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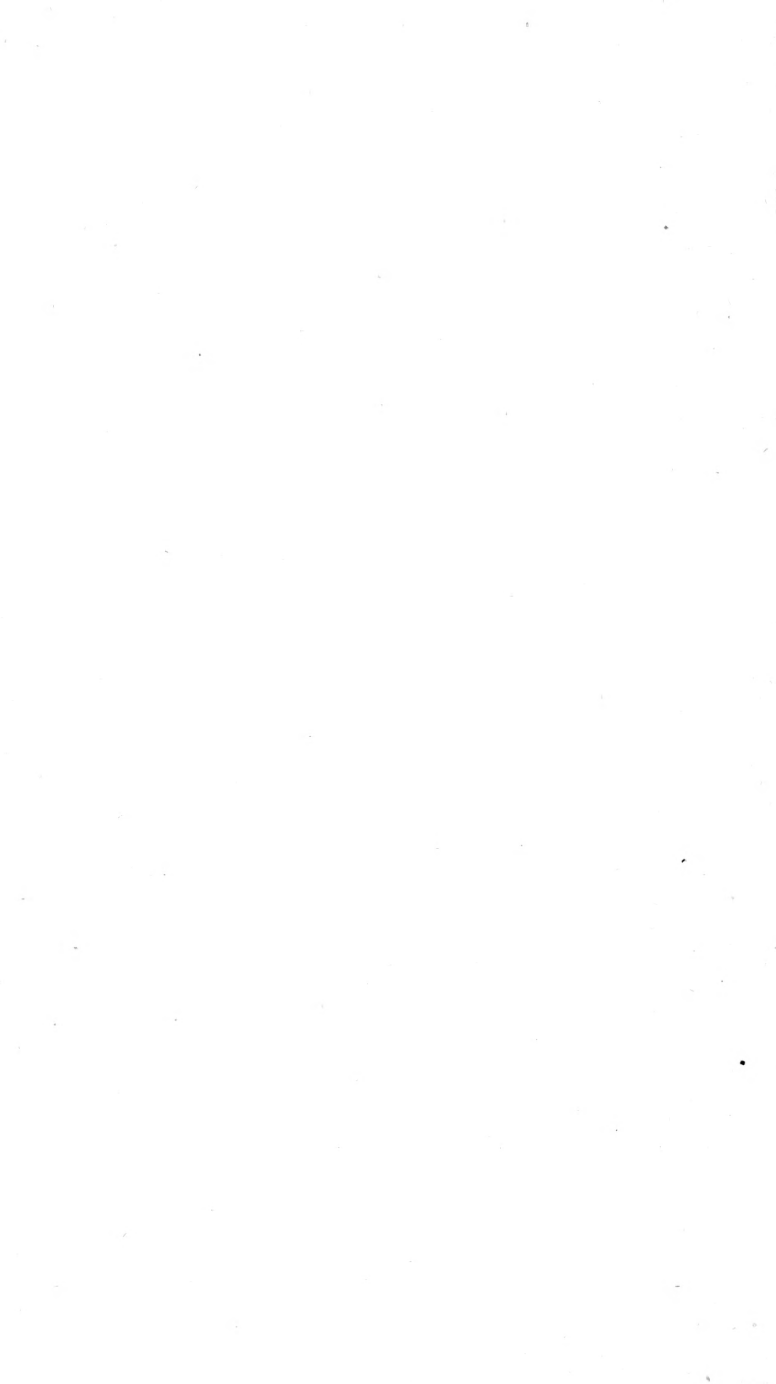
FASHIONS &c

OF THE
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DIEU ET MON DROIT

London:
PUBLISHED BY R. ACKERMANN, 101, STRAND;
SHERWOOD & Co. and WALKER & Co. Paternoster-Row; and
SIMPKIN & MARSHALL, Stationer's-Court.



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ARTS, LITERATURE, FASHIONS,
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THE SECOND SERIES.

VOL. III.

JANUARY 1, 1817.

No. XIII.

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TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit announcements of works which they may have in hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New musical publications also, if a copy be addressed to the publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and extracts from new books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, will be acceptable.

M. A. M'C. will perceive that we have attended to her request. We shall feel flattered by her future favours.

The Letters of Winifred Worrett and Laurence Lovechat shall appear in our next.

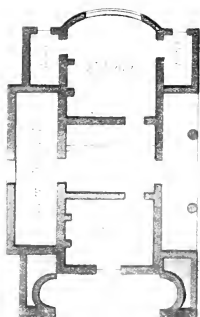
We assure such of our readers as have justly objected to the too scientific complexion of some of the articles introduced into our Domestic Commonplace-Book, that we shall endeavour in future to confine it to the subjects which it was originally intended to embrace. We solicit of our correspondents the communication of all such unpublished receipts and processes connected with domestic economy, as are calculated to prove of general utility.

We beg leave to remind those persons who are in the habit of transmitting literary announcements, that we cannot notice works already published, except on our advertising sheet.

Poetical contributions by Mrs. M'Mullan, Mrs. Serres, J. M. Lacey, and several others, in our next, if possible.

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. THORNHILL, 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 2, 6, 9, or 12 months.

Journal of Management Education 30(6)p. 789-804
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FINE ARTS.



ARCHITECTURAL HINTS.

PLATE I.—A FISHING-LODGE.

THIS building is planned for the convenience of small parties engaged in the amusement of angling, and other sports of the water, where accommodation cannot be obtained in its neighbourhood. The cottage would also afford that temporary retirement, which so often becomes delightful from the difficulty there is to ensure it amidst the gay and bustling scenes of social or fashionable intercourse. The neighbourhood of the Lakes, the margin of some river, or an island, would afford a proper situation for this building; and should it be placed near other property belonging to its possessor, the kitchen and a sleeping-room might be the permanent residence of the

woodman, the shepherd, or other married servant of the estate, whose wife would keep it ready at all times for the purposed occupancy: it would consist of a parlour, a kitchen, a room for the fishing apparatus, two closets, a staircase, and above, of two bed-rooms and a store-closet. Should it be desired as an ornamental cottage merely, the room for the tackle would supply convenience for the larder, wine and beer-cellars; and, if properly situated, the design would become a useful embellishment to extensive grounds.

The front is ornamented by pilasters, and the sides by verandahs, formed by the projections of the roof.

ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW.

No. XII.

IMPROVEMENTS OF LONDON.

SPECULATIONS in building have long been encouraged by the influx of wealth, that necessarily enriched the metropolis, and inspired

its inhabitants with a taste for domestic luxury and splendid habitations: the old buildings of the city have been deserted for the

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B

new ones of its suburbs, and streets of half a century old have been abandoned to trade, that were originally the seats of "Quality and Fashion;" but at length the time has arrived in which this encouragement having ceased, every attempt to extend the outline of the metropolis necessarily fails, and the Genius of speculation, from its endeavours to extend the town, resorts to the more desirable effort of improving it. Had this change taken place a few years sooner, it would have been well for the beauty of the suburbs of London, as it might have prevented the present painful exhibition of ruins which are so frequently presented to the eye in its environs, from houses just begun, houses half finished, or being finished, falling to decay merely from the want of occupancy. Should a spirit for improvement exert itself in the neighbourhood of such edifices as are already points of attraction, there can be little doubt entertained of its being rewarded by encouragements equal to those that have already been the most successful. Among the most striking architectural features in the British metropolis we reckon the cathedral of St. Paul, and the ancient abbey of St. Peter Westminster. To these all foreigners and strangers are conducted by their metropolitan friends, with a pride that might be forgiven even among a people possessing a greater number of grand public works than can be boasted of by the English; but St. Paul's will probably remain for ages surrounded by houses, crowding so closely upon its stupendous walls, that the amateur of architec-

ture must remain content to contemplate its beauty and grandeur by instalments, unless the improvements which will be consequent on the removal of the General Post-Office to its neighbourhood, communicate a portion of its benefits.

Westminster Abbey, until of late years, could not be viewed but under similar disadvantages, except on the north side: the buildings that had long encumbered this part of the edifice had been removed by the suggestion of Sir Christopher Wren; but a mass of old and disgusting houses remained from the north transept along the side of Henry the Seventh's chapel, obstructing that continuity, and concealing those beauties, which have now been exposed by throwing open the present view of this magnificent and splendid mausoleum. This has made way for further improvements of the spot, and but few cities afford a finer field for the display of a grand and imposing mass of Gothic structures, than this ancient and venerable pile and its immediate neighbourhood; but, however encouraged by efficient patronage, it is to be feared that the absence of taste, consequent perhaps on the calculations of speculators, will ever be lamented by those who have a true feeling for picturesque beauty as comprised in building. Mere builders, and speculative builders in particular, are the last persons from whom really tasteful improvements are to be expected; and it is painful to see such a neighbourhood and such public structures controuled with an entire apathy to all that relates to fitness and effect: this is the more surprising, as no modern architect has had the

hardihood to deny the merit of, and the applause due to, the genius of our forefathers in the noble buildings they have left for our admiration. Westminster Abbey, the House of Lords, the House of Commons, and Westminster Hall, form an assemblage of important edifices that seems to invite a system of great and imposing architecture, of which should a judicious and skilful architect avail himself in the further improvements of this part of the town, it is capable of presenting the finest mass of Gothic buildings and the noblest monuments of our greatness that the empire can boast. The attempt to gothicise the east side of New Palace-yard, indifferently designed as the façade of that work may be, is sufficient to shew the capability of the whole; and were the fronts of all the buildings in Old and

New Palace-yard properly designed, Westminster Hall restored, and the Guildhall, the School, and other buildings in the vicinity, made to conform to this general purpose, a noble inducement would be presented for the further improvement of the spot by the erection of houses as the town residences of our nobility and gentry in a corresponding style of architecture.

With regard to the church of St. Margaret, it can scarcely be conceived that so ancient an edifice should remain near to the beautiful chapel now under judicious restitution, debased as it is by such commonplace deformity as has been substituted for its primitive beauty, when a small comparative sum would restore it to the character of the age in which it was originally built.

PERAMBULATOR.

THE DOMESTIC COMMONPLACE-BOOK;

Containing authentic Receipts and miscellaneous Information in every Branch of Domestic Economy, and of general Utility.

SINGULAR OBSERVATIONS CONCERNING THE QUANTITY OF SOLID MATTER WHICH EXISTS IN POTATOES, APPLES, PEARS, CARROTS, AND OTHER FRUITS AND ROOTS.

It has been generally supposed, that the solid matter, as it is called by chemists, the ligneous fibre, of some roots and fruits which serve for our nourishment, such as potatoes, carrots, apples, pears, &c. forms a considerable part of their mass; a fourth or a fifth, for instance. Clement, a French chemist, has proved that this is a great error (*Annales de Chemie*, tome I. p. 173.

February 1816). He has shewn, that what is usually regarded as the husk or mark of their substance, and consequently as refuse and waste, is as nearly as possible the same substance as the fruit or root from which it is obtained. Thus the potatoe, which presents itself as a very compact solid body, contains only one part and a fourth, in one hundred parts, of solid fibrous matter. All the rest is formed nearly of starch, a powder without any adhesion, and more than $\frac{6}{100}$ of liquid.

Apples, pears, and many other fruits and roots, exhibit also results

the most astonishing, since we do not ever find in them $\frac{1}{100}$ of the solid fibrous matter employed in forming the membranes and vessels of those organic beings, and of which $\frac{99}{100}$ are in a liquid state.—If we examine the husks of apples with the slightest attention, or of any other fruit, we soon become convinced, that they are merely formed of minute pieces, perfectly similar to those obtained by cutting and chopping the fruit when whole with a very sharp instrument, and without allowing a single drop of liquid to escape. It is impossible not to ascertain in an instant this perfect resemblance, which strikes the eye, and which is besides confirmed by experiment.

Mr. Clement says, “I cut a piece of the white beet-root into thin slices, and the latter were divided and chopped nearly to the same degree with the husks remaining after the manufacture of beet-root sugar, and which yielded 66 per cent. of juice. Nevertheless, the beet-root thus cut did not furnish any liquor on being pressed, and after being dried in the sun, it was found to have lost 88 per cent. of its weight; *i.e.* precisely as much as the husks dried in the same way.—Thus,” he observes, “it is a great and mischievous error to imagine, that the husk of beet-root, and other roots and fruits, thrown away, is a substance almost dry; it contains as much water as the entire fruit or root, as comparative exsiccation proves, and a greater mechanical comminution would throw the whole into an almost liquid state: and here also mechanical division is sufficient to cause the actual solid and fibrous

matter to disappear, by causing it to float in the liquid.”

ON ENRICHING THE SOIL OF GARDENS BY FRESH VEGETABLE MANURE. BY THE REV. J. VENABLES, RECTOR OF CERNE, DORSETSHIRE.

The cabbages, cauliflowers, brocoli, potatoes, peas, beans, &c. are planted in my garden, as in most others, in straight rows, or drills. Before the gardener mows the lawn and pleasure-ground, he is directed to open a trench between these drills, as wide as the space will admit without injury to the vegetables growing in the rows, and about nine inches in depth. The short grass mown upon the lawn is then carried into the trench, and trodden closely down till it is full, and the earth which had been removed is again thrown upon it, and the ground raked smooth and even.

Every time the lawn and walks are mown the same course is followed, till the whole kitchen-garden is regularly and successively enriched with the most excellent vegetable manure. In a very few weeks the short grass buried beneath the surface is decomposed, and incorporates with the earth; and where the peas and beans, and other vegetables, are hoed and earthed up, it imparts a very great degree of vigour and luxuriance to their growth.

But it is not the grass only that is converted to this useful purpose. When the potatoes are dug, and the crop of peas and beans gathered, the potatoe haulm, the pea and bean haulm, the outer cabbage leaves and cabbage stalks, in short, the whole vegetable refuse of the garden, to a great amount, is bu-

ried in its fresh and green state in the trenches, and far more than repays the nourishment that has been drawn from the ground.

The end of October the asparagus beds are dressed for the winter. The earth, to the depth of about five inches, is first drawn into the alleys; a vegetable coat of manure is then spread over the whole bed, and the earth from the alleys thrown upon the top again. The weeds by this process are effectually destroyed, the bed is enriched, and the plants preserved from the effects of the cold and frost.

My strawberries are also planted in ranks or drills, and in the months of October and November have their narrow intermediate trenches filled with the fallen leaves of the trees, of which there is at that season a very plentiful supply. Few plants profit more by this system than strawberries. From the rapid manner in which they exhaust the vegetable manure in the earth, they are observed to require frequently a change of ground, that is, to be removed to a soil where the vegetable manure has not yet been consumed.

I will touch but briefly upon the advantages to be derived from this system.

Mould composed of vegetable substances which have rotted and fermented in a heap till their texture has been broken down, and the greater part of their juices evaporated, is unquestionably of great value, and admirably calculated to impart vigour and strength to the growth of plants. But the vegetable refuse of a garden requires a length of time before it

can be brought into this state; some trouble in frequently turning the heaps; and in whatever part of the garden or grounds they are placed, they have always an unsightly and slovenly appearance: add to this, that these heaps lose nine parts out of ten, not only of their size and substance, but also of their most valuable qualities, by the continual action of the sun and air and rain upon them. But if the vegetable refuse of the garden is buried beneath the surface of the ground while fresh and green, it is then easy of solution. The moisture of the earth assists the fermentation and decomposition; and the juices being preserved in the soil, become the nutriment and support of succeeding crops.

When a garden is manured in this way, it is scarcely possible to exhaust the soil. One crop may succeed another during the spring, summer, and autumn; and in the winter the same ground may be fully stocked with every vegetable that will stand the frost. Each crop will leave behind it sufficient vegetable refuse to keep the soil in constant good condition. To the market-gardeners such a method of cultivation must be of incalculable benefit.

I will only mention one more advantage attending this system, which will strongly recommend it to all those who delight in gardens; I mean its extreme neatness. When the gardener depends upon vegetable matters for the support and improvement of his soil, every weed will be speedily buried in his trenches, and every decayed leaf or withering stalk will immediately be hid beneath the surface of the

ground, and converted into a source of fruitfulness and plenty.

EARLY POTATOES.

The deficiency of our corn crops having created an idea that we are likely to have a scarcity, or at least that provisions will rate very high next summer, I am induced to suggest a few hints on the culture of early potatoes; the only resource that now remains with the farmer to obviate the threatening dangers in any degree.

It will be necessary to select ground sheltered from the north; the soil light, inclining to gravel; if in an exhausted state, to have some well-made dung dug in prior to the planting of the potatoes, which can be set in the usual way, only taking care to have the beds well covered with half-made stable dung to protect them from the frost. By getting them in the ground as soon after Christmas as the weather will permit, they may be dug out in June, if care be taken to select seed of an early kind. The Cumberland, a white kidney potatoe, has been proved to be the earliest, and to have the most produce. The writer has tried them on a small scale, and by digging them out at that time, has afterwards had an excellent crop of Norfolk turnips without any additional manurè. Although the price may, in the first of the season, keep the early pota-

toes out of the reach of the poor, yet, by supplying the place of old ones at the tables of the rich, they will add so much to the general stock, and have an influence upon the market. At all events, should they come to market in any quantity, they will be calculated to keep prices down; and as we can have them nearly two months before the next harvest, it would be well not to neglect them.

DISADVANTAGES OF THRASHING-MACHINES.

It is recommended not to sow in future either wheat or barley that has been thrashed with the machine, as that mode of thrashing frequently breaks or bruises the clevels; and although not perceptible in the sample, there are many so bruised as to be totally deprived of their vegetative properties, and the cause is not discovered until it is seen by the plants being too thin on the ground. It is proved by experienced maltsters, that there are more mouldy or fenny clevels come to the kiln from the barley thrashed by the machine, than from that thrashed by the flail, and all such are a diminution of the quantity of worts and the quality of the beer. This has been much complained of, and the farmer is likely to suffer from a scanty crop by such bruised seed, if not timely prevented by using sound, healthy seed-corn.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES AND ANECDOTES.

CHARLES JOSEPH PROCOPIUS, PRINCE DE LIGNE.

THE Prince de Ligne, a native of the Netherlands, had settled in Portugal, and acquired immense

property by his marriage with Marianna de Soisa, sister of the Archbishop of Oporto, and the only re-

maining branch of that illustrious house. Vienna had never seen an ambassador from his Portuguese majesty till, in 1695, the Prince de Ligne appeared there in that character. The occasion for his mission was furnished partly by the marriage of the King of Portugal to a princess of the Palatinate, who was nearly allied to the house of Austria, and partly by the peace between France and the emperor, which had been brought about through the mediation of Portugal.

The entry of the ambassador into Vienna was uncommonly splendid. His retinue consisted of eighty persons, thirty-six horses, and six carriages. The magnificence which he displayed at his first audience was not less striking. To adduce only one instance of this, upwards of one hundred pounds weight of silver and gold was employed upon his state chariot; every ornament, every nail of which, nay, even those of the harness, were of massive silver, and thickly gilt.

The whole establishment of the ambassador at Vienna corresponded with the brilliancy of his entry and first audience. His profusion knew no bounds; "nay, even India itself," says a cotemporary writer, "would not have furnished a revenue sufficient for the expenditure of this single minister." This prodigal minister was, nevertheless, necessitated to quit Vienna under cover of night, and in the disguise of a monk; and it was owing only to his rank, and the indulgence of the emperor, that he did not receive the reward due to the deed which we are about to relate.

Among all his acquaintances with the nobles of the Austrian court,

there was none that the prince cultivated more assiduously than that with Count Hallaweil. The occasion of their intimacy was furnished by antique coins, of which both were as great connoisseurs as they were passionate collectors; but it was gaming that constituted the closest bond of union between them, though it often reduced both to the most painful dilemmas, and at last cost the count his life, but the prince his honour and the repose of his future days.

The latter had lost in one sitting the sum of 51,000 guilders to Hallaweil. As his coffers were often empty through his extravagance, he was not at the moment able to discharge the debt, but promised to pay it within a certain time; and, on the other hand, prevailed upon the count to give him his word of honour not to mention the circumstance to any other person whatever.

The count, however, was not faithful to his promise; his treachery soon reached the ears of the prince, and that in a manner which could not fail to incense him in the highest degree. The prince was going to sit down to cards in one of the most brilliant companies, when the lady against whom he was about to play, asked in a jocosose manner, but not without a certain emphasis, "Whether his excellency intended to pay if he should happen to lose?"—"Madam," replied the prince, "it is true that I am Hallaweil's debtor, but—he shall be paid." This payment, it is true, punctually followed, but in what kind of coin will presently appear.

Some days after this discovery,

Hallaweil received an invitation to a hunting-party from the prince, who promised, on this occasion, to pay him half of the debt. The count accepted the invitation, and at the appointed time—about five o'clock in the morning of the 10th of August—repaired to the residence of the prince, where he found a chaise of such small dimensions that it could not possibly contain more than three persons. Hallaweil, therefore, sent back his servant, because the prince seemed unwilling to dispense with his own attendant, who was a native of Italy.

As soon as they had reached the Wiener Wald (the forest of Vienna), the usual hunting quarter of the ambassadors, the breakfast was spread in a meadow, and the sportsmen seated themselves beside it; but scarcely had the count taken his place, when he fell pierced by a ball in the back of his head.

It afterwards appeared that the prince had purchased so small a carriage for the express purpose, that in the execution of his murderous plan he might have no witness, and his victim no assistant; for so fully bent was he upon the assassination of the count, that he even brought with him a pickaxe and shovel, concealed underneath the carriage, in order that the body might be instantly buried upon the spot. The tool whom the prince had hired to execute this atrocious design was an Italian, who had passed the night on this account at an inn near the forest, and had abundant opportunity to take the necessary measures for ensuring success.

The victim being dispatched, his corpse was dragged about a hun-

dred paces to a dark, sequestered dell, to the foot of a tree, which had been marked beforehand for the place of burial by a handkerchief and a provision-basket, both belonging to the assassin. Here it was to have been interred, but the roots of the tree withstood the spade; the body was therefore left upon the ground, after being stripped of some of the most valuable articles, which were worth more than 3000 guilders. This last act of meanness is probably to be ascribed only to the murderer and the servant; for the prince's rapacity was certainly not so extreme as to induce him to enrich himself with the spoils of his victim, though the detestable plan was rather ascribed to this cause than to revenge.

A prodigal, however, such as the ambassador had always shewn himself, could not possibly act in that manner. If, as it is related, he actually sometimes presented ladies of the highest rank with trinkets, which, instead of diamonds and gold, were composed of glass and gilt copper, with the prince's arms engraved upon it, there is no doubt that he was himself deceived in such articles. At any rate, it is not to be supposed, that a man of such immense fortune would become an assassin for the sake of a gambling debt of 51,000 guilders, which he had besides a chance of winning back again. Revenge for injured honour, and not avarice, was certainly the motive that impelled him to hire the Italian for the commission of so execrable a crime.

Towards evening the prince returned from his bloody sport to

Vienna, went to the Countess Rabutin's assembly, and there behaved with the same indifference as if he was come from an ordinary hunting-party. When Count Wenzel Felix, the brother of his victim, and his sister, Countess Wartenberg, inquired of him concerning his companion, he replied, without the slightest embarrassment, that the count had by the way fallen in with a gentleman, whose servants wore yellow liveries; that he had got into his carriage, and was gone with him to Baden. "Most likely," continued he jocosely, "Count Hallaweil was glad to get under shelter, for the tremendous rain soon cooled our ardour for the chase, and I was myself so completely wet, that I was obliged to stop at the inn at Gablitz, where I accidentally met with a Milanese of my acquaintance, whom I brought to town with me."

The prince continued to conduct himself as if nothing was the matter, went into companies and to the play, and on the third day after the deed paid his respects to the emperor; in short, he counterfeited innocence in the most natural manner. So much the more uneasy were the count's relations, who even began to conceive suspicions of the prince; for when Hallaweil did not make his appearance on the second day after the hunting-party, and a messenger dispatched to Baden returned with the intelligence that nobody had seen him there, the only cause to which they could ascribe his absence was mischance or murder.

They now became more urgent with the ambassador for particulars respecting the disappearance of

the count; but the prince replied more drily than before, that "he was not the count's keeper, and how was he to know which way he had gone after the rain had broken up the hunting-party?"

Reduced to silence, but by no means restored to tranquillity by this declaration, they besought the emperor to cause the forest to be searched with hounds, as they might perhaps discover some traces that would lead to the development of the mystery. This was accordingly done. Count Wenzel Felix himself attended. By means of the dogs the corpse was soon found under some bushes, and it was immediately conveyed to Vienna. Here the family would have exhibited it in public, in order to exasperate the people against the prince, who was unreservedly accused of the murder; but this was forbidden by the emperor, who was apprehensive of some gross violation of the rights of ambassadors.

The prince meanwhile had not failed to perceive that guilt dispels the halo which surrounds dignity, and that truth is more mighty than rank. He therefore solicited an audience of the emperor to vindicate his character, and to demand satisfaction for the reports propagated against him by the family of Hallaweil. The monarch, however, refused him admission to his presence. The prince then applied for an interview with the ministers, but with no better success.

He at length repaired, without any previous announcement, to the Bohemian chancellor, Count Kinsky, complained bitterly of the rumours so injurious to his honour and his sentiments that were in

circulation at Vienna, and declared, that unless they were speedily silenced, he would resign his post, that he might have an opportunity of fighting every one who should presume to accuse him of the murder. "Then your excellency will have to fight all the old women in Vienna," was the reply with which the chancellor coolly dismissed the prince, who, almost by a miracle, reached his palace with a whole skin; for the populace had assembled to take summary vengeance on the *Death-ambassador**, the murderer of Count Hallaweil.

De Ligne, justly apprehensive of the worst, now considered himself as no longer safe in his palace, and taking with him a bag full of ancient coins, and a book in which he was accustomed to write down his adventures, he sought refuge in the neighbouring convent of Trinitarian friars. It was not long before he thought it prudent to quit that asylum, as the family of Hallaweil had sworn to have blood for blood. Having, therefore, disguised himself in the habit of a monk, he set out at twelve o'clock at night on the 15th of August, in company with some of the friars, and proceeded to Hainburg, near Presburg, and thence to Wienerisch-Neustadt and Schottwien.—He left behind him, however, letters addressed to Counts Harrach and Kinsky, full of the most solemn asseverations of his innocence, to-

* Such was the name by which he was universally called at Vienna, because at a masquerade during the carnival he had assumed the character of a Moor, but looked, in his silver brocade dress, infinitely more like Death than like his sable model.

gether with the strongest reclamations of his rights and honour.

As soon as it was reported that the prince had fled, several members of the family of Hallaweil pursued him, while others importuned the emperor to send after him an officer of the police with some assistants. Their solicitations were complied with, but the tenor of the orders given to the officer was so equivocal, that he might easily have perceived that the emperor was not very anxious for the apprehension of a criminal, who derived from his diplomatic post a protection not less powerful than unjust.

The officer, however, intent on the conscientious discharge of his duty, overlooked this circumstance, and arrested the ambassador in the night of the 17th of August, at the castle of Schottwien. With the aid of the inhabitants, he secured the fugitive and two monks who accompanied him, upon which he dispatched a courier with the intelligence to Vienna, under the idea, that by his promptitude he had deserved the favour of the emperor. His surprise may, therefore, be conceived, when his messenger returned with directions to release immediately the three monks, the father-ambassador of course included.

The emperor was, in fact, unwilling to sanction any proceedings which might disturb the friendly relations with a court which had for the first time sent an ambassador to Vienna. He, for this reason, placed a guard of 150 men in the prince's palace, at the request of M. de Casto Pigneiro, his secretary of legation, who had fallen sick with vexation, and transmitted

an account of the whole affair by a courier to the court of Lisbon, in order to anticipate all misrepresentations and distortions of the truth on the part of the prince.

At Lisbon, however, the matter was not viewed in a very serious light, for the prince possessed influence, was connected with the most distinguished families, and thus found means to obtain the most favourable issue to the process instituted against him in the *Meza di Conscientia*, the supreme court of the kingdom. He grounded his strongest hope upon the circumstance, that no witness could be produced against him; for how was it possible for his prosecutors in Portugal to come at his servant and the Italian bravo! And in case suspicion should attach to him, he insisted that the count had played false, and thereby forfeited all claim to the right of being treated as a gentleman. The first decision of the court, indeed, sentenced the prince to ten years exile to India, and a fine of 10,000 crusades, yet

not as being convicted of the murder, but because he had quitted his post as ambassador without permission. This sentence, however, was not carried into execution; the culprit received a pardon from the king, and thus, on the 4th of February, 1700, after the process had lasted four years and a half, the prince was acquitted, recalled with all his honours into the kingdom, and permitted to kiss the sovereign's hand. The public opinion, a court which seldom errs in its decision, judged him more severely than the supreme tribunal; for the nation congratulated itself on the circumstance, that the person suspected on such strong grounds of so foul a crime was not a Portuguese, but a native of the Netherlands. It was probably for this reason that he soon withdrew from court, and retired to Venice. There he resided as a private individual, devoting himself wholly to his favourite study of antiquities, till his death on the 6th of September, 1710.

MISCELLANIES.

PLATE 2.—SENTIMENTAL TRAVELS TO THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

LETTER I.

INDEED I cannot help it—however humiliating the confession to the innate pride of the heart, however difficult to be pronounced by the lips of a professed philosopher—still, for the honour of truth, I must acknowledge without reserve, that to nothing but the jostling and shaking of a travelling carriage am I indebted for the recovery of the free use of my moral faculties.

With the assistance of the way-wiser*, I could point out on the map the exact spot where I found this and the other good quality which I had been gradually losing in what way it is impossible for me to explain. I was obliged, it is true, to pick them up again one by one; it was many a tedious hour

* A pedometer, or perambulator, applied to a carriage.

before I regained all that had escaped me, and I was forced to turn and wind and try many a posture before I could get into that which was natural to me.

When the intolerable noise and bustle of Berlin were hurrying me away from that city, I shut up my carriage as closely as the cell of a Carthusian, and fancied that I was playing the world an excellent trick in letting down my spring-blinds. The world, however, jogged on just as usual, whilst I, with every stage that brought me nearer to Leipzig, felt more and more severely the unpleasantness of my secluded life. My John managed the business of providing all that was necessary for the progress of his miserable master, and though a thoroughly good fellow, his company in such a restless employment would but have annoyed me. Indeed the evident cheerfulness with which he gazed sometimes at the clouds, and at others at the sheep that we met, was by no means suited to the neighbourhood of my spleen. I wanted a companion who resembled myself, and at the Blue Angel I had the good fortune to meet with one, who was my perfect counterpart, and united in his person all my obstinacy, my dislike of jokes and caresses, my silence, my wrinkled brow, nay even my asthma. You will certainly be delighted to hear that I am not alluding to any human being, but to a pug-dog; which I purchased for a few dollars. The poor beast, though involved so unawares in my peregrinations, yet soon accommodated himself to circumstances; for we might have travelled round the globe together without annoying one another, any

more than was absolutely necessary for the indulgence of our mutual humour. At present, indeed, poor Mops is not so indispensable; for a cheerful mind can prize the instinct of joy in subordinate animals, and would assuredly prefer the sprightly greyhound to the snarling pug. Nevertheless, as a subject for reflection my Mops is still of value to me. How often in the feeling of my present happiness do I smile at this faithful picture of my former discontent! and how often as I pass him do I raise my eyes in gratitude to Heaven! Surely this is a sufficient reason for me to keep him, and to make him my companion on my return.

“Who is the ruddy gentleman that is just gone into the house?” said I to the landlord of the Roman Emperor at Frankfurt, while his people were unloading me like some brittle commodity. This question was asked in such a faint, hollow voice that he thought it more urgent to answer my tone than my curiosity. “I will take care that you shall sit next to him,” said the man; “he is one of our most eminent physicians.”

It was owing to this accident that for the first time for eight days past I listened to the proposals of dining like a human being in the society of my fellow-creatures, for hitherto Dr. A——’s powder, that wonderful antidote against intermittent fevers and foul air, had been my only breakfast. The moment ten o’clock came, even if it overtook me on the descent of the steepest hill, I stopped to co-operate with Dr. B—— against the stone—

at eleven with Dr. C— against consumption—and at twelve with the celebrated Dr. E— against the gout, that on the evening of each day I might be the more worthy of Dr. F—'s nutritive soup.

Though I had lived so regularly, yet the moment I entered the room where the *table d'hôte* was held, all eyes were fixed upon me. The guests sidled, terrified, towards one another, and left one whole side of the table for me and the physician, close to whom I placed myself. When I began to look about me, it was easy to perceive in every countenance, what a ludicrous contrast must be formed by the paleness of my face with the jolly appearance of his. I know not how it was, but I could no longer look at his ruddy cheeks without mortification, and at times I was on the point of falling into my old error, and considering his complexion as the livery of ignorance. However, a certain pleasure which the whole company seemed to take in eating under his inspection, spoke loudly in his favour, and repressed every hasty opinion respecting him, till he—alas! but too soon, betrayed himself. I have no doubt often fallen into the hands of more ignorant physicians than he was; but such a votary of intemperance I never met with in the whole profession. All the senses of this *gourmand* were engaged in the animal gratification of his appetite. His eagle eye flew from dish to dish and marked out his distant prey, which he adroitly handed off from before his less attentive companions. He seemed to have hung up his skill, great as it might be, upon the same nail with his hat; to consider medicine

as merely a handmaid to the culinary art, and to estimate the reputation of a Fabius Gurgès above that of a Galen. At the hour of dinner such a physician is the most useless creature under the sun. God forgive him, I say, for the manner in which he behaved to me! I sat by him in reverential silence, and long waited in vain for the voluntary charity of his notice, which at last I determined to solicit the first moment that his tongue should be at leisure.

After long and patient expectation, the favourable opportunity arrived. The first course was removed, and during a short pause which ensued while the second was brought in, I strove to arrange matters so as to interest the better part of the epicure in my behalf. Vain hope! for just as I was opening my mouth to give him a detail of all my afflictions, a thumping goose, placed upon the table as the principal dish, excited the admiration of the company, and completely absorbed the doctor's attention. The carving of the fowl now left me a very short interval for the execution of my purpose. I mustered all my courage, seized my neighbour's hand, and trusted, by the complimentary turn of my address, to secure a hearing at least till the carver should have finished his task. "Chance," said I, in a timid tone, "has placed a person labouring under severe illness by the side of a celebrated physician. You are doubtless acquainted, sir, with Madai's Treatise *de Morbis occultis*—on the seventh page of that work my ailment is delineated after the life.—But why do you eye me with such significant looks?

I conjure you, most feeling of men, confess without reserve that you despair of my recovery!—But might not a stricter diet than I have hitherto observed contribute to dispel the peccant hum——.”

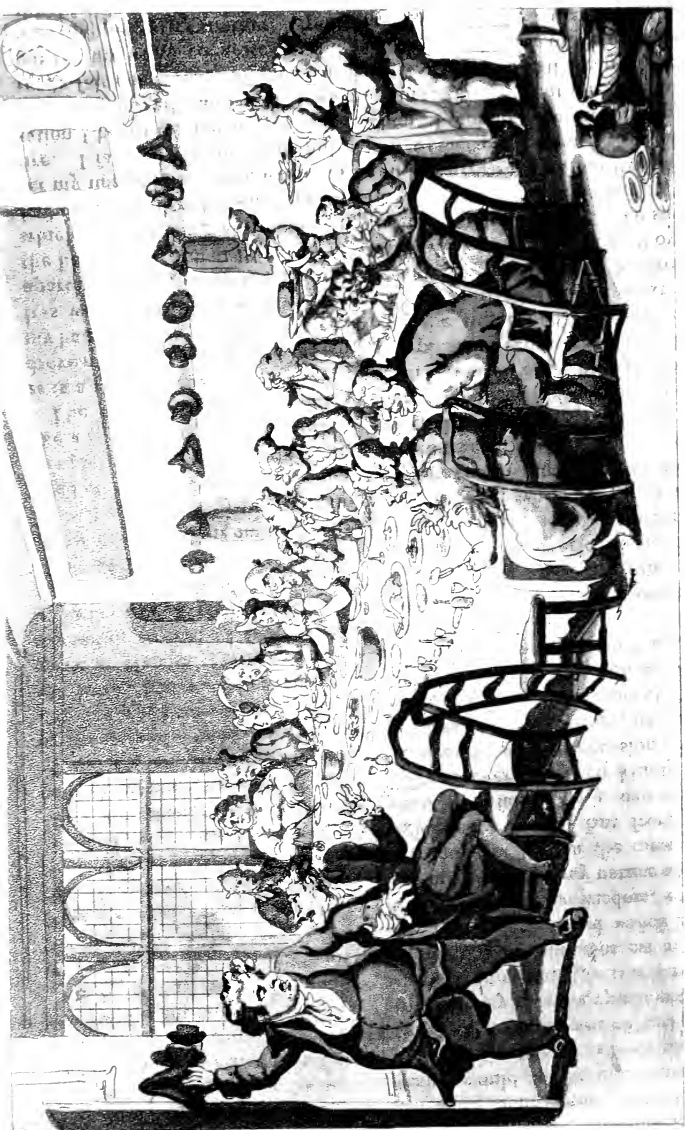
But, gracious Heaven! what unexpected horror here interrupted my heart-breaking period, and froze the word upon my quivering lip! The cruel doctor had listened to me thus far with evident surprise. He now, as if filled with abhorrence of my disease, suddenly pushed back his chair, laconically wished me a good journey, snatched up his hat, and—would you believe it?—fairly left the savoury goose in the lurch, and vanished like the ghost in Hamlet. What an overwhelming stroke! I fancied that on either side of my now insulated chair I beheld a yawning precipice; while the abrupt departure of the doctor and his ominous wish of—“A good journey to you!” instead of the decisive answer which I implored of him, rung in my ears like a *mitimus* to the other world.

The deplorable figure in which as in a mirror I now beheld myself, drove me from the table, and caused my hair to stand erect when breathless with haste I had reached my apartment. To mend the matter, the heat of the ardent Rhenish, of which, after a long abstinence, I had unluckily drunk a whole glass, set my imagination completely on fire. I fancied that in every pulsation I heard the footsteps of approaching Death, and that I already felt one thread of the curious texture which composes mortal man snapping after another. Upon this I fell into metaphysical speculations—the most unprofitable of all—I determined to pursue my-

self till the final consummation, when the component parts of my being would be divided between two worlds; but fortunately something intervened, and obliged me to defer my grand experiment—a suspension of thought that is more valuable than the clearest ideas, and in the darkness of which I always recovered that wisdom, energy, and dignity of my nature which I frequently lost in the most enlightened circles. But from the years of infancy sleep had never diffused over me such kindly influences as on this occasion; and the idea, “Take courage, live, and hasten back into the arms of Nature!” had taken complete possession of my mind when I awoke with the dawn.

Alas! how many secret avenues to the human heart are open to ill-humour! It overleaps hedges and ditches, and levels the strongest bulwarks; while Joy, with her modest train, pursues the most beaten tracks, is affrighted by every challenge of “Who comes there?” and is often—ah! how often!—scared away by a shadow. The pleasing sensations which during the night had revisited me, scarcely tarried till the hour of breakfast was past, and before I was aware of it, they were “over the hills and far away.” To such rare guests, who, moreover, take you by surprise, you hardly know how to behave. I was frightened when I found the nest empty again: things went on in their usual course, and all I can tell you is, that certainly a couple of sourer faces never passed that road than what my Mops and I brought with us in the evening to Heidelberg.

You may refer to other travellers,



if you please, for a description of the enchanting situation of that town. I had no relish for its beauties, and the inn where I put up was not calculated to mend my temper. I disliked the landlord, his rooms were dusty, his beds hard, and his provincial accent offended my ear. I dreamt all night of nothing but the happy morning when I should leave such a disagreeable place; and this impatience had risen almost to fever when the morning arrived.

How much or how little I gained by it, and whether there exists a term expressive of all the unpleasant feelings which accompanied me to Bruchsal, I shall not now inquire: suffice it to say, that I then fancied I might learn these things from a physician, exalted at a little distance from the post-house above a circle of people who sought his aid, and to whom he was dispensing the benefits of his skill and experience in a flood of eloquence. He inspired me with a thorough conviction, that the disease, of which he drew so minute and so frightful a picture, and as a cure for which he offered his Sympathetic Drops, was the same that afflicted me. I pushed through the crowd, planted myself just before his throne, and gaped at him like the rest of his auditors. He was quite a different kind of man from the doctor at the Roman Emperor, who had frightened me so terribly the preceding day.

Laugh not, ye happy mortals who possess the blessing of health, at the victim of hypochondria, contracted perhaps in the composition of works of which you are now deriving the benefit!—laugh

not at him, I say, if he cannot withstand the temptation of infallible remedies; laugh not at the afflicted wretches who enrich the empiric, and forgive my penetration, which, under the hussar disguise of this physician, discovered a messenger of Heaven sent for my relief, who favoured me with a bottle of his invaluable tincture for two paltry pieces of gold, and gave me his address into the bargain. With what confidence did I swallow the first spoonful, which he had the kind condescension to pour out for me with his own hands! “You will fall into a sound sleep,” said the worthy man, “but be sure and charge your servant to let nothing disturb you during the operation of my medicine.”

That great King of France, whose name does not occur to me just now, but whose confessor was obliged to give a written promise in the presence of a notary and proper witnesses, and at the same time to pledge his own salvation, to secure by his arts a place for his majesty in Abraham’s bosom, could not leave the world with greater confidence than I pursued my way after I had taken the sympathetic elixir. What the great man had predicted actually came to pass. I fell at the specified time into a truly magic slumber. For twice the usual gratuity the postillion promised me not to use either his horn or his whip. The horses seemed to enjoy an indulgence, such as they had perhaps never yet experienced, and crept like snails over the sand, while Mops and I tried which could snore loudest.

But how shall I express my vexation, when, after a nap of four hours, I was roused, so directly contrary to the instructions of my physician, by an impertinent traveller in a chaise, who drew up just before my carriage, and ordered my driver to stop. "Permit me to ask you, sir," were the first words that struck my ear, "which way you are going."—I raised myself, trembling, on my seat, and stammered like a smuggler before an exciseman: "To Provence, sir."—"But by what road," he inquired; "you will probably pass through Carlsruhe?"—I signified the affirmative with a very sullen nod, as I was by no means pleased with the disturbance which his intrusion occasioned.—"Will you then be so obliging," he resumed, "as you have a vacant seat—[Here my four-footed companion sprang up and barked, as if he understood what the stranger was saying.]—to take this poor fatigued young woman—[Something like what he described alighted meanwhile from the chaise]—so far to her mother? Only think, sir, the poor creature lost her way last night in the forest. I was fortunate enough to meet with her and to save her, but business of importance will not allow me to go farther out of my way."

It was impossible for such an application to an obstinate invalid, who was besides roused from his dear-bought slumber, to prove successful. I fancied, moreover, drowsy as I was, that I could perceive, from the condition of her silk cloak, that she had been longer

than one night out of the sight of her mother. Her eyes were cast down with becoming modesty at the painful scrutiny of mine, and in anxious suspense awaited my determination. How many things conspired to shut my heart against the poor straggler! I hemmed; and when I was sure of my voice, replied in plain terms, "I can do nothing for you, my good girl. If you could pass the night in such company in the forest without pining after your mother, the remainder of your way home to her will not seem very tedious. Go, go, you have nothing to fear; for if the road were crowded with wolves, they would not hurt such a sweet innocent as you." I laid so strong an emphasis upon the concluding words, and accompanied them with such a significant look, that she instantly drew back out of my way. The stranger himself replied not a syllable to my refusal, mounted his chaise again without concerning himself any farther about his *protégée*, took off his hat to me, and drove away.

Maddened at so unseasonable an intrusion, and full of apprehension respecting the baneful effects that might result from my awaking, I revoked the order which had hitherto tied the hands of my conductor. His horn now sounded the more sonorously; his whip, after long inactivity, now cracked the louder; the fancied happiness of the poor horses was dissipated, and I gained so much by it, that I brought my surly visage to Carlsruhe at least an hour before the good-natured fair-one did hers.

THE WOMAN-HATER CONVERTED.

MADAME MONVAL was at the age of twenty-one the prettiest and most admired widow in Paris. She had been forced to unite herself at the early age of fifteen to M. Monval, who was old enough to be her grandfather, and whose moroseness and severe vigilance made him appear, during the years they spent together, in the character of a gaoler rather than that of a husband. Death at last released the lovely Adrienne from his tyranny, and nobody doubted that she would speedily indemnify herself for all the misery and restraint she had suffered. They were not mistaken; she mingled in every gay scene, appeared to enjoy with the highest relish the pleasures of which she had been so long deprived: but still she was so prudent and circumspect in her conduct, that scandal itself could find no ground to accuse her of an improper attachment; and three years passed without any of her admirers being able to prevail upon her to enter a second time the temple of Hymen. She declared, that she never intended to marry, but young widows are generally prone to say so, and for some time it was received as a matter of course: however, when such a length of time had passed, people began to think she might possibly be in earnest. The *petit-maitres* whom she had refused shrugged up their shoulders at her folly and want of taste, and her female friends commented on her conduct with the good-nature which is usually shewn upon such occasions.

There was one among them, however, who had more penetration

than the rest; she divined the cause of this extraordinary resolution: *Madame* was in love, and with a person for whom no one could have thought she ever would harbour a tender sentiment.

The object of her passion was the young Marquis de Rouvigni, a woman-hater of five-and-twenty. He was not handsome; he possessed indeed a good figure, and his pale thoughtful countenance had a degree of intelligence, and at times of sweetness, which might have rendered him a favourite with the fair, had it not been known that he detested them. If others called women vain, selfish, and heartless, he darkened these *amiable* traits, till his philippic generally ended in comparing them, to crocodiles, hyenas, every thing, in short, most savage and abhorred in the animal creation.

"The man was a fool and a brute!" exclaims one of my fair readers. Patience, dear madam, I plead guilty in the name of my hero to the first charge, but I utterly deny the last. He was not wise certainly in condemning all women because one had deceived and betrayed him; but so far from being a brute, his heart overflowed with benevolence, and at the moment he was in one of his bitterest moods, if an object of clarity, whether male or female, presented itself, his hand opened to relieve, and his heart felt compassion for their sorrows.

"Then," says my fair antagonist, "he was very inconsistent."

Dear madam, are we not all so sometimes? and is not my hero particularly privileged? Who the deuce

would expect consistency from a Frenchman?

To return to Adrienne, this woman-hater, with his dark eyes and intelligent countenance, had given her a disgust to the levity of those by whom she was surrounded. Too delicate to take any step to force herself upon the notice of so abstracted and melancholy a being, she tried to find in dissipation a cure for a passion which she believed hopeless: but this resource was unavailing; she grew thin, her spirits were forced, and she began to think of having recourse to absence, when one day the mother of the marquis paid her a visit.

Madame la Marquise, who had had considerable experience in *la belle passion*, entertained, from trifling causes, very strong suspicions of the partiality of Adrienne for her son. She had long been desirous to see him married; an opportunity now, as she thought, presented itself, and she determined not to lose it. She contrived to draw from Adrienne a confession of her love for the marquis, and she would not leave her till she had exacted a promise, that she would dispense with the little attentions always expected from a lover, and give her hand to De Rouvigni, who was, she declared, very desirous of obtaining it.

Madame la Marquise knew very well, that there was not a word of truth in this declaration, but she relied upon the duty and affection of De Rouvigni, over whom she knew her influence was very great. "He will not," said she mentally, "be able to resist my tears and supplications, and if I can but get him to propose to Madame Mon-

val, I must hurry the nuptials, and try to keep them as much asunder as possible till they are married."

The *marquise* was right in supposing her son would yield to her entreaties, but she was wrong in thinking he would suffer her to impose on Adrienne a belief of a passion he declared himself incapable of feeling. Yet, though incapable of deceiving, De Rouvigni was still less so of wounding the feelings of Adrienne, and their first interview exhibited the rare spectacle of a Frenchman and his mistress looking at each other in silence, and in a state of the most awkward embarrassment.

It was broken at last by the marquis's stammering out his consciousness how unworthy he was to aspire to the honour—A dead pause succeeded, till Adrienne, thoroughly provoked, yet almost unable to suppress a smile, suddenly thought of a way to reconcile her love and her pride.

"I am no stranger," said she, "to the aversion with which you view our sex, and singular as it may appear to you, monsieur, it is because I consider you a decided woman-hater that I have consented to receive your addresses."

The marquis looked at her with astonishment, but without giving him time to reply, she proceeded: "Circumstances, which I may at some future period explain, have given me so decided a disgust to your sex, that I had determined never to marry again: this resolution has been combated unsuccessfully both by my own family and by those who sought my hand; but the continual persecution to which it has exposed me, rendered my

existence so irksome, that I was at last resolved to free myself from it by retiring from the world, which, as I love society, would be to me a real sacrifice, when your proposal, or rather," continued she, with involuntary archness, "that of *madame* your mother, pointed out to me a way to oblige my family, and yet preserve my liberty: a nominal union would satisfy our friends on both sides."

"Your project, madam," interrupted the marquis eagerly, "is charming: I must own, that the treatment I have received from one of your sex renders me invulnerable even to graces and attractions such as your own; but we cannot live wholly for ourselves, and since we fortunately think alike on this point, I need not say more, than that I shall acquiesce gratefully in your plan."

If Adrienne was mortified at this ungallant acquiescence, she did not abandon the hope which had induced her to make so singular a proposal. She was young, lovely, and admired; it was therefore natural that she should conceive De Rouvigni's indifference would yield to time. Their nuptials were celebrated: the Parisians wondered for some days at the strange choice of the beautiful widow; *Madame la Marquise* congratulated herself on her excellent management; and our young couple pursued each their respective pleasures and avocations, undisturbed by the cares or the pleasures of matrimony.

Poor Adrienne soon found, that the hope which she had cherished, of gaining, by her wit and graces, that heart invulnerable to the power of her eyes, was likely to prove

vain. The marquis shut himself up in his study the greater part of the day, and during the little time he shewed himself at meals, or in company, he was just as gloomy and abstracted as ever. Adrienne began to despair of touching his heart, and a slight indisposition affording her a pretext to leave Paris, she went to spend some time at an estate she possessed a few leagues from the capital.

As the disposition of Adrienne was benevolence itself, her presence spread universal joy among the peasants, who flocked to offer their rustic congratulations upon her return. She inquired why she did not see among them Babet Duparc, a widow to whom and her family she had been very bountiful; and she learned that poor Babet's grand-daughter, the young and blooming Jeannette, had some time before become insane, and was then almost in a dying state.

Adrienne hastened to their cottage, where she beheld a scene which would have softened any heart possessed of common humanity; that of the tender Adrienne melted with pity, while, like a ministering angel, she relieved the wants and soothed the sorrows of the poor old widow, whose last earthly hope was thus torn from her.

Finding that music soothed the wildest paroxysms of the poor maniac's disorder, Adrienne took her lute daily to the cottage, and often played for hours together to the unconscious Jeannette, who sometimes exhibited symptoms of returning reason, and Adrienne hoped that her benevolent pains would be at length rewarded by her reca-

very; but these hopes were vain, she did indeed recover her senses, but it was evident that her life ebbed apace.

It chanced that De Rouvigni was seized with a fancy to pass a short time in the country, and on reaching his *chateau*, and inquiring for his wife, he determined to go to her to the cottage of Babet. He reached it the very moment that the dying Jeannette, whom the *marquise* was supporting in her arms, breathed her last.

Adrienne had supported her spirits as long as she could be useful to the poor sufferer, but the sight of Jeannette's last agonies overcame her, and she would have sunk senseless beside the corpse, had not the marquis, rushing forward, caught her in his arms. She speedily recovered, and he then besought her to quit the awful scene.

"I must not desert my post," replied she, "while any thing remains to be done." Nor did she; she undressed and assisted to place poor Babet in bed, and leaving a proper person to perform the last sad duties to the deceased, she accompanied the marquis back to the *chateau*; but overcome by fatigue and a variety of feelings, she almost immediately retired to her apartment.

The scene which he had just witnessed made a strong impression upon the marquis. The angelic benevolence of Adrienne, the presence of mind she displayed in thinking at so awful a moment of all that was proper to be done, the tender solicitude which she shewed for the poor old infirm sufferer, all placed her in so fascinating, so estimable a point of view, that the

marquis was obliged to rally all his prejudices to weaken the impression she had made upon his heart. "She is, like all the rest of her sex," said he mentally, "carried away by the impulse of the moment; besides, it is necessary to her happiness to be admired: in Paris she dissipates her fortune that she may be talked of; here she expends her money in benevolence, but it is for the same purpose."

The moment he had made this reflection, his heart reproached him with its injustice, but he recalled to mind how well the woman who deceived and betrayed him had worn the mask of benevolence and sensibility, and he steeled his heart against his lovely wife by dwelling on these bitter recollections.

Adrienne's hours, meanwhile, were not much more tranquil than her husband's; she would have felt the truest delight from the unusual tenderness of his manner, had she not feared that it had its origin in a natural feeling of humanity. After a sleepless night, she rose early and paid a visit to Babet; she returned to breakfast with the marquis, but she saw with more sorrow than surprise, that every trace of the tenderness of the preceding evening had vanished, and his manner was cold, gloomy, and abstracted as usual.

In a few days he talked of returning to Paris, but he was prevented by an indisposition which confined him for some time to his apartment. His illness was not dangerous, and Adrienne, without affecting any solicitude about him, contrived to pass the greater part of her time in his company. She

had recovered her spirits, and she adapted herself with singular address to his humour; she said little, but that little shewed a mind well cultivated and a brilliant natural genius. The marquis could not help allowing her superiority in these respects to any woman he had ever conversed with. We will not inquire whether her beauty, which the simple attire of the country displayed to the greatest advantage, had any share in inducing him to form this opinion; but it is certain, that more than once, when she had ceased to speak, he caught himself gazing upon eyes whose eloquent expression might have given point to repartees less brilliant than those of Adrienne.

In short, the marquis found his insensibility giving way so fast, that at the end of a few weeks he determined to try to escape by flight from attractions which, in spite of himself, he could no longer behold with indifference.

He would not perhaps have formed this extraordinary resolution, had not the proud and timid Adrienne guarded her secret so carefully, that he did not even guess at the sentiments with which he had inspired her. "I see," cried he, one day after they had had a long conversation, "I see that I am an object of total indifference to her: she seemed pleased even to hear that I was going to return to Paris; but it is so much the better, I shall at least be saved from experiencing again those bitter pangs which female perfidy ever inflict; I will no longer expose myself to her fascinations; I will leave this place immediately."

It was impossible, however, at

least the marquis persuaded himself so, to set out that day, and he resolved to dissipate his disagreeable reflections by a ride. Adrienne smiled and bowed to him as he rode from the *chateau*. She remained at the window, lost in thought, for some time after he was gone, till a bustle below stairs drew her attention; she rang to inquire the cause, but no one answered, and she descended herself to see what was the matter. Upon the stairs she met her woman, who, with a countenance filled with horror and alarm, would have opposed her going down; but Adrienne, rushing past her, was in a moment in an apartment, where, extended on a couch, motionless and covered with blood, lay the marquis.

The piercing shrieks, the bitter lamentations of Adrienne, appeared to recall his spirit; he opened his eyes, which he fixed upon her with an expression of tenderness and surprise. At that moment the surgeon, who had been sent for, arrived, and his first act was to order the *marquise* to be led from the apartment while her husband's wounds were examined.

"Oh, no, no! I will be patient, indeed I will, but do not order me to go; I will not, I cannot!"

The surgeon bowed; he seldom contradicted the ladies, and he would not venture to offend the *marquise*. The wound was examined; it was trifling; and our honest son of *Æsculapius* declared, that as the marquis was in the hands of a man of skill, it was possible he might recover. "Possible!" exclaimed Adrienne; "oh, heavens! is it only possible?" The anguish of her tone was not lost

upon the happy marquis, who, from certain internal symptoms, did not think himself in much danger, and he requested to be left alone with her.

"Compose yourself, my dear Adrienne," said he, when the attendants had departed; "I know the goodness of your heart, and I am sure the humanity which induces you to take so lively an interest for me, will lead you to comfort my poor mother; I shall not, perhaps, survive to see her."

Which of our fair readers will condemn Adrienne when we tell them, that at this moment her whole stock of dissimulation forsook her—she acknowledged the secrets she had guarded with so much care; and the transported marquis, thinking probably that an enamoured

woman will readily give love the credit of working miracles, told her he already felt himself so much revived by her un hoped-for declaration, that he began to think recovery was possible.

The sequel of our tale may easily be guessed: he recovered not only health but happiness; every day increased his attachment to his Adrienne, whose fond and faithful affection soon weaned him from those prejudices which had given to his character its only shade; while the undeviating sweetness of her temper, and the indulgence with which she treated his little foibles, effectually secured the conquest which her beauty and understanding had gained, and converted the woman-hater into a constant and adoring husband.

ELEANOR JOHNSON.

Thomson did not disdain to borrow his *Celadon* and *Amelia* from the misfortunes of peasants,

"THERE is something so refreshing to the senses in a simple narrative, that we are almost inclined to wonder why so many authors erect themselves on the stilts of verbosity, under the idea of more forcibly laying hold of our feelings." This was the remark of a young lover of literature, who little imagined that the palate of readers required tickling as much as the appetite of the sensualist—of one who seemed to be unaware how much of our pleasure is purchased by variety, and that the charms of simplicity owe their zest and enjoyment to that power to which alone we look for amusement or information. When after poring over the verbose periods of a Gibbon, we take up Hume, our

refreshed senses feel the difference; and when from the deeds of the warrior, the misfortunes of kings, and the acts of those whose greatness raises few sighs of compassion from the humble, we turn for amusement only to some simple scene of humble life, we feel the transition as grateful as after toiling over *Snowdon* or the *Alps*, we tread the green umbrageous valley of quiet and picturesque repose. The lover of the terrible, the gigantic, and improbable, revels in the dreams of fiction: satiated with the charms of pure nature, his vitiated appetite demands viands of a more pungent sort, but he will not long be a seceder from truth; after reveling in all the machinery of hobgoblins, corri-

dors, and subterranean passages, he will return to the mother church and the pleasure of simplicity.

Perhaps there is as much true pathos in the following letter, written by a girl who poisoned herself from an idea of being neglected by her lover, a *black man*, as is to be met with in any of the love-tales of the present day, the correspondence of the Charlottes and Werters of 1816.

Sept. 24, 1739.

My dear Thomas Cato,

The letter I received this evening makes me very unhappy, to think you should expose me, and say I am deceitful and forget my promises so soon; no, my dear, I am not deceitful, nor did not intend to be. If I had, I should not have given my company to one not of my own colour: likewise, now you think me untrue, you shall have your property returned with pleasure; for was you the finest man my eyes ever beheld, after using me in this manner, I would not make you my husband; but I did intend it from my heart even to this hour, but I am sorry to say I never shall be married, nor ever shall enjoy any thing again. As for you, you never will embrace me again, neither will you have it in your power to speak to me any more, for I am very sure the hour of immortality is drawing very near; I can feel my heart decay very fast; you could not make one recompence for the hurt you have done me with the words of your cruel letter, were you to die at my feet. One favour I beg of you is, if not too much trouble, to see me before I am dead, as I shall not live to be married, or even see an-

other day. Let these few words be printed on your heart, as I am not able to write any more, for my eyes are flowing with tears, and my heart doth ache so, I cannot hold my pen; but I am your sincere well-wisher till death,

E. JOHNSON.

Eleanor Johnson, the writer of the above, was a beautiful young girl, only seventeen years of age, who had that morning poisoned herself at the house of her master; Mr. Fraser, optician, in Old Bondstreet. It appeared, on the evidence of the coroner's inquest, that an intimacy had subsisted some time between the deceased and a black man, named Thomas Cato, a native of the East Indies, on whom she had fixed her affections; that on the preceding Thursday she had received a letter from him, wherein he accused her of deceit, which letter she had burned. The contents of this epistle produced her fatal resolution: she wrote him the above letter, which she meant to have forwarded by the penny-post, and afterwards purchased three-pennyworth of white mercury at an apothecary's, under the pretext that it was to kill rats. Between twelve and one in the morning she executed her dreadful purpose. Having previously mixed the poisonous drug in some liquid, she rung the bell violently twice, which being answered by a domestic, she said, "Call my mistress directly; for I am very ill;" but before her mistress could reach her apartment she was insensible, and expired in great torture. The black, when examined before the jury, appeared so ignorant and illiterate, that nothing could be collected

from his evidence, nor the purport of the letter he sent he come at, but when her letter to him was read he wept bitterly. The jury brought in a verdict of *Lunacy* against Eleanor Johnson.

VERITAS.

THE MURMURER CORRECTED:

AN EASTERN TALE.

As the fisherman Hassan was returning to his hut, he met the splendid retinue of the grand vizier, and obtained, for the first time, a sight of Mustapha, the vizier himself. Nature and Fortune had showered their gifts on Mustapha with unsparing bounty. To the first he owed a manly and graceful person, and talents which rendered him the favourite of his royal master, and the idol of the nation; and to the latter he was indebted for riches said to be inexhaustible. Peace and joy appeared to have taken up their dwelling in the heart of Mustapha, whose open forehead and unclouded brow proclaimed a mind at ease, while his full blue eye glanced with benign solicitude among the throng, as if seeking objects for the exercise of those benevolent feelings which constituted his greatest pleasure.

Until this moment, the fisherman, although one of the poorest inhabitants of Bagdad, had been contented; but the sight of the pomp with which the vizier was surrounded, the expression of happiness that beamed in his countenance, and the praises and blessings that followed his footsteps, raised the baleful spirit of envy in the heart of Hassan. "How unequally," murmured he to himself, "does Alla deal with his creatures! Mustapha, like Hassan, descends

from an obscure and lowly stock, yet even in the first dawn of youth his sovereign's favour shone upon him; honours and dignities have followed each other, till the once lowly Mustapha owns no superior but our lord the caliph: while I, condemned to daily toil and scanty fare, know no intervals from labour but the few hours I snatch for repose, and even those are sometimes abridged that I may labour to procure bread.

Lost in these gloomy reflections he entered his hut, and his affectionate Zemira flew as usual to welcome him; but he turned coldly from her, and repulsing the fond solicitude with which she sought to discover the cause of his melancholy, retired to his couch, that he might meditate undisturbed upon his lot.

Every moment increased his disgust of it; and the evil genii, whose delight it is to plunge the children of men into guilt and misery, already exulted in their prey. Ulla, the protectress of Hassan, saw his lapse from virtue with sorrow, and hastened to present herself before him. The eyes of Hassan were dazzled by the brilliant light which shone round the form of the genius, and, invoking the name of Alla, he hastened to prostrate himself before her.

"Rash and impious Hassan," cried Ulla, "darest thou invoke

the name of him whose justice even now thou hast presumed to question? Looking only on the pomp by which Mustapha is surrounded, thou disregardest the thousand cares of greatness, and, envious of his supposed happiness, forgettest that his condition may in reality be more wretched than thine own."

Hassan ventured not to contradict the genius, but in his heart he still thought the lot of Mustapha blissful; and Ulla, to whom his secret soul was known, indignantly continued: "Deaf to the voice of truth, thou dost deserve to perish in thine error, but he who extends his mercy even to the meanest of his creatures, permits me thus once to impress conviction on thy mind." So saying, she breathed upon Hassan, who instantly found himself transported to the interior of Mustapha's palace. "Observe what thou seest in silence and attention; thou art thyself invisible to human eye," said the genius, and instantly disappeared.

Mustapha, whom Hassan expected to have found peaceably reposing upon his couch, was perusing, with an air of deep attention, a scroll which lay before him. In a few moments he gave a start of horror, and exclaiming, "Oh, gracious Alla! it cannot be!" again perused the scroll with eagerness. Never before had Hassan beheld anguish so excruciating as was painted in his countenance—that countenance so lately the seat of happiness. After a short pause he summoned a slave, and ordered him to conduct his son instantly into his presence. The slave obeyed, and Hassan, who himself was childless, gazed with admiration

upon the form of the youthful Sadak, in which many beauty and grace were exquisitely blended, and with a bitter sigh he murmured to himself, "Happy, thrice happy Mustapha! in every way the favourite of Alla."

The youth bent before his father, and in a voice of humility desired to hear his commands. "I sent for thee, my son, to receive them for the last time," replied Mustapha: "thou knowest how deeply I, the humblest of his slaves, am indebted to the bounty of our lord the caliph; raised by him from the dust, I have had the happiness for more than twenty years, in which I have enjoyed his smiles, to see that tranquillity, which my humble efforts so long ago restored, reign uninterrupted in his kingdom: the moment is now approaching in which it will become a prey to civil war. Finish, my son, the work thou hast begun; plunge thy dagger in the heart of thy unfortunate father, that heart to which, by thine ingratitude and treason, thou hast already given a mortal wound."

Bathed in tears, Sadak threw himself at the feet of Mustapha, and disclosed to him the whole of the conspiracy so nearly ready to burst forth. Mustapha heard with horror, that the brother of his sovereign was at the head of a plot to dethrone him; and three of his friends, men who owed him boundless gratitude, were the first movers of this horrible treason. "Oh, Heaven!" cried the unfortunate Mustapha, "is it for this that I have for years, under the specious mask of greatness, been a devoted slave to the welfare of my country? that I have given up the joys

of humble life to insure, as I hoped, the prosperity both of my sovereign and his people; and do I now find those, in whom my very soul confided, false equally to both?" His agony now grew too great for speech, but a few moments of recollection restored him to himself. "Fly!" cried he to his son, "fly, wretched Sadak! ere thy father sees himself compelled to surrender thee to the vengeance of his lord."

The youth in vain begged that he might stay and yield his forfeit life in expiation of the crime he had committed, but the feelings of the father overpowered the rigid justice which he would have exercised had Sadak's penitence been less sincere, and hastily disguising him in the dress of a slave, he intrusted him to the care of his faithful Massoud, and then quitted his chamber to take measures for preventing, if possible, the dreaded evil.

At this moment the genius appeared before Hassan, who, abashed and repentant, hastened to acknowledge his error. "The prudence and activity of Mustapha," cried Ulla, "will avert the threatened storm; he will succeed in saving his country from the horrors of civil war, but he must yield up to the severe justice which their crimes have provoked, men who have for years been the chosen friends of his bosom. His son, repentant too late, will pine a few

months in exile, and then expire uncheered by a father's blessing and forgiveness."

"Oh, wretched Mustapha!" exclaimed Hassan, whose heart, now freed from the baleful passion of envy, melted with pity, "what misery can equal thine?"—"Again, presumptuous mortal, art thou mistaken," cried the genius, with a severe frown; "the extreme of misery is the lot of guilt alone. Mustapha, just and pure of heart, feels his misfortunes keenly, for in his son and the friends he has lost centered all his earthly happiness; but he has never forgotten the frail tenure by which all earthly enjoyment is held, and, bending in meek submission to the will of Alla, he looks forward to the reward promised, in another world, to those who walk stedfastly in the paths of virtue."

As the genius spoke she breathed upon Hassan, who found himself again by the side of his Zemira on his couch. He lifted up his heart in gratitude for the admonition bestowed upon him, and implored the pardon of Heaven for his impious murmurs. Never again did the clouds of discontent lower upon the brow of Hassan; grateful for the good, and patient under the evil, which Providence had allotted to him, he never failed, if tempted to murmur, to recall the scene he had witnessed in Mustapha's palace, and bless Alla for his happier lot.

THE BUDGET OF A PARISIAN ELEGANTE.

THE young and beautiful wife of a wealthy Parisian financier last year contracted numerous and con-

siderable debts. While her husband was the whole day long engaged in affairs of business, madame

devoted herself solely to the toilette and to pleasure. When he gained money at the Stock Exchange, she lost it at the *bouillotte*; and, in short, she was as careless and prodigal as he was regular and industrious. In the first year of his marriage he either did not, or would not, notice his wife's extravagance, but he could no longer conceal it from himself, because her creditors beset him in crowds. Being, however, tenderly attached to her, he cheerfully paid their demands, and merely gave her an admonition, in which he talked a good deal about interest, deficits, &c. His fascinating spouse promised amendment, and to balance her expenses and receipts; peace was restored, and a second year passed without any fresh accounts. "My dear," said the astonished husband at the conclusion of it, "you have kept your word, but I cannot conceive how you could contrive to dress with such elegance, and to follow all the fashions, without running in debt."—"I have made a Budget," replied the lady.—"A Budget! how should you know what a Budget is?"—"Oh, yes! I know it very well; have taught my female friends how to make a Budget too, and they find it an admirable thing. I have instructed my *femme de chambre* to keep my books with the utmost regularity."—"My angel, you transport me; you have learned so much from me, even the technical expressions, that I could find in my heart to make you my cashier. But let me see your Budget."

*Budget of Madame D * * * **

Francs.

1. To the *Marchande des Modes* 1500

"That seems a large sum."

"But only consider that she has to supply what is requisite for the most interesting part of my person; that she has to make me appear languishing or *piquante*, melancholy or enchanting, according to circumstances."

2. To the *Friseur* 1200

"That is a prodigious sum of money!"

"A celebrated artist cannot be too well paid. *Entre nous*, he dressed my hair to-day after an antique gem, which has never been seen by a single connoisseur."

3. To the Dress-maker 2700

"Gracious Heaven! all that money merely for *façons*!"

"But recollect how she works! what graceful forms she can give! how admirably she sets off my neck and shoulders, and knows how to conceal every little defect in the shape!"

4. To the Mercer for silks and other stuffs 8000

"But pray what have you done with all the clothes that I gave you?"

"They were no longer in the modern taste—not ethereal enough by a great deal."

5. To the Shoemaker 600

"Upon my word, for a woman who never walks on foot, that is rather too much."

"What! I never walk! Have not I spoiled twenty pair of white shoes at the Museum, and as many with the steps of the theatres? and then our cousin sometimes under the table is clumsy enough to"—

Francs.
6. To the Perfumer 2000

"Quite incomprehensible, upon my word."

"You forget that at twenty one wan's cosmetics, essences, elixirs, *eau virginate*, night-gloves"—

7. For fine linen and embroidery 9000

"That is too bad! Indeed this is intolerable!"

"My dear, you don't know what you are talking about. Don't I receive my most intimate friends in bed? and don't I then want caps and corsets à l'enfant, and camisoles of all kinds?"

8. To the Groom 1000

"That seems to me a very needless expense."

"A very necessary one, you mean. To walk fatigues me; a coach gives me *ennui*; riding

on horseback improves the health, and imparts grace to all the motions."

"Well, let us now add up."——

Total, 26000

"I thought what a pretty Budget you would make of it. Why, I have not allowed you more than half this sum."

"That is true, but by a financial operation I have contrived to"——

"You have anticipated?"

"No."

"Or retrenched?"

"No, my dear; I have placed half of my creditors in *arrears*; my Budget is correct."

"What an extraordinary wife have I!" exclaimed the husband; "she will certainly make me either a Cræsus or a beggar!"

THE UNEXPECTED MEETING.

AN officer of the militia of Zurich, stationed in a village of one of the catholic cantons of Switzerland, was once called by business to the capital of the latter. On his return, not far from the gate of the town, his eye was caught by a fine boy, apparently about two years old, running along by the side of an old woman, who held him by the hand. The child's lovely face, his golden locks, and his sprightliness, were irresistibly attractive. The officer stopped, offered his hand to the little urchin, and in a tone of kindness inquired of the old woman the name of the boy. "His name is Francis Joseph," replied she, "and he comes from your canton, sir." Without any particular motive, but merely out of curiosity, he asked to what parish the

child belonged; and was told, to his surprise, the same in which his own home was situated. His attention being roused by the circumstance, he inquired the boy's surname, and was still more surprised on hearing the old woman pronounce that which he bore himself. She could not help noticing his astonishment, and examined his face more closely. "Surely," said she, "it must be his father's brother. You certainly resemble him." Overpowered by surprise, he was for some moments without power to reply, but soon recovering himself, he clasped the infant in his arms, and, with a tone of the deepest emotion, exclaimed, "And art thou then the child of my unfortunate brother?" Farther questions and explanations convinced him that

this was really the case. He complied with the urgent entreaty of the boy's grandmother to accompany them to her humble cottage, where he might speak to the child's mother, whom this unexpected meeting was destined to introduce to his acquaintance as his brother's wife.

Circumstances, which it would be unnecessary to detail here, had caused his brother, after the death of his first wife, to leave his home and children. In a distant canton he thoughtlessly contracted a second marriage with a Catholic; but after the expiration of a year, misled by bad company, he entered into foreign military service, leaving his wife and boy to abject poverty. The deserted wife might, indeed, have taken the child to his father's home, and have claimed a provision there for herself also. But this proposal, which was made to her, was combated by filial affection for her aged mother, a widow, whom she had hitherto cared for and supported. The dutiful daughter preferred extreme poverty to a separation from her mother or from her child. While she by the labour of her hands earned a scanty pittance for all three, the grandmother acted the part of a tender nurse to the child. The hope of more easily finding a subsistence induced them to remove from their former residence to a village in the vicinity of the chief town of the canton, and here it was that the good old creature and her grandson so accidentally attracted the notice of the officer.

The wretched hut, together with all the other symptoms of the poverty of the inhabitants; the mother busy at her work, and whose

looks betrayed profound grief; the expressions of surprise and astonishment from them all; the simple story of the honest, communicative old woman concerning their fortunes—contributed to render this scene a moving one for the officer. A feeling of the deepest compassion was excited in his bosom. He pitied the lot of the mother, and still more that of the boy. "Innocent child!" he exclaimed, "thou shalt not be forsaken!" He had at home, it is true, several children of his brother's by his first marriage, who were brought up by himself and his wife like their own offspring. But his heart was so unexpectedly interested by Providence itself in behalf of this infant, whom he had never seen before, that he deemed himself bound to obey the generous impulse of his soul as the voice of God. "Thou, too," said he, "shalt find a father in me, as thine has abandoned thee!" He knew the excellent disposition of his wife, whose sentiments corresponded with his own, and was confident that she would not hesitate to receive this child of his brother's into her family. He therefore desired that the boy might be given up to him as soon as possible, for the purpose of being sent to his home.

This proposal awakened all the tenderness of maternal love, and the faithful attachment of the grandmother. The former took the child in her arms, and, speechless with sorrow, pressed him with a flood of tears to her bosom. The infant himself clasped his little arms about her neck, as if afraid of being separated from her. "The loss of this child would be my death," cried the grandmother.

"No, I will faithfully nurse and attend him as heretofore. Let us keep him, at least, till he is old enough to require instruction in your religion; and if you are disposed to do any thing for us, bestow such relief as your heart suggests; for we are poor, and my unfortunate daughter is obliged to support both me and her child!"

It was impossible to withstand such a petition. The officer made them a liberal present, and promised them farther relief. He encouraged the mother and daughter to continue to take the greatest care of the boy, firmly resolved to receive him when a little older into his family.

THE FEMALE TATTLER.

No. XIII.

Quin potius pacem æternam pactosque hymenæos
Exercemus.

VIRG. *Æn.* l. iv. v. 99.

Rather in leagues of endless peace unite,
And celebrate the hymeneal rite.

I SHALL not alarm my readers with the apprehension that I am about to enter into so wide a field of discussion, as the contests which so frequently take place between ladies and gentlemen concerning the comparative perfections of their respective sexes; my present object being no more than to state certain opinions respecting them, which a few evenings ago were let loose in a small party where the subject was accidentally started. Being myself a female, I may be supposed to entertain certain prepossessions, and being a Tattler also, that I should be very loquacious in defending them; but my office is, to display the sentiments of others, and only in a dearth of them, to offer my own.

The company to whom I have alluded, consisted of three gentlemen and an equal number of ladies. Two of them were man and wife, and had been some time married; one was an elderly gentleman, Mr. Oddfish, who had never sacrificed to Hymen; another was a lady, Miss Languish, who, though on the verge

of ancient virginity, appeared still to entertain the hope that she should not be finally destined to lead apes in hell. The remaining pair, Mr. Oglethorpe and Miss Bluebell, were young, lively, perfectly well-bred, and very agreeable; and, as I have since heard, have such favourable dispositions towards each other, as render their jaunt to matrimony a matter of general expectation in the circle of their acquaintance.

It is not necessary for me to enter into, or rather repeat, the conversation which introduced the subject; it will be sufficient for me to mention, that Mrs. Grumpish, the married lady, replied to an observation of Mr. Grumpish, "O yes, to be sure, you are my lord and master, that's certain; yes, yes, you men are mighty fond of being thought the lords of the creation."—"And so we are," answered he, "or why, on a certain occasion, did you pronounce the acknowledgment at the altar when you vowed and promised obedience to me? The question now is, whe-

ther you have kept that promise, and are not at this moment guilty of a kind of matrimonial treason, by flying in the face of your husband, who is, by every law human and divine, your sovereign lord and master. My dear Alice, do remember that emphatic word—OBEY.—“A fine story indeed!” exclaimed Mrs. G——, with a flirt of her ridicule: “I did use the word *obey*, but that was a mere word of form, and just as of much force as another part of the same delightful ceremony, in which you promised to *worship* me, and endow me with all your *worldly goods*. Remember that, Mr. Grumpish; and the company will be the judges in what manner you perform your part of the engagement. And as for your endowment of worldly goods, they will form a pretty correct idea when I tell them, that my fortune of twenty thousand pounds was paid to relieve your estate from certain endowments called mortgages: but, thank Heaven, I have pretty near that sum free from any controul or power of any husband; and if the law has made you master over me, the same power has made me mistress over that; and so, my sovereign lord and master, look to your good behaviour, and let me hear no more of the fiddle-faddle of obedience.”

“O fie, madam!” interposed Miss Languish, “you cannot mean what you say. The marriage ceremony is of a very solemn nature, and I cannot but think that it becomes every lady who engages in it, to adhere to what she then promises to fulfil. For my own part, when I am called to perform the duties of a wife, I shall return the

protection which is afforded me by my husband, by submitting to the power that gives it me.”

Mr. Oddfish drew his chair nearer to the lady, offered her some sweetmeats from his *bonbonniere*, and wished he had something more presentable to a lady of her admirable sense and understanding.—“You had better present yourself, Mr. Oddfish,” said Mrs. Grumpish, with a loud horse-laugh; “but if she accepts you as a sweet-meat, she will find you a dried one.” The old bachelor lifted up his eyes and shrugged his shoulders, and cast a humble kind glance towards Miss Languish, who, as if she had not heard what had been just said, with an air of *badinage*, asked another similar gift of Mr. Oddfish, and threatened to empty his box. Miss Bluebell, who had been some time upon the titter, now burst into a loud laugh, but at what, or at whom, my readers are as well qualified to indulge a conjecture as myself.

“Now is the time,” said Mrs. Grumpish, “to laugh, my dear young lady; you are young, and handsome, and born to fortune, so that you may marry when you please, but if you will take my advice, do not be in a hurry to have a lord and master; at least you will have better luck than most of our sex, if matrimony does not clothe that smiling face and lively pleasantries of yours with serious looks and grave airs.”—“Heaven forbid!” exclaimed the young beauty; “besides, Mr. Oglethorpe has just told me, that I was made to laugh and to command during the rest of my life.”—“I do not doubt it, my dear,” replied Mrs. Grumpish. “I

had as much flattery in my time as you have now. There is my delightful husband, who pretends to be asleep, to escape the trimming he had a right to expect from me; for six months before our marriage, he talked of nothing but love and adoration and idolatry. The pride of his life would be to wear my chains, to be my devoted and faithful slave: he was to know no wish but mine; he was to live only in my looks, and to bask only in my smiles. In short, he continued to repeat all his love-sick asseverations till I was persuaded to believe them true, and marry him; and now he tells me, and boasts before this company, that he is my lord and master, and that it is my duty to yield to him a constant, humble, and submissive obedience. But I will make him recall his words, and set you an example, Miss Bluebell, how you are to act, when your husband begins to forget himself so egregiously as even to hint, much more when he openly supports the odious doctrine."

The conversation continued, with little novelty, or at least with no opinion that would justify a repetition from me, when Mr. Oddfish, after he had delivered up his whole store of sweet-meats to Miss Languish, was pleased to observe, that there was a lady in company, meaning myself, who had not favoured them with a single observation on this interesting subject; and, in short, so much was said upon my silence, that I felt it would not be consistent with good manners if I obstinately continued to maintain it.

I shall not repeat the commonplace observations I was induced

to make upon the nature of the matrimonial contract, the means of matrimonial happiness, and the conduct most conducive to it; but shall proceed to give verbatim a very charming allegory perfectly suited to the occasion, whose outline I could only repeat from memory to them; but as, in no very favourable state of mind, it appeared to satisfy my hearers, I have little doubt but it will be received with approbation by my better prepared and more unprejudiced readers, when I relate it at large.

This allegory is founded on the comparative perfections and pre-eminence of the two sexes; and, as it appears to me, with no less fancy than truth, which are not always found in harmony with each other, places these contentions in a point of view that may equally please and instruct. This allegorical apologue is as follows:—

The two sexes, contending for superiority, were once engaged in war with each other; which, however, appears to have been carried on by their auxiliaries. The Males were drawn up on one side of a very spacious plain, and the Females on the other; a large interval remained between, in which their respective auxiliaries might engage. At each extremity of this intermediate space lay encamped several divisions of neutral forces, who waited for the event of the battle before they would declare themselves, that they might then act as they saw occasion.

The main body of the male auxiliaries was commanded by *Fortitude*, that of the female by *Beauty*. *Fortitude* began the onset, and confiding in the boldness of his attack and

evident superiority of his strength, expected a certain and easy victory; while *Beauty* displayed such witchery in her looks, as to render his prowess and all its efforts of no avail. Such was the power of her glances and her smiles, and with such resistless graces did she engage her foe, that, having first overpowered his strength, she did not fail to disarm him.

At this moment he felt that he was conquered, and was about to sue for life and mercy from the victorious heroine, when *Wisdom*, who commanded the right wing of the male army, would have turned the fate of the day, had he not been suddenly opposed by *Cunning*, who commanded the left wing of the female auxiliaries. *Cunning* was the chief engineer of the fair army; but on this occasion was appointed to receive the attacks of *Wisdom*. The spectators beheld with admiration the skill of the combatants, as it appeared in the conduct of the one and the stratagemis of the other. They each, at different periods of the contest, had their respective advantages. Victory seemed to be alternately promised to them both, but the advantage was, upon the whole, considered to be in favour of the female commander.

In the mean time the battle began to rage with great fury in the left wing of the army, where success seemed to predominate in favour of the male side. This wing was commanded by an old experienced officer called *Patience*; and on the female by a general whose title was *Scorn*. The latter, who fought after the manner of the Parthians, had an evident advan-

tage through the early part of the day; but, being tired out by the manœuvres of the enemy, who, as often as they were repulsed, never failed to rally and renew the contest, they were, in this harassed state, about to submit to the cool and exhausting energies of the superior enemy, when a body of the neutral forces was seen in motion, and suspended the design. The leader was of a gigantic stature, and a wild, disgusting aspect; his name was *Passion*. On the female side he was opposed by a select body of forces commanded by a young officer who had the face of a cherub, and whose title was *Modesty*. This beautiful young hero was supported by one of a more masculine form and stern demeanour, distinguished by the name of *Honour*. They made an obstinate and a noble defence, and more than once forced the enemy to retreat; but this furious spirit at length prevailed, and they were finally compelled to yield at discretion. But the advantages gained by this monster were of short duration; for while he was attacking both armies with promiscuous fury, *Reason* appeared with his compact and well-disciplined squadrons, and after a short but severe contest drove him from the field.

After a great slaughter on both sides, the two armies agreed to join against the common foe; and for this purpose a small band was selected, whom they placed under the conduct and subject to the sole command of *Virtue*. The success of this hero was complete, and *Passion*, with all his base, corrupt, and profligate adherents, was forced to submit to the arms and

receive the captive chains of the conqueror.

On the acquisition of this victory, a second neutral leader, whose name was *Love*, marched in between the two armies. He headed a numerous body of winged boys, who threw their darts and arrows promiscuously among the contending parties: but the wounds which they gave were not the wounds of an enemy; so far from being mortal, or even attended with danger, they were, on the contrary, pleasing to those who felt them; and had even the strange, unexpected effect of producing a warm, active spirit of mutual reconciliation, friendship, and attractive good-will in both sexes. The two armies now looked with cordial and animated regard on each other, and stretched out their arms, as the signal of those embraces which soon followed.

The last commander of the neu-

trals who appeared was *Hymen*; he marched immediately after *Love*, and quickening the fond inclinations which had been inspired, joined the hands of both armies. *Love* generally accompanied him, and recommended the sexes pair by pair to his good offices.

Here I declared my story to be completed; when Mrs. Grumpish asked her *lord and master*, as she sarcastically called him, whether he remembered any thing of such an engagement; when he replied, that the story was imperfect, and desired me to inform the company how often it happened after this general pacification, that the individual parties recommenced private hostilities. A pretty general laugh ensued upon this interrogation, and as general good-humour prevailed through the remainder of the evening.

F— T—.

THE CONSEQUENCES OF NOVEL-READING EXEMPLIFIED IN THE HISTORY OF RUTH RUEFUL.

MR. EDITOR,

If you are old, ill-natured, and wear a wig and spectacles, I beg you will not take the trouble to read this letter, because I am certain you will neither sympathize in my misfortunes, nor assist me with your counsel; but if, on the contrary, you are young, amiable, and possessed of that best gift of Heaven, sensibility, read, commiserate, and, if you can, advise me.

I may say, sir, without hyperbole, that my sorrows commenced with the first dawn of my existence, for on the very day of my birth my father and mother agreed (for the first and last time that they

ever to my knowledge thought exactly alike) in giving me the odious appellation of Ruth. There was an act of barbarous and irremediable cruelty for you! Any other name one might have done something with; an *ina*, an *etta*, or an *ama*, would have rendered Bridget, Rose, or Jane, more than passably decent. Molly, Betty, or Kitty, could have been transformed into Maria, Elizetta, or Catharina; even Grizzle could have been softened down to Griselda: but Ruth, odious Ruth, defies all the powers of invention to render it any thing but what it is.

I must, however, confess, that

although they have done me this irreparable injury, my parents were, in other respects, good sort of people; their faults sprang only from a wrong education, and of course you may suppose they gave me just such another. In fact, during the lifetime of my mother, who lived till I was nearly fifteen, I vegetated in a manner of which I cannot bear the remembrance, although I then, I blush to say it, thought myself very happy.

Being an only child, I was passionately beloved by both my parents, and carefully instructed in all the accomplishments generally bestowed upon young women of moderate fortune; but my mother prohibited all novels and romances, and, but for a fortunate chance, I should in all probability have remained for ever ignorant of those delightful works, the knowledge of which has called forth all the energy and sensibility of my character.

My grief for my mother was so great, that, in order to divert it, my father brought home a cousin of ours to superintend his family concerns, giving her, at the same time, a strict charge to endeavour by every means to divert my mind, and prevent it from dwelling upon my recent loss. As the readiest way of doing this, she persuaded me to read romances, which she said would transport me into a new world; and so indeed they did: but no sooner did my father discover the course of study I was pursuing, than he turned my cousin out of doors, and declared, in a violent rage, he would burn all my cursed books if he could but once lay his hands upon them.

You may readily suppose, Mr.

Editor, I did not lose so charming an opportunity of shewing papa how much my morals had benefited by the perusal of those delectable volumes. Throwing myself at his feet, I declared, while tears streamed from my eyes, that though by depriving me of the solace of my existence, I was certain he would shorten my days, yet he should be obeyed; for the works he so highly reprobated taught me, that it was my duty to sacrifice even my life at the command of its venerated author.

I must do my father the justice to say, that he performed his part of this pathetic scene admirably. He raised me in his arms, and, fondly embracing me, exclaimed, "Heaven forbid I should desire any thing that could harm my precious Ruth! I have been too hasty, and my dear girl must do as she pleases. You know, my love, I never interfered in your pursuits during the life of your excellent mother; and I feel that I have not now the heart to be arbitrary, though perhaps I ought to be so. I know, my child, you have an excellent understanding, and I will provide you with a companion, whose good sense and amiable example will, I hope, remedy the mischief done by the serpent whom I have driven from my house."

I would have said something in behalf of my poor friend, but he hastily quitted me; and the next day he brought home the orphan daughter of one of his particular friends. This girl, whose name is Anne Jervas, soon became a wonderful favourite with my father; but more of her anon.

Some years glided away, ren-

dered tolerable only by the perusal of my favourite authors. I studied incessantly the behaviour of all our celebrated heroines in trying and delicate situations, and longed impatiently for the time in which I should play my part on the busy scene; but, alas! Mr. Editor, how shall I acknowledge the mortifying truth? I am now near nineteen, and I have not, with blushes let me own it, met with a single adventure. This cannot arise from my being in any respect deficient in those qualities which constitute a heroine; and as to my person, at one time I must own that I was rather plump, and had a vulgar appearance of health, but, thanks to tight stays and vinegar, I am now just such a figure as the lovely Harriet Byron is depicted while she was suffering under the agonies of suspense about Sir Charles Grandison—pale, delicate, and interesting: but, alas! the luxury of woe, of which the fair Harriet enjoyed such an ample portion, is withheld from me; and if I do not strike a bold stroke by throwing myself in the way of adventures, I am much afraid that I shall be doomed to pass my life in what my father calls quiet comfort. Oh! Mr. Editor, the very idea of such a fate suffuses my eyes with tears of the most poignant sorrow! Do, pray do! I conjure you in the sacred name of Sympathy, pity me, and teach me how to avoid it!

I had some reason to hope the other day that I should at last meet with a most heroine-like persecution, which might finally have led to an elopement, and all its delightful consequences. An old friend of my father's returned from

the Continent, where he has resided for a considerable time; he was accompanied by his son, who is just five years older than myself; he is said to be sensible and accomplished, and I must own that he is handsome and prepossessing. My father was overjoyed to see his old friend, and in the excess of their satisfaction at meeting, they formed a plan to pass the rest of their days together, the foundation of which was to be the union of their children. The next day my father communicated to me their intended plan, which he said wanted only my concurrence, as my destined husband had expressed his perfect acquiescence. I acted upon this occasion strictly according to rule; I assumed an air of the deepest distress, and declared that death itself would be preferable to such a union.

As my father's temper is rather hasty, I fully expected a burst of indignation; but what was my surprise when he said quietly, "Well, my dear, I am very sorry to hear you express so much repugnance to a measure which would render me perfectly happy, but no violence shall be offered to your inclinations, and since you are so unfortunately averse to it, you shall hear no more of it." Conceive my disappointment, Mr. Editor; but I was still more vexed at dinner, when the odious man treated me with the most perfect though polite indifference. In the whole course of my reading, I never met with any thing like this provoking incident, the bare recollection of which absolutely brings tears into my eyes.

But the worst is still to come. I

have informed you that Anne Jervas was a great favourite with my father, and as she really is a quiet good sort of unpretending being, I liked her well enough to endeavour to enlighten her ideas a little; but when I talked to her of the sweet bitterness which springs from the indulgence of refined feelings, and invited her to join in my studies, she laughed at what she had the impertinence to call my mania for romance, and assured me that my studies answered no other purpose than to unfit me for playing either an estimable or useful part in life. You will naturally conclude, that between a being of such confined ideas and myself no intercourse of soul could possibly subsist. I must, however, do her the justice to say, that though destitute of refined feelings, she abounds with what is called good-nature. She will trudge about in all weathers, explore the most dirty and disagreeable habitations, and deny herself every thing, in order to relieve vulgar distress. As to her person, it is not absolutely bad; but I must say, without vanity, she has rarely been looked at a second time when I was present. Yet, would you believe it, Mr. Editor? this girl, or rather, I should say, woman, for she is near three-and-twenty, has absolutely captivated my rejected lover, and the day is fixed for their nuptials!

Do not suppose I care a farthing about it; no, sir, I despise the creatures too much; all that provokes me is, to think how shockingly this incident will read in my memoirs, which I am now writing in seven volumes. If my father had been properly arbitrary, and

Anne dying for my swain, who ought to have rendered himself sufficiently interesting to vanquish my indifference, what a glorious opportunity should I then have had for the display of every sublime and tender feeling! I could have assumed an air of calmness while my heart was torn with conflicting passions, and charged my lover to give up all hopes of a union with me, and bestow his hand upon the lovely drooping sufferer, in whose heart his image was enshrined. He, of course, would have remonstrated according to rule, but his reluctance must have given way to my entreaties, and the pallid cheek and disconsolate air of Anne. With good management I might have made almost a volume of this incident, and now it must either be hurried over or suppressed; and indeed I think the latter would be the wisest measure.

Now do, dear Mr. Editor, point out to me, if you can, some plan by which I may emerge from my present obscurity. I assure you, that neither danger nor distress shall intimidate me from displaying my energies, if I can but resolve upon any regular plan. I really think I ought to quit home, because I have observed of late that a young gentleman, who used to be reckoned a very lively good-humoured fellow, has grown pale and thin, and, as I often catch his eyes fixed upon me, there can be no doubt of my being the cause. Now by absenting myself, I shall generously give him an opportunity of conquering his growing passion; and, at the same time, in the perilous situations which I hope and believe I shall encounter, I can display a

strength of understanding, a rectitude of principle, a nice sense of propriety, and, above all, a melting sensibility, equal, if not superior, to any heroine of them all. If, however, Mr. Editor, you can

devise a better plan, you will, by communicating it immediately, essentially serve, and for ever oblige, your very humble servant,

RUTH RUEFUL.

EXHIBITION OF COPIES FROM ITALIAN AND SPANISH PICTURES AT THE GALLERY OF THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

FOR three days during the middle of last month, the GALLERY of the BRITISH INSTITUTION was thrown open to the votaries of art and their friends, for the inspection and examination of the copies and designs taken by students from the splendid collection of ITALIAN and SPANISH PICTURES which adorned the last summer's Exhibition at this gallery.

The copies we have seen display the great practical benefit which the art of painting is calculated to receive from the patronage and encouragement of the directors of the British Institution. Those munificent patrons of the art, besides furnishing the artist with some of the finest models of the perfection to which his pencil attained, lay open to him also the best sale-room in the kingdom for the disposal of his pictures. To the student they afford a school for study, and a reward for meritorious exertion. It is, further, impossible to overlook a consideration to which perhaps the foregoing do not yield; we mean the taste for pictures which is diffused among the community by the plan pursued at the Institution, and the popularity which the arts are daily receiving through its means.

On the subject of the collection

of copies to which we allude, it was manifest that the students had two objects in view; namely, *drawing* and *colour*. The original pictures, which were remarkable for either of these qualities, were abundantly attended to, while those that were not in an eminent degree distinguished for such excellencies seemed to have fallen into neglect: such was the fate of two very fine Salvator Rosa's of Francis Mola and Parmigiano. In point of study, this selection of the students may be right; for the principal merit of these masters lies rather in their peculiar feeling, vigour, or striking grace—qualities undoubtedly of great value, but which do not succeed at second-hand, and cannot therefore be repeated, or in fact taught: whereas colouring and drawing, which are more or less to be acquired, are fitter objects of study.

If we consider the works of the British school, there seems, with the exception of Turner, to be a want of much of the vigour and poetic feeling of Salvator Rosa and Poussin. Colour appears to be our prevailing object, and such is our love for it, that our students eagerly seek it before Paul Veronese, and overlook the too often bad drawing and vulgar character of

his subjects. The two admirable allegories, from the *Orleans* (now in the *Hope*) collection, were removed after the late Exhibition, and the pictures by Veronese, from which the students copied, were *The Shepherds' Offering*, from the Crozat collection, and *Our Saviour and his Disciples at Emmaus*. The best, perhaps, in water-colours, is Heaphy's. The sketches by Thomas, Perigal, and Burgess, and the copy by Leslie, were extremely like the original; the copy in particular was remarkable for the richness and variety of its colouring.

St. Catherine, from the Aldobrandini Palace.—By Raphael.

Several ladies have been very successful in studying before this picture. Miss Jackson has painted an interesting and well-coloured copy. Miss Ross has made a good drawing, and Miss Jones an excellent miniature from it. They are all good specimens of the proficiency of those fair votaries of art.

The inimitable landscapes of Claude have had, of course, their full share of ambitious admirers. This distinguished painter, more than perhaps any other man, concealed the artist while he displayed his power throughout his pictures. He was scarcely ever the poet, while he produced in the serenity of his soothing scenes,

"An holy calm diffusing,

"Look of peace, and lonely musing."

Delicate and chaste, he possessed at the same time a vigour of colour and execution never united in any other person. The choice of his subjects and style, like that of the Greeks, has been considered tame; and wherever a superficial taste

predominates, the correct and elegant style of Claude must appear insipid, and his freedom from coarseness be described as a want of power. It would be an imputation upon the taste of our pupils in art, which we by no means feel, were we, in recommending the close study of this artist's works, to be supposed to convey an idea that they are at present unattended to; the contrary we believe is the fact: but there can be no doubt that the artist, who has properly and effectively studied this master, is likely to give a finish to his landscapes, the neglect of which has too often impaired the general merit of the British school in this branch of art. The picture which appears to have been most successfully copied at the Institution, is that commonly called the *Altieri Claude*.

The Landscape, with a Procession and Sacrifice, from the Altieri Palace.

Miss Dutton's copy is perhaps the only one of the number in a finished state, and it does the highest credit to the taste and talents of this accomplished lady. She has carefully obtained the peculiar tints of colour in the original, its soft and pleasing tone, together with much of its general harmony.

Mr. Starke, Mr. Willes, Mr. Hoffland, Mr. Tudor, and other gentlemen, have been also successful before this picture. A very mild hue pervades Mr. Starke's sketch. Mr. Willes has been peculiarly happy in the brightness of his sky, the colour of his temples, and the perspective and harmony of his back-ground and distance. There is some dingy colouring in the

other copies, that injures but does not destroy their general effect, which is good. Mr. Glover has also composed a picture from this Claude, which, from the freshness and cool bright tone of its colouring, we should be inclined to pronounce the best of its works, were it not for the yellow lights that he has shed upon his trees, and the dotting style of execution that so frequently defaces his finishing. In this work Mr. Glover has, with a good deal of energy, attempted to blend a severe style with the exquisite outline of Claude; he has introduced some mountainous and other scenery, which though generally well executed, yet gives the composition as a whole an air of incongruity. Mr. Glover's figures are very tastefully composed, but some persons would think them out of place; for as the picture altogether is not the sylvan scene which Ovid would have painted, we do not see what lawful business Fauns and rural goddesses can have so near temples and cities: the bleakness of the mountain air is also uncongenial with their nature, and more calculated in every respect for the residence of banditti.

