stuart; and her person, since the writer of this could remember, bore evident traits of dignity, as well as of beauty. Her grandfather, Thomas Ward, Esq. who had a residence in London, another at Warwick, and a mansion and seat at Kenilworth, expended large sums of money in the cause of Charles II. Her husband’s father possessed large landed pro-

perty at Eastham, in Worcester-shire. Her maiden name was Lucy Ward. She survived her husband some years; and, upon her death-bed, became (as it was natural she should) most tenderly solicitous about the welfare of this her only son. Having herself been a mere annuitant with a scanty income, which ceased with her, she most earnestly prayed that Divine Providence would raise him up sufficient friends to afford him 'food and raiment,' shelter and protection from further injury. May her prayer be heard!"

EXTRAORDINARY PHENOMENON IN THE SUN.

Various papers, both in America and England, have noticed the remarkable circumstance of which the following is an authentic and correct account, given on the authority of Captain Hayes, of his Majesty's ship *Majestic*, and the whole of his officers and ship's company:—On the morning of the 27th of August, 1813, the *Majestic* being then off Boston, the men on board observed, at the rising of the sun, the complete figure of a man in the centre of that luminary, with a flag, divided by three lines, in his hand. He was at first on his back, but as day advanced he gradually assumed an erect posture, and at mid-day stood upright; towards evening he as gradually declined, descending with his flag head-foremost. According to a drawing of the phenomenon, nothing can be more correct than the human figure, its dress complete, and the flag. On the 28th it retained the same outline, but had become a skeleton. On the 29th the figure was disjointed, and its parts gradually as-

sumed the appearance of six separate flags, united in a circle by an apparent cord or line. After this, nothing more was observed in the sun's disk but a few small spots. The American papers, we believe, notice only the extraordinary appearance of the sun on the above-mentioned days. Perhaps the observers on that continent were not in a position to catch the precise appearance which the particles of matter presented to the ship's company of the *Majestic*. There could be no optical delusion on the occasion, as the phenomenon was observed by so many different eyes, and for so long a time. The first figure was seen during the whole of the 27th, the skeleton the whole of the 28th, and the six flags during a great part of the 29th. This occurrence may merit the attention of the philosophic. It is singular, but nothing miraculous or portentous. Indeed, as the sun is the centre of a system of planets, several of which are much larger and probably more important than our's, we do not know why this common luminary should shape his face, or have it shaped for him, so as to indicate the particular occurrences of this earth. The sun is, no doubt, a material, luminous body, perhaps liable to an internal irregular motion of its parts, at least this phenomenon would seem to prove it so; and most people have observed how frequently the ignited cinders of a common fire present, at different times, the various appearances of men, trees, horses, houses, &c. The evidence, however, for the phenomenon itself, is of the most undoubted and respectable kind.





CARRIAGE DRESS.

FASHIONS FOR LADIES.

PLATE 16.—DINNER DRESS.

A WHITE satin slip, worn under a dress made in primrose-coloured French gauze, terminating at the feet with a full flounce of blond lace, headed with a double border of the same, gathered in full, and confined with folds of satin, of corresponding colour to the dress; handkerchief-front, trimmed with white satin, and a falling collar of blond lace; long sleeve of white satin, the fulness upon the shoulder confined under an epaulet of the French gauze, trimmed with white satin; the sleeve drawn alternately across the arm with the evening primrose-coloured satin ribbon. Long sash of white satin, tied in front. The ends of the hind hair brought forward, to fall in ringlets over the temple, confined with a plain white satin ribbon, and ornamented with a tiara of

pearl. Necklace to correspond. Gloves, French kid. Slippers, white satin.

PLATE 17.—CARRIAGE DRESS.

Cambric muslin, jacconot, or French cambric dress, of short walking length, ornamented round the skirt with four borders of embroidery laid on; long sleeve, the fulness at the wrist confined in a bracelet of corresponding embroidery let in. Plain handkerchief, front trimmed *en suite*. The back of the dress broad and plain, sloped low between the shoulders; the fulness of the petticoat extended round the waist; the sleeve worn considerably off the shoulder, and the waist very short. The Anglesea chip hat, decorated with a full cluster of ostrich feathers, drooping forward. Sandals, kid, of the Pomona green colour. Gloves, Limerick or York tan.

Poetry.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF SIR THOMAS PICTON.

BRITANNIA triumphs! queen of favour'd isles!

Mother of conquering sons, her boast,
her pride!

But war's dire havoc checks exulting
smiles:

Alas! for ever sever'd from her side,
How many sunk beneath the battle's tide!

Her glory raising in that hard-fought
field,

With blood of bravest hearts its soil was
dyed;

Ne'er shall her chiefs the palm of
prowess yield,

To aught by poet sung, or history re-
veal'd.

No. LXXXI. Vol. XIV.

Oh! were it mine the heroic song to
raise,

Like Albion's ancient bards, with
Muse of fire,

To pay the mighty dead their meed of
praise,

And future ages with their deeds in-
spire;

Soon should this powerless hand essay the
lyre

With themes it dare not tempt; soon
should it tell,

To sooth regretting friendship's fond de-
sire,

While mingled pride and grief the
chords would swell,

How high-soul'd Picton fought, how
Cambria's hero fell!

B •

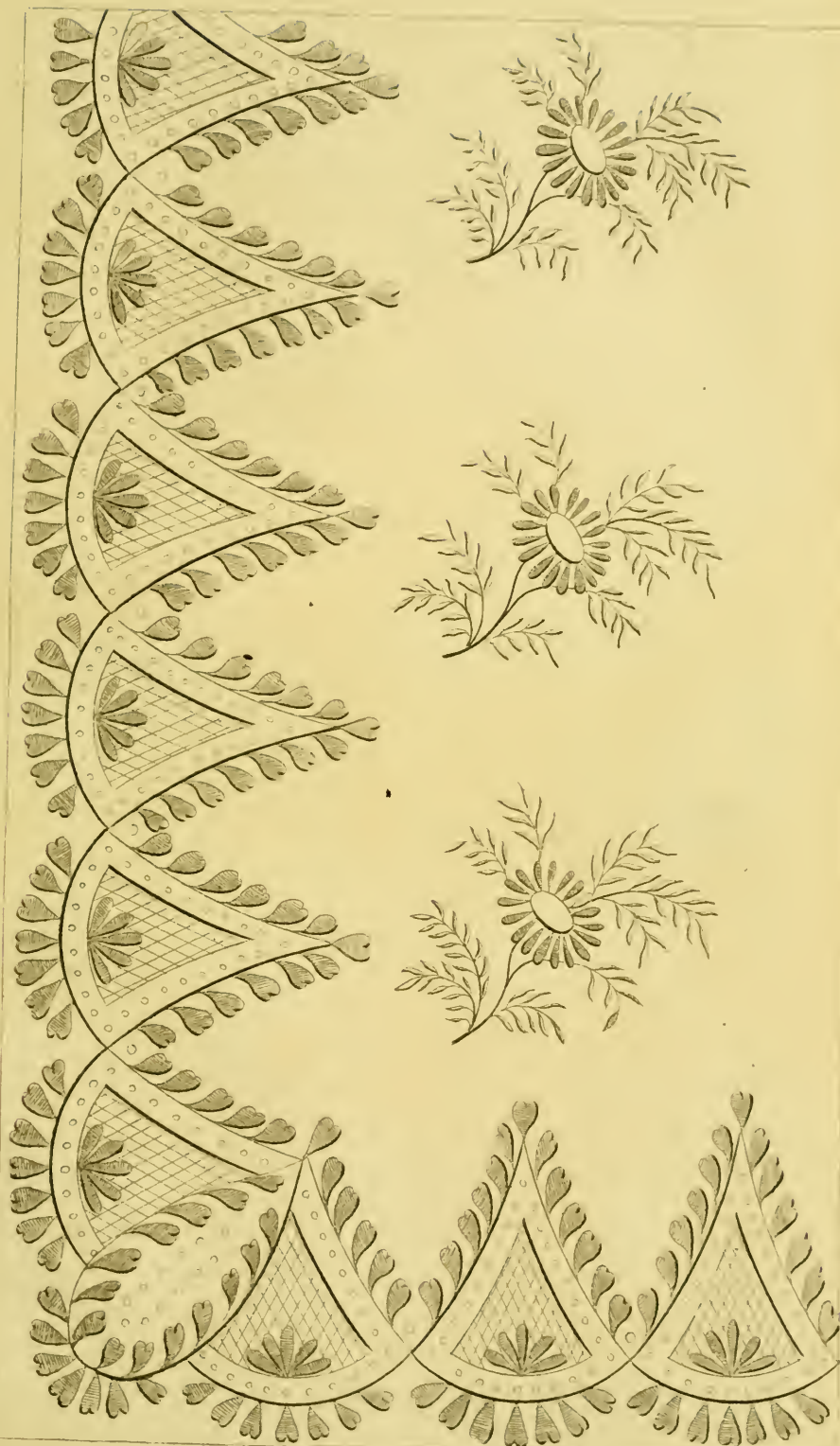
High gifted was his mind, in war or peace,
 And honour kindled still its ardent
 beam ;
 In care or peril, bade its light increase,
 And o'er each gathering shadow tow'r
 supreme.
 Rest, spirit of the brave ! life's fev'rish
 dream
 Is past, and thou hast gain'd some pur-
 rer sphere
 Of brighter glory. Farewell, honour's
 theme !
 A long farewell ! to friends, to Britain
 dear ;
 A nation guards thy fame—e'en foes
 that fame revere.
 Bright as the sunbeams in the glowing
 west,
 When summer's sultry storm has roll'd
 away,
 Immortal glory on thy urn shall rest,
 O gallant spirit ! and to thy closing
 day
 May genius consecrate th' embalming
 lay,
 That bids the cherish'd memory of the
 brave
 Survive, when sculptured monuments de-
 cay ;
 Where many a sigh wafes o'er the
 hero's grave,
 As pensive thought recalls time's ever-
 lapsing wave.
 From me, denied with energetic power
 To wreath thy laurels (in Apollo's
 fane
 A wandering stranger, or the Muses'
 bower),
 Suffice this public tribute : tho' thy
 name
 May of some " Hoel' harp" the homage
 claim,
 A heart more firmly with thy worth
 impress'd,
 Lives not to mourn thy fall, to greet thy
 fame,
 To breathe the prayer for thy eternal
 rest,
 Where mortal vision fails—in regions
 of the blest !

E.

STANZAS.

And are they fled, those lovely hours,
 And are they gone, those golden days,
 When frolicked Youth in Fancy's bowers,
 When Hope first breathed her syren
 lays ?
 The rose once sparkling bright with dew,
 With sorrow's tears alone now glistens ;
 The ear in vain, to catch anew
 Hope's duicet tones, expecting listens.
 The song is hush'd, the strain is o'er,
 Scarce lingers now one dying note ;
 Even Echo's voice repeats no more
 The sounds that once around would
 float.
 Yet smile these groves in wonted green,
 Yet brightest azure tints the sky,
 And lovely still each well-known scene,
 As when its charms first met my eye.
 But not for me these flowers expand,
 No more for me these roses bloom ;
 Youth's paradise, Love's fairy land,
 As visions melt, involved in gloom.
 Still balmy breathes returning spring,
 Yet not its influence kind restores ;
 Departed bliss no seasons bring,
 Those days whose loss the soul de-
 plores.
 Yet hence !—nor will I more complain,
 (Unfading lustre is not your's ;)
 May I, exchanged for you, obtain
 The deathless wreath the Muse en-
 sures !
 Not as Love's rose so bright its leaves,
 As sweet a scent it may not yield ;
 But not as this it hope deceives,
 Or wounds inflicts that ne'er are heal'd.
 No winter shall its verdure blight ;
 No storms, no time its lustre stain ;
 Ev'n mighty empires sink in night,
 While this shall yet unchang'd remain.
 Oh ! might I cull a single wreath,
 One laurel, from the Muse's grove,
 No longer then my lyre should breathe
 Regret for vanish'd youth and love.

W. H.



LONDON MARKETS.

Return of Wheat from July 31 to Aug. 5.

TOTAL 8,856 quarters.—Average, 64s. 7½d per quarter, or 3s 7½d. per quarter lower than last return.

Return of Flour from Aug. 5 to 11.

TOTAL, 14,190 sacks.—Average, 64s. 1d. per sack, or 6s. 1d. per sack higher than last return.

Average of England and Wales, Aug. 12.

Wheat	s d	Burley	s d	Beans	s d
	69 7		38 10		37 6
Rye	-	Oats	- 27 7	Pease	40 4

CORN, SEEDS, &c.

Wheat white, per quarter	s. 48	s. 72	s. —	Tares, per bushel	s. 4	s. 7
—red	42	66	—	Turnip	14	15
—foreign	40	69	—	Mustard,	—	—
Rye	30	34	—	—brown	14	18
Barley, English	25	32	—	—white	6	10
Malt	69	70	—	Canary, per qr.	78	80
Oats	17	24	—	Hempseed	65	70
—Friesland	—	—	—	Linsed	60	80
—Poland	22	28	—	Clover, red,	—	—
—Potatoe	25	30	—	per cwt	48	80
Beans, Pigcon	31	34	—	—white	50	95
—Horse	—	—	—	—foreign,	—	—
Pease, Bolling	34	40	—	red	45	52
—Grey	31	35	—	—white	60	95
Flour per sack	60	65	—	Trefoil	10	24
—Scourds	50	55	—	Carraway	51	72
—Scotch	48	54	—	Coriander	16	14

American Flour — a — s per barrel of 196lbs.

	1960-61	1961-62	1962-63	1963-64	1964-65	1965-66	1966-67	1967-68	1968-69	1969-70	1970-71	1971-72	1972-73	1973-74	1974-75	1975-76	1976-77	1977-78	1978-79	1979-80	1980-81	1981-82	1982-83	1983-84	1984-85	1985-86	1986-87	1987-88	1988-89	1989-90	1990-91	1991-92	1992-93	1993-94	1994-95	1995-96	1996-97	1997-98	1998-99	1999-00	2000-01	2001-02	2002-03	2003-04	2004-05	2005-06	2006-07	2007-08	2008-09	2009-10	2010-11	2011-12	2012-13	2013-14	2014-15	2015-16	2016-17	2017-18	2018-19	2019-20	2020-21	2021-22	2022-23	2023-24	2024-25	2025-26	2026-27	2027-28	2028-29	2029-30	2030-31	2031-32	2032-33	2033-34	2034-35	2035-36	2036-37	2037-38	2038-39	2039-40	2040-41	2041-42	2042-43	2043-44	2044-45	2045-46	2046-47	2047-48	2048-49	2049-50	2050-51	2051-52	2052-53	2053-54	2054-55	2055-56	2056-57	2057-58	2058-59	2059-60	2060-61	2061-62	2062-63	2063-64	2064-65	2065-66	2066-67	2067-68	2068-69	2069-70	2070-71	2071-72	2072-73	2073-74	2074-75	2075-76	2076-77	2077-78	2078-79	2079-80	2080-81	2081-82	2082-83	2083-84	2084-85	2085-86	2086-87	2087-88	2088-89	2089-90	2090-91	2091-92	2092-93	2093-94	2094-95	2095-96	2096-97	2097-98	2098-99	2099-00	2100-01	2101-02	2102-03	2103-04	2104-05	2105-06	2106-07	2107-08	2108-09	2109-10	2110-11	2111-12	2112-13	2113-14	2114-15	2115-16	2116-17	2117-18	2118-19	2119-20	2120-21	2121-22	2122-23	2123-24	2124-25	2125-26	2126-27	2127-28	2128-29	2129-30	2130-31	2131-32	2132-33	2133-34	2134-35	2135-36	2136-37	2137-38	2138-39	2139-40	2140-41	2141-42	2142-43	2143-44	2144-45	2145-46	2146-47	2147-48	2148-49	2149-50	2150-51	2151-52	2152-53	2153-54	2154-55	2155-56	2156-57	2157-58	2158-59	2159-60	2160-61	2161-62	2162-63	2163-64	2164-65	2165-66	2166-67	2167-68	2168-69	2169-70	2170-71	2171-72	2172-73	2173-74	2174-75	2175-76	2176-77	2177-78	2178-79	2179-80	2180-81	2181-82	2182-83	2183-84	2184-85	2185-86	2186-87	2187-88	2188-89	2189-90	2190-91	2191-92	2192-93	2193-94	2194-95	2195-96	2196-97	2197-98	2198-99	2199-00	2200-01	2201-02	2202-03	2203-04	2204-05	2205-06	2206-07	2207-08	2208-09	2209-10	2210-11	2211-12	2212-13	2213-14	2214-15	2215-16	2216-17	2217-18	2218-19	2219-20	2220-21	2221-22	2222-23	2223-24	2224-25	2225-26	2226-27	2227-28	2228-29	2229-30	2230-31	2231-32	2232-33	2233-34	2234-35	2235-36	2236-37	2237-38	2238-39	2239-40	2240-41	2241-42	2242-43	2243-44	2244-45	2245-46	2246-47	2247-48	2248-49	2249-50	2250-51	2251-52	2252-53	2253-54	2254-55	2255-56	2256-57	2257-58	2258-59	2259-60	2260-61	2261-62	2262-63	2263-64	2264-65	2265-66	2266-67	2267-68	2268-69	2269-70	2270-71	2271-72	2272-73	2273-74	2274-75	2275-76	2276-77	2277-78	2278-79	2279-80	2280-81	2281-82	2282-83	2283-84	2284-85	2285-86	2286-87	2287-88	2288-89	2289-90	2290-91	2291-92	2292-93	2293-94	2294-95	2295-96	2296-97	2297-98	2298-99	2299-00
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Oil Cakes, per thousand, £13. 13s. 10 £0 0s.

SUGAR, &c. per Cwt.

	s	d	s	d	s	d
Muscovade, fine	100	a	108			
— good	96	a	94			
— ordinary	86	a	94			
Fast India white	101	a	100	Good	70	0
— yellow	81	a	100	Ordinary	67	0
— brown	85	a	90	Triage	30	0
MOLASSES 34s. 6d. a — s. — d.				Jamaica.		
REFINED SUGAR.						
Double Leaves	170	a	180	Good	75	0
Flamboy ditto	145	a	155	Ordinary	60	0
Powder ditto	140	a	150	Triage	40	0
Single ditto	138	a	144	Mocha	20	0
— many Lumps	131	a	142	Bourbon	300	0
Large ditto	135	a	138	St. Domingo	60	0
Bastards, whole	84	a	95	Java	90	0
— faces	95	a	100	COCOA, Banded.		
— middles	88	a	92	Trinidad and		
— tips	81	a	84	Caracas	90	0
				Plantation	65	0
GINGER.				SPICES and PEPPER, per lb.		
Jamaica, white	82	a	200	Nutmegs	18	0
Barbadoes, ditto	75	a	80	Cloves	10	0
— black	70	a	75	Cinnamon	10	0
				Mace	35	0
RICE, Banded.				Pepp. white	5	3
Carolina	24	a	26	— black	2	5
Brazil	26	a	28	Pimento	2	0

Average value of new Sugar exclusive of duty 6s. 8d.

Average price of raw Sugar, exclusive of duty, 63s. 8d.

Raw sugars have been flat throughout the month; refined goods are in moderate though rather dull demand.

HOL'S in the Borough.

BAGS		£	s	£	s	£	s	£	s
Kent	-	-	5	5	8	0	Kent	-	-
Sussex	-	-	5	0	7	6	Sussex	-	-
Essex	-	-	0	0	0	0	Essex	-	-

CORN, &c. per Quarter.

	Aug.	Wheat.	S	Barley.	Oats.	Beans.	Pease.	
Newcastle	12	40	a	70 28	a 30 18	a 28 29	a 30 36	a 42
Northampton	—	—	a	—	a	—	—	a
Canterbury	—	—	a	—	a	—	—	a
Lewes	19	56	a	04	a 27	a 30	a 38	a 40
Cheshamfield	—	—	a	—	a	—	—	a
Asborne	—	—	a	—	a	—	—	a
Guildford	19	—	a	—	a	—	—	a
Gainsboro'	15	60	a	70 26	a 31	a 34 28	a 32 40	a 48
Louth	16	54	a	58	a 17	a 20 31	a 33	a
Huntingdon	12	48	a	54 28	a 32 19	a 25 30	a 42	a
Newark	—	—	a	—	a	—	—	a
Spilsby	—	—	a	—	a	—	—	a
Ryegate	—	—	a	—	a	—	—	a
Devizes	24	39	a	70 25	a 27 21	a 23 27	a 30	a 41
Reading	19	37	a	75 27	a 33 25	a 28	—	a
Swansea	10	77	a	42	a 28	—	—	a
Henley	17	40	a	60 50	a 31 20	a 33 36	a 42 36	a 42
Maidenhead	—	—	a	—	—	—	—	a
Salisbury	15	48	a	60 32	a 30 23	a 34 40	a 48	a
Penrith	15	71	a	31	a 29	—	—	a
Hull	—	—	a	—	a	—	—	a
Basingstoke	16	52	a	08 29	a 32 24	a 31 37	a 42	a
Wakefield	18	45	a	72 24	a 32 22	a 28 36	a 40 34	a 36
Andover	—	—	a	—	—	—	—	a
Warrminster	19	48	a	70 34	a 38 28	a 32 40	a 44	a

SPIRITS, per Gallon (exclusive of duty).

	s	d	s	d	s	d	s	d	s	d	s	d	s	d
Brandy, Cog.	8	9	a	9	6	Mol. Spirits,	13	10	a	14	0	0	0	0
— Spanish	5	0	a	5	2	— British	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Holland Gin	8	0	a	8	6	— Irish	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Rum, Jamaica	4	6	a	4	6	— Scotch	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
— Lec. Ist.	3	8	a	4	6	Spirits of Wine	24	0	a	0	0	0	0	0

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR JULY, 1815.

Conducted at Manchester by THOMAS HANSON, Esq.

1815.		Wind.	Pressure.			Temperature.			Weather.	Evap.	Rain.
JUNE			Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.			
1		N E 2	30,30	30,30	30,300	70,0°	56,0°	63,00°	brilliant	110	
2		N E 2	30,30	30,28	30,290	66,0	52,0	59,00	brilliant	—	
3		N E 2	30,28	30,22	30,250	61,0	47,0	54,00	cloudy	—	
4		N E 2	30,22	30,18	30,200	64,0	56,0	60,50	fine	.160	
5		N W 1	30,20	30,18	30,190	66,0	50,0	58,50	brilliant	.100	
6		N W 2	30,18	30,10	30,140	63,0	52,0	57,50	fine	.080	—
7		N W 2	30,22	30,18	30,200	62,0	43,0	52,50	fine	.123	—
8		N W 1	30,18	30,16	30,170	61,0	42,0	51,50	gloomy	—	—
9		N W 2	30,28	30,18	30,230	65,0	52,0	58,50	fine	.147	
10			30,26	30,18	30,220	63,0	51,0	57,00	fine	—	
11		N W 1	30,26	30,26	30,260	67,0	53,0	60,00	brilliant	.170	.052
12		N W 1	30,26	30,10	30,180	73,0	48,0	60,50	brilliant	.100	
13	C	S W 1	30,30	30,26	30,280	69,0	54,0	61,50	rainy	.054	—
14		S W 1	30,26	30,14	30,200	68,0	50,0	59,00	rainy	.074	.600
15		W 1	30,14	30,60	30,070	68,0	57,0	62,50	rainy	.044	.530
16		W 2	30,18	30,00	30,090	67,0	58,0	62,50	cloudy	.063	—
17		S W 2	30,00	29,82	29,910	67,0	58,0	62,50	rainy	.077	—
18		W 2	29,86	29,82	29,840	64,0	53,0	58,50	cloudy	.056	.340
19		W 1	29,82	29,68	29,750	64,0	52,0	58,00	rainy	.060	—
20		W 1	30,00	29,82	29,910	60,0	48,0	54,00	rainy	—	.295
21	O	N W 1	30,10	30,00	30,050	62,0	48,0	55,00	cloudy	.120	—
22		N W 1	30,10	30,04	30,070	63,0	46,0	54,50	fine	.090	—
23		N W 1	30,04	30,00	30,020	62,0	54,0	56,50	cloudy	—	.300
24		N W 1	30,18	30,04	30,110	64,0	48,0	56,00	cloudy	.110	—
25		N W 1	30,24	30,18	30,210	65,0	54,0	59,50	cloudy	.080	—
26		N W 1	30,36	30,24	30,300	66,0	56,0	61,00	brilliant	.090	—
27		N W 1	30,36	30,30	30,330	69,0	53,0	61,00	brilliant	.086	.050
28		S 1	30,30	30,24	30,270	73,0	51,0	62,00	brilliant	.064	—
29		S E 1	30,30	30,24	30,270	69,0	56,0	62,50	brilliant	.068	—
30		S E 1	30,26	30,24	30,250	64,0	52,0	58,00	brilliant	.130	.496
31		S W 1	30,30	30,26	30,280	67,0	47,0	57,00	brilliant	.140	—
			Mean	30,156		Mean	58,48			2,388	2,657

RESULTS.

Mean pressure, 30,156—Maximum, 30,36, wind N. W. 1.—Minimum, 29,68, wind W. 1.—Range, .68 of an inch.

The greatest variation of pressure in 24 hours, is .18 of an inch, which was on the 6th.

Spaces described by the curve, formed from the mean daily pressure, 1,95 inch.—Number of changes, 9.

Mean temperature, 58,48°.—Max. 73°, wind N. W. 1.—Min. 42°, wind N. W. 1.—Range 31°.

The greatest variation of temperature in 24 hours is 25°, which was on the 19th.

Water evaporated, 2,388 inches.

Rain, &c. this month, 2,657 inches.—Number of wet days, 16.

WIND.

N	NE	E	SE	S	SW	W	NW	Variable.	Calm.
0	4	0	2	1	4	5	14	0	0

Brisk winds 0—Boisterous ones 0.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR JULY, 1815.

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

1815.		Pressure.			Temperature.			Weather.	Evap.	Rain.
JULY	Wind.	Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.			
1	N E	30,18	30,17	30,175	78°	55°	66,5°	fine	—	—
2	N E	30,17	30,10	30,135	77	51	64,0	fine	—	—
3	N E	30,10	30,07	30,085	69	46	57,5	fine	—	—
4	N E	30,10	30,07	30,085	70	47	58,5	fine	.42	—
5	N E	30,14	30,08	30,110	71	57	64,0	fine	—	—
6	S W	30,06	30,05	30,055	70	51	60,5	fine	—	—
7	N E	30,14	30,06	30,100	61	46	53,5	fine	—	.13
8	N W	30,15	30,14	30,145	63	56	59,5	fine	.54	—
9	N E	30,20	30,15	30,175	71	56	63,5	fine	—	—
10	Var.	30,20	30,20	30,200	72	56	64,0	fine	.23	—
11	N W	30,20	30,16	30,180	74	54	64,0	fine	—	—
12	S E	30,16	30,14	30,150	80	57	68,5	fine	—	—
13	W	30,14	30,09	30,115	77	60	68,5	fine	.50	—
14	S W	30,14	30,10	30,120	78	63	70,5	cloudy	—	—
15	S W	30,07	30,06	30,065	79	62	70,5	showers	—	—
16	N W	30,07	30,05	30,060	73	60	66,5	fine	.46	—
17	S W	30,05	29,90	29,975	77	57	67,0	cloudy	—	—
18	N W	29,90	29,80	29,850	73	55	64,0	cloudy	—	—
19	S W	29,84	29,70	29,770	67	51	59,0	rainy	.36	1.48
20	N W	29,97	29,84	29,905	65	50	57,5	showers	—	.28
21	N W	30,00	29,97	29,985	68	47	57,5	cloudy	—	—
22	N E	30,00	29,98	29,990	68	52	60,0	cloudy	.26	—
23	N W	30,04	29,98	30,010	68	53	60,5	showers	—	.06
24	N W	30,13	30,04	30,085	69	56	62,5	cloudy	—	—
25	N W	30,13	30,13	30,130	71	52	61,5	cloudy	—	.21
26	N W	30,18	30,13	30,155	69	50	59,5	cloudy	—	—
27	N W	30,19	30,18	30,185	66	42	54,0	fine	.42	—
28	N W	30,18	30,17	30,175	74	47	60,5	fine	—	—
29	W	30,17	30,08	30,125	75	55	65,0	fine	—	—
30	N E	30,15	30,08	30,115	72	54	63,0	fine	—	—
31	N E	30,24	30,15	30,195	63	45	54,0	fine	.44	.02
		Mean	30,084		Mean		62,1	Total	3 63in.	2.18in.

RESULTS.—Mean height of barometer, 30,084 inches; highest observation, 30,24 inches; lowest, 29,70 inches.—Mean height of thermometer, 62.°1.; highest observation, 80° — lowest, 42°.—Total of evaporation, 3.63 inches.—Total of rain, 2.18 inches—in another gauge, 1,84 inch.

WIND.

N.	N. E.	E.	S. E.	S.	S. W.	W.	N. W.	Variable.
0	10	0	1	0	5	2	12	1

Notes.—7th. Some showers in the morning.—13th. Evening overcast.—14th. Cloudy—a slight shower in the afternoon.—15th. Cloudy—showers.—19th. Very rainy day.—21st. Lunar halo—a stratus on the marshes at night.—22d. Lunar halo.

PRICES OF STOCKS.

Date.	Bank Stock.	3 Pr. Ct. Consols.	3 pr. ct. 4 pr. ct. Red Cons.	Navy 5 pr. ct.	Long Ann.	Omanium.	Impl. 3 pr. ct.	Impl. Irish Ann. pr. ct.	5 S. Sea Stock.	S. Sea Ann.	India Stock.	India Bonds.	Exchqr. M. 100. Bills 3 d. Tickets	Cons. for Op.
July 19	229	56½	57	84½	14½	8½ Pm	—	—	60½	—	174½	8 Dis	9 Dis.	£22. 15s
20	—	56½	57½	85½	14½	9 Pm	—	—	—	—	174½	5 Dis.	5 Dis.	57½
21	231	57½	57½	80	14½	9½ Pm.	56½	85	—	—	175½	3 Dis.	3 Dis.	58½
22	—	57½	57½	86	14½	9½ Pm.	—	85½	—	—	176	5 Dis.	4 Dis.	58½
23	230	56½	57	85½	14½	8½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	175½	7 Dis.	6 Dis.	57½
24	—	56½	56½	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
25	—	56½	56½	84½	14½	8½ Pm	55½	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
26	229	57½	57	84½	14½	8½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	176	6 Dis.	10 Dis.	57½
27	230½	57½	57	84½	14½	8½ Pm.	—	—	60	—	174½	5 Dis.	6 Dis.	57½
28	227½	57½	57	85	14½	9½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	175	2 Dis.	3 Dis.	57½
29	—	57½	57	85½	14½	8½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	175	3 Dis.	3 Dis.	57½
30	—	57½	57½	85½	14½	8½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	176	2 Dis.	2 Dis.	57½
31	—	57½	57½	85½	14½	8½ Pm.	55½	—	—	—	176	3 Dis.	2 Dis.	57½
Aug. 1	223½	57½	57½	85½	14½	8½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	170	3 Dis.	3 Dis.	57½
2	225½	57½	57½	85½	14½	8½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	170½	4 Dis.	4 Dis.	57½
3	228½	57½	57½	85	14½	8½ Pm.	55½	—	—	56½	—	—	4 Dis.	57½
4	—	56½	56½	84½	14½	8 Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	—	4 Dis.	57½
5	—	56½	56½	84½	14½	8 Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	—	4 Dis.	57½
6	—	56½	56½	84½	14½	7½ Pm.	55½	—	—	—	—	—	5 Dis.	57½
7	—	56½	56½	84½	14½	7½ Pm.	—	95½	61	—	—	—	4 Dis.	57½
8	—	56½	56½	84½	14½	7½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	—	4 Dis.	57½
9	—	56½	56½	84½	14½	7½ Pm.	55½	—	—	—	—	—	4 Dis.	57½
10	228	56½	56½	84½	14½	7½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	174½	4 Dis.	4 Dis.	57½
11	—	56½	56½	84½	14½	7½ Pm.	55	—	—	56½	—	—	4 Dis.	56½
12	—	56½	56½	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
13	—	56½	56½	84½	14½	7 Pm.	—	—	—	—	173	9 Dis.	8 Dis.	56½
14	224	56½	56½	84½	14½	6½ Pm.	—	—	59½	—	171½	7 Dis.	8 Dis.	56½
15	—	56½	56½	83½	14½	6½ Pm.	54½	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
16	224	56½	56½	83½	14½	6½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
17	—	56½	56½	83½	14½	6½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
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THE Repository

OF

ARTS, LITERATURE, COMMERCE,
Manufactures, Fashions, and Politics,

For OCTOBER, 1815.

The Eighty-second Number.

VOL. XIV.

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TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We earnestly solicit communications on subjects of general interest, and also from professors of the arts and 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 Proprietor of the Repository respectfully informs his readers, that, with a view to the farther improvement of the work, and to render it still more worthy of the patronage bestowed on it, he shall close the present Series at the end of the Fourteenth Volume, and commence a new one, with some alterations in the plan, of which due notice will be given.

V.'s announcement cannot have a place except in our advertising sheet, as it would subject us to the payment of the duty.

The narrative mentioned by X. would be particularly acceptable.

Inquirer will find his question answered in our present Number.

We are sorry to differ from L. on the subject of her note, but no consideration shall induce us to relinquish the right of judging for ourselves.

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.

Repository

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ARTS, LITERATURE, COMMERCE,
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The Eighty-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. 128.)

MISS EVE. Which do you think the greatest genius among these ladies?

MISS K. Susannah Centlivre. She is deserving, in a high degree, of the lines written in praise of Shadwell:—

Shadwell, the great support o' th' comic stage,
Born to expose the follies of the age;
To whip prevailing vices, and unite
Mirth with instruction, profit with delight;
For large ideas and a flowing pen,
First of our time, and second but to Ben.

Miss Eve.

For large ideas and a flowing pen,
First of her age, and second but to Behn.

Sir Richard Steele says, that the plot and incidents of this lady's *Busy-Body*, were laid with that subtlety and spirit which is peculiar to females of wit, and is very seldom well performed by persons of the other sex, in whom craft in love is an act of invention, and not, as with women, the effect of nature and instinct. Like most geniuses, Mrs. Centlivre was very eccentric.

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MISS K. She wrote but one tragedy, *The Cruel Gift*, or *Royal Resentment*, taken from the story of Sigismunda and Guiscardo. Her first production was the comedy of *The Perjured Husband*, which she wrote before she was 22 years of age.

MISS EVE. Miss Trotter's genius was publicly known at a much earlier age: her *Agnes de Castro* was performed with much success at the theatre royal when she was little more than 16. I think Mrs. Carter also was very early in some of her performances.

MISS K. Yes; the translator of Epictetus also wrote very early in her teens. I recollect some lines of her writing when she was about your age, Miss Eve.

MISS EVE. Will you repeat them?

MISS K.

Thou Pow'r supreme, by whose command I
live,
The grateful tribute of my praise receive;

C C

To thy indulgence I my being owe,
 And all the joys which from that being flow.
 Scarce eighteen suns have form'd the rolling
 year,
 And run their destin'd courses round the sphere,
 Since thou my undistinguish'd form survey'd,
 Among the lifeless heaps of matter laid;
 Thy skill my elemental clay refin'd,
 The vagrant particles in order join'd;
 With perfect symmetry compos'd the whole,
 And stamp'd thy sacred image on my soul.

Miss Eve. I think Miss Carter (like Mrs. Chandler, Mrs. Pix, Mrs. Brookes, and Lætitia Barbauld,) was the daughter of a clergyman.

Miss K. She was the eldest daughter of the Rev. Nicholas and Margaret Carter, and was born at Deal, in Kent, in 1717. She lived many years longer than any female or male writers I have mentioned in the list; and died in 1806, in Clarges-street, Piccadilly.

Here is a picture I have painted, in which Mrs. Centlivre is introducing her to some kindred female geniuses in Elysium. Among them you may observe Orinda, Astræa, Corinna, and Stella.

Miss Eve. That is Mrs. Phillips (Orinda); Mrs. Behn (Astræa); Mrs. Thomas (Corinna); and, I suppose, Dean Swift's Stella. I think Mrs. Thomas was living when Reynolds was born.

Miss K. Elizabeth Thomas was then 48 years of age. She died in Fleet-street, in 1730, aged 55; and was buried in St. Bride's church. Katherine Phillips, or Orinda, had left this world 59 years in 1723.

Miss Eve. There is Mrs. Behn. I observe with what generous politeness she seems to welcome Miss Carter. How beautified is her beauty! her eyes, like living brilliants, seem swimming in immortal joy. They are all as in the

bloom of youth. What coral lips! the colour on their cheeks like the rosy dawn of day. You must have studied the nature of colours very much, thus, like Titian, Giorgione, and Veronese, to impart this beautiful colouring. I recollect a compliment paid, about 140 years ago, to Mrs Behn's beauty:—

Oh! wonder of thy sex, where can we see
 Beauty and knowledge join'd, except in thee;
 Such pains took Nature with your heavenly
 face,

Form'd it for love, and moulded ev'ry grace.
 We doubted first, and fear'd that you had
 been

Unfinish'd left, like other shes, within:
 We see the folly of that fear, and find
 Your face is not more beauteous than your
 mind.

Pope is very severe, according to his custom, on Mrs. Behn: he says,

The stage how loosely does Astræa tread,
 Who fairly puts all characters to bed!

Miss K. This is like the writer of the *Dunciad*; he is equally censorious on our whole sex, when he says,

Men, some to business, some to pleasure take;
 But every woman is at heart a rake.

It must be allowed, that Mrs. Behn was of an amorous complexion, and deeply felt the passion which she describes.

Miss Eve. What beautiful figure is that whose simple and unaffected air is so touching, whose graceful drapery seems heaven-folded, and the colours dipped there?

Miss K. That is Raphael, the amiable archangel; he has on his head a wreath, with which he is going to encircle the brows of Miss Carter. You may observe that the others are thus decorated with a coronet of ever-blooming flowers.

Miss Eve. I observe that you

have painted the picture from the rules which you mentioned. I can now see the general and particular harmony of the lines; the gentle flowing scrolls, &c. though not ostentatious—a proof that you have improved my judgment.

Miss K. Here is a print in the line manner that I have engraved from this picture. This department of art I can execute with great rapidity, because I perform it on principles as certain as I can strike a circle with compasses. These are very similar to those which you have just mentioned. I introduce a general and particular harmony in the lines, so as to make a totality or whole together; for, in a print, one part should have to do with another, as in the composition of a picture: but few painters or engravers are aware of this. Hence, in a great degree, the inferiority of their productions to the performances of those who are acquainted with this grand principle of stroke-engraving. When this is settled, or rather executed, I never let a second stroke disturb this, nor a third the second or first. For the sake of grace, I introduce many lines, similar to the long, gentle, winding, flowing line of which Hogarth claims the discovery, which he so well describes, and which he calls *the line of grace or beauty*. For simplicity I continue my strokes without stopping, and seldom cross them in the lights; and, for the truth of formation or drawing, I am careful of expressing truly the perspective of the stroke. I make it closer or wider as the parts recede or advance. This, together with the crispy angles (as in a well-drawn outline)

and a gay sportive air in the stroke, as if performed with ease, like frolicsome eels dancing merrily in the light, constitutes very much of the merit of the works of the best engravers. The truth of perspective or formation is best seen in Sherwin's prints; also the merri-ment which I have just mentioned: but he was so contented with the consciousness of possessing this great excellence in a superior degree to others, that he became careless of some inferior merits; so that, upon the whole, Masson, or Masoon, Morghen, and Bartolozzi, are entitled to preeminence. Bartolozzi has well executed the harmony of the lines and the crispy angles; and so may any one who will think five or ten minutes upon the manner in which it should be done.

Miss Ece. What is the best example of the continuance and simplicity of the stroke?

Miss K. The lap of the principal figure of Reynolds's *Fortune-Teller*, engraved by Sherwin. Whoever will coolly reflect on this print, will soon be convinced of the truth of what I have advanced; attain simplicity, freedom, grace, perspective, or the truth of formation or drawing.

Miss Ece. Yes; I am fully convinced that harmony, grace, simplicity, and perspective, are the four great principles of stroke-engraving.

You say, that to engrave firm and solid, like Wille, I should hold the graver tight in my hand and hard to the copper; the brilliant stroke-cutting has led many astray. It is said, that we should eat to live, not live to eat; so we should

make strokes to engrave, not engrave to make strokes. Many admire this kind of prints for want of understanding the higher merits. When the plate comes from the copper-smith's, you shall see how I can engrave in the stroke way, and how I can etch. You say I should also lean hard, and with equal weight, on the point or needle, to make the etching clean and firm; and that I should roll the needle between my fingers in a slit on the oil-stone, to whet it right. There is no working without good tools.

Miss K. I am afraid, Miss Eve, that you are too eccentric, and have too much genius for an engraver, or to whet your tools with due care. Such artists as Michael Angelo and Fuseli would not succeed half so well as others of a far inferior description. You would be apt to be impatient with your tools; genius and mechanism are inimical. A true engraver will plant his tools on shelves about him like cannon on a tower, that they may not rub against each other: you would throw them all together in a drawer. Your observation is just: in engraving, as in many other things, if you possess every sort of knowledge, but are without a good tool, your execution or performance is but indifferent.

Miss Eve. This charming picture, Miss K. reminds me of some poetry that I have somewhere seen:—

This fibrous frame, by Nature's kindly law,
Which gives such joy to keen sensation here,
O'er purer scenes of bliss the veil may draw,
And cloud Reflection's more exalted sphere.
When Death's cold hand, with all-dissolving
power,
Shall the close tie, with friendly stroke,
unbind.

Alike our mortal as our natal hour,

May to new being wake the rising mind;
On death's new genial day the soul may rise,
Born to some higher life, and hail some brighter
skies.

O Miss K. if this picture was known, what a talk there would be among the connoisseurs about the grace of the Grecian antique, Raphael, Corregio, Parmegiano, Guido, and Carlo Dolce; the effect of Caravaggio, Rubens, and Rembrandt; the glowing tint and golden manner of Titian; the silver tint of the younger Teniers and young Vandeveld; the lightness of Paul Veronese, the freshness of Watteau, and the spirited touch of Velasquez: indeed, it strongly reminds us of what is said of Claude Lorraine's landscapes, that they make us wish to dwell in such Arcadian scenes. This divine assemblage would make the cognoscenti wish to die, if they could be admitted to such a heaven. Every one seems to rejoice in the general happiness, and with ardour would promote it; they seem all to look and speak from the heart, and those that speak from the heart speak to the heart. How improving it must be for an artist often to revolve or reflect on such a world, on such grace, elegance, simplicity, celestial love; to contemplate a world where all we find desirable here is united.

Miss K. I have copied my ideas of angels and immortal spirits from Milton, who supposes that they can assume what shape they please. At this meeting they have all taken the shape of their terrestrial bodies, when in the bloom of youth. Many of the Dutch masters would have painted them at the age they were when they died.

Miss Eve. Yes, and have copied Miss Carter's portrait from that painted by Lawrence, creeping in at the age of eighty-nine, and approaching that grandmother of the Graces, Ninon de l'Enclos, at the age of ninety. These in their time had many bodies—but in this, as in every department, you weigh or balance, and always select what is best.

Miss K. On which account, among your sex I chuse to live with you. As you observe, we have in our time many bodies, and we have different bodies; your people eat neither hogs, horses, dogs, nor human beings, and are therefore different from those nations that do, from the Christians, Arabians, Chinese, South Sea islanders, and cannibals.

Miss Eve. I lately made some progress in the knowledge of the

antique, from the circumstance of a Jew being suspected of eating pork: but proceed, I will tell this story presently. You were going to show me a print.

Miss K. Yes; I was going to show you a print of one of the figures which I have copied from this picture—that of Anne Dacier, so often quoted by Pope in his notes to his translation of Homer. She was the daughter of M. Le Fevre, born 1651, wife to Andrew Dacier, the French writer, and died in 1720. This engraving is in what is called the chalk, or dot, or stippled manner.

Miss Eve. It looks like a highly finished drawing in colours.

Miss K. It looks much better than when it came from the press; I have been touching it up with water colours.

JUNINUS.

THE WILL.

ANTOINE FRANÇOIS GAUTHIOT d'ANCIER was descended from a noble family of Franche Comté, where he possessed considerable property. Being a rich old bachelor, he could not fail to attract the particular attention of the Jesuits; and those of Besançon, where he resided, neglected no means of gaining his friendship, and securing what he had to leave. They wrote to their fraternity at Rome, when M. d'Ancier went thither in 1626, acquainting them with their own views respecting him, and recommending to them this important traveller in the most earnest manner. The old gentleman was accordingly received with the highest distinction. He fell sick, and

was prevailed upon by their urgent entreaties to take up his abode with them, in the house of the Great Jesus, where the general of the order himself resided. His disorder unexpectedly grew worse; M. d'Ancier died, and to the no small mortification of his hosts, he died without a will.

The pious men were quite inconsolable at this great loss. Fortunately for them, however, there was among them a lay-brother who had been for a considerable time in their society at Besançon. When this arch-deceiver observed his lords and masters so deeply dejected, he sought to raise their spirits, by proposing a notable expedient, suggested by his inventive

genius, for a case that appeared absolutely desperate. He informed them, that he knew a farmer in Franche Comté, whose voice was so extremely like that of the deceased, as not to be distinguished from it. This intelligence was a ray of light that revived the hopes of the holy fathers; they resolved to conceal the death of their ungrateful guest, who had given them the slip without even paying for his lodging, and to send for the farmer on whom Providence had bestowed the ability to serve them.

This man, named Denis Euvrard, rented a farm belonging to M. d'Ancier at the village of Montferrand, near Besançon. The next point to be considered was, how to prevail upon him to undertake so long a journey. As the lay-brother had formed the plan, the execution of it was committed to him. He immediately set out, arrived at Montferrand, and called upon Denis Euvrard. He desired to speak with him in private, and made him swear never to disclose what he was going to say, even to his wife. Upon this he related, that M. d'Ancier was dangerously ill at Rome, and was anxious to make his will; but as he had first some matters of the greatest importance to disclose, he begged him to set out immediately, and he should be handsomely remunerated for his trouble. The farmer made no scruple to comply; without saying a word to any person concerning his journey, he set out with the lay-brother for Rome, which both reached without accident, and immediately repaired to the Jesuits' College.

No sooner had Denis Euvrard entered, than two Jesuits came to

him, and, with looks of the deepest sorrow, thus addressed him:—"Alas! dear friend, you come too late; M. d'Ancier is dead. What a loss for you and for us! It was his intention to give the farm at Montferrand to you, and to bequeath all the rest of his property to our brethren at Besançon: but it is all over with that now." They then led him into a room where he might rest after his journey, and left him alone to his own uncomfortable meditations.

The following day one of the Jesuits who had received him the preceding evening, went to him again, and the conversation again turned on the deceased M. d'Ancier. "My dear Euvrard," said the Jesuit, "an idea has struck me: M. d'Ancier intended to make his will; he meant to bequeath to you his farm at Montferrand, and to us all the rest of his property. He was, as you know, the absolute master over his estates, and might therefore do as he pleased with them; we may then consider this property as given to us by Providence: nothing is wanting but the formality of a will, but this little deficiency may easily be supplied. I have taken notice that your voice has an extraordinary resemblance to that of M. d'Ancier; it would therefore be no difficult matter for you to personate him in bed, and to dictate a will according to his intentions. Above all things, you must not forget to give yourself the farm at Montferrand."

The honest farmer was easily won over to the plan of the casuist, and the latter, minutely informed by the lay-brother respecting the property of the deceased, made Denis

Envrard rehearse several times the part that he was to act. At length, when he seemed to be sufficiently perfect, he was put to bed; the notary was sent for, and two respectable persons from Franche Comté, the one a counsellor of parliament, the other a canon, who happened to be at Rome, were invited, in the name of M. d'Ancier, to be present at the making of his will. It should be observed, that these two gentlemen had for some time past frequently called to see M. d'Ancier, but had always received for answer, that he was too ill to receive their visits.

As soon as the notary and the two witnesses had arrived, the patient, who had drawn his night-cap over his eyes, turned his face to the wall, and muffled himself up in the clothes of the bed, the curtains of which were half drawn, said a few words to his two countrymen, and then proceeded to the business for which they were assembled.

After the usual exordium, the dying man revoked all and every will which he might have before made, and every other that he might in future make, unless it began with the words—*Ave Maria gratia plena*. He desired to be buried in the church of the reverend fathers of the society of Jesus; he gave and bequeathed the sum of fifty francs to each poor religious society at Besançon, and the like sum, with a picture, to one of his relations.

"Item," he continued, "I give and bequeath to Denis Envrard, my tenant, my farm at Montferrand, with all appurtenances." At these words the Jesuit, who sat beside the bed, was not a little discon-

certed. The actor said more than had been put down for him in his part. The pious father, therefore, reminded the testator, that these appurtenances were considerable, as they comprehended a mill, a small wood, and various titles: but the dying man would not suffer any of them to be excepted, and declared that he was under great obligations to the farmer.

"Item, I give and bequeath to the said Denis Envrard, my vineyard situated near the farm, containing eighty *auvrées*." The reverend father again remonstrated, but with as little effect as before.

"Item, I give and bequeath to the said Denis Envrard, an annuity of a thousand crowns, and all the arrears of rent which are at this time owing by him to me for the farm at Montferrand."

Here the Jesuit, who was almost beside himself with rage, would have made fresh remonstrances; but the obstinate patient immediately interrupted him, so that he could not proceed.

"Item, I give and bequeath the sum of five hundred francs to the niece of the said Denis Envrard; for that child was begotten by me."

The reverend father was thunderstruck, and ready to die with vexation. At length the dying man declared, that as to the remainder of his property, he named and appointed the Jesuits' College at Besançon his sole heir, upon condition that it should erect, in its church, a chapel in honour of St. Anthony and St. Francis, his patron saints, and cause mass to be daily read in this chapel for the repose of his soul.

The following day, the death of

M. d'Ancier was made public: the will was thereupon transmitted to the ecclesiastical court at Besançon, and the Jesuits accordingly took possession of the property.

In a few years Denis Euvrard was really in that situation which he had so plausibly feigned at Rome. On the approach of death, he felt the pangs of remorse, and made a frank confession to the rector of the parish, of all the circumstances of the affair. This upright ecclesiastic, who had not studied morality under the casuists of the society of Jesus, represented to the dying man the wickedness of his conduct; and intimated, that he must, in the presence of a notary, the justice of peace of the village, and other witnesses, make a full and particular disclosure of the imposture to which he had lent himself, and restore to the heirs of M. d'Ancier not only what he had appropriated to himself, but likewise all that he possessed. These declarations were legally authenticated, and soon afterwards Denis Euvrard expired.

When the lawful heirs of M. d'Ancier found themselves in possession of such important evidence, they instituted proceedings, with a view to set aside the will. They gained their cause, in the first instance, at Besançon. The Jesuits appealed to the parliament of Dole, and were again unsuccessful. They

then carried the affair before the supreme tribunal of Brussels; for at that time Franche Comté was a Spanish province, belonging to the government of Flanders. On this occasion the influence and the intrigues of the Jesuits prevailed; the two preceding decisions were annulled; the Jesuits were confirmed in the possession of the estates of M. d'Ancier; and over the door of their church, which now belongs to the Academy of Besançon, is still to be seen this inscription:—*Ex munificentia Domini d'Ancier*—By the munificence of M. d'Ancier.

This singular circumstance is farther remarkable, as having furnished Regnard, the dramatic writer, with the subject of the principal scene in his comedy of *Le Légataire universel*. It is very probable, that he picked up this anecdote at Brussels, where he resided in 1681, and where this curious process must have been still remembered by persons living at the time when it happened. He took good care, when he afterwards wrote this comedy, not to mention the source from which it was derived, for at that period the Jesuits were in the zenith of their power. Prudence, therefore, advised him to say nothing about what he had borrowed from them, and they were so modest as not to reclaim their property.

DESCRIPTION OF THE LABYRINTHS OF THE LAKE MÆRIS AND OF CRETE.

AFTER the Egyptians had in some measure emancipated themselves from the most galling of yokes, that of the priests, they elected

twelve kings, for whom they divided the country into twelve parts. An oracle and their own good disposition established among them the

strongest friendship, which was intended to be expressed in a joint monument. Such was the origin of the construction of the labyrinth upon lake Mæris, near the ancient city of Crocodilopolis.

Herodotus cannot find words to describe the impression made upon him by this monument of art, which, according to him, eclipsed the pyramids and the most celebrated Grecian edifices. He tells us, that it contained twelve palaces, having their gates opposite to one another, six towards the south and six towards the north, and all adorned with towers. The whole, surrounded by a single wall, formed three thousand apartments; fifteen hundred on the floor above the surface of the earth, and the same number below it. He saw all the upper rooms; but no persons were admitted into the lower, because there were the tombs of the royal founders and the crocodiles. So much of the edifice as he was allowed to explore, he describes as resembling a fairy palace; the apartments, halls, and winding passages, presented a thousand wonders. The ceilings were every where formed of stones nicely fitted, chiefly granite; every part was covered with hieroglyphics; many of the entrances were remarkable for whole rows of sphinxes, and at the end of the labyrinth stood a pyramid, 240 feet high, adorned with the figures of animals, and which had a subterraneous entrance.

Pliny, who likewise asserts it to have been an astonishing work, compares various opinions respecting its object, in the following words:—"It was erected, more than 460 years ago, by King Pete-

succus or Tithoes; Herodotus, on the contrary, says that it was built by several kings, over whom Psammetichos was the paramount ruler; Demôtheles tells us, that it was the palace of Mothera; and Lycias maintains it to have been the tomb of Mæris. Most writers, however, agree in the opinion, that it was built in honour of the sun, and consecrated to that luminary; and this notion is most commonly received."

Diodorus follows Herodotus; but we have no authentic information respecting the period of the construction of this monument: it may, however, reasonably be presumed to be of later date than the time of Homer, as it is not mentioned by him. If Herodotus be correct in stating it to have been built by the twelve kings, we should have to fix the origin of this labyrinth shortly before the period when the Greeks came, by means of the Ionians and Carians, into some connection with the Egyptian king Psammetichos: for this monarch was one of the twelve, and drove out his eleven co-regents. Remains of it are still to be seen by lake Mæris, and particularly the basement of the edifice, on a solid substructure. The demi-columns visible in the interior are of hewn stone; the rest is of brick faced with hewn stone. There seems to have been a portico in the front; at least the substructure would indicate the existence of one. On all sides appear extensive ruins, now called Caser-Caron, or Caron's Castle, which probably comprehends the tombs of the kings and crocodiles. It is 165 feet long and 80 broad; the portico exhibits only

a shapeless wall, no where above six feet high. By means of the remains of flights of steps on the east side, there may still be discovered vestiges of the lower apartments; the front side is totally destroyed. The interior of the upper story is likewise nearly a complete ruin, and the whole mass still standing is composed of forty-four courses, each nine inches thick, which gives a total height of 33 feet. There are likewise remains of festoons, which seem to have been carried round the edifice, and in various places apertures resembling windows: they may, however, have been made by the removal of the marble, which is still to be seen in many places on the north side. Under the towers of four suites of rooms appear double wreaths, and in the centre a winged globe. The height of the apartments may be calculated at 20 feet; they were paved with stones exactly of such length as to reach from wall to wall: small rooms at the farther extremity evidently served for the reception of the corpses. Each of them has a door-way in the wall, and over one of them are sculptured falcons. The edifice, however, has suffered so much from the ravages of time, that no certain data can be collected from the examination of it.

In treating of labyrinths, it may not be amiss to mention that which Dædalus, the celebrated Greek

sculptor and architect, constructed in the island of Crete. Pliny says, "It is evident that he took for his model the Egyptian labyrinth, but that in his copy he could scarcely introduce the hundredth part of the many winding ways which confused every one that entered the original. The latter had many large entrances, which, though apparently destroyed, were so arranged, that a person who entered could not find any outlet, and the more he strove to extricate himself, the more he became involved. In the whole Egyptian labyrinth there was no wood (as in that of Crete). This is confirmed by Herodotus and Pomponius Mela, and if we compare what Cæsar says, it is clear that no timber was used in any of the buildings of Alexandria."

According to the mythological fables, Minos shut up in the labyrinth of Crete the Minotaur, a monster never seen except by those who were destined to be the victims of its rapacity. Theseus killed it with the assistance of Ariadne, and thus relieved Athens from the yearly tribute of a certain number of youths and virgins, whom it was obliged to sacrifice to the savage monster. Of this labyrinth time has left no vestiges, and a cavern in Crete, which is said to be a relic of it, is situated in a very different place from that where this monument must have stood.

OBSERVATIONS MADE DURING AN EXCURSION IN THE PROVINCES OF GERMANY BORDERING ON THE RHINE.

In a Letter from a Lady to a Friend.

HEIDELBERG, Dec. 14, 1814.

AN excursion down the Rhine to Cologne, and thence to other pla-

ces only 50 or 60 miles distant! A prodigious journey truly! thought I, and was not aware what a differ-

ence there could be between the paradise where I was, and a country no farther from the Rhine than I have mentioned. I set out in the highest spirits, as I was going to celebrate the return of my brother, from whom I had been long parted, and of his victorious friends, after a peace which they had so hardly earned.

On the 24th of August we had perfect November weather. The Rhine has its humours, and will not at all times accommodate the traveller. Both wind and current were strongly against us. There was fortunately no want of good company on board. Here the Iron Cross, there the order of the Sword, and there again the newly awakened light of the Lily, met our view.

Nearly opposite to Bingen lies the Niederwald, the heights of which command a prospect of the whole Rheingau as far as Biberich. The ample bosom of the Rhine glistens in brilliant magnificence, winding through a rich country, and reflecting the lively, peaceful towns on its banks. The grounds of the Niederwald, with its beautiful mansion, its pavilions, grottoes, and ruins, were the work of the late Count Ostein. He commenced these improvements when war had diffused a general poverty throughout the country; and here five hundred workmen found for several years employment and bread. The count took great pleasure in his new creation. His manners were simple; and dressed in a grey surtout and a cap on his head, he was often seen in a morning walking about the grounds. It was no wonder then that a company should one day call to him in this manner:—

“Honest friend, can you shew us the grounds?” Not every count would probably have answered like Ostein:—“That I can, without boasting, as well as any body.”—He then led the company about, and entertained them so agreeably, as to give them the highest satisfaction. “You are the steward, I suppose?” said one of the party.—“Yes, the steward!” rejoined the noble proprietor, raising his eyes to heaven, as though he would have asked, whether he was a good steward of the fortune which it had committed to his management. At length he accompanied the party, who were unwilling that he should quit them, to the border of the park. At parting, the count was just considering whether he should throw aside his *incognito*, when one of the gentlemen slipped a couple of dollars into his hand. He was so completely taken by surprise, that he retained both the *incognito* and the dollars, for which he returned the most humble thanks; and then went to his workmen, to whom he gave the money, saying, “There, I have earned you a couple of dollars.”

His successor, Count Waldpott von Bassenheim, the present owner of the Niederwald, lays out much money in improving it. This count was one of the first of the inhabitants of the banks of the Rhine who took up arms in the cause of Germany. He raised a considerable number of men at his own expence, put himself at their head, to share the danger and the glory of the conflict; while his amiable consort formed a ladies’ society at Aschaffenburg, and was engaged, with indefatigable activity, in alleviating the sufferings of humanity.

From Binger Loch to the Rössel, the ascent is steep and rugged. The Rössel is an artificial ruin, from which you survey Bingen, like a triangle in the Rhine; beyond it the Rupertsberg, the abode of the wise Hildegard, Kreuznach, the meandering Nah, which here falls into the Rhine, the little Heimbach in the shade at the foot of lofty masses of rock; on the eminences numerous ancient castles and mansions, the monuments of days of yore: on this side the Ehrenfels, on the other the second chain of rocks, the Hundsrück, in the misty distance the Donnersberg, and below in the Rhine the Mice's Tower. The waves sullenly roar as they roll past at your feet, and the boats fly like arrows across the Binger Loch. A single steersman cannot direct the vessel, for the only free passage here is a narrow aperture between the chains of rocks, formed with great labour with gunpowder. The boat that misses it must inevitably perish. It is very difficult to make any way here against the stream, for the force of the waves is inconceivable. If vessels meet at this spot, they dash violently against each other, and one of them must infallibly go to the bottom.

In serene weather, the voyage from Bingen, between winding chains of rocks bordering the Rhine, and here compressing its channel, which there expands and resembles a large tranquil lake, with the ruins of former ages overhanging the surface, is inexpressibly grand and impressive. In cloudy and tempestuous weather, on the contrary, the soul is here affected with feelings of awe and horror.

Romantic traditions meet the traveller at every step. One of the most touching of all the enchantments of the Rhine, are the melodious seven echoes of the Lureley rock. The word *Adieu!* is repeated in a tone more and more sweet and melting, as if by the voices of spirits, or like melodious sighs. At every point of the rock the echo is different; it is not thrown back, as other echoes perceptibly are, from the face of the rock, but rises from amidst the seven peaks, as from a well, wonderfully sweet and solemn, to the skies.

I was very much struck with the view of St. Goar. At Caub the boatman called us upon deck.—“Here,” said he, “*the Blücher* crossed the Rhine!” Just so simply and gravely will his descendants, in afterages, repeat to the traveller, that “*Here the Blücher* crossed the Rhine!”—a blunt expression, but big with grand and glorious recollections.

We rested but half an hour at Coblentz; and on the second day, which was Sunday, arrived at Cologne. I was in time for church. How majestic is the appearance of this ancient, sacred city! Its tall, elegant spires tower aloft to the sky, while the foot of them is washed by the Rhine. The landscape, which is less beautiful beyond Bonn, gains in majesty through Cologne, what it lost in agreeableness. We walked through the streets, which are narrow, but clean, admiring the rich, tasteful, and diversified exterior of the buildings. This remarkable city made, in other respects, a pleasing impression on me. The people appear very well disposed, upright,

and uncorrupted; and those inhabitants with whom I had an opportunity of becoming acquainted during so short a stay, reflect honour on their native city.