Landscape, with Historical Figures.

This work of Claude has also been copied with care and success by Mr. Harriett, Mr. Deane, and others. Mr. Dewint has also in his copying evinced much of the feeling of his original: his distance is beautiful. The tone of Mr. Willes's fore-ground is extremely pleasing: but these copies are in general unfinished.

The Landscape, with Tobit and the Angel; and the Landscape, with Mercury and Battus, from the Chigi Palace,—By Salvator Rosa.

The sketches from these pictures by Mr. Jones and Mr. Harriett (the latter an amateur) are extremely well executed in many parts: they are, however, deficient in the wildness and grandeur which are the chief characteristics of the original.

It is to be regretted that more of Titian's pictures were not allowed to remain for the benefit of the student. Titian's *Daughter* has been copied by several, but this picture has not the transcendent merit of the Venetian artist, who made colour the medium through which he addressed every feeling either of delight or terror. The ladies seem to have been much attracted by this picture: Miss Dutton has finished an excellent copy from it; Miss Kendrick and Mrs. Grove have also finished some beautiful miniatures.

St. John and the Lamb.—By Murillo.

This picture, from one of the finest masters of the Spanish school, has been admirably copied by Mr. Watson, who has infused into his work that exquisite softness of colour and poetical composition which delight us in the original. Mrs. Grove has also a neatly painted miniature from it.

Christ and St. Peter, from the Aldobrandini Palace.—By A. Carracci.

Mr. Hilton has executed a good copy of this picture; it is well coloured, but the sky is a little too bright.

Poussin's large picture has been well copied by Mr. Shaw in many of the subordinate parts: he has not, however, succeeded in depicting the grandeur of feeling that is observable in the original. The other copies, though in general painted with care, and not

without effect, are equally deficient in expressing the poetical spirit of the composition.

The Cartoons of Raphael.

These celebrated works have been sketched from with great care and with fine effect. Mr. Haydon has been eminently successful in the vigorous expression of his heads; they are truly in the spirit of his great original. It is gratifying to bear similar testimony to those of Mr. Landseer and Mr. Christmas, from the same subjects, whose drawings and sketches do them great honour.

The collection was on the whole very flattering for our rising artists.

N. B. From the allusion we have made to the removal of some of Titian's pictures before the students were admitted to copy, it may be right to state, that Mr. Hamlet's admirable work of *Bacchus and Ariadne*, from the Aldobrandini Palace, was taken not to the private cabinet of this gentleman, but to the painting-room at the Royal Academy, where it remains, through the considerate kindness of its respectable owner, for the benefit of the students, who will doubtless derive an immense advantage from the study of so exquisite a work.

BRILLIANT HOUSES AT PARIS.

I WAS brought up by a good old aunt, who would feel some astonishment if she were to see what is called a fashionable house at Paris. In her little town a person was thought rich with an income of four or five thousand livres; and her house was the most considerable in the whole place. Her cellar was never without ten or twelve pipes of good wine, the produce of her own vineyard; her pond swarmed with fish; her larder was abundantly furnished with provisions, and she was never at loss when she had occasion to exercise hospitality. At such times the old-fashioned silver-plate was cleaned quite bright; the china was brought out of the closet in which it was kept; the gardener and gamekeeper appeared in livery and waited at table; and the whole house wore the appearance of festivity. The furniture was in the old style, but attested the easy circumstances of

the owner. She had twenty beds to offer to her friends, but not a single great dressing-glass, not one *chiffoniere*. Her presses were filled with linen and clothes for every season, but in her rooms were to be seen no bronzes, alabaster vases, or costly pictures. Notwithstanding all this, I was incessantly told, that there were no brilliant houses except in Paris. At length chance carried me to that capital, and into houses which I thought as opulent as they seemed to be brilliant. What was my astonishment when a loquacious servant let me into the secret! Having heard that I wanted a valet, he offered me his services.—“What!” cried I, “are you going to leave Mr. Z—? Are you determined to quit the great house?”—“Yes,” said he, “it is indeed a great one.”—“Well, but Mr. Z— must be very rich?”—“That is to say, he spends a great deal of money.”—“His hotel is worth 100,000 crowns.”

—“Yes, but he has mortgaged it for 400,000 francs.”—“But his furniture?”—“He owes his upholsterer for it.”—“His equipage?”—“That’s hired.”—“His table at least?”—“His steward pays for that.”—“And his servants?”—“As they cannot get their wages paid, they have all given him warning.”—“Has he not among all the company that I saw with him a single friend willing to assist him?”—“He has friends enough, it is true, but they are almost all in the same predicament with himself. Do you know, sir, why at the dinner to which you were invited by Mr. X—you could not sit down to table till eight o’clock? It was because the plate and the table-linen were hired, and could not be brought at an earlier hour. Perhaps too you do not know why Madame de V— smiled so significantly when you admired the beauty of Madame de Y—’s jewels? It was out of irony, for all the world knows them to be false diamonds. Allow me to refer to one circumstance more: You must certainly recollect a handsome young gentleman, whose name is Mr. A—?”—“Indeed I do recollect him, and also the splendid ball which he gave us.”—“You

admired his luxury, his magnificence—well, it was all show. The splendid apartments in which he received the company were only hired, together with all the handsome furniture; the good wine was supplied on trust by an acquaintance of mine; his horses had their teeth filed that they might appear young; his carriage was crazy, but fresh painted and varnished; his silver plate was only plated silver; the servants who waited on his guests were borrowed of his friends—nay, even the beautiful young lady whom you all took for his wife is such only in appearance; and still Mr. A— has the character of keeping a grand house.”—“Do you know many such persons?”—“Indeed I do, sir; and simple as you may think me, I have assisted twenty fine gentlemen and ten fine ladies to cut a figure in the world; I only received permission to contract as many debts as I pleased, that they might be enabled to shine for six months.”—“And where are they now?”—Probably vegetating in some of the most remote quarters of the city, till they can find wherewithal to keep *brilliant* houses again in the *Chausée d’Antin*.”

PLATE 3.—LONGWOOD-HOUSE, ST. HELENA.

EVERY person who has perused the pages of history with the smallest attention, must have remarked how often events so improbable, that human reason would not hesitate to pronounce them impossible, have given importance and celebrity to places the most obscure. Unlikely as it seemed, little more than twenty years ago, that the son

of a private citizen of Ajaccio should seat himself upon the throne of France, that his will should give law to almost the whole continent of Europe, that her monarchs should crouch at his footstool, and he should dispose of crowns and sceptres according to his good pleasure; so little could it be expected that this man, whose



At Ten & Twenty & Twenty

power was surpassed only by his ambition, and for whose ambition the world was too narrow, should ever become the peaceful inhabitant of a solitary rock in the midst of the wide ocean. This, however, is one of the wonders which we have seen realized, and which will render the Island of St. Helena, and Longwood-House in particular, objects of curiosity and interest to succeeding generations.

For the annexed view and plan of Longwood-House, the present abode of Napoleon Bonaparte, we are indebted to W. Warden, Esq. surgeon of his Majesty's ship *Northumberland*, whose *Letters*, just published by Mr. Ackermann, so admirably delineate the characters of our extraordinary prisoner and the chief persons of his suite, as exhibited during their passage and the first months of their residence at St. Helena. The whole is from actual measurement, and a scale is attached, so that any reader may judge of the accommodations afforded to the ex-emperor. All the apartments coloured blue composed the old house formerly occupied by the lieutenant-governor; and those coloured yellow were added by the exertions of Sir George Cockburn, who, to render the edifice adequate to the reception of the numerous inmates for whom it was intended, with all possible expedition, employed all the hands that could be spared from his ship, not excepting the officers, in the completion of those additions. The admiral also caused stabling to be built for twelve horses, and coach-houses for three carriages, with two servants' rooms attached. A small detached house is nearly comple-

ted for Count Bertrand and his family.

The house, the frame-work of which, according to newspaper report, was to have been sent out from this country to St. Helena, would have been attended with enormous expense, as every thing must be carried on men's shoulders from the beach to Longwood, a distance of five miles. For the carriage of each block of wood the native labourers would demand a dollar, and they are so extremely lazy that one load would be a day's work. Such a plan therefore, if it was ever in contemplation, was very prudently relinquished.

The distribution of the apartments, according to the numbers marked in the plan, is as follows:—

1. Viranda.
2. Dining-room.
3. Drawing-room.
4. }
5. } Bonaparte's private rooms.
6. }
7. Bath-room.
8. Valet's room.
9. Lobby, from which a staircase leads to seven servants' rooms over 4. 5. 6. and 12.
10. Occupied by General Montholon
11. } until his apartments, 27. to 33.
12. } inclusive, are completed.
13. Ante-room.
14. Servants' hall.
15. Passage.
16. Pantry.
17. Yard.
18. Garde-manger.
19. Scullery.
20. Kitchen.
21. Staircase leading to four servants' rooms over 20. and 22.
22. Captain Piontkowski's room.
23. Captain of guard's room.
24. }
25. } General Gourgond's rooms.

26. Surgeon's room.

27. }
28. }
29. }
30. } General Montholon's rooms.
31. }
32. }
33. }

34.

35.

36.

37.

38. Plate-room.

39. Store-room.

40. Ladder leading to four servants' rooms over 37. and 38.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

THE METRONOMIC TUTOR, containing Instructions, Exercises, and Lessons for the Piano-Forte, calculated, with the Aid of the Metronome, to convey to the Pupil a thorough Knowledge of Musical Time; the whole expressly written and composed by John Maelzel.
Pr. 7s. 6d.

As we have on several former occasions only cursorily adverted to Mr. Maelzel's *Metronome*, we avail ourselves of the opportunity afforded to us by the above publication, to present to our readers a more particular account of the nature and object of this important invention.

The principal part of the *Metronome* consists of a flat steel rod, of the breadth of a small pea, the thickness of the back of a pen-knife, and the length of about eleven inches. Supposing this rod placed upright, its lower end is fixed to an immoveable round weight of the diameter of a shilling; at the distance of about four inches upwards, a steel pin is fastened to the back of the rod. On this pin, as on an axis, the rod is suspended vertically, so as to swing sideways to the right and left, and the vibrations which it thus makes are produced by an escapement, two wheels, and a main-spring, wound up like that of a watch.

The upper and longer part of the rod, or pendulum (*i. e.* that which is above the point of suspension, and measures about seven inches), has attached to it a counter-weight, which slides from the before-mentioned point of suspension to the upper extremity of the rod. Immediately behind is a scale, similar to that of a thermometer, beginning at the top with the number 50, and proceeding downwards, with the omission of some intermediate numbers, till it ends near the axis of the rod with the number 160. By means of a small spring in the sliding weight, and small notches in the rod, the sliding weight can be stopped precisely opposite to any of the numbers on the fixed scale behind. All these numbers have reference to a *minute of time*, so that at 50 the pendulum will vibrate fifty times, at 80 eighty times, at 160 one hundred and sixty times per minute, &c. &c.; and by a particular contrivance in the mechanism, these vibrations are not only visible, but also audible, so as to be distinctly heard even in a room adjoining. The whole of this apparatus is confined in an elegant little obelisk of about a foot in height.

The object of this invention is, as Mr. M. states, twofold: 1st. "*It affords to the composers of every*

country the means of indicating, in a simple and decisive manner, the degree of quickness with which their works are to be executed. 2lly. It accustoms the young practioner to a correct observance of time, which it beats with unerring precision, and according to any velocity required, during the whole performance."

With respect to the first of these two objects, every musical man has for this century past felt the insufficiency of the vague Italian terms, *adagio*, *allegro*, &c. for this purpose; and if there were a doubt on this point, Mr. Maelzel's observations in the preface to this work, and his quotations from classic works, not only tend to remove it, but actually create a degree of surprise at the patience with which these Italian terms have been so long endured. This, no doubt, was owing to the want of a *universal* scale for musical time, and this universal standard measure being now obtained through the Metronome, we should hope, that in a short time no sensible composer will risk the proper execution of works, and consequently his fame, on these Italian terms alone—terms which mean nobody knows rightly what. In this hope we are fully confirmed by the strongest testimonials of approbation on the part of the first-rate composers abroad and in this country, who, by their declarations, which have appeared in the public journals, have formally pledged themselves to time all their future works according to the metronomic scale.

The universal standard measure proposed by Mr. M. is, as we have before stated, deduced from horary or clock time, which is the same all

over the world: his Metronome enables the composer to prescribe to the player how many crotchets or quavers, &c. in the piece ought to be played in *one* minute, while it puts it in the performer's power instantly to adapt his play to such prescription. Thus, in a country, even, where the Metronome is not known, and in future ages, in the event of the Metronome being no longer in existence, the signatures founded on the metronomic scale will serve as a record to trace the proper quickness of a composition, as long as the sun keeps true to his present daily career. Would to heaven we now knew how many notes of a certain value go to a minute in the performance of all the works of Mozart, Haydn, Gluck, Hasse, Pergolesi, &c.! This consideration alone must render the superiority of Mr. Maelzel's standard measure, founded as it is upon the universally adopted division of time, obvious and indisputable; and under this point of view, his Metronome combines the twofold merit of assuming that standard, and of furnishing the means for applying this measure in a manner the most convenient and instantaneous.

While we thus consider the attainment of a universal standard measure of time the principal merit of Mr. M.'s invention, we are, at the same time, fully sensible of the advantages which the Metronome holds out in the instruction of beginners; and we are equally ready to admit, that the present publication not only demonstrates these advantages in a manner absolutely unanswerable, but also indicates the way and pro-

per method for obtaining all the benefit to be derived by the adhibition of the Metronome in the tuition of music. The "Metronomic Tutor" is composed of two separate volumes, of which the first contains, in eighteen folio pages of letter-press, the author's system of instruction, and the second volume is exclusively devoted to musical examples, exercises, and lessons.

The work is divided into these five sections, which treat, 1st. *Of musical Sounds, their Characters and Scales.* 2d. *Of the Value and Duration of Notes, Division into Bars, and the several Kinds of musical Time.* 3d. *Finger Exercises for both Hands.* 4th. *Lessons.* 5th. *All the Major and Minor Scales.* Although in elementary works on music it is scarcely possible to produce much originality, yet, as the adhibition of the Metronome in the department of instruction is of itself a novelty, we are of opinion, that in this book many parts of the rudiments are placed in a new point of view, and rendered extremely conspicuous. Such, for instance, is Mr. M.'s illustration of the diatonic scale, which, by the model he gives, may be found and written down in any key by a child. The chapter on the value of notes is equally satisfactorily handled; and here the application of the Metronome appears to us so decisively favourable and essential, and the illustrations so striking, that more than mere beginners may, in our opinion, be benefited by its study. The rules given for the finger-exercises are highly to the purpose, especially Mr. M.'s method of letting, in the first exercises, the learner press down the keys with

all the fingers, and allowing only that finger to rise which has to strike. Of the lessons we cannot speak in too much praise: fingers, time, harmony, and good taste, appear to have been carefully consulted in their composition. The pieces are not only short and strictly progressive, but the melodies are of the most agreeable description, so as to attract the attention and favour of the pupil. In short, the whole of this publication shews the author to have well digested and matured his system; he is completely master of his subject, and his experience as an instructor in music is manifest throughout. The typographical execution of the work is likewise to be noticed with commendation, and particularly the title-page, which exhibits a fine allegorical engraving of Time, superintending, with the hour-glass and pendulum, the musical performance of an elegant female and child.

DULCE ET UTILE, consisting of six Movements, intended as (moderately difficult) Practice for the Piano-Forte, by J. B. Cramer. Book I. Op. 55. Pr. 12s.

Such of our readers as are acquainted with, and know how to appreciate, Mr. Cramer's "Studio per il Piano-Forte," may form an adequate idea of the nature and value of the present publication, which, however less in extent, bears a strong resemblance to that classic and unique performance. The "Dulce et Utile," like "Il Studio," is the great work of a great master, a concentrated store of all that is excellent in piano-forte composition, an inexhaustible fund of study for the practitioner, and,

we may say, for the theoretical student. All that we could say in its praise would fall short of what we wish and ought to say. The six movements contained in this book are studies of the higher order; indeed every page is an assemblage of studies: but this we ought to add, however apparently disagreeing with the title-page, that none but very advanced players are calculated to undertake even the study of any of these movements. The beautiful toccatina, for instance, might well be called a duet for four hands *to be played by two*, for it almost throughout contains a score of four distinct parts. To us the publication of Mr. Cramer's studies appears in more than one respect as reflecting honour on the author: by laying them before the public, he disinterestedly gives a wide circulation to his instruction; he enables those that cannot benefit from his personal tuition, to become indirect pupils of his, at no other expense than that of their own industry and application. As we are on the subject of studies, we will indulge in one more observation, which has not occurred to us alone. Almost all the studies for the piano-forte we possess are calculated for only an advanced stage of proficiency, and the less skilled, but not less zealous, performer is without *classic* exercises to lead him gradually to the more difficult ones, of which there is an ample stock. How comes this? Is it, as we suspect, that it is less difficult to write difficult music, than to compose good music of an easier description, combining select harmony with pleasing melody?

The Sophia, a new Waltz, with an Accompaniment for the Flute, composed by W.H.C. Pr. 1s. 6d.

Whether it be the modesty of the author, or a consideration of the small amount of his labours, that induced him to disguise his name under initials, it becomes us to declare, that however trifling as to quantity, the quality of the present publication does not give it the lowest rank in the family of the author's works. The theme of the waltz is very pleasing, it is neatly and efficiently harmonized, and the flute-accompaniment is well imagined.

"Young Iwou," sung by Master Williams at Sadler's Wells Theatre, in the favourite Melodrame entitled "Iwanowna, or the Maid of Moscow," composed by John Whitaker. Pr. 1s. 6d.

If this air is not mainly founded upon an authentic Russian tune, we must do the composer the justice to say, that it exhibits a very successful imitation of the character and style of the melodies of that people. There is a fascinating plaintiveness in the simple minor strains of this song, more or less observable in all the Russian love-songs, of which the stock is by no means small. The few major bars likewise tend to render the imitation more striking and perfect.

"My native Land is free," in (the above) *Melodrame "Iwanowna,"* composed by J. Whitaker. Pr. 1s. 6d.

In this song the melody proceeds with martial energy, under occasional trumpet-accompaniment, so as to assume, upon the whole, the character of a march. Among the

several ideas which follow each other in unlaboured succession, the period at "My wife, my children, round me cling," although not altogether new, excites interest. The conclusion also is brilliant and appropriate.

"*The Wild Irishman*," in (the above) *Melodrama "Iwanowna,"* composed by J. Whitaker. Pr. 1s. 6d.

A humorous song: low-comic in poetry, as well as composition, hardly, in either respect, amenable to the forum of criticism.

"*Trilla-loo*," in (the above) *Melodrama "Iwanowna,"* composed by J. Whitaker. Pr. 1s. 6d.

Simple as this ballad is in its general tenor, there is a pleasing vein of naïveté in its melody, which, as it appears perfectly in its place, produces a more satisfactory effect than would have been the case with a more laboured composition. The flute parts in the accompaniments are pretty and appropriate. In the 5th and 9th bars, the B's in the middle stave ought to be D's: this, of course, is a typographical error. *The "Clown's Bazaar,"* sung at *Sadler's Wells Theatre, in the Pantomime called "Gnomes and Fairies,"* composed by John Whitaker. Pr. 1s. 6d.

Although the points, observable in the poetry of the Clown's Bazaar, are not absolutely seasoned with attic salt, yet in the mouth of Mr. Grimaldi, who is the spokesman, the catalogue of trades of which his Bazaar is to consist, is likely to extort a smile from the most serious countenance. With regard to the tune, we must say that Mr. W. has not only done the

needful, but added considerably to the interest of the text. His melody, without being vulgar, is lively and humorous; in short, quite in proper character.

"*Here's the Garden's matchless Pride*," Answer to "*Here's the Bower she loved so much*," written by Thomas Moore, Esq. composed, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-Forte or Harp, by F. J. Klose. Pr. 2s.

The melody of this air is conspicuous for its unaffected sweetness of expression, and the taste with which it has been conceived. To the symphony also we are ready to give our meed of approbation. The harmony, which throughout consists of broken chords, is efficient and proper, generally speaking. Among the cases which induced this qualification is bar 3, p. 3, which certainly would have been capable of improvement. As to the employment of the chord of $\frac{4}{4}$ in the 14th bar of the same page, we are not disposed to quarrel with its appearance, aware as we are that the introduction was intentional, with a view to variety; but we must say, in pieces of this cast, its use seems to us attended with too stern an effect.

"*The Hero's Orphan Girls*," a favourite Ballad, sung by Mrs. Ashe at the London and Bath Concerts, written by Mr. C. F. Webb, composed by J. Monro. Pr. 1s. 6d.

The symphony to this ballad is written in a select and attractive style, and the melody of the ballad itself is conceived with a considerable degree of apt pathetic expression, and supported by a suitable and tasteful accompaniment.

The transition to the relative minor (p. 4, l. 4.) without being in itself objectionable, will appear to the modern ear somewhat antiquated and common.

The Saxe-Coburg Waltz, composed, and arranged with Variations for the Harp or Piano-Forte, by J. Monro. Pr. 2s.

The waltz theme of these variations is light and pretty, especially in the third strain. The variations themselves are of a properly diversified character, and altogether fluent and ingenious. To this commendation we may also add, that, without exhibiting deterring intricacies for the fingers, the passages are of such a nature as to shew the pupil's acquirements to great advantage. Without dwelling upon the peculiar features of distinction between each variation, we may select the second as an advantageous specimen of the author's labour, on account of the neat manner with which a portion of the melody has been allotted to the left hand.

Three Duets concertante for two Flutes, composed, and dedicated to Captain L. Mackenzie, by L. Drouët. Op. 18. Pr. 8s.

The first of these duets consists of one allegro in D major, an adagio in A major, and a theme with variations in D major; the second,

of an allegro and pastorale in F major; and the third, of an allegro in G major, an adagio in D major, and a rondo in G major. All the several subjects of these movements are distinguished by the classic taste with which they have been conceived, and with which the leading idea has been developed and ramified into subordinate digressive matter, enlivened by passages replete with good taste and exuberant fancifulness. If we were called upon to make our choice among the three duets before us, we should not, without some degree of hesitation, fix upon the first; the allegro of which is brilliant and particularly interesting throughout. Its adagio is written in a most chaste and feeling style, and the variations are charming, although we own, rather difficult in some portions. They confirm an opinion we had before entertained of Mr. D.'s superior skill and qualification in that particular walk of composition. It is with peculiar gratification that we perceive the continued labours of that celebrated performer, not doubting that they will contribute in an eminent degree to direct the attention of amateurs to an instrument, which, in our opinion, had lost ground in this country, for want of a sufficiency of proper nourishment.

THE SELECTOR :

Consisting of INTERESTING EXTRACTS from NEW POPULAR PUBLICATIONS.

ASSASSINATION OF THE BEY OF TRIPOLI BY HIS BROTHER, AUGUST 2, 1790.

(From TULLY'S *Narrative of a Residence at Tripoli.*)

ON our arrival in town from the bashaw's palace in the country,
Vol. III. No. XIII.

from whence my last letter to you was dated, all here was very quiet.
H

The bashaw, the bey, and Sidy Hamet, went to the marabut's together, and during our late visits to the castle, we have found Lilla Halluma and the princesses happy in comparison to what they were when we left town; they were only anxious to know how Sidy Useph was engaged while out of Tripoli. It was supposed by the family, that he went out to gather in his tributes from the Arabs at his cyderies, but many suspected that he was gone among the chiefs of the Arabs, to engage them in his interest against his father and the bey. Since his return he remained at the bashaw's garden, the same place we were at in the Messeah; whence he came at different times, apparently in the most amicable manner, to visit the royal family at the castle, and no one suspected the desperate act he had in contemplation.

Sidy Useph's success in a plot so diabolically laid against the bey, is amongst those wonders which occur in human life that cannot be accounted for. Tired of waiting longer for the destruction of the bey, he came to town more determined and better prepared to complete his dreadful purpose than he had been before. He brought his chosen blacks with him, and had well instructed them. The moment he entered the castle, he proceeded to his mother Lilla Halluma's apartment, to whom he declared his intentions of making peace with his eldest brother, and entreated her to forward his wishes, by sending for the bey to complete their reconciliation in her presence. Lilla Halluma, transported with the idea of seeing her sons again united, as she flattered herself, in the bonds of friendship, sent instantly to the

bey, who was in Lilla Aisher's (his wife's) apartment, informing him that his brother, Sidy Useph, was with her without arms, and waiting to be reconciled to him in her presence; that she would herself join their hands together; and that, by the bashaw's head, the bey, if he loved her, would come to her directly unarmed.

The bey, actuated by the first impulse, armed himself with his pistols and yatagan, or sabre. Lilla Aisher was certain, from the love Lilla Halluma bore the three princes, that no open danger would threaten the bey's life in her apartment. She only dreaded treachery, which the bey would never listen to. In the present moment she was alarmed lest the bey's passing to Lilla Halluma's apartments with a hostile appearance, so contrary to the rules of the haram, might give a pretext for his being assaulted by Sidy Useph's people: she therefore reminded him, that he was going to his mother's apartment, where it was sacrilege to carry arms; and after the message Lilla Halluma had sent him, his going with them might seem as if he purposed to assassinate his brother, and would perhaps draw the vengeance of the castle on him while he was unprepared. The bey, hesitating a moment, pulled off his arms, embraced Lilla Aisher, and was departing, when she threw herself at his feet, and presenting him his sabre, entreated him not to leave all his arms, and would not let him go till he consented to take that with him.

When the bey came to his mother's apartment, Lilla Halluma perceiving his sabre, begged of him to take it off before they began to

converse, as she assured him his brother had no arms about him. The bey, to whom there did not appear the smallest reason for suspicion, willingly delivered his sabre to his mother, who laid it on a window near which they stood, and feeling herself convinced of the integrity of the bey's intentions, and being completely deceived in those of Sidy Useph, she with pleasure led the two princes to the sofa, and seating herself between them, held one of each of their hands in hers, and, as she has since said, looking at them alternately, she prided herself on having thus at last brought them together as friends.

The bey, as soon as they were seated, endeavoured to convince his brother, that though he came prepared to go through the ceremony of making peace with him, yet there was not the least occasion for it on his part: for that he had no animosity towards him; but, on the contrary, as he had no sons of his own living, he considered Sidy Hamet and himself as such, and would continue to treat them as a father whenever he came to the throne. Sidy Useph declared himself satisfied, but said, to make Lilla Halluma easy, there could be no objection, after such professions from the bey, to their both attesting their friendship on the Koran: the bey answered, "With all my heart, I am ready." Sidy Useph rose quickly from his seat, and called loudly for the Koran, which was the signal he had given his infernal blacks to bring his pistols, two of which were immediately put into his hand, and he instantly fired at the bey, as he sat by Lilla Halluma's side on the sofa. Lilla Hal-

luma raising her hand to save her son, had it most terribly mangled by the splinters of the pistol, which burst, and shot the bey in his side. The bey rose, and seizing his sabre from the window, where Lilla Halluma had laid it, he made a stroke at his brother, but Sidy Useph instantly discharged another pistol and shot the bey through the heart. To add to the unmerited affliction of Lilla Halluma, the murdered prince, in his last moments, erroneously conceiving she had betrayed him, exclaimed, "Ah! madam, is this the last present you have reserved for your eldest son?" What horror must such words from her favourite son have produced in the breast of Lilla Halluma in her present cruel situation! Sidy Useph, on seeing his brother fall, called to the blacks, saying, "There is the bey, finish him." They dragged him from the spot where he lay yet breathing, and discharged all their pieces into him. The bey's wife, Lilla Aisher, hearing the sudden clash of arms, broke from her women, who endeavoured to restrain her, and springing into the room, clasped the bleeding body of her husband in her arms; while Lilla Halluma endeavouring to prevent Sidy Useph from disfiguring the body, had thrown herself over it, and fainted from the agony of her wounded hand. Five of Sidy Useph's blacks were, at the same moment, stabbing the body of the bey as it lay on the floor; after which miserable triumph, they fled with their master. Their wanton barbarity, in thus mangling the bey's remains, having produced the most dreadful spectacle, Lilla Aisher at this sight of horror

stripped off her jewels and rich habits, and threw them in the bey's blood, and taking from off one of her blacks the worst baracan amongst them, made that serve for her whole covering. Thus habiting herself as a common slave, she ordered those around to cover her with ashes, and in that state she went directly to the bashaw,

and told him, if he did not wish to see her poison herself and his grandchildren, to give immediate orders that she might quit the castle; for she "would not live to look on the walls of it, nor to walk over the stones that could no longer be seen for the bey's blood, with which they were now covered."

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

PLATE 4.—FULL DRESS.

A WHITE soft satin slip, tastefully ornamented at bottom with a flounce of broad blond lace, and a light roll of white satin, surmounted by a wreath of lilies composed of plain blond, and a second roll of satin. The stalks of the lilies are formed of white silk cord, and a row of the same, disposed in waves, is placed above the roll of satin. Nothing can be more beautiful than this trimming. The gown, composed of spotted British net, is an open robe, with a short train, which meets in front, but slopes gradually off towards the bottom, so as to display the trimming of the slip. The robe is ornamented with a flounce of blond lace to correspond with the slip, and a wreath of intermingled lilies and roses. We refer our readers to our print for the body of the dress, which is tasteful and very novel. The sleeve is short and very full; a single flounce of blond is so disposed as to form an uncommonly pretty half-sleeve. The hair is brought up in a high tuft behind, and the front hair combed back on each side so as to

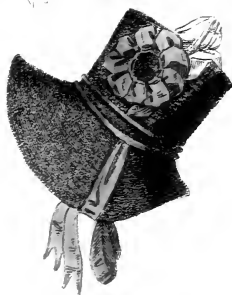
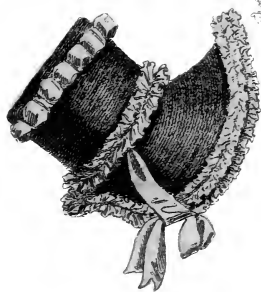
display the forehead; a part of it is disposed in loose ringlets, which fall carelessly over the ears, which they partly shade. The hair is ornamented by a single lily, placed in a bunch of fern. Necklace, ear-rings, bracelets, and armlets, of ruby intermixed with pearl. White kid gloves, and white satin slippers. Plain small ivory fan.—We have been favoured by a correspondent in Paris with a model of this dress, which has just been made for the Duchess de Berri. The caps and bonnets, which we have given in our other print, have also been furnished us from one of the first houses in Paris.

PLATE 5.—PARISIAN HEAD-DRESSES.

No. 1. A plain straw bonnet, lined and trimmed with lilac. The crown of a round shape, and a moderate height; the front is large, and ornamented with lilac ribbon: the crown is decorated at top and bottom to correspond. It is finished by a bunch of auriculas and lilac strings.

No. 2. A morning *cornette*, composed of worked muslin; the lower part a mob, the crown round, made





very full, and divided into compartments by drawings. The top of the crown is edged with lace; the border corresponds. No ornament.

No. 3. A black straw bonnet of a similar shape to No. 1. but larger; it is lined and trimmed with green ribbon, so disposed as to form a wreath of ties with green ribbon.

No. 4. A fancy straw bonnet of a peculiarly elegant and novel shape; the front very large, but the crown a moderate height. It is lined and trimmed with white, and ornamented with a profusion of white roses.

No. 5. A *cornette*, composed of *tulle*, the crown round, and made very high; the lower part a mob, cut in a different manner to any we have seen; a row of straw-colour ribbon is run in next to the border; strings and bow to correspond.

No. 6. A remarkably neat plain black straw morning bonnet, trimmed and lined with purple, and ornamented with a single China aster.

No. 7. A very elegant promenade bonnet; the front composed of Leghorn, trimmed with a puffing of *tulle*; the crown, of white satin, is made very full and rather high. The fulness is confined at top by a white silk half-handkerchief, edged with *tulle*, which ties it under the chin. It is ornamented with a bunch of Provence roses and fancy flowers.

No. 8. A morning *cornette*, the upper part composed of worked, and the lower of plain muslin; the crown oval, with a full puffing of muslin up the middle. A lace border and white satin strings.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

Our fair pedestrians cannot now, as formerly, be reproached with sacrificing comfort to shew: walking dresses, at least all tonish ones, are made of the warmest materials; and an India scarf or shawl, two or three times doubled, is folded so closely over the bust, that no part of the body is visible. Muffs of a moderate size are universally adopted. Ermine, sable, and Isabella bear are the favourite furs. Tippets are also worn, but not generally. The materials most fashionable for walking bonnets are beaver, velvet, and black straw, particularly the two former. Feathers, from three to five in number, are universally worn: high plumes are considered as most tonish; they are always placed upright in front of the bonnet.

An attempt has been made, but not a successful one, to introduce sable and ermine caps, with gold bands, into the promenade costume; they were very general some years ago, and are very striking and elegant, but they are rather too showy for the present chaste style of promenade dress, to which the large bonnet now worn is much more appropriate. We observe that those bonnets have improved in shape within the last two months; they are not, in fact, near so high in the crown, and the fronts are much more becomingly shaped than before.

The most elegant novelty for the carriage costume, and which is also very appropriate to the dress promenade, is a pelisse composed, we believe, of the wool of seal skin, and lined with white sarsnet. The

body is made tight, the back is cut without a seam, and the front, which is byas, displays the shape to great advantage; but the back is too broad to be becoming to the figure. The sleeve is moderately full, except at the top, where it is very wide, and disposed in a fall which forms a half-sleeve. The trimming is a wreath of black velvet leaves, which are edged with satin to correspond with the colour of the cloth. This trimming goes entirely round the pelisse, and ornaments also a little cape, which is pointed both in front and behind. An uncommonly pretty and novel collar completes the pelisse; it is formed of little rolls of cloth, intermixed with black velvet: there are also small cuffs to correspond.

The Roxburgh mantle, composed either of seal-skin wool cloth, or the finest merino, is generally worn with silk or poplin dresses. It is a square piece, about one yard three quarters in size, wadded and lined with white or coloured sarsnets; it is fastened down on each shoulder, so as to form a kind of small hood, in which there is no fulness, and the ends either fly back or are crossed over the bosom. A body is tacked inside of the mantle, the fronts of which, formed like a half-handkerchief, just meet at the bottom of the waist, and are fastened by a small silver ornament to correspond with those on the shoulder. It is bound with flat silver trimming, and at each corner we noticed a flower, we believe a China aster, embroidered in silver.

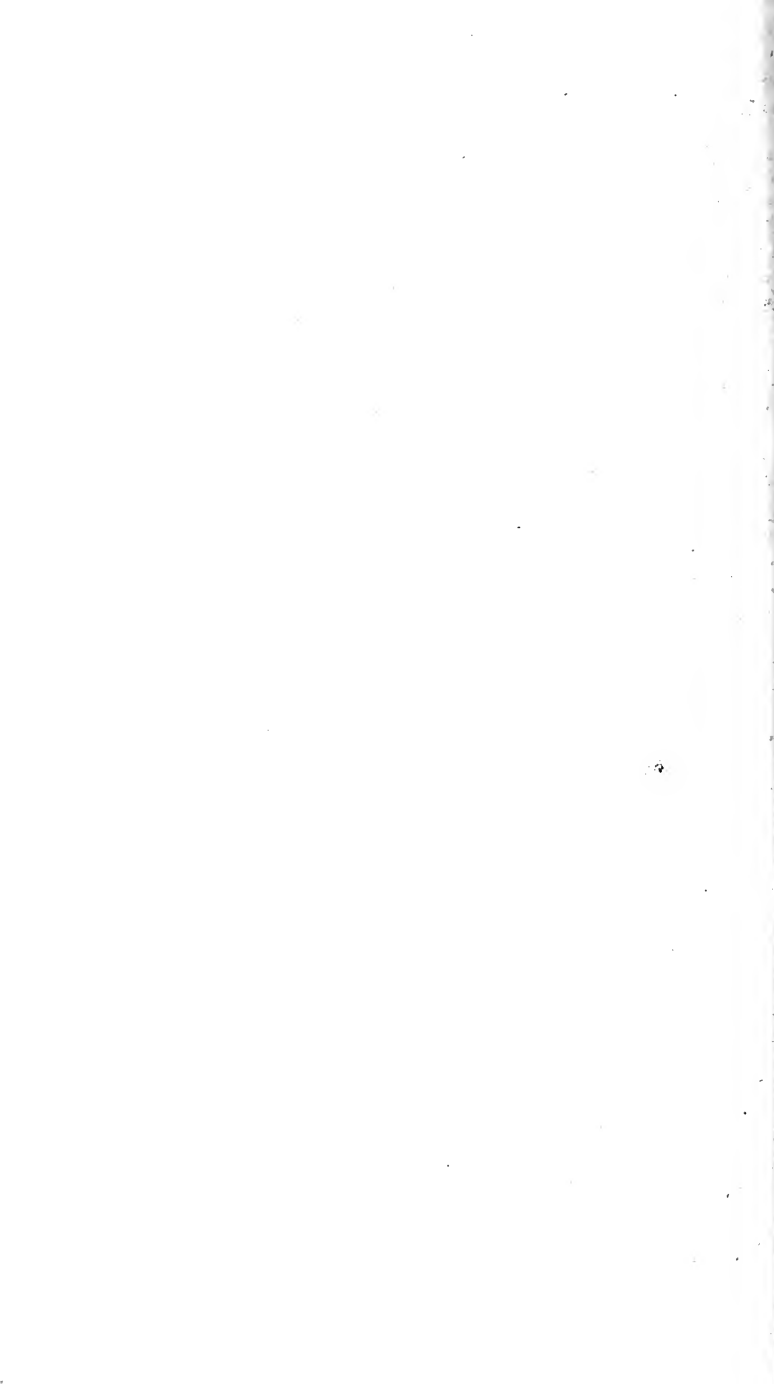
Small French hats of intermingled velvet and satin, the latter very full, are very generally adopt-

ed in the carriage costume, as are also the *tocques* described in our last number.

The materials for the morning costume are various; muslin, poplin, and even cloth, are fashionable. The form of morning dress is extremely simple and becoming. A high body, very short in the waist, made to fit the shape in front, and a little fulness behind; the back rather broad; the long sleeve of an easy fulness, and always drawn in at the wrist, so as to display advantageously the symmetry of the arm. There is nothing novel in this, our fair readers will say; but, nevertheless, a profusion of lace, which is let into muslin dresses, or satin, stamped velvet, or silk trimming, disposed round the bust of heavy dresses, gives an air of novelty, as well as an elegant finish to the dress. The most fashionable style of letting-in now is a wreath of large leaves of white lace, which are worked into the dress; they have an uncommonly pretty effect. Fancy silks of every description are in high estimation for dinner dress, as is also plain and striped levantine, plain and fancy poplin, and plain velvet. Our limits will not permit us to enter into a description of the various and beautiful articles, all the produce of our own looms, now worn in fashionable circles: we must, however, observe, that fancy striped poplin, and spotted silk of a new pattern, are higher than any thing else in estimation.

Blond is still in very high estimation for trimmings; and satin, long as it has been worn, is now, when intermixed with net, considered elegant. We were favoured





the other day with a sight of a dinner dress made of ruby velvet, and trimmed with an intermixture of swansdown and satin, which had a beautiful effect.

A plain frock, with a loose body, which is made in a style of girlish simplicity, is the favourite form of dinner dress; and plain long sleeves, made with very little fullness, and always finished by an epaulette to correspond either with the dress or the trimming, are universal. *Fichus*, composed either of lace or very rich work, are likewise very general. The long sleeve frequently corresponds with the *fichu*, and when that is the case, it is always finished with a narrow triple trimming of lace at the bottom of the wrist.

The materials for full dress are equally rich, various, and elegant. Plain, fancy, and silver gauze over white satin; plain and spotted net, and crape richly embroidered either in silver or coloured silks, are all in estimation, both with juvenile and mature *élégantes*. Fancy velvets, which are very numerous and extremely beautiful, are chiefly confined to *ladies d'un certain age*; and white satin seems to be a favourite with both young and middle-aged *belles*. The evening dress which we have given in our print, is unquestionably the most elegant that has been seen for a considerable time; it has been adopted by some ladies of high distinction without any alteration, except that it is made without a train. The Charlotte spenceret, composed of white satin, with a mixture of royal purple, has just been introduced, and is greatly admired. The body is cut very low

all round the bust, which is shaded by a narrow tuck of blond lace; the front, in the form of a stomach-er, is an intermixture of narrow folds of purple and white satin, with puffings of lace between the folds. The sleeve, which is very short, is composed of four folds of alternate white and purple satin, and finished by a puckered band. This is a truly elegant appendage to evening costume; it is worn also in white and ruby, white and dark green, and scarlet, dark brown, French rose, and lead-colour mixed with white.

Our readers will perceive by our print, that a considerable alteration has taken place in hair-dressing since our last number: however, we must observe, that though the most fashionable style, it is not the only one adopted; many ladies wear their hair disposed in light curls in front, and the hind hair partly brought up to moderate height, and partly disposed in bands. Winter flowers are much worn in the hair for full dress; and we have noticed some silver sprays of a light and novel description. *Bandeaus* and sprigs of diamond or pearl are in high estimation, but we see few ornaments for the hair composed of coloured stones. *Tocques* are a great deal worn; and ladies, who wish to display their diamonds, give a preference to black velvet ones: when that is not the case, they are composed of lace, gauze, and sometimes silver tissue.

Caps are universal for morning and half dress. We refer our fair readers to our print for those highest in estimation.

In half-dress jewellery an intermixture of gold and coral is high-

est in estimation; but dead gold ornaments, very finely wrought, are also fashionable.

Coloured stones are very partially worn in full-dress jewellery, and they are rarely intermixed with either pearls or diamonds. We think the former are more worn than they have been for some winters past. Crosses are highly fashionable, as are locketts of various shapes; several of the latter contain a bouquet of flowers, formed of various coloured gems, which have a beautiful effect.

Black leather half-boots with stout soles, lined and edged with fur, are universally adopted for the promenade costume.

In full dress, white satin slippers continue general; they are also frequently composed of white silk sprigged with silver.

Fashionable colours for the month are, lead-colour, Provence rose-colour, royal purple, very dark green, various shades of brown; Clarence blue, and ruby.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

Paris, Dec. 21, 1816.

My dear Sophia,

THE empire of Fashion is as much divided here as the political world. Some of our *élégantes* affect an excess of plainness and simplicity in their dress, which agrees as ill with the studied graces of their manners as rouge would with a Quaker's bonnet. Others rush into the opposite extreme, and in their rage for show decorate themselves with all the colours of the rainbow, and bid defiance at once to elegance and good taste.

I shall endeavour to describe to you some of the dresses worn by these rival *belles*, confident that your taste will point out the happy medium in any that you may adopt.

I must, however, observe to you, that in morning dress the contending parties are attired nearly alike: the same simple form, which you will find described in my last letter, still prevails, except that the three flounces at bottom have given place to one deep one, scalloped at bottom and top; it is put on very full, and the heading is nar-

row. It is only in the *cornette* that the difference is perceptible between the rival *belles*, to whom I have given the appellations of *Formalists* and *Dashers*. The first wear a simple morning cap of a moderate size, without any ornament, not even a ribbon: the latter a high *cornette*, trimmed extravagantly with bows and drawings of glaring red, orange, or lilac; the colour of the ribbon is always different from that of the dress. Our manufactures are still in favour for morning costume, but, I think, white begins, in a great measure, to supersede coloured muslins.

Muslin has now generally given place to merino crape, spotted silk, and levantine, in dinner dress. White is still more prevalent than colours. Waists are a very little longer than when I wrote last, but the backs of dresses continue of the same breadth; they are now made with rather less fulness in the body. Long sleeves are universal; they are made of a very moderate width, and always finished by two or three puffings at the wrist;

these puffs are generally of blond.

Dinner dresses are now almost invariably made what you would call half-high, and the *fichu* is more generally composed of fine worked muslin than of *tulle*. You will observe that the form and materials of the dresses are the same for the *formalist* and the *dasher*, but the difference made by the trimming is greater than you can conceive. The *formalists* either have no trimming, or else but two narrow bands of velvet, always of a sober colour, or a single flounce composed of the same materials as the dress; this flounce has a narrow heading, and the middle is honeycombed. Their opponents, on the contrary, wear three or four flounces, put on pretty close to each other, so that there is not above an inch of the edge of each flounce visible; each of these flounces is bound with ribbon, always of the most glaring colour: the effect of this trimming is consequently at once tawdry and heavy. There is, however, another requisition among the *dashers*, which is composed of a very broad piece of blond net run on full, and then confined in waves by bands of satin of different colours. This last, if the colours were judiciously selected, might be made a very elegant trimming.

Cornettes are much worn in dinner dress by both parties. The *dasher* binds a glaring coloured ribbon round her hair under her *cornette*, which is placed so far back as to shew a rosette of this ribbon in front. She also wears her ruff in the manner described in my last, which displays a little of her well-turned throat. The ruff

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of the *formalist* completely envelops her throat, and she wears no ribbon under her *cornette*.

Gauze is now very little worn in evening dress, except by very juvenile *élégantes*. The favourite form is a plain gown cut very low all round the bust; the skirt very full, the body and skirt formed of the same piece, and the fulness of the former confined to the waist by a broad band of satin, either embroidered or ornamented with pearls. The skirt is made more than a quarter of a yard longer than the slip, and this superfluous length is drawn up in draperies, each of which is ornamented either with a knot of ribbon, a pearl ornament, or a flower. A gauze half-sleeve, to correspond with the bottom of the dress, displays partially the white silk one underneath. I had forgot to observe, that there is generally a single flounce of blond to the slip, which is partially seen under the draperies of the gown.

I need not observe to you, that this simple and tasteful dress is not adopted by either the *formalists* or the *dashers*. The former wear either plain rich satin, or fancy velvet, with little or no trimming; and the latter give a general preference to white satin, trimmed with a very broad embroidery of roses of all colours. I think I see you smile at the notion of blue and green roses. You may conceive then how ridiculous a dress must look trimmed with a garland in which there is perhaps seven or eight different colours, and frequently those which form the worst possible contrast; as for instance, crimson and yellow.

This absurd fashion, however,

though very prevalent, is not universal: some *belles*, who will not sacrifice good taste to caprice and a rage for show, wear a beautiful border of moss-roses without leaves; others prefer intermingled lilies and roses; and some have a single flounce of broad Mechlin lace, surmounted by a wreath of myrtle-leaves in stamped velvet.

And now for the outside promenade costume. The material most in requisition for hats is silk plush, which has just at this moment superseded almost every thing else. One does indeed see a few hats composed of velvet, black straw, &c. &c. but they are not considered elegant. The rage for plush is carried so far that hats are lined with it. You may suppose that a black or blue hat composed of plush, and lined with the same material in rose-colour or amber, must have a very heavy appearance; and yet nothing can be more common. White hats are most fashionable; they are generally ornamented at the side by a large bunch of flowers, which are tied together with a white ribbon, a cockade of which is placed at the base of the garland.

The most fashionable shape at present is a small man's hat. Bonnets, however, are still adopted by many *élégantes*; they are now worn shorter at the ears than when I wrote last, and the fronts are not so deep. Both hats and bonnets are ornamented with China asters, tulips, daisies, and auriculas; many, which are trimmed with ribbons or flowers on one side, have on the other a buckle of mother of pearl, which fastens a band of the same material as the hat. One would be tempted to ask what is the fashion,

when one meets at one moment a *formalist* with a bonnet of black silk plush lined with rose-colour, and strings to correspond, without any other ornament; and the next moment you see a *belle* with a hat of white plush, which is loaded with a garland of auriculas or roses of all colours. Even *capotes* are now made of plush: the favourite colours are pea-green, straw-colour, and lilac; but white is still higher in estimation.

I had nearly forgotten to mention, that the favourite flower is at present the auricula; they are made both in plush and velvet, and are frequently placed at the side of hats in bunches of five or six different colours.

When I wrote to you last, we were all wrapped up in square shawls; since then we have by turns adopted spencers, pelisses, and pelerines trimmed with fur. At present all those *belles* who can afford it, shield their fair forms in the most appropriate of all winter covering—I mean the *witzchoura*, which is worn this year with a high collar and a large fur pelerine. Muffs are very partially worn, and then only in the most expensive fur.

Our promenade shoes are extremely comfortable: they are sandals lined and trimmed with fur; they lace pretty high on the instep, and are ornamented with three small bows of ribbon.

Our style of hair-dressing is less classic, but infinitely more becoming than when I wrote last. The hair, very much parted in front, falls in loose ringlets on each side of the forehead. The hind hair, brought very high at the back of

the head, forms a tuft, which is confined by a double plait of hair.

Tocques are in universal estimation in full dress. They are made in gold and silver gauze, and in velvet. One of the most *jauntie* is an oval crown of black velvet edged with a roll of black satin; a very beautiful plume of black ostrich feathers finishes this elegant head-dress. Another *tocque* is also composed of black velvet; it is simply a crown very high in front, lower behind, and looped down in the middle with a cockade of black satin ribbon. The crown is tacked to a plain band of black satin, which is finished by a row of plaited hard silk next to the face, and another at the edge of the crown. A plume of white feathers finishes this *tocque*.

I could describe to you half a dozen others, did I not fear that your patience and my paper would be exhausted before I had half done: I shall therefore only ob-

serve, that very young ladies wear either a band or an ornament of pearls, or coral, which is, as I before observed, worn in full dress; and more mature *belles* ornament their *tocques* with jewels, which sparkle at the base of their feathers, or deck their tresses with winter flowers and gems intermixed.

Pearl and coral are worn in full-dress jewellery, as are also bouquets of natural flowers composed of coloured stones. Red cornelian and gold seem very prevalent in half-dress.

Acknowledge, my dear Sophia, that I have made wonderful improvement in the science of dress since you used to call me the unobservant Eudocia, who never knew what any body wore. Adieu, my dear friend! Believe me always your
EUDOCIA.

P.S.—I had quite forgot to say, that the prevalent colours at present are, amber, blue, pink, yellow, and scarlet.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

MR. ACKERMANN, of the Strand, has in the press, *A Series of Costumes of the Netherlands*; with descriptions in French and English. This work will be printed on imperial 4to. to correspond with the *Costumes of different Nations*, published four years ago by Mr. Miller of Albemarle-street.

Such is the avidity with which every thing that comes in an authentic shape respecting Bonaparte is caught up by the public, that a *fourth edition of Warden's Letters, written on board the Northumberland and at St. Helena*, has

been called for in the short space of one month. As surgeon of the ship which carried the ex-emperor and his suite to the place of exile, the author certainly enjoyed peculiar opportunities for observation during the passage and in a residence of some months on the island; and the account of his conversations with Bonaparte, not merely on indifferent topics, but on those acts of his public life which have been most canvassed and execrated, is truly interesting and piquant.

Ponsonby, the publication of

which has unavoidably been delayed, will certainly appear in the course of the ensuing month.

A new work has been commenced, to be published in weekly numbers, with the title of *The Portfolio, Political and Literary*; being a general miscellany and collection of original and fugitive productions, including criticisms on new works, and select essays from the newspapers.

The Scenery of the Northern Cambrian Mountains, is just completed in one volume 4to. This work forms an assemblage of thirty views, highly finished in colours, engraved by Daniel Havell, after original drawings by Mr. Compton of the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich; each plate accompanied with a description of the scene and other particulars, so as to form a regular tour through the most romantic parts of North Wales.

Mr. Tabart, of the Juvenile Library, Piccadilly, announces a Monthly Miscellany for the use of Schools and for the general purposes of Education, under the title of *Tabart's School Magazine, or Journal of Education*. It is intended to be composed chiefly of modern materials, for the purpose of connecting as much as possible the business of the school-room with that of the active world, for which education prepares its subjects. The first number will appear on the first of March.

Mrs. M'Mullan, whose poetic talent has already been displayed in the *Naiad's Wreath*, has ready for publication *The Crescent*, a national poem on the glorious victory at Algiers.

Another weekly work is announ-

ced by the title of *The Spirit of the Press*, Historical, Political, and Literary. A portion of each number will contain the Spirit of the Public Journals, being a selection of paragraphs, witticisms, &c. from the London publications of the day.

The Rev. F. A. Cox, A.M. has nearly completed at press his work on *Female Scripture Biography*; with an Essay shewing what Christianity has done for Women: also, a second edition, with considerable alterations, of his *Life of Melancthon*.

A new work is about to be published from the pencil of Mr. H. Alken, under the title of *Sporting Sketches*, consisting of a series of subjects relating to the Sports of the Field, and adapted for the illustrating of Landscape Scenery.

Mrs. Mary Hays has in the press *Family Annals, or the Sisters*, as a counterpart to her dramatic story of *The Brothers*.

On the 1st January, 1817, will be published the first number of a new periodical work, to be continued every two months, under the title of *The Correspondent*. It will consist of letters, moral, political, and literary, between eminent writers in France and England; designed, by presenting a faithful picture of each nation to the other, to enlighten both to their true interest, promote a mutual good understanding between them, and render peace the source of a common prosperity.

In a few days will be published, *Apicius Redivivus, or the Cook's Oracle*, containing the art of composing soups, sauces, and flavouring essences, displayed in 600 receipts, the result of actual experi-

ments instituted in the kitchen of a physician, for the purpose of composing a culinary code for the rational epicure, and augmenting the alimentary enjoyment of private families.

Shortly will be published, *Scripture Genealogy from Adam to Christ*, exhibiting, in a series of thirty-six engraved tables, a distinct view of the nation, tribe, family, lineal descent, and posterity of every person mentioned in the Bible, so far as they can be traced from sacred and profane history: to which are annexed chronological dates, on the authority of Usher and Blair; together with a copious introduction, an historical description of each plate, and a complete index.

A new weekly paper, upon a plan hitherto unattempted in this country, is preparing for publication, devoted solely to literary purposes, foreign as well as domestic:

it is entitled *The Literary Gazette, and Journal of the Belles Lettres*, and is expressly designed for the higher classes of society. It will also enjoy the peculiar advantage of being sent free of postage to all parts of the kingdom.

Mr. A. J. Valpy has in the press a new edition of the *Greek Septuagint*, in one large volume 8vo. The text is taken from the Oxford edition of Bos, without contractions. Also a new edition of Homer's *Iliad*, from the text of Heyne, with English notes, including many from Heyne and Clark, one volume 8vo.:—*Academic Errors, or Recollections of Youth*, one volume 12mo.:—*Catullus*, with English notes, by T. Forster, Esq. jun. 12mo.—The second number of Stephens's *Greek Thesaurus*, which has been delayed on account of the treaty for Professor Schäfer's MSS. will appear in January.

Poetry.

TO ———

WHEN evening wraps in twilight shroud
The farewell beams of day,
How sweet to quit the busy crowd,
And steal from toil away;
And whither pale moon, peering bright,
Soft glimmers o'er the lea,
To gaze upon her tranquil light,
And think of heaven and thee!

And thus, when all the slumb'ring air
A stillness breathes divine,
Or only angels waken there
And spirits pure as thine,
On Fancy's wing to flow'ry vales
And distant groves I flee,
Complain me to the dying gales,
And sigh my soul to thee!

Moments there are when ev'ry thought
That dwells on things below,
And life itself, depicts nought
But gloom and varied woe;
Yet Mem'ry from her lonely bow'r
One twinkling star can see,
And in that drear, despairing hour
'Tis bliss to muse on thee!

Oh! that our souls in viewless flight
Could mount the air at will,
And sail upon the clouds of night,
When all the earth was still!
How oft from worldly bondage riven,
From worldly passions free,
I'd soar to yonder azure heaven,
And stretch my arms to thee!

There, when the pensive moonlight shone,
 We'd wander through the sky,
 And leaning o'er our fleecy throne,
 Look down with wond'ring eye
 On verdant valley, rippling stream,
 On summit, tower, and tree,
 Where lovely slept the placid beam,
 Serene and chaste as thee.

And may not such in years to rise,
 When all of earth is past,
 When death bestows what life denies,
 Be ours perhaps at last?—

Oh! 'twere enough for ever more
 To wean each sin from me,
 To think in heaven, when time is o'er,
 My soul may welcome thee!

Then till that hour, while yet on earth,
 Oh! be what thou hast been,
 And let me love the angel worth
 Mine eyes have never seen;
 Still pour upon my list'ning ear,
 While yet that bliss may be,
 Those melting strains, so sweetly dear,
 That won me first to thee!

Nor think the world's tumultuous throng
 Shall tempt my thoughts away,
 Or steal me from the syren song
 That soothed my early day;
 The pensive charm that song could give,
 Through each reserv'd decree,
 Shall fondly smile, and brightly live,
 To tell my soul of thee.

Nor midnight moon, nor vesper star,
 Nor flower of modest fame,
 But yet, though thou art distant far,
 Shall whisper me thy name;
 Nor aught of beauty can I trace,
 Nor aught of goodness see,
 But in the dear resembling grace
 I'll still remember thee. OSCAR.

INVOCATION TO INDIFFERENCE.

Teach me, Indifference, to conceal
 The soft emotions that I feel;
 To check the sigh, to chill the tear,
 That still will rise when Henry's near:
 And to my tongue, Indifference, teach
 Thy calm monotony of speech;

The still, unvaried, placid tone,
 Which makes the bosom all thy own;
 And to my trembling heart again
 Restore thy lost regretted reign.
 And haste thee, tyrant Love, away!
 This breast no longer owns thy sway:
 No longer will I view the smile,
 That could that breast of peace beguile;
 No longer will I list that voice,
 "My first, my last, my only choice;"
 But breaking faithless Henry's chain,
 I never, never love again;
 Nor e'en to Henry's friendship give
 One thought, lest love in that should live.
 Then say, Indifference, on what ground,
 What peaceful Eden, art thou found?
 For I would seek thy bower serene,
 Thy bower still form'd of evergreen:
 What though now flow'rets bloom around,
 It bears no thorn the heart to wound;
 And I within thy peaceful cell,
 A hermitess, content would dwell:
 Then to my trembling heart restore
 Thy reign, Indifference, once more.

MILTONIA.

SONNET.

Solo e pensoso i più deserti campi
 Vo misurando ——— PETR. Son. 28.

Dear is the joy to list at summer-eve
 The winged minstrel's serene ad orsong,
 Where yon blue stream winds murmuring
 along,
 'Neath willows pale that love to droop
 and grieve:—
 Oh! lady, this wild wayward harp believe;
 Wind once again these deepening
 shades among:
 For thee her witch-notes Nature shall
 prolong;
 Thee—Evening's self shall linger ere she
 leave.

Oh! come, and whilst her locks of yellow
 lie
 O'er twilight grey, I'll kneel me, and
 adore
 My guardian goddess of the azure eye,
 Diviner than that deity* of yore;
 Come, loveliest, come, ere Summer's sun-
 set fly
 Far from our British glen to Transat-
 lantic shore! F. J. R. A.

* Minerva.

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THE SECOND SERIES.

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FEBRUARY 1, 1817.

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TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit announcements of works which they may have in hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New musical publications also, if a copy be addressed to the publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and extracts from new books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, will be acceptable.

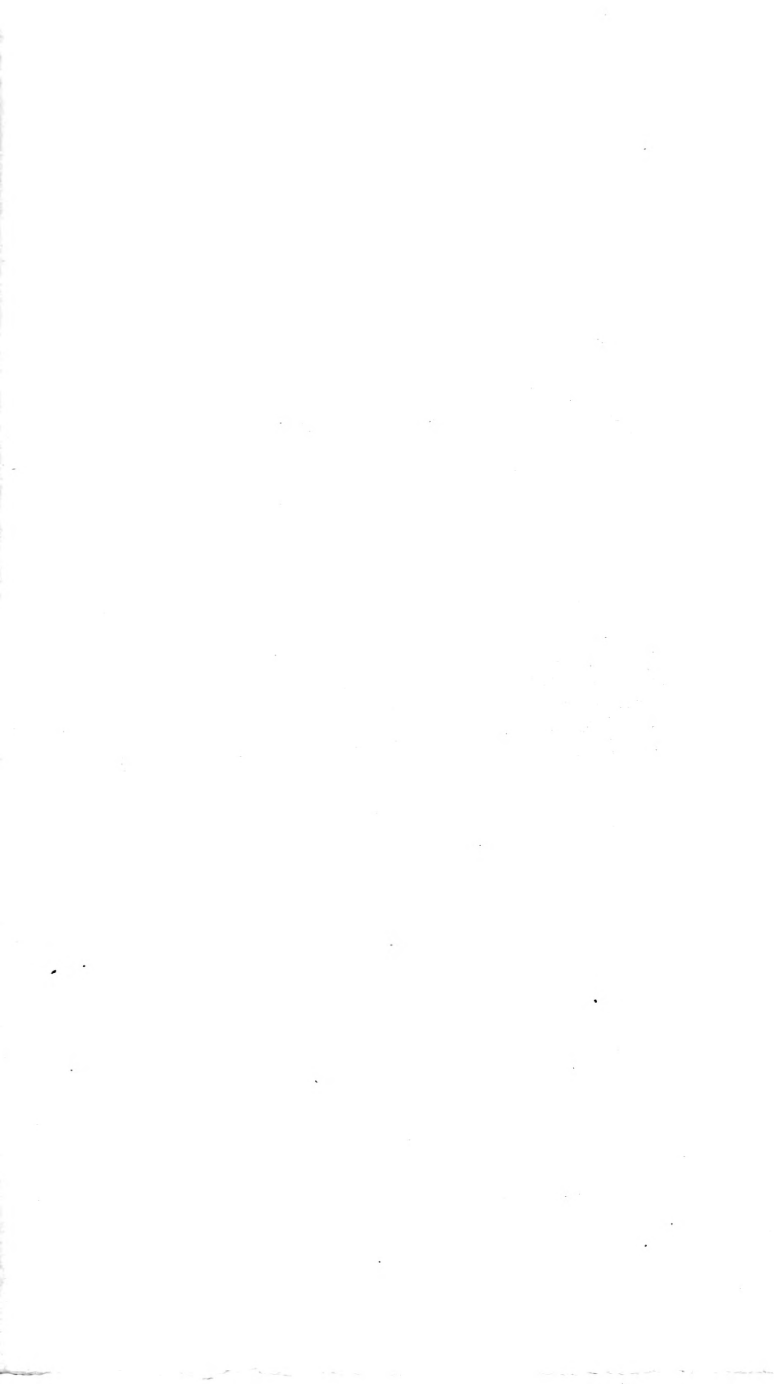
The direction of Oscar shall be attended to.

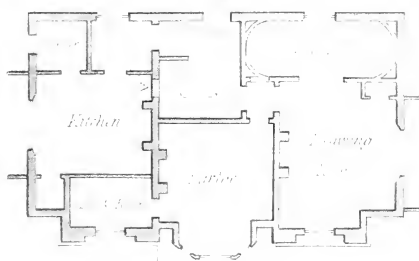
We are under the necessity of repeating our intimation, that the notices in our Literary Intelligence are confined to works in the press. To those already published, we can only allot a place in our advertising sheet.

The Birthday Present and The Indulgent Husband in our next.

The long arrears due to some of our poetical correspondents have prevented our compliance with the wish of A Woman of Westmoreland in our present Number.

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. THORNHILL, 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.





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VOL. III.

FEBRUARY 1, 1817.

NO. XIV.

FINE ARTS.

ARCHITECTURAL HINTS.

PLATE 7.—A COTTAGE.

THE plan of this rural building is arranged for the accommodation of two ladies, whose establishment is three female servants and a gardener, his residence being at a small distance only from the cottage. Its situation combines the romantic with the rural, and as it affords the view of a beautiful piece of water, bounded by luxuriant overhanging woods, and a country rich in cultivated scenery, the existing deficiency of ground belonging to it is the less to be regretted; because these supply the effect of an extensive and well-arranged domain. The ground, in fact, on which it stands, is no larger than just to admit a moderate-sized kitchen-garden, and a small lawn and shrubbery, which is separated from the road, passing near the house, by a sloping fence, in the manner of a chevaux de frise. The ground-floor consists of a parlour, a small music-room, a dining-room, a book-room, a kitchen, larder, and ante-kitchen; the scullery and cellars are below, the stairs of which com-

mence at A, under the best stairs: the chamber-floor contains five bedrooms, four of them having fire-places.

As this cottage has been decorated with great care and some taste, a description of it will, perhaps, afford useful hints for similar embellishments.

The entrance is by a rustic porch supported by the stems of elm-trees; the little hall and staircase are decorated with trellising, composed of light lath and wicker basket-work, very neatly executed, and painted a dark green: this is placed against the papering of the walls and ceilings, which are of a deep buff colour. Flower-stands and brackets are attached at various parts from the bottom to the top of the staircase. The railing of the stairs being also of basket-work, the strings, &c. are painted buff or green, as the occasion required; for every part is so arranged, that the green may be relieved by buff, or the buff by the green. The most elegantly beautiful flower-

ing plants are selected as embellishments, and are tastefully disposed on the several flower-stands; thus the walls are every where adorned with them, and some are trained over the trellis of the ceilings, whence they hang in festoons and unite their branches: the plants are, however, introduced with a sparing hand, so as to allow each to be exhibited to advantage, and the whole arrangement has a light and tasteful effect. On the outside of each step of the stairs a bracket is affixed, on which small and equal-sized green earthenware garden-pots are placed, containing specimens of the most beautiful heath plants.

A small lobby connects the music-room, drawing-room, and parlour, so that they are *en suite*: in most cases it would have been preferred perhaps, that the two latter should have changed places with each other; in this instance it was otherwise, on account of the aspects. The parlour, the music-room, and this lobby are very simply and neatly decorated by compartments coloured in tints resembling an autumnal leaf, the yellow green of which forms the panels, and its mellow and pinky hues compose a very narrow border and style that surround them. The draperies are of buff chintz, in which sage-green leaves, and small pink and blue and white flowers prevail; the furniture is cane-coloured. Upright flower-stands of basket-work are placed in each angle of the room, and the veran-

da is constantly dressed with plants of the choicest scents and colours.

The drawing-room is fancifully ornamented with paper in imitation of bamboo and basket-work, in the colour of cane upon a sky-blue ground; each side is divided into compartments by pilasters, which support a sort of roofing and transverse bamboo rods, to which seem to be suspended the most exquisite works of the Chinese pencil: these are the best that have appeared in this country, and consist of views of their apartments, representations of the costume of the people, and of the natural history of China. A very able artist has further decorated this room, by painting a variety of Oriental plants, as supported by the pilasters, &c. about which they entwine, and arriving at the ceiling, they terminate, after spreading a short distance upon it.

The furniture and draperies are the same as in the parlour.

The book-room is coloured a tea-green, which is relieved by a lavender colour and brown.

The chambers are papered with a small and simple trellis pattern, and the draperies white, with a mixture of lavender colour and buff.

In the whole of this cottage there is no portion of gilding; the glasses are let into the walls and covered by the paper decorations; and even the book-bindings are unornamented by gold, the lettering being merely stamped upon them.

THE DOMESTIC COMMONPLACE-BOOK;

Containing authentic Receipts and miscellaneous Information in every Branch of Domestic Economy, and of general Utility.

METHODS OF MAKING GOOD BREAD FROM UNSOUND FLOUR.

Mr. DAVY, professor of chemistry to the Cork Institution, has ascertained by experiments, that carbonate of magnesia will correct the heaviness common to bread made of new flour, particularly after wet seasons. The proportion is from 20 to 40 grains to a pound of flour, according to the better or worse quality of the latter. The improvement of the bread depends upon the intimate mixture of the carbonate of magnesia with the flour, previous to the making of dough. Loaves made with this addition rise well in the oven; the bread is light and spongy, has a good taste, and keeps well. A pound of carbonate of magnesia would be sufficient to mix with 256 pounds of new flour, at the rate of 30 grains to the pound; and supposing the cost of the former to be half-a-crown, the additional expense would be only half a farthing to the pound of flour.

Mr. Robert Oastler, of Leeds, has found that carbonate of ammonia makes better bread with unsound flour than either carbonate of soda or salt of tartar. He gives the following directions for the use of it:—If the flour be not very unsound, for 14lbs. of it use one ounce of carbonate of ammonia, the cost of which is 3d. taking particular care to purchase where you may rely upon having it pure. This carbonate of ammonia should be dissolved in a little warm water, and then put into such further

quantity of water as may be required for kneading the dough quite stiff. In case the flour be very bad, it might be well to take only 7lbs. of it to the ounce of carbonate of ammonia, as there is no danger in increasing the quantity of the latter, and the very worst flour may be rendered fit for use if sufficient of the carbonate be introduced. The carbonate should be kept closely corked up, to prevent evaporation. To try the unsoundness of flour, put a tablespoonful in a basin, and mix it with cold water till it is of the consistence of pudding-batter; then set a small pan upon the fire, with half a quarter of a pint of water; when this water is hot, but before it boils, pour in the batter, and let it boil three minutes. If sound, the flour will unite as a good sound pudding; if unsound, it breaks, curdles, and appears somewhat watery. Some attention, while it is warm, will lead to a judgment of the different degrees of unsoundness.

COMPOSITION FOR MAKING LEATHER AND OTHER ARTICLES WATER-PROOF.

Six gallons of linseed oil, one pound and a half of rosin, and four pounds and a half of red lead, litharge, or any other substance usually known under the denomination of driers, are to be boiled together, till they acquire sufficient consistence to adhere to the finger in strings when cooled upon a bit of glass or otherwise. It is then to be moved from the fire,

and, when sufficiently cooled, thinned, to about the consistence of sweet oil, with spirits of turpentine, of which it generally takes about six gallons. It is then left to settle for a day, when it is carefully poured off from the grounds, and about one pound and a half of ivory or lamp-black, and one pound and a half of Prussian blue, ground in linseed oil, added to and intimately mixed with it. It is then ready to be used as follows, on any description of leather, cloth, or other articles:—Having stirred up the liquid, lay it on with an even brush, until it bears out with an even gloss; then hang up the subject acted upon until the next day, when repeat the application as before, taking care to leave the surface thin and even as possible; and so on each successive day, until it has the desired appearance.

CURE FOR DYSENTERY, OR BOWEL COMPLAINT.

Let twenty grains of hippoe be infused in half a pint of brandy; let them be well shaken for twenty-four hours. The patient is to take a wine-glass full of it, fasting, four successive mornings; and for eight or ten days he is not to make use of any meat, fish, vegetables, or broth, but to live on bread and milk, or milk boiled on rice. The above quantity is intended for a grown person; therefore half of it will be sufficient for a child.

REMEDY FOR SWOLLEN CATTLE.

The following remedy for swollen cattle has never been known to fail; viz. six ounces of castor oil mixed with an equal quantity of

vinegar; or if castor oil cannot be obtained, eight ounces of common sweet oil, with vinegar.

RECEIPT FOR ECONOMICAL WASHING.

Separate coarse and fine linen into two distinct tubs, and pour over them tepid or cold water. At the end of two days wring them well, and rub out foul spots with a very slight application of soap. —To give some idea of the proportion, we shall say, a quarter of a pound of common hard soap to two dozen of men's shirts. After rubbing out the spots, set the fine articles on the fire with cold water, in a clean boiler; and when the water just boils, turn over the clothes and lie into a clean tub. When cold enough to be touched, take little and little of the lie to wash the boiled linens, and so put them to bleach; or, if they cannot be conveniently spread on grass, wring and shake them out, and pour boiling water over them, till they can be handled for wringing in blue and water. The water which boiled these fine clothes will help to boil those of a coarser description, in the same manner; and two ounces of hard soap will suffice, in addition, to wash out the spots. The lie of the second boiling will clean the coarsest things. If the water is hard, two ounces of soda will be necessary to each boiling: the soda ought to be dissolved in hot water, and well mixed with the cold water, before the linen is thrown into it. Besides a great saving in soap, the work is done in much less time, and the linen saved from wearing out by severe friction in the common way.

FROSTED POTATOES.

After paring and scraping, let them lie in water an hour, and then boil them with a bit of saltpetre, which is said to take the sweetness quite away.

TO RESTORE DISCOLOURED PEARLS TO THEIR ORIGINAL WHITENESS.

Take a handful of bran and boil it in a saucepan with a pint of water; when it boils, pour the half of this water into a glazed earthen dish upon your string of pearls, leaving them to soak until the water is cool enough to rub them gently with your hands. When the water is quite cold, pour it off, and renew this process. Then pour clear lukewarm water into this dish, and rinse the pearls, without rubbing them, and repeat this a second time. Without wiping or unstringing them, lay them on writing-paper, which place on a board in a cellar for twenty-four hours.

IMPROVEMENT IN THE MANAGEMENT OF BEES.

This improvement (strongly recommended by those who have practised it) is that of having *double sumps*, the one on the top of the other. When the lower sump is filled with honey, it is to be removed, after the bees are admitted (through a passage made to be opened for this purpose) into the upper sump; in this upper sump food must be put, and the bees will remain there, and fill it with honey. When it is filled, the bees are to be admitted into the former sump again, now to be replaced; after the food has been put into it, and the full sump taken away. By thus alternately

removing the sumps, more honey will be collected than is usually procured, and the lives of the poor insects may be spared.

BUDS OF TREES.

Among the buds of trees there are some which do not spread out with the others, and which are called *dead eyes*, but which should rather be called *sleeping eyes*, for they may be brought out of that lethargy, even after it has continued for several years. It is generally owing to the tendency of the sap to go to the superior buds, and to elongate them into great branches. The lower buds, by this means, are deprived of the nourishing fluid. This is no inconvenience in the trees destined merely to produce wood, or to furnish shade; but in fruit-trees, in which we wish to dispose of the branches in a certain order, we are sometimes obliged to put grafts in the places which the *dead eyes* occupy, a method both tedious and uncertain. M. Morion de la Martiniere has practised a simpler and more certain method. It is, to make a small cut above the *dead eye*, in form of a *V* reversed, and as deep as the alburnum. By thus stopping the progress of the ascending sap, it is obliged to develope the bud, or to produce others.

CURE FOR STONE.

The following cure for stone is recommended on the authority of Mr. Partridge, a respectable farmer at Springfield, Essex:—A good handful of the fibres of garden leeks—not the leek part, but the fibres only—boiled in two quarts of water till it is reduced to one

quart. Take half a pint twice a day, when the stomach is most empty. A perseverance in this course will reduce stones in the bladder, so that they will come

away, to the great relief of persons afflicted with that dreadful complaint; and from due repetition, a perfect cure may be expected.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES AND ANECDOTES.

THE RIGHT HON. RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

THE following anecdotes of a man who possessed such various claims to distinction, and whose talents rank him, notwithstanding his failings, among the most eminent of his contemporaries, are extracted from the interesting account of his Life just published by Dr. Watkins:—

Miss Elizabeth Linley, the young lady with whom he was enamoured, shone as the principal luminary of Bath, both in personal charms and musical accomplishments. On her first performance she received the appellation of the Syren; but she had no sooner reached the age of fourteen, than she began to be known only by the name of the Angel, which, in a modified sense, as expressive of her ravishing harmony, graceful appearance, and polished demeanour, she richly merited. Before she was sixteen, all the young men of fashion at Bath were proud of enrolling themselves in the list of her admirers, which, as a matter of course, in a place devoted to idleness and dissipation, occasioned much talk and some scandal. The intimacy that subsisted between her family and that of one Captain Matthews increased the jealousy of those who wished to engross the attachment of the fascinating warbler to them-

selves; and it served also to sharpen the malice of those who envied both her charms and popularity. Insinuations, surmises, and reports, were circulated about in the form of censure upon Matthews, who was a married man, for his particular attentions to Miss Linley; and though she was totally ignorant of the freedoms that were taken with her character, as well as innocent of having given cause for them, Matthews had the baseness, out of vanity, to encourage the spirit of defamation as a compliment paid to his gallantry. Scandal like this, however, was too common in that vortex of fashionable amusement to receive credence even by those who took a pleasure in giving it circulation. The old ladies, indeed, condemned the conduct of Captain Matthews in very affecting language; and the young ones the levity of Miss Linley in walking about with a married man, whose courtesy towards her redoubled in proportion as the world made it the subject of conversation. But, notwithstanding all this moralizing on the one hand, and astonishment on the other, the number of her admirers rather increased than lessened, and serious overtures of marriage were made to Mr. Linley on the part of

Mr. Walter Long, a gentleman of large fortune, whose property, amounting to two hundred thousand pounds, has since descended to Mrs. Wellesley Pole Long, of Wanstead-House. Mr. Long was a bachelor, considerably advanced in life, but his wealth, in the estimation of her prudent parents, was more than a counter-balance to the disparity of years. They very gladly accepted his proposals; but as the young lady was at that time under articles of apprenticeship to her father, it was stipulated that the lover should pay him one thousand pounds as an indemnification for the loss of her services.

Miss Linley received the addresses of Mr. Long at first with coldness; and when the offer of marriage, with the conditions, came under discussion, she objected very strongly to so unequal a match; but the persuasions of her family, and the arguments held out upon the advantages that would arise to all her connections from this splendid union, made such an impression, that she yielded her consent with reluctance, and preparations for the nuptials were accordingly made. In the mean time the lady withdrew from public exhibitions, and nothing was talked of at Bath but the approaching wedding, which excited envy enough in the female circles, and no small portion of chagrin and disappointment among the young men who had been contending with each other for this fair prize. While female expectation was thus on the wing, and the mortified spirits of the men were brooding in apprehension, a new scene suddenly occurred for the exercise of observation, and the

encouragement of desire. The dresses were made, and the day for the solemnity was fixed, when, all at once, the young lady altered her mind, and told her father in plain terms, "That if she married at all she would do so to be free, and not to be a slave." In this resolution she persisted with uncommon firmness, though she had to conflict with the remonstrances of some and the reproaches of others, the entreaties of her friends, and the ridicule of the malignant.

Numerous were the conjectures, and different were the stories told upon this occasion. By one party the blame was cast upon the lady; but in general the censure fell upon the capricious lover: and that this was just appeared evident from the circumstances of the case, when the father claimed and received a remuneration for the damage which he had sustained in the temporary suspension of his daughter's performances at the public concerts.

To such a remuneration he certainly would have been entitled; nor could he have supported a demand of that kind had the cause of the breach rested solely with the young lady; but it is a curious fact, that this affair was subjected to an arbitration in the same formal manner as if it had been a mere matter of bargain and sale in the way of trade. The business, of course, was regularly and minutely investigated; and the arbitrators on both sides gave their decree, that Mr. Long should pay one thousand pounds to the father in trust for his daughter when she should come of age.

This singular affair made a great noise in the fashionable world, but

though it afforded abundant matter for idle conversation, it produced no effects injurious to the reputation of Miss Linley, unless the circumstance of her being dramatized as the "Maid of Bath" by the modern Aristophanes could be considered in that light. Foote, whose piercing genius was always on the alert to pounce upon subjects for comic representation, gladly seized upon this romantic history, which, in all its incidents and characters, wore a complete theatrical appearance.

Some time before this separation, Mr. Charles Francis Sheridan (elder brother of Richard Brinsley S.) had made a declaration of his passion for Miss Linley, but without the approbation of his own father, or the encouragement of the parents of the lady. The weighty pretensions of Mr. Long extinguished his hopes; which were, however, rekindled with greater ardour after this determined opposition to a discordant union, that had nothing to recommend it but a mercenary policy.

Though the lady had not given any particular encouragement to Charles, he very naturally attributed her refusal of Mr. Long to a tender sentiment in favour of a lover somewhat more engaging in his appearance, and nearer to her own age. Having no reason to think that he was disagreeable to her, or that his attentions were unacceptable, he flattered himself that a renewal of his addresses would be rewarded by her hand. But at the moment when he was indulging this expectation, a much more formidable rival than Mr. Long had gained complete posses-

sion of that heart for which so many were still in eager contention.

The eyes of lovers are generally quick and penetrating into all the movements and connections of those to whom they are attached; yet, in the present instance, it was remarkable enough that Charles witnessed the lively freedoms which passed between his brother and Miss Linley without forming the least suspicion of the real cause. So far, indeed, was he from being jealous on account of their repeated interviews, that he seemed to take a pleasure in them, most probably from a confidence that his interest was strengthened and secured by this friendship and familiarity. It would be carrying moral reflection a little too far to pass any severe animadversion upon the duplicity with which the young lovers acted, although it is impossible to justify their conduct from the charge of insincerity and want of candour. While Charles continued his addresses, and his brother was made his confidant, the latter was in the daily practice of meeting her at the house of Captain Matthews, or in the walks near Bath.

By these assiduous attentions, Mr. Richard Sheridan completely triumphed over all his rivals; and his brother, finding that his cause was hopeless, had the fortitude to relinquish his pursuit without manifesting any enmity on his disappointment. The father, however, of Mr. Sheridan was inexorably adverse to the match, but for what reason it would be difficult to guess, since it must be admitted, that the rational ground of objection lay solely on the other side. Mr. Lin-

ley had carefully educated his daughter, and brought her forward in public life, with an assurance that her commanding talents, independently of her personal charms, must, in no great length of time, realize a fortune. Sheridan, on the contrary, had neither a shilling that he could call his own, nor a profession by which he might expect to rise in the world. His father had great difficulty to rear up his family; and when they were advanced to maturity, they still lay as a burthen upon his hands. They kept, it is true, the best company at Bath, which being the resort of the fashionable and the idle, the gay and the wealthy, of both sexes, held out many powerful inducements to accomplished men without income, by promising them an advantageous settlement in marriage, or an easy maintenance by gaming. On what principles Mr. Thomas Sheridan opposed the marriage of his son and Miss Linley can hardly be surmised, since the fact of her being a public singer at concerts and oratorios was to the full as honourable as that of his exhibiting Charles Francis Sheridan in the character of an orator at the age of twelve, or his own repeated performances upon the English and Irish stages. If his resistance proceeded from the consciousness that his son wanted the means to provide for a family, the blame chiefly recoiled upon himself, in having neglected to cultivate the fine talents of the youth by such an application as would have rendered him independent. It has been said, that "love is an idle man's business:" but though in such cases it may be pursued with

great alacrity and romantic perseverance, it is seldom productive of happiness; because, when the motive has ceased, idleness still remains, with its usual consequences, unless the moral spring is properly directed by some honourable employment.

On the departure of old Mr. Sheridan for Ireland, his youngest son seized the opportunity of persuading Miss Linley to elope with him to the Continent; but finding there was an obstacle to their marriage in France, he had the prudence to place his mistress in one of the convents which admitted boarders, without any objection to their religious sentiments. Here she was found by her father, and conveyed to England, followed by her lover, who had an immediate occasion to vindicate the young lady's reputation, as well as his own honour, in consequence of evil reports that had been industriously circulated, and even printed, during their absence.

When the flight took place it naturally became the subject of conversation at Bath, where, from the known intimacy that had subsisted between Matthews and Sheridan, and from a variety of circumstances, it was freely said, that the former must have been concerned in the elopement. The conjecture was perfectly natural and well founded; but Matthews thought proper to deny all knowledge of the transaction, and he went so far as to throw out reflections injurious to the reputation of Miss Linley and her lover. The matter found its way into the newspapers; and the *Bath Herald* contained some animadversions upon the fugitives,

which excited much attention, as evidently coming from the pen of one who must have been well acquainted with their affairs and former history. Sheridan could not long be ignorant of these dastardly attempts to injure his honour, and to destroy the peace of one who had a claim upon him for the protection of her character. Having traced with certainty the calumny, which had been so scandalously propagated, to the original author, our hero instantly proceeded to Bath; but his arrival there was no sooner known than Matthews thought it most expedient to decamp for London, where he was as closely pursued by the man whom he had betrayed and abused. He was discovered in a tavern at the corner of Henrietta-street and Bedford-street, Covent-Garden, and the parties being resolutely bent, they both drew their swords, while Mr. Charles Sheridan alone acted as the second in the fray. The rencontre was desperate, for each was a complete master of the weapon; but, after a display of much courage and skill, Matthews was disarmed and thrown upon the floor, in which situation he sued for his life. In addition to this, he signed a confession of the falsehoods which he had caused to be circulated; and this declaration was immediately published in the journal where the original paragraphs from the same hand had appeared. The vanquished party being thus completely covered with disgrace, retired to his estate in Glamorganshire; but even there he could not be free from the observations of his neighbours, for the whole story quickly spread

throughout the kingdom, especially as the duel was one out of the ordinary practice of single combat in this country.

Stung by the sarcasms of his old companions, and irritated at being thrown out of the gay circle where he had been considered as a leader, Matthews became almost frantic with rage; and though conscience told him, that the blood of another could not obliterate the signature which he had affixed to his own confession of treachery, he resolved to perish in the attempt to get revenge. Accordingly he returned once more to Bath, and immediately caused a message to be delivered to Sheridan, demanding another meeting. This the latter might have declined by all the rules of duelling and upon every principle of strict honour, for his antagonist having already, when defeated, obtained the grant of his life upon a condition that fixed upon him a mark of odium, had no right to the interview which he now sought. But though the friends whom Mr. Sheridan consulted on this occasion remonstrated in strong terms, and in conclusive arguments, on the impropriety of complying with the requisition, his lofty spirit could not brook the idea of sheltering himself from a conflict under any plea whatever. It was accordingly settled, that the parties should meet at four in the morning on Kingsdown, near Bath, each attended by his second; who were, however, peremptorily interdicted from interfering their offices during the contest. Punctually at the time appointed the combatants appeared on the ground, and after a discharge of pistols,

neither of which took effect, they drew their swords. The onset was most desperate, and plainly indicated a fierce resolution on both sides to carry matters to the last extremity. Sheridan, indeed, endeavoured to disarm his adversary as he had done before, but in this he was foiled by the address of Matthews, and they closed. The struggle was now most desperate, and betrayed uncommon strength of muscular power, with mental energy, passion, and skill. After inflicting some severe wounds, they came to the ground, and in the fall both their swords were broken. Matthews having now greatly the advantage by being uppermost, pressed hard upon Sheridan, and exultingly demanded, whether he would beg his life; for which he received for answer, that "he scorned it;" and the conflict was renewed even in that awkward situation with all the fury that had marked it from the commencement.

They mangled each other for some time with their broken swords; the point of that of Matthews remained sticking partly in the cheek and ear of Sheridan, who, being at length completely exhausted with the loss of blood, fainted upon the spot, in which situation he was removed to a chaise, and conveyed to Bath; Matthews and his friend at the same time setting off in another for London. Thus ended this memorable duel, which, in many particulars, though happily not in the result, very nearly resembled the deadly one between Sir Edward Sackville and Lord Bruce in the reign of James I. as described by the survivor in a circular letter, of which a copy is in-

serted in one of the numbers of the *Guardian*.

Mr. Sheridan's wounds were serious, but not fatal, and in consequence of them he was obliged to keep his bed some weeks, during part of which time he was kept by his medical attendants in a quiet state, without being visited by any of his friends. Miss Linley was uncommonly afflicted by what had happened, and her distress was aggravated in being prevented from seeing him, though she even begged that favour "as a wife." They were not, however, at this time actually married, but the vows which they had interchanged were considered by each as equally binding with a more formal obligation. The heroism displayed on the late occasion could not fail to endear Miss Linley to her lover; but her attachment was, if possible, rendered more ardent by the opposition to the union still kept up by her friends. They pleaded, and no doubt with great plausibility, that as Mr. Sheridan had neither a fortune, calling, or expectancy, whatever might be his merits and talents, marriage with him must be attended with trouble and misery. To remove this obstacle, Mr. Sheridan declared his intention of following the law, in which profession it was natural to expect that his ability would be distinguished by great practice and high promotion. With this view he was entered a member of the Middle Temple on the 6th of April, 1773, and admitted into commons in Hilary term the following year. Having, in some degree, thus overcome the objections that were made to his pretensions, the con-

sent of the Linley family was obtained to an alliance, which they were aware must eventually take place; and, accordingly, the young

couple were united by licence on the 13th of April, 1773, he being in his twenty-second and she in her nineteenth year.

MISCELLANIES.

PLATE 8.—SENTIMENTAL TRAVELS TO THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

LETTER II.

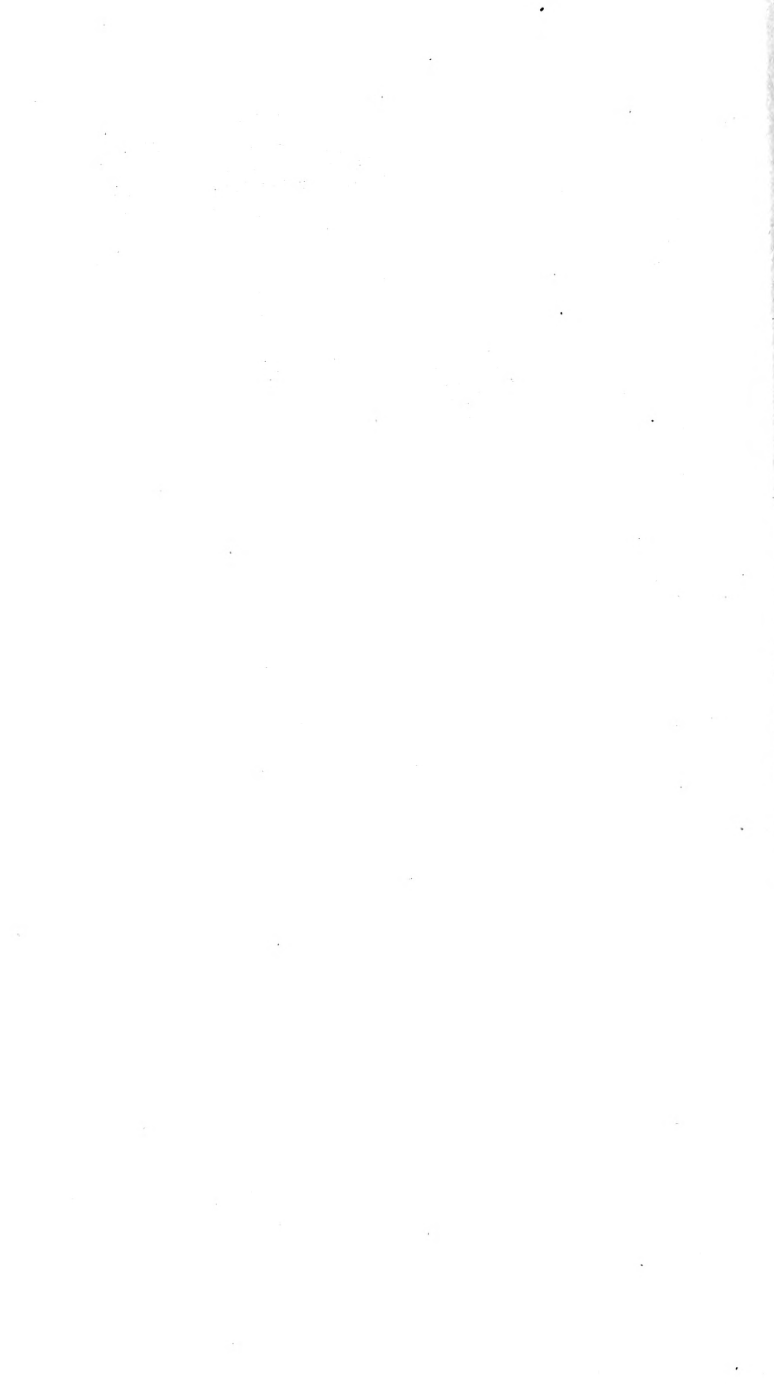
"You will only stop the night here, I suppose?" said the landlord of the *Hereditary Prince* to me as I alighted.—Prodigiously inquisitive! thought I, without making any answer. He shewed me into a room, and endeavoured once more to begin a conversation.—"You will hardly go to court, I should think, any more than ——" —"And why should you think so?" cried I angrily, as if he had said something impertinent. The man was frightened. "I should—conclude so—" stammered he, "—begging your pardon, sir,—from your physiognomy."—"What the d——l," rejoined I, stamping furiously on the floor and dashing my fur-cap upon the table, "has this quackery found its way already into every petty pot-house?"

The honest host was quite disconcerted by my vehemence; a deep flush overspread his face; he sought to give his voice a milder tone, while he drew up the window-curtains, and then turning to me, "Sir," said he, "forgive my precipitancy; but perhaps you are not aware, that our court is distinguished above all others by the contented faces which it exhibits. Now I may be mistaken; but it appeared to me as if your counte-

nance bore traces of what is commonly called spleen—and so I thought farther: This gentleman's face is as little adapted to our court as our court to his face. I had therefore no other object with my question than to ascertain how to provide suitable entertainment for you in my——"—"Well, well," said I, interrupting him, "if it was only to create an opportunity of praising your prince, I have nothing against it. I esteem him myself for his benevolent disposition, and forgive your strictures on my face, on account of your good intention. An invalid, like me, indeed does not think of penetrating into the chambers and ante-chambers of princes; that is a foible of the healthy alone, who are capable of enduring hardships. For the present, I want nothing that can remind me of the great except a *bouillon à la reine* and a good bed."—"You shall have both immediately," replied the honest fellow, and he was as good as his word.

If you should ever visit Carlsruh, I recommend this man's house to you. It was not mere pretence that he studied his guests; for he took the greatest pains to gratify all my whims. I had a very tole-





able night under his roof, and next morning the horses were ready at the appointed time.

Notwithstanding the lateness of the season, Heaven granted me a fine, serene day; but what contributed still more to make me cheerful, was the aspect of the pleasant well-cultivated country through which I was travelling. My jaundiced eyes seemed refreshed whenever I looked around, and convinced me that the sovereign of this principality must be a good man: for it is under such alone that we behold nature so smiling, towns and villages so populous and flourishing, youth so rosy-cheeked, and age so vigorous. The influence of a worthy ruler on the moral improvement of his subjects is here equally evident and affecting. Against such a governor one who thinks as he ought, can have nothing to object, were he even as diseased as Heraclitus, and as shy of princes as that philosopher.

No native of the German side of the Rhine can pass from the territory of Baden to that of France without carrying along with him a certain respect for his country, which he will act wisely to conceal, like any other contraband commodity. This precaution I impressed upon myself as soon as the four horses whose neighing seemed to express the same feeling, were put to the carriage at the last post-station, at Kehl.

This little place, situated partly on this, and partly on the other side of the Rhine, possesses an equivocal sort of character, which, like the modest, innocent look of a frail fair-one, is of great advantage in the way of its trade.

The reflections on that extraordinary genius (Voltaire), whom the mercantile spirit of Beaumarchais contrived to banish to this intermediate spot between Germany and France, excited as I passed the extensive printing-office established here for promoting the circulation of his works—were too multifarious for the shortest of all stages; for the life of this wonderful mortal would afford abundant matter for contemplation during a tour round the globe, without being even then exhausted. My mind, standing before him like a dwarf before a colossus, was about to measure his greatness, when I was under the disagreeable necessity of turning the looks of my admiration another way, in order to cast them with contempt upon the most miserable of all the *employés* of the king, who awaited my arrival at the barriers of Strasburg. The postillion seemed to be thinking no more about them than myself; but the cry of “Stop, scoundrel!” from the throats of ten of these varlets, suddenly arrested the smart trot in which he was about to pass them. I was instantly surrounded by the rascals, who inquired what I would give to save my baggage from examination.—“Nothing! nothing!” cried I in a tone that must have scared the nymphs of the Rhine.—“Nothing?” rebellowed the incorruptible agents of the custom-house.—“Nothing!” I reiterated; “I never make bargains with such fellows.” With a profusion of curses and oaths they fell to work upon my baggage, which they ransacked with all the avidity of rats that have got scent of a savoury piece of bacon.

Indeed, my dear friend, a small bribe would have prevented all this, had I not been too much out of temper. I chose rather to let the postillion swear at the long delay, my linen and clothes to be tumbled topsy-turvy, my Glauber's salt to be turned out of its paper, nay even my Sympathetic Tincture to be held up to the light, which it was but ill able to bear, than to submit to give alms to these beggars, who had so rudely disturbed my meditations.

For this reason also I felt my bile overflow when I reached the hotel which was recommended to me at Carlsruh. My obstinacy—why should I not call the child by its right name?—had just deserved a severe reproof, but on this occasion I had no need to take the trouble to give myself one—the lesson that I wanted was nearer at hand than I imagined.

"Good God!" said I peevishly to the landlord, "is this the best inn in the city?" and followed him when he conducted me to my room with an evident ill-humour, as if the good man had been in the closest connection with the fellows who had searched me at the gate. The apartment was at least ten times as spacious as the carriage which I had just quitted; and yet I declared to the landlord, without any circumlocution, that I could not exist in such a dog-kennel, and that I would take my soup in the largest dining-room in the house, into which I desired to be shewn.

Here I hoped to be alone; for I had passed the dinner-hour in the agreeable society of the officers of the customs; but I found

two travellers seated beside a window. My entrance did not interrupt the familiar conversation in which they were engaged. — I thought to take my soup in quiet—but who can put a morsel quietly in his mouth within hearing of the effusions of two congenial souls? They absorbed my whole attention; and though it was but fragments that I could catch, still these were more than sufficient for my wants.

"How I regret," said one, "the six months of my life which I have lost at this court in a post where no honour was to be gained! To watch over the soul of a youth, where nothing goes in and nothing comes out, is the most disagreeable of duties for a thinking being. How often have I exerted all my penetration to discover only a passing shadow that could betray the existence of real greatness, but all in vain!—O the unfortunate youth! No care can raise the corn which the destructive influence of unkind seasons has beaten down; and the child begotten by a misanthropic father can never prove any thing but an empty husk."

This deduction seemed as obscure and extraordinary to his friend as it did to me. He requested a farther explanation, upon which the philosophic stranger drew a picture—by no means a flattering one—of a splenetic prince, which struck me in an extraordinary manner, and in which there were traits — But you shall judge for yourself what it was that made my heart palpitate and drove the blood into my cheeks.

"How," proceeded the painter, "can *he* be the parent of a man happy in himself, of a man of mind

—of a Pitt, a Washington, a Haller, a Frederic the Great—whose heart cherishes none of those propensities that sweeten and purify the vital current, expelled by each of its pulsations? Such a splenetic man as the father of my pupil is in the moral world what a paralytic person is in the physical—that is to say, as far as regards the benefit of society, unfit for propagation. The one palms upon posterity cripples in body, the other cripples in mind. Believe my experience, friend, this demon of the soul, which is much too mildly termed ill-humour, is communicated to every thing that the infected person touches, accompanies him in his occupations, pursues him in his walks, and extinguishes the purest flame of hallowed love in his conjugal embraces. Those who feel any concern about the welfare of mankind, should endeavour to extirpate this lurking and now-a-days wide-spread disease with all the might of morality and education; for there is none that makes the patient more miserable, none that is more baneful to social intercourse, or that more strongly operates upon posterity.

“How gladly would I often, in the despondency of my heart, have exchanged a whole day of my life at court for one inspiration on our Swiss Alps of that bracing air which expands the breast, and invigorates the soul for noble deeds! How shall I again rejoice in thee, pure, unsophisticated Nature! My little field, encircled with an amphitheatre of mountains, which the free enjoyment will render mine—my murmuring streamlet!—my embowering grove!—and you, ye in-

habitants of peaceful cots!—what a race of mortals compared with those whom I now see behind me! But, friend, let us go, the horses are ready.”

As the stranger had, though I knew not how, got my heart in his hands—as my thoughts were now roaming with him over his mountains and his fields, among the simple children of Nature, and the picture of one released from a dreary court, and so soon to be restored to happiness, was so sympathetically attractive to my soul; his departure startled me like a thunder-clap, which rouses us from agreeable dreams, or from the oblivion of our wretched existence. I rose, and made an involuntary motion towards him, as though I would have entreated him not to forsake me. But when arm in arm with his friend he had quitted the room, when his carriage rolled along the street, what were then my feelings! The image of his revolted philanthropy, the gloomy picture of the prince, long hovered before my eyes. My ingenuity discovered some distant resemblance between his disorder and mine; and this ungracious idea humbled me to such a degree, that I threw myself, weak and dejected, into my arm-chair, and could have found in my heart to blubber like a child.

The landlord soon afterwards entered, and I strove to assume the kindest look that was in my power. I praised the excellence of his soups, desired him to give my servant a bottle of his best wine, as I durst not drink any myself, and begged him also to take care of poor Mops.—“Depend upon it,

landlord," said I in an affable tone, at the same time tapping him familiarly on the shoulder, "on my return I shall certainly pass several days in this beautiful city, and take up my quarters at your hotel."—In short, I did not retire to my pretty little room, as I now called it, till I had reason to hope that I had completely removed the disagreeable impression made by my surly behaviour. The sermon of the stranger on the unacknowledged sin of ill-humour had so affected me, that little would have been wanting to persuade me, that I was bound to send to the custom-house officers at the gate the gratuity which my forward temper had denied them.

As soon, however, as I found myself alone, I fell into the most desultory meditations on the evil which now makes such ravages among the higher classes—on the cancer of ill-humour. As I was too honest to pronounce myself uninfected by it, I only thanked Providence that I was not the sovereign of a country, and also that I had no wife, and was therefore not in immediate danger of injuring my posterity. Who knows how much farther the Swiss would have carried me with his system, for I already began to look upon foundling-hospitals and orphan-houses as repositories of human dignity and pre-eminent genius, especially as Erasmus, La Chapelle, D'Alembert, and other celebrated men, with Marshal Saxe at their head, were mustered around me in defence of my position; and also to pity the innocent but unfortunate generation, whose prerogative of legitimate birth was so dearly purchased with the sacrifice of energy

and comfort—had not my officious landlord luckily broken the thread of my speculations.

He entered to inquire whether I should not like to attend the concert of a performer, which would that evening draw together a large company of amateurs in the saloon below. My first answer was as decidedly negative as the idea of music and company was repugnant. "He plays the lute," continued the landlord, "and, as it is said, most enchantingly." The lute! thought I; well, if the man only plays with feeling, the lute might perhaps accord with the tone of my mind. Without farther hesitation I recalled my resolution, and paid myself a compliment on the continued improvement of my temper.

At the appointed hour I went down to the saloon: it was too full and too brilliantly lighted for me. I crept into a corner behind some empty chairs, which were soon occupied by a company of young ladies, with the usual rustling of silks and confusion of tongues: to tell the truth, I would gladly have dispensed with their neighbourhood. And yet how deeply was I indebted to their loquacity!—"Will he stay here much longer?"—"An't you afraid that the emperor or our king will invite him?"—"How often have you been to his house?"—"Shan't we call on him to-morrow morning?"—In this manner one question followed at the heels of another, without leaving room to edge in an answer. What extraordinary person can they be talking of? thought I, pricking up my ears to catch something that might enable me to discover how so many fair-ones could

concur so unanimously in their praise of one common favourite.

"What polished manners!" cried one.—"And what a handsome face!" added a second.—"A man who can tell such astonishing things," said a third, "must be a prophet."—"A prophet, a real prophet!" repeated the whole circle.

"Oho!" thought I, it is some prophet or other; well, that is what I should never have dreamt of. I continued to listen with all my ears. "Who," proceeded one of my fair neighbours, "who could have taught this wonderful man the art of seeing and hearing so distinctly what passes, where no ear and no eye can penetrate?"—"A man," rejoined another, "so thoroughly acquainted with the female heart, who can fathom our most secret thoughts and wishes, he is——"—"Yes," I now chimed in, "he is indeed much more than a prophet!"

This exclamation, which escaped me almost involuntarily, caused a dozen of the prettiest faces to be suddenly turned towards the most rueful phiz in the whole room.—"You are certainly ill, sir," said the lady who sat nearest to me, with a tone of sympathizing kindness; and the pity evident in the countenances of her companions confirmed me in the high opinion which I have ever entertained of the sex, to whom no sufferer is an object of indifference.

"Yes, fair ladies," I replied, "I am indeed very ill, and am now travelling for the recovery of my health."

"Then we congratulate you," cried they with one accord, "on

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being so near the attainment of your object."

"So near?" I repeated, looking round in astonishment at one after another.

"Yes," replied they; "only have confidence—he will certainly cure you, and in a very short time too."

"For Heaven's sake!" said I hastily, interrupting the flow of their predictions, "of what beneficent being are you speaking?"

"Of whom?" rejoined my fair neighbours, with no less astonishment than myself: "why, of the great prophet to be sure, in whose praise you yourself concurred—of the man who has been sent to us by Providence, and for these two months past has been performing truly apostolical miracles in this city."

I stared first at one and then at another of the fair speakers, and held my tongue, because I knew not what better to do. But they cared not for my silence; they seemed, on the other hand, to be pleased with the opportunity of giving me information, and to enjoy my astonishment. "He will put himself," said one—"en rapport with you," continued another, taking the word out of her mouth; "he will look through and through you; he will discover your most secret thoughts, what has happened and what will happen to you, the most secret deviations from truth and virtue; he will remove all your doubts, and explain to you all that has ever appeared obscure."

"That," exclaimed I, with enthusiasm, "would be a high gra-

M

tification to myself and my friends at home."

"He disorganizes the nerves that are overstrained."

"That is not the case with mine," I replied in a faint voice.

"He exalts the imaginations of those who feel a want of energy."

"Ah!" rejoined I, "if he can but do that——"

"Not a doubt of it," answered the youngest and most beautiful of these interesting creatures, taking out a pocket-book, containing a profile of the wonder-working doctor encircled with laurel, which she shewed me with sparkling eyes, and at the same time put into my hand a card with his address.

Just at this moment the musician began to play, and all the pretty faces were immediately turned towards him. I, too, endeavoured to pay attention to his performance—but in vain. The singular conversation with my fair neighbours had produced in my mind a whirl of contending emotions, which absorbed every thing from the surface. The most contradictory ideas darted across my brain in every direction, and as I could see no better method of appeasing this mental tumult, I rose quietly from my seat, and slipped out of the saloon, heedless of the pathetic strains of the admired lute-player.

LUDICROUS MISTAKE.

Mr. REPOSITORY,

I WAS going to say *dear* Mr. Repository, but as you have done me the *greatest* injury in the world, I think it will be only proper to see what reparation you *maue* to make me, before we get upon friendly terms together.

You must know, sir, that I am a descendant of an *ould* Milesian family, and I was living in Ireland upon the remains of my ancestors' property in a mighty comfortable manner, till I found out that I was beginning to get a little embarrassed, because I had nothing at all left. So I began to consider how I could repair my fortune without derogating from my dignity; and being acquainted with an ensign of foot, a young Englishman, who happened to be quartered in our town, I consulted with him over a bottle of claret what I

should do. "Do?" cried he; "why go to London to be sure, it is the only place for you to repair the breaches which the prodigality of your ancestors has made in your finances."—"But, my dear friend," cried I, "I don't know a single soul there, and when I arrive I shan't be overburthened with cash, so I must set about procuring some *immadiately*."—With that he considered for a moment or two, and then slapping his forehead, "Hark ye, my boy!" cried he; "I have it—the moment you arrive you must purchase the *Repository of Arts*, and study it carefully for a week or two. You are naturally such a sensible clear-headed fellow, that I am sure you will by that time make amazing progress in the art of getting money, which I am told is one of the principal subjects of that work."

Well, sir, as my case was pressing, and besides I never was much given to deliberation, I raised the money necessary to pay for my passage directly, came straight to London, and scarcely waited to swallow my dinner before I bought a *Repository*, which I sat down to study with more eagerness than I ever felt in my life; and a very pretty fool I discovered you had made of me, for from the beginning to the end there was not a single sentence by which I could put a guinea in my pocket. An't you ashamed of yourself, Mr. *Repository*, with your dissertations on modern architecture and ancient artists? Botheration to all arts but the art of getting money! I am sure it's the only one worth a rush to me. But may be after all you do really understand it, only you reserve your instructions for your own particular cronies; and in that case I beg *lave* to introduce myself to the honour of your intimate acquaintance, and I hope you will do me the favour to commence a course of lectures on the subject *immediatly*.

I assure you, without boasting, Mr. *Repository*, you will find me a mighty tractable pupil: only I must inform you before hand, I never could study on an empty stomach; I have not the *laste* objection to as much application as you *plase*, provided I may always have a bottle of claret to apply to whenever I find it necessary to soften the labour of thought.

Perhaps you may be fearful, that it will be rather difficult to find a proper situation for a man who can reckon his ancestors up to Adam: but don't be *unasy* on that head;

I'm not at all nice, any thing will do to begin with; a secretaryship to an embassy, a place at court, or even if the office of *Spaker* to the Commons should happen to be vacant, I shall not object to fill it. Oh! how I wish we were lucky enough to be at war! Upon my conscience, Mr. *Repository*, I should have no great need to study the art of fighting; its the most natural thing in the world to an Irishman: to be sure there would be one little stumbling-block in the way, I have no knowledge of military tactics; but after I had taken a few lessons, I could study them in the field, you know, and in the Wellington school a man must be stupid indeed if he did not make some progress.

But to return to what I was saying; all that will be necessary is to take care not to disgrace my family, because I would not upon any account have the *ould* kings of Munster disturbed in their quiet comfortable graves by any degeneracy of me, their unlucky descendant.

Now, Mr. *Repository*, as I scorn to do an *ungentale* thing by any body, if you are at all reluctant to assist me in making my fortune, I should be sorry to put you to the *laste* inconvenience; but in that case I must be under the necessity of requesting the pleasure of your company to take a *breathing* with me as soon as *convanient* in Hyde Park, or any where else more agreeable to you; and I hope to convince you, that I am a tolerable good swordsman, at *laste* you will be the first of eleven antagonists who do not carry about them some proof of my skill in that way: or

if you prefer pistols, I am equally ready to oblige you; I have the prettiest *pet* pair; I am sure, Mr. *Repository*, it would do your heart good to see me use them—never missed my mark in my life. So now be so obliging as to let me hear from you directly, for having changed my last guinea, its plain enough that I have no time to lose. I remain your most *obadient*,

BRYAN O'BANAGHER.

[Had Mr. O'Banagher been a

native of any other part of the world than the sister island, we should have imagined that he had omitted the trifling circumstance of subjoining his address to this polite invitation, lest we should know where he is to be found. We have inserted his letter, in the hope that his disappointment will operate as a caution to any of his sagacious countrymen who might think of undertaking a similar expedition. —EDITOR.]

THE FEMALE TATTLER.

No. XIV.

Another year at length is past;
May it be better than the last!
May bick'ring cease, and may it prove
The scene of uncumb'ring love! —PRIOR.

I HAVE to introduce myself to my readers on the commencement of the new year, with such a volume of correspondence as will be almost sufficient to furnish materials for my paper through the course of it: and here I must recommend to the reflection of those who do me the honour to communicate their opinions to me, that I am but a monthly writer, and therefore may appear to neglect those whose merits demand my attention; when the fact is, that I have not sufficient space in the columns allotted me, for half the effusions of sentiment, taste, and imagination with which I am favoured. Besides, it should also be considered, that I am not only a Tattler, but a female one, and may therefore be supposed to have a natural tendency, not to use a stronger expression, from time to time, to deliver my own sentiments, to indulge my own taste, and let loose the playfulness

of my own imagination. However, to prove the grateful respect I entertain for my correspondents, I do assure them, that though I had prepared a new-year's gift for my readers, with which I am rather more than satisfied, I will return it to my port-folio, to slumber till the commencement of the year 1818, and give the pages of the present month to those communications which lie, I must own, in a very engaging heap before me; and will have no other individual preference, but such as is derived from the order in which they were received. I shall, therefore, proceed with the following letter, from an elderly widower.

TO THE FEMALE TATTLER.

Madam,

It appears to me, that, with all your sagacity and experience, and I am ready to acknowledge that, on most subjects as well as occasions, you display no common

portion of them both, some of your sentiments respecting marriage are of a nature too speculative, and betray rather the confined opinions of a starch old-maid, than the experimental comprehension of a woman of the world. I, therefore, who have been a married man, shall take the liberty of offering my observations on the conduct of people in the most agreeable or the most wretched condition of life.

It is a general observation, that some of the most disagreeable circumstances of matrimony are frequently to be found in the very commencement of it, and proceed from an ignorance of each other's temper in the married parties, as well as from the want of an essential, reflecting discretion, which will be prepared for the consequences of a change from the most cautious respect to the most unreserved familiarity.

Hence it happens, that the veriest trifles become the origin of serious uneasiness: for as contradiction is a thing so perfectly unexpected between a new-married pair, who have just quitted the flattering calm of courtship, that the smallest instance of it is taken for a serious affront on either side; a feeling of disappointment then succeeds, the language of displeasure immediately follows, and it is well if sour looks and marks of indifference conclude with the day.

Among the many lessons which our moral writers have formed for the right conduct of matrimonial life, it surprises me that no rules have been suggested by them, at least I have never seen any, for the wise transformation of lovers into husband and wife; a subject which

cannot be too attentively considered. It certainly requires the greatest precaution and good sense in both; as the former cannot be too slow in assuming what may be considered as the predominating character of the one, and the latter cannot be too ready in yielding herself to the contrasted character of the other, equally attentive to the generally acknowledged proprieties of their respective situations. How, alas! I have seen this misunderstood, and what ridiculous disputes I have seen originate in misunderstanding; disputes which not only threw a cloud over the moment, but seemed to be laying the foundation of an habitual opposition to each other!

I do assure you, that you may depend upon the correctness of the following dispute which took place in the honey-moon of two young people in the fashionable ranks of life, who married for love:—I was a witness of it. I believe it was at the first dinner they gave after the ceremony which made them one; when the circumstance I am about to relate, certainly for the time, and I understood at other times, made them two.

The lady presided at her table, as I thought, with uncommon grace, and the most elegant attention to her guests. But there came an unfortunate piece of pastry in the form of a gooseberry tart, that interrupted in some measure the comfort of the entertainment. The lady, who was employed in dispensing this little *plat* to some of her more immediate neighbours, was thus addressed by the gentleman who had been her husband about ten days;—"My dearest Caroline, you

do every thing in the world to admiration, but what you are now about; you do mangle that tart most cruelly."—"You think so, sir," she replied, "do you? Now, sir, I must beg leave to inform you, that my mother, who certainly presided with as much propriety at her family table as the lady who gave your precious self to the world, did certainly manage a tart in the way which I have taken the liberty of doing it: but as I may not again wound your admirable delicacy on such an important occasion, I will give special orders that all dishes of pastry shall be, in future, discharged from my mangling superintendence, and be regularly placed before you."—"That shall be," he answered, "as you please; but I appeal to the company, whether (*selon la règle*) I am not right."—The ladies immediately supported the lady, from a very natural impulse, the love of rule; and the gentlemen did the same, from the spirit of gallantry. But the son and daughter of Hymen did not indulge in a smile on the occasion; when the ladies retired into the drawing-room, the late bride addressed herself immediately to two misses, with a "Well, my dears, you see what you must come to, if you are not content without a husband: but if you are wise, you will remain as you are."—And no sooner were the gentlemen left alone, than the late bridegroom proposed as a sentiment—"The sound policy of taking down a wife in her wedding shoes."—I am not intimate enough with these people to know the particular tenour of their subsequent lives; but I have been informed, on the best autho-

rity, that from that time to this, which occupies a space of some years, the pastry is always placed before him at table; and that she once threatened to discharge a servant for having submitted a tart to her immediate inspection. Your own reflection and knowledge of the human character will supply the rest.

Of the many instances of interruption to domestic happiness arising from mere trifles, I shall just mention one, of which I was witness in the course of the last summer.

I had long promised to pay a visit to a friend in the country, and the time at length came when I was to enjoy the expected pleasure. I arrived late in the evening, when I found the family at supper, and was received with the most gratifying welcome by the master and mistress of the mansion. The next day every kind attention was renewed; but on the third, on my return from a morning's walk, I found monsieur and madame in a state of violent altercation, whether a china vase should be placed on, or beneath, a table. I was rather outrageously asked by them both for my opinion; but as I did not wish to offend either, I excused myself, as having no taste in arrangements of that nature. The beautiful ornament, for neither of the parties would yield, was, therefore, dismissed from the drawing-room, and placed under the side-board of the eating-room; where it served every day at dinner to engender disagreeable recollections, and to disturb what might otherwise have been a sociable meal. He is a man of strong nervous sense, and she a woman of a very

sprightly understanding; so that their angry emotions, when they arose, were followed by touches of severity and sarcasm, which were evidently felt, as they were intended to be by them both, and became, at length, quite painful to me as the continual hearer of them. I was, therefore, meditating the means of shortening my visit, when they both applied to me as an umpire between them. I at once condemned them both in some such sentiments as those which follow.

“When a husband lets loose his sallies of wit or sarcasm on his wife, however successfully or aptly applied, he cannot in any way, for any cause or any occasion, be justified by a humane or a well-judging understanding. The attempt must be considered as an insult rather than a contest, and as trusting to a masculine strength, to which a wife cannot have pretensions; as well as brandishing weapons, which she is not supposed to have the skill to wield, and where every female grace must be sacrificed even in the appearance of employing them. On the contrary, for a wife to confute or ridicule a husband with an apparent superiority of knowledge or wit, is to be strong where weakness would be no reproach, and to conquer, when it would not be dishonourable to fly. That which exalts a wife only by degrading a husband, cannot be worth the acquisition, even though it could be made without changing fondness to resentment, or provoking to jealousy by an implication of contempt.”

This was rather strong language, but the circumstances of the moment, as a sincere friend, required

it from me. I really thought that I should silence their petty altercations, call in their reason to my aid, and restore the reign of domestic tranquillity; but never was I more completely disappointed, than when they both, in a moment, dismissed the subject of their late disputes, and turned at once upon me; and in such a way, that I took the opportunity, which a letter the next morning gave me, of pretending an immediate call to London, with a determination never to repeat my visit: and if they catch me again in their boisterous mansion, I will consent to be cut up piece-meal, and be pickled in the very jar which caused all this domestic hostility.

In my way home, I called upon my friends Sir William and Lady Lovewell, at whose mansion I well knew that I should be fully consoled for the disagreeablements of my last visit: and with the account of these excellent people I shall conclude my letter.

This excellent baronet and his lady live in the possession of each other's hearts, and consequently have no moments of apathy or indifference; and, as far as relates to themselves and their own immediate connections, enjoy one continued scene of delight. Their affection for each other communicates a certain satisfaction to all who approach them, and particularly to such as are admitted to their more intimate society. When she enters a place where he is, a pleasure is instantly observable in him, which he cannot conceal, and words cannot easily describe; where such a consummate regard subsists, the very presence of the person

beloved has the effect of the most pleasing conversation. Whether they have matter to talk of or not, they enjoy the pleasures of society, and at the same time the freedom of solitude. Their ordinary intercourse is to be preferred to the boasted moments of general lovers. In a word, they each of them possess transcendent merit, live in the esteem and, I may add, in the admiration of all who know them, and seem but to comply with the opinions of their friends in the just value they have for each other.

If it would not be considered as an unnecessary indulgence of vanity, I might indeed boast of a situation not altogether dissimilar from that which I have just described, previous to the unspeakable affliction with which it pleased Heaven to visit me, when, by taking an incomparable woman to itself, it made me

A WIDOWER!

*** It is merely to indulge the wish of *Antonio*, that I acknowledge the receipt of her letter.

THE ROBE OF NAPOUL.

Mr. EDITOR,

It is now nearly five years since I became, at the age of eighteen, the wife of a gentleman a few years older than myself, who had paid his addresses to me for more than two years before we were united. Nothing could exceed the apparent warmth of his affection; he vowed a thousand times that it should be the business of his life to render mine happy; and I must own, that for nearly four years I had no reason to complain of his behaviour, which was perfectly polite and rational; for he allowed me my own way in every thing, and never interfered with my expenses, farther than to recommend economy when a bad run of luck at play, or an exorbitant milliner's bill, rendered my demands upon his purse rather too frequent. I always listened to his harangues upon that shabby quality, which he dignifies with the name of a virtue, with the greatest patience and good-humour, promised to regulate my expenses

with more caution in future, and lamented that the exorbitant price of every thing must make me appear extravagant in his eyes, when I really only purchased what was absolutely necessary to make that appearance which his wife ought to keep up. My submissive and conciliating replies were generally rewarded by a draft on his banker for the sum I wanted; and we went on quietly till I got into another scrape, when the same scene was again acted.

However, Mr. Editor, within the last year matters have greatly altered for the worse; my wise lord and master has taken it into his head to try if he can oblige me to regulate the expense, and even the materials of my dress, according to his fancy: I say to try, for I assure you, sir, I have too much of the spirit of a true-born Englishwoman to yield to such arbitrary measures. It is true, that as yet the man has had the prudence not to speak in the imperative mood, but tyranny is tyranny whatever shape it may

appear in; and averse as I naturally am to a life of perpetual warfare, I protest I almost think it a duty to set a noble example of resistance, for the benefit of all wives in similar circumstances. But my anger makes me forget, that I have not yet acquainted you with the immediate cause of our present contest.

During the war, sir, women of fashion were obliged to content themselves with English manufactures, but no sooner was peace proclaimed, than we adorned ourselves with the produce of foreign looms, to the great annoyance of those tiresome croakers who are always foretelling evil. They began immediately to prophesy the decay of our own trade, and my *caro sposo* read me a longer lecture upon this occasion than he had ever done before. I defended myself stoutly upon the ground, that our mothers and grandmothers, whose example he had always proposed for my imitation, were as fond as ourselves of French silk and lace. He endeavoured to convince me, that in their days our own manufactures had not attained the perfection in such articles that they have since acquired, and that the flourishing state of the country rendered the encouragement of those particular branches of but little importance: whereas, at present, the pressure of the times, and the great increase of our population, made it a matter of absolute necessity that we should confine ourselves, as much as possible, to our own manufactures, if we would not see our artizans reduced to actual want.

As I hate to look on the dark side of things, I could not help

concluding, that there was some exaggeration in Mr. S——'s picture of the general distress; besides, Lady Dashmore, Lady Grace Glitter, the Hon. Mrs. Bijou, and half a dozen other *élégantes*, had previously assured me, that our own silks were so flimsy, so ill made, and so entirely deficient in that beautiful gloss, exquisite softness, and vivid hues, for which the productions of foreign looms were remarkable, that it was impossible to think of bringing such things into fashion, and that it is actually Gothic to be seen in them. I stated this to Mr. S——, and added, that I considered my reputation for taste was at stake, and that I would as soon forfeit my life as my claims to celebrity, which would be absolutely destroyed by a compliance with his request; I must, therefore, beg of him to excuse me.

Well, sir, instead of being convinced that he was in the wrong, he teased me to death with entreaties to exercise my own judgment, and not to be guided by the opinion of others; assuring me, that I should find, upon examination, that our silks were as good as our neighbours. You may suppose that he did not make a proselyte of me, and finding that he could not, he determined to revenge himself by the most cruel trick you ever heard of. As he seemed to give the matter up with a good grace, I thought no more about it, and we went on as usual.

A few days afterwards he found me unusually pensive, and pressing me with much tenderness to tell him the cause, I acknowledged that my melancholy arose from my want of something, which, though

absolutely necessary; I could not afford to buy. "I cannot conceive," cried he, knitting his brows, "any actual necessary that can be wanted by a lady whose wardrobe abounds with superfluities from all quarters of the globe. I suppose it is something as necessary as your Turkish shawl, with the real, inimitable, inestimable little border, which you teased me to death to purchase, in order to wear it five or six times, and then lay it aside."

"No, indeed," replied I, with great humility, "it is not a shawl, but a warm winter cloak I want; and I will appeal to you, my dear, whether such a thing is not necessary at this season of the year."—"A warm winter cloak!" repeated he with astonishment; "have not you as many pelisses, cloaks, and wraps, as you women call them, of different descriptions, as would enable half a dozen ladies to defy even the severity of a Russian winter?"—"But, my dear," cried I, interrupting him, "every thing of that kind that I have is absolutely exploded. Lady Dashmore, who is just returned from Paris, has brought with her a *Witzschure*; and you may depend upon it that no creature, who has the least pretensions to fashion, will be seen in any thing else."—"Why, surely, my love," cried Mr. S——, "you can't think of disguising your elegant figure in one of those frightful cloaks, which has certainly no recommendation but its extravagant price!"

"I am sure," said I, bitterly enough, "it is not more expensive than your wife's winter dress ought to be: but it is the price, and not the form of the cloak, that you ob-

ject to. However, sir, I shall not trouble you again on the subject, but give an order for one, and pay for it by denying myself something else."

"Nay, my dear," cried he, as I turned to leave the room, "do not go in anger. It would at this moment be really an imprudence to purchase a *Witzschure*, because I have already laid out a large sum for a present for you, which you will find well worthy of your acceptance, since it is not only a hundred times more beautiful than Cachemire, but ten times as dear. Promise me that you will give up the idea of ordering a *Witzschure*, and you shall have the most beautiful robe in the world."

While he was speaking, Lady Dashmore and Mrs. Bijou were announced; and as the former had, honestly speaking, piqued me a little by triumphing in being the first to introduce the *Witzschure*, I hastily told Mr. S——, that I agreed to his terms, and begged he would immediately produce his present. He instantly left the room, but returned in a few moments, with a packet neatly wrapped up in silk paper. While he was absent, I had told the two ladies that Mr. S—— had just purchased me a rare and costly dress; and Mrs. Bijou no sooner saw the paper, than she protested it had the strangest smell in the world. "That proceeds from the ship that brought it over," said my husband.—"And pray," said Lady Dashmore, "what are these curious scrawls upon the paper?"—"Indian letters, to be sure, my lady," replied Mr. S——.

"Pray," said I, no longer able to resist my impatience, "make

haste and open it." He did so, and displayed a soft, fine, brilliant stuff. "How superb!" exclaimed both my friends at once: "how fine, how soft! what a delightful colour!" As to me, Mr. Editor, I affected to be moderate in my expressions of approbation, but in reality I was almost beside myself with joy, and convinced that I was the only person in London who possessed a dress of this rare and beautiful stuff, which Mr. S—— told us was called *Napoul*.

Lady Dashmore, in spite of the command of countenance for which she has long been celebrated, could not help betraying an emotion of envy as she congratulated me on the possession of a dress so exquisitely beautiful. As my dear friend, Mrs. Bijou, has an absolute mania for every thing that is at once scarce and expensive, I thought that she would actually choke with vexation, when Mr. S—— assured her it would be impossible for her to procure one, because mine was the only piece brought over in the ship, which was just arrived from an almost undiscovered country ten thousand miles off.

Conceive, if you can, Mr. Editor, my joy, my triumph! I had my robe made up immediately, and never surely was any thing so exquisitely becoming; its extraordinary fineness, the uncommon brilliancy of its colour, were the admiration of every body; in short, I enjoyed the transcendent happiness of being envied by all my acquaintances. Judge, then, if I was not at the summit of felicity: but, alas! how shall I tell you the rest? This robe of *Napoul*, so precious, I might say so inestimable, in my

eyes and those of my female friends, came from no greater distance than Spitalfields. Think what I felt when I discovered the abominable cheat put upon me! In the first transports of my rage I was about to cast the offending garment into the fire, but Mr. S——, who was present, snatched it up, with a declaration, that he could not suffer me to destroy a thing in which I looked more beautiful than he ever saw me do in the most expensive dress I had ever worn.

This was tolerably gallant from an old married man, and had he continued in this strain, I don't know but I might have been brought to forgive him, but he read me a very insolent lecture; and Lady Dashmore coming in at the moment he left me, counselled me so strongly not to let the matter rest, that we have actually been ever since it happened, which is now three weeks ago, at open war.

Mr. S—— accuses me of levity, extravagance, and even of inhumanity, in devoting money to what he calls idle purposes, at a time when all superfluous expense ought to be retrenched, in order to enable us to assist our suffering fellow-subjects. In return, I charge him, by the advice of Lady Dashmore, with the meanness of a deception calculated to render me ridiculous—a charge which he vehemently protests is unjust, since it was, as he says, a harmless joke, played off on purpose to cure us of an ill-founded prejudice against our own manufactures.

To tell you the truth, I begin to tire of hostilities; but as he is absolutely inflexible in refusing to purchase the *Witzschure*, which I have

insisted upon as a preliminary to a treaty of peace, I don't well know how to decline the contest with honour. Will you then, Mr. Editor, have the goodness to favour me with your advice how to act in this business? And remember, that though I may concede the disputed

point to reason and humanity; I enter my protest against any attack on my undoubted prerogative as a woman and an English subject to wear whatever I please. I am, sir, your constant reader and very humble servant,

CAROLINE S—

PLATE 9.—DOTTATOR ET LINEATOR LOQUITUR.

"WHAT signifies the sculptor's fame,
Or glory of a painter's name!
All that an *Angelo* can give
Towards making the dull marble live,
Is, after many a year, at length
To clothe it with Herculean strength,
And shew each muscle to the eye
In all its ponderous symmetry.
I scorn the art that merely traces,
By worn-out rules, old-fashion'd graces;
Or deals alone in tints to charm,
Though they were Titian's, rich and warm:

I know that I can do much more
Than artists ever did before;
With but a DOT, and eke a LINE,
In ev'ry shape and act I'll shine.
I want no Muscles, no, not I,
To give my figures energy;
I want no Colours to express
A female face; I want no Dress
To fall before, or gird around,
Or with long train to sweep the ground.
—Their naked dames let fools adore 'em,
And hang their curtains up before 'em:
My form's their ev'ry part reveal,
For they have nothing to conceal;

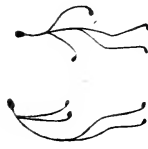
They shew their all to every eye,
Nor wake the blush of modesty.
—How gaily in the dance they meet,
Without the plague of Hands or Feet;
Without a Finger, at their ease,
Give and return the tender squeeze:
You'll see them breathe without a Lung,
And say soft things without a Tongue;
Nay, feel the power of Cupid's dart,
Without that silly thing—a Heart.
As lordly toppers they can shine,
Without a Paunch to hold the wine;
Without or Skin or Flesh or Bone,
They do all that by man is done.
—He's mad, the high-bred artist cries;
These are impossibilities!
—Mad as he is, with all your pride,
Just turn your haughty eyes aside,
Unfold the Page, and there you'll view
That all which I have told is true.
—Then, masters of all ages, yield,
And leave me master of the field:
Lick clean at once your gaudy palettes,
And cease to drive your clatt'ring mallets:
Go hide your heads, while thus I shine
Professor of the DOT and LINE."

THE SILENT WIFE.

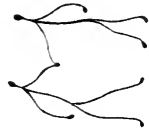
MR. EDITOR,

I AM married to a virtuous, young, and amiable woman, who is the delight of the circle in which she moves, and universally allowed to be one of the cleverest women of her time; but she makes me re-

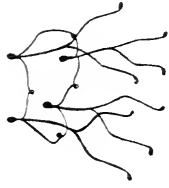
ally miserable from a cause so apparently ludicrous, that I am sure you will laugh, especially if you are married, when I mention it. I cannot get her to talk to me; and so provoking do I find her silence, that if she does not exchange it



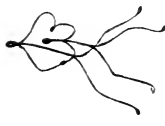
Asking to dance



Leading out



Hands four round



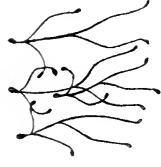
From the middle



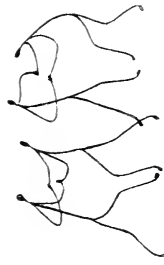
Right and left



Setting



Cross hands



Perfpetto



Men, 19th



Tote à tote



Dancing



Taking home rope

REVISED EDITION OF THE HINDU AND MUSLIM DANCE

Published by the Government of India, at the Central Press, Calcutta



for a more loquacious humour, I am determined upon a separation. But let me check my rising anger, and tell my story a little circumstantially.

From twenty-five till thirty-two it was my constant intention to marry, but from some cause or other I could not find a helpmate suitable for me. As I am myself a plain, or rather, to confess the downright truth, an ugly fellow, I was afraid of uniting myself to a beauty; being fond of domestic life, I dreaded a fine lady; and conscious that I had no claims to wit, I resolutely withstood the bright eyes of more than one *bel esprit*.

At length I found, as I thought, precisely the creature whom my fancy had drawn as absolutely necessary to my felicity. Miss S— was neither pretty, dashing, nor a professed wit, but she was amiable, well-informed, and every body pronounced her the pleasantest companion in the world. Her manners were very polished, and she possessed the rare secret of making all those with whom she conversed pleased with themselves. No topic, however uninteresting it might be, appeared to weary her as long as it seemed to amuse another; and her playful gaiety seemed to spread the contagion of cheerfulness to all around her: in short, she seemed to me a *rara avis*, whom it must be the height of happiness to possess. 'Tis true she had no fortune, but that, in my estimation, was a trifle. I lost no time in offering my hand, which was accepted, and all my acquaintance congratulated me upon my union with the most delightful wo-

man in the world. As my wife's companionable qualities had been my principal inducement to marry, I anticipated the greatest domestic felicity when the bustle usual upon such occasions was at an end; but, unfortunately for me, in less than six weeks a very trifling circumstance completely overturned my scheme of felicity. My wife happened, in conversation with a gentleman remarkable for the number and spirit of his *bon-mots*, to make two or three replies, which had really much point: he complimented her warmly, and, what was worse, circulated a copy of verses, in which her quickness at repartee was extolled to the skies. These confounded verses gave a death-blow to my peace; from that moment she has thought of nothing else but figuring in the character of a *bel esprit*; and when she is not in the midst of a circle, she is as grave, and almost as taciturn, as one of the China images on the mantel-piece.

If I speak, she either answers me in monosyllables, or complains that I distract her head; and if, in spite of this cavalier treatment, I continue the subject, she knows how to silence me by affecting to start from a reverie, and fixing her eyes upon me with such an air of weariness and abstraction, that heartily provoked, yet not chusing to quarrel, I take refuge in silence, till the arrival of company transforms myameleon rib into a brilliant companion, whose lively sallies create a spirit of mirth and good-humour in all who surround her, except myself: nay, even I am sometimes caught for a few moments; but if my hilarity hap-

pens to last till the company departs, it is sure to expire that instant, for my wife's smiles and gaiety give place to a gloom and silence which never fail effectually to extinguish my cheerfulness.

I have frequently tried to argue the point with her, but I never can provoke her into an argument; and as I generally lose my temper in the beginning of our conversation, or rather of my soliloquy, I gave up the idea of convincing her in that way. It has struck me, that through the medium of your useful and elegant publication, of which she is a constant reader, I might be able to point to her the error of which she is guilty in thus sacrificing my comfort to a preposterous thirst of applause. But it is not my happiness only that she injures, her own is also destroyed. Occupied in an incessant endeavour to shine, she undergoes

the severest species of mental drudgery, and I am certain frequently endures the keenest mortification, when, as is sometimes the case, the dulness of her auditors robs her of the triumph which she had anticipated.

But this is not all; while she was without pretension, she was beloved as well as admired, but she is now more feared than loved. It is impossible to be always aiming at wit, without giving people an idea that we think very highly of ourselves; and I need not point out the consequence of arrogating superiority over those we live with. But I see my subject is in danger of carrying me too far, and I will trespass upon your time and patience no longer, than to assure you, that your insertion of my letter will be considered as a particular favour by your humble servant,

LAWRENCE LOVECHAT.

DARING ROBBERY OF THE CROWN JEWELS OF FRANCE, IN SEPTEMBER 1792.

THE *Garde Meuble*, the private property of the King of France, was a building which included the whole colonnade in the Place Louis XV. from the *Rue Royale* to the *Rue St. Florentin*. Before the Revolution it contained a collection of very great curiosities, which never failed to extort the tribute of admiration from foreigners themselves. These articles were partly arranged symmetrically in three saloons, and partly shut up in presses. The public were allowed free admittance to the whole collection every Tuesday. Some of the more remarkable objects to be seen at the *Garde Meuble* were the suits of ar-

mour of the ancient kings and paladins of France, particularly of Kings Henry II. and IV. Louis XIII. and XIV. Philip of Valois, and Casimir King of Poland; as also the armour which Francis I. wore at the battle of Pavia, and which, for lightness, beauty, and the high finish of the work, is said to have been unequalled in Europe. Here were, moreover, preserved the sword, five feet long, which Pope Paul V. wore in the war with the Venetians, two swords of Henry the Great, a circular silver shield found in the Rhone at Lyons, and two pieces of cannon inlaid with silver, standing upon their carriages,

which Louis XIV. received as a present in 1684 from the King of Siam. The tapestries which adorned the different apartments were all presents from princes, and of exquisite workmanship.

So early as the 14th of July, 1789, and on several subsequent occasions, the people broke tumultuously into the *Garde Meuble*, under the groundless pretext that arms were concealed there, laid violent hands on the effects deposited in that building, and stole a considerable quantity of valuable articles.

This edifice was also the place in which the crown diamonds were kept. The precious stones were deposited in small boxes, and these boxes in presses, the keys of which were in the custody of the director of the establishment. At the commencement of the Revolution this office was confided to one Thiery: but as he was considered not worthy of the trust, he was thrown into confinement, and his post transferred to one of the creatures of Roland, the minister.

In consequence of the massacre which took place in the various prisons of Paris in the first days of September 1792, many criminals who were suffering in dungeons the punishment of the law, many vagabonds awaiting their trials, and numerous other persons inaccessible to repentance or remorse, were thrown back into society. These wretches, the scum of their race, were many of them engaged during their confinement in planning new crimes, to be committed as soon as they should regain their liberty. The inadequate attention paid to the safety of the *Garde*

Meuble under the new administration, did not escape these lynx-eyed depredators: they soon resolved to make an attempt upon it, and the plan of operations was speedily arranged.

The principal leaders of the band were named Cambon and Douligny. About a dozen rogues of acknowledged dexterity were engaged in the plot. It was agreed that the cleverest of their number should explore the localities of the building, and examine in what manner their plan might best be carried into execution. The thief selected for this business accordingly repaired, two days before the execution of the project, to the colonnade, climbed up it with the assistance of the lamp-cord, and ascertained, that by breaking a single pane of glass, it would be easy to get into the room. After he had carefully explored every circumstance, he descended the same way as he had clambered up, and reported his observations to his comrades, upon which the night between the 16th and 17th of September was fixed for the enterprize.

In order to accomplish their object with the greater security, the twelve principal thieves had associated with themselves about twenty-five second-rate rogues, who were promised part of the booty; though it was thought right, to prevent being betrayed, to keep the nature of the undertaking a secret from them till the moment of putting it into execution. These subordinate accomplices received orders to disguise themselves in the uniform of the national guards, and to be provided with muskets or sabres. The place appointed for

the general rendezvous was the entrance of the *Champs Elysées*, where all the members of the band punctually met, as agreed upon, about midnight. Cambon and Doulligny appeared among the rest, and formed a patrolle out of their accomplices in the national uniform, who were directed to march to and fro along the colonnade, to make the passengers believe that the vigilance of the police was every where exerted. Sentinels were then stationed at all the avenues to the *Place*, to give the alarm by a preconcerted watchword on the appearance of the least danger. After all the necessary preparations and precautions, the two leaders, before they proceeded to business, took another turn round the *Place*. At the pedestal upon which had once stood the statue of Louis XV. they found a youth, of twelve or fourteen years. They accosted and questioned him, and at length prevailed on him by the lure of reward—but without disclosing their purpose—to promise to continue at his post, and in case he should perceive any persons of a suspicious appearance, to make a noise, in order to attract their attention. Cambon, with the aid of the lamp-rope, then clambered up the colonnade, and was followed by Doulligny and several others. A pane of glass was cut with a diamond and taken out; there was then nothing to hinder them from throwing up the sash, and getting into the rooms of the *Garde Meuble*. A dark lantern lighted them to the presses, which were opened with false keys and picklocks; the boxes with the jewels and diamonds were secured, and passed from hand to hand to

the foot of the colonnade. When the thieves had just come to the best of the booty, the signal of alarm was suddenly sounded. Such of the thieves as were below in the *Place* fled without delay, while those who were above let themselves down by the lamp-rope. Doulligny, who missed the rope, fell with great violence on the pavement, from which he was unable to rise. The alarm was occasioned by a real patrolle, whose suspicions were excited by the light thrown in the apartments by the dark lantern, and who in consequence approached the *Garde Meuble*. Hearing something fall, they ran up to the spot, found Doulligny on the ground, and immediately apprehended him. The commandant of the patrolle then posted half of his men in the street, and repaired with the rest to the door of the *Garde Meuble*, where he knocked, obtained admittance, and entered one of the rooms just at the moment that Cambon was about to make himself invisible: the latter was apprehended as well as his colleague, and the commissary was thereupon sent for. On his arrival the thieves were examined; being caught in the fact and with their pockets full of stolen effects, they immediately confessed their guilt, but without betraying any of their companions. The scene of their depredations was then inspected; a *proces-verbal* of the state of the rooms and of the whole affair was drawn up, and presented to the competent authorities. The public, when this important robbery came to its knowledge, did not fail to accuse Roland, the minister of the interior, of a highly culpable negligence: but

the latter, without declaring himself openly, sought to divert suspicion to Danton, the minister of justice; and it was actually asserted, that Danton had secretly possessed himself of a considerable portion of the diamonds of the *Garde Meuble*, and to conceal his guilt, contrived the stealing of the remainder.

While the above-mentioned chiefs of the banditti were seized and secured by the police, the false *patrole* hovering about the *Garde Meuble* were challenged by the real *patrole*; and ignorant of the watch-word, deemed it prudent to answer the *Qui vive?* with a precipitate flight, and to disperse in the Elysian Fields and adjacent streets. Two of the gang, who got off with boxes of diamonds, retired to the *Allée des Feuilles*, dug a hole in a ditch, where they deposited their booty, covered the spot with earth and leaves, and went quietly home. Several others sought to convey their plunder to the houses of receivers of stolen goods with whom they were acquainted. Most of them, however, again assembled under the *Pont Louis XVI.* These having posted one of their number as a sentinel on the bridge, seated themselves in a circle, in the middle of which one of the band who now took the lead, ordered the boxes in their possession to be placed. He then opened one, and after putting one of the diamonds into his own pocket, distributed the others one by one among his comrades, putting one aside in turn for their companion who was upon guard. As soon as one box was emptied, he proceeded in the same manner with another, and was just on the point

of dividing the contents of the last, when the cry of *Sauve qui peut!* from the sentinel on the bridge, rang in the ears of the assembly. The man who had undertaken the office of distributor threw the unshared diamonds into the Seine, and each sought safety in the best manner he could. Several upon their flight threw away their booty in the street, where the stones were picked up next morning by different individuals.

In the course of the judicial proceedings those who had concealed the stolen effects, and the Jews who had purchased them, were discovered, and a considerable part of the plunder was regained. Cambon and Doulligny received sentence of death; upon which they declared, that, if their lives were spared, they would give information where the diamonds might be found, and also in whose possession they were. The tribunal communicated this intimation to the minister of justice, on which the convicts were respited, and at the same time hopes were held out to them, that their sentence would be mitigated to imprisonment. The two culprits then named their accomplices, who were almost all secured, and a considerable number of diamonds were again recovered. In the possession of one thief were found jewels to the value of 1,200,000 francs (50,000*l.* sterling). Several of the band were condemned to death and executed.

Among many bad subjects involved in this process, it served to bring forward one honest creature. A commissary of the police entered the apartment of a *chère amie* of one of the robbers. Upon her

chimney-piece stood a bason with aqua-fortis, into which she had put the stolen jewels, for the purpose of separating the pure parts from the alloy. The commissary had come upon her so unexpectedly that she had not time to conceal the bason, and therefore threw it out of the window into the street. A few minutes afterwards a beggar-woman passing under the window, perceived something glistening upon the pavement, collected the pieces, and took them to a jeweller, who told her that they were diamonds. The poor woman hereupon repaired to the committee of her section, reported what she had found, deposited the property with the committee, that, as she said, it might be restored to the right owner, took a receipt for it, and proceeded as before to beg her bread from house to house.

The tribunal appointed to try all the accomplices in this robbery had not finished its business, when it was dissolved, and its operations were abruptly terminated. The president then ordered three of the band, Cambon, Doulligny, and

Paul Miette, to be brought before him, and informed them, that as the court was not permitted to exercise its functions any longer, it was to be feared that the respite granted to them would be of no benefit. At the same time he advised them either to appeal against the sentence, or to petition the National Convention. The culprits followed this counsel, and appealed. The court of appeal listened to their remonstrances; the sentence of death pronounced against them was revoked, and the tribunal charged with the reversion of the whole process condemned them to five years' imprisonment: but in one of the storms of the Revolution all three succeeded in effecting their escape. At a subsequent period, Paul Miette settled as a wine-seller at Belleville, near Paris, and even had the impudence to place his name upon the show-board in the front of his shop.

The exact number of the diamonds stolen on this occasion was never ascertained, nor what became of the finest and most valuable.

THE TEASING HUSBAND.

MR. EDITOR,

I AM at this moment in such a passion with your sex, that if I could exterminate them with a wish, I really believe I should do it; and if it was possible to paint to you half my provocations, you would not blame me. I am but just turned of nineteen, and have for more than a year been the wife of a gentleman, who is worse, at least in my opinion, ten thousand times than Blue-Beard, because that savage

wight, in the summary method he chose to adopt of ridding himself of his helpmates, did not add torture to cruelty; but my tyrant's plan is to torture his wives to death: in short, sir, to speak intelligibly, he has already dispatched two, and I suppose he hopes that I shall be the third, by the slow but certain method of perpetual teasing.

By the will of my father, who died while I was very young, I became at the age of eighteen mis-

tress of myself and my fortune; and as my guardian was a man of austere manners, I anticipated my release from his authority with pleasure. When I was little more than seventeen Mr. Worrett paid his addresses to me, but was formally dismissed by my guardian, who assigned to me as a reason, that he was certain the man would break my heart, as he had already done those of two wives, neither of whom had survived their marriage above a year. Unluckily for me, my guardian was violent and arbitrary, and I supposed him influenced in his decision either by misinformation or dislike of Mr. Worrett, whose gentle, amiable, and insinuating manners made me suppose it impossible he could be guilty of such cruelty; his temper appeared sweetness itself. *Entre nous*, I did try it pretty well before I gave him my hand; and from the manner in which he bore my caprices, I really believed him a miracle of patience and good-humour. In short, sir, on the day after I had attained my eighteenth year I made him master of myself and my fortune, rejecting, through a mistaken delicacy, the advice of my prudent guardian, to secure to myself at least part of my fortune.

You will easily imagine, that in my girlish exultation in taking possession of an elegant house, and becoming, as I conceived, my own mistress, I prattled away with all the volubility of my age, and enjoyed perhaps too freely the first moments of my new-born liberty. Alas! this state of bliss did not last long; before the honey-moon had expired, I found that what I considered severity in the conduct of

my guardian, was the extreme of indulgence compared to my husband's behaviour. I had heard, indeed, that married men gradually laid aside the lover and assumed the husband, but my amiable spouse made but one step from the most tender submission to the grossest tyranny. My enchanting *naïveté*, as he called it before marriage, was now childish folly; my gaiety, which he used to say enlivened all around me, levity and impertinence. This last reproach was the most insupportable of all, and I took care to tell him so. How do you think he answered me?—by a positive order to be silent. Conceive, sir—but no, as a man it is impossible for you to conceive my feelings, on receiving a command which patient Grizzle herself would not have heard with meekness or submission.

I was silent for nearly five minutes from surprise and indignation, but, as soon as the power of speech returned, I began a remonstrance, which the lout interrupted by desiring me to retire to my apartment; and perceiving that I did not evince any sign of compliance, he led me to it himself, with an assurance, that if I did not remain there till dinner, he should be under the necessity of locking me up, to prevent my exposing myself.

I should wear out your patience, Mr. Editor, were I to enumerate all the methods in which Mr. Worrett exerts what he calls conjugal authority, but which would be more truly denominated barbarous tyranny. Every thing I say or do gives him some opportunity of finding fault with me. My dress,

my occupations, even my looks, are all sure to furnish food for his sarcastic and teasing humour. If I conform to the fashions, he either bursts into a rude and bitter philippic on my want of decency, or else declares I have no idea of a medium, and that I must either be half-naked, or enveloped in flounces and furbelows till little more than my nose is visible. Tired sometimes of being thus teased, I became indifferent to my appearance, and contented myself with being neat, without studying to be fashionable; but even this did not exempt me from persecution, for I was sure to be ridiculed because I looked like nobody else. If I attempted to take up a light publication to amuse a passing hour, he sneers at my folly in wasting my time with such nonsense; and if he sees me engaged in the perusal of a scientific work, I am sure to be advised, with a most provoking air, not to puzzle myself with what it is impossible for me to comprehend. On these occasions I sometimes throw aside my book, and fly to my harp or my pencil; but my performance on the harp, which he used to commend in the most extravagant terms, he now declares an outrage upon harmony that he cannot possibly endure in silence; and he is sure to station himself at the back of my chair if he perceives me drawing, in order to abuse my work with all the airs of a professed connoisseur.

I might find a remedy for domestic vexation if I was allowed to visit or receive my friends alone, but that is not the case; I must not do either without his express permission, which he has so often re-

fused to give me, that I am now reduced to almost total solitude, or rather to an almost continual tête-à-tête with my tormentor, who actually never suffers me to be a moment alone.

I was a considerable time before I could conceive what his object in so steadily adhering to a plan of persecution, which gave himself an infinity of trouble, could be; but finding that his first wife died of a nervous fever, and his second of a consumption it struck me immediately, that he hoped to worry me into one or other of these disorders, and so get rid of his fetters the third time. He shall, however, find himself mistaken; my constitution is uncommonly good, and I am determined to live, if it was only to disappoint him. But as a state of continual warfare cannot, I think, be very desirable to him, I am perfectly willing to come to any reasonable terms of separation; and as I know he is a constant reader of the *Repository*, it struck me, that a letter to you might be favoured with insertion; and that upon calculating the chance of my outliving him, which, as I am considerably younger, and obstinately determined not to be tormented to death, is at least probable, he may prevail upon himself to be content with the greatest part of my fortune, and suffer me to exist upon the rest in quiet. If, Mr. Editor, you can find room for this letter in your elegant work, you will, by its insertion, perform an act of real humanity, for which I shall always remain your grateful, humble servant,

WINIFRED WORRETT.

THE IMPROVIDENT FATHER.

Basely they
 The sacred cause for which they're born betray,
 Who give up virtue for a worthless life.—JUVENAL, *Sat. viii.*

THE manners of the Rev. Lemuel Lessingham were unfortunately not those which commanded respect, or excited esteem. Doomed to a profession for which he had no taste, while at the same time it was the only one that offered him a competency, he was educated for the church, not because he felt himself by nature and habits fitted to become a worthy member of it, but because the interest of his father's friend lay only in clerical promotion: for *he* delighted in the feats of country sports and town dissipation; the colour of his attire plainly shewed how irksome the sacred office was to his feelings; his table glittered with unpaid-for ostentation, and while his face gladdened at his reputation for good-fellowship, and he sought for his children the most fashionable connections, he neglected to store their minds with that which could alone qualify them to adorn that society in which he wished them to move. Nor did he fortify their minds with that religious consolation which might defend their hearts against the shafts of adversity, which he must have known his imprudence would one day or another arm against them. How easy is it to put on the appearance of fulfilling our duty, but how difficult to practise its dictates! You might see the Rev. Mr. Lessingham (for I think I see him now as he paced up the small Gothic aisle), in affected humility, pausing at every step, meekness and religion

throwing a holy awe round his countenance, pale and wan; a few powdered hairs marked the ravages that time was making on a venerable countenance. He steps into the reading-desk; is he not wholly absorbed in the sacred duty he is about to perform? He opens the Bible *enfeebled*, I was almost going to say, with holiness; and when he uttered, with an audible, yet faltering voice, "If we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves;" each word, each aspiration, appeared replete with the conscious infirmity of his nature, mixed with hopes of pardon for future amendment. The cadences of his sermon are still in my ears: he taught, indeed, as one having authority, but he seemed to feel as one who had also his failings in common with those he was addressing; and when he arrived at the blessing, when he uttered the "Peace of God, which passeth all understanding," that peace seemed to be his. The service concluded, let me follow him home. I enter the rectory; I walk into the little room called a study; his children were hanging round him; his eldest daughter, the lovely Emma, was on his knee; her white arm reclined on his shoulder; and at the age of fifteen, it was perhaps no great *fooling* if a fond father did kiss his child, even if strangers should be present. It was a picture that a Westall might paint, a theme for an Addison or a Mackenzie to write on: let me contemplate it in idea, for the reality

of it is fled for ever! Dear to me was that house, for the children of it were innocent, and dear to me the unfortunate victims of a father's faults; scenes of my youth, ye are fled, vanished for ever!

Now stain'd with dews, with cobwebs darkly hung,

Oft has its roof with peals of rapture rung,
When round the ample board, in due degree,
We sweeten'd every meal with social glee;
The heart's light laugh pursued the circling
jest,

And all was sunshine in each youthful breast.

Such is the picture of what was once the household of the Rev. Mr. Lessingham, but the delusions of pleasure, which the stranger felt on entering this abode, he was not long allowed to enjoy. The meekness of the man of God was too often pulled off with the garb of his office. No poor, either of infancy or age, pressed around him; for the lower orders of society he never deigned to notice, and the respectable shopkeeper he never paid. "The peace of God," just uttered, was scarcely cool upon his lips, which would quiver with an oath at some feat of youthful delinquency, or trivial depredation. His character would be sacrificed in a moment to the stranger for the loss of a nectarine or a turnip, and the lovely Emma be dashed from his arms in the concussion of political controversy. His wife, her spirits subdued by the overbearing of dictatorial pomposity, sat silent by his side, or ever and anon threw in palliatives to divert the coming storm; which, nevertheless, did not always roll by. How imposing at times is the conduct of human nature! and who among us is so fortunate as to be able to say, "The more I know of

that man, the more does he rise in my esteem?" The charms of novelty, that dispeller of the vile and sordid passions, will make the most violent man appear comparatively amiable; for in the absence of passion, he is, of all others, most anxious to make amends for his insane moments, when no temptation causes him to forget to play the philanthropist. Is it then wonderful that a new face pleases when its owner comes masked in complacency and good wishes towards you? It is in the habits of intimacy that we gain courage to shew our bad propensities; and it is the privilege of intimacy alone to make us careless of our reputation for good-nature.

To recapitulate the failings, the disgraces, and anxieties of the Rev. Mr. Lessingham, would only be to add another picture to the exhibition of human error. I shall not dwell much on these. Having lavished more than every farthing he could spare, having beggared the rest of his family in order to indulge in the gambling speculation of placing one son in the expectancy of future greatness, this son was cut off before he reached the destined goal. The stream from which the whole family was to be supplied was dried up. To lose a son beloved by all around him, gives a pang that requires all our religion and self-possession, with a good conscience, to bear up against with common fortitude; to have to endure such a loss, when these are wanting, must doubly wound a father's heart.

The Rev. Mr. Lessingham now found himself the father of twelve children, with an income capable

of supporting barely half the number; and it may rationally be supposed, that so desperate a disease would in time effect its own cure by the adoption of as desperate a remedy. We only temporize when Hope bids us look forward to better days: she leaves us, and we begin to reform. It may be supposed that the Rev. Mr. Lessingham reduced, at least on the loss of his son, "the glittering pageants of his court;" he did no such thing. Conscious that he was but visited for the costly viands which he heaped upon his table, he still clutched this unreal mockery. He had not the courage to become respectable rather than culpable, but hugged the fond ruin as the veriest child hugs the kitten that will wound it. He could behold two daughters, whom painters would have chosen as models for the beautiful wood nymphs, entirely destitute. He could bear the spectre ever and anon flitting before him—for he dared not face it—of a duteous wife reduced to comparative beggary; and if he could not contemplate it, the rudeness of his creditors told him, that a prison must close his, and a workhouse his children's days. And yet this man would tell you, he loved, he doated on his children! Yet while the storm raged without, and his doors were besieged with duns, while some hopes, false and visionary, clung to his breast, and presented the cup of stupified inebriety, the charm which kept him from thinking, and prevented every effort to release himself from ruin, he still seemed to believe that all was peace within. I watched him from Champagne and Burgundy,

Madeira, and claret, to port and sherry, from port and sherry to the constant dram, from his chariot to his gig, and at a time of life when his carriage should have been at his command, and a glass of Madeira have warmed his old heart, have seen his weakened frame shivering in the blast, walking to the cold grave to read the last speaking service over a departed brother: yet the grave spoke no moral to him; and as the tempest whistled around him, as he feebly articulated, "Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust," he harboured no other thought than of the paltry fee of duty, which might cause one moment of selfish pleasure, by the purchase of some vinous cordial to a heart almost dead to excitation. Still he shuffled at, whilst now and then checked by his fretful irritation, the too often shuffled and decyphered cards, and nailed his children to them for the evening; and still he hugged those children whom he was devoting to ruin. The climax of his fate faster and more fast approached. The tradesman had too often taken his word to take it longer; the patron had too often received the humiliating note for the requested loan never to be paid; and his noble pupils returned the letter of "compelled by my necessities," with contempt for a man who had only taught them the mysteries of Newmarket and the Cocoa-tree. The nervous shake of the hand of the Rev. Mr. Lessingham, debilitated with the last night's excess, no longer passed for religious feeling; he was eyed with scorn as the holy book quivered in his hand: at length he was seized with an apoplectic fit,

and the Rev. Mr. Lessingham, rector of Horton, vicar of Rendlemere, chaplain to Lord B——, and minor canon of one of our cathedrals, became a driveller for a week, at the end of which he sighed, looked wistfully at his children, grasped the hand of his wife, and gave up the ghost. * * * *

Behold now a blooming family at one stroke destitute of every hope! I have drawn a picture which I cannot myself contemplate unmoved, because it is a *true* one. Julia, the little laughing, unconscious Julia, the pensive Emma, all, all deserted by every one but their God. Without a knowledge of the world, without even the edu-

cation of a tradesman's daughters, which their father ever despised, and what is to become of two young females, who possess no particular mental attraction but good nature, and no way of becoming necessary to the world, except as a walking herald, to note the marriages and intermarriages of those who, in better times, honoured them with notice, but who long since have veiled themselves in oblivion!

Is there a father now walking at the edge of such a precipice as that on which Mr. Lessingham walked, and can he say for a surety, "*The fate of my children cannot be as the fate of the children of the Rev. Mr. Lessingham?*"

ADVENTURES OF BENJAMIN POWELL AMONG THE INDIANS.

THE following particulars relative to the cruelty of the North American Indians to their captives, are given on the authority of an American paper, the *Janesville Express*, of the 12th of September, 1816.

Benjamin Powell, aged about forty-five years, passed through this town (Janesville) last week, on his return from Indian slavery, after an absence from his friends of nearly five years. He appears to be a man of truth and considerably intelligent. His simple but affecting narration excited a lively interest in his behalf in several citizens in this place; they administered to his necessities, by furnishing him with pecuniary aid sufficient to defray his expenses to Dayton, where he expects to find some of his surviving friends. In confirmation of his interesting sto-

ry, he exhibited a hand nearly burnt off, and shewed upwards of twenty scars on his body, most of which were evidently made with a tomahawk. The following is a brief sketch of his history:—

Benjamin Powell, in the year 1808, removed from Kentucky, the upper fork of the Sandusky river, and settled on a tract of land belonging to Colonel Patterson. The surrounding country was then a wilderness, except that Powell had one neighbour, who lived a short distance from him. Powell had a wife and three children; his neighbour had a family also. They had frequent intercourse with the Indians, who were apparently very civil and friendly for upwards of two years after their settlement in that remote part of the country. Soon after the battle of Tippecanoe (of which Powell and his

neighbour had not heard a syllable), on the 27th day of October, 1811, about twilight in the evening, the cabin of Powell was attacked by a considerable number of Indians. His wife and eldest son were shot dead, and the two children were killed with a tomahawk. Powell himself was shot through the body, and then tomahawked in a most shocking manner, the Indians having given him between twenty and thirty wounds, but supposing him dead, stayed their butchering hands and left him. Powell's neighbour and all his family were killed at the same time. Powell was left in that dreadful situation until morning, enduring the most excruciating pains of body from his numerous wounds—his distress of mind no pen can describe! The darkness of the night was rendered tenfold horrible by the surrounding scenes, while the "king of terrors," in his most terrific form, was staring him in the face. As soon as it was light he saw an Indian approaching him, whom he recognized to be an old acquaintance, a Shawnee chief, named the *Little Captain*. Powell besought the savage to put an end to his misery. The *Little Captain* gazed at him awhile, and said, "No, no, the Great Spirit won't let me kill you." He then dressed his wounds, telling him it was the prophet's orders not to kill any whom the Great Spirit would not let die: meaning, perhaps, that where the life of a victim was preserved as it were by a miracle, as was the case with Powell, it intimated that it was the pleasure of the Great Spirit that such a person should live. Powell thinks the Indians are ex-

cellent surgeons; they cured his wounds with the nicest skill and most astonishing rapidity, although most of the bone of the left thigh was taken out during the cure.

As soon as practicable, Powell was carried to the old Shawnee town, situate about twenty miles from Lake Erie; there, after he had continued about eight moons, he got acquainted with the famous Bird: he saw his thumb-nail twisted off by the Indians, in endeavouring to make him disclose some plot which they suspected. After Bird had got away and was brought back, Powell heard him adjudged to *three days' burning*: and all the white prisoners in the town were compelled to be witnesses of the distressing scene. Bird's hand was burnt off, and one of his arms consumed to the bone, when, providentially, a Scotchman purchased his life for a gallon of rum, as stated in Bird's Life.

Powell remained with the savages upwards of four years; he was a slave to the *Little Captain*, who repeatedly threatened him with certain death should he attempt to make his escape, and who also reckoned his scalp among his trophies of victory, often talking of taking it off. Thus Powell lived in continued fear for his life. He learned to speak the Shawnee language fluently, and became acquainted with the manners and customs of the Indians. They can scarcely be called idolaters, in the common acceptation of the word, for they worship the Great Spirit, whose place of special residence they conceive to be in the sun; they do not render religious homage to any creature. The pro-

phet is a grand impostor, not more remarkable for the ugliness of his person, than for the deformity of his mind—a wretch destitute of feeling, and abandoned to every thing that is bad. To this demon in human form may be attributed most of the enormities committed by the savages in the late war. He had a liberal education, and had been instructed in the Christian religion, having been designed for a Roman Catholic priest: he therefore sins against knowledge. The

impostor made the credulous Indians believe, that the earthquakes in 1812 were occasioned by his *shaking himself*, and that he had done it to punish them for not fighting better against the Americans. He also told them, that he had stopped a large hole at the bottom of the Lake Erie, which occasioned the unusual rise of the water in that lake. Being able to foretell eclipses, he derived not a little consequence from that circumstance.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

A grand Duet for the Piano-Forte, composed and dedicated to Miss Elizabeth Engström, by C. L. Lithander. Pr. 5s.

To assign to this duet the foremost place in our present critique, is but a small token of the opinion we entertain of its value. It is a classic production fully entitled to rank with the works of our great masters, and certainly the best of Mr. Lithander's compositions, several of which we have on former occasions brought under the notice of our readers with deserved commendation: but in the present duet we observe grandeur of style combined with elegance of expression, refined taste, true science, and elaborate finish, so pre-eminently displayed, that we are inclined to think the author himself will concur in the preference which we give to it over his antecedent performances, however meritorious. It consists of a short introductory slow movement, an allegro, an andante, and a rondo, the whole in C major, except the andante, which is in the key of F. Without select-

ing individual excellencies, we have to remark, generally, that the allegro distinguishes itself by its energetic character, by the eminently able arrangement of the two parts, which act either *concertante*, or are riveted into each other with the greatest skill, by the fluency and selectness of the quick passages, and the scientific cast of the modulations. As a specimen, among many, of the very able manner in which the two parts are made to support each other, we will only advert to the beginning of the second strain (*pp.* 6, 7), the two first lines of which at once shew the master in his art. The andante, besides some of the merits above enumerated, ingratiates itself by the rich vein of chaste musical feeling which pervades its whole structure; its theme is particularly soft and pathetic; the accessory ideas are throughout select, and developed, both melodically as well as metrically, with infinite delicacy of expression. One passage especially, in the beginning of *pp.* 14 and 15, appears to

us so very finely thrown between the two parts, that we cannot omit distinctly alluding to it. The rondo presents one of the most able four-handed scores from beginning to end; the manner in which the parts are dovetailed into each other is altogether above our praise: interesting as the ideas are of themselves, their attraction is infinitely heightened by this masterly treatment.

We cannot dismiss this duet without earnestly recommending it to the notice of real amateurs, convinced as we are that its performance will be sufficient to recommend it to their favour. It requires two good players, especially as the tempos are rather quick; but it contains no intricacies of deterring aspect, and presents the additional feature of great merit, that the melody is not lost between the indistinctness of the additional keys and the lower bass notes, an objection which but too often attaches itself to piano-forte compositions for four hands.

"The Savoyard Boy," sung by Master Williams at Sadler's Wells Theatre, in the favourite Burletta "The Boarding-School Miss," written by C. Dibdin, Esq. composed by Miss M. Dibdin. Pr. 1s. 6d.

This little ballad evinces the continued patronage of the Pierian sisters towards the family whose name the fair composer bears. It is a promising specimen of musical talent; the symphony is neat and appropriate, and the melody of the vocal part both unaffectedly pleasing and corresponding with the tenor of the words (in the 1st stanza at least). The passage, "About

sad and hungry I go," is particularly well told in the minor key; and the melody to "A trifle in pity bestow," equally apposite. The accompaniment is, in general, correct and effective.

"The Barrel of Ale," sung in ditto, written by ditto, composed by John Whitaker. Pr. 1s. 6d.

Without any pretensions to originality, this song is set, with propriety, in a plain style, so as to afford a sufficient and respectable melodical vehicle for the humorous text. The burden, "A barrel of old humming ale," is well rendered.

"The Smithfield Bargain," sung in ditto, written and composed as above. Pr. 1s. 6d.

A humorous song of a broader cast, to which the foregoing observations seem fully applicable.

"Sally Wiggins," sung in ditto, written and composed as above. Pr. 1s. 6d.

Likewise a comic effusion, the music to which is rather more select, in point of style, than in the two cases above-mentioned. An agreeable and unlaboured flow of melody is observable throughout, which derives additional interest from the accompaniment being, in this instance, set independent of the voice.

"Fair Anna's Cot," sung in ditto, written and composed as above. Pr. 1s. 6d.

Short as this ballad is, the composer has thrown into the few lines of his labour a considerable degree of tender and expressive simplicity. The melody is, perhaps, upon the whole, not equal to the plaintive import of the text, but its general complexion is pathetic and interesting. At "Fair Anna, like

her cot, no more," in the last line, the pause upon "like" seems to us to militate against the punctuation of the words.

The favourite Air of Callar Herrings, adapted, with a new Symphony, so as to form an easy (?) Lesson, for the Piano-Forte, composed, and inscribed to Miss Orr, by W. R. Callender. Pr. 1s.

As the author informs us by a note, that he intends to publish every month a favourite air, on the plan of the one before us, we feel called upon to suggest the expediency of attending more to executive facility, if the term "easy lesson" is to be applied to the future publications on this plan. In other respects, and with the exception of the observation we shall presently add, this lesson (in B b) meets with our approbation: we perceive a variety of well-imagined ideas, properly developed, and treated with neatness of harmonic arrangement. The concluding line we deem objectionable: 1st. because the melody in E b is retained too near to the end, and the resolution into the key effected too abruptly; and 2dly. because the conclusion in the last bar is imperfect. We really turned the page fully persuaded that something must follow.

Impromptu, composed at Brighton the 26th October, 1812, in honour of the Right Hon. the Earl of De Larwarr coming of Age, and most respectfully dedicated to the Right Hon. the Countess De Larwarr, by Louis Von Esch. Pr. 3s. 6d.

If this title is strictly correct, we are of opinion, a better day's work than that of Mr. V. E. on the 26th October, 1812, was seldom, if ever, accomplished. The eight pages of this "Impromptu" contain four or

five movements of the most serious as well as lively complexion, all of which are entitled to our unqualified approbation. Mr. Von Esch's style of composition, while free from every affectation of far-fetched ideas and abstruse harmonic modulation, is rendered interesting by the purity and graceful turn of his melodies, the mellow connection with which one idea links itself to the other, and the neatness of the general harmony. All these merits are conspicuous in the "Impromptu." The introductory prelude in six flats is very good; the *grave* in E b proceeds with a well-measured expression of solemnity and feeling, and exhibits crossed-hand passages of the best effect. Of the *andante*, which succeeds, we are warranted in speaking equally in terms of commendation; and the waltz, which concludes the whole, with its trio, variation, and other digressive matter, is truly elegant. What enhances the value of this publication is its comparative executive facility, a merit which distinguishes most of the works of this author. The "Impromptu" is eminently adapted for the practice of the pupil.

"When Sappho tuned," a Canzonet, written by Dr. Smollett, composed by M. M'Murdie, Mus. Bac. Oxon. Pr. 2s.

This canzonet bears evidence of the studied care with which the author has endeavoured to avoid trivial and commonplace expressions, and, we are free to say, affords several instances of meritorious attention to harmonic arrangement; but upon the whole we do not think that full justice has been done to the well-known lines which form the text, and the

beauty of which has very successfully engaged the pens of former composers. The symphony is clever, but too artificial and too little analogous to the theme of the song itself. As to the vocal part, which Mr. M. has divided into several strains, in common and triple time, the different ideas do not, in our opinion, bear that relation to each other which is required to form a well-connected whole, however interesting at times individual periods may be. Among several cases of awkward harmony, we mention the last bar but two, p. 6, where E 6 follows most unaccountably on D 3. In the same page, the C in the bass of bar 7 is likewise objectionable. The whole of the last page appears to us, more than any other portion, defective in point of character and expression, and unmeaning. Some instances, in which the accompaniment is set *above* the voice, ought not to pass unnoticed; the more so as the practice is not uncommon, although decidedly censurable in cases where the accompaniment merely follows the voice step by step.

"Arise, thou bright Sun," the much-admired Song written in Honour of the royal Nuptials between the Princess Charlotte of Wales and Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, by J. W. Lake, Esq.; sung with the greatest applause in the most

festive Parties by T. Phillips, by whom it is respectfully dedicated to the Right Hon. Matthew Wood, the Lord Mayor, during whose mayoralty this happy union was solemnized. The music composed by J. Addison. Pr. 2s.

The above title had raised in us expectations which we must confess were not altogether satisfied. The melody, besides being too stern for the import of the text, is conceived in a stiff obsolete style, and exhibits nothing new in point of ideas; and the accompaniment, of the bass in particular, is rather naked. The key is F major, but the very first bar modulates to D minor, and the 2d ends in B b. The key ought always to be well told in the subject: but the progress through the chord of the relative minor appears to be a favourite step with the author, D 3 being introduced in almost every period: the effect of this, and of other similar harmonies in the song, adds to the tinge of gloomy languor and hardness more or less prevailing in the present air. The leap from B to G at "Coburg unite" appears to us awkward, and the pause on "and" at "and echo," although the like occurs in other vocal compositions, we disapprove: the classic masters of Italy and Germany rarely, if ever, put pauses to leading notes.

THE SELECTOR :

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ANECDOTES OF BONAPARTE.

(FROM WARDEN'S *Letters on Board the Northumberland and at St. Helena*)

At Sea, ———.

I SHALL begin this letter by introducing a very interesting person

to your attention, and who, in our various quarter-deck conversations, had not been hitherto mentioned. It

was the Empress Josephine. Her name happening to occur, she became the spontaneous subject of very animated eulogiums; when she was represented as possessing a sweetness of disposition, an elegance of manners, and a certain melody of voice, that irresistibly charmed every one, without any exception as to situation or capacity, who were admitted to her presence. The sudden death of this excellent lady was very generally lamented, and is attributed to a very extraordinary circumstance, and a very exalted personage. I will relate the event to you in the words, as far as memory serves, in which the Count de las Cases conveyed it as an undeniable fact to me. Josephine, it seems, had so far won the admiration and high esteem of the Emperor Alexander, that his imperial majesty used to dedicate many of his leisure hours to the pleasure of her fascinating conversation. His visits were not only frequent but continual during his stay at Paris. Her state of health was but indifferent, and on some particular occasion, her physician had prescribed medicines of a nature that required the utmost care and precaution, and an absolute confinement to her chamber: but, at this time, the emperor paid one of his visits, when her respect for him rendered her incautious, and she received the imperial guest in the usual manner. They walked during the time of his stay in the gardens of Malmaison; and the consequence of this promenade was fatal:—she was seized with a violent inflammation in the lungs, which defied all medical assistance, and in a few hours she was no more.

From the same authority I give you an account of her marriage with Napoleon, which certainly differs, as far as my recollection serves, from the credited histories of that event: it is not, however, for me to attempt a reconciliation of opposing narratives; but to relate for your amusement, what I have heard, and the author of my information: it is as follows:—

An order which was issued by the Convention to disarm the citizens, occasioned the introduction of Bonaparte, then a general, and high in military command, to Josephine. Her husband was said to have suffered eighteen months before the circumstance about to be mentioned. He had left a son, Eugene Beauharnois, at this time a most interesting youth, who took an opportunity to address the general on the parade, and solicit his father's sword; which, according to the late order, had been removed from his mother's residence. Bonaparte, charmed by the request and the animated modesty with which it was made, instantly granted it. The mother wrote a letter the following day to thank the general for his kindness to her son. This grateful attention produced a visit on his part, and the lady not being at home, she sent a note of apology and particular invitation. An interview of course followed: he was instantly captivated, and in six weeks they were married.—It had been generally thought, I believe, that the second marriage did not obliterate his regard for her: and it is here asserted, by those who are qualified to form a correct opinion of the matter, that he would have given more evident proofs of

his regard, if the jealousy of the second empress had not interposed to prevent them.

Having induced you, perhaps, to suppose that Napoleon was susceptible of love, I shall introduce Madame Bertrand, to persuade you that he is not without a capacity for friendship. She related, in a very impressive manner, to us, the last interview with Duroc, Duke of Friuli, and his afflicted sovereign.

That officer, who, as it will appear, stood high in his master's regard and confidence, was struck by a cannon-ball, as he was reconnoitring the position for a night encampment of the army, and his bowels fell to the ground; when he had the extraordinary resolution to collect and replace them with his own hands on the spot. In this hopeless state he was removed to a neighbouring cottage, where he survived twenty-four hours. A mortification soon took place, and a very offensive smell began to issue from his body, which continued to increase. After he had been some time in this state, the emperor came to visit and console him. The dying man, after expressing his acknowledgments to his master for this gracious act of kindness, which he accompanied with sentiments of the utmost loyalty and devotion, recommended his wife and daughter to the imperial protection; and then entreated him to depart, lest the effluvia proceeding from him might be attended with infection. She represented Napoleon's grief as perfectly romantic, and stated as a fact, that he lay—for it is not to be supposed that he slept—a whole

night on the stone which covered the grave of his friend.

I happened to be at Longwood when Mr. Raffles, the late governor of Java, and his suite, obtained permission to visit the grounds at Longwood. In a short time after Mr. Raffles had taken his leave, I received a message from Napoleon to join him in the garden. On my arrival there I found him surrounded by his whole suite, Mesdames and Messieurs, with the carriage drawn up, saddle-horses by it, and all ready for immediate departure. My appearance, however, disarranged their intention: for instead of stepping into the carriage, the principal person of the scene turned round, as if to address me. I bowed, removed my hat from my head, and instantly replaced it; while the marshals, counts, and generals stood with their hats under their arms. That circumstance did not altogether disturb me; though my gallantry was somewhat embarrassed on account of the ladies, whose petticoats were blowing about them from a smart and rather unmannerly breeze.—“Do you know,” he said, “this governor of Java?”—“I know no more of him than from the introduction of to-day.”—“Do you know any thing of that island?”—“What I know of it is merely from the information of others.”—“The Dutch have represented it as a pestilential climate; but I believe that a more favourable opinion is now entertained of it.”—“I believe so: at least we have not found it so bad as, from previous accounts, we had reason to expect.”—“Have you ever seen a case of the plague?”—“Never.”—“Do you know the

disease?"—"My only knowledge of it proceeds from what I have read."—"The army of Egypt suffered much by it; and I had some difficulty in supporting the spirits of many of those who remained free from it. Yet for two years I contrived to keep my soldiers ignorant of what I myself knew. 'The disease can only be communicated through the organs of respiration.'—I replied, "that I had understood actual contact would convey it."—"No," he said: "I visited the hospital constantly, and touched the bodies of the sick to give confidence to their attendants; being convinced by observation, that the disease could only be communicated by the lungs. At the same time I always took the precaution of visiting after a meal and a few glasses of wine; placing myself on the side of the infected person from which the wind blew."—"We must have been at least twenty minutes in conversation, with the suite in all the formality of attendance, when I thought proper to make some show of retiring; but he would not take the hint for a considerable time. At length he made a slight bow, and led Madame Bertrand to the carriage: he followed; and I stood to see them drive off: observing, however, that there was a vacant seat in the carriage, he hailed me to come and take a ride with them: I, of course, accepted the invitation; and I declare, if it had been a party in a jaunting car to a country fair in Ireland, there would not have been more mirth, ease, and affability.

The carriage drove off at a pretty round pace, and the pleasantry of Napoleon seemed to keep pace

with it. He began to talk English; and having thrown his arm half round Madame Bertrand's neck, he exclaimed, addressing himself to me, "This is my mistress!—O not mistress—yes, yes, this is my mistress!" while the lady was endeavouring to extricate herself, and the count her husband bursting with laughter. He then asked if he had made a mistake, and being informed of the English interpretation of the word, he cried out, "O, no, no—I say, my friend, my love; no, not love; my friend, my friend." The fact was, that Madame Bertrand had been indisposed for several days, and he wished to rally her spirits, as well as to give an unreserved ease to the conversation. In short, to use a well-known English phrase—he was the life of the party.

The circuitous windings of the ride at Longwood may extend to five or six miles; and in our progress with a half-comic, half-serious countenance, he asked this very unexpected question:—"In the course of your practice, and on your conscience, how many patients have you killed?"—It is not unlikely that I looked a little surprised; but I calmly answered, "My conscience does not accuse me of having caused the death of any one." He laughed, and continued: "I imagine that physicians may mistake diseases: that they may sometimes do too much, at other times too little. After you have treated a case that has terminated fatally, have you not reflected with yourself, and said—Well, if I had not bled, or vice versâ, if I had bled this man, he would have recovered; or if he had not consulted

a physician at all, he might have been now alive.”—I made no reply.

I expressed to him my surprise at the general good health which he had uniformly experienced during the singular vicissitudes of his extraordinary life.--“Yes,” he said, “my health has been very good. When the Italian army was encamped in the vicinity of swamps, many suffered by fever, while I had not any complaint; as I observed temperance and a generally abstemious balancing between my appetite and the powers of my digestive organs. I had, at the same time, exercise sufficient both of the body and the mind.”—“It was reported, however, that you were very ill on your return from Egypt.”—“I was very thin; and at that time subject to a bad cough. For my recovery I was indebted to Dr. Corvisart, who blistered me twice on the chest.”—“Report also said, that you were then subject to an

eruption, at least on the skin.—Your friend Goldsmith says so.”—“Yes,” he answered, “I will tell you.”—Never shall I forget the pleasant manner in which he related this anecdote.

“At the siege of Toulon I commanded a small battery of *two guns*. One of your boats approached close to the shore, and firing their gun, killed two cannoneers by my side. I seized a ram-rod when it fell from the dead soldier’s *warm* hand. The man, as it happened, was diseased; and I found myself in a very few days suffering under an inveterate *itch*. I had recourse to baths for a cure, and at that time succeeded. Five years after I had a return of the same complaint with increased violence, and I presume it had worked in my blood during the whole interval. Of that I was shortly cured, and have never since had any return.”

ADVANTAGES OF EARLY MARRIAGES.

(From *The Correspondence of Dr. Franklin.*)

TO JOHN ALLEYNE, ESQ.

Craven-street, Aug 9, 1768.

Dear JACK,—You desire, you say, my impartial thoughts on the subject of an early marriage, by way of answer to the numberless objections that have been made by numerous persons to your own. You may remember, when you consulted me on the occasion, that I thought youth on both sides to be no objection. Indeed, from the marriages that have fallen under my observation, I am rather inclined to think that early ones stand the best chance of happiness. The temper and habits of the young are not yet become

so stiff and uncomplying, as when more advanced in life; they form more easily to each other, and hence many occasions of disgust are removed. And if youth has less of that prudence which is necessary to manage a family, yet the parents and elder friends of young married persons are generally at hand to afford their advice, which amply supplies that defect; and by early marriage, youth is sooner formed to regular and useful life; and possibly some of those accidents or connections that might have injured the constitution or reputation, or both, are thereby

happily prevented. Particular circumstances of particular persons may possibly sometimes make it prudent to delay entering into that state; but in general, when nature has rendered our bodies fit for it, the presumption is in nature's favour, that she has not judged amiss in making us desire it. Late marriages are often attended, too, with this further inconvenience, that there is not the same chance that the parents shall live to see their offspring educated.—“Late children,” says the Spanish proverb, “are early orphans.”—A melancholy reflection to those whose case it may be! With us in America marriages are generally in the morning of life: our children are therefore educated and settled in the world by noon; and thus, our business being done, we have an afternoon and evening of cheerful leisure to ourselves; such as our friend at present enjoys. By these early marriages we are blessed with more children; and from the mode among us, founded by nature, of every mother suckling and nursing her own child, more of them are raised. Thence the swift progress of population among us, unparalleled in Europe. In fine, I am glad you are married, and congratulate you most cordially upon it. You are now in the way of becoming a useful citizen; and you have escaped the unnatural state of celibacy for life—the fate of many

here, who never intended it, but who, having too long postponed the change of their condition, find, at length, that it is too late to think of it, and so live all their lives in a situation that greatly lessens a man's value. An odd volume of a set of books bears not the value of its proportion to the set; what think you of the odd half of a pair of scissars? it can't well cut any thing; it may possibly serve to scrape a trencher.

Pray make my compliments and best wishes acceptable to your bride. I am old and heavy, or I should ere this have presented them in person. I shall make a small use of the old man's privilege, that of giving advice to younger friends. Treat your wife always with respect; it will procure respect to you, not only from her, but from all that observe it. Never use a slighting expression to her, even in jest; for slights in jest, after frequent bandyings, are apt to end in angry earnest. Be studious in your profession, and you will be learned. Be industrious and frugal, and you will be rich. Be sober and temperate, and you will be healthy. Be in general virtuous, and you will be happy. At least, you will, by such conduct, stand the best chance for such consequences. I pray God to bless you both; being ever your affectionate friend,

B. FRANKLIN,

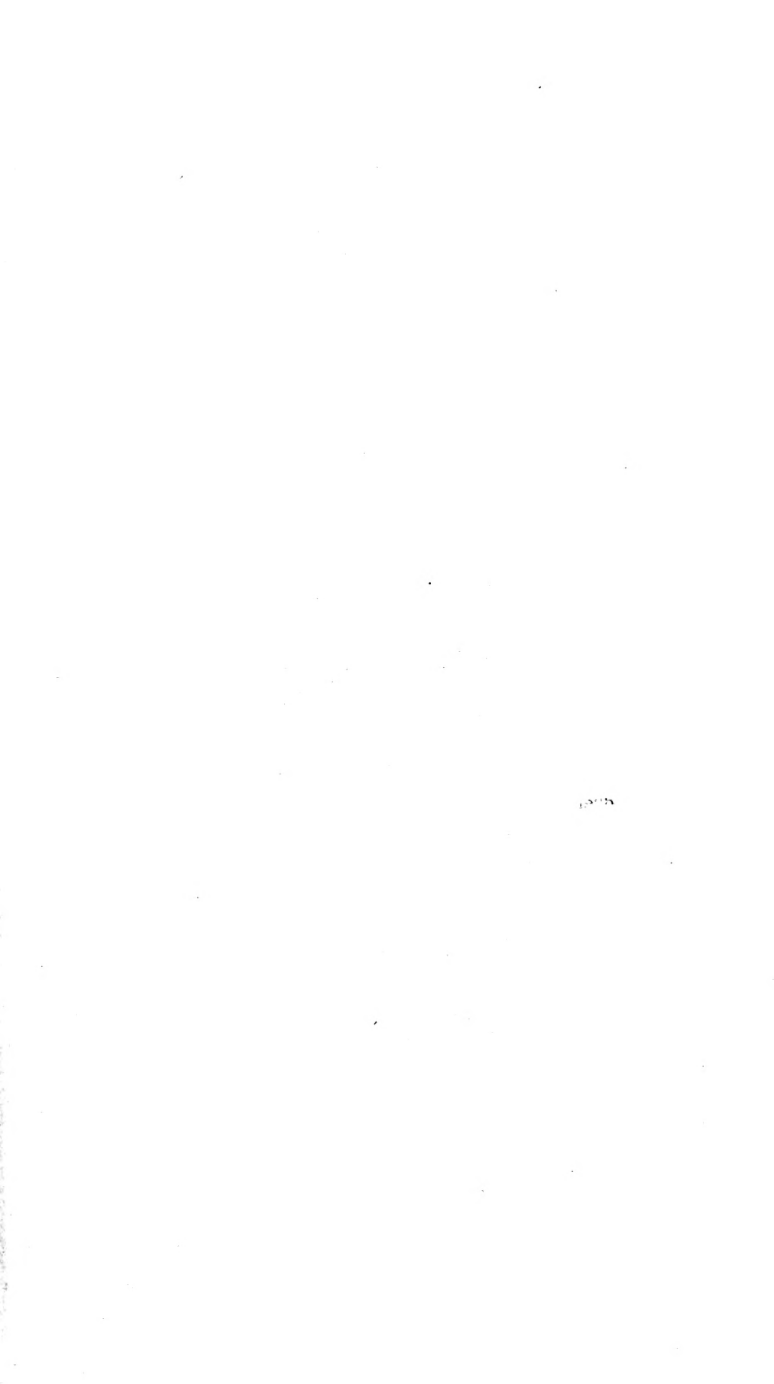
FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

PLATE 10.—CARRIAGE DRESS.

A WHITE poplin round dress, made half-high, with plain long

sleeves; the body and the bottoms of the sleeves are trimmed with puffings of blond, intermixed with









white satin, and a single flounce of deep blond lace finishes the bottom of the skirt. The pelisse worn with this dress is composed of blue levantine, made about a quarter of a yard shorter than the gown: it is quite tight to the shape, the back something broader than last month, and the waist about the same length. A fancy floss silk trimming, of a very novel and pretty description, edges the pelisse, which is finished at the bottom by a deep flounce of blond lace. The Coburg cap, composed of black velvet, turned up a little on one side in front, and lined and edged with blue satin, is the head-dress worn with it; it is ornamented with a profusion of white ostrich feathers. This head-dress has much novelty, and is very becoming. The ruff is of plain blond, edged with narrow white satin ribbon, and an Indian scarf is thrown over the shoulders. An ermine muff, and gloves and slippers of blue kid, complete this elegant dress.

PLATE II.—EVENING DRESS

Is composed of white crape over white satin. The body, which is a mixture of satin and crape, is perfectly novel, and extremely becoming to the shape; it is confined to the waist by a cestus of white satin, fastened in front by a ruby clasp. The sleeve is long, and we refer for its form to our print. The skirt is trimmed with crape draperies, elegantly ornamented with bunches of roses. These draperies are surmounted by three rows of rich white fancy silk trimming. The hair, which is much parted on the forehead, is dressed very low at the sides, and the hind hair brought to a very moderate height. A wreath

of roses, intermingled with exotics, is placed very far back on the head. White kid gloves, and white spotted silk slippers. Necklace, earrings, chain, &c. are composed of various coloured stones. A transparent silk shawl is thrown carelessly over the shoulders, in such a manner as to form a very elegant drapery.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

There is far more variety in the materials than in the form of promenade costume: cloth, velvet, and levantine, both striped and plain, are all in request. Coloured poplins are little worn, and muslin is scarcely seen at all.

Pelisses are most fashionable, but cloth walking dresses are also in estimation. The little change which we have to notice in the former is, that they are made less becomingly to the shape, as the backs, which had diminished to a moderate breadth, are now much wider, which, added to the excessive shortness of the waist, has a very ungraceful effect, particularly where the pelisse is made, as they are in general, full in the body. Sleeves are usually of a very moderate width, and collars are universal. Satin trimmings have given place to ermine and sable, both of which are worn very broad. Pelerine capes are now but partially worn. The most fashionable pelisse for the promenade, and certainly the most comfortable, is one which wraps nearly to the left side, and fastens so closely at the throat as to leave but little of the lace frill worn inside visible.

Velvet spencers are always worn

with cloth walking dresses: they are in general of a corresponding colour, and mostly trimmed with fur. * We saw one, however, the other day ornamented in a different style, which we thought very novel and elegant. The dress was a Clarence blue cloth, and the trimming an intermixture of velvet and satin, each some shades lighter than the gown; it was about half a quarter in breadth, and looked very rich and elegant, without being in the least heavy. The trimming of the spencer was a narrow fluting of satin. There was nothing novel in its form, except a half sleeve divided into compartments by satin flutings, which had a very pretty effect.

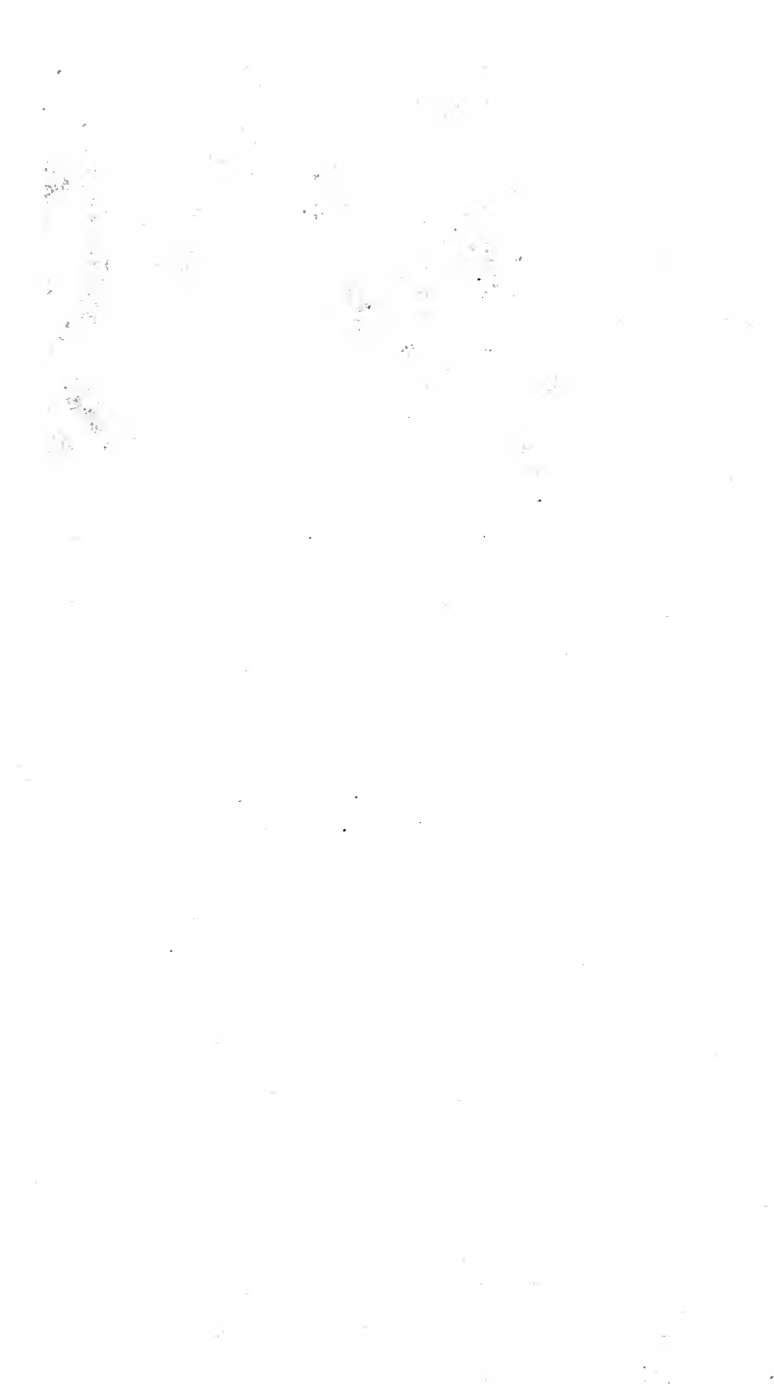
We have no alteration to notice in walking bonnets, except that black straw seems to have declined in favour; beaver with cloth, or velvet with levantine or velvet dresses, being considered most fashionable. We have seen a few bonnets of the French shape composed of sable, but they have not been generally adopted.

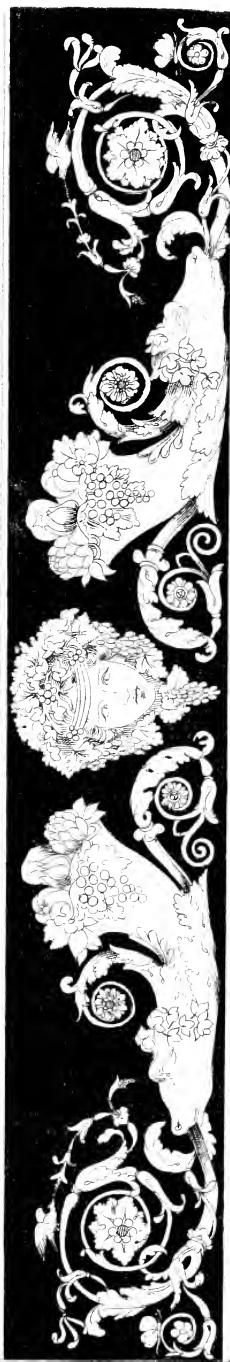
The elegant pelisse which we described in our last number still continues in the highest estimation for the carriage costume; we speak of the close carriage, as wrapping coats are universally adopted for open vehicles. They are in general wadded, and lined with sarsnet. The trimming is always of rich fur: the most novel are those which fasten imperceptibly in front, and have a pelerine composed entirely of fur to correspond with the trimming of the coat, when the head-dress is the Polish cap, which has been revived under three or four new names. We consider these

coats both elegant and appropriate for the open carriage. The Polish cap made always in fur, to correspond with the trimming, is now much higher than when it was first introduced. The band is always of gold, and it is worn with a white lace veil.

Coloured satins and plain sarsnets are both much in favour for dinner dress, and white poplin is considered peculiarly elegant. We have no alteration to notice in the form of dinner dress since our last number. Trimmings are various; blond is still worn, as is also satin and gauze: but the most novel and pretty trimming that we have observed, was a double flounce of gauze, finished at the edges by a narrow running border of velvet leaves, and a very full heading fancifully intermixed with narrow velvet ribbon. This trimming is much worn with white poplin or sarsnet, but white satin is most generally used to trim coloured satins; it is sometimes intermixed with blond; alternate puffings of blond and satin are very fashionable, and have, we think, a neat appearance.

No alteration has taken place in the materials for full dress since last month. The Charlotte spenceret still continues in high estimation. The Gloucester robe, composed of white satin, and ornamented with deep blond lace and a newly invented rich scarlet silk trimming, is the most elegant novelty of the month. The form of this dress is simply a frock, but the trimming, which is beautiful and disposed with much novelty and taste, gives it a very striking appearance. The skirt is ornamented





Pattern for Painting on Wood & Ivory Work.

at the bottom by a row of blond, which is put on very full, and surmounted by the silk trimming we have just mentioned; a second row, to correspond, is placed at a considerable distance, and between these is a zigzag of blond, fastened up with scarlet silk ornaments to correspond. The form of the back, which is cut very low, is concealed by a piece of blond, so disposed as to form at once a pelerine and a half sleeve. Over a plain frock front, which shades the bosom in a very delicate manner, is another composed of three folds of blond, each edged with scarlet. This front comes down on each side so as to display the white satin one underneath, and forms the shape in a very becoming manner.

Caps continue to be much worn in half dress. The *cornette à la paysanne* is at present in high estimation: it is composed of plain net; the lower part is a mob, with very small ears; the upper part, which resembles in shape a Highlander's cap, is very high, and the net is extremely full, but confined across the crown in four or five places by satin pipes. The border is a double row of edging, which is sewed very full on the forehead, but plain round, except at the ears. A bunch of winter flowers and a bow of ribbon ornament it in front.