In the cathedral, which, the more it is contemplated, the more admiration it excites by its beauties and majesty, impressive music heightened the solemnity of the service. The church was crowded. I was particularly struck with the great number of poor who were here enjoying the sacred harmony; indeed, it is a most important advantage of the principal churches in large cities, that the indigent are there encouraged, by the harmony of sweet sounds, to confidence in God, and raised above the necessities of their condition. To the pious poor the church, glistening with gold, perfumed with incense, and brilliant with tapers, is a terrestrial paradise. In ancient Catholic cities, especially at Aix and Cologne, the principal churches are open and lighted up at certain hours both in the day and in the evening. I cannot conceive of what materials he was made who first stripped the temples of the Almighty of their ornaments, and banished music from them. What can be more proper than that the mind should be ravished by the force of a sublime sensual impression, from the recollection of the peculiar external circumstances in which it is placed!

We paid a visit to the worthy Walraff, not, it is true, at the most seasonable time; for, in consequence of the change in political events, his valuable pictures were chiefly concealed or disguised. We saw, however, some admirable old

German performances, the sketch of *The dying Mary*, and a wonderfully impressive Caracci, *The taking down from the Cross*, replete with Corregio's fascinating spirit of love and melancholy. The enlightened amateur, with extraordinary kindness, offered to accompany me through Cologne, and communicated many highly interesting and instructive facts. I shall reserve, for another occasion, the treasures of art which I found in Cologne, with which I hope to make myself better acquainted in another visit. In the short time which I passed there, I merely learned, that Cologne must be a fertile field for the lover of the arts, as well in respect to ancient monuments and pictures, as in regard to music; and that the highly polished and sociable circles must be strongly attractive, from the tone of cordiality and confidence which pervades them.

The Casino, with its handsome apartments and grounds, and its excellent accommodations for balls and concerts, combines all the requisites of such an establishment. Theatrical exhibitions and concerts are frequent at Cologne. As to walks, I saw none; but the inhabitants make parties to the neighbouring villages on the other side of the Rhine. Nature, though not exactly poor here, may, however, be called rather bare. You see few trees, no hills or mountains, no meadows or groves; but the broad majestic Rhine flows on, if between low banks, yet still with its characteristic beauty; the vast and placid mirror of the open horizon—ininitely beautiful when the full moon, rising above the little town on the opposite side, pours a flood

of radiance upon its ample bosom, and her beams play among the wavering streamers and the lofty masts in the harbour.

Cologne was still full of the recollection of the sovereign and heroes of Prussia, and especially of the Princess William. Long and often did that excellent woman pause before the picture of the *Adoration of the Magi*, in the cathedral, to contemplate that divine performance; and I saw a painter engaged upon a meritorious copy of it by her order.

Lighted by the full moon, we proceeded in the night of the 28th of August, by broad excellent roads, from Cologne to Aix. From the pretty little town of Bergheim, two leagues beyond Cologne, the sound of music saluted our ears. The proud fortress of Juliers, again become German property through Prussian valour, lay silent and solitary in the peaceful moonlight. The stately trees around its lofty ramparts and broad ditches, produced a pleasing effect; and corn-fields, extending farther than the eye could reach, gently undulated in the summer breeze. Meadows inclosed with thick hedges surround the villages, which, by the neatness of their appearance, seem to bespeak the easy circumstances of their inhabitants; and the country increases in beauty the nearer you approach to Aix. Close to that city, on the opposite side, commences the desert called the *Wälsch* country. What a change of impressions in the short space of five leagues! The very people here seem to be a peculiar tribe. I should be disposed to compare the existence of most of them with that

of a horse which is continually going round blindfold in the same circle, and is glad when he gets to his crib again. Such an existence I cannot call *life*, and yet I should be much puzzled to find another name for it.

At the first place beyond Aix commences the language which probably gave rise to the German term, *Kauderwälsch* — gibberish. They call it there, *jargon*, *patois*. It is a coarse, corrupt French; but the people speak French likewise. — Spotted cows, of extraordinary size and beauty, feed in the inclosures; in other respects, the dry fields indicate neither fertility nor opulence. In all the villages you are beset with beggars. Their looks are expressive of despair; the people are poor, because, in those places which subsist solely by manufactures, there needs only a want of rain to throw them out of employment. The uncertainty respecting the ultimate lot of these places, has suspended all trade. As long as there was work to be had, all was life; but now that there is none, the people resort to the most convenient, if not the most productive, branch of industry — begging. They fill the high roads and the churches. No language can describe the squalid indigence apparent here, and which keeps continually increasing as you proceed to Verviers, Duren, and Liege.

“Good God!” I involuntarily exclaimed, as we passed the dirty gate leading into the wretched suburb of Verviers, shocked at the sight of the ragged figures encased in filth, wandering at random in the streets; of the ground thickly covered with the black dust of coal;

of the girls, women, old men, and children kneeling upon it, wetting the sable dough, kneading it with their hands, or working it with their bare feet. The place lies low; its atmosphere is loaded with smoke and vapour; miserable huts, irregular streets, a wretched pavement, proclaim this suburb the abode of the lowest indigence. All at once the spacious, cheerful *Place des Récollets* opened upon us, to our comfort; and there we alighted, at the sign of the Prince of Liege.

In the principal streets many splendid buildings, by the side of miserable huts, exhibit, in the most striking manner, the contrast between indigence and wealth. Verriers is the residence of many very opulent individuals. One manufacturer has given to each of his ten children a fortune of a million of francs. The celebrated shops of Paris are not more elegant, rich, and tasteful than those of this place; the main street, a series of handsome shops, affords a delightful view; and as the productions of Paris are to be found here, together with those of all parts of Germany and France, in consequence of the facility of communication, the purchaser has here much more choice than in Paris itself: but all commodities are much dearer than in that city.

There never existed much sociability here, and the little there was is now totally destroyed by the frequent quartering of troops. The inhabitants never meet, except at the theatre, which does not open till the month of October. The performances are, as might be expected, in French. A bad piece is rarely exhibited, and the actors possess talents and experience.

There is annually what they call the *Fête du Pays*, which commences on the first Sunday in October. It begins at the suburb, and proceeds from street to street. On these days the citizen provides a dainty collation: he invites nobody, but his relations and acquaintance know that they are welcome. They appear in their best clothes, feast, then walk several times up and down the street, while the men push the bottle about; after which they return home. It is then all over till another year, and the uninterrupted round of business resumes its former course. The citizen knows nothing of walking, but from hearsay, for one grand reason, because there are no walks. If, therefore, he determines, on the finest summer's day, to leave his own house, it is to go into another, where he perhaps drinks coffee, and carefully returns before sunset to his own home.

Parisian elegance prevails in the best houses, and boundless filth among the common people—but that, too, is Parisian.

The heterogeneous mixtures which are brought to table, are truly astonishing; indeed, a stranger would be apt to imagine, that they were only invented for pastime. The fare of the lower classes is coffee as weak as water, and well seasoned with salt, together with milk and bread and butter, or slices of bread spread with the thick boiled juice of apples and pears. Beer and wine are bad and dear; and the fruit is like straw, dry and insipid. Pears, apples, and damsons are sold by weight, like potatoes; and owing to the quartering of troops, provisions in general are at an exorbitant price.

Take whichever way you will, you must wind for half an hour at least through long, narrow, filthy streets, before you reach the open fields. The only two tolerable rides, for good breeding forbids walking, are to the meadows of Angival, and to a place which bears the poetic appellation of Crotte. At the latter you find yourself in a pleasant field, surrounded by hills planted with trees: here are erected pillars hung round with wooden hams, at which the young people throw with clubs, and the sport consists in knocking them down. Refreshments are to be had in a neighbouring public-house, before which, in shadeless bowers, stand some broken benches and dirty tables. A scanty stream accompanies the road part of the way, and borders some portion of the field.

Fine weather, one would suppose, could not fail to be universally welcome; but that is not the case at Verviers. Here it ought always to rain, in order to supply the many shallow streams and cuts that drive the wheels of the mills and machines: the dry sandy soil has scarcely sufficient water for consumption, and far around you perceive nothing but heath and fern. No beauteous flower adorns the fields; the utmost that they can be made to produce is grass. When Madame de Stael characterizes Franconia, Bavaria, and Swabia, as *des pays ou la société n'est rien, et la nature peu de chose*, we might be tempted to imagine, that she had made a mistake in her memorandums, and meant Verviers, as so intelligent a writer could otherwise have scarcely been guilty of so egregious a blunder.

The churches of Verviers resemble ancient pagan temples, of the most barbarous ages. Harsh notes burst from the untuned organs; ludicrous decorations surround the carved and gaudily painted images of the saints; and the ragged beggars pursue well-dressed persons to the very foot of the altars with their importunities.

In the *Place des Récollets* stands the church which was formerly burned. The flames spread to the image of the Blessed Virgin; but here their fury was suddenly appeased. The people, in consequence, pay extraordinary veneration to this image, and for two leagues round about no saint is invoked but *Notre Dame de Verviers*. She is painted all over black, and varnished. On Sundays and festivals, when the country people flock hither in great numbers, the pious visitants crowd the little rotunda, the staircase, and part of the square, in such a manner that you cannot attend mass without danger.

I heard in the principal church some sermons, which convinced me that the clergy here must still be grossly ignorant. The whole population indeed, from highest to lowest, needs enlightening, in which the government, and above all the clergy, ought to take the lead. The best families send their sons to Germany to finish their education. The indigence of the lower classes, the dreary heaths, the dense atmosphere, the smoke and dust from coal and turf, the want of every species of intellectual excitement, paralyse the mind. The influence of Bonaparte's system of government, the conscription, the sojournment of soldiers, was not cal-

culated to enlarge the sphere of ideas, though it lamentably increased the corruption of manners. In the short space of five hours,

you imagine yourself to be carried back several centuries.

(To be continued.)

ACCOUNT OF MISS RACHAEL BAKER.

It will appear from the following singular account extracted from a late American publication, that in regard to religious imposture the new world fully keeps pace with the old.

"A friend called at my lodgings, and asked me to accompany him on a visit to Dr. —, who purposed shewing that evening a *moral phenomenon*. My curiosity being excited to know the nature of the evening's amusement, I accepted the invitation, and we proceeded to the house of Dr. —. We took tea with the family, and were treated by the doctor with his usual urbanity. He introduced several interesting topics, with all of which he appeared perfectly conversant, and he ran over the opinions of many celebrated authors with an ease that demonstrated the extent of his reading and the force of his memory. Many of his ideas were marked with eccentricity, and conveyed with a fluency and selection of language that made him highly interesting to his auditors. But, though I was delighted with his conversation, I became impatient to see the promised phenomenon, and therefore ventured to inform him, that I understood he had a singular spectacle to exhibit, which I hoped he would permit me to have a view of. He replied, that it was not to be seen in his house, but at the dwelling of a lady in the neigh-

bourhood, whose permission he had obtained to introduce a few friends; and, if I wished to accompany him and his family that evening, he would gratify my curiosity.

"We proceeded to the residence of Mrs. B—, a respectable and accomplished lady. We were ushered into a parlour, where I found twenty or thirty persons of both sexes. The doctor then pointed out to me the '*moral phenomenon*' in Rachael Baker, who, I perceived, was a fine healthy-looking country lass, about 17 years old.

"I was informed that the moment was approaching when the girl would be afflicted with '*paroxysms*, which would be followed by a state of *somnium* or *unconsciousness*,' and that during this state she would utter a fervent prayer, and treat her friends with a sermon or exhortation.

"About twenty minutes before nine o'clock, Miss Rachael Baker rose from her seat, passed with composure through the company, opened the door, and proceeded up stairs to her chamber. At nine, we were informed that she was in *bed*, and going through her divine convulsions. The company immediately proceeded to the sanctuary of the saint: I approached close to the bed, where I found her placed with great care and decency, no part of her frame being visible but her head; she uttered dreadful

groans, and appeared suffering acute pain—her features were violently agitated, but her eyes continued closed. I observed, that, notwithstanding her head was in convulsive movements, and the muscles of her face denoted extreme agony, yet the *rest of her body, from her shoulders to her feet, was tranquil as a statue.*

“As I had never before seen convulsions located in the head, or the sense of pain limited to the distortions of the features, I considered Miss Rachael must be labouring under some peculiar disease, the origin and character of which I must leave to be accounted for by Dr. — and others, better acquainted than the writer with the physical operations of nature.

“She continued in this ordeal about five minutes, then became suddenly calm, with every indication of being in a profound sleep; presently her lips began to move, and she poured out a fervent, well-connected prayer, that lasted about twelve minutes; she was then seized with another fit for a few seconds; but relapsing into her former tranquillity, she commenced her sermon or exhortation, with due method and solemnity. Although her pronunciation was not correct, yet her language was choice, and her mode of utterance peculiar and impressive. She displayed an extensive knowledge of religious subjects, and developed the strength of her intellect by her replies to some questions that were put to her by some of the spectators. She was asked what was to be done to inherit eternal life; and if she thought those children who died in infancy were admitted to a seat in

heaven? Her answers to these questions were prompt and pertinent, and embraced as wide a range of argument as could have been used by an experienced orthodox preacher. She resumed the thread of her exhortation, occasionally breaking forth in some flights of fancy, equally beautiful and original. Her sermon occupied about sixty minutes, when she was again seized with a fit; after which, she prayed for some time in a devout and animated strain, closing the ceremony by a convulsion, more violent than any of the preceding, in which state I left her.

“I was desirous of ascertaining the opinions of the spectators on the scene they had witnessed, and found that very few of them had suspected it to be a pious fraud. When I hinted that I had seen Joanna Southcott and Jemima Wilkinson, several of the company perceived that it would be difficult to convince me that Rachael Baker was under divine inspiration; but I thought it was due to truth and politeness to declare, she was the most interesting lay preacher I had ever heard.

“When I reflect on how many wonders had been produced among the human race, by those who stand recorded on the page of history, as the founders of various sects that have for so many ages divided and distracted the Christian world, it appeared to me possible that this ‘moral phenomenon’ may become the immortal founder of a new form of worship, which, for human convenience, novelty, and interest, has no parallel.

“Rachael Baker is now in the bloom of youth, and although not

gifted with extraordinary beauty, there is something so seraphic in her system of piety, as cannot fail to procure protection and disciples among the population of this enlightened city. To behold her lying in bed, attired like a celestial bride, with a modest night-cap on, from the side of which, over her temples, is perceived her fine auburn hair, awakens an interest such as before was never excited among a religious audience; and I confess, that when, from her rosy lips, flowed the purest truths of our holy religion, I should have deemed myself an infidel not to have knelt at her shrine.

"I have mixed in the solemn de-

votion of the Catholics; I have heard the melodious chaunting of nuns; I have been delighted by listening to some of the first pulpit orators of the present age; I have witnessed in various parts of the earth the pomp and the gloom of those institutions deemed sacred among gentiles and heathens; and I have been present at the ceremony of the dancing Quakers of this state; but none of those systems of religious adoration could produce such sensations as those I experienced last night, while attending the devotional exercises of Miss Rachael Baker.

"D. R. W."

LOUISA VENONI.

SIR EDWARD WILLOUGHBY lost his parents at an early age; their death put him in uncontrouled possession of a splendid fortune, and furnished him with the means of gratifying all the passions and caprices that are so apt to spring up in the gay season of youth. He was generous, sometimes prodigal; but he did not squander his wealth in silly profusion and ridiculous parade. An amiable *bon-vivant* in the strictest sense of the term, he atoned by benevolence and liberality for his indiscretions, and notwithstanding his foibles, enjoyed universal respect; for which he was chiefly indebted to the prudent advice of a fellow collegian, who was older than himself, and supplied the place of a father to him. This excellent Mentor was unfortunately attacked at Marseilles with a tedious illness, which compelled him to leave his young friend to

continue his tour of the Continent by himself.

In descending into one of the vallies of Piedmont, Sir Edward, in spite of the dangers of the mountain-road which led along precipices, persisted in riding a favourite horse which he had brought with him from England, instead of mounting a sure-footed Italian mule. The young and spirited animal made a false step, and fell with his rider down a steep precipice. Sir Edward's servants found him without any signs of life. They carried him upon a bier hastily formed of branches to the nearest house, which seemed to belong to one of the more opulent and respectable country people. The neighbours were assembled before the door to a rural treat, when the melancholy procession arrived. All present were moved with sincere compassion, and Venoni, the owner

of the house, evinced the strongest sympathy. He himself, with the assistance of his daughter, who quitted the dance in deep emotion, undertook the care of the stranger. His own experience in medicine, a book of receipts which his daughter brought out, and the joint exertions of both, soon succeeded in recalling Sir Edward to life and his senses. After copious bleeding, he was put to bed; and his honest host and his daughter nursed and waited upon him with the tenderest attention. A violent fever ensued; but it went off again in a few days, and at the expiration of a week the patient was capable of enjoying the society of the family.

Sir Edward could not conceal from Venoni his astonishment at the polished manners and attainments of his daughter, which seemed so inconsistent with her situation. Venoni explained to him, that she had been educated in the house of a lady who happened to be travelling through the valley, and had passed the very night in which Louisa was born in his habitation. "On the death of her mother," continued he, "the signora, who had given her own name to her in baptism, took her to her villa, where she learned much, and acquired various talents which are here useless to her; but the dear girl neglects every thing, to comfort her father in his declining years."

Sir Edward soon found opportunity to become better acquainted with Louisa than her father's description had made him. Louisa's drawings afforded her a pleasure which she had never yet known, when Sir Edward bestowed on them the warmest praise; and Venoni's

family concerts gained a new and increased interest when he took part in them. Venoni's flute was the best in the valley; it was rivalled by his daughter's lute; but Sir Edward's violin surpassed both. But in his conversations with Louisa, what delicate sensibility, what extensive attainments, what fine taste, what brilliant wit, were displayed in every thing that he said! To Louisa they were the accents of a better world: she hung with rapture upon his lips when he was relating some narrative, when he described the passions, or drew poetic pictures of sublime or pleasing scenes of nature. Edward's tall, majestic figure, the symmetry of his features, the youthful fire, and the soft interest that animated his person and whole demeanour, completed the conquest of Louisa's heart; his illness had somewhat moderated his boisterous vivacity, and produced a languor that only served to render him more attractive.

Louisa gradually began to be sensible of the passion excited in her innocent heart: Edward had long shared her sentiments. During his illness, he had placed these feelings to the account of gratitude; when they afterwards continued daily to increase in strength, he ascribed them to the situation of Louisa, and his obligations to her. These considerations, so far from extinguishing, only served to fan the flame. Sir Edward, however, could perceive but one way of gratifying his passion. He rejected it indeed, as unworthy of him; but he was the sport of maxims which he had often despised, and the slave of customs which he had frequently

condemned. At length he determined if possible to forget Louisa, or the obligations of gratitude and the laws of virtue.

Louisa, confiding in these two safeguards of her honour, disclosed to Edward an important secret. They had just finished a duet, which they had been playing and singing in the absence of Venoni. Louisa took up her lute again, and played a wildly melancholy *fantasia*, which she had composed in memory of her mother. "Nobody but my father," said she, "ever heard these dismal tones; I play them sometimes when I am alone and low-spirited. I don't know what made me think of them just now, for I am sure I ought to be cheerful." Sir Edward was but the more curious to learn the reason of her dejection; and, after some hesitation, she told him all. Her father had promised her hand to the son of a rich neighbour, who united the coarsest manners to a person disgustingly ugly. She had withstood this match with all the energy and perseverance that filial duty and her gentle heart would permit; but Venoni obstinately persisted in his design, and the poor girl could not help anticipating in idea the horrors of her future situation. "A marriage without affection! such a man as that for my husband!" cried she, while tears trickled down her cheeks.—Sir Edward seized the favourable opportunity; he ardently pressed her hand, condemned the idea of a match which was a profanation of her loveliness, praised her beauty, extolled her virtues, and concluded with protestations of his most fervent and everlasting love. Louisa heard him with trans-

port; her sighs betrayed the feelings of her heart. Sir Edward took advantage of her emotion; he expatiated with enthusiasm on the ardour of his passion, the absurdity of all ceremonies and external forms, the inefficacy of legal ties, and the everlasting duration of free, unfettered attachment. He besought her to accompany him to his own country, and to crown his days with imperishable bliss. Louisa listened to the proposal in silent astonishment; she would have loaded Edward with reproaches, but her weak heart forbade it, and tears were her only reply.

Venoni's arrival broke off the conversation. His destined son-in-law, whom he brought with him, fully answered Louisa's description, by his vulgarity, the coarseness of his manners, and his stupid ignorance. Venoni, however superior to him in all other respects than wealth, saw nothing but that qualification, and was blind to his defects. He called his daughter aside, presented her future husband to her, and declared, that in a week at farthest they should be united.

The following morning Louisa was confined to her room by indisposition. Sir Edward was by this time quite recovered. He was to go out with Venoni, but before he left his apartment, he drew from his violin some plaintive notes, which were heard by Louisa.

In the evening she walked out alone, to indulge her grief. She strolled to a solitary spot, overshadowed by a group of poplars, on the bank of the stream that watered the valley. A nightingale was perched in the branches; Louisa seated herself on the old trunk

of a tree, and supporting her head with her hand, listened to the strains of the little warbler. After some time, the bird, frightened from its spray, flew off to a distance. Louisa rose; her eyes overflowed with tears; she turned round—Sir Edward stood before her. His look bespoke profound melancholy; his eyes were gloomily fixed upon the ground, and he silently seized Louisa's hand. "Surely you are not well, Sir Edward," said she with a faint, tremulous voice.—"Indeed I am very ill," replied he, "but the seat of my malady is my heart; Louisa cannot cure me this time. I am doomed to suffer, but I deserve my lot; I have violated all the laws of hospitality and the obligations of gratitude. I have presumed to desire the happiness of my life, and to give words to my wishes; I have wounded the heart of my beloved benefactress, but I will do severe penance for my crime. I shall leave you, Louisa, in a few minutes; I shall be inexpressibly miserable: may you be happy in the performance of filial duties, and with a husband, to whom the possession of such a wife may perhaps impart more delicate feelings and susceptibility for what is good and beautiful. I shall return to my country, to seek in the bustle of troublesome occupations and frivolous amusements, some alle-

viation for my sorrows, and oblivion of the delicious hours of bliss which I have here enjoyed; and thus to learn to endure life, in which I had hoped to have found a heaven on earth by the side of Louisa."

Louisa burst into tears. Sir Edward's servants approached with his carriage. He took two pictures from his pocket, hung Louisa's portrait round his neck, kissed it with fervour, and covered it up in his bosom. "If Louisa," said he with a voice that betrayed deep emotion, "will accept of this miniature, it may sometimes remind her of an unfortunate man who once offended, but who will never cease to adore her. She may contemplate it when the original shall be consigned to the grave, and when this heart shall be insensible both to its love and its sorrows."

This was too much for Louisa to withstand: her face alternately exhibited the paleness of death and the glow of scarlet. "Sir Edward," sobbed she, "what is your intention?" He impetuously seized her hand, and drew the half-reluctant fair-one to his carriage. They entered it; the horses flew with the swiftness of the wind through the valley, and the hills upon which grazed the flocks of the unfortunate Venoni, were soon lost sight of,

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE COGITATIONS OF SCRIBLERUS.

No. XVIII.

The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and shew'd how fields were won — *Deserted Village.*

Now the tocsin of war no longer disturbs the slumbers of the citizen, and a long and, I trust, a well-regulated peace is about to enliven those plains which have been drenched with human blood;

while the songs of the husbandman succeed the groans of the warrior, let me hope, that Britons, thankful for the benefits they now enjoy, will cease to vent the loud and deep murmurings of discontent—will feel their hearts full of joy and gladness, and endeavour, by careful frugality, to impart to the soldier and the sailor some share of that plenty, and some reward for their security, which the arms and exertions of valour have procured them. Now may she who once feared the cannon's destructive fire would rob her of him who was even dearer to her than her own life—now may she indulge in the delightful anticipation of pressing her hero to her bosom! Now may the mother rejoice that her darling is once more restored to domestic happiness! The father, too, with honest pride, may listen to the tales of glory won or witnessed by the staff of his age, and press that hand which has clutched the sword with zeal and confidence. The tears of commiseration shall stream from a thousand eyes; the throb of anxiety and the wildness of terror will, by turns, be depicted on the countenance of listening attention; while the aspiration of thankfulness and the smile of joy shall vent themselves in fervent gratitude to Heaven, for the preservation of those dear friends who have been permitted to visit once more the bosoms of their families uninjured and unbroken in their strength. This is, however, the bright side of the picture. Few *will* return to their relatives in perfect health. War, dreadful war, carrying havoc before it, like a destroying angel, leaves but few to

tell the bitter tale of devastation and terror. How many maidens will watch for their lovers' return on the sea-beaten shore! Alas! those lovers shall never return to them again! Fathers will mourn the loss of the staff of their age; mothers the darling of their hearts; wives their betrothed, when despair shall blast all their hopes. They are the victims of war, they are become the prey of vultures, and their bones lie bleaching in the blood-moistened plain. Visit their hearts, merciful Heaven, with consolation, and while the air is rent with exultations for peace, let the tears of the unfortunate be wiped away by the gratitude of the country! Many are, indeed, spared; many will again visit their paternal hearths, but how will they visit them? Not as when the ruddy hue of health painted their cheeks, when their athletic form stamped them with all the dignity of manhood. Alas! pale now is that cheek; hectic is that colour; that form fatigue has now emaciated; the arm is not left to protect its owner, the leg to bear the body's weight. The engines of war have cast them among the dead; and scars, mutilations, and a broken constitution, are now exchanged for vigour and elasticity. Dependent upon the country they have supported in glory, they have a right to demand from that country ample remuneration, if remuneration can be awarded for the loss of limbs or ruined constitutions. While we have been sitting under our own vine and our own fig-tree, and no one has made us afraid, our gallant countrymen have endured the parching heat of summer, and the piercing cold of

winter; the frowning heavens their only curtain, and the damp sod their pillow, with the thousand deprivations of which we at home can form no idea, to purchase that security in which we have revelled.

Shall Englishmen, then, be ungrateful for these benefits? Shall our protectors, our army and navy, be forgotten? No; they shall live in our memories, and be fostered and rewarded by that country which they have so highly raised in the rank of nations. Yet let us not suppose that this can be done by the shouts of rejoicing millions, by the welkin ring of Wellington, or the blaze of universal illumination. Can the frantic cries of turbulent rejoicing heal the heart robbed by war of its happiness? can it still the anguish of friendship, or dry the tear of consanguinity? Far be it from the Cogitator to wish to enervate the bursts of zeal that raise the proud column, the pile, or the trophy, to the general who planned, or the commander who executed, the gallant exploits of 1815! No, let the cornucopia of Plenty be emptied at their feet, and let the names of Wellington and of Blücher issue from the same blast of Fame's trumpet! Let their names rend the air with the sound of their glory, and their actions be themes for wonder until time shall be no more! Yet what would have availed the head that planned, had not the hands been as ready to execute? The names of our generals will ever live in the remembrance of our posterity; but where are our gallant subalterns to find *their* names blazoned? In what part of the temple of Victory is the act of modest merit to be re-

corded? What fame awaits obscure courage? What pecuniary aid is to render life bearable? They have suffered every deprivation to which inferiority of rank could subject them, and with pay that scarcely enabled them to procure the bare necessities of life; and are they to be forgotten? Perhaps some duteous son, who has borrowed even from his necessities to send some kind remembrance to a widowed mother, will he have no other reward than what arises from the consciousness of having done his duty? Or the father, who has deprived himself of many of the comforts of age, to enable his son to shine in the field of honour, and perhaps reaps not that promotion to which, as a parent, he had so anxiously looked forward; but instead of which, his offspring sleeps in the half-dug grave. Is the disconsolate parent to receive no remuneration, that he may confer respectability on other ties? Are these persons to be strangers to those sensations of delight which their exertions have so dearly bought? How many hundreds of men, of high feelings of honour, of gentlemanly independence, must now be thrown on, let me not say, an ungrateful country! No, never shall the British isle be stigmatized with ingratitude. Cheerfully will the Cogitator contribute his mite to the solace of his gallant countrymen, to whom he owes a thousand obligations. Yes, by the living bodies and the deceased forms of those friends whom glory has left to my regrets or my enjoyment, I will cheerfully acquiesce in those demands which I am so imperiously called on to assist in acquitting, de-

mands made in the name of justice, of gratitude, of honour, and humanity. Let then at least that pecuniary recompence which is the right of the sons of glory, be continued; and let us not, because the wolf is not at the door, forget those shepherds who guarded our flock. It is in the power of us all to do some kindness for the heroes who have bled for us; we may soften the regrets of the relatives of departed worth, and endear ourselves to the mutilated sufferer by our grateful attentions. And you, ye fair, whose attribute is charity, and whose bosoms are never steeled against the accents of solicitation, make smooth the pillow of the invalid soldier! Regard not your once-favoured hero with disgust, because he is bereft of those limbs which were once exercised with alacrity for your pleasure, or because that bloom has left his cheeks which once captivated your virgin hearts! Let not the mercenary idea of a disappointed promotion blind you to his deserts! His heart is still the same abode of honour and sincerity—it is still your's; and though he can no longer flutter in the dance, he is yet man enough to

protect you from insult. In the suspense of the forthcoming battle, he thought only of you; in the dreariness of hollow and dying murmurs, his ideas wandered to you; and, amid the heap of wounded and the dead, he still pressed the gift of love to his lips, and, in the agony of delirium, your name has rung through the abode of unassisted anguish.

Cherish then, ye British maidens, the English warrior. His outward form is not so slightly as when his virgin sword hung unfleshed in its scabbard, but his heart is still the abode of more manly feelings; and you, ye parents, think not too much of the golden ore, nor suffer the want of money on his part to blight the wishes of two fond hearts. He has protected your social hearth; and, but for such hearts as his, who would now wed your daughter? The invader would have been at your door, but for the achievements of our heroes; your gold would have availed you as nothing, and your children, your home, and the wife of your bosom, would all, all have been the victims of his power, his passions, and his inclination.

THE MODERN SPECTATOR.

No. LV.

AN ARABIAN TALE.—(*Concluded from p. 154.*)

HAROUN ALRASCHID at this time suffered a state of reflection which he had never before experienced. The suspicion that had been thus artfully conveyed into his mind, caused a very painful struggle there with the ardent affection he entertained for Giaffar. He was ashamed

ed to doubt one whom he knew not how to accuse; whose fidelity and attachment never appeared to have varied for a moment; who had been trusted with every thing, and never failed in any thing; and who, at the height of that power, and in the enjoyment of that favour, which no

subject had ever before attained, never deviated from that duty and submission which, as a subject, he still owed to a benignant, bounteous, and affectionate sovereign. In vain did Haroun search the secret recesses of his bosom for a motive to justify the painful jealousy which had been planted there: he sought on his pillow to eradicate the impressions, which he felt to be unjust, and whose indulgence might disturb the repose of his future life; yet, after a feverish night, he arose, and found that he had combated this demon of his mind in vain. The inhabitants of the province, who adored Giaffar, amid their acclamations on seeing their sovereign, could not resist the expression of their disappointment in not beholding their governor, to whom they owed their present prosperous state and increasing happiness, in attendance upon him; and of this circumstance the envious Achmet took care, with all the insidious art he knew so well how to employ, to inform the caliph, under the guise of doing justice to the virtues of the man whom he wished to destroy.

Haroun, in this altered state of mind, forgot his usual munificence, and as he did not command the accustomed largesses to the people in the country through which the remaining part of his journey lay, he consequently was not saluted with the acclamations which had hitherto never failed to accompany his passage. This circumstance increased the jealousy that had been awakened in, and began to prey upon, his mind.

When he was about one day's journey from his capital, he was

met by Giaffar, who unexpectedly arrived to inform his sovereign, that the insurrection, formidable as it was, in Georgia, had been quelled, and the province left in a state of repose and subordination, which appeared to secure it from any future disturbance. Haroun was astonished at the wisdom and magnanimity which his favourite had displayed in this most important service. He bestowed on him the most unreserved praise, and ordered the imperial acknowledgments to be published in every part of the empire. The gloom of discontent no longer appeared on the royal countenance; and Abu Moslem Achmet, with his associates, who envied Giaffar, and hated his brother Fadhel, began to despair of lessening either of them in the favour of the caliph; and well might they yield to their desponding emotions, when they were informed of the preparations which were making for the nuptials of the Princess Abassa and Giaffar.

While the inhabitants of the imperial city were expecting this splendid event, the following conversation took place at a private banquet, to which the emperor had invited no one but his sister, and the favourite to whom he had destined her. The attendant slaves were ordered to withdraw, and the caliph addressed Giaffar in the following manner:—"Do you know, that in my late journey I deviated from the common route, in order that I might see that part of the country of which you possess so large a portion, and was also a guest in several of your splendid and stately mansions."—Giaffar, who bore the fixed and peculiar

look of his master with the steady, unaltered countenance which innocence inspires, replied, without the least hesitation, "Yes, my dread sovereign, I have been informed of it; and much am I rejoiced, that chance, as it appears, fulfilled the concealed designs of my duty and lively gratitude. Permit me, with all humility, to acquaint your majesty, that I had proposed, in order to give variety to your journey, to invite you to pass a few days in that part of one of your provinces whose possession I owe to your unbounded goodness; and had accordingly ordered those preparations to be made for your reception, which I had presumed might prove a pleasing surprise to my lord and master, from the remoteness of the spot where my castle is situated, and the distance from the usual track of the imperial progress. The haste with which I was suddenly obliged, by your royal commands, to repair to Georgia, and the great importance of my duty there absorbing all other thoughts, prevented me from informing you of the design of your servant, whose all he owes to the goodness and condescension of his sovereign lord and master."

"As you declare such to have been your intention," replied the caliph, "I doubt it not. Nevertheless, there were some among those whose duty attached them to a personal attendance on me during my journey, who did not represent your great property, splendid mansions, and universal popularity, in a manner favourable to your character, and as if you were not without a dangerous or concealed ambition?"—"Is it possible that there

could be a single person," answered Giassar, "in the vast range of your majesty's extensive dominions, who could harbour such an unjust and injurious sentiment concerning me?"—"Yes," said Haroun, "there are such: but no more of that at present. I know thee, and am satisfied that the man I love, should enjoy in comfort all that his merits deserve, and my sense of them has bestowed upon him."—"But oneword," exclaimed the favourite, "from the sovereign of the faithful, and all I possess lies instantly at his feet."—"No," replied the caliph, "thou art my friend, and not my slave; and if thy possessions were even tenfold what they are, I should feel a pleasure in the reflection: but there is a circumstance which I contemplate with no common solicitude—I have a request to make thee."—"Command then," answered Giassar, "and let my master be obeyed, though my life should be the forfeit."—"It is not thy blood I ask," said the monarch, "thou canst remove my anxiety at a much less price; but Abassa must join her consent to thine." The two lovers instantly fell at his feet, silently foreboding, that some secret suspicion had got possession of the sultan's mind, and had induced a wish to protract at least, if not to disappoint, the promised nuptials. "What folly has seized you?" exclaimed the monarch; "and is it possible that you can suppose, that I mean to oppose your union? Rise, and let reason predominate. When was I ever faithless in my promises to an enemy? and why should you suppose that I should be forgetful of my engagements to those who

are so dear to me? Ye are destined for each other, and in three days ye shall be united."

At this moment the sultan, on viewing the lovers, who had thrown themselves enraptured at his feet, hesitated to fulfil his purpose.—“How can I,” thought he to himself, “disappoint their hearts of all their hopes? but I am a father, and the heritage of my sons must not be endangered. Friendship is uncertain; I cannot trust to its instability: ambition is the most powerful of all the human passions, and I must deprive it of its temptations.” Thus for a few minutes did Haroun reason with himself, and the suspicion which had been awakened in his mind, preserved the mastery of it. He then continued to speak.—“This apartment contains, next to my sons, what is dearest to me in the world. Abassa is as precious to me as she was who gave my first-born, my Amin; and thou, Giaffar, art the first in my eyes among the inhabitants of the earth. It is with thee that I forget the cares of government, and heighten the flattering delights of my imperial station: nevertheless, I cannot forbear listening to the still, silent voice of my private contemplations, which sometimes place before me a divided empire and a crown despoiled of its gems; and I cannot but ask you, when love has united you to me by your hymeneal bonds, if you will still be to me what you have hitherto been? and will such a friend as I am maintain his place in your hearts?”—“How is it possible,” exclaimed Giaffar, “that the magnanimous commander of the faithful should admit such a doubt into

his exalted bosom!”—“And behold,” added Abassa, “the tears which bedew my cheeks, at the unkindness and injustice of my brother’s suspicions! What, in the name of our holy prophet, is the cause of them?”—“It is in the power of you both,” said Haroun, “by an united and inviolable oath, to pacify my doubts and heal my anxieties. Will you engage to take it?”—Giaffar answered, “Command, dread sovereign; and as the angel of God obeys the behests of the divine will, yours shall be obeyed by me.”—“Let the Koran be brought,” said Abassa, “and we are ready to swear what you shall enjoin.”

The caliph immediately ordered them to lay their hands on the sacred volume and pronounce the following oath:—“On us be the vengeance of God, the anger of his holy prophet, and the displeasure of the sultan of Persia; to us be a premature death and eternal torments, if we do not strictly adhere, in word and deed, to what Haroun Alraschid shall now be pleased to require of us.”—Giaffar, with a firm voice and unaltered eye, repeated the oath; and Abassa, though with a pale look and a trembling hand, followed his example. The caliph then declared the command they were to fulfil.—“The day after to-morrow the iman shall join your hands, and his benediction will place thee next to myself in the empire. You will be then the first friend of Abassa, but no more. Love her as much as thou wilt, and receive the confession of her affection for thee, but no more. You must never see each other but in my presence. Should you seek

more, should you ever be surprised alone, should you, in short, violate your oaths, I swear by our holy prophet, that the head of Giaffar shall be the immediate forfeit of his perjury." The caliph now gave the signal, the slaves entered; the lovers durst not utter a word, and at the appointed time their nuptials were celebrated.

It now became a matter of curious astonishment among his friends as well as his enemies, that Giaffar, from this moment, when he had attained the pinnacle of honour, prosperity, and happiness, should lose that cheerful serenity of countenance for which he was distinguished, and appear with an air of secret sadness, which in vain he endeavoured to disguise. In the presence of the emperor the lovers appeared to be happy, for that was the only time when they saw each other, and he concluded that they were contented: but one evening, as they were separating, Abassa presented her husband with a pineapple, which she had decorated with curious ornaments, and contrived to whisper in his ear, unheard by the caliph, "Read its contents." Giaffar, when he had reached his apartment, cut open the fruit, and found a paper thus inscribed:—"My present life is worse than death. I would be content to live with thee in any corner of the world. Let us then fly from the wanton tyranny that oppresses us. Your power can command the means; prepare them then I conjure you. Refuse me, and the cup will be mingled that shall give me at once a pale bride to the angel of death. I will live with my husband, or, I swear by the holy

prophet, I will die." By means of similar presents they arranged the plan for their departure. Abassa collected her jewels, which were of great value; and Giaffar was not without his private treasures: with a single female attendant of the princess, and a small band of faithful slaves devoted to Giaffar, the determined pair took their flight at midnight; they passed through the gardens of the palace, and in a few hours reached the mountains. One of the slaves, who had been a robber, and owed his forfeit life to Giaffar, was their guide, and took them through tracks which defied pursuit. In a few weeks they reached Alexandria, where they dismissed their attendants with magnificent presents, and with only two chosen servants took shipping for Italy, where they arrived and lived in all the happiness that love and virtue can confer on their faithful votaries; nor did they ever look back with regret at the splendour and greatness which they had abandoned. They sometimes would join in expressing their sorrow for the pain they well knew the unhappy caliph would suffer by the loss of the only true friend he possessed, and of a sister whom he so fondly loved—and that was all.

Haroun Alraschid, when he discovered that the lovers were fled, became enraged almost to madness. He dispatched troops in every direction to overtake the fugitives, and offered immense rewards to those who should bring them back. But the search was vain, and the caliph was almost driven to despair. Achmet, and all those who had, by their arts, instilled the first gleams of suspicion respecting Giaffar's

fidelity in his bosom, were condemned to torture and to death. He ordered Fadhel into his presence, and madly exclaimed, "Produce thy brother, or thou shalt die!"—"Then," replied the vizier, "order the ministers of death before thee, and let me die at once. Giaffar's flight was as unknown to me as to the commander of the faithful; and, permit thy servant to add, that my brother was not of a character to form a design which he could not execute. Such is my despair of seeing him again, and so great is my sorrow at the reflection, that life is no longer dear to me, and the bow-string has no terrors for me."

Haroun was not used to hear such language, but it arrested his purpose; and a fortunate moment of reflection suggested to him, that such a minister as Fadhel was not immediately to be found because he commanded it. He accordingly corrected his anger, and spoke to the minister upon some other public occurrence, and graciously dismissed him.

The caliph was wretched, nor was it a small aggravation of his trouble, that no sooner did the people of Georgia hear of Giaffar's flight, than they manifested symptoms of rebellion; and the provinces which he had given to him, and had been rendered so happy by the administration of that minister, were also in a state of insurrection. The sultan attended himself to the quelling this insubordinate spirit in these parts of his empire; but he found, that the restoration of them to tranquillity, which Giaffar had effected by his prudence and conciliating powers

in a few weeks, without the loss of a single life, was not now obtained in many months, and with a vast effusion of blood, both in the field of battle and on the scaffold. Haroun now lost the serenity of his mind; he ceased to govern by the mild virtues which had rendered him beloved, and he became the tyrant of his people. He now governed with a rod of iron, and the remainder of his reign was a successive scene of trouble, disturbance, and terror. He endeavoured to recall Giaffar to Persia, but in vain. He had at length discovered the distant spot where his injured favourite had retired; and he dispatched Fadhel to offer all the temptations his empire could offer, to induce him to return: but the minister, unfaithful to the trust, secretly secured the treasure which he could carry with him, and set out on his mission with a determination never to return. Haroun, after waiting several months, with a wearied impatience, the event of his embassy, received the following letter:—

Commander of the Faithful,

I have found my brother Giaffar and your sister Abassa in the full enjoyment of all earthly happiness, in a country where the sovereign cannot interrupt them while they obey the laws, which are mild, just, fixed, and known to all. They, therefore, refuse to venture a return to Persia, where the breath of thy power may, in one suspicious moment, sink them into misery. I wish also to retire from the cares of state, and shall pass the rest of my days with Giaffar and Abassa.

Renowned sovereign of Persia,



Taken on the spot, June 25th by E. Walsh.

J. C. Stiller sculp.

LA BELLE ALLIANCE.

may the remaining years of thy reign be prosperous and crowned with glory!

Thy honoured and faithful servant,
FADHEL.

Soon after the receipt of this letter, Haroun sunk into a state of despondency which soon brought him to the brink of the grave. When he felt that the angel of death was waving his sable wings around him, he sent for Amin, his son and successor, and thus addressed him:—"In a few hours, you will be sovereign of Persia and its extensive

empire. Remember, therefore, my last words, and let them be graven in thy heart. Study well the early part of my reign, when Jahia and Giaffar directed my councils, and let that be your constant and never-failing guide. And once more, I say, remember, when you have just and full reason to believe that your vizier, whoever he be, is faithful to his trust, I repeat, for the last time, remember, O remember, above all things, to keep *suspicion* from finding a place in your bosom."

PLATE 20.—LA BELLE ALLIANCE.

For so destructive a battle, ending in a victory of such interest in its results, and so important in its consequences, one might imagine it would not be difficult to find a name: yet such is the fact. No one has yet been able ultimately to decide by what title the astonishing victory of the 18th of June is to be recorded. As in our fine old dramas, when all the acts were finished, the author was afterwards puzzled for a title, and frequently chose a double one, so it happens in the present case. The battle of *Waterloo*, or *La Belle Alliance*, has two names, neither of which is appropriate. The first is a large handsome village, three miles in the rear of the ground where the action was fought, and happened to be the head-quarters of the Duke of Wellington for one night. The other is a sorry farm-house, or rather *cabaret*, rendered famous by the meeting of the two great commanders at the close of the engagement, in which each was completely victorious.

If general locality of position,

if the field where all the manœuvres and most of the fighting took place, be deemed the best criteria to designate a pitched battle, then, unquestionably, the name given by the French, namely, *Mont St. Jean*, ought to be adopted. In all wars, however, the victors claim the privilege of naming the combat. Our enemies alone seem to dispute this right, even on the page of history. Thus they persist in calling the battle of Blenheim that of Hochstedt; and, lately, they have given the name of the river Moskwa to the terrible battle of Borodino. In the present instance, however, they appear to have reason on their side; for the rising ground at a short distance from the south end of the village of Mont St. Jean, stretching in bold swells on each side of and between two *chaussées*, one leading to Genappe, the other to Nivelles, was not only the position chosen by our great general, but the place where the contest was hottest, which the enemy made the most stupendous efforts to force, and where, in his last attempt, in

the hollow way in front of it, the "Old Guard" perished almost to a man.

All the high plain bounded by the forest of Soignie, may be considered as an extension of the plains of Fleurus. It is composed of good arable land, mostly tilled; swelling out in plateaus and terraces, and thinly sprinkled with trees, or skirted here and there with small woods, not unlike the downs of Kent, though on a larger scale. In the battle of the 16th of June, which was only the commencement of that of the 18th, the French took up their position on the east of Fleurus. This town occupies the highest part of the plain. The village of Ligny is just opposite, also on high ground; that of St. Amand midway between them; and Quatre-Bras (which is a post-house and large farm) about six miles to the left, where the *chaussée* of Namur crosses that of Charleroy. The battle of the 16th took place between these posts, strictly on the plains of Fleurus; so that, taken in an extensive sense, the Netherlands were lost by one battle of Fleurus, and twenty years after won by another.

In the annexed view, the farmhouse of La Belle Alliance (which has been so called these forty years, such appellations being common in the Pays Bas), is represented as it appeared about a week after the battle. The out-offices in the rear were blown up by the bursting of a shell, and many English were killed and wounded there. The enemy first seized it to support his attacks on Mont St. Jean, and the contest for its possession became afterwards excessively hot. The arable ground round about is thick-

ly covered with the graves of men and horses, from whence a cadaverous exhalation still strongly affects the olfactory sense. Fragments of caps, shoes, arms, and accoutrements, remain strewed about; but the more valuable articles were carried off almost immediately by the peasantry, who made a fine harvest of them. Here and there a wretched wounded horse might be seen limping over the plain, searching in vain for a patch of verdure untainted with carnage. The telegraph on the rising ground (which ground is supposed to be the highest in the Netherlands), was the spot where Napoleon was stationed during great part of the action. The French made it a rallying point in their flight, by which numbers of the fugitives, who could not gain the high road, were cut off.

But in a fertile region like Belgium, with an industrious population, the ravages of war are soon effaced. Already the farm-house of La Belle Alliance, whitewashed and plastered, is converted into the Wellington Hotel, and advertised for sale, with about three acres of land belonging to it. The amateur, however, execrates all such repairs, and feels as a virtuoso might be supposed to feel, whose Otho some officious, unscientific friend had polished up like a new halfpenny. Meanwhile the unconscious ploughman drives his team over the bodies of heroes, and clover, tobacco, and corn, even now, spring up with great luxuriance from their remains. Nature is every where busy in repairing her losses; Venus restores what Mars destroyed,

"And laughing Ceres reassumes the land."

E. W.

BRUSSELS, August 9, 1815.

LAURA ALDOBRANDINI.

OBRIZZO, Marquis of Ferrara, of the house of Este, had by his mistress three sons and a daughter who was named Laura Aldobrandini. She was reckoned one of the first beauties of her time, and combined great firmness with the highest degree of feminine delicacy.

Among the numerous strangers who frequented her father's court, was Leo Visconti, a nephew of John Visconti, the powerful Archbishop of Milan, who had conceived no less a plan than to procure for his house the supreme authority over all Italy. Leo saw the fair Laura for the first time at a procession; she was absorbed in devotion, and none of her thoughts belonged to earth. The youth's heart was inflamed with love, and it soon became unsusceptible of any other impression. He repeated the name of Laura a hundred times in his dreams, and Laura was the first word he uttered on awaking.

His mind was now incessantly engaged in devising the means of acquainting the lady with his passion. This was, however, attended with difficulties; for Laura lived very retired, and never appeared at court except on extraordinary occasions. He at length contrived to bribe one of her attendants, and through him to get a note conveyed to her bed-chamber. Laura found it at night lying on her table. As nobody could or would give any account by whom it was written, and how it had come thither, she burned it unopened.

Leo was informed the next morning, to his profound mortification, of the failure of his attempt. He

had heard of a prophetess who resided in a small lonely habitation, out of the gates of Ferrara, near the church-yard of St. Magdalen. He repaired to the place, and implored the witch to tell him whether Laura would return his love.

"I will consult my dead," murmured the prophetess, and descended into a deep vault, from which, as she removed the stone, arose a cadaverous smell. Leo heard with horror the rattling of bones, and a low conversation in a language with which he was unacquainted. The witch ascended again from the cavern; her hair seemed singed with sulphureous flames, and her hideous face was still more pale and haggard than before.

"Laura Aldobrandini will never part her love from her hand," cried she with tremulous accents. Leo would have asked some farther questions, but the old woman commanded him to retire. "Go," said she, "the dead are uneasy when blooming life approaches too near to them."

He went, and was now firmly resolved to solicit Laura's hand of the marquis. On his return home, he communicated this intention to the chamberlain, Panfilo, who accompanied him, and took the greatest pains to dissuade him from it. In vain did he represent the consequences to the love-sick youth; in vain did he assure him, that his uncle, the powerful Archbishop of Milan, would employ all the means in his reach to prevent such a union; in vain did he remind him of the increasing aggrandizement of the house of Visconti and of Lau-

ra's illegitimacy. "She must be mine, even if I sacrifice all Italy for her," was the only answer returned by the infatuated youth.

Panfilo immediately dispatched a messenger to the archbishop; but Leo laughed at his officiousness, repaired the following day to the marquis, and formally solicited the hand of his daughter. This proposal, how unexpected soever to the prince, was not disagreeable. "If you can obtain the consent of your uncle, you have mine," was his reply. He immediately introduced the count to Laura in the garden of the palace. Her beauty, her dignified modesty, and the fascinating tone of her conversation, completed the conquest of the heart of the enamoured youth. Laura remained tranquil, and shared not the flame that she had excited. In Leo's figure and features there was indeed nothing to be found fault with, but Laura immediately discovered in him both that obstinacy and want of firmness, the one of which is as incapable of yielding as the other of resistance.

It was not long before the archbishop's answer arrived; it consisted of these few words:—"My nephew has to seek his bride among the first sovereign houses of Italy, for his inheritance is a duchy." Panfilo at the same time received secret orders to set out immediately with the Count of Ferrara. The latter absolutely refused to comply; he even threatened to put an end to his life, and the violence of his disposition afforded room to apprehend the worst. The marquis was not a little embarrassed; for he had reason to fear that the anger of the archbishop would fall upon his

house, and he well knew the implacability of his resentment. He went therefore with a heavy heart to his daughter, to concert with her how to act. After a little reflection, she said, "I will go into the country, or into a convent, and there keep myself concealed till the young man has got rid of his foolish passion."

Whilst they were consulting upon the place where Laura should fix her abode, an old servant brought a basket of flowers. He was going to present it to the Countess Aldobrandini, when he turned pale, trembled convulsively, and fell senseless upon the ground. Laura called her people; the duke's own physician was instantly sent for. He thought the circumstance extraordinary, examined the man, shook his head, and whispered the marquis, that the flowers were poisoned, and probably the poor old fellow had smelt them by the way. After some time the unfortunate man was recalled to life; but his intellects were deranged, and it was of course impossible to learn from whom he had received the flowers.

The marquis shrewdly suspected that the archbishop was at the bottom of this business, and that Signor Panfilo was the instrument he had employed. He loved his daughter with the tenderest affection, and would have given all that he held most valuable to place her in security. To accomplish this was no easy task. The marquis consulted his confessor, a venerable friar of the Barefooted Order, upon the subject. "I always trust more to God than to myself," said the monk: "I will pray, and will then com-

municate to your lordship what I consider most expedient."

Father Hilarion repaired to the chapel, and there prostrated himself before the altar. An idea suddenly flashed upon his soul, as if inspired from above; he rose and went back to the marquis.

"Do you bring me good counsel, reverend father?"

"In my opinion," replied Hilarion, "there is no safety for the Countess Aldobrandini till her name is erased from the list of the living."

"How do you mean?"

"We must give out that she is dead."

"People will not believe us."

"They must and shall believe us. Your lordship can rely upon the fidelity and abilities of your physician, and also upon the silence and discretion of the prioress of the Ursuline nuns. There is no need to acquaint any one else with the secret."

The plan was then communicated to the physician, and also to Laura, who agreed with a smile to contribute her part towards its execution.

On the evening of the same day it was reported over all Ferrara, that the fair Laura Aldobrandini had retired to the convent of Ursulines. Count Visconti bit his lips with rage when he heard this intelligence. "And yet she must be mine?" cried he, stamping upon the ground.—"She is the bride of heaven," rejoined Panfilo.—"We shall see which will be obliged to cede her to the other," retorted the count with fury, running out to brood over the most singular projects.

The following day he called at the palace of the marquis; but the

latter would not see him, as he wished to avoid giving the archbishop the slightest cause for fresh suspicion. The count went out to the convent of St. Ursula, situated a league from the city, in a swampy spot beyond the Po. On seeing the solitary walls, he felt somewhat more composed. He seated himself under a poplar that stood by the road, and revolved various plans, but soon discovered the impracticability of them all.

Night gradually came on, and threw her sable mantle over all around. A bell rung in the convent; its sound was sweet and melancholy.

"Is that the bell for prayers?" said the count to a girl who was carrying milk and fruit to the monastery.—"No; it is the passing-bell," replied the girl. His mind began to misgive him. At this moment a man upon a mule rode out of the court of the convent, and took the road to the city.—"For whom is that bell going?" asked Count Leo.—"For the beautiful Laura Aldobrandini," answered the man. "I am carrying to the marquis the account of the sudden death of his daughter."—"Then," muttered the youth, "she is the bride of heaven in spite of me, and her fair, blooming body will be consigned to the worms."

He rose, and strolled about for some time in the fields. On his return to the city he was met in all quarters by the news of the sudden death of the fair Laura, and some even expressed their conjecture, that she had been poisoned.

When the count had reached home, he said to his attendant, "You have no doubt heard, my

worthy Panfilo, that the beautiful Laura cannot be mine ; because she cannot be the bride of any man. People talk strangely concerning her death. If there be any truth in what they say, I know perfectly well who prepared the fatal draught and consigned her to the arms of heaven. For you, kind Panfilo, I will provide a similar potion, which shall not kill you in a day, but after years of lingering torment. Sleep peaceably to-night : the day after to-morrow I shall set out for Venice, and I advise you to go to the place where ropes are dearest, as there you may preserve your life the longest."

With these words the count retired, leaving Panfilo quite confounded. The intelligence of Laura's death had been immediately conveyed to him, and he thought it not improbable that it might have been occasioned by poison ; but this time, at least, he was innocent of the deed.

The following day Count Visconti took leave of the court ; the marquis assured him, that his daughter had not died a violent death, but of apoplexy, arising from a sudden chill after overheating herself. This declaration pacified the young man, who, without farther ceremony, would else have snatched the thread of Signor Panfilo's life out of the hand of the Fates. He left Ferrara the same evening, to escape as speedily as possible from painful recollections.

The day fixed for the interment of the fair Laura arrived. Her father went the preceding evening to Modena, but his three sons, and a great number of people from Ferrara, attended the funeral. As

Laura's brothers were not in the secret, and were deeply afflicted at the loss of their sister, they staid no longer than till mass was finished, and quitted the church when the body was removed from the sacristy and the requiem began. The coffin was open. Laura lay in it like a saint, whose body is proof against corruption. She was attired in white, with a wreath of lilies round her head, and a rosary of red coral in her hands, which were folded upon her bosom. The hymn of everlasting peace commenced ; the priest entered and pronounced the benediction. There was not an eye but overflowed. The coffin was then carried by twelve nuns from the choir to the nave of the church, where was the entrance to the vault. Here it was to remain till vespers, and then to be removed to its final resting-place.

The concourse gradually dispersed, for the hour of dinner drew nigh. A young pilgrim alone remained, as if rooted by the side of the coffin, and contemplated the pallid features of the celestial form. When he perceived that all but himself had left the church, he knelt before the coffin, drew a plain gold ring from Laura's finger, and put on it a valuable diamond ring in its stead. At that moment the prioress stood before him.

"What are you doing here, pilgrim?" said she. "Surely you would not rob the dead!"

"I have only made an exchange," rejoined the pilgrim, "and, upon my honour, not for the sake of base lucre ; for only look at the two rings, venerable lady!"

"But why is this?"

"She who here slumbers must be a saint, for her face has no marks of death and sin. The ring which she wore is to protect me in my dangerous peregrinations."

"You are no ordinary pilgrim."

"True, lady; this hand once wielded the sword."

"From what country are you?"

"From Germany."

"My name is Walter von Scho-neck. An aged monk has predicted, that I should be the last of my

race. Here would I fain lay myself down and die, that I might once awake together with this angel. Farewell, reverend lady! and if my way leads me again to your convent, permit me once more to contemplate the face of this sainted virgin."

Bending over the coffin, he imprinted a fervent kiss on Laura's hand, and retired from the church.

(To be concluded in our next.)

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

ONE of the greatest literary prizes ever given in this island was adjudged at Aberdeen, on the 4th of August. Mr. Burnett, a merchant of that city, bequeathed, by his will, a sum to be allowed to accumulate till it should amount to 1600*l.* sterling; and then to be given in two prizes, the first of 1200*l.* and the second of 400*l.* to two writers who should, in the opinion of three judges chosen by the members of King's and Mareschal Colleges, the established clergy of Aberdeen, and his own trustees, produce the best dissertations on the subject prescribed in his will. The subject was—*The evidence that there is a Being, all-powerful, wise, and good, by whom every thing exists; and particularly to obviate difficulties regarding the wisdom and goodness of the Deity; and this, in the first place, from considerations independent of written Revelation; and, in the second place, from the Revelation of the Lord Jesus; and, from the whole, to point out the inferences most necessary for, and useful to, mankind.* It was required that all the essays should be trans-

mitted to a gentleman of Aberdeen by the 1st January, 1814. Seven years were allowed to candidates to prepare their dissertations. Repeated notices were given in the newspapers of the amount of the prizes, the subject, and the conditions. The judges appointed and sworn were, Dr. Gilbert Gerard, Professor of Divinity in King's College, and author of the *Institutes of Biblical Criticism*; the Rev. George Glennie, Professor of Moral Philosophy in Mareschal College; and Dr. Robert Hamilton, Professor of Mathematics in the same college. At a meeting of the electors held in Mareschal College, the three judges reported, that they had unanimously decreed the prizes to two dissertations; and, on opening the sealed letters accompanying these dissertations, which contained the name and address of the writers, it was discovered that the first prize was due to Dr. W. L. Brown, Principal of Mareschal College; and the second to Mr. J. B. Sumner, of Eton College. Dr. Brown has gained several literary prizes on the Continent.

Mr. W. H. Pyne is preparing for the press, in three volumes, to be dedicated, by permission, to her Majesty, the Prince Regent, and the Duke of York, *Annals of the Royal Residences of Windsor Castle, Hampton Court, Kew, Kensington, Buckingham House, St. James's, Frogmore, and Carlton House*: to be embellished by one hundred coloured engravings, representing the apartments, with their painted ceilings, pictures, statues, splendid furniture, &c. &c. from accurate drawings by the first artists, made expressly for the work. This publication is intended to display, by graphic means, the internal splendour of our palaces and royal residences, as the drawings will present accurate views of all the principal apartments, affording a complete idea of the extent and beauty of these places to those who have not visited our regal and princely seats, and a pleasing retrospect of them to those who have long since viewed these abodes of royalty. The letter-press will not only comprise the architectural history of the buildings, but a faithful description of the pictures, statues, and furniture, with a notice of each valuable work of art, its author, and biographical accounts of the illustrious or remarkable persons whose portraits adorn the several apartments; also, annals of the most interesting transactions appertaining to each royal mansion: forming together the domestic history of the same, from the time of Edward III. to the present period. The work will be published in twenty-four monthly numbers, forming three volumes imperial

quarto. Specimens of the drawings may be seen at the publisher's, W. H. Pyne, Nassau-street, Soho.

The Rev. H. Batten, of Bellevue House Academy, proposes to publish, in October, *A Report of a Series of Experiments* which he has made on children of various ages, to ascertain the effect of different systems of education, by which he proves that, by the interrogative system, children may learn as much in one year as by the ordinary methods in four years.

The Rev. James Gilchrist has in the press, a work under the title of *The Labyrinth Demolished, or the Pioneer of Rational Philology*.

Mr. John Nichols has finished printing the ninth and last volume of his *Literary Anecdotes of the Eighteenth Century*, and the publication is waiting only for a general index to the eighth and ninth volumes.

Mr. Donovan is preparing for the press, an *Essay on the Origin, Progress, and Present State of Galvanism*; containing investigations, experimental and speculative, of the principal doctrines offered for the explanation of its phenomena, and a statement of the new theory. This essay gained the prize of the Royal Irish Academy.

Mr. Arthur Burrow, late travelling fellow to the University of Cambridge, and since in the commissariat department, is preparing for the press, *Some Account of the Mediterranean, 1810 to 1815*, political and scientific, literary and descriptive, in royal 4to. with engravings.

The Muse of Mr. Walter Scott has been roused by the late glorious victory in Flanders, and he has

announced a poem under the title of *The Field of Waterloo*.

The Rev. Francis Wrangham is about to publish his collected works, consisting of Sermons, Dissertations, Essays, and Poems; to which will be added, among other articles, a translation of Milton's *Defensio Secunda*. The same divine is also preparing a new edition of the *British Plutarch*, with considerable additions and many new lives.

The author of *Waverley* and *Guy Mannering*, is engaged upon a new novel, to be entitled *The Antiquary*.

A work under the title of *The Legend Confuted, or Truth Undisguised*, will shortly appear.

Mr. W. D. Fellowes has in the press, *Paris during the month of July 1815*, in a series of letters addressed to a friend in London.

A naval officer is preparing a volume, to be entitled *The Naval Monitor*; containing many useful hints for both the public and private conduct of the young gentlemen in or entering the sea service, in all its branches.

Mr. Hanson, of Manchester, will speedily publish a folio chart, entitled *The Meteorologist's Assistant*; accompanied with an explanatory card of his mode of notation. The chart will serve for any year and place required; but the principal object of the author is, to bring into one view a year's observations of the weather, by means of curves and characters: of course, it will facilitate a comparison of cotemporary notations of remote places.

Mr. Edmund L. Swift, barrister at law, a lineal descendant of the celebrated Dean of St. Patrick, has in the press, *Waterloo*, and other poems.

Mr. J. Child, painter, of Dudley,

is in possession of the virginal which belonged to Queen Elizabeth, and has signified that he should have no objection to transfer it to a more suitable proprietor. This instrument was purchased, about twelve years since, at the sale of the effects of Lord Spencer Chichester, at Fisherwick. The case, made of cedar, is covered with crimson velvet, and has three ancient gilt locks, finely engraved. The inside is lined with strong yellow tabby silk. In shape and size it resembles a spinnet, but opens on the opposite side, and then resembles a common pianoforte. The whole is in a high state of preservation, light and portable, not exceeding 24 pounds in weight, being 5 feet long, 16 inches wide, and 7 inches deep. The front is covered entirely with gold, having a border round the inside $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches broad. There are 50 keys with jacks and quills, 30 of them ebony tipped with gold; and the semitone keys, 20 in number, are inlaid with silver, ivory, and different kinds of wood, each key consisting of 250 pieces. The royal arms of Elizabeth, at one end, are most exquisitely emblazoned; and at the other end is a dove crowned, holding in its right foot a sceptre, and standing upon an oak tree, cooped and eradicated. The painting is done upon gold and carmine, lake and fine ultramarine, and the ornaments are minutely engraved upon gold, so as to give it a most beautiful appearance.

The Chinese have recourse to a method, equally curious and ingenious, of producing imitations of real pearls. At the beginning of summer, when the oysters appear

above the water and open in the sun, they have in readiness five or six pearls made of mother of pearl, which are strung upon a thread, and separated from one another by knots. A string of pearls of this kind is put into each of the oysters, which immediately sink with their prizes to the bottom of the water. A year afterwards they are taken up, and the artificial pearls are found covered with a new coat, which fully equals in beauty the surface of the genuine ones.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

Forty Preludes for the Piano-Forte, in the major and minor Keys, composed and fingered by Ferd. Ries. Pr. 5s.

ORIGINALITY, energy, and, if we may be allowed the expression, true poetical fire, are the characteristic features of Mr. Ries's works; and the preludes before us appear to have partaken of so much the greater share of these qualities, as the nature of the composition admitted of a more uncontrouled range of an exuberant imagination. Hence the unceasing variety of novel ideas, the scientific combinations of harmony, and the bold flights which, as by surprise, arrest our attention at every step. With such inherent merits, it will scarcely be expected that these preludes should fall within the reach of incipient performers. It requires not only matured proficiency, but an inward spark of that musical feeling to which they owe their birth, to exhibit them with the effect intended by the author. As studies, they will prove invaluable to the enthusiastic lover of the art; and, in that respect, the shortness

of each piece, together with the indication of the principal situations of the fingers, are additional encouragements to the scholar. A typographical error occurs in the third bar of the tenth prelude; the accidental sharp before B, in the treble, should have been a flat. *A new Rondo on a favourite Irish Air, with an Introduction and slow Movement, composed expressly for the Piano-Forte, as improved by Clementi and Co. up to F; also arranged for Instruments up to C,* by J. B. Cramer. Pr. 3s.

The elegant introduction to this rondo, short as it is, suits our taste more than the rondo itself. Not that we wish, by any means, to depreciate the skill and ingenuity displayed by Mr. C. in the construction of the latter; but even those exertions from such able hands could not stagger an opinion, often expressed on similar occasions, that an Irish melody, from the peculiarity and the simplicity of its nature, is, generally speaking, not the fittest subject for the florid embellishments of the present day, and therefore repays but indifferently the trouble bestowed upon the metamorphosis. It is, however, but justice to add, that if any thing could reconcile us to such an undertaking, it would have been Mr. C.'s treatment of the subject before us. The harmony throughout is of the most mellow and efficient description, and the digressive matter, the more it estranges itself from the theme, the more interesting it is.

The slow movement, an andante in D and $\frac{3}{4}$ time, which we apprehend to be likewise founded on some national air, possesses every possi-

ble advantage of attractive simplicity and graceful harmony. A pleasing variation is deduced from it; after which, by means of an ingenious transition, a very select part in C succeeds, and the whole is wound up by a resumption of the original theme of the rondo.

Three Divertimentos for the Piano-Forte, composed, and dedicated to Miss Mercer Elphinstone, by F. Fiorillo. No. 16. Pr. 3s.

In our former numbers we have given a brief account of the 1st and 2d divertimentos belonging to this set. The third, now before us, is equally conspicuous for the variety of movements it contains; but, upon the whole, we are inclined to give the preference to its predecessors. Although the subject of the introductory andante is well conceived, we think the alternate and sudden changes from the key of G to that of A minor, not a happy idea; they leave upon the ear the impression of fifths. The concluding bar, as far as we can decypher it in the faulty copy before us, appears to us very objectionable. In the "Marche Dan-sante," (l. 1, b. 3,) we likewise cannot approve of the sudden leap from A minor to D major. The adagio attracts our attention by the ingenious manner in which the air of *God save the King* is transferred to the key of E minor, so that the simple notes of the melody represent at the same time the air in G major; but the idea has led to some awkward harmonies. The two scherzos claim our unqualified approbation; they are original in themselves, and good counterpoint is not sparingly employed. In the 2d (last bar but one), the sharp be-

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fore C ought to have been given to F. The "Waltzer," p. 6, is agreeable. In fact, there are evidently two distinct ones, the one in C, and the other in A major. A finale, of rather a whimsical melody, concludes this divertimento. Several of the passages are not new to us, and some, as in p. 11, seem to be founded on ideas borrowed from favourite operas. The crossed hands, p. 9, are well introduced; in p. 12, we find the melody ably represented by the left hand, and the whole is wound up with becoming spirit.

Hodsdoll's Collection of Duets for two Performers on one Piano-Forte. No. 40. Pr. 1s. 6d.

Mr. M. P. Corri is the author of this advanced number of the collection above-mentioned; and the subject he has chosen for his labour is the well-known air of *Auld Robin Gray*. It is prettily harmonized, without any executive difficulties or abstruse modulations. This and the melodiousness of the air itself, therefore, render this number an agreeable pastime for young practitioners.

A Collection of popular Airs, arranged as Rondos, or with Variations for the Piano-Forte, by Samuel Wesley. No. 4. Pr. 2s.

The subject of the allegretto before us is an Irish air, ending on the fifth of the key. Under reservation of our opinion, above expressed, in regard to the aptness of most of the Hibernian melodies for purposes of embellished variation and amplification, we have to add, that Mr. W. has given to his theme as good a treatment as it was capable of, and perhaps a better one than it deserved. We think

also, that, in the present instance, he has kept a tighter rein over his contrapuntal faculties than usual; a circumstance which may be regretted by the select few, but will be hailed by the class of amateurs, whose name is legion. In some instances, however, such as p. 4, ll. 2 and 3, scientific touches are applied, which, like the line drawn by Apelles, sufficiently betray the master's hand. The quicker passages are agreeable, and the whole is kindly under the hand of the performer.

The Governess's Musical Assistant, containing all that is truly useful in the Theory and Practice of the Piano-Forte: explaining, by the most easy Method, the use of every Musical Character necessary for the information of young Performers on that Instrument, with appropriate Preludes and Lessons; also a complete Dictionary of Words, as adopted by the best modern Masters, composed (?) by Joseph Cogins. Pr. 8s.

Considering the great number of elementary works of this description already before the public, we should scarcely feel warranted to expect any thing new or original in a fresh addition to the stock on hand. The same ground must, of necessity, be trodden over and over again, and all we can look to is, that the rival race be performed with less stumbling and expence of time. In this view of the undertaking, we have every reason to be satisfied with the work before us, which possesses this distinguishing feature from others, that the whole body of instruction is conveyed by the method of question and answer; and, generally

speaking, the author's tuition, in that way, has the merit of perspicuity and great conciseness. Some of his definitions might be deemed rather unlogical, but perhaps they were framed to suit brevity and infant intellect. Thus, for instance, "What is the use of bars?"—"They divide the music into equal measures."—"What are measures?"—"Measures are the distances between the bars"—is a circle in definition. Nothing essential to a beginner is omitted; the key-board, the value of notes and rests, the nature of graces, the major and minor scales, &c. are explained in a clear and satisfactory manner. A number of lessons are added for incipient practice, the selection of which has been judicious; for they not only proceed in progressive order as to difficulty, but consist of pieces agreeable to the ear. A little duet or two ought to have closed the set. The dictionary of musical terms is one of the best and most copious to be met with in any book of instruction.

No. I. *Divertimento for the Flute and Piano-Forte, in which is introduced an ancient Swedish National Melody, called Neck's Polonaise, composed, and dedicated to Thomas Newte, Esq. by C. L. Lithander. Pr. 3s.*

Although the flute acts as principal in this divertimento, the piano-forte is not confined to a mere servile accompaniment; it occasionally takes its fair share in the melody, and frequently interposes responsive passages with much effect. The first of the three successive movements is an andantino-theme in F major, of regular construction and of great sweetness in

point of melody. The major theme is followed by several parts in the corresponding minor key, in the second of which the bar in E flat appears advantageously in its place. The piano-forte afterwards enters upon a neat variation of the major theme, and is followed by the flute in the same track.

Neck's Polonaise bears on the face of it the stamp of national originality and of venerable antiquity. The name of this melody is, as Mr. L. informs us in a note, derived from NECK, the god of the sea and of music, in the ancient Gothic mythology.

The third and last movement is a pretty waltz, somewhat analogous to the theme of the first andantino. In the 2d part of the trio we meet with an elegant passage, the idea of which is borrowed from Haydn. The whole of this duet is set with much ease, and as, conformably to the character of a divertimento, it is more agreeable than profound, its performance will afford a pleasing occupation for both instruments.

"*My native Shore, adieu!*" a much admired Song, the Poetry extracted (by permission) from Lord Byron's celebrated Poem of *Childe Harold*, &c. The Music composed by Miss Fowler. Pr. 2s.

To distinguish this composition from another, set to the same words, and called, *My native Land, good night*, a slight alteration, as the fair author herself tells us, has been made in the title. The rival publication is probably the one by Mr. Klose, noticed in our preceding number; and, although our remarks thereon did not convey, by any means, unqualified appro-

bation, we must admit, that, in point of metrical regularity at least, it is preferable to the one before us.

The symphony of *My native Shore, adieu!* (not adverting to the nudity of its outset), consists of the seven first bars from the air itself (being two successive periods of four and three bars), and of the end-symphony of the song, which likewise subdivides itself into a period of four and one of three bars. The unevenness of these component parts leaves an unfavourable impression on every ear accustomed to rhythmical regularity.

In the air itself the same metrical misconception is observable throughout. The period, "Fades o'er the waters blue," for instance, being but of three bars, does not tally with the antecedent one, "Adieu, adieu, my native shore," which has four bars. More regularity would have been produced, had these two lines been expressed by one musical period of four $\frac{1}{2}$ bars. The melody, independently of this essential defect, is neither novel nor peculiarly attractive, and certainly offers no cue to divine, even with a distant guess, the sombre import of the text. The accompaniments are tolerably apt in general, although some of the harmonies (such as, for instance, bars 13, 14, and 15, p. 3,) sufficiently indicate, that they do not proceed from a correct knowledge of composition.

No. III. *Hibernia, a new Medley-Divertimento, composed of popular Irish Melodies, arranged, in a familiar Style, for the use of young Practitioners on the Piano-Forte*, by J. Monro. Pr. 2s.

What we have said in our two preceding numbers, in respect to

two similar publications by the same author, entitled *Albion and Caledonia*, applies completely to the present collection, which forms the sequel and companion to those above-named. The tunes here strung together are about a dozen in number, and of true Irish origin, a kind of *multum in parvo*. They are plainly, but properly, harmonized; so that, by way of relaxation from more serious musical studies, the beginner may turn to them without the assistance of even his master. The titles of the tunes, although many of them are well known, might as well have been added.

Shakspeare's dramatic Songs to all his Dramas, selected and composed for the Piano-Forte, by W. Linley, Esq. Vol. I. Pr. £1. 1s.

From the sensible and well-written introduction to this work, it appears, that the author's object was to furnish such melodies to all the songs in Shakspeare's plays as should best correspond with the import of the poetry, and with the character of the person of the drama. The music, therefore, of former composers, which appeared to him fully to answer that object, he retained, with the addition, however, of new and more modernized accompaniments; and where none of that description offered itself, Mr. L. supplied the defect by compositions of his own. To lead, moreover, the performer into the right spirit and feeling of the situation of the singing character in the scene, some brief explanatory and critical hints are introduced for each play; and the dialogue which produces the song is concisely added. The volume be-

fore us embraces, in this manner, the following musical pieces:—

THE TEMPEST.

Song. *Come unto these yellow sands.*—Purcell.

Chorus. *Hark, hark, the watch-dogs, &c.*—Ditto

Song. *Full fathom five.*—Ditto.

Chorus. *Sea nymphs.*—Ditto.

Song. *While you here do snoring lie.*—Thomas Linley, jun.

Song. *No more dams.*—John Smith.

Song. *Ere you can say.*—Thomas Linley, jun.

Duet, *Honour, riches.*—W. Linley.

Song. *Where the bee sucks.*—Dr. Arne.

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

Song. *Who is Silvia?*—W. Linley.

TWELFTH NIGHT.

Song. *O mistress mine.*—W. Linley.

Song. *Come away, death.*—Ditto.

Song. *When that I was.*—Fielding.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Song. *Take, oh! take those lips.*—Fielding.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Song. *Sigh no more.*—W. Linley.

Duet and Chorus. *Pardon, goddess.*—Ditto.

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

Madrigal. *Ye spotted snakes.*—J. S. Stevens.

Song. *Now the hungry lion roars.*—W. Linley.

Trio and chorus. *Hand in hand.*—Dr. Cooke.

LOVE'S LABOUR LOST.

Song. *When daisies pied.*—Dr. Arne.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Duet and Chorus. *Tell me where is Fanny.*—W. Linley.

From the preceding catalogue it will be seen, that the author him-

self has lent an active hand to the accomplishment of his laudable purpose; and it would afford us as much pleasure as it would be doing justice to his efforts, to be allowed entering on a critical analysis of his labour. But this we are totally precluded from doing, by the limits assigned to the musical department of the *Repository of Arts*, which will scarcely admit of a cursory notice of one or two specimens of the author's performance. The song, *O mistress mine* (Twelfth Night), sets out with a most unaffected and characteristic melody, every bar of which seems to grow out of the text. Nothing can be more playful than the passage, *Trip no further*, &c. p. 28, and the harmony throughout the page is as unfettered and skilful as it is effective. The succeeding page (29) we deem altogether a performance of superior merit. The question, *What is love?* the reply, *'Tis not hereafter—What's to come is still unsure—Come and kiss me*, are so many true and elegant musical translations of the poet's words. The duet, *Pardon, goddess* (Much Ado about Nothing), in E b, being of a more serious cast, the author has indulged in a more ample display of scientific harmonic combination; the manner in which he glides with his text into the minor of the key, is both elegant and judicious. The *a-due* part (p. 44) exhibits an aggregate of skilful arrangement and appropriate ex-

pression, which calls for unequalled commendation. The succeeding chorus is excellent; the words, *heavily, heavily*, are inimitably well set; at the stern *unisono* passage, *Graves yawn and yield their dead*, an emotion of horror seizes the frame involuntarily; and the sequel (p. 46) keeps up the sensation of awe till the conclusion, which is no less beautifully imagined.

We have already alluded to the skill displayed by the author in his accompaniments. These are, throughout, of the most select and independent kind, without frittering away the harmony by unnecessary meretricious tinsel. Upon the whole, especially in the airs of a lightsome cast, a little more fanciful mellowness might, perhaps, have proved a further amelioration. In general, the accompaniments hold a kind of mean between the old and modern school of music, leaning, however, preferably to the former. As to the melodies, they are replete with originality, and free from any plagiarism whatever, barefaced or disguised. Mr. L.'s thoughts are his own, and his labour proves, that he has thought and well weighed before he wrote. We trust, therefore, the encouragement of the public will be such as to incite him to a speedy completion of a work, which will undoubtedly rank high among the classic productions of the English school of music.

PLATE 19.—BLACKFRIARS BRIDGE.

THIS beautiful structure, the most modern of the three bridges which connect the two banks of the

Thames at the British metropolis, was erected to the honour of the great William Pitt, Earl of Chat-

ham, whose name and titles are perpetuated in the adjacent places and streets, though the original appellation of Pitt's Bridge has been superseded by one derived from local situation. The act of parliament for its erection was obtained in January, 1756, and authorized the mayor and common council to raise, on the credit of the toll, any sum not exceeding 30,000*l.* per annum, until 160,000*l.* should be raised for the purpose. The late Robert Mylne was the architect selected by the committee for carrying this great work into execution; the first pile was driven for it in the middle of the river in June, 1760, and the first stone was laid, with the ceremonies usual on such occasions, on the 31st of October in the same year. Under the stone was deposited, together with the current coins of the kingdom, a Latin inscription, of which the following is a translation:—

On the last day of October, in the year
1760,

And in the beginning of the most auspicious reign of

GEORGE THE THIRD,

Sir THOS. CHITTY, Knight, Lord Mayor,

Laid the first stone of this Bridge,

Undertaken by the Common Council of
London

(Amidst the rage of an extensive war,)

For the public accommodation,

And the ornament of the city:

ROBERT MYLNE being the architect.

And that there might remain to posterity
A monument of this city's affections to
the man

Who, by the strength of his genius,

The steadiness of his mind,

And a certain kind of happy contagion
of his

Probity and spirit,

(Under the Divine favour,
And the fortunate auspices of GEORGE
THE SECOND,)

Recovered, augmented, and secured
The British empire,

In Asia, Africa, and America,

And restored the ancient reputation

And influence of his country

Amongst the nations of Europe,

The Citizens of London have unani-
mously voted

This bridge to be inscribed with the
name of

WILLIAM PITT.

This majestic fabric was completed as it at present appears in 1769. It is of Portland stone, consisting of nine elliptical arches, which leave large apertures for navigation, while the bridge itself is low. Its length from wharf to wharf is 995 feet, and breadth 42, with a raised footway 7 feet wide on each side. The width of the central arch is 100 feet, and those on either side of it are 98, 93, 83, and 70 respectively. The upper surface of the bridge is a portion of a very large circle; so that the whole forms one arch, and appears a gently swelling ground under foot all the way. Over each pier is a recess or balcony, supported below by two Ionic pillars and two pilasters, which stand upon a semi-circular projection of the pier above high-water mark. These pillars give an agreeable lightness to the appearance of the edifice. At each extremity the bridge expands, the footways rounding off to the right and left, affording a free and open access, not less agreeable than useful in the approach. There are two flights of fifty stone steps at each end, for the convenience of persons taking water.

A View of the Suspension Bridge at New York, as seen from the City.



Blackfriars Bridge unites, with its intrinsic merit, the advantage of affording the best point of view for surveying the magnificent cathedral of St. Paul, with the various churches between Westminster and the Tower.

A model of one of the arches of this bridge, in mahogany, shewing the construction of the wood-work under it, the foundations of the pier below, with the road and foot pavements over, and two patterns for the rails on each side, is deposited in the British Museum.

At the northern extremity of Blackfriars Bridge, the river Fleet once discharged itself into the Thames. This stream was so considerable, that, in 1307, as Stowe tells us, "ten or twelve ships navies at once, with merchandizes, were wont to come to the bridge of Fleete:" and Pennant remarks, it must be recollected, that, at this period, there were drawbridges upon London Bridge, through which vessels of certain dimensions might pass and discharge their cargoes at the mouth of the Fleet. The tide flowed as high as Holborn Bridge, where was five feet water at the lowest tide, and brought up barges of considerable burden. This channel must have been, in a great measure, choked up at a subsequent period, probably from the accumulation of filth through neglect; for we find, that, after the great fire of London, it was, by order of the lord mayor and court of aldermen, cleansed, enlarged, and made navigable; the sides built of stone and brick, with warehouses on each side, which ran under the street. The wharfs on either side were 35 feet broad, and rendered secure by wooden

railing. Over the canal were built four bridges of Portland stone, at Bridewell, Fleet-street, Fleet-lane, and Holborn. The total expence of this improvement amounted to near 28,000*l.* exclusively of the sums paid to the proprietors of ground required for the enlargement of the wharfs and quays. During the performance of this work, several Roman utensils were found at the depth of 15 feet; and a little deeper, a great quantity of Roman coins in silver, copper, brass, and other metals, but none of gold. At Holborn Bridge were found two brazen *Lares*, a Bacchus and a Ceres, about four inches long. Pennant thinks it probable, that these things were thrown into the stream by the affrighted Romans, at the approach of the enraged Boadicea, who soon took ample revenge on her insulting conquerors. Here were also found many Saxon antiquities, spurs, weapons, keys, seals, also medals, crosses, and other articles which might have been thrown in on a similar occasion of alarm.

This improvement was so far from answering the intended purpose, that the canal was neglected, and, under the name of Fleet Ditch, became a public nuisance, which Pope has strongly characterized in his *Dunciad*:—

Fleet Ditch, with d'semboguing streams,
Rolls the large tribute of dead dogs to Thames;
The King of Dykes! than whom no sluice of
mud
With deeper sable blots the silver flood.

Whatever might have been effected by the *Dunciad* in the way of amendment upon the living objects of its satire, so much is certain, that it led to the removal of

this nuisance; for the lord mayor and citizens, to screen it from farther obloquy, arched it over from Holborn Bridge to Fleet-street, in 1733, and erected Fleet Market upon its site. The erection of New Bridge-street concealed the remainder from view. The obelisk at the north end of that street, erected in the mayoralty of the celebrated John Wilkes in 1775, marks the extent of its intrusion till that period, when it was a genuine and muddy ditch, hidden from the pub-

lic street by a range of low buildings used as a watch-house for St. Bride's parish. The fine opening to Blackfriars Bridge has, however, quite changed the scene; and Fleet Market has, in its turn, been declared an obstruction to a noble street intended to be carried from the bridge towards Islington and the great north road. The difficulty of finding a proper situation for the market has hitherto opposed the execution of this most desirable improvement.

RETROSPECT OF POLITICS.

FRANCE.

SINCE the departure of Bonaparte for St. Helena, the British government has officially apprized the foreign ministers resident in London, that, with the concurrence of the allied sovereigns, the above-mentioned island had been selected for his future residence; and that, with a view to the perfect security of his person, no foreign ships would hereafter be allowed to approach or communicate with the island. The regulations concerning his person, have appeared in a foreign paper: they are strict and minute; he is to be treated like a prisoner of war, will not be allowed to receive or send letters but through the channel of the secretary of state, and the least attempt at escape is to be followed by close confinement. His body, in case of death, is to be brought to England. It may be supposed that these dispositions were not submitted to by Napoleon without objections. In his protest, dated on board the *Bellerophon*, 4th August, he de-

claims against the violation of his most sacred rights, by the disposal of his person and liberty, which he declares to be a breach of the laws of hospitality; being, as he affects to consider himself, the guest, and not the prisoner of England. His companions, Generals Savary and Lallemand, have not been sent to France, as stated in our last; but conveyed, by the *Eurotas*, to Malta, where they are to be kept as prisoners of war likewise. Of the family of Bonaparte, his brother Jerome has obtained an asylum in the kingdom of Wurtemberg, where his father-in-law, the king, has assigned him the castle of Elwangen as the future residence of himself and his wife.

With regard to the traitors who fostered and abetted the late rebellious invasion, one individual only has hitherto met condign punishment. The sentence of Colonel Labedoyere being confirmed on the 19th August by the court of revision, to which he appealed, he was shot on the plain of Grenelle

the same evening. He met his fate with a fortitude worthy of a better cause. Further than this single instance, the hand of justice has not reached, nor can we wonder at the delay on the part of a government, which counts, among its responsible agents, partisans of the late rebellion.

Ney has been lodged in the prison of the Conciergerie at Paris, and the members of the court that was to try him were named. Besides Monecy as president, we met, to our surprise, with the names of Massena, a villain whose treachery we exposed in a late number by his own proclamations; and Angereau, who by a similar proclamation had equally raised the rebel standard. Monecy having refused the chair, has, by an ordinance of the king, been cashiered and sentenced to three months imprisonment in a fortress, conformably, as is distinctly stated in the ordinance, *to the law of 13th Brumaire, year 5*. To plain men of ordinary understanding it may appear strange, that a rebel should be called upon to sit in judgment over another rebel, and that, on his refusal, recourse should be had by the legitimate king to a law made by rebels in the worst time of the revolution, in order to punish such refusal. After this, what shall we say of "the 21st year of our reign," which forms the date of that very ordinance? Massena and Angereau have signified their reluctance in a more delicate manner: they have submitted to the king's consideration the reasons which make them wish to be excused; and these reasons, it is stated, have been listened to. These difficulties and

other scruples have delayed Ney's trial, and afforded time for the publication of an exculpatory memoir; in which it is proved, to demonstration, that the Prince of Moskwa was honest and loyal up to the 14th March, at bed-time, but that when he got up the next morning, he, by a fatal error, yet out of pure patriotism, turned rogue and traitor all at once.

The insidious pens of Jacobinical sophistry are busily at work. Two reports to the king, signed by Fouché, have been sent to the English journals from France. The asserted author disavowed them forthwith, but the object aimed at had already been gained by their publication. The one treats on the situation of France as arising from the interference of the allies, and furnishes an instance of the effrontery of Jacobinism, when fostered and courted into importance. The second pretends to lay open the state of the interior of France, describes the parties into which the population is split, and, without ceremony, not only lectures the king on his past conduct, but prescribes rules for his future behaviour!!

The two Chambers are appointed to meet on the 25th September. The elections for deputies have closed, and as the operations of the electoral colleges have been generally conducted under the presidency of men of rank and respectability, including even the princes of the blood, we may hope for moderation in the discussions of this new assembly, which, from the situation of the country, are likely to be of great importance; although we are far from anticipat-

ing the same unanimity of thought as there will be uniformity of exterior, in consequence of the king's decree, which regulates the colour of their coats and the shape of their buttons. A royal ordinance of the 19th Aug. makes the peerage hereditary, and fixes the following gradation of titles:—Baron, viscount; count, marquis, and duke. Another decree provides for the formation of a royal guard, 26,000 strong.

The disbanding and reorganization of the army have been diligently pursued throughout France, and particularly in the fortresses still blockaded by the allies. Strange as this may appear, it derives its explanation from a paragraph in the French papers, which states, that the allies had strenuously renewed their demand that the fortresses should be given up to them provisionally; and that to evade these pressing solicitations, the French government had consented, that the garrisons of the blockaded fortresses should be disbanded and sent away, and the service of the places performed by the national guards: an expedient which we deem by no means sufficient for the security of either the allies or the king himself. Valenciennes, Condé, Landau, Strasburg, and several other places, have been disarmed in this manner. Huningen, from the cannon of which Basle was so long annoyed, has been regularly besieged by the Austrians and Swiss, and, after a severe bombardment of a few days, capitulated to the Archduke John of Austria; its fortifications are rapidly undergoing a total demolition. Rocroy and Givet have been gained, through the same means, by the Prussian

besieging corps under Prince Augustus; and several other places, such as Montmedy, Longwy, Thionville, &c. are to be similarly proceeded against.

The Duke and Duchess of Angoulême, on their way to the south of France, narrowly escaped assassination at Poitiers. They had scarcely arrived at Bourdeaux, when they received the intelligence of two Spanish armies being in full march towards France. The one, under General Castanos, had actually crossed the eastern frontier on the side of Perpignan, when the Duke d'Angoulême, by hastening to the spot, prevailed on the Spanish commander to retire within Spain; and in the interval another Spanish army, under General Abisbal, had crossed the Bidassoa, on the western frontier, and arrived within a league of Bayonne. Of these unwelcome guests, the written entreaties of the Duke d'Angoulême likewise succeeded in liberating the French territory. General Abisbal, on the 5th and 6th Sept. withdrew his troops into Spain, expressing at the same time, to the Duke's agent, a sincere hope, that Louis XVIII. may not one day have to regret the departure of the troops sent by a friend and ally, with the sole view of supporting and confirming his throne.

We feel precisely as General Abisbal did, especially when we consider the agitated state of the south of France. At Toulouse, General Ramel was assassinated, on the 17th Aug. by a royalist mob, in open daylight. At Nismes, political party feuds have merged into religious animosities; the Protestants have been hunted down by the

Catholics, and butchered in great numbers; while in the same department (du Gard), General Gilly, a Bonapartist, collected an army of insurgents, bade defiance to the legitimate authorities, and actually defeated a small body of troops of the line that had been sent against him. Fortunately, an Austrian corps, under Count Neipperg, promptly marched to the scene from Dauphiny, routed and dispersed the rebels, and entered Nismes as well as Marseilles. Some of the insurgents fled to the mountains in the Cevennes, where the nature of the ground has hitherto prevented their total extinction.

The allied monarchs have returned to Paris, from a grand review of the whole Russian army, which took place on the 12th and 13th Sept. on the plains near Vertus. Active negotiations are going on, to settle once more the destinies of France; but their nature and import are carefully concealed. We abstain therefore from repeating any of the numerous reports which more or less confidently maintain an intended diminution of the French empire, by the annexation of Alsace and Lorraine to Germany, from which the sword of Louis XIV. had severed these provinces.

The restoration to the rightful owners of the works of art in the French Museum, is still proceeded in. The third convoy of recovered paintings has passed into Germany by land, and a further cargo has reached Hamburg by sea, on its way to Berlin. The Pope also is said to have nominated Canova, the great sculptor, as his commissioner for reclaiming the pictures and an-

tiquities of which Bonaparte had spoliated Rome and the papal dominions.

Referring our readers to what we stated, in our last Retrospect, relative to the insurrections of the French garrisons of Martinique and Guadeloupe, we have now the satisfaction to add, that Lieutenant-General Sir James Leith and Admiral Durham, after having settled the affairs of the first-mentioned island, lost no time in fitting out at Barbadoes a strong armament, carrying between 5 and 6000 troops, to act against Guadeloupe. The British force effected a landing on the 8th Aug. and by a series of prompt and skilful manœuvres, in which our loss from the enemy's fire was trifling, compelled Count de Linois and his rebel crew to surrender on a capitulation, dated 19th Aug. by which he and his men are to be conveyed to France as British prisoners of war, to be at the disposal of the Duke of Wellington. This is another instance of the sincere and generous friendship of the allied powers towards Louis XVIII. and surely must convince him of the expediency of putting unlimited confidence in their sentiments and dispositions towards him, rather than lending an ear to the insidious counsels of men whose hands and souls are stained with the worst crimes of the revolution.

GERMANY—NETHERLANDS.

The meeting of the new German Diet at Francfort has been postponed to the 1st November next.

The assembly of the States General of the kingdom of the Netherlands, have accepted the constitution as proposed to them by their

enlightened and paternal monarch, whom they apprized of this resolution, by a deputation of members, on the 19th Aug. at the Hague. But the high clergy of the Roman Catholic church have formally protested against that part of the constitutional act which grants equal rights to all religious persuasions.

ITALY AND THE MEDITERRANEAN.

The ex-king Murat, on the surrender of Toulon, did not, as was stated in our last, make his escape into the Alps. He embarked near that fortress for Corsica, in a small open vessel, in which he was nearly lost during a severe gale; but fortunately he was met by a Corsican packet, and received on board, together with the few attendants that accompanied him. In Corsica, General Franceschi granted him leave to await, in a retired part of the island, the result of an application to the Emperor Francis, for leave to join his wife in Austria. This request, it appears, has been granted by an official document signed by Prince Metternich at Paris, 1st September; the principal conditions of which are, Murat is to assume the character of a private individual, adopt the name, already chosen by his wife, of Count Lepano, and pledge *his* honour not to leave Austria without the emperor's permission. Madame Murat's stay at the castle of Hainburg, near Vienna, as stated in our last, has already been felt so inexpedient, that she has been ordered to repair to Gratz.

The fortress of Gaëta capitulated to the Anglo-Sicilian blockading corps on the 8th of August. Ferdinand IV. is thus restored to the

complete possession of every part of his former kingdom.

Conformably to the act of the Vienna Congress, the island of Elba has been taken possession of by the Grand-Duke of Tuscany, a detachment of whose troops landed on the 30th July, and established their sovereign's authority without opposition.

Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, now on a journey in Switzerland, is stated to have purchased a fine seat belonging to General Pino, in which she intends to fix her residence. It is beautifully situated on the romantic Lake of Como, about 20 miles from Milan.

In the east of Europe some movements are observed, which may delay the general pacification of the Christian world. Venetian Dalmatia and Albania are under considerable agitation, and the malcontents seem to derive secret encouragement from the Ottoman Porte, which is arming strenuously, under the pretext of extinguishing the last spark of insurrection in Servia. It is in this view that some importance must be attached to an event which has just occurred in Venetian Albania. The Bishop of Montenegro is a kind of sovereign prince, and was the ally of Russia and the Servians in the last war. He has long had a desire to unite Cattaro and Ragusa to his little principality. The Ottoman Porte, which, at the Congress of Vienna, demanded the restoration of the independence of Ragusa, and even desired to extend this pretension to Cattaro, seems to have become reconciled to the Prince Bishop,

and to support him in the attempt to obtain possession of these two territories. After having, with much address, gained time by deceiving the Austrians with negotiations and illusive promises, he suddenly took the field and marched against Ragusa. On the fête of the Virgin (15th August), the troops having heard mass and received the benediction at Monte del Santo, advanced in three columns against the town, the Austrian garrison of which they took prisoners. The commander then marched to the palace of the government, and, in the presence of the assembled magistrates, proclaimed the Prince Bishop sovereign of Ragusa. It may be expected, that this audacious invasion will promptly be crushed by the arrival of an Austrian force; but the strength of the Montenegrins and the general state of the country will require a numerous corps for this purpose.

DOMESTIC AND MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Parliament is further prorogued to the 2d of November.

Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland arrived in London from the Continent on the 28th August; and, on the day following, were remarried, under a suitable ceremony, by the Archbishop of Canterbury, in the presence of the proper officers of state, several of the royal dukes,

and the Prince Regent, who performed the part which is usually termed "giving the bride away."

The town of Port Royal, the former capital of Jamaica, was almost totally destroyed by fire on the 13th July last. A few lives only were lost on this melancholy occasion. All that remains of the place is the dock-yard, fort Charles, the artillery-barracks and hospital, the church, two streets, and a few houses on the Parade.

Accounts from Calcutta to the end of April, give a variety of details relative to the war against the Nepaul country. Our troops had gained possession of two or three strong forts, but no decisive event had taken place, owing to the local difficulties which that country opposed to the progress of the different British corps in the field.

The disastrous retreat of a division of our Canadian army under Major-General Proctor, from Lake Erie, in autumn 1813, has led to a court-martial on that officer, held at Montreal between 21st December and 23rd January last. The court found General Proctor guilty of neglect in the conduct of that retreat, and sentenced him to be publicly reprimanded, and to be suspended from rank and pay for six months: which sentence has received the confirmation of his Royal Highness the Prince Regent.

PLATE 21.—FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

DINNER-ROOM AND DRAWING-ROOM CHAIRS.

THE design which forms the furniture plate of the present month, exhibits chairs that would be found very elegant in execution. No. 1.

for the dinner-room, is of mahogany, enriched by a small portion of carving and by inlaid devices of ebony; the seat is of morocco lea-

ther. No. 2. is a design of a very splendid character, and suited to the most embellished drawing-room; it may be formed of the lighter rose or other woods, and ornamented with gilt and silver devices, so arranged as to produce a rich and pleasing effect: a light

blue cushion of silk, with tassels of gold or silver, is proper for this design. No. 3. is a chair for a drawing-room also; it may be formed of the darker rose or Coromandel wood, the ornaments being of or-molu, and the cushion plain silk, or of chintz drapery.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE agricultural products of this country depend, both for their quantity and quality, upon the temperature of the atmosphere, not only to mature the seed, but for a propitious season for its collection; and never, in the memory of the oldest farmer, was one more favourable than the present. The weather through the last month has been unseasonably hot for the British islands, and the latter harvest has been well secured.

The new wheat rises very fine from the floor, and yields more than an average crop.

Barley, oats, peas, beans, and every species of corn, are equally fine and productive.

The brassica tribe have suffered much upon tenacious soils, from the extreme hot and dry weather.

The plough has been impeded, from the same cause, in breaking up the stubble; which may turn out much to the farmer's future interest, by preventing him from pursuing that ruinous practice of sowing white crops in succession.

Turnips have failed much in some districts; but potatoes are a very large and good crop.

The lattermaths are a short and indifferent crop, and the pastures are very bare of grass. Should the winter commence early, the only resource for winter food must be the straw-yard.

FASHIONS FOR LADIES.

PLATE 22.—MORNING DRESS.

A CAMBRIC muslin petticoat, ornamented at the feet with a double flounce of French work, applied with a narrow heading of the same; the body, from the shoulder to the neck, gathered full into narrow trimming, corresponding with the heading of the flounce; a military collar, frilled with the French work; short French *negligé*, open in the front, and trimmed entirely round to correspond; long loose sleeve,

gathered into a narrow trimming at the wrist, with a ruffle of the same French work. A round cap, composed of white satin and quilled lace; a white satin rose in the front. Stockings, ribbed silk. Slippers, red morocco or black kid.

PLATE 23.—WALKING DRESS.

A round robe of fine cambric or jaconot muslin, ornamented with a double flounce of French needlework at the feet, under an open pelisse, composed of French grey







sarsnet, lined with salmon colour ; the upper part of the sleeve lashed with satin of corresponding colour, full'd and let in. A full ruff of needle-work, and a small French handkerchief round the neck. French hat of the satin straw, with

a quilling of net round the rim ; three rows of grey satin ribbon, plain or quilled, round the crown ; and a full plume of white feathers, edged to correspond. Slippers, blue or red morocco. Gloves, York tan.

MISCELLANEOUS FRAGMENTS AND ANECDOTES.

THE ACARUS.

THIS creature is one of the multitude of examples, which prove that our common parent is neither less wonderful nor less profuse in her smaller than in her greater productions ; and it affords a presumption, that, were our optics commensurate to the task of viewing her exquisite works to perfection, there may exist a part of her diversified chain of animated beings, as much more minute than the animalculæ we are familiar with by means of our natural organs, as they are inferior in size to the elephant, the supposed extinct species of the mammoth, or the more doubtful kraken itself.

In the instance before us we have indubitable tokens of identical existence, distinct and separate volition, with a capability of performing all the voluntary as well as involuntary functions of life, which justly entitle it to a place in the sentient list of nature's animated works ; and in the same instance a natural line of demarcation between the monads of matter, organic particles, or first rudiments of future being, and distinct being, is quite apparent.

In the month of May, 1803, a feathered fly, of the order *diptera*, was accidentally caught, which cu-

riosity prompted the individual to reserve for the microscope, with a view to examine the beautiful plumage or feathers with which the legs were covered, and the wings striated and bordered : each wing had six of these striæ of delicate fimbriated feathers, with a border of the same, issuing at an angle of about 30 degrees from their source : the other part of the wings was reticulated by veins, so as to appear like fine gauze. The whole fly was about the size of a gnat. Upon a minute examination of the plumage, the subject of this reflection was discovered, not as an accidental visitor, but incumbent on the fly as a tormentor. On subjecting the newly discovered animal to a deeper magnifier, it was perceived to be of the oviparous kind, and some hundreds of the ova, or eggs, were scattered over one wing of the fly, which were afterwards hatched. The rotundity and semi-transparency of the bodies of these *acaræ* gave them the appearance of moving prolate spheroids. The ova looked like polished mother of pearl, and, owing to the solar rays, were finely variegated with all that soft delicacy of prismatic tint which is so peculiar to that shell.

The legs of these insects, which are eight in number, are so small

in proportion to the bulk of their bodies, that if the creatures happen to fall, from any eminent part of the fly, upon their backs, they are as unable to recover their feet as a tortoise. But all-provident nature has compensated for their deficiency in this respect, by providing them with ingenuity to take advantage of any opportunity for their relief that may present itself, and which they have the sagacity to improve and make subservient to their present convenience: for each leg being composed of four articulations, terminating in a double talon, they catch hold of as many of their young as are enough to form a sufficient weight of lever to restore them; to which end they place them all on one side, and thus completely counteract the weight of their own bodies, and recover their lost position. The facility with which they wield six or eight small ones, not only argues great strength of body, but great address also; while the infant tribe appear to sympathize with the recumbent parent, who no sooner falls than they surround her, and each places itself on some part of their mother, as if emulous to raise her from her supine posture.

Thus we behold in an insect, which at its first developement is not more than a sixteenth part of the size of a small grain of sand, and in its mature state not bigger than the grain itself, all those powers of instinctive motion that can be found in one, however large or noble. Of how small worth, then, are the attainments of nine-tenths of the human species, who perform a dull, unmeaning, sensual round of unconscious mechanic things,

as they feel themselves impelled by instinct, not one of which is superior to the actions of these diminutive beings, whom they destroy without even knowing that such creatures are in existence!

Of this species there are not less than thirty-five sorts, one of which is attached to the carp, and forms a most agreeable object through the microscope.

DIAMONDS.

At the third annual course of lectures, at the Birmingham Philosophical Society, which closed a short time since, a very curious description and estimate of all the large diamonds, known to be in existence, were given by Mr. Thomson. The number of known diamonds of 36 carats and upwards, he stated to be no more than nineteen, two only of which were in England, viz. the *Pigott* diamond, weighing 45 carats, and worth 16,200*l.* and one in the possession of the Hornsby family, of 36 carats, worth 8000*l.* Holland has but one which weighs 36 carats, and is valued at 10,368*l.*; its form is conical, and it was for some time in the possession of Messrs. Rundell and Bridge, of London. France has two: the largest was bought by the Duke of Orleans, during his regency, and thence called the Regent Diamond; its weight is 136½ carats, and worth 149,058*l.* Germany has one weighing 139½ carats, and worth 155,682*l.* Russia is rich in these gems; its largest is that of the Sceptre, which is said to weigh 779 carats. If this be true, it must be worth, according to the general mode of estimating them, the enormous sum of 4,854,728*l.* The history of this diamond is rather cu-

rious: for a long time it formed the eye of an East Indian idol, from which post it was removed by an European soldier. From him it passed through several hands, and was finally sold to the Empress Catharine for 90,000*l.* a handsome annuity, and a patent of nobility. Russia has several others, one of which is estimated at 369,800*l.* The Great Mogul has one, of a rose colour, and valued at 622,723*l.* The two principal ones belonging to Persia, are called, in the hyperbolical language of the East, "The Mountain of Splendour," &c. and "The Sea of Glory;" one is worth 145,808*l.* and the other 34,848*l.* The Portuguese royal family have two, one of which is still uncut, and, if we may credit the Portuguese

accounts, is the largest ever found; it is said to weigh 1680 carats; and supposing it to lose half its weight in cutting, it would be worth 5,644,800*l.* upwards of a million more than the Sceptre diamond of Russia. There is a small part broken off, which was done by the man who found it, who, ignorant what stone it was, struck it with a hammer upon an anvil. It was found at the Brazils. It must not be concealed, that some persons conversant in these things doubt the existence of this stone. According to the model exhibited, it is somewhat like the shape and size of an ostrich's egg. The other diamond in the possession of the house of Braganza is worth 369,800*l.*

Poetry.

SONG.

The idea expressed in the following lines is borrowed from the beginning of a tale by Steigentesch, entitled *Die Gelehrsamkeit der Liebe*. This author appears to have caught in his tales all the native elegance, the attic irony, and fascinating style of Wieland: he is no unworthy successor of the poet of *Musarion*, *The Graces*, and *Oberon*; equally warm in his colouring and luxuriant in his fancy, he proves that the Muse of Germany is not inferior in delicacy and harmony to the songsters of the south of Europe.

VAIN the attempt Love's power to fly,
No shield but what his arrows pierce,
No adamant that may defy
His shaft, as certain as it's fierce.

The prince's throne, the peasant's cot,
Alike must feel his potent sway;
And we, wherever fix'd our lot,
His all-resistless might obey.

In vain we cross the briny main,
In vain we seek a foreign strand,
Love still pursues—our flight is vain,
Love still awaits where'er we land.

No. LXXXII. Vol. XIV.

Or flee we to some tranquil scene,

Where Nature's charms around us
bloom,

It may from cares, from follies screen,
Yet yields no refuge from our doom.

In every balmy gale Love breathes,
In every passing zephyr sighs;
Lurks in each garland Flora wreaths,
And prudence, caution, art defies.

W. H.

ADVICE.

Oh! tell me, fair one, tell me why
That gem-like tear bedews thine eye,
Which lately shone so bright?
Or why is that bewitching face,
So late the seat of ev'ry grace,
O'erspread with sorrow's night?

If thou dost weep a lover fled,
Oh! raise again thy drooping head,
For he deserves no tear:
Forget him, fair one; smile again,
Nor of his loss once more complain,
But deign advice to hear.

K K

Be glad the faithless wretch has fled;
 Hadst thou to such a man been wed,
 No joy thou couldst have known:
 'Tis plain he felt not love's soft pow'r,
 For had he shar'd love's raptur'd hour,
 He ne'er from thee had flown!

J. M. LACEY.

THE PATRIOT.

Oh! who shall tell the father's woe,
 When, o'er a favourite daughter's bier,
 His faltering, broken accents shew
 The weight of anguish and despair?
 Oh! who shall paint the restless pain
 That strikes the tender lovesick maid,
 When she surveys her faithful swain
 In silence to the grave convey'd?

Where is the wretch, of mind so mean,
 That can, without a tear, look on,
 While the poor orphan mourns in vain,
 A parent, a protector gone?
 Yet there's a pang more sharp, more
 keen,

That vulgar souls scarce understand;
 Go ask the wanderer that has seen
 The ruin of his native land!

T. F.

Bolton-street, Dublin.

LINES

Sent with a piece of painted flowered silk to
 Lady Charles Spencer, who had said she
 was low in pocket and could not afford to
 buy it herself, by the Right Honourable
 Lady TEMPLE.

Since the times are so bad, and are still
 growing worse,
 You may call this your own, without sink-
 ing your purse.

The Nymphs and the Fauns say the pat-
 tern is new;
 And that Flora's gay pencil design'd it,
 is true.

It was finish'd and destined for Beauty's
 fair queen;
 So to whom it belongs is most easily seen.

Refuse not this trifle—your title is clear,
 And Spencer will vouch it, tho' married
 a year.

SOMERSET.

TO A FRIEND

WHO SAID I NEGLECTED THE MUSE.

BY ELIZA S. FRANCIS.

Yes! thou hast roused the latent fire
 That dormant rested in my soul;
 'Tis thine to wake the tuneful lyre,
 And bid poetic visions roll.
 Again I'll sing the days of old,
 When chivalry his crest would plume;
 Again shall nightly feats be told,
 And lovely dames their charms re-
 sume.

Oh! thanks to thee! far from my heart
 How many ills can fancy chase,
 Tho' oft imagination's art
 To sad reality gives place.
 Yet, yet again the song shall sound,
 Wild Fancy spread her fairy spell;
 Sorrow in vision'd bliss be drown'd,
 While I on love's soft theme shall dwell.

The following quaint piece of poetry was pre-
 sented to King James I. when he was upon
 a visit to John Pope, Esq. at Wroton, in
 Oxfordshire, by the infant daughter of the
 latter; with which his Majesty was so well
 pleased, that he made the child a present of
 five hundred marks.

VERSES ADDRESSED TO THE KING.

This little lovely mistress here
 Did never sit in Peter's chaire,
 Or a triple crowne did weare,
 And yet she is a Pope.
 No benefice she ever sold,
 Nor did di-pense with sins for gold,
 And yet she is a Pope.
 No king her feet did ever kisse,
 Or had from her werse look than this;
 Nor did she ever hope
 To saint one with a rope;
 And yet she is a Pope.
 A female Pope, you'll say, a second Joan;
 No sure—she is Pope Innocent, or none.

SOMERSET.



LONDON MARKETS.

SUGAR, &c. per Cwt.

CORN, &c. per Quarter.

Return of Wheat from Aug. 31 to Sept. 9.

TOTAL 7,390 quarters.—Average, 65s. 4d. per quarter.
 000s 8½d per quarter higher than last return.

Return of Flour from Sept. 5 to 11.

TOTAL, 5,065 sacks.—Average, 64s. 2d. per sack, or
 0s. 1d. per sack higher than last return.

Average of England and Wales, Sept. 9.

	s.	d.	s.	d.
Wheat	65	4	Barley	32 10
Rye	39	3	Oats	26 8
			Beans	36 5
			Pease	38 7

CORN, SEEDS, &c.

	s.	s.	Tares, per	s.	s.
Wheat white, per quarter	48	72	—	—	—
—red—	42	66	—	—	—
—foreign—	40	61	—	—	—
Rye	30	34	—	—	—
Barley, English	24	31	—	—	—
Malt—	60	70	—	—	—
Oats feed—	17	24	—	—	—
—Friesland—	22	28	—	—	—
—Poland—	24	30	—	—	—
Beans, Fagon	34	36	—	—	—
—Horse—	31	40	—	—	—
Pease, Bolling	29	33	—	—	—
Flour per sack	55	60	—	—	—
—Seconds—	50	55	—	—	—
—Scotch—	48	54	—	—	—

American Flour—s—s per barrel of 140 lbs.

Rape-seed, per bushel—

Old Calcutta, per thousand, £9 0s. to £9 0s.

Muscovado, fine good

102 a 106

90 a 101

88 a 95

101 a 124

90 a 106

88 a 95

88 a 95

88 a 95

88 a 95

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Average price of raw Sugar, exclusive of duty, 64s. 1d.

Raw sugars have been rather dull this month, but such is

the firmness of the holders, that the prices have been very

fully supported.

HOPS in the Borough.

BAGS

Aunt

Buss

Buss

Buss

Buss

Buss

SPIRITS, per Gallon (exclusive of duty).

Brandy, Ceg.

—Spanish

—Holland's Gin

—Rum, Jamaica

—Lew. Isl.

—Mol. Spirits

—British

—Irish

—Scotch

Wheat.

Barley.

Oats.

Beans.

Pease.

Sept.

Newcastle

Northampton

Chatterbury

Lewes

Chichester

Ashbourne

Gainsboro'

Louth

Huntington

Newark

Spilsby

Rygate

Leaves

Reading

Swansea

Maidenhead

Salisbury

Pewth

Hull

Basingstoke

Akenfeld

Andover

Amminster

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR AUGUST, 1815.

Conducted at Manchester by THOMAS HANSON, Esq.

1815.	Wind.	Pressure.			Temperature.			Weather.	Evap.	Rain.
AUG.		Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.			
1	S W 1	30,33	30,30	30,340	68,0°	50,0°	59,00°	brilliant	—	—
2	S W 1	30,33	30,30	30,340	66,0	54,0	60,00	brilliant	—	—
3	W 1	30,30	30,28	30,290	70,0	55,0	62,50	brilliant	—	—
4	N W 1	30,28	29,90	30,090	69,0	54,0	61,50	brilliant	—	—
5	N W 1	29,90	29,68	29,790	60,0	55,0	60,50	brilliant	.480	—
6	W 2	29,88	29,68	29,780	62,0	47,0	54,50	cloudy	.096	.120
7	N W 1	30,30	29,83	30,090	63,0	44,0	53,50	fine	.104	—
8	N W 1	30,04	30,30	30,170	65,0	43,0	50,50	fine	.080	—
9	W 1	30,04	30,04	30,040	60,0	46,0	50,00	fine	.100	—
10	W 1	30,04	29,80	29,920	65,0	50,0	57,50	fine	.070	—
11	W 2	29,80	29,54	29,670	60,0	52,0	56,00	rainy	.026	.200
12	N W 2	29,86	29,80	29,830	62,0	51,0	56,50	rainy	.014	—
13	N W 1	30,06	29,86	29,960	64,0	51,0	57,50	brilliant	.100	1.205
14	N W 3	30,06	29,93	30,020	70,0	54,0	62,00	rainy	.040	—
15	W 2	29,93	29,98	29,980	60,0	55,0	60,50	cloudy	.108	.400
16	N W 2	29,93	29,76	29,870	63,0	50,0	56,50	cloudy	.072	—
17	N W 2	30,30	29,98	29,140	62,0	52,0	57,00	cloudy	.050	1.000
18	N W 2	29,98	29,72	29,850	64,0	52,0	58,00	cloudy	—	—
19	N W 3	29,86	29,72	29,790	62,0	50,0	56,00	cloudy	—	—
20	N W 2	30,16	29,86	30,010	62,0	51,0	56,50	cloudy	.140	.230
21	S W 2	30,16	30,00	30,080	63,0	46,0	54,50	brilliant	.062	—
22	S W 1	30,00	29,76	29,880	66,0	54,0	60,00	cloudy	.042	—
23	S 2	29,86	29,64	29,750	70,0	59,0	64,50	rainy	.042	—
24	S W 1	30,18	29,86	30,020	70,0	58,0	64,00	brilliant	.058	—
25	S W 1	30,18	29,96	30,070	70,0	58,0	64,00	cloudy	.044	.440
26	W 2	30,18	29,96	30,070	70,0	60,0	65,00	brilliant	.070	—
27	S 1	30,18	29,93	30,080	71,0	53,0	62,00	brilliant	—	.265
28	S W 1	29,98	29,04	29,960	68,0	57,0	62,50	brilliant	.106	—
29	S W 1	30,12	29,98	30,050	65,0	51,0	58,00	cloudy	.126	—
30	S W 1	30,18	30,12	30,150	65,0	52,0	58,50	cloudy	—	—
31	W 2	30,18	30,10	30,140	64,0	55,0	59,50	rainy	.124	.286
		Mean			Mean				2,154	4,140
		30,007			59,04					

RESULTS.

Mean pressure, 30,007—Maximum, 30,33, wind S. W. 1.—Minimum, 29,51, wind W. 2.—Range, .84 of an inch.

The greatest variation of pressure in 24 hours, is .42 of an inch, which was on the 8th.

Spaces described by the curve, formed from the mean daily pressure, 4,40 inch.—Number of changes, 16.

Mean temperature, 59,04°.—Max. 71°, wind S. 1.—Min. 44°, wind N. W. 1.—Range 27°

The greatest variation of temperature in 24 hours is 26°, which was on the 9th.

Water evaporated, 2,154 inches.

Rain, &c. this month, 4,140 inches.—Number of wet days, 19—baily, 1.

Fall of Rain upon Blackstone Edge in August, 3.54 inches.

WIND.

N	NE	E	SE	S	SW	W	NW	Variable.	Calm.
0	0	0	0	2	9	8	12	0	0

Brisk winds 2—Boisterous ones 0.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR AUGUST, 1815.

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

1815.	Wind.	Pressure.			Temperature.			Weather.	Evap.	Rain.
AUG.		Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.			
1	N W	30,25	30,23	30,240	71°	50°	60,5°	fine	—	—
2	N W	30,23	30,19	30,210	70	59	64,5	fine	—	—
3	N E	30,19	30,10	30,145	75	55	65,0	fine	—	—
4	S W	30,10	29,87	29,985	79	55	67,0	sultry	.53	—
5	W	29,76	29,75	29,755	78	52	65,0	fine	—	—
6	N W	29,96	29,76	29,860	65	46	55,5	showery	—	.25
7	N W	29,97	29,96	29,965	69	45	57,0	fine	.38	—
8	E	29,99	29,97	29,980	71	49	60,0	fine	—	—
9	N E	29,99	29,97	29,980	70	50	60,0	fine	—	—
10	S W	29,97	29,65	29,315	71	58	64,5	overcast	.30	—
11	S W	29,68	29,63	29,655	69	49	59,0	showers	—	—
12	N W	29,84	29,68	29,760	62	52	57,0	showery	—	.22
13	N W	30,07	29,84	29,955	67	57	63,0	fine	.49	—
14	N W	30,08	30,07	30,075	65	62	63,5	fine	—	—
15	S W	30,07	29,90	29,985	74	60	67,0	cloudy	—	—
16	S W	29,95	29,77	29,860	76	58	67,0	showery	.56	.38
17	N W	30,09	29,95	29,975	67	54	60,5	fine	—	—
18	W	29,95	29,80	29,875	70	55	62,5	fine	—	.37
19	W	29,95	29,80	29,875	66	51	58,5	fine	.45	—
20	N W	30,04	29,95	29,995	68	52	60,0	fine	—	—
21	N E	30,04	29,90	29,970	70	55	62,5	fine	—	—
22	Var.	29,90	29,84	29,870	73	64	68,5	showery	.31	.91
23	S W	30,07	29,80	29,935	71	62	66,5	showery	—	—
24	S W	30,16	30,07	30,115	75	63	69,0	fine	—	—
25	S W	30,16	30,07	30,115	78	65	71,5	fine	.55	—
26	S W	30,17	30,07	30,120	74	52	63,0	fine	—	—
27	S W	30,07	29,97	30,020	73	60	66,5	fine	—	—
28	S W	30,00	29,95	29,980	72	56	64,0	fine	.33	.21
29	N W	30,13	30,00	30,065	68	52	60,0	fine	—	—
30	S W	30,14	30,13	30,135	69	59	64,0	fine	—	—
31	S W	30,18	30,14	30,160	71	52	61,5	fine	.37	—
		Mean		29,981	Mean		63,0	Total	4 27in.	2 34in.

RESULTS.—Mean height of barometer, 29,981 inches; highest observation, 30,25 inches; lowest, 29,63 inches.—Mean height of thermometer, 63,°0.; highest observation, 79°.—lowest, 45°.—Total of evaporation, 4.27 inches.—Total of rain, 2.34 inches—in another gauge, 1,95 inch.

WIND.

N.	N. E.	E.	S. E.	S.	S. W.	W.	N. W.	Variable.
0	3	1	0	0	13	3	10	1

Notes.—4th. Very bright starlight night.—5th. Rainy evening.—6th. Showery day—a thunder-storm about two o'clock P. M. with some hail.—12th. Frequent showers during the afternoon with thunder.—13th. A strong breeze from the N. W. all day.—15th. Several thunder-showers during the afternoon.—19th. Rainy morning.—22d. Several very heavy showers of rain in the afternoon—some thunder during the night.

Prices of Fire-Office, Mine, Dock, Canal, Water-Works, Brewery, and Public Institution Shares, &c. &c. for SEPTEMBER, 1815.

Albion Fire & Life Insurance	£42 10s. p. sh.	Grand Junction Canal	£195 pr. sh.
Globe Ditto	105 do.	Shropshire	78 10 do.
Imperial Ditto	43 10s. do.	Russell Institution	17 17 do.
Rock Ditto	2 10s. do.	Surry Ditto	13 13 do.
East London Water-Works	63 do.	Auction Mart	23 do.
Grand Junction Ditto	32 10s. do.	Strand Bridge	21 do.
Kent Ditto	33 do.	Gas Light	10 pm.
Birmingham Canal	602 do.		

WOLFE & Co. 9, Change-Alley, Cornhill, & FORTUNE & Co. 13, Cornhill.

PRICES OF STOCKS.

Date.	Bank Stock.	3 Pr. Ct. Consols.	4 per cent Cons.	Navy 5 per cent.	Long Ann.	Omanium.	Impul. pr. ct.	Impul. Annus.	5 S. Stock.	S Sea Annus.	India Stock.	India Bonus.	Exchgr. Bills. 3½d.	St. Lotry Tickets.	Cons. for Oc.
Aug. 19	225	56½	71½	84½	14½	—	—	—	—	—	—	4 Dis.	3 Dis.	£23. 11s	56½
20	225	56½	71½	84½	14½	7½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	4 Dis.	3 Dis.	—	56½
21	225	56½	71½	84½	14½	7½ Pm.	—	—	—	50½	—	3 Dis.	3 Dis.	—	57
22	225	56½	71½	84½	14½	7½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	3 Dis.	3 Dis.	—	56½
23	225	56½	71½	84½	14½	7½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	3 Dis.	3 Dis.	—	56½
24	225	56½	71½	84½	14½	7½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	3 Dis.	3 Dis.	—	—
25	225	56½	71½	84½	14½	7½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	3 Dis.	3 Dis.	—	57½
26	225	56½	71½	84½	14½	7½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	3 Dis.	3 Dis.	—	56½
27	225	56½	71½	84½	14½	7½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	3 Dis.	3 Dis.	—	57½
28	225	56½	71½	84½	14½	7½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	3 Dis.	3 Dis.	—	56½
29	225	56½	71½	84½	14½	7½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	3 Dis.	3 Dis.	—	57½
30	225	56½	71½	84½	14½	7½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	3 Dis.	3 Dis.	—	56½
31	225	56½	71½	84½	14½	7½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	3 Dis.	3 Dis.	—	57½
Sept. 1	226	56½	72	84½	14½	7½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	3 Dis.	3 Dis.	—	56½
2	226	56½	72	84½	14½	7½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	3 Dis.	3 Dis.	—	57½
3	226	56½	72	84½	14½	7½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	3 Dis.	3 Dis.	—	56½
4	226	56½	72	84½	14½	7½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	3 Dis.	3 Dis.	—	57½
5	226	56½	72	84½	14½	7½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	3 Dis.	3 Dis.	—	56½
6	226	56½	72	84½	14½	7½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	3 Dis.	3 Dis.	—	57½
7	226	56½	72	84½	14½	7½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	3 Dis.	3 Dis.	—	56½
8	226	56½	72	84½	14½	7½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	3 Dis.	3 Dis.	—	57½
9	226	56½	72	84½	14½	7½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	3 Dis.	3 Dis.	—	56½
10	226	56½	72	84½	14½	7½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	3 Dis.	3 Dis.	—	57½
11	226	56½	72	84½	14½	7½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	3 Dis.	3 Dis.	—	56½
12	226	56½	72	84½	14½	7½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	3 Dis.	3 Dis.	—	57½
13	226	56½	72	84½	14½	7½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	3 Dis.	3 Dis.	—	56½
14	226	56½	72	84½	14½	7½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	3 Dis.	3 Dis.	—	57½
15	226	56½	72	84½	14½	7½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	3 Dis.	3 Dis.	—	56½
16	226	56½	72	84½	14½	7½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	3 Dis.	3 Dis.	—	57½
17	226	56½	72	84½	14½	7½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	3 Dis.	3 Dis.	—	56½
18	226	56½	72	84½	14½	7½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	3 Dis.	3 Dis.	—	57½
19	226	56½	72	84½	14½	7½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	3 Dis.	3 Dis.	—	56½

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THE
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 OF
 ARTS, LITERATURE, COMMERCE,
Manufactures, Fashions, and Politics,
 For NOVEMBER, 1815.