In full dress, *torques* are the most fashionable head-dresses for all but

very juvenile *belles*. In justice to our Gallic neighbours we must observe, that this is one of their fashions, which English *élégantes* have done well to adopt, and in which the taste of our own milliners has made considerable improvement. They are now of a very moderate height, and in general of an oval shape. They are composed of gauze, either striped or plain, velvet, *tulle*, and frequently a mixture of the two last. For *grand costume* they are in general spotted with silver, and adorned with jewels and feathers. When worn merely as an evening dress, they are ornamented with feathers only, and composed of plain materials.

Very young ladies, and those *belles* who rightly conceive that a fine head of hair ought not to be concealed by any head-dress, however beautiful, adorn their tresses with winter flowers, sprigs of exotics, or wreaths of the *camelia Japonica*. Aigrettes and combs of diamond or pearl are frequently the only ornaments for grand parties.

The simply elegant style of hair-dressing represented in our print is at present most fashionable.

There is nothing novel in jewelry since last month.

Fashionable colours for the month are, the darkest shade of red, royal purple, dark green, Clarence blue, and grey.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, Jan. 20, 1817.

My dear Sophia,

I CANNOT, in conscience, do less, after all the compliments which

you have lavished upon me, than comply with your desire to transmit to you monthly an account of the changes which take place in

the empire of Fashion: but I must repeat, what I have often before told you, that you, and I believe the generality of my fair countrywomen, are mistaken respecting the endless variety of French fashions; for there is a degree of sameness runs through them, generally speaking, which I never observed in England when our modes were of our own invention.

The promenade costume at present is more distinguished by neatness than show. *Carricks*, of light cloth, and without trimming, are very general. I do not know that I have ever described to you the form of this comfortable and appropriate winter dress, which is something between a pelisse and a loose wrapping coat; the body is made very full, and the front wraps entirely across to the right side. The entire fulness of the skirt is thrown behind, and it is confined to the waist by a narrow band of the same material. Three or four narrow straps buttoned to the right side keep it close in front. Four or five pelerine capes, which come no farther than the shoulder in front, conceal entirely the form of the body behind. A small prettily shaped collar stands up round the ruff, which is now again universally worn closed in front, and is in general of a very moderate size.

Pelisses of twilled levantine are also much in request; they are made exactly to fit the shape, and as no alteration has taken place with respect to the length of waists, form of sleeves, &c. since I wrote last, have little novelty, except a half sleeve and collar, both composed of puffs of silk to correspond, which have a new and taste-

ful appearance. These pelisses are lined, as are also the *carricks*, with sarsnet; but trimmings are very little worn, gimp excepted, which is in much request. The pelisses worn by *dashers*, whether composed of cloth or silk, are generally ornamented with small buttons, which are always of a different colour.

Velvet is, however, the material most in requisition with our *élégantes* of good taste for pelisses: crimson, deep blue, and emerald green are the favourite colours. They are made perfectly plain, and without trimming.

Witzchouras are still very general; some *belles* wear a small hood to them, which is a comfortable though not a very tasteful addition.

And now for the head. Silk plush, which was in such very high estimation when I wrote last, has given place, in a great measure, to velvet and satin; the latter, in particular, is very generally adopted for the promenade. Rose-colour and deep blue are very predominant, but white is in still greater favour, and black hats are also considered as elegant. There is much variety in the shape of bonnets, so much, indeed, that it would be hard to point out what was most fashionable. Small hats, the crown of a moderate size, and the front very small over the face, but sloped so as to come low on one side, are in high favour. They are in general composed of black or white satin or velvet, and lined and trimmed with rose colour. Sometimes a single rose is placed at the side, which is half concealed by a profusion of leaves; sometimes the ornament is a plume of down feathers, and not unfrequently the hat is quite plain:

when this is the case, a rich white lace veil, which reaches nearly to the knee, is worn with it.

Very small black velvet bonnets, lined and trimmed with yellow, and ornamented with a profusion of yellow feathers, are also in much estimation; and though they are certainly rather glaring, they are, upon the whole, more becoming than the generality of French bonnets. The crown is oval, the front small, except at the sides, where it comes low. A band of velvet, edged with yellow, passes under the chin, and is buttoned at the side; a plain band, to correspond, also goes round the crown, and the feathers, placed to the side, droop over the face. This hat is a particular favourite with fair beauties.

Plain large bonnets are also much worn; they are in general trimmed with blond, either white or black, but the former predominates even for black hats. Down feathers are generally thought more elegant than flowers, but the latter are still adopted by many *élégantes*; bouquets for hats are now, however, composed entirely of roses or auriculas, or sometimes a mixture of both. A cambric rose, with leaves to correspond, placed in the midst of a bunch of auriculas, composed of velvet, is much admired, as is also a bunch of roses of five or six different colours, with a small cockade of ribbon, or a bow and ends.

Chintz or plain sarsnet for the morning costume begin to supersede British materials. Morning dresses continue to be made in a very plain style; they are now tight to the shape, buttoned behind, and finished at the waist by a band of

the same material as the dress: they come up to the throat, but have no collars. Flounces are once more universal; they are now worn very narrow, composed of the same material as the dress, but very close together, and scalloped at the edge. Three very narrow falls are placed round the bust, which give the appearance of a tippet. Sleeves are still made nearly tight to the arm, especially at the wrist, which is finished by a triple flounce to correspond with the skirt.

Morning *cornettes* are uniformly composed of muslin, and in general very becomingly made; they have a small dome crown, drawn in at top, and ornamented with bows of ribbon, both on the crown and in front on the forehead. A very narrow lace border, which goes round, passes under the chin, and is fastened with a knot of ribbon on one side.

Dinner costume has varied a little since my last, fine white merino cloth and plain sarsnet being now the materials most in requisition. The dresses most fashionable are those cut low round the neck and shoulders, and sloped down on each side of the bosom; and the *jichu*, which is still composed of *tulle*, is very full trimmed round the neck with lace. A double row of scalloped flounces, composed of the same material as the dress, is the only trimming worn in dinner dress. Many ladies wear only a puffing of blond round the bosom and sleeves of their dresses.

The elegant gauze dress I described to you in my last is still in high estimation for youthful *belles*. Crape, which has been little worn for some time past, is also in re-

quest; it is fashionable in crimson, blue, emerald green, and *coquelicot*, but it is still more fashionable in white. One of the prettiest full dresses I have seen, is a petticoat of white crape over white satin. The petticoat is trimmed round the bottom with five or six rows of crape, each edged with narrow white satin ribbon, and plaited very full: a similar trimming is put on about a quarter of a yard from the bottom. The body is of rose-coloured satin, made to fit the shape, without any fulness, and cut moderately low round the neck and shoulders; it just meets in front, and displays a white satin stomacher. The sleeve, composed of white crape, is very short, extremely full, and confined to the arm by bands of pink satin, placed across in a byas direction. Black or dark-coloured velvets are also much worn, and white satin is in general request with *belles* of all ages. Ermine, swansdown, and chenille mixed with ribbon, are all in estimation for trimming.

Tocques are still much worn, and wreaths of flowers, particularly roses, form a very favourite evening head-dress. For *grand* costume turbans are most in estimation. They are composed either of vel-

vet or crape: in the former *coquelicot* and dark blue are the favourite colours; in the latter rose is in much request, as is also white. They are most superbly ornamented with diamonds or pearls, but there is nothing novel in their form.

The hair is still worn in full dress as described in my last, except that the hind hair is so disposed that a part of it appears as if it had escaped from the comb which confines it, and falls in ringlets on the neck. The Duchess of Berri, who has very beautiful hair, was the first to bring in this fashion, which is now very generally adopted.

Our warm furred shoes have lost something of their estimation. The most fashionable promenade shoe now is a high sandal, to correspond with the dress. *Coquelicot*, deep blue, and emerald green, are the colours most in estimation for velvets. In cloth, light blue and drab are considered most fashionable, and all the shades of rose-colour are worn in silks.

Coloured stones are very little worn in either full or half dress, but coral has lost nothing of its attraction. Adieu, my dear Sophia! believe me always most affectionately your

EUDOCIA.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

SPEEDILY will be published, dedicated by permission to her Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte of Wales, *The Home of Love*, a poem, by Mrs. Hen. Rolis, authoress of *Sacred Sketches*, *Moscow*, an address to Lord Byron, and other poems.

Early this month will be published a new *Grammar of the French Language*, by Charles Peter Whitaker, formerly of the university of Gottingen, professor of languages, on a plan perfectly original, intended for the use of those who wish to acquire a speedy and gram-

matical knowledge, without the unnecessary fatigue and perplexity of the old system.

In the press, and will be published in the course of a few days, *The Antidote to Distress*; containing observations and suggestions, calculated to promote the employment of the poor, the improvement of trade, and other public and private advantages.

Mr. White, author of *The System of Farriery*, is about to publish a compendious *Dictionary of the Veterinary Art*; containing an explanation of the terms used by writers on veterinary medicine and farriery; with a concise description of the diseases of horses and other domestic animals, as well as of the medicines, operations, &c. proper for their diseases.

Poems by Miss D. P. Campbell, of Zetland, announced in some of our former numbers, are just ready for delivery. A specimen of this young lady's compositions is introduced into our poetical department.

A desideratum in our system of education, viz. an easy practical introduction to English composition, and to the tasteful reading of poetry, will soon issue from the press, under the title of *Æsop Modernised and Moralised*, in a series of instructive tales, calculated as reading lessons for youth, and followed by skeletons of the several tales, with leading questions and hints, constituting a simple and easy introduction to English composition; besides an appendix of Poetic Readings, with interlinear marks to every verse, pointing out the proper accentuation and pauses.

Mr. Adam Stark is engaged on *Fol. III. No. XII.*

a *History of Gainsborough*, with an account of the Roman and Danish antiquities in the neighbourhood; to be illustrated with a map and several other engravings.

Mr. John Nichols has nearly completed at press two volumes of *Illustrations of Literature*; consisting of Memoirs and Letters of eminent persons who flourished in the eighteenth century, intended as a sequel to *The Literary Anecdotes*; also a third volume, in 4to. of *Biographical Memoirs of Hogarth*, with illustrative essays and fifty plates.

Mr. W. Plees, many years resident in Jersey, will soon publish an *Account* of that island, with a map and four other engravings.

The Miscellaneous Works of Charles Butler, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn, are printing in five 8vo. volumes.

A volume of *Sermons* by the late Rev. Dr. Vincent, with an account of his Life by Archdeacon Nares, will soon appear.

The Rev. James Raine, of Durham, has undertaken the *History and Antiquities of North Durham*, as subdivided into the districts of Northhamshire, Islandshire, and Bedlingtonshire. It will be published uniformly with Surtees' History of the County, of which it may be considered as a portion.

The Rev. Thomas Bowdler has in the press, *Sermons on the Offices and Character of Jesus Christ*.

Mr. Booth, treasurer to the Childwall Provident Institution, will soon publish *A System of Book-keeping*, adapted solely for the use of Provident Institutions or Saving-Banks.

An Historical and Descriptive View
R

of the *Parishes of Monk-wearmouth and Bishop-wearmouth, and of the Port and Borough of Sunderland*, is preparing for publication.

Miss Mant, author of *Caroline Lismore*, has in the press, *Montague Newbury*, a tale, in two volumes.

An *Inquiry into the Effects of Spirituous Liquors* upon the physical and moral faculties of man, and their influence on the happiness of society, will soon appear.

The fifth volume of Hutchins' *History of Dorsetshire*, edited by Mr. Drew, is in the press. The last half of it will contain a complete parochial history of the county.

Mr. William Lancaster, in his lectures on Acoustics lately delivered before the Plymouth-Dock Literary and Philosophical Society, stated the following curious fact relative to an echo. When the bells of Stoke church ring, the echo of them only is heard at a particular spot on the Mill causeway, though the interval between that spot and the church, in a straight direction, is very trifling. He supposes the original sound to be transmitted by angles of incidence, first from the tower to the Military Hospital just opposite, thence across the water to the Naval Hospital, next to the Mill-buildings, and thence to the place of echo on the causeway.

Mr. James Stockton, of Malton, has found, from a long series of regular and diligent observations, that the horse-leech is an accurate prognosticator of the weather. He describes the peculiarities exhibit-

ed by one kept in a large phial covered with a piece of linen rag, three parts full of clear spring water, which is regularly changed twice a week, and placed in a room at a distance from the fire. In fair and frosty weather it lies motionless, and rolled up in a spiral form at the bottom of the glass; but before rain or snow, it creeps up to the top, where, if the rain will be heavy or of some continuance, it remains a considerable time; if trifling, it quickly descends. Before rain or snow accompanied with wind, it darts about with amazing celerity, and seldom ceases until it begins to blow hard. Previous to a storm of thunder and lightning, it is exceedingly agitated, and expresses its feelings in violent convulsive starts at the top or bottom of the glass. It is remarkable, that however fine and serene the weather may be; when not the least indication is given either by the sky, the barometer, or any other circumstance; if the animal ever quit the water or move in a desultory way, so certainly will the coincident results occur in 36, 24, or perhaps 12 hours: though its motions chiefly depend on the fall and duration of the wet, and the strength of the wind, of which in many cases it has been known to give a week's warning.—We have always been of opinion, that a proper attention to natural objects would furnish man with a far more useful weather-guide, than any that his boasted arts and sciences can enable him to construct.

Poetry.

THE ROSE AND THE LUTE,

From "THE NAIAD'S WREATH," a Collection of Poems,

By Mrs. M'CULLAN.

'Twas not the lute, though touch'd by thee,

'Twas not the welcome kind and free,

That charm'd my list'ning ear;

'Twas not the hand that warmly press'd,

'Twas not the rose-bud love caress'd,

Call'd memory to her sphere!

No! 'twas the strain so artless sung,

On which my mute attention hung,

That woke the slumb'ring Muse:

Thus then, dear girl! you know the way

To tune my soul, and give the lay

Which love can ne'er refuse.

What idle finger bade depart

The rose-leaves from thy faithful heart,

Oh, Katherine! was it mine?

Was memory then absorb'd so much,

To let the wasteful finger touch

And spoil a sweet of thine?

Had then th' awak'ning strain once
breathed,

Repentant memory would have wreathed

The rose-leaves on the lyre!

While such the power possess'd by thee,

Behold, "I fondly bend the knee,"

And freedom may expire.

Accept the flower that has been mine,

And place it in thy bosom's shrine,

It asks no other heaven!

When its last fragrance meets decay,

Wilt thou its parting requiem play,

And tell me I'm forgiven?

Should then a plaintive sadness swell

The string that speaks the last farewell,

Love's matin task shall be,

Some bud to bring more sweet and fair,

To give fresh perfume to the air,

To live and die with thee!

STANZAS,

Occasioned by seeing a Field Flower very late
in Autumn.

By J. M. LACY.

Oft have I hail'd the earliest flow'r

That welcomed spring's returning hour,

With pleasure most sincere;

And shall not one that lingers late

Call forth a line to tell its fate,

As sinks the evening year?

Emblem thou art of age in man,

Lengthen'd beyond its usual span,

A solitary doom!

When all that blest his youthful day,

His wife, his friends, have pass'd away,

And sought the silent tomb!

Cheerless amid the world is he,

And all his comfort then must be

A world beyond the grave;

Whither he looks with anxious eye,

Whither he sends a prayer-fraught sigh,

To him whose arm can save.

A frost shall nip thy fragile form,

Or thou wilt perish 'mid the storm

That roars with angry breath:

The aged man must wither too;

A frost will come, he'll sink like you,

And lose his cares in death!

SONG,

By Mrs. WILMOT SERRES.

At eve the lily's head appears

Oppress'd by nature's dewy tears,

Weeping through the live long night,

Until the sun's returning light

Chases those pearly drops away,

That fall submissive to the day!

And thus, while others calm repose,

And balmy sleep their eyelids close,

I count the ling'ring hours in vain,

Oppress'd by grief, oppress'd by pain,

As Eclio pale each sigh repeats,

And memory my despair completes!

MIDNIGHT SKETCH.

From Poems by Miss D. P. CAMPBELL.

The winds of heaven are hush'd and mild,
 E'en as the breath of slumb'ring child!
 The western breeze's balmy sigh
 Breaks not the mist-wreaths as they lie,
 Veiling the tall cliff's rugged brow,
 Nor dimples the green waves below.
 Such stillness round—such silence deep—
 That Nature seems herself to sleep!
 The full moon, mounted in the sky,
 Looks from her cloudless place on high;
 And trembling stars, like fairy gleams,
 Twinkling their many-coloured beams,
 Spangling the world of waters o'er
 With mimic gems from shore to shore,
 Till ocean, burning on the view,
 Glows like another heaven of blue,
 And its broad bosom, as a mirror bright,
 Reflects their lucid path, and all the
 fields of light.

EXTRACT from "THE CRESCENT," a Poem
 to commemorate the Victory at Algiers.

By Mrs. McMULLAN.

When roused to action steel'd is corsair-
 heart,
 And wrath and carnage all their stings
 impart;
 The crowded xebeque and their galley's
 crew
 Ne'er spared a prow, nor one blest feeling
 knew.
 Their pilot rapine, and their compass
 gain,
 The dread, the scourge, of traders on the
 main;
 Freight with plunder, wet with Chris-
 tian blood,
 Unawed they roam'd, secure their tur-
 rets stood:
 Beneath the Crescent bow'd the Christian
 slave,
 Till torture quench'd the spirit of the
 brave.
 'Twas thus unransom'd and in fetters
 brought,
 From country torn, by every friend un-
 sought,

Iberia's son received the slavish yoke
 With pulse wild throbbing and his heart
 unbroke:
 His noble soul no Janisary quell'd,
 His eye glanced madly, and his spirit
 swell'd.
 "A life like this is nature's deadliest
 pain;
 Oh, tyrants! free me from this felon
 chain!
 I bring no ransom, and I ask no grave,
 But throw my mangled body to the
 wave."
 A tear had started—but the scorching
 sigh,
 Primordial, held it on the fever'd eye—
 That sigh which spoke the measure of
 his woes,
 That eye which vainly wish'd in death
 to close;
 His arm in battle powerful and brave,
 Doom'd now to wear the fetters of a
 slave;
 His manly bosom, to the breezes bared,
 Had throb'd with glory, and had war-
 riors dared.

The sun retired—the ocean-wave was
 calm—
 The night advanced, but shed no opiate
 balm;
 His mind a chaos in the brightest light,
 His heart a tempest in the calmest night.
 The stars gleam'd faintly, and the cap-
 tive soon
 Beheld the lustre of the midnight moon;
 In speechless agony, he mark'd the ray
 On the barr'd lattice of his prison play,
 And scarcely wish'd to close those eyes
 in sleep,
 Which proudly burn'd, but would not
 learn to weep.

From Canto II.

Britannia pointed to the Afric sea,
 And bade her champions set the suff'ring
 free;
 Call'd on illustrious Exmouth to pre-
 pare—
 What deed in arms would not her Ex-
 mouth dare?

Ask other days, when mad, rebellious
 France
 Bade her proud squadrons to our shores
 advance,
 Whose hand first laid their varied stand-
 ard low,
 And oft repeated the destructive blow?
 Braved Biscay's thunder in December's
 blast,
 And naid the red-cross to the shatter'd
 mat?
 Each honest heart, to Britain's glory true,
 Thinks of those days, and shouts "Long
 live Pellew!"

FROM THE FRENCH.

How sweet to behold the bright stream,
 That graced with each delicate flower,
 Soft whispers the soul to some fanciful
 dream,
 As it glides round this beautiful bower!
 It wanders awhile from the grot,
 And playfully gurgles—Farewell!—
 But hurries soon back to revisit a spot
 Where virtue and innocence dwell.
 How wise and how happy are they,
 That ne'er from thy borders have
 stray'd,
 Nor listen'd a sound that more grief could
 convey,
 Than the murmur thy waters have
 made!
 For here all the moments of life
 Are pure as the waves on thy breast,
 And as free as thy surface from tumult
 and strife,
 When the evening has hush'd thee to
 rest.

OSCAR,

TO A MOSS-ROSE.

Thou sweetest charm of Nature's field,
 "Can aught with thee compare?"
 Thy lovely tints a fragrance yield;
 Thy scent, ambrosial air;
 Thy graceful bud a jewel seems,
 When placed by Fancy's art
 On some fair form, whose bosom gleams
 With dew thy leaves impart.

HOMOGENES.

ABSENCE: A SONG.

Written, at the request of a Friend, by the
 author of *THE AERIAL ISLES*, or *The Vi-*
sions of Malcolm.

Ah! think on that evening, when o'er the
 wide ocean
 The last beams of day faintly gleam'd
 to the view,
 As from duty escaping, I flew with emo-
 tion,
 To bid you, my dearest Eliza, adieu!
 The moon shone serenely to witness our
 parting,
 And as its bright beams gently danced
 o'er the sea,
 You swore by its light, while the fond
 tear was starting,
 That heart with love glowing should
 beat but for me.
 As I kiss'd those dear lips, the last signal
 was given,
 That tore me away, long your loss to de-
 plore;
 An exile from all that I prized under
 heaven,
 Consign'd by hard fate to a far distant
 shore.
 Next morn under sail, while the billows
 were laving,
 Each lessening object soon sunk on the
 view,
 I saw, for the last time, your lily hand
 waving;
 On the breeze came a sigh, 'twas a ten-
 der adieu!
 An age seems the time since the hour that
 we parted,
 Though six months of absence are
 scarce past away—
 Oh! come, my Eliza, for here broken-
 hearted
 Thy William still mourns, long to sor-
 row a prey.
 Can you think my affections are placed
 on another?
 Can you think that heart false which
 beats only for you?
 Oh! tell me you love me as fondly as ever,
 For hope must still cheer if Eliza is true.

SONG,

In Imitation of a Song in Colonel P. Lovell's "LUCASTA," 1649, beginning "If to be absent were to be."

Say, Eloisa, lovely fair,

Why cruel care

Has stamp'd thy spotless brow

So deep, that even now,

While others joyfully beguile

The hours with revelry, thou scarce can'st smile.

While on the light fantastic toe

They thoughtless go,

Tho' in the mazy dance

Thy footsteps too advance,

A saint-like seriousness is spread

Above those eyes, whence mirth seems ever fled.

How blest were I, if that for me

That sigh might be,

Which marks the feeling soul;

And mine the look which stole

Unconscious from those orbs of light,
Whence dove-like mildness sheds its
lustre bright!

But now dispel that holy gloom,

And in its room

Let joy this night be seen;

And let thy placid mien

Euphrosyne's bright livery wear,

While "mirth and music sound the dirge
of care."

SONNET I.

Written in the Gardens at ———.

I well believe some Spirit lingers here—

Some Naiad, guardian of this sacred
shade;

And that your tireless water-drop hath
played

Her tinkling song from morn 'till evening
sere.

Flowers for her couch of loveliest dye
appear;

Grots for her bower in ivied state
arrayed;

And at each pause that water-drop hath
made,

The bird's wild melody awaits her ear.

Who art thou, Nymph, who deignest thus
to dwell,

Queen of the grove, the lakelet, and
the lawn?

With whom wilt thou compare?—Oh! I
could tell

Of one as lovely as the morning's dawn,
Of one whom Nature never shall excel,

Nor Fancy form with fairy pencil
drawn—

She, Nymph, is thy compare—she may
pourtray thee well.

F. S. R. A.

SONNET II.

Ahi! null' altro che pianto al mondo dura.

PETR.

Where is my youth?—Go, musing wretch,
and know,

Where sails the vapour now that, whi-
lom, spread

His glittering skirts round yonder
mountain's head,

In all the pride of morning's purple
glow?—

Hark!—'twas the demon of the storm—
and, lo!

In the black south is hung his wizard
bed—

And thither is that laughing vapour
fled,

The sport of every felon* blast below.

E'en thus my youth has pass'd— a little
while

I gambol'd blithely in my orient ray,
For Love entranced me in a roseate smile;

But—when I 'woke, and looked in
Wisdom's way,

Oh! knew I then the god's accursed guile,
And saw with tempest clothed the ze-
nith of my day.

F. S. R. A.

* He asked the felon winds.—MILTON'S
Lycidas.

THE Repository

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THE SECOND SERIES.

VOL. III.

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TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit announcements of works which they may have in hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New musical publications also, if a copy be addressed to the publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and extracts from new books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, will be acceptable.

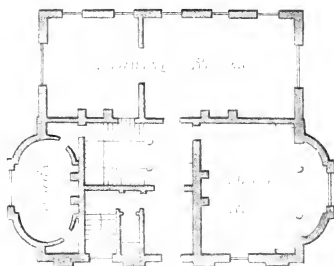
The paper signed Z. is inadmissible. We beg leave to remind the writer, that, in order to obtain readers, a moral essay, which, from the triteness of the subject, can scarcely be expected to display much novelty, ought at least to possess sound argument, and be adorned with the graces of style and language.

We have no doubt that many unpublished Receipts and Processes, the diffusion of which might render essential benefit to society at large, exist in the hands of individuals dispersed through the kingdom. To all who possess such information, of approved utility, we offer our Domestic Commonplace-Book as a suitable vehicle for communicating it to the public.

The Fortune-Hunter shall appear in our next.

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. THORNHILL, of the General Post-Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-Lane; to Hamburg, 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.





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FINE ARTS.

ARCHITECTURAL HINTS.

PLATE 13.—A VILLA.

THIS building is designed to afford accommodation to a small family of moderate fortune; it consists of a spacious dining-room and two drawing-rooms, a study, and five bed-rooms, with dressing-rooms, a principal and back staircase, and a servants' hall and butler's pantry under the front apartments: the other offices would be removed from the basement of the house, to which there might be a communication by a passage, or area, as the nature of the ground permitted: indeed irregular surfaces of ground on which we are about to build, present circumstances that lead the architect to dispositions and arrangements exceedingly desirable, and which could not be provided for unless he had an intimate knowledge of the spot selected for the purpose. It has been too common a practice to adopt plans without this exercise of judgment; and hence many buildings are so disposed, that some of the principal apartments are properly above the surface of the ground,

whilst others are beneath it; so that even in an elevated situation, parts of the house suffer the injuries consequent on building in a hollow, and the whole becomes damp and unhealthy; when, had the inclined lines of the soil been judiciously considered, and the natural forms assisted by such artificial mouldings as might be readily executed at a small expense, the whole would have been complete, and superior accommodation and effect obtained; as well as healthfulness and security from the result of damps and the ravages of the dry-rot. Few things in building so surprise an attentive observer as the prevalence of the fault just alluded to; it is a common thing to find excellent houses so built in the ground, that it might seem as if the heavens were forbidden to us, and that every foot in altitude beyond the earth was a culpable trespass upon the skies.

In the plan of this villa, the dining-room and library are increased by bays, which project beyond the

general outline of the walls above them; consequently so much of the upper walls are without substructure, and are dependant upon an artificial support, which is usually formed by beams of timber, assisted by an arch spanning from side to side: this is, however, inefficient in most cases, the timber shrinks in its substance, and yields to the weight above it; at all times therefore it is proper to help it by the introduction of columns, as in the dining-room, unless the apartment is so narrow as to allow the aid of

transverse beams passing from the outside to the middle wall, as would be the case in the library of this design.

The evidences of neglect in these means are seen in the cracks which take place in the walls above the projections, in the broken ceilings and cornices of the rooms beneath, and in the collections of water which collect upon the flats of the bays, in consequence of an alteration in their currents, and thence it too frequently finds its way into and damages the apartments.

THE DOMESTIC COMMONPLACE-BOOK;

Containing authentic Receipts and miscellaneous Information in every Branch of Domestic Economy, and of general Utility.

FAMILY PRESCRIPTIONS.

For Indigestion.—Take of the blue pill one drachm, divide into twelve pills: one to be taken every other night. By Mr. Abernethy.

Take of infusion of cascarrilla three ounces, carbonate of soda ten grains: to be taken twice a day.

For catarrhal, or recent Cough.—Take of almond emulsion seven ounces, mucilage of gum arabic one ounce. Dover's powder one drachm; mix. Two table-spoonfuls to be taken every three hours, or when the cough is troublesome. By Dr. Latham.

For chronic Cough.—Take of emulsion of gum ammoniac seven ounces, oxymel of squills six drachms, paregoric elixir four drachms; mix. Two or three large spoonfuls to be taken every two or three hours. By Sir H. Hallford, Bart. M.D. &c.

For Indigestion, &c.—Take of the gum pill and Rufus's pill of each one drachm; mix and divide into

twenty-four pills, of which two are to be taken twice a-day.

Take of the dilute nitric acid half an ounce, syrup of buckthorn one ounce; mix. One tea-spoonful to be taken twice a day, in a little water. By Dr. Frampton.

For general Debility of the nervous System.—Take of the sulphate of zinc ten grains, extract of gentian two scruples, extract of bitter apple compound one scruple; mix well together, and divide into twenty pills: two to be taken every night.

Take of the fetid spirit of ammonia three drachms, camphorated mixture six ounces, syrup of orange peel three drachms, compound spirit of lavender two drachms; mix. Two large spoonfuls to be taken three times a day. By Dr. Babington.

For general nervous Irritability.—Take of tincture of galbanum, tincture of castor, compound spirit of ammonia, and compound tinc-

ture of aloes, of each half an ounce; mix. Two tea-spoonfuls to be taken twice a-day, in an infusion of ginger-root. By Dr. Luke.

For Hooping-Cough.—Take of the flowers of furze a handful, infuse in half a pint of boiling water for two hours, then strain off the liquor and sweeten it with sugar. A wine-glassful to be taken three or four times a day. By W. Altham.

For Spasms of the Stomach.—Take of mercurial pill one scruple, gum ditto two scruples; mix and divide into twelve pills. Two to be taken every night.

Take of aromatic spirit of ether five drachms, compound tincture of gentian three drachms, pure water half an ounce; mix. A tea-spoonful to be taken in a wine-glass of water three times a day. By Dr. Agar.

RECEIPT FOR MAKING BARM.

To half an ounce of good hops and one quarter of a pound of soft sugar add one gallon of soft water, and boil the whole thirty minutes; strain it into a vessel in which it may cool as soon as possible; then take half a pint of fine flour, and, when the liquor is milk warm (in winter, but cooler in summer), blend the flour in a bowl with some of the liquor as you would for broth, and afterwards mix it quite even with the whole. Then pour all into a deep crock, and barm it as you would beer with a little barm, and leave it to work, covering the crock. In twenty-four hours it will be fit for use. By bottling, it will hold good for a fortnight. One half-pint of this barm will be sufficient for half a stone of flour, but you

must set the sponge longer than with common barm, using water as usual. This barm has the advantage of never failing—though slow, it is sure. By adding to the above you may make it as strong as you please; and when you have a first making, keep a small part to work the next. When you are about to use the barm, stir it well with a whisk.

CHEAP SOUPS.

The following experiments made in October last by Dr. James Johnston, physician of the royal hospital at Haslar, at the request of the Hon. Vice-Admiral William Waldegrave, may afford some useful hints to the heads of families. The prices are according to the London markets of December 12, 1816.

FIRST TRIAL.

| | s. | d. |
|------------------------------|----|----|
| Beef stickings, 1lb. | 0 | 4 |
| Scotch barley, 1lb. | 0 | 4 |
| Potatoes, 6lbs. | 0 | 3 |
| Onions | 0 | 0½ |
| Pepper and salt | 0 | 0½ |
| Bacon*, 4 oz. | 0 | 2 |
| Produce 8 quarts . . . | 1 | 2 |

SECOND TRIAL.

| | | |
|------------------------------|---|----|
| Sheep's head and pluck . . . | 1 | 0 |
| Barley, 1lb. | 0 | 4 |
| Potatoes, 4lbs. | 0 | 2 |
| Onions | 0 | 0½ |
| Pepper and salt | 0 | 0½ |
| Water, 11 pints | 0 | 0 |
| Produce 6 quarts . . . | 1 | 7 |

* The coarsest part of bacon will be sufficiently good. Therefore an ounce or two may be added, if found necessary.

THIRD TRIAL.

| | s. | d. |
|-------------------------------|----|----|
| Beef stickings, 2lbs. | 0 | 8 |
| Barley, 1lb. | 0 | 4 |
| Potatoes, 4lbs. | 0 | 2 |
| Onions | 0 | 0½ |
| Pepper and salt | 0 | 0½ |
| Water, 11 pints | 0 | 0 |

Produce 6 quarts . . . 1 3

FOURTH TRIAL.

| | | |
|---------------------------|---|---|
| Ox cheek | 1 | 0 |
| Barley, 2 lbs. | 0 | 8 |
| Potatoes, 8 lbs. | 0 | 4 |
| Pepper and salt | 0 | 1 |
| Onions | 0 | 1 |
| Water, 22 pints | 0 | 0 |

Produce 14 quarts . . . 2 2

FIFTH TRIAL.

| | | |
|-------------------------------------|---|---|
| Shin of beef, at 2d. per lb. 10lbs. | 1 | 8 |
| Barley, 1½lb. | 0 | 6 |
| Onions | 0 | 1 |
| Potatoes, 8lbs. | 0 | 4 |
| Salt and pepper | 0 | 1 |
| Water, 11 quarts | 0 | 0 |

Produce 14 quarts . . . 2 8

Any sweet herbs or cheap vegetables that can be procured, may be added.

One pound of Scotch barley, when boiled, or rather suffered to simmer four hours over a very small fire, if poured into an earthen pan, will become a thick jelly, and weigh four pounds. A few spoonfuls of this put into either thin broth or milk will add much to the nourishment.

The above trials were made in a very close stewpan, that emitted scarcely any evaporation; conse-

quently the use of the digester will be found to be of great improvement.

SUBSTITUTE FOR BREAD.

One of the most economical substitutes for bread is the following very simple dish:—Take two pounds of meat prepared for a pie, mash a quantity of potatoes, and mix them up with milk to the consistency of batter; pour it over the meat, and send it to the oven without a crust. The potatoe batter forms a crust, and, thus prepared, the meat will go much further than in the usual way, and bread will be saved.

CHEAP PAINT.

The following is a recipe, given in an American paper, to make a very beautiful paint for the walls of staircases and lobbies, the cost of which is less than one-fourth of that of oil colour, and the beauty far superior:—

Take 4lbs. of Roman vitriol, and pour on it a tea-kettle full of boiling water; when dissolved, add 2 lbs. of pearl ash, and stir the mixture well with a stick until the effervescence ceases, then add ¼lb. pulverised yellow arsenic, and stir the whole together; let it be laid on with a paint or white-wash brush, and if the wall has not been painted before, two, or even three, coats will be requisite. To paint a common-sized room with this colour will not cost more than five or six dollars. If a pea-green is required put in less, and if an apple-green more of the yellow arsenic.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES AND ANECDOTES.

CATHERINE GABRIELLI.

CATHERINE GABRIELLI, one of the most celebrated singers of Italy, born at Rome in 1730, was the daughter of a cook to Prince Gabrielli. Nature had bestowed on her an admirable voice, but her father had not the means of cultivating her talent for music, and all that he could do towards cherishing her fondness for singing was to take her with him occasionally to the opera. Here Catherine contrived to make herself such a perfect mistress of the principal airs which she heard sung, as to be able to execute them afterwards herself with astonishing skill. One day she was singing at her work a very difficult air of Galuppi's, which she had heard performed the preceding evening at the theatre by Argentina, when Prince Gabrielli, who just then chanced to be walking in his garden, heard her with great astonishment, and asked how it happened that there was so excellent a singer in his house. Being informed that it was only the cook's daughter, he replied, *S'è così, il mio cuoco deverrà presto un asino d'oro.*—"If that be the case, my cook will soon become a golden ass." He immediately sent for Catherine, who sung at his desire a few pieces from memory, which heightened his astonishment, and he determined himself to supply the means of cultivating her extraordinary talent. She acquired the rudiments of instruction from Garcia, surnamed Spagnoletto, and pursued her farther studies under the cele-

brated Porpora. The prince, her patron, often gave concerts in his house to afford his friends an opportunity of hearing her wonderful strains; and nothing else was soon talked of in all Rome but Gabrielli's little cook, *Cochetta di Gabrielli*—a name which she ever afterwards retained.

After Catherine had made her *début* at Lucca in 1747, in Galuppi's *Sophonisba*, as *prima donna*, with the most brilliant success, and almost eclipsed the fame of the highly vaunted Guadagni, and sung at several other theatres of Italy, she appeared in 1750 in Metastasio's *Dido* at Naples, where she transported the audience with the celebrated air, *Son regina e sono amante*, and fully established her claim to the high reputation which she had acquired. Metastasio himself could not rest till he had engaged her to go to Vienna, where he gave her instructions in declamation, while Francis I. appointed her first singer to his court, and never went to the theatre but when she was to perform. Fortune, however, had gradually rendered her arrogant; and her capricious temper, and the giddy levity of her character, drew upon her many mortifications. Once in particular, during her residence at Vienna, she so exasperated the French ambassador, who was her warm admirer, that he would have run her through the body with his sword, and did actually wound her slightly. It was not long, however, be-

fore he repented of his violence: he threw himself at the feet of his mistress and implored her pardon, which she at length granted, on condition that the sword which had inflicted the wound should be given up to her. Gabrielli now took it into her head that she would preserve the weapon as a trophy, and have this inscription engraved upon it:—*The sword of M. —, who presumed to wound Gabrielli with it, the — in the year —.* The person who contrived to divert her from this intention, and to procure the restitution of the sword to the ambassador, was no other than Metastasio.

From Vienna, where she made immense sums by her professional talents, Gabrielli repaired in 1765 to Palermo, where she experienced a reception not less enthusiastic than she had met with in other places. The viceroy of Sicily once gave a grand entertainment, to which she was invited. It was considerably past the appointed hour, and no Gabrielli made her appearance. At length the viceroy dispatched one of his pages, to inform her that the company had been some time waiting for her. The messenger found her reading quite unconcernedly in bed. In spite of all his persuasions, she persisted in her determination not to quit her apartment. In the evening, indeed, she appeared at the theatre, and sung, but only *sotto voce* and very carelessly. This was a second affront to the viceroy. The first he might have overlooked; but now he sent her word, that in case she persisted in singing otherwise than in her usual manner, he would punish her with imprisonment. To

the person who brought this message, she returned for answer, "The viceroy may make me scream perhaps, but it is not in his power to make me sing." After her next performance she was actually conducted to prison, but treated there as a person of distinguished rank. During the twelve days of her confinement she gave grand entertainments, paid the debts of all the persons imprisoned on that account, and distributed large sums in charity. Every evening she assembled the whole of the prisoners, and with the utmost affability sung them the most select compositions. Her auditors were so transported, that many of them, whose debts were already paid, would not quit the prison, converted by Gabrielli's liberality and syren strains into a paradise, as long as she remained in it. At length the viceroy was obliged to yield to the wish of the public; and when Gabrielli quitted the prison, she was received at the gate by a multitude of the poor, who escorted her home in triumph.

At Petersburg, where Gabrielli resided for several years subsequent to 1768, she acquired great celebrity, receiving extraordinary honours, and enjoying the special protection of the Empress Catherine. With a cargo of diamonds, and a pocket-book full of bills of exchange, she returned to Italy; and being now in possession of a yearly income of 20,000 francs, she might have retired from the stage had she pleased, but her vanity would not permit her. In 1777, when she was approaching near to her fiftieth year, she sung at Venice in the theatre of San Benedetto with Pacchiarotti. Upon the

latter, a man of the highest professional experience, she made so profound an impression, that the very first time she sung with him he gave himself up for lost. She began with a *bravura* particularly adapted to her voice, in which she displayed such skill, that Pacchiarotti, quite beside himself, ran behind the scenes, crying, *Povero me! povero me! questa è un portento!*—"Ah, wretched me! wretched me! this is indeed a prodigy." It was with difficulty that the singer was prevailed upon to return to the stage; he then executed a tender air, addressed to Gabrielli, with such pathos that she herself and the whole audience were deeply affected. Marchesi was the only performer, who, in the year 1780, at Milan, was thought in some measure to counterbalance her talents. He sung in the same manner as Gabrielli; and the public espoused the cause of the two performers with such zeal, that there was nothing but hissing, hooting, and clapping at the theatre, and nothing but squabbles in the streets and in the coffee-houses. From this period Gabrielli retired to Rome with her sister Anna, who had accompanied her in all her travels, and acted the second parts. It is remarkable that she never could be induced to visit England. "On the London stage," she used to say, "I could not sing, or rather not according to my fancy; the people would hiss me, or perhaps knock me on the head, and I would rather sleep with whole bones, even if it were in a prison."

Gabrielli's voice was equally extraordinary with respect to coin-

pass and flexibility. None but a very skilful violin-player could execute her airs as she sung them; and at the same she was an excellent actress. She every where enjoyed the highest consideration. She lived and travelled in an expensive style, and had always a numerous retinue of servants. Her fame resounded throughout all Italy, and her name became proverbial. Of a person who made a great show of wealth, or set up extravagant pretensions, it became customary to say, *Che è? Ia Gabrielli?*—"Who is that? A Gabrielli?" Notwithstanding her caprice and inconsistency, Gabrielli possessed a good heart; and wherever she was, she marked her stay by acts of beneficence and by kindness to the poor. She provided, like a dutiful daughter, for her parents, and her brother received an excellent education at her expense. In society she was agreeable, intelligent, and not rarely original. At home, as well as on the stage, she affected the princess; and her general demeanour bespoke these claims. She was a mortal enemy to avarice, which she sometimes took occasion to reprove in a delicate manner. Thus, for example, being one day visited by a Florentine of distinction, a pin in her dress caught one of his ruffles, which was torn before it could be released. The accident seemed to vex the owner extremely. Gabrielli remarked his displeasure, and next day sent him six bottles of Spanish wine, the corks of which were composed of expensive Flanders lace. At Rome she led a very regular life, and frequently gave concerts,

but seldom sung herself. Her house was frequented by the principal nobility of both sexes. She died, || universally esteemed, in 1796, in consequence of a neglected cold.

MISCELLANIES.

PLATE 14.—SENTIMENTAL TRAVELS TO THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

LETTER III.

NO sooner had I effected my escape from the music-room, than I called the landlord and acquainted him with the extraordinary conversation which I had had with the ladies. Instead of being surprised at the subject of it, he only wondered at my astonishment. "What!" said he, fixing his eyes stedfastly upon me, "have you not come to this place to benefit by the doctor's advice?"—I shook my head, and confessed without reserve that I had never heard a word of this wonderful man till just before in his concert-room.—"You never heard of him, say you? impossible! Where can you have been then all this while, sir? Gracious heavens! in what profound retirement you must have lived! How extraordinary! if there was a time when people might with ease get rid of all their ailments corporeal and mental, it is the present:—and yet you were on the point of departing from the world, like a benighted heathen, without having heard a syllable concerning this new light! Well; thank your stars that you are here! But to which of our wonder-working doctors do you intend to apply?"—"What do you mean, landlord? Have you more than one here?"

Instead of a reply, which he was unable to bring out for laughing,

he held up both his hands, to denote that there were as many as he had fingers. I can't tell you how frightened I was. I took from my waistcoat pocket in the utmost anxiety the card with which one of the young ladies had favoured me.

"That is the right one!" said he, as soon as he had cast his eye upon it. "That man possesses energies within himself, while the others are obliged to have recourse for theirs to a clear-sighted, sleeping female."

Is this man mad? said I to myself, or is it I that have lost my senses? Meanwhile he turned away from me and left me standing in this uncertainty. My poor head was in the utmost confusion. I clapped my hand to my brow, and repeated all the high sounding technical terms which I had brought with me from the music-room; but to whom was I to look for a clear explanation of them?—To whom but the landlord? Let him, thought I, charge me in his bill for the loss of time I shall occasion him; and away I posted to him a second time.

A capon was just pouring forth its dying strains in his hands when I found him, and requested him to explain a little more precisely the meaning of *disorganization*. He settled the business of the scream-

ing biped before he was pleased, with the most polite condescension, to express his pity for my ignorance. The man must certainly associate much with the literati of this city, for his ideas were as profound as his language was clear. In truth, I have never met with any thing in print on this subject more satisfactory than his explanation. The best of it was, that he hit upon a most apposite example to confirm and illustrate what he said. For heads 'dull of apprehension like mine, this is a matter of no small importance.

"You must have heard," said he, after a few preliminary observations, which were too general for my purpose, "of the celebrated Father Mabillon?"—How well this question became him in his cook's apron, I leave you to judge for yourself.

"Certainly," I replied. "He is considered, I believe, as the first classic author in the diplomatic line."

"The same!" said the landlord. "Well, sir, what think you? This man in his younger years was the veriest dolt under the sun; he had scarcely understanding sufficient to learn the catechism. One day, however, owing to his natural awkwardness, he tumbled down stairs and pitched right upon his head. The worse luck! said his mother when she picked him up and found that he was alive. He was carried to bed in a state of insensibility, and his family awaited with trembling the first burst of his frenzy. From the nature of the fall the boy could not fail to be delirious: but only conceive their astonishment when his phantasies were found to dis-

play a thousand times more intellect than he had ever shewn in his sober senses! The shock which his weak head had sustained, produced in it the most luminous ideas. The most abstract sciences were now no more than play to him. He understood without difficulty the most confused works. In a word, this boy, who, till he fell upon his head, was stupidity personified, afterwards became one of the brightest geniuses of his age. Now, sir, as this example proves, things which derange a well-constituted head, may produce a contrary effect on one deficient in intellect: and upon this analogy and this foundation I believe the theory of disorganization and animal magnetism to be built.—But, sir, I must beg you to be satisfied with thus much for the present, I have a good deal to do in the house and kitchen, and to provide for the numerous strangers who have all resorted hither for the benefit of this cure. To-morrow you will be better able to comprehend what now seems so unintelligible."

I crept almost as much stupified as Mabillon to my solitary apartment, and sunk, in a dejected mood, into my arm-chair. While I have been living among my books in an ideal world, said I to myself, what a revolution has taken place in the material one! Deeply ashamed of my ignorance, I determined the very next day to employ all possible means to raise myself above it, and to seek the acquaintance of such an extraordinary physician, who seemed to perform infinitely greater wonders than my Bruchsal doctor. With this fixed resolution I retired to rest, and with it I awoke

in the morning. In the interim, it is true, my long-accustomed incredulity frequently presumed to raise its head; but as the time was so short before all my doubts were to be cleared up, I found no great difficulty in pacifying it again.

With the curiosity of an American, and the anxious expectation of an invalid, I left my inn about eight o'clock, without injuring my sobriety by breakfast of any kind, and my written direction guided me without trouble to the habitation of the prophet.

A symbolical ring, like a curling serpent, the emblem of eternity, formed the knocker of the door. Scarcely had I touched it with trembling hand, when I was admitted by a man-servant, who led me with quick step but silent as death, from one Egyptian corridor to another, first up stairs and then down—when all at once I stood in a lighted apartment before the bed of the prophet. The servant conducted me to an arm-chair, placed in such a manner that my face was exactly opposite to his, at the distance of about two yards. Thus I came, without being aware of it, *en rapport* with him, and the remarkable dialogue commenced. As it was the first conversation I ever had with a somniloquist, I felt rather awkward, and stammered and blushed over and over again at the most innocent expressions.

At the time when I had handsome white teeth in my head, sparkling eyes, rosy cheeks, and cut rather a better figure than at present, I could speak boldly to kings and princes without being dazzled by their greatness:—but then, they could see no clearer than myself,

and were no prophets. They could never operate so powerfully upon me but what—during the lowest obeisance that I made to them, and the supercilious nod that I received, or perhaps did not receive, in return—I said to myself, The tricks of two puppets, neither of which is composed of better materials than the other. They could not prevent me from snatching in idea the sceptre from their hands, and tearing the ermine from their backs, to examine whether their carcases were not more crazy than my own. This sublime mortal, on the contrary, at whose feet I now sat, I might strip as I pleased; still he appeared to me, if he were not an impostor, to be nothing less than a god; and my puny spirit trembled before his.

“Sir,” I began, stammering, “you see—here”—and stopped, because while I pronounced the words, the idea of seeing and that of sleeping clashed so egregiously, that, according to ordinary calculation, arrant nonsense must have been the result.

The sleeping seer, however, left me not long in this embarrassment. “I know you!” said he—and would you believe it?—he actually mentioned my christian and surname. Now I was certain that I had not been thus circumstantial concerning myself either at the gate of the city or at my inn, and was therefore not a little confounded by this proof of his knowledge. But when he answered the second question that my faltering tongue ventured to propose with the same clearness—“You quitted your study in the incredulous city of Berlin, and you have done well;—the southern



sun of France will cheer and invigorate you"—my hair fairly stood on end. I nevertheless mustered all my wits about me to devise a question that should not bring disgrace on incredulous Berlin. Conscious of my sunken eye and my emaciated cheek, I said to myself—That man must see clearly indeed who can discover my age:—I asked him therefore on what day and at what hour I was born; and to my consternation he mentioned both most precisely, with the addition of a circumstance to which I was myself hitherto a stranger, and which could be known only to spirits capable of discovering at a glance the most intricate combinations of the universe.

"Stranger," said he, "according to our erroneous computation, you were born on the 15th day of the last month of the year 1747, in the very same hour and minute that numerous daggers, guided by Fate, expelled the cruel soul of Nadir Shah from his gigantic body, and exiled it to the small frail receptacle of yours, where it does sufficient penance for all its misdeeds."

Pythagoras himself could scarcely have produced a more rational or convincing argument in behalf of the transmigration of souls than this fact, which neither my register nor my feelings were able to confute. "Gracious Heaven!" exclaimed I, in a lamentable tone—"the soul of an eastern tyrant—in the emaciated body of a Prussian subject! From such a heterogeneous composition indeed, a happy being cannot possibly be produced. At any rate, it is no fault of mine. If the soul has formerly done amiss, let it suffer for it! Punishment

enough, in being now confined within a consumptive body, and being obliged to creep with this clog through the ante-chambers of people to whom it would at one time perhaps have scarcely entrusted the care of the Seraglio!"

After some reflection, however, I so far recovered from the shock of this distressing intelligence as to be able to look back at the many happy days which, in spite of my discordant composition, I knew for certain that I had enjoyed. I could not but feel considerable astonishment that emotions, which ought to be the reward of virtue only, should be imparted to a soul so justly punished. I determined to defer the farther consideration of this weighty objection till another time, as my present business was to learn how to recover those emotions, rather than to ascertain the cause of their former existence and of their loss. "Worthy doctor!" I exclaimed, "by what means can I—if not do away with—at least mitigate this severe punishment?"—and I knew not myself, at the moment, whether it was the Asiatic spirit or the Prussian body that spoke. "Nothing but hearty laughter," was his oracular answer, "can afford you relief."

Never were high expectations more completely disappointed than mine by this reply. I was in a manner petrified by his recommendation of such a common domestic remedy, as I looked for nothing less than some supernatural specific. As soon as I had collected myself a little, the following question naturally suggested itself:—"But, dear doctor, as nothing in nature now produces a beneficial

effect on my unsusceptible frame, where and how shall such a miserable dejected creature seek and find those emotions of joy which you prescribe for him?"—The genuine spirit of prophecy dictated this answer: "A treasure awaits the invalid whom Nadir's spirit animates, and sportive mirth shall offer him consolation, when the noontide hour shall exalt him ninety-nine steps above our city."

My perplexity had now reached the highest pitch. Folding my hands, I exclaimed with extreme emotion, "Divine doctor! behold the fetters of my earthly body! How shall I be able to raise myself above the foggy atmosphere of this city?" I was far from conceiving at the moment, that the solution of this problem was as easy as it appeared to be after this explanatory answer: "By the ninety-nine steps of its lofty church-tower." Well, thought I, that is quite as explicit as could possibly be expected from a prophet; and what still more distinguishes this prediction from all others is, that noon, the time of its fulfilment, is near at hand. Bending low before my physician, I asked one more question, according to my ideas, of little importance, whether he discovered any thing else in me that was unknown to myself?

His face suddenly became inflamed, and he evidently looked down with contempt on that knowledge of myself with which my secret pride sought to deceive me. "Yes," said he, "I see a spot in the spiritual part of you—a black, prominent trait of the soul of Nadir Shah." My quivering lips strove to speak, but the dreadful tidings

deprived them of the power of giving utterance to the intended question. He nevertheless answered it. "Know and curse your cruelty. In the evening of the Sabbath of this week, you gave up a poor girl, who had lost her way, to be a prey to the wolves. Did you not?—No soul but that of a tyrant could have formed such a misanthropic resolution—no tongue but that of a monster could have pronounced it."

This severe reproach wounded my pride beyond measure. "Holy prophet!" I exclaimed with a firm tone, "if the poor creature fell a prey to the wolves, it was far from being my intention that she should. Fate has misunderstood the innocent words which I uttered." At the same time my conscience began to raise its voice: Are those innocent words which spring from ill temper and a hard heart? Did I not deny the distressed creature that protection which she solicited of me, wholly regardless of the consequences of my refusal? Alas! little did I imagine that they would be so melancholy.

During this painful soliloquy, in which I was silently absorbed, the important minutes rolled on in which I was permitted to be *en rapport* with the great prophet, and which, to my everlasting regret, I suffered to pass away so unprofitably. The next words that I heard from his lips were, "I will awake." The servant instantaneously opened the door and dismissed me, not without exhibiting something wonderful on his part, for he refused a ducat which I would have slipped into his hand as a token of acknowledgment.

O my dear Edward, what would have become of me, had I been permitted to continue longer in the sacred atmosphere of this extraordinary being! I was already sensible of a change, a contradiction in my previous way of thinking, which must, I am convinced, have given me the silliest look in the world. So absorbed was I with self, that I blundered along, heedless of every other object. Sometimes I raised my eyes, at others my hands towards heaven, and at length, overpowered by a torrent of sensations, reclined against a lamp-post, where I talked so long to myself, that the Prince de Rohan, who was passing at the time in his carriage, accompanied, as I believe, by his physician, ordered the coachman to stop, and surveyed me with astonishment. But such an experience as I had just gained, exalts the soul to

too great an elevation, for the paltry considerations of decorum to make any impression upon it.

With a face glowing like fire I entered my inn: mine host, with inquisitive looks, came to meet me, but I could only press his hand in silence. I beckoned to my John, who was waiting for me on the staircase, to follow me to my room: I motioned him to leave it again, and sunk, as if struck by apoplexy, into my arm-chair. Incapable of describing to you what was meanwhile passing in my mind, I recollect only that my head was engaged in gloomy dreams and profound reveries, when the clock striking twelve, roused me as if to judgment. I sprang from my seat, snatched up my cane and hat, and hastened to witness the wonders that awaited me at the cathedral.

THE INDULGENT HUSBAND.

MR. EDITOR,

THE pleasure of complaint, which always in some degree lightens our sufferings, is one reason of my addressing you; but a still stronger one is, the hope that my example may be of use to others. I remained unmarried till I had attained my fortieth year, not from dislike to the state, but because I had never seen a woman whom I thought exactly calculated to render me happy. Chance at length threw in my way a young creature, who was apparently wholly unexceptionable in every respect but age. Emily, for that was her name, was but just seventeen; she joined to all the artlessness of her

age those qualities of which I had been so long in search; frank, generous, unaffected, and possessed of good though not brilliant talents, I had no doubt, from the education I knew she had received, that she would make an excellent wife, and, without taking time to study her disposition, I offered myself to her acceptance. She readily consented to give me her hand, and in a few weeks from our first acquaintance we were united.

The ingenuous timidity of my Emily, her excessive sweetness of temper, and her perfect artlessness, soon gave her an unlimited power over my heart. I studied even to anticipate her wishes; and

I may truly say, I valued my fortune only as the means of adding to her felicity.

Unfortunately for both of us, my love shewed itself in an excess of indulgence, which had the most pernicious consequences. Our marriage had introduced Emily to a higher circle than she was before accustomed to; she had not, it is true, any taste for expensive pleasures, those she formerly enjoyed were of the simplest nature; and the transition from a plain and regular mode of life to the glare and hurry of the *haut ton*, at first annoyed rather than pleased her. Her most intimate friend, a woman of high fashion, assured her that it was the style of life always pursued by people of a *certain set*. "But," replied Emily, "it does not conduce to my happiness."—"My dear friend," cried Lady —, "you must not indulge such selfish ideas; instead of thinking of your own happiness, you must endeavour to find it in forming that of others. Consider the claims society has upon you: your wealth, your talents, your accomplishments, are not in fact your own, they should all be exerted to add to the enjoyments of your friends. No, my love," continued her ladyship, with a most sentimental air, "people of our rank must not think of living for themselves."

My poor Emily had too little confidence in her own judgment to think of opposing her tastes and inclinations to what she was told were her duties. She expressed, however, a wish to refer the matter to me; but Lady — persuaded her that such a step would be entirely contrary to rule, and con-

sequently the idea was given up, and the same routine of dissipation and extravagance continued.

But you will naturally inquire what I was about all this time. In truth, Mr. Editor, I severely blame myself for not having, by a timely exertion of the authority of a husband, prevented the wreck of my domestic peace; but I was dazzled by the admiration which my wife's charms universally excited, and vain of the possession of so lovely a creature, I was not disposed to tear her abruptly from gaieties to which I believed a few months would put an end.

But when, at the expiration of a year after my marriage, I found that, in spite of gentle remonstrances, my wife's habits of expense and dissipation, far from being discontinued, increased, and that, ample as my fortune was, I lived at the rate of three times my income, I began to think that I had sacrificed quite sufficiently to *les usages du beau monde*. I was, besides, seriously hurt to see that my blooming unaffected Emily had—thanks to the vigils of the card-table—exchanged her natural for artificial roses, and her *naïveté* and good-humour for overstrained vivacity or excessive languor.

I represented firmly, but with gentleness, both the folly of the course we were pursuing, and our inability to continue it; and informed Emily she must immediately prepare to accompany me to our seat in Devonshire. She opposed me only with her tears, and I was weak enough to give credit to her solemn protestations, that I should have no cause to complain in future. You will judge how well

she has kept her word, when I inform you, that at the expiration of three years I found she had involved me to such an amount, I had no other means to extricate myself than by retiring to the country, and parting with my town house, equipage, and several of my domestics.

I soon found, that although I carried with me the person of my Emily, her heart remained in London. Her disposition was too sweet to shew either sullenness or ill-humour, but she was evidently a prey to languor and *ennui*.

For some time I was so occupied with looking over tradesmen's bills, and devising means to pay them (an employment which is certainly not calculated to sweeten the temper), that we met only at meals, and for the rest of the day my wife was left to her own resources for amusement. I soon became alarmed when I found, that instead of regaining her health and bloom, she grew thinner and paler every day. At first I attributed her dejection to the weather; it was the latter end of winter, and more than usually bleak and dreary; and as I cast my eyes on the leafless trees, and ground covered with snow, I thought the scene might have thrown a temporary depression over spirits more elastic, and a mind better regulated, than those of my poor Emily; but when I saw that spring arrived without causing any favourable change either in her health or spirits, my alarm became serious; I called in the best medical advice, and remained with my wife almost constantly.

It was now that for the first time I perceived Emily was a martyr to indolence. This baleful foible,

while it prevented her from the enjoyment of air and exercise out of doors, rendered her also incapable of sedentary amusements. I prevailed upon a distant relation of mine, an amiable and highly accomplished woman, to pass some time with us; I knew my wife had received an excellent education, and I hoped that when she had an agreeable female companion, her harp, her pencil, and her books, would fill up pleasantly those hours she might now be said literally to doze away. Had I pursued this plan at the commencement of our union, I might have succeeded. Alas! it is now too late; the habits of dissipation, in which I foolishly suffered her to indulge, have co-operated with her natural indolence, in giving her a decided disgust to any pursuit which requires the least application; while the luxury with which she has so long been surrounded, makes the pure and simple pleasures still within her reach appear perfectly insipid.

As her heart is naturally good, I hoped that she might find both employment and amusement in those benevolent exertions for which we have still the means. She willingly bestows upon the poor pecuniary relief, and listens with some degree of interest and pleasure to any plan that is likely to ameliorate their condition, but she cannot bring herself to take any personal trouble in the cause of humanity.

When I see her cold, languid, and in general silent, and that no tenderness or attention of mine, no sprightly sally or sensible remark of my cousin, has power to rouse her for a moment from this state of torpor, my feelings almost

overpower my reason, and I am tempted at any risk to suffer her to return to those scenes from which I had such strong reasons to withdraw her. Happy would it have been for us both, had I, instead of contenting myself with the certainty that she was good, sensible, and lovely, taken time to study her character. The knowledge of this foible would have steeled my heart effectually to her attractions, and I should have escaped the misery

of uniting myself to a woman whose many amiable qualities are rendered useless by one fault, which effectually destroys both my happiness and her own. Excuse, sir, my having troubled you with this long detail, and if you think the subject of it worthy your attention, present it in any form you please to the readers of your elegant and truly moral publication. I am, sir, your very humble servant,
R— T—.

ON THE SUPERIORITY OF THE PAINTER'S FEELINGS.

To lead the eye to Nature, and unfold
What wonders there the favour'd few behold. —SHEE.

To indulge in the contemplation of the pure scenes of pastoral nature, to pore over the near and distant landscape, and to watch the gradations of light and shade on the surrounding scenery, have ever been the highest enjoyment of those on whom Providence has lavished the luxury of intellect. The beauty of a clear or rather a variegated horizon, the steady and silent current of a quiet stream rippling over a pebbly bottom, however dangerously palliative they may prove to a mind ill at ease, are even productive of practical benefit to that being who enjoys and is willing to dispense the many favours bestowed on him by a bounteous Creator. A sunny sky, the varieties of hill and dale combined with the charms of novelty, give an elasticity to our limbs, and impart the appearance of joy to our countenances; and if the common observer of the weather finds not the whole of his frame thrilled with delight, he yet feels that enjoyment which a lowering sky or dripping

trees, though invested with all the charms of novelty, fail to excite in his bosom. I contend, that the luxury of pleasing emotion which the lover of Nature feels in the contemplation of her grand or serene exhibitions, to be as far superior to that of the greeting of a hundred persons in a drawing-room, ycleped friends, as the air which we breathe in the former to that of the latter situation. This I am aware has been said and sung over and over again, until the truth of it, however assented to with the lips of numbers, has been unacknowledged by their conduct: yet as some preface of this kind is necessary to my paper, perhaps I may be pardoned for running in the same track as those moralists who, from Addison to Drake, have written before me.

If then these pleasures, so universally confessed to be real ones, impart a gladness to the most common capacities, how much more must they exhilarate and enlighten the soul of the poet and the

painter! The most feeble practitioner in the arts sees a thousand beauties in the most common scenery, which the vulgar traveller strides over unconsciously; and when the common man greets his fellow with "A charming day!" he only means, that the sun is warmer at his back, that vegetation is arrayed in its gaudiest colours, or perhaps he acknowledges the charms of the morning by striving to out-whistle the sparrow in the hedge; and he is pleased with the weather, as it enables him to walk without his great-coat, his thick shoes, or his umbrella. But to the artist a green lane, not burnished by the mid-day sun, but dimly lit with his rising or setting glory, the shadows of the trees thrown across its many ruts, the distant gate, the cottage in a dell, with its blue curling smoke; or, as he mounts the slight ascent, a distant spire peeping between trees and backed by hills, in unison or *keeping* with the blue horizon—the road-side clump of earth, on which a red-waist-coated rustic reposes and breaks the fore-ground—an irregular piece of transparent water, with a decayed or vegetative trunk stretching across it, and its strong reflected form in the glass beneath—the lengthened shadows of eve—the clearing of a misty morn—or the preparation of Nature for her repose in twilight and in night—possess greater charms for the enthusiast—and every painter or poet is one more or less—than all the prismatic hues thrown from a hundred lustres, and forming the splendour even of an *Arabian Night*. "While Gainsborough," says his biographer, "resided at his native

village, Nature was his teacher, and the woods of Suffolk his academy; there he would pass in solitude his mornings in making sketches of an antiquated tree, a marshy brook, a few cattle, a shepherd and his flock, or any other objects which struck his fancy." It is not, I think, too much to say, that during this employment, and at this period of his life, his feelings were as pure and as serene as the landscape he was sketching. At that time he drew for pleasure alone, and then all the emotions arising from disappointed patronage, or the fears of cold neglect, were neither thought of nor heeded. Men who pass their time in wooing the Muses, or courting the sylvan deities, often feel themselves constrained in the drawing-room; and thus their manners are not found to glitter with that polish and small-talk which others possess who have not made Nature their study. The former have not had time to achieve those arrangements that are made at the toilet, nor have they learned the thousand unmeaning things, which please from their flattery, and which perhaps are not the result of real courtesy. But Nature, simple unsophisticated Nature, thy charms are sought after even by the votaries of dissipation, but to no purpose; because they bring not with them those pure manners which are the only admissions to thy altar, their offerings are rejected; yet they would woo thee in the ruin, on the sparkling ocean, and on the evening promenade. For this are Bath, Brighton, and Cheltenham visited; while the charms of novelty pass for the fascinations of the true goddess. Soon

the former leaves them, and they hasten to other scenes, to court the breeze in the crowded ball-room, or enjoy the rays of an autumnal sun, mocking the yellow trees and paltry adornments of a concert-room or a theatre.

To the artist, to the painter, or the poet, one spot, under all the variations of light and shade, presents a constant, never-failing picture. The valley, the fore-ground, and the distance, which were lit up by the morning sun, at even glow with another charm; they form another study; they vary as the sun tinges the horizon or recedes from the eye, until the whole outline is melted into vapour. It is at such periods as these that the most luxurious feelings revel in my bosom; it is the morning's dawn that yields this pure delight—a delight which the last gleams of a retiring sun can only equal. I revel in a new day, I enjoy the birth of morn; but my most grateful aspirations are breathed in the repose of silence, and the dusk of evening.

If the annexed descriptive poetry possess any merit, it is because I have delineated my scene immediately from Nature. Girtin and Gainsborough, Varley and Turner, have tinted their sketches on the spot where they were taken; and the following effusion claims no other notice, than as an attempt to pen a scene with that fidelity which Nature has offered to my notice.

A SKETCH OF AUTUMN.—MALVERN.

Morning Dawn.

I like to see the early morning's dawn,
Flick'ring in black and white, prepared
to burst—

To shew the light, by darkest hues upborne,
And see the flaming sun shine out at first.

I love not when, in gay and gaudy scenes,
A burnish'd landscape shocks my aching sight;
Nor Summer, all alike its varnish'd greens,
In one proud holiday of mirth seems
dight:

For then I cannot woo, well pleased, the Muse
I ween,

When all alike is in one flaunting picture seen.

I like to see the mist-top mountains lost
In rolling clouds, nor yet their heads
display;

I like to see the dawn by vapours cross'd,
And then I like to see those mists all roll
away;

And then the saffron hue much glads my
heart,

(And who will purest pleasures e'er gain-
say?)

See melting hues of amethyst depart:—

But few will rise to view the break of day;
Let others slumber on, 'tis naught to me,
If Nature's beauties they nor love, nor care to
see.

How still, how lovely is the morning hour,
While not one breath of air sweeps idle
trees!

Yet new-woke freshness breathes a balmy
pow'r,

And gives a kiss, and almost wakes a
breeze.

The gold horizon now is lit with red;
And flapping ravens whirl, a murky
crowd;

E'en now the robin at my footsteps fled,
And twitt'ring throistles vent their matins
loud:

Yet not in cadence long, but first essay a note,
Chirrup by starts, then stop, then trills each
warbling throat.

Alone I wander by the dusky plain,
Where yet some yellow leaves the branches
own,

With auburn tints belight, nor soon again
Shall vernal breezes them with verdure
crown:

In eddies roll the crisped leaves along
The ploughshare's rut, or sweep the dew-
moist vale,

When wakes the storm, until a moisture's
wring

From clouds—no more they flutter in the
gale:

Yet Autumn's hues paint many a charm for
me,

And richest beauties in its dawn and fall I see.

Sleep on, my love, in idle fancies bless'd ;
 Your Edwin leaves you for the scented
 vale,
 To woo the goddess Health, while downy
 rest
 Shall lull thy senses in a soft regale :
 For early breeze for thee too chilly seems,
 While Sol defers to dry the vapours blue ;
 And ladies like not, that their morning
 dreams
 Should be distraught from themes they
 would pursue :
 For when the sun's quite risen from Thetis'
 bed,
 Dreams wholly undisturb'd come true, 'tis said.

Here let me sit, this landscape all my own,
 And this small spot a little world to me ;
 While poets' visions shall my senses crown,
 My pen shall tell of all I hear or see.
 Then come, Euphrosyne, with dimpled
 smile,
 The while some merry lay proclaims my
 joy ;
 But, Penserose, more my time beguile—
 No other power shall yet my pen employ.
 I see my peopled world—in airy crowds they
 rush :
 For visions such as these, the painter joys in
 Autumn's blush.

THE FORTUNE-TELLER.

MESSRS. D'Auberval and Preville had been at law for more than ten years about a small estate, which, as they were both rich, was not in a pecuniary sense an object to either of them, but each conceived himself in the right, and pride made him prefer all the vexations of a tedious and expensive litigation, to a resignation of his claim.

Chance, however, brought the matter to an amicable conclusion. The carriages of Madame Preville and Madame D'Auberval happened to meet in a street so narrow that there was no possibility of their proceeding together. Madame D'Auberval, though she was hurrying to a *fête*, had so high a sense of what was due to her own dignity, that she determined to remain till midnight rather than yield precedence to Madame Preville ; who had, however, a right to take it, but as she had not a particle of pride in her composition, she ordered her coachman to yield the pass. Madame D'Auberval had not, however, proceeded twenty yards, when, through some accident happening

to the wheel, her carriage was overturned.

Madame D'Auberval, though not hurt, was greatly terrified, and her screams brought Madame Preville immediately to her assistance : she displayed so much concern for the accident, that Madame D'Auberval, who had a good heart though a weak head, forgot the hatred she had so long cherished against all who bore the name of Preville, and thought only of devising some means of securing the friendship of one whom she felt inclined to love.

After considering the subject in every possible shape, a project presented itself which promised to accomplish all she wished : this was, to unite the families by the marriage of her eldest daughter and Monsieur Perville's only son, a youth of considerable promise, and in every respect a suitable match for the young lady.

No sooner did this idea present itself, than Madame D'Auberval hastened to communicate it to her husband : not to ask his consent ; she would have thought that a very

unnecessary compliment, but to induce him to enter into a negotiation with the family of M. Preville directly.

Although his understanding was much superior to that of his wife, M. D'Auberval had hitherto, partly from affection and partly from indulgence, conceded every point to her; but he felt on this occasion an inclination to rebel, for the first time, against her sovereign authority: however, a plentiful shower of tears, some tender reproaches, and a declaration that her happiness depended upon the match, conquered his reluctance. He caused a common friend to intimate his wishes to M. Preville, who eagerly closed with them. Every thing was speedily arranged for the marriage of the young people, and when all was settled, they were made acquainted with the intentions of their parents.

Adelaide D'Auberval received the news with a mixture of pleasure and apprehension: she longed to quit her convent, and enter a world which her vivid fancy represented in the most alluring colours; but she could enter it only as a wife, and she naturally shrunk from the idea of bestowing her hand upon a man whom she had never seen.

Louis Preville was not less adverse to the match, though from different motives; he was naturally of an amiable disposition, but the excessive indulgence of his parents had spoiled him in some degree: gay, lively, and dissipated, if he thought of marriage at all, it was merely as of an event that might happen at some time or other at a very remote period; but to wear

the fetters of Hymen at twenty-one, light as *les usages du beau monde* of Paris had rendered them, was in his opinion insupportable.

He contested the point therefore very warmly with both his parents, but he found his father on this point so arbitrary, that making a merit of necessity, he submitted with the best grace he could to what was unavoidable. The nuptials were celebrated with much splendour. The uncommon beauty of his bride struck Preville with admiration, but soon finding her as he thought a mere automaton, he returned without scruple to his former pursuits, and left her to amuse herself as she pleased.

This opinion was, however, exceedingly unjust: Adelaide was possessed of great sensibility, she was also naturally frank and vivacious; but she was scarcely seventeen, and from the age of eleven she had never quitted her convent; of course she knew nothing of the world, and her excessive humility, by making her painfully sensible of her own deficiencies, gave an air of constraint to her manner, which robbed it of its natural grace; as well as a frigid gravity to her countenance, which sat ill upon features whose predominant expression was openness and vivacity.

Some months passed, the indifference of Preville continued unalterable, but his liveliness, good-humour, and uncommon personal graces, made a deep impression upon the heart of his innocent wife.

Among the acquaintance whom Adelaide had formed upon her marriage was Madame Monvers, a widow, who joined great penetration to uncommon good-nature.

Without, exactly making this lady her confidante, Adelaide had often lamented to her that timidity and constraint which every day seemed to increase. Madame Monvers had frequently observed with surprise, that Adelaide, so lively, so ingenious when *tête-à-tête* with her, was a mere statue in the midst of a crowded circle. She had tried, but vainly, to inspire her with a little self-confidence, for she was convinced, that if Preville once saw her in her natural character, his heart would be forced to do justice to her charms. Adelaide had some romance in her disposition, and when madame found remonstrances were vain, she depended upon it for the success of a plan which she formed to insure her young friend's happiness.

A female fortune-teller made at that time a considerable noise in Paris; Adelaide heard all her female acquaintance talk of this woman's skill, and she one day half-jestingly expressed to Madame Monvers a desire to consult her. Madame Monvers affected to disbelieve the wonderful stories which were told of this woman, but at the same time she took care to relate others still more wonderful; and Madame Preville left her with an intention of visiting the fortune-teller the next day. She had asked her friend to accompany her, but Madame Monvers excused herself under pretence of business, and taking with her only an old domestic in whom she could confide, she proceeded to the house of the fortune-teller.

Leaving her servant in an antechamber, she entered the apartment of the sibyl with some degree of

trepidation; she saw a tall fine figure very strangely habited, whose commanding and noble air struck her with admiration. We shall not detail to our fair readers the sorceress's dress or apparatus; suffice it to say, that nothing had been omitted likely to make an impression on a youthful mind.

After the sibyl had consulted her books with great solemnity, she described to Madame Preville her situation and the state of her mind so truly, that Adelaide, unable to restrain her feelings, burst into tears.

"Do not weep, madam," cried the sibyl respectfully; "in revealing to you that I am acquainted with your sorrows, I am actuated only by a desire to banish them for ever."

Adelaide shook her head incredulously.

"Nay, madam, have I not just given you a proof of my skill?"

"I acknowledge it; but, alas! it is not in your power to render me insensible to those sufferings which pride obliges me to conceal!"

"But I can make the heart of your husband as susceptible as your own."

"Impossible!"

"You shall be convinced of the contrary, madam, if you will obey my directions; you shall soon see this ingrate at your feet."

Adelaide, who was extremely religious, sighed and made no reply. She wished to consult Madame Monvers before she gave an answer to this strange proposal, and she continued silent for some minutes, during which her irresolution did not escape the sibyl.

"I perceive," cried she, "that

prejudice opposes your acceptance of my services; you fear that the happiness I should bestow upon you might be the gift of a demon. Banish, I beseech you, madam, such groundless apprehensions: it is true that my knowledge of the secrets of nature has enabled me to subject to my power the genii who are friendly to mankind, but I solemnly assure you I hold communion with no others; and if you reflect for a moment, you will be convinced, that to draw closer the bonds which unite a married couple, is not the office of an evil spirit."

"Tell me," cried Adelaide in a hesitating voice, "what I am to do."

"You have only," replied the sibyl, "to place this ring upon your finger, and wear it night and day; underneath the setting is a powerful talisman, which will enable the wearer to conquer by degrees the heart of him she loves. Go then, beautiful Adelaide, divest yourself of all those cares and fears which at present poison your existence, and rest satisfied that my talisman will procure you all you wish."

From the tender joy which at that moment lighted up the charming countenance of Madame Preville, one might suppose that the magic of the talisman had already begun to operate. She rewarded the sibyl most liberally, and then hastened away to try the effect of the spell.

No longer despairing of power to please M. Preville, Adelaide met him in the evening for the first time with an unembarrassed air, and a countenance glowing with hope and modest confidence. Astonish-

ed at a change so sudden and so unexpected, Preville viewed her with an earnestness which suffused her cheek with blushes. She stopped short in the midst of a speech, and cast her eyes upon the ground: there was nothing, however, awkward in her confusion, and Preville, as he looked with admiration at her dark silken eyelashes, wondered he had never before noticed their exquisite beauty.

Madame Monvers at this instant entered the room, and read all she wanted to know in the look of pleased surprise with which Preville regarded his wife. Adelaide had a fine voice and a good ear, but before her marriage she knew little of music; she had since cultivated it assiduously, and she was now a good musician. Preville, who had heard her play only once, and then indifferently, was struck with astonishment when she executed a charming air in a very scientific style, and accompanied it with a voice of unequalled melody.

Madame Monvers called to take her young friend to a brilliant party, but Preville hinting a wish to pass the evening at home, Adelaide declined leaving him, and Madame Monvers remained with them. This judicious friend contrived during the evening to turn the conversation upon such topics as she knew Adelaide's talents were best suited to. Madame Preville was not a wit, but she possessed good sense, vivacity, and an artless *naïveté*, which rendered her conversation extremely amusing. Her cold and retired manners had so effectually veiled the talents which she really possessed, that

Preville could scarcely dissemble the astonishment he felt at seeing his automaton wife all grace, gaiety, and good humour. Never before had he tasted a supper so delicious as the little repast he shared with her; and Madame Monvers, who took leave soon after, exulted in the success of her benevolent stratagem.

In the course of a few weeks the natural and winning manners of Adelaide, her charms, which were no longer obscured by coldness and *mauvaise honte*, and the proofs which she daily gave of the goodness of her heart and temper, completely converted the indifferent Preville into a fond and respectful husband. Madame Monvers found her one morning in tears, but the smile which dimpled her cheek declared them tears of pleasure.

"My dear friend," cried she, "you see me the happiest of human beings; I can no longer doubt the attachment of my husband, he gives me daily proofs of it. Oh! how much am I indebted to that good fortune-teller!"

"If you think you owe her any thanks, pay them to me, for I was the fortune-teller."

"You! Good Heavens, is it possible? What motive——"

"A very innocent one, I assure you. I saw clearly that you would never be able to conquer the excessive humility which threw the veil of awkwardness and reserve over your natural disposition, unless some extraordinary means were used to inspire you with that self-confidence, which was the only thing necessary to enable you to fix the heart of your husband. I

knew that the stories you had heard of the fortune-teller's skill must naturally make some impression on your mind; and when I heard you express a determination to consult her, I bribed her to let me take her place. Disguised as I was, I felt certain that you could not recollect me; and I saw with pleasure, that although you scrupled to make use of my skill, you yet placed implicit confidence in it. I congratulate you, my dear Adelaide, upon the attainment of that happiness which you owe to no other spell than your own graces and amiable qualities; and I prophesy, that the same charm will always be sufficiently potent to secure you the possession of that heart you so highly and justly prize."

Adelaide embraced her friend in a transport of gratitude. From that moment she thought only of fulfilling the prediction of Madame Monvers, by acting in such a manner as to keep the heart she had gained. Her efforts were successful, because her self-confidence never degenerated into presumption. She studied all the little foibles of her husband, met his wishes with a cheerful acquiescence, and rendered his home so delightful, that he never thought of looking for pleasure abroad. Imitate her, my fair readers: nature has profusely gifted you with personal charms, add to them the magic of good sense, good nature, and good humour; and be assured, that the hearts of your husbands, if even they should for a short period be estranged from you, must yield at last to a spell so powerful.

THE BIRTH-DAY PRESENT.

"NEXT Thursday will be my birth-day," said Mrs. Thornton to her husband; "I hope, my dear Charles, you have not purchased any thing to present me with."

"No, my dear," replied he, "I have not completed my purchase; but I mean to present you with a diamond necklace, much handsomer than the one worn the other night at the opera by Lady D——."

"My dearest husband," cried Mrs. Thornton, "let me not always strive vainly to repress the prodigality with which you lavish upon me money that might be so much better employed. Recollect the large sum you have already laid out in jewels for me, a sum which would have been more than sufficient if I had brought you a handsome fortune, instead of coming, as I did, a portionless bride to your arms."

"I deny that," said Thornton warmly. "No, Isabella, you were not portionless; your virtues, graces, and loveliness, were a dower for a prince."

"But, my love," cried Mrs. Thornton, "this princely dower will neither pay your tradesmen's bills, nor restore your property, if you should, as I fear you will, impoverish yourself through your attachment to me."

"There is no likelihood," cried Thornton, "that any thing which I have done, or may do, for you will impoverish me; my fortune is sufficient to support our present style of living, and it is necessary to my happiness that you should make a distinguished appearance."

"Well, my dear," replied his wife, "I see that on this one point you are determined to exert that authority, which you never appear to recollect you possess when we discuss any other subject; but let me solicit the favour of being allowed for once the disposal of the sum you have destined for my use."

"I am almost afraid to entrust you with it; you are so averse to laying out any sum on yourself, that I believe I must, for the first time, exact an account of the manner in which you will dispose of money before I give you any."

"Upon my word," said Mrs. Thornton laughing, "you are really too bad: what woman of fashion can tell at the moment when she receives a sum of money, to what spirited use she may appropriate it? However, I am very willing to promise, that, if the way in which I mean to lay it out does not please you, I will never again desire to have the disposal of any sum of consequence."

"Very well," cried Thornton, presenting her with a pocket-book, "I take you at your word. And now will you indulge me by accompanying me to Gray's to look at the necklace? I am certain that when you have seen it, you will own that you could not have laid out your money better."

As Mrs. Thornton intended to dispose of the money in a very different manner, she evaded a compliance with this request, and the conversation turned to other subjects.

Mr. Thornton was possessed of

a large fortune, a pleasing person, an amiable temper, and a good understanding. With these *agréments* it may be believed that he could find no difficulty in selecting a wife from the first circles, but he had, a few years before the period we speak of, set worldly prudence at defiance, by marrying the beautiful orphan of a worthy clergyman, whose want of birth and fortune were such heinous crimes in the eyes of his relations, that they had never been reconciled to the match; but as the death of his parents, while he was a child, made him entirely his own master, their enmity was, in his opinion, of little consequence; and partly with a view to pique them, and partly from affection to his wife, whom he loved most tenderly, he was always desirous that her appearance should be as elegantly expensive as if she had brought him a fortune more than equal to his own.

This profusion, however, was by no means agreeable either to the taste or wishes of Mrs. Thornton, whose benevolent heart and lively imagination held out to her sources of enjoyment of a much superior nature. She considered also, that glare and expense were not the means of reconciling the relations of her husband, whom she knew to be good-natured enough to give her the sole credit of what they reprobed as useless, perhaps ruinous, extravagance. Her remonstrances on this subject had hitherto been disregarded by Thornton, and she now determined to try whether she could not, by an innocent stratagem, allure him from his present system of profuse

expenditure, to pursuits more congenial to her taste.

She made no opposition to his splendid preparations for celebrating her birth-day, and she consulted her husband's wishes so far as to provide a very elegant dress for the occasion; but when in the morning he entered her dressing-room to pay his congratulations on the return of the day, he was ready to exclaim with the poet,

"When unadorn'd, adorn'd the most,"
so uncommonly beautiful did his Isabella appear in the neat simple dishabille in which she received him. The consciousness that she had just performed a good action, and one with which she believed that her husband could not be displeased, gave to her naturally lovely features an expression of happiness almost celestial; and as Thornton embraced and congratulated her, he declared, with truth, that he had never seen her look so lovely.

"But come, Isabella," cried he, "let me see how you have laid out your money."

"I have not yet expended it," replied she, "but I will shew you how I intend, with your approbation, to dispose of it." And opening the door of a closet, she led forward a beautiful boy about six years old, whom she presented to her astonished husband.

"This poor child, my dear Charles," said she, "is an orphan, and reasons, which we will discuss another time, make me extremely desirous to provide for him. I know that my happiness is very dear to you; and when I tell you, that by allowing me to expend

upon his education the large sum you recently gave me, you will add to my felicity more than you could possibly do by putting me in possession of all the trinkets in the world, I flatter myself you will not refuse the first request of any consequence I ever made to you."

While she was speaking, Thornton was gazing earnestly on the features of the child, and he exclaimed, as if involuntarily, "What a strong resemblance! Come here, my little fellow," continued he, addressing the boy, "this lady intends to be your mamma; should you like me for a papa?"

"Oh, yes," replied the child, "very much indeed! I have two mammas already, but I have no papa, and I shall be very glad if you will be my papa."

He held out his little arms as he spoke, and Thornton clasped him to his breast with evident emotion. He was silent for some minutes, and then whispered to Mrs. Thornton to send the boy away; and when she had done so, he entreated his wife, with much earnestness, to tell him who were the parents of the child.

"His mother," replied Mrs. Thornton, "was a woman of high rank and uncommon beauty; she was united when very young to a nobleman, who acted rather as a tyrant than a husband, and his brutal conduct gave her so decided a disgust to matrimony, that when his death restored her to liberty, she determined never to form a second engagement. Circumstances, with which I am not thoroughly acquainted, unfortunately entangled her in an illicit amour, of which Augustus, the boy whom you

have just seen, is the fruit. This intrigue, which was at first rather the result of levity and want of principle, than of excessive passion, soon assumed a more serious appearance; she became passionately attached to her gallant, and as soon as she found herself likely to become a mother, she pressed him with the greatest ardour to marry her. Although he appeared much affected at her situation, he hesitated for some time, but at length, apparently overcome by her tears and entreaties, he promised to make her his wife in a few days. I need not paint her grief and surprise when she learned, three days afterwards, that he had quitted England secretly, nor could she discover whither he had gone.

"Although nearly distracted at a desertion so unexpected, and as she thought so cruel, she yet possessed sufficient strength of mind to take such measures as were necessary to preserve her reputation. She planned a retreat into the country, whither she went unaccompanied even by the only person who knew her secret. This was her own woman, whose conduct had for some time before given her strong reasons to fear that her confidence was misplaced. The person at whose house her *accouchement* took place, was a respectable widow in humble circumstances, whose attentive tenderness soon induced the unhappy lady to confide in her. After some time she returned to London, leaving her child in the good woman's care, and silenced the inquiries of her former confidante, by an assurance that the boy was dead.

"Some years elapsed without the lady seeing or hearing any thing of her lover; at length he returned to England, and married; but no explanation of his singular behaviour ever took place. Disappointment, and perhaps remorse, induced the mother of my *protégé* to plunge deeper and deeper into dissipation; she became involved in debt, and anxiety produced the most fatal effects upon her health. Having only a life interest in her property, she saw with terror the approach of that moment which would, by depriving her of existence, consign her child to poverty: for she felt an unconquerable repugnance to apply to his father; since, independently of the resentment which she still felt for his conduct, she knew not how far the disclosure of her child's existence might interrupt the happiness he was said to enjoy in his marriage. While her mind was occupied in forming plans which she could not summon courage to execute, she recollected some claims which she had upon me, and appealed to my humanity for the future provision of her child. Need I say, that I readily granted the protection which she claimed? My solemn assurances that I would supply her place, divested Death of his most awful terrors; she met his approach with fortitude and resignation, and her sincere penitence has, I hope and trust, expiated her faults."

The tears which Thornton had till now with difficulty suppressed, broke forth, nor were the eyes of Mrs. Thornton dry. "My Isabel!" said he, at length, in a faltering voice, "I know you will for-

give this tribute to the memory of an unfortunate, injured woman. I see that the unhappy Lady P—— has had no reserves with you; you know that I am the father of Augustus: but believe me, my beloved, I am not the villain that circumstances make me appear. We have been the victims of unparalleled treachery. Lady P——, whose temper was unfortunately very violent, had given her woman, who, as you observed, was the only person in our confidence, some cause of disgust; and this wretch, whose disposition must have been diabolically revengeful, resolved to take the earliest opportunity of making a breach between us; but no possibility of doing so occurred till her mistress informed her of her situation, and the promise I had given her in consequence of it.

"She listened to this communication with feigned pleasure, but at that moment she formed the infernal scheme to which the unfortunate Lady P—— fell a victim. She waited on me, and with much apparent reluctance, and many tears, declared to me, that I was imposed upon by a tale fabricated for the purpose of inducing me to marry her ladyship. Her scheme had unfortunately too much success; I took fire at the thought of being imposed upon, and wrote immediately, reproaching her ladyship in severe terms for her duplicity. My letter was intercepted by the artful domestic; and as I received no answer, I concluded she was overwhelmed with shame at my knowledge of her intended imposition, and I quitted England for the Continent immediately.

"On my return to England,

Lady P—— was much talked of, and I congratulated myself on having escaped an union with her, till an accidental meeting with her servant, who was in the last stage of a decline, revealed to me the treachery which had been practised to separate us; but as this woman solemnly assured me, that my child was dead, and Lady P——'s reputation entirely uninjured by his birth, I did not feel myself called upon to renew a connection which promised little happiness. I wonder not that Lady P——'s pride, of which she had a considerable share, should render her averse to any application to me; but it is plain she properly appreciated your heart, my noble-minded Isabella, when she cast the poor innocent on your protection: he is yours, my love, to do with as you please. I cannot reward the delicate affection for me which your conduct to him has evinced, but I will shew my sense of it by leaving you free in future to act as you please with regard to your own expenses. I know that you will always remember the respect which we owe to the opinion of the world, which prescribes a certain degree of elegance in appearance; but for the future, those sums which I can afford to appropriate to your private use, shall be at your own disposal."

Mrs. Thornton thanked her husband by a tender embrace. He did not find himself deceived in his reliance upon her prudence; she

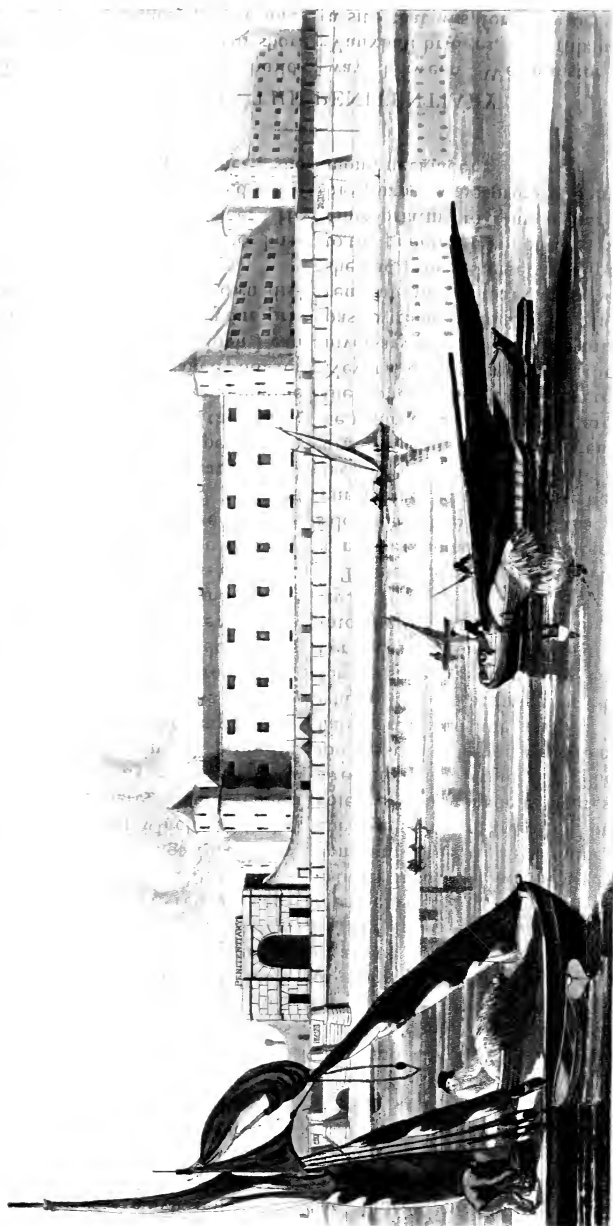
had, indeed, no longer new and expensive ornaments, but she enjoyed the delight, in which her husband participated, of relieving distress and diffusing happiness around her. Her dress was elegant and tasteful, without being dazzling enough to excite either envy or censure. The relations of Thornton found their enmity disarmed by the modest propriety of her appearance, and their esteem excited by the exemplary manner in which she fulfilled her domestic duties, and the numerous anecdotes they heard of her benevolence. They made overtures for a reconciliation, which Mrs. Thornton persuaded her husband to meet half way; and the civility with which they had at first treated her for his sake, was soon changed, by her sweet and conciliatory manners, into the most affectionate cordiality.

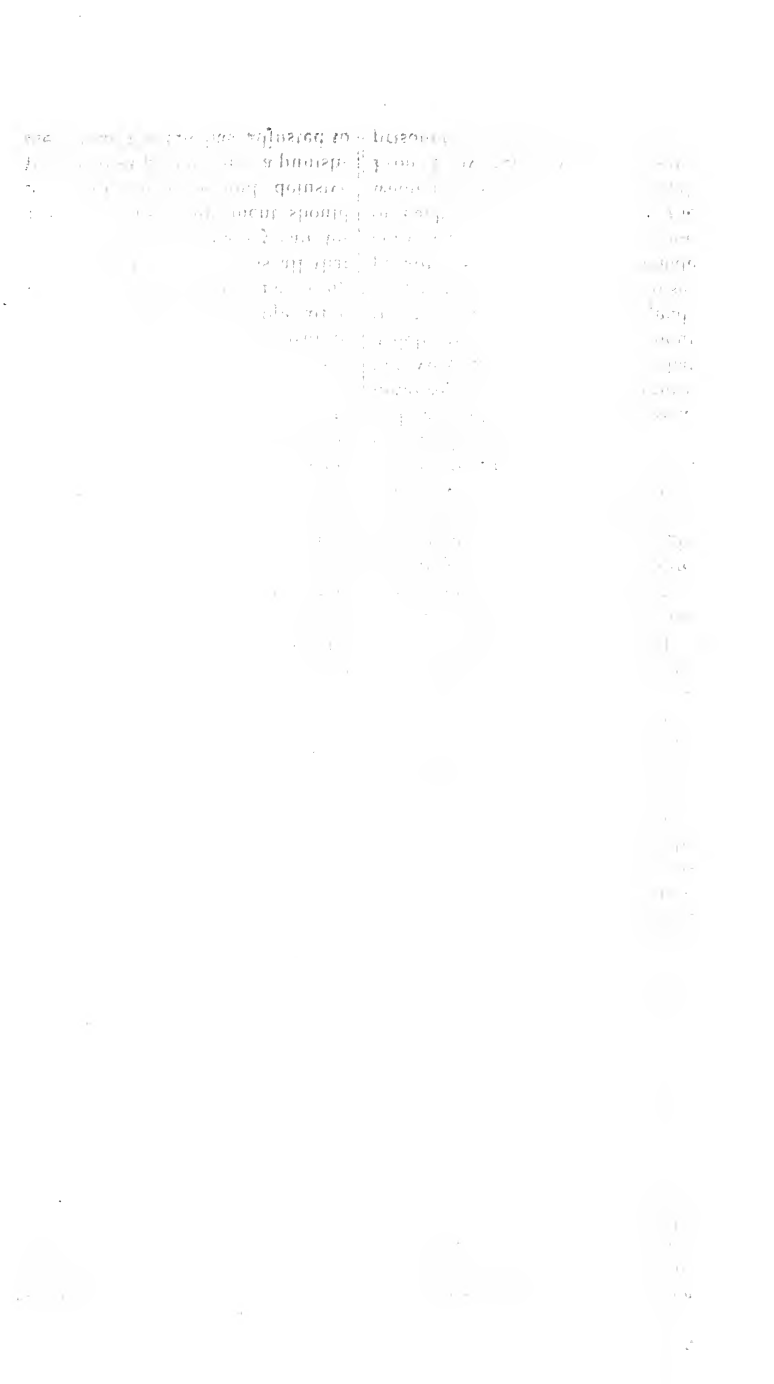
Though Mrs. Thornton became a mother about a year after her adoption of Augustus, that circumstance did not decrease her affection for him. Naturally of a grateful and affectionate temper, he returned her maternal cares by the fondest love and reverence. Never did Thornton suffer the anniversary of his Isabella's birth to pass without a fond and grateful remembrance of that day, on which she had proved herself so superior to the general foible of her sex, by appropriating to a much more noble purpose the price of her diamond necklace.

PLATE 15.—THE PENITENTIARY.

THIS new and extensive building is situated on the north shore of the river Thames, nearly mid-

way between Westminster and Vauxhall bridges, at Millbank, on a site that was formerly occupied





as garden ground. It is appropriated to the reception of convicted criminals, who, subjected to the sentence of the law for transportable offences, are here destined to suffer by labour and imprisonment a punishment for their crimes, apportioned to the nature and extent of them.

The colonizing of New South Wales being sufficiently advanced, and the prodigious expense to the country which attends the transportation of every convict to New Holland, probably led to the formation of this establishment; but a better motive—a motive more consonant with the philanthropic spirit of the British nation and its legislature—has induced it to pass by such rigid calculations, and to endeavour, by a system founded upon humane and rational principles, to substitute a punishment sufficient to operate upon the vicious towards the prevention of crime, and thus protect the public from injury; and, at the same time, to correct the abandoned, by habits of industry, by regularity, and by religious instruction, so that when the abridged term of his castigation shall be over, he shall be restored a reformed and useful member of society, worthy of the protection of those laws he had formerly violated.

If the punishment be not excessive, but merely commensurate with the crime, and its operation tend to correct the understanding and the heart, it contains all that true policy and humanity can desire; but this punishment should not hold out false and delusive prospects of proving less a punishment than the law has adjusted to

the offence, which for some time the practice of transporting convicts to our colonies has done, to a degree that has transformed the sentence into an insufficient motive to refrain from crime.

Penitence and reform are the objects to which such punishments are directed: surely, then, that system is best which promises the speediest prospect of obtaining them; and since it is usual to add the strong stimulus of pardon on an abandonment of error, and the manifestation of good and exemplary conduct, an establishment under the immediate inspection of the legislature, is calculated to encourage this amendment by a judicious and early application of royal clemency. With such intentions, and upon such principles, this establishment is founded; and to the fulfilment of them, through all its branches and functions, it is to be hoped the legislature will keep the anxious and watchful eye of a faithful guardian, alike as it regards the health and welfare of its unhappy inmates, as the advantages that the public have a right to expect from it; at the same time carefully securing its application to the direct purpose to which it is now exclusively devoted.