The Eighty-third Number.

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The Proprietor of the Repository respectfully informs his readers, that, with a view to the farther improvement of the work, and to render it still more worthy of the patronage bestowed on it, he shall close the present Series at the end of the Fourteenth Volume, and commence a new one, with some alterations in the plan, of which due notice will be given.

We are sorry that Stella should have thought any apology necessary: we can only repeat, that we shall be happy to hear from her whenever it suits her own convenience.

The tale which C. accuses us of copying from an English periodical work, was, we can assure him, translated from the German under the impression of its being original.

The offer of A Friend will be thankfully accepted.

Nothing could be farther from the intention of the writer of the paper alluded to by A Plain-Dealer, than the personality which has been ascribed to it.

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 NOVEMBER, 1815.

The Eighty-ninth 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. 191.)

MISS EVE. You were going to show me a print.

MISS K. Yes; a print of one of the figures I have copied from this picture—that of Anne Dacier, so often quoted by Pope in his notes to the translation of Homer. She was the daughter of M. Le Fevre, born 1651, married Andrew Dacier, the French writer, and died in 1720. This engraving is in what is called the chalk, or dot, or stippled manner.

MISS EVE. This looks like a highly finished drawing in colours.

MISS K. She looks much better than when she came from the press: I have been touching her up with water colours.

MISS EVE. You observed, that the principles of engraving in this manner are much the same as those of engraving in the line or stroke manner, but much easier to execute. You said, that here also you

lean hard on the point or graver, and with an equal weight, to render the work clear and solid, making the dots more open or wider apart in the projections or lights, and closer as they recede, as in the stroke engravings. You produce precision, force, warmth, mellowness, discrimination of the surfaces, &c. by the rules which you have already mentioned.

MISS K. Yes; just the same; I begin the work open, that is, keep the dots wide apart. I prick the dots in the shades in rows, and cross them with other rows, lean strong, make them equal in depth, unequal in width, and where I fail in equality, I recenter the dots till they are equal; for this equality, precision, opposition, and the reflections, are the sources of clearness.

MISS EVE. I understand this: on the contrary, those who make their dots unequal and with tails,

work rotten; but you whet your graver for the lights like a half point, and cut the dots deep and round, like twinkling stars sparkling—theirs are like comets. You say, that you turn the graver in your hand as if you were turning a screw, and make the bits of copper fly about like balls bombarding a town. You cut so sprightly that your Romeo, if he happened to be upon your table, would be in danger, unless he were asleep. I suppose the gold and silver engravers always learn to work in a bold manner, and to chip out large pieces of those metals.

Miss K. In the first sketch I made Miss Anne Le Fevre (afterward Madame Dacier) gliding in in a different attitude.

Miss Eve. I cannot think any attitude difficult to you who understand anatomy, that great regulator of the contour, so well. It may be said of attitudes as Dean Swift said of hard words, that no words are hard to those who understand them. I always observe in your works an accuracy well worthy of the attention of artists: you do not copy a model, and as that grows weary, imitate the altered form. You swell and relax the muscles according to the first exertion, so that they exert as much as they ought, and no more: you also make them do what they should do, and no more. I observe food here and there in your picture—should immortal spirits and angels eat?

Miss K. Yes; many painters copy what they see in nature when the model is fatigued, which presents false appearances. A painter, by his knowledge of anatomy,

should preserve in full vigour the truth and energy of the first exertion. In making angels and immortal spirits eat, I have copied Milton, and have given them ambrosia, nectar, and fruit. In my first sketch I also copied him, and made them naked, as we see Eve, Venus, and the Nymphs; but this was improper in modern characters.

Miss Eve. Will you repeat the passage in Milton?

Miss K. Raphael says to Adam, who invites him to eat—

————— Though in heaven the trees
Of life ambrosial fruitage bear, and vines
Yield nectar; though from off the boughs
each morn

We brush mellifluous dews, and find the
ground

Cover'd with pearly grain: yet God hath here
Varied his bounty so with new delights
As may compare with heaven; and to taste
Think not I shall be nice ———

————— Meanwhile at table Eve
Minister'd naked, and their flowing cups
With pleasant liquors crown'd. O innocence
Deserving paradise! if ever, then,
Then had the sons of God excuse to have been
Enamour'd at that sight; but in those hearts
Love unlibidinous reign'd, nor jealousy
Was understood, the injur'd lover's hell.

Miss Eve. You must paint me, ministering to Raphael and Adam.

Miss K. I shall delight in such a model. Your beauty, grace, and simplicity will leave nothing for the ideal.

Miss Eve. We were speaking of engraving, but have strayed from the subject.

Miss K. Silver-engraving and heraldry have been beneficial to many artists. Wille, Strange, and Sharpe, owe much of their merit to their having commenced in that line their study of the art. It teaches bold, clear cutting; heraldry and flowers instruct in the harmony of the lines and the well

filling of the parts. Westall, Smirke, Stothard, likewise owe much of their excellence to the circumstance of having commenced their career, the first as a silver-engraver, the second as a coach or herald-painter, and the third as a drawer of flowers. Painters of heraldry, ornaments, and flowers know more of the first style of painting than most of them are aware of.

Miss *Eve*. Here are two designs, of a tamborine and a girl swinging, drawn by A. Buck. He seems to understand the principle of ornamental flourishes and harmony of lines.

Miss *K*. In a single figure, he should look at *Queen Catherine of Arragon's Dream*, by Fuseli. This design is among the first for harmony of lines, and shows that they should be extended to the group, to all the figures, and to all objects.

Miss *Eve*. Reynolds says, that to paint flowers for a time is an excellent beginning for a colourist. I suppose if men were to begin their career again, in their different professions, it would be like a fresh drawing of a lottery; some of the first would be last, and some of the last first—so much is governed by chance. I became acquainted with you by the turn of a ticket. Pope Sixtus attained the pontifical throne, because, when he was a hog-boy, one of the hogs he was driving ran down a lane and leaped into the garden of a monastery. This accident led to his acquaintance and the commencement of his career among the friars, and his subsequent elevation. Lord Chesterfield says, that the great Lord Chatham owed much of his abilities to the circumstance of his being violently afflicted with the

gout in his youth, so as to be confined to his bed for six months in the year, when, to beguile the tedious hours, he read over the best authors. I have somewhere read, that Hogarth much improved himself in character by engraving, as crests upon silver, various animals bearing a similitude to the human species.

Miss *K*. It is true, the greatest painters have availed themselves of this resource. If we draw the face of a lion, very little alteration makes an excellent warrior's face, bold and intrepid as a lion. If you sketch the face of a lamb or a kitten, humanize them a little, and there appears unoffending innocence. A hundred characters, variously expressive, may be easily conceived from this idea, which conveys a sound rule for designing character in historical subjects.

In many parts of the engraving of the female writers, I did not plug the strokes as silver-engravers do, but cut one fine stroke by another, and thus thickened them, in the manner practised by the best writing-engravers, as Thorogood, Bickham, Ellis, Ashby, Vincent, and others. This method makes the strokes print wonderfully clear. From this circumstance chiefly, their strokes are far superior for clearness and brilliancy, as may be seen in their works, even to those of Wille and his pupil Bervic. In many parts I did not, at the end of the stroke, strike off the bur or copper with the graver, but drew the tool back. This preserves the point of the graver much longer, which causes the calculation in the mind to remain much more undisturbed. It is almost as easy with

a sharp scraper to scrape off the bur from many strokes as from one. Unless I had made the picture of the female writers on the principles I have mentioned, I could not have played the strokes so as to produce such harmony and length of lines; even the grace, simplicity, and perspective could not have been so well executed. How easily such artists as Sherwin and Bartolozzi can play the strokes, circling about and about, to produce this comprehensive totality, when copying from Cipriani, Fuseli, and others! But, from the generality of designs, the engraver, however knowing, is continually fettered.

Reynolds says, when speaking of a smutch of light and shade from the best pictures, where the detail is not seen, that it will do for history, landscape, dead game, or any other subject. The same observation will apply to lines. The landscape through the interior of the large picture of the female geniuses, I sketched from the convex forms of the trees at Islington Spa, near Sadler's Wells. These you see proceed, as from centres—scrolls, long lines, domey forms, which immediately mark the style of Michael Angelo and Claude.

JUNINUS.

LAURA ALDOBRANDINI.

(Concluded from p. 223.)

LAURA was removed at the appointed time into the vault. The prioress, a relation of her mother's, did not quit the coffin for a moment, and towards evening came the physician, with a trusty servant of the marquis; for the time approached when the effect of the opiate was to cease, and Laura to wake from her deathlike slumber.

Laura at length opened her beautiful eyes; a carriage was in waiting, and the physician conveyed her to a small country-house which he possessed in the neighbourhood of Ferrara, where she remained for a few days. From that place her brother conducted her into the Tuscan states, to her aunt, the Countess dalla Casa, who resided in a villa in a sequestered situation near the sea. She had been for many years a widow, and devoted herself entirely to the education of two daughters, who were still very young. Here Laura, who

now assumed the name of Rosa dalla Casa, lived very contentedly; but a fresh storm soon gathered over her head.

Her aunt very seldom received visitors; she had been educated in a convent, and was not fond of company, but she went every day with her niece to the church of the Holy Cross, which was not far from her house, and the duty of which was performed by the monks of a neighbouring hospital. Near this church also lived a man of middle age; nobody could tell who or what he was, and he was known in these parts by no other name than that of Signor Nionno. He generally wore the Spanish uniform, and it was whispered, that he was connected with pirates, who not unfrequently ravage the Tuscan coast.

This man once met the Countess dalla Casa and her niece as they were returning home from the church. Laura had thrown aside

her veil, as the day was extremely sultry. Signor Nioumo fixed his eyes upon her; he stood as if rooted to the ground, gazing after her even when she had disappeared behind the trees of the villa. From this time he tried all possible means to obtain access to the house of the countess, but in vain. At length he conceived the idea of expressing his passion in writing; but as he had not learned to write, he employed a person to pen for him a tender letter, in which he, without ceremony, made Laura an offer of his hand and fortune.—He took her for some needy relation of the countess, and flattered himself that his proposal would be joyfully accepted. He was only at a loss how to forward the letter to its destination; he hoped to find a messenger among the servants of the Countess dalla Casa, and actually discovered one who was disposed to serve him for money and good words. The conveyance of a letter was the only thing that he would not undertake; he had suffered for it, he said, in his former place, and he was sure that such an attempt would cause him to lose his present situation and his bread.

Signor Nioumo walked in an angry mood to and fro under the poplars before his house; for love, which produces in noble minds only what is beautiful and excellent, generates noxious weeds in those of a contrary character. The sun was just setting. A pilgrim approached the house, and solicited of Signor Nioumo a lodging for the night. "You look like a hearty fellow," said the signor to him, "I dare say, would have no objection to earn a ducat. In yonder

villa lives the Countess dalla Casa, with her niece, the fair Rosa. These ladies will cheerfully give you a lodging; you will then find an opportunity to deliver this letter to Rosa, and that shall be your reward." With these words he handed the pilgrim the letter and a piece of gold.—"It will not, indeed, become me to carry love-letters," replied the pilgrim, looking stedfastly at him; "yet I will take charge of this: but keep your money, for a pilgrim ought to do what is right, for the sake of heaven, but not what is wrong at any price."

The pilgrim was no other than Walter von Schoneck. He had lost his way in these parts, and it was too late for him to reach a town that night. He well knew the signor, though he had seen him only once, but Nioumo did not know him.

"I was vexed," said Walter to himself, as he proceeded to the villa—"I was vexed at having gone out of my way, but perhaps, after all, this way may be the right one, and Providence may have sent me hither to prevent mischief."

The countess received him kindly, and ordered wine, bread, and fruit to be set before him. She questioned him concerning his pilgrimages, and to what place he was now journeying.

"To you, noble lady," replied he, "I shall make no secret of my business; your house has always been faithfully attached to the emperor, and assisted to oppose the pretensions of the popes. I am Walter von Schoneck, a knight and servant of the Emperor Charles IV. who has sent me to Italy with

verbal messages to the princes and nobles who adhere to his cause. The emperor himself intends, in a few months, to come to Italy. I have disguised myself in a pilgrim's garb, to avoid suspicion and danger; for the Bishop of Rome has not only hands, but eyes and ears in every quarter."

The countess was pleased at this confidence, and conversed with her visitor a considerable time about her deceased husband and her way of living. "You have a bad neighbour," said Walter, recollecting his commission; and taking the letter from his wallet, he related how he had come by it.

"Can the audacious man imagine that my niece will receive a letter from him?" cried the countess, somewhat indignantly.

"I know him," rejoined Walter, "you must be upon your guard against him. He is a Piedmontese, named Crivello; he served in the imperial army, and was to have been hanged for treachery. The emperor, who just then came to the camp, pardoned him with impolitic clemency. I saw him with the rope already about his neck, and his features are deeply impressed upon my recollection. For the rest, I will give him back his letter at the first opportunity."

The countess approved his intention, and at the same time requested him not to mention the matter in the presence of her niece, lest it should alarm the latter.

A bell rang for supper. The countess conducted her guest into the eating-room, the windows of which looked into the garden. The door of an adjoining apartment opened, and Laura entered, lead-

ing two pretty little girls by the hand. Walter was thunderstruck, and could not conceal his astonishment, which was increased when he perceived his diamond on Laura's finger.

"Do you feel unwell, sir knight?" asked the countess, with some anxiety.

"Pardon me, lady," answered Walter; "it is most extraordinary; I imagined that it was an apparition which I saw, and still——"

"Do I look like an apparition, then?" said Laura, interrupting him.

"Lady," replied Walter, "you look like a celestial spirit, and resemble that saint whom I lately saw in a coffin in the convent of St. Ursula." The countess and her niece were embarrassed.—"Sir knight," began the former, after a short pause, "we will bestow confidence for confidence. You have made me mistress of your secret; I will entrust you with our's." She then briefly related Laura's history. Walter listened with the strongest interest, and gave the ladies the joyful information, that the danger was almost over. "The Archbishop of Milan," said he, "is dangerously ill, and there are no hopes of his recovery; but his nephew, Count Leo Visconti, is gone to Palermo, for the purpose of proceeding to fight the infidels."

The conversation again became cheerful and unrestrained; and the German knight evinced so much prudence, courage, and integrity, that the countess conceived a regard, and Laura almost an affection, for him, especially as his person, manners, and demeanour were highly prepossessing.

The next morning they break-

fasted in the garden. Laura observed her ring on Walter's finger. "Sir knight," she hastily asked, "how came you by that ring?" and the same moment she repented having put the question.—"This ring I took from the finger of a corpse as a sacred relic," replied Walter, and looked at her so wistfully, as if he would have said—Allow me to keep a jewel which I prize beyond what I can express! "I suppose," rejoined Laura, fixing her eyes upon her own ring, "I suppose you must have changed with me."—"I did," answered the knight; "but listen to a fair proposal. Suffer me to keep your ring till you hear that I have committed, I will not say a disgraceful, but an equivocal action; and pull off my ring, and do not wear it again, till I have done something that confers honour on a knight."

The countess thought this proposal perfectly reasonable, and that her niece could have no objection to make against it. "Then," said Laura, smiling, "we shall always be just where we are at present; for the knight will no more tell us when he does any thing good, than when he does what is bad." Walter pledged the word of a knight, that he would fulfil the terms of the agreement; and the countess observed, that he looked so honest, she would venture to be his surety.

The conversation was prolonged till Walter at last thought it time to retire. The countess begged him to stay a couple of days longer with them; and Laura, though she said nothing, stood in such an attitude as might be taken for an earnest entreaty to comply with her aunt's invitation. The knight joy-

fully accepted it, as his presence was not so urgently required at that moment in Florence.

The knight had never passed more happy days than at this villa. Every hour rendered him dearer to the heart of the fair Laura, who had already made a complete conquest of his as she lay in the coffin.

It seemed to him absolutely necessary to put a stop, during his stay with the countess, to the projects of Signor Crivello. He went, therefore, towards evening, to his house, and returned the letter, with this message, that the niece of the countess never received any letters except from persons of her own family; that, moreover, she could not bestow her hand without the consent of her illustrious and powerful relatives at Florence, whom it would cost but a single word to ruin the signor, in case he should presume to offer any farther molestation.

The Piedmontese laughed sarcastically, and abruptly turned from the pilgrim, and withdrew; while Walter pursued his way back to the villa, not without considerable apprehension, for he augured nothing good from the laugh of Signor Crivello.

It was growing dusk. Walter saw on his right the remains of a temple of Minerva, of which nothing was left standing but a doorway and some columns. He walked up to the ruins, and seated himself at the foot of one of the pillars. The first star began to twinkle in the firmament; a solemn silence prevailed around; Walter thought of Laura, and raised his eyes to the star of love, as though to enquire his own fate. All at once footsteps

were heard; a man entered the ruins; a second immediately followed. They stood very near to the knight, but he was so concealed by the column as not to be observed by them.

"Hark ye, Nicolo!" said one of the men, "now is the time for making a good prize. A corsair from Tunis is cruising off our coast: his messenger is at my house. Donzella Rosa would be worth two thousand zechins, between brothers, at the market of Tunis. We'll e'en let her go for a thousand, and divide the money. You comprehend me, Nicolo!"

"For five hundred zechins, I'm your man," replied the other.

"To-morrow night then," rejoined the first, "you will be sure to let me find the doors open, and show us the way to Donna Rosa's chamber. Twenty men will be more than sufficient to settle this business; for, besides yourself, there are scarcely four men in the villa capable of making any resistance."

"And those you may fairly leave out of the account," rejoined the other. "If I secure the door towards the garden and that of the gallery, they will all be completely cut off, and none of them can give us any trouble."

Walter recognized the Piedmontese in the voice of the one, and by the name of Nicolo he knew that the other was the countess's porter. Unable to restrain himself any longer, he drew his short sword, which he carried constantly about him under his pilgrim's habit, rushed upon the villains, and at the first stroke extended Crivello on the ground. Nicolo needed no farther warning, but betook himself

to his heels. "You forgot the pilgrim in your reckoning," cried Walter, "thrusting the weapon into the breast of the groaning Piedmontese." He then returned to the villa, and there related his adventure.

From this moment Laura's heart beat for her valiant deliverer alone. Walter, however, had not now the courage to declare his passion, as in his opinion it would appear like a claim upon her gratitude. At the moment when he was about to depart, the countess stepped between the knight and her niece, and thus addressed them:—"I will say what you have not courage to tell one another. You, sir knight, are in love with my Laura; and you, Laura, feel an equal attachment to this young man. Be not ashamed to pronounce the promise of everlasting constancy." The lovers looked at each other, and plighted their troth by joining their hands.

The knight went to Florence, and thence to Ferrara, which the emperor had already reached. Laura and her aunt arrived nearly about the same time. The marquis cheerfully consented to the union of his daughter with the German knight, and the emperor himself conducted the bride to the altar. The happiness of the lovers was great, but not of long duration. Laura died half a year after their marriage, on her way to Germany, and Walter conveyed her remains to the castle of his ancestors. He founded a convent, in which he was buried by her side, and in him his family became extinct. The ruins of his patrimonial residence are still to be seen in the mountains of the Vosges.

OBSERVATIONS MADE DURING AN EXCURSION IN THE PROVINCES OF GERMANY BORDERING ON THE RHINE.

In a Letter from a Lady to a Friend.

(Concluded from p. 203.)

MORE cheerful, more polished, though not more moral, is Spaa, two leagues from Verviers. The principal road thither is execrable as far as Tenx; but a collateral one, which turns off on the right, just beyond Heuzi, surprises the traveller by the agreeable diversity of woods, gardens, country-houses, meadows, and streams, which seem to have been transported from some paradise to these deserts, merely to excite a longing for beauty.

The appearance of Spaa is pleasing to one who has just quitted Verviers. The main street consists entirely of light cheerful houses and handsome hotels, and the pretty fountain of *Le Poulhon* is no inconsiderable ornament to it. On the left, at the entrance, is the *Promenade*, a uniform French garden. Instead of flowers, we found there some charming female figures; English girls, dressed with exquisite neatness and elegance, with glowing cheeks, sparkling eyes, golden hair, and modesty in look and demeanour. The plumpness and bloom of health, combined with the delicacy of their interesting features and elegance of form, exalted these natives of the happy island into goddesses, in the eyes of my gallant companions.

No gardens are to be seen at Spaa. It lies, like Amorbach, surrounded, but not so agreeably, by masses of rock, which project above the roofs of the houses, and are full of mineral veins, affording

a specimen of the nature of the country; while stunted shrubs, parched by the heat of the ground, as if by the sun, cover, without imparting beauty to, the dreary heights. The chalky soil produces fruit in very few spots, and these are employed in the cultivation of the rarer sorts. Every thing is consequently dearer here than in other places, and many articles are not to be had at all. We had, however, the greatest reason to be satisfied with the entertainment and attendance which we found at the sign of the Duke of Orleans.

The inhabitants of the lower class take all strangers for English. The twenty years absence of these favourite guests has been very detrimental to the town. It has been somewhat cheered this summer by their reappearance, and even to the latest period of the autumn, visitors continued to arrive from the fortunate islands. Superstition, dishonesty, and immorality are carried to the highest pitch among the common people. The air is mild, pure, and salubrious, and you have no idea that you are so near the endless swamps and dreary wastes of the mountains of the Ardennes.

How joyfully did we quit this place for the handsome and ancient city of Aix! One of the main sources of public diversion at Aix, as unfortunately at all watering-places, is the faro-tables. As long as these exist, I despair of the moral improvement of mankind. A

coalition ought to be formed against the corruption of manners, not less than against the Corsican. I have already seen, with sincere pleasure, that Louis XVIII. has checked the mischievous effects of lotteries, which raged most furiously under a system that gave free scope to every kind of dissipation. If the fathers of the people would, with paternal consideration, oppose the vices of their children, the sources of many evils would be stopped. Let all those with whom time is not a sacred deposit, and such as are passionately addicted to play, form small private circles, and this odious amusement would not then be publicly sanctioned, neither would it be rendered, by taxes paid to the government, a privileged sin! At least, I should like to see every man under the age of fifty strictly forbidden to enter a gaming-house, and every young gambler reduced to the necessity of wishing himself old, that he might indulge his propensity without molestation.

The great hall of the new assembly-rooms is the rendezvous of the gamblers. They play from eleven till one, from three to five, and from six as long as they please. Sixteen bankers and *groupiers* are here employed. There are, undoubtedly, other resources at Aix for this passion.

I enjoyed a more pleasing sight through the invitation of a friendly little woman in the veil of a nun, who stood at the door of a neat convent, near the charming residence of Count Kleist. This convent belongs to the Sisters of Mercy, who furnish medicine and attendance to the poor and sick in the

city of Aix, and never refuse any application for their assistance. The good creature conducted me all over the house, and treated my children with fruit and cakes. She never enquired whence I came, or whither I was going; it was the genuine spirit of hospitality, regardless of the circumstances of the stranger, and anxious only to cheer and to refresh him. The cleanliness, the peace, and the tranquillity which pervaded these cells, made a pleasing impression upon my mind, and I wished happiness to the pious souls who here bury their good deeds in privacy, as the violet exhales its perfume unseen on the lofty wall of the convent. My guide, who was the superior, complained, that their number, which was once sixteen, was now reduced to eight, and that a great change had taken place in every thing under the ruinous system pursued by Bonaparte. At her earnest request, I promised to pay her another visit. I was prevented by various circumstances from fulfilling my intention; but I had seen enough to wish that every town possessed an institution so honourable to the female character, and so beneficial to the wretched and destitute.

The view of the environs of Aix, from the Adalbertus gate, is particularly charming. Before the Cologne gate the country is embellished by rich plantations and gardens. The roads and walks have been improved under the French dominion; and the place itself is equally agreeable and remarkable. I went to see the ancient hall where the Emperor Rudolph held his coronation feast. Unfortunately, it

has been divided into four apartments, so that the original form is no longer to be distinguished. The theatre is not amiss; the company numerous, if not of first-rate excellence. The people here speak a somewhat Netherlandish German, much softer and more agreeable to the ear than the language of the Odenwald, the Neckar, and the Mayn. The dress of the females of the lower class at Aix, Cologne, Bonn, and other towns bordering on the Low Countries, is extremely neat, clean, and picturesque. Their figure and attitudes are elegant; you meet with round faces, sparkling, expressive eyes, and blooming complexions. The people are friendly, and disposed to cheerfulness. The interior of the houses is very neat and clean. Every article is as bright as a looking-glass, and attests the easy circumstances of the owners. You see but little earthen-ware. The great bright brass coffee-pot is the citizen's principal utensil. Filled with weak, filtered coffee, and accompanied with excellent cream and butter, it is placed without ceremony before the welcome guest. Coffee is the wine of the Netherlands. At Aix and Cologne a palatable white Moselle wine is sold at a reasonable rate. In the domestic life and arrangements of the people of these cities, there is something prepossessing. The convenient construction of the houses, which have solid walls, and are of good proportion, contributes to the agreeableness of the impression. The inhabitants of Aix are fond of dancing. Every public diversion, concert, and the like, must be followed by a ball; or they are not content. The

ball which was to have been given by the city in honour of the memorable days of October, 1813, was postponed on account of the absence of the Governor-General Sack; so that I had no opportunity of witnessing the gracefulness and elegance of the youth of Aix.

My survey of Coblenz was too transient and superficial for me to tell you more about it than probably you already know. The city, which is large, handsomely built, in an enchanting situation, encircled by the Rhine and the Moselle, with its majestic palace, the beautiful garden, and its fine open squares, is peculiarly adapted for the residence of a sovereign prince. The character of the adjacent country is at once grand and sweetly interesting. I shall never forget my walk to the Carthusian convent. Upon the summit of the hill upon which it is seated, you do not feel as upon other mountains, where the valleys appear too diminutive; for the Rheintal here presents the most harmonious variety of lovely and magnificent objects.

Whoever beholds Mentz for the first time, cannot fail to be particularly struck with its situation, equally accessible on all sides by land and water; and by the beauty of the Rhine, which here resembles a spacious, tranquil, pellucid lake. A milder and more genial air is wafted over its peaceful bosom, and the luminaries of heaven appear larger and more brilliant. Chains of mountains in the distance extend farther than the eye can reach.

We paid a visit to the celebrated Müller, equally eminent as a poet and a painter. His house is finely

situated; it is built in the most tasteful style, and is a charming asylum of the Muses and genuine German hospitality. He received the strangers in the most cordial manner, and took us first into the city, to see the numerous monuments of Roman antiquity. He then shewed us his own charming pictures, the ideas of which are distinguished by gracefulness and vivacity, which, with the freshness and truth of the colouring, produced a magical effect. He conducted us to the hall in which are deposited thirty paintings from Paris, that are to form a museum here, but for which no preparations have yet been made. Paris bestowed these thirty pictures out of her superabundance upon the *ville de province*; but among them are more valuable pieces than the proud donor was aware of.

Among the best of them I shall mention a St. Agatha by Domenichino, as fresh as if it had just been turned out of the hands of the painter. What vigour and feeling can effect, is here accomplished.

A beautiful Annibal Caracci is fraught with the exquisite delicacy of that painter, into whose soul a spark of his master, Coreggio's genius, was wafted, and there kindled the flames of a refined passion. I cannot help thinking that Annibal must have been enamoured of a female who had this peculiar expression of sliness and playfulness, for it is to be observed in all his Madonnas without exception, in heads of angels, and even in his smallest pen and ink sketches, in infinite variations.

Of some pictures which have been at Mentz from time imme-

morial, and are half destroyed, I shall mention only two, by Lucas van Leyden. The one, which is irreparably spoiled, represents a saint, and near him a female with a bear by her side. Her light floating tresses are crowned by a diadem of pearls, which encircles her white forehead. Time has not been able to rob this picture of its intrinsic graces. The other is a St. Peter and Dorothy. She is crowned with roses, carries a pretty little basket of the same flowers in her hand, and presses a flower to her heart. Her white garment, notwithstanding the broken or rather stiff folds, is not destitute of character and elegance. Her look bespeaks pure, sweetly melancholic loveliness, and her attitude, virgin modesty and innocence. O that every artist would seek in this and similar pieces, the models of genuine grace and simplicity!

These excellencies are also abundantly displayed in a Madonna and Child by Perugino. In my opinion, the ancient Italian masters, Massaccio, Montegna, Perugino, and likewise Fra Bartolomeo, correspond in an extraordinary manner with those of Germany. It is often very difficult to distinguish the Italians, that is to say, such as lived before the above-mentioned painters.

There is an Adam and Eve in Paradise, by Albert Dürer, in good preservation, of the size of life, which is said to have been his first study of the naked figure. It is a fine picture, and carefully finished.

I must not omit mentioning the Tower of Babel by one of the Breughels. It is a comedy, in dog-

gerel verse, without caricature, full of good-humoured wit, and affording scope for reflection.

These and several other remarkable pictures, such as, Christ in the Temple, the best picture of Jordaens that I have ever seen, and a fine but now very faint Andrea del Sarto, were sent hither from Paris. They were mostly without frames. The large pieces stand one behind another, and slide out by means of a simple contrivance; but though they do not touch each other, the shaking is injurious to them.

We also went to see the remarkably handsome and cheerful assembly-rooms, a pleasing production of modern taste. In the cathedral we were astonished at the great number of stately monuments. Close to the entrance on the left, is an ancient mutilated monument in stone, of the time when the modern Greeks introduced the arts into Germany. Two angels with censers are flying up to the saint,

who is distinguished by the episcopal mitre.

Near Arch-chancellor and Elector von der Leyen, in a stone with an inscription for Fastrade, the wife of Charlemagne, who died in 791. We were shown the marble basin out of which Gustavus Adolphus ordered drink to be given to his horse. I wished to see the cut made by the same monarch with his sword in one of the pillars, as an evidence that he had been there and might have destroyed the cathedral if he had pleased; but the pillar only was pointed out to me. The pavement is raised every year, so that the mark is now covered by it.

It was not without regret that I left Mentz and the enchanting Rheingau. I love the lively inhabitants of the banks of the Rhine, whose circumstances are in general easy, in spite of the system pursued by the French vultures; and who, like the butterfly, can only flutter in their favoured countries from beauty to beauty.

LOUISA VENONI.

(Concluded from p. 208.)

LOUISA'S virtue was overcome, but neither her seducer's protestations of everlasting constancy, nor his respectful attentions during their rapid journey to England, could alleviate the anguish excited by the recollection of the past and the sense of her present situation. Sir Edward gave himself up, with all the ardour of youth, to the fascination of her charms, and shared her sorrows. His heart was not made for the part which he had assigned to it: it was alternately filled with remorse, compassion,

and the tenderest love. These feelings he would perhaps have gradually conquered, had they been occasioned by violence of temper or reproaches: Louisa's silent grief, on the other hand, only confirmed Edward's tenderness, and strengthened his attachment. At first nothing but a starting tear ever betrayed her sensations; but when time had abated something of their intensity, she entrusted her sorrows only to the melancholy tones of her lute.

On their arrival in England, Sir

Edward conducted Louisa to his country-seat. She was treated with the most delicate attention, and it depended only on herself to be surrounded with splendour and luxury. She declined Edward's repeated offers of his equipage, and carefully abstained from appearing in the external pomp of a rank which he wished to conceal and if possible to forget. Books and music were her only pleasures, if that term may be applied to these expedients for alleviating for a moment the tortures of her conscience.

The image of her aged father, bowed down by his own infirmities and grief for the dishonour of his daughter, whom she had ungratefully deserted, was engraved in traits of fire upon her soul, and tormented her without ceasing.—Sir Edward thought too nobly to forget Venoni. He hoped to make some amends to him by generosity for the injury that he had inflicted, without considering, that in such cases the most delicate proceeding is an affront: but he had no opportunity to execute his design, for he learned that Venoni, soon after his daughter's flight, had quitted his habitation, and, according to the report of his neighbours, had died in one of the vallies of Savoy. This intelligence was a dreadful shock to Louisa, who for a long time rejected all consolation. Sir Edward redoubled his demonstrations of affection and tenderness; and after the vehemence of her grief had subsided a little, he took her to London, hoping to divert her by the incessant occurrence of new objects, and to make her by degrees forget her loss. But all

his endeavours to amuse her and to dispel her dejection, were ineffectual. She now felt with double force the whole weight of her guilt, accusing herself as the author of her own shame and the murderer of her aged parent.

Sir Edward had a sister who was married to an opulent nobleman. Her beauty, and the universal admiration which it commanded, had won his heart, and she had favoured his suit, because he was richer than all his rivals. They lived in the usual way of the higher ranks; dissatisfied, though in the receipt of princely revenues, and incessantly tormented with *ennui*, in spite of an unceasing round of amusements and dissipation. This state of things afforded so little of that pleasure which Sir Edward had anticipated from his return to his country and friends, that he became heartily disgusted with the fashionable circles into which he was introduced. Their conversation was destitute of the charms of mind; their ideas were frivolous, and their attainments shallow: with all the pride of birth and wealth, their principles were low and their sentiments ignoble. He found that self was the motive of all their actions; and their very pleasures seemed to him as illusory as their demonstrations of friendship. Louisa's society, on the contrary, was fraught with feeling, sincerity, and candour; her heart alone took an interest in his happiness: she observed Sir Edward's return to virtue, and was sensible of the value of his friendship and his love. When she at times saw him dull and dejected, she played sprightly tunes, instead of her favourite me-

lancholy airs, and feigned a cheerfulness that was not natural to her. These efforts of her generous mind, which thus sacrificed itself to her lover, were too arduous for her tender heart: her delicate frame could not withstand the tempest of her feelings and the anguish that rent her soul; sleep fled from her couch; the roses faded on her cheeks; the fire that sparkled in her eyes was extinguished. Sir Edward beheld these symptoms of declining health with the most painful compunction. Often did he curse the false notion of the pleasure which his imagination had taught him to expect in the dishonour of blooming innocence, which fondly consigned itself to his arms. Often did he wish that he could expunge from his life those few moments in which he became a criminal, that he might restore peace and content to a family, whose unsuspecting love he had repaid with the treachery of a robber and the cruelty of an assassin.

One evening, tortured with these reflections, he was deeply engaged in conversation with Louisa, when a barrel-organ, of an unusually sweet tone, was heard in the street. Louisa laid down her lute, and listened: they were the tones of her native land; a tear, which she strove in vain to repress, rolled down her cheek. Sir Edward sent a servant to fetch the itinerant organist, who was ushered into the room, and directed to take his place near the door. He played some sprightly tunes, to which Louisa had often danced in her youth: she recollected with regret the years of her childhood, and her tears flowed

faster. The organist now changed his stop, and began a wildly melancholic *fantasia*—the very same that Louisa had once played for Edward. She sprung, beside herself, from her seat, and ran up to the stranger. He threw aside a ragged cloak and a black patch—it was Venoni. She would have fallen into his arms, but he turned away for a few moments, and pushed her from him. Nature, however, triumphed over his anger; he burst into tears, and pressed his long-lost daughter sobbing to his heart.

Sir Edward beheld this scene in dumb amazement. “I am not come to reproach you,” said Venoni at last to him; “I am too poor, too old, and too infirm for that: I am only come to see my child once more, to forgive her, and to die. When we first saw one another, Sir Edward, things were very different. You found us virtuous and happy; we danced and sung, and in the valley where we lived there was not a single heavy heart. Now our dancing, our singing, our merriment are over: you left us, and we pined you. Since that day no shepherd’s pipe has been heard in Venoni’s fields; grief and vexation have brought him to the brink of the grave: his neighbours loved and felt for him, and they too have ceased to be merry. You have robbed us of our content, and are not happy yourself; for so, in spite of the splendour which surrounds you, I am told by your gloomy downcast looks, and the tears which I saw streaming from the eyes of this poor deluded girl, notwithstanding all her finery.”

“Enough!” cried Sir Edward; “she shall shed no more; you shall

again be happy, and I will at length be just. Forgive me, venerable friend, my ingratitude and your affliction! forgive me, my Louisa, for not having paid the tribute due to your virtues! I have enjoyed opportunities of knowing ladies of high birth, to whose hands my rank would authorize me to aspire; I am ashamed of their vices, and tired of their follies. With depraved hearts, they conceal their excesses under the mantle of feigned innocence, and know nothing of genuine love; they make a great parade of virgin honour, and are strangers to the sentiments of virtue. But you, my Louisa . . . yet let me not awaken recollections which might rob me of your regard in the time to come. Make your

Edward happy by the continuance of your love! In a few hours the rites of religion shall hallow your feelings. Entrust to the tenderness of your husband the care of restoring peace to your soul, and the rose's bloom to your cheeks. Let us be for a time a subject of astonishment and envy to the great world, and then we will conduct your father to his home; peace and joy shall embrace us in his abode, and my transport will be more pure than when I destroyed your happiness, for I shall deserve my bliss. The shepherds' pipes shall again be heard in the valley; the youthful couples shall again join in the mazy dance, and innocence and content return to Venoni's rural habitation."

THE COGITATIONS OF SCRIBLERUS.

No. XIX.

Ours is the only country, perhaps, in the whole world, where every man, rich and poor, dares to have a humour of his own, and to avow it upon all occasions. I make no doubt but that it is to this great freedom of temper, and this unconstrained manner of living, that we owe, in a great measure, the number of shining geniuses which rise up among us from time to time in the several arts and sciences, for the service and the ornament of life.——STEELE.

I AM now perfectly satisfied that England is the only country in which true humour burns with preeminent lustre. The natural ambition which my worthy countrymen have to be witty, has long since been noted by Addison and Steele. I am not mad enough to contend the point with them in regard to its originality, but am content in declaring, that, in practical humour, we outshine the Lazzaroni of Naples themselves, not even bating the grimace and contortion of the latter gentry. I grant you, that it is not the happy fortune of every man to set the table in a roar; but how much must that bias to

excite mirth be commended, which encourages a man to repeat a pun, or to revel in a quibble, which, from its repetition, has not even novelty enough to set up against its flatness!

The class of people called factious have often raised my astonishment as well as my approbation, not for the scintillations of their wit, but for the rigid obstinacy of retaining certain expressions long after the wit, if any ever existed, has subsided, or even the common decency of intruding it vanished. What a time did "Push on, keep moving!" serve the itinerant witling, in lieu of an original joke; but last, though not least,

seemed to reign, superlative exciter of risibility from the Strand to Westminster Bridge, "Johnny Raw." How did the young and the old, the rich and the poor, revel in these two words, which were repeated with self-satisfaction, and seemed to the repeater to convey something so purely attic, that I question if Matthews himself felt more pleasure in the applauses they gained him, than the association of ideas it gave to the urchin who had been fortunate enough to see this mirror of mimicry from the shilling-gallery of the Lyceum! But perhaps I have no where been a witness to the equal attempts of labouring wit, or so often seen the mountain bring forth a mouse, as at large dinner parties, where the master of the house, unconscious of wit himself, reigns with a sort of adumbrating heaviness, clapping his weight of culinary praise on his own eatables, to confound the retailer of anecdote, joke, or repartee. Pomposus is a man of this description: brought up to a trade, which he has now relinquished, after realizing a plum, he has had time to lay in a store of companionable qualities; he knows, from the few old Joe Millers he has risked unnoticed, that his *forte* lies not that way; and he trembles at the idea, that, while you laugh at another's joke, his pine-apple should go uncommended, or that the flavour of his wine should be relished without all the importance of observation or congratulation. The devilish good joke is interrupted by your call to notice the bee's wing; and the witty simile, is unheard, that he may inform you that three bottles of his wine will have no effect in deadening

your faculties: yet, in a party, Pomposus is the only one who has not facetious propensities. The gentleman who carves the turkey is happy to "return to his charge;" another, in helping soup, is always "at the service of the ladies:" and if these sentences, frequently repeated, are not witty, the smile which plays on his face tells you they are meant for such; or what means the continued laugh that follows every time they are repeated, except by Pomposus?

Surely my friend Slender deserves the highest praise for his perseverance, if not for his wit; for twenty years Slender has constantly, at the breaking up of a party, exclaimed, "Betty, where are my pattens?" yet Slender has not gained a laugh for these last twenty years. Surely his desire of wittiness must be great, to encourage him to continue *sans* a single smile.

Oh! how shall I applaud the wit of my laughter-loving friend, Will Wimble? He is what I call a deep, an insidious joker. You are staying at Will's; your affairs in London would, perhaps, require your attendance there. Perhaps those you love you have left behind you; the letter comes not at the appointed day; your children you begin to think are ill; your wife unable to write; another post comes, and no letter. Will, to be sure, rolls his tongue into his cheek; but his mouthing is lost on you, and the whole of the morning he sees you buried in thought. Will, you perceive, is chuckling, though he swears he knows nothing of your letter. "Take your wine;" you do; in doing so, you displace your

doyley ; the long-lost letter is now before your face, which you ought to have received early in the morning. Will now bursts into an immoderate fit of laughter ; while you too, pleased to have the cause of your chagrin forgotten, forget also your late anxiety, and endeavour to join in the mirth that brings tears into Will's eyes. I shall conclude this cogitation with an instance of practical wit, which, I trust, will be acceptable to my readers.

When the dispatches were received in London, announcing the victory gained at Culloden by the Duke of Cumberland, a certain lord hastened to inform a nobleman high in office of the duke's success. Arriving at his residence, he learned that his lordship was up stairs ; he hurried to his chamber, and after seeking him for a minute or two in vain, discovered him at length hid behind the door. " Oh ! sir," he exclaimed, " the most glorious" — " Hush !" cried the senator, holding up his finger, and motioning him to silence. — " But, sir, the Duke of Cumberland" — " Hush !" reiterated his impatient auditor ; and after having *hushed* and shouldered him out of the room, he returned to his hiding-place, where, it seems, he had stationed himself for the purpose of *frightening the French dancing-master*, De Noyer. Presently De Noyer made his appearance. The great member for — jumped out upon him with a loud "*Bo!*" The dancing-master, who was a very polite man, was proportionably terrified. My lord laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks ; and then, turning to the messenger with a look of angry contempt at his importunity, ex-

claimed, " And now, sir, what, pray, may be this mighty news of yours ?"

Having given my readers one instance of a practical joke in plain prose, perhaps the following, in poetic numbers, will be conceived as no very improper manner of closing this essay :—

'Twas at a concert by Rauzzini given,
The assembled choir, who raised their voice
to heav'n,

Were dinn'd with strains of discord, war, and
wrath.

A solemn silence reign'd throughout the room,
Save when the echo of the vaulted dome
Resounded Handel's notes, divinely strung,
By Braham and Storace sweetly sung :

All own'd the great musician's powerful art,
All felt its magic vibrate through the heart ;
All were attentive to the heavenly theme,
When loud was heard a dire discordant scream.
Soon terror flew around the astonish'd band,

The sounds expired upon the half-touch'd
string ;

For each musician check'd his trembling hand,
And even faltering Braham ceased to sing.
The audience wonder'd at the awful pause,
And stared around to catch the dreadful cause ;
When, lo ! a second scream, most shrill and
loud,

Assail'd the ears of the assembled crowd :
Some thought a lady had contrived to faint,
Some deemed the cry the working of a saint.
But now no longer let the music pause,
Of these sad screams my Muse shall paint the
cause :—

A lady whom my verse forbears to name,
Although no vulgar candidate for fame,
Went to Rauzzini's concert rather late,
And there, alas ! could not procure a seat.
Around the room she cast imploring eyes,
But yet no belle would stir, no beau would rise ;
She searched in front, but not a spot could find,
And then, despairing, cast a glance behind.
There snugly sat a lady—tempting trap,
Who, though but small, had form'd an easy
lap ;

'Twas too attractive, for the exhausted dame
Forgot her bulk, her weight, her very shame ;
Though great, not merciful (ah ! lie upon her !)
In this small lap she placed her seat of ho-
nour.

The lady in distress required assistance ;
She push'd and struggled, made her best
resistance.

She then implored, remonstrated, but yet
 The unfeeling rider would preserve her seat.
 "If," said the sufferer, "nothing will avail
 But dire revenge, the tyrant I'll assail."
 Then grasp'd her gilded breach, and from it
 drew
 Its pointed weapon, still to ladies true;
 And, with a steady hand, its point applied
 Into the bold intruder's nether side.
 She flinch'd, she scream'd, and slightly moved
 her back,
 But soon advanced her rear to re-attack.
 The other knew the vulnerable part,
 And to the other flank applied the dart;

Again the wounded screamed, and up she
 sprung,
 Fire in her eye, and venom on her tongue.
 The weaker combatant she rudely seized,
 And throat, and neck, and shoulders roughly
 squeezed;
 Roaring in alt, "I'll scourge thee, wicked sin,
 If in my cushion more you stick a pin."
 * * * * *
 Now Braham smiled, the dame withdrew,
 Wounded, but victor in the fight;
 'Tis said the child unborn may rue
 The bloody contest of that night.

THE EMPEROR JOSEPH II. AND VOLTAIRE.

ONE of the most distinguished characteristics of Joseph II. Emperor of Germany, was his incessant thirst after truth and information: hence it was that he sought the company of scholars of established reputation; hence it was that he always paid that marked respect which the great man never refuses to the man of merit. When he travelled, he commonly took with him some volumes of Buffon, Voltaire, &c. and invariably those volumes of Büsching's Geography corresponding with his route, in which he wrote down with his own hand his remarks, additions, and corrections. During his residence at Paris, he surprised the most eminent men of France with his visits: he conversed with D'Alembert, the great mathematician, who was in correspondence with Frederic the Great; and with Buffon, the celebrated naturalist, who presented his illustrious visitor with a fine copy of his works. This present threw the emperor into considerable embarrassment, but he accepted it with the flattering declaration, that "he had made a point of not accepting the works of any author

while upon his travels, but he would make the only exception to this rule with the count, from whom he had already derived so much pleasure and instruction." Joseph also went to see the institution for the deaf and dumb, and conversed upwards of two hours with its director, the virtuous l'Epée. Though this establishment had not then attained the degree of perfection which it has received from Sicard, the worthy successor of l'Epée, the emperor, nevertheless, expatiated on the system of instruction introduced there, with an enthusiasm which reflected equal honour upon his heart and his understanding. "This excellent priest," cried Joseph, with generous warmth, "has won the noblest triumph which the human mind is capable of gaining, since, in spite of the want of that organ which is most necessary for the development of the intellectual faculties, he has restored to their country and to society thousands of otherwise useless citizens, who would have been only a burden to their families." It was Joseph who first directed the attention of the French court and people to this philoso-

phical instructor, whose generous efforts and great sacrifices were before not known and appreciated as they deserved to be. This visit was not without beneficial results for the Austrian monarchy. Since the year 1779, Vienna has possessed an institution for the deaf and dumb, where teachers for similar establishments at Prague, Waitzen, Freysing, Wilna, Copenhagen, Milan, and Linz, have been educated.

All Paris, delighted with the depth of understanding, the desire of knowledge, and the noble sentiments manifested by the emperor, was filled with his praises, and all who had conversed with him discovered the Marcus Aurelius of the 18th century in the prince who appeared without pomp, shunned indolent repose, eagerly sought instruction, was accessible to the complaints of his people, and not ashamed to ask advice of the wise. All deemed the subjects of Austria happy, and the parallel which they drew between Louis XVI. and Joseph II. was entirely to the disadvantage of the former. "The king," said they, "suffers us to be oppressed with taxes, and submits himself to a system of expensive parade which he dislikes. The emperor banishes this useless expence from his court, and his way of living is extremely simple. The one certainly pities the lot of his subjects, the other relieves them—the one has taken a superficial view of the monuments of Paris, the other minutely examines every thing, even the hospitals, work-houses, and prisons, in a capital that does not belong to him. Why do we never see the king accom-

panying his brother-in-law in those excursions in which the emperor collects information on all those subjects, concerning which princes are never sufficiently instructed by their ministers and courtiers? Why does indolence prevail around the throne of the Bourbons, while other sovereigns evince such laudable activity?"

Joseph was received in the provinces of France with not less enthusiasm than his merits excited in the capital. There too he gained the highest respect by his extensive knowledge, his anxiety to enlarge it, and the homage which he paid to every species of merit; there too he fascinated all by his refined manners, wit, and dignified condescension. When therefore it was rumoured, that the emperor intended to visit Geneva, not a soul in all France doubted that this prince, who was so fond of fame, would give Voltaire a call at Ferney, and the philosophers of Paris rejoiced beforehand at the expected interview between two such extraordinary persons. They did not consider this visit in the light of an ordinary event, but connected with it important political consequences; and, according to their notions, Joseph II. seemed, as Voltaire's guest, to place a mighty state under the protection of philosophy. So much the greater therefore was their astonishment when intelligence reached Paris, that the emperor had passed Ferney without seeing Voltaire. The French literati now puzzled themselves to account for the cause of this coolness in a prince who had previously conversed at Geneva with Saussurè, the natural philosopher, and soon

afterwards lightened with a visit the last hours of Haller at Bern. Various opinions were broached, attacked, and rejected, without their having come, however, much nearer to the truth. Voltaire himself made excuses for this want of attention in the emperor, and ascribed it to the representations of some Genevese, which wrought very powerfully upon Joseph's feelings: Lacroix, on the other hand, from whom the preceding statement is chiefly borrowed, cannot tell whether the omission is to be ascribed to the pride, the well-founded caution, or the filial duty of Joseph to his pious mother. The Marchese Caraccioli imagines it to have been owing to Voltaire's rudeness towards the Prussian monarch, which revolted Joseph's delicacy; while Mercier attributes it to an express prohibition of Maria Theresa, who was deeply affronted by a passage in Voltaire's history respecting her ancestor, Rudolph of Habsburg. Mercier's assertion resembles Voltaire's history; if it has even approached the truth, it wants a great deal of being true in all its parts.

Many of Voltaire's works must have wounded the delicacy, and others the religious feelings, of a princess who has exhibited to the world the sublime example of the purest virtue upon a throne. Not without anxiety for the future, on account of the hasty disposition of her son, and confirmed in this sentiment by certain spiritual advisers, Theresa was afraid lest the emperor should be led, by Voltaire's seductive wit and specious sophistry, into dangerous innovations; and therefore made Joseph promise, previously to his departure for France,

not to call upon Voltaire. Joseph gave a promise to this effect, and also found means to make his mother easy on the subject, in case accident should any where bring him into the company of this dangerous man.

When Joseph had left Geneva, and was approaching Ferney, a wish to see the man who was respected by Catherine and praised by Frederic, who was the idol and oracle of half Europe, revived in his bosom. His lively imagination was wholly engaged with this renowned personage, when he alighted at a village near Ferney, ordered his suite to wait for him, and, attended by only one of his favourites, walked out into the beautiful surrounding country. He unexpectedly found himself in a park, and seemed not to be a little surprised when he was informed by a man whom he happened to meet, that these grounds belonged to M. de Voltaire. Joseph entered into conversation with a gardener, and surveyed the fine plantations with great pleasure; he was several times retiring, but turned back to take another look of what he had already seen, or to ask new questions; at length, after strolling about a considerable time, he returned to his retinue, and pursued his journey. Some of those about him even pretended to have perceived signs of vexation in his looks.

It is scarcely to be conceived, that Voltaire should not have been apprised of the arrival of two strangers in his park, one of whom was treated by his attendant with the most marked respect, and several times accosted with the title of *Sire*. If he imagined that

he ought to go no farther than the steps of his mansion to meet his exalted guest, for whose reception he had made every preparation, he was most severely punished for this rigid adherence to etiquette, as he saw himself treated with cutting indifference by not only one of the most powerful, but also one of the most accomplished monarchs, in the face of all Europe, which was ignorant of the circumstances connected with the case. This apparent indifference so deeply wounded the vain Voltaire, that the soreness occasioned by it, in spite of the levity which he openly affected, accompanied him to the grave. "La vanité du poëte," maliciously observes Mercier, "en fut puerilement affectée."

This chance, however, which did not bring Joseph and Voltaire together when they were so near, was attended with more important consequences than could have been expected from so trivial a cause. The French philosophers considered the coldness of the emperor towards their idol at Ferney as an affront offered, not only to Voltaire, but to the whole French nation; and the very same men who had just before honoured Joseph as a demi-god, now circulated the most injurious reports concerning him. They accused him of the meanest envy of the great internal

resources of France, with which he found occasion to make himself acquainted during his tour: they ascribed to him the plan of recovering, on the first favourable opportunity, all the French provinces which had formerly belonged to his ancestors; a notion that was well calculated to excite the hatred of the whole French nation against Joseph: they attributed many of his measures to wrong views, and censured them with the greatest acrimony: in a word, they neglected nothing to injure him in the public opinion, and even strove to represent him as a prince without talents or virtue; to instigate his subjects to rebellion; to terrify Europe, at his expence, with the spectre of a universal monarchy; nay, even to distort the history of Austria, and all *because Joseph had not seen M. de Voltaire!*

As these enraged scribblers, however, were well aware that their attacks upon the emperor could not be so effectual as they wished, they extended their slanders to their own queen, though perfectly innocent of her brother's offences; and unfortunately their artifices succeeded but too well, to convert that reverence which all France once paid to Antoinette, into the bitterest hatred in a large portion of the French nation.

THE SPECTRE OF THE PYRENEES.

WITH the first rays of the dawn I quitted my sleepless couch, on which I was tormented with the compunctious visitings of conscience, to forget myself amidst the

grand and wildly sublime scenery of nature. The ambitious or the vain may indeed contrive to flee from themselves, but who can escape the lash of remorse? I gazed

upon the gigantic mountains whose summits are lost in the clouds; my woes seemed still more gigantic than they. I felt no horror of those yawning precipices from which the wanderer, whose mind is at ease, starts back affrighted; but was strongly tempted to throw myself into their abysses. I had already stepped forward to execute my resolution, but the idea which suddenly flashed across my mind, of the unknown misery that I might be preparing for myself in a future state, checked my purpose. How thoroughly did I despise myself as too great a coward to be a suicide. Discouraged, and absorbed in a gloomy reverie, I threw myself on the ground. I wished that I might fall a prey to bears and wolves, the inhabitants of these wild regions. "O!" cried I, in my despair, "O that they would rid me of a burden which I have not myself the courage to shake off, and be the ministers of that justice which, sooner or later, will overtake the *ungrateful son!*"

Methought I was worthy of their compassion, for I belonged rather to their species than to my own. My earliest education was unfortunately faulty, and the care bestowed upon me in maturer years could not remedy this defect. A building whose foundation is not firm, cannot withstand the tempest. Nevertheless, I acquired much valuable knowledge and various accomplishments, the proper application of which would have rendered me a useful member of society; but to the art of governing myself, of curbing my passions—to this most necessary art, which ought to be learned and practised in early youth,

I was an utter stranger. With all my apparent external polish, my disposition was rude, wild, and brutal.

In the midst of these reflections on my situation, I felt myself suddenly laid hold of. "Only one of my deliverers," thought I, "who is come to relieve me of the intolerable burden of a hateful existence." I turned round, and, instead of a ravenous beast, I beheld my faithful servant George. "You followed me, then, in spite of my prohibitions?" said I to him.—"Pardon me!" replied he, with evident anxiety, "I was alarmed on your account. I have now been eighteen months in your service, and in that time I have remarked that you are not happy. You appear every day more and more low-spirited. When you this morning quitted your chamber before sunrise, and directed your course towards the mountains, I could not resist the temptation to follow you at a distance. I observed with terror, that you did not avoid the most dangerous places, and trembled for your life. Quite forgetful of myself, I clambered after you as well as I could, and, God be praised, here I am, safe and sound."—"My good George," said I, "be not alarmed for my life. I will live, to feel the pangs that rack me renewed with every pulsation. O yes, Heaven finds means to preserve its victims! To wish to die without being able, is the height of despair. Death would be a blessing, and therefore I shun me."—"Dear master, your condition makes my very heart ache. So good, and so unhappy!"—"So good, forsooth!" cried I, with a sarcastic laugh. "My good

fellow, I will not deceive you; I will throw off the mask of hypocrisy, and exhibit the monster to you in his true colours. Know, then, and turn not from me with abhorrence, that in me you behold a villain, an unnatural, ungrateful son. My first breath was the last sigh of my mother. The ardent affection which my father felt for her was transferred to me, who deserved his hatred. Cherished in his bosom, the scorpion whose venom was to prove fatal to him also, grew apace. The education which I received was excellent, both in regard to precept and example, but would to Heaven that my parental instructor had only shewn me less indulgence! The seeds of evil were scattered in my heart. A wild, unruly boy, too often did I embitter the life of the best of fathers by my obstinacy and disobedience. It cost his tender heart a painful effort to part from his beloved child; but that effort he made, for he was convinced of the necessity of it. I was sent to a celebrated academy. When I quitted it, I had certainly increased my store of knowledge, but my heart was, if possible, more perverse than before. With an unaccountable infatuation, I looked upon every office that my father strove to procure for me as beneath my talents; and, in this manner, rejected several advantageous appointments. My too indulgent father suffered me to act as I pleased. Idleness, which the wise legislator Draco ordered to be punished with death, an inclination to active pursuits, which I knew not how to direct or gratify, and bad company, made me a gambler, a spendthrift,

and seducer of innocence. A thousand times did I wound, by my vicious courses, the heart of the most affectionate of fathers.

"When the revolution broke out in France, listening to the advice of my abandoned associates, and the guilty desire to gain possession of my father's fortune, I accused him of a correspondence with persons belonging to the royal party. Very little inquiry was made for proofs, for the villain is but too readily believed by those who resemble him. I had no great difficulty in procuring an order for my father's apprehension. He was thrown into prison; but whether he perished there, like thousands of victims, or what else has become of him, I have never been able to learn, in spite of all my inquiries, since my conscience awoke after two years of frantic infatuation. Upon this I quitted Paris, and fled from place to place to escape its reproaches, but in vain; on this side of the grave they will never cease to thunder in my ears. Now leave me, my dear friend, or I shall involve you in my destruction. Accursed is the sight of the parricide."—"But repentance can reconcile the sinner with Heaven."—"Away! for me there is no consolation; leave me to anguish, unless you would make me still more miserable."—"At least avoid such frightful places as this. Since we have been approaching the Pyrenees, I have been told abundance of terrible stories. Only last night, in the village, I heard, that on the summit of the Anie, which we see just before us, there is an old ruined castle haunted by an evil spirit, which is said to possess the power

of raising fearful storms, by which it contrives to keep people off from its retreat.”—“Silly tales, perhaps invented by robbers, to whom the castle affords an asylum.”—“Not a Christian of them all will venture near the ruins.”—“I should like to know something more about them. If I come back alive, I shall be able to refute the superstitious notions of the people; and then I shall at least possess the consciousness of *one* good action.”—“For God’s sake, sir, don’t think of any such thing!”—“My resolution is fixed; I court danger: perhaps I shall find in it what I dare not give myself—death—and, if there is no existence after this life, repose.”

I was still fasting, and now began to feel the cravings of appetite. My attentive servant had provided for this case. He spread before me the contents of a basket which he had brought with him, and I took a frugal breakfast. Whilst I was eating, he employed all his rhetoric to divert me from my purpose; but when he found that it was all in vain, he desisted from the attempt. He offered, with evident embarrassment, to accompany me; but I ordered him to go back to the village, and there wait for my return. I thought I could perceive, from his looks, that this injunction was not disagreeable to him.

It was noon when I pursued my route towards the top of the mountain. The weather was extremely favourable to my design; the sun was covered by clouds, so that I suffered nothing from heat. I followed a very narrow path, the only one that I could see, which led in a serpentine line round the

very steep ascent. It is probably used from time to time by the shepherds of the neighbouring valley of Aspé; but it soon ceased, and beyond it I could not perceive even the trace of any beaten way. Fear most likely prevented the inhabitants of the Pyrennées from venturing farther. I kept ascending for about two hours, and the rocks grew more and more rugged and abrupt. I kept the ancient castle, the place of my destination, continually in view. Though of necessity I gradually approached nearer to it, still it seemed as far from me as ever. An ordinary traveller would infallibly have been deterred by the difficulties which increased at every step; but they rendered me, if possible, more resolute in the prosecution of my design. As it was at length impracticable to climb up the bare sides of the rocks, I chose the windings in the ravines formed by torrents, which here and there afforded a better footing. These ravines, however, were often so narrow and so deep, that the light of day could but faintly penetrate to the bottom of them, and I was several times obliged to pursue my course for a considerable space almost in the dark. When I had at length reached the top of the mountain with excessive fatigue, the roofs of the towers of the ancient castle, gilded by the last rays of the sun, met my view. I was still about two hundred paces from it. The platform upon which it was built was about three hundred fathoms in circumference. I threw myself, quite exhausted, upon the ground. With tearful eyes I contemplated the spectacle of the setting sun, doubly admirable

from this point of view: his departing rays, tinging the Gothic edifice whose towers threw a lengthened shadow over me, produced a magical effect. An involuntary shudder thrilled my frame; for I had calculated upon reaching the summit of the mountain at a much earlier hour. I strove, however, to keep up my spirits, and to dispel the dejection that was stealing upon me. On rising to proceed to the castle, shadows of an extraordinary kind danced past me. I could not account for this phenomenon in any other manner than that there might be some large bird of prey hovering about; but no such object was to be seen. Meanwhile the sun had set, and the moon already began to diffuse her milder radiance. I hastened forward, and now had a full view of the front of the Gothic castle. It was almost entirely in ruins. The surrounding ditch was filled with rubbish and stones, so that I could pass it with perfect convenience. I went up to the principal door of the central tower: it was fast. I determined, therefore, to walk round the building, and seek another entrance. At this moment the door flew open of itself with a great noise. I paused, and considered for a minute or two what I should do. Terror succeeded my astonishment, when I beheld a lantern that stood on the floor in the middle of the spacious hall, which it faintly lighted. "This castle is inhabited," said I to myself; "there can be no doubt of that. If the persons who reside here wished to be rid of me," I continued, "they very easily might, for I am alone, unarmed, and totally helpless. Such,

however, can scarcely be their intention, or why would the door have opened at my approach?" All scruples were soon overcome, and I entered, if not courageously, at least prepared for the worst. I took up the lantern, and the great outer door closed with the sound of thunder. At the extremity of the hall, I came to a spacious circular aperture, and holding up the lantern, perceived a narrow winding staircase. No sooner had I descended a few steps, than a tremendous crash seemed as though it would burst the very vault through which the steps conducted. I stood as if rooted to the spot. In this manner I paused for a few moments, when a hollow sepulchral voice, apparently proceeding from below, called out, "Come on!" I obeyed the command, and ran quickly down the stairs, as though to overtake my fear.

I soon found myself in an apartment of considerable size, the walls of which were hung with black tapestry. A lamp, which shed but a feeble light, stood upon an old-fashioned table of ebony; near it lay an open book; I looked at it, and found that it was a translation of the *Œdipus* of Sophocles. Over the table hung a painting, upon which this old man was represented, and by him his daughter Antigone in the agonies of death. The painter, it was evident, had been most solicitous to delineate the misery of *Œdipus*, and paid less attention to historical truth. "What means this?" I cried; "and where am I?" My knees refused their office, cold perspiration covered my brow, and I tottered trembling towards an arm-chair which stood at some dis-

tance from the table. I had not quite reached it when the terrific voice again thundered, "Go back!" At the same time part of the tapestry was lifted up, so as to show the entrance to an adjoining apartment. A lamp was suspended in the middle of the room, and on one of the walls I observed an inscription. I went nearer to read it. No language can express the horror that overwhelmed me on discovering these words:—"Thy father fell by the hands of the executioner. His death, prepared by an unnatural son, was doubly bitter."—"My father dead!" I exclaimed with vehemence—"murdered by me! Here is the tremendous confirmation! Much have I feared that he was no more, but never till now could I obtain any certainty of the fact. Accursed parricide!" I ejaculated, and sunk senseless upon the floor.

It was some time before I came to myself. On recovering my senses, I cried, with a sarcastic laugh, "Delusions of hell, avaunt! I ask not of you the certainty that would weigh me down to the ground; and any hopes that ye could give would not deceive me.—Fool that I am," continued I, after some pause, "what is all this to me? How can I be known here? Will miracles be wrought on my account? Desist, ye inhabitants of this place, from scoffing at me! I am no superstitions simpleton; I belong not to the vulgar herd, and despise its prejudices. If I have offended you, if you want any thing with me, come on! Man against man, I will argue the point with you, and am ready to give you satisfaction." Scarcely had I uttered these words

when a peal of thunder, more awful than the first, broke upon my ear. I started. A simple tomb, which I had overlooked at my entrance into the apartment, now first caught my view. It was without any decorations, having nothing but the letters A. C. M. surrounded by four death's heads sculptured upon it. My astonishment may be conceived when it is known, that these were the initials of my father's christian names. Overpowered by my feelings, I sunk beside the sacred tomb, and kissed the letters which reminded me of so dear an object. All at once the same voice again resounded, much nearer than at first, and likewise more distinct. In a tone which, though firm, seemed to me almost to betray a degree of emotion, it pronounced the command—"Profane not this tomb!"—"My father dead!" cried I—"did I not a few minutes since read the confirmation of it here? and indeed without that how could I have any doubt on the subject; for when did the savages, into whose hands I, monster of ingratitude, delivered him, ever loose their victims? and yet I heard his voice which confutes, and behold this grave which seems to confirm, the fact. What am I to conclude?"—Cruel doubts harrowed my bosom. My reason disputed the reality of what I saw and heard; but my senses asserted the fallacy of its suggestions. I was almost beside myself. Oppressed with despair, I fell upon my knees, and in a tone of supplication, "Good spirit," said I, "for such thou must be, since thou hast power to assume my father's voice, put an end to my torments; release

me from the burden of life ! Reconcile me with my father, who dwells in the abodes of bliss ! Ah ! what dare I pray for ? My crime is too great !—Father ! father ! thou must hear my voice ; I cannot doubt that thou hearest it. Behold me racked with remorse before thy tomb, and forgive me !”

“ Look behind thee !” now cried the voice. I obeyed, and perceived a dagger lying upon a bench ; I hastily seized it. Round it was rolled a paper, which I took off, and read, in my father’s hand-writing, these words :—“ *For an ungrateful son.*”—“ Now I feel sufficient courage to punish myself,” said I. “ Thou art sacred to me,” I continued, kissing the dagger, “ for thou comest from my beloved father. My blood will reconcile me with him ; his spirit hovers around me. In the dust I adore that Providence which has permitted a miracle to indicate the way of atoning his angry spirit.”

I had already pointed the dagger to my heart, when on a sudden the stone which covered the tomb flew open, and out of it rose the shade of my father. “ Hold, wretch !” he cried, “ thy father forgives thee !” This apparition, though I was pretty well prepared for it by the extraordinary circumstances which had preceded, gave me such a shock, that I fell senseless upon the floor. In this deathlike state I continued for a long time, and when I was recalled to life, I found myself clasped in the arms of my father. O moment of bliss, of which I was unworthy !

My father now related, that he had contrived to elude the vigilance of his keepers, and to escape from

the prison ; that he had chosen this place for his abode, as it was almost inaccessible to man, and had long been shunned on account of the superstitious notions entertained by the people. A faithful servant, who had voluntarily shared his imprisonment, had also accompanied him hither. The chief necessities of life they procured from the Spanish side ; and a garden which they had themselves formed on the southern declivity of the mountain, furnished vegetables and fruit for their frugal table. A friend of my father’s found means to supply him with a sum of money for his flight, and this had sufficed for all his necessities. This friend, the only one who was in the secret, watched me closely, and frequently gave him accounts of me ; he informed him of the change in my sentiments, my grief and repentance. It was he too who advised me to visit the Pyrennees, and an acquaintance of his in the village of Lescun, to whom however he had not communicated the secret, was to propose to me to ascend the Anie, in order to refute the popular traditions respecting the supernatural appearances in the old castle, current among the inhabitants of the mountains. My servant, it seems, had anticipated him, and, as the reader already knows, had directed my attention to the castle. In this manner he promoted, unknown to himself, the design of my father, who was apprized by his friend of my arrival in the Pyrennees. All his preparations were made, and at length he descended from his tower, his unhappy son, scourged by the furies of remorse, clambering with difficulty up the

rocks to his elevated habitation. It is scarcely needful to add, that the sole object of this whole con-

trivance of my excellent father, was, to make a deep and permanent impression upon my heart.

ROUSSEAU'S FAVOURITE SONG.

IN the first volume of his *Confessions*, Rousseau expresses his conviction, that to his aunt was owing his taste, or rather the passion, for music, which developed itself at a much later period of his life. He tells us, that she knew a great number of tunes and songs, which she sang with a voice of exquisite sweetness; and by the uninterrupted cheerfulness of her disposition, she chased melancholy and ill-humour from all around her. "The delight which her singing gave me," continues Jean Jaques, "was such, that not only have several of her songs remained deeply imprinted upon my memory, but that I recollect even, now that I have lost her, some which, totally forgotten ever since my childhood, come into my mind again with a charm which I am unable to express. Who would believe, that, old dotard as I am, harassed with troubles and vexations, I catch myself sometimes weeping like a child, whilst humming these little airs with a voice already broken and tremulous! There is one in particular, which I have wholly recollected as to the tune; but the second half of the words, in spite of all my efforts, I cannot call to mind, though I have a confused remembrance of some of the rhymes."

This song, of which only a couple of imperfect stanzas are introduced in the *Confessions*, is given complete in the *Etrennes Helvétiques* for 1815, on the authority of an old lady, who recollects, that in her youth it was sung very com-

monly at Nion and Coppet, where Rousseau heard it, and that an officer in the French service, a native of the Pays de Vaud, passed for the author of it. In the *Etrennes* it is entitled *La Chanson de Jean Jaques*, and is as follows:—

L'amour, ma belle!
Gardera, dans ces vallons,
Nos moutons
Dessous ses ailes,
Tandis que nous chanterons.
Il nous appelle;
Viens sous ces ormeaux,
Loin de mes rivaux,
Ecouler mes maux:
Tu seras peut-être moins cruelle.

Tircis, je n'ose
Ecouler ton chalumeau,
Sous l'ormeau,
Et l'on en cause
Déjà dans notre hameau.
Un cœur s'expose
Souvent au danger,
Pour trop s'engager
Avec un berger;
Et toujours l'épine est sous la rose.

Que sert de craindre
Pour mes feux un doux retour?
Chaque jour,
Je vois se peindre
Dans tes yeux flamme d'amour.
C'est trop contraindre
Mon amour pour toi,
Ton ardeur pour moi;
Donnons nous la foi:
Ce beau feu pourroit enfin s'éteindre.

Il faut se rendre,
Mon berger! à tes accents
Si touchans:
Viens donc apprendre
Ce que pour toi je ressens.
J'ai le cœur tendre,
Fidèle et constant;
Si tu l'es autant,
Tu seras content,

Et n'auras rien perdu pour attendre.*

* Some of our poetical contributors will perhaps favour us with a translation of the above song.

THE MODERN SPECTATOR.

No. LVI.

With fame, in just proportion, envy grows;
 The man who makes a character, makes foes.
 Slight peevish insects round a genius rise,
 As a bright day awakes the world of flies;
 But as by depredations wasps proclaim
 The fairest fruit, so these the fairest fame. — Dr. Young.

THE Oriental story which I have lately presented to my readers, as a pleasing variety to them, led me on to such an unsuspected length, that I have been necessarily inattentive to some of my correspondents, whose obliging communications, as they lay on my table before me, appear to reproach the Modern Spectator for his neglect. I shall, therefore, hasten to discharge the duty I owe, at least, to the kindness of one of them, by selecting the following letter, which claims priority from the early date of its reception.

TO THE MODERN SPECTATOR.

Sir,

The benefit derived to society from moral or religious writers, is equally produced by a display of the vices as of the virtues; by unfolding those passions which disgrace, as well as those which adorn, the human character.

The great law of mutual benevolence, says Dr. Johnson, is, perhaps, oftener violated by *envy* than by interest. Interest, it is true, can diffuse itself but to a narrow compass, and requires some qualities which are not universally bestowed. It is seldom pursued but at some hazard; but to spread suspicion, to invent calumnies, to propagate scandal, which is the employment and the delight of envy, requires neither talents, nor labour, nor courage. Thus it is not only,

to many, more pleasing to recollect those faults which place others below them, than those virtues by which they themselves are comparatively depressed: but it is more easy to neglect than to recompense; and though there may be few, in comparison, who will practise a laborious virtue, there never will be wanting too many who will indulge an easy vice. He that has no virtue himself will naturally envy virtue in another; for the human mind, in its weakness, either feeds upon, or is pleased with, its own good or others' evil, and he who wants the first food will satisfy himself with the second; and he that despairs of arriving at another's virtue, will often endeavour to depress his fortune, that there may be the less disparity between them.

Lord Bacon observes, but I hope too unreservedly, that deformed persons, old men, and all who labour under some determined and irretrievable disadvantage, whether personal or otherwise, are always envious; and he assigns, indeed, as might be expected, a very shrewd reason for it: because he who cannot possibly mend his own case, will do what he can to impair another's. Sometimes, however, these defects have been known to light upon generous natures, who endeavour to turn them to the advancement of their honour, by creating a popular admiration, that certain things

of great difficulty or skill had been accomplished by persons who, from their natural deficiencies, were considered as incapable of such great exertions or splendid attainments. This was the case with Agesilaus and Tamerlane, both men of great renown in the age which they adorn, and who are both recorded by their historians to have been afflicted with lameness.

The influence of this degrading and painful disposition, for a very painful one it is, is seen to operate with a similar influence in those who surmount adversity; as it too often appears, that they consider the calamities of others as a kind of redemption of those which they have themselves suffered. They who endeavour to excel in outward figure and the shew of life, from a spirit of vain-glory, are ever disposed to be envious; they cannot bear the thought of being rivalled, and are ever busy in diminishing the character of those in particular who appear to surpass them. In this particular, envy is frequently seen to descend to the most debasing conduct; as the Emperor Adrian is said, by historians, to have borne a mortal antipathy to poets, painters, and other artificers in those works wherein he had taken an idle fancy, but in which it was impossible for him to excel.

Every disposition that is found in the minds or the character of individuals, whether it be good or bad, is seen at times to acquire a kind of aggregate nature, and becomes a kind of popular quality, which frequently breaks forth among, as it more or less operates on, the multitude; and individuals are, according to their situation

and circumstances, more or less the objects of it. Men of eminent virtue are less envied when they are advanced to high stations and even unexpected honours, as their promotion seems to be due to their superior qualities, and no one is ever found to envy the payment of a just debt, or the discharge of a legitimate obligation. This bad quality is seldom or ever excited, but by the comparing one object with another, and where there is no comparison, we may venture to pronounce that there is no envy; which opinion is susceptible of illustration, by observing, that kings are only envied by kings. Nevertheless, it is observable, that unworthy persons are most envied at their first rising to honour, and that the disgust, in the course of time, is seen to wear away, and at length ceases to operate: while, on the contrary, persons of worth and merit are only objects of envy, if at any time they become so, after their good fortune has been of long continuance; for though their virtue undergoes no change, yet it, in some measure, appears to lose its lustre, when new men, as they are denominated in the vocabulary of courtiers and politicians, rise up to obscure it. Persons of noble blood and ancient family are less exposed to the operations of envy when honours are heaped upon them, as they appear to be a kind of inheritance, a debt due to their ancestors, which is paid to them. Besides, on such occasions, there seems to be but little added to their fortune; and envy, like the sun-beams, strikes a greater heat upon a rising ground, than upon the level meadow that surrounds it: and, for

the same reason, those who are advanced by degrees, and in an order of succession, are less likely to excite unpleasant sensations on the view of their elevation, than those who suddenly and at once leap into the seat of honour or of power. They, however, appear to stir a larger portion of envy, who accompany the greatness of their fortunes with an insolent and a haughty demeanour; who make a boast and parade of their aggrandisement by a parade of external pomp, or a proud triumph over the adversaries whom they have overthrown, or the competitors whom they have left behind: whereas, on the other hand, men of more sagacity and prudence are sometimes seen to make a sort of sacrifice to envy, by an intentional and purposed suffering of themselves to be occasionally overborne in matters of no great consideration in their own opinion. Though it must be nevertheless acknowledged, that the superior carriage of greatness, in an open and undissembled manner, if unattended with arrogance and vain-glory, occasions less envy than the withdrawing itself craftily, and, as it were, by stealth, from general notice: for, in the latter case, a man appears to impeach fortune, by manifesting a consciousness of that worth which could alone entitle him, in the public opinion, to deserve it; thus teaching others, as it were, to envy him.

Public envy, it will be acknowledged, may sometimes be productive of public benefit; as it will operate as a general censure, which eclipses great men when they grow too big, and by acting as a bridle to those who are too powerful, keep

them within due bounds. Private envy, however, must be considered, without the least reservation, as producing nought but evil. It is of all the affections not only the most importunate, but in the most continual exercise: hence it has been said, that envy has no holidays; hence it is ascribed, in a most emphatic manner, by the sacred word of truth, to the arch-enemy of mankind, under the striking character of the envious man who sowed tares among the wheat by night; as it always happens, that this depraved affection works with subtlety, and in the dark, and too frequently to the prejudice of men preeminent for their virtues.

The envy which arises from emulation may possibly creep into an ingenuous mind; but that which makes a man uneasy to himself and others, is a certain distortion and perverseness of temper, that renders him unwilling to be pleased with any thing that has either beauty or perfection. Shallow wits, superficial critics, and conceited fops, are so many blind men in respect of excellences; they behold nothing but faults and blemishes, and indeed see nothing that is worth seeing with an acknowledged pleasure. Shew them a poem, it is stuff; a picture, it is a daub; they find nothing in architecture that is not irregular, or in music that is not out of tune. These men should consider, that it is their envy which deforms every thing, and that the ugliness is not in the object, or perhaps in the eye, but in the mind: and for the superior spirits whose merits are either not discovered, or are misrepresented by the envious part of mankind, they

should rather consider their defamers with pity than indignation. A man cannot be sensible of that perfection in another, which he was never sensible of in himself. Mr. Locke relates a curious circumstance of his having asked a blind man, what notion he could form of the colour called scarlet; who replied, that he believed it was like the sound of a trumpet. He was forced to express his conceptions of ideas which he had not by those which he had. In the same manner, ask an envious man what he thinks of virtue, he will call it design; what of good-nature, and he will term it dulness. The difference is, that as the person before mentioned was born blind, envious men have contracted the distemper themselves, and are troubled with what may be called an acquired blindness. Thus the Devil in Milton, though made an angel of light, could see nothing to please him even in Paradise, and viewed with an agonising hatred our first parents, who were in a state of innocence.

Envy is ingenious, and will sometimes find out the prettiest conceits imaginable to serve her purposes; yet it is observable, that she delights chiefly in contradiction. If you excel in any of the elegant arts, she pronounces, without the least hesitation, that you are deficient in taste; if in wit, that you are dull, or at best of superficial attainments: if you live in apparent harmony with your wife and family, envy is sure that your comforts are all assumed, and that behind the curtain, your life is a scene of agitation and domestic disturbance, which you have the art to

conceal: if you live in affluence, that it will not last, and that the season of adversity is approaching. It must, indeed, be confessed, that envy frequently meets with great provocations, as there are people in the world who take extraordinary pains to appear much more happy, rich, virtuous, and considerable than they really are; but, on the other hand, were they to take equal care to avoid such fallacious appearances, they would not be able altogether to shun the rancorous enmity of the envious.

I have read somewhere an ironical description of what is called a good and bad neighbour, which I shall recollect as well as I can, for the further illustration of my subject.

A good neighbour is one who, having no attention for the affairs of his own family, nor any decided allotment for his time, is ready to dispose of it to any of his acquaintance, who desire him to hunt, shoot, dance, drink, or play at cards with them; who thinks the civilities he receives in one house no restriction upon his tongue in another, where he makes himself welcome by exposing the foibles of those whom he last visited, and lives in a constant round of lessening or betraying one family to another.

A bad neighbour is he who retires into the country, from having been fatigued with the busy scene of the world; who, from the punctilio of good-breeding, does not appear to court the visits of all about him, and does not return those which are made him, in any other way than the established rules of politeness may require. His love of tranquillity procures him the

character of being reserved and morose, and his candid endeavours to explain away the malicious turn of a tale, that of being disagreeable and fond of contradiction. Thus vindicating every body behind his back, and offending every body to his face, he subjects himself to the personal dislike of all, without making a friend to defend him.

It has been already observed, that men even of amiable dispositions, and, it might be added, of superior talents, have been known to be possessed of the demon of envy; in short, who cannot bear the success of any of their rivals. The cele-

brated Dr. Goldsmith is known to have been much infected by it; and with the severe rebuke which, on a particular indulgence of it, he received from his friend Dr. Johnson, I shall conclude my lucubration. It is related by Mrs. Piozzi in the following manner:—

“Goldsmith was one day repining at the good success of Dr. Beattie’s *Essay on Truth*.—‘Here is such a stir,’ said he, ‘about a fellow who has written one book, and I have written many.’—‘Ah! doctor,’ replied his friend, ‘you cannot but know, that there go two and forty sixpences to one guinea.’”

BENEVOLUS.

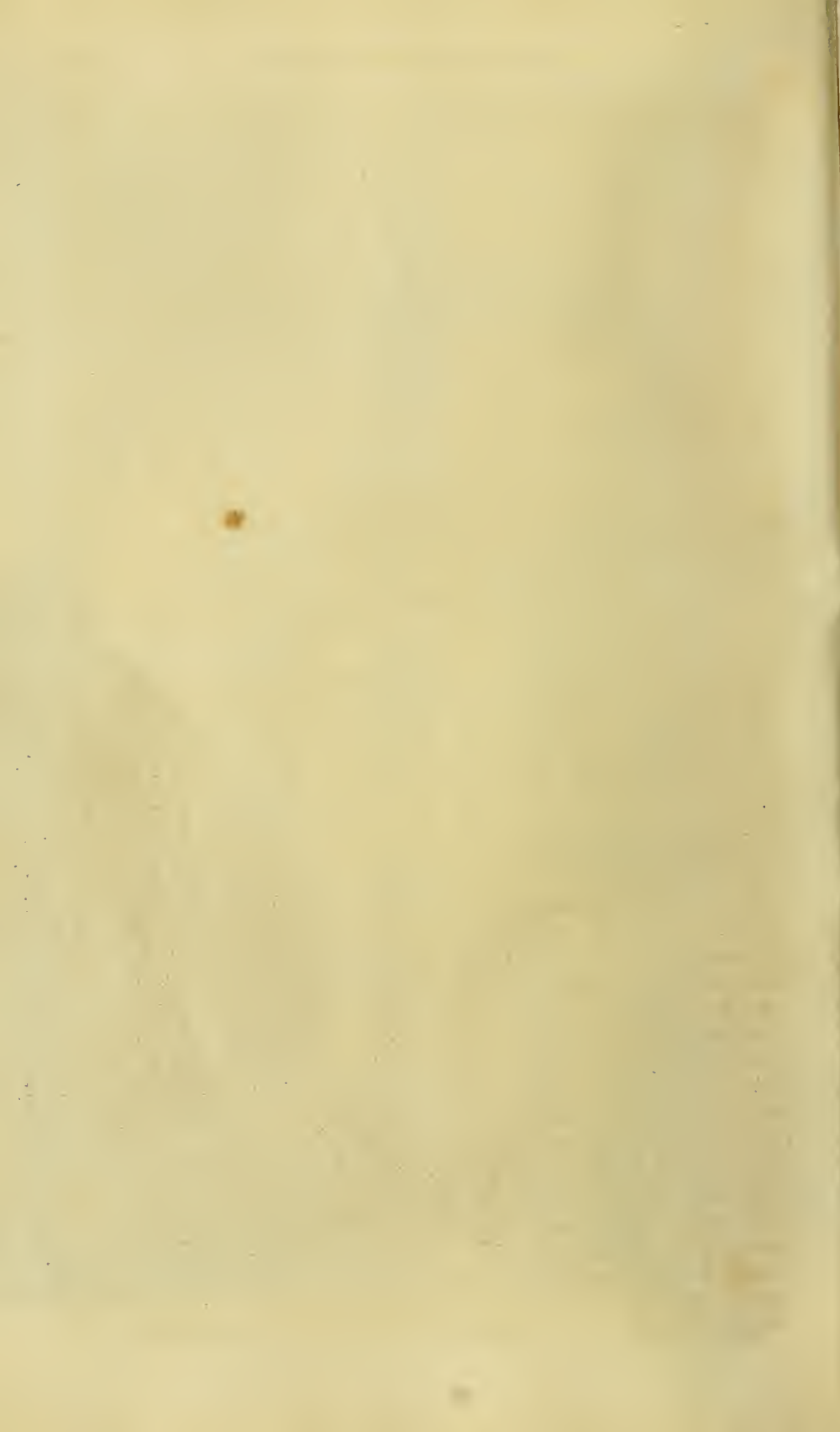
PLATE 25.—CHRIST CHURCH, SPITALFIELDS.

THE extensive district of the metropolis known by the name of Spitalfields, evidently derived that appellation from the *Spittle*, *Spital*, or *Hospital* of St. Mary, which, as Stow informs us, formerly stood just within the bars of Bishopsgate ward, on the east side of the street. “From which bars,” continues the venerable historian, “towards Shoreditch, is all along a continual building of small and base tenements, for the most part lately erected: among which was one row of proper small houses, with gardens, for poor decayed people, there placed by the prior of the said hospital; every one tenant whereof paid one penny rent per year at Christmas, and dined with the prior on Christmas-day. But after the suppression of the hospital, these houses, for want of reparations, in a few years were so decayed, that it was called Rotten-

row, and the poor worn out; for there came no new in their place.”

Spitalfields was originally a hamlet belonging to the parish of St. Dunstan, Stepney, but owing to the great increase of inhabitants (chiefly through the settlement of French refugee silk-manufacturers who quitted their native country on the revocation of the edict of Nantes by Louis XIV.) it was made a distinct parish in 1723. The church, one of the fifty ordered to be built by act of parliament, is situated on the south side of Church-street. It was begun in 1723 and finished in 1729, under the direction of Sir Christopher Wren. It is a stately stone edifice, with a lofty steeple, containing a good ring of twelve bells and chimes. The body is solid and well proportioned. The whole fabric is 111 feet in length and 87 in breadth; the height of the roof is 41 and of the steeple





231 feet. It is ornamented with a Doric portico, to which there is a handsome ascent by a flight of steps: upon these rise columns of the Doric order, supported on pedestals. The tower has arched windows and niches; and on diminishing for the steeple, is supported by the heads of the under corners, which form a kind of buttresses. From this part rises the base of the spire with an arcade; its corners are in the same manner supported by a kind of pyramidal buttresses ending in a point, and the spire is terminated by a vase and vane. The interior, though grand, is heavy; the altar makes a majestic appearance, and the church is furnished with a fine-toned organ.

The only monument worthy of particular notice in this church, is that to the memory of Sir Robert Ladbroke, who attained the highest municipal distinctions in the city of London, which he also represented in parliament. Upon this monument is his effigy standing, adorned with all the insignia of office.

The living of Christ Church, Spitalfields, is a rectory, in the patronage of the principal and scholars of Brazenose College, Oxford.

Though this structure is stated in the list of churches erected by Sir Christopher Wren to have cost only 11,778*l.* 9*s.* 6*d.* the total expence of the whole building is said to have amounted to 60,000*l.*

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

THE following arrangements have been made for Lectures at the Surry Institution, during the ensuing season:—1. On the Philosophy of Art, or principles of connection between nature and the arts of painting, poetry, music, &c. &c. by John Landseer, Esq. F. S. A. and engraver to his Majesty; to commence on Tuesday, the 21st of November, and to be continued on each succeeding Tuesday.—2. On Chemistry, by James Lowe Wheeler, Esq.; to commence on Friday, the 17th of November, and to be continued on each succeeding Friday.—3. On Music, by W. Crotch, Mus. Doc. professor of music in the University of Oxford; to commence in February, 1816.

Mr. Bisset, proprietor of the Picture-Gallery, the Museum, and Public News-Room at Leamington

Spa, and author of the descriptive Guide of that place, has it in agitation to publish, on the same interesting plan, *A Guide to all the principal Watering-Places in Great Britain*; illustrated with superb plates from his own designs.

In a few weeks will be published, Part I. containing six plates, of *The Ancient and Modern Monuments of Hindostan*, by M. Langlès, professor of the Oriental languages in the Royal Institute of France, and principal librarian of the manuscript department of the royal library. This work, one of the most magnificent that ever issued from the press, will form three grand volumes in folio, which will be published in twenty-five monthly parts, each containing six engravings, from drawings made on the spot, executed in the most ex-

quisite manner, and with the most scrupulous regard to architectural accuracy, by the first artists of France. The letter-press, containing a description of the plates, and the history of the works of art, together with an historical and geographical essay on Hindostan, will average upwards of six sheets each part, and be accompanied by a beautifully engraved two-sheet map. The work will be published in folio of two sizes; the letter-press and plates of both will be printed on French drawing-paper, and only 250 copies for the English, and 250 for the French, will be taken. Both editions are executed with the same scrupulous care under the eye of M. Langlès; and the English one will present the singular feature of a foreign professor executing an original work in English, and offering a specimen of the typographic art, rivaling, in correctness and elegance, the finest specimens of a Bulmer or a Bensley.

Mr. J. Norris Brewer is preparing for the press, a General Introduction to that extensive work, *The Beauties of England and Wales*, which is rapidly proceeding towards its completion.

Mr. Rippon Porter will speedily publish, *Love, Rashness, and Revenge*, or *Tales of the Passions*, in two volumes 12mo.

General Alexander Beatson, late governor of St. Helena, has in the press, in a 4to volume, to be illustrated by engravings, *Tracts on various Subjects relative to St. Helena*, written during a residence of five years.

Professor Playfair has announced, *Biographical Memoirs of Dr.*

Matthew Stuart, Dr. James Hutton, and Professor John Robison, read before the Royal Society of Edinburgh, and now collected into one volume.

Mr. C. Fletcher, of Nottingham, is printing a work on the *History of the Human Mind*, deduced from the formation and analogy of language.

The Rev. James Rudge has in the press, *The Peace-offering*, a sermon on the peace, inscribed to the Earl of Liverpool.

A new volume of the important *Travels of Dr. Clarke* will be ready in a few weeks. It will form the third and last section of part the second of *Travels in Greece, Egypt, and the Holy Land*; containing an account of the author's journey by land to Constantinople, with a description of the north of Greece, Macedonia, and Thrace. It will be accompanied by a supplement relative to his journey from Constantinople to Vienna, and to a visit to the gold and silver-mines of Hungary.

Mr. J. Nightingale is compiling a *History and Description of Westminster*, to be embellished with engravings from original drawings; and solicits the communication of facts or manuscripts not hitherto published on the subject of its history and antiquities.

Dr. Watkins is preparing for the press, the important results of an elaborate investigation into the case of Elizabeth Fenning, whose execution on a charge of poisoning the family in whose service she lived, lately attracted the public attention. It will include the official report of her trial, which has not before met the public eye, with

copious notes; an argument on her case; her unpublished correspondence and original documents; presenting altogether a mass of facts of the most interesting kind, tending to develop the mystery in which this extraordinary case has been involved.

There is perhaps no subject in Greek architecture more difficult than that of designing a tower or steeple, where, to give the necessary height, columns of different orders are seen piled so improperly one over the other; while the perpendicular and characteristic parts of the Gothic style, as buttresses, turrets, pinnacles, &c. give variety and elegance to the building, and facility to the architect in gaining any height required, which appears from the number of fine examples of towers in this style now remaining. We are therefore pleased to find, that Thomas Harrison, Esq. the architect of the new steeple to the church of St. Nicholas, in Liverpool, lately completed in place of the old one, the fall of which, it will be remembered, was attended with a very serious disaster, has succeeded in producing so singular and elegant a specimen of this manner, that Mr. G. Cuit, of Chester, has been tempted to offer an Etching of a View of it to the public and the subscribers to his former admired Etchings of Old Buildings in Chester, Castles in Wales, &c. &c.

A mission to Africa is in preparation, for the purpose of acquiring a more accurate knowledge of that portion of the globe, and of the nations by which it is inhabited. It is on a scale so comprehensive and well regulated, as to afford the

best prospect of satisfactory results. Besides military gentlemen, it includes Captain Tuckey, of the royal navy, to whom the public is indebted for some able and interesting works on various branches of cosmography.

Mr. James Stewart, of Pinkie, has published, in the Transactions of the Caledonian Horticultural Society, the following method of preserving apples and pears:—The best time for gathering the fruit is when it begins to drop off spontaneously. The best rule is to take what appears ripest in your hand, and raise it level with the foot-stalk; if it parts from the tree, lay it carefully into a basket. The fruit is to be laid in heaps, and covered with clean cloths and mats above, or with good natural hay, in order to its sweating. This is generally effected in three or four days; and the fruit may be allowed to lie in the sweat for three or four days more. They are then to be wiped one by one with clean cloths. Some glazed earthen jars must then be provided, with tops or covers, and also a quantity of pure pit-sand, free from any mixture; this is to be thoroughly dried on a flue. Then put a layer of sand an inch thick on the bottom of the jar; above this a layer of fruit, a quarter of an inch free of each other. Cover the whole with sand to the depth of an inch; then lay a second stratum of fruit, covering again with an inch of sand; and proceed in this way till the whole is finished. An inch and a half of sand may be placed over the uppermost row of fruit. The jar is now to be closed, and placed in a dry airy situation, as cool as possible, but

entirely free from frost. Some kinds of apples managed this way will keep till July, and pears till April.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

"*The Dream*," for the *Piano-Forte*, composed by Ferd. Ries, Member of the Royal Academy in Sweden. Op. 49. Pr. 5s.

Like a masterly painting, the excellences of which manifest themselves on a gradual and minute examination, so will the great and almost unique harmonic production before us gain more and more on the favour, nay, the admiration of the real connoisseur, in proportion as it is subjected to a close and mature investigation. "*The Dream*" is a *fantasia* of the most free but lofty description, a poetical effusion of harmony consisting of several successive movements or portions, all tending to imitate the sensations we experience during the wild wanderings of unfettered imagination in the ideal realms of its own création. From the most grave and solemn scenes, we at one time fancy ourselves following the inspired author into the ever-blooming meads of Arcadian shepherds; we join their dance for a while, when at once some distant mysterious sounds arrest our joy—an unhappy maiden tells her forlorn tale in mournful recitative. We next are strack by the clashing arms of hostile legions, and the martial trumpet proclaims the victory. A soft and melodious. . . . Nay, further we must not proceed in our fanciful comment; for should our readers open this book of dreams, and, as is the case, find nothing but crotchets and quavers grouped in

all kinds of salient angles, without so much as one kind hint of letterpress, they will believe the reviewer to be performing a dreaming duet along with the composer; and although a more agreeable dream could scarcely be desired, yet we wish to be thought awake when we wield the weapon of criticism. We are pretty sure some somnial plot or other was adopted as the groundwork of this beautiful production, but a key, like that of the *Battle of Prague*, is withheld by the author, not without reason perhaps, since thus full scope is left for the guess of individual fancy. Every one may dream along with it as he pleases.

If, however, the *Dream* is to be a pleasant one, we would advise the performer to dream with his eyes well opened. He will meet with harmonic and digital combinations, which matured knowledge and experienced skill alone can understand and subdue, but his exertions will be amply repaid. We have before us a memorandum of such passages and portions of this really sublime composition, as more particularly fixed our attention. It was destined to form the basis of a brief critical analysis of the work; but even the memorandum is so voluminous in its record of excellences, that we are deterred from beginning a task which, after all, would convey but an imperfect idea of what we felt, and of what we would wish to be felt. As a proof that we are not speaking hyperbolically, we would only refer our readers to the introductory slow movement. The originality, the pathos, sublimity, and consummate science displayed in every bar, stand

unrivalled among cotemporary productions, the greatest part of which, however sung or performed with the most unbounded applause, if compared with Mr. Ries's *Dream*, sink precisely as far beneath it as a Grub-street ballad falls short of the *Paradise Lost*, or the sign of the Red Lion, of Titian's *Venus*.

Cherubini's favourite Overture to IL CRESCENDO, as performed at the Philharmonic Concert, arranged for the Piano-Forte, with an Accompaniment (ad lib.) for the Flute or Violin, and Violoncello, dedicated to Miss Freeling by the Author. Pr. 5s.

It is a common belief among musical judges, that the German composers, less intent upon what is merely pleasing to the ear, chiefly aim at scientific harmonies and laboured contrapuntal contrivances; while the Italian writers make it their study to delight by the sweetness of unaffected melody, so as to gain the favour of the untutored as well as the cultivated part of their audience. Allowing for some exceptions, and striking ones, on the part of the German school, the distinction is not altogether erroneous. But Mr. Cherubini's works appear to us to form a further exception as far as respects Italian authors; and this to such a degree, that, in point of studied harmonic combinations and scientific arrangement of parts, the majority of his works, generally of a thoughtful cast, exceed most of those modern German compositions that may have given rise to the above opinion. From this observation alone it may be anticipated, that to do justice to Mr. C.'s *Muse*, it not only requires to be somewhat ini-

tiated in his manner of writing, but a nice ear, careful attention, and executive talents of a higher order, must be brought into action. This is the case with the overture before us, which, under the author's own auspices, gained great applause at the Philharmonic Concerts of last season. Reduced within two piano-forte staves and an *optional* support of two additional instruments, it unquestionably loses some of those excellent effects of repercussion, imitation, and counteraction, among the numerous instruments of a full orchestra, to which it principally owes its celebrity: yet, as the extract before us proceeds from the author himself, the soul, as it were, of the piece is preserved, together with many of its beauties, which under other hands would no doubt have vanished. Of the two movements, in F, contained in this overture, the introductory largo possesses originality, scientific construction, and imposing grandeur, in the highest degree. The allegro sets out with a spirited *motivo*, in which the author has *designedly* set aside the usual rules of rhythmical regularity, and thus produced an effect at once original and interesting. To follow him further through the labyrinth of ideas which constitute the texture of this overture, would lead us far beyond our limits. From one end to the other we are carried through an infinite variety of skillful evolutions, excellent contrivances of counterpoint, responses, novel modulations, masterly accompaniments of the inner parts, and more particularly of the bass, the passages of which in many instances are admirable. When we add, that the

whole of this fabric is reared out of three or four main ideas, which are turned and twisted into every possible shape; and that among these, the principal theme constantly maintains the ascendancy, being either broadly shown, or only momentarily exhibited or hinted at, it would be superfluous to state, that in this composition the æsthetic rules of the composition of overtures have been fully satisfied. It is worthy of the author's name.

Complete Instructions for the Piano-

Forte, on an entirely new plan, in which the elements or first principles of the science are adapted by way of question and answer, for the use of Schools; to which is added a variety of favourite and popular Lessons and Airs, correctly fingered where necessary, and properly arranged in the different keys commonly used, by T. Goodban; second edition, corrected and improved by the Author. Pr. 8s.

The number of books of instructions for the piano-forte is increasing so rapidly, that were we to notice every one that issues from the prolific musical press in this country, we should probably have to include a publication of that description in every one of our monthly critiques. We confine ourselves, therefore, to such elementary works as possess, more or less, some decided claims to distinction. To this class belongs Mr. Goodban's treatise before us, which has deservedly attained the honour of a second edition. Unless the author was the first to adopt the method of question and answer, we perceive nothing in his labour which can lay any great pretension to novelty; but it has unquestionably the me-

rit of perspicuity and copiousness, and evinces both experience in tuition, and a judicious, nay a conscientious attention to every point which can contribute to the gradual improvement of the beginner. The didactic portion of the book is ample and satisfactory; and that part which contains general directions for fingering, however brief, comprises the very essence of that difficult branch of the art. The lessons, of which there is an abundant variety, although but to the extent of three sharps and as many flats, are selected and arranged with a great degree of judgment, so as to please the learner's ear while they progressively add to his knowledge. Those which exemplify the use and effect of rests are particularly commendable. Having thus far expressed our general approbation of the present set of instructions, we would suggest a hint or two, in the event of a third edition. — The omission of any lesson in the minor keys we think objectionable, as also the answer to the question, "Why is one scale called major and the other minor?" The terms *andante*, *allegro*, &c. might as well have been briefly explained in the body of the instructions, before they were practically made use of. The dictionary of musical terms is rather too limited: *expressivo* should have been *espressivo*; and the three words *calando*, *rallentando*, and *perdendosi* are not, as stated, of the same import. A short and easy duet or two, at the end of the lessons, might have been added, to give the pupil an idea of playing in partnership.

Three Italian Duets, composed, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-

For the Forte or Harp, and dedicated, by permission, to Miss Tyrwhitt Jones, by C. M. Sola. Op. 30. Pr. 3s. 6d.

In every one of these three duets we observe, more or less, that captivating sweetness of melody, graceful embellishment, and effective independence of accompaniment, which are peculiar to the Italian style of vocal composition; although the first unquestionably distinguishes itself more particularly, both as to extent and intrinsic merit. It is replete with agreeable ideas; and these are skilfully deputed to both parts, so as to act frequently in imitation of each other with much effect. This is especially the case in the 2d page, which claims unqualified approbation. The second duet partakes of the pastoral style, and the instrumental support is conceived with much ingenuity: it is fluent throughout, and fills up, by its active character, the lengthened strains of the vocal parts. The concluding symphony we deem somewhat too laboured and quaint. The last of these duets is a pretty trifle, simple in its construction, of no striking novelty, but smooth and pleasing. The two vocal parts are treated with much impartiality; for the first part, during whole periods, is mere accompaniment, by thirds, to the second, which proceeds through the melody as principal. The instrumental conclusion here too is rather whimsical.

Second Divertimento, a Swedish Air, with Variations for the Piano-Forte and Flute, composed by C. L. Lithander. Pr. 8s.

From a theme that is simplicity itself, in melody and construction, Mr. L. has deduced a series of va-

riations, nine in number, which evince the fertility of his imagination, as well as the elegance of his taste, in no common degree. The flute accompaniment, however, which is throughout indispensable, ought not to be entrusted to any but an experienced and clean player. In the 1st var. that instrument acts as principal in a singing and highly attractive amplification of the theme. In the 2d, it likewise proceeds through the skeleton of the melody, if we may be allowed the expression, while the piano-forte is cast into three simultaneous parts, the upper one of which runs in ornamental passages through the leading features of the air. The 3d var. is moulded into fluent triplets, alternately shared between both instruments, until towards the end they proceed *unisono* through their triplets, which, although not absolutely blameable, we could have wished otherwise contrived. Some neat counterpoints give peculiar interest to var. 4; and the succeeding one evinces peculiar skill in the novel manner with which the right hand is made to mock the flute while it acts across the left. The adagio which follows, in the minor of the key, and in triple time, is extremely select, tasteful, and effective in point of harmonic arrangement. In the 8th var. the flute proceeds through a well-linked series of semiquaver passages; and the 9th and last var. represents the theme in the shape of an attractive waltz, the sprightly character of which is appropriately laid hold of to bring the whole to a brilliant conclusion. The coda, which belongs to the theme, and which consequently enters into

every variation, has a singular and advantageous effect throughout.

The favourite Overture to King Richard the Third, as performed at the Theatre Royal Covent-Garden, composed and arranged for the Piano-Forte by W. H. Ware, 1815. Pr. 2s. 6d.

This overture comprises three movements in D: an andante maestoso, an andante *con* (!!) *affettuoso*, and an allegro moderato. The first we esteem the best. Its theme is attractive and well treated by both hands. We also notice with approbation the manner in which (ll. 4 and 5) a transition is successively effected by inversion of diminishing sevenths from the unisono C to E minor, and from the unisono B b to D major; a martial flourish of trumpets follows, *p. 2*, after which the movement is brought to a striking and satisfactory close. The ensuing *andante affettuoso* engages our attention by the sweetness of its melody, and by some neat cadences towards the end. A more appropriate harmony, however, might have been devised for the 6th bar. The quick movement which terminates this overture is the least congenial to our taste. It is a noisy march, compounded of trite ingredients: some digressive passages, however, in the 4th page, form rather an exception in its favour.

The Marches in Coriolanus, as performed at the Theatre Royal Covent-Garden, arranged for the Piano-Forte, composed by W. H. Ware. Pr. 1s.

The three marches, here published, are set in the keys of C, F, and Bb. They are short and easy of execution. The ideas of which they consist are not new, sufficiently

elevated and striking for their dramatic purpose; but their texture is such as to produce three entertaining and shewy lessons, well suited to the sphere of incipient performers. The second march appears to us the best of the three.

SACRED MUSIC, consisting of Psalms, Hymns, Anthems, &c. &c. containing the most approved Melodies, ancient and modern, suitably adapted for Public Divine Service and private Family Devotion, selected, composed, and arranged, with an Organ or Piano-Forte Accompaniment, and dedicated to the Rev. Francis Blick, A. M. by William Birch, Organist of Tamworth. Book I. Pr. 15s.

When we first opened this collection, the volume of which had somewhat damped our critical ardour, we, by mere chance, fell upon the 28th Psalm, composed by the author himself. Although the rhythmical construction of the second and fourth periods (of three bars only) did not altogether satisfy our idea of symmetry, we were delighted with its affecting minor melody, and the effective and able accompaniment; and this trial at once impressed us with so favourable an idea of the author's personal talents and qualifications, that we could then have taken upon ourselves to answer for his taste and judgment in the formation of this collection. Our hesitation thus became changed into an eager desire to examine it in detail, and our expectations were not disappointed in the course of the scrutiny. The author has called from foreign and indigenous writers, and from his own store, an assemblage of sacred tunes which we consider

extremely valuable. His industry has even put the profane in contribution, to be adapted to divine purposes. His own compositions are the most numerous, although certainly not the least meritorious. Of Handel, Arne, Harrington, Sallieri, Beethoven, Wodff, we have respectively but one specimen; Mozart is twice resorted to, and Haydn appears three times. To Mortellari Mr. Birch has evinced a particular and not undeserved predilection. We further meet with the names of Ravenscroft, Borghi, Martini, Jomelli, Croft, and many other composers of established fame. From these Mr. Birch has contrived to select fifty melodies for the first fifty Psalms contained in the present volume, which we infer from the title is to be followed by another. To return to the author's own compositions, we shall briefly state, that Psalm iii. in melody as well as harmony, is highly interesting. In the second strain, at "peace," a pause would have been desirable. Psalm xiii. is equally good throughout; but the fourth bar, in the second strain, appears to us too laboured, and the expression of the word "light" awkward. Psalm xvi. as far as the single voice goes, has our entire approbation; but the duet part drags on heavily, and is set too low. Psalm xviii. is conspicuous by its fine melody and the skilful harmony which supports it. We particularly notice the mellow combination of chords in the latter half. The 22d Psalm is altogether beautiful; the diminished seventh at "anguish" has an excellent effect; equally aptly expressed are the words, "Oh, why so far remove from me," although the idea is bor-

rowed. The trio in the 26th Psalm, like the duet before mentioned, is plain and common in its texture. We were much pleased with the 41st Psalm, especially the first period of the second strain; but the succeeding period is liable to the same rhythmical objections as Psalm xxviii. which are here the more striking as the want of another bar causes the transition to A to proceed too hastily and suddenly.

To say a word or two of the auxiliary authors in this collection, we cannot refuse our tribute of approbation to Mr. Mortellari's works. They are in the best style. Psalm xi. and xiv. are fine specimens of sacred composition. We have never met with Dr. Arne's 15th Psalm to greater advantage. The harmonies and preludes are masterly. The melody of Psalm xviii. (adapted from an air of Pleyel's) is very suitable, but it has suffered great injury by the excision of a bar in the second strain. These prunings, frequently resorted to elsewhere to fit the text, are bad; and, with a little contrivance of either repetition of words, or a bar's instrumental repletion without words, might easily have been avoided. The 50th Psalm is made up of a fragment of the overture to the *Clemenza di Tito*, as far as regards melody, but in accompaniment Mr. B. has greatly deviated from Mozart. We can easily perceive the labour and ingenuity displayed in the new harmony, and, with an exception or two, think the pains well bestowed. Indeed, the elegance, science, and correctness displayed in the accompaniments throughout this volume, form a distinguishing merit of the work, and evince the

author's skill and right feeling, as a contrapuntist, in an eminent degree; his superior qualifications for the station he holds, ought to be a matter of pride to his congregation. *O si sic omnes!!*

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

The bugle-horn, an instrument which, in spite of its imperfections and limited powers, has of late been much cultivated, has recently received a very essential and important improvement through the ingenuity of Mr. Schmidt, first trumpeter to his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, and so justly celebrated for his unrivalled skill on the trumpet. Like the trombone, which the player draws in and out in order to vary the sounds, so does Mr. Schmidt's improvement of the bugle consist in the addition of a piece which, during its being played, may be drawn outwards; and which, by means of a spring, returns to its former place,

entirely or only as far as required. By this means the same bugle will serve to play in several different keys. A patent has been taken out for this valuable invention, the nature of which our limits prevent us from describing more particularly; but such of our readers as feel desirous to examine the same, may see a specimen at Messrs. Perceval's instrument-warehouse, St. James's-street. By particular command of the Prince Regent, who fully appreciated the value of the improvement, Mr. Schmidt is at present employed in adapting this invention to the trumpet likewise. If he succeed in accomplishing this object, of which we entertain very little doubt, considering the nature of the undertaking, the use of the trumpet in an orchestra will cease to be but partial, as it has been hitherto, and the increased extent of its powers will produce the greatest additional effect in a full band.

PLATE 26.—FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

SOFA, WORK-TABLE, AND CANDELABRUM.

THE repository of Messrs. Morgan and Saunders has supplied the materials for the annexed plate. The sofa is novel and elegant, and affords a peculiar means of ease and repose, by the tabular cushions that are formed at each end, which unite with the round ones, and seem to embody them in the sofa itself. This sofa is the best adapted for the enjoyment of reading and study of all we have yet seen, and the

design is correctly ornamental. The book and work-table correspond with the sofa; and the candelabrum is suitable to the support of an argand lamp, or the globe for a gas-light. The principle on which the sofa and the work-table are designed, would combine admirably with the Chinese style, and form very elegant pieces of furniture for rooms so decorated.

RETROSPECT OF POLITICS.

FRANCE.

THE treaty of peace with France, a total change in the French mi-

nistry, the general recovery of the pillaged monuments of art from the Museum of the Louvre, and the



opening of the two Chambers at Paris, are the principal historical facts that have presented themselves in the course of last month.

Of the treaty of peace no other official notice has as yet been given, than what is contained in the king's speech to the two Chambers; nor are we certain of its precise date, or of its ratification by all parties. The main conditions, such as we have them from a kind of demi-official statement, are as follows:—France cedes in perpetuity the five fortresses of Landau, Saar-Louis, Philippeville, Marienburg, and Versoix (near the lake of Geneva). The fortifications of Huningen are to be destroyed, and none to be erected within three leagues of Basle. France renounces the right of garrisoning Monaco near Nice, and returns the territory in the Netherlands and Savoy which had been added to the limits of old France by last year's treaty. France shall pay to the allies a contribution of 700 millions of francs. During five years she shall maintain 150,000 of the allied troops, to be stationed within her own territory, in and near the fortresses hereafter named, leaving it to the option of the allies to withdraw or leave these troops after the expiration of three years, should the nation come to reason and the contribution be discharged within that time. France retains the counties of Avignon and Venaissin, as also the duchy of Montbeillard. The following sixteen fortresses are to be garrisoned by the allies during five years:—Valenciennes, Condé, Maubenge, Landreécies, Le Quesnoy, Cambray, Givet and Charlemont, Mezieres,

Sedan, Thionville, Longwy, Bitch, Montmedy, Rocroy, Avesnes, and the bridge-head of Fort Louis.

Of the above-named contribution it is stated, that one fourth will be appropriated for the repair and erection of fortresses on the French frontier between Dunkirk and the Rhine; the remainder will be divided into five equal portions, one to each of the four great allied powers; and the fifth portion to be shared among the minor sovereigns who entered the field against France, in proportion to their contingents.

We have already stated in our preceding number, that immediately on the capture of Paris, the hero of Germany, Prince Blücher, lost no time in seizing and sending to Prussia all the works of art which the French had plundered from that country. It is to be regretted that the like course was not then pursued by all the allied powers. They would then have accomplished that act of justice with less difficulty and obloquy, than has been now encountered in carrying it into execution at so late a period. It may be supposed that much sophistical argument and subtle negotiation were used by the late Jacobin ministry of Louis XVIII. to avert this humiliation from the great nation; indeed the king himself eluded the applications made to him on that score by the Duke of Wellington, probably to avoid the name of having consented to the measure of depriving his *faithful* subjects of these mementos of their highway glory. Force at last became necessary to recover the stolen property, and some strong detachments, permanently quartered in

the gallery, soon settled the matter. Every party came to take his own, and thus the Belgian paintings, as well as the Austrian, Florentine, and Roman works of the pencil and chisel, were quietly removed, leaving to the great nation the clean patches of bare wall, to remind them of the emptiness of their twenty-five years of revolutionary pranks. Mr. Denon, the superintendent of the Museum, not chusing to superintend empty frames and pedestals, has resigned in dudgeon. The celebrated four bronze horses, of the finest Grecian workmanship, and the Lion of St. Mark, all brought from Venice, and the former of which adorned the triumphal arch in the Carousel, were likewise gained under the auspices of thousands of bayonets, and sent back to the place whence they had come. These proceedings, as far as they concerned the Duke of Wellington and the Belgian paintings, have been fully explained in an official letter from his grace to Lord Castlereagh, containing a justification of his conduct. Except for the delay in not taking them sooner, no man of a sound and upright mind will require any defence for an act so strictly equitable and even politic.

To have lost these trophies of Jacobinism, to be obliged to pay seven hundred millions, to give up fortresses and territory, to feed for five years 150,000 barbarian stomachs, placed, like an execution, to watch good behaviour, are hardly topics for *calembourgs*, at least not for the moment. The great nation, therefore, has been, for a moment, put a little out of countenance, and feels astonished, that, with intel-

lects and a sensibility so far superior to the rest of mankind, it did not foresee this result, when, by way of frolic, it joined, like a flock of geese, the Corsican party of pleasure in the violet season. For ourselves, we congratulate them on the leniency of the conditions imposed. France ought this time to have lost all the usurping conquests of Louis XIV.; at least, Alsace and part of Lorraine: indeed, she had a narrow escape, by all accounts, and owes the retention of these German provinces to the magnanimity again displayed by one of the allied sovereigns.

Messrs. Fouché and Co. felt sorely vexed by these unaccountably harsh proceedings on the part of the coalesced powers; not so much, perhaps, from the humiliation inflicted on dear France, as from a hurt pride at the failure of their irresistible diplomacy. They fancied they might avert the blow by a grand manœuvre. To frighten the king, who surely could not do without their valuable services, they tendered unanimously their retirement from office. Louis seized eagerly the opportunity of extricating himself from the net of Jacobinism, and, to their astonishment, accepted the resignation of the whole ministry, including Talleyrand. To give it, however, the colour of an honourable secession from their functions, all are made ministers of state, with the exception of Fouché, who is sent as ambassador to Saxony, for which country he has already departed.

The new ministry which succeeded, is, as to majority, composed of very different materials; the appointments being as follows:—

Foreign Affairs and Prime Minister, the Duke of Richelieu, who, during his emigration from France, was in the Russian service, and acted for some years as governor of Odessa, on the Black Sea.

War, the Duke of Feltré.

Marine and Colonies, Viscount Dubouchage.

Interior, Count de Vanblanc.

Police, M. des Cazes.

Justice, Count Barbé Marbois.

Finance, Count Corvetto.

Owing to the change of ministry, the meeting of the two Chambers was postponed to the 7th October, on the eve of which day the king, accompanied by the princes of his house, went to assist at the mass of the Holy Ghost, to implore from Heaven the wisdom required for his conduct in the arduous situation in which he is placed. On the 7th, Louis, with the Bourbon princes, proceeded in state to open the sittings of the two Chambers. In his speech he alluded to the recent treaty, and to the sacrifices which it imposed on France; and, in adverting to the distresses of the country, he stated, that he had ordered a considerable portion of his revenue to be paid into the public treasury, that the princes had made similar offerings, and that a part of the salaries of all his servants would be appropriated in like manner. The king then took the oath to the constitution; and the peers, as well as deputies, followed in doing the same, with the exception of two peers, who wished to add a reserving clause as far as concerns religion. This being not permitted, these peers were, by a vote of the Chamber, provisionally suspended from their right of sitting as mem-

bers of the Chamber of Peers. A few days afterwards, deputations from the peers and deputies waited on the king with addresses from the two Chambers, in which, among the warmest professions of loyalty, their regret at the severe terms of the treaty with the allies is broadly hinted at, and in which justice against the conspirators in the late rebellion is energetically demanded. This appeal for the punishment of the traitors is particularly forcible in the address of the Chamber of Deputies, delivered by the patriotic M. Lainé, their president, and not without cause; for, since the execution of Labedoyere, scarcely any mention has been made of the other rebels, much less has any one suffered the sentence of the law, excepting two obscure individuals, the brothers Faucher, who were tried and shot on the 27th of September, at Bourdeaux. Ney is still in prison at the Conciergerie, where the judge advocate has had repeated conferences with him.

All the allied sovereigns have quitted Paris. The Emperor of Russia left that city on the 28th of September for Brussels, where he visited the field of Waterloo, and thence returned to France, to be present at a grand review of the Austrian army near Dijon. The Emperor of Germany set out from Paris on the 29th September, for Dijon, where he was joined by Alexander. After assisting at the review, both these sovereigns departed for Germany, on their way to their respective dominions. The greatest part of the Austrian and Russian forces have either left France, or are marching out of it in every direction. The principal

officers of the Russian army have received the French order of St. Louis in the following gradation:—Three grand crosses, eleven commanders, and twenty knights.

The King of Prussia set out from Paris on the 9th of October. He returns by Brussels to Berlin. Few, if any, of the Prussian troops have as yet evacuated France; the headquarters of Prince Blücher are still at Versailles, and, in the course of last month, the Prussian besieging corps under Prince Augustus has reduced Longwy and Montmédy by regular siege, and not without loss.

Of the British troops and auxiliaries, none have evacuated France, and it is probable that the greatest part will remain where they are. It is also stated, that the Duke of Wellington is to have the chief command of all the allied troops that are to stay in that country.

On the 14th Sept. the ex-empress Maria Louisa signed, at Schönbrunn, near Vienna, a formal act, by which she renounces, with the title of majesty, all claims whatever on the crown of France, for herself as well as her son. She will henceforth be styled Archduchess of Austria and Duchess of Parma; and the young Napoleon will be called Hereditary Prince of Parma.

In our last we reported the arrival of the ex-king Murat in Corsica, and the permission accorded him to reside in the Austrian dominions. Those who are unacquainted with the theory of Jacobinism may have thought, that this man would have thankfully availed himself of the opportunity of enjoying in peace the fruits of

his extortions and robberies. But the Jacobin, like the tiger, thrives only in blood and insidious snares. This revolutionary vermin must be constantly plotting and intriguing against legitimate authority. Be the game ever so desperate, their nature cannot resist the temptation. Thus the ex-ostler set his head to work, to be spouting in miniature the Elba farce of his brother-in-law. No sooner was he hospitably received at Ajaccio, than he gave a rendezvous to all the desperate characters he could muster in the island and from Italy, and more particularly to the discontented officers and men of his late Neapolitan army. Where there is carrion crows will gather. A few hundred men assembled in a little time, and with these Murat set up the standard of insurrection in Corsica in the middle of September. As far as our information goes, his operations have hitherto been confined to the mountains, where he acts the part of the captain of a gang of robbers. As the strong places seem loyally disposed, and as a force has sailed from Marseilles to strengthen the king's troops, we hope to be able to report soon the termination of both his enterprize and his earthly career. It is as if Providence hurried these wretches into their own perdition, aware that the gentle politics of the present day would otherwise abstain from inflicting the punishment which their misdeeds have long since called for.

GERMANY.

Much discontent and fermentation has of late manifested itself in the kingdom of Wurtemberg, the king of which found the assembly

of the states so untractable, that he was induced to dissolve their sittings in August last. Their grievances and those of the nation at large principally consist in the objections to the constitution which the king had recently given to his subjects, and in the list of new taxes which the king's ministers had promulgated before the meeting and without the consent of the national representation. Circumstances precisely alike, by their effect on the feverish brains of Frenchmen, produced the French revolution. Not so with the reflecting sobriety of German minds! The states obeyed the mandate of separation, but addressed to their sovereign an energetic and manly remonstrance on his conduct, which was followed by addresses from all parts of the country, claiming the full exercise of the old constitution, which had been set aside in 1806, when Napoleon new-modelled the country and royalized the duke. The states, moreover, have addressed themselves to the Prince Regent as sovereign of Hanover, to Prussia, and to Denmark, imploring the interference and protection of these monarchs as the guarantees of the old constitution. How far this appeal will succeed time will show. Meanwhile it seems to have produced a conduct somewhat more conciliating on the part of the king himself. He has reconvoked the states, to the great joy of his subjects. They further rely greatly on the effect of the arrival of the Hereditary Prince, whose patriotic and liberal principles have endeared him to the people. We hope, for the happiness of all Germany, that good under-

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standing will thus be soon restored; for a constitution must be a model of wisdom and perfection to be worth a revolution.

NETHERLANDS.

The inauguration of the King of the Netherlands as sovereign of Belgium, took place on the 21st September, at Brussels, with great solemnity. The two Chambers of the Belgic States General being assembled for the purpose, the king delivered an appropriate speech to them, and was in return addressed by the president of the first Chamber. The new constitution was then read and sworn to by the monarch as well as the representatives; after which all repaired in procession to the cathedral, to return thanks to the Almighty.

On the 24th the first sitting of the two Chambers took place, in order to consider the proposition of conferring a national reward on the Prince of Waterloo (Duke of Wellington), and of creating a new national order, called the Order of the Belgic Lion. Both propositions being unanimously adopted by the two Chambers, this short and special session closed. The royal decree which followed in consequence, and which bears date the 29th September, annexes to the title of Prince of Waterloo, a dotation producing an annual revenue of 20,000 Dutch florins (nearly 2000*l.*), to be possessed irrevocably and for ever by him and his legitimate descendants: it, moreover, indicates the lands composing that dotation, which consist of the three domanial woods situated between Nivelles and Quatre Bras, and containing altogether about 1270 acres. Thus the scene of the hero's most

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glorious achievement will henceforth be his own property.