The building is chiefly of brick, in no regular style of architecture, but very much resembling that which prevailed in Scotland about the time of James I.; it is quadrangular, and so disposed as to separate the male from the female convicts, and to admit the division of each into several classes: the whole is surrounded by a high wall. From Lady-day to Michaelmas the prisoners rise at half-past five, and

at day-break during the remainder of the year: they dine at one o'clock, and until two the time is devoted to dinner, air, and exercise: at six in summer, and at sunset in winter, they leave off work: in the winter the prisoners are then locked into their night cells, except on the evenings upon which they are assembled in the schools to receive moral and religious instruction: during the summer they are allowed an hour after work for air and exercise in the court-yards, and immediately after they are locked up in their cells for the night, their suppers are delivered to them.

The chapel of this institution is a spacious building, containing accommodation for the committee of management, the officers, and prisoners: the latter rise on a Sunday at seven from Lady-day to Michaelmas, and at eight during the remainder of the year. They attend divine service twice a day, and between it and the hours in which they receive religious instruction, sufficient time is appropriated to walking for the advantages of exercise and air.

The term of confinement is abrid-

ged from that of the usual sentence in the following manner:—"For and during any term not exceeding five years, in case an offender shall have been sentenced to be transported for seven years only; for any term not exceeding seven years, in case he or she shall have been so sentenced for fourteen years; and for a term not exceeding ten years, in case such offender shall have received sentence of transportation for life, or shall have been capitally convicted."

To encourage industry, and provide a fund for the use of the prisoners when they are discharged from confinement, they are allowed a per-centage on their work; and the governor may, with the consent of the committee, indulge the industrious by allowing them to work after the hours appointed for labour. The prisoners are habited in coarse clothing of cheap materials; the first class being of yellow and brown, and the second class of green and brown, with such other marks and peculiarities as may tend to facilitate discovery in case of escape.

STATE OF THE ISLE OF MAN.

IN A LETTER TO A FRIEND.

WHEN I promised to send you some account of this island, and of what advantage I might find it to afford as a residence to people in moderate circumstances, I was by no means aware of the difficulty of the task I had imposed upon myself, nor of the probable length to which this letter may extend before it could fulfil my promise.

In England the Isle of Man is

generally supposed to be a barren rock, inhabited by a few smugglers, whose traffic having been interrupted by the British government, they had recourse, as their only remaining means of subsistence, to the conversion of their island from a smuggling depot into a general asylum for all the outcasts from the neighbouring shores. This opinion appears to have been originally not

wholly unfounded, though considerably exaggerated: under its former petty sovereigns it was little else than a nest of smugglers, to which its independent legislature, and its local situation in the midst of the British isles, were peculiarly adapted: its uncommonly fertile soil, its salubrious climate, and the beautiful diversity of its surface, were at that period wholly disregarded; smuggling and the herring fishery were the only occupations; the most brutal and protracted intoxication, and promiscuous licentiousness, the only gratifications: and there are still old men to be found, who, with tears in their eyes, deplore the good old times when, night and day for months together, the streets of Douglas were crowded with casks of wine and spirits, intermixed with human bodies equally gorged with the same contents! Such a society naturally courted the congeniality of mind, manner, and occupation prevalent among the least cherished members of the neighbouring countries; and by offering to the desperate debtors a protection from the threatened gaol, they procured a number of persons well adapted to the prosecution of their illicit commerce. This commerce at length became so extended, that it was judged necessary to revest the sovereignty of the island in the crown of Britain; and it was accordingly purchased from the family of Athol in 1765, and from that period smuggling rapidly diminished, so as at present to be nearly annihilated: dissipation gradually wore away as the means of administering to it decreased; and

industry, the last acquisition of a community once prone to smuggling, has of late made great and rapid progress in the island. The town of Douglas has become a place of considerable trade, and is accommodated with one of the most superb piers to be met with in the British islands, affording not only protection to the harbour, but a most agreeable and elegant promenade to the inhabitants of the town; new and handsome houses are rising over the whole island with astonishing rapidity; schools, libraries, and news-rooms, are become numerous in the different towns; and many estates that were but recently in a state of waste, are now highly cultivated: so that the island, which at the period of the revestment depended almost wholly on the neighbouring countries for its subsistence, now employs a considerable tonnage in exporting its superabundant wheat to Liverpool, where it is estimated fully equal to the best that is grown in any part of England.

I shall now proceed to notice those advantages which this island appears to offer as a residence to people of small or moderate fortunes, the principal of which is, a total exemption from all direct taxes, except that on dogs: no tax on houses, on windows, on men-servants, on carriages, on horses; no poor rates, no endless exaction of taxes, nor unceasing vexation from tax-gatherers; no surcharges, nor penalties for the non-compliance with revenue regulations, which it would require a protracted study to become acquainted with: that upon dogs is merely a measure

of policy to keep down their numbers, and the produce of it is applied to the highways. The excise exacted on almost every article in England, is drawn back on its exportation to the Isle of Man. The duties on tea and sugar are wholly drawn back, which makes them considerably cheaper here than in England. Wine and spirits pay only small duties on importation. House rent here, as in every other place, is uncertain, being generally more regulated by the demand than the price of building; at present, in consequence of the great number lately built and now building, many are unoccupied, and the rents consequently low: materials for building are also generally abundant in the island: there is no duty on timber, glass, slates, bricks, &c. Provisions of every description are much lower than in any part of England, as must necessarily be the case when it is considered, that grain, fat cattle, bacon, butter, cheese, eggs, &c. are sent in great quantities from hence to Liverpool. The style of living is much more moderate here than in England, so that very few men-servants are kept by any person; and the women-servants do not cost, in wages and maintenance, above one-half of what they do in the cheapest counties in England, and are, in addition, much more obedient and humble. At Douglas the schools are numerous, and masters procurable in every branch of education. The island is blessed

with one of the wholesomest climates any where to be met with, ague and some other complaints being unknown in it. Its insular situation is favourable to sea-bathing, and no place can excel the beach at Douglas for that purpose.

Two insular newspapers are published weekly at half the English price; a government packet communicates weekly with Whitehaven; and there are private packets established to Dublin and Ardglass, besides no less than four vessels of about four hundred tons each, very completely fitted up for carrying passengers, which constantly trade between Douglas and Liverpool; and afford frequent opportunities of passing between these ports every week. Fish is here in so great profusion, and of such excellent quality, that I am told not less than one hundred thousand pounds worth were exported last year.

In consequence of the rapid advance of this island of late years, the interest of money is high; six per cent. is that established by law, and even on mortgage it is at present rarely lent at less; and the usual price of land is from twenty to twenty-five years purchase. On the whole, I do not know any other place in the British islands where a person of moderate fortune can enjoy so many of the luxuries and conveniencies of life as in this island, where 200*l.* will certainly go fully as far as 300*l.* in the cheapest county in England.

A TRAVELLING SKETCH IN JAMAICA.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—If you will accept of the following sketch from a traveller who has had the advantage of *seeing foreign parts*, it is at your service.

The scene which I lay before you is supposed to take place in the Island of Jamaica, and in fact, as it is drawn portrait-wise, there it actually did take place. With your leave, we will dramatise it, and suppose, in strict accordance with the severer unities, that the whole passes within the space of a day.

Time, Morning—Scene, Breakfast. This is about nine o'clock, and Mr. Sugar Cane has just returned from his morning ride of inspection about the estate. You must know, sir, that this important personage takes this daily ride along what are called the *intervals* of the cultivated ground, as, for the purpose of carriage, &c. they separate the several cane or Guinea grass fields, and so on. As a necessary adjunct to this circulating equitation, a black boy is in frequent attendance, for the opening of gates and other necessary duties, all which he is enabled to perform by that gain of power which his holding of the horse's tail affords. Well! the ride is over—our planter comes in wiping his face, and Mrs. Sugar Cane preparing to preside over the ceremonies of the table, loaded with tea, coffee, chocolate, hot rolls, and butter (our July, as my Lord Ogilvy has it, is nothing to it, for the butter is here actually liquified); while the sons of the family are tracing, from a powder-horn or flask, a circle of gunpowder round a small heap of sugar, in order to blow up

some few scores of flies, who may be attracted to the bait. Daniel, the mulatto boy, is waiting with a *fire-stick* for this landable purpose. The explosion takes place, the breakfast is eaten, and Mr. Sugar Cane having marched off to his tumbler of *small lime punch*, or medicated draught of *tamarind water*, Mrs. Sugar Cane desires Daniel to tell Eve, to call Hannibal, to order Scipio, to bid Quasheba, to ask Dolly the cook to come, that dinner may, in both quality and degree, be set in a due state of preparation.—Dolly makes her appearance, and the dialogue proceeds, with a prodigious elongation of drawl, quite unknown to this climate.

Mrs. S.—Well, my good Dolly, we must think about the dinner, you know.

D.—Yes, Missis: Massa Billy killed yesterday three ring-tailed pigeons and one bald-head; and Cæsar, him bring in two whistling ducks.

Mrs. S.—Well, Dolly, we must have them dressed: but are the two capons killed? They are in fine order, a'nt they?

D.—Beautiful birds, Missis; me cut off their heads presently, and pick them by the fire, Missis, and so they be quite tender; and then, Missis, the paroquet soup and the turtle eggs.

Mrs. S.—But have you no black crabs? They are travelling fast enough now, I think!

(The violet crabs, the greatest luxury of the West Indies, which, feeding on herbage in the high

grounds, descend, with a sort of contra instinct to that of the salmon, towards the sea, for the purpose of depositing their spawn annually, are met in vast columns of march, are seized and incarcerated in unheaded barrels, whence they are taken to make all sorts of luxurious preparations).

D.—Oh, yes, Missis, the barrels have plenty, and I make them soup, and send them up in platefuls too.

More clumsy plenty is added, and Dolly is about to march off, when she recollects herself, and, stopping, asks Mrs. S. what is to be had for the strangers. These are the wayfarers, who wandering over the island from either idleness or business, and finding no inns, of necessity impose themselves upon the hospitality of the planters, which, it must needs be confessed, is absolutely boundless. We will therefore shift the scene to the noontide hour, or to a short hour after it, and we will then see what the coming of the strangers, thus provided for, occasions. Our dear West-Indians, for the most part, pretty exactly fill up the outline of description given respecting our Anglo-Saxon ancestors. They live in mean houses, fare sumptuously, and, in fact, press into their service every sort of luxury. Thus you may, amidst the splendour of plate and glass, and the enjoyment of the most costly wines, have a lizard tumble from the single roof into your tureen of turtle-soup; while at night, though your light were protected by what are called glass-shades from the attacks of the cockroach, the said cockroach, who has been nibbling all day along the gilding from picture and glass

frames, is now bounding into your face, or, if you go to bed with unwashed hands, is macerating the ends of your fingers. The precaution of putting the feet of bed-posts into stone receptacles for water, to prevent the attack of ants and so forth, is no defence against the sluggish, heavy, and inodoriferous flight of these odious insects.

But dinner hour approaches; and the planter and his guests are drawn up in the piazza, with their legs elevated against the posts at a height somewhat above their heads, thereby displaying a very formidable show to the approaching stranger, while a battery of Havannah segars is breathing out a line of fire and smoke. The stranger arrives, and riding up to the *horse-block*, calls lustily to the first black he sees, and dismounts.

“Here, you negro boy, take my horse to the stable; rub him well down, give him a feed. Carry my portmanteau to my bed-room; I mean to sleep here to-night.”

“Yes, Massa.” So the horse is fed, rubbed down, and the portmanteau conveyed in doors, all as a matter in course. The stranger, meanwhile, struts into the piazza, asks for the master of the house, makes his leg, and shaking his hand first, and then all the assembly as heartily by the hand as if he had known them from his infancy, he informs his entertainer, that he is come to beg a dinner and a bed. This is instantly accorded; the bed-room is prepared, and the whole party go to dinner—in perfect and continued ignorance of the guest’s name or condition. His honour sometimes takes it into his head, if he likes his quarters, to stay several

days, and he is still welcomed, and has no leading questions asked him. The hospitality of the people was, indeed, unbounded. Dr. Coke, when travelling through the island to survey his Methodist mission, was much struck with this; but he somewhat ungraciously coupled it with a terrible censure: "They are," said he, "the most hospitable and the most wicked of mankind." The merchants of Tyre were not more princely in their generosity. The Assembly gave 5000*l.* to Captain Bligh for bringing the bread-fruit among them. This piece of liberality seemed so surprising to old Hoffman, Professor of Botany at Göttingen, that in

one of his lectures, laying his hand upon a specimen of the fruit, and holding it up to his audience, he told the anecdote, and repeated, with marks of a very ludicrous astonishment, half a dozen times—"Five thousand pounds for an apple!" By the way, the young Englishmen at Göttingen, classed Hoffman himself. He had on his establishment a niece and two waiting-women. They accordingly posted him as *Monandria Trigynia*. He was, however, a very good man, and a diligent as well as able instructor. — After all, the blacks will hardly be persuaded to eat of this apple.

* * * *

THE FEMALE TATTLER.

No. XV.

—— Sub iisdem

Sit trabibus, fragilemque mecum
Solvas Phaselon. ————— HOR.

They who mysteries reveal,
Beneath my roof shall never live,
Shall never hoist with me the doubtful sail.

I CANNOT help thinking, that some of my correspondents address me on subjects which they consider as more particularly connected with my sex and character; first as a *female*, and secondly as a *female Tattler*. It is a vulgar notion, as well as a very ill-founded one, that women are more disposed to indulge in loquacity than the men: the experiences of social life will prove the contrary; and I have no doubt that a comedy as busy, facetious, and natural, entitled *The Wonder that a Man keeps a Secret*, might be produced, as the lively drama so well known to the frequenters of the theatre, which is founded on the pretended astonishing event, that

a woman should possess the extraordinary resolution of maintaining her promised secrecy inviolate. I am aware it will be said, that the comedy to which I have alluded was written by a woman, and one who was well, perhaps too well, acquainted with all the weaknesses of her sex: but I have always imagined, and I have no doubt the truth was, that Mrs. Centlivre wished, by her play, to do away an idle, prevailing prejudice, respecting the tattling propensities of females, by presenting a character to the stage, that should tend to weaken, if not altogether dispel, the unreflecting notion of the irresistible loquacity of our sex.

I may, perhaps, have considered the subject of the following letter with an unreasonable jealousy, for there is not a single allusion throughout it, to this supposed weakness in the female character. It consists of a succession of very sensible and just observations on the duty of maintaining secrecy, and the reasons upon which the obligations to it are founded. Its instructions are as applicable to the men as the women; but professing myself to be a female Tattler, I could not help suspecting, on its being addressed to me in that character, that it has allusions which, however disguised, apply to that incautious loquacity with which women are so unjustly charged. Some may perhaps suppose, that the title of *Tattler* which I have assumed, may be synonymous to tale-bearer; but that construction I boldly and confidently deny. I assume no other character than that of a narrator of the general and ordinary concerns of life in the way of familiar instruction, and, as far as I am capable, of blending it with useful information and moral entertainment. So much for myself, and now for the letter.

TO THE FEMALE TATTLER.

Madam,

From the general character of your writings, and the knowledge you display in the various and excellent instructions which you, every month, and I wish it were oftener, present to the readers of the *Repository*, I am fully persuaded that you have not derived your knowledge from a mere intimacy with social life and the manners of the world; but that the shelves of your study have furnished you with

those acquirements which books are peculiarly, and, on some subjects, may be said to be almost exclusively, calculated to bestow. You are, therefore, more than qualified to agree with me, that the fabulous works of the poets and the volumes of the historians fail not to delight by their respective beauties of imagination and the power of their narratives: but do we not feel ourselves more particularly interested, (I am sure I do, and you I think will make the same acknowledgment,) when a moral virtue, or a social obligation, is forcibly presented to us, the practice of which is our indispensable duty, and consequently essential to our happiness? Besides, we are more ready to observe these instructions, as well as to acquiesce in the excellence of them, from the unquestionable authority of the teacher.

The zeal and fidelity of friendship are among the most distinguished virtues which the ancients possessed. If we examine their conduct and intimate connections with each other, it will appear, that the most sacred rites of their religion were not more strongly ratified, or more rigorously preserved, than the laws by which the intimacies of their social life were governed. The table of friendship and the altar of sacrifice were equally free from contamination. The mysteries of Bacchus were enveloped with as many leaves as those of Ceres, and the profanation of either deity excluded the offenders from the assemblies of men; the revealer was judged to be accursed, and his impiety was the theme of general execration.

The chief happiness of social

life consists in our being able to meet together on the honest principles of social beings. It is not the increase of vices, which, I fear, are inseparable from erring humanity, that alarms the reflecting mind and experienced understanding; the riots of the licentious, or the outrages of the profligate; but it is the absence of that integrity, the neglect of that virtue, the contempt of that honour, which, by connecting individuals, form the most lasting, as well as endearing, bonds of society, and without which the society of virtuous characters cannot subsist.

Such is the state of human nature, that every man does not appear to be formed for that intimate connection which we distinguish by the appellation of friendship, and we well know the difference between a friend and an acquaintance. The latter is a progressive character, and may, after an intermediate trial of his virtues and his fidelity, his warm heart and generous nature, attain the superior dignity of a friend. He must now consider himself as having entered on a character which requires all the higher virtues, as well as the most agreeable qualities, to support it; but among these, fidelity, and the taciturnity necessary to it, must be particularly distinguished. He must be able to controul with an absolute sway any dispositions to unreflecting talkativeness, or the impulse of idle curiosity; and, above all things, to be able to resist the communicating temptations of those too often unguarded moments, of which the indulgencies of Bacchus, or the suggestions of vindictive resentment, may pro-

duce: and, as far as it is in his power, let him endeavour, that a confidence reposed in him should not be sought for by him as a wish of his own, but should devolve upon him by the entreaty of another.

Such is the general honour of the English character, and such its general love of sincerity, that he who is guilty of a breach of either, finds little indulgence from those circles in society whose estimation is of any value. He who is found capable of betraying the secrets which an unsuspecting friendship has confided to his bosom as a safe and inviolable repository, instantly loses the respect, to say no worse, of every man whose respect reflects honour upon the object of it. In no class of society is any character held in greater detestation than that of an informer; and he who betrays the secrets of his friend is the most odious of informers.

At the same time, ill as I think of, and severe as I am disposed to be on, the betrayers of confidence, I am far from imagining that it always proceeds from a love of mischief or a malignant disposition. Folly and vanity are, perhaps, by far the more frequent misleaders to such unworthiness; and it will frequently be seen, that the first discoverer of a secret is only weak, and that it is the propagator who is malignant. The first author of a report, however wrong, has probably been the dupe of his own habit of loquacity, or may have the secret drawn from him by the importunities of some one whom he was persuaded he could trust. An idle vanity may incline us to enumerate our parties of mirth and friendship, when we believe our

importance is increased by a recapitulation of the discourse, and a communication of the sentiments in which we were permitted to share; and to prove that we were considered as fit to be entrusted with affairs of great concern and privacy, we inconsiderately enter upon a detail of them.

After all, it is impossible not to observe, in our communications with mankind, the very prevalent inclination to hear a secret, to whomsoever it relates, whether it unfolds the mysteries of government, or relates to the domestic history of a family. Whatever may be its import, whether serious or trivial, how many value the communication so that it be but a secret! and oftentimes, how difficult it would be to determine whether the delight is greater to those who hear or to such as relate it, though the apparent, if not the assumed, importance is on the side of the latter: it may be considered, indeed, as the superiority of him who gives over him who receives.

They must have had little to do indeed in social life, who are unacquainted with the circumstances to which my allusions are directed. In short, who that has lived in what is called the world, and has employed an observing eye on the manners and what passes in the circles of it, but must have now and then seen a character bursting with a secret, and manifesting, by hints and half-intelligible expressions, his anxiety to communicate it, while he is perplexed with doubt into whose ear he shall pour the important intelligence. He however, settles at last; draws the high-

ly favoured personage into a corner; relates all he knows, and not very seldom more than he knows; engages a solemn promise of the utmost secrecy; is silly enough to presume that another will be more faithful than himself; and stalks about the room, lightened of his burden, important, and at ease.

In no small space of time, a secret thus communicated is known throughout the town, to the utter astonishment of the first possessors of it; and the consternation is still greater, as each reporter is equally confident that he only communicated it to one person.

"A report," says an ancient writer, "thus transferred from one to another, is like a drop of water at the top of a house, which descends from tile to tile, yet at last makes its way to the gutter, and then is involved in the general stream." Nor shall I think myself guilty of presumption by extending the allegory, in observing, that the drop of water, after its progress through all the channels of the streets, is not more contaminated with filth and dirt, than a simple story, after it has passed through the mouths of a few modern tale-bearers. I am, madam, your obedient humble servant,

ONE who can hold his Tongue.

My readers, I doubt not, will agree with me, that there is no small portion of good sense and keen observation in the foregoing letter; but my jealousy is not altogether lulled by its cautious phraseology, and the total absence of all allusion to that spirit of communication which is so generally, but, as I have already observed, so

unjustifiably, and, I may add, so ungenerously attributed to the female part of the creation, whose tongues, I insist upon it, are not more slightly hung, and whose hearts are not less worthy of being made the repositories of honourable confidence, than those of the men. If my paper would allow me, I could produce many striking examples of female virtue and resolution, which would be more than sufficient to silence the idle accusations which flippant wit and unreflecting common-place talkers may let loose against us. I may hereafter be induced to extend the subject, and prove the truth of my assertions. I shall conclude this paper by a whimsical note, which was delivered to me on the morning of the auspicious day whose date distinguishes it.

F — T —.

TO THE FEMALE TATTLER.

Feb. 14, 1817.

Madam,—I am told by some of my female acquaintance, that I have the knack of writing verses rather agreeably; and, encouraged by that opinion, I had determined to send you a *Valentine*, but on mentioning this design of mine to a criticising friend, he advised me to delay my intention till I could ascertain whether the *Female Tattler* did not wear a round beaver hat, a great-coat, pantaloons, and Hessian boots, as an ordinary fashionable morning dress. I have only therefore to add, that if you will assure me that, on the contrary, you appear in bonnet, muff and tippet, shawl, and every other petticoat accompaniment, you may depend upon receiving, on the 14th of February, in the year 1818, a very respectful and appropriate copy of verses from your faithful

VALENTINE.

EXHIBITION OF THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THE Exhibition at the British Institution this year consists of two hundred and forty-two works of art, nine of which are sculptural models. It presents decidedly the best collection that our artists have furnished since the establishment of the British Gallery. The contributors are as various as the subjects on which they have treated; and their works evidently disclose an improvement both in style and execution, that promises an advancement in the character of the fine arts of our country, which, if they do not excite a proper and adequate portion of public patronage, will at least shew that our artists deserve it.

The progress of art, even in those ages when it was most highly patronised and cultivated, has been slow and progressive. In other professions the stamp of genius commands immediate attention, and ensures prompt success; but the fame of an artist must oftener follow his career, than cheer him in the course of his labours; and whatever be the mental vigour of the man, a life of toilsome and unremitting observation and industry is necessary for the full development of his powers.

The present Exhibition is a striking example of the value of well-directed application: the landscapes are numerous and well ex-

ecuted, and in many instances consist of compositions, in which are introduced, with skill and effect, parts of the designs that are to be found in the admirable pictures of Claude, which adorned the last Exhibition: his bridges, his temples, and vistas, are occasionally introduced with some slight alterations, to save the works from the charge of being mere copies; but they are handled with a degree of taste, which shews that the artist *felt* the subject he had before him, and was not ignorant of the principles to which it referred.

The following are the principal works in the Institution: we take them generally in the order of the names as they appear in the catalogue. In our selection (limited as it must be) we are of necessity compelled to omit several pictures, to the merits of which we beg to be understood as by no means insensible.

The young Cottager's first Purchase—Preparing for a Voyage—and an Argument at the Spring, by W. Collins, A. R. A.

These three pictures are executed in this artist's best style. The first is broad and sunny, and quite free from that white effect, or rather defect, into which artists sometimes fall in endeavouring to give their pictures a particular brightness. The thoughtfulness of the boy, who has emptied his purse to make the purchase, is finely contrasted with the lively emotion of the child, who appears to enjoy it: the expression of both is simple and pretty. The bird and cage are extremely well painted; but the form of the waggon, at the back of

the group, might have been agreeably broken.

The second picture is equally pleasing in its sunny effect: it contains, however, some loose and careless drawing, that an artist so competent to handle his subject well, might have avoided. The naked and kneeling boys might have been in this respect improved. The boats, sails, &c. are beautiful to a degree.

We only notice the third picture, to mark its improvement since the last Exhibition at Somerset-House, by an alteration in the too slight execution of the trees.

Interior of the British Gallery during the Exhibition of Italian Masters in 1816—and Tuning, by F. P. Stephanoff.

Two very clever pictures; but the velvet hangings in the former are too brown, and some of the heads too chalky. The latter picture is already sold, and we are glad of it. The expression of the story is almost worthy of Wilkie, and the colouring is most excellent. *Bulls fighting—and the Lioness disturbed*, by James Ward, R. A.

The first of these pictures contains fine execution, but it wants some repose in the back-ground; the subject does not catch the attention soon enough. The bulls are amazingly spirited, and drawn with the greatest correctness. The execution of the latter picture, as well as its drawing, is surprising. It is impossible to conceive any thing finer than the life and expression of the lioness's eye, or the breadth, effect, and rich full colouring of the picture; the nature and character of the disturbed animal are inimitably portrayed.

This picture is altogether one of Mr. Ward's finest productions.

Evening (vide the opening of Gray's *Elegy*)—and *The Hermit* (vide Goldsmith's Poem), by John Martin.

This artist has already displayed prodigious talent in his works. His style is bold, and his execution vigorous. The first picture has a fine air, in spite of some harshness in the colouring, and the second has great poetical grandeur; but the force of this artist's genius can be better conceived and appreciated by the contemplation of his *Joshua commanding the Sun to stand still*, which we noticed in our remarks on the last Exhibition at the Royal Academy, and which (strange to say) remains still unsold, and forms a part of the present Exhibition. In this picture the artist seems to have, with enthusiasm, seized and expressed a fine idea, which excites a similar emotion in others' breasts, and awakens a feeling like his own. The awful confusion in the valley—the appearance of the city in the distance—the grandeur of the havock which Nature, by divine command, is about to inflict upon the foe, form a combination which is almost expressed in the picture, and which must strike the mind of the beholder with a sentiment of admiration and awe.

The Pedlar—and *Sheep-washing*, by D. Wilkie, R. A.

The first of these pictures is in Mr. Wilkie's best and peculiar style. It possesses all the fine qualities which distinguish this most excellent artist—his drawing, expression, composition, chiaro-scuro, &c.

The parts of the picture are

beautiful, particularly the pedlar's box and the showy articles of his trade. The composition is filled up with great taste: in this the artist, like some writers, may be said to have an "elegant redundancy." Ostade would have admired this picture, and profited from its examination.

The landscape picture is, we believe, the artist's first attempt at such compositions, and should not, therefore, be judged with too scrutinizing an eye. To say that it possesses great merit, would be in fact to say hardly any thing, for merit and the production of this artist's pencil are synonymous terms. The details of this picture are brought out with infinite care and precision. The sheep are beautifully drawn, and the trees are extremely well finished; but there is a monotony of colour in it, which, as well as the execution of the sky, is disagreeable: the water, too, has been complained of as dull and devoid of sufficient transparency. The general effect of nature is not striking in the landscape, though much of the vigour of the artist's pencil is every where observable in the parts of which the picture is composed.

The Lake of Avernus, by C. V. Fielding.

This is certainly a fine picture, but it is too slight in the execution. It has a poetic feeling and solemn tone that give it an air of grandeur, but it wants a little more attention to nature to make it an excellent production.

Brook-Scene at Enfield, by F. C. Lewis.

This is the best of this artist's pictures which we have seen. They

in general resemble each other too much; and while they display much knowledge of nature, at the same time appear deficient in some of the principles of drawing and colouring.

Hermione, by James Lonsdale.

This is a good picture, and in parts very well coloured.

Lake Windermere, with Stone-Hall, by W. Westall, A. R. A.

This picture is neatly handled and well coloured: the transparency of the water is delineated with taste.

A Lady, with Attendants, at the Bath, by R. T. Bone.

There is good colouring in this picture. The artist has evidently aimed at breadth; but in the course of his studies he should bear in mind the judicious precept of Mr. Fuseli, that breadth "ought to be the superiority of the whole over the parts;" but here the parts are destroyed to obtain it: and, as the same critic says, "if it were easily got, emptiness could give it;" and this seems to be the only means used. Mr. Bone is a clever and painstaking artist, and will, we have no doubt, weigh in his mind a well-intended observation.

Child and Dog—and Chess-Players, by Miss Geddes.

This lady appears to have been rather in a hurry with her pictures this season, and the usual correctness of her style has suffered on the occasion. The last picture is pretty, but it is chalky.

View of the Temple of Jupiter Panhellenius, by J. M. W. Turner, R. A.

We noticed this excellent work in our remarks upon the last year's Exhibition at Somerset-House; but

the artist has slightly altered it since, by introducing a fountain, which heightens the effect of the picture.

Cupid asleep—and a Native of Poland, by J. Jackson, A. R. A.

At a little distance, the first of these pictures is rich and clear, and something in the style of Sir Joshua Reynolds: but the latter is a more excellent production; it has great expression, and is very carefully coloured. This artist has been lately chosen an associate of the Royal Academy.

The Duke of Wellington's Entry into Madrid, a sketch, by W. Hilton, A. R. A.

This picture presents a gay and splendid scene, in a style that may be considered as partly Paul Veronese's and partly Rubens'; it unites many of the tints of both. As a sketch, it is truly admirable. The lively expression of the group, and the strong contrasts of colour and universal warmth, with a vigorous pencil, which it displays, give it a sprightly air, quite unusual with this artist.

Mother and Child, by A. Perigal, is excessively brilliant, and presents a great improvement in the style of this artist. The subject is rather common-place, but it is rendered agreeable by the fine colouring which the artist has introduced. There is a dark spot where the shadow begins in the neck near the collar, which is offensive to the eye; a very little lighter colour would here improve what now looks like a patch.

Entrance to a Forest—Fishing—Lane-Scene—and the Country Churchyard, by J. Stark.

This artist improves upon ac-

quaintance; his river scene is extremely well coloured. The breaking up of the clouds, the fine gleams of the sun, the forest scenery, and the sweet and natural tone of colouring which pervades these pictures, display a fine taste, which is heightened by some excellent execution.

The Dutch Passage-Boat, a Squall coming on, by C. W. Powell.

This is very tastefully executed. The clouds are in the style of Vanderelde, and the effect on the right-hand side of the picture is extremely striking.

View of Colickey Green, Essex, by Miss Landseer.

This lady has been very successful with this picture, which displays taste, judgment, and execution.

Studies from Nature, by A. Cooper.

In this sketch the artist maintains the celebrity he has so justly acquired in his drawings from animal life.

The Judgment of Daniel, by W. Brockedon.

This is a very large picture, in some parts of which a good deal of merit is observable, particularly in the group forcing the elder away. The character and expression of the principal group is not striking, neither is the countenance or figure of Susannah. The artist has also failed in giving sufficient force to the picture, the disadvantageous size of which renders the defect more glaring. Some of the subordinate parts are, however, well executed; but the general effect is not good.

An autumnal Evening, by R. R. Reinagle, A. R. A.

There was a little too much warmth in this picture when we saw it at the last Royal Academy Exhibition, but the artist has, by retouching, improved it since that period.

Hoffland's *Scene from the Cymon and Iphigenia of Boccaccio*, Chalon's *Scene from Don Quixote*, and other good pictures that have been already exhibited, are in this gallery; but it would be a work of supererogation to dwell upon their merits, as we have already paid them our tribute at the last Royal Academy Exhibition.

SCULPTURE-ROOM.

The same observation applies to the works in the sculpture-room. Of Mr. Bailey's and Mr. Hiffernan's groups we have spoken at large when they were first submitted to the public. They are works which do honour to the rising merit of the British school. Henning's *Composition* is fine and spirited.

We cannot close our remarks upon the present Exhibition, without expressing our unfeigned satisfaction at the progress which it develops in the study of art. The British Institution has done much, and will, we are persuaded, do more to promote this laudable object; and if the exertions of the directors are backed by the support of an enlightened public, our artists may look forward to that, to which they shew themselves eminently entitled—PATRONAGE and INDEPENDENCE.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

A Set of the earliest Lessons for the Use of Beginners on the Piano-Forte, containing many popular Airs, composed, selected, arranged, and fingered by J. F. Burrowes. Pr. 5s.

THE lessons in this book are destined for the earliest stage of instruction, and appear to us well calculated for that purpose. Their progressive order, observance of one position of the hand, sparing indication of fingers, and the agreeable nature of the melodies, are so many recommendations in their favour. To render them still more useful, we could have wished the *tempi* had been marked according to the *Metronomic* Scale, in the same manner as the lessons in Maelzel's *Metronomic Tutor* for the piano-forte, of which we have given a full account in a recent number of the *Repository*. We become daily more firmly convinced of the eminent advantage to be derived from the Metronome in the tuition of beginners; this instrument cannot fail to render them exact with regard to time.

Le sans Souci, composed in the Style of a popular Rondo for the Piano-Forte, by J. F. Burrowes. Pr. 2s.

"Le sans Souci" consists of two movements in D major: an andantino, by way of introduction, in $\frac{6}{8}$; and a presto in $\frac{2}{4}$ time. Both are very meritorious: the andantino evinces throughout a good taste; its melody is select, the passages are natural and well connected, and among several cases of satisfactory harmonic contrivance, we may mention the transient modulation in the fourth and fifth bars. The

quick movement is of a light but very pleasing texture: the subject is sprightly, and the parts deduced from it partake of the same character; although some of the modulations make claim to higher distinction, such as the bold transition to C (*p. 5. l. 5*). The whole of this publication is conceived in so natural, easy, and tasteful a style, that we feel called upon to accompany it with our decided recommendation. Performers of very moderate abilities may master it.

A new Rondo, with an Introduction for the Piano-Forte, composed, and respectfully inscribed to his Pupil, by W. H. Cutler, Mus. Bac. Oxon. Op. 17. Pr. 2s. 6d.

In this publication we perceive many traces of a meritorious degree of attention to selectness of harmony and melody. Common-place passages and expressions are as much as possible avoided; while, on the other hand, combinations of the higher order are resorted to. This is particularly the case in the slow movement, in which harmonies of very solemn import are most frequent. The rondo is lively and pleasing, the ideas are neat and fancifully diversified, the passages appropriate and unaffected, the occasional responsive imitations seasonably introduced, and the *tout-ensemble* brought forward and developed in a workmanlike style.

"*The mild Breeze of Eve,*" a favourite Song, sung by Mr. Pyne of the Theatre Royal Drury-lane, written by Mr. L. H. Cove, composed by Geo. Fred. Harris. Pr. 1s. 6d.

The melody of this little ballad is agreeable, without exhibiting any thought of striking originality, or even of such a description as usage has not rendered us familiar with in compositions of this kind. The latter half of the introduction and some repletive symphonies are neatly devised, and the arrangement of the accompaniment evinces the author's taste and careful attention to harmonic propriety. As a favourable specimen, under this head, we may quote bar 9, p. 2. Here and there we meet with instances of metrical irregularity; e. g. "forsaken," p. 5, which is musically scanned *för säkēn*, owing to the short note upon "sa" and the long one on "ken." There are words in the English language, the pronunciation of which may perhaps justify the composer in assigning to the first syllable a short note, although it fall into the accented part of the bar, as *mother, willow, &c.*; but this sacrifice to good taste ought to be avoided as much as possible.

First Instructions for the Piano-Forte, containing the first Rudiments of Music, the first Principles of Fingering, and six original progressive Sonatinas, composed and

set forth in a new and conspicuous manner, with a view to assist the Master and to advance the Pupil,
by M. P. King.

Simplicity and great perspicuity are the leading characteristics of this little volume, in which the author appears to have confined himself to what is absolutely indispensable in the course of instruction, leaving it to the master to supply such parts as have been omitted with the above view. We heartily concur in the author's opinion of the Metronome, or Musical Time-keeper: "its principle," as Mr. K. truly observes, "is so certain, and its utility so great," that it cannot be too strongly recommended to pupils and students in general. As the six little sonatinas are metronomically numbered, the learner, by employing the Metronome, will not only know how quickly to play each movement, but he will likewise find in that instrument the best guide towards a steady observance of time. In numbering Sonatina IV. (viz. 84 crotchets per minute), it would have been well to add a small 3 to the crotchets, to indicate its subdivision into triplets.

THE SELECTOR :

Consisting of INTERESTING EXTRACTS from NEW POPULAR PUBLICATIONS.

DIRECTIONS FOR THE DESTRUCTION OF INSECTS IN FLOWER-GARDENS.

(From *The Florist's Manual, or Hints for the Construction of a gay Flower-Garden.*)

WEATHER is not the only enemy from which we have to fear the destruction of our plants; insects of all kinds and degrees attack our seeds, our roots, and our flowers: hence directions for

the prevention of such depredators become a necessary part of a work which has for its object the exhibition of the floral world to its greatest advantage; and as amongst the various receipts given by all gardeners for the destruction of insects, I have not found any which may be esteemed efficacious, I hope I shall not appear too diffuse in my detail of the only method which, I believe, will clear our borders of these enemies, and which, if skilfully followed, may nearly effect their annihilation.

The simple and laborious mode of picking away the animal, is the only one to which recourse can be had with permanent advantage; and to give full efficacy to this method of rescuing our plants from caterpillars, snails, &c. our attacks must be made upon them at particular seasons, and a knowledge acquired of their history, so far as to enable us to have swarms of them destroyed in the destruction of an individual of the species: without, however, much research into their natural history, we may, from common observation, understand that in the winged insect we may free our plants from an innumerable tribe of those which crawl, and which, in that reptile state, have the capacity of devouring the whole product of a garden.

The two periods of change of form in the caterpillar species seem to afford the most advantageous times to put an end to their existence: as in the ephemeral butterfly, if timely attended to, we may destroy the animal before it has acquired the power of disseminating its young progeny; and, in the intermediate and voracious

state of caterpillar, every single one which is prevented attaining the winged form, preserves our flowers from a host of enemies.

The green caterpillar is the most common foe to our flower-borders, and in autumn attacks the branches of mignonette in such numbers, as to afford an easy opportunity of their destruction. A more persevering enemy, and one more difficult to exterminate from gardens, is the snail, or common slug, which, forming its habitation under the soil, attacks the roots of flowers, and frequently destroys them, before the gardener can be aware of the mischief, but too often becoming visible only when past reparation. Under a vigilant eye, however, plants will not twice suffer from the enemy not being ostensible; as the symptoms of his vicinity may be marked by flowers perishing as they first emerge from their buds or bulbs, by leaves or petals being pierced in small holes, or having the appearance of being gnawed, or in growth, or from almost any failure in vigour which cannot be accounted for by external causes.

In my early acquaintance with the pernicious effect of snails, having observed a root of hepatica, which had been recently planted, fade and shew symptoms of some fatal malady, I caused it to be taken out of the ground, and found amongst the fibres of its roots a number of those beautiful pearl-like substances, which are the eggs of the snail. Having caused these, with some snails, which were also found amongst the roots, to be taken away, and the hepatica to be replanted, I soon perceived the

good effects of having dislodged the enemy, as the plant flourished from that period.

In cold or dry weather the snail rarely appears, but after warm showers it may generally be found; early in the morning and about the close of evening are the usual times of these insects coming abroad, when they may be picked up in large quantities. They will, however, frequently molest a plant for a length of time, without being visible; in which case, when there is reason to suspect the hidden attacks of snails, the only method to entrap them is to place a common garden-pot over the infested root, and it will rarely occur that the enemy is not discovered, as snails fasten themselves to the sides or tops of pots, boards, or mats so placed, and, thence, are easily taken. In drougthy seasons it will be of use to water the plant before it is covered, as the moisture of the earth will be an additional motive of attraction to draw the animal from his hiding-place.

And here I must be allowed to recommend to all those, who, for the protection of their flowers and fruits, are obliged to destroy an order of creation, indubitably endowed with sensations of pleasure and pain, to take care that their existence is put an end to with humanity. If thrown immediately into water, the snail is instantly destroyed, and consequently can scarcely be susceptible of suffering.

The smaller insects which infest rose-trees and some herbaceous plants, can only be kept within moderate bounds by sweeping them from the branches, or by cutting off those whereon they are found

in most profusion. In carrying off these diminutive enemies, birds are peculiarly serviceable: and a well-authenticated fact, which I have received, of the conduct of a hen with her chickens, seems to hint that we might render them of use in our gardens; although it may be doubtful whether the injury liable to be sustained by the scratching of their claws, would not counterbalance the advantage of the number of insects cleared away by their beaks. The fact was stated to me as follows:

A lady, whose garden was inclosed by a hedge of rose-trees, and which rose-trees were covered by swarms of minute insects, saw a hen lead her flock of chickens into the garden; her immediate intention was to have them driven out, but she soon perceived their eyes fixed upon the rose-trees, and watched them until they had satiated their appetites, and perfectly cleared some of the trees.

In the attention given to the habits of snails, it should be peculiarly exerted at the time when a plant is first put into the ground, and again when it puts forth its vernal buds; also when, after having flowered, the leaves begin to decay, at which period bulbs are apt to be lost, and most frequently in consequence of the attacks of snails, as at that time they are not only infested by the snails of complete growth, but also with numbers recently come forth from their eggs, and of a size scarcely equalling that of the head of a large pin; and these minute animals, if not destroyed, will deprive many bulbs, and also many buds of herbaceous plants, of their existence.

It is remarkable that insects ge-

nerally attack those plants which are least vigorous; and the reason of their selection of such leaves as are beginning to decay, may be, that, in their declining state, they have usually a peculiar sweetness, probably perhaps owing to some saccharine juices which are pre-

paring for the nutriment of the bulb or bud which is forming in their bosoms; it being known to botanic philosophers, that the nascent vegetable derives its sustenance from the recrements of the one from which it takes its birth.

ON THE POPULATION OF AMERICA.

(From *Dr. WILLIAMSON'S Observations on the Climate of America.*)

WE observe a regular systematical change in the colour, shape, and features of men, to the north and the south. From the climate of a fair skin, fine shape, and pleasing features, going to the northward the skin becomes of a blackish brown, the figure clumsy, and the features coarse. Going to the southward, in the same manner, we alter the complexion, shape, and features, until the skin becomes perfectly black, the shape in some countries less graceful, and the features coarse: the colour being altered according to the soil, situation, and climate, by the most regular and insensible deviations and shades.

These facts being considered, it being also observed, that every change is most proper and best adapted to the climate, or that it is the natural effect of such climate, there can be no moral or physical proposition more certain, than that all those people are descended from the same family.

The philosophers, who discovered several races of men on the old continent, have not failed to plant a new and distinct race of men in America. In support of this opinion, they allege that the American Indians do not differ from one an-

other in colour, like the inhabitants of the other continent*: their colour, also, is different from that of any other people; that the American has no beard; that he is more frigid, more weak, and more cowardly than the inhabitants of the old continent.

This humble and subordinate character of the American savage has not always been urged as a direct proof, that he belongs to a separate race of men, for it has occasionally been advanced in the pride of country; a species of pride that will not suffer children to equal their ancestors; that makes it impossible for them to obtain such equality, because there is something in America, as they allege, "that is less favourable to the strength and perfection of animal creation."

The complexion of the American savage, or the sameness of colour that is observed among those people, forms the most remarkable trait in their character. When we observe in the old continent all the varieties of shades, from perfect white to perfect black, we are naturally surprised that in the new world, which extends to a higher degree of north and south latitude, including every habitable region,

* Raynal's *Phil. and Polit. Hist.*

there should not be a black man, nor one, as it has been alleged, who is perfectly white. The natives are generally of a reddish brown. Their colour seems to be a mixture of white and black, reddened by paint, or by the blood appearing through the skin, which is not thick. This again receives a brownish cast by more or less exposure to the weather.

On the whole continent of America there is not a black Indian, nor is there a spot for which a black skin is required. No winds prevail in America that rise on a hot surface or a sandy desert; nor is there any large tract within the tropics that is remarkably hot. The greater part of this continent is divided by a long chain of mountains, that extends from north to south. These mountains, the highest in the world, have an astonishing effect upon the climate on both sides of the continent. They lie across the trade winds, and cut them off, for they rise above the winds. They are generally distant about seventy or eighty miles from the Pacific Ocean, within the tropics; but the whole space between these mountains and the Pacific Ocean is so far from being parched by a hot vertical sun, that the inhabitants enjoy the most pleasing temperature. There is a sandy desert, nearly one hundred miles in extent, between Sachara and Lima, about the seventh degree of south latitude. Such an expanse of dry sand, under a vertical sun, in any part of the other continent, would produce great heat, and give a sable colouring to the people in its vicinity; but in the province of

Imbabura, because the wind in those regions ought to blow from the east; but there are mountains in that direction, at no great distance, covered with perpetual snow.

The trade winds to the eastward of the Andes are checked by these mountains; there they deposit all the water with which they had been charged. The quantity of rain in that region being great, the process of evaporation must also be great, whereby the heat of the atmosphere is moderated. A reddish brown, with a tawny cast, is the darkest colour that can be expected in such a climate. America, on both sides of the Andes, above the tropics, should produce, as in some parts of the old continent in similar latitudes, a brown or dusky race of men, until we reach a high degree of latitude; and it is very questionable, whether a race of men, perfectly fair, will ever be found to preserve that complexion for many ages, in any part of America to the eastward of the Cordilleras, except in high latitudes and near the coast. There are not any people on the old continent perfectly fair, except those who live in high latitudes, where the westerly winds come from the sea, at no great distance, so tempered as not to be very sharp nor very dry. This rule applies to Great Britain and Ireland, to the Germans, Danes, Swedes, and Circassians*; but going to the eastward in the same latitude, as we depart from the ocean or the Black Sea, having more dry land to the

* London in latitude 51°, Prague 50°, Copenhagen 55°, Circassia 45°, having the Black Sea and the Sea of Asoph to the south-west and north-west.

windward, by which the air is charged with sundry exhalations, the skin changes its colour; it ceases to be perfectly fair. There is not, in the eastern part of Asia, between the extremes of heat and cold, a nation perfectly fair. The best complexions are found near the head of the Ganges, among the mountains of Thibet. We may discover a concurrence of circumstances in the British Isles, and near the German Ocean, not found in many other places, which are necessary to a fair skin. They are little exposed to the warm sun; they have little intense cold, and their winds usually come from a watery surface. Their westerly winds are from the ocean, and their atmosphere is loaded with moisture. They have not much rain, but their showers are of long continuance; they have much dark cloudy weather, and the rays of the sun are feeble when he visits the inhabitants. They never experience that warm clear sun which freckles or tans the skin; nor those long intense colds, which injure the cutaneous nerves, and produce a reddish brown. While America remained a great forest, inhabited by savages, under the constant dominion of westerly winds, there was not any climate on the eastern coast in which we could expect a fair skin. By the progress of cultivation, the general course of the winds is materially affected in the middle and northern states; and in the process of time we may expect such a prevalence of easterly winds near the coast in these states, as shall prevent that tendency of complexion to the clear brunette, which prevails in temperate climates in other parts of the world.

Although no part of America is fitted to the production of a black skin, nor would many parts of this continent be expected to produce a skin perfectly fair, among the original inhabitants, we are not to believe, as some writers have alleged, that the American Indians are all of one colour. Their skin is tinged with a variety of shades between white and black; but there are Indians, as we are told, above the latitude of 45 degrees north, who are nearly white; and there are Indians in Guiana and Brazil, at a distance from the coast, whose skins are very dark. I was informed by the Little Turtle, who is a chief of the Miami tribe of the lakes, and has an extensive acquaintance with the Indians, that the northern Indians are much fairer than those who live in warm climates; except that Indians, who live near the lakes, and are much exposed to the sun, in fishing and swimming, have darker skins than other northern Indians. He understands that Indians who live northward from the sources of the Mississippi, are fairer than those of his own nation, who live in the opposite direction.

The Indians at Matagrassa, as we are told by Condamine, are of different shades, according to the elevation of the country, some of them being almost fair*. The testimony of Molina is also very explicit on this subject. "The natives of Chili form but one nation, which is divided into various tribes, who have a similar physiognomy, and speak the same tongue, which may be called the Chilese language. It is soft, harmonious, regular, and abounding in words that

* *Voyage de Condamine.*

in all cases are fit to express not only physical but moral and abstract ideas. These people are of a brown coppery colour; but the Boroani, who are situated in the centre of the province of Arauco, in the thirty-ninth degree of south latitude, are white and red, with blue eyes and fair hair, like the Europeans who are born in the middle of the northern temperate zone. Their features are regular, and some of them are beautiful*."

When South America shall be well cultivated, the timber cut down, the quantity of rain diminished, stagnant pools dried, and the rivers contained within their proper banks, the easterly winds being checked by the warmer surface of cultivated lands, a dusky race of men, nearly black, are to be expected in Brazil, about the latitude of Cape St. Roque; for that is the only part of America in which the progress of industry may darken the skin, notwithstanding the effects of civilization.

As no proof can be given that the American Indians are a new race of men, I shall consider the other trite allegation, that "animal nature degenerates in America." This opinion, advanced by the eloquent Buffon, and supported by many arguments, has also been repeated by Dr. Robertson, the Abbé Raynal, and by other writers. The most remarkable appearance is, that "all animals in America, including those which have been na-

turalized to the climate, are commonly inferior in size to those of the old continent. Nature appears, in that new world, to have finished her works upon a smaller scale.

"There seems therefore to be, in the combination of elements, and other physical causes, in this new world, something that is opposed to the amplification of animated nature. There are some obstacles to the developement, and perhaps to the formation of great germs.

"Although the savage of America is nearly of the same stature with men of the other continent, this is not a sufficient exception to the general contraction of animated nature through that whole continent. The American savage . . . has no hair, no beard, no ardour for his female. Though nimbler than the European, because he is more accustomed to running, his strength is not so great. His sensations are less acute, but he is at the same time more timid and cowardly. He is without vivacity or enterprise*."

"America gives birth to no creature of such bulk as to be compared with the elephant or rhinoceros, nor that equals the lion or tiger in strength and ferocity. The same qualities, in the climate of America, which stunted the growth and enfeebled the spirit of its native animals, have proved pernicious to such as have migrated into it voluntarily from the old continent, or have been transported thither by the Europeans.

"Most of the domestic animals with which the Europeans stored

* *Compendio de la Historia geográfica natural y civil del Regno de Chile*, por el Abate Don Juan Ignacio Molina.—I have not seen the Italian original, but I presume that the Spanish translation is correct.

* Buffon.

the provinces when they settled there, have degenerated with respect to bulk and quality, in a country whose temperature and soil seem to be less favourable to the strength and perfection of the animal creation*.”

(To be continued.)

* Dr. Robertson's *History of America*.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

PLATE 16.—OPERA DRESS.

A BLUE crape dress over a white satin slip; the dress trimmed round the skirt with a deep blond lace, which is headed with a light and novel trimming, composed of white floss silk and small pearl beads: this trimming is surmounted with a beautiful deep embroidery of lilies, surrounded by leaves. The body and sleeves of this dress, as our readers will perceive by our print, are extremely novel. Head-dress, *tocque à la Berri*; it is a crown of a novel form, tastefully ornamented round the top with lilies to correspond with the trimming of the skirt, and a plume of white feathers, which droop over the face. Earrings, necklace, and bracelets, sapphire mixed with pearl. The hair dressed in loose light ringlets on the forehead, and disposed in full curls in the back of the neck. White kid gloves, and white satin slippers.

PLATE 17.—EVENING DRESS.

A soft white satin gown, made a walking length, cut very low round the back of the neck, and slanting down at each side of the bosom, so as to meet at the bottom of the waist in front. A narrow cestus of lilac satin, disposed in folds, and finished by a bow in front, goes round the waist. The

trimming of this dress is swansdown, disposed with much taste and novelty: there are three rows round the skirt, each of which is ornamented with a lilac bow in front. A row of swansdown goes up the front and round the bosom; it is so disposed, that it displays a white lace tucker. The back is quite tight to the shape. *Chemisette*, long sleeve, made very loose and drawn close to the wrist, which is trimmed with swansdown and a bow of lilac ribbon; a bow to correspond loops up the fulness on the shoulder. Head-dress, the imperial *tocque*, composed of white satin; the front, in the form of a tiara, is superbly ornamented with pearls; the crown is set in full; it is of a very moderate height: a plume of white feathers, placed upright in front, finishes this *tocque*. The hair is disposed in light curls over the forehead, and low at the sides. White spotted silk shoes, and white kid gloves. Necklace, ear-rings, and bracelets, of pearl.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

Notwithstanding the fineness of the weather, our fair pedestrians still continue to wear those warm dresses so appropriate to the season. Cloth and velvet pelisses





and walking dresses are as high as ever in estimation; but poplin and stout sarsnet walking dresses, with velvet spencers, are also considered very genteel. Waists still continue perfectly Grecian; the backs of dresses have rather decreased in breadth, and tight bodies are much more general than loose ones: we see, however, a good many of the former still worn by very tonish *belles*.

Fur still continues to be a favourite trimming for pelisses, and we have noticed this season the greatest variety we have ever seen of fancy furs; sable is also very general: fur trimmings are always worn very broad.

Velvet, white merino cloth, fancy poplin, and striped sarsnet, are all in estimation in the carriage costume, or for the first style of promenade dress. Chenille begins to be very generally used in trimmings; we have noticed some fringe composed entirely of it, and it is also much worn in narrow edgings for satin trimmings. We have seen two or three ornamental gimps of a light tasteful appearance; they are used either to edge satin trimmings, or else they are intermixed with the satin. One of the most elegant carriage dresses that we have seen is composed of white merino cloth: the skirt trimmed with green satin, which is drawn up in scollops. These scollops are edged and surmounted by a narrow gimp, something darker than the satin; and each of them is finished by a small silk ornament, to correspond with the gimp. The body is made high, and without any fulness; it is ornamented round the throat in a novel and tasteful manner, with

an intermixture of white cloth and green satin. The long sleeve, of a moderate fulness, is finished towards the wrist by folds of green satin, which are intermixed with the cloth of the sleeve, and placed up the arm about half a quarter; the fulness is then loose to the shoulder, which is finished with a small half-sleeve to correspond with the trimming of the skirt. This dress is uncommonly tasteful; and, as it was introduced for a lady of very high rank, we do not doubt that it will continue a favourite through the spring.

A very considerable alteration has taken place in the shape of bonnets since our last number; beautiful Leghorn bonnets, the crowns of which are lower and the fronts deeper than they have been worn for some time back, are in the greatest estimation with *belles* of the *haut ton*. The Gloucester hat in white velvet, lined with white satin, is also a very general favourite; it is an uncommonly pretty shape—an oval crown of a moderate height, and a small turned-up front; it is ornamented with a plume of down feathers, which always correspond with the dress.

Heavy materials are still in requisition with some *élégantes* for the morning costume, but muslin is infinitely more fashionable. The dishabille which we are about to describe is the most tasteful that has appeared for a considerable time; it is just introduced, and promises to become a very great favourite.

A petticoat of the finest Scotch cambric, ornamented with a profusion of small tucks, and finished at the bottom by a triple fall of nar-

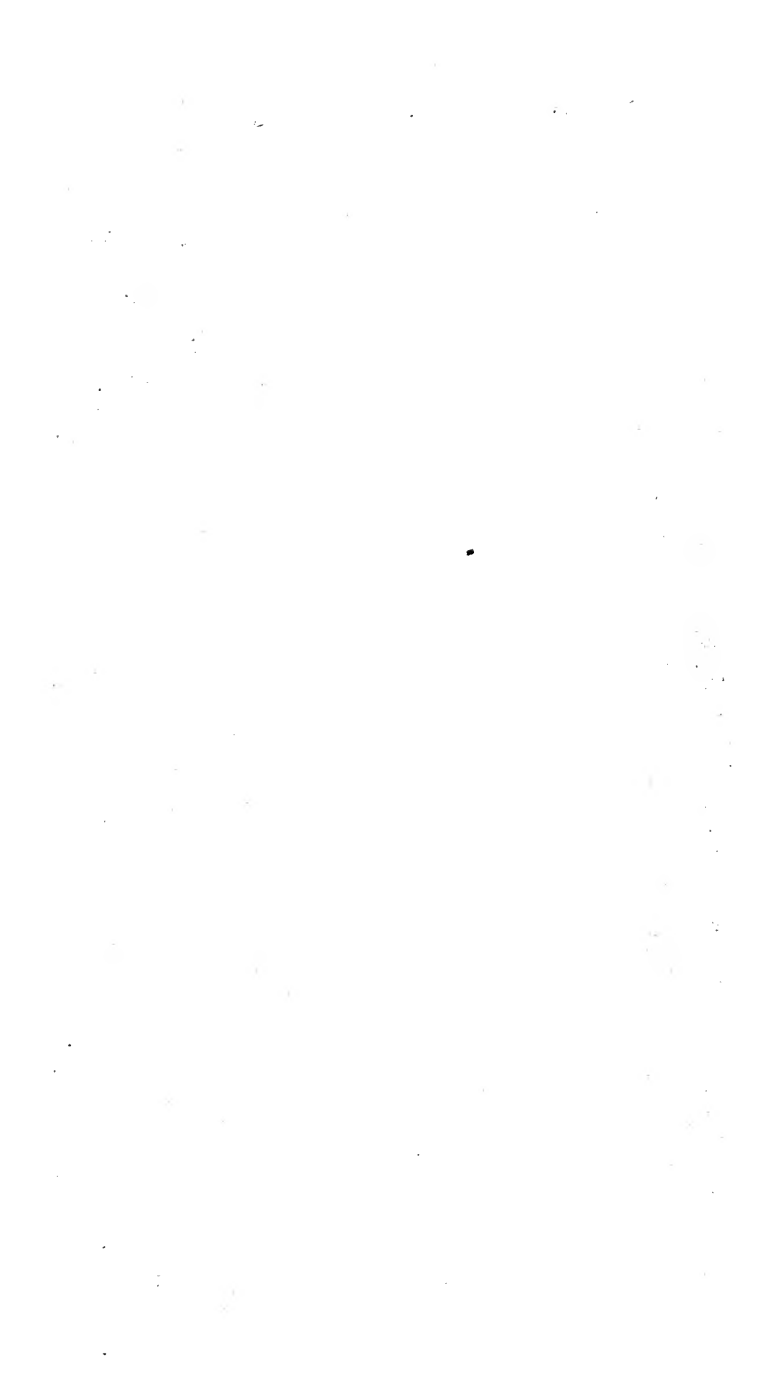
row worked points. Over this petticoat is worn a short open dress, made perfectly tight to the shape; the body extremely short in the waist, and the skirt gored at each side of the back, so that there is no fulness whatever at the waist. The body is of a three-quarter height; it slopes on each side of the bosom till it meets at the waist, from whence it goes off to the bottom in a round slope. A pelerine cape, of a singularly novel and pretty form, goes round the bosom, and the entire of the dress is trimmed with points to correspond with the skirt. A long sleeve, which has very little fulness, is ornamented from the wrist about half a quarter up the arm with five byas pieces of muslin, which are put round the arm, and confined by very narrow muslin bands. This part of the sleeve, which is open, is buttoned down to the wrist, where it is finished by a narrow frill of pointed work. A broad piece of work is let in up the middle of the sleeve, which is edged at each side with narrow points of work. A *fichu*, composed of clear worked muslin, made so as to leave the throat entirely bare, and trimmed with pointed lace, is worn with this dress, as is also a *cornette* of a remarkably simple and elegant form: it is composed of British net; the lower part a French mob; the crown, rather full, but not high, is drawn in behind in such a manner as to form a bunch of lace, which stands up at the back of the head. The cap comes only to the division of the front hair, of which it does not conceal any part. A large bow of broad satin ribbon is placed on the middle of the forehead, and a

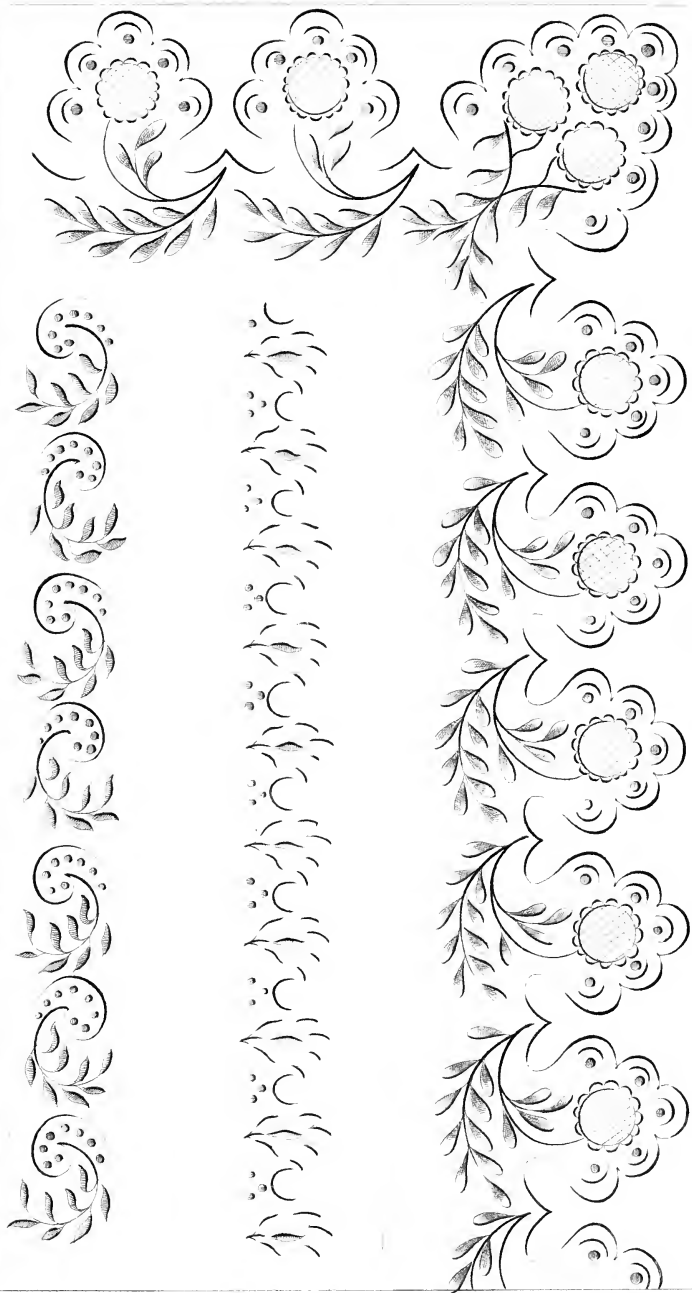
narrow lace border goes all round the cap, but is put on quite plain.

We examined this dress with particular attention, because we conceived that nothing could be better adapted for the breakfast attire of those ladies who wish to combine simplicity and neatness with fashion and elegance.

The materials for dinner dress still continue the same as last month. We have observed, however, a very novel and pretty body, composed of letting-in lace and satin ribbon to correspond with the colour of the skirt; the lace is nearly two inches broad, but the ribbon is very narrow: the form is a frock, which buttons behind with very small silk buttons, to correspond with the ribbon; the back is byas, and so contrived that the ribbon meets and forms a point at each button; the front is similar, except that, instead of buttons, it is ornamented with three small bows of narrow ribbon. The sleeve is long, and wider than they are worn in general; it is composed of British net, slashed with letting-in lace, and ornamented with bows of narrow satin ribbon, to correspond with the body.

Gauze, British net, crape, and satin, are universally worn in full dress. Besides the two elegant dresses which we have given our readers in our prints for this month, we have noticed one on a lady of high rank and undoubted taste, which is extremely novel, and must be generally becoming to matronly *belles*: it is an open robe of black satin, and is worn over a white satin petticoat. The petticoat is trimmed with blond, a double flounce of which is put on very full, and





surmounted with puffings composed of white satin and blond, with a small pearl rosette in the middle of each. The robe is made a walking-length; it is open in front, made tight to the shape, and very short in the waist, which is fastened in front by a clasp composed of precious stones, to correspond with the necklace; and the robe is sloped on each side of the front, so as to display the petticoat, and is trimmed round with an embroidery of Provence roses, between each of which is placed a small bouquet of rose-buds and myrtle-leaves: the effect of this trimming is extremely beautiful, and its vivid hues form a striking contrast to the sombre colour of the dress. The sleeve is long, and composed of black satin; one large slash of white satin, which is nearly half a quarter and nail in length, goes from the wrist up the arm; it is braided across with pearl, and small pearl buttons are thickly set on each side; a pelerine of Mechlin lace is tacked under the embroidery round the bosom. Long sleeves are now so prevalent in full dress, that we see scarcely any others; they are, in our opinion, extremely inappropriate to *grand costume*, but the ordinances of Fashion are too frequently in opposition to the laws of true taste.

The hair in full dress does not display the forehead quite so much as last month, but it falls lower on each side of the face; part of the

hind hair is braided, and the remainder is disposed in bows, which are brought very far back.

Tocques are still in the highest estimation in full dress; but their shapes have varied since our last number: we refer our fair readers to our prints for the two shapes most in favour. The materials of which these head-dresses are composed, are either velvet, satin, or gauze; crape is worn only when it corresponds with the dress. Black velvet, enriched with jewels, and ornamented with plumes of feathers, is very much adopted by matronly ladies.

Half-wreaths of exotics, placed very far back upon the head, are worn by very juvenile *élégantes*, as are also bouquets composed of the earliest flowers of spring.

We have no alteration to notice in jewellery since last month.

Fans have rather decreased in size lately; white crape fans, richly embroidered in silver, are most fashionable at present.

The most fashionable boot for the promenade is composed, the lower part of leather, and the upper part of stout silk or jean, to correspond with the dress.

Dress slippers, particularly for balls, are frequently made of silver tissue; but white satin and spotted silk embroidered in coloured silks, are also very fashionable.

Fashionable colours for the month are, green, slate-colour, purple, pale mouse-colour, and ruby.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, Feb. 18, 1817.

My dear SOPHIA,

THE fineness of the weather since I wrote last, has afforded our

élégantes an opportunity of displaying the versatility of their taste in dress. Witzchouras and carriicks have in a great measure given place

to spencers, pelisses, and rich shawls. The hussar spencer is at present a great favourite: it is composed either of velvet or fine merino cloth; the waist is very short; a small collar stands up round the throat, which is sloped out in front; two or three falls of lace, of a moderate breadth, are just visible above the collar. The front is ornamented on each side with frogs, and braided across. The sleeve, nearly tight to the arm, is very tastefully ornamented at the wrist with frogs and braiding; a roll of cloth forms a small half-sleeve. This is the most novel spencer at present, and it is really smart and tasteful.

Pale puce-coloured velvet pelisses are also in request: they are open in front, and partially display the white dress generally worn underneath. One of the prettiest that I have seen, is lined with white sarsnet, and cut round in scollops of about an inch and half in breadth; these scollops have a very light edging of swansdown. A spencer is attached to it, which is composed of satin, a little lighter than the velvet; the pelisse is cut down behind very low in the back of the neck, and the front slopes so as to display the satin body underneath; a row of points, edged to correspond, falls over, which has a very pretty effect: it is finished at the throat by a very novel kind of ruff, composed of satin points, wired at the edge to keep them out, and mixed with puffs of white blond. This pelisse is well calculated for *belles* of a light and graceful figure, such as your own, my Sophia; but short or clumsy ladies, several of whom wear it, look worse in it than any thing which has been fashionable for some time.

The most fashionable material for bonnets at present is beaver; silk plush, which has been so long in request, is now used only for trimming dresses. Flowers, of which such a variety were worn a few weeks since, have entirely disappeared; but their place is profusely supplied by ribbons and feathers. There is a little alteration in the shape of the bonnets since I wrote last; the fronts are now worn larger, and project a good deal more than they did. The crowns, both of hats and bonnets, continue a very moderate and becoming height. Velvet is next in estimation to beaver, but satin is very partially worn.

The most fashionable velvet hats are trimmed with a half-wreath of endive made of ribbon, which is placed to one side of the front. Black, white, and rose-colour are most in request for hats; but amaranth, citron-colour, and dark green, are also considered elegant. Linings of hats are generally rose-colour: lilac was very fashionable for linings, but it is now nearly exploded.

Cambric muslin is in very high estimation for the morning costume. The most fashionable dishabille is the *chemisette*: it is an open robe, nearly a quarter of a yard shorter than the petticoat; the skirt is gored, so as to throw considerable fulness behind. The body is loose, and confined to the waist by a coloured sash. The body comes up to the throat, but is made without a collar, and the fulness of the muslin is confined to the shape of the neck by three rows of gauging, at about an inch distant from each other. The sleeve is rather loose; it is finished at the wrist to cor-

respond with the neck, and is drawn up at the shoulders in three places, which are ornamented with bows of ribbon to correspond with the sash. The trimming is a single row of work all round, headed with puffings of muslin; a small white button, of the sugar-loaf form, confines each puffing. This is a pretty simple morning dress; it is very much worn, and as the *formalists* and *dushers* have in some degree ceased their hostilities, it is adopted by both parties.

Coloured satins, trimmed round the skirt with one row of white satin vandykes, are partially worn in full dress. There is one just introduced, called the robe à la *Infanta*, the effect of which is pretty and singular enough. I saw it last night, for the first time, at a supper given by Madame D'A——, and as it was worn by a very dashing *marquise*, I am inclined to think it will become general. It is composed of green satin; the body is cut very low all round the bust; the back is slashed up the middle with white satin; there are three slashes; the green satin fastens over with little straps, each of which is ornamented with a pearl button. The shape of the bosom is formed by a slash on each breast. Spanish long sleeves, slashed to correspond.

White crape or gauze is the only material used for full dress by juvenile *élégantes*; it is worn over white soft satin or rich white sarsnet slips, and is trimmed with folds of crape, which are confined by bands of white silk trimming, placed over the crape in the form of diamonds. The body is made of folds of crape, which form the shape

of the bosom in a very pretty manner. The back is also formed of folds, which are brought down to the middle of the waist almost in a point; a large white satin bow and long ends, placed in the middle of the back, finish the waist. The sleeve, which is very short, is also formed of folds of crape, which are confined by bands of silk trimming.

Although this dress is pretty and tasteful, it displays the neck in a very indelicate style; or rather, I should say, the back of the neck: if worn with a tucker, it would be at once delicate and becoming; but they are little used by our fair fashionables.

The present style of hair-dressing is half Chinese: a few light ringlets are suffered to stray over the forehead; the hind hair, combed up as tight as possible, is plaited, and disposed in the form of a coronet on the summit of the head. This is the style of hair-dressing adopted by very juvenile *belles*, who place bunches of amaranths, roses, or auriculas in their hair in front. *Tocques* and turbans continue to be worn by all the *élégantes* who have passed the spring of life. The most fashionable of these head-dresses is the *tocque à la diademe*, composed of dark green, black, or amaranth-coloured velvet; its name will explain to you its shape: it is always decorated with feathers and jewels, and is a particular favourite with majestic beauties.

Small white satin hats, the front coloured with embroidered *tulle*, and edged with down feathers, a plume of which is also placed at the side, are much in request; as are rose and citron-coloured vel-

vet hats, ornamented with flat feathers, one half of which are white and the other half the colour of the hat. These hats have a moderate-sized crown; and the front, which is round, turns up either in front or on one side. *Cornettes* continue as much worn as ever in half dress, and I shall describe to you some extremely pretty ones when I write again.

The only alteration which I here observe in jewellery, is, that rings, with very loyal mottoes, which are generally composed of coloured gems, begin to be worn by those ladies who affect an enthusiastic veneration for the king. I can

scarcely repress my indignation when I behold *parvenues*, who, owing every thing to the Revolution, and detesting in their hearts the very name of Bourbon, come forward with the most ostentatious expression of love and loyalty to their monarch; while, by their dark machinations, they spread division and unhappiness in his family, and rob him of the best affections of his subjects. But I think I hear you exclaim at the inconsistency which leads me from a dissertation on dress, to politics. I shall cut it short, however, by assuring you, that I am always your

EUDOCIA.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

MR. ACKERMANN has in the press a seventh edition of the *Tour of Dr. Syntax in Search of the Picturesque*, with a set of new engravings by Mr. Rowlandson: and also an edition of the *Vicar of Wakefield*, printed in the same size and style as the above, and illustrated by the same artist.

Mr. Ackermann has also in the press, a work on the *Costume of the Netherlands*, illustrated by thirty coloured engravings: it will be completed in three monthly parts.

A new edition, being the sixth, of Warden's *Letters*, written on board the Northumberland and at St. Helena, is in great forwardness, and will appear in a few days.

In a few days will be published, *Ponsonby*, in two vols. 8vo.

Early in March will be published, *The Triumph of Love*, and other poems, by Howard Fish.

Mr. Charles Mills has in the press, in one volume 8vo. *A His-*

tory of Muhammedanism, or a View of the religious, political, and literary Annals of the Disciples of the Arabian Prophet.

The Rev. Hugh Pearson, of St. John's College, Oxford, will publish early in March, *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of the late Dr. Claudius Buchanan.*

The author of the *Guide to Domestic Happiness* will soon publish *Gethsemane, or Thoughts on the Sufferings of Christ*, in small 8vo.

The seventh and eighth volumes of the new edition and continuation of Campbell's *Lives of the Admirals*, which complete the work, are just ready for delivery.

Major Rennell is printing *Illustrations of the History of the Younger Cyrus, and Retreat of the Ten Thousand Greeks*, with explanatory maps.

Mr. Isaac Blackburn, ship-builder at Plymouth, has ready for the press, *A Treatise on the Science of*

Ship-Building, in a 4to. volume, illustrated by more than 120 figures and tables.

Miss Edgeworth has in the press a volume of comic Dramas.

Mr. John Scott is printing *The House of Mourning*, a poem, with some smaller pieces.

Miss Emily Greaves is preparing for publication, *Select Amatory Poems*, with *Essays on the Passions and Affections of the Mind*.

Mr. Jamieson is engaged upon a translation of Madame Genlis' last novel, *Les Battuecas*.

Brief Remarks on Mr. Warden's Letters from St. Helena, respecting the conduct of Bonaparte and his suite, are in the press.

Sarah Renou has nearly ready for publication the third and last volume of *Village Conversations*, or *the Vicar's Fireside*. This work contains a classification of the various orders of the human mind, and comprises a general survey of the most important subjects, combined with a free inquiry into the nature of good and evil, as connected with individual happiness and general well-being.

Mrs. Peck, the author of several popular novels, is engaged upon a National Tale, founded upon some extraordinary facts in the history of Ireland during the seventh century.

Mr. Godwin has in the press a new novel, entitled *Mandeville*, a domestic story of the seventeenth century, in three volumes.

A work of very general utility will be published in the course of the present month, entitled *The Bible Class-Book, or Scripture-Readings for every Day in the Year*; being three hundred and sixty-five

lessons, selected from the most interesting and instructive parts of the Sacred Scriptures. This selection is made upon the plan recommended by Dr. Watts, and though its chief aim is that of becoming a school class-book for youth in all stations of life and of every religious denomination (for doctrinal and controversial points have been studiously omitted), yet it will be found equally beneficial in all families: to persons of mature age, as well as to youth; to the heads of establishments, as well as to servants; and to the manufacturing classes of the community.

The Rev. Mr. Broome has enlarged his *Selections* from the works of those eminent divines Fuller and South, and they will be published in the course of the present month, as a second edition.

A small volume upon the *Art of making, managing, flavouring, colouring, preserving, and recovering all Kinds of Wines, Spirits, and Compounds, with Directions for Breeding, &c.* by Mr. R. Westney, will be published in a few days.

The first number of a set of Engravings (to be completed in three numbers) of the Altar-tombs, Effigies, and Monuments found within the county of Northampton, from the drawings of Mr. Hyett, will be published about the latter end of March.

The metropolis is justly considered as the seat of every improvement in art and science, and no less is it the seat of humanity. The late establishment of a dispensary for the diseases of the ear, will fill up that chasm which was alone wanting to complete the charitable institutions; and by its being un-

der the superintendence of an eminent physician and surgeon, the latter Mr. Curtis, of Soho-square, aurist to his Royal Highness the Prince Régent, it cannot fail to be attended with all the benefits which may be expected in the hands of one so zealous for the improvement of the profession, as shewn by his mechanical contrivances for relief of deafness, noticed in a former number of this work.

Mr. William Hobday, of Bristol, has addressed the following letter to the conductor of one of the newspapers of that city:—"A report having been industriously circulated, that the late Mr. Richard Reynolds did not sit to me for the portrait now exhibiting at my rooms in Small-street, I feel myself called upon thus publicly to contradict an insinuation, as unjustifiable in its intentions as it is unfounded in fact. Not only did the venerable philanthropist sit for the picture in question, but for three others previously to it, but not without the repeated and earnest solicitations of some of his most valued friends. The first portrait was for the late Mr. Birtil, of Redcliff-street; the second was for Mr. Reynolds's son, now residing at Colebrook Dale; and the third, if I am correctly informed, was for his daughter, Mrs. Rathbone. The picture which is now exhibiting at my rooms, I am proud to say, was painted for my

own gratification—a condescension and mark of personal kindness towards me, on the part of Mr. Reynolds, which I shall ever remember with sensations of pleasure. At the last interview I had with that excellent man in my painting-room, a short time previously to his departure for Cheltenham, after sitting for the final corrections of the portrait, he read, from a memorandum in his pocket-book, the chapter which he wished to appear on the leaf of the Testament held in the hand in the picture, and also a list of his favourite authors, whose names he requested might be placed on the volumes seen in the back ground; which memorandum was copied at the time, and is still in my possession. I sincerely confess, that the object nearest my heart, is to see the splendid talents of Mr. Sharp employed in transmitting to posterity the form of one of the brightest and most glorious characters that ever graced the Christian world, thereby at once raising a monument of our good Samaritan, and a memorial of the fine arts, which would be a lasting honour to our country."

A correspondent proposes the following mathematical question:—If $a^2 + b$ equal a whole uneven number, can $a b$ equal the same, or any other whole uneven number, without the aid of impossible quantities in the research?

Poetry.

THE POET'S PETITION.

SWEET lady! grant one smile to me,
And I will weave a wreath for thee;
Untouch'd by summer's parting sigh,
Untinged by autumn's dark blue sky,

Its buds shall breathe, its essence glow,
And live amidst December's snow.
Perchance its tendrils may not boast
The brilliance of Italia's coast,
Nor may its balmy influence bear
A sweetness to the common air:

Each beauty nourish'd in the shade,
 From which its circling joys were made,
 Have only caught the warming ray,
 Reflected from the face of day,
 In that sweet, soft delicious hour
 When minstrelsey exerts her power,
 And lends to the enraptur'd moon
 The smile of summer's brightest noon.
 It will not meet a flatterer's lip,
 Nor can the proud its dew-drop sip;
 'Tis simple as the poet's taste,
 Although not form'd on dreary waste;
 'Tis artless as the poet's thought;
 'Tis careless as the hand that sought
 The sweets that o'er its petals shine,
 And ask, dear Katherine, to be thine.
 Then, lady, wilt thou smile on me,
 And take the wreath I bring to thee?

STANZAS,

Suggested by some Lines of Lord BYRON.

Oh! could I feel as I have felt—or be what I
 have been,
 Or weep as I could once have wept, o'er many
 a vanish'd scene:
 As springs, in deserts found, seem sweet, all
 brackish tho' they be;
 So midst the wither'd waste of life, those tears
 would flow to me.

Lord BYRON.

Aye!—but those hours of dear delight
 No time shall again restore;
 They have fled, like the dreams of a
 happy night,
 To visit the soul no more!
 As the world expanded on the view,
 As life advanced, and reason grew,
 Like morning dew-drops on a summer
 spray,
 The tears of feeling dried away.

The warm emotions of early youth
 With early youth expire;
 The stern convictions of sober truth
 Soon quench that brilliant fire:
 Pure and ethereal is the blaze,
 But it weakens in the lapse of days,
 And year on year but chills the sacred
 glow,
 Like falling flakes of winter snow.

There was an age when the winged soul
 Like a meteor-spark was driven,
 When it stooped to every soft controul,
 And burnt with the light of heaven;
 When the native splendour of its beam
 Hung far and wide such holy gleam,
 That e'en the paths of error falsely shone
 With a glorious lustre not their own.

The pulses throb'd responsive then
 To all that is bright and fair,
 And whate'er seem'd good or great in men
 The bosom sigh'd to share:
 O'er all our joys a blissful smile,
 Radiant as noonday, blush'd the while,
 And in our very tears there seem'd to be
 A something more than luxury.

And, oh! when beauty chanced to move
 The spirit's wild emotion,
 It was not friendship, was not love—
 'Twas rapture and devotion!
 But the fading fervour died away,
 Like twinkling star at dawn of day;
 'Twas but the vision of romantic joy,
 That only soothes the pensive boy.

In stubborn manhood's riper years
 We quit the fairy scene;
 We cannot shed our former tears,
 Nor be what we have been:
 Those tend'rer feelings soon depart,
 In strange succession, from the heart,
 Dropping from all, as they have dropt
 from thee,
 Like the faded leaves of a willow-tree.

And thus, as envious time goes past,
 We look with a colder eye;
 And the frequent changes of life at last
 Scarce prompt an anxious sigh:
 So freeze in winter's sullen gale
 The limpid waters of the vale;
 Still, as in vernal heavens, the sun may
 glow,
 But the sparkling stream has ceased to
 flow.

Yet oft in the lone and dreary hour
 Of solitude and pain,
 The soul, reclined in memory's bower,
 Would dream its youth again;
 And it may be, she sleeps perchance
 For a moment in her schoolboy-trance,

And conjures up a visionary shade
Of parted pleasures long decay'd.
Perhaps the mind may thus recall
The mood it once could wear,
And sweet remembrances, that fall
Like moonlight shadows there :
So when the summer sun hath set,
Reflected sunshine lingers yet,
And mimic colours, as of orient light,
Hang on the cloudy skirts of night.
But, ah ! 'tis Prosper's waud alone
A bright deceit hath shed,
And o'er ideal phantoms thrown
A semblance of the dead :
The feelings that were ours at first,
We feel again—but not as erst,
When youth and innocence were on the
brow ;—
'Twas *nature* then—'tis *fancy* now !

OSCAR.

SONG,

Written by Mrs. WILMOT SERRES.

At eve as I traverse the moor,
Pale meteors are passing the air ;
Yet faithless as him I adore,
They leave me to gloom and despair.
Tho' so vivid and beauteous they seem,
Inconstant they fly from my view ;
The moment they spangle the stream,
That moment they take their adieu.
Once bless'd with the smiles of my love,
My passion he saw was sincere ;
Yet he left me each sorrow to prove,
His absence to mourn with a tear.
Destroy'd are the hopes of my youth ;
Lone Echo responses the sigh—
He's false, yet the victim of truth,
I cherish his image, and die !

LINES,

Written on reading a very inexplicable Ode by the late Poet-Laureate PYE.

Oh ! Pye, when next a crust you make,
Priethee *plain materials* take ;
That all who eat may understand—
Your flour and butter's of *this land*.
O. W. S.

SONG, by T. JONES.

Whence comes, sweet maid, that trem-
bling tear
Which sparkles on your blooming
cheek ?

Ah ! whence those sighs that meet my ear,
And feeling's strongest language speak ?
Oh ! let me kiss the gem away,
And re-illumine that sparkling eye ;
Recall my charmer to the day,
Dispel the tear, and hush the sigh !

Does pity for some honour'd friend
With grief subdue thy tender breast ?
Oh ! banish grief, that brow unbend,
And let me lull thee into rest.
Or is it love ? Then bless the day,
For, ah ! the gentle tear and sigh
Its worth and truth at once display,
And drain each cup of sorrow dry !

It is—it is—the youthful boy
Has to the richest mansion stray'd
That e'er was form'd for love and joy !
And will you then be mine, sweet
maid ?

Oh ! let me clasp thee to my heart,
And on that bosom's softness lie !
Life's low'ring storms shall now depart—
Here let me live, and love, and die !

SONG, by T. JONES.

When Zephyr bore mild Evening's sigh,
And warblers sought the leafy shade,
When Phœbus faintly deck'd the sky,
I sought my Flora, lovely maid !
I rambled o'er each grove and plain,
To meet my ever-blooming fair,
And anxious thus increas'd my pain,
For, ah ! no joy—no joy was there.

I chid the lagging hour of day,
And time, whose course appear'd de-
lay'd ;

I chid bright Cynthia's rising ray,
And call'd aloud the lovely maid :
When, ah ! the voice of her I love
Dispell'd each thought of dark despair,
And soon I found her in the grove—
When, ah ! what joy—what joy was
there !

THE Repository

OF

ARTS, LITERATURE, FASHIONS,
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THE SECOND SERIES.

VOL. III.

APRIL 1, 1817.

N^o. XVI.

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TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit announcements of works which they may have in hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New musical publications also, if a copy be addressed to the publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and extracts from new books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, will be acceptable.

We beg leave to call the attention of such of our readers as feel an interest in the progress of the Fine Arts, to the endeavours now making for introducing the Lithographic Process in this country. The specimen given in this number will afford some idea of its peculiar fitness for a variety of works.

The numerous announcements of books already published that continue to be transmitted to us, render it necessary to repeat an intimation which we have several times given, that we have no place for such articles except on our Advertisement Sheet. All notices of works in hand, or in the press, are admitted gratuitously among our Literary Intelligence.

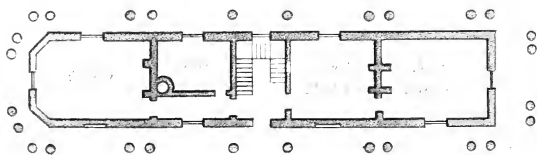
The Magic Volume—The Two Sisters, or the Influence of an amiable Disposition—and Address to the United Service Club, in our next.

ERRATA.

No XIV. p. 121. In *Stanzas* by J. M. LACEY, line 6, for *evening* read *waning*.

———— p. 122. In *Midnight Sketch*, by Miss CAMPBELL, line 12, for *twinkling* read *twinkle*.

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. THORNHILL, 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.



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FINE ARTS.

ARCHITECTURAL HINTS.

PLATE 19.—A COTTAGE.

ORNAMENTAL buildings of a rural character have been so generally adopted during the last twenty years, that the principles on which they are designed have become fully understood, and a sort of systematized disposition of their parts, as also of the materials with which they are composed, has taken place: hence the eye expects to find in the humblest tenements a tasteful display of this order of rural architecture, if it may be so called. Vitruvius, and the best authors who have followed him, endeavour to trace the origin of regular architecture up to that period when buildings of wood were the habitations of man; the roofs being chiefly supported by trunks of trees, to which, in process of time, by an insensible progress succeeded the polished orders of Grecian and Roman architecture. "Mankind," says Sir William Chambers, "improving in the art of building, invented methods to make their huts lasting and handsome, as well

as convenient. They took off the bark and other unevennesses from the trunks of trees that formed the sides, raised them probably above the dirt and humidity on stones, and covered each of them with a flat stone or slate to keep off the rain. The spaces between the ends of the joists were closed with clay, wax, or some other substance, and the ends of the joists were covered with thin boards, cut in the manner of triglyphs. The roof was raised in the middle, to throw off the rains that fell in great abundance in the winter season, giving it the form of a gable roof, by placing rafters in the joists to support the earth and other materials that composed the covering."

From this simple construction the orders of architecture took their rise: for when buildings of wood were set aside, and men began to erect solid and stately edifices of stone, they imitated the parts which necessity had introduced into the primitive huts; insomuch that the

upright trees, with the stone at each end of them, were the origin of columns, bases, and capitals; and the beams, joists, and rafters, and strata of materials that formed the covering, gave birth to friezes, triglyphs, and cornices, with the corona, the mutules, the modillions, and the dentils.

The architects of the present day, attempting to combine fitness and beauty in rural buildings, revert to the above practices in the infancy of art, and, forming their designs upon these simple models, gain some advantage by the association of ideas produced in the

mind of the spectator, by its legitimate, though distant, affinity with the ultimate perfection of Grecian architecture. The cottage represented in the annexed plate is designed upon this principle, and intended for the residence of the under-steward to a nobleman's estate: it is ornamental to the property, and forms a picturesque feature to the adjoining country, as well as an agreeable residence; and an out-house, at a short distance, contains the dairy and wood-house, and is connected by a passage from the cellars beneath the building.

THE DOMESTIC COMMONPLACE-BOOK;

Containing authentic Receipts and miscellaneous Information in every Branch of Domestic Economy, and of general Utility.

CULTIVATION OF EARLY POTATOES.

By a general and extensive planting of *early* potatoes, a very large supply of this wholesome and very nutritious root might be produced at least six weeks sooner (perhaps in most early situations two months) than they can be reared in the open field, and by using a few simple expedients in forwarding the growth of the sets before planting out, they might be had much sooner. The following directions will be found useful for this purpose:—

1st. Level the top of a dunghill, whose heat is not very strong, with a dung-fork, beating it firmly down with the back of it; over this lay two or three inches of light rich earth, and place the sets nearly close to each other upon it, with their eyes upwards; then cover the whole with two inches more of the same kind of soil. If the weather

be frosty, or very cold, a little coarse litter or fern-tops may be thrown lightly over them; removing the covering, however, in fine weather. If the weather is very dry, a slight watering with a garden-pot will accelerate their growth; in ten days or a fortnight they will have grown about one or two inches high, when they should be planted out in the lines: for this purpose a dark or damp day ought to be chosen. Draw drills, as if for sowing garden peas, about three inches deep, and sixteen or eighteen inches asunder; place the sets about six inches from each other in the line, then gather the earth close in about the leaves of the plant, and if the weather prove frosty, a little of the above light covering may be shaken along the lines, which will effectually secure them.

2d. Where there is not a dunghill, the earth may be spread on the

5th. 1lb. of flour and 4 oz. of roast potatoes—very clammy.

6th. 1lb. of flour and 1 oz. of arrow-root—did not rise.

7th. 1lb. of flour, 1 oz. of arrow-root, and 10 grs. of carbonate of ammonia—lightly spongy.

8th. 1lb. of flour and 15 grs. of carbonate of ammonia—spongy and well tasted.

9th. 1lb. of flour and 10 grs. of carbonate of magnesia—light and spongy, but ill tasted.

10th. 1lb. of flour, 4 grs. of carbonate of ammonia, and 15 grs. of carbonate of magnesia—better coloured, heavy, and well tasted.

11th. 1lb. of flour, 20 grs. of carbonate of magnesia, and 10 grs. of alum—good colour, heavy, and well tasted.

12th. 1lb. of flour and 20 grs. of carbonate of ammonia—good colour and well tasted.

13th. 1lb. of flour—plain, heavy, clammy, and bad colour.

14th. 1lb. of flour and 2 oz. of rice—spongy and clammy, with a sweetish taste.

15th. 1lb. of flour, 5 grs. of carbonate of ammonia, and 15 grs. of carbonate of magnesia—light, spongy, and well tasted.

16th. 1lb. of flour and 15 grains of carbonate of ammonia—light, spongy, and well tasted.

17th. 2lbs. of flour, 10 grs. of carbonate of ammonia, and 30 grs. of carbonate of magnesia—bad colour, heavy, and clammy.

18th. 2lbs. of flour and 30 grs. of carbonate of ammonia—bad colour, heavy, and clammy.

19th. $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of flour—better colour than the former samples of plain bread, but heavy and clammy.

20th. $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of flour dried—better coloured than the 19th, light, spongy, and but slightly clammy, and remarkably well tasted.

21st. $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of flour and $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of rice—very clammy and sweetish taste.

22d. $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of flour, $7\frac{1}{2}$ grs. of carbonate of magnesia, and 5 grs. of carbonate of ammonia—light, spongy, but slightly clammy.

23d. $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of flour and 10 grs. of carbonate of ammonia—light, spongy, slightly clammy, but better tasted than the 22d experiment.

1lb. of flour was dried to the temperature of 220° of Fahrenheit's thermometer; lost about $2\frac{1}{2}$ oz. in weight by this treatment, but nothing nutritious.

24th. $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of the dried flour and 6 oz. of oatmeal, gave exceedingly well tasted and light bread.

25th. $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of flour dried and $7\frac{1}{2}$ grs. of carbonate of ammonia, gave well coloured, light, and well tasted bread.

Of the foregoing experiments, the two last are evidently the best; the next, the plain dried; and next to that again, the bread made with magnesia. The small quantity of carbonate of ammonia used, probably from its great volatility, flies off during the process of baking; and should even the whole of it remain, it would produce no effect on the constitution, or if any, it would be a salutary one.

W. HIGGINS.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES AND ANECDOTES.

JACOB MARTIN.

JACOB MARTIN, born at Adria, near Venice, was the son of a hemp-worker, and when three years of age accompanied his father to Budrio, whither he went to seek employment. Here Father Mezzetti,

a Servite, accidentally met with the child, and immediately discovered in him such an extraordinary capacity, that he resolved to take upon himself the office of teacher, and for four years he actually gave him instruction, with extreme assiduity and care, in the Latin and Greek languages, and in various sciences. The progress made by Martin in all these branches of knowledge was such, that at the expiration of the above-mentioned period, his master took him to Rome, and presented him as a wonderful phenomenon to several of the cardinals. To gratify the general curiosity, it was agreed that he should hold a public disputation. Whitsunday 1647 was the day, and the church of St. Marcellus the place fixed upon for this exhibition. A bill, adorned with allegorical figures and Martin's portrait, containing the theses which this disputant of seven years was to defend, and which Father Cardi afterwards published in a duodecimo volume, was distributed among the audience. The number of opponents was almost incredible. The subjects upon which Martin was to answer were decided by lot. The precocious talents of the boy filled all his hearers with astonishment. After this memorable act, which was considered as an absolute miracle, Father Mezzetti returned to Budrio with his pupil, and the Servites, with a view to secure him to their order, admitted him into their convent. The brilliant success of Martin's disputation had particularly enchanted his instructor, who already began to indulge the most pleasing dreams of the future emi-

nence of his scholar; when Martin, who had previously been so diligent and indefatigable, began all at once to manifest a decided aversion for study, and, on the other hand, an inordinate love of dissipation. A report which had been before propagated, that Martin's first success was a work of the devil, now obtained so much the more credit. Father Candidus Brognolo, in his *Alexikakon*, published at Venice in 1668, and reprinted in 1741, maintained, that the extraordinary proofs of early ability which he had displayed, were the effect of magic and diabolical arts; so that Father Cardi thought it necessary to write an apology in behalf of Father Mezzetti. The latter interested so many persons that it reached a second edition, which was embellished with Martin's portrait. The good Father Mezzetti was so deeply affected by the sudden indocility of his pupil, who had hitherto lived solely for learning and science, that it at length occasioned the loss of his reason. In a paroxysm of insanity, he ascended the steeple of the conventual church, and obstinately refused to go down again. At length he yielded, but descended the steps with such haste that he received a dangerous fall, and death was the consequence. Not long afterwards, in 1649 according to some, or as others assert in 1658, Martin also died—a melancholy example that a precocious developement of the mental powers but too often leads to a premature end, or to a moral paralysis and imbecility.

The second part of the work, from which these particulars are

taken*, exhibits, under the head of *Smemorati*, many very singular instances of persons who have been prematurely afflicted with loss of memory. The celebrated Mazzochi is recorded as one of the most extraordinary phenomena of this kind. This scholar had four years before his death totally forgotten the names of his most intimate friends, as well as the titles of the most popular of his own works. If any one spoke to him concerning any of these performances, he imagined that they were by some other Mazzochi, who had lived at an earlier period. He, nevertheless, continued his religious exercises with the same regularity to which he had been for many years accustomed; and such was the empire that habit in general still exercised over him, that though his memory was completely gone, as

* *Dissertazione di Francesco Cancellieri intorno agli uomini dotati di gran memoria ed a quelli divenuti smemorati, con un Appendice delle Biblioteche degli Scrittori sopra gli eruditi precoci, la memoria artificiale, l'arte di trascogliere e di notare ed il Giuoco degli Scacchi.*—Roma, 1815, 8vo.

soon as he had finished his prayers, he seated himself at his writing-table, where he passed several successive hours in reading, but without retaining a single word. So deeply also was the love of study and science still rooted in his mind, that in order to divert him from any thing that might be prejudicial to his health, nothing more was necessary than to put a book into his hands. With this companion he instantly forgot the object of his desire. He no longer knew even the names of the articles of food, and would often eat and drink things wholly unfit for the purpose. He would frequently look earnestly at his own portrait, and, pointing to it, order a light to be brought for the poor old man who was killing himself with study. Of all that cleanliness requires, he was totally unobservant; and such was his insanity, that he would even attempt to eat burning coals.

It is remarkable, that his successor, the learned Ignarra, who has left us the preceding details, fell, towards the conclusion of his life, into a state not much less deplorable.

MISCELLANIES.

PLATE 20.—SENTIMENTAL TRAVELS TO THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

LETTER IV.

I HAD ascended about a dozen steps of the steeple of the cathedral, when it occurred to me that I had not counted them. As this was absolutely necessary, in order that I might know when I had accomplished the mystic number of

the two nines, I went down again, and recommenced my extraordinary pilgrimage with all the circumspection that my vehemently palpitating heart would admit of.

How many unknown things do we harbour within us, my dear

friend, which, in spite of all our vaunted knowledge of ourselves, fill us with astonishment when some accident or other draws them forth from their lurking places! Can you conceive what I am going to tell you? and yet nothing can be more true. So long as my excited energies bore me up, so long the words of the prophet lost not the smallest portion of their value in my estimation; but the farther I proceeded, the shorter my breath grew, the more slowly I mounted, so much the more strongly was my mind impressed with an idea that diminished the confidence of my faith from one moment to another. "What," said I to myself, "would my friends in Berlin think of me, could they see me engaged in this fatiguing expedition? and for what purpose? To seek a treasure on the top of the steeple which is daily ascended by hundreds of people!" For the first time in my life it was extremely painful to me to think of you; and yet, with all my efforts, I could not get rid of the idea which so deeply humbled me. I began to be ashamed of myself. My reliance on the words of the prophet gradually decreased the nearer I approached to the proof. Still I continued to mount, and with the last nine that I had to count, I found myself, so languid as to be ready to drop and equally weak in faith, on the platform of the tower. I threw myself on the first stone seat that I could reach, but so exhausted that I could not immediately recollect the cause of my being there. My sensations on recovering myself were any thing but agreeable: I scarcely knew whether I should shew the prophet

so much honour as merely to look round me. I did myself, however, this violence; and with the exception of a young man, who seemed to be enjoying the beautiful prospect, I perceived on the whole wide open space—what you must already have guessed—nothing, absolutely nothing.