The Emperor Alexander's journey to Brussels, before mentioned, is confidently stated to have had for its object the marriage of his sister, the Grand-Duchess Anna Polowna, to the Hereditary Prince of Orange; thus precluding all further hopes of his royal highness's union to the Princess Charlotte of Wales, which would have been so eminently desirable for the best interests of both countries. The emperor's other sister, the Duchess of Oldenburg, will marry the Prince Royal of Wirtemberg.

SPAIN.

The harsh and tyrannical proceedings of the ministry of Ferdinand VII. have led to a catastrophe of reaction, which, although crushed in the bud, ought to open the eyes of the Spanish court to a sense of justice, and, indeed, of the danger of continuing its arbitrary proceedings. Don Juan Diaz Porlier, otherwise called the Marquisito, was one of the first to light up the flame of patriotism in Spain; and in 1808, at the peril of his life, embarked for England, to implore British aid, in order to snatch from the grasp of Napoleon the crown of Spain which Ferdinand had signed away at Bayonne. His reward, after the glorious struggle which seated Ferdinand again on the throne, was a dungeon in the castle of St. Antonio, at Corunna. After a confinement of upwards of a twelvemonth, he obtained permission to visit the bath of Astrigo, on account of his health. No sooner had he regained his liberty, than he resolved to emancipate his country from the oppression of Ferdi-

nand, as he had done from the usurpation of Bonaparte. In the night between the 18th and 19th September, he assembled the troops quartered without the gates of Corunna, persuaded the majority to follow him, entered the city, arrested the captain-general of the province, the governor, and some other public functionaries, and thus obtained complete possession of the place. He immediately issued proclamations to the Spanish army and to the nation at large, declaring his intention to compel the king to remove his wicked counsellors, and to convoke, as he had promised, the assembly of the Cortes. On the 22d, he marched with the small band of his adherents to St. Jago di Compostella, either to oppose and crush the preparations which the royal authorities had made to resist his enterprise, or to seize upon considerable public funds deposited in that city. In the mean time the royal party, and the priests above all, had not been idle. Immense rewards having been promised to seize the person of Porlier, a mutiny took place among his own troops, and two of his serjeants arrested him in his bed on the 23d; at no great distance from St. Jago. This news produced a counter-revolution at Corunna, in which the captain-general recovered his liberty and authority. Porlier was brought prisoner to Corunna on the 26th, and publicly hanged on the 3d October. Many of his adherents, especially officers, being taken at the same time, await probably the same fate, and of the few that have escaped, some have reached England.

Thus has ended this rash and ill-concerted enterprize. However much we lament the fate of the brave and heroic youth who fell a victim to his patriotism, we think, considering the situation of Spain, its parties and prejudices, that the country would have been plunged into the most bloody civil war, had Porlier's undertaking gained ground.

As it is, this event has nevertheless produced beneficial consequences. Almost a total change in Ferdinand's ministry and the officers about, and in the confidence of, his person, suddenly took place on the 7th October. The greatest part of these, about thirty in number, were discharged with marks of disgrace; and among the dismissals we observe the names of the Duke of San Carlos, Mayordomo; of Echevarry, Minister of Police; of Moreno, Private Treasurer; Escoiquiz, &c. The Duke of San Carlos, however, goes as ambassador to Vienna.

DOMESTIC AND MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

While Great Britain settles the fate of nations abroad, her own territory, we lament to say, is agitated by two internal commotions of very serious aspect. We allude to the troubles in Ireland, and to the insurrectionary proceedings of the sailors in the north-eastern ports of England.

The greatest part of the county of Tipperary is in a state nearly bordering upon open rebellion. Meetings, illegal associations, and oaths, nightly depredations and assassinations, have become so alarming, that the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, by proclamation, has declared almost the whole county to

be in a state of disturbance, and has taken the measures prescribed by law for restoring the public peace. Great bodies of troops are assembling from every quarter, and besides the disposable regular force, all the effective English militia regiments are proceeding to Ireland. Special sessions are now holding in the disturbed districts, at which several of the rioters have been found guilty under the insurrection act, and sentenced to immediate transportation.

The dismantling of the navy, and the consequent discharge of a great number of seamen, have thrown many of the latter out of employ. Several thousands have found their way to Newcastle, Shields, and Sunderland, where they demanded employment from the owners of the shipping on terms prescribed by themselves, according to which not only higher wages are to be given, but an increased number of hands to be hired for the navigation of each vessel, in proportion to its tonnage. The owners partly yielded to their demand; but this did not satisfy the sailors. They set up a government of their own, established committees, and declared that no vessel should sail that had not complied with their terms. Few chose to submit to this arbitrary proceeding, and thus all maritime business has been totally at a stand in those ports for several weeks past, and London already feels severely the want of its usual supply of coals. To subdue these illegal combinations, considerable bodies of troops have proceeded to the Tyne and Wear, and the Prince Regent, on the 19th October, issued a proclamation, granting pardon to such

as shall desist from their illegal proceedings, excepting the presidents of the committees and those that may have administered unlawful oaths, for the apprehension and conviction of each of whom the proclamation holds out the reward of 100*l*.

Parliament stands further prorogued to the 1st February next.

The tide of success in the Nepaul war appears at last to have decidedly turned in our favour. On the 15th of April last, the division of the East India army commanded by Colonel Ochterlony, attacked and completely defeated the Gorkah troops under the command of Umr Sing. The loss on both sides is stated to have been severe.

General Sir George Prevost has received a communication of the charges upon which he is to be tried by court-martial. They arise out of the unfortunate issue of the naval action on Lake Champlain, 11th Sept. 1814, and accaise him with having, by a promise of land co-operation, induced Capt. Downie, the commodore of our squadron, to attack the American flotilla; and with not having afforded that co-operation either when the naval attack took place, by storming the enemy's works at Plattsburg, or when he saw that our squadron had the disadvantage in the action, and when a land attack might have saved our ships.

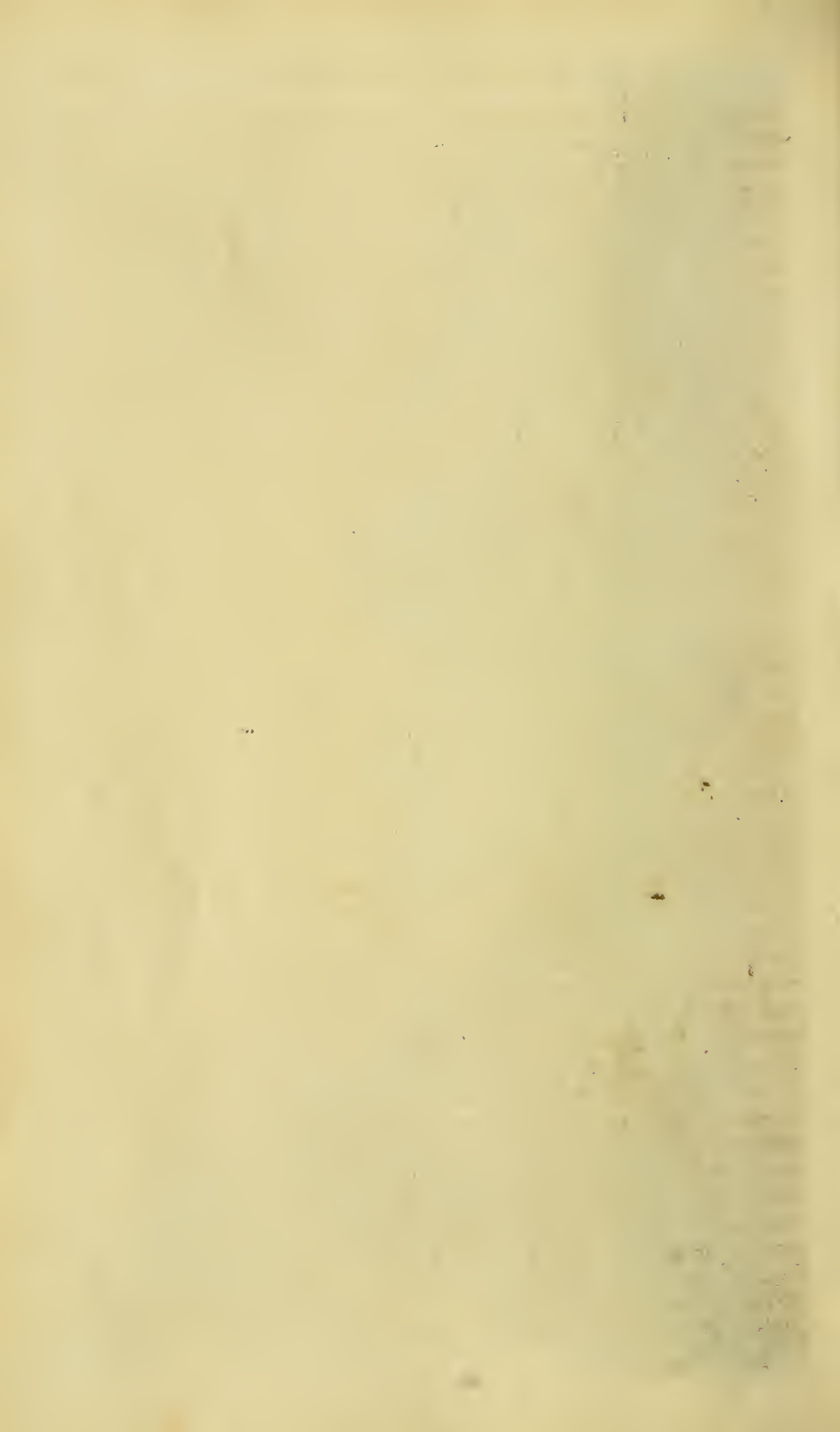
PLATE 29.—DESCRIPTION OF ST. HELENA.

THIS island was taken from the Dutch by Sir Richard Munden, and given by Charles II. to the East India Company, whose property it has continued to be ever since. It lies in 16 deg. south latitude, and 5 deg. 54 min. west long. in the midst of the Southern ocean, between the two great continents of Africa and South America, from the former of which it is above 800 miles, and from the latter about double that distance.

The extreme length of the island is not more than nine miles, and as its figure is nearly circular, the utmost of its circumference cannot exceed 27 miles. This romantic spot lies in a most temperate and agreeable climate, having the southeasterly wind blowing the whole year. It is never exposed to the parching droughts and rainy torments of India, but is frequently

refreshed by light flying showers, which produce a quick vegetation and a continual verdure. There is an abundance of garden plants, European and African, produced here; and among the fruit-trees may be reckoned the apple, the pear, and the orange, which come to great perfection, and in considerable quantities. The cultivation of flowers is attended with difficulty, but the rose grows here with such luxuriance, as to form the most beautiful and fragrant hedges that can be conceived. The great quantity of fine pasturage diffused over the whole island, renders the place secure from any danger of scarcity, and the cattle thrive here to such an advantage, as to prove a very profitable speculation to the inhabitants. The exterior appearance of the island on approaching it is very forbidding and





uncomfortable, consisting of dark and high rocks, the summits of some of them hiding themselves as it were in the clouds, and many projecting over their bases in a frightful manner. The only two landing-places are at Rupert's and James's valleys. In the first towards the sea is a fort, but no houses, because this valley is destitute of water. At the entrance of James's valley stands the residence of the governor, called James's Fort, which is very strong. On each side of this valley is a row of good houses, beyond which is a botanic garden belonging to the East India Company. On the right side the valley is enlivened by a high steep promontory called Ladder Hill, the height of which cannot be less than 800 feet; though the ascent is easy even for horses, by means of a winding road having a wall on the side next the precipice.

On the left of the valley, a handsome road, in which two carriages may pass abreast, forms the other avenue to the interior parts of the island. This passage, which has been made with great difficulty and labour, goes with an easy ascent transversely to the level above, where the prospect is sublimely beautiful. From a sterile, brown, barren rock, is seen the most lively verdure, with fertile lawns, on which sheep and cattle are feeding at their ease. This romantic spot is interspersed with cottages and country houses, on a small scale indeed, but elegant and commodious, so that the beholder would fancy himself transported to one of the finest valleys amidst the mountains of Wales. Near each of these dwellings is a handsome garden, well

stocked with fruits and vegetables; and there is in one of the plantations a very fine orchard belonging to a lady who has acquired the name of the Pomona of St. Helena. The view here is terminated one way by a distant prospect to the sea; on another by prodigious rocks heaped as it were upon one another to a stupendous height. The Long Wood, as it is called, containing more than 1000 acres, forms another fine view; and the prospect is rendered still more pleasing by a small meandering stream, which falling from the heights into the valley makes a delightful cascade; the whole far excelling the celebrated spot called Arno's Vale, in Italy. About six miles from James's valley is a natural curiosity, consisting of a rock supported upon two others, which on being struck with a stone produces a noise so loud as to be heard three miles off.

The following extract from the second volume of Dr. Lichenstein's *Travels in the Interior of Africa*, just published, will be found interesting:—

“St. Helena combines in itself the excellences of several climates. It lies in the torrid zone, under the 16th degree of southern latitude; but being, as it were, one enormous rock, with a vast plain at the top, which is almost always enveloped in clouds that entertain an unvaried moisture, and being surrounded by the sea, the heat is never insupportable. Besides, which is very remarkable, the south-east wind constantly blows here at all seasons of the year, and the strongest at the time when at the Cape of Good Hope, which lies directly to the

south-east of it, the north-west wind prevails. About the equator, at this time of the year, navigators have often to complain of calms, by which they are extremely annoyed—a phenomenon not easily to be explained. James-Town lies in a narrow dell, among the mountains, through which a small stream flows into the sea. This is the landing-place, and it is defended by a respectable battery upon the shore. The road is commanded by very formidable works, erected at different heights upon the mountains on each side. The island is considered, in its present situation, as wholly impregnable. A convenient and substantially built mole facilitates the landing of the boats; which otherwise, from the heavy swell of the sea, would sometimes be very difficult. From hence the road goes to the right wing of the strand battery, beyond which a fine avenue of the large Indian fig-trees, *ficus religiosa*, leads to the gates of the town. This lies nearly in the centre of a wall which runs from one hill to the other, and which divides the town from the strand. On entering the town, the government-house, a very spacious building, lies directly to the left; and from hence runs a long street, which, with some houses scattered upon the heights, comprehends the whole town. Directly at the end of the street lie the gardens of the governor, and some private gardens; behind the latter stands a centinel, who prevents any stranger from going farther.

“In the governor’s garden are plants from all climates. The principal walks, are bordered with the

ficus religiosa or the *ficus bengalensis*. Some of the bye-walks are formed of bamboo canes, which grow to a great height, and afford ample shade. Here are to be seen European plants by the side of natives of Africa, of the East Indies, of New Holland, and of South America, all appearing equally thriving and healthy. Nothing excited my interest and attention so much as a tree which the celebrated Cook, at his return from his second voyage, planted here himself, giving it the name of the *Barringtonia speciosa*. It is now of a considerable size; and, at the present moment, when every branch was full of the most splendid flowers, it really presented one of the most glorious spectacles that the world of plants could offer. Some idea of it may be formed by conceiving a very beautiful lime-tree, with a large flower of the *cactus* at the end of every twig. The smell is indeed scarcely less balsamic than that of the beautiful *cactus*, which we prize so much in our hot-houses, and which blows only in the night. *Protea*, *erythrina*, *sophora*, and other well-known plants of the Cape, were presented to my view, as if once more to bid us farewell; while in the moister parts of the garden were cocoa-trees, with date and fan-palms. These latter seemed to have found here a soil much more congenial to them than that of the Cape, where they never will thrive.

“When we had gone over this garden, which indeed I had visited before on the first day of my arrival, we proceeded on our way. This led first still deeper into the dell, and then ascending for about half an hour by a very steep path, we

arrived at the plain. Here we saw every way a number of farms among fine verdant fields and meadows, which reminded me more of European, particularly of English, houses than any I had seen in the colony. Fat cattle were feeding upon luxurious grass, yet my companion said, that the island could not furnish such a supply of food to these creatures as they required. The character he gave of the inhabitants was such as may be applied to European colonists in most parts of the world. Courage, hospitality, propensity to oppose the government, eternal quarrels with their neighbours, neglect of cultivating the mind—these, as he said, are the principal features of their characters. The country soon became more uneven and hilly, till we reached a highly romantic spot, where neat farms, in deep recesses in the mountains, planted round with oaks and poplars, presented themselves on every side. I absolutely revelled in the enjoyment so long denied me, of the moist mountain air and luxurious pastures.

“Our route carried us to the north-westerly and highest point of the island. Here the soil was less fertile, and the houses smaller. About the hills stood many single trees, natives of the country, in general from ten to twelve feet high, with naked stems and large broad leaves, the systematic names of which my companion could not give me. Three sorts of them are here called *cabbage-trees*, and two other sorts *gum-trees*. The higher we went the more moist we found the soil, and the more did the grasses, which were almost all of the pure European sorts, give way to

ferns. We rode constantly in a mist or small rain; and I learned, that the sun is here seldom seen. Clouds are always resting on this part of the island. After seeing many very rare and beautiful plants of the *polypodium*, *asplenium*, *blechnum*, *jungermannia*, and *marchantia* species, with a variety of others, we came at length to the spot which is the true native place of the largest among all the ferns, *dicksonia arborescens*. This plant may very fairly be likened to the palm, which, however, it far excels in the beauty of its leaves. The stems of many of the plants were from 12 to 14 feet in height; they stood singly, growing out of clefts in the rocks. They are only found on this one spot in the island, and grow in no other country; so that it would not be a difficult matter to extirpate the race from the earth.

“My companion now led me along the crest of this hill to one of the finest points in the island, from which the eye wanders over a very remarkable country. To the left the green heights stretch in a direct line, declining always towards the western border of the island; behind which the horizon of the sea, seen from this height to an immense distance, seems to rise in an immeasurable arch. On the other side tower, in fearful contrast, monstrous naked masses of rock, of equal height with the opposite jagged summits. It seems wholly inexplicable why there should be here no symptom of vegetation, when in most parts of the island it is so luxurious. Nothing, however, is to be seen about these rocks excepting the nests of the sea-fowl; which are built in the cavities, and

seem to be suffered to remain there undisturbed. That the wild and romantic character of the valley may be preserved even in its name, the first discoverer consecrated it to the memory of one of the heroes of Ossian; and, at this day, it bears the name of *Ryno's Vale*."

In short, this island, for local

beauties and advantages, may be considered as a happy retreat from the cares and corruptions of life, if a man can bring his mind to relish a seat of perfect enjoyment with tranquillity, and is unambitious of the honours, or indifferent to the artificial pleasures, of the world.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE seasonable rains which fell through nearly the whole of last month have dissolved the clods, and rendered the earth fit for the plough. The wheat-sowing is consequently far advanced; the early sown has come up kindly, and promises a strong plant for the winter. —The wheat of last harvest yields abundantly, and the quality is very fine.

Barley turns out more than an average yield; but the quality, with regard to colour, in the turnip districts, has been brighter when the crops have not been so large.

Oats are a great product, and the quality is good.

Beans and peas are the largest

acreable produce for many years; the corn is very full, and free from the grub.

No appearance renders the improvements of agriculture so conspicuous as the large breadths of soiling crops, which look well considering the dry weather at the time of sowing.

The brassica species has much improved since the last report.

Potatoes turn up a very large crop, and the quality is exceedingly fine.

The lattermaths are short, and the pastures bare of grass. The cattle must therefore make an early demand upon the straw-yard.

FASHIONS FOR LADIES.

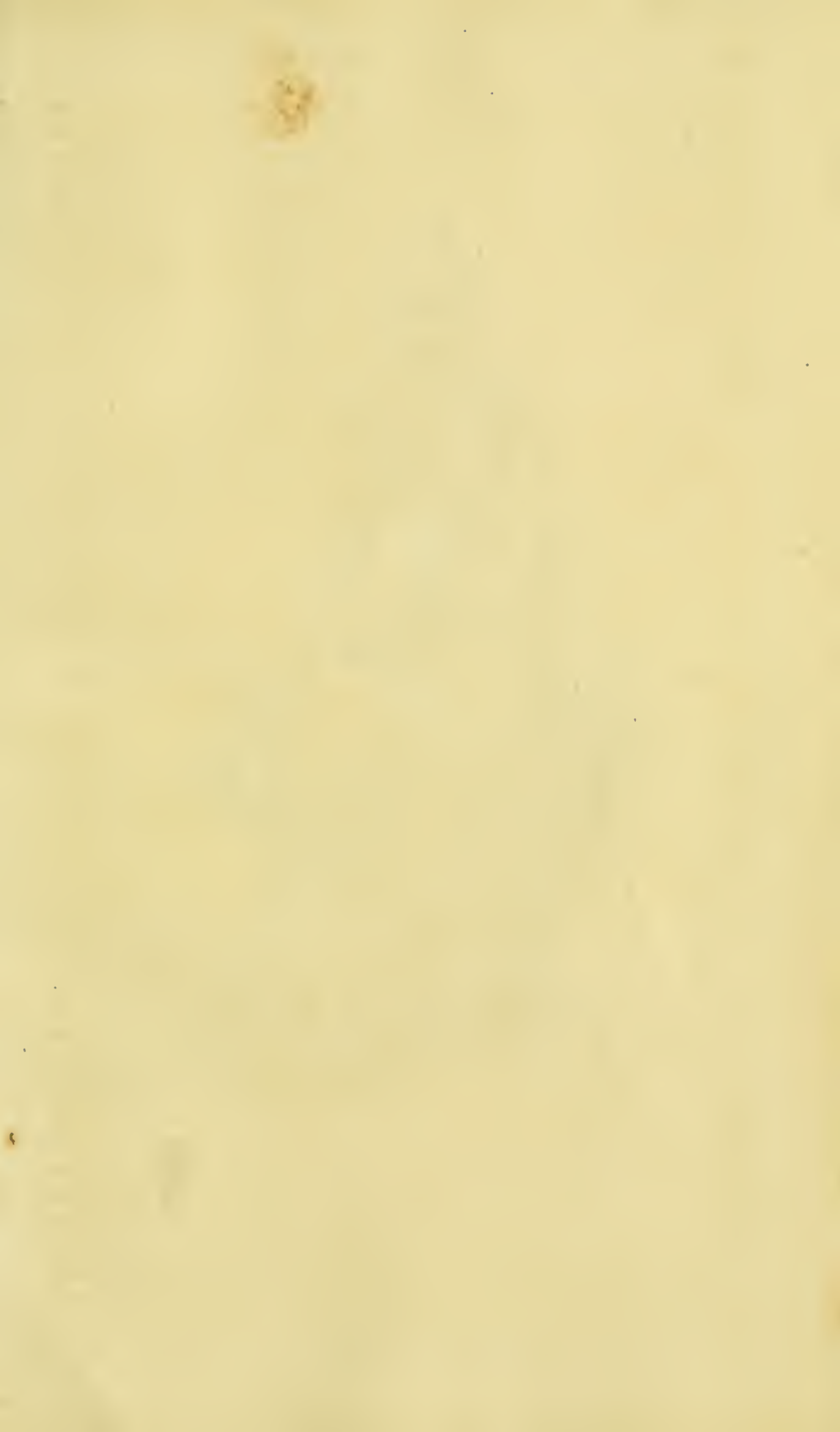
PLATE 27.—MORNING DRESS.

A FRENCH jacket and petticoat composed of fine cambric muslin; the petticoat, of full walking length, is ornamented at the feet with a broad border of the French work let in, and the fulness of the skirt carried partially round the waist; the jacket, rounded in front, has a broad cape to correspond, and is trimmed entirely round with French work corresponding with the petti-

coat; a long bishop sleeve, with French work let in at the wrist. A French mob cap composed of satin and quilled lace. Slippers, coloured kerseymere. Gloves, York tan.

PLATE 28.—PROMENADE DRESS.

A round pelisse made of the moreno blue striped satin; long loose sleeve, trimmed over the hand with plain satin; a full ruff composed of the finest French cambric, richly ornamented with French work.





MORNING DRESS





A small French shawl of shaded silks thrown carelessly over the shoulders. A bonnet composed of orange-coloured satin, gipsied with a handkerchief of the same, edged and tied under the chin with mo-

reno blue satin ribbon; the handkerchief and the rim of the bonnet trimmed with blond lace, and a cluster of wild flowers ornamenting the crown. Sandals, red or blue morocco. Gloves, York tan.

BERLIN FASHIONS.

TO THE EDITOR.

BERLIN, Sept. 2, 1815.

SIR,

BEING on a tour, and finding the polite and fashionable female beauties on the Continent honouring his Grace the Duke of Wellington with slippers *à la militaire*, boots, and spencers; and also his Royal Highness Prince Blücher, in the same fashionable way, I transmit you the subjoined description of them, for insertion in your Miscellany, which will please the *Gothic traveller*, who is, sir,

Yours, &c.

JOHN ALFRED PARNELL.

WELLINGTON demy-boots, military (or *half-boots*), are of fine red kid and morocco leather, or satin of scarlet dye, with very small yellow gilt buttons, to button at the side; a star of royal purple embroidered on the instep, but small, and purple binding, with purple fringe; thin and narrow soles, made right and left, with very broad duck-neb toes.

Wellington slippers are of scarlet morocco, or kid leather, and also of scarlet satin; a star of royal purple embroidered on the instep; purple binding, made right and left, thin and narrow soles, with broad duck-neb toes.

Prince Blücher demy-boots, military (or *half-boots*), of royal purple or dark blue morocco and kid leather, also of purple satin; a small scarlet star embroidered on the instep, and scarlet bound; red leather buttons (covered red); thin narrow soles, made right and left; broad duck-neb toes.

Blücher slippers are of royal purple or Prussian blue (dark blue), kid and morocco leather, and satin;

an embroidered star of scarlet on the instep, and scarlet fringe and binding; narrow soles, right and left; very broad duck-neb toes.

A *spencer* of scarlet kerseymere, turned up with royal purple, with gilt haycock buttons, of small size, is a walking-dress to the scarlet demy-boots or slippers; and a purple or Prussian blue kerseymere spencer, turned up with scarlet kerseymere, small yellow gilt haycock buttons, is a walking-dress to the purple demy-boots and slippers.

The scarlet boots and slippers are in honour of the English army (*a royal scarlet dress*); and the Prussian blue boots and slippers are in honour of the Prussian army, being dressed in royal purple. This is becoming the dress, and will be the winter dress of the court, the nobility, and fashionables of the Prussian dominions. Possibly, in the Carnival time, furs may be added to them for warmth.

In other respects, the dress of the court and Prussian ladies is, for the most part, of English fashion.

S s

Poetry.

TO THE AUTHOR OF "CHILDE
HAROLD," &c.

For thee, who thus in too protracted song
Hast soothed thine idlesse with inglorious
lays,
Soon shall thy voice be lost amidst the throng
Of louder minstrels, in these later days.

CHILDE HAROLD, *canto ii. stan. 94.*

No, never will thy song be lost,
Thou brightest of the minstrel throng!
Admired by taste and fashion's host,
Shall beauty's voice thy lay prolong.

Nor thine the suffrage of a day,
Thy genius stands the test of time;
While those who cavil at thy lay,
Must vanish as the glow-worm's shine.

And many a heart by anguish riven,
Shall love the page that sooths its woe;
Oh! thou to whom the art is given
To bid the tear of feeling flow!

To save, perchance, the bursting heart,
Which almost sinks, surcharged with
grief—
To sooth the mind, to which no art
A charm could yield that brought
relief.

Oh! long as ardent hearts can feel,
Or woe-worn minds reflect a glow,
The Muse shall her bright star reveal,
Resplendent o'er thy graceful brow:

That star, whose bright and beamy light
Awakens emulation's flame:—
But who shall climb thy lofty height,
And share with thee the wreath of
fame?

'Tis all thine own—tho' envy fain
Would rob thee of the lovely prize!
Still, brightest of the tuneful train,
THOU, HIGHEST OF THE HIGH, SHALT
RISE!

STELLA.

INSCRIPTION ON AN OLD HOOQU

FOUND AMONGST THE RUINS OF AN
ANCIENT INDIAN PALACE,

Translated (with poetical licence) from the
Original,

BY A BENGAL CIVILIAN.

Happy mortal, he that knows
Pleasures which a *pipe* bestows!
Circling eddies climb the room,
Wafting round a mild perfume.

Hast thou, when thine heart did burn,
Met a chilling, cold return?
Fly to me, forget thy grief;
Smoking instant gives relief.

Thou with visage full of woe,
Hath unkindness laid thee low?
Son of sorrow, cease to sigh!
Know, in me, a friend is nigh.

Art thou left to weep and moan,
Silent, desolate, alone?
Solitude, tho' ne'er so drear,
Peopled is when I am near.

Friend alike to grave or gay,
Pleas'd each spends with me the day:
Joyous souls in *smoke* delight;
Study wakes with me by night.

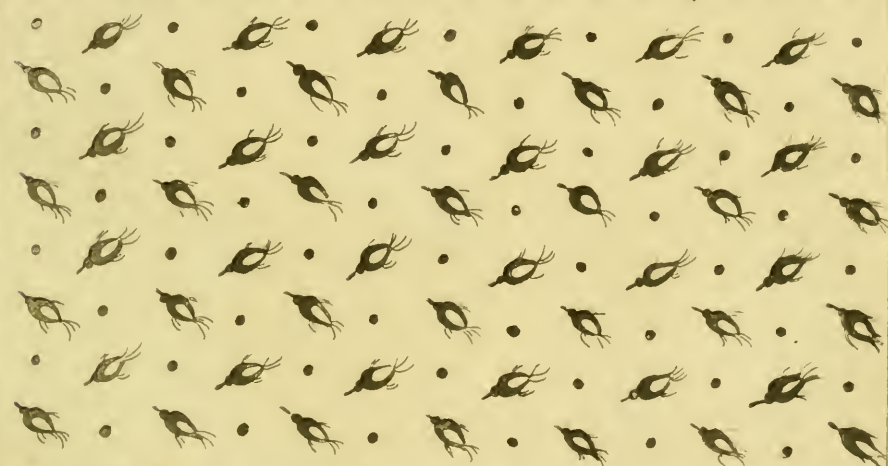
Dulness hath in me a prize,
Whiffing lends a look so wise!
Sneering fingers point in vain
At the solemn, smoke-wrapp'd brain.

Youthful love can I inspire
With more ardent, brisker fire;
Can enliven drooping age,
Tott'ring on to life's last stage.

Life!—'tis at least a long disease,
Made up of pain and doubtful ease:
Try, then, my virtues; soon you'll know,
Ease far preponderates o'er *Woe*!!

G. I. S^{up}**s.

Note—The translator has no claim to the
first stanza, but used it as it chanced to be a
very correct version of the commencing lines
of the original inscription.



METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR SEPTEMBER, 1815.

Conducted at Manchester by THOMAS HANSON, Esq.

1815. SEPT.	Wind.	Pressure.			Temperature.			Weather.	Evap.	Rain.
		Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.			
1	S W 1	30,18	30,10	30,140	71,0°	55,0°	63,00°	cloudy	.064	—
2	S W 1	30,16	30,10	30,130	67,0	56,0	61,50	cloudy	.036	—
3	N W 2	30,16	30,10	30,130	63,0	52,0	57,50	cloudy	.070	—
4	N W 3	30,14	30,10	30,120	65,0	52,0	58,50	cloudy	.080	—
5	W 2	30,18	30,14	30,160	61,0	49,0	55,00	cloudy	.068	—
6	W 2	30,24	30,18	30,210	60,0	44,0	52,00	clear	.066	.280
7	N W 1	30,32	30,24	30,280	59,0	38,0	48,50	clear	.050	—
8	S W 1	30,32	30,26	30,290	62,0	40,0	51,00	clear	.046	—
9	S W 1	30,26	30,20	30,230	65,0	42,0	53,50	brilliant	.064	—
10	W 1	30,22	30,20	30,210	64,0	51,0	57,50	brilliant	.036	—
11	W 1	30,26	30,22	30,240	64,0	52,0	50,00	cloudy	—	—
12	S W 1	30,26	30,18	30,220	68,0	52,0	60,00	clear	.134	—
13	S W 1	30,26	30,00	30,130	73,0	51,0	62,00	brilliant	.084	—
14	S W 1	30,00	30,00	30,000	75,0	50,0	62,50	brilliant	.090	—
15	S E 1	30,00	29,90	29,950	74,0	53,0	63,50	brilliant	.106	—
16	Var. 2	29,94	29,90	29,920	71,0	56,0	63,50	cloudy	.040	—
17	S W 1	30,12	29,94	30,030	69,0	54,0	61,50	variable	.060	.100
18	S W 1	30,24	30,12	30,180	68,0	58,0	63,00	rainy	.034	—
19	S W 1	30,24	30,20	30,220	68,0	57,0	62,50	rainy	.028	.840
20	S E 1	30,20	30,20	30,200	63,0	50,0	56,50	rainy	.090	.330
21	E 2	30,20	29,96	30,080	61,0	46,0	53,50	cloudy	.066	—
22	S W 2	29,96	29,90	29,930	59,0	50,0	54,50	cloudy	.064	—
23	S W 2	29,92	29,90	29,910	59,0	48,0	53,50	cloudy	—	—
24	S W 1	29,92	29,72	29,820	59,0	46,0	52,50	cloudy	—	—
25	S W 1	29,84	29,72	29,780	60,0	41,0	50,50	clear	.146	.460
26	S W 3	29,72	29,76	29,740	62,0	51,0	56,50	rainy	—	—
27	S W 2	30,14	29,76	29,950	58,0	47,0	52,50	variable	.100	—
28	S W 2	30,14	29,98	30,060	61,0	41,0	50,50	variable	.030	.260
29	S W 2	29,98	29,56	29,770	61,0	49,0	55,00	rainy	.010	—
30	S 2	29,56	29,50	29,530	59,0	47,0	53,00	rainy	.050	.840
		Mean	30,052		Mean 56,76			— 1,742 3,110		

RESULTS.

Mean pressure, 30,052—Maximum, 30,32, wind S W. 1.—Minimum, 29,50, wind S. 2.—Range, .82 of an inch.

The greatest variation of pressure in 24 hours, is .38 of an inch, which was on the 27th.

Spaces described by the curve, formed from the mean daily pressure, 2,20 inches.—Number of changes, 7.

Mean temperature, 56,76°.—Max. 75°, wind S. W. 1.—Min. 38°, wind N. W. 1.—Range 47.

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

Water evaporated, 1,742 inch.

Rain, &c. this month, 3,110 inches.—Number of wet days, 16—baily, 0.

WIND.

N 0 NE 0 E 1 SE 2 S 1 SW 18 W 4 NW 3 Variable. 1 Calm 0

Brisk winds 1—Boisterous ones 0.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR SEPTEMBER, 1815.

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

1815.	Wind.	Pressure.			Temperature.			Weather.	Evap.	Rain.
SEPT.		Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.			
1	S W	30,18	30,10	30,140	72°	52°	62,0	fine	—	
2	S W	30,10	30,07	30,085	76	59	67,5	fine	—	
3	N	30,10	30,07	30,085	73	61	67,0	fine	.42	
4	N W	30,08	30,06	30,070	73	48	60,5	cloudy	—	.06
5	N W	30,09	30,08	30,085	63	45	54,0	cloudy	—	
6	N W	30,20	30,09	30,145	62	39	50,5	fine	.40	
7	N W	30,22	30,20	30,210	64	37	50,5	fine	—	
8	N	30,20	30,18	30,190	67	43	55,0	fine	—	
9	S W	30,20	30,18	30,190	73	41	57,0	fine	.32	
10	S W	30,19	30,18	30,185	75	53	64,5	fine	—	
11	N W	30,20	30,19	30,195	73	52	62,5	fine	—	
12	N W	30,19	30,08	30,135	75	47	61,0	fine	—	
13	S W	29,08	30,00	30,040	81	44	62,5	sultry	.63	
14	N W	30,00	29,97	29,985	80	49	64,5	sultry	.14	
15	E	29,97	29,88	29,925	78	58	68,0	fine	—	—
16	S W	29,99	29,87	29,930	77	54	65,5	fine	.28	.09
17	Var.	30,18	29,99	30,085	73	57	65,0	fine	—	
18	S E	30,19	30,18	30,185	75	56	65,5	fine	.21	
19	S E	30,19	30,10	30,145	70	51	60,5	fine	—	
20	S E	30,10	30,06	30,080	64	38	51,0	fine	—	
21	S E	30,06	29,90	29,980	62	43	52,5	fine	—	
22	S E	29,90	29,77	29,835	63	50	56,5	fine	.47	.14
23	N	29,77	29,75	29,760	59	46	52,5	cloudy	—	—
24	S	29,70	29,70	29,800	61	42	51,5	rainy	—	.30
25	S W	29,96	29,88	29,920	64	49	56,5	fine	—	
26	S E	29,91	29,80	29,870	65	49	57,0	overcast	—	—
27	S W	30,15	29,94	30,045	58	43	50,5	rainy	.33	.40
28	S E	29,91	29,88	29,810	62	38	50,0	fine	—	.13
29	S E	29,70	29,50	29,600	68	48	58,0	rainy	—	.26
30	N W	29,68	29,65	29,665	58	50	54,0	fine	.23	.27
		Mean		30,012	Mean		58,4	Total	3.43 in.	1.65 in.

RESULTS.—Mean height of barometer, 30,012 inches; highest observation, 30,22 inches; lowest, 29,50 inches.—Mean height of thermometer, 58.°4.; highest observation, 81°.—lowest, 37°.—Total of evaporation, 3.43 inches.—Total of rain, 1,65 inch.

WIND.

N.	N. E.	E.	S. E.	S.	S. W.	W.	N. W.	Variable.
3	0	1	8	1	8	0	8	1

Notes.—4th. A heavy shower of rain about six o'clock P. M.—the night was very fine afterwards.—7th. White frost in the morning.—8th. White frost with fog this morning.—14th. A stratus on the marshes at night.—21st. Some ice observed this morning under some dock-leaves on the surface of the ground.—23d. A gentle rain in the morning.—20th. A very distinct lunar halo at four o'clock A. M.—windy day.—27th. A heavy shower of rain between ten and eleven o'clock A. M. with some thunder.—28th. Fine morning.—29th. Rainy morning.

Prices of Fire-Office, Mine, Dock, Canal, Water-Works, Brewery, and Public Institution Shares, &c. &c. for OCTOBER, 1815.

Albion Fire & Life Insurance	£42.	pr. sh.	Grand Junction Canal	£180	pr. sh.
Globe Ditto	103	do.	Coventry Ditto	780	do.
Imperial Ditto	45	do.	London Institution	46	do.
Rock Ditto	28s.	do.	Surry Ditto	13	do.
East London Water-Works	59	do.	Auction Mart	20	do.
Portsmouth & Farington Ditto	17	do.	Strand Bridge	18	do.
Kent Ditto	32	do.	Gas Light	5	pm.
Worcester & Birmingham Canal	92	do.			

WOLFE & Co. 9, 'Change-Alley, Cornhill,

& FORTUNE & Co. 13, Cornhill,

PRICES OF STOCKS.

Date.	Bank Stock.	3 Pr. Ct. Consols.	3 Pr. Ct. Red.	4 pr. Ct. Cons.	Navy 5 pr. Ct.	Long Ann.	Opium. pr. Ct.	Impl. Ann.	Irish pr. Ct.	5 S. Sea Stock.	S. Sea Ann.	India Stock.	India Bonds.	Exchgr. Bills 3d.	St. Lott. Tickets.	Cons. for Ac.
Sep. 20	—	56 3/4	Shut	Shut	85 1/4	Shut	7 1/2 Pm.	55 1/4	—	—	Shut	—	8 Dis.	5 Dis.	£23. 11s	57 1/2
21	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
22	Shut	56 3/4	Shut	Shut	85 1/4	Shut	7 1/2 Pm.	—	—	—	Shut	—	5 Dis.	5 Dis.	—	—
23	—	56 3/4	—	—	85 1/4	—	7 1/2 Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	9 Dis.	5 Dis.	57 1/4	57 1/4
24	—	56 3/4	—	—	85 1/4	—	7 1/2 Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	9 Dis.	5 Dis.	57 1/4	57 1/4
25	—	56 3/4	—	—	85 1/4	—	7 1/2 Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	9 Dis.	5 Dis.	57 1/4	57 1/4
26	—	56 3/4	—	—	85 1/4	—	7 1/2 Pm.	55 1/4	—	—	—	170	8 Dis.	4 Dis.	57 1/4	57 1/4
27	—	56 3/4	—	—	85 1/4	—	7 1/2 Pm.	—	—	—	—	171	8 Dis.	5 Dis.	57 1/4	57 1/4
28	—	56 3/4	—	—	85 1/4	—	7 1/2 Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
29	—	56 3/4	—	—	85 1/4	—	7 1/2 Pm.	—	—	—	—	170 1/2	8 Dis.	6 Dis.	57 1/4	57 1/4
30	—	56 3/4	—	—	85 1/4	—	7 1/2 Pm.	—	Shut	—	—	170 1/2	7 Dis.	6 Dis.	57 1/4	57 1/4
Oct. 1	—	56 3/4	—	—	85 1/4	—	7 1/2 Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	7 Dis.	6 Dis.	57 1/4	57 1/4
2	—	56 3/4	—	—	85 1/4	—	7 1/2 Pm.	56 1/4	—	—	—	170	6 Dis.	5 Dis.	57 1/4	57 1/4
3	—	56 3/4	—	—	85 1/4	—	7 1/2 Pm.	—	—	—	—	170	4 Dis.	4 Dis.	58 1/4	58 1/4
4	—	56 3/4	—	—	85 1/4	—	7 1/2 Pm.	—	—	—	—	170 1/2	2 Dis.	3 Dis.	58 1/4	58 1/4
5	—	56 3/4	—	—	85 1/4	—	7 1/2 Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	3 Dis.	3 Dis.	59	59
6	—	56 3/4	—	—	85 1/4	—	7 1/2 Pm.	—	—	—	—	173	3 Dis.	4 Dis.	59 1/4	59 1/4
7	—	56 3/4	—	—	85 1/4	—	7 1/2 Pm.	—	—	—	—	174	3 Dis.	3 Dis.	59 1/4	59 1/4
8	—	56 3/4	—	—	85 1/4	—	7 1/2 Pm.	57 1/4	—	—	—	—	2 Dis.	2 Dis.	60 1/4	60 1/4
9	—	56 3/4	—	—	85 1/4	—	7 1/2 Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	2 Pm.	5 Dis.	61 1/4	61 1/4
10	—	56 3/4	—	—	85 1/4	—	7 1/2 Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	3 Pm.	5 Pm.	61 1/4	61 1/4
11	—	56 3/4	—	—	85 1/4	—	7 1/2 Pm.	—	—	—	—	170 1/4	2 Pm.	4 Pm.	61 1/4	61 1/4
12	—	56 3/4	—	—	85 1/4	—	7 1/2 Pm.	—	—	—	—	176 1/4	2 Pm.	4 Pm.	61 1/4	61 1/4
13	—	56 3/4	—	—	85 1/4	—	7 1/2 Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	2 Pm.	5 Pm.	62 1/4	62 1/4
14	—	56 3/4	—	—	85 1/4	—	7 1/2 Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	4 Pm.	5 Pm.	62 1/4	62 1/4
15	—	56 3/4	—	—	85 1/4	—	7 1/2 Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
16	—	56 3/4	—	—	85 1/4	—	7 1/2 Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
17	—	56 3/4	—	—	85 1/4	—	7 1/2 Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
18	—	56 3/4	—	—	85 1/4	—	7 1/2 Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
19	—	56 3/4	—	—	85 1/4	—	7 1/2 Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
20	—	56 3/4	—	—	85 1/4	—	7 1/2 Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—

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THE Repository

OF

ARTS, LITERATURE, COMMERCE,
Manufactures, Fashions, and Politics,

For DECEMBER, 1815.

The Eighty-fourth Number.

VOL. XIV.

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Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month as published, may have it sent to them, free of Postage, to New-York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any Part of the West Indies, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. THORNTON, of the General Post-Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-Lane; to Hamburgh, Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. SERJEANT, of the General Post-Office, at No. 22, Sherborne-lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of the East Indies, by Mr. GUY, at the East-India House. The money to be paid at the time of subscribing, for either 3, 6, 9, or 12 months.

TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

At the close of the first Series of the REPOSITORY, the Proprietor returns his sincere thanks to all those whose support has contributed to give it such extensive circulation and popularity. In soliciting the continuance of their patronage in behalf of the new and improved Series, the first Number of which will appear on the first of next month, Mr. ACKERMANN begs leave to direct the attention of his readers to the address which accompanies the present Number. He feels confident that his Subscribers, and the public in general, will duly appreciate the motives which have induced him to determine upon the slight alteration therein announced; and trusts that they will the more readily give him credit for sincerity in his professions, when they consider how intimately his own interest is connected with their gratification.

The contributions of our literary friends are earnestly requested for the New Series of this work. Though its plan does not exclude pieces of a grave and serious nature, yet those of a light, lively, and amusing cast, will be preferred. Notices respecting forthcoming works in literature and the arts will, as heretofore, receive the most prompt attention.

A representation and description of the superb collection of perfumery, intended as a present from the Honourable East India Company to the Emperor of China, and furnished by Mr. Ross, of Bishopsgate-street, will appear next month in No. I. of the New Series.

C. C.'s favour has been received, and submitted to the consideration of the gentleman, to whose department, in the Repository, the communication belongs.

The suggestion of A Subscriber respecting the Foreign Orders of Knighthood is under consideration.

A Tour in Naples shall appear in the first Number of our New Series.

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.

THE
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Manufactures, Fashions, and Politics,
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The Eighty-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 JUNINUS.

(Continued from p. 252.)

Miss K. Here is a view of London which I sketched from Islington Spa Gardens.

Miss Eve. Yes, this shews grand and inferior forms; the churches of St. Paul's and Clerkenwell; lineal and aerial perspective. Clerkenwell seems higher than St. Paul's, and the aerial perspective makes the latter look like a dark bluish cloud, more distinct towards the upper part.

Miss K. That is because the air is clearer at some distance from the surface of the earth, than immediately over the houses. You see the dome of St. Paul's balanced by the turrets is a specimen of Michael Angelo's style. It is also a specimen of Claude's style. Clerkenwell church with the surrounding houses, is not select; it is individual nature, and about the size for grandeur of the generality of Paul

Sandby's, Hearn's, and a hundred others.

Miss Eve. I see that to design like Claude, we should sketch upon the same domey principles as Michael Angelo, with long, harmonious scrolls, &c.

Miss K. I have added much to the grandeur of this view by scrolling convex clouds, or rather forms, about St. Paul's; by making the ridges of the houses meet and run in long lines, cattle feeding, people walking, &c. in scrolls. Though it is not likely that they would thus arrange themselves, yet they might, and we ought always to keep possible perfection in view. Claude's trees are almost all convex, and are made one of the principal scrolls, forming, as it were, a long bridge across his landscapes. You may observe too, that, like him, I have made but two masses: the sky

a mass of light, aerial colours, gentle gradations; the earth a mass of shade, of colours of the opposite description. If you take a fancy to a particularly harmonious set of scrolls in any of the great masters of this principle, such as Michael Angelo, Raphael, and Claude, you may borrow them with very little danger of being discovered, by introducing different details.—Indeed it is not difficult to put fifty or a hundred different designs upon any favourite pattern of scrolls, by the mere alteration of the details. I mention this to show, that an artist may be endowed with a thousand times more genius (according to vulgar apprehension) than another, to whom in reality he is much inferior; because the latter is possessed of such mechanical artifices as these, which, if only explained, might be easily understood.

But we were speaking just now of this print of Miss Ann le Fevre, afterwards Madame Dacier, who abused Pope so much, engraved in stipple. The rules which I mentioned are suitable to all sorts of engraving.—Here are two prints, one by Wm. Holl, the other by Anthony Cardon.

Miss Eve. Holl seems as if he leaned hard on the graver, cut the dots out round and of equal depth in the same masses, and put two or three dots together, like the broad stipple of a miniature-painter.

Miss K. Yes; and as in a painting where the colours are loaded as in the lights and projections, the dots are more open, that is farther asunder; so Holl's prints, from these rules, are very clear, like Fessinger's stipple prints. They have the

same merits and defects as Wille's. This by Cardon is more flowery or warm in the lights, where are the warm colours, and more regular and cool in the retiring parts. The variety of warmth caused by the gradations general and particular, the force and mellowing produced by strengthening the shadows in their middles, also the clearness resulting from a precise termination of the parts, as well as equal cutting, discrimination of the surfaces, subordination of the detail, as it recedes from the centre of vision on the balancings, and some other excellencies of which I have already spoken, render the prints of this engraver very meritorious. The flesh has much more of the tone or engraver's colouring, of that pulpy peachiness so admirable in Houbraken's portraits. I mention some of these rules to show that this, like other departments of the arts, may be reduced to a few simple principles, and that the reason why many artists fail, is because these rules, which all might easily understand, are unknown to them.

A judicious use of the looking-glass is of great advantage to engravers, both in reversing and distancing their originals. Engravings should be laid on by means of one, as it procures an accuracy which is an excellent foundation to proceed on.

Miss Eve. No doubt all copying receives much advantage from the judicious use of a looking-glass, whether on canvas, paper, or copper.

Miss K. In my most private recess, I often surround myself with mirrors, and put myself in the attitudes of many of the best pro-

ductions of ancient and modern art. These are thus multiplied into many positions of the same figure, which look like different figures. I strip the clothed, clothe the naked, and make gentle variations from these, so as not, if I may use the expression, destroy their stamina. These variations I copy by a sort of scientific plagiarism; and by these and similar methods I can invent as well as any of my models, and evade the Spartan law.

Miss *Eve*. I am convinced that the methods of which you have spoken, would make any artist seem much superior to others of far greater natural genius, but who are not aware how they may steal and yet evade the Spartan law, as you say. Reynolds observes, that there are methods which will not only assist genius, but even supply the want of it. The critics object to this; but who ought to know best, he who was in the habit of producing capital pictures, or those who are strangers to the practice of the art?

Reynolds also says, that those painters who know how to use models, will be more than a match for any painter that ever existed debarred from their use.

Miss *K*. What he said is true. If we dress a model after the best arrangements in the most approved works, the detail of the drapery will fall into folds, very different from the smaller parts of the greater structure of the original, and yet retain the merit of the latter. The same may be observed of the machinery of colours, the artifice of the clair-obscur, &c.

I often take some of my best

expressions from figures unrecommended by known names, which, even if they should not express what they were intended to do, will by chance express something else. These I copy for what they are like. I would only observe, that what is generally thought to be genius, is very often not this power, but something else. I shall feel highly delighted, my dear Miss *Eve*, for you to join me in these studies, since I know you love so well those placid sources of happiness, the practice of virtue and the pursuit of science. We, as Pope observes,

Of thus in pleasing tasks may wear the day,
While summer suns roll unperceiv'd away.

Miss *Eve*. O yes, indeed!

Miss *K*. Why do you smile?

Miss *Eve*. Some mental pictures were floating before my fancy:—You as *Venus*, with your radiant eyes and ineffable smile, presiding as queen, encircled and enrobed by mirrors reflecting your figure in so many attitudes—myself with purple and crimson drapery, with ribbons and flowers, and such like Rubenesque appendages, contriving the back-ground. Oh! I can easily imagine Reynolds looking through his magnifiers at the ancient gem from which he copied his *Venus*: but could he have raised his eyes to the splendid magnificence—could he have known and procured you for a model, he would have despised his gem, and declared you a living brilliant of a much superior and the very first water, and perhaps have exclaimed with *Sterne*—

Harsh and untuneful are the notes of love,
Unless my Kitty strikes the key;

Her hand alone can touch the part
Whose dulcet movement charms the heart,
And governs all the man with sympathetic
sway.

Miss K. Your observations on my beauty, and how much it would have delighted Reynolds as a model for Venus, pleases me, I must confess. What female can forbear being pleased, when they must believe the commendation to be sincere? The poet truly writes:—

The love of praise, howe'er conceal'd by art,
Reigns more or less, and glows in ev'ry heart:
The proud to gain it, to is on toils endure;
The modest shun it, but to make it sure:
It aids the dancer's heel, the writer's head,
And heaps the plains with mountains of the dead;

Nor ends with death, but nods in sable plumes,
Bedecks the hearse, and flatters on our tombs.

Dr. Johnson observes, that many are so fond of praise, that if they cannot find others to offer this desirable incense, they become the heroes of their own tales, and treat themselves with a *quantum sufficit*. There are many well-known stories of the best poets, painters, and others, who were accustomed to extol their own merits.

My Susan, as a model, is deserving of much more attention than

may be imagined. Her face is oval, and in her general figure she resembles a skittle, that is, large in the middle and narrow at both ends, like Cipriani's admirable females. I copied that Venus from Susan, with a very little alteration from the print of that goddess over the mantel-piece, engraved by Strange, though it seems so very different, that this would not be supposed. The machinery of colours and light and shadow I copied from a Venetian picture.

Miss Eve. What writer or work on the arts, in your opinion, treats best of the arrangement and setting off of colours?

Miss K. Gerard de Lairesse's book.

Miss Eve. You said that you would show me Reynolds's professional pedigree. Is Gerard de Lairesse in the list?

Miss K. It is among those papers in the drawer; I don't think that it was ever put together before. The name of Gerard de Lairesse is not there: he was born at Liege, in 1640, and died in 1711. Here is the list:—

FRANCIS PERRIER imitated John Lanfranco, born 1590, at Mascon, in Burgundy; led the blind beggar to Rome about 1606; died 1656, aged 60.

ISAAC FULLER,
born in England; died 1676.

GERARD ZOEST, or ZOUST,
born 1637, in Westphalia; died 1681.

JOHN RILEY, b. 1646, in London, d. 1691.

JONATHAN RICHARDSON, b. 1665, d. 1745.

THOMAS HUDSON, b. 1701, d. 1779.

Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS, b. 1733, d. 1792.

Baron Birch Berridge Doughty Dusine Gill Giuseppe James Parry Score,
Marchi Northbrote, R. A. and

ONE IS NEVER TOO OLD TO LEARN.

SUCH is the observation of the celebrated Dean Swift, and Cicero likewise places one of the advantages of age in this very circumstance. The Roman philosopher is certainly right, for what can give a greater pleasure to a rational man, than the faculty of extending his knowledge till the moment when his prospects close for this world, and others infinitely more sublime open upon his view?—The more a person has sought to improve his mind in his early years, the more easy will it be for him to make new acquisitions in old age. Nay, in many respects the aged can learn with greater facility than others less advanced in years. Our studies chiefly embrace the languages and sciences. The greater the number of languages we have learned, the more easily we add another to our store; we are already acquainted with the universal language, or the component parts that must exist in every tongue in order to attain the object of all language, the communication of our ideas to others. Profound philosophy lies in language, this essential necessary of all mankind, and the different directions which different nations have pursued in the formation of their languages, lead to the most interesting investigations.—The same observations are applicable to the learning of any science. The more sciences a man has already acquired, the more profoundly he has studied the different systems, the less trouble will he find to make himself master of a new system, or even of a new science. The aged have in general this advan-

tage over the young, that they are less apt to be dazzled by a new science or a new system, and to give credit to pompous pretensions; that they are better acquainted, upon the whole, with the excellencies and defects of a system, and more capable, from experience, of judging what is to be expected from it. One system supersedes another, one science robs another of its votaries: happy is it then for him who does not lose his faith in that which is good and true, but retains a susceptibility for it. This is the case with the old rather than with the young; for the former feel more and more the necessity of seeking truth, not for the purpose of erecting a curious scientific structure, but for their own sake.—Whoever learns with facility in age, furnishes a proof of well-spent youth. It cannot but be agreeable, in various ways, to be introduced into a gallery of persons who, in mature or even advanced age, have added to their store of knowledge acquisitions which are commonly gained only in the years of youth. The contemplation of such characters cannot but be pleasing, because it is natural for us to compare our years with the years of those whose works or actions excite our interest: thus Lichtenberg says, that in reading the life of an author he was always comparing his age with his own. With Lichtenberg we cannot help calculating:—"In such a year our hero did this or that; what have we done? How many years have we still for the performance of that which he accomplished?"

Let us then take a survey first of those who have acquired languages at a more advanced time of life than usual; next of such as have made themselves masters of new sciences at a late period; and, lastly, of those who in their old age have produced the fairest and ripest fruit in works and deeds. Cicero himself cites the example of Portius Cato, who when an old man learned Greek. A great connoisseur of antiquity expressly says, that Cato acquired this language in his 70th year. As Plutarch only relates, that it was reported that Cato commenced late in life the study of Greek literature; as moreover Valerius Maximus, Quintilian, and Cornelius Nepos, mention no precise year, but only state, that Cato began when old to learn this foreign language; as, finally, Aurelius Victor informs us, that Cato, when prætor in Sardinia, at which time he was about 31 years old, learned this language of Ennius, some further illustration of the matter by the same connoisseur would be desirable, even though the circumstance should be of inferior importance to the subjects of his usual enquiries.

The Grecian general Themistocles, in the space of a year, made himself such a perfect master of the language, manners, and customs of Persia, as to surpass in these respects the natives of the country themselves. Themistocles could not then have been in the years of youth, when languages are most commonly learned; for in his juvenile years his conduct had been so far from exemplary, that his father disinherited him. A better disposition was thereby awakened;

he then dedicated himself with the utmost ardour to the affairs of the state, became commander of the naval forces of the Athenians, and the renowned conqueror of Salamis. He afterwards served his country with credit in peace: but yet he could not escape the suspicion and envy of his fellow citizens; he was accused of treason, and condemned. He then fled to Artaxerxes, the Persian monarch, and in order to gain a favourable reception, applied himself to the study of the Persian language and manners. He must, consequently, have been at that time pretty far advanced in life; and in this exile he died at Magnesia, in his 65th year.

The imperial privy counsellor, Baron Spaugenberg, a descendant from the family of the eminent ecclesiastical historian of the same name, and a pupil of Leibnitz, was visited in his 78th year by the Swedish scholar, Byörnsthål, to whom he related, that, in his 63d year, he had taught himself the Hebrew, Syriac, and Chaldee languages.

Lord Monboddo, remarkable for his attachment to the practices of the ancients, in imitation of whom he bathed every day, rubbed his body with oil, and then exposed himself to the rays of the sun; and celebrated for his works on ancient metaphysics and the origin of language, was 59 years old before he began to learn Greek.

The German architect, Erdmannsdorf, learned the same language in his 53d year of an *abbate* at Rome.—Thus also the faculty of studying new sciences is not denied to age. Götze, the eminent naturalist of Quedlinburg, exclusively

cultivated the theological sciences till he was past his 40th year; and it was not till then that he engaged in the study of natural history, in which he afterwards gained such celebrity.

When the King of Prussia passed through Göttingen in 1796, the question was started in a conversation with the privy counsellor, Pütter, of what use the study of German political jurisprudence would be to him, since the successes of the French threatened a total revolution in the political system of Europe. Pütter, who was then 71 years old, replied, without hesitation, that if he should live to see the overthrow of the German constitution, he must think of erecting a new one upon the ruins of the old, many relics of which would certainly be left behind. Thus it is in regard to other sciences; none of them can be completely destroyed; some vestiges must remain, even if a new structure shall be reared. It actually happened, that the professor of German political jurisprudence had to learn a new system, which he will shortly have to relinquish for another. The physician, the philosopher, and the naturalist of modern times, have more than once found themselves in a similar predicament.

Not only is age not precluded from extending its own acquirements, but it also possesses the power of delighting and instructing others by its own intellectual

productions. Cicero relates, that Isocrates wrote his book entitled *Panathenæicus*, in his 94th year; and that Sophocles composed, at a very advanced age, his tragedy of *Ordix*, which he adduced to confute the imputations of his sons, who charged him before the judges with being an insane old man, incapable of managing his concerns. Richardson was far from young when he produced his three celebrated novels: he wrote *Pamela* in his 51st, *Clarissa* in his 59th, and *Grandison* in his 64th year. Voltaire and Wieland continued to write till the latest period of their long lives, without betraying any decay of the energies of their minds; and, in regard to scientific investigations, the best works have been produced by age.

It may not, therefore, be amiss to call to mind these facts, which serve to prove how much may be accomplished by persons who have long passed the meridian of life; and if further instances were wanting to demonstrate the influence which the mind, when deeply intent upon any object, is capable of exercising over the body, and the youthful vigour which it can infuse into a frame sinking beneath the weight of years, we need go no farther than the present day, and adduce the examples of a Kutusov and a Blücher, whose personal exertions in the service of their country, in spite of age, are as remarkable as their professional skill has been conspicuous and successful.

THE GYPSY GIRL.

In an ancient castle seated upon a mountain of Castile, resided a young nobleman, named Don

Henry de Ayala. The spacious apartments and gloomy passages of the castle were haunted by *ennui*,

which Don Henry sometimes strove to drive away by music and singing. The subject of most of the songs that he knew was love, and whilst he sung them he always felt an extraordinary sensation. He seemed to himself like a prisoner within the solitary walls; at such times he used to hasten to the window, and look down at the stream winding its course through fertile meadows, while his thoughts flowed away with its current. He would often rove for whole days together in the woods that belonged to his domain, and return at nightfall, peevish and fatigued, to his joyless halls.— One evening, as he was strolling in a sequestered valley, he met with a troop of gypsies, who were encamped on the green, and were roasting chesnuts at a small fire. At some distance from the rest, on the knotty stump of an oak, was seated a young female of extraordinary beauty. Her charms were heightened by the singular dress of the wandering tribe. She was just finishing a song, during which she accompanied herself upon the guitar.

Don Henry went up to the musician, who blushed at the sight of the handsome youth. "That is a charming song," said he; "and your voice is still more charming."—"I learned it of a shepherdess," replied the girl, rising from her seat. "Shall I tell you your fortune? Show me your hand."—"Ah!" sighed Don Henry, "the planets that govern my fortune glisten in your eyes;" and his whole being melted into love. He felt as if an invisible power had joined him by indissoluble ties to the beautiful stranger, who stood before him like

the flower of the wilderness in the purest and freshest bloom of life.

A woman in the company now remarked the youth, and went up to him. "Solo! young gentleman," said she, "I hope you are not talking nonsense to my Clotilda?"

"Very possibly—I may be," replied Don Henry, "for to tell the truth, I hardly know myself what I am doing: but if this girl is your daughter, you are a happy mother."

"You are a sly marksman," rejoined the woman, "who would with one dart tickle my vanity and wound the heart of my daughter."

"I know not any sly tricks; but this I know, that since I first saw Clotilda, my only wish has been to see her continually, or never to have seen her at all."

"Who are you?"

"My name is Henry de Ayala. I reside at that castle whose towers you see yonder in the west, overtopping the forest. Fortune has been propitious to me, but I fear that to-day she is taking from me more than she could ever bestow."

"You possess wealth and rank; we are poor and houseless. The field-flower is not suited to your garden."

"This flower would shame all that are reared among us by the hand of art."

"Don Henry de Ayala would scarcely stoop to marry a gypsy girl?"

"Ask the plant whether it would turn to the light?"

The woman became pensive. Don Henry now first took notice of her figure, in which there was something extremely dignified. Her age was apparently between 30 and 40 years; her face, though blanched

with affliction, still exhibited traces of former beauty. After some pause, she seized the hand of the youth. "Real love," said she, "will stand a trial. Change your dress and come along with us. If you can gain Clotilda's heart, you may hereafter conduct her as your wife to your castle."

Don Henry was not a little embarrassed at this singular proposal, but he cast a look at Clotilda, who stood by. The flush of modesty crimsoned her cheek, and her eyes were fixed on the ground. His resolution was speedily formed. "I will, go with you," said he; "my faithful steward may meanwhile manage my concerns." Petronella—for this was the name of Clotilda's mother—led the young man to her companions still seated round the fire; she acquainted them with the agreement, and shouts of joy resounded on all sides. Clotilda alone stood aside, and seemed to be deeply sensible of the magnitude of the sacrifice which was made for her sake.

Don Henry soon became habituated to the hardships and privations of a roving life. A kind look from his charmer made him forget alike every fatigue and every convenience; but it was painful to him, that he could never speak to Clotilda without witnesses, for Petronella watched her daughter with maternal strictness, and the youth remarked in general among his new companions more order and morality than he had expected to find among houseless wanderers. Clotilda was not without education; and her mother, who possessed wit, delicacy, elegance, was thoroughly conversant in the manners of the

higher classes. He daily became more and more convinced, that some extraordinary circumstance must have thrown these two females out of their proper sphere, and cast them among a horde of rovers.

The troop proceeded from Old Castile to Asturia, and one evening reached a valley at the entrance of a forest, where they passed the night under shelter of the trees. Towards morning a tremendous storm arose; strange tones sounded like the sighs of spirits through the aged forest; the branches rustled tremendously; the roaring of the neighbouring sea was awful, and livid lightning threw a momentary gleam over the pallid faces of the intimidated group.—Don Henry conjured Clotilda and her mother to flee with him from the dangerous shelter of the trees to the adjoining field; and scarcely had the words escaped his lips when a flash struck an oak not far from them, and killed a woman with her infant at the breast. Clotilda swooned away. Don Henry clasped her in his vigorous arms, and carried her a small distance to a chapel which he perceived by the frequent glare of the lightning; he seated himself with his precious burthen on the steps of the altar, and his burning mouth hung on her cold lips. The tempest at length passed away, and the first beams of Aurora illumined Clotilda's pallid countenance, when she again opened her eyes. Her first look met that of Don Henry, who was just then kneeling beside her, supporting her head with his right arm, while his hair, yet dripping with the rain, fell upon her cheek. It was some time before she could

recollect what had happened, and betrayed a sweet confusion when Don Henry related how he had carried her thither. "Heaven," said he, "has favoured me with this opportunity of speaking unmolested to the darling of my soul concerning my love. Here we are in a sanctuary where truth has a witness at hand, and perjury a sure avenger. Speak, Clotilda, wilt thou be mine, and renounce a wandering life, for which thou canst not possibly have been born?"

"Ah!" rejoined Clotilda, "often do I long for a home, and am always melancholy when I find an agreeable spot, which I am soon obliged to leave again."

"Have you no recollection of your childhood, or of the period previous to your coming into this rude company?"

"A shadow of a recollection floats like a dream before my mind, that, when a child, I often played in a fine garden near a fountain, and was delighted with a parrot that hung in a large room in a gilt cage."

"And did your mother never drop a word about the secret of your birth?"

"Never."

"That, however, is a matter of no consequence, if only you are not averse to me."

"My mother is the mistress of my fate.—I am sorry that she should have required so strange a test. But she seems to have experienced much affliction at some former period of her life."

"Don't you suppose that she must wish for repose, and a comfortable provision for the remainder of her life? I will honour her

as my mother, and love her as the parent of Clotilda?"

The maiden was silent. Don Henry took a valuable diamond from his finger, and presented it to Clotilda with these words:—"This stone is pure as my love, and the ring which it crowns, is endless as that love will be. Will you accept it from me, Clotilda?"

Clotilda paused, and at that moment her mother entered the chapel. "Well, children," said she, "this looks for all the world like a match, and on such an occasion there are other people who have a voice."

"And will you deny me your consent, Petronella?"

"My consent is no consent," replied she; "but enquire not concerning things which time will unfold. Now, come along, we are going farther."

The two young people were lost in reflection on these mysterious expressions. The party broke up, and came about midnight to a river thickly bordered with trees, where they stopped to rest. At early dawn the loud cries of a hunting party were heard not far off, but soon died away again.

Don Henry had passed the night without sleep; at the first sound of the horn, he sprang up, and would fain have joined in the sport. He walked along the river, and, absorbed in thought, rambled to an open place where several magnificent tents were erected. At this moment a lady, mounted on a spirited steed, galloped up to him. She was of majestic stature, and one of those figures which longest retain the appearance of youth. The sight of the handsome gypsy

seemed to surprise her: she checked her horse, and said—

“From your dress you must be a gypsy.”

“Yes, noble lady.”

“And yet I could swear that nature had destined you for something better. Would you not like to renounce this roving life, and to enter into my service?”

These words were accompanied by a look, which, in a heart less pure than Don Henry's, would probably have kindled the fiercest flames of desire.

“It must doubtless be a pleasure to attend on you, noble lady,” replied the youth, “but I would not willingly endanger my liberty.”

“O you rogue!” rejoined the lady, “one would almost suppose that you had worn the chains of love already. But take courage, there are wreaths of roses too. I shall expect you at the hour of noon, at the entrance of that hunting-seat which you see yonder in the distance.”

She now turned her horse into the wood, and Don Henry, shaking his head at this adventure, began to measure back his steps to his companions. Petronella, with a look of anxiety, came to meet him. “Have you not seen Clotilda?” cried she, while still at a great distance. He replied in the negative, and related what had happened to himself.

“Here is a new trial which you have to encounter,” said Petronella, “but first of all let us seek the girl, who has perhaps lost her way in this wood.”

Don Henry became uneasy. He feared, lest Clotilda's elegant shape and blooming beauty should have

attracted the notice of some one of the hunters. Both now traversed the forest in different directions, and at length met with some children, who, in answer to their enquiries, informed them, that a gentleman on horseback had just rode past towards the hunting-seat, with a female upon the horse before him, who cried and wept all the way!

“Who lives in that house?” asked Don Henry.

“Count Hernandez,” answered the children.

The youth would have instantly hastened to the mansion, but Petronella detained him, saying, “Patience, Don Henry; your fate and mine are approaching to their denouement. I know the count; the lady whose favour you have gained is doubtless his wife, and thus I am doubly revenged.”

Don Henry requested an explanation of this riddle, but Petronella, who from this moment displayed a superior degree of dignity and greatness, again desired him to have patience. “Accident,” said she, “as in many other cases, seems to-day to have assumed the place of fate, and this we must thankfully acknowledge. I will now go with our young people to the tents, where the hunting-party will probably soon assemble to breakfast, and there introduce in jest what will terminate in good earnest. You may in the mean time reconnoitre the house; perhaps you may be so fortunate as to discover where Clotilda is. We shall meet again either at the tents or at the mansion.”

Don Henry soon reached the house, for love winged his steps. The mansion was agreeably situated on a hill, embosomed in oaks and

plantain-trees. A bridge led from it over a small stream into a thick wood, which was encompassed by a wall. At the foot of the hill sat an old man, with a rosary in his hand. Don Henry entered into conversation with him, and learned that he was the watchman of the mansion, and had lived in the service of the count's father. "Those were times indeed!" sighed the old man, and began to relate many circumstances of his life, how the count had been compelled to marry the countess against his inclination, and what an unhappy match it had in consequence proved to be.

"Have they any children?" asked Don Henry.

"They had an only daughter, who lived to be but a year and a half old. The count then resided at his family castle, 50 miles from this place. The nurse had gone abroad with the child, and both had probably been devoured by wolves, which are very common in that part of the country; for tattered pieces of the clothes worn by the infant and her attendant were found stained with blood in the wood.—The count took this event so deeply to heart that he forsook the seat of his ancestors, and purchased this domain."

Don Henry asked, if strangers were permitted to see the house and park. The old man replied, that in the former there was nothing worth seeing, and the key of the park was kept by the count himself.

Don Henry had now very little doubt that Clotilda had been conveyed into the park. He quitted the old man, and sought a shallow place where he might cross the

river. He soon found one, and then attempted to climb the wall, but it was too high. At length he discovered a door, which he soon forced off its hinges by a violent thrust. From this door a shady walk led to a small temple that stood in the centre of the park and was lighted by a cupola. With a beating heart the youth approached the building, which had but one entrance, and that was fast. He listened at the door, and fancied that he heard some one sighing. "Clotilda!" he cried, "are you there, Clotilda?"—"Henry! Henry!" was the reply, and the lovers extended their arms as though no obstacle prevented them from flying into each other's embrace. Don Henry attempted to burst open the door; but it resisted all his efforts. The noise brought the park-keeper, a robust young fellow in the dress of a huntsman, to the spot. Don Henry seized him with the fury of an enraged lion, and hurled him to the ground. A horseman at this moment galloped up—it was the Count de Hernandez. "What is your business here?" cried he in an angry tone to the youth—"He is a robber," roared the keeper raising himself from the earth—"No," rejoined Don Henry, in a dignified attitude and with a haughty air; "I am come to recover what you have stolen."

"What!" exclaimed the count, leaping furiously from his horse, "does a gypsy fellow presume to bid me defiance?"

"There is no need of force," said Henry calmly. "I know full well, count, that here you are master and judge. Hear me therefore, and then decide."

The count ordered him to be conducted to the house. "I will not stir from the spot," said Don Henry, "even if you were cowardly enough to take my life. My betrothed bride is shut up in this temple. Who brought her to this place?" The count was thrown into manifest embarrassment.—"In the house I will hear and answer you," said he repeatedly, and at length ordered the park-keeper to call some more of his servants to his assistance.

Clotilda had meanwhile contrived to unlock the door with a key which the count in the hurry of the moment had left within. Rushing out of her prison, she threw herself into Henry's arms, crying, "Save me! save me!" and clung to him with all her strength.—The count now cursed his folly; but was at a loss for the moment how to act. Some of his people soon arrived with weapons and cords; after them the countess, and behind the countess Petronella. A blank silence at first prevailed. The count's servants waited their master's commands. The countess looked by turns at the count, Don Henry, and Clotilda. The count fixed his eyes on the ground.

Petronella now stepped into the circle, and thus addressed the latter:—"Count de Hernandez, if you desire a solution of the apparently mysterious circumstances of this extraordinary moment, permit me to speak to you in private." The count, in deep agitation, walked with her into the temple.

"In the first place," said Petronella, "I must briefly relate my own history to you. I am descended from one of the noblest houses

of old Spain, and was the only daughter of affectionate parents. They had promised my hand to a man possessed of wealth and rank; but my heart was attached to another. My father required implicit obedience. I was inexperienced like all young people, and eloped with my lover from my father's house. In a few months I was forsaken by my seducer, and despair drove me to the nearest river, where I hoped to put an end for ever to my sufferings and sorrows. Some gypsies who had halted on the bank, drew me out and restored me to life. I continued with these wandering people, for where else could I have found an asylum? About three years afterwards we chanced to stroll into a part of the country with which I was but too well acquainted. Before us stood the castle where my seducer resided, and I soon learned that he had been long married, and had a daughter a year and a half old. Revenge now took exclusive possession of my bosom, and an opportunity to gratify it presently occurred. One of our smartest young fellows formed an intimacy with the count's nurse-maid. The girl was easily persuaded to abscond with the child entrusted to her care and join our company: but to obviate any suspicion, we took her clothes and those of the infant, tore them in pieces, sprinkled them with the blood of a young pig, and strewed them in the neighbouring wood, where several wolves had just about that time made their appearance—"

"Woman! woman! who are you?" exclaimed the count, who, from the commencement of the story, had stood almost petrified with horror.

"At present, I am Petronella, the gypsy," replied she; "but nineteen years ago I was Donna Elvira, Countess de Vargas. The girl whom you stole away this morning is your daughter Clotilda."

The count covered his face with both his hands, then, throwing himself all at once at Elvira's feet, he cried, with a hesitation resulting from a bad conscience, "Take pity on me, Elvira! severely have I suffered, and still daily suffer, for my misconduct."

"I am reconciled," replied Elvira, "if the Count de Hernandez will grant two requests: the first is, that he would procure me an opportunity of taking the veil; and the second, that he will promise not to divide Clotilda's hand from her heart."

She then related, that, from the very first moment, she had conceived a strong affection for the child, whom she had brought up with maternal solicitude; that even in the midst of a rude, roving life, she had preserved her innocence and delicacy; and concluded with the circumstances connected with Don Henry de Ayala. The count consented to all she desired; but seemed apprehensive of opposition on the part of his wife. Elvira advised, that the two young people should be immediately united, and that the matter should not be disclosed to the countess till after the ceremony. The count approved this proposal; he left the temple with Elvira, and ordered one of his attendants to summon the pastor of the neighbouring village. "My dear," said he to the countess, "these two young people wish to be married, and I

think we shall do a good work by joining them honourably together."

"O yes, by all means," rejoined the countess, with a sarcastic smile; "but pray how has your lordship become connected with these ragamuffins?"

"One or other of us, at least, does not deserve that appellation," observed Don Henry, in a jocose, rather than an angry tone. The countess coloured, muttered something to herself, and withdrew.

The count conducted Elvira and the two lovers to the house, where he ordered refreshments to be brought for them. He stedfastly fixed his eyes for some time on Clotilda, then seized her hand, and said, in a tone of deep emotion, "Will you have this young man for a husband?"—"Yes," answered the girl, with downcast looks.—"And you, young man, will you undertake to make this charming creature happy?"—"I will," replied Don Henry. The count turned quickly away to conceal his tears.

The priest arrived. The count and Elvira acted the part of witnesses. When the bride was asked her name, she replied, "Clotilda."—"And the surname?"—"Clotilda," looked with innocent embarrassment at Elvira. "Let her go by mine," said the count. "Her name is Clotilda de Hernandez."

A cheering presentiment arose in Don Henry's soul. When the ceremony was over, the count clasped Clotilda in his arms. "I am your father," cried he; "you are my daughter, and you, Don Henry, are my son!" No language can express the feelings of those to whom these words were address-

ed. At this moment the countess entered. "Here is our long-lost daughter, Clotilda," said the count, "and this is her husband, Don Henry de Ayala.—This excellent woman," he continued, pointing to Elvira, "saved our child in the forest, and has taken care of her ever since." It was long before the countess could be induced to give credit to what she heard.—"Consider the features of this angel," said Elvira, "and you will find in her the very picture of yourself at her age." The count

then related the circumstances of Clotilda's preservation, and the countess at length felt the less inclined to withhold her belief, as she was not a little flattered to have so handsome a youth for her son-in-law.

The entreaties of Don Henry and Clotilda prevailed upon Elvira to relinquish her idea of going into a convent. She accompanied them to Castile, and there lived with them, like a mother among her children.

REMARKS ON THE SLAVONIAN SONGS.

THE little epics that are sung in almost all the mountains of the earth, are a singular phenomenon. In the Highlands of Scotland they almost always have war for their subject; those of the inhabitants of the Alps, on the other hand, express softer emotions. Even in the Illyrian mountains we meet with these epopees, only they differ from the others in this respect, that they contain a greater number of ideas, which are doubtless an effect of the vicinity of Greece, and of the sublime scenery and beautiful climate of the Julian Alps.

Figure to yourself the Morlachian bard, with his cylindrical turban, his silken, frequently woven, girdle, his dagger in a copper sheath adorned with glass beads, his long pipe with a tube of cherry-tree and jessamine wood, and his short embroidered boots, chanting the *pisnke*, or song of heroes, accompanied by the *gusla*, or lute, with a single string of twisted horse-hair. It is not till some hours after dark

that the Morlachian is accustomed to repair to a mountain, and there recite, in his monotonous, but solemn songs, the exploits of the owners of the ancient Slavonian castles. He sees not, like the Scot, the shades of his forefathers in the clouds, but they hover around him. Often does the spirit of a hospitable and upright man, whose views were not misconceived by his friends in the popular assemblies, and who always behaved valiantly in war, descend to the branches of the oaks upon a moon-beam; it hovers over the hillock that marks his grave, throws a mild radiance around, and again soars aloft. The spirits of the wicked, on the contrary, wander in desert places, roam among tombs, dig up the dead, or, with still greater audacity, suck the blood of newborn children that happen to be left alone by their nurses. Many a father has with horror seen the pallid vampyre, with hair erect, gory lips muffled in the remains of the winding-sheet; bending over the slum-

hering infants, and with greedy eye seeking a victim. If he can at this moment sever the knee-joint of the monster with his hanger, it is for ever after confined to its grave.

The Morlachian has witches also to encounter. The Illyrian witches, like those of Macbeth, dance three and three together, uttering at the same time tremendous imprecations. They have the power of producing tempests, hail, and storms. When a vessel strikes upon the coast, they are seen bounding from wave to wave, and stamping with their feet upon the foamy summits of the billows. These monsters sometimes feel the power of love, but nothing can equal their fury when inspired by jealousy and revenge. An aged Morlachian priest informed the writer, that he knew a young man who, like the Socrates of Apuleius, was tormented with the attachment of a hideous lamia; that he, the ecclesiastic, had once slept in the same room with him, to protect his friend from her persecutions, but in the night he had been fettered by a magic power, which paralyzed all the motions of his body and tongue; he had then seen the female approach the bed of the slumbering Morlachian, cut open his breast with a dagger, tear out his heart, devour it yet bleeding, and dance about with horrid exultation. When the enchantment was finished the witch disappeared; the unfortunate youth awoke without heart, and death was the inevitable consequence.

Such wonders as these hover before the eyes of the nocturnal bard upon the mountain; for he is himself a poet, and embellishes by his own sentiments the ancient ballads

transmitted to him by his ancestors. Owing to the melody of his language, its free rhythm, and the absence of caesura and rhyme, poetic composition is very easy to him. Sometimes it even happens, that a second inspired musician on another hill adds a new stanza to the concluding stanza of the former, and thus commences an alternate singing between the two mountain bards, as between the shepherds of Virgil. They have this also in common with the characters of the ancient pastorals, that at the conclusion they never fail to commend their own compositions. But they contend not; like the shepherds of Sicily on the banks of the Mincio, for a young he-goat or a well-carved bowl; the most distinguished of the singers of the Morlachians enjoys the honour of presiding at their rustic dances. They form a circle around him, and sing the *Kolo*: he animates them with his bagpipe or his voice; he quickens the time; their pleasure is then raised to enthusiasm, to transport; transport is followed by fatigue, and the dancers sink exhausted to the ground about the singer. It is remarkable, that the more unpolished a nation is, the more it is delighted with singing, poetry, and mimic arts. All the sentiments of man in a state of nature run into the extravagant; all the impressions which he receives are profound, and all his pleasures are pure and deeply felt. It is with the infancy of society as with the infancy of life, it passes in illusions and enjoyments. Experience afterwards weakens both, and time carries all away in its course.

No one who has not heard the

singing of the shepherds in the Meridian woods and the Clementine mountains, can form any idea of the nature of it. Fortis attempts to describe it, but he forgets something essential. He ought to say, that a Morlachian song has but little of the human voice. It is rather a double-toned instrument, which passes with incredible celerity from treble to bass, and with the greatest accuracy from the highest to the lowest tones.

I recollect on this occasion a journey in the night along the Adriatic Sea. The moonlight was blue and steady, as it usually is in Italy. A soft murmur proceeded from the ocean, and the wheels of the carriage creaked upon the sand. I began to dose, when the singular tones of a moral song roused and transported me in idea into the midst of the nocturnal revels of

Puck, Ariel, and all Shakspeare's genii, who issue from the flowers, and, while yet bathed with dew, chant songs such as human ears have never heard. This music proceeded from my Dalmatian postillion.

The usual metre of the Dalmatian *pismé* bears a considerable resemblance to that of our verses of ten syllables. Though the cæsura is scarcely marked in Slavonian poetry, it is seldom placed beyond the second foot. The ballad is not divided into stanzas, but the idea is commonly expressed in a single verse. This ancient practice, indeed, renders the piece very monotonous, but yet solemn, especially when the melody is appropriate, and this is almost always the case, as the latter is in general extremely simple.

THE MODERN SPECTATOR.

No. LVII.

Education and instruction are the means, the one by use, the other by precept, to make our natural faculty of reason both the better and the sooner to judge rightly between truth and error, between good and evil.—BOOKER.

I HAVE received the following letters from two young ladies, which serve to illustrate two remarkable features that are frequently observable in modern female education, a branch of social life upon which so much of its comfort depends. I cannot, therefore, do better, as it appears to me, than introduce them, as instructive both to parents and children, into the space of this *Repository* which is so favourably allotted to my lucubrations.

No. LXXXIX. Vol. XIV.

TO THE MODERN SPECTATOR.

Sir,

It is not, I fear, an uncommon delusion among parents, that a pretty face will make a daughter's fortune. Such a folly not only too often proves the source of disappointment to parental partiality; but is frequently the cause of misery, to say no worse, to the object of it. The world, in general, will not look through the magnifying glass of parental prepossession, nor receive just such an opinion of a

X x

young lady's personal attractions as papa and mamma are disposed to entertain, and which is frequently the mere result of their own misplaced and doting fondness.—Of such an ill-judged affection I am the unhappy victim, and the history of it I am about to give you. It may, perhaps, prove a useful lesson to others; and if so, I shall not have written or suffered in vain.

I am the daughter of a gentleman who was the younger brother of a good family, and had no other dependence than an appointment under government of about 1200*l.* per annum. He possessed that kind of disposition and generous sensibility which quenched all idea of improving his fortune by making it a matrimonial object, which his character and personal attractions might have enabled him to do. On the contrary, he acted on this point from the mere impulse of his own inclinations; and at the age of 25 he married my mother, who was the daughter of a Yorkshire baronet, whose whole fortune consisted of 3000*l.* a long line of ancestors, the accomplishments of her station, an elegant figure, and a pretty face.

With a disposition on both sides to maintain a certain gentility of appearance, it cannot be supposed that there was any very flattering prospect of making a considerable provision for a family: I, however, was the only fruit of their union, and in me all their happiness appeared to concentrate. In my earliest infancy, I was discovered to possess those attractions which gave the promise of irresistible charms. I scarce opened my eyes, when poor dear mother foretold their killing powers; and in every squall I ut-

tered, my father, who was influenced by every wish and whim of hers, discovered some indications of extraordinary sagacity. In short, I was in danger of being devoured by the insatiable fondness of my delighted and deluded parents.

When I had attained nine or ten years, and had passed through the ordeal of the small-pox, and the other disorders incidental to that period of life, I was pronounced a perfect beauty; and my father and mother were firmly persuaded, that my personal attractions were such as to render fortune totally unnecessary to establish me in the rank of life to which my beauty must irresistibly elevate me; and all their particular friends had either imbibed the senseless prepossession, or found it was impossible, by any sober reasoning, to counteract it: it seemed therefore to be the adopted opinion of the whole circle in which they lived.

As my person was to make my fortune, to my person were all my improvements dedicated. A ready jabbering of French, as much Italian as was necessary to the correct pronunciation of a song in that language, the graces of the dancing-master, a rapid performance of a lesson on the piano, and an useless skill in ornamental fancy works, composed the whole of my knowledge at sixteen years of age; nor did I know whether the world which I was to set in flames and subdue, was in the form of a globe or a pyramid. As to the use of the needle, I was taught to despise it, as altogether beneath my attention and unworthy of employing such eyes as mine, whose powers it might weaken. Industry was represented

as the most vulgar thing in the world, and ought to be left to the servants, whom, as a mark of becoming pride and spirit, I was to treat with distance and disdain. I was always dressed out with peculiar care when I went to church, where I was taught to display my figure to the best advantage; but unaccompanied with a single instruction as to the offices of religious duty.

As I was now bordering on the age when my mother expected my person would work miracles, I was instructed to look on my equals with contempt, and to consider my superiors alone as proper and suitable society. Vanity and indiscretion, the characteristics of my time of life, made me readily adopt these and similar opinions; and I considered it as a derogation from my consequence to be seen in company that were not in the higher ranks of society. The inconveniences, the insults, and the mortifications, to which I was obliged to submit, in order to maintain myself in the tonish parties to which my misguided parents had with indefatigable pains contrived to get me admitted, are too painful for me now to describe. But I cannot pass over the fatal catastrophe.

Before I was eighteen I refused three considerable offers of marriage from persons of my own rank; and before I was nineteen I fell a victim to the machinations of a villain with an earldom, who visited, for his fatal purposes, at my father's house, and had flattered him with a notion, that he would make me a countess.

Every hope was now fled: shame and disappointment soon brought

my poor father to the brink of the grave, and his last moments were employed in asking pardon of God and of his child, for the miserable situation to which he had reduced her. My mother sunk into a state of complete despondency, and in three months she joined her husband in the tomb. With them died all my means and hopes of subsistence: such was my deplorable condition!

At the time that my seducer was laying his plan to undo me, he was engaged to marry an incomparable woman, who was forced by the tyranny of her father to become his wife; and not long after her marriage, which was wretched from the beginning, an aunt died, and left her a considerable sum of money at her own disposal, and altogether free from the controul of her husband. His profligate expences, however, soon induced him to apply for a part of it, when, as I was informed from the best authority, she made the following reply:

“My lord, I was doomed against every wish of my own, to become your wife, and you have done nothing since our marriage to change their force or their character; and not the smallest part of my dear aunt's legacy shall be in any way transferred to you. I shall apply it to other and better purposes, and I will give you an example of my intentions. Accident brought to my notice a lovely but unfortunate young woman, who, by the artifices of a villain, has been reduced to indescribable distress, and afterwards abandoned to her miseries. I determined to relieve her, and have accordingly purchased her a small house, with every suitable convey-

nience, in a distant and retired part of England; and have settled an annuity of 200*l.* a year upon her for life; where she is gone, to be far more happy than her betrayer will ever be."

Need I add, that the object of this admirable woman's exemplary and preserving kindness was your obedient, humble servant,

CAROLINE *****

The following letter is of a somewhat different character, but conveys an equally important lesson to parents in the education of their children.

TO THE MODERN SPECTATOR.

Sir,

I am undertaking a painful, and what may appear perhaps an ungracious, task; but I have my motives for doing it, which it is not necessary for me to explain. As I can answer for them to my own heart, it will not be expected by a person of your knowledge of the world, that I should unfold them to you, or, at least, to your readers.

My father is a man of fashion who resides at the west end of the town, and I have received the best education that fortune and parental care can bestow on me; but still it is miserably deficient: for though I have every advantage which can flow from parental precept, I am fearfully endangered by parental example. It so happens that I am blessed, and a great blessing it is at my time of life, with a reflecting mind, or else I must inevitably fall a prey to the evils which would otherwise result from an imitation of their conduct.

My father's first admonition on my arriving at years of discretion was, to keep at the greatest dis-

tance men of a libertine character, and to consider reputation as a jewel, without which life can have no honour, and the heart no comfort. Yet, strange, as it may appear, this father, to my extreme sorrow and mortification, and who justly be ranked among those whom he advises to make the object of my detestation. He reprobates drunkards as beasts of the worst description, who are frequently passes whole nights at the tavern, and is known to insist, that he can bear a bottle more than any of his acquaintance. He has reasoned against a quarrelsome spirit as a diabolical quality, and the next day has sent a challenge to an intimate friend, on the idle irritation of a moment. Ruin, gaming, and horse-racing, are with him, as common terms, and his fondness for the turf is known to every one who knows or has ever heard of him. Thus his precepts are the best that can be received, and his example the worst that can be followed.

My mamma, whose example is still more pernicious, because it comes more immediately within the reach of my imitation, treads in the same steps as her unaccountable and infatuated husband. She is always preaching humility to me, and is herself the very essence of pride. One of her favourite lessons is, to treat my inferiors, and particularly the domestic dependents of every kind, with easy familiarity and winning condescension; while she will scarce favour them with a look, and much less with a word. Nay, it was but the other day, that she met a servant in one of the galleries in our country house, whom she was pleased to

ask how long she had been in the family, as she had never seen her before. The girl cried very low, and answered, "And please you, my lady, I was born in the house, and was Mrs. Barton's daughter, one of your ladyship's housekeepers, who died; and I have lived in the house, and please you, my lady, all my life." This story my mother told to every body she saw for a month afterwards, as a mark of her dignified inattention to domestic affairs. The poor girl took it in a very different point of view, which, if it had been communicated to her lady, would have occasioned her immediate dismissal: for she, in the simplicity of her heart, broke forth in the following exclamation to my maid, immediately after this curious intercourse: "Lord have mercy upon our poor lady! for she must be going out of her mind: for, would you believe it, she asked me who I was, and how long I had lived in the family, as she did not remember ever having seen me before?—Heaven restore her, poor lady, to her senses, for she has seen me almost every day of her life for the last twenty years!" I am told to consider cards as little short of a profane amusement; while the temper of her mornings depends alto-

gether on the card-party she is to be engaged in at night. As to religion, I am taught to consider absence from church as a criminal negligence, though my pious parents, God bless 'em! have not visited a place of public worship, but at a music-meeting, for many a year.

It may, perhaps, be thought somewhat extraordinary, that a daughter should treat her parents with so much freedom; but is it not still more extraordinary in parents, to supply such an opportunity? Young people, sir, as you well know, are but too apt to give into the follies of the times, without having a parental example to encourage them in their errors, and where a sense of filial duty, which they are taught from their infancy to practise, may tend to promote the mischief.

If these notions of mine should be honoured, Mr. Spectator, with your approbation, you will, perhaps, condescend to give them a place among your admirable lucubrations, which will prove a very honourable circumstance to my female pen, and afford very sensible satisfaction to, sir, your most obedient, humble servant,

SOPHIA.

THE COGITATIONS OF SCRIBLERUS.

No. XX.

Beauty, like ice, our footing doth betray;

Who can tread sure on the smooth, slippery way? I shall to him

Pleased with the passage, we slide swiftly on,

And see the danger which we cannot shun. — DRYDEN.

Don Avanches de Cuneja was a nobleman who possessed all the virtues of his ancestors, and he united with it many great and good

qualities; but these qualities, left to themselves, unshackled by moderation or softened by education, assumed at times the most terrific

forms, even in defiance of the threats of his holy confessor, and disdained all attempts at restraint. Thus, though he was brave and benevolent, and susceptible of kindness, yet these virtues often degenerated into cruelty, extravagance, and revenge.

He was united to the beautiful Hyacintha, the daughter of Don Diego de Cineros, and he doated on her to distraction. Her personal charms were great: her complexion, though approaching to the olive, was clear; her eyes were black and piercing, and her shape finely turned. But with all these exterior charms, her mind was vacant; her education boasted no other finish than is common with the ladies of Spain. A few sonnets of Lope de Vega, or of Camoens, and such airs as Spanish women play on the *mandolin*, constituted the whole of her attainments. These were the only resources which so beautiful a person had to beguile the moments of domesticity, except her beads, and that employment filled up the remainder of her time not required by sleep. "Ere the feast of St. Mark, dearest Hyacintha," said Don Avaranches de Cuneiga, "I must leave you for near a whole week;" and he cast his eyes upon her as if he would penetrate the recesses of her soul. "Say, will the time hang heavy on your hands? will you put up prayers for me to St. Ignatio? or will the restraint, from which the absence of my company releases you, make you pass your time in a manner more congenial with your wishes?" Don Avaranches had no right to question the strength of his wife's attachment. They had been married

but a month, and a month in Spain is scarcely the end of a honeymoon. Donna Hyacintha was determined to be as wayward as her husband; she affected an indifference at his departure, which she felt not. She declared that the time would not appear long: "for you may recollect, my lord," continued she, "that your friend Don Raphael returns hither to-morrow, and by *your* invitation." Avaranches was jealous of himself: he was aware that Hyacintha had given him the preference to Don Raphael, who was his rival; yet this little insinuation, conveyed in a particular tone of voice, tended to light up a frenzy in his soul, which he disdained to conceal; and he informed her, in a burst of rage, "that he had no doubt now she had gratified her vanity in accepting his hand, that the love of conquest might stimulate her to actions injurious to her honour." While he said this he was fully conscious of the insult he was offering her; he knew that he had received such proofs of her entire love, as should have soothed every doubt, but in the whirl of passion he had scared reason from her seat. Perhaps it may be said he deserved the stimulus which had provoked him to say so much. Hyacintha, finding herself overpowered by the violence of this accusation, burst into tears; these tears produced from her husband softer language; softer language changed to tender reproaches, and these died away in mutual forgiveness. The storm had subsided; it was only thought of as one of love's fooleries: but Don Avaranches, still exerting that power which man sometimes usurps over the feebler sex, pre-

vailed on his wife to promise, that she would not see this Don Raphael; and even that no other man than father Iacomo should enter the walls. Nay more, as if her veil was not now thought sufficient to protect her from the eye of curiosity, she promised to perform her religious vows at home, and that the walls of the garden should be the extent of her promenade. All this she swore by his hand, and he made her kiss the sacred volume. Don Avàranches was now a happy man again; domestic quiet was restored; and Donna Hyacintha, having once made a promise, without ever thinking that an adherence to it might be too difficult to fulfil, retired to rest with her husband.

The following morning the mules were harnessed at the door. Avàranches sighed an adieu; and the beautiful Hyacintha hung her head on her sister's shoulder, while she once more presented her hand to her lord. He proceeded with lingering steps, while his love remained in sight, for the house of the notary Michael, and when he became a speck in the distance, the two sisters retired slowly under the piazza. "These five days will never pass away," said the sad Hyacintha. "Not in these dull walls certainly," said her sister: "and as no man is to come near us—heigho! sister! pardon me, but your castella is even duller than the refectory of St. Clair." Theresa de Cineros was a lively girl; she trembled at the idea of living with her violent brother-in-law; but her father's commands were what she dared not disobey. He had insisted on her leaving the convent to reside with her sister, and

to render her situation more comfortable under the roof of two newly married people, he instilled into her mind some useful truths and proper advice, among which was, to conduct herself alike to both parties; never to prefer the opinion of one to that of the other; never to be umpire in their little disputes, and to conquer the prejudices of consanguinity, lest she should suppose her sister to be always the injured person. Thus poor Theresa had nothing with which she could while away her time; and she sat inattentive to her sister's regrets, playing with a locket that hung from her neck. At length she recollected, that on the morrow the Carnival would commence; and after she had asked if she might not see this Don Raphael, and was refused, she suggested, that if they were properly disguised, a *pas de trois*, or a bolero, *incog.* would exhilarate their spirits, and furnish conversation until the return of her dear cross brother. Donna Hyacintha began to relax; she wanted not much to persuade her to a frolic; she forgot all her promises, that is, she almost forgot them. She was visited by some compunctions, but she resolved to take Theresa's advice, and on their return confide them to her confessor, and then she persuaded herself all would be well. The restraint under which they had been kept by Don Avàranches, gave a zest to their scheme of emancipation; they saw no difficulties; every objection vanished before the urgency of their desires and the expectation of pleasure.

Theresa disguised herself as a peasant boy; she made herself a light vest of berry-coloured silk,

with pink sleeves; a large alpine hat covered her head, and her white stockings and *culottes* gave an irresistible grace to her figure. Hyacintha, attired as a village girl, was to carry flowers in a basket; a rose-coloured bodice, fastened by a girdle of blue leather, bound her little waist, while a petticoat of black to the mid-leg shewed a well-turned ankle to advantage. Her dark locks were confined by a bandeau of blue velvet, and a little mask would have made her at least an *ambigue*—even to her own father. She bore on her fingers castanets, and viewing herself in a glass, she practised a few airs suitable to the character. The minds of females are ever fertile in invention. The servants were old, unsuspecting, and full of apathy: they needed but to give out, that they wished to be alone, they locked the inside of their door. The duenna nodded all day over her breviary, and the rest of the servants were dancing to the tune of a guitar far from the scene of these operations. Behold then Donna Hyacintha and her sister, after a journey of a league and more, in the grand square, mixing with charlatans and robbers, grandees and *religieuses*. Here, however, they found not the pleasure they had expected; a consciousness of acting wrong weighed down their spirits; they met with unexpected insults, and the nearer they journeyed home after this frolic, the lighter were their hearts and the merrier were their jokes. On their return they feared detection, and this fear did not subside until they gained the wood adjoining their castella. Again they availed themselves of the *treillage*

of their chamber *viranda*, and by its assistance regained their apartment. The fatigue of their journey gave them no resolution to change their attire: the alcove of Theresa's bed presented itself; they threw themselves upon it in their masquerade dresses, and forgot their frolic, their costume, and themselves.

Vexation pervaded the breast of Don Avaranches de Cunega on finding his journey of no avail: the deeds which he was to sign at the notary Michael's were not prepared; he therefore contented himself by sending the notary, the procurator, and the whole body of lawyers into purgatory to the care of ten thousand devils; and then remounted his mule, cheered with the idea of again seeing his dear Hyacintha. But as he drew near home, his pleasure, instead of increasing, evidently diminished. It seemed as if his heart's blood was chilled in his veins; he felt oppressed with a dreadful anticipation of some event being about to crush him, and scarcely could he keep his saddle, from a faintness which made every thing swim before his eyes. His servant had preceded him, and no one appeared to render him assistance. When he was somewhat recovered, he crossed himself twice, and recommending his welfare to St. Ignatio, hastened the pace of his mule. On drawing near his castella, he heard a rustling of leaves; he cast his eyes towards a turret, and perceived the figure of a man, not entering, for he had now entered, the window of that chamber in which, in his absence, he knew that his wife and sister intended to repose. "Holy Virgin!"

he exclaimed, "what is this I see?" A thick film overcast his eyes, and checked the rising passion which would have impelled him forward. The moon, to his cheated sight, obscured by small clouds, lent but an uncertain light, yet gave the distracted Don Avaranches sufficient assistance to make him fully acquainted with his infamy. He went to the veranda, which his faintness for some time prevented, and on entering the room his foot struck the hat of a man; he rushed forward, and perceived his wife asleep in the arms of a young peasant. The noise made by Avaranches awoke Donja Hyacintha; she uttered a cry of surprise, which he construed into an exclamation of guilt. This was no time for an injured husband to pause: his dagger was drawn, and ere his arm could be arrested, he buried it three times in the bosom of his wife.

The noise of this *denouement* brought the innocent Don Raphael, who had just arrived, to their as-

sistance, and bursting open the door, he appeared, alas! too late to prevent the dreadful catastrophe. The beautiful Hyacintha was a corpse; while the unhappy Theresa, more pitiable than her sister, lived to tell the tale of their imprudence; to bewail with long regret the cause; and to endeavour, by every means in her power, to restore the lost Cunega from delirium to reason.

For many years insanity overwhelmed the mind of Don Avaranches; for many years the unfortunate Theresa watered the tomb of her sister with her tears. She then followed Don Avaranches to the silent grave, leaving behind her this aphorism, which was engraved, but a short time after, under the name of Theresa:—

"Consider the consequences before you make a promise, but when you have made one, let no earthly consideration prevent your fulfilling it."

NOTES OF A VOYAGE IN THE LEVANT.

VALETTE, March 1, 1813.

I HAVE been about a week out of quarantine; it is now the height of the Carnival, the gayest time of the year: balls, masquerades, operas, and card-parties in every street; but I have seen none of them, not even the opera, which is, I am told, a very good one.

I never regretted before this voyage that I was not a Greek scholar. I have been the last five months wandering in a part of the world famous as the birth-place of the arts, of the sciences, of religion. I shall now give you an account of

some of the islands and places I visited. We got sight of the Morea, after a few days pleasant voyage from Malta, at daybreak, and in a few hours more sailing we saw Cerigo, whence poets feigned that Venus rose from the froth of the sea. This island is now in our possession: it was one of the republic of the Seven Islands; we took it from the French, who took it from the Venetians. The inhabitants are all Greeks. A few miles to the south is the island of Candia, the ancient Crète. Proceeding on our voyage, we made

in succession the islands Thiermia, famous for its hot springs, Milo, Falconera, which poor Falconer mentions in his *Shipwreck*:—

“But haply Falconera we may shun,
And far to Grecian coasts is yet the sun:”

Naxia, Paros, Macronisi, the ancient Helena, where poor Madam Helen was detained by contrary winds; Tine, whence come all the maid-servants of Constantinople; some of the Cyclades, Mytelene, Scio, and finally arrived safe at Smyrna.

I was only a few days in Smyrna, and took my passage in a small Turkish coaster for Constantinople. After commencing our voyage, I was not a little puzzled to make myself understood: the captain was acquainted with no language but Turkish; some of his crew spoke a little Italian, but of this language I knew as little as of Turkish: however, I was soon relieved from this perplexity, and in a manner truly amusing. There were several passengers besides myself; one of them, a Jew from Gallicia, came up to me, and addressed me in German, but he spoke so much through the nose that I could scarcely understand him. This man had made a grand tour: he started from Lemburg to Warsaw, from Warsaw to Berlin, from thence to Amsterdam, with the intention of crossing the North Sea to England; but not being able to obtain a passage, he went to Hamburg, travelled through Holstein and Zealand, and was in Copenhagen at the same time that I was there. From that city he passed through Sweden, and embarked at Gottenburg for London; thence he went to Gibraltar, Malta, and

Smyrna. He intended to go to Constantinople, and then by land to Vienna; but when we reached Gallipoli in the Dardanelles, finding that the plague was carrying off three or four hundred persons *per diem*, he made a halt, and would proceed no further. This child of Israel could not speak more Turkish than myself, but he had a servant, likewise of the stem of Jesse, a native of Smyrna, who understood that language. You would have been highly amused to have seen me and the Turkish captain converse. I spoke in horribly broken German to old Moses, who converted what I said into Hebrew to his man Friday, who delivered it to the captain in Turkish.

We had a very long and tedious passage, upwards of thirty days, though the distance was not above 300 miles by sea, and not 100 by land. I preferred the former mode of travelling, and was unwilling to catch the plague, which raged in some of the villages. In our passage we touched at Tenedos, whither the Grecian fleet retired after the sacking of Troy. We anchored several times on the coast of Tröy. I saw several *tumuli* on the neighbouring hills, which, for aught I know, may cover the ashes of Patroclus, of Hector, and other ancient heroes. I bathed several times on the beach, perhaps on the very spot where those warriors had washed off the blood and dust of a hard day's fighting. We saw Lemnos, where Juno kicked Vulcan and broke his leg, after which he set up a forge, and made bolts for Jupiter. A fair wind hurried us through the Dardanelles, which was, I think, anciently called the Hellespont,



famed for being the strait over which Leander swam every night to see his beautiful Hero. Our breeze failed us at Gallipoli, and here we remained twelve days. From sunrise to sunset I wandered about the country of ancient Thrace. Here are the ruins of an old castle, which was constructed of the remains of buildings still more ancient: many of the stones have inscriptions, which belonged to the original buildings; I copied several of them, which I thought might amuse you.

A fair wind springing up, we crossed the sea of Marmora in twenty-four hours, and arrived safely at Constantinople. I was very much delighted with the external appearance of the city; it is most delightfully situated. The palace of the Grand Seignor is the first object which awakes the attention. I cannot say it is handsome, it is too gaudy. To enable you to form an idea of it, you must imagine an immense gilt glass lantern, which all his palaces resemble. But the moment I landed the charm was dissolved; all filth and wretchedness, miserable wooden hovels, plague, pestilence, and famine. The plague increased rapidly after I arrived; the deaths amounted, when I quit-
ted, to about 2500 per day: it was impossible to see a spot in the bu-

rial-grounds which had not been turned up; the grave-diggers never left the place, but were at work from daybreak to twelve o'clock at night. Coffins were not to be had, and persons considered themselves fortunate if they could hire one to take the body of their friend or relative to the grave, into which the body was turned, and the coffin dispatched for another victim. The only employment of the living was burying the dead. Two English merchants, with whom I spent the evening a few days before, were attacked: Mr. Cartwright recovered, but poor M^r Lochlin died. The scenes of misery surpassed all description. At last, after an ineffectual struggle of two months, I thought it as well to save my own life, and determined to return. I accordingly embarked on board a ship under Russian colours, for Malta, where I expected to have been in about fourteen days, but it was so ordered that the vessel was detained six weeks in the Dardanelles. At length an English vessel happened to be passing; I embarked in her, and arrived safely in Malta, where I suppose you are very glad to find me, as it is likely to bring me to the conclusion of a tedious letter.

SOMERSET

PLATE 31.—CHURCH OF ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST, WESTMINSTER.

In consequence of the great increase of the parish of St. Margaret, Westminster, it was judged necessary, in the early part of last century, when parliament voted the erection of fifty new churches

in the metropolis, that one of these should be built within it. A district was accordingly detached from St. Margaret's, and declared a distinct parish. The House of Commons granted 2500*l*. to be laid out in the

purchase of lands and tenements for the maintenance of the rector: and it was enacted, that, in addition to the profits arising from this purchase, a farther sum of 125*l.* should be annually raised for the benefit of the rector, by an equal rate upon the inhabitants.

The spot fixed for the erection of the church of this new parish was the west side of Milbank-street. The edifice was begun in 1721, and finished in 1728. The architect was Mr Archer, though the design, probably from its heaviness, has been falsely attributed to Sir John Vanbrugh. It is remarkable for having sunk during the building, a circumstance that occasioned an alteration of the plan, which is said to have originally embraced a central dome. On the north and south sides are magnificent porticos, supported by solid stone pillars, as is likewise the body of the church. At each of the four corners is a handsome stone tower and pinnacle. These additions, which give a singular appearance to the edifice, were erected, that the whole might sink equally; and to this cause they owe their disproportionate magnitude. The different parts are held together by iron bars, which even cross the aisles.

“The chief aim of the architect,” says an ingenious critic, in his observations on this church, “was to give an uncommon, yet elegant outline, and to exhibit the orders

in their greatest dignity and perfection; and indeed the outline is so variously broken, that there results a diversity of light and shadow, which is very uncommon and very elegant. The principal objections against this structure are, that it appears encumbered with ornaments; and that the compass being too small for the design, it appears too heavy. In the front is an elegant portico, supported by Doric columns, which order is continued in pilasters round the building.”

The interior is rather dark and heavy, but contains a good organ. The advowson is in the dean and chapter of Westminster; and to prevent the rectory from being held *in commendam*, all licences and dispensations for holding it are, by act of parliament, declared null and void.

The repair of this church has been of late years so neglected, that it would now require several thousand pounds. This circumstance is partly owing to a dispute between the inhabitants of this parish and those of St. Margaret's; the former contending that the latter ought to contribute towards the expences. The matter was brought, during the present year, before a legal tribunal, by which the claims of the inhabitants of St. John's, as a totally distinct parish, were very justly deemed inadmissible.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

MR. LEIGH announces for publication, a work of peculiar interest, by a gentleman of literary eminence. It comprises a faithful nar-

rative of the late revolution in France, from the landing of Bonaparte at Cannes, to his departure for St. Helena, including a com-

ned and impartial history of the causes, progress, and termination of the conspiracy of 1815; and particularly a most minute and circumstantial account of the memorable victory of Waterloo, by which the deliverance of Europe was assured, and the glory of the British arms illustrated beyond all former precedent.

A new and enlarged edition of Aristotle's *Dissertation on Rhetoric*, by D. M. Crimmin, Esq. of the Middle Temple, is in the press. It has the advantage of a copious index, and forms a large volume in 8vo.

A new edition of *The Painter's and Varnisher's Guide*, by P. F. Tingley, will appear early this month.

Mr. William Savage, late assistant-secretary to the Royal Institution, has announced a splendid work, dedicated, with permission, to Earl Spencer, to be published by subscription, the title of which is, *Practical Hints on Decorative Printing*: in which he proposes to give instructions for forming the finest black and coloured printing-inks, for producing fine press-work, and for printing in colours, with specimens engraved on wood.

Mr. Arrowsmith is engaged on an Index which is to contain all the towns, villages, houses, mines, rivers, hills, &c. which are mentioned in his great map of England and Wales, or in any others, or that his friends may communicate; with the exact bearing and distance from the known towns.

Proposals have been issued for a new *History of Northamptonshire*, brought down to the present period, by Mr. George Baker, of Northampton, who has devoted se-

veral years to collecting materials for the work.

Mr. Nichols has at length completed his *History of Leicestershire* by an appendix of additions and corrections, a series of elaborate indexes, a general map of the county, and several additional plates.

In a short time will be published, the *Leading Heads of Twenty-seven Sermons*, preached by Dr. Philip Doddridge at Northampton, in the year 1749, and never before printed. They were taken in shorthand by a female friend of that eminent divine while on a visit at his house, at whose decease, a short time since, they were presented to, and transcribed by, the Rev. T. Hawkins, of Warley, near Halifax.

Mr. T. H. B. Oldfield is proceeding with the *Representative History of Great Britain*; comprising a History of the House of Commons, and of the Cities and Boroughs of the United Kingdom; to form six volumes 8vo.

Mr. L. S. Boyne has in the press, *Cursory Remarks on the Physical and Moral History of the Human Species*, and its connections with surrounding agency.

Mr. Chambers is proceeding in arranging a mass of materials for a *Biographical Dictionary of Living Artists*, which is intended to be published as a companion to the Dictionary of Living Authors. Immediate communications from artists will be received by Mr. Colburn, the publisher.

Dr. Busby is preparing for publication a new edition of *Musical Biography*, comprising memoirs of all the eminent composers and writers of the present day.

Mr. Monck Mason has issued

proposals for publishing a *History of Dublin and its Environs*, in three 4to volumes. The first will comprehend the ecclesiastical history of the diocese; the second will comprise the history of the city of Dublin, its municipal establishments, university, and literary societies; and the third will be devoted to a history of the environs, comprehending the modern counties of Dublin and Wicklow. The work will be illustrated by maps, plans, and views; and is designed to form part of an extensive undertaking under the general title of *Hibernia*, which is intended to form a suitable accompaniment to the *Magna Britannia* of Messrs. Lysons, and the *Caledonia* of Mr. Chalmers.

Mr. Frere has in the press, *Observations on the pouring out of the fifth Apocalyptic Vial of Wrath upon the Kingdom of France*; together with a reply to the Rev. Mr. Faber's pamphlet.

In a few days will appear the 9th volume of *General Zoology*, being a continuation of the *Birds* by J. Stephens, Esq. who will finish the history of that class. The *Mollusca* will be described by Dr. Blainville of Paris, who has devoted a considerable portion of his time to the study of that interesting portion of animated nature; and the *Crustacea* by Dr. Leach, who is now at Paris for the purpose of obtaining a more perfect knowledge of the species. Thus the completion of that work, commenced and carried on as far as the eighth volume by the late Dr. Shaw, may be speedily expected.

Among the recent improvements at Dulwich College, a capacious and well-constructed gallery has

been erected, to receive the splendid collection of pictures bequeathed to that institution by the late Sir Francis Bourgeois. It is 120 feet in length, and divided into three compartments, lighted by large lanterns, well arranged for the purpose. This magnificent collection has been lately thrown open to the students of the Royal Academy.

About a league from Saltzburg the remains of a Roman building have lately been discovered, in which has been found a mosaic pavement of incomparable beauty, 18 feet by 15; representing, in four divisions, each of four or five feet square, the history of Theseus and Ariadne: 1st. Theseus receiving the clue from Ariadne;—2nd. His combat with the Minotaur in the labyrinth;—3d. Theseus conducting Ariadne on board his ship;—4th. Ariadne, alone, immersed in grief. The centre represents the labyrinth. Some parts are damaged, but those which are preserved are as perfect as if just made. It is expected that a corresponding chamber will be discovered; where, it is hoped, the story of Ariadne and Bacchus will be found.

Sir John Sinclair has communicated an interesting notice of experiments tried by Mr. Lyon, of Comely Garden, near Edinburgh, to improve the quantity and quality of fruit by peeling off the outer bark of trees. It was five years last spring since Mr. Lyon began this practice; and he was led to think of it in consequence of his observing that every tree, sooner or later, burst its bark and exfoliated, however imperfectly, of its own accord. He thence conceived that this was an effort of nature to throw off an incumbrance,

and that it required the assistance of man to complete it." By the experience he has had, he is convinced that it will answer equally well with young and with old ones. It renovates the old, and evidently promotes the growth of the young. This he has ascertained by a very satisfactory experiment; for having planted contiguously some young trees from the same nursery, and of the same age and size, and having peeled them *alternately*, those peeled are greatly superior to the others. By peeling the outer bark also, he increases the quantity and improves the quality of the fruit; for on those branches of the same tree that are peeled, the fruit is larger and finer than on the branches where the bark has been retained. He had no apricots or vines to practise upon in his garden, but he has every reason to believe that the plan would succeed with them, as he has found it successful on cherries and plums; but as the stricture of stone-fruit trees depends almost entirely on the transverse bark, the removing of that will be sufficient, and it is attended with no danger. The operation of peeling is more easily done in winter, when the inmost bark adheres firmly to the wood, and is not easily torn off; but it may be performed at any time with caution and dexterity. Young trees and small branches are done with the greatest safety in March and April, when the sap has begun to be in motion. The season for removing the transverse bark of cherry trees, &c. is any time in summer, when that bark separates easily from the longitudinal. The instruments he uses are four in number:

they are cheap and simple, but it is impossible to give any adequate idea of them without engravings. It is easy to take off the outer without injuring the inmost bark, provided proper instruments are made use of. In regard to the effect of this operation, it is difficult to state it precisely; but making allowance for the difference of seasons, Mr. Lyon calculates, that, after fruit-trees have undergone this operation, the produce is *more than double*; and in many cases, trees that yielded little or nothing, have become highly productive. Peeling prevents some diseases, and cures others, both in old and in young trees. 1st. By removing the stricture of the bark, indurations, contractions, rotting, &c. are prevented;—2nd. Mr Lyon is of opinion, that the canker may be cured in any tree by *peeling*, if taken in time, and cutting off, *if it should be necessary*, a part of the capillary roots, to prevent the tree from receiving too much nourishment from the ground; and, 3d. In regard to vermin, he has found thousands of insects and their eggs under the bark that has been peeled off. Indeed, old trees, in general, have immense numbers of such vermin. He cannot say how far the practice of peeling may prevent the blight, but the blossom is certainly stronger and healthier, and of course resists better every attack of the elements or of insects. If the tree be properly peeled, it will send out new wood in every part; and the more diseased the tree, it will furnish new wood in greater quantity. Mr. Lyon is also accustomed to cut rings in the bark, to the size of about one-half or one-third of an

inch, with a view of forcing new wood, and if the incision is covered with a rag, the hollow is filled up in the space of four or five weeks with new bark.

The salubrious properties of ginger-beer are generally admitted. The following directions for making this beverage of very superior quality, are given by Mr. Rayner, of Brighton:—Take powder of ginger 1 oz.; cream of tartar $\frac{1}{2}$ oz.; a large lemon sliced; lump sugar 2 lbs.; and one gallon of water. Add all together, simmer over the fire for half an hour, ferment in the usual way with a table-spoonful of yeast, and cork close in stone bottles.

We are informed, on the authority of a respectable gentleman recently arrived from China, that some of our active and intelligent countrymen there have made so great a progress in the language, as to equal even the natives in the facility of speaking as well as writing it. One person in particular, who is attached to the factory at Canton, has adopted the Chinese costume in every respect, which, added to his knowledge of the language and the empire, has enabled him to pass unobserved into the interior of that vast country, though the enterprise was attended with much personal risk, and might have been productive of very dangerous consequences. In the course of his travels, he is confidently reported to have made the very remarkable discovery of a people in one of the most distant provinces, who, besides the common language, have a peculiar one of their own, not understood by the rest of the Chinese; but which our country-

man could readily perceive was radically Latin, and so far unadulterated as to admit of a free and familiar conversation with the persons who spoke it. This extraordinary fact opens a new field for conjecture and inquiry, which we should be glad to see well explored by those who have a sufficient acquaintance with that part of the world, and are competent to pursue the investigation, without taking any thing for granted, but upon clear and decisive evidence. The extension of our observations among the Chinese has already identified the actual existence of a colony of Israelites there, who must have passed through Tartary and settled in that quarter long before the Christian era. It is not improbable that adventurers may, in like manner, have migrated thither from other countries, carrying with them their original language, which yet remains as a vernacular tongue.

An institution for the promotion of literature and the arts and sciences, upon a very extensive scale, is about to be formed at New-York, by the concentration of the literary and philosophical societies already existing in that city, in one edifice, hitherto occupied as the almshouse. On the petition of those societies, that building, of the estimated value of 200,000 dollars, has been munificently granted by the corporation for their accommodation.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

KALKBRENNER'S *Concertante for the Piano-Forte, as performed by him at the New Musical Fund Concert, with Accompaniments for two Violins, two Horns, Tenor, Violon-*

cello, and double Bass; dedicated to Lady Owen, by the Author.
Pr. 8s.

Although we have not had an opportunity to hear this concertante with its complete accompaniments, we are enabled, from a trial of the piano-forte part and an occasional reference to the other instruments, to pronounce it a composition of the utmost brilliancy, in which classic taste and solid science are happily blended. It consists of an allegro in E \flat , an andante in B \flat with four variations, and a rondo in E \flat . The whole is much too voluminous to admit of a detailed analysis in our confined limits. Suffice it to say, that in the allegro the amateur will meet with every thing that can ensure the favour of a cultivated musical ear: the passages are fluent, elegant, and in some cases quite original (*pp.* 2, 3, 10); the dolce parts exhibit fragments of the choicest melody (*pp.* 2, 8, &c.); and the modulations are of a superior kind (*pp.* 3, 7, 10, &c.). Among the many excellencies, we cannot forbear noticing the passage, *p.* 6, *l.* 1, at "sotto voce," which, after being exhibited in unison, is next given under a richer colouring of chords, and again varied in a third manner equally interesting. The andante calls for our warmest praise; it is impossible to desire sweeter melody joined to the most mellow harmonic arrangement. The second part, especially, appears to us altogether delightful, not only as to subject, but also by reason of the masterly accompaniment, in which generally an inner part of great skill is observable. We have no room to speak of the variations; they are really beautiful; above

all, the second, in five flats minor, in which the chords are broken into converging triplets in a masterly style. The rondo, the subject of which reminds us strongly of Steibelt's manner, rivets throughout the hearer's attention by a succession of classic ideas. The modulations, *p.* 22, and the return to the key, *p.* 23, are above our praise; and in *p.* 25 the theme is introduced in a most florid manner, to lead to a grand conclusion of the whole.

A Grand Sonata for the Piano-Forte and Flute Obligato, with an Accompaniment for the Violoncello, ad libitum, composed, and dedicated, by permission, to Mrs. M. Marsh, by C. M. Sola. Op. 31.
Pr. 5s.

This sonata consists of four movements, an allegro in G, an adagio in C, a larghetto in D, and a rondo in G. In the allegro we observe not so much the studied and striking harmonic combinations of the modern school of music, as a constant succession of interesting melody, enhanced by numerous ornamental passages of great diversity and elegance. In these, as well as in the general progress of the melody, the flute bears not only a very prominent, but a highly effective part; indeed, we are free to say, we seldom, if ever, saw that instrument employed to greater advantage as a companion to the piano-forte. This is likewise the case in the second movement, where the flute acts the principal in a very florid yet impressive recitativo, the piano-forte giving, as it were, the instrumental support and repletions. Although recitativos had better be left the exclusive property of the human voice, it would be

unfair to object to this transgression of the common practice, as, in the present instance, we derived real pleasure from the author's execution of the idea. The larghetto is a charming little movement, full of the sweetest melody and tasteful embellishment. Here too the flute is his chief agent, and the elegant fluency which prevails through the part, evinces the author's knowledge of the powers and the effect of that instrument. The rondo sets out with a neat and lively $\frac{3}{4}$ motivo, in the polacca style, and the naïveté of the subject infuses itself into the whole of the movement. The passages are animated and tasteful, and the two instruments are continually in responsive action. From what has been stated thus far, it may be inferred, that it requires a flute-performer of matured abilities and delicate taste to do justice to this composition. The piano-forte part, likewise, although perhaps less difficult, demands a respectable share of executive powers.

No. I. *Second Series of Dr. Clarke's HANDEL, or No. 53 in Continuation of the Vocal Works of Handel, arranged for the Piano-Forte by Dr. John Clarke, Cambridge.* Pr. 6s. 6d.; to subscribers, 5s.