A sardonic smile overspread my countenance. I took—I will not deny it—a malicious pleasure in catching a prophet in a lie, and in fancying that I could now return unobstructed to my old principles. I pulled my hat over my eyes, muffled myself up in my surtout, and sat down in a corner, with the determination to make myself thoroughly ashamed of my folly before I set out on my return from so ludicrous an errand; but, as usual, I beat round about the bush a long time before I could muster courage to execute my design, and then I played with my heart the part of a weak mother with her naughty child, whose tears she dries in the midst of the most severe reproofs, and to whom, while she threatens to renounce it for ever, she reaches the first piece of cake or gingerbread that falls in her way. I wish I could paint to you all the extraordinary emotions which occupied my mind while thus employed in probing, though with tender hand, my follies and foibles.

Having somewhat reconciled myself with myself, I next attacked so much the more vigorously the impostor who could presume to make game of a native of Berlin, a friend of Mendelssohn, and a contemporary of the great Frederic; and my inward struggle became at length so apparent, that the young

man, of whom I had not taken the least notice during the whole time of my soliloquy, put up his telescope, and approached me with looks of profound curiosity and surprise.

"You seem to have been deceived, sir," said he.—"Indeed," I replied, "I have been deceived by giving credit, but to my honour only for a few hours, to an impostor. I am glad, however, that I am here. I can at least give free vent to my spleen. I can proclaim to the city which lies beneath me, that it is struck with blindness, that its inhabitants are deluded, and are worthy to be the dupes of cheats and pickpockets!"

"Sir," rejoined the stranger, interrupting me, "you are in a violent agitation. What misfortune has befallen you? and against whom is all this obloquy directed?"

"Against whom?" I replied with warmth; "against whom but the mountebank who throws your whole city into confusion—your great magnetiser, sonniloquist, prophet, or by whatever other names you call him."

"I beg your pardon, sir," answered the stranger, to my extreme astonishment, "for being obliged to give a flat contradiction to what you say. Ever since we have possessed that man, not a single untruth has escaped his lips."

"Well," cried I, "then I can at least acquaint you with the first, which he told to me, whom you see here, not above two hours ago. What do you suppose he promised me that I should find here? Nothing less than a treasure, and cause for the loudest burst of joy: and I, simpleton that I was, suffered my-

self to be thus bamboozled, and mounted this fatiguing tower on such a fool's errand. Lay yourself under no constraint, sir, but laugh as heartily as you please! In truth I deserve the ridicule of all rational people."

But instead of laughing, what do you suppose the man did? He entered into a long disquisition, which might grace a commentary on Habbakuk, to prove that prophecies are not to be literally understood.

"Sir," replied I, with the bitterest vexation, "your prophet promised me a treasure, something that is called a treasure. Is there any thing here that can by any possible interpretation deserve that name? Can I apply it to the keen blast that has already almost blown my head off?"—With these words I turned contemptuously from this absurd stranger, of whom I deigned to take no farther notice; for I perceived but too plainly that he was not there for nothing, and was in all probability one of the emissaries of the false prophet.

This new discovery made me still bolder. I could not quit the spot till I had poured forth all my spleen. I once more pulled my hat over my eyes, once more wrapped myself up in my philosophic mantle; and as soon as I had turned my back on the Mesmers, the Lavaters, and the Puysegurs, to whose authority the stranger appealed at every third word, I betook myself again to the heroes of the most obstinate infidelity, the Bolingbrokes, the Voltaires, and the Reimaruses. From the reverie of unbelief that succeeded, I was suddenly roused by a human voice, which penetra-

ted with inexpressible sympathy through my ears to my heart. "Ah! Willy, Willy!"—such were the magic tones that all at once suspended the conflict of emotions within me—"are then all the pleasures of times past completely erased from your remembrance?" no language can describe the astonishment with which I turned to the stranger, who extended his hands towards me—"all the hours devoted to friendship and science at Leyden?" continued he in a still more tender tone, "and not the smallest recollection left of our youthful pilgrimage to the statue of Erasmus?"—Gracious heaven! how I trembled!—"O William, who is the falsest, you or our prophet? Alas! indeed you have quite forgotten your honest Jerry!"

That name, once so dear to me in my youth, brought me to myself. "Good God!" cried I, "is it possible? My Jerry?"—Speechless with indescribable emotions, I sunk into his arms. A pause, devoted wholly to the sacred feeling of friendship, deprived us both for some moments of utterance. I pressed to my throbbing bosom the friend of my youth, who observed with delight the tremor of affection which thrilled my frame.

He at length broke silence. "After all then," said he, in a tone expressive of the profoundest emotion, "the prophet was not so very wrong! You still love me, William?"

"No, God bless him!" cried I with enthusiasm, "the great man spoke the truth. No treasure on earth could impart such feelings of happiness and joy to my soul as your unexpected appearance has

excited. How all the delicious phantasies of youth, which I imagined to be fled for ever, are recalled by the melody of your voice, by the magic of your smile, by your sparkling eyes! O my Jerome, how was it possible for me not to recognise you the first moment? This was not owing to the seventeen or eighteen years which have passed since we parted, but to all the dreary hours since spent in the society of people destitute of friendship. Vitiating humours, generated by spleen and disease, have dimmed my eyes, and blunted the feelings of the most susceptible of human hearts. But with you I seem to have recovered all the happiness I had lost. Look around you, Jerome. Never were images of friendship placed upon a more lofty pedestal. Yet here, or elsewhere, we shall stand too high for the mole's eyes of mankind. Among the thousands beneath us, there is scarcely one capable of appreciating such a meeting. Blest be the prophet through whom I have found such a treasure, through whom I have recovered a friend!"

The weaker our nerves, the more prone we are to enthusiasm. This high-flown effusion of mine seemed at the moment to be the natural language of the heart; and Heaven alone knows how long I should have continued declaiming in this manner on the top of the old German steeple, had not my cooler friend checked the torrent of my eloquence, and with a smile proposed to me to accompany him to his house. "Whithersoever you please!" said I, and tottered after him like one intoxicated.

When you know that you have a

faithful friend by your side, you feel as much at home in a strange place, as you may feel strange without this circumstance in your native town. How shily I had crept this very morning along the streets, and now, whichever way I looked, I seemed to be at home. The stairs that led to my friend's apartments appeared as familiar to me as if I had gone up them a thousand times; and I made my good friend Jerome burst into a loud laugh when I frankly told him how I felt. But how totally unlike myself was I at the repast to which we then sat down! I ate, drank, joked, and laughed like a person in perfect health; the most lively recollection, and the most familiar converse, brought forth all the gaudy suits, and furbished up all the variegated plumes, in which our unsophisticated youth had delighted to trick itself out. Nothing durst obtrude upon our discourse but what was connected with those happy times. To every other idea we were as inaccessible as the apartment into which not a soul that knocked at the door could obtain admittance.

Thus evening stole upon us, and progressive advances in our conversation had at length brought me to the period of my impaired, my ruined health—a circumstance which, in the first ardent effusions of our friendship, I had wholly lost sight of. Some splenetic complaints on my part, hope and comfort on his, led at last to the following dialogue.

“Who could have thought it,” —I began with a sigh—“who could have thought it, dear Jerome, when we were learning, at the feet of our

instructors at Leyden, to separate truth from prejudices, that we were throwing away with the chaff grains of more value than the whole produce of our labours? Who could have suspected that there existed in animal life the dormant power of solving metaphysical problems, upon which the Lockes, the Boyles, the Leibnitzes, exhausted in vain all the energies of their genius? And to what heads were these secrets at last confided? How many ages has it required, before the great dunghill of the world could be so completely turned over as to bring to light the sound untouched grain of corn concealed in it!—and what mechanism of chance that this grain should at last be found by a blind hen! Is not a *clear-sighted sleeper* of more value to suffering humanity than the sum total of understanding imparted to any one of the physicians of body or mind of all ages? and does not one single fact, such as I have witnessed to-day, overthrow all their ingenious systems? You are not only an eminent physician yourself, my dear Jerome, but also a profound thinker and a learned man. Cannot you then furnish me with a satisfactory explanation of this inconceivable humiliation of the human understanding? I will accept it as a charity bestowed on my poverty; I will——”

“My dear William,” said Jerome, interrupting the flow of my oratory, “I will gladly share my wealth with you, for you need about the half of it to extricate yourself from this difficulty: but first let me see whether the door of my outer room is properly secured. Now sit down, and listen with attention.

"I am a physician, my friend, and have hitherto practised my profession in the native land of the immortal Boerhave, with equal integrity, if not with equal skill. Success, however, procured me the confidence of my countrymen. My experience daily increased, and I felt an attachment to my patients, which rendered my precarious art respectable and agreeable to me. In this active performance of the duties of my profession, I was all at once interrupted by the many-tongued rumour of the new inventions of the Mesmers, the Puysegurs, and I know not how many more great men. The wonders wrought by them thronged in troops into my solitary study, overturned all the aphorisms of my masters, and rendered me timid in the treatment of my patients. From this painful situation I extricated myself like an honest man. I left my books and my patients. No journey seemed too long and too fatiguing, so that I could ascertain the truth, and rectify my notions and my principles. I arrived at Strasburg, and the very next morning I stood before the chair of the most celebrated *somnambule* and *clairvoyante* of that time, of whom you shall hear more presently. In the midst of a circle of learned men, who were making the most profound observations on this supernatural state of the entranced lady, she gave a young officer, whose sonorous voice seemed to produce a particular impression on her sleeping senses, the most explicit answers to the most abstruse questions. So plain a fact completely staggered my reason. I puzzled my brains a long time to

no purpose for a merely plausible explanation of this wonder, and especially for an answer to this curious question—why the oracles of a *somnambule* should relate exclusively to medicine, and never to politics, agriculture, mineralogy, natural history, or jurisprudence, though so many useful things yet remain to be discovered, and so many errors to be corrected in those sciences, and though many a poor devil would often be so anxious to learn how to gain a law-suit, or the best time for sowing his corn.

"At length I imagined that I had obtained the right clue, and discovered the real connection of the matter. You will sufficiently comprehend my meaning when I tell you, that in my opinion some medical spirit of the upper regions is at this moment playing his amorous pranks with the poor unsuspecting daughters of the earth. All the marriageable females whom I have seen, that were fit subjects for *somnambulism*, *disorganization*, and *animal magnetism*, have confirmed me in this conjecture. They even communicate the medicinal virtue which pervades them, to men who come *en rapport* with them—as we see in the celebrated prophet who has this day cured you. Indeed, my friend, this system of mine renders all farther explanation superfluous.

"In the four months," continued Jerome, "that I have lived at Strasburg, I have attentively observed the progress of the new discovery, and am daily more and more overwhelmed with astonishment. But what occasion have I to state to you all the results of my experience? Is not your own of

to-day sufficient for you? Examine it once more with all the rigour of which your reason is susceptible! You have clearly seen and heard, you have found the predictions of the somniloquist verified, and are convinced——”

“Yes, by Heaven, I am!” was my reply. “From this moment I shall harbour no distrust, except towards the incomprehensible heart that throbs within my bosom. Fortunately for me, I learned this morning from the lips of the prophet, what kind of a soul dwells in this body. It is yet but a few hours since your voice recalled me from the brink of the abyss of unbelief. How invincible I fancied myself at the very instant when I was nearest to my defeat! So much the more sincerely do I now abhor my arrogance. In your bosom, my dear Jerome, I deposit my solemn prayer for pardon to the mighty envoy of futurity against whom my reason rebelled, and to all the great men who adhere to him, and—— Oh! that the whole world could hear my recantation! Of what service have the weapons of boasted reason been to me? There they lie as useless implements of its pride.”

Nothing can be more pathetic and impressive than the voice of conviction, especially when a social glass has previously harmonized the speaker and hearer. I stood with my hand upon my bosom, in a theatrical attitude before my friend, who was so overpowered with the torrent that poured from my heart, that while my eyes were filled with tears of the deepest sensibility, he was obliged to conceal his face with his hands. He recovered himself first, prudently pushed aside the

bottles and glasses, and as Boileau when he once met with two of his friends who, under the inspiration of Burgundy, were weeping over the death of the great Homer, and continued inconsolable till he succeeded in drawing them from the tavern into the open air—so Jerome probably imagined the same precaution to be necessary with me, that I might not be entirely distilled into tears of enthusiasm.

“Moderate yourself, my dear William!” said he; “such scenes are too powerful for your weak nerves. Let us leave our wine for a few moments; perhaps in the next room, which is cooler, you may compose yourself after the shock which your heart has to-day received.”

He took me kindly by the arm, opened the door of the adjoining room—and, O ye powers of heaven! what was my astonishment! You will scarcely believe me, but as sure as I live, I found myself in the same apartment, with the same bed, and the same chair standing before it, in which I listened to the oracles of the prophet. I was petrified with amazement, and Jerome, with a roguish smile, thus proceeded:—“What say you, my philosophic friend, to my mode of cooling your fervour? Shall I once more inform you here of your name and the adventures of your soul?—Shall I once more send you to the steeple of the Minster?—or are you satisfied for the present?”

“Was it you then?” cried I, as soon as I recovered from my surprise—“were you the great prophet whose praises were so loudly proclaimed by the ladies?—Was it you who this morning had well

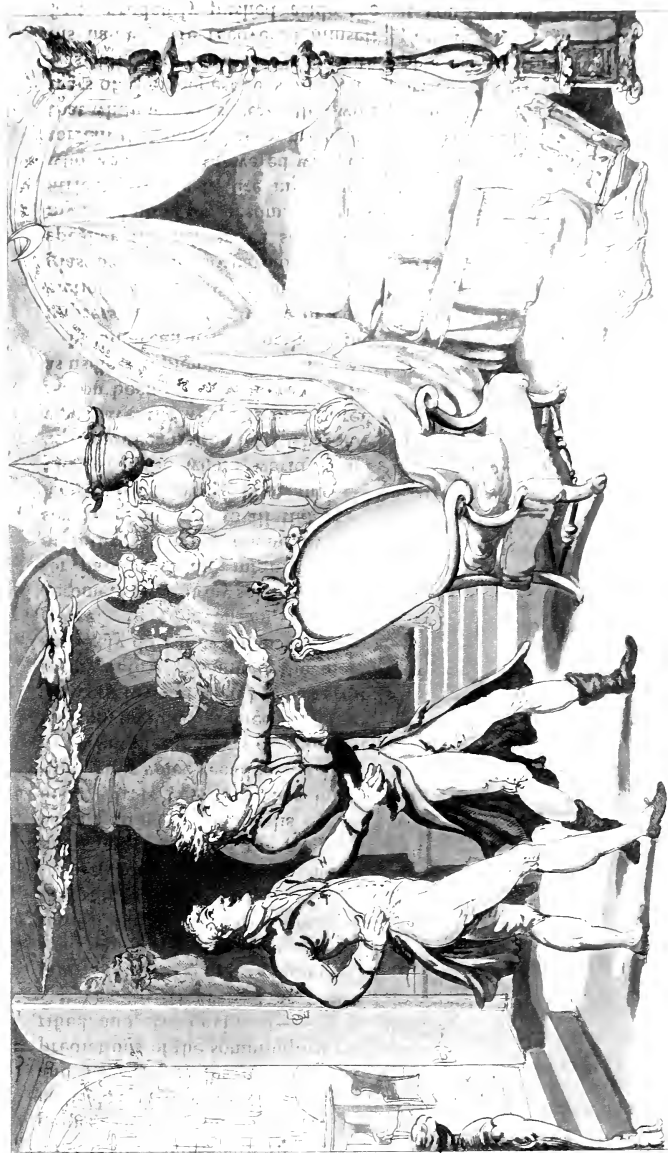


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nigh robbed me of all the wit that I had left?"

"Noother indeed," said Jerome, laughing more heartily than before.

"I conjure you," I replied, "by all that is sacred, relieve me quickly from my astonishment! How"—at the same time striking my forehead with my fist—"how did you know that I abandoned a young woman near Carlsruh to the wolves?"

"Because," rejoined my friend, whose mirth became so excessive that he was obliged to hold both his sides—"because it was I who stopped your carriage, and wished to commit her to your care. This girl—the very same that was *in the crisis* on my arrival at Strasburg, and afforded me the first opportunity of witnessing the wonders of animal magnetism—had for five months played the *somnambule* for a handsome reward, had come rather too closely *en rapport* with a young officer—the very same who had then put questions to her—and had become—how shall I express it?—unserviceable for the present."

"Faith!" said I hastily, "I remarked that myself."

"I conveyed her to Carlsruh, where our society has good friends, met you, as you know, on the way, recognized you without difficulty, and learned from your own mouth all that I this morning repeated to you by virtue of my faculty of divination. No great penetration was necessary to foresee that my fame would certainly bring an invalid like you before my bed. Nothing could be easier than the part I had to act; and so you see, my dear William, that what has puzzled you so much is nothing but the joke of an old friend."

The bandage indeed was now removed from my eyes—but rather too abruptly. A burning blush overspread my cheeks as soon as the great secret was exposed naked to my view. I beheld in imagination the ridiculous figure I must have cut in the arm-chair, and had scarcely courage to look the false prophet in the face.

The kind-hearted Jerome pitied my condition. He took me affectionately by the hand, and led me out of the magic chamber, which became every moment more and more odious to me. I continued for some time in evident embarrassment, and at length made an effort to propose a question which forced itself upon me:—"I was a fool, dear Jerome——"

"But not a greater," rejoined he, "than we all are when anxious wishes combined with some hope operate upon us."

"I was a fool," I continued—"but forgive the question—what are you then in the light in which you have this day shewn yourself to me? What part are you acting, my old, my honest friend?"

"The part of a Brutus," replied Jerome, "who delivered Rome from the oppressor of innocence—the part of a Pascal, who, under the mask of simplicity, possessed himself of the graceless secrets of the order of the Jesuits. But the period of my humiliation is past; I shall soon return to my patients, and my experience, not omitting your history of to-day, shall be made known to the world."

This declaration of my friend stabbed me to the heart. "No, Jerome," cried I, "let me not be exposed for a simpleton to my patrons; let not my name be men-

tioned in the chronicles of these enthusiasts, deceivers and deceived!"

"And does not truth," rejoined Jerome in a serious tone, "deserve better at your hands than that you should conceal yourself behind the great bulwark of error, behind a false shame, and quietly suffer the number of the innocent deluded to be augmented? The credulity of an invalid is the most pardonable of all. Often—upon the faith of a practical physician—does this weakness of the soul contribute to the recovery of the health of the body.—But what shall we say of the pious and learned men who not only play upon the weakness of the diseased, but strive also to envelope sound untainted reason in the clouds of error? In what light are we to consider the founders of the modern sects, who send abroad into all the world such productions as I here lay before you?"

A formidable pile! I selected a few stamped with names of eminence in the republic of letters, and Jerome forbore to disturb me in the attention which I paid for above half an hour to their contradictory assertions, their lying statements, and their scandalous conjectures. At last, with a sigh, I pushed aside this heap of rubbish, and turning to my cooler friend, "Dear Jerome," said I, "allow that all these poor fellows labour-

ed under disease, otherwise there is no excuse for them."

"In regard to some," replied my intelligent physician, "yet but to very few, your exculpatory conjecture may hold good. You would perhaps yourself have written a book on the faculty of divination, animal magnetism, or the wonders of disorganization; aye and published it too, had I suffered you to continue in your error. But believe me, the majority of our authors write not out of love to truth, from the impulse of conviction, or zeal for what is good and useful; but out of that learned pride, which, like the gaol-fever, insinuates itself only into close, gloomy studies, and now and then moves the compassion and charity of the great world. I know but too many such scribblers. The idea of making a great noise, of attracting those eyes which are just turning towards some other, is the demon which urges and impels them. None of them can bear to be neglected, and no sooner has one quitted his writing-table with credit, than hundreds sit down to theirs for the purpose of gaining over the clappers to their side as speedily as possible."

It was now late, and at parting Jerome promised to call upon me next morning, and to give me such medical advice as my situation required.

THE EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN.

THE history of the Emperor Maximilian of Germany, who came to the throne in 1493, affords us the singular spectacle of a man always poor in the midst of the greatest

riches. His first wife, Mary of Burgundy, daughter of Charles the Rash, was heiress of the duchy of Burgundy; part of Picardy; the counties of Flanders, Artois, and

Burgundy; the duchies of Brabant, Luxemburg, and Limburg; the counties of Hainault, Holland, Zealand, and Friezeland; and the duchy of Guelders. We may easily suppose that the heiress of such large possessions did not want admirers; in fact, the hand of Mary was eagerly sought in marriage by the greatest princes of Europe. She was, however, denied the privilege of chusing for herself: detained prisoner by her subjects, she was compelled to accept the husband whom they selected for her. Maximilian, who was then but archduke, had the happiness to obtain her hand; but when he presented himself to receive it, he appeared before her in so shabby a dress, that she was absolutely obliged to purchase a magnificent suit for him, in order that his appearance might not disgrace her nuptials. Shortly after they were celebrated, he became King of the Romans, and afterwards Emperor of Ger-

many. One would suppose that in this exalted situation he could not want money, nevertheless he did. Mary died, and he espoused by proxy the heiress of Brittany; but he lost his bride because he could not raise 2000 crowns. The want of that sum gave Charles VIII. King of France, an opportunity to take the princess from him. It was well known that the Flemings detained Maximilian for debt, as well as for having violated their privileges, a prisoner nine months at Bruges. He married Blanche Sforza, who, though she was the natural daughter of a soldier of fortune, was possessed of 500,000 ducats: yet, notwithstanding this second advantageous marriage, towards the close of his life, this imperial monarch was seen carrying the scarf of Henry VIII. in whose service he fought, and from whom he received daily a small sum for his support.

THE THREE PETERS SURNAMED THE CRUEL.

IT is a singular circumstance, that three monarchs of the same name, each with too much justice surnamed *the Cruel*, should have been contemporaries. These were Peter of Castile, Peter of Arragon, and Peter of Portugal. Of the first it may be said, that he committed crimes solely for the pleasure of committing them, since the greatest part of the monstrous cruelties of which he was guilty appear to have had no other motive. Peter the Cruel of Arragon was a profound politician, who always calculated to what account he could turn an

atrocious action; and if he thought himself likely to gain any favourite point, he never suffered any feeling of humanity to divert him from his purpose. Peter the Cruel of Portugal, a prince as well known in romance as in history, cannot justly be compared to either of the others for barbarity: his heart, naturally tender, was hardened to a frightful excess by the violence of his passion for the celebrated Ines de Castro; stung almost to madness at the treacherous cruelty by which he had been deprived of her, he set no bounds to his ven-

geance on her murderers; and it was principally owing to the inhumanity with which he treated them, that his memory is branded by posterity.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The following *bagatelle*, which has never been printed, and which was given me by a friend to make what use of I thought proper, I have little doubt will find a place in your elegant Miscellany.

VIGORNIENSIS.

MODERN ELOQUENCE.

Dreams are nothing more than caricatures of our waking thoughts; sometimes consistent, at other times disjointed and confused.

METHOUGHT Mr. O'Blarney rose and spoke in the cause of GRIMES *versus* SNITCH.

My Lord and Gentlemen of the Jury,

When I look round this august court, and advance into the focus of the luminous effulgence of ability every where pervading this solemn chamber of impartiality, I cannot but feel the awful responsibility my poor abilities have to encounter. Should there be a ray to guide me through the labyrinth, among the more experienced of those eloquent and more practised professing and professed members of this court, my way must lie in the plainness of fact, the simplicity of truth, in proving an irresistible appetency in the detail of this unvarnished tale. If without flourish of description we consider guilt as permeable, pervading those breasts where it is nourished, the secret momentum of those connections between mind and matter, without highly exaggerating the effect on plain minds, the transition to comparison between the subtle fluid of electricity and guilt would strike the most uncultivated mind. Were we criminally proceeding against Mr. Snitch instead of a civil suit for compensation, the ermine of your lordship might coruscate, and

those venerable adjuncts of judicature gracing your lordship's front, might be drawn from their pendent adhesions from the shoulders, and by the electric attractions, if guilt, from being a fluid, were so demonstrative, might horrify perpetrators into confessions incompatible with the existence or safety of society. Happily for the decorum of this court, happily for the prosecuted, the dominion of reason alone presides; and if guilty, by evidence alone must the turpitude be clear. Will it be necessary to dip the crayon of description in the murky hues of Erebus? or shall I represent the horrific hag, with eyes rolling, her withered fingertip scaling her fallen lips in her midnight whirl to Aleppo, blasting, by the malign touch of her elongated curved nail at the extremity of her index, the ill-fated vessel that in such a sea-tossed night had haplessly crossed the way of her spell-bound bowl, in her mystic adventure to procure the slaked bitumen* from the Dead Sea, as a vehicle to paint deeds of darkness? or shall my fancy realize the sybils of old, watching the exudation of the se-

* Asphaltum, or bitumen of the Dead Sea.

*pia** to gather an ink, which, by its assistance, would record the name of Snitch, blackened in its own deformity? Happily for me—me, who delight not in fiction—my narrative will devolve into the sobered tones of truth in the sacredness of her cause, the irresistible impulse of her mighty sovereignty, and in the words of my brief I shall best relate my appeal, and discharge the debt I owe to my client, and cancel this outrage on human morals. It will be needless to repeat to you the circumstances by which I am called to advocate the cause of suffering innocence; sufficient I have obeyed that call of duty: and this day I am to expose human frailty subdued by practised guile, to heal the wounded spirit of the weaker sex, in the cause of my client Grimes; and to harrow up the execrations that you, ye select twelve, are by your verdict to visit upon Mr. Snitch. Ye honest yeomen, tell this wicked, this base destroyer of virgin innocence; proclaim it at every man's sacred hearth, so that your grandmothers shall be safe in this land of liberty; thus promulgating, that he who calculates upon human passions—coldly, I say, computes his possibility of success on mortal weakness—may learn, that a jury of this our day attacked the hydra of seduction: so shall your venerable relatives escape the allurements of a Snitch; so will the episcopal denunciation, “that no man shall marry his grandmother,” be expunged as an unnecessary interdict.

That I might more faithfully dis-

* Cuttle-fish; sepia of the ancients, or brown pigment.

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charge my trust, to the better assisting her cause, and to detail the inroads that baseness had painted on her sunken cheek, I visited the injured creature. To you, who have hearts, the arbiters of her case, her destiny, lend me, I beseech you, your attention. Most true I found her obscured by her sorrows: the smoke, in misty curling clouds, added a sombreness to the sad picture; two of the reticulated panes of a jarring casement were air-stopped; the one by a thickened concatenation of mixed straw, both short and long; the other contained the many-times fretted work of a black worsted heel-darned hose. Yet the radiance of her former state flashed on my mind: mark how joyless to the concerns of human life! The domestic pig had not all that cleanliness or the comforts of clean straw; but this dwelling, in imitation of her fall from paradise, had degenerated into a wilderness of thorns, for the unburnt furze strayed in wild disorder. This cottage, this once peaceful thatch, rising diminutively in the bog, was the termination of a lengthened sheep-track; and the last spot on the waste around which moisture had left a firm footing. It was a spot humble yet not abject, lowly but not sunken. It was an abode where the traveller could alone find shelter, for it was the only hearth whose blaze scintillated in the darkened atmosphere. The domestic circle was increased with an aged mother; by the labour of this dutiful child of industry, that powerful narcotic, snuff, was not denied to her parent. Ye who revel in the indulgence of extended luxury, smile not with contempt,

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that so little would cheer a fellow-being, after the brilliancy of the day had been spent over the reeking suds, for at the neighbouring town she had grown old in the humble avocation of a washerwoman! Ye who labour to want artificial contrivances to stimulate satiety, blush to think how little does this mansion of clay really want! Pamperers, learn how little even old age desires! While duties more domestic kept the daughter busied in the home concerns, raising the marketable produce of their existence, and drying the turf that was to feed their fire, measuring the coned stacks by the deep square-delved pits, that were to supply the consumers in the neighbouring hamlets—who but a Snitch could have seen such bliss, and marred such happiness? I will not appeal to your feelings; it is to your judgment, your inflexible integrity, that I commit this sacred cause. You will not, you cannot say, that because their occupation is humble, their right to redress is diminished: the eye of the law—the whole bench will confirm my assertion—the law knows no difference, all are equal. His lordship holds a mighty commission, sealed by an oath, that ties him to justice between man and man. I invoke that stern, that inflexible undeviating justice, by all the eloquence that has ever shone in legal jurisprudence—by the names of a Dunning, an Erskine—by the orations of our compatriot Burke! Descend, ye conservators of elocution; loosen my tongue, enlarge my faculty of utterance, crown my exertions! Let Justice withdraw her veil, for the sons of Erin are contending

for their rights. Hurl back this base destroyer, covered with our denunciations, and tell the British people, it is thus we beat back to her shores her offending natives, following her example in turning our domestic calamities to our profit!

Griselda Grimes was arrived at that age when maturity may be said to have outstretched the pruriency of youth; forty-five winters had passed peacefully away. In her person tall; her form partaking of tenuity, in contradistinction to obesity; wholesome labour had produced a sinewy habit, and the bones were evident in their construction and junctions. Custom had inclined her on one side, and this, gentlemen, led to her ruin. In the neighbouring town, in the most conspicuous part, arose a gilded annunciation on a board—"JAMES SNITCH, *Stay and Corset-Maker from Paris and London*;" with a *nota bene*, "*Shapes altered*." This; call it if you will female weakness, the ever-yearning solicitude to make the most of Nature's gifts; attracted the notice of my unfortunate Griselda. Up to this hour she had consented to expose this negligence of gait, though cruelty in its bitterness might have called it derangement of form. But an humbleness of opinion had borne that of herself so modestly, that till this instant Nature's fair proportion had not, in her own conception, been libelled; but the archtempter suggested this one improvement, the remedy of this single defect as desirable, and pointed out Mr. Snitch as the performer. I am instructed to say, prudence authorized this want; for ten re-

volving suns had spread devastation into the economical arrangement of this appendage of female shape, notwithstanding repeated and reiterated emendations. The want was only to be compassed by a new equipment. I am thus circumstantial, lest the charge of extravagance should be insisted on, and to prevent insinuations, that Griselda was vehemently persevering in gratifying her inclinations, that her industry had not been exemplary. Were I but to offer them to the court, their exhibition would redound to her infinite credit; posterity would reward her claim, extol her perseverance, and tacitly consent to praise an ingenuity as patient, as commensurate to the hanging one shred on another. My learned friend on the opposite side smiles, but this day will teach him, and teach all the world, that men, professionally dedicated to the service of the fair in their duties, are not to select opportunities to poison their minds, because the very nature of their commissions places the little flutterings of female vanity at their command, and the delicacy of their occupations gives them a warrant of unrestrained access. I shall pass over, my lord and gentlemen, the blandishments, the promises of honourable intentions—vows, alas! false—opportunities solicited and studiously improved, to the immediate cause that this day summons both myself and you with such momentous solicitings, to make the visitation of your verdict fall in the shape of damages, large and outrageous, lest the mundane community be not reprehended by the weight of the example. On some

pretence that he was anxious to submit to the judgment of Griselda some improvements best appreciated by the fair, likely to benefit materially his worldly concerns in the formation of corsets, for which only he professed to wait to make her the sharer of his name and fame; in an unguarded moment, early in the month of May, when all nature is refreshed, before sunrise, she was thus speciously allured to leave that pastoral abode I so lately, so pathetically described. But, ah! she little thought of the ruin that awaited her faltering steps!

It does not become the dignity of this court to have detailed the incitements of her seducer, her opposition, her entreaties to leave the spot, the art by which the helpless being was induced to seal her ruin. Humanity draws a veil, and in censuring would palliate her misfortune; but to you she looks with more than pity in your breasts—of you she seeks redress for blighted prospects, as a succour in her declining years, and a balm to her suffering mind; for in all cases, in the most common, compensation is afforded for loss of service at the hands of the betrayer. Then shrink not from your duty and your responsibility; the law of the land will—the law—the right, the sacred birth-right, shall redress the injured. The sun, as if afraid to emit his effulgent beams on a world so stained, restrained his rays on that eventful morning; reluctantly, slowly, fearfully, his orb of brightness threw on this nether world the shadow of the seducer, lengthened as it shot from his retreating footsteps. I shall

not detail the progress of his neglect, but suffice it to say, my client has this day sought redress at the hands of her countrymen. I will not dwell on the sorrows of the parent, or the woes of the deserted. What defence can be offered? Should it be insisted that the lady's years of discretion ought to have made her deaf to entreaty, a negation I am prepared to offer, already depending upon so fixed and such reiterated determination of union with her--importunity, opportunity, all conspiring, it would be expecting too much of human nature to calculate on a different result. But let us admit indiscretion, is there no compensation, no wound to be healed, no balm in Mecca to assuage an infringed purity after forty-five years of possession? And will it not strongly and nervously shake our reason--will it not, I say, amount to proof demonstrative, that principle so fixed that could resist the tide and spring of youth, passing by that hour of incitement and danger, to be thus thrown down and rifled in its maturity, must have had no common temptations to leave the path of virtue? Charity teaches us, that human nature, goaded beyond its bearing, is not a subject for punishment, contempt, and neglect, but a subject of commiseration and support with the truly good: so that I prove that the fruit, that was ripening even to decay, affording prospects of a rich vernal harvest of reputation, has been seared, lost, from causes almost amounting (from human weakness) to impossibility to prevent. The law in such cases only asks a common prudence, a circumspection readily to be within our capa-

city of exerting: on all this, and more, my client's conduct defies inspection, courts examination open as the day. Griselda rests her cause on justice and on truth. Will this court be insulted? will it be dared into reprehension, by hearing opinions so monstrous as this diabolical age (rich in invention of monstrosities) publicly hears defended? It will be insisted in favour of the accused, as I am taught to believe, that, through the conformation of the cranium of Mr. Snitch, his organs were so constructed, forming conglomerating convolutions in his sensorium, whose effect on his actions was not to be controuled by his will; that such disposition of parts was to be found in the bull, in the goat, the ram, the orang-outang; and, therefore, that he grew up fitted, designed, and executed by nature for a seducer. Oh! monstrous demoralization of a wicked age! Is it to be believed, that nature formed with no ordinary care portinanteaus of every vice in the human soul; that she propagated her conceits in the lowest of the animal creation; that the murderer, the midnight robber, is an object of pity, persecuted and hapless, sacrificed to prejudice and ignorance of the due estimation of the new light of science?—I have held up to your view a slight and sketchy picture of the deluded; now for the counterpart, the destroyer, the annihilator. His portrait shall darken the sun-beams, that his deformity of mind may be exposed naked in his own treachery. His portrait may be serviceable, that families unborn may draw comparisons, and drive each Snitch for ages to come

from the society and hospitable Lares of my noble countrymen. It is *your* countrywoman who sues against her tempter; not only her rights are you compromising, but your own, if you neglect to inflict the largest penalty that such a case has ever borne. I appeal to fathers, they must hear me; not to fathers but to mothers, they will hear me; not to mothers, but I make my appeal to little generations of grandchildren to the nineteenth degree, they shall hear me! Oh! that Jove's lightning, like a hack, could be borrowed by the day, that I might hurl more than words upon this destroyer's head!

In the season of elasticity, when form had grown into structure, when stature had attained its acme, in his person Mr. Snitch had not extended beyond five feet three inches. The singularity and variety of nature's inventive genius displayed themselves in turning one foot out and the other inwards. Were I inclined to a bitterness of sarcasm, I might have likened him to his profound prototype, to old Beelzebub, who sulphurously hissed defiance:—

By sudden onsets, either with hell-fire
To waste his whole creation, or possess
All as our own, and drive, as we are driven,
The puny 'habitants; or if not drive,
Seduce them to our party.

MILTON.

But to restore that parity that had been denied to his fair proportions, his widenswollen front peering above a shorter neck, held a near approach to his more protuberant shoulders, so that the magnitude of head carried in space a claim to be admitted in abatement of his want of stature. But it is not to his figure, it is his

mind that prompted inclinations to delude his victim—insult and debase her—to make a holy rite the plea, by whose power over the affections of my Griselda he might more securely deal the blow, which tarnished for ever a reputation built by experience, assiduity, and defiance of all common temptations. I shall not longer trespass on your patience. I have detailed my case by evidence; I shall prove the facts with that coolness, that moderation, which my outset gave the promise of. I cannot conclude without thanking you for your patient hearing; without imploring you as fathers, brothers, as men, to cast this odious shame from your homes, and erect a shield for the security of the softer sex: for never shall such dishonour contaminate my thoughts, as to opine that large damages have brought more wives into the market, or that daughters by parents will be offered as vehicles of speculation. These are the arguments of cold senseless calculators; they are not the sentiments of warm and animated men. O my country! more offended against than offending, if you restrain us in the liberty of conscience, teach us to do ourselves justice, and let Hibernia shine in her own harmless purity. Gentlemen, your country, your children, your honour, your reputations, call upon you by your verdict to sustain their cause; discharge it then faithfully, for to your integrity I look to record proudly, that the serpent's tongue, as well as its venom, is banished from our land; and that this effect will be owing to the merits of the case, and not to the little exertions of my poor and unpractised abi-

lity. Gentlemen, I again thank you, and offer you my weak expressions of feeling that my duty has been lightened, I must own, inasmuch as I have this day stood up for judgment on no countryman of our own, and that the guilt of the betrayer is not a stain on

our spotless reputation. I shall reserve myself, should my opponent be hardy enough to call for my animadversions.

Loud plaudits shook the court, and I awoke singing *Ti, tum, ti!*

BOMBASTES.

PROPERTIES OF A GARDENER.

QUESTION.

WHY is a gardener the most extraordinary man in the world?

ANSWER, ADDRESSED TO A LADY.

Because no man has more business upon *earth*, and always chuses good *grounds* for what he does. He commands his *thyme*, he is master of his *mint*, and fingers *pennyroyal*. He raiseth his *salary* every year; and it is a bad year indeed if it does not produce a *plumb*. He meets with more *boughs* than a minister of state. He makes *more beds* than an innkeeper, and has in them more *painted ladies*, and more

genuine *roses* and *lilies*, than are to be found at a country wake. He makes *raking* his business more than his diversion, as many other gentlemen do, but he makes it an advantage to his health and fortune, which few others do. His wife has, nevertheless, enough of *lad's-love* and *heart's-ease*. He can boast of more *bleeding hearts* than any town toast, and more *laurel* than the Duke of Wellington: but his greatest pride, and the world's envy, is, that he can have *yet* when-ever he pleases.

THE MISERIES OF A LODGING-HUNTER.

MR. EDITOR,

AMONGST that class of people whose lives may be said to pass in busy idleness, I know not any who are a greater torment to themselves and every body about them, than lodging-hunters: my friend Frank Fidget is one of that class, he lives always in furnished lodgings, but he makes it a rule never to stay long any where. In some places indeed his oddities and the disagreeableness of his temper induce them to give him warning; but where that is not the case, he finds some imaginary cause of complaint, and directly fancies that he shall be bet-

ter off elsewhere. I called upon him the other morning, and found him in a violent rage with his landlady for having, as he assured me, endangered his life. I could hardly refrain from laughter when he proceeded to state, that, during a week in which he had been absent at Richmond, she actually had had his rooms scoured out, although she knew it was his express order that no part of his apartments should ever be wetted. The landlady now interrupted him to declare, that it was done on the very day on which he left town, and she was certain that the rooms must now be

entirely dry: and I immediately expressed myself of the same opinion.

"Why, zounds!" cried he to me with a most vindictive look, "one would think that you too were in a combination against me! I tell you, sir, the water, lodged in the crevices of these boards, will render them damp for twelve months to come; and if I did escape with life, the least I could expect would be to have the rheumatism for the rest of my days: but I shall run no such risk, for I am determined to go and get a lodging directly."

As I saw that it would be vain to combat this resolution; I offered myself as the companion of his walk; and we sallied forth on a fruitless inquiry after lodgings: we saw several indeed which I supposed might have suited him, but he found some objection to every one of them. In one place an old lady lodged in the second floor, whose health was delicate, and he foresaw that some time or other she might die, in which case he would be obliged to move. In another house, the landlady was very well dressed, and had altogether an air of smartness, but her manner was perfectly correct, at least I thought so: Fidget, however, was of a different opinion; he was certain her thoughts were too much occupied with gaiety and dress to allow her to render her lodgers comfortable. Our next inquiry was made at the house of an elderly couple, who appeared truly respectable, and who only took one lodger; and here I thought we should certainly come to terms, but just as we began to speak about them, a young girl entered the room with a little dog in her arms, and

called out, "Mamma, Dido is sick I am sure, for she won't drink her milk."

"Why," cried Fidget, "that's a decided proof that she either is mad, or will directly become so, and you must have her hanged immediately." The girl hastily carried off her little pet, and the old lady observed, that Dido frequently refused to drink, because her daughter, who was very fond of her, gave her too much milk; therefore she was not at all alarmed, as she was sure there was no danger of madness.

"Oh! very well, ma'am," replied Fidget, "you have a right certainly to do as you please with your own life, but you will excuse my risking mine. I wish you good morning!"

As it began to grow rather late, and I was, to say the truth, tired of knocking at people's doors to no purpose, I proposed to Frank to give over his search for that day, and accompany me home to dinner; which he had just agreed to do, when "Apartments furnished" caught his eye on the window of a neat handsome house, and he immediately rapped at the door. The house was kept by a widow, a very respectable matron, who would take no other lodger, kept no dog, made her servant always wear list shoes within doors, to prevent any noise in going up or down stairs; and, in short, fell in so completely with all Fidget's peculiarities, that he whispered me she was a sensible sort of woman, and agreed with her directly for the apartments.

Just as we were going, my friend happened to cast his eye on a half-bound volume that lay on the win-

dow-seat, and on his beginning to examine it, the landlady exclaimed, "Oh! that is one of my daughter's books; she is a monstrous great reader."

"It's a pity that you should let her read such trash," cried he, "for this is a novel of the worst kind."

"Lauk! sir," replied the good woman, "to be sure I do sometimes think that the poor thing will craze herself with *larning*—read, read, read, from morning till night, and as I may say from night till morning; but as I tell her, when she gets a husband, he won't let her take her books to bed."

"What!" cried Fidget, "the young lady reads in bed, does she? You will have your house burnt over your head one of these nights."

"No, sir," replied the landlady, "for I always take her candle away myself every night."

"Oh! there's no trusting to that," cried Fidget; "she may have a bottle of phisphorus at hand. I see I have had a blessed escape: you will observe, ma'am, I don't intend to become your lodger:" and he hastened down stairs muttering execrations on novel-readers and novel-writers.

We now hastened towards my house, when a bill of lodgings to let once more caught Fidget's eye. "Let us inquire here," said he. "To what purpose?" cried I: "you can't expect any accommodation proper for you in such a house as this."—"Why that's true," said he, "but one may just look:" and he rapped at the door, which was opened by a dirty girl, who shewed us into the parlour, and said she would call her mistress. Just as she was going up stairs, a child that was playing

in the passage fell down, and while she was endeavouring to quiet it, the following dialogue reached our ears from above:—

"I'll tell you what it is, Mr. Twisttext, I won't be put off no longer, and that's flat! So let me know at once when I am to be paid."

"Verily," replied a male voice, "thou askest that which I cannot resolve. I have applied to the children of the Lord, and they have given me promises in abundance, but promises are all that I have yet had, *cetera desunt*."

"Desunt indeed," retorted the landlady; "I am sure there's neither honesty nor decency in behaving in this here shabby way; and I am quite surprised at your assurance, that's what I am, to come to my house, eat my meat, drink my drink, and lodge in my rooms here for almost a whole half year, and then, because I ask for my own, to talk to me of decency——"

"Thou mistakest me: it is a Latin phrase, which signifies——"

"I don't care a farthing what it signifies. Let me have my money, there would be some signification in that."

"Verily thou lackest patience: but I will make one more appeal to the elect; I will lay the state of my case before them."

"Lord, what nonsense you talk, Mr. Twisttext! You know very well that the *Methodisses* won't do nothing for you; and if that's all the hope you can give me of getting my money, I'm sure I shall never be a *farden* the better for you; and it's a shame that——"

Here she was interrupted by the maid, and without waiting to finish

her harangue, she hurried down to us. Fidget, who with all his oddities is not deficient in humanity, whispered me that he wished to know more of the person whose conversation we had overheard; and after apologizing for the trouble we had given, and saying that the rooms would not suit us, I asked the landlady whom she had got in her second floor.

"Only a poor crazy Methodist, sir," replied she, "whose head is turned I think; for morning, noon, and night, he does nothing but talk of the new birth, and babes of grace, and such nonsense. He made a very good livelihood when he came here first by teaching writing, but he has given it up, because he says we ought not to attend to earthly things, but seek for heavenly joys."

After a few more inquiries, as we had reason to believe that Twist-text was a well-meaning though weak man, I desired to speak to him. I shall not trouble you with an account of our conversation; suffice it to say, that I succeeded in persuading him to resume his occupation of writing-master; and upon his solemn promise to attend for the future to his business, and to be satisfied with picking up crumbs of comfort in his leisure hours, my friend and I paid his landlady what was due to her; and giving over our search for that day, hastened to my house to dinner.

Fidget would have persuaded me to accompany him the following morning in his search for apartments, but as I had had quite enough of it the day before, I declined do-

ing so. He called in the course of the day to tell me, that he was most comfortably suited; and on my paying him a visit in about a week afterwards, I found that he had stumbled upon a combination of disagreeables. His landlady had taken home from nurse three squalling children, whose clamour was augmented by the noise of a macaw, which she had just received as a present. Her eldest daughter, who was learning the piano-forte, strummed on it from morning till night. The second floor was occupied by a celebrated private theatrical performer, "who bay'd the moon" with so much vehemence both of voice and action, that poor Fidget, whose bedchamber was directly under this young Hotspur's, never could get a wink of sleep; and to crown all, though they kept to the letter of his stipulation, that his *sanctum sanctorum* should never be invaded by those enemies to his repose, the scrubbing-brush and pail, yet the passages and stairs were scoured every day, and all the staircase windows opened to let a thorough air into the house. He endured this martyrdom for a fortnight, and now grown less fastidious, is returned, at least for the present, to his old apartments, upon his landlady's solemn promise never again to endanger his life through cleanliness.

As I know he takes in your valuable and entertaining work, it struck me, that a sketch of his character and peculiarities might do something towards correcting them, and by inserting this letter you will oblige your constant reader,

S. S.

THE FEMALE TATTLER.

No. XVI.

——— Vivimus ambitiosa
Paupertate ——— Juv.

A laced, embroider'd, powder'd beggar crowd,
Haughty, yet even poorer than they're proud.

THOUGH, as a *Female Tattler*, I am characteristically confined to the virtues and errors, in short, to the conduct, in all its varieties, of my own sex, I consider myself as at full liberty to bring under my consideration those qualities and dispositions, which, being found in our general nature, may be said to belong equally, in their different shapes and colourings, to the male as to the female character.

I shall not here enter into a metaphysical disquisition on what may, or what may not be, the essential or universal difference between the sexes in a state of nature, or whether there be a characteristic difference of any kind whatever on their respective entrances into life. My philosophy does not embrace such topics, nor does it begin to reflect or to reason till the necessities of social life, and the laws and regulations arising from them, are seen to operate upon the human character. And here it may be observed, that the difference arises more from the general structure of the frame in the two sexes, and the varying mode of education which may in a great measure be supposed to result from it, than from any original distinction in the powers of the mind, or the gifts of intellect. The different portions of bodily strength is all that I shall allow; and that superiority which is claimed by the male over the female sex, can trace

its original authority to nothing more than a mechanical, or, to use a more correct expression, the anatomical conformation of their respective frames; in short, to bodily strength. The common assumption of lordly man's superiority over woman is altogether artificial; and where it prevails, for I shall beg leave to observe that it is by no means universal, the effect is produced by that difference of education which is required by the superior strength of man, and consequently leads to greater exertion and more powerful energy, than is suited to, or can be employed by, the more delicate capabilities of woman.

Thus far I have argued upon the abstract character of the sexes; and as to those qualities which compose what may be called individual character, I am ready to acknowledge, that there is no greater shade of difference than the different spheres in which they are respectively called to move in society. Their passions, their foibles, their prejudices, in short, their good qualities and their bad qualities, are the same, only in the men they appear more prominent, and become more observable, from the latitude of action, and freedom from restraint, which custom allows them to enjoy.

I have made the foregoing remarks in order to introduce a subject, which, if not as common among

my own as the other sex; is sufficiently prevalent in the female character to make it a subject of my present consideration; and I am the rather induced to do it, from some particular circumstances that are actually occurring within my own observation. The lesson that is given to one is given to all; and as I know this paper will be read where I trust it will be felt, I am disposed to flatter myself, that I shall not write this lucubration in vain.

I have no objection that this introduction may be considered by my readers as an apology for the manner in which I shall treat my subject; for though I write it professedly for my own sex, I shall draw my examples principally from the conduct of the men. As the folly is common to both, I cannot be supposed to act from any idle partiality or prejudice, but merely to give that prominent figure and shape to my illustrations, which the mode I propose to pursue will more particularly enable me to produce.

There is no folly more prevalent in the present day than a desire to wear an appearance superior to circumstances and situation. A love of show and parade is sometimes carried to such a degree of excess, as to be absurd even in those who can support it; but when it predominates among those in the middling classes of life, or whose fortunes are but moderate, they are either objects of pity or ridicule, or perhaps of both. If they are prudent, as it may be called, they must practise continual meanness to support their figure; if otherwise, their love of this exterior

appearance promises to terminate in ruin and bankruptcy.

My object is not to draw examples from those of the latter class; which, however merited their distresses may be, present a picture, at the sight of which our humanity must be awakened into painful sensations; but from those of the former description, whose situations are sometimes absolutely farcical, and whose folly furnishes food for laughter. Among these is Mrs. Tabitha Household, who thinks it so degrading to live in lodgings, that she employs upwards of one third of her income in the rent of a house, which she has not the means of furnishing. Every front window presents handsome curtains and Venetian blinds, to prevent the internal nakedness from being observed, as there is not a table or chair in any one apartment, but on the first floor, which is occupied by herself. She never fails to introduce, whenever an opportunity offers, and in a very emphatic tone, "My house in — street;" and the language of the kitchen constantly is, that the house is not to be completely furnished till the lady's sister arrives from the East Indies. As this important visitor has been expected for five or six years, and is not yet arrived, curiosity has indulged in inquiries, and it is shrewdly imagined that no such person exists, and that pride will continue to maintain the house in all its nakedness to the end of the chapter.

In three manuscript volumes in my possession, which contain a great variety of private histories, collected by an uncle of mine, an old bachelor, and a very curious

personage, I find a characteristic anecdote which suits my present purpose, and may not, perhaps, be unamusing to my readers.

This relation of mine possessed an independent fortune, and had received a superior education, which, in his early years, had been improved by travel. His manners and knowledge fitted him for any society, and his cheerful spirits made him even welcome in the circles which he frequented; but from what cause his life took the singular cast and colour which distinguished it, does not appear to have been known. There was a traditional opinion, that his peculiarities arose from the old story of being crossed in love in the early part of his life, but I never heard of any well-authenticated circumstance that tended to confirm it. A club in St. James's-street, two or three of the most respectable coffee-houses, and the shops of the higher order of booksellers, were his places of resort during the winter, and a tour through the principal watering-places employed his summer. Such was the course of his inoffensive, but I am afraid I must add unprofitable, life during the space of forty years.

His means of observation, therefore, were very extensive. He saw every body, and heard every thing; and he noted down whatever he saw or heard that appeared to him worth preserving. From one of the volumes which he left behind him, I shall extract the character to which I have already alluded. It bears this title:—

“A Gentleman who, with a small Fortune, wished to make a handsome Figure, without ever running

in Debt; or, A Picture of Folly and Prudence, of Vanity and Meanness.”

After some general account of the pedigree of this person, and some well-written observations on the nature and probable causes of the singularity that marked his character, which it is not necessary for me to repeat, he proceeds by a transcript of different articles in a diary, which fully illustrate it. They are as follows:—

“My wife rather indisposed for a week, so went out every day and asked a single man's dinner among my friends.—*Mem.* Saved seven dinners at home.”

“Went to church every Wednesday and Friday in Lent; kept fast accordingly, when the family dined on salt fish and parsnips.—*Mem.* Saved butcher's meat during twelve days.”

“Saw Mr. —, the actor, fall down in the street in an apparent state of intoxication; assisted in putting him into a hackney coach, and attended him home. Took care to leave my address. He called on me the next day to thank me for my attentions, when he offered to procure me orders at any time for the theatre where he performed.—*Mem.* My wife and I went six times into the boxes during the remainder of the season *for nothing.*”

“My aunt left me 100*l.* Used the same mourning I had new for my uncle, and wore it two months over the stated time.—*Mem.* So much saving of coloured clothes and washing of white stockings.”

“Went to the oratorio of the *Messiah*; sat in the two-shilling gallery. If we should have been

seen there, to say that is the place where all the cognoscenti go, as the only part where Handel's music is heard to perfection."

"My wife had a party to cards; lost four shillings. Gave five shillings out of the card money to the footman, and, after deducting for spermaceti lights and refreshments, gained a *dollar* by the night. Made use of the receipt given us by our neighbour the apothecary, to make lemonade with vitriol, Lisbon sugar, and decoction of squeezed lemons.—*Mem.* Three dozen of lemons saved."

"Having received a present of a turkey, a ham, a hare, and some hog's puddings, from the country, invited some of our particular friends to supper. To give a genteel air to the entertainment, added what was left of the fillet of veal, hashed up from a receipt in the cookery-book, half a dozen tartlets, and some blancmange. Introduced currant and gooseberry wine made by my late aunt, which every body drank out of respect to her memory, instead of port and sherry. Invitations to six dinners in return for the supper.—*Mem.* That we may not be expected to return the dinners, my wife to be much indisposed when called upon by her more intimate acquaintance during the rest of the season; and never to go out but on very fine days, and for the benefit of the air."

"Received the annual present of half a buck from my old school-fellow Mr. B——, who has a large park.—*Mem.* Exchanged it with the fishmonger for twelve dishes of

fish, on demand, value seven shillings and sixpence each."

"To-morrow I receive my mid-summer dividends, and to-day I do not owe five shillings in the world."

"*Mem.* To order one of the dishes of fish from the fishmonger on Thursday; open a fresh bottle of white wine, and drink success in two bumpers at least to the saving blessings of *honest contrivance*."

There may be some rather strong marks of meanness in this conduct, but, after all, the parsimony, such as it is, which has been described, is far preferable to that inconsiderate love of figure, which leads to distress, if not to ruin.

My good uncle made it a point of honour to omit the names of the persons who were the subjects of his remarks and descriptions; but there is a general declaration written on the first page of each of his manuscript volumes, from whence it is to be inferred, that there is not a single article in any one of them that he did not himself know to be true, or was not communicated to him on such authority as to leave no doubt whatever of its authenticity.

I had extracted several other characters, which would have answered my present purpose, and amused my readers, but the space allotted me will not allow of any additions. I shall, therefore, conclude with the observation, that true economy does not merely consist in not exceeding our income, but in such a judicious management of it, as renders our whole appearance equal and consistent.

F — T —.

DESCRIPTION OF A REMARKABLE CAVE IN WARREN COUNTY, KENTUCKY, NORTH AMERICA,

In a Letter from Dr. NAHUM WARD, dated at Marietta (Ohio), April 4, 1816.

THE country for a considerable distance round the cave is not mountainous, yet broken and rolling. It was seven in the evening when I reached the hospitable mansion of Mr. Miller (the overseer of Messrs. Wilkins and Gratz, in whose land the cave opens), who met me at the gate, and as he anticipated my object, bade me welcome to all his house afforded.

During the evening, Mr. Miller made arrangements for my visiting the cave next morning, by procuring me two guides, lamps, &c. I could hardly rest during the night, so much had my curiosity been excited by my host's account of the "regular confusions" in this subterraneous world.

At eight in the morning I left the house, in company with my guides, taking with us two large lamps, a compass, and something for refreshments; and entered the cave about 60 rods from the house, down through a pit 40 feet deep, and 120 in circumference, at the bottom of which is a fine spring of water. When at the bottom of this pit, you are at the entrance of the cave, which opens to the north, and is from 40 to 50 feet high, and about 30 in width, for upwards of 40 rods, when it is not more than ten feet wide and five feet high. However, this continues but a short distance, when it expands to 30 or 40 feet in width, and is about 20 in height for about one mile, until you come to the First Hoppers, where saltpetre is manufactured. Thence it is about

40 feet in width and 60 in height to the Second Hoppers, two miles from the entrance. The loose limestone has been laid up into handsome walls, on either side, almost the whole distance from the entrance to the Second Hoppers. The road is hard, and as smooth as a flag pavement. The walls of the cavern are perpendicular in every passage that I traversed; the arches are regular in every part, and have bid defiance even to earthquakes. One of my guides informed me, he was at the Second Hoppers, in 1812, with several workmen, when those heavy shocks came on, which were so severely felt in this country. He said, that about five minutes before the shock, a heavy rumbling noise was heard coming out of the cave like a mighty wind; that when that ceased, the rocks cracked, and all appeared to be going in a moment to final destruction. However, no one was injured, although large rocks fell in some parts of the cave.

As you advance into the cave, the avenue leads from the Second Hoppers, west, one mile; then S. W. to the "chief city," which is six miles from the entrance. This avenue is from 60 to 100 feet in height, and about the same in width, the whole distance, after you leave the Second Hoppers, until you come to the cross roads, or chief city, and is nearly upon a level; the floor or bottom being covered with loose limestone and saltpetre earth.—When I reached this immense area

(chief city), which contains upwards of eight acres, without a single pillar to support the arch, which is entire over the whole, I was struck dumb with astonishment.

I can give you but a faint idea of this chief city. Nothing under Heaven can be more sublime and grand than this place, covered with one solid arch at least 100 feet high, and to all appearance entire.

After entering the chief city, I perceived five large avenues leading out of it, from 60 to 100 feet in width, and from 40 to 80 in height. The walls (all of stone) are arched, and are from 40 to 80 feet perpendicular height before the arch commences.

The first which I traversed, after cutting arrows on the stones under our feet, pointing to the mouth of the cave (in fact, we did this at the entrance of every avenue, that we should not be at any loss for the way out on our return), was one that led us in a southerly direction for more than two miles. We then left it and took another, that led us east, then north, for more than two miles farther; and at last, in our windings, were brought out by another avenue into the chief city again, after traversing different avenues for more than five miles.

We rested ourselves for a few minutes on some limestone slabs near the centre of this gloomy area, and after having refreshed us and trimmed our lamps, we took our departure a second time, through an avenue almost north, and parallel with the avenue leading from the chief city to the mouth of the cave, which we continued for upwards of two miles, when we entered the second city. This is cover-

ed with one arch, nearly 200 feet high in the centre, and very similar to the chief city, except in the number of avenues leading from it, this having but two.

We passed through it over a very considerable rise in the centre, and descended through an avenue which bore to the east about 300 rods, when we came upon a third area, about 100 feet square and 50 in height, which had a pure and delightful stream of water issuing from the side of the wall about 30 feet high, and which fell upon some broken stone, and was afterwards entirely lost to our view. After passing this beautiful sheet of water a few yards, we came to the end of this passage.

We then returned about 100 yards, and entered a small avenue (over a considerable mass of stone) to our right, which carried us south, through an uncommonly black avenue, something more than a mile, when we ascended a very steep hill about 60 yards, which carried us within the walls of the fourth city, which is not inferior to the second, having an arch that covers at least six acres. In this last avenue, the farther end of which must be four miles from the chief city; and ten from the mouth of the cave, are upwards of twenty large piles of saltpetre earth on one side of the avenue, and broken limestone heaped up on the other, evidently the work of human hands.

I had expected, from the course of my needle, that this avenue would have carried us round to the chief city, but was sadly disappointed when I found the end a few hundred yards from the fourth city, which caused us to retrace our

steps; and not having been so particular in marking the entrances of the different avenues as I ought, we were very much bewildered, and once completely lost for fifteen or twenty minutes.

At length we found our way, and, weary and faint, entered the chief city at ten at night: however, as much fatigued as I was, I determined to explore the cave as long as my lights held out.

We now entered the fifth and last avenue from the chief city, which carried us south-east about 900 yards, when we entered the fifth city, whose arch covers upwards of four acres of level ground strewn with broken limestone. Fire-beds of uncommon size, with brands of cane lying around them, are interspersed throughout this city. We crossed over to the opposite side, and entered an avenue that carried us east about 250 rods, when, finding nothing interesting in this passage, we turned back, and crossed a massy pile of stone in the mouth of a large avenue, which I noticed but a few yards from this last-mentioned city as I came out of it. After some difficulty in passing over this mass of limestone, we entered a large avenue, whose walls were the most perfect of any that we saw, running almost due south for 500 rods, and very level and straight, with an elegant arch. When at the end of this avenue, and while I was sketching a plan of the cave, one of my guides, who had been some time groping among the broken stone, called out, requesting me to follow him.

I gathered up my papers and compass, and after giving the guide

who sat with me, orders to remain where he was until we returned, and moreover to keep his lamp in good order, I followed the first, who had entered a vertical passage just large enough to admit his body. We continued to step from one stone to another, until at last, after much difficulty, from the smallness of the passage, which is about 40 feet in height, we entered upon the side of a chamber, at least 1800 feet in circumference, and whose arch is about 150 feet high in the centre. After having marked arrows (pointing downwards) upon the slabstones around the little passage through which we had ascended, we walked forward nearly to the centre of this area.

It was past midnight when I entered this chamber of eternal darkness, "where all things are hush'd, and nature's self lies dead." I must acknowledge I felt a shivering horror at my situation, when I looked back upon the different avenues through which I had passed since I entered the cave at eight in the morning; and at that "time o'night, when churchyards groan," to be buried several miles in the dark recesses of this awful cavern—the grave perhaps of thousands of human beings—gave me no very pleasant sensations. With the guide who was now with me I took the only avenue leading from this chamber, and traversed it for the distance of a mile in a southerly direction, when my lamps forbade my going farther, as they were nearly exhausted. The avenue, or passage, was as large as any that we had entered, and how far we might have travelled had our lights held out, is unknown. It is supposed by

all who have any knowledge of this cave, that Green River, a stream navigable several hundred miles, passes over three branches of this cave.

It was near one o'clock at night when we descended "the passage of the chimney," as it is called, to the guide whom I left seated on the rocks. He was quite alarmed at our long absence, and was heard by us a long time before we reached the passage to descend to him, hallooing with all his might, fearing we had lost our track in the ruins above.

Very near the vertical passage, and not far from where I had left my guide sitting, I found some very beautiful specimens of soda, which I brought out with me.

We returned over piles of salt-petre earth and fire-beds, out of one avenue into another, until at last, with great fatigue and a dim light, we entered the walls of the chief city, where, for the last time, we trimmed our lamps, and entered the spacious avenue that carried us to the Second Hoppers.

I found, when in the last-mentioned large avenue or upper chamber, many curiosities, such as glauber salts, Epsom salts, flint, yellow ochre, spar of different kinds, and some petrifications, which I brought out, together with the mummy which was found at the Second Hoppers. We happily arrived at the mouth of the cave about three in the morning, nearly exhausted, and worn down with nineteen hours' continued fatigue.

I was near fainting on leaving the cave and inhaling the vapid air of the atmosphere, after having so long breathed the pure air which is

occasioned by the nitre of the cave. The pulse beat stronger when in the cave, but not so fast as when upon the surface.

I have described to you hardly one half of the cave, as the avenues between the mouth of the cave and the Second Hoppers have not been named. There is a passage in the main avenue, about 60 rods from the entrance, like that of a trap-door. By sliding aside a large flat stone, you can descend 16 or 18 feet in a very narrow defile, where the passage comes upon a level, and winds about in such a manner as to pass under the main passage without having any communication with it, and at last opens into the main cave by two large passages just beyond the Second Hoppers. It is called the "glauber salt-room," from salts of that kind being found there. There is also the sick-room, the bat-room, and the flint-room, all of which are large, and some of them quite long. The last that I shall mention is a very winding avenue, which branches off at the Second Hoppers, and runs west and south-west for more than two miles. This is called the "haunted chamber," from the echo of the sound made in it. The arch of this avenue is very beautifully encrusted with limestone spar; and in many places the columns of spar are truly elegant, extending from the ceiling to the floor. I discovered in this avenue a very high dome, in or near the centre of the arch, apparently 50 feet high, hung in rich drapery, festooned in the most fanciful manner, for six or eight feet from the hangings, and in colours the most rich and brilliant.

The columns of spar and the sta-

lactites in this chamber are extremely romantic in their appearance, with the reflection of one or two lights. There is a cellar formed of this spar, called "Wilkins' armed chair," which is very large, and stands in the centre of the avenue, and is encircled with many smaller ones. Columns of spar, fluted and studded with knobs of spar and stalactites; drapery of various colours, superbly festooned, and hung in the most graceful manner, are shewn with the greatest brilliancy from the reflection of lamps.

A part of the "haunted chamber" is directly over the bat-room, which passes under the "haunted chamber" without having any connection with it. My guide led me into a very narrow defile on the left side of this chamber, and about 100 yards from "Wilkins' armed chair," over the side of a smooth limestone rock, 10 or 12 feet, which we passed with much precantion; for, had we slipped from our hold, we had gone to "that bourne whence no traveller returns," if I may judge from a cataract of water, whose dismal sound we heard a very considerable distance in this pit, and nearly under us. However, we crossed in safety, clinging fast to the wall, and winding down under the "haunted chamber," and through a very narrow passage for 30 or 40 yards, when our course was west, and the passage 20 or 30 feet in width, and from 10 to 18 high, for more than a mile. The air was pure and delightful in this, as well as in other parts of the cave. At the farther part of this avenue we came upon a reservoir of water, very clear, and

delightful to the taste, apparently having neither inlet nor outlet.

Within a few yards of this reservoir of water, on the right hand of the cave, there is an avenue which leads to the north-west. We had entered it but about 40 feet, when we came to several columns of the most brilliant spar, 60 or 70 feet in height, and almost perpendicular, which stand in basins of water, that comes trickling down their sides, then passes off silently from the basins, and enters the cavities of stone without being seen again. These columns of spar, and the basins they rest in, for splendour and beauty, surpass every similar work of art I ever saw. We passed by these columns, and entered a small but beautiful chamber, whose walls were about 20 feet apart, and the arch not more than seven high, white as white-wash would have made it; the floor was level as far as I explored it, which was not a great distance, as I found many pit-holes in my path that appeared to have been lately sunk, and which induced me to return.

We returned by the beautiful pool of water which is called "the pool of Clitorius," after the "Pons Clitorius" of the classics, which was so pure and delightful to the taste, that after drinking of it a person has no longer a taste for wine. On our way back to the narrow defile, I had some difficulty in keeping my lights, for the bats were so numerous and continual in our faces, that it was next to impossible to get along in safety. I brought this trouble on myself by my own want of forethought; for, as we were moving on, I noticed a large number of these bats hang-

ing by their hind legs to the arch, which was not above twelve inches higher than my head. I took my cane and gave a sweep the whole length of it, when down they fell; but soon, like so many imps, they tormented us until we reached the narrow defile, when they left us. We returned by "Wilkins' arm chair," and back to the Second Hoppers.

It was at this place I found the mummy which I before alluded to, where it had been placed by Mr. Wilkins, from another cave, for preservation. It is a female, about six feet in height, and so perfectly dried as to weigh but 20 pounds when I found it; the hair on the back part of the head is rather short, and of a sandy hue—the top of the head is bald—the eyes are sunk into the head—the nose, or that part which is cartilaginous, is dried down to the bones of the face—the lips are dried away, and discovered a fine set of teeth, white as ivory. The hands and feet are perfect even to the nails, and very delicate like those of a young person; but the teeth are worn as much as a person's at the age of fifty.

She must have been some personage of high distinction, if we may judge from the order in which she was buried. Mr. Wilkins informed me she was first found by some labourers, while digging saltpetre-

earth in a part of the cave about three miles from the entrance, buried eight feet deep between four limestone slabs, and in the posture she is exhibited in the drawing I sent you. [Seated, the knees brought close to the body, which is erect, the hands clasped and laid upon the stomach, the head upright].—She was muffled up, and covered with a number of garments made of a species of wild hemp and the bark of a willow, which formerly grew in Kentucky. The cloth is of a curious texture and fabric, made up in the form of blankets or winding-sheets, with very handsome borders. Bags of different sizes were found by her side, made of the same cloth, in which were deposited her jewels, beads, trinkets, and implements of industry, all which are very great curiosities, being different from any thing of the Indian kind ever exhibited in this country. Among the articles was a musical instrument, made in two pieces, of cane, put together something like the double flageolet, and curiously interwoven with elegant feathers; she had likewise by her a bowl of uncommon workmanship, and a vandyke made of feathers, very beautiful.

My friend, Mr. Wilkins, gave me the mummy, which I brought away, together with her apparel, jewels, music, &c.

THE WINE-CASK OF KÖNIGSTEIN.

AT the castle of Königstein, on the western bank of the Elbe, about five English miles from Dresden, the water drunk by the garrison is drawn from a well, 300 fathoms deep, the sinking of which was a work of

forty years, before a sufficient quantity of water could be obtained. It is said that this garrison is always stocked with provisions for twenty-six years.

In this castle is deposited the

largest wine-cask in the known world: it was begun in the year 1722, and finished in 1725, under the direction of General Kyaw. The length of this cask is 28 feet; the diameter, at the bung, 26 feet; it consists of 157 staves, eight inches thick; one head consists of 26, the other of 28 boards; each head weighs 78 hundred weight.

This cask, as soon as finished, was filled with 6000 quintals of Meissen wine, which cost 6000*l.* sterling. It contains 649 hogsheads more than the famous cask of Heidelberg.

Upon one of the heads of this enormous cask is a Latin inscription, to this effect:—

“Welcome, traveller, and admire this monument, dedicated to

festivity, in order to exhilarate the mind with a cheerful glass, in the year 1725, by Frederic Augustus King of Poland and Elector of Saxony, the father of his country, the Titus of his age, the delight of mankind. Drink therefore to the health of the Sovereign, the Country, the Electoral Family, and Baron Kyaw, governor of Königstein; and if thou art able according to the dignity of the cask, the most capacious of all casks, drink to the prosperity of the whole universe. Farewell!”

The top of this cask is railed in, and affords room sufficient for twenty persons to regale themselves; and several sorts of large goblets, called *welcome-cups*, are offered to those who delight in such honours.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE ART OF LITHOGRAPHY,

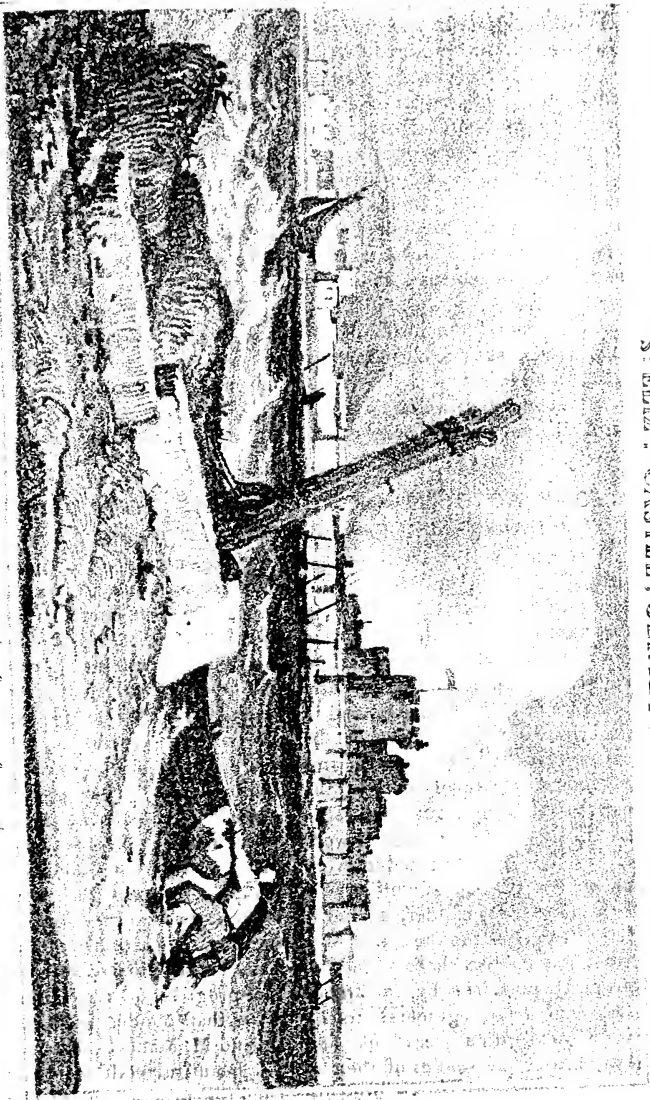
Or Process for taking Fac-Simile Impressions of Drawings from Stone.

THE lithographic art resembles that of engraving only in the property of indefinitely multiplying the same design. Though it does not seem capable of ever rivaling engraving upon copper in the charm and harmony of the strokes, and in the gradation and shades of the chiaroscuro, it has, however, this advantage over it—of not being the copy of a design, but the design itself; of being the original work of the draftsman repeated in every impression that is taken off.

Aloysius Sennefelder, an indifferent singer at the theatre of Munich, was the first that noticed the property possessed by calcareous stones of retaining marks traced upon them with a greasy ink, and transmitting fac-similes of them to paper applied by strong pressure

to their surface. He discovered, moreover, that it was possible to repeat the same effect by damping the stone, and charging the same marks afresh with ink. In 1800 he obtained of the King of Bavaria an exclusive privilege for the practice of his process for thirteen years; and in conjunction with Baron Aretin, he formed a lithographic establishment at Munich, where music and collections of copies of different kinds are still printed. In the sequel, several similar establishments sprung up in the Bavarian capital; but none of them contributed so essentially to the progress of the lithographic art as that founded by Baron Aretin and M. Manlich, whence issued the beautiful collection of copies from the productions of the great

ST. ELIZABETH CASTLE, JERSEY.



S. Prout Del.

Specimen of Dr. A. Leconte's Lithography.

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and addresses, which appears to be a directory or a list of contacts. The names are written in a cursive script, and the addresses are listed below them. The list includes names such as "Mr. J. H. Smith", "Mr. W. B. Jones", and "Mr. C. D. Brown".

1. The first of these is the fact that the
2. second of these is the fact that the
3. third of these is the fact that the
4. fourth of these is the fact that the
5. fifth of these is the fact that the

...the fact that the ...
...the fact that the ...
...the fact that the ...

masters, that adorn the cabinet of his Bavarian majesty.

Notwithstanding the success that has attended the cultivation of this art at Munich, it is but little known and practised in any other part of Europe. The failure of the different attempts made some years since to introduce it into this country, has hitherto operated as an effectual check to new experiments. In France, the Count de Lasteyrie, convinced of the advantages of this process, paid several visits to Munich, and endeavoured to form a lithographic establishment at Paris. He has even composed a treatise, containing all the details of this art; but neither this work, nor the result of his essays, has ever been made public: so that artists would still be in the dark on this subject had not M. Engelmann, of Mühlhausen, after practising the art at one of the extremities of France, surmounted various difficulties to introduce it into the capital.

Our readers will not expect a full and particular description of all the details of the lithographic process; but we shall endeavour to give them such a general idea of it as all may comprehend.

The effects produced by a stroke made upon stone with a fatty or resinous matter, are the very simple results of affinities, the applications of which had not been previously remarked.

1. It is certain that a mark made with a crayon, or an oily ink, adheres so strongly to the stone, that mechanical means must be employed to remove it.

2. All the parts of the stone not covered with an oily coat, receive, retain, and absorb water.

3. If upon the stone thus prepared there be laid a coat of greasy and coloured matter, it will adhere only to the marks made with the oily ink, and be repelled on the other hand by the wetted parts.

In short, the lithographic process depends upon this circumstance, that the stone damped with water refuses the ink, and that the same stone, when greased, repels water and takes the ink. If, then, a sheet of paper be laid and pressed upon the stone, the oily, resinous, and coloured strokes alone will be transferred to the paper, and produce on it a counter-proof of what they represented upon the stone. Fac-similes may likewise be obtained, looking the same way as the original, by transposing upon the stone a drawing made upon prepared paper. We may hence conclude, that certain lithographic processes are totally different from those of engraving; and as they depend on affinities and repulsions produced by substances of different natures, it is possible, by varying them, we may obtain effects which we are not yet aware of.

All stones susceptible of taking in a greasy substance, and of imbibing water with facility, are suitable for lithography, provided they be compact, capable of receiving a fine polish, and of a clear and uniform colour. All these qualities are found in certain calcareous stones furnished in abundance by the quarries of Solenhofen, near Pappenheim, in Bavaria. They consist of a nearly pure carbonate of lime, and are met with in various parts of England. When the stone is prepared and polished, the artist may, without any farther prepara-

tion, sketch his design in any manner whatever, and finish it either with the crayon*, the pen, or the pencil—the grain of the stone being smoother and finer than the finest and best-strained drawing-paper for the two latter.

The learned Quatremère de Quincy, in a paper lately published on the subject of this art, has thrown out some ingenious observations on the probability that some such process was known to the ancients.

“It has always been matter of astonishment,” says he, “that the ancients, who executed a great number of works cut out, or in relief, upon wood, metals, and hard stones, and having of course taken impressions of all the objects thus engraved, should not have found out either the art of printing or that of line-engraving. We shall not, however, be so much surprised at this, if we consider that necessity is the primary cause of almost all inventions. The ancients wrote and read much less than the moderns. Their way of life, their political occupations, public exercises, games, and spectacles, kept the men almost always from home. Neither were there the same communications of commerce, taste, and science, between all parts of the ancient world as at present exist. The multiplication of writings, by means of manuscript copies, was sufficient for all their wants.

“The state of things was very different in Europe at the time of the revival of the arts and sciences.

* For crayons, it is necessary that a grain or tooth be made upon the stone with fine sand.

When the zeal of the learned recovered the writings of the ancients, it was not merely a few scholars, but whole nations who wished to benefit by their discoveries. Civil and religious studies had produced a prodigious multiplication of books and readers. An economical method of copying could not fail to result from the extraordinary demand for copyists; and as the price of the latter kept continually rising, necessity caused that to be discovered, or, in other words, to be observed, which had hitherto escaped observation.

“No sooner were books multiplied by means of printing, than it became necessary also to multiply the images which illustrated them, and were formerly produced only by the slow and expensive processes of painting and drawing by hand; and then it was that Mazzo Finiguerra applied to this purpose the method which he employed for obtaining impressions of his works. Hence arose copper-plate engraving.”

“I have always been of opinion that the ancients employed some similar process, especially at Rome, when the taste of amateurs had called for the multiplication of images in libraries and of family portraits, in the collections that were formed of them. Atticus had already formed a considerable collection of portraits in a volume, when Varro’s iconographic collection of illustrious persons amounted to seven hundred. But are we to suppose, that what was termed Varro’s invention—an invention which Pliny so highly extols—was confined to the collecting of portraits, coloured or uncoloured?

Atticus, we see, was a collector before him. Augmentation of number is not an invention. Can it be said to have consisted in this, that Varro, instead of possessing a single set, multiplied his portraits by copies? Neither would this be any invention, for in all ages works in every branch of the arts had been multiplied by copying. Could Pliny have characterized so vulgar a method as 'an invention, of which the very gods were jealous, which enables great men to triumph over death and time, and not only gives them immortality, but, by the general diffusion of their images, causes the whole world to enjoy their presence in the collections which contain them?' Most certainly the idea of sending volumes into different countries could not constitute an invention either. It is, therefore, extremely probable, that some method of multiplying images, drawn or coloured, formed the ground-work of this invention of Varro's; and this process, which might be very different from our engraving, has not been transmitted to us. Who knows, in fact, how many equivalents for engraving may exist? and who could have supposed that an art would ever be

invented for multiplying designs themselves by mechanical means? How much yet remains to be discovered! Necessity alone, as it comes to be felt, will unfold new methods of multiplying works of art."

The lithographic art was brought over to this country in 1801 by M. Andrieu, of Offenbach, in its rude and original state. He published some specimens of different artists, but no improvement has since been made in it here. The admirable productions, however, which have of late appeared at Munich, consisting as well of the works of modern artists as of imitations of ancient masters, for which lithography is peculiarly adapted, have excited a spirit of emulation in Mr. Ackermann, who is determined to use his best endeavours to rival the professors of this art on the continent.

The annexed view, a drawing in chalk by Mr. Prout, exhibits an early specimen of the productions of Ackermann's Lithographic Press. He hopes to have his arrangements in sufficient forwardness to employ the lithographic process in gratifying the public with farther specimens on the 1st of May next.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

Fifteen easy and progressive Lessons for the Piano-Forte, composed by Augustus Alexander Klengel. Op. 21. Book I. Pr. 6s.

WE have on more than one occasion, in the course of our critical functions, expressed a wish that composers of *acknowledged abilities* would more frequently devote the exercise of their talents to the ad-

vancement of pupils in the first stage of instruction, by writing pieces, which should combine progressive facility of execution with agreeable melody and good harmony. This wish, we are happy to state, is not only completely satisfied by the publication before us, but even surpassed by an additional, and, in our opinion, highly important feature of

advantage, the adhibition of the Metronome, or Musical Time-keeper, throughout the book. Indeed, the work is avowedly written "for the purpose of instructing pupils in the useful application of the metronome." Every lesson is metronomically numbered in a twofold manner, *i. e.* according to the slowest time in which the learner ought to begin to practise it, from which tempo he is directed gradually, and as he feels himself able, to quicken his ensuing trials, until he shall be capable of playing the piece at its true rate of time, which is indicated by a second metronomic signature. This is precisely as it should be, and does credit to the judgment of the author, who appears to be properly impressed with the importance of the use of the metronome in musical instruction. As for ourselves, we have almost daily practical evidence of the advantages of this invention. We would, however, *not yet* have gone quite so far as to dispense altogether with the usual Italian terms, *allegro*, &c. an omission which leaves those that are not provided with the above-mentioned instrument, at an absolute uncertainty in what time they are to play these lessons.

The lessons themselves are entitled to our warmest approbation. Commencing with a degree of facility which lies within the reach of a very beginner, they proceed, step by step, towards augmented activity of the fingers, and greater fullness of harmonic arrangement. This progression, it is true, is somewhat rapid for the range of only fifteen lessons; but to have made

it less sensible, would have required the interpolation of many more lessons, and thereby have greatly raised the price of the work, the reasonableness of which we deem a very great recommendation. The melodies are agreeable and select; and the harmonic treatment bespeaks the hand of a master in his art, without being fraught with intricacies, which, in a work of this kind, would have been quite misplaced.

It gives us pleasure to find that we are to expect a continuation of Mr. K.'s useful labour in this line, which will supply the student with a proper course of *elementary exercises*, preparatory to his entering upon the more elaborate and intricate studies of Clementi and Cramer.

"*The Lover's Melody*," composed, and respectfully inscribed to Mrs. Dingwall, by F. J. Klose. Pr. 2s.

The words of this canzonet, sung by Mr. Duruset at Covent-Garden theatre, are of a more plaintive cast than the air, which would scarcely have led us to suppose, that an unfortunate lover, in the fulness of his grief, was alluding to a death in despair, and to the grave. In other respects, the tune, although simple, is pleasing and well connected. At the words "*within the grave*" the melody drags heavily, the syllable "*in*" being drawn into a whole bar, and the succeeding "*the*" into another of two dotted crotchets. This might easily have been avoided by repeating the word "*within*." It also appears to us, that the peculiarity of the verse has given rise to rhythmical unevenness in the music. The lines are these:—

When I am absent far from thee,
 Perhaps within the grave,
 Ah! say, wilt thou remember me?
 And, though thou couldst not save,
 Yet love me ever?

Now Mr. K.'s melody, consisting of four periods, completely arrives at a close at "save," and the fifth line is rendered by a sort of coda, forming the *fifth* period of four bars. This appears to us awkward, and to steer clear of the objection, some little contrivance would have been necessary, so as to produce, by means of words repeated, *six* complete periods of four bars each.

"*Though the Day of my Destiny's over,*" Stanzas to * * *, written by the Right Hon. Lord Byron; the Music composed, and respectfully inscribed to J. Webster, Esq. by F. J. Klose. Pr. 2s.

The melody and harmony of this air are distinguished by proper style, taste, and select arrangement; the vocal part proceeds in a pleasing unaffected manner, and the accompaniments are equally agreeable and unlaboured, so that moderate abilities may do justice to the author's production. Without absolutely finding fault with the semiquavered terminations at *over, painted, &c.* (for they are unfortunately too common in English vocal compositions), we must observe, that they ought not to be resorted to unless the accent in the pronunciation absolutely demands such a sacrifice to good taste. They snap the period disagreeably. Mr. K. is bred up in too good a school not to be aware of this, and in the instrumental introduction he has very properly avoided the objection; but habit and compliance with a prevailing practice will gra-

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dually exert their influence on the best ear and judgment.

Dr. Cooke's favourite Glee, "*Hark, the Lark at Heav'n's Gate sings,*" adapted, with a new Symphony, so as to form an easy Lesson for the Piano-Forte, composed, and inscribed to Miss Amelia Sage Ley, of Battersea, by W. R. Callender. Pr. 1s.

This is a continuation of Mr C.'s monthly musical labours, noticed in a former number of the *Repository*, and it is less liable to the objection, on the score of difficulty, urged by us with regard to the first specimen (Callar Herrings). The symphony and coda are appropriate and agreeable; and the harmonic arrangement is neat, and, upon the whole, satisfactory. Not to mention one or two minor inaccuracies of harmony, the 31st bar is seriously faulty: first, on account of the doubling of the G \sharp in the 30th bar; and, secondly, because the progress from G \sharp , B to F \sharp , A, C \sharp sounds consecutive fifths, inasmuch as the latter chord is a fifth, and, in the preceding, the E, although left out, is heard or understood. Contrary motion, as in this instance, is by no means an *infallible* remedy against erroneous harmonic progression.

Twenty-four Questions, containing all that is necessary as an Introduction to Music, composed and arranged by W. R. Callender. Pr. 1s. 6d.

Twenty-four questions, and their answers, printed on four pages, may perhaps convey all that is most immediately essential in the first stage of tuition, but certainly not all that is necessary by way of introduction. Nevertheless we agree with Mr. C. that a concise abstract

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of the rudiments in this form must be very useful to the pupil. What it does not contain the master will supply, and what it does, will not, by its bulk, discourage the learner from committing it to memory. Among the definitions, that of syncopated notes had better been omitted in an abridged sketch like this, than to give it a place with so obscure an explanation; and upon what calculation the minor third should contain four semitones, and the major third five (instead of three and four), we cannot conceive. On that principle of counting, there would be thirteen semitones in the octave. As this paper is exclusively for children, there should be no bad English in it, such as "used for to write notes on," separate, &c. These, and some other errors in language, ought to be corrected before another impression be struck off.

No. IV. "*Cambria*," a new Medley Divertimento, composed of popular Welsh Melodies, arranged in a familiar Style for the Use of young Practitioners on the Piano-Forte, by J. Monro. Pr. 2s.

Mr. Monro's *Albion*, *Caledonia*, and *Hibernia*, have been noticed in former numbers of the *Repository*. This book, which completes the musical survey of the British Isles, contains about a dozen of select Welsh airs, correctly and neatly harmonized, so as to be accessible to incipient proficiency. We should, therefore, not be at all displeased if the author, now he has settled all at home, were to cross the Channel, in order to present us with a *Gallia*, *Hispania*, &c.

"*Sweet Winny, the Maid of the Dee*," a favourite Ballad, sung by

Mr. Broadhurst at the London Concerts; set to Music, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-Forte, by J. Monro. Pr. 1s. 6d.

The words of this ballad are written by Mr. Upton, and extracted from the *Sporting Magazine*, No. 288; and the unaffected expression of pastoral love which they convey, has been appropriately seconded by the melody devised by Mr. Monro. We perceive in the latter nothing original or peculiarly striking, but the style of the air is satisfactory: the ideas are naturally strung together, and the accompaniments are effective, tasteful, and correct.

"*The grateful Cottager*," a Ballad, sung with great applause by Master Williams at the Nobility's Concerts, written and composed by the Author of the Village Milk-Maid. Pr. 1s. 6d.

Numerous faults, typographical and grammatical, act as a drawback on the merit of this ballad. The melody is conceived in a neat and tasteful pastoral style, and its progress is throughout well linked, so that the whole presents a pleasing flow of select ideas. With these advantages, derived probably from natural talent, it is, on the one hand, a matter of regret to discover a want of theoretical principles, while, on the other, the unpleasing task of the critic to notice errors is likely to be profitable in the end.

The following are the most obvious faults:—Bar 6, st. 2, G \times instead of A b (grammatical error)—the second G should be G \sharp (typographical error);—bar 7 and bar 39, st. 2, the 4th semiquaver should be E instead of F—and the chord of the bass is an octave too low, which

is practically inconvenient, and harmonically against the rules of progression;—*bar 12* should, with the exception of the F in the bass of *bar 23*, have been like *bar 28*, where the sharpened third softens the temporary dissonance;—*bar 22, st. 2*, the two first B's should have been D's;—*bar 23, st. 2*, the A ♯ should have been B ♯;—*bar 24*, the G in the second chord is improper;—*bar 28*, the F in the bass, we hope, is a typographical error;—*bar 33*, the F in the bass is quite out of its place. We suspect it to be intentionally placed. Why not plainly G 7?—*Bar 35* is shocking; its principal objection consists in the cutting fifth A, E: and the solution in the next bar is equally unsatisfactory.

As we have entered into this detail with the best intentions, we trust the author will not mistake our motives. A promising soil claims good cultivation, and, with that, will produce good fruit.

Favourite Melodies of various Nations for the German Flute, with Accompaniments for the Piano-Forte, selected from the Compositions of celebrated Authors, and dedicated, by Permission, to Lord

Churchill, by W. Wheatstone, Professor of the German Flute. No. I. Pr. 3s.

Mr. Wheatstone, whose ingenious invention of an artificial *embouchure* for the flute we have noticed in an early number of the *Repository*, has made the selection before us with taste and judgment. Among the tunes introduced, we observe two or three elegant modern dances—"Hope told a flattering tale," "Sul margine d'un rio," "Henry's Cottage Maid," "A prey to tender anguish," one or two Scotch airs, &c. In all these the flute has the melody, and the piano-forte the accompaniment; which latter will no doubt prove an acceptable addition to most amateurs, more particularly as the assistance from the piano-forte is such as not to require great proficiency, and yet to prove effective and satisfactory. The flute part, too, is by no means difficult, nothing in the shape of variations being introduced. The typographical execution is extremely neat: we have discovered but one error, viz. in the 12th bar, p. 9, where the B in the piano-forte part should have been C.

THE SELECTOR :

Consisting of INTERESTING EXTRACTS from NEW POPULAR PUBLICATIONS.

ON THE POPULATION OF AMERICA.

(From Dr. WILLIAMSON'S *Observations on the Climate of America*.)

(Continued from p. 176.)

THE opinion that "animal nature degenerates in America," is poetical and imaginary; for it has no foundation in nature. It is not from any vice in the climate, nor the want of proper food, but from the happy state of our country, from the general ease with which men have supported themselves in America, that domestic animals have

been supposed to degenerate. Nothing less than necessity has ever produced diligence in any kingdom or state. The man who has little to do, acquires habits of idleness, and he does less. In Europe, where the means of living are difficult, pasturage scarce and forage dear, the farmer is restrained in the number of his cattle; for this reason the cattle he keeps are attended with great care. They are duly housed and fed; the largest and best are preserved for breed, and every thing is done by which the size may be increased, and the value enhanced of the few he has for sale. The forests, in America, supplied the stock with pasture during the summer, and during the winter, in some of the colonies, when they were first settled. In the northern colonies, the cattle were fed in winter, but they were seldom housed. Hence it follows, that they were shrivelled and diminished, by cold storms, hail, and snow, as the human species have been diminished in Lapland and Siberia. In addition to those diminishing causes, the first colonists, in most cases, were inattentive to the size of the male or female from which their cattle were to spring. We have a remarkable instance, in the Chickesaw nation, of the bad effects of breeding from diminutive parents. Those Indians were originally furnished by De Soto with a breed of Spanish horses*. In that country the horses provided for themselves, the soil being good and the climate warm. The Indians, towards the middle of the last century, discovered that

* De Soto passed a winter among the Chickesaws, near the river Mississippi, and left some of his horses there.

their horses were a valuable article of commerce; they could be exchanged for guns, blankets, and other necessities; but the traders, in all cases, bought the largest horses, and the smallest were left to continue the breed. The effect is obvious, for the Chickesaw horses are confessedly smaller than they were fifty years ago. Other causes, sufficiently numerous, may be given of quadrupeds degenerating in America, under the shrivelling hand of indolence and neglect; but it would not follow, from a thousand such examples, that America cannot produce a race of animals large and vigorous as similar animals in the old continent. I do not say that America has produced greater or stronger animals than ever were seen on the opposite part of the globe, but we know that bones have been found, both in North and South America, of sundry animals, granivorous and carnivorous, that were greatly superior in size to the elephant, the lion, or any other beast now living in the old continent. Although the beast, whose bones and claws were lately found in Green Brier, in Virginia*, must have been a carnivorous animal, and greatly superior to the lion in strength, we cannot affirm that he was equally fierce; for it is admitted, that lions who are found near Mount Atlas are neither so fierce nor strong as those which are nourished on the burning deserts of Nigritia. From this we infer, that extreme heat conduces to the ferocity of beasts of prey, and that animals of the carnivorous kind are less ferocious in America than in

* See Transactions of the American Philosophical Society, vol. IV. p. 246. *

the hotter regions of the other continent. With respect to our domestic animals, whose parents have been imported from Europe, we should not boast in our turn, by saying that the present race is larger or stronger than those who were imported; but we may affirm, without danger of being refuted, that there are numerous instances of cattle, lately raised in the United States, full as large as any of the same kind in Europe. If it should be alleged that animals frequently improve under the influence of our happy soil and climate, we might quote an author of great reputation, who lived in Europe, in favour of that position*. Speaking of Chili in South America, he says, "The animals of our hemisphere not only multiply, but improve in this delightful region. The horned cattle are of a larger size than those of Spain. Its breed of horses surpass, both in beauty and spirit, the famous Andalusian race from which they sprang."

Does the human race degenerate in America? We are much interested in this question, whatever the fate of quadrupeds may be. The want of beard in the American savage, has commonly been mentioned as a proof that he is of an inferior race of animals; or that he is greatly degenerated. "The beardless countenance and smooth skin of the American seem to indicate a defect of vigour, occasioned by some vice in his frame. He is destitute of one sign of manhood and strength†." From the Indian's supposed want of beard, philosophers seem to have inferred his want of strength, courage, and affection for

* Robertson's *History of America*. 4th ed.

† Ibid.

the other sex. The Indians, like the Tartars and other Asiatics from whom they are chiefly descended, have thin beards; but writers who urge their want of beard, in proof that they are a new race of men, do not consider that there are numerous tribes or nations in the eastern parts of the old continent, who, like the Indians, appear to be without any beard. They constantly pluck it out. The islanders in the South Sea have beards, as we are told by Captain Cook; but many of them pluck it out, or the greater part of it, as well as the hair from under their arms. Whoever takes the trouble to make himself acquainted with the subject, must think it strange that an opinion destitute of truth, without other foundation than distant and hasty observation, should have obtained so general a credit in Europe. At a meeting of Indians from different tribes, in the year 1796, I examined near fifty of them, and there was not, in that number, a single Indian without a beard. There were Indians of the Chocktaw, the Chickesaw, the Cherokee, the Creek, the Chipawa, and the Shawanese nations. Their beards in general were shaved, but some of the chiefs had suffered whiskers to remain on the upper lip, or they suffered a small portion on the chin to grow to a considerable length*. One of the Shawanese chiefs had strong

* Lawson, speaking of the Indians on a branch of Clarendon river, in North Carolina, in the year 1706, says, "Most of those Indians wear mustachios, or whiskers, which is rare, by reason the Indians are a people that commonly pluck the hair of their faces, and other parts, up by the root, and suffer none to grow."

—Lawson's *History of Carolina*.

whiskers upon his upper lip, and so had a Chickesaw and a Cherokee chief. As the Indians seem to know that they have been regarded as an inferior, beardless race of men, it is not improbable that the custom of wearing whiskers, such as we have observed, by some of their chiefs, may have originated in pride; or it may be considered as a mark of seniority and rank. A dark skin does not shew the beard when shaved, but whiskers are very conspicuous. The habit of shaving is modern among the Indians, and such is probably the use of whiskers, for the ancient custom was to pluck out the beard. It was pulled out by the finger-nails, as some of them allege, and others of them describe other modes by which it was extirpated. The tedious hours of an idle savage, sitting on the ground more than half his time; without work, without books, without converse, and almost without thought, must have been relieved by the frequent and trifling exercise of plucking the beard. And it is not improbable that the desire of some employment, which required little motion, and little exertion of the mind, gave rise to that other absurd, but very common practice among savages, tatooing, or marking the skin by various paints and figures. It appears strange, at first sight, that a custom so unnatural as pricking the skin, and marking it with different paints, should prevail among the savage nations in Africa and Asia, in the South Seas and in America. The Arabs mark their lips, as well as the arms and body, with blue paint*. Customs

like these, which originated in whim, or rather in the desire of relieving tedious hours by some employment, produce a considerable change in the external form: and that adventitious form is soon regarded as a criterion of beauty; it becomes general in the nation. The Indians, like the Tartars, frequently cut the hair from the greater part of their head. This custom was prior to the use of scissars among them. Some old Indians whom I consulted on this subject, allege that their ancestors, not having sharp instruments, had recourse to fire, such is their tradition, for removing the hair. They singed it off with a live coal of hickory, or some other hard wood. These observations on the subject of beards perfectly agree with the testimony of other people. I have been assured by traders and gentlemen who have conversed much with the Indians, and lived among them on terms of the utmost familiarity, that Indians, in all cases, have hair, exactly as white people have it; without any difference, except that it is thinner. As their taste begins to change, from their acquaintance with white people, they are less solicitous at present to extirpate those hairs which are not supposed, as formerly, to mar the beauty.