We have, on several occasions, given our testimony of deserved praise to the splendid edition of Handel's principal works, as arranged by Dr. Clarke, and published by Messrs. Button and Whitaker. That publication, containing *Acis and Galatea, Alexander's Feast, Saul, Dettingen Te Deum and Jubilate, Messiah, Judas Maccabæus, Jeptha, L'Allegro ed il Penseroso, Samson*, and a volume of *Selections*

from the *Coronation and Funeral Anthems*, was terminated in fifty-two numbers. The success of the undertaking seems fully to have answered our anticipation, for a second edition is now in the course of publication; and the proprietors, encouraged by the reward of public favour, resolved to add to the above a second series, uniform with the first, and comprising the following additional works of the immortal German bard, viz. *Theodora, Esther, Solomon, Athalia, and Israel in Egypt*. Of this continuation we have the first number before us. On the merit of its harmonic arrangement we need say no more, than that it fully equals the judicious labour of Dr. Clarke in the first series. The same correspondence is observable in respect to typographical execution; indeed, the frontispiece to *Theodora* appears to us a masterpiece of the graphic art. The engraving by Freeman, from a painting of Carlo Maratta, is incomparably beautiful. *The celebrated Overture to the Chip of the Old Block, as performed with the utmost Applause at the Theatre-Royal, Haymarket, composed and selected by John Whitaker.* Pr. 2s.

Four distinct movements constitute the overture before us. The first, an allegro in C, is preceded by successive intonations of kettle-drums, bells, bugle, side-drums, and trumpets; after which the orchestra enters upon the active bustle of conjoint instrumental display, which is interrupted by a pretty dolce between the oboes and clarionets. The second movement, in $\frac{6}{8}$ time, consists of a solo for the oboe, in the pastoral style, accom-

panied by the harp, whose part, however, cannot well be given on the piano-forte as it stands, but with some alteration might have been interwoven. In the third movement, a moderato in G, we observe some neat points, as also a solo for the bassoon, which is relieved by the flutes. The last piece is an allegretto in C, of a lively and playful character, and winds up the overture in a shewy manner.

Love's happy Roundelay, sung with great applause by Miss Donaldson, at Sadler's Wells Theatre, in the favourite Melo-drama of Kaloc, written by Mr. C. Dibdin, composed by John Whitaker. Pr. 1s. 6d.

A sprightly unlaboured melody, combined with well-proportioned regularity in the successive periods, imparts to this air a considerable share of interest, independently of the merit which it possesses of being extremely well adapted to the joyous import of the poetry. All flows kindly, without a break in either the melody or rhythm. Among the passages which excited our peculiar attention, we notice the line, "May ev'ry hour to strew your way sweet roses bring;" and in the last page, the words "Happy pair," &c. are given with a variation of melody which produces an impressive effect, and leads to a clever and brilliant termination.

MOZART'S much-admired Overture to IL SERAGLIO, adapted for the Piano-Forte, with Accompaniments for the Violin and Violoncello (ad libitum), by S. F. Rimbauld. Pr. 3s.; without Accompaniments, 2s.

In some of our preceding numbers we have noticed, with due ap-

probation, Mr. R.'s arrangement of other operatic overtures composed by Mozart, and we are glad to find his undertaking continued. Mozart's works cannot be too widely circulated; and although these overtures have been likewise arranged for the piano-forte by other masters, so long as justice is done to the composer by a new attempt, the labour is not lost. This is the case in the present instance; and as the score of the overture to *L'Enlèvement du Sérail* is, comparatively speaking, less complicated, so does the piano-forte extract before us exhibit a greater degree of facility in the execution than other overtures of the same author.

La Belle Alliance Walz, a Rondo for the Piano-Forte, composed by R. T. Skaratt. Pr. 1s.

La Belle Alliance is one of those innocent trifles which owe their being to the spur of the moment, and are scarcely amenable to the critical tribunal. It consists of a number of detached parts, or repetitions, in B b major, G minor, and E b major, none of which are offensive, while some are really lively and agreeable.

Rule Britannia, with Variations, arranged for the Harp by J. B. Meyer, and respectfully dedicated to Miss Power. Pr. 4s.

After the many specimens of variations we possess on this air, which, in our opinion, is not the most susceptible of being advantageously recast into other moulds, it becomes an act of some resolution to enter upon a similar task. Mr. M.'s talents, however, have bid successful defiance to these considerations. Of the introduction we cannot say much; but the theme is

well and impressively harmonized. The 1st variation, which dwells on the higher strings, is elegant; the 2nd ranges through a florid succession of demisemiquaver passages, and its latter portion (p. 5) is peculiarly attractive. In the 3d variation, a character of tempered steadiness is observable; the melody is maintained with fidelity, while the bass occasionally intervenes with clever touches of repletory support. The 4th variation exhibits a striking richness of harmony; the flow of full chords, by which it distinguishes itself, produces a grand effect, but demands an able and powerful hand; and the conclusion is wound up with much brilliancy.

A Grand March and Pastorale, composed, and dedicated to Mrs. Moffatt, by J. Jay, Mus. Doc. Cantab. Pr. 3s. 6d.

Besides the march and pastorale, there is an introductory grave, in one flat, which, in our opinion, is superior to the two movements that follow it. After a few wildly impressive chords, which terminate in a pause in D 3, and consequently led us to expect a subject in G, the author, rather boldly we own, begins with A 7, and enters upon a pretty idea in D, which he turns and modifies by alternate major and minor imitations, in a very ingenious and delicate manner, till (l. 4) he fully seizes upon the key of D minor, in which able bass evolutions, classic modulation, and select transition are highly conspicuous. The last bar but one in this movement presents a whimsical bass.

In the march we perceive a constant aim at selectness, undeniable

evidence of labour and study, and some scattered passages skillfully contrived and interesting in themselves; but we miss plan and symmetrical arrangement in the movement: of melody there is but a scanty portion here and there, and martial character is so sparingly infused, that, in portions of considerable length, the spirit and style of a march is scarcely, if at all, distinguishable. Between the 22d and 23d bars a transition occurs which exhibits successive fifths (A, 3s, 5 and B b, 3, 5). In recitativos only such a progression of harmony is allowed, for the sake of sudden change of dialogue. Another succession of fifths, in the extreme parts, happens between the ninth and ten bars of p. 5.

The pastorale has an agreeable theme, and proceeds through its digressive portions with perfect propriety: some neat passages present themselves in the 7th page; but in p. 9 an idea is introduced which merits distinct mention. We allude to the portion from bar 12 to 19, where a pleasing strain of unaffected melody is skillfully supported by a bass in continual descending motion. This is a most happy thought, and does Dr. Jay very great credit.

Vive Henry Quatre, avec dix Variations pour le Piano-Forte, dédié, avec permission, à sa Majesté Louis XVIII. par son très fidèle et très respectueux sujet, Jean Magnié. Pr. 4s.

A loyal theme, from the pen of a loyal subject of Louis XVIII. carries with itself so strong an appeal to our feelings, that even an unsuccessful treatment would have commanded our indulgence. But

Mr. M. has spared us such a trial of critical impartiality; he seems, in this instance, to have written *con amore*. The theme itself, notwithstanding the antique originality of its melody, is represented under a very able and energetic harmony. In the first variation we have to notice the able accompaniment of the left hand, the broken chords of which, by triplets, fall in excellently with the melody at every step. Var. 2 exhibits some clever points, and a general adequacy of select arrangement. In the 4th var. not only a high degree of science is manifest, but the leaps of the left hand into the province of the right are applied with much taste and to the best effect. The wild running passages in the bass of the 5th var. bespeak the pen of the real master. We observe the peculiarity in the 6th var. by which its performance is first to be effected with the left hand alone, reserving the right to fall in with supplementary embellishment on a repetition of the variation. The 9th var. represents the subject as a larghetto, in which the utmost delicacy of ornamental expression is combined with an affecting display of rich feeling. This variation we think extremely beautiful, but it requires some study to be thoroughly seized in spirit and execution. The 10th and last var. is a march of the greatest energy and determined precision: we observe, with approbation, the insertion of an additional bar, foreign to the theme, in the second part, by which means the unevenness of the original melody is made to adapt itself to the rhythmical regularity required in a march. This expedient evinces matured musical

judgment. Our limited space compels us to pass some observations unnoticed, which have equally their claims on our favour. Indeed the whole publication is in Mr. M.'s best manner, and every one of the variations, however different in style, adheres strictly to the theme. *Ellen Auren, a favourite Ballad, written by the Author of the Captive to his Bird, sung by Mr. Pyne, of the Theatre Royal, Drury-Lane, composed by John Monro. Pr. 1s. 6d.*

The air to this ballad is simple and not unpleasing, but its component parts have no claim to originality. The melody adheres faithfully to either the tonic or dominant, and the accompaniment faithfully to the melody. The two last bars of the symphony are well conceived.

The Parisian March and Rondo, composed and arranged for the Piano-Forte by George Peregrine White. Pr. 1s. 6d.

Mr. White has most patriotically dedicated his performance to the officers of the British army. It is probably the loyal effusion of the moment, and therefore ought not to be subjected to rigorous criticism. The march is regular and symmetrical in its parts. The rondo is a kind of quick march (in character certainly), in which the extremes of the left hand frequently beat the drum upon the octaves: there is a respectable sprinkling of passage-work, and much repetition of the theme in the dominant and additional keys. In bars 4 and 5 of line 4, p. 3, a bass of successive fifths occurs (G 35 and A 35), which is inadmissible any where but on street-organs.

Maria, a favourite Ballad, written by John Lambert, Esq. and composed by W. H. Cutler, M. B. Oxon. Pr. 2s.

The general complexion of the air to this ballad is pleasing, and some of its turns exhibit taste as well as a due attention to the text. The rhythm of the latter half of the prelude is incomplete; and the two last bars, added as it were by post-script, do not remedy the defect. In proceeding to the song itself, we equally observe a want of rhythm in the main subject (*p. 2, ll. 1 and 2*) the vocal part terminating unevenly with the 7th bar. In fact, this period is intrinsically in $\frac{4}{4}$ time, and ought not to have been subdivided into $\frac{3}{4}$ bars: in the former

measure the vocal strain would have ended evenly with the fourth $\frac{4}{4}$ bar. The succeeding two lines are well imagined, especially at the words, "When I first heard the voice of Maria," which are pathetically expressed. The two quavered leading notes of the second stanza should have been B, A, not C, B. In other respects, the progress of the minor melody is very apt and well diversified. Although the metre of the poetry has in general been carefully attended to, yet there are one or two exceptions: the long note to "one" (*p. 2, l. 1*), sounds strangely; and the allotting the pause (*p. 4, l. 12*) to "of," so as to scan "die of," produces to our ear rather a ludicrous effect.

PLATE 32.—FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

THE talent for drawing, which has been cultivated with so much success by some ladies of high rank, enabled them to decorate several articles of furniture in a very novel and tasteful manner. A laudable emulation in the higher circles caused this species of art to become a fashion, and an extensive variety of ornamental furniture has been produced by ladies; many articles of which have lost nothing even in comparison with the works of very clever professional artists.

There are few pieces of furniture so appropriate to the purpose of de-

coration in this style as the screen, either for the hand, or to be supported by poles: four designs for the latter are introduced in the annexed plate; they exhibit the proportions and forms applicable, which may be ornamented as the taste of the amateur may suggest, either by figures, landscapes, vases, flowers, or simply by Etruscan or embossed gold borders.

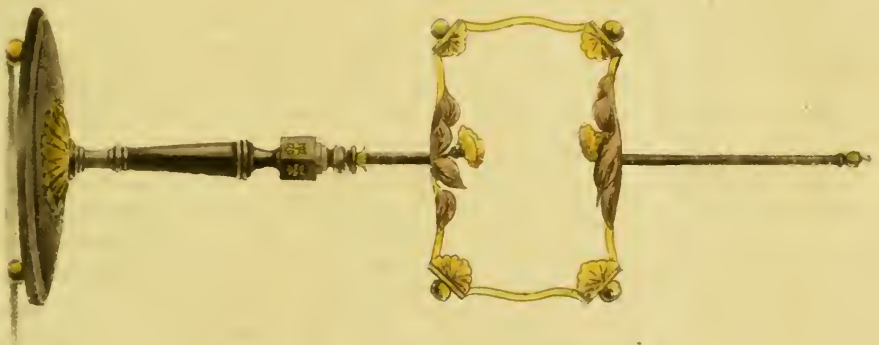
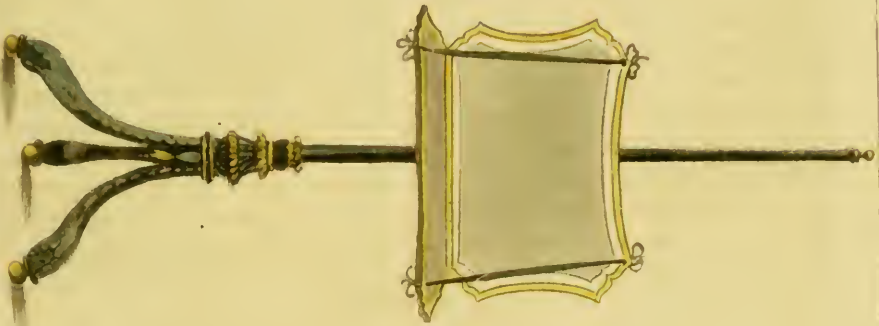
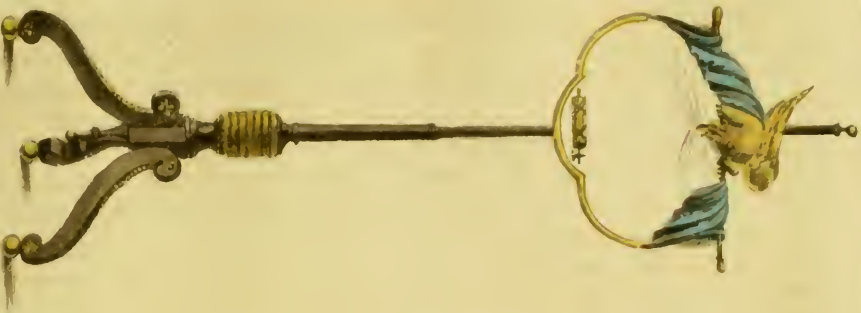
Small *paravents* would afford ample means for the exercise of the elegant talent of design, and be beautiful and useful appendages to the drawing-room.

RETROSPECT OF POLITICS.

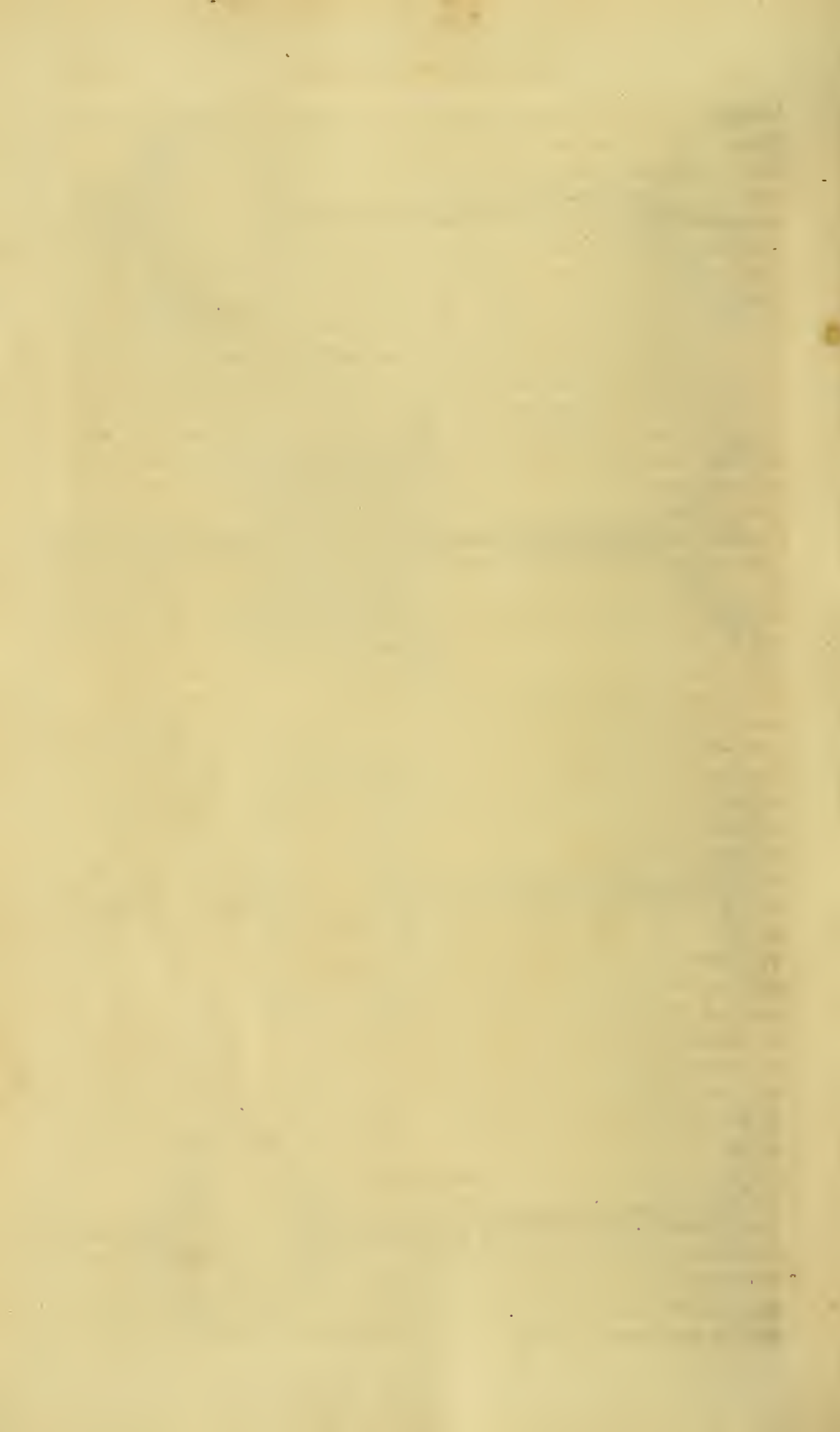
EXECUTION OF MURAT.

IN our last Retrospect we noticed the flight of Murat to Corsica, and his seditious movements

in that island. It appears questionable, whether he originally had formed any intention to possess himself of the sovereignty of the



STANDS FOR BOOKS.



island, or whether his stay there was merely resolved upon as a preparatory measure towards concerting the means for invading the kingdom of Naples, or (what with such a character is most probable) whether he had no fixed plan whatever, and suffered himself to be led by chance and desperate advisers. So much is certain, that, in the latter half of September, he succeeded in forming a band of about four hundred desperate characters, chiefly Corsicans that had served under him, and exiled Neapolitans, with which he set the French authorities at defiance, and marched to Ajaccio. On the 28th Sept. arrived at Ajaccio an Austrian commissioner, charged with offering Murat an asylum in the emperor's dominions, upon the honourable terms already mentioned in a former number. Murat, whose head seems to have been turned by the expected recovery of his lost crown, treated the commissioner with arrogance, complained of want of respect, and promised an answer in diplomatic form. This answer was actually received, but not till Murat had effected his escape. For in the night of the 29th Sept. he, together with General Franceschini, Colonel Natali, a number of officers, and about 200 men, embarked on board six small vessels, and set sail for the kingdom of Naples. A storm having dispersed this flotilla, four of the vessels fell into the hands of Neapolitan cruisers, and two only, with Murat on board, arrived safely on the coast of Calabria, on the 8th of October. From these, Murat, together with General Franceschini and about 30 persons, made good

their landing on the same day at a place called Pizzo, on the shores of the gulph of St. Eufemia, and within a league of Maida. Having proceeded to the market-place, harangued the inhabitants, proclaimed himself their king, and distributed proclamations, he marched off towards Monteleone. But the people of Pizzo and the neighbouring country, although at first stupified by the rashness of the attempt, soon perceived the insignificant number of the rebels, and, with a hue and cry, pursued them from several sides. Murat, finding himself surrounded, determined to cut his way through his opponents, and return to his vessels. An obstinate conflict arose for a short time, but Murat and his men were overpowered by numbers and made prisoners. All this took place on the 8th, the day of landing; and the intelligence being conveyed to Naples by telegraph, orders were received for trying Murat by a military commission at Pizzo. His trial took place on the 13th, and he was condemned to be shot. This sentence was executed on him the same day at six o'clock in the evening. On hearing his doom, he is reported to have at first affected great fortitude, but when he approached the fatal scene, his firmness began to waver, and he said to the officers around, that the decision of the allied powers ought to have been waited for. However, when he found all hopes lost, he assumed an air of courage, asked those around whether they thought he was afraid to die, and refusing to have his eyes covered, gave himself the word *fire*, and fell without a groan. During his confinement the

wrote a letter to his wife, one to the Emperor of Austria, and one to the King of Naples, all of which are said to have been instantly destroyed. It is further stated, with what degree of truth we cannot say, that, besides Murat, twenty-nine of his companions were shot at the same time, and in alphabetical order, Murat himself being the seventh sufferer.

The promptitude of Murat's punishment must be considered as an act of great wisdom on the part of the Neapolitan government. Delay would probably have led to discussions among the allied powers respecting his fate, while, by his death, the hopes of his adherents in the Neapolitan dominions, however few, are at once destroyed.

This silly enterprize and its fatal termination, when compared with its prototype, the invasion of Bonaparte, the different issue of both, and the different fate of the leaders, cannot but give rise to a number of weighty reflections; while it confirms the opinion we have long formed of the ever restless and intriguing character of the Jacobinical scions of the French revolution, a disposition which is so inherent in their very being, that they cannot refrain from the game of revolution, be the danger ever so apparent. Like gnats, however, and the malignant brood of noxious swamps, whose heedless roamings are directed against the flame which destroys them, so do the machinations of these worthless wretches ultimately lead them into their own perdition.

FRANCE.

We are not yet enabled to report positively the ratification of the new treaty between the allies and

Louis XVIII. Although the principal articles are allowed to be those which we have already stated, it is asserted, that the arrangements relative to the execution of the terms have led to further discussions and demur, and that Prussia refused her signature to the convention with France, without being assured of receiving a guarantee for the immediate or speedy payment of her share of the contributions; upon which Lord Castlereagh is said to have engaged, that England should pay the Prussian share for France, the French government repaying the amount within a specified time to England, and leaving till such time the island of Guadaloupe as a pledge in the possession of the British.

In the course of last month a very important temporary law has passed both Chambers and received the royal sanction. Its object is to suppress seditious manifestations in France, whether by cries, publications, open acts of rebellion, &c.; and the manifold shades of disloyal attempts which it contemplates, are provided against by divers degrees of punishment. This law resembles our suspension of the *Habeas Corpus* Act, and gives the executive almost arbitrary power; but its duration has been limited until next session of the Chambers. The necessity of such a measure was apparent; for by suffering the great criminals to go unpunished, and by conferring distinctions on many of them, the factions of the revolutionists and of the Bonapartists awoke from their short stupor to increased activity and audacity. We fear, however, that even the law in question will prove in-

sufficient; it will reach some insignificant extreme boughs of the tree of evil, while the trunk and the main branches have been left untouched.

Marshal Ney's trial next demands our attention. After many delays, it was settled that he should be brought before a court-martial of the first military division, composed of the following marshals and general officers:—

Marshal Jourdan, President.

Marshal Massena.

Marshal Augereau.

Marshal Mortier.

Lt.-General Count Villatte.

Lt.-General Count Claparede.

Lt.-General Count Maison, Governor of Paris.

King's Commissary, Baron Joinville.

Judge Advocate, Count Grundler, Greffier, Mr. Bondin.

The above list of the marshals must be pronounced unexceptionable, if the absolution of the criminal was premeditated, for it contains names of greater villains than Ney himself. Of the character of Massena we have given a pretty specimen in a preceding Retrospect. Occasionally, however, these gentry know how to affect sentiments of refined delicacy. Thus Massena, at the opening of the trial on the 9th November, declined the office of pronouncing judgment on the accused; not because they were companions in treason, but on the ground of an old enmity between Ney and himself, which took its date from some differences they had in Spain. This conscientious scruple being overruled by his brother judges, who declared that a slight professional

resentment was incapable of influencing the upright conscience of the ex-governor of Marseilles and Toulon, the trial began by the reading of some interrogatories of Ney previously instituted by the prefect of the police, of the depositions of witnesses who had already been examined, and of a mass of correspondence relative to the prisoner's expressions and conduct. The reading of these documents being concluded on the 10th, Ney was brought before the court. On being addressed by the president, he refused to answer any questions, on the ground of the incompetency of the court to try him; and his counsel, to whom he left the exposition of the grounds of his protest, rested his arguments in regard to the incompetency on three grounds:—1st. That, by the charter, all crimes of high treason must be tried by the peers; 2nd. That peers cannot be tried criminally but by peers; and 3d. That even supposing a marshal subject to military trial, the composition of the present tribunal is not legal, for marshals, as grand dignitaries of the empire, who are styled cousins of the king, bear no analogy to commanders in chief, who may be tried by officers of the same rank. Upon this Ney was reconducted to his prison; and the court having retired for half an hour, returned and stated, that the members had, by a majority of five to two, declared themselves incompetent to try Marshal Ney.

This unexpected decision, although a source of great disappointment to the king and the faithful part of his ministry, did not create a moment's hesitation as to

a sharp scraper to scrape off the bur from many strokes as from one. Unless I had made the picture of the female writers on the principles I have mentioned, I could not have played the strokes so as to produce such harmony and length of lines; even the grace, simplicity, and perspective could not have been so well executed. How easily such artists as Sterwin and Bartolozzi can play the strokes, circling about and about, to produce this comprehensive totality, when copying from Cipriani, Fuseli, and others! But, from the generality of designs, the engraver, however knowing, is continually fettered.

Reynolds says, when speaking of a smutch of light and shade from the best pictures, where the detail is not seen, that it will do for history, landscape, dead game, or any other subject. The same observation will apply to lines. The landscape through the interior of the large picture of the female geniuses, I sketched from the convex forms of the trees at Islington Spa, near Sadler's Wells. These you see proceed, as from centres—scrolls, long lines, domey forms, which immediately mark the style of Michael Angelo and Claude.

JUNINUS.

LAURA ALDOBRANDINI.

(Concluded from p. 223.)

LAURA was removed at the appointed time into the vault. The prioress, a relation of her mother's, did not quit the coffin for a moment, and towards evening came the physician, with a trusty servant of the marquis; for the time approached when the effect of the opiate was to cease, and Laura to wake from her deathlike slumber.

Laura at length opened her beautiful eyes; a carriage was in waiting, and the physician conveyed her to a small country-house which he possessed in the neighbourhood of Ferrara, where she remained for a few days. From that place her brother conducted her into the Tuscan states, to her aunt, the Countess dalla Casa, who resided in a villa in a sequestered situation near the sea. She had been for many years a widow, and devoted herself entirely to the education of two daughters, who were still very young. Here Laura, who

now assumed the name of Rosa dalla Casa, lived very contentedly; but a fresh storm soon gathered over her head.

Her aunt very seldom received visitors; she had been educated in a convent, and was not fond of company, but she went every day with her niece to the church of the Holy Cross, which was not far from her house, and the duty of which was performed by the monks of a neighbouring hospital. Near this church also lived a man of middle age; nobody could tell who or what he was, and he was known in these parts by no other name than that of Signor Nioumo. He generally wore the Spanish uniform, and it was whispered, that he was connected with pirates, who not unfrequently ravage the Tuscan coast.

This man once met the Countess dalla Casa and her niece as they were returning home from the church. Laura had thrown aside

her veil, as the day was extremely sultry. Signor Nioumo fixed his eyes upon her ; he stood as if rooted to the ground, gazing after her even when she had disappeared behind the trees of the villa. From this time he tried all possible means to obtain access to the house of the countess, but in vain. At length he conceived the idea of expressing his passion in writing ; but as he had not learned to write, he employed a person to pen for him a tender letter, in which he, without ceremony, made Laura an offer of his hand and fortune.—He took her for some needy relation of the countess, and flattered himself that his proposal would be joyfully accepted. He was only at a loss how to forward the letter to its destination ; he hoped to find a messenger among the servants of the Countess dalla Casa, and actually discovered one who was disposed to serve him for money and good words. The conveyance of a letter was the only thing that he would not undertake ; he had suffered for it, he said, in his former place, and he was sure that such an attempt would cause him to lose his present situation and his bread.

Signor Nioumo walked in an angry mood to and fro under the poplars before his house ; for love, which produces in noble minds only what is beautiful and excellent, generates noxious weeds in those of a contrary character. The sun was just setting. A pilgrim approached the house, and solicited of Signor Nioumo a lodging for the night. "You look like a hearty fellow," said the signor to him, "I dare say would have no objection to earn a ducat. In yonder

villa lives the Countess dalla Casa, with her niece, the fair Rosa. These ladies will cheerfully give you a lodging ; you will then find an opportunity to deliver this letter to Rosa, and that shall be your reward." With these words he handed the pilgrim the letter and a piece of gold.—"It will not, indeed, become me to carry love-letters," replied the pilgrim, looking stedfastly at him ; "yet I will take charge of this : but keep your money, for a pilgrim ought to do what is right, for the sake of heaven, but not what is wrong at any price."

The pilgrim was no other than Walter von Schoneck. He had lost his way in these parts, and it was too late for him to reach a town that night. He well knew the signor, though he had seen him only once, but Nioumo did not know him.

"I was vexed," said Walter to himself, as he proceeded to the villa—"I was vexed at having gone out of my way, but perhaps, after all, this way may be the right one, and Providence may have sent me hither to prevent mischief."

The countess received him kindly, and ordered wine, bread, and fruit to be set before him. She questioned him concerning his pilgrimages, and to what place he was now journeying.

"To you, noble lady," replied he, "I shall make no secret of my business ; your house has always been faithfully attached to the emperor, and assisted to oppose the pretensions of the popes. I am Walter von Schoneck, a knight and servant of the Emperor Charles IV. who has sent me to Italy with

ducts of the earth, but for tilling the soil and depositing the seed in a husbandmanlike manner, affording bright prospects of a good harvest in the ensuing year.

The young wheats have a promising appearance; the early sown have produced a verdant fleecy coat, to secure the roots from the chilling wintry blast. The abundance of flag prevents the soil from being blown off the coronal roots, when it has been pulverized by the frost.

All the soiling species have also shot forth a good covering, and

the whole of the brassica tribe have much improved.

The short lattermaths and bare pasture, coupled with the early appearance of winter, will probably drive the cattle into the fold and straw-yard one month sooner than is common in this climate. To meet this consumption, the produce of winter food abounds in every county.

Potatoes have risen a full crop, and of excellent quality.

The turnip crops that are begun to be fed, turn out much better than was expected.

FASHIONS FOR LADIES.

PLATE 33.—EVENING DRESS.

A CRIMSON satin slip, underneath a frock of three-quarters length made of the silver-striped French gauze; the slip ornamented at the feet with clusters of flowers, and a narrow border of white satin edged with crimson ribbon: the frock has a border of white satin, edged to correspond, and is drawn up in the Eastern style, confined by a cluster of flowers. The body of the dress has open fronts, with a stomacher, which are severally trimmed *ensuite*; short open sleeve, to correspond with a quilling of tulle round the arm. Head-dress *à la Chinoise*, composed of pearl; the hair braided, and ornamented with a wreath of flowers. Ear-rings and drops, pearl; necklace, the French *neglige*.—Gloves, French kid, worn below the elbow, and trimmed with a quilling of tulle. Sandals, white kid.

PLATE 34.—WALKING DRESS.

Pelisse, of walking length, composed of blue twilled sarsnet, fastened down the front with large bows of white satin ribbon, and ornamented at the feet with a border

of leaves formed of the same sarsnet, edged with white satin: the bottom of the pelisse, trimmed with white satin, is drawn into small festoons; sleeve ornamented at the shoulder and the hand to correspond; a French embroidered ruff. A French hat composed of the blue twilled sarsnet, trimmed with white satin edged with blue, and decorated with a large plume of ostrich feathers. An Indian shawl of crimson silk, richly embroidered in shaded silks. The pocket-handkerchief French cambric, embroidered at the corners. Shoes, blue morocco, tied with bows high upon the instep. Stockings with embroidered clocks. Gloves, York tan.

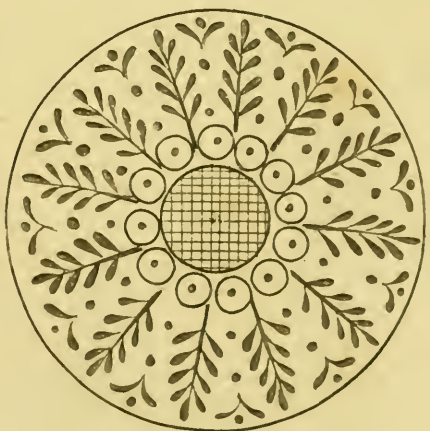
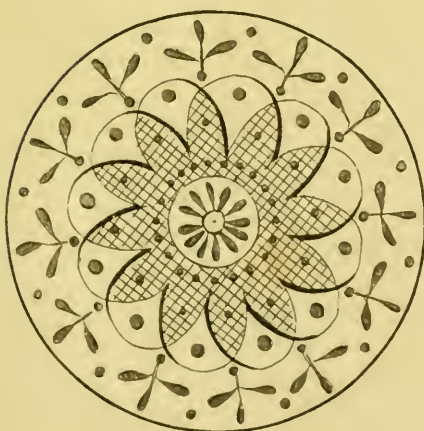
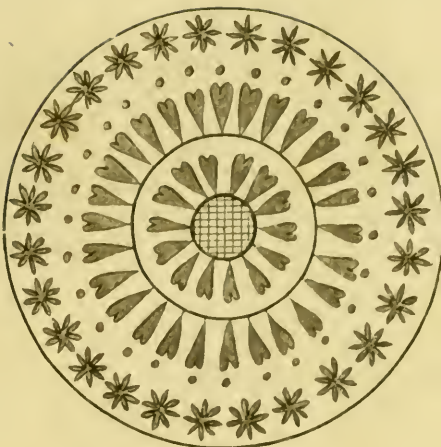
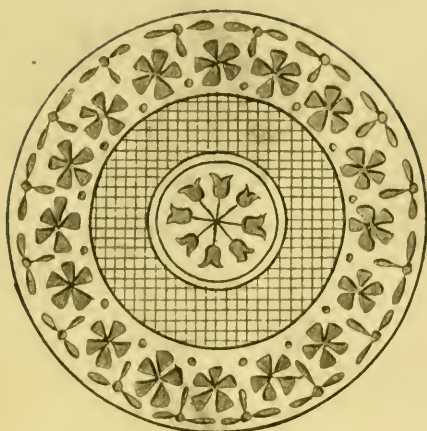
The silver-striped French gauze is a novel and elegant article, which, fashioned by the ever-varying and approved taste of Mrs. Bean, requires to be viewed, before a just idea can be received of its fascinating effect: it is allowed to be the lightest and most splendid costume ever yet presented by the amateur to the votaries of fashion.



EVENING DRESS.







PARISIAN FASHIONS.

PARIS, NOV. 15, 1815.

I RECEIVED your letter yesterday, my dear Sophia, and I accept it as the highest compliment you could pay to my patience and industry. In truth, you must have given me credit for no small share of both qualities, when you requested me to give you an account of the incessant variations of the French fashions, and to add my own opinion on them. What an inexhaustible theme have you opened to me! The fickle goddess, Fashion, is even more fantastic in Paris than in London; and her fair votaries study the novel, the extravagant, the *outré*, the striking, in short, any style of decoration but the becoming, which you know is almost all I consider in dress, and which you will rarely meet with in French fashions.

But methinks I hear you say, no more introductory prating, I am dying with curiosity. To begin then, in due form, with the walking costume. The *pelerine*, so long worn in muslin and in silk, is now composed of the finest cloth, and edged with ermine or embroidery: it is made much larger than in the autumn, and conceals the waist entirely; the point behind is rounded, and it is confined by a sash trimmed to correspond; it is crossed over the bosom, but, instead of the long points which used to ornament it, are two short pieces rounded. The *pelerine* is, however, only partially worn; the most tonish *élégantes* have adopted a pelisse of ruby velvet, made in a manner so singularly unbecoming, as would even in some degree spoil your pretty figure. It has literally no shape, is very short in

the waist, and the back, formed of lyas fluted velvet, has, as you may suppose, a most heavy effect. A girdle of embroidered ribbon, which fastens before either with a gold or a ruby clasp, confines it to the waist. The sleeve is long and plain, but it is finished with a half-sleeve, really pretty and tasteful, composed of three clusters of points, edged with a very light and novel trimming: the bottom of the sleeve is edged with a single row of the same, and the pelisse is edged all round with a similar trimming, but broader. A scarf of the thickest silk, finished by a superb embroidery of uncommon depth, is usually worn with this pelisse: it is put on in a way which I cannot well describe, but is so disposed as to form a very elegant drapery, one half of which floats loosely from the left shoulder, and the other is confined to the waist on the right side. The effect of this scarf is very tasteful, but it is still more striking when worn with a black silk walking dress. The body and sleeve are similar to the one I have described, but the skirt is finished by a triple row of points, nearly half a quarter in depth, which are edged with a very narrow deep rose-coloured fringe. I had almost forgot to say, that a frightfully large ruff of fine broad lace and a triple row of lace at the wrists, are indispensable appendages to the walking and morning costume.

And now for that part of the person which peculiarly claims the attention of the French *belle*, I mean her head. The present style of hair-dressing is not unlike the

fashion, so universally adopted by the beauties of the English court during the latter part of Charles the Second's reign, only that it is much fuller, and consequently not so becoming; but a few curls *à la Ninon*, as they are termed, have a pretty effect under a hat. I would subjoin a list of the hats that are worn, if I thought you would have patience to read it; but as I am sure you would not, I shall particularize a few of the most *tonish*. Green velvet hats, of the same form, nearly, as those distinguished in London by the name of French hats, only that the crowns are still higher, and that they project about an inch at top, are adopted by the youthful *élégantes*, whose natural or acquired complexions will enable them to wear that generally unbecoming colour. These hats are ornamented with a bunch of China asters, of different colours, which has a very inelegant effect. Much more becoming is the white straw hat, simply ornamented with a wreath of blue or green daisies; or the black velvet hat turned up a little on one side, and trimmed in the greatest profusion with embroidered lilac ribbon: they are lined also with lilac silk to correspond, and frequently ornamented with black or lilac feathers. Black chip hats, trimmed with blond in a new and striking style, have just been introduced; the blond is quilled round the edge of the hat, and in the middle is put a row of silk twist, either lilac, yellow, or rose colour: the crown is ornamented in a similar manner, and some *élégantes* have strips of net put lyas across the crown. This hat is cer-

tainly a novelty, but that is the only beauty it can boast; it is very glaring and extremely unbecoming. Hats of lilac satin, with feathers to correspond, and a simple plaiting of white blond round the edge, are, in my opinion, the most elegant, and unquestionably the most becoming, that have yet appeared.

The promenade dress in Paris is also that worn in a morning for the carriage costume; because women of any distinction here are never seen in the streets, the pavement being so bad as to preclude them from walking any where but in the public promenades, which are very numerous: of these, the *Thailleries*, *Jardin du Roi*, and *Champs Elysées*, are the most fashionable.

In the morning costume chintz is very generally adopted; the patterns are large, and the colours very glaring: they are trimmed with flounces of chintz, which are edged with rose colour, dark green, or where that colour predominates, brown ribbon. These flounces are two, three, or four in number, according to the fancy of the wearer; they are each finished with a heading, formed by a rich silk cord, to correspond with the ribbon which is laid on the flounce. The bodies of morning dresses are all made *à la chemise*, and confined to the waist by a broad ribbon, which is either tied behind in a bow and long ends, or fastened in front by a large gold clasp; a long full sleeve, the fullness drawn sufficiently close to the arm to display its symmetry, and ornamented down the middle with rosettes of ribbon, do I think you would like the general effect of this morning dress, although it becomes

very few people; but without compliment, I am persuaded you would be one of the few.

The *Levantine*, as twilled sarsnet is called, is in high estimation for dinner dress. I never see it without recalling to my mind the days of that worthy baronet Sir Charles Grandison, to whose formal taste I persuaded myself it would have been peculiarly acceptable. It is rich, substantial, and looks, in short, as our sprightly friend Miss P. says, "as if it cost something." Besides, the *Levantine* velvet and satin are much in request. Muslin dresses, over coloured sarsnets, were very general a few weeks since, but they are now exploded.

Dinner dress differs little from that worn in London when I quitted it: a gown, very short in the waist, with a full body, cut down all round the bosom, back, and shoulders, in a style that one must be fashionable to excess not to call indecent. Such is the present form of dinner dress. I had, however, almost forgot to observe, that they are worn longer in the skirt than they were, though not yet long enough, I believe, to satisfy my Sophia's correct and delicate taste. The most fashionable trimming is

blond lace, which is generally quilled full round the bosom; the sleeves also are ornamented with it, and some are composed entirely of it; and the bottoms of dresses are trimmed with much ingenuity and taste in festoons, which are looped with silk, and, in some instances, with pearl ornaments. I saw a dinner dress the other day, made exactly as I have described, for the Duchess d'Angouleme, but it was finished by a broad rich lace, tacked to the seam on each side of the front, which had a very pretty effect.

I really have scribbled till I am ashamed of the length of my letter, and I have not yet said a word to you of full dress or jewellery; but these two articles would lead me too far, the former especially, as I have just seen one which has not yet been introduced, but which will be exhibited at a ball to be given in a few days by a very brilliant duchess, who was said to be a favourite of Bonaparte, but who, nevertheless, is very well received at court. Adieu, dearest Sophia! believe me ever most affectionately
your's,

EUDOCIA.

MISCELLANEOUS FRAGMENTS AND ANECDOTES.

BUONAPARTE ET SON ECHO.

JE suis seul en ce lieu, personne n'écoute--écoute! Morbleu! qui répond? quel être avec moi?—moi. Ah! j'entends c'est l'Echo, qui redit ma demande—demande. Sais-tu si désormais Londres résistera?—résistera. Si Vienne et Petersbourg résisteront toujours?—toujours. Ah

ciel! que dois-je attendre après tant de malheurs!—malheurs. A céder comme un lâche serai-je donc réduit?—reduit. Après tant de hauts faits que dois-je prétendre?—rendre. Rendre ce que j'ai acquis par tant de faits inouïs?—oui! Et quel seront les fruits de tant de soins et de peines?—peines. En-

fin, dans ce cas que deviendra mon peuple malheureux ?—heureux.—Que serai-je alors moi qui me crois immortel ? — mortel. L'univers n'est-il pas rempli de mon nom ? — non. Autrefois mon seul nom inspiroit la terreur !—erreur ! Taistoi, Echo ! laisse moi j'enrage et je meurs—meurs !

WATERLOO.

(From the notes to a Sermon on the Peace, by the Rev. Mr. Rudge.)

A short time after the action of the 18th of June, I visited, with a few friends, the field of battle, and examined, with very minute attention, every part of this memorable spot. The road which leads to it from Brussels is through a thick and extensive wood, called Bois de Soigny. It is narrow, and on each side are some of the highest trees I ever saw : hence every thing around assumes a dark and gloomy appearance. I know not whether it is to this circumstance that I am to attribute it, but certainly I never before recollect to have experienced such sensations as I did during the two hours I was passing along this confined and dismal road. The feelings with which I approached the field of battle will never be effaced from my mind. We arrived at Waterloo, a small, but not unpleasant village. If it boasts not of its splendid mansions, it has, to an Englishman, something much more calculated to excite his admiration and awaken his patriotism. In such a place, "to abstract the mind from all local emotion would be impossible, if it were endeavoured, and would be foolish, if it were possible. Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses ; whatever makes the past, the distant, or the

future, predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings. Far from me, and from my friends, be such frigid philosophy as may conduct us indifferent and unmoved over any ground, which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue ! That man is little to be envied, whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warm among the ruins of Iona !" We alighted from our cabriolet at Mont St. Jean. The first object by which our attention was struck, a few yards only from this place, was a park of artillery, consisting of nearly 200 guns of the largest dimensions. They were guarded by a few of our artillerymen, and the situation in which they were left bespoke the service they had seen. They were all of them covered with dirt, and many with blood ; and upon them were the names of Austerlitz, Jena, &c. inscribed. Having witnessed with feelings of peculiar exultation these trophies of our arms, we next visited the farm-house of La Haye Sainte, from which, it will be recollected, our brave fellows, after performing prodigies of valour, and not until they had expended the whole of their ammunition, were compelled to retire. The house bore evident marks of this severe and sanguinary conflict. Its roof was pierced with a thousand holes, and its walls battered through in various parts. But, after all, there was no part of the field of battle in which I was so much interested as the house and garden of Hougomont, where the engagement commenced. At this place I spent some interesting, but melancholy

moments. Here it was that the battle raged with the utmost fury throughout the day ; and the cool intrepidity and physical strength of our brave men were conspicuously displayed in resisting the repeated attacks of the French army. Every British soldier here proved himself a hero. The chateau of Hougomont was in a state of ruin when I visited it. Not a single part remained entire. The whole exhibited the most terrible appearance. In one of the out-buildings, of which the roof and walls were nearly destroyed, was a large room, in which the bodies of some hundreds had been burnt. Their ashes yet smoked ; and I am sure I speak without exaggeration, when I say, that the ashes of the dead were, in this place, three feet deep. I have in my possession a small piece of a skull, which I found there, and upon which the suture of the skull is very perceptible. The garden attached to the house is of considerable length, and it appeared originally to have been laid out with some taste. It was surrounded by a thick wall, which served as a protection to our men, to whom was entrusted the defence of the place. Opposite to it was a small wood, in which the French army was stationed. From hence they were firing throughout the whole of the day upon our brave fellows, who, from apertures made in the wall, returned a most destructive fire of musquetry. It was curious to observe the effects of the balls on the different trees which came within their range. There was not one but what was pierced with numerous holes ; and while the foliage was thick and beautiful above, the contrast below

was singularly striking. The trees were in the most mutilated state, having their bark torn away and their trunks penetrated by the balls. Near the entrance of the chateau, is a spot in which were buried or burnt above a thousand of the slain. The smell was here particularly offensive, and in some places parts of the human body were distinctly to be recognised. The earth, with which they had been covered, had sunk in, and exhibited here and there an arm and a human face, the flesh nearly wasted away, and the features of the countenance hardly distinguishable from the change they had undergone. We afterwards went to the celebrated house, situated on the right side of the road leading to Brussels, called La Belle Alliance. The name is over the door by which you enter, with the figures, if I recollect right, 1755 underneath. The coincidence of the two allied generals meeting by accident on this spot was very singular, and perhaps from this circumstance, and in commemoration of the alliance between the English and Prussian nations, the battle should have borne the name of La Belle Alliance. The house itself is small and mean-looking. I examined its different rooms : the whole of the building had been much injured by the cannon-balls, and the roof of it was penetrated with numerous holes. Near to this, there is hardly a spot in which, at every step, you may not trace the graves of the dead and the ashes of the slain. It has been calculated that upwards of 30,000 sleep the sleep of death. Every part of the field of battle was strewed with different articles belonging to those

who had fought and bled. Every thing around attested the horrors of war and the march of devastation. On every side were scattered the arms and clothing of the slain; shoes, caps, and belts, and every other military appendage, either stained with blood, or covered with dirt. In the corn-fields, which had been completely ploughed up by the trampling of horses and the movements of the soldiers, a number of books, cards, and letters were seen. I saw and read some few in English; one, in particular, from a soldier to a female friend in the north of England, in which he gave her an account of his being engaged in the battle of the 16th; that he had been so fortunate as to escape without a single wound; that he expected again to be engaged, when he hoped that Boney might be taken, and an end put to war; and that he should then return and be happy with — for the remainder of his days. This letter was dated on the 17th: it was directed, but was not sealed. On my return to England, I wrote to the person to whom it was inscribed, and inclosed it in my letter, giving an account of the situation in which I found it.

KOSCIUSCO.

Miss Williams, in her work on the return of Bonaparte, relates the following anecdotes:—"A Polish regiment, forming part of the advanced guard of the Russian army, after expelling the French from Troyes, marched upon Fontainebleau. The troops were foraging in a neighbouring village, and were about to commit disorders, which would have caused considerable loss to the proprietors, without be-

nefit to themselves, such as piercing the banks, or forcing the sluices of some fish-ponds. While they were thus employed, and their officers looking on, they were astonished to hear the word of command, bidding them to cease, pronounced in their own language, by a person in the dress of the upper class of peasants: they ceased their attempt at further spoliation, and drew near the stranger. He represented to the troops the useless mischief they were about to commit, and ordered them to withdraw. The officers coming up, were lectured in their turn, and heard with the same astonishment the laws of predatory warfare explained to them. 'When I had a command in the army of which your regiment is a part, I punished very severely such acts as you seem to authorise by your presence; and it is not on those soldiers, but on you, that punishment would have fallen.' To be thus tutored by a French farmer, in their own language, in such circumstances, and in such terms, was almost past endurance. They beheld the peasants at the same time taking off their hats and surrounding the speaker, as if to protect him in case of violence; while the oldest among their own soldiers, anxiously gazing on the features of the stranger, were seized with a kind of involuntary trembling. Conjured more peremptorily, though successfully, to disclose his quality and his name, the peasant, drawing his hand across his eyes, to wipe off a starting tear, exclaimed, with a half-stifled voice, 'I am Kosciusco!' The movement was electric; the soldiers threw down their arms, and falling pro-

strate on the ground, according to the custom of their country, covered their heads with sand. It was the prostration of the heart. On Kosciusco's return to his house in the neighbourhood of this scene, he found a Russian military post established to protect it. The Emperor Alexander having learned, from M. de la Harpe, that Kosciusco resided in the country, ordered for him a guard of honour, and the country around his dwelling escaped all plunder and contribution. Kosciusco had withdrawn some years since from the guilty world of Bonaparte, to cultivate a little farm, rejecting every offer which was made him by Napoleon, who had learned to appreciate his worth. Kosciusco knew him well. I called on him one day to bid him farewell, having read in the official paper of the morning his address to the Poles on the subject of recovering his freedom, being named to the command of the Polish army by Bonaparte. Kosciusco heard me with a smile at my credulity; but, on my shewing him the address, with his signature, he exclaimed, 'This is all a forgery! Bonaparte knew me too well to insult me with any offer in this predatory expedition; he has adopted this mode, which I can neither answer nor resent, and which he attempts to colour with the pretext of liberty. His notions and mine respecting Poland are at as great a distance as our sentiments on every other subject.'"

POWER OF HABIT.

In the appendix to the Rev. John Campbell's *Travels in South Africa*, is recorded one of the strangest occurrences in the moral annals of

mankind. It will be recollected, that some years ago the Grosvenor East Indiaman was wrecked off the coast of Caffraria (a district divided from the country of the Hottentots by the Great Fish River), and that nearly the whole of the passengers and crew perished on the occasion. It was, however, discovered, that two young ladies had survived the miseries of this dreadful event, and were resident in the interior of a country uninhabited by Europeans. Mr. Campbell does not relate this occurrence from personal evidence, but we cannot doubt the extraordinary fact. The landdrost of Graaf Ragrel had been deputed by the British government to pay a visit to the King of Caffraria, to ascertain whether there were any survivors from the wreck of the Grosvenor. Finding there were two females, he succeeded in procuring an introduction to them. He saw them habited like Caffre women; their bodies were painted after the fashion of the native inhabitants, and their manners and appearance were altogether anti-European. The landdrost, however, sought to obtain their confidence by a liberal offer of his best services to restore them to their country and friends. But they were unmoved by his solicitations. They stated, that they had fallen into the hands of the natives after they had been cast ashore from the wreck; that their companions had been murdered, and that they had been compelled to give themselves in marriage; that having affectionate husbands, children, and grand-children, their attachments were bounded by their actual enjoyments. Upon being repeatedly urged to depart with the land-

drost, they replied, that, probably at their return to England, they might find themselves without connection or dependence, and that their acquired habits ill fitted them to mingle with polished society. In short, they would not quit Caffraria. Such, then, is the powerful influence of habits! Two young ladies, highly educated, and in all probability lovely in their persons, are taught by habit to forget those scenes of gaiety they were so well calculated to ornament; to forget the anticipated enjoyments of a dignified union of the sexes; to forget their parents, their relations, the accomplished companions of

their youth, and all the refinements of life! Among a savage people they acquire congenial opinions; their vitiated nature ceases to repine; they love the untutored husbands given to them by fate; they rear their children in the ignorance of Hottentot faith; they bless their wretched hovel with the sacred name of home; they expel memory from their occupations:—regret no longer mingles with their routine of barbarous pleasures! Is this, in reality, a picture of the human mind, with all its boasted attributes, its delicacies, its refinements, its civilized superiority? Yes! for custom is second nature.

Poetry.

A TRANSLATION OF ROUSSEAU'S FAVOURITE SONG.

COME, dearest, come, and Love will keep
Beneath his wings our herds of sheep:
The sheltering elms will give us shade;
And where no rival claims invade,
There hear those vows—there hear those
sighs,
Thy cruelty can ne'er despise.

So sweet retired—alas! I fear,
Edwin, thy soft complaint to hear;
Surrounded by the village train,
I tremble not, but hear thy pain;
E'en happiness contains its woes,
And many thorns the fragrant rose.

Oh! why, fair Ella, still so coy?
And why deny the heavenly joy,
And seemingly a love despise,
That still beams sweetly at thine eyes?
The flames, alas! of young desire,
Unfed by love, too soon expire!

Stay, then, my Edwin!—learn, for you
My heart is tender, constant, true;
And if thy bosom half so kindly,
So true, so constant, though so blindly,
Pursues the dangers that I fear,
'Twill lose no charm, though plighted
here.

J. B. P.

THE TEMPLE OF APOLLO:

A VISION.

By the Author of "The Rival Roses," and
"Sir Wilibert de Waverly; or, The Bridal
Eve."

I slept, and, lo! before mine eyes
A graceful dome appeared to rise;
I knew it for APOLLO's fane—
And foremost of his votive train,
With flying step I reach'd the shrine,
And thus implored the power divine:—

"God of the harp! I sue to thee,
 If thou from thy celestial sphere
 Can'st bend to earthly harmony,
 And to a mortal strain give ear.
 God of the harp! oh! let my lyre,
 A sound so soft, so sweet respire,
 That all who hear the thrilling tone
 May deem some Muse has left her throne!
 Ah! would to me the art were given,
 To sooth the soul by sorrow riven,
 To wake the heart to rapture's thrill,
 Or melt it with harmonious skill!
 Thou know'st, bright monarch of the
 Nine!

I've bent before thy glorious shrine,
 A votary true I've been to thee,
 Oh! then, propitious prove to me!
 Still, regent of the argent bow,
 Thy cold perversity I know;
 Fair Clytie loved, but loved in vain,
 You fled the nymph with high disdain;
 In vain the beauteous mourner pined,
 Her drooping head to earth declined,
 Whilst thou, insulting, scorned the maid
 Who sighed in sorrow's silent shade.
 But when coy Daphne's bashful grace

Had fired thee, regent of the lyre,
 When fast she fled with fear-wing'd pace,
 Thy glowing soul did love inspire—
 Avenged was Clytie's slighted flame,
 When erst thou wooed the flying dame!

"Ah! why dost thou, a god, remind
 Of her, who fled him so unkind!
 Say, dost thou think by that to gain
 The boon which thou wouldst now obtain?

"Oh! brightest minstrel! fearing thou
 Shouldst fancy *love* inspired the vow,
 The ardent vow I here prefer,
 I will to thee the truth aver:—
 God of the lyre! as those who flee
 Have ever been most dear to thee,
 Think not, although a suppliant here,
 Thou from my love hast ought to fear;
 For didst thou as a lover woo,
 I should prove a Daphne too.

"Methinks 'tis strange a nymph should
 fly

The god whose beams the world supply;
 Those beams which light and heat bestow
 On gods above, and men below.

"Didst thou, bright monarch of the
 bays,
 Unveil thy rich, celestial rays,
 No wonder that the nymph should fly;
 For who, when near, could bear the blaze
 Which warms the world, and gilds the
 sky?"

"Nay, then," replied the god, "in sooth
 I'll wear the form of mortal youth,
 When next I leave these regions high,
 My power o'er nymphs on earth to try.
 For thee, fair votary, still return,
 And on my altars incense burn;
 A vow so soft, so fond a prayer,
 Shall not be lost in realms of air."

Again I to the temple sped,
 What golden light its radiance shed!
 What sweets ambrosial breathed around!
 What thrillings in my heart I found!
 Before the altar knelt a youth,
 Ah! simple, had I known the truth,
 I should not by his side have pray'd
 For high Apollo's heavenly aid:—
 But he so mild, so gentle seemed,
 Some kindred votary I deemed
 The lovely form which knelt by me,
 So blind are we to destiny.
 How oft within that temple's bound,
 My echoed prayers were heard around,
 And ever at the altar's mound,
 My *kindred votary* I found.
 At length, "Oh! glorious power," I
 cried,

"Say, dost thou not my prayers deride?
 Wilt thou not grant one kindling ray,
 To gild my lyre, and fine my lay?"
 Then wearied with my bootless prayer,
 I wrung my hands in deep despair.

A voice divine then met my ears,
 Like music of the heavenly spheres:
 The youth arose, his radiant eye
 Seemed borrowed from the starry sky—
 His voice, his eye, the truth impart,
 It flash'd upon my conscious heart;
 APOLLO's self then stood confest,
 And clasped me to his heavenly breast.
 Oh! what impelled me in that hour,
 Say, was it virtue's guardian power?
 Or some perversity of fate
 Which made me shun a heavenly mate?

I, like another Daphne, fled
From him, at once my love and dread!

Then thus th' offended Phœbus cried :—
“ Oh! maid perverse! thou long shalt weep—

Thou long shalt mourn thy cruel pride,
Love from thy couch shall banish sleep:
Or if that power should kindly close
Those eyes, which gladly hail repose,
With frowning brow, and eye severe,
In dreams will I to thee appear;
In dreams my stern reproach renew:
Thus tears shall e'en thy sleep bedew;
Fired shalt thou be by Phœbus' rays,
But he to thee denies the bays.”

I shrieking waked in terror wild :—
“ Ye gods,” I cried, “ 'twas but a dream !”

And at the thought I faintly smiled,
Yet, oh! too much was truth, I deem.
APOLLO's curse pursues me still;
In vain I climb the Muses' hill,
In vain with fire poetic glow,
No laurel decks my pallid brow—
In vain implore the minstrel of the sky,
He scorns my suppliant prayer, nor
heeds my sorrowing sigh.

INVOCATION TO AGE.

Written by the Countess of HERTFORD, afterwards Duchess of SOMERSET, one of the ladies of the bed-chamber to Queen Caroline.

Come, gentle age! to me thou dost appear
No cruel object of regret or fear;
Thy stealing step I unreluctant see,
Nor would avoid, or wish to fly from thee;
At thy approach I view, without a sigh,
The pointed lustre leave my fading eye;
Upon my cheek behold the rosy bloom
Decay, unremoved, and paleness take its
room:

Since, though thy icy hand my form
deface,

Thou to my soul shalt add superior grace,
Reclaim the errors of ungovern'd youth,
And gently guide me to the paths of
truth.

Subdued by thee, anger, revenge, and
pride,

With ev'ry stormy passion, shall subside:
E'en smiling Love must thy command
obey,

And warn'd by thee, resign his powerful
sway;

While reason shall his vacant empire
gain,

Ascend the throne, and seize the slack-
en'd reign.

In thy cool shade I shall a refuge find,
From all the sorrows life has left behind;
And introduced by thee, when death shall
come,

Pleased hear his call, and follow to the
tomb.

GLEE,

BY JOHN CARNEGIE,

Sung at Glasgow, on the Anniversary of the
Port Glasgow Society.

Peace, peace to the shades of those he-
roes who bled

For the freedom of Europe, by glory's
aim led:

Peace, peace to their shades, tho' now
low their dust lies,

Never die shall their fame till immortal
they rise.

In heavenly strains to their shades swell
the song,

The heavenly strains let sweet echo pro-
long.

In heavenly strains, &c.

Now the mighty contest's o'er,

Joy shall fill the world again;

War shall cease from shore to shore,

Peace shall bless, and freedom reign.

Peace shall bless, &c.

Let the loud-sounding trumpet the tri-
umphs proclaim,

Of great Wellington, Hope, Hill, Dal-
housie, and Graeme:

Let the nations to Britain, with banners
unfur'd,

Give the palm—SHE gave freedom to
half of the world,

Raise the trophy to Britain, emblazon
her name
In the temple of Glory and annals of
Fame.
Raise the trophy, &c.

INSCRIBED TO THE BRITISH NAVY.

One evening at ambrosial fête,
On a celestial tower,
Minerva and the Muses met,
At Ida's sacred bower:
Apollo and gay Bacchus join;
For hand in hand go wit and wine.

Pallas the swinining dance begun,
Her hair a fillet bound;
Blue, like her eyes, the bandage-shone
Her sapient temples round;
'Till loosen'd by the dance, dropt down,
Buck Bacchus seized the azure zone.

This ribbon on his breast he placed;
By Styx then swore the youth,
What had the throne of wisdom graced,
Should grace the seat of truth:
Then ope at once his vest he drew,
And on his bosom beam'd *true blue*.

If mortals can give garter fame,
And honours place on earth,
Sure deities may do the same,
And give one order birth:

This ribbon, loved celestials, view,
And stamp your sanction on *true blue*!

Urania praised the rosy god,
Her tuneful sisters join'd;
Minerva gave th' assenting nod,
Phœbus enroll'd the sign:
Then thro' the sky loud Pæans flew,
And all Olympus hail'd *true blue*!

This order Iris bore to earth,
The gods enjoin'd the fair,
That where she found true sons of worth,
To plant this order there:
From clime to clime she towering flew,
And on Britannia stamp'd *true blue*.

SOMERSET.

TO MR. S. T. B.

ON HIS LEAVING ENGLAND.

Destined to leave Britannia's shore,
And cross the boundless seas,
May India's heap of golden ore
Bestow content and ease!

When you again the ocean brave,
Successful may you roam,
And waded o'er the mountain wave,
Welcome your native home!

SOMERSET.

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