We know that women among the American Indians, are forced to perform all the hard labour that is necessary to the support of a family. The husband smokes his pipe, or sleeps in his cabin, while his wife hoes the corn, with a child at her back. By this mark of apathy or unkindness to his female, the American savage is supposed to be distinguished from other men.

* Pietro della Valle. The savage mountaineers in the kingdom of Ava, in India, disfigured themselves by tatooing.

"Marriage itself, instead of being an union of affection and interest between equals, becomes among them the unnatural conjunction of a master with his slave*." The author of this remark was not unacquainted with the manners of rude nations in the old continent; and if he had sought for a satisfactory proof, that men are all of the same family, and that the disposition is not changed by an extraordinary change of climate, he would have found such a proof in the conduct of the American savage to his female.

There is no living creature on the old continent, bird or beast, that is so much distinguished as man, in his uncultivated state, by the want of kindness to his female companion. The male bird is most assiduous in helping his mate to feed their young. Some males among the beasts, when their assistance is not wanted, neglect their female; but none of them adds to her trouble, or treats her with cruelty. Man alone is distinguished by the want of kindness, and by cruelty to his female. Perhaps Russia may be the only country in which the tyranny of a husband is reduced to a system, and avowed in the marriage ceremony; but Russia is not the only part of the old continent in which the wife is a slave to her husband. The Arabian does not suffer his wife to eat with him; he would, as he conceives, be degraded by her company; but he compels her to bring wood and water, to dress his victuals, and to perform every other menial service. His sons are taught to despise their mother. She is

not suffered to eat with them after they are eight or ten years old. In that ancient nation, we see the character of men, who are not perfectly civilized, as it may be traced, through all shades and colours, in the old continent, or the islands connected with it. In many of the nations of Europe, who presume to call other men savages, the weak and humble wife continues to suffer under the chastisement of a master. We have reason to believe that man is the greatest tyrant upon earth. His strength is the measure of his conduct. The little despot in his family, and the great despot on his throne, exhibit the same character. Those who are weaker may expect to smart beneath the arm of power. Women are indebted to civilization alone for the happiness they enjoy in some parts of the world; and their situation, in every part, must be improved by the progress of knowledge. We soon discover that all permanent happiness depends on sentiment and reflection. The consciousness of giving protection and comfort to those who place themselves under our care; to those who are weaker and need our assistance, is the solace and reward of men who feel and reason; it is the source of their greatest happiness. The pleasure that arises from domestic attachments, from the constant exercise of kindness to a wife and children, cannot be equalled by all the other enjoyments in life. The greater part of our species, in the old world, have not discovered this truth. Idle and indolent, governed by passion and not by reason, they remain inexorable tyrants. If a separate race of men had been

* Robertson's *History of America*.

formed for America, in which animals are said to be less fierce, or less savage, it is probable that the man of America would have been less cruel to his female than the tyrant of the old world: but his manners on this head give an additional proof, that he is of the old family.

After stating the great resemblance that is found between the American savage and his savage brother in other parts of the world, it can hardly be necessary to give many other proofs that they are too much alike. The American Indians are described as men who are passionately fond of strong drink. On this head they perfectly resemble the savage and half savage of the old continent. The Tartar gets drunk with fermented mare's milk; the Mahometan, with opium and the smoke of tobacco; the ancient Scythians intoxicated themselves with the fumes of hemp-seed; the Celtic and Teutonic nations, with ale and mead; the African gets drunk with brandy. We say nothing of the modern nations that are more civilized, who, to the reproach of nationality, seem to have a pleasure in resembling beasts. Weary of decent deportment, and fatigued with the trouble of thinking, they deliberately sit down to deprive themselves of reason. The American savage is equally attached to drinking and gambling with his European brother.

The nations of America have been represented as men of little strength; but as they are known to be at least equal in size to those of the other continent, they may also be presumed to be their equals

in strength, when they are fed in the same manner, and equally accustomed to labour. Such of them as have been employed, from Nantucket, in whaling, can hardly be matched at an oar. Activity, combined with strength, renders them excellent seamen.

The courage of the American savage has been mentioned, like his other qualities, in terms of reproach; he is said to be "*plus craintif et plus lâche**," more timid and more cowardly. The Indians make war by stratagem, but they are not therefore to be deemed cowards. They are not very numerous, for which reason they are not prodigal of life. The point of honour with an Indian chief, does not consist in facing his enemy in the field, but in saving his own men. Such is the dictate of prudence. The Spartan youth were trained to all kinds of stealth and stratagem, that they might the better be enabled to surprise an enemy; but the Spartans were among the bravest of men. When it became proper or necessary to face an enemy, they never turned their backs. It is admitted that Indians have shewn the most astonishing degree of fortitude in bearing torture. This has been called passive courage; but the same men are supposed to be deficient in active courage; and this strange conjecture is founded on their art of war, which differs from that of Europeans. The Indian secures himself in battle by a tree or some other cover. If a cover be a mark of cowardice, our ancestors, who fought in armour, were deficient in active courage, and so are the

* Buffon.

moderns, who avail themselves of trenches or any other species of fortification. The object of an Indian chief is to destroy his enemy, with as little loss to himself as possible. Having this object in view, he avails himself of the best means in his power; nor is he afraid of reproach, while he adheres to his purpose. We have seen instances, too many, of brainless white commanders, who have sacrificed half of their men in fruitless and hopeless actions, only because they feared lest they should be suspected of the want of courage. The virtues of Fabius were not less admired, when he patiently endured the insults of an enemy, than when he met that enemy in the field. Men are less afraid of reproach, when they are conscious of not deserving it. In whatever manner the Indians may think fit to meet an enemy, they give unquestionable proofs that they are not afraid of death. Surrounded in a block-house, without ammunition, we have known them perish in the flames, because they would not surrender and become prisoners. When I say that the Indian mode of fighting, under cover, is the dictate of policy, not of fear, I am prepared to give instances, not a few, in which they have shewn proofs of undaunted courage in the open field, when the other mode of fighting could not be adopted. It is found that our woodsmen are rather an overmatch for the Indians, in correct shooting with a rifle; but our chief advantage, in disputes with the native savage, must ever consist in superior numbers, or the use of cavalry. When America was first

discovered, the natives appeared contemptible and dastardly, from their want of arms. A white man to an Indian was then a giant to a pigmy; but an Indian, well provided with arms, is now become a dangerous enemy.

By a general view of the human race and its varieties on the old continent, and by comparing those people with the original inhabitants of America, we must be convinced that men are all descended from the same stock, and that America was peopled from the other continent; but we have no information concerning the time in which the first colonists were transported. The great extent of population in America, when Columbus made his discoveries, about three hundred years ago, is a sufficient proof that many years had elapsed since the aborigines had come to this continent; but the modern date of the largest and most populous empires then existing in America, has been supposed to justify a belief, that the first settlement of America was recent, when compared with that of the other continent. At the period to which I refer, America was settled in all directions, from north to south, although no part of it was fully peopled; nor had any progress been made in those arts which are the fruit of necessity in old and numerous societies. Those circumstances, however, can neither be urged in proof of a very ancient nor a very recent settlement. Migrations, in the old continent, have lately been the effect of a crowded population; but migrations in America sprang from a different cause. The first adventurers, who were little attached

to their native soil, could hardly be attached to a particular part of the land they had discovered. Sustaining themselves without labour in a country that abounded in game, they acquired habits of idleness. When the game became scarce in one part, they removed to another. The same spirit produces the same effects among the present white inhabitants of North America. The more adventurous, more fickle, or more indolent, move to the frontiers, and settle upon new lands. When the range is impaired, or the game diminished, those very men, or their children, move onward, and follow the range; for they raise little corn, eating flesh instead of bread; whence their habits of idleness become inveterate. As the ocean yields a supply of food, that is more easily caught than birds or beasts, it follows that the sea-coast was first explored; but the greater number of inhabitants were found in warm or temperate climates, because in such climates the means of subsistence were easy. In this manner every part of America may have been visited, and scattered settlements formed, within a few centuries after it was first discovered. In this manner too, as we are taught by civil history, the other continent was originally settled. The first migrations were not the effect of a crowded population; they were caused by a rambling or adventurous temper. Every country was first visited by single families, or by small parties, who migrated in

the spirit of ambition, discontent, or caprice, from young colonies or new governments. We have the names of men on the other continent, who were celebrated as the founders of government; but those men, in every case, appear to have found a weak, unconnected race of savages, scattered over the country in which they fixed their empire. They certainly did not migrate from a crowded hive, whoever they may have been. When the small tribes who first settled in America, had destroyed the game in one place, they removed to another without difficulty or opposition; but in the process of time, migrations were not effected without trouble, for all the country was claimed as hunting-ground by one tribe or another. In that case hostilities commenced, and men were destroyed, that bears and buffaloes might have room to breed. The failure of game caused the Indians, in some cases, to turn their attention to agriculture; and it appears that successful chiefs, in the usual spirit of domination, in some cases extended their authority, by adding weaker tribes to their respective empires. In this manner, the monarchs of Peru and Mexico were extending their domains when the Spaniards visited this continent; and in this manner the greatest empires formerly sprang up in the other hemisphere. But Mexico and Peru may have been well peopled, many a century before there was a monarch in either of those countries.

*(To be concluded in our next.)*¹⁴

THE BURNING OF MOSCOW.

(From *The Conflagration of Moscow*, by the Rev. C. COLTON.)

HAIL! nobly-daring, wisely-desperate
deed:

Moscow is PARIS, should the Gaul suc-
ceed.

Then perish temple, palace, fort, or tow'r,
That screens a foeman in this vengeful
hour;

Let self-devotion rule this righteous cause,
And triumph o'er affections, customs,
laws;

With Roman daring be the flag unfurl'd -
Themselves they conquer'd first, and then
the world;

Be this the dirge o'er Moscow's mighty
grave—

She stood to foster, but she fell to save!
Her flames like Judah's guardian pillar
rose,

To shield her children, to confound her
foes;

That mighty beacon must not blaze in
vain,

It rouses earth, and streams high o'er the
main.

The sacrifice is made, the deed is done,
Russia! thy woes are finish'd, Gaul's
begin!

From pine-plough'd Baltic, to that ice-
bound coast

Where Desolation lives, and life is lost,
Bid all thy Centaur-sons around thee
close,

Suckled in storms, and cradled on the
snows,

Hard as that sea of stone, that belts their
strand

With marble-wave, more solid than the
land;

Men fiercer than their skies, inured to
toil,

And as the grave tenacious of their
spoil,—

Throng'd as the locust, as the lion brave,
Fleet as the pard that hies her young to
save;

Tell them their King, their Father, takes
the field,

A host, his presence—and his cause a
shield!

Nor strike the blow, till all thy northern
hive

Concentering thick for death or glory
strive;

Then round th' Invader swarm, his death-
fraught cloud,

While the white desert girds him like a
shroud,—

Full on his front and rear the battle-tide
With arm of lightning, hoof of thunder
guide;

Soon shall the Gaul his transient triumph
rue,

Fierce burns the victim, and the altar too.
Now sinks the blood-red sun, eclips'd
by light,

And yields his throne to far more bril-
liant night.

Rous'd by the flames, the blast, with
rushing sound,

Both fed and fann'd the ruin that it found.
Long stood each stately tower, and co-
lumn high,

And saw the molten gulph beneath them
lie;

Long rear'd their heads th' aspiring
flames above,

As stood the giants when they warr'd
with Jove.—

Conquer'd at length, with hideous crash
they fall,

And one o'erwhelming havoc covers all.
Nor Ætna, nor Vesuvius, though combin'd
in horrid league, and chafed by every
wind

That from the hoarse Æolian cave is
driven,

Could with such wreckastound both earth
and heaven.

Rage, Elements! wreck, ravage all ye can,
Ye are not half so fierce as man to man!

Wide and more wide, self-warn'd,
without command,
Gaul's awe-struck files their circling
wings expand;
Through many a stage of horrors had
they past,
The climax this, the direst as the last;
Albeit unused o'er others' griefs to moan,
Soon shall they purchase feeling from
their own.
From flank to centre, and from rear to van,
The billowing, crackling conflagration
ran,—
Wraps earth in sulphurous wave, and now
the skies
With tall colossal magnitude defies,—
Extends her base, while sword and spear
retire,
Weak as the bulrush to the lava's ire.
Long had that circle, belted wide and far
By burnish'd helm, and bristling steel of
war,
Presented hideous to the Gallic host
One blazing sea, one adamantine coast!
High o'er their head the bickering radi-
ance towers,
Or falls from clouds of smoke in scorch-
ing showers:
Beneath the crimson concave long they
stood,
Like bordering pines when lightning fires
the wood,

And as they hemm'd that grim horizon in,
Each read in each the terrors of the scene.
Some fear'd—accusing Conscience wak-
ked the fear,—
The Day of wrath and retribution near,
Deem'd that they heard that thund'rous
Voice proclaim,
"Thou moon to blood be turn'd, thou
Earth to flame!"
Red-robed Destruction far and wide
extends
Her thousand arms, and summons all her
Fiends
To glut their fill, a gaunt and ghastly
brood!
Their food is carnage, and their drink is
blood,
Their music, woe; nor did that feast of
hell
Fit concert want—the conquerors' sa-
vage yell,—
Their groans and shrieks whom sickness,
age, or wound,
Or changeless fearless love in fatal du-
rance bound.
While Valour sternly sighs, while
Beau y weeps,
And Vengeance, soon to wake like Samp-
son, sleeps,
Shrouded in flame, th' Imperial City low
Like Dagon's temple falls! but falls to
crush the Foe.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

PLATE 22.—PARISIAN BALL DRESS.

A FROCK of white *tulle* over a white satin slip; the upper part of the body is formed of a piece of *tulle* set in full, the lower part plain, and ornamented by three rolls of white satin, which form a cestus. The sleeve, very short and full, is ornamented also by rolls, which are placed byas across the arm, and finished in the middle by a bow of ribbon. Two bows of ribbon are

placed, one on the middle, the other at the end of the shoulder-strap, in front. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed with three rolls of white satin, above which are placed bows of ribbon at regular distances, and they are surmounted by a triple row of rolls. An apron of *tulle*, trimmed with pointed blond, gives an elegant finish to this dress: it is much wider at the bottom than the top, and is sufficiently short to dis-





play the trimming of the dress. The hair is dressed very light and low on the temples in front, and the hind hair braided and brought round the crown of the head. It is ornamented only with a band and bow of white satin. White satin slippers. White kid gloves, finished by bows or ribbon at the top.

PLATE 23.—WALKING DRESS.

Muslin high dress, made a walking length; the skirt trimmed with a deep double flounce of muslin, pointed round the edge, and worked in a light running pattern: the heading corresponds. Over this dress is a spencer of blush-coloured figured sarsnet, made very short in the waist; the body is plain at top, but has a little fulness at the bottom of the waist. For the form of the front, which is tastefully ornamented with frogs, we refer our readers to our print. A small standing collar supports a double frill of lace round the throat. Plain long sleeves, finished at the wrist by frogs. Bonnet *à la Flore*, composed of satin, to correspond with the spencer. The form of this bonnet is new and extremely pretty; the crown is oval, rather low, plain at the top, and full in the middle. The front, which is very deep, is edged with an intermixture of blond and white silk cord. It is finished by pink strings, and a bunch of exotics in front. White kid gloves. Blush-colour kid slippers.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

The fair votaries of Fashion have now, in a great measure, laid aside the heavy costume of winter. Rich levantines and elegant fancy poplins have taken place of cloth and

velvet, though the latter is still worn for spencers. White merino cloth is also occasionally adopted both for spencers and pelisses by some *belles* of undoubted fashion. These pelisses are lined and trimmed either with azure, blush-colour, or pale green. They have a very elegant appearance, but they afford no novelty to present to our fair readers.

The spencer and bonnet, which we have given in our print, are the most elegant dress promenade or carriage costume that we have seen. Next to it in estimation is a pelisse composed of apple-green levantine, lined with white satin, and trimmed with a wreath of white satin leaves. The skirt is finished by a large fancy flower, composed also of white satin, which is placed at each corner of the front breadth. The body, which is quite tight to the shape, is rendered novel and striking by the fanciful manner in which a wreath, to correspond with the trimming of the skirt, is disposed round the bust. Plain long sleeve, surmounted by a small white satin half-sleeve, and finished at the wrist by a binding of white satin. The collar of the pelisse, which comes up close round the throat, is formed by a fulness of white satin, intermixed with rows of lace, which has a very elegant effect; and there is generally a very full narrow lace ruff attached to the long sleeve. This pelisse is upon the whole elegant and tasteful, though we must observe, that we think it never ought to be worn by under-sized *belles*, or by those ladies who are much inclined to *embonpoint*.

Rich silk scarfs continue to be

worn, thrown carelessly round the shoulders. China crape, net silk, and imitation of India, are also in estimation.

Bonnets of Leghorn and satin, particularly white satin intermixed with fancy velvet, are very genteel; but the promenade hat generally adopted by our most tonish *élégantes* is the *chapeau de Versailles*, formed of pearl, in the manner of whalebone, which is now more generally worn. This hat, which has been just introduced, is of a very novel form. The crown is lower than those of last season, and is much sloped at the sides; the brim is thrown up in front, and being cut square to the chin, forms a very becoming shape. The beauty and elegance of the material render it probable that it will continue long in favour.

Plain jaconot, striped and cambric muslins, are universally adopted for morning dress. The most prevailing form is a high dress, which buttons behind; the back is generally full, and of the same breadth as last month. The front is cut byas, and shews to great advantage the shape of the bust. The upper part of the body is sometimes composed of alternate strips of work and lace, both which are let in plain, and it is finished round the throat by a double or triple frill of lace, which falls over. The long sleeve has very little fulness; it is finished from the wrist about half way to the elbow by full bands of muslin let in between small tucks, of which there are frequently four or five together. If the body is ornamented with work and lace, rows of work are substituted for these bands of muslin. The skirt is trim-

med almost to the knee with either work, lace, or full bands of muslin, which are interspersed between rows of tucks. All this trimming is injurious to the figure, unless the wearer is tall: it is not, however, so bad as the heavy flounces and furbelows of last year.

The *corset des Graces*, which we noticed in a former number, is still the most fashionable stay among the higher circles. We perceive that a very considerable improvement has taken place in its form. The perfect ease and freedom experienced by the wearer of this corset, as well as the elegance which it gives to the *contour* of the shape, has procured it, we understand, very distinguished patronage.

A new article for pelisses, which is also very appropriate for half dress, has just been submitted to our inspection; it is a black brocaded silk, embroidered round the bottom in the style of the French shawls, but in a much smaller pattern. This silk is very rich, and in light colours would be beautiful, but in black we think it too heavy for the approaching season. Muslin is greatly in favour for dinner dress, but slight silks are likewise much worn. Frocks are universally adopted in dinner as well as evening dress, and long sleeves still continue very general in the former. We have nothing novel to announce in the form of dinner dress. We have seen one composed of fine India muslin, the skirt of which was ornamented in a new and very tasteful style: plain bands of letting-in lace were attached to pieces of muslin half a quarter in breadth; two of these

were let in round the skirt in waves, each wave ornamented by a trimming of narrow lace. The bottom was finished by a very full double flounce of lace. The body of this dress was composed entirely of letting-in lace. The sleeve long, and formed of bands of plain net, joined by letting-in lace; it was cut byas, and had a very pretty effect. A double row of lace, plaited very full, stood up round the back of the neck, and was brought down in a point to the end of the shoulder-strap in front. The bosom was rather too much exposed, but the general effect of the dress was elegant and striking.

The materials for full dress continue the same as last month, with the exception of black satin, which is little worn. We have noticed a new and very elegant article for full dress; it is a fancy gauze, of a very slight but glossy texture, embroidered in the loom in a running pattern round the bottom of the skirt, of either shamrocks, oak-leaves, or laurel, in various shades of green. Short sleeves are now very generally adopted in full dress. Long ones, if at all worn, are composed in general of white lace. There is very little variation in the materials for trimmings since last month. We observed one on a lady at the Opera the other evening, which was extremely pretty, though rather too much in the old French style (we allude to the quantity), for the dress was trimmed nearly to the knee. It was a blue crape frock, ornamented round the bottom of the skirt with *rouleaus* of blue satin, which were laid on white net; the net was excessively

full, and the fulness confined at distances of about half a quarter by small blue silk ornaments. Had there been three instead of six *rouleaus* of satin, the effect would have been very pretty.

The gipsy mantle, composed of fine cloth, the colour a mixture of French grey and white, is much in request for the opera. It is a short mantle cut byas, and lined either with blue or pink sarsnet. A hood, lined to correspond, renders it a very comfortable envelope, as the head and throat may be shielded at pleasure from the cold air in getting in or out of a carriage. The mantle, however, would answer the purpose for which it is intended much better, if it was made longer; but as it is adopted by *belles* of the highest rank, we think it likely to continue a favourite.

Tocques have declined considerably in estimation since our last numbers. Flowers are now the prevailing ornament for *élégantes* of all ages: we must, however, except very old ladies. Full garlands placed on one side of the head, a bunch of flowers put very far back, or a half-wreath, which is also placed far back, is the prevalent style for full dress. A row of pearls is frequently brought round the front hair, and a bunch of flowers placed close to the tuft formed by the hind hair. Diamond and pearl sprigs, tiaras, and other ornaments in precious stones, are seen only in grand parties.

White satin half, or rather we should say quarter, boots are again beginning to appear in full dress. They are cut extremely low, and trimmed with white silk fringe, or

sometimes embroidery. We cannot, however, reconcile them to our ideas of full dress.

Fashionable colours for the month are, azure, pearl-grey, apple-green, blush-colour, and lilac.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, March 20, 1817.

My dear Sophia,

As I found by your last letter that you were so very desirous of appearing at Lady N——'s ball dressed *à la mode Française*, I have sent you a drawing of a ball dress which is in very high estimation here*. You may have it made either in crape, gauze, or *tulle*, but you must wear it over a white satin slip.

Notwithstanding the approach of spring, our promenade dresses are still heavy. The most fashionable material for the morning promenade is merino cloth of a slight texture; it is extremely fine, soft, and glossy. Round dresses of white merino, the body perfectly tight to the shape, with a small standing collar, are worn by our most tonish *élégantes*. The long sleeve is nearly tight to the arm, and is ornamented only by a small satin cuff. The trimming is composed of three *rouleaus* of white satin. A white silk square shawl, the border richly embroidered in natural flowers, and a bonnet with a front so large that it nearly conceals the face, and without any ornament but a plain band and strings, completes a plain and gentlewomanly walking dress.

Short round dresses, which are worn only with pelerines to correspond, are, however, also in considerable estimation. They are made

* We have presented our readers with this beautiful dress in our print of a Parisian ball dress.

principally in merino cloth; green, slate-colour, and deep blue of a peculiarly brilliant tint, are the colours most fashionable for cloth dresses. They are made to display in the most advantageous manner the *contour* of the shape: the pelerine just reaches to the shoulder. The bottom of the gown and the pelerine are trimmed with silk plush. They are generally shorter than the muslin slip worn underneath, which is very richly embroidered round the bottom.

The materials of hats vary as much as their form, and I might fill half a dozen sheets of paper were I to attempt a description of them all. Velvet, *gros de Naples*, and silk plush are most in favour for undress, both for hats and *capotes*; and satin, crape, and *gros de Naples* are most fashionable for half-dress hats. But the form? you cry. Well, then, for undress: the prevalent shape is a bonnet, the crown rather higher than they have been for some time past, and broader at the top than the bottom. The front, which is very deep, turns up. Green, citron, slate-colour, and lilac of a shade inclining to red, are the favourite colours. Rose-colour and lilac are most in favour for linings. Citron is also fashionable; lilac bonnets are generally lined with it: the effect is, as you may suppose, extremely glaring and inelegant.

Large bands of plaited ribbon are a favourite trimming for un-

dress bonnets. These bands are sometimes laid byas across the linings, and as the fronts of bonnets project greatly from the face, the linings are very visible. The brims both of hats and bonnets are now edged only with satin, both blond and marabouts being exploded.

Hats have varied a little in form since my last letter; the crowns are rather higher and the brims smaller. The crowns of the most fashionable hats are ornamented with five or six bands of satin, and a bunch of flowers is generally placed a little on one side of the front. Double hyacinths, daffodils, lilies, and bunches of rosebuds, are most in favour; but china-asters, bunches of heart's-ease, and violets, are also worn.

There is nothing novel in morning dress. *Perkale* is much worn for dinner parties, as is also plain sarsnet. In the former, the trimming consists of three rows of points of the same material, placed one above another round the bottom of the skirt. The sleeve is cut round the wrist in points, and a small-pointed pelerine is affixed to the back of the dress, but comes no farther than the shoulder in front. Dinner gowns still continue to be cut low round the bust, but the neck, and even the throat, is entirely concealed by the *fichu*. Those of worked muslin are now most fashionable: they are made exactly to the shape of the neck; a full band of muslin goes round the throat, and is surmounted by a lace frill; and a double row of lace, set on very full, goes round the bust.

Dinner dresses are trimmed only with plain bands of satin, and those never exceed three in number; two

are more general. Waists still continue very short; and there is an ornament generally affixed to them, which I cannot designate better than by the term *Frisk*: it is a piece about the breadth of half a quarter, of the same material as the dress, bound with narrow ribbon, underneath which is tacked a wire-ribbon; it is doubled and sewed very full all round the back of the gown: the effect is whimsical, and not unpleasing.

Tocques and turbans have given place to the cap *à la Bacchante*, which is now universally adopted for evening parties; it is made of embroidered *tulle*, or for *grand costume*, it is composed of silver lama. The crown of this whimsical head-dress is of the same shape as those of the *tocques*, but it has a small brim, which is trimmed with plaited *tulle*. It is ornamented with a half-wreath of roses, a plume of marabout feathers, or more frequently with bunches of grapes: this last ornament is certainly the most appropriate. This head-dress is placed very far back upon the head, and much to the left side. It is neither elegant nor becoming, but at this moment it is perfectly the rage.

Nothing can be more elegant or tasteful than the *coiffeures* worn at court by the Duchess de Berri. I have never seen finer hair than that of her royal highness; its colour is a pale chesnut, and it is uncommonly luxuriant. She is very fond of appearing *en cheveux*, which is dressed sometimes in light loose curls on the temples; the hind hair, twisted up *à la Grecque*, is brought to the left side, where it forms a large knot, round which is a row of

pearls. Sometimes the knot is fastened by a diamond comb. A Provence rose is placed among the full curls on her temples at the right side.

She appeared lately at a ball with her hair dressed very much in the style of our Charles II.'s court, except that the curls were raised on each side of the middle of the head by rows of blue ribbon, which formed a large knot in the centre of the back of the head.

A very elegant style of head-dress, and one which is much adopted in the higher circles, is a scarf of silver gauze trimmed with silver fringe; it is brought round the head, and fastened at the right side, so as to form a drapery. A full plume of heron or bird of paradise feathers, is placed on the left side, so as to droop a little over the forehead.

I did not conclude my letter yesterday, as I was going to an evening party, and I waited to see whether I should have any novelty to send you. The dress which I admired most was a frock, composed of white *tulle*, and worn over a slip of the patent blush-colour: it was trimmed round the bottom of the skirt

with a deep flounce of blond lace, which was surmounted by a roll of pink satin; a row of pearls is twisted round this roll. A fall of blond, with a heading of plain blond, trimmed the bosom; and the bottom of the sleeve, which was very short, was trimmed with three quillings of plain blond. This dress, though really pretty and tasteful, is neither so novel nor striking as the one I have sent you; but the style in which the lady who wore it had her hair dressed, struck me as being particularly elegant and becoming. The front hair was disposed in a single row of light loose ringlets, and dressed very low at the sides. The hind hair was turned up very full, and rather high; and a part of the front hair was braided with pearl, and brought over the tuft of hair to the back of the head.

Fashionable colours are, green, citron, lilac, rose-colour, slate-colour, and dark blue.

Adieu, dear Sophia! Remember, I am, like yourself, a native of a commercial country, and that I shall expect a large stock of news in return for the cargo of fashions consigned to you by your

EUDOCIA

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

PLATE 21.—DRAWING-ROOM WINDOW-CURTAIN.

THE window side of a small drawing-room is represented in this engraving, as it has been executed by Mr. G. Bullock, of Tenterden-street. The arrangement of the colours, and their respective quantities, are agreeable to the practice

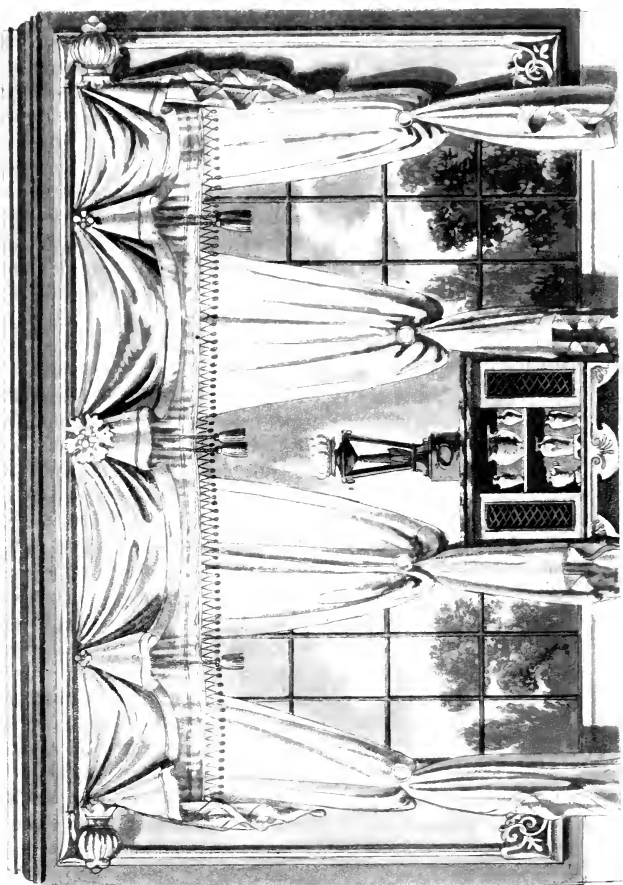
of our best artists in their pictorial works. The draperies are elegantly disposed, and the whole forms an embellishment suited to apartments in the most fashionable style of decoration.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

MR. ACKERMANN has in the press the following works:—

1, *The Dance of Life*, intended

to form a companion to *The Dance of Death*, lately published: the designs by Mr. Rowlandson, and the





illustrations in verse by the author of *Dr. Syntax*. The first number will appear on the 1st of May.

2. A handsome edition, in royal octavo, of *The Vicar of Wakefield*, illustrated with a series of designs by Mr. Rowlandson.

3. A new work by Prout, entitled *Fragments for Beginners in Drawing*; containing a variety of simple and broad examples, and a comprehensive explication of the principles of perspective, for the assistance of the young student.

4. The Second Part of *The Costume of the Netherlands*.

5. Albert Durer's *Prayer-Book*, consisting of forty-four Lithographic Designs of exquisitely tasteful Ornaments, and a Portrait of that celebrated artist. This work, from stone, is copied from that published at Munich, in a similar manner, a few years ago, which is considered the finest specimen of lithographic art in pen-work. Its being out of print is the principal inducement to its republication by Mr. Ackermann.

Mr. Thomas Moore's new poem, *Lalla Rookh*, an Oriental romance, will speedily appear, with illustrations from paintings by Westall.

The Journal of the late Captain Tuckey on a Voyage of Discovery in the Interior of Africa, to explore the Source of the Zaire or Congo, with a Survey of that River beyond the Cataracts, is in the press, in 4to.

A translation of Thenard's new *Treatise on the general Principles of Chemical Analysis*, with plates and additions, forming one octavo volume, is nearly ready for publication.

The Baronet's Choice, *The Little Gleaner*, and *The Jasmin-Bower*,

three songs, will speedily be brought out, in the same style of elegance as *The Village Milk-Maid*, recently published. The words and melodies by the author of *The Captive to his Bird*, *The Wreath*, and the *Swiss Melodies*.

Dr. Carey is about to publish an Appendix to his *Latin Prosody*, viz. *Latin Versification made easy*, or a copious Selection of Verses from the ancient Poets, altered and prepared, as progressive exercises for the juvenile versifier, according to the improved continental system, adopted in his "*English Prosody and Versification*," and in his private practice as a teacher.

Mr. James Sowerby is printing, in two vols. a *Midland Flora*, comprising the indigenous plants of the central counties of the kingdom.

Mr. Anderson, of Piccadilly, announces that he shall this spring publish an historical collection, under the title of *The Lockhart Papers*; consisting of memoirs, commentaries, and journals relating to public affairs from the accession of Queen Anne to 1728, and details relative to the invasion of the young Pretender in 1745 and 6. All such of these papers as relate to the earlier period were composed by, and are chiefly in the hand-writing of, George Lockhart, Esq. of Carnwath, who was a distinguished member both of the Scotch and British parliaments; and those relative to the latter were collected by his eldest son. The Lockhart family were faithful adherents to the house of Stuart, which circumstance occasioned the cautious concealment for so many years of these papers, which came

by marriage into the possession of Anthony Aufrere, Esq. of Hoveton, Norfolk. The work is intended to be comprised in two 4to. volumes, of 6 or 700 pages each.

Sir William Gell, and Mr. J. P. Gandy, the celebrated architect, are engaged upon a work entitled *Pompejiana*, or Observations upon the Topography, Edifices, and Ornaments of Pompeji; illustrated with engravings. It will consist of ten or twelve parts, royal 8vo. to be published every two months, and each containing six plates.

Dr. Sickler of Hildburghausen, one of the most accomplished connoisseurs of the arts on the Continent, has circulated proposals for publishing a yearly volume, embellished with numerous engravings, detailing the Progress and State of the Fine Arts in all the Countries of Europe, and containing every kind of information relating to that subject which can be interesting either to the professor or amateur. He proposes, in case he can procure a sufficient number

of subscribers in France and England, to print a French as well as German edition of this work.

We have great pleasure in announcing the formation of an institution, which, from the outline of its plan, seems calculated to render important services to almost every class of society. It is called The Equitable Trade Society, or General Reference Committee, and has for its object the arbitration of disputed accounts, the prevention of law-suits, and the improvement of the relative situation of debtor and creditor throughout the united kingdom. It is proposed that each subscriber shall contribute the annual sum of one pound, and the surplus, after the payment of all needful expences, is to be appropriated to the aid of honest but unfortunate persons. Such of our readers as wish for a more particular account of the plan of this institution, are referred to the Committee-Room, 38, Bridge-street, Blackfriars.

Poetry.

EXTRACT from *Poems by Miss*

CAMPBELL, just published.

AMID the gay and festive band
Her fairy form was seen to stand;
A wildness in her hasty glance,
That spoke the soul in mournful trance;
Pale, 'mid the giddy sons of mirth,
She look'd not like a thing of earth!
The wildness in her azure eye

Quench'd not its beauty-beaming
lustre;

And the quick throb, and frequent sigh,
Heaved her modest bosom high,

Round which her fair long tresses cluster;
to speak!

While her polish'd cheek, with every
breath,

Assumed the rose's glow, or lily hue of
death.

In her fair hand, with anxious care,
A pale and wither'd rose she bare,
Which sometimes to her lip she press'd,
Then hid it, smiling, in her breast:—
Ah, me! that smile, though still a name-
less charm

Played round her lovely mouth and
dimpled cheek,

It faded in a look of wild alarm,

And seem'd of madness, more than joy,



MUSLIN PATTERNS.

She came and stood at Albert's side,
And gazed on him, and on his bride—
Her lovely hand across her forehead
drew;
The parted curls display'd its snowy hue,
And the soul-touching eye of softest blue.

ON BURNING SOME LETTERS.

Farewell, ye dear transcripts of friend-
ship and truth;
Farewell, ye effusions of nature and
youth;
Farewell, ye loved treasures—but ne'er
from my heart
Can your essence, your language, your
dictates depart.

The fire consumes not remembrance of
joy,
That like the asbestos, no flame can
destroy;
And when the wild winds may your ashes
disperse,
They shall echo your praise in a still
wilder verse.

When care's gloomy cloud, when anx-
iety's sigh,
Obscured each delight, and a tear fill'd
mine eye,
How blissful ye came the depression to
cheer,
While I felt as if friends, as if kindred
were near!

When moonbeams were veiled, when the
stars hid their light,
And when gloomily wasted the taper of
night;
When the happy have slumber'd, the
careless forgot,
And sleep spread his charms in the pa-
lace and cot;

How oft have I feasted on each valued
line,
And prayed that such feelings might
ever be mine!
Though a sigh might ascend with the
heart's fervent pray'r,
Yet that sigh could not, surely, disperse
it in air.

Oh! will the same hand a fresh transcript
display?
And may Joy brighten still in Fidelity's
ray?
Then though, ye dear pages, I bid you
adieu,
Hope whispers of one who the charm can
renew. M.

A FRAGMENT,

Written by a Lady who had escaped shipwreck
on the coast of Cornwall.

Murmuring gales and breezes blowing,
Lurid lightnings threatening battle,
To the skies their white heads throwing,
Mountain-billows round me rattle.

Trembling surges, whither haste ye?
Why exalt your heads on high?
Why in air your anger waste ye?
Why assail ye thus the sky?

Cerulean gods, my prayer attend!
Neptune blue, and Amphitrite,
Ah! no more my ear-drums rend,
For your rage is very mighty!

Hark! the good ship's heaving bottom
'Thunders on the rock below!
Tho' her timbers are not rotten,
Yet I fear she soon will go.

Lo! the wildly forked lightning
Fiercely skims the murky air;
Flaky snows around me whitening,
Check Apollo's fervid glare.

Streaming vapours float on high,
Tempests shake the rocking air;
But my soul shall never die,
Shall my body then despair?

No, I feel myself in ether,
Honour's voice my bosom warms;
Tho' it is tremendous weather,
I am free from guilt's alarms.

The hardy sailor, pale with fright,
Thinks on heaven, and thinks on hell;
Now he's red, and now he's white,
Gloomy lightnings ring his knell.

His eyeballs roll in dire dismay,
His matted locks on end do stand,
While the elemental fray
Of life and death dissolves the band.

The pilot mute, with fear-fraught eyes,
Beholds afar the starless clouds;
The seaman to the whirlwind sighs,
And clings despairing to the shrouds.

But, ah! she sinks—the hoarse waves
swelling,
Wash their melting souls away;
Summon'd to their long, last dwelling,
Alas! no more on earth to stay!
J. L.

A FATHER'S WISHES,

Addressed by Bishop CORBET, appointed to
the see of Norwich in 1632, to his son VIN-
CENT, two years of age.

What I shall leave thee, none can tell,
But all shall say, I wish thee well;—
I wish thee, Vin, before all wealth,
Both bodily and ghostly health:
Not too much wealth, nor wit, come to
thee;

Too much of either may undo thee.
I wish thee learning, not for show;
Enough for to instruct and know:
Not such as gentlemen require,
To prate at table, or at fire.
I wish thee all thy mother's graces,
Thy father's fortunes, and his places.
I wish thee friends, and one at court—
Not to build on, but to support;
To keep thee, not in doing many
Oppressions, but from suffering any.
I wish thee peace in all thy ways,
Nor lazy nor contentious days;
And, when thy soul and body part,
As innocent, as now thou art.

TO ———.

My love! thy smile is more to me
Than to the soldier Fame's bright
crown;
I prize a myrtle-wreath from thee,
More than the laurel's high renown.
Love, to be true, must be entire;
No other passion of the soul
Should weaken love's sublimer fire,
Or damp its ardent, pure controul.

Such is the love my bosom bears,
'Tis all, dear maid, 'tis all thy own;
No other thought that bosom shares
But love for thee, and thee alone.

Then let that frown be seen no more;
It spoils a face divinely fair,
Wrinkle a brow that I adore,
And almost bids my soul despair.

Oh! let thy dimpling smile appear;
Oh! raise the lid of that bright eye;
'Twill free my breast from timid fear,
And hope's sweet solace will be nigh.

For, oh! thy smile is more to me
Than to the soldier Fame's bright
crown;

I prize a myrtle-wreath from thee,
More than the laurel's high renown!
J. M. LACEY,

LINES

Written on a Window in the Isle of Man.

Mona, farewell!

With thy three monstrous emblematic
legs;

With all thy brandy, and with all thy
kegs:

Mona!—where none but fools and mad-
men come,

To drench their cares in brandy and in
rum:—

Mona!—where strangers are most strange-
ly treated,

And all combine to cheat, or to be
cheated:—

Mona!—thou group of knaves and de-
speradoes,

Of spendthrifts, fops, and sots, and rene-
gades:—

Mona!—where those who cheat the world
beside,

Secure display their splendour and their
pride:

Mona!—whose trade is most accurst and
evil:—

Mona!—inhospitable and uncivil:—

Mona! thou territory of the devil,

Blest be the day that thou and I do sever!

Mona!—farewell, for ever and for ever!

THE Repository

OF

ARTS, LITERATURE, FASHIONS,
Manufactures, &c.

THE SECOND SERIES.

VOL. III.

MAY 1, 1817.

No. XVII.

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TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

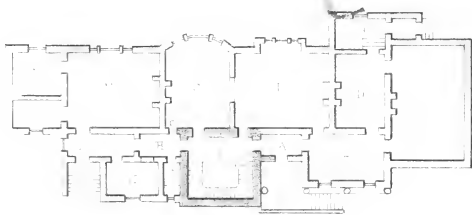
Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit announcements of works which they may have in hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New musical publications also, if a copy be addressed to the publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and extracts from new books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, will be acceptable.

The Sketch of the Life of Sir Robert Wigram shall certainly have a place in our next number.

We disclaim any intention of arraigning either the taste or the penetration of our fair correspondent who signs Lady Downie, when we inform her ladyship, that we cannot adopt her protégé.

A Dramatic Epistle—The History of Celadon, and various other articles, are unavoidably deferred till our next.

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. THORNHILL, 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.



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THE SECOND SERIES.

VOL. III.

MAY 1, 1817.

N^o. XVII.

FINE ARTS.

ARCHITECTURAL HINTS.

PLATE 26.—A VILLA.

CLAUDE LORRAINE, Poussin, and other celebrated landscape-painters of the seventeenth century, introduced forms of buildings in their compositions that were well suited to the poetic feeling obvious in the works of those great masters; the feature is common to the countries in which they painted, but it was by them wrought to a higher degree of elegant and judicious conformity with the chief subjects of their pencils, than could be expected to exist in buildings generally erected without other considerations than such as merely related to fitness and conveniency. From these artists our own painters have adopted a similar *contour* in their representations of buildings in pictures of ideal scenery, in which the higher or poetic class of landscape is represented, until, at length, it may be termed, in consequence of its frequent use, the painter's style of buildings: thus the subject of the annexed plate being a design for the residence of one of our first

artists, the forms have been selected from works of pictorial beauty.

This villa is also suited to the man of literary study, or to the amateur of taste, as the apartments arranged for the painter's accommodation are equally well disposed for a library, or for a collection of works of art.

A is the entrance, approached by a flight of steps from the carriage-road, and sheltered by a porch formed by a small building of the Corinthian order of architecture, which contains the ante-room B, or cabinet for small pictures: this room would also form the library, the books being contained in dwarf cases, over which the paintings would be suspended. C is the picture-gallery, lighted from above, and communicating with the painting-room D: this room is the whole height of the building, and receives its light from above the lean-to *a*, which contains a room for the preparation of colours and for the attendant. These rooms are sepa-

rated from the domestic part of the house, except at *b*, by the entrance hall *A*, from which the hall and staircase *E* are approached: this communicates with the drawing-room *F* and the dining-room *G*, which open to each other by folding doors: the differing forms and proportions of these rooms, aided by the symmetry of the other parts of it, would have a very pleasing effect, particularly if mirrors were placed over each of the chimney-pieces. A jib-door forms an entrance to the passage *H*, and is

used for the service of dinner. *I* is a closet, and *K* the pantry. *L* is the entrance for the servants, *M* is the kitchen, *N* the scullery, and *O* the larder. Cellar-room would be obtained beneath the whole or any part of this building, provided it were so placed as to allow proper means of drainage from the parts excavated to form them. The staircase leads to the chambers, and also to an observatory, which would afford an agreeable study or secluded museum.

THE DOMESTIC COMMONPLACE-BOOK;

Containing authentic Receipts and miscellaneous Information in every Branch of Domestic Economy, and of general Utility.

FILTERING-MACHINE.

ALL our readers are aware of the great variety of machines for filtering water, which of late years have been offered to their notice. The expense and the complicated nature of some of them, and the imperfection or inutility of others, are too obvious to require any comment. We propose to describe a filter more perfect than any hitherto in common use, and which, although no new discovery, will not on that account be the less useful. It may be furnished complete for sixpence.

Charcoal, when employed as a filter, acts in two ways: in the state of dust or fine powder, it acts on the water percolating through it just as sand, and as the filtering stones usually sold; but besides the mechanical action, it also possesses the power of acting chemically on the water, so as to deprive it of any unpleasant taint or smell which it may happen to contain. This wa-

ter is thus doubly purified; and it having been noticed about three years ago, that any charcoal of animal substances possesses this purifying quality in greater perfection than that from wood, it is obvious that the former should be adopted in the most perfect filters.

All that is necessary is, to place two or three ounces of ivory black (which is the charcoal of bones) between some folds of cotton or muslin; to inclose this in a small box of tin plate, shaped like a round snuff-box, and of which the top and bottom are pierced with numerous small holes. The thickness of the box may be an inch or less. It is to be placed at the bottom of any vessel of wood or stone-ware, to which this sieve can be made to correspond. The water contained in the vessel will drop through, free from all dust or impurities most usually mixed with it, and also free from all smell or disagreeable taint. The charcoal will not be required

to be renewed oftener than once in six months, or more; the box may then be opened, and new ivory-black placed in it, after the old is thrown away.

CURE FOR DAMAGED CORN.

The following experiment having been repeatedly tried, and found to remedy, in a great degree; the defects of the worst kind of wheat, which was previously conceived to be unfit for bread, we are requested to give it publicity:—

Let eight quarts of flour be tied up firmly in a cloth or bag, and boiled two hours, or four quarts of flour boiled one hour, the pot being uncovered during the process. After which it is to be rolled until it becomes smooth and cold; when yeast is to be added, and the whole kneaded rather soft, and immediately put into an oven well heated.

CHEAP METHODS OF COOKING RICE.

1. *Savoury Rice*.—Put one pound of rice into three quarts of boiling water; let it remain for twenty minutes, then skim the water, and add one ounce of hog's-lard, and a little salt and allspice, and let it simmer gently over the fire, closely covered, for an hour and a quarter, when it will be fit for use. If it is to be kept, it should be set by in an earthen pan, covered with a wooden cover. It will produce rather more than eight pounds of savoury rice.—This receipt is used by the Bishop of Durham in the counties of Durham and Oxford, and above 4000 persons partake of this savoury rice.

2. *Baked Rice-Pudding*.—Put a pound of rice into three quarts of

skimmed milk, and add four ounces of treacle (or a little pepper and salt), and bake it: it will nearly make eight pounds of pudding.—This is the receipt used at the Foundling Hospital. The rice is soaked overnight in water.

3. *Macaroni Rice*.—Put a pound of rice into five pints of cold water, and boil it gently for two hours, by which time it will be of the consistency of thick paste; then add two pints of skimmed milk, and two ounces of strong Cheshire cheese grated pretty fine, and a little pepper and salt, and boil the whole very gently for another hour. It will produce near nine pounds of macaroni rice.—This makes a pleasant dish for table, but it costs more than the receipt No. 5, and is not so well liked by the cottager.

4. *Rice and Barley Porridge*.—Put one pound of rice and one pound of Scotch barley into two gallons of water, and boil them very gently for four hours over a slow fire. Then add four ounces of treacle and one ounce of salt, and let the whole simmer for half an hour more.—This is much used at Montrose, and in some other parts of Scotland, and has been greatly approved.

5. *Sweet Rice-Pudding*.—Put a pound of rice in five pints of cold water, and boil it gently for two hours, by which time it will become of the consistency of thick paste; then add two pints of skimmed milk and four ounces of treacle, and boil the whole very gently for another hour. It will produce near nine pounds of sweet rice-pudding.—This is recommended as a cheap, wholesome, and palatable food for children.

POWERFUL SOLVENT IN CALCULOUS COMPLAINTS.

Boil thirty-six raw coffee-berries for one hour in a quart of soft spring or river water; then bruise the berries, and boil them again another hour in the same water; add thereto a quarter of a tea-spoonful of the dulcified spirit of nitre, and take daily a half-pint cup of it at any hour that is convenient. Its efficacy will be experienced after taking it for two months.

BEES.

The Norfolk Agricultural Society has called the attention of those who feel themselves interested in the welfare of cottagers, to the following extract from the Supplement to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, under the word *Apiary*:—

“As to the various methods detailed of procuring honey and wax from the hives, without destroying the bees themselves: the most economic mode of attaining these ends deserves more attention as a national object, than it has in general received in this country. It appears, from the returns of the Customhouse, that England pays annually to the north of Germany from 40,000*l.* to 50,000*l.* sterling for the wax and honey which are imported from thence, and which might very easily be raised by a more extended and judicious cultivation of bees at home. Greater attention to this useful appendage to the cottage would not only be productive of commercial advan-

tage, but would tend to improve the condition of the lower order of peasantry. It is not generally known, indeed, what profitable returns may be obtained at a trifling expense of time and labour, by very simple processes. Mr. Huish, who has lately published a valuable practical treatise on the management of bees, has made a calculation, from which he infers, that even supposing the first cost of a swarm to be one guinea, which is the price in the places where they are sold the dearest, the cottager is almost certain, by proper care and management, of clearing in five years a net produce of nearly 60*l.* and of having besides, at the end of that period, ten good stocks of bees in his garden.”

FEEDING OF CATTLE AND POULTRY.

Horses are the better for being kept clean and curried, and probably cows and oxen would be equally benefited. In a description of Norway, it is stated, that when the cows drink at the hot springs, they give more milk than those that drink cold water: might not the practice of warming the water for cows in cold weather prove serviceable? The next suggestion is not merely a suggestion—the experiment has been tried. Corn given to fowls should be crushed and soaked in water; this helps the digestion, and hens will lay in winter when so fed that would not otherwise.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES AND ANECDOTES.

JACOBA COUNTESS OF HAINAULT.

THE records of history present few narratives more interesting than the history of Jacoba, the only child of William Count of Hainault, and Margaret of Burgundy. She was born at the end of the fourteenth century, when her family possessed the sovereignty not only of Hainault, but also of Holland, Zealand, and Friesland. Connected by consanguinity and affinity with some of the most illustrious houses in Europe, and distinguished by beauty and mental accomplishments, Jacoba was married at the age of fifteen to the Duke of Touraine, second son of Charles VI. King of France, who became Dauphin on the death of his elder brother a few months after their nuptials. The flattering prospect opened to her by this alliance, soon vanished; in the second year of their marriage the Dauphin died suddenly, not without suspicion of having been poisoned by his unnatural mother, Isabella of Bavaria, to whom may justly be applied this character given to Catherine de Medici by Dr. Robertson:—"Her boundless and daring ambition never recoiled from any action necessary towards attaining the objects which she had in view."

No sooner had Jacoba become a widow than her father, with a view to strengthen the succession of the house of Hainault, planned an alliance for his daughter with the neighbouring Duke of Brabant, a prince who had no qualifications

either of person or mind to win the heart of Jacoba. He urged in his dying injunctions the completion of this match; and when his decease in 1417 made the princess mistress of his extensive possessions, those injunctions were powerfully seconded by the solicitations of her mother, who foresaw that such an union might ultimately prove advantageous to the house of Burgundy, from which the Duke of Brabant was descended. Jacoba, from deference to her parents, who were influenced by motives of state policy alone, consented, at the age of eighteen, to a marriage with a man for whom she felt no affection; and this ill-advised step proved the grand source of her subsequent misfortunes.

It was not long before the indifference which Jacoba felt for her husband was converted by his conduct into contempt. Her uncle John of Bavaria, having asserted an unfounded claim to Holland and Hainault, appeared in arms in the former province. The princess, endued with a courage equal to her beauty, took the field at the head of her Hainault troops, and performed prodigies of valour; which, however, were rendered ineffectual by the pusillanimity of her husband, who spread dejection and dismay among the ranks of the Brabanters. At length, ashamed of the disgraceful part which he acted, he withdrew his troops from Holland, commanded Jacoba to

follow him to Brabant, and concluded an ignominious peace with his antagonist.

It is easy to conceive what impression this dastardly conduct of the duke was likely to make, in that age of romance and chivalry, upon the mind of his high-spirited and martial consort. She was filled with shame and disgust, and on her return to court, she expressed in strong terms her feelings of indignation. This want of policy on her part produced the effect which it might naturally be expected to have upon a narrow and sordid mind. Neglecting the princess, the duke indulged in the lowest debaucheries; and not satisfied with estranging himself from her society, he treated her with every kind of contumely, harshness, and brutality. Personal neglect from such a man could not, under all the circumstances of the case, excite in the mind of Jacoba any other sentiment than regret for having bestowed her hand upon one to whom she could not give her heart; but his ill usage, which would have sufficed to alienate her affection had she felt any for him, changed her contempt into resentment. Giving way to the dictates of anger, she resolved to withdraw entirely from her husband and Brabant, and retire to her native country, Hainault. This resolution she carried into effect in the full lustre of her beauty, when she had attained only her twentieth year.

With a heart susceptible of all the tenderness of love, and feeling the anguish of the bitterest disappointment in her union with the Duke of Brabant, she availed herself of a plea for dissolving it, which

had been deemed so strong an objection to the marriage as to require a papal dispensation; namely, the nearness of blood. While she sought upon this ground to obtain a divorce from the Duke of Brabant, she became acquainted with a prince who quickly made a complete conquest of her heart. This was the handsome, brave, and accomplished Humphry Duke of Gloucester, the youngest brother of Henry V. King of England. At their first interview Jacoba made a visible impression upon the duke; and they soon became warmly and mutually attached. The duke, however, though captivated by the charms of the princess, was not dead to ambition; and the prospect of attaining to the sovereignty of so many rich and extensive provinces, stimulated his eagerness to have the former marriage of Jacoba annulled. While they were indulging the hope of a speedy accomplishment of this object, a kinsman of Jacoba, Philip Duke of Burgundy, exerted all his power to raise obstacles to the intended union. Already master of large domains in the Netherlands, and ambitious to augment the power of his house in that country, Philip aspired to the possession of the patrimony of the princess, and therefore had recourse to all the arts of political intrigue to prevent her marriage with the Duke of Gloucester. Notwithstanding his powerful opposition to the match, especially in the English court, where he had considerable influence, the cause of love triumphed. The marriage of Jacoba with the Duke of Brabant was annulled by the Pope; the princess repair-

ed to England, where she was received with extraordinary distinction by the king and the court, and married with great pomp to Humphry, who now assumed the title of Count of Hainault, Holland, and Zealand.

After some time the Duke of Gloucester passed over with the princess to Hainault, and every thing seemed to promise the illustrious pair an uninterrupted enjoyment of public and domestic felicity. This pleasing prospect, however, was of short duration; and Jacoba's union with the English prince proved to her a source of greater misery than she had yet experienced. Soon after her return she began to feel the effects of the resentment of the Duke of Burgundy, who inveighed bitterly against the levity of her conduct, and loudly complained of the wrong done to the Duke of Brabant. Joining his troops to those of the latter, they invaded Hainault, and defeated the Duke of Gloucester with great slaughter at Braine. Humphry returned to England to collect reinforcements. The princess had at first determined to accompany him, but overcome by the importunities of the inhabitants of Mons, who vowed to defend her during the absence of her husband, she consented to fix her abode in that city until the arrival of the expected succours. She soon had cause to repent of the confidence which she had placed in the promises of the people of Mons, who, having been seduced from their allegiance by the Duke of Burgundy, compelled her to surrender, and she was conveyed as a prisoner to Ghent. In this extremity the courage and address of Jacoba did

not forsake her; and she found means to escape, disguised in man's apparel, to her province of Holland, where she was soon at the head of a numerous force. Her enemy the Duke of Burgundy hastened with his army to that country, and defeated a body of English sent thither to her aid. This stroke was followed by fresh disasters in other quarters, and by domestic troubles still more severe. Pope Martin V. having triumphed over Benedict, who had annulled the first marriage of Jacoba, was prevailed upon by the Duke of Burgundy to confirm that marriage, and to issue a bull dissolving the second, with the addition of a severe clause, restraining her from marrying the Duke of Gloucester even in case of the decease of the Duke of Brabant. But the blow that inflicted the deepest wound on the heart of Jacoba was the inconstancy of Gloucester, who, under various pretexts, which thinly veiled his passion for the daughter of Lord Cobham, who afterwards became his wife, declared his intention of separating from the Princess of Hainault, and has thus left a stain upon his memory which all his great and popular qualities cannot efface. Thus forsaken by the ungrateful Gloucester, deserted by her perfidious subjects, and pressed by the forces of the Duke of Burgundy, the unfortunate Jacoba, after many displays of a noble and valiant spirit, was obliged to yield to the latter; and the terms which he prescribed were such as plainly evinced the motives by which he had been actuated. It was stipulated that all the dominions of the princess should be governed by himself, with the title

of her lieutenant; and that, being now a widow, by the death of the Duke of Brabant, she should never contract another marriage without his consent and that of the states of her provinces.

Jacoba was not more than twenty-seven years of age when these rigorous terms were imposed upon her. She submitted to her hard fate with a magnanimity becoming her heroic character; and stripped of every thing but the name of a sovereign, she retired to the province of Zealand, where she lived upon a pittance allowed her by the Duke of Burgundy. Here she had leisure to indulge those painful reflections which the vicissitudes of her life suggested. Sometimes to relieve her melancholy, she joined in the sports of the villagers, and instituted exercises in horsemanship and archery. In these exercises, in which she delighted, and which were so congenial to her active and martial spirit, she was delighted to win the prize and to be proclaimed queen of the rural sports.

In this manner did Jacoba pass two years, her beauty as yet but little impaired by time or the sorrows of her life; when love, which had proved the source of so many distresses, once more surprised her in this retirement, and prepared for her new misfortunes. Among the noblemen of Holland who had been most hostile to Jacoba, and had on that account been rewarded by the Duke of Burgundy, was Francis Borselen, Lord of Martendyke. He possessed large estates in Zealand, where he frequently resided; but his opposition to the interest of the princess long kept him at a

distance from her, till accident introduced him to her acquaintance. Her mother sent her a fine horse as a present from Hainault; but Jacoba, from the extreme parsimony of the Duke of Burgundy, was unable to reward so liberally as she wished the person by whom the horse was brought. Borselen, learning her distress from a servant, took occasion to supply her with a considerable sum, in such a delicate manner that the princess, forgetting the enmity which he had manifested towards her, intimated a wish to have an opportunity of thanking her benefactor in person. Kindness from one whom she had long considered as a foe, filled the tender heart of Jacoba with feelings of gratitude and admiration, and personal acquaintance prepossessed her still more in favour of Borselen, who united the most engaging manners with a handsome figure. A growing inclination for this nobleman, strengthened perhaps by the solitude in which she lived and the restraints imposed upon her, at last took complete possession of her heart, and she could no longer conceal the impression which he had made. Jacoba's charms had kindled a reciprocal passion in the bosom of Borselen; and regardless of the disparity of rank and the engagements by which she was shackled, she united herself with him by a private marriage.

The Duke of Burgundy was no sooner apprised of this event by the spies whom he kept to watch the conduct of Jacoba, than he hastened to draw from it that advantage which it afforded to his ambition. Though really well pleased, he affected vehement indig-

nation. He ordered Borselen to be apprehended, and conveyed to the castle of Rupelmonde, situated in Flanders, at the conflux of the Rupel and the Scheld. In order to alarm the princess, he caused a report to be spread, that the life of Borselen should atone for the presumption of which he had been guilty. Jacoba, anxious to save her husband from the danger in which his attachment to her had involved him, collected a small force in Zeeland, and having equipped some vessels, sailed up the Scheld, in the hope of surprising Rupelmonde and delivering Borselen. On her approach, she learned that her design was known, that a large force was assembled to oppose her, and that the duke himself was in the castle. Disappointed in her plans, she requested to speak from her vessel with her cousin the Duke of Burgundy; who agreed to the conference. She inquired, with all the anxiety of love, if her husband was still alive. In answer to this question, the duke ordered Borselen to be brought out upon the terrace bordering the river; upon which the princess, with her characteristic ardour, overjoyed at the sight of so dear an object, and forgetting that she was placing herself in the power of the duke, leaped from the vessel upon the shore, and eagerly ran to embrace her husband.

Philip had now obtained the advantage which he sought; and detaining the princess, wrought so powerfully on her fears for her husband, that, to purchase his freedom and life, she consented to yield to the Duke of Burgundy the entire sovereignty of all her domi-

nions. Having thus gained the object to which he had long aspired, the duke took possession of her states, which, accustomed to his controul, and alienated by his arts from their rightful sovereign, quietly submitted to his government. In return for these concessions, he assigned to the princess certain estates in Holland and Zeeland, which she, in her unbounded affection, bestowed as a free gift on her husband, who was created by Philip Count of Ostervant, and decorated with the order of the Golden Fleece.

Thus were the provinces of Hainault, Holland, Zeeland, and Friesland acquired by Philip, and by him transmitted to his descendants. This prince has been distinguished by the epithet of *the Good*, to which he is in some degree entitled by the mildness of his government; but impartial history will always reproach him with his ungenerous treatment of this princess, his kinswoman. Jacoba, who had now exchanged all her pompous titles for that of Countess of Ostervant, retired to Zeeland, to enjoy the pleasures of a comparatively humble station in the society of a husband who gave her unequivocal proofs of entire affection, and whose love she rewarded with the possession of her whole heart. She died at the age of thirty-six. During the last and happiest period of her life, she was accustomed to amuse herself in making vases of earthenware, many of which were afterwards found in the lake that surrounded the mansion where she resided, and were long preserved by the people of the country with religious veneration.

MISCELLANIES.



PLATE 27.—SENTIMENTAL TRAVELS TO THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

LETTER V.

I PARTED unwillingly from my friend; but I took with me a tranquillity, a confidence, and a satisfaction which I am unable to describe. Night, says the proverb, is no man's friend; but after such a day, I found it so to me, and in a greater degree than ever.

I smiled from a feeling of supreme content as I pulled the bed-clothes over me, like a man who has gained a very complicated cause; and this smile still played about my lips when I was awakened in the morning by the arrival of my friend and adviser.

From the pleasing conversation which ensued and occupied the forenoon, I shall select for your amusement his medicinal precepts.—“You have taken many circuits,” said he gravely, “to get away from Nature; and now you cannot wonder, if she takes as many before she suffers you to find her again. You have read and studied till you have ceased to understand yourself. And what has been the result of all your philosophical researches? You have sacrificed the greatest blessing that nature can bestow—*health*. Your head is weakened, your stomach debilitated, your intestines contracted, and your pulse disordered. How is it possible that such a creaking, crazy machine can perform the duties required of man? How can such a miserable creature be a useful citizen, an active friend, a kind master, a ten-

der husband, and a father of healthy, lively children? For what part in the theatre of the world is such a rusty puppet adapted? To be taunted, shunned, ill-treated—to sink unlamented and unmissed into the grave: such is its fate, and—alas! that I am obliged to say it—such is thine?”

“Stop, my dear Jerome,” cried I with trembling lips, interrupting this by no means flattering address, “otherwise you will kill me by this horrid picture. Never could I have supposed that it was necessary to possess health in order to be worthy of the regard of a physician. But set the physician aside, and advise me as an indulgent friend; or at least let us have only just so much of the former as is necessary for the repair of this disordered machine.”

The kind-hearted Jerome pressed my hand with mingled pity and affection. “Listen to my advice, my dear William,” continued he in a more familiar tone, “and all may yet be well. Fortunately you are going to the country of levity: avail yourself of this circumstance for the restoration of your mind and body, as others abuse it to their ruin. Welcome merriment and laughter wherever you find them. Avoid each and all of those who are announced to you as great men—all authors—the wonder-doctors of all faculties—and shun above all things those magazines of pedantry, the libra-

ries, which crowd almost every town, raise the rents of houses, and which, if the rage for collecting continues for a thousand years longer, will at last fill the whole wide world to the exclusion of mankind, without rendering them in the mean time a single degree happier. Seek entertainment nowhere but in the woods, amid the song of the birds and beside the purling streamlet. Give yourself up entirely for some time to that happy kind of indolence, which nevertheless demands more activity than many an office in the state. Beware of engaging in the great process of illumination; and be upon your guard against the vice of ill-humour, that when your house is on fire you may not be trying with a telescope to discover whence the smoke proceeds. Let your wisdom teach you to play with the follies and foibles of others, and to allow them the same liberty in regard to yours, without harbouring distrust or ill-will. Consider how pure his virtues must be who denies any to others; since it is only from the movements of our own hearts that we can fathom those of our fellow-men. Neither dismiss without ceremony like a beggar every roguish passion that knocks for admittance. Let the generous wine of that country be your medicine, the glowing cheek of the *brunette* your physician, and the sports of love your philosophy!"

It was impossible to curb my impatience any longer. "Whither," cried I hastily, "would your epicurean prescriptions lead me at last? But it is not likely that I shall abuse them. The sports of love! Bravo, Jerome! bravo! As well might

you recommend to me the drum and the hobby-horse of my infancy. If you knew with what perfect indifference I look down upon that intoxication of the senses—if you knew that my meditations have brought me some degrees farther than the great Buffon's carried him—that I not only, like him, find nothing on the spiritual side of love to reward a man for his pains, but have no relish for the gratification which he allows to its physical part—most assuredly, dear Jerome, you would alter your recipe. If my recovery is to depend solely on the charms of a female face, on the kisses of a pair of pouting lips—on wine and mirth, lounging and love—why then, my friend, I am lost to all intents and purposes!"

"O ye wiseacres!" exclaimed Jerome, "have ye not then discovered, that different situations produce a difference in men, and that other climates beget other sensations? Though to a giddy youth my advice would be like poison in the hands of one ignorant of its properties; to you, on the contrary, it is a kindly balsam, calculated only to restore a wholesome circulation. Take, if you will not be dissuaded, the longer route to this genial country in preference to the shorter. Treat yourself a little longer, if you please, like a rude mass, the rust of which must be scraped off before any one can tell what it is composed of. For the rest, I cannot help laughing at your boasted superiority to Buffon. How quickly will your thick-blooded morality evaporate when it has been thoroughly warmed by the dissolving sun of that friendly clime!"

"I am afraid, my dear jocose

friend," said I half smiling, "that I shall find your predictions of to-day still more apocryphal than those of yesterday. You would have perplexed me not a little with them while I was sitting before your bed, and considering your oracles as eccentric inspirations. To-day my heart is much less ill at ease, and your friendship is of more importance to me than your power of divination.—But, my dear friend, why are you in such a hurry to leave me?"

"To attend a charming girl of fifteen," he replied in a whisper, at the same time pressing me to his heart while tears trickled from his eyes. "She is not indeed of iron or steel," added he, "as might be supposed from the magnetic treatment which she is desirous of undergoing; but so unaffected and fascinating that it must be worth the while of a natural philosopher to listen to her confession, and to dismiss her with some good advice."

"Only, for Heaven's sake," cried I, "not of the same sort as that which you have left me to remember you by!"

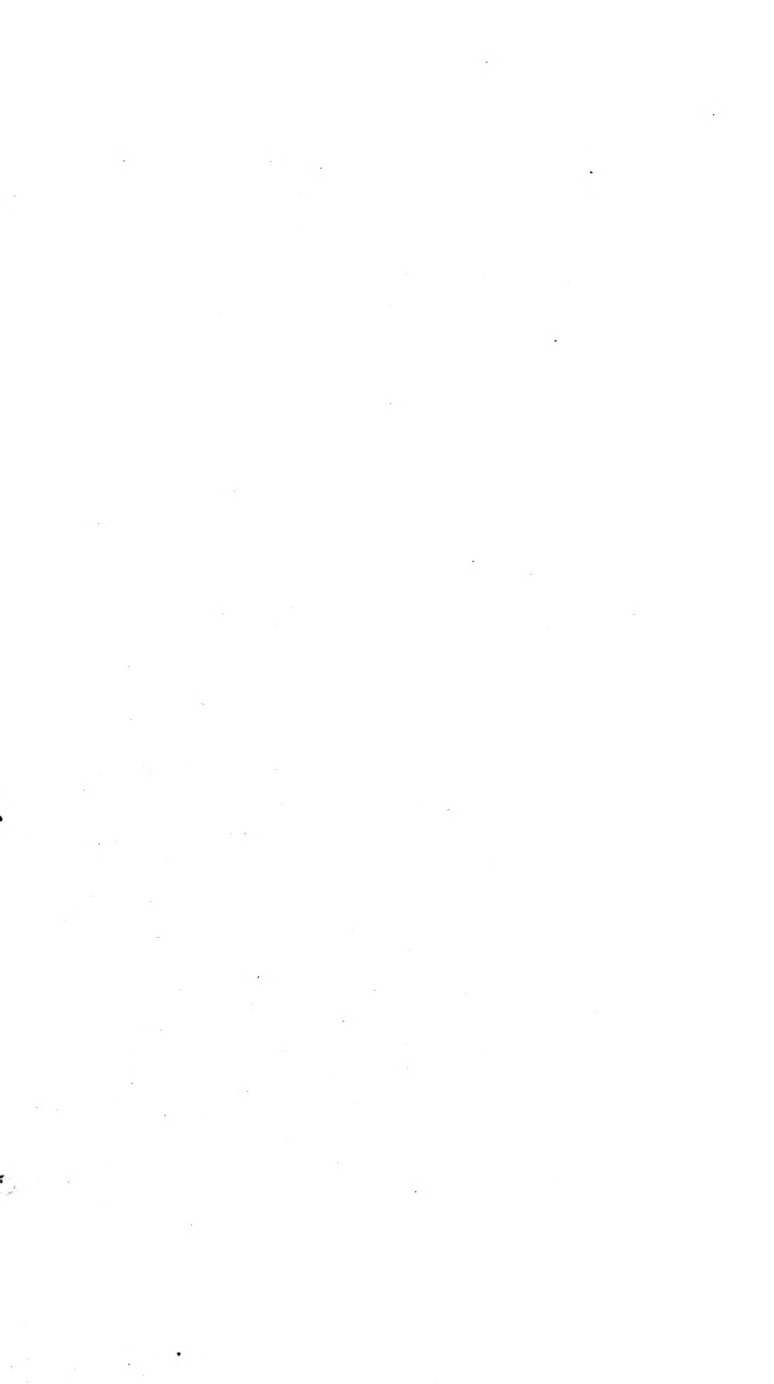
Thus we parted sorrowfully and affectionately, but not without a solemn mutual promise not long to lose sight of one another again. Soon afterwards I bade adieu to a place, which had in such an extraordinary manner restored to me one of the friends of my youth, extended my knowledge so surprisingly, and rendered me, as you must have perceived, so very communicative.

I was in hopes, when I had left Strasburg, and the Minster with its tower and its ninety-nine steps, behind me, that, from the harvest which I had reaped there, I should

be able to select sufficient choice grain for my own consumption by the way, and to lay up the finest part of it for your use. I was, however, egregiously mistaken. The velocity and the rattling of my carriage along the most superb pavement, by which a victorious potentate can bind a conquered province to his dominions, completely paralysed the faculty of thought. Finding, therefore, the external impressions too powerful for the internal, I patiently resigned myself to the former, and was hurried along by one postillion after another, wholly regardless of day and night, and certain that I should not be the first that ever came devoid of thought to Paris. At the same time, I rejoiced at the wholesome agitation communicated to every part of my frame, and said to myself, that if the rust were not now rubbed away from the gold, it certainly never would be.

To this neutral state the corner of a convenient carriage is admirably suited. Even the noise and bustle that reigned around me as I approached the capital were incapable of rousing me from this state, till, by its incessant increase, it arrived at length at a degree of torture which would have overpowered a still more obstinate self-denial. I started up in a fright, and must have been strangely organised indeed had I not been able to guess where I was. The whole vast moving picture, as if painted by Hellish Breughel himself, appeared before me.

The people at Strasburg had recommended to my John the *Hotel des Quatre Nations*—a not inapposite counterpart to the celebrated institution allotted by Cardinal





Mazarin in his will to the four most cultivated nations of the globe, in order to their farther improvement. As this contrast offered no sufficient reason for rejecting the recommendation given to my John, I promised myself, though an invalid member of one of these nations whose bodies and minds have been so pre-eminently provided for, a good reception—but soon perceived that out of these four nations the German is not the most respectable in the eyes of the French.

“Good apartments?” rejoined the host to my inquiry, examining me at the same time from my beaver cap to my fur boots, and casting a suspicious look first at John and then at Mops—“good apartments?—Oh! yes, plenty in this hotel; but the best are kept for the English, who have sense enough to pay for them according to their value.” During this dry explanation he looked me full in the face, and as I began to rub my forehead he proceeded still more drily:—“Up two pair of stairs there are some pretty rooms disengaged—they might do for a German prince or count.”—As I was stupid enough not to understand the meaning of this intimation, he at length told me plumply, with evident vexation on account of the dulness of my apprehension—“In one word, sir, I can accommodate you with only one single room in the back-house for yourself and servant, if you will wait in the parlour till the Duke of Dorset’s cook, who is just going off, has left it.”—“Very well,” said I, to put an end to his chatter, and was ushered into the *parloir*.

If ever place did honour to its name it was this. I hurried, on

entering it, to an arm-chair that stood in the farthest corner; but this precaution was of little avail. On the other hand, I rendered myself only the more conspicuous to the company assembled there, consisting of furriers, lace-sellers, hatters, mercers, hair-dressers, tailors, sword-cutlers, lottery-office people, pimps, horse-dealers, &c. &c. &c. who presently closed me in, and, with a profusion of words, offered me their services and their commodities. Into what a figure would they quickly have transformed me, had I been in the humour to listen to their persuasions! Instead of making any reply to their eloquent proffers, I clapped my hands to my ears. This hypochondriac sally dispatched them more speedily than the best rhetoric would have done, for a Frenchman is almost as fond of being heard as of hearing himself talk. One single *laquai de place* alone would take no denial, and irritated me to such a degree by his persevering importunacy, as to extort one of the most cordial *Allez au diable!* that was perhaps pronounced on that day in the whole kingdom.

The vehemence with which I uttered this curse only served to bring me into a fresh dilemma, as it disturbed an *abbé*, who, during the previous hubbub, had been snoring in the corner of a window-seat. He rose, reeled, as if but half awake, towards me, familiarly drew a chair close to mine, introduced himself to me as a *Membre du Musée de Paris*, and offered me, before I provided myself in this way, a *cours de belles lettres* at the low rate of a louis per hour. He assured me that he had given lessons to Ger-

mans, who, at their arrival, had not been able to pronounce so much as the words *Charmante Gabrielle* without fault, and who now——. Just at this moment, fortunately for me, a brawny hackney-coachman, who seemed to have guessed what I wanted infinitely better than the abbé, stepped between us.

“Sir,” said he, interrupting with his rough voice the sonorous prattle of the *homme de lettres*, “you must not expect while you sit here to get rid of these importunities and attempts on your purse.”—Here the abbé took a pinch of snuff.—“I have a convenient coach, which stands before the door, at your service. Take a ride to escape this tumult till your room is ready. Only say whether you will go to St. Cloud, Marly, Trianon, or La Meute. Or would you rather drive about for an hour or two on the Boulevard?”—My countenance I suppose must have expressed my irresolution.—“Or would you,” continued he, shrewdly, “as you seem to dislike the palaces of our kings, prefer a visit to their *Supplices* at St. Denis?”

This proposal took my fancy. “You are my man,” said I: “yes, you shall drive me to St. Denis; I cannot better employ the time till the Duke of Dorset’s cook makes room for me.”—The *membre du Musée* now seemed to repent having condescended to bestow a word upon one who could give a hackney-coachman the preference to him. He turned from me contemptuously, and I must candidly confess, that to me it was perfectly indifferent whether I should ever pronounce *Charmante Gabrielle* properly or not. I followed the

coachman, who, with heavy step, cleared the way for me through the *parloir*, and helped me into his *fiacre*.

The desire to escape from the throng of all these officious creatures co-operated, in this instance, with a secret attraction which my heart has always felt for the mausoleums of great and eminent persons. I confess to you, my dear Edward, that in none of the proverbs with which I am acquainted, can I find so much real practical philosophy as in the popular adage, that—a sick hare is better than a dead lion. The simple truth contained in this proverb, though not so high-sounding as many others, is, nevertheless, of the most beneficial influence; and I can boldly appeal to the experience of the majority of mankind, whether they know one that is more consolatory. On this occasion it strewed my way with roses. I felt that though sick, I was still alive. Owing to this feeling, I seemed to myself more good-natured than Henry IV. greater than Louis the Great, and braver than the Chevalier Bayard; and with this impression I reached the ancient edifice which contains their ashes.

You now probably expect me to explore every corner of the church, to compare all the royal names with Henault’s catalogue, and to examine what titles are erased upon their tomb-stones. These particulars, unluckily, I cannot furnish, because I never once alighted from the coach, so completely were the attractions which this place had for me while at a distance dissipated as soon as I was there. In spite of the proverb, and all the applica-

tions which this edifice affords such fair opportunities of making, none but a horse or a monk could, in my opinion, remain here longer than a minute with any degree of pleasure.

I ordered my coachman, without a moment's consideration, to turn about immediately, and vowed to St. Denis that no proverb in the world should ever tempt me to such another excursion. Long did the dismal tones of his bells ring in my ears, and prevent me from thinking of any thing else. "Unfortunate wretch!" said I at length to myself, on recollecting that I was now between St. Denis, which lay behind, and the *parloir* before me, "to what sequestered spot wilt thou at last be driven to save thine ears!" It is not less extraordinary than unjustifiable how mankind seize every paltry occasion of making a noise in the world—from the boy's drum to the masses for the souls of kings.

The self-love of this nation, however, is not indeed of the common stamp. It animates, moves, and combines, like a universal thirst of conquest, every individual member of the state to one general object—that is, to extort the applause and admiration of all the nations of the earth. To accomplish this purpose, they openly take the field, and sally forth privately; they never admit themselves to be beaten, and hence chiefly they are invincible. Though the first person whom you meet with in the streets is so poor that he can neither offer you *tabac des fermes* out of a shabby snuff-box, nor exhibit a pair of ruffles peeping from beneath a ragged coat; still I would lay any wager,

that you would not have sauntered on with him a quarter of an hour, before he would imagine that he had obliged you to confess, that there is not a nation so powerful, so rich, so witty, so polite, so intelligent, as his own; and however small his share in the national stock may be, still he will to a certainty be better satisfied with his lot than you with yours. These good people know how to meet so readily every objection that can possibly be advanced—they imagine that every human eye must be formed like their own, and cannot comprehend how a stranger can discern poverty under their gaudy attire, a spoiled complexion under their cosmetics, and misery and despair in the labyrinth of their vanity.

A coachman of any other country would assuredly, at my first intimation, have driven straight home, well pleased at the abridgment of his day's work. To my Frenchman, however, the idea how the foreigner would be astonished at the wonders of his city, was infinitely more weighty than any other consideration; and he took a pleasure in making a spontaneous circuit to the finest edifices and places, to be the more sure of producing this impression.

I should perhaps not have remarked, that at this moment I was rather serving him than he me, had he not, on reaching the point which commands the best view of the *Palais de Bourbon* on the one hand, and the *Place Louis XIV.* on the other, suddenly stopped and beckoned to me with a look of inexpressible self-complacency. Little did he imagine that my eyes would pass over all these magnificent ob-

jects to fix upon others of a very different kind, which escaped his notice—or think what pain he occasioned me by this stoppage. As I looked around, my eyes filled with tears, on beholding the half-famished creatures basking in the feeble rays of the sun at the foot of the statue of their boasted monarch. Next moment a youth was torn from the midst of the sufferers, as a victim to the offended laws. Tortured with vain remorse, he rung his emaciated hands, while a portly monk endeavoured to console him in his melancholy situation.

“For Heaven’s sake,” cried I, putting my head out of the window, “drive on, my friend, drive on!”—I had to repeat this request when the *façade* of the Louvre again tempted him to excite my astonishment, for I beheld only the window at which the hero of St. Bartholomew’s night enjoyed the royal diversion of firing down upon his Protestant subjects.

Thus I at length arrived at my hotel, in violent agitation, and firmly resolved to see no more of Paris till my departure the following day, than the room in which I was to succeed the English cook. The

landlord had meanwhile had an explanation with my John about the business in which I had behaved so awkwardly. I was received by him with many apologies, and conducted, to my no small satisfaction, past the unlucky *parloir* to the apartments previously destined only for German princes and counts, while I did not consider myself as a whit more distinguished than before.

Here I felt somewhat more comfortable than in the parlour, but no great deal. The drop of dew in the fable that falls into the sea and I in Paris were nearly alike. It was impossible to seclude myself from the distracting noise which rose from the streets of this monstrous city, and pervaded my room like an invisible power, so that I could neither sit nor lie in quiet. I listened and listened again; at length I became familiarized with it, and fell asleep. Next morning, regardless of operas, Thuilleries, and Boulevards, I consigned myself to the *poste royale*, stopped my ears till I had passed the barriers, and kissed my Mops for joy when I had got fairly out of that infernal uproar.

THE TWO SISTERS, OR THE INFLUENCE OF AN AMIABLE DISPOSITION EXEMPLIFIED.

CHARLOTTE STANHOPE was, at the age of eighteen, the *belle* of the town near which she resided, and her accomplishments were almost as much talked of as her beauty. When her admirers declared that she was the most delightful girl in the world, they did not take her heart or her temper into the account, since there was little in

either to praise, although not much to censure. Her principles were correct, and she never did any thing which she thought actually wrong; but she was of too cold and selfish a disposition to deprive herself of any gratification to promote the happiness of others.

Her sister Rose, a year younger than herself, was in every respect

her opposite; her figure was neither well nor ill formed, but the open and animated expression of her countenance would not, in the opinion of a connoisseur in female charms, have compensated for the irregularity of her features.

The sisters were left, by the decease of their parents, while they were still children, to the care of their maternal aunt, Mrs. Bolton. This lady, believing that nothing but accomplishments was wanting to enable her beautiful niece to make a brilliant alliance, bestowed upon her a most expensive education, taking care, at the same time, to impress upon her mind, even from her earliest years, the purpose for which it was given. A generous spirit would have revolted at the mercenary maxims of Mrs. Bolton, but the selfishness of Charlotte's disposition led her to acquiesce in her aunt's policy; and as she advanced towards maturity, the idea of a husband never presented itself unaccompanied by dress, equipage, and all the other *et-ceteras* which constitute the felicity of a modish *belle*.

Charlotte chanced to dance at an assize-ball with Mr. Maitland, a young gentleman of good family and large fortune, who was struck at first sight with the graces of her person, and lost no time in procuring an introduction to her aunt. He soon made proposals in form for Miss Stanhope, which the old lady would have accepted for her niece without scruple, but Maitland was engaged in a law-suit, which, if he lost, would deprive him of a great part of his fortune: true he would still retain an elegant competence, but that was not suf-

ficient to satisfy the ambitious desires either of Mrs. Bolton or her niece. It appeared, however, almost certain that Maitland would gain his cause, and the politic Mrs. Bolton gave him her permission to pay his addresses to Miss Stanhope, declaring, at the same time, that she would not influence her niece's choice. He was accordingly received at her house as the professed suitor of Charlotte, who took care to follow her aunt's instructions, and gave him just hope enough to induce him to persevere, without engaging herself by a promise to reward his passion.

For some time Maitland was so fascinated with the beauty of his mistress, that her faults were either unnoticed, or converted by the magic of affection into virtues; he saw, indeed, that she was often petulant, but this proceeded, as he supposed, from her excessive sensibility. Her silence, when the conversation turned upon literary subjects, he ascribed to her timidity; her visible love of dress and admiration were foibles which had their source, as he believed, in the excessive indulgence of her aunt, and would be easily corrected when she became his wife.

It was not possible for him to be much in company with Rose, who was now also her aunt's inmate, without being insensibly led to admire her constant cheerfulness and unaffected good-nature; he soon saw, that to contribute to the happiness of others formed her highest enjoyment, and that, although she was often unnoticed in the midst of a large party, she was the life of her family circle: she frequently dissipated the clouds which her

sister's capricious humours occasioned, and if by any chance she was absent, every body seemed to miss her.

Maitland pressed his suit with the utmost ardour, but as his law affairs remained still undecided, Charlotte, in pursuance of her aunt's instructions, continued to give him such evasive answers as nearly exhausted his patience. While he was in this state of suspense, Sir John Dudley became acquainted with Mrs. Bolton and her fair niece; and his admiration of Charlotte was so evident, that both herself and her aunt expected every day that he would propose for her.

As there was nothing striking in his person, and his understanding was even below mediocrity, Maitland did not fear in him a formidable rival: too generous himself to place an undue value upon wealth and title, it never occurred to him that Charlotte, whose mind was he thought as lovely as her countenance, could sacrifice him to sordid views. He witnessed the baronet's assiduities without fear, though with some degree of indignation; and he one day paid a visit to Charlotte, determined to remonstrate with her on the subject.

He found her and her sister together. The discomposure visible in Charlotte's countenance made him eagerly inquire what was the matter. "I have been chiding Rose," replied she. "She really makes herself the Lady Bountiful of our village, which at her age is ridiculous, and I cannot get her to acknowledge that she is wrong."

"The pursuits which you object to, my dear sister," said Rose with great good-humour, "certainly in-

jure no one, and they afford me great pleasure; nor do I see after all what claim I have to be considered as a Lady Bountiful, since I neither have nor pretend to have the least knowledge of the healing art."

"But are you not the school-mistress, the nurse, and even the secretary of all the peasants in the village?" replied Charlotte spitefully. "I protest to you, Mr. Maitland, it was only yesterday that I caught her writing a letter for the mother of our footman, who is laid up with the rheumatism, and attending as patiently to the old woman while she dictated it, as she could have done had she been the amanuensis of a princess. I hope I am far from inhuman, but I confess I never can think it a duty to devote one's time and money entirely to low people."

"Well," cried Rose with vivacity, "I shall soon induce you to acquit me of that folly, for here is a scarf I have just finished embroidering for a young lady of your acquaintance; so you see that I do not devote all my time to low people."

As she spoke, she opened a rich white silk scarf elegantly embroidered. Charlotte exclaimed, the moment she saw it, "Ah, how beautiful! How natural are those flowers! The one I had from France, which my aunt paid such an extravagant price for, was not to be compared to it."

"I am very glad you think so, because I worked it on purpose to present to you."

"To me, my dear girl! How kind you are! But I ought not to take it, you want a scarf so much yourself."

"So I do, but my insignificant

figure would look ten times worse in this showy scarf than it does in my plain pelisse; therefore you see it would be of no use whatever to me, and I have a notion it will become you very much. Let me see," continued she, throwing it over her sister's shoulder, "how you will look in it."

The scarf became Charlotte admirably; and as Rose adjusted it, she turned to Maitland, and said, with a smile of the greatest good-nature, "Do not you think I was right when I said she would look well in it?"

The enraptured Maitland thought she looked beautifully, but at that moment the sweet and benevolent expression which animated the plain features of Rose, rendered her so interesting an object, that Maitland could not help saying to himself, if her person resembled her mind she would be an angel.

He sought in vain for an opportunity to come to an *éclaircissement* with Miss Stanhope, but as he received very favourable intelligence from his lawyer a few days afterwards, she appeared so propitious to his wishes, that he fancied himself certain of her affections. Her hesitation now appeared only the effect of maiden delicacy; in fact, his ardent passion had touched her heart, cold as it was, and, as she was certain that he would gain his cause, she anticipated their union with as much pleasure as she was capable of feeling.

In pursuance of her aunt's advice, however, she declined an immediate marriage, and both ladies congratulated themselves on their prudence, when, at the expiration of a few weeks, Maitland lost his

cause. Three days afterwards Sir John Dudley proposed for Charlotte, and was accepted.

The indignation of Maitland counteracted in some degree the grief he could not help feeling; he disdained to reproach his perfidious mistress, whose conduct he now clearly saw through; but so artfully did Mrs. Bolton manage, that he remained ignorant of the share she had taken in the treatment he received. It has been already seen that this good lady belonged to the class of *manœuvrers*: she had reasons of her own for wishing to continue on good terms with Maitland; and when Lady Dudley had quitted her house for Sir John's residence in Grosvenor-square, she expressed so naturally her regret and indignation at the step her niece had taken, that she easily induced Maitland to resume his former habits of intimacy.

It was then that for the first time he was enabled thoroughly to appreciate the character of Rose. He could not but perceive that she felt a pity for his misfortunes, which she was too delicate to shew. Rumour had not scrupled to deprive him of double the sum he had really lost; and although Mrs. Bolton was acquainted with the exact amount of it, she had not communicated the fact to the innocent Rose, who, regarding him as reduced from extreme affluence to mere competence, felt a wish to convince him by her own conduct, that he would not lose his friends as well as his mistress with his money.

Whenever she saw a cloud upon his brow, she supposed it was occasioned by the conduct of his un-

faithful Charlotte; and as the tenderness of her own heart led her to estimate in its fullest extent his probable regret for the loss of her sister, she endeavoured, by the most delicate but unobtrusive attentions, to divert his chagrin.

Some months elapsed; Maitland talked to Rose of his friendship for her; and he persuaded himself, in fact, that he felt no other sentiment: but a summons to visit a sick friend deprived him of her society for three weeks, and he discovered that life was a blank without her. "Fool that I have been," said he to himself, "not to try before whether I could gain an interest in her heart; how can I hope she will accept the tardy homage which my whole soul now pays to her virtues! She will most probably reject me, and it will be no more than I deserve."

Immediately upon her return he made a declaration of his passion, with more timidity and hesitation than he had ever felt when addressing her beautiful sister. Rose listened to him with surprise. "You deceive yourself," cried she with much *naïveté*: "since my sister's marriage you have been so much with us, that you are accustomed to my society, and as our tastes and sentiments are generally in unison, it is pleasing to you, and you mistake friendship for love."

Maitland tried in vain to convince her that she was wrong. At last he said, "Well, then, since you will not believe me, put me to any trial you please; only tell me, that at the end of a given period you will be mine, and see whether I shall shrink from the conditions you exact, however hard they may be."

The blushing Rose, now obliged to believe his attachment was serious, stipulated for a year of probation, to be passed at a distance from her; but the entreaties of Maitland induced her to abridge it to six months' residence in the metropolis.

He quitted her the next day, and passed half a year in London, without once feeling a single sentiment for the blooming *belles* by whom he was surrounded, which militated against his attachment to her. The everlasting six months, to borrow his own expression, at length expired, and the soft blush and the tender smile with which Rose received him, proved that their pleasure at meeting was reciprocal.

Their marriage took place soon afterwards. It is now ten years since, and Rose has been always charming in the eyes of her husband. They have four fine children; and in the discharge of her various duties, as a wife, mother, and mistress of a family, Mrs. Maitland is loved and revered by all who surround her. Her good sense enables her to be the friend and adviser of her husband, while her unaffected sympathy consoles him under those vexations which are the common lot of humanity.

Very different is the fate of her sister. Sir John played the tender husband for nearly three months, and then had recourse to the gaming-table, to relieve him from the *ennui* occasioned by matrimony. Lady Dudley, who was as indifferent as himself, sought for and found consolation in cards and dissipation; and between the gaming debts of the husband, and the little elegant expenses of the wife, the baronet's income diminished

by degrees, till Charlotte was obliged to have recourse to means she would once have been incapable of practising, to support even a tolerable appearance. Sir John and herself seem to agree in one sentiment only, that is, in a cordial detestation of their home and of each

other; and Lady Dudley, whose feelings are quickened by the distress she often experiences, bitterly and frequently regrets the false prudence which induced her to sacrifice her happiness at the shrine of mercenary wedlock.

THE REMONSTRANCE OF A LITERARY AMATEUR.

It does not signify, I'll put up with it no longer; and yet without a friend to whom I can unburthen myself, where shall I fly from the severity of my fate? I'll do it!—yes, I'll shame her, and publish my case! Oh! Mr. Editor, I am a plain man, a quiet man, a civil humble man; I want no parties; what is a *rout* to me? *Rout!* yes, indeed, this is no misnomer; for they *rout* me from study to drawing-room, from drawing-room to chamber, and all because, truly, my little woman must have a party. I had made myself the sweetest little sanctuary in the world; I had gothicised my study; its walls were painted in imitation of oak; my books were arranged with the most unauthorlike neatness; my prints hung; my *casts* and models bracketed; and all have vanished like the “baseless fabric of a vision.” In vain did Cicero strain his neck to peer over Burke *On the Sublime and Beautiful*; Shakspeare beard Blair's *Sermons* and *Humphrey Clincker*, or Milton's sightless balls gleam over Walter Scott's *Epics*—all, all is chaos and misrule! Even my greenhouse overhead, which held three *ciderant* pots of mignonette, one decayed myrtle, a *soi-disant* geranium, and other exotics, which are to spring out afresh in the summer; my

shrubs are clapped under the couch on which nightly I repose my limbs, and my evergreens, stuck over the kitchen fire-place, are doomed to this unpropitious hot-bed, in order to make room for pattens, clogs, cloaks, and shawls for all the old maids in the town. Our drawing-room, which conveniently holds ten persons, is to be the Black Hole for thirty. My study, dear, beloved retreat, in which sonnets have been composed and novels written—this spot, which just holds me and my cat, is to be the scene of bagatelle, commerce, or any thing else that a parcel of giggling girls may chuse to act in it. This room, where quiet always reigned uninterrupted, save by the purring of *Mitis*, or an occasional poetical sigh from her master, will now be scared by “Tarry awhile with me, my love,” or an ill-fingered sonata. But my *statues*, those forms over which my exalted senses have so often pored with holy rapture, are deemed indecent, and walked off. The Venus of Michael Angelo has already lost a thumb; and Antinous, having kicked Meleager on that spot which in us is last to quit the room, has sorely wounded himself *also*, but not *likewise*, as well as made a dint in the aforesaid member of his rival—such was the effect of rage at lea-

ving this classic spot. My Discobulus is made to hold a spermaceti candle; while the Medicean nymph, my Apollo Belvidere, and my dancing Faun, being too large to move, are adorned with aprons of green silk, because, forsooth, Betty says they are vastly *undecent* with *nothing* on them. So stood not those statues that adorned the world!

All this, sir, I could bear, but this will not satisfy the tyrant who rules over me with iron sway. I could else console myself, that statues may resume their places, that quiet must come again, and that green aprons and abused antiques may still return to their pristine purposes; but, sir, it seems that I—I must be reformed altogether. “No one will visit us if we do not do as other people.” Alas! until the success of my last poem, we never cared about other people. Oh, happy days! when I could walk as I liked, and dine when I liked, and see whom I liked, ye are fled for ever! But now, since we have got into a house, now a few people have left their cards and we have left ours, it seems we must visit; and I, it seems, am to be dressed out for the occasion as black as a player to speak a prologue. Now if this dress was to be a picturesque one, I should have no objection: let me doff my neckcloth, my breeches and gaiters, and I’m her man. Let a collar and tassels encompass my neck in the style of my beloved Milton; let my sleeves be slashed, my cloak, of some picturesque colour, float over my shoulder, and if you case my leg in tawney boot and gilded spur, put a lyre in my hand, and let my hair blow wildly in the breeze, you may “fool me to

the top of my bent;” then, my little woman, I’d dance at your carnival. Instead of which, mark how this body is to be penned in buckram suits; two enormous pieces of white Holland, stiff as starch can make them, are to come up from my neck, and close my cheeks on each side close as a lemon-squeezer; if they do not cut my ears from the bottom upwards, it will be a mercy, and if they afford me no more room than when I tried them on yesterday, I shall be as tightly pilloried as if I had libelled a prime minister. Farewell to the angles of vision! I am doomed to look straight forward only all my life. My neckcloth, which was ever wont to repose on my chest with the most negligent felicity, convenient either to put my chin into in cold weather, or to pull it out in warm, is now entirely useless, and it is to be tied so tight, that if I escape strangulation, I shall look all the evening as red in the face as the well-known portraiture of Mother Red-Cap. My coat I strongly suspect was made for some youngster of fifteen, as from the closeness of the hinder buttons, the sharp angle of the skirts, and other scantinesses, it much exposes a part which I shall not shock you by mentioning. My shirt-sleeves too are so made that their wristbands hide my knuckles, giving them the appearance of a cover for chapped hands, or as if I were ashamed of my fingers. Oh, immortal author of *Flim-flams!* thy frogs in wax taffety breeches were in clover in comparison with the liberty I am to enjoy. Rowlandson, inimitable child of Humour! what would I not give to be depicted by you as *I am,*

and as I am to be: but, to-day I could laugh heartily at thy humour; to-morrow, manacled in all the harrows of a drawing-room costume, I may laugh no longer. Buttons, keep tight to your posts! Strings, fail me not! Risibility, visit not your poet, lest he fly off in a crack, to the astonishment of four by honours and three by cards! Thus, Mr. Editor, you see to what I am reduced. I am not a cross or a selfish man. I would oblige my wife in all reason. I will, if she pleases,

write sonnets upon every body in the parish, compose an epic as long as the *Iliad*; but as for becoming one of the *beau monde*, may my new coat burst its buttons, as I strongly suspect it will if placed upon my back, if I can become a *beau garçon*! and this, sir, inform her, is the unalterable sentiment of yours to command at any thing but a rout,

BYRON OLDSKIRTS.

P. S. When I see this in print, I may possibly be induced to send you the result of our rout.

THE MAGIC VOLUME, OR ADVENTURES IN UTOPIA.

THE principal ornament of the court of Utopia was a young nobleman whom we shall call Fortunio; who was blest with so many accomplishments both of mind and person, that he was universally known by the appellation of "the Favourite of the Fair." Among the court *belles* was one whose charms rendered her as much the object of male, as Fortunio was of female admiration. Felicia, for that was her name, saw herself surrounded by adorers; every heart acknowledged the influence of her charms, except Fortunio's, and precisely for that very reason his was the only one of which she coveted the possession. As she was a coquette of the first order, she practised a variety of artifices, of which the fair and innocent daughters of Britain are happily ignorant, and in a little time she brought Fortunio to her feet.

Felicia was too good an actress not to deceive herself into a belief, that she felt something of the passion which she represented so naturally; but scarcely was Fortunio safe in her chains, when the youth-

ful and equally accomplished Bellair appeared for the first time in the great world. Bellair was infinitely better calculated to make a figure at court, at least at the court of Utopia, than Fortunio: he knew perfectly well how to portion out his civilities to every rank; could pass over merit with a supercilious sneer, if its possessor happened to be one of those who had nothing else to recommend him; and bow with an air of the highest consideration to a rogue or a fool, if he was possessed of wealth or title. Fortunio, on the contrary, had some plebeian notions, which exposed him sometimes to the ridicule of very well-bred people: he estimated talents, especially if they were accompanied by merit, much more highly than either birth or fortune; and he always treated a rich rogue with as much contempt as he would a poor one: these obsolete ideas would have totally ruined him with the polite part of the world, if their effect had not been counteracted by the elegance of his person and manners, and the brilliancy of his wit.

After saying that Felicia was a coquette, we need hardly add that Bellair found little difficulty in supplanting Fortunio; who proved on this occasion the truth of the saying, that sensible men are often the greatest fools in love affairs; for he regarded his mistress's inconstancy as the greatest misfortune which could have befallen him.

One evening while he was ruminating with much bitterness upon this subject, he suddenly conceived the dreadful resolution of destroying himself. "Happiness," cried he aloud, "has departed from me for ever; nor can I witness the felicity enjoyed by others without envy: let me then put an end to an existence useless to others and insupportable to myself!" As he spoke he seized his sword, but at the moment when he pointed it against his breast, his arm became suddenly powerless, and a blaze of light filled the apartment. Fortunio, struck with a feeling of awe and astonishment, prostrated himself upon the ground. "Rise, weak and guilty mortal!" said a sweet voice, "nor thus debase the dignity of thy nature by unmanly regrets for the loss of a being whom reason should have taught thee to despise."

The abashed Fortunio obeyed the command which he received, and beheld a youth of exquisite beauty; his robe of snowy whiteness displayed all the fine proportions of a figure which Fortunio conceived, by his wings of various and resplendent hues, to be that of a celestial being: nor was he mistaken; he beheld the Genius Umri, who was the most friendly to mankind of all his race.

"How is it, mistaken and perverse Fortunio," cried he in a tone of severity, "that you expect to be exempted from the common lot of humanity? Look around you, and shew me even one instance of a mortal whose happiness is without alloy!"

"I am aware, celestial messenger," replied Fortunio, "that perfect happiness is not the lot of mankind; but among those by whom I am surrounded, there are several who enjoy apparent felicity. Celadon is happy with the wife of his choice. Pharamond, despising love, has given up his thoughts to ambition, whose most favoured votary he is acknowledged. The darling passion of Marcus' soul is arms, and at an age when others have scarcely distinguished themselves, he is already at the head of his profession. When a youth of dissipation had ruined the fortune and nearly blasted the reputation of Civilis, he had firmness enough to devote himself to the severe study of the law, and now in his advanced age he has reached its highest dignities. Arcas, retiring from the busy scenes of life, places his happiness in the discharge of his domestic duties: as a father, as a friend, as a landlord, every tongue is lavish in the praise of Arcas; can he then be otherwise than happy?"

The Genius regarded Fortunio with a smile of pity. "There is not one of those whom thou hast mentioned that would not gladly change situation with thyself. But it is ever so with mortals; the evil under which each groans, always appears to him the least supportable. —Take," continued he, presenting Fortunio with a small book, "this

magic volume; you see it is at present a blank, but it possesses the singular property of giving a faithful relation of the life of each person with whom you converse, if you look into it immediately upon quitting him or her. Make then, Fortunio, a proper use of an indulgence never before granted to a mortal, and expiate by the virtues of your future life the crime which you had so nearly committed."

The Genius vanished, and Fortunio hastened to try the virtues of his magic volume. He instantly paid

a visit to Celadon, whom he found with his wife the beautiful Sophronia; they received him with smiles, and their behaviour to each other indicated so much happiness and affection, that Fortunio felt the most extreme impatience to learn from his magic volume what cause could possibly disturb such apparent felicity. He examined it immediately on quitting them, and found in it the following

HISTORY OF CELADON.

(To be continued.)

DESCRIPTION OF A COFFEE-SIMMERER.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

THE use of *coffee* becoming every day more extensive in this country, I presume that any suggestion, for the improvement of that pleasing and salubrious beverage, cannot be unacceptable to the public. Under that persuasion, I beg leave to communicate a method of coffee-making, which I have long practised, and which I find to answer my purpose better than any other; though I have tried several, and bestowed on the subject a share of attention, which your readers will hardly deem censurable, when apprised that coffee has, for the last three years, been my *only* beverage, except morning and evening tea.

My process, sir, is that of *simmering* over the small but steady flame of a lamp—a process at once simple, easy, and (without watching or attendance) uniformly productive of an extract so grateful to the palate and stomach, as to leave me

neither the want nor the desire of any stronger liquor.

But, to accomplish this, a vessel of peculiar construction is requisite. Mine is a straight-sided pot, as wide at top as at bottom, and inclosed in a case of similar shape, to which it is soldered air-tight at the top. The case is above an inch wider than the pot, descends somewhat less than an inch below it, and is entirely open at the bottom; thus admitting and confining a body of hot air all round and underneath the pot. The lid is double; and the vessel is, of course, furnished with a convenient handle and spout.

In this *simmerer* the extract may be made either with hot water or with cold. If intended for speedy use, hot water will be proper, but *not* actually *boiling*; and the powdered coffee being added, nothing remains but to close the lid tight, to stop the spout with a cork, and place the vessel over the lamp;

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where it may remain unattended and unnoticed, until the coffee is wanted for immediate use. It may then be strained through a bag of stout, close linen, which will transmit the liquid so perfectly clear, as not to contain the smallest particle of the powder.

The strainer is tied round the mouth of an open cylinder, or tube, which is fitted into the mouth of the coffee-pot that is to receive the fluid, as a steamer is fitted into the mouth of a saucepan; and, if the coffee-pot have a cock near the bottom, the liquid may be drawn out as fast and as hot as it flows from the strainer.

If the coffee be not intended for speedy use, as is the case with me, who have my simmerer placed over my night-lamp at bed-time, to produce the beverage which is to serve me the next day at dinner and supper; in such case, cold water may be used, with equal, or perhaps superior advantage; though I have never found any perceptible difference in the result, whether the water employed was hot or cold. In either case, it soon begins to simmer, and continues simmering all night, without ever boiling over, and without any sensible diminution of quantity by evaporation.

With respect to the *lamp*—although a fountain-lamp is undoubtedly preferable, any of the common small lamps, which are seen in every tin-shop, will answer the purpose, provided that it contain a sufficiency of oil to continue burning bright during the requisite length of time. The tube, or burn-

er, of *my* lamp, is little more than one eighth of an inch in diameter; and this, at the distance of one inch and three quarters below the bottom of the pot—with the wick little more than one eighth of an inch high, and with *pure spermaceti* oil—has invariably performed as above described, without requiring any trimming, or other attention, and without producing any smoke: whereas, if the wick were too high, or the oil not good, the certain consequences would be, smoke, soot, and extinction.

One material advantage attending this mode of coffee-making, is, that a smaller quantity of the powdered berry is requisite to give the desired strength to the liquor. The common methods require that the powder be coarse; in which state, it does not give out its virtue so completely as if it were ground finer: whereas, in this process, it may be used as fine as it can conveniently be rendered; and the finer it is, the smaller will be the quantity required, or the richer the extract; as I have agreeably experienced, since I have been enabled, by the new invention of Messrs. Deakin and Duncan of Ludgate-Hill, to have my coffee at once reduced to the proper degree of fineness by a single operation, without the tedious labour of a second grinding, with the mill tightened. I am, with due respect, sir, your obedient humble servant,

JOHN CAREY.

WEST-SQUARE, LAMBETH,
April 2.

THE ADVISER.

MR. EDITOR,

I DARE say your experience of mankind has been sufficient to convince you, that we have each, to use a familiar expression, our *hobby-horse*. Mine, sir, has been a desire to benefit my friends, and indeed mankind in general. But my wish to do good to others has occasioned the greatest inconveniences to myself; for in the fervour of philanthropy, I devoted my time and thoughts so wholly to other people's affairs, that I really forgot to think of my own; and the consequence is, that my pecuniary concerns are greatly deranged. But that is a trifle in my estimation, Mr. Editor, compared with the mortification which I experience from the ingratitude of all my acquaintance.

But to return to my hobby—you must know, sir, that for several years I have been distinguished as the *Adviser* of all my friends; and finding it impossible to give advice to the purpose without knowing all the circumstances of the case, I was so particular in my inquiries respecting any affairs that came to my knowledge, that by degrees I have acquired the character of a troublesome, impertinent fellow. When a prejudice is once raised against a man, it is astonishing how soon his character is blackened; and a hundred false reports which were spread respecting me, were readily believed.

Captain O'Bumper had through my means run away with Miss Squeezem, the daughter of an eminent pawnbroker. She was an only child, and you must allow, Mr.

Editor, that as it was well known her father doated upon her, I might fairly presume that he would not be inexorable. Old Squeezem was worth a plum and a half, and my friend the captain's fortune and expectations consisted of his commission and his chance of being one day a baronet, as there were only two uncles and eleven cousins between him and the title and estate of Glassmahanogue.

Under these circumstances, sir, the match appeared to me perfectly eligible; but it unfortunately happened, that the pawnbroker renounced his daughter, and to destroy all her hopes of inheriting his property, married his cook-maid, and settled every shilling of it upon her. O'Bumper was so enraged on the occasion, that, without considering I was wholly blameless, he had the impudence to propose for his toast at a dinner where I was present—"Confusion to all advisers!" which he drank in a pint bumper of claret.

My friend Lovepeace had lived a bachelor for fifty-five years, because he dreaded the prattle of a wife and the squalling of children; but meeting at a watering-place with Miss Meekly, he was captivated with her mild manners, and particularly struck with her uncommon taciturnity. After debating the matter with himself for a whole week, without being able to decide whether he should commence Benedict or not, he posted to town to consult me. As there is no trusting to a lover's description of his mistress, I took the trouble to return with him, on purpose to see her; and so com-

pletely did she act the character she had assumed, that I advised him to marry her immediately. He did so, and in about six weeks afterwards I received a letter from him, reproaching me for what he called my cursed advice, by following which, he said, he embittered all his future life; and civilly desired me never to enter his house again.

Astonished at this unhandsome treatment, I inquired among our common friends how the new-married pair went on; and I found that Mrs. Lovepeace had turned out a complete shrew. I wrote to him immediately, assuring him that his situation though bad was not hopeless, provided he would follow my advice; for I had a plan to propose, which I was certain, if steadily persevered in, would effectually break his wife's spirits. Unfortunately my letter fell into the hands of Mrs. Lovepeace, who drove instantly in a hackney-coach to my lodgings in Piccadilly—by the bye, I was just comfortably settled—and flying into the drawing-room where I was seated reading, burst into a torrent of half-intelligible reproaches, which ended in an hysteric fit.

You will readily conceive, Mr. Editor, the unpleasantness of my situation, when I tell you, that my landlady was one of the most irascible of the whole tribe of old maids, and that she actually believed Mrs. Lovepeace was some poor girl whom I had ruined and forsaken. All my endeavours to enter into an explanation were unavailing; the good woman, in the purity of her heart, anathematized me for a vile seducer, whom it might endanger her reputation to

have any communication with, and I was forced to provide myself with other apartments the next day.

My friend Sir Christopher Cameleon never did any thing during the space of twenty years without consulting me; and though he frequently changed his mind ten times in a day, yet as I was generally the last person whom he spoke to, he usually followed my advice. Death deprived me of this valuable friend, who bequeathed to me the guardianship of his son and daughter. The former was of an amiable disposition, and inherited his father's yielding and docile spirit; but he was fond of dissipation, and I became afraid that both his health and morals would suffer by the pursuit of pleasure. To prevent it, I earnestly advised him to devote himself to the study of mathematics. The poor youth, who regarded my advice as oracular, followed it, alas! too implicitly; for his faculties were not strong enough to bear his incessant application to this abstruse science, and in about a year he became an idiot.

You will readily believe that I deeply regretted the advice which had occasioned this dreadful misfortune; in fact I was so much affected by it, that I resolved never to give advice again. My ruling passion, however, though it lay for some time dormant, was not extinguished, and an affair soon occurred which called it again into action.

My ward, Miss Cameleon, was addressed by two gentlemen of very opposite characters. The one, Sir Samuel Specious, was a man of very moderate fortune, but apparently of a good disposition, entirely free from debt, and to all appearance

calculated, in the newspaper phrase, to render the marriage state completely happy. The other gentleman possessed a large fortune; he was of an open, generous disposition, and passionately attached to my ward; but he had been guilty of some youthful indiscretions, which alarmed my watchful prudence: I therefore gave my voice for Sir Samuel, and poor Clara bestowed her hand upon him; but I had taken the precaution to reserve a considerable part of her fortune in her own power. Could human prudence have done any thing more, Mr. Editor? Surely I have no reason to reproach myself because Sir Samuel turned out an unprincipled libertine? He soon wheedled his wife out of her settlement, and while he denies her every thing but the bare necessities of life, he squanders her fortune on courtezans of the lowest description. What adds to the mortification of the unhappy Lady Specious is, that the lover whom she refused in pursuance of my advice, is since married to an amiable woman, and makes a most exemplary husband.

Well, Mr. Editor, you probably suppose that all these misfortunes have completely sickened me of giving advice. *Tout au contraire*, I find my fondness for it increase daily, and as I could point out to you several instances in which my advice has done good, I think you will agree with me, that, notwithstanding the unfortunate consequences of it which I have related to you, I am justified in continuing to bestow it upon all who will take it. But as I before observed to you, the scandalous reports propagated respecting me, render it necessary

for me to remain *incognito*. Now, Mr. Editor, you have a fair opportunity to oblige me, and to serve mankind, and I have no doubt that your philanthropy will induce you readily to embrace it. Permit me thus, sir, through the channel of your elegant and moral publication, to proclaim myself the *Adviser General* of Europe. I offer my services gratis to all who may stand in need of sage counsel—prime ministers only and always excepted. *Entre nous*, Mr. Editor, they are an obstinate set; I speak from experience, for I have thrown away much good advice in letters to which they never had the politeness to pay the least attention, not only to our own heads of administration, but also to those of the other sovereigns of Europe: therefore I am resolved to waste no more time with them.

I mention my determination on this point explicitly, in order that ministers may see the inutility of troubling me on national business: but as to their own private concerns, that is another thing, I shall always be ready to afford them cheerfully the benefit of my counsel on their domestic affairs.

If, Mr. Editor, you are inclined to grant the favour I have requested of you, have the goodness to insert in your next number, as much of the contents of this letter as may be sufficient to acquaint the public in general of my intentions. As the consequences of my advice may be such as to render it necessary for me to preserve my *incognito*, allow me the additional favour of having communications addressed to me, Solomon Sagephiz, *Adviser General* of Europe, at No. 101, Strand. In return for this kindness, Mr. Editor,

I shall be most happy to devote a large portion of my time and thoughts to those affairs upon which you may deem it necessary to consult your very humble servant,
SOLOMON SAGEPHIZ.

GLEANINGS ILLUSTRATIVE OF OLD CUSTOMS, MANNERS, &c.

THE following extracts, made from seventy years of old periodical works, may perhaps amuse your readers; they will explain many old customs, and perhaps afford as much entertainment in the perusal as they did in the collecting to

ONE OF THE GRUBS.

1731.

May 7. Miss Halliday, for whose benefit a play was acted last night at the theatre in Lincoln's-Inn Fields, received from the royal family, over and above the usual present, a large gold medal, weighing about fifty guineas, with the bustos of her Majesty as Electress of Hanover, on each side.

25th. Died, Mr. Fawkes, famous for his dexterity of hand, worth 10,000*l.*

July 2. The queen sent to the playhouse in Drury-lane for the MS. of *George Barnwell*, to peruse it, when Mr. Wilkes carried it to Hampton-Court.

August 2. Monday was the election at Eton, when the scholars, according to custom, hunted a ram, by which the provost and fellows hold a manor.

13th. The royal family hunted a stag in Richmond New Park: in the midst of the sport Sir Robert Walpole's horse fell with him just before the queen's chaise; but he was soon remounted, and her Majesty ordered him to bleed by way of precaution.

September 3. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales had his hair cut, by the order of his physicians.

15th. The famous devil that used to overlook Lincoln was taken down, having lost his head in a storm two years ago.

1732.

April 10. The curious representation of our Lord's Supper over the altar of the cathedral of Windsor having been much damaged, by being buried in the earth during the usurpation of Oliver Cromwell, the dean and prebendaries of Windsor agreed with an eminent painter to clean and repair it.

25th. A high court of chivalry was held at the College of Arms, Doctors' Commons, where articles were exhibited against the executors of Mr. Ladbroke, &c. for putting up achievements that did not belong to the parties.

July 25. The Society of Apothecaries resolved to erect a magnificent green and hot-house in the physic-garden at Chelsea, on the plan of Mr. Oakley, architect, who was chosen surveyor of the works.

27th. At a court of common council, a committee, which had been appointed to consider what might be a proper satisfaction to the lord mayor and sheriffs in lieu of the perquisites arising from the sale of the place of keeper of Newgate, and how the place should be disposed of for the future, made their report, containing in sub-

stance:—1st. That the place ought not to be sold; 2d. That the sheriff for the time being ought to have the appointment of a keeper for the time of shrievalty; 3d. That the sum of 1000*l.* should be given to the present lord mayor and sheriffs; 4th. That a committee of aldermen and twelve common councilmen be annually chosen, to inspect the keeper's behaviour and the state of the gaol, and to make their report to the common council, who shall dismiss the keeper at pleasure.

August 18. The gridiron was put on the top of St. Laurence's steeple: it is made of copper, 1 cwt.

September 15. The new stables in the Mews nearly finished.

19th. The court of aldermen ordered forty freedoms to the lord mayor in lieu of the sale of the keeper of Newgate.

October 2. The new theatre in Goodman's-fields was opened with the play of *King Henry IV.* In a large oval over the pit is painted the figure of his Majesty, attended by Peace, Liberty, Justice trampling Tyranny and Oppression under his feet. Round it are the heads of Shakspeare, Dryden, Congreve, and Betterton. On the co-ving on the left hand is painted the scene of Cato pointing to the dead body of his son Marcus; in the middle, that of Julius Cæsar stabbed in the senate-house; and on the right, that of Marc Antony and Octavia, where her children are introduced in *All for Love*. On the sounding-board over the stage is a

handsome piece of painting of Apollo and the nine Muses. The whole is looked upon as a neat and elegant piece of workmanship.

3d. The lord mayor and court of aldermen resolved, that for the future no acquitted prisoners should pay fees.

1733.

April 27. A prologue spoken at the theatre royal Covent-Garden, April 21, by Mr. Paget, on occasion of his attempting *King Lear*: a young gentleman, his relative, then also appearing for the first time on the stage in the character of Cordelia.

November 20. Mr. Harper, one of the comedians in the Haymarket company, who had been committed to Bridewell by Sir Thomas Clarges as a stroller, was discharged upon his own recognizance.

1734.

February 2, being Candlemas-day, there was a grand entertainment at the Temple-Hall for the judges, serjeants, &c. The Prince of Wales was there *incog.* and several persons of quality. Mr. Baker was master of the ceremonies, and received all the company. At night there was a comedy acted by the company of his Majesty's revels from the theatre in the Haymarket, called *Love for Love*, and the societies of the Temple presented the comedians with 50*l.* The ancient ceremony of the judges, &c. *dancing round our coal-fire*, and singing an old French song, was performed with great decency.

(*To be continued.*)

THE FEMALE TATTLER.

No. XVII.

He is by no means to be accounted useless or idle who has stored his mind with acquired knowledge, and can detail it occasionally to others, who have less leisure or weaker abilities.

Dr. JOHNSON.

A LADY of my acquaintance, who never suffers her time to be unemployed, and whose object is, at the same time, to render it useful to others as well as profitable to herself, has made it a practice to collect extracts from such books as she reads for her own entertainment or instruction, and, as it may prove, for the entertainment and instruction of others. One of these manuscripts she has been so kind as to lend to me; and my readers, I should hope, will not be dissatisfied with this paper, which contains a few pages taken from such an interesting work. It is divided into sections, under specific heads, and I shall proceed to give them in the order in which they appear before me.

BEAUTY.

Aristotle being asked, why every person was so fond of beauty—the philosopher replied, “It was the question of a blind man.”

It is generally considered, that beauty consists in the union of colour with a just proportion of parts. Some are of opinion, that a beautiful person must be fair, while others give their preference to the brunette. The difference of opinions with respect to beauty in various countries is principally as to form and colour, and this difference will be generally found to originate in national customs.

Among the Chinese, a handsome man must be large and fat, have a high forehead, small inexpressive

eyes, a short nose, large ears, a mouth of moderate size, and a beard the hairs of which must be black. The most essential point of the women’s beauty in the same country consists in the smallness of their feet: as soon as a female child is born, she is resigned to the care of a nurse, by whom every precaution is taken, in the use of certain ligatures, to prevent their growth. It has, indeed, been supposed, that jealousy was the original cause of this custom; but the universal prevalence of it among all ranks of the Chinese people, of whose character that passion does not appear to be a predominant feature, must be thought to counteract such an opinion.

The natives of the Ladrone Islands consider black teeth and white hair as the essentials of beauty.

Among the Arabs of the desert, the women blacken the edge of their eyelids with a dark powder, and draw a line round the eye with it, to make that feature appear large. It has, indeed, been generally remarked, that large black eyes are considered as a distinguished perfection among the Eastern women.

In Greenland the women paint their faces blue and yellow. These colours, we all know, have been considered with respect as the distinction of a political party; but blue and buff never extended, among us, beyond the fancy of the

dress-maker, or the shop-board of the tailor.

In ancient Persia, an aquiline nose was a strong recommendation to the attainment of imperial power; while in some countries the mother breaks the nose of the newborn child, and in others the head is pressed between two pieces of wood to force it into a square form.

The ladies in Japan gild their teeth; and in some parts of the Indies they are known to paint them red.

The modern Persians have a strong aversion to red hair; the Turks, on the contrary, admire locks of that colour. The Indian beauty does not think herself attractive unless she is smeared with the fat of the bear; and the Hottentot expects to receive from the hands of her lover, as a proof of his amorous idolatry, the reeking entrails of some animal newly slain, which she considers as an enviable decoration.

In China small eyes are preferred, and the young women are continually employed in plucking their eyebrows, that they may be small and long. The Turkish women dip a gold brush in the tincture of a black drug, which they pass over their eyebrows: it is too visible by day, but appears shining by night. They tinge the nails also with rose-colour. Thus roseate fingers form one of the most prominent descriptions of beauty in Oriental poetry.

An ornament for the nose appears to Europeans to be altogether unnecessary, if not disgusting; while the ladies of Peking hang a ring from that feature of the face, whose weight and thickness is proportion-

ed to the rank of their husbands. The custom of boring it as our women do their ears, is very common in several nations. Through the perforation are hung various materials, such as jewels of various kinds, and gold in divers forms.

The female head-dress is carried in some countries to an unaccountable degree of extravagance. The Chinese fair carries on her head the figure of a certain bird, which is composed of copper or gold, according to the quality of the wearer. The wings spread out, fall over the front of the head-dress, and conceal the temples; the tail, long and open, forms a beautiful tuft of feathers. The beak covers the top of the nose, while the neck is fastened to the body of the artificial animal by a spring, that it may more freely play, and be agitated by the slightest motion.

How must the European, and particularly the English beauty, rise in the eye of nature and reason, when compared with such descriptions! though it would be curious to see how they would be described by a visitor of London from one of the countries which have been just mentioned.

MUSIC.

Mr. Gibbon, in the last volume of his *History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, observes as follows:—Experience has proved, that the mechanical operations of sounds, by quickening the circulation of the blood and spirits, will act on the human machine more forcibly than the eloquence of reason and honour. Of this remark of the celebrated historian, the following anecdotes are remarkable illustrations.

Mr. Pye, the late poet-laureate, mentions, in his Commentary on Aristotle, that the *Rans de Vaches*, mentioned by Rousseau in his Dictionary of Music, though without any thing striking in its composition, has such a powerful influence on the Swiss, and excites in them so strong a desire to return to their own country, that under the old *ré-gime* it was forbidden to be played in the Swiss regiments, then in the service of France, on pain of death.

Beyond all memory or tradition, the favourite instrument of the Scotch musicians has been the bagpipe, introduced into Scotland at a very early period by the Norwegians. The large bagpipe is the instrument of the Highlanders for war, for marriage, for funeral processions, and other great occasions. They have also a small kind, on which their dancing tunes are played. A certain species of this wild music, called *pibrochs*, is said to raise and elevate the spirits of the native Highlanders so as to produce effects almost as marvellous as those recorded of ancient music.

In order to prove the wonderful power which music possesses in calming the human passions, Martinelli, in his Letters on Italian Music, offers the two following and very extraordinary examples.

Stradella, the celebrated violin-player of Naples, by a piece of music which he executed at a public concert in that city, made so strong an impression on a young lady's heart, that she consented to elope with him to Rome. Her guardian was so enraged at the degrading step she had taken, that he persuaded one of her lovers, and who had proposed to marry her, to wash

away with her ravisher's blood the injury and insult which he had sustained. The lover accordingly followed Stradella, and on his arrival at Rome he was informed, that the musician was to perform on that day in one of the principal churches. He accordingly went there, breathing his vindictive purpose; but heard Stradella's music, and forgot his revenge.

The second example is of Palma, who was also a Neapolitan musician. He was one day surprised in his house by one of his creditors, who demanded his money in the most imperious language, and threatened to throw him into prison. Palma made no answer to his abuse and his threats but by singing an air. The creditor seemed to listen to it; when the musician sung another, which he accompanied with his harpsichord. Thus he continued, till the heart of the obdurate man became so softened, that he not only ceased to demand his debt, but actually accommodated Palma with an additional sum, to relieve him from some immediate and pressing difficulties.

If Stradella, continues Martinelli, by a simple sonata on the violin could tranquillize the furious transports of an irritated rival, who had travelled an hundred leagues to obtain revenge; if Palma, with a coarse voice, gained the heart of an avaricious creditor, and obtained an additional loan, we may well comprehend the meaning which is concealed in the powers that fable attributes to Orpheus.

LITERATURE.

It appears that many have expressed their astonishment at the small number of learned men; when,

in fact, we should be surprised rather that there are so many, if we considered all the concurring circumstances requisite to constitute a man of real learning. To form a learned man, natural talents are the first requisite; next, solid sense, an acute mind, and a faithful memory: to these must be added, a vigorous constitution, an equanimity of temper, an insatiable desire of knowledge, and, which is in a great degree the consequence, an habitual attachment to study. But, after all, these advantages must often meet with unconquerable obstructions, if Fortune does not bestow some portion of her favours. A man born in servitude or poverty, and who wants what are considered as the ordinary comforts of life, is compelled to think of the means to acquire them, in preference to every other thought: he must direct his attention to the objects of common life, instead of forming plans for study, and think of the means by which he may sustain his existence, instead of those by which he may acquire fame. Besides, we are born subject to the will of our parents; they dispose of us according to their particular views or interests, and perhaps, for it often happens so, without even examining our talents and dispositions, and consequently without a due appropriation of them. In all the disposals which parents make of their children, no one is observed to bring them up to the profession of letters; they give them the general education of common life, and that is all.

In addition to the requisites already enumerated, it is necessary to possess courage, in order to resist

those incidents in life which interrupt the complacent hours of study. Studious men, from their pacific temper and retired life, are affected more than others by the painful occurrences of society. If learning bestows comfort and acquires dignity, it must be when it is accompanied with independence. They who suppose that it will confer riches, are deceived. Genius seldom enjoys the favours of Fortune; and the profits of authors do not keep pace with their reputation. Melancholy is the catalogue of men of letters who have pined in misery, and sunk under the pressures of indigence.

The amiable Mr. George Dyer, in his Dissertation on the Theory and Practice of Benevolence, has treated this subject with energy and feeling, as appears by the following animated apostrophe, selected from his work:—

“O Genius, art thou to be envied or pitied? Doomed to form the most sanguine expectations, and to meet with the most mortifying disappointments;—to indulge towards others the most generous wishes, and to receive thyself the most illiberal treatment;—to be applauded, admired, and neglected;—to be a friend to all, and too often befriended by none!—O thou creative, discriminating power, source of inexpressible delights, and the nurse of unknown sensibilities that perpetuate distress! Fancy shall embody thy form, and often visit the grave of Chatterton, to drop the tear of sympathy over that ingenious, unfriended, and unfortunate youth!”

F— T—.

ENIGMATICAL LETTER.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

THE following curious epistle having accidentally come into my hands, I am anxious to discover its meaning; and if among your numerous correspondents any one can furnish a key to the mystery, I shall feel obliged.

I am given to understand, that "Expensive Wig" means "Dear Bob;" and "Billy for ever," in all probability, means "will always."

I am, sir, yours,

T. J.

BRIDGE-STREET, April 5, 1817.

Expensive Wig,

A gentleman with a fly in his eye before a mug of Kamschatka or Billy for ever sir your papa's sister an ill-bred dog replying set as the devil you to a capital bird with sixty minutes and a landlord a pitcher full of little ones in a napkin. My lord alter your fire-

place never hit verdant calf is at my yard and quarter fine gentleman bagnio has sinistered the genitive case hisson of a plumb-cake—no girl cutting parsley in the kitchen between April and June before the great wife on a model of Paris and a sun-burnt Israelite a buck of mine tumbled down plenty belaus. I must beg you neither to make ready nor fire—my respects to your white fiddle tenor, bass, &c. &c.—I have how like Guy's cow—new morn—no rain and starlight.

P. S. The great stake of wood cannot ounce.—The first in a frying-pan you will a damn'd falsehood hear from, sir,

Put 4 to what past.

N. B. I conceive "the great stake of wood" means "the post"—"cannot ounce" may also mean "cannot wait" (weight).

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE ART OF LITHOGRAPHY.

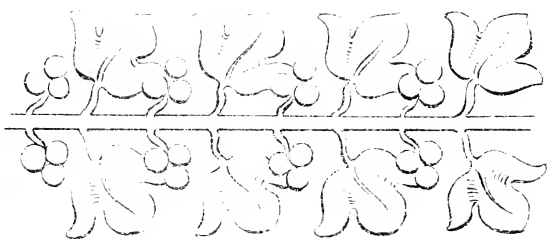
(Continued from p. 225.)

WITH A SPECIMEN.

LITHOGRAPHY, or the art of printing with stone, is indisputably one of the most useful modern inventions, and may for two reasons be considered as such. In the first place, on account of its own intrinsic and peculiar excellencies; and in the second, by comparison with other modes of obtaining impressions, almost all of which may be imitated by it, while it possesses the advantage of having little to fear from imitation on their parts.

Lithography affords the possibility of the utmost exactness, and is therefore capable of being extremely useful for important writings, especially to statesmen, officers, and merchants, who are enabled by it to obtain as many copies as they please of such documents, with extraordinary dispatch.

By means of this process all kinds of impressions of ancient and modern writings, tables, bills of exchange, bills of lading, receipts,



certificates, price-currents, copies for schools, drawing-books, patterns for needle-work and embroidery, charts, maps, plans, every object embraced by the art of design, original sketches of living artists, as also the closest imitations of old masters, portraits, &c. may be speedily produced.

One principal advantage of lithography is the expedition with which a drawing may be made and copies taken off, while at the same time the stone is not rendered unserviceable for any other purpose, as is the case with copper and wood; since the surface of the stone requires only to be rubbed a little, to be rendered fit to be used again.

By the assistance of the pencil and prepared tracing-paper, fac-similes of writings or drawings may be obtained, and these may be so combined with other kinds as to produce the most beautiful designs. Lithography is peculiarly adapted to the accurate representation of subjects in natural history, as the naturalist needs only to make his drawing upon prepared paper, which may afterwards be transferred to stone.

For coloured drawings lithography is preferable to any other process, as the impressions are perfectly smooth, and not imprinted in the paper, as is the case with those taken from wood and copper, the design being sunk in with the former, and raised or in relief with the latter.

For the purpose of multiplying copies of letters, the lithographic process is far preferable to copying-machines.

The imitation of wood-engraving possesses great advantages

over the best performances on wood, in regard to superior purity and dimensions, inferiority of price, and more expeditious production. Indeed lithography alone is capable of producing, and that with very little trouble, imitations of the old masters, whose *chef d'œuvres* cause modern artists to wonder how it was possible for their predecessors to accomplish what they did in the practical department of their art; viz. that of crossing their lines.

The method of obtaining impressions from drawings or writings merely made upon the stone, is extremely simple and advantageous. It admits of drawings being executed with the pencil, the pen, or chalk. As the artist does not cut into the stone, the fac-simile possesses all the ease, freedom, and softness of a drawing; and it may with truth be asserted, that by lithography alone the bold spirited strokes of the pen, and the softness of the chalk, in which respect of course this method far surpasses engraving upon copper, can be preserved. Were we less solicitous about such clear impressions as copper-plates are capable of furnishing, or rather, had we an eye not so much to the beauty as to the number of the impressions, in this case also the lithographic process would have a preference to the other. As every stroke upon the stone, no matter how thin or broad, yields an impression when the surface only is taken off, it is easy to calculate how expeditious this mode of printing must be; and even when designs are made upon the stone with the graver, the operation is performed as speedily as upon copper. Stone is also capa-

ble of furnishing the most beautiful designs after the manner of copper-plates; but as they are not so clear as the latter, and require more labour, this method is not upon the whole very advantageous: but yet, it has been found as well if not better adapted to the engraving of

music, as copper or pewter. Writing may also be very well engraved upon stone, as may in general every thing that can be executed on copper.

The printing is performed just as rapidly as with copper-plates.

(*To be continued.*)

PLATE 28.—VAUXHALL BRIDGE.

THE annexed plate is a view of the bridge taken from Milbank, a little above the Penitentiary-House, represented in Plate 15, *p.* 152 of the present volume. Between the abutments the bridge is 806 feet in length, and in clear breadth of roadway, 36 feet wide; it is formed by two extensive abutments, and of eight stone piers, each 13 feet wide. The arches are nine in number, 78 feet span each, the centre arch being 39 feet high above the low-wa-

ter, and 27 above high-water mark, and all are executed in cast iron. The whole was erected under the superintendence and direction of Mr. James Walker, the engineer, and was completed in 1816. For a further description of the bridge, and for some critical remarks on its merits, our readers are referred to No. X. of the *Architectural Review*, *p.* 252 of the second volume of the New Series of the *Repository*.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

THE VOCAL WORKS composed by G. F. HANDEL, arranged for the Organ or Piano-Forte by Dr. JOHN CLARKE. Second Series. Nos. 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, and 78. Pr. 6s. 6d. (to subscribers 5s.) each.

THE last of the above-mentioned numbers terminates the second series, and concludes the whole of the superb, and in all respects excellent, edition of Handel's Vocal Works. To Messrs. Button and Whitaker, the publishers, the musical world of the present and future ages must feel deeply indebted for the resolution to attempt the production of this classic and invaluable collection, and for the per-

severance, liberality, and typographical splendour with which this determination has been carried into execution; and our thanks are equally due to Dr. Clarke for the indefatigable and unabated industry with which he has exerted his great skill as a harmonist in this comprehensive and laborious undertaking. He and the publishers have thus raised a monument to the immortal German bard, which his own country, Great Britain, and Europe at large, will appreciate and venerate as long as harmony shall dwell and be cultivated among them, and which, we trust and believe, will be equally, if not more durable than the labours of the



chisel, by which a grateful age has endeavoured to perpetuate the memory of this great composer.

"Oh! say not Woman's Heart is bought," a favourite Ballad, sung with the most rapturous applause by Miss Stephens at the Theatre Royal Covent-Garden, in the operatic Piece called "*The Heir of Fironi*," composed and arranged for the Piano-Forte, with Accompaniments for an Orchestra, by John Whitaker. Pr. 2s.

This ballad claims a conspicuous rank among the happy efforts of Mr. W.'s lyric Muse. Not only the ideas themselves, but also their harmonic treatment, are select and peculiarly interesting. The passage, "When first her gentle bosom knows," is aptly and neatly conceived; and the succeeding line, "Deep in her heart the passion glows," is melodized with much feeling. Equally appropriate and impressive is the burden, "She loves, she loves for ever." The addition of the whole instrumental score forms rather a novel feature in this publication, which is perfectly deserving of this distinction; but the piano-forte accompaniment alone, set as it is with special care, will be found fully capable of supporting the melody with proper effect.

The favourite Pas de la Glasse in the Ballet of La Partie de Chasse d'Henry IV. arranged as a Rondo for the Piano-Forte, with an Accompaniment for the Flute or Violin (ad lib.) by F. Fémy. Pr. 2s. 6d.

The frequenters of the King's Theatre cannot have forgotten the fine scene of the above-mentioned ballet, in which Madame Léon

dances a charming *pas seul* before a supposed mirror of large dimensions, while every attitude, step, and gesture are *pretendedly* reflected to the eye of the audience, but, in fact, mimicked by a "*double*" performing precisely the same evolutions behind the gauze-surface. The tune before us is the accompaniment to this well-contrived deception; and its lively French style, rather of an original cast, is not only admirably suited to this purpose, but also not undeserving of the notice of the musical amateur. Mr. Fémy's adaptation appears to us well conceived, and upon the whole very proper. An adequate proportion of digressive matter and modulation is introduced; and a great part of these, as well as of the subject and neat minor trio, is reproduced in the fifth of the key. Some inconvenient fingering in the bass (e. g. p. 3, line 3, and p. 4, lines 1 and 4,) shews that Mr. F.'s knowledge on the piano-forte is not equal to his skill on the violin, which has deservedly established his reputation in this country.

The yellow Leaf, a favourite Song, composed by W. Knyvett, and sung by him at Messrs. Knyvett's Annual Concerts. Pr. 2s.

The melody as well as the harmony of this song, is free from those eternal repetitions of commonplace ideas which sicken the ear in the major part of the vocal compositions of the present day. The former is throughout highly impressive and pathetic, and the harmony exhibits a successful aim at selectness of instrumental support, guided by a tasteful and scientific pen. This aim of the author has in some instances, perhaps, been

allowed too free a range, and, once or twice, led to some irregularity in the harmony (*bar 10, p. 1, for instance*): but when there is so much to applaud, it would be invidious to dwell on trifling imperfections. The introductory and concluding symphonies are equally elaborate, and present some clever counterpoints.

"*Le Romanesque*," a *Divertimento for the Piano-Forte, with a Flute Accompaniment (ad libitum), composed, and dedicated to Mrs. Smith, of Short Grove, Essex*, by T. Latour. Pr. 4s.

The succession of the several movements in this divertimento is as follows:—An extraordinary andante, an aria, and a waltz, with an episodic slow movement *alla Siciliana*. The introduction in A minor is impressively pathetic; and the sweetly melodious strain in C major, *p. 3*, intervenes with effective contrast. In the style and treatment of the ensuing *aria*, Mr. L. has evinced a vein of fine musical feeling, highly creditable to him: it is a charming movement, full of grace and expression, and requires peculiar attention to the little rests, dots, and other niceties of execution (all precisely indicated), to render it such in the performance. The waltz is pretty, has in its progress some neatly varied amplification of the theme, and a good minor strain, which merges into C major; after which an agreeable *Siciliana* is aptly introduced, and followed by the original subject of the waltz. A second trio in F \sharp minor follows next, and the composition appropriately concludes with a range of brilliant quick passages, terminating in energetic

full chords. All lies kindly under both hands.

Three Walzes for the Piano-Forte, composed, and dedicated to Miss Hale, by W. Eavestaff. Pr. 3s.

These waltzes are not calculated, and were probably not intended, for the ball-room; but they will be found worthy of the desk of the amateur. The subjects of each, and of the several strains into which each is subdivided, are conceived in a proper and truly select style: in the melodies, as well as the harmonic treatment, variety and good taste are abundantly displayed; and the harmony, in particular, evinces an ear familiarized with classic authors, and guided by musical science. The theme of the first waltz, which presents rather early modulation, is interesting; and its trio, although too similar to the original subject, is not less satisfactory: a fine flow of melodious expression runs through these two pages. The second waltz is conspicuous for the originality of its fine subject, the proper execution of which requires some attention: it resembles the style of Haydn's minuets. In the trio, in two flats, the third bar might have admitted of some superior arrangements, to avoid the succession of the chords A, C, F, and B \flat , E \flat , G: its second strain contains some good bars of contrary motion of parts, under very effective harmonic support. The coda is excellent; true musical feeling has dictated it; it deserves the digital effort, which it requires, of grasping tenths. No. 3, probably suggested by the style of the Copenhagen Waltz, is also very attractive: the second strain, although not quite original, is, in

the true character of the waltz, considered as a dance-tune; and the imitation of the passages of the right hand, by the left in the trio, is well devised and successfully managed.

"*The Village Milkmaid*," sung by Mrs. Bland at the Theatre Royal Drury-lane, written and composed by the Author of "*The Captive to his Bird*." Pr. 1s. 6d.

In our last number we stated our opinion of the merits and defects of "*The Captive to his Bird*," written and composed by the anonymous author of the present song. Our objections to the latter were confined to its harmonic arrangement, which, we are happy to say, is less faulty in "*The Village Milkmaid*," although, here still, there is room for emendation. Without entering into the same detail as before, we will only quote the 2d bar in the 3d page, the first chord of which exhibits a very grating error of solution. We must also mention, that too many notes are frequently thrown into the chords assigned to the right hand, to render the execution convenient to moderate proficient; the third verse is metrically incorrect, and therefore cannot, without melodical amplification, be sung to the vocal part of the first; and, lastly, although this may be matter of taste, the character of the melody appears to us too select for the infantine simplicity of the words. After these observations, we turn with pleasure to the favourable features of the author's labour. The air is conceived in an agreeable, smoothly connected pastoral style; the musical periods are regular and symmetrical, so as to blend into a sa-

tisfactory whole. In short, the vocal part, and even the accompaniment, evince a natural taste, which appears to us highly deserving of the fostering aid of scientific cultivation. The epithet "infantine simplicity" we have made use of in respect of the poetry, is by no means invidiously meant; on the contrary, we deem "*The Village Milkmaid*" well suited to the capacities of juvenile intellect, and equally recommendable in a moral point of view. If this was the author's intention, he ought not, however, to have gone higher than E in the vocal part.

Mozart's celebrated Overture to "*Il Don Giovanni*," adapted for the Piano - Forte, with Accompaniments for a Flute and Violoncello (*ad libitum*), by S. F. Rimbault. Pr. 3s.; without accompaniments, 2s.

The great interest excited by the representation of Mozart's opera of *Don Juan* at the King's Theatre, must render this arrangement of the overture doubly welcome to the musical amateur. We have carefully examined Mr. R.'s compression of the score, and are free to say, that, in our opinion, it is the best of all his adaptations of Mozart's dramatic overtures: the superior care and attention he has bestowed on this, are very obvious throughout; indeed, in two or three instances, a wish to do every possible justice to the author has produced a little intricate fingering, e. g. bars 13 and 14 in the slow movement. In the 6th bar of that movement, an important typographical error ought not to remain unnoticed: the G in the bass ought to be sharpened.

The much-admired Medley Overture for the Piano-Forte to the celebrated Pantomime of "Harlequin and the Sylph of the Oak, or the blind Beggar of Bethnal Green," as performed at the Theatre Royal Covent-Garden, composed and selected by W. H. Ware. Pr. 2s.

Conceiving that a strict criticism on an overture to a Christmas pantomime would be a misplaced and useless exercise of our functions, we shall briefly observe, that the piece before us contains a variety of successive movements, serious, tender, and sprightly. In one, the clarionet entertains the audience with a solo; in another the bugle-horn is made to engross the attention of the house; and the whole concludes with a lively and pretty rondo. Of original matter there is naturally but a small proportion, the greater part of the overture consisting of selections. The harmonic arrangement is not always free from objections. Without entering into detail, *bar 40, p. 2,* and *bar 26, p. 3,* will be sufficient to convince the author himself, we hope, of the justness of this remark.

The Bird-Catcher, a Ballad, sung by Master Barnett (in the Pantomime above-mentioned), composed by W. H. Ware. Pr. 1s. 6d.

The melody of this little ballad, which consists of two strains, one in $\frac{6}{8}$ and the other in $\frac{2}{4}$ time, is rendered attractive by its tasteful simplicity, and by an accompaniment perfectly suitable, especially where the flutes, as we suppose, act in imitation of the "feathered songsters." In the third page we observe two typographical errors: the E in *bar 9* should have been marked flat, and the B in the 24th

bar ought to have a natural before it.

The Wandering Stranger, or Child of Misfortune, a pathetic Ballad, sung by Miss Tunstall at the London Concerts, written by Mr. G. E. Giffard, composed by J. Monro. Pr. 1s. 6d.

The symphony of "The Wandering Stranger" is appropriate, and concludes with a passage of neat contrapuntal contrivance. The ballad itself is natural and emphatic in its melody, and proceeds in a well-connected graceful style. The expression of the words, "Unheeded I roam," is very good, and reminds us of a passage in Haydn's canzonets; and the concluding line, "Then turn thee, fair lady," supported by a more active accompaniment, is also conceived in a pleasing manner. The music throughout remains conspicuously and meritoriously faithful to the import of the text.

"*This Lily reminds me of one so unkind,*" a favourite Ballad, sung by Miss Matthews at the Theatre Royal Covent-Garden, written by Mr. G. E. Giffard, composed by J. Monro. Pr. 1s. 6d.

Nearly the same meritorious features of interest are observable in this ballad as in the one above-mentioned, although, had we to make a choice, we should prefer "The Wandering Stranger," the melody of which accords more with our individual taste. In the present composition, too, a greater degree of plainness and familiarized melodious progress prevails, and the accompaniment is stiffer, inasmuch as it follows the air throughout with a bass chiefly consisting of crotchets, instead of be-

ing occasionally set independent of the voice.

"*May the Man whose proud Bosom,*" written by G. E. Giffard; *the Music composed, and inscribed to Mrs. John Burbidge,* by F. J. Klose. Pr. 2s.

A tasteful melody of mellow fluency, and a full accompaniment of simultaneous or broken chords, confer an interest on this air, which

it could not have claimed on the score of originality of ideas, harmonic treatment, or correspondence of the text with the nature of the music. The latter is too gentle for the serious impression which the words convey. The symphony is pretty, but the third bar in the third page contains unsatisfactory harmonic combinations.

THE SELECTOR :

Consisting of INTERESTING EXTRACTS from NEW POPULAR PUBLICATIONS.

ON THE POPULATION OF AMERICA.

(From Dr. WILLIAMSON's *Observations on the Climate of America.*)

Concluded from p 236.

IT has been observed that the American savage, passing over the shepherd state, was turning his attention, in some instances, to the cultivation of the soil. From this circumstance it has been alleged, that he differs greatly from the man of the other continent: but this inference is not correctly deduced, for it is known, that the introduction of new arts and customs is frequently to be ascribed to what is called pure accident. The casual discovery of gunpowder in Europe gave rise to a variety of new customs and to the neglect of old ones. The introduction or discovery of a grain, that was easily cultivated, may have promoted agriculture; or the want of the most useful domestic animals may have caused the employment of a shepherd to be forgotten. The use of cows, sheep, and goats was known to the first family upon the other continent; and that family was also instructed in the art of cultivating the earth. The first emigrants from

the original stock were equally instructed in the several arts of tilling the earth, tending cattle, and killing game; but as men always prefer the most easy mode of living, they would support themselves, for many years, by hunting alone; for in new countries, where there is any winter, a family is most easily supported by hunting and fishing. When the game failed, they had recourse, in every case, to the other most easy mode of living, to the care of cattle; for the colonists, who were never separated from the parent state by an ocean, could easily obtain a supply of cattle when they needed them. In the progress of population, when pasture failed for cattle, they had recourse to agriculture. Thus it was that the shepherd state commonly succeeded the chase, and that again was succeeded by agriculture. This succession did not, for it could not, take place in America. The first planters brought with them the usual stock of know-

ledge, but they brought no cattle, They brought the maize*, as I presume, that we call Indian corn, for it is said to grow in Asia. If they wished to raise cattle, they could not obtain the species to which they had been accustomed, but they could raise corn, for they had the seed: hence it was, that in all cases

* Although maize and tobacco are both commonly supposed to have originated in America, there is much reason to believe that both those plants were carried from Asia by the original emigrants. I suspect that the Esquimaux Indians, when first discovered, had not the use of maize; for their ancestors came from a part of the other continent in which that grain is not cultivated, but it is cultivated in Asia. "The inhabitants," says Labillardiere, "sold us ears of maize, still green, which had been boiled." This was in one of the Molucca islands. Tobacco, as we are told, is cultivated by the natives in the vicinity of Nootka Sound. But tobacco is a tropical plant. The seed must have been imported from Asia. The Chinese, who seldom change their habits, have long been smokers of tobacco. Certain nations in India, beyond the Ganges, are slaves to the use of this nauseous plant. The inhabitants of the island Sagaleen, about the 49th degree of latitude, are also perpetual smokers of tobacco. We are told by La Perouse, that "they have good large-leaved tobacco, and the pipe is never out of their mouths." They are supposed to purchase their tobacco from the Tartars. It has also been observed, that the Tartars on the continent, nearly opposite to that island, are enslaved by the use of tobacco. "Every male of them, young and old, wears a leathern girdle, to which are hung a little pouch for tobacco, and a pipe." It is not to be supposed that all those nations, so distant and lately discovered, imported their tobacco, or its seed, within the last three hundred years, from America.

some degree of agriculture immediately followed the habit of living by the chase.

The annals of the American savage, like those of every other nation, have been corroded by the rust of time. When we speak of the epoch in which they arrived, we find ourselves travelling in the regions of conjecture, having few marks, and those very obscure, to direct our course. We discover nothing that may be deemed certain, except that they came, the greater part of them, from Asia, and that the time of their arrival is very distant.

While it was presumed that America was separated from the other continent by an ocean of considerable extent, various opinions were formed respecting the manner in which this continent had been peopled; for the ancestor of an American savage, in his canoe, could not be supposed to have adventured far upon the ocean; but the discoveries of late navigators have removed all difficulties on that head. We learn from Captain Cook and others, that Asia is not far distant from America. They may be seen, at the same time, from a ship in the middle passage*. It has also been discovered, that all the little islands between the northern parts of Asia and America are inhabited by savages, who must have wandered from Asia; and it is not to be supposed, that a similar race of men did not travel to America. In a word, the descent of the North-American Indians, or the greater number of them, from Asiatic Tartars, or their progenitors, is now

* The distance is not above thirteen leagues.

so fully established, that I shall not exercise the reader's patience, in shewing how much they resemble one another in their features, their scantiness of beard, or their language: but the Tartar did not transport his horse, and the want of that animal has caused many shades of difference in their habits.

In stating that the aborigines of North America are chiefly descended from the Tartars, or from the same stock with the Tartars, I am supported by common tradition* among those people, as well as by the obvious facility of the passage. But some of the northern Indians, as I suspect, emigrated from Europe. It can hardly be questioned that the Esquimaux Indians are the diminutive sprouts of Norwegian ancestors. It is fully ascertained, that colonies from Norway settled in Iceland and Greenland near one thousand years ago; but the first adventurers who are mentioned in history, found a race of savages who had preceded them.

The same adventurers who discovered Iceland, at the period to which I refer, extended their travels to the Labrador coast, where they found a race of savages, who appeared also, by their language, to have emigrated from Denmark or Norway. When we consider the distance of Iceland, Greenland, and the Labrador coast, from the British isles, or the northern parts of the continent, the difficulty and danger of navigating the northern ocean in high latitudes, and the contemptible vessels now in use among the Esquimaux, it may

* The Indians in general in this part of America allege, that they came from the north-westward.

appear strange that every island, and every spot of land, in those inhospitable regions, should have been discovered and settled at the time to which I have referred. This phenomenon is best accounted for by recollecting, that there must have been a time in which the northern ocean was navigated with less danger than at present; when Iceland, Greenland, and the Labrador coast were much more hospitable, the soil more productive, and the climate more temperate, than they are at present. This allegation may appear somewhat paradoxical, when it is compared with a former observation, that the winter's cold has been gradually decreasing for more than 2000 years, in the greater part of the world. The fact, however, is not to be disputed. The natives of Labrador, from their want of letters, can give us no account of the change that has taken place in that country; but the case is very different in Iceland. The inhabitants of that island have preserved their history for nine or ten centuries, and the change of climate there has been fully established. I do not say that the numerous population of Iceland near one thousand years ago, or the flourishing state of arts and sciences among those people at so distant a period, is to be taken for a proof that the climate was formerly more temperate, and the soil more productive than at present, although they add great probability to this opinion; but we find an argument in the natural history of the island, that seems to be absolutely conclusive. It is not to be disputed, that in former ages Iceland produced timber in

abundance*. Large trees are occasionally found there, in the marshes or valleys, that have been covered to a considerable depth in the ground. Segments of those fossil trees have lately been exported from the island, in proof of the fact alleged. But we are equally certain, that in the present age timber does not thrive in the island. Its growth is prevented, or the plants are destroyed, by the intensity of the winter's cold, as in the northern extremities of Asia and America, where nothing but shrubs is to be found. The same pejection of climate, and a similar degeneracy in the productions of the soil, have certainly taken place on the Labrador coast that have been observed in Iceland.

This remarkable increase of cold in high northern latitudes may be accounted for by reference to a general deluge, the flood of Noah. I am aware that allegations, in natural or civil history, are not to be supported by referring to a book whose authority is disputed; but in the present case I must be permitted to allege the certainty of a general deluge, provided it will account for the several phenomena,

* It is asserted in the ancient Icelandic records, that when Ingulf, the Norwegian, first landed in Iceland, anno 879, he found so thick a growth of birch-trees, that he penetrated them with difficulty. Some modern historians, knowing that no trees of any kind grow at present in that island, have expressed their fearlest the veracity of the ancient annalists should be suspected. If they had known that trunks of trees have lately been found in that island, buried several feet deep in the earth, their fears would have been obviated.

and provided those phenomena cannot otherwise be accounted for.

Upon the supposition of a general deluge, it will be admitted that immediately after the flood there could be no ice in any part of the ocean. The waters in the northern regions were exactly of the same temperature as the waters in other parts of the ocean, for they had the same origin. The fountains of the great deep were broken up. The temperature was thirty or forty degrees above the freezing point. In that case, the air in Iceland, or upon the Labrador coast, coming from the temperate surface of the ocean, was temperate and pleasant. Vegetation in the long days of summer was vigorous, and the winter was not sufficiently cold to destroy perennial plants. In the process of time the waters near the pole lost a great part of their heat, and ice was formed in the creeks and bays. Large cakes of ice were occasionally broken off by storms, and detached from the shore. As the temperature of the ocean decreased, some part of the broken ice continued to float through the summer. Every succeeding year added to the size of the floating masses*.

* It is a curious fact, and in perfect coincidence with this theory, that when the first Norwegian colony settled in Greenland, about one thousand years ago, they found no difficulty in approaching the coast, and a regular correspondence was supported with those people for many years. That intercourse was entirely neglected during the dark ages of anarchy and misrule in Europe. Since the revival of learning, within the two last centuries, sundry attempts have been made to discover the remains of that colony, who lived on the eastern part of Green-

They were increased by rain, by snow, and by the spray of the sea. The northern ocean is nearly filled at present by those floating islands of durable ice. The summer winds that reach the coast, instead of being tempered, as formerly, by a watery surface, are now chilled by mountains of ice; and they are become so intensely cold in winter, as to be destructive of animal and vegetable life.

It may possibly be alleged, that in the space of three thousand years, the time that passed between the flood and Ingulf's arrival in Iceland, the atmosphere should have been as cold, and the accumulation of ice as great, in the northern ocean as they are at present. It is readily admitted, that when we consider the present degree of cold which prevails in high latitudes, we conclude that a few years would be sufficient to produce vast bodies of ice. But we are to consider, that, in the case referred to, the water in every part of the ocean was tepid, and the whole face of the earth was of the same temperature with the water: whence it follows, that the atmosphere could not be cold, nor could there be ice or snow in the longest nights of winter. We have no data by which we may compute the number of years or ages that were necessary to abstract so great a body of heat as then existed in the northern lands and ocean; but a long period must land; but no landing can now be effected on that coast, by reason of the vast bodies of ice with which it is pressed. From this it is clear, that within the last seven or eight hundred years there has been a great increase of ice in high northern latitudes.

have been required; for there is no fact in natural history more certain, than that there was more heat, or less cold, in high northern latitudes, in the eighth or ninth century, than there is at present; nor is it clear that the heat of the air, earth, or water, in those high latitudes, has yet attained its lowest degree*.

By keeping in mind that there has been a time in which the climate was temperate, and the soil, for the same reason, was productive, in high northern latitudes, we are enabled to account for many phenomena which had appeared very enigmatical. We are no longer surprised that any part of our species should have migrated and settled themselves willingly in Lapland and other regions near the arctic circle; in regions from which nature, in the present age, seems to shrink with horror. Those countries, as we conceive, were all of them settled while the climate was temperate and the soil fit for cultivation. As the miseries that are caused by cold weather and a frozen soil increased, the habits and constitutions of the inhabitants suffered a considerable change, and they became attached to the land of their ancestors. They now live, or seem to live, contented, in a country to which criminals are banished as one of the severest punishments.

By attending to the above-stated changes in soil and climate in high northern latitudes, we can easily discover how it should have hap-

* Vast bodies of ice from the northern seas are thought to have become more dangerous of late to navigators, near the banks of Newfoundland, than formerly,

pened, that Norway contained a crowded population above one thousand years ago, and sent out colonies.

By attending to that change of climate in high latitudes, we can easily account for incidents that have excited general attention twelve or fifteen hundred years ago.

We discover how it happened, that certain countries, which at present are not very desirable nor productive, had formerly been the *officina gentium*, the very nursery of nations; and why, in the process of time, it became necessary for those very people to migrate by thousands in quest of better habitations.

ACCOUNT OF LOPE FELIX DE VEGA CARPIO.

(From *Lord HOLLAND's Account of the Lives and Writings of LOPE and GUILLEN DE CASTRO.*)

LOPE, according to his biographers, betrayed marks of genius at a very early age, as well as a singular propensity to poetry. They assure us, that at two years old these qualities were perceptible in the brilliancy of his eyes; that ere he attained the age of five he could read Spanish and Latin; and that, before his hand was strong enough to guide the pen, he recited verses of his own composition, which he had the good fortune to barter for prints and toys with his play-fellows. Thus even in his childhood he not only wrote poetry, but turned his poetry to account; an art in which he must be allowed afterwards to have excelled all poets ancient or modern.

He seldom passed a year without giving some poem to the press; and scarcely a month, or even a week, without producing some play upon the stage. His *Pastores de Belen*, a work in prose and verse on the Nativity, had confirmed his superiority in pastoral poems; and rhymes, hymns, and poems without number on sacred subjects, evinced his zeal in the profession he embraced. Philip IV. the great patron of the Spanish theatre, to which

he afterwards is said to have contributed compositions of his own, succeeded to the throne of Spain in 1621. He found Lope in full possession of the stage, and in the exercise of unlimited authority over the authors, comedians, and audience. New honours and benefices were immediately heaped on our poet, and in all probability he wrote occasionally plays for the royal palace. He published about the same time, *Los Triunphos de la Fe*; *Las Fortunas de Diana*; three novels in prose (unsuccessful imitations of Cervantes); *Circe*, an heroic poem, dedicated to the Count Duke of Olivares; and *Philomela*, a singular but tiresome allegory, in the second book of which he vindicates himself in the person of the nightingale from the accusation of his critics, who are there represented by the thrush.

Such was his reputation that he began to distrust the sincerity of the public, and seems to have suspected that there was more fashion than real opinion in the extravagance of their applause. This engaged him in a dangerous experiment, the publication of a poem without his name. But, whether the num-

ber of his productions had gradually formed the public taste to his own standard of excellence, or that his fertile and irregular genius was singularly adapted to the times, the result of this trial confirmed the former judgment of the public. His Soliloquies to God, though printed under a feigned name, attracted as much notice, and secured as many admirers, as any of his former productions. Emboldened probably by this success, he dedicated his *Corona Tragica*, a poem on the Queen of Scots, to Pope Urban VIII., who had himself composed an epigram on the subject. Upon this occasion he received from that pontiff a letter written in his own hand, and the degree of doctor of theology. Such a flattering tribute of admiration sanctioned the reverence in which his name was held in Spain, and spread his fame through every Catholic country. The Cardinal Barberini followed him with veneration in the streets; the king would stop to gaze at such a prodigy; the people crowded round him wherever he appeared; the learned and the studious thronged to Madrid from every part of Spain to see this phœnix of their country, this "monster of literature;" and even Italians, no extravagant admirers in general of poetry that is not their own, made pilgrimages from their country, for the sole purpose of conversing with Lope. So associated was the idea of excellence with his name, that it grew in common conversation to signify any thing perfect in its kind: and a Lope diamond, a Lope day, or a Lope woman, became fashionable and familiar modes of expressing

their good qualities. His poetry was as advantageous to his fortune as to his fame: the king enriched him with pensions and chaplaincies; the pope honoured him with dignities and preferments; and every nobleman at court aspired to the character of his *Mæcenas*, by conferring upon him frequent and valuable presents. If his annual income was not more than fifteen hundred ducats, the profit of his plays was enormous, and Cervantes insinuates that he was never inclined to forego any usual payment from the theatre. Montalvan estimates the amount derived from his dramatic works alone at not less than eighty thousand ducats. The presents he received from individuals are computed at ten thousand five hundred more. His application of these sums partook of the spirit of the nation from which he drew them. Improvident and indiscriminate charity ran away with these gains, immense as they were, and rendered his life unprofitable to his friends and uncomfortable to himself. Though his devotion gradually became more fervent, it did not interrupt his poetical career. In 1630 he published the *Laurel de Apolo*, a poem of inestimable value to the Spanish *philologists*, as they are called in the jargon of our day, for it contains the names of more than three hundred and thirty Spanish poets and their works. They are introduced as claimants for the Laurel, which Apollo is to bestow; and, as Lope observes of himself that he was more inclined to panegyric than to satire, there are few or any that have not at least a strophe of six or eight lines devoted to their praise. Thus the

multitude of Castilian poets, which at that time was prodigious, and the exuberance of Lope's pen, have lengthened out to a work of ten books, or sylvas, an idea which has often been imitated in other countries, but generally confined within the limits of a song. At the end of the last sylva he makes the poets give specimens of their art, and assures us that many equalled Tasso, and even approached Ariosto himself; a proof that this celebrated Spanish author concurred with all true lovers of poetical genius in giving the preference to the latter. After long disputes for the Laurel, the controversy at length ends, as controversies in Spain are apt to do, in the interference of the government. Apollo agrees to refer the question to Philip IV. whose decision, either from reserve in the judge, or from modesty in the reporter, who was himself a party concerned, is not recorded. Facts, however, prove that our poet could be no loser by this change of tribunal.

He continued to publish plays and poems, and to receive every remuneration that adulation and generosity could bestow, till the year 1635, when religious thoughts had rendered him so hypochondriac, that he could hardly be considered as in full possession of his understanding. On the 22d of August, which was Friday, he felt himself more than usually oppressed in spirits and weak with age; but he was so much more anxious about the health of his soul than of his body, that he would not avail himself of the privilege to which his infirmities entitled him, of eating meat; and even resumed the fla-

gellation, to which he had accustomed himself, with more than usual severity. This discipline is supposed to have hastened his death. He fell ill on that night, and, having passed through the necessary ceremonies with excessive devotion, he expired on Monday the 25th of August, 1635.

As an author he is most known, as indeed he is most wonderful, for the prodigious number of his writings. Twenty-one million three hundred thousand of his lines are said to be actually printed; and no less than eighteen hundred plays of his composition to have been acted on the stage. He nevertheless asserts in one of his last poems, *The printed part, though far too large, is less Than that which yet unprinted waits the press.*

It is true that the Castilian language is copious; that the verses are often extremely short, and that the laws of metre and of rhyme are by no means severe. Yet, were we to give credit to such accounts, allowing him to begin his compositions at the age of thirteen, we must believe that upon an average he wrote more than nine hundred lines a day; a fertility of imagination, and a celerity of pen, which, when we consider the occupations of his life as a soldier, a secretary, a master of a family, and a priest; his acquirements in Latin, Italian, and Portuguese; and his reputation for erudition, become not only improbable, but absolutely, and, one may almost say, physically impossible.

As the credibility, however, of miracles must depend upon the weight of evidence, it will not be foreign to the purpose to examine the testimonies we possess

of this extraordinary facility and exuberance of composition. There does not now exist the fourth part of the works which he and his admirers mention, yet enough remains to render him one of the most voluminous authors that ever put pen to paper. Such was his facility, that he informs us in his *Eclogue to Claudio*, that more than a hundred times he composed a play and produced it on the stage in twenty-four hours. Montalvan declares that he latterly wrote in metre with as much rapidity as in prose, and in confirmation of it he relates the following story* :—

“His pen was unable to keep pace with his mind, as he invented even more than his hand was capable of transcribing. He wrote a comedy in two days, which it would not be very easy for the most expeditious amanuensis to copy out in the time. At Toledo he wrote fifteen acts in fifteen days, which make five comedies. These he read at a private house, where Maestro Joseph de Valdibieso was present and was witness of the whole; but, because this is variously related, I will mention what I myself know from my own knowledge. Roque de Figueroa, the writer for the theatre at Madrid, was at such a loss for comedies that the doors of the Theatre de la Cruz were shut; but, as it was in the Carnival, he was so anxious upon the subject, that Lope and myself agreed to compose a joint comedy as fast as possible. It was the Tercera Orden de San Francisco, and is the very one in which Arias acted the part of the saint more naturally

than was ever witnessed on the stage. The first act fell to Lope's lot, and the second to mine; we dispatched these in two days, and the third was to be divided into eight leaves each. As it was bad weather, I remained in his house that night, and knowing that I could not equal him in the execution, I had a fancy to beat him in the dispatch of the business; for this purpose I got up at two o'clock, and at eleven had completed my share of the work. I immediately went out to look for him, and found him very deeply occupied with an orange-tree that had been frost-bitten in the night. Upon my asking him how he had gone on with his task, he answered, ‘I set about it at five; but I finished the act an hour ago; took a bit of ham for breakfast; wrote an epistle of fifty triplets; and have watered the whole of the garden: which has not a little fatigued me.’ Then taking out the papers, he read me the eight leaves and the triplets; a circumstance that would have astonished me, had I not known the fertility of his genius, and the dominion he had over the rhymes of our language.”

As to the number of his plays, all contemporary authors concur in representing it as prodigious. “At last appeared,” says Cervantes in his prologue, “that prodigy of nature, the great Lope, and established his monarchy on the stage. He conquered and reduced under his jurisdiction every actor and author in the kingdom. He filled the world with plays written with purity, and the plot conducted with skill, in number so many that they exceed eighteen hundred sheets of

* Montalvan's Eulogium.

paper; and what is the most wonderful of all that can be said upon the subject, every one of them have I seen acted, or heard of their being so from those that had seen them; and, though there have been many who have attempted the same career, all their works together would not equal in quantity what this single man has composed." Montalvan asserts that he wrote eighteen hundred plays, and four hundred autos sacramentales; and asserts, that if the works of his literary idol were placed in one scale and those of all ancient and modern poets in the other, the weight of the former would decide the comparison in point of quantity, and be a fair emblem of the superiority in point of merit of Lope's verses over those of all other poets together. What Lope himself says upon this subject will be most satisfactorily related in his own words, though the passages are far from poetical. Having given a list in

his prologue to the *Pelegrino*, written in 1604, of three hundred and forty-three plays, in his *Arte de hacer Comedias*, published five years afterwards, he says—

None than myself more barbarous or more wrong,

Who hurried by the vulgar taste along,
Dare give my precepts in despite of rule,
Whence France and Italy pronounce me fool.
But what am I to do? who now of plays,
With one complete within these seven days,
Four hundred eighty-three in all have writ,
And all, save six, against the rules of wit.

In the eclogue to Claudio, one of his last works, are the following curious though prosaic passages:—

Should I the titles now relate
Of plays my endless labour bore,
Well might you doubt, the list so great,
Such reams of paper scribbled o'er;
Plots, imitations, scenes, and all the rest,
To verse reduced, in flowers of rhetoric drest.

The number of my fables told
Would seem the greatest of them all;
For, strange, of dramas you behold
Full fifteen hundred mine I call;
And full a hundred times, within a day
Passed from my Muse upon the stage a play.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

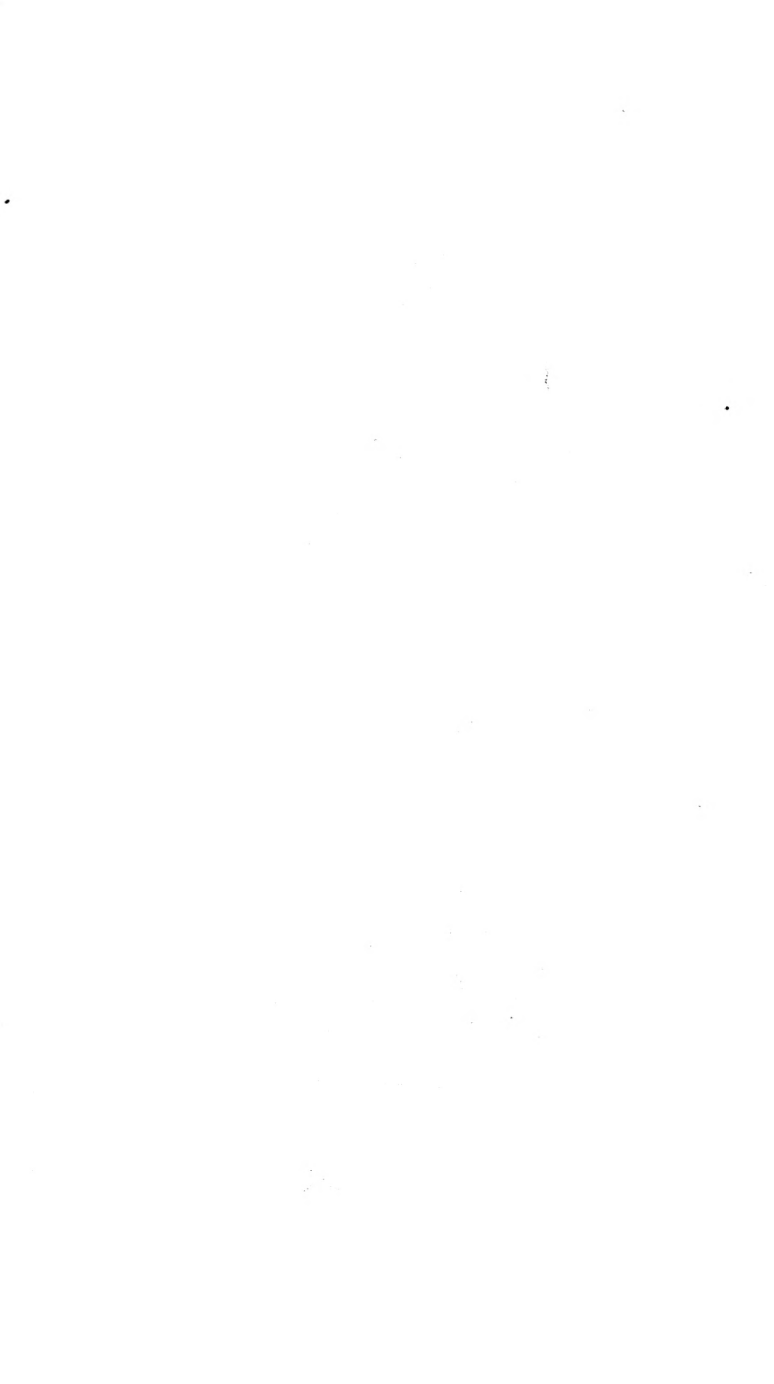
PLATE 29.—EVENING DRESS.

A WHITE lace dress over a blush-coloured satin slip. The dress is disposed round the bottom of the skirt in festoons, which display a little of the slip; each festoon is ornamented with a bouquet of blue-bells, pinks, and rose-buds. The festoons are surmounted by a rollo of intermingled pink and white satin. We refer to our print for the form of the body, which is novel and tasteful. The sleeve is very short and full; it is finished at the

bottom by quillings of blond. The hair is dressed in a plain braid across the face, and a few loose ringlets at the sides. The hind hair forms a tuft, which is concealed by the head-dress, a high wreath of fancy flowers. Pearl necklace. White kid slippers and gloves.

PLATE 30.—MORNING DRESS.

A round dress composed of cambric muslin; the skirt trimmed with lemon-coloured satin, a broad fold of which is placed byas round the edge of the skirt, over which







are three narrow bands, also byas. The body is made full, and is ornamented at the throat, in a very novel style, with puffings of muslin. The shape of the bosom is formed in a very becoming manner by a low front, which is trimmed to correspond with the skirt. A loose robe, which is open in front, and descends from each shoulder, where it is fastened, to the feet, is worn over this dress: it is trimmed round with rich pointed work, and a double row of satin to correspond with the skirt. Long plain sleeve, finished at the wrist by a single fold of satin. Morning *cornette* of a peculiarly becoming and simple form; it is tied under the chin, and ornamented with bows of lemon-coloured ribbon. White kid shoes and gloves.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

We have much pleasure in observing, that at no period within our recollection did British *belles* of rank and taste afford such liberal encouragement to trade. Our public promenades are thronged with elegant women all attired in the produce of our own looms; and our manufacturers, stimulated by the encouragement which they receive, and desirous to shew that they can equal their neighbours on the Continent, have produced lately an elegant variety of fancy silks, gauzes, poplins, ribbons, &c. sufficient to satisfy even the versatile tastes of the most zealous worshippers of fashion.

Silk pelisses are still partially adopted for the promenade; they are made either in azure, green, or lilac sarsnet, or striped fancy silk.

We noticed one a few days ago in azure fancy silk, which we thought very elegant. The body was tight to the figure, and cut byas in such manner as to add considerably to the ease and grace of the shape. The trimming was an intermixture of white and blue satin disposed in waves, and tastefully finished with blue floss silk ornaments. The half-sleeve, and the trimming of the long sleeve at bottom, corresponded. A small falling collar, composed of folds of blue and white satin, gave a novel and pretty finish to this pelisse.

Spencers and scarfs are, however, higher in estimation, particularly for the carriage costume. The Marlborough spencer, composed of white satin, is very novel and elegant. The lower part of the body is tight to the shape, the top full; the fulness is confined to the bust by three rows of pointed blond, which is edged with narrow lilac ribbon, and so disposed as to form the most novel and pretty pelerine we have seen for a considerable time. The long sleeve is finished at the bottom by a double quilling of blond edged with lilac ribbon. There is a half-sleeve formed of white satin points, which are edged with lilac. They are fastened together in the middle of the arm by a bow of lilac ribbon.

China crape scarfs seem to have superseded all others for the carriage costume. White ones are particularly in favour; the ends are elegantly embroidered in large flowers.

Fancy straw of various descriptions, Leghorn and Dunstable, are all worn for the walking costume. French bonnets are still in high

estimation; the fashionable shape is far from unbecoming: the brim, which is very large, turns up a little in front; the crown is rather high. Gauze, satin ribbon, and flowers, are all in estimation for bonnet trimmings. Feathers are partially worn, but they are not so fashionable as they were a short time ago.

Gipsy hats, composed of white chip, white satin, or satin to correspond with the spencer or dress, are most in estimation for carriage costume. They are ornamented always with flowers; some ladies tie them under the chin with a white silk handkerchief, and they are generally finished with quillings of blond round the edge. These hats promise to be very general, but, we must observe, that they are becoming only to a few; unless a lady's figure is elegant, and her features regular, she cannot look well in a gipsy hat. The magic power of Fashion will, however, cause them to be as readily adopted by the plainest as by the most beautiful of her votaries.

Morning costume continues nearly the same as last month. Muslin is universally worn. Tucks are as much as ever in request: some ladies carry this fancy so far as to have their dresses trimmed with three flounces of clear muslin, each of which is finished at the edge by three narrow tucks.

Coloured sarsnets, profusely trimmed with blond and white satin, are very fashionable for dinner dress, as is also worked and plain muslin trimmed with lace. Frocks continue in high estimation: the Gloucester frock, composed of clear muslin, is the most elegant novelty

that we have seen. The body, which is cut very low, is full, and the shape of the front is formed by two bands of letting-in lace set in byas. Long sleeve, finished at the wrist by a frill of narrow lace, above which are three small tucks; over these is a letting-in of lace set in in waves, and edged by a very narrow lace; this is surmounted by three small tucks. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed in the same manner, but as the lace wave which goes round between the tucks is large and showy, and the flounce of lace at bottom of a moderate breadth, the effect is very striking: it is trimmed round the bosom by a quilling of pointed blond.

White British net over white or coloured satin is generally in estimation in full dress; gauze is also in great favour. Trimmings are composed either of embroidery, which is much worn, or else blond intermixed with rollios of satin, or draperies of white net edged with coloured ribbon, and fastened up with silk ornaments. Frocks are in very high estimation for full dress, and white and coloured satin bodies appear likely to revive. We saw one the other day, which was made for the ball-dress of a lady of distinction; it was embroidered in silver, in a running pattern of wild berries, and was worn over a dress of patent net, which was finished round the bottom of the skirt by a similar embroidery on a larger scale. The sleeves of the dress, which were short and very full, were composed of net spotted with silver.

Ornaments for the head in full dress continue the same as last month, but *touques* seem rather more in favour. We have lately seen

one composed of white net and white satin, disposed round the crown in folds in a very novel and tasteful style. The front was formed of points of white satin, edged with silver gimp. A very full plume of down feathers, placed so as to droop a little to the left side, ornamented it.

We have seen nothing novel lately in jewellery: rings, which for some time past have been little worn, begin to be in request. Ear-

rings and bracelets are not very general, but we have seen some very elegant new pattern necklaces in pearl. Coloured stones are not at all worn.

White cornelian ornaments are adopted by a few fashionables in half-dress, but plain gold ones are considered most fashionable.

Fashionable colours for the month are, azure, blush-colour, lilac, lemon-colour, and all the lighter shades of green.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, April 19.

My dear Sophia,

ABOUT three weeks ago our promenades were filled with fair fashionables attired in cambric muslin gowns, and velvet spencers à l'Anglaise, at least we call them so. They were made tight to the shape, with a full puckering of velvet round the throat instead of a collar; a plain long sleeve, and a single fall of black lace set on very full round the waist. This English mania of ours, however, has pretty well subsided, and our promenade dresses are now much more varied. Spencers, scarfs, shawls, and small lace handkerchiefs, are all in estimation. The former are composed entirely of levantine or satin, velvet and merino being entirely exploded.

The manner in which spencers are made at present is singularly *outré* and unbecoming to the shape. They are still worn very short in the waist, made quite tight to the shape, and buttoned down the front. A band of the same material as the spencer confines it to the waist, but it is cut in a peak before and

behind. The long sleeve, which is nearly tight to the arm, is ornamented in front with a row of buttons, placed at regular distances of about a nail asunder. A small standing collar comes up close round the throat. The buttons are of silk; they are shaped like an olive. Some dashing *belles* substitute gold Maltese buttons, which they wear also upon high dresses. These buttons are the only ornament of the spencer, as it is bound with a silk gimp so narrow as to be scarcely perceptible. Much more tasteful and becoming is the Iris scarf, disposed round the figure in careless folds; it is composed of silk net, the colours of the rainbow. Some *élégantes*, who affect simplicity, wear an azure, citron, lilac, or tartan silk half-handkerchief of a very large size, tied behind in a bow and long ends. White silk shawls, elegantly embroidered at each end in bouquets of natural flowers, are also in favour for the promenade. They are, in my opinion, at once elegant and appropriate to the time of year.

And now, my Sophia, what words

shall I employ to give you an idea of the various shapes and ornament of the fashionable *chapeaus* and *capotes*? The materials most tonish at present are, white straw, white crape, and satin. The peasant's bonnet, which is always composed of white straw, is an elegantly plain walking bonnet. The crown is of an oval form, rather low, and the front, which is extremely large, is square on one side, and very much sloped at the other; the edge of the front is ornamented by a full puffing of blond, which is headed by a plaiting of net. These hats are trimmed with *bouillons* of ribbon, which are generally striped in two or three colours. A band of this ribbon is sometimes passed across the crown through an opening at the side of the bonnet. Bunches of flowers are generally placed at the side; and as the flowers and ribbons always correspond in colour, the effect is really elegant.

Crape bonnets, the crowns of which are round and very full, the fulness confined by broad rollios of white satin, are much in favour for the dress promenade. The brim is quite round, but projects more on the left side than the right. A bunch of lilac and narcissus, intermixed with branches of fir, ornaments it in front, and a crape half-handkerchief, edged with lace, ties it under the chin.

You know that for the three last days of Passion-week the most fashionable promenade is Longchamp; there all the *élégantes* of Paris repair; and happy is the *marchande des modes* who can produce upon this occasion the greatest number of new and fantastic head-dresses: she is certain to dis-

pose of them, for every body is desirous of appearing at Longchamp attired in a style of taste and novelty. I cannot speak highly of the taste of our fair fashionables, but some of their head-dresses were novel enough in all conscience. Some ladies wore small hats, which had high narrow crowns; they were composed of crape, white satin, or blond, on which were placed, obliquely, five or six rollios of different coloured satins: carmine red, lilac, citron, deep green, and blue, were sometimes crowded together upon one hat. The front, which was very small, was formed of three or four rows of satin placed a little above one another, of corresponding colours to the rollios. Immense bunches of flowers, intermingled with branches of fir, ornamented these whimsical hats.

Other *belles* had ornamented their hats with five or six tulips, to which the roots were attached; these were sometimes worn in a bunch, and at others placed round the crown of the hat at regular distances from each other. Tartan ribbons and handkerchiefs were sported by several dashing fashionables; some had the crowns of their hats ornamented at the top by a square silk handkerchief, either blue, lilac, green, or red, which was cut in points; these points were edged with tartan ribbon. These handkerchiefs were doubled and plaited so as to fall over the crown. Notwithstanding the warmth of the weather, several *capotes* were composed of that heavy material *gros de Naples*; they were generally white, and were profusely trimmed with tartan ribbons.

Perkale is now adopted both for

morning and dinner dress. A round dress of a simple and becoming form is most fashionable in the former. The body, which is entirely loose, is confined to the waist by a sash of tartan ribbon, or a plain band of muslin; it is made up to the throat, and has a high collar composed of *bouillons* of clear muslin. The long sleeve is rather full, and the fulness is confined down the arm by rows of gimp. *Bouillons* of clear muslin, to correspond with the collar, form a pretty cuff. A broad piece of clear muslin, divided into three or four rows of *bouillons* by gimp placed between each row, forms the trimming of the skirt.

Perkale, clear and worked muslin, and China crape, are all worn for dinner dress. Gowns are now cut much higher round the bust, so as to form what you would call three-quarter-high dresses. The fronts of dresses are quite plain, the backs broader than when I wrote last, and the sleeve falls very little off the shoulder. Long plain sleeves, finished at the wrist by rollios of satin, or *bouillons* of muslin, are universal in dinner dress. All muslin dresses are trimmed nearly to the knee with *bouillons* of muslin, which are sometimes interspersed with satin ribbon. These *bouillons* are in general so beautifully worked, that at a distance they might easily be mistaken for lace. China crape is generally trimmed with bands of satin.

Gauze has taken place of *tulle* for full dress, and white satin is also much worn. The trimming is always *bouillons*. "What!" methinks I hear you say, "morning, dinner, and evening dress all trimmed

alike!" Even so, my dear; we have a *mania* for this kind of trimming at present. For evening dress it is composed of blond in general, but sometimes gauze is used. White silk trimming, or rollios of satin, are always intermixed with this trimming.

The bodies and sleeves of full dresses are now profusely ornamented with point lace; the latter are sometimes entirely composed of it. Small pelerines of lace are frequently affixed to the backs of dresses, and sometimes are so contrived as to form a half-sleeve *à la mancheron*. White satin girdles, about an inch in breadth, fastened in front by a diamond, pearl, or ruby clasp, are generally adopted by our most tonish *élégantes*.

I have nothing new to tell you of *coëffures* for full dress, except that the cap *à la Bacchante* is exploded. *Tocques* are again fashionable, but youthful *belles* frequently appear in their hair without any ornament whatever. The front hair continues to be worn very light over the temples. One half of the hind hair is brought up in a full tuft to the top of the head; the other is platted in three bands, which are twisted round the tuft.

Small lockets, set in pearls, with bouquets of flowers, formed of coloured gemson one side, and a sentimental motto on the other, have lately appeared in full-dress jewelry; they are generally affixed to a chain of pearl. Gold ornaments, very elegantly wrought, are also worn both in full and half dress.

The fashionable colours at present are very numerous: citron, lilac, blue, dark and light green, amaranth red, pale pink, and cher-

ry-colour, are all in favour. I have just room to tell you I am truly glad you liked the dress I sent you for Lady N——'s ball.

Adieu! write soon, and believe me always most sincerely your
EUDOCIA.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

MR. ACKERMANN will publish on the 1st of May, the first number of a *Series of Incidents of English Bravery* during the late Campaigns on the Continent, by A. Atkinson; to be completed in six monthly numbers. Each number will contain four designs, printed by the lithographic process.

The Costume of the Netherlands, illustrated by thirty coloured engravings, after drawings by Miss Semple; with descriptive letter-press, in English and French; is now completed in three parts, imperial 4to.

Mr. Parkinson, of Hoxton, intends publishing, in the course of the month, an *Essay on the Shaking Palsy*.

Mr. James Riley, late master of the American brig *Commerce*, is preparing for publication, in 4to. a *Narrative of the Loss of that Vessel, wrecked on the west coast of Africa in August 1815; with an Account of the Sufferings and Captivity of her surviving Officers and Crew in the Great African Desert*. The work will contain also some particulars of the cities of Tombuctoo and Wassanah, the latter situate on the banks of the Niger, fifty days' journey to the south-east of the former, by an Arab traveller, who gave the details to the author in the presence of William Willshire, Esq. by whose generosity Mr. Riley was delivered from slavery.

Mr. Arthur Young continues, notwithstanding the loss of sight, to amuse himself with literary pursuits. He has in the press, by the title of *Oweniana*, a selection from the works of Dr. Owen, on the same plan as his *Baxteriana*, lately published.

Mr. Brewin of Leicester has completed a translation of the *Life of Haydn*, which will be accompanied with notes by Mr. W. Gardiner.

Miss Spence will speedily publish a new tour in Scotland, by a route not hitherto noticed by any other traveller to the North, under the title of *Letters from the North Highlands*, which are addressed to Miss Jane Porter.

The Rev. Mr. Bicheno has in the press, an *Examination of the Prophecies*, with a view to ascertain the probable issue of the recent restoration of the old dynasties; of the revival of Popery; and of the present mental ferment in Europe: as likewise how far Great Britain is likely to share in the calamities by which Providence will accomplish the final overthrow of the kingdoms of the Roman monarchy.

Mr. James Thomson has in the press, in an 8vo. volume, *De Courci*, a tale, in two cantos; with other poems, including commemorative addresses written for several public institutions.

Mr. Griffiths is preparing for the press, an historical romance of the

fourteenth century, in which the manners of our ancestors are displayed; with the singular adventures of a god-daughter of King Richard II. and some particulars of that monarch not yet made public.

Mr. Richard Davenport has published some curious particulars relative to boiling tar. Some of our readers may know, and many may probably have heard without believing, while to others it will be quite new, to hear that a man can dip his hand into boiling tar without injury. Being lately at Chatham dock-yard, where he saw a cauldron of tar in a state of ebullition, Mr. Davenport asked the workmen if they had ever seen any one dip his hand into tar in that state. "One of them," says he, "immediately dipped his hand and wrist in, bringing out fluid tar, and pouring it off from his hand as from a ladle. Satisfied that there was no deception, I dipped in the entire length of my fore-finger, and moved it about a

short time before the heat became inconvenient." He repeated the experiment with the tar thoroughly boiling and the thermometer at 220° , plunging in his finger and making three oscillations of six or eight inches, which occupied between two and three seconds of time. The heat did not rise to any painful degree, though it adhered to the skin just like any other liquid of similar viscosity. From subsequent experiments, he has found that he cannot bear the heat of water at 140° so long as that of tar at 220° .

The forthcoming Exhibition of the Society of Painters in Water Colours, which opens on the 21st inst. is expected to be unusually brilliant: it is known that Mr. Glover has been making extraordinary exertions; and his coadjutors will not be behind him in their endeavours to support their well-earned fame.

Poetry.

THE MAID OF THAVIES' INN.

THE sky may be serene and clear,
No low'ring clouds nor vapours near;
But still 'tis dark and gloomy night
Till Phœbus burst upon the sight,
To scatter glories far and near,
And splendour o'er our mortal sphere:
Thus I in whelming darkness lay,
Unfavour'd with a cheering day,
Nor did my rapture's dawn begin,
Till sprung the light from Thavies' Inn.

The lark, sweet warbler of the sky,
When tempests gather, winds blow high,
Desponding and heart-broken lies,
And vainly seeks for joy, that flies;

But sadly onward still must mourn,
Till genial spring again return:
So I, when parted from thy sight,
Feel winter's chill and winter's blight;
Nor cease my mis'ry to deplore,
Till Fortune shall again restore
The view—(oh, call not this a sin!)
Of thee, sweet maid of Thavies' Inn.

The sailor, coursing o'er the main
In quest of unsubstantial gain,
Or anchor'd in some spicy bay,
Still thinks of home, that's far away,
And little recks his varied store
While parted from his Mary's core;
But when the beacon meets his eye,
Where lingers yet the parting sigh,

He soon forgets his dangers past,
 And all is happiness at last:
 So I, amid the world's fell strife,
 Still feel the weariness of life;
 But yet there hovers round my heart
 A feeling I dare scarce impart,
 A thought that lifts my soul on high,
 And touches chords of ecstasy:
 A boon so blest, how may I win?
 Say, lovely maid of Thavies' Inn!

B. B.

ESPERANCE.

ADDRESS

*Sent to the UNITED SERVICE CLUB on its
 Formation,*

By the Author of "THE BRIDE OF SESTOS."

Has then my heart its warmest wish fulfil'd?

Is there a spot where friendship may unite,

Where Valour's sons at length may find a home,

And taste of sympathy the dear delight?

Where vet'rans, honour'd by their country's praise,

Repose them 'neath the venerable shade
 Of laurels, produce of as hard-fought fields

As e'er repaid the patriotic blade?

Where 'mid the tumult of the festal hall,

If chance some kind-one plead in virtue's praise,

Portray her sinking 'mid the storms of fate,

He might a spark of kindred feeling raise?

Delightful thought! their sterner duties o'er,

(Companions still in friendship as in arms,)

A gentler flame unquench'd of Fortune rude,

With steady fire their faithful bosom warms!

O sacred flame! more ample mayst thou spread,

United in affection as in fame!

Thy brightness now enwreathes a brother's deeds,

And blends the sailor's with the soldier's name.

Lock'd in the adamant of mutual love,
 Together have ye fought, together bled,

Wrested his empire from your giant foe,
 And brought down retribution on his head.

Go on, resistless in your brilliant course,
 The bulwark of a throne, your country's choice;

Hem round the progeny of patriot kings,
 Rais'd to the purple by a nation's voice.

In sterling merit, unobtrusive worth,
 As ye have well begun, increase, abound,

'Till the fair swelling circle ye have form'd,

Embrace a universe within its bound!

Upraise the fallen, whatsoe'er his birth,

If Justice on his cause impress her seal;

Befriend the many, who, alas! but waste,

Like lamps o'er shrines, their unproductive zeal!

Unclose that hand, rich with the proudest spoil

That ever fill'd the grasp of victory,

And crown their long career of glory past,

Thou soldier's brightest virtue, Charity!

Barrosa's lord*, coy Vict'ry's darling child,

Whose laurels thou hast ravish'd, in a mood

More fitting him, who with a spoiler hand

Snatches the conquests which he should have wooed:

Pre-eminent amid the brave and good,

Envy, the suicide at others' joys,

For thy dear sake, has rang'd on Virtue's side,

And even enemies thy praise employs.

Nor dying warrior's sad bequest and hope,

Nor sovereign's favour stamping merit's claim,

Nor adoration of a host in arms,

Have laid the basis of thy well-earn'd fame:

Where'er thine arm, where'er thy tongue,

In aught could benefit the public weal,

Battle, or cabinet, thou e'er art found,

With all a boy's impetuous, ardent zeal.

* Lord Lyndoch.

Nor age's winter, nor incessant toil,
 Nor change of clime, thy sinews have
 unstrung;
 In vain disease, relentless fate, or time—
 The heart of heroes is for ever young!
 Thou* too, their chief in every honest
 art,
 To quench distress's torrent-gushing
 tears,
 Shield of the fatherless, and refuge sure
 Of modest worth, sinking beneath her
 fears—
 Oh! I adjure that love-fraught gen'rous
 breast,
 That kindly anxious, that enthusiast
 heart,
 Where sad affliction may her suit prefer,
 And virtuous poverty her grief impart;
 By widows' sighs, by orphans' tears,
 By bashful merit rais'd by thee to fame,
 By all the virtues of a soldier's heart,
 And all thy charities without a name—
 That honest joy, if vict'ry crown'd thine
 aim,
 To change to happiness the mourner's
 pain,
 And that which makes e'en disappoint-
 ment sweet—
 By all thy holy sadness when 'twas
 vain,
 Oh! let not courtly pride find entrance
 there,
 The loud unkind debate, contention
 rude,
 Nor other emulation save the strife,
 The godlike glorious strife, of doing
 good!

* Duke of York.

Written on the Back of a Picture,

By MRS. M'MULLAN.

Gay was the earth, and rich the sky,
 Ere life's sweet morn was blighted;
 Spring, summer, autumn, winter came,
 And found thee still delighted.

Each look was love, each heart was warm,
 Life was one blest sensation;
 There rose no mist to cloud the ray
 That brighten'd all creation.

Yet soon the o'erwhelming tempest came,
 Soon halcyon days departed;
 Joy wing'd her way beyond the storm,
 While peace droop'd broken-hearted.

The summer hour, the autumn day,
 Restored no long-lost blessing;
 Spring came—but yet revived no trace
 Of feeling worth possessing.

The heart's pulsations ne'er awoke,
 Till one sweet voice invited;
 Oh! then it panted—paused—revived—
 Throbb'd blissful—was united!

And joy's emotions all return'd,
 Glowing and warm as ever,
 Shall torpid touch those pulses chill?—
 No, dearest, never—never!

FRAGMENT.

In one or other teen of years,
 The youth forsakes his school;
 Nor task, nor ferula, he fears
 (The dread of ev'ry fool):
 But on his destin'd future life
 His eager mind is bent;
 In unknown cares, and "*certain strife*,"
 His ev'ry wish is pent.

Then next, to *prove* the chosen text,
 He seals his bondage fast;
 In arts or studies now perplex'd,
 Till 'prenticeship is past.
 That o'er, new thoughts spring in his mind,
 (Forsooth the boy's a man!)
 And scheme succeeding scheme now
 floats,
 And plan receding plan.

Ah! see, vain youth, thy fancy'd ease
 On Fancy's wing is gone!
 How vain thy labours all to please,
 But toiling pleases none!
 Thus man from goal to goal is led,
 By Fancy's varied hue;
 In vain he grasps, 'till life is sped,
 The while his hopes in view.

HOMOGENES.

N—— A——,
 26th Mar. 1817.

THE BANKS OF THE CAM.

Aid me, aid me, heavenly Muse!
 'Twill be cruel to refuse—
 Tell me plainly, if I am
 On the classic banks of Cam?
 Cam, whose streams with Isis claim
 Equal or superior fame;—
 Tell me, Muse, for here I stray,
 Fearing I have lost my way.

Hark! along the crowded shore,
 Barges clash, and bargemen roar,
 With that elegance of speech
 Science ne'er presumes to teach:
 These were sounds for Bilin's dames,
 These were scenes for father Thames;
 But they surely cannot be
 Near an University!

Lead me from this place of riot,
 Where the waters, calm and quiet,
 Flow beside fair Learning's dome;
 Where thy votaries love to roam,
 In whose gestures, looks, and pace,
 Inspiration I may trace—
 Freed from wonder and surprise,
 Then I shall believe my eyes!

Now the noisy clamours cease—
 Now I reach the haunts of peace;
 But long plains without a hill,
 Streams like stagnant marshes, still,
 Cheerless, changeless, lifeless, Dutch—
 Granta cannot sure be such!

Shew me, heavenly Muse, or tell,
 Who can in these regions dwell?

See the musing bands appear—
 Nought they see, and nought they hear;
 Lost in unremitted thought,
 Mutter much, but utter nought;
 Fix their eyes upon the ground—
 In the air draw signs profound;
 Dirty, squalid, meagre, wan,
 Each a fraction of a man:
 While the sagest wight is known,
 Stalking in a tatter'd gown,
 Shapeless cap, neglected dress,
 And supreme in ugliness!

SOPHS! most erudite and wise,
 Undisturb'd soliloquize!
 Your appearance on the plain
 Renders all inquiry vain,
 And King's Chapel peeping out
 Through the trees, dispels my doubt—
 Ye are CANTABS, and I am
 On the classic banks of Cam.

—Hear me now, celestial Muse,
 And a Freshman's crime excuse,
 Who, unskill'd in Granta's lore,
 Taught to rhyme, and little more—
 With unmathematic eye,
 Could not half the charms descry,
 Seen by people more discerning,
 In this famous seat of learning.

A FRESHMAN.

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TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit announcements of works which they may have in hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New musical publications also, if a copy be addressed to the publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and extracts from new books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, will be acceptable.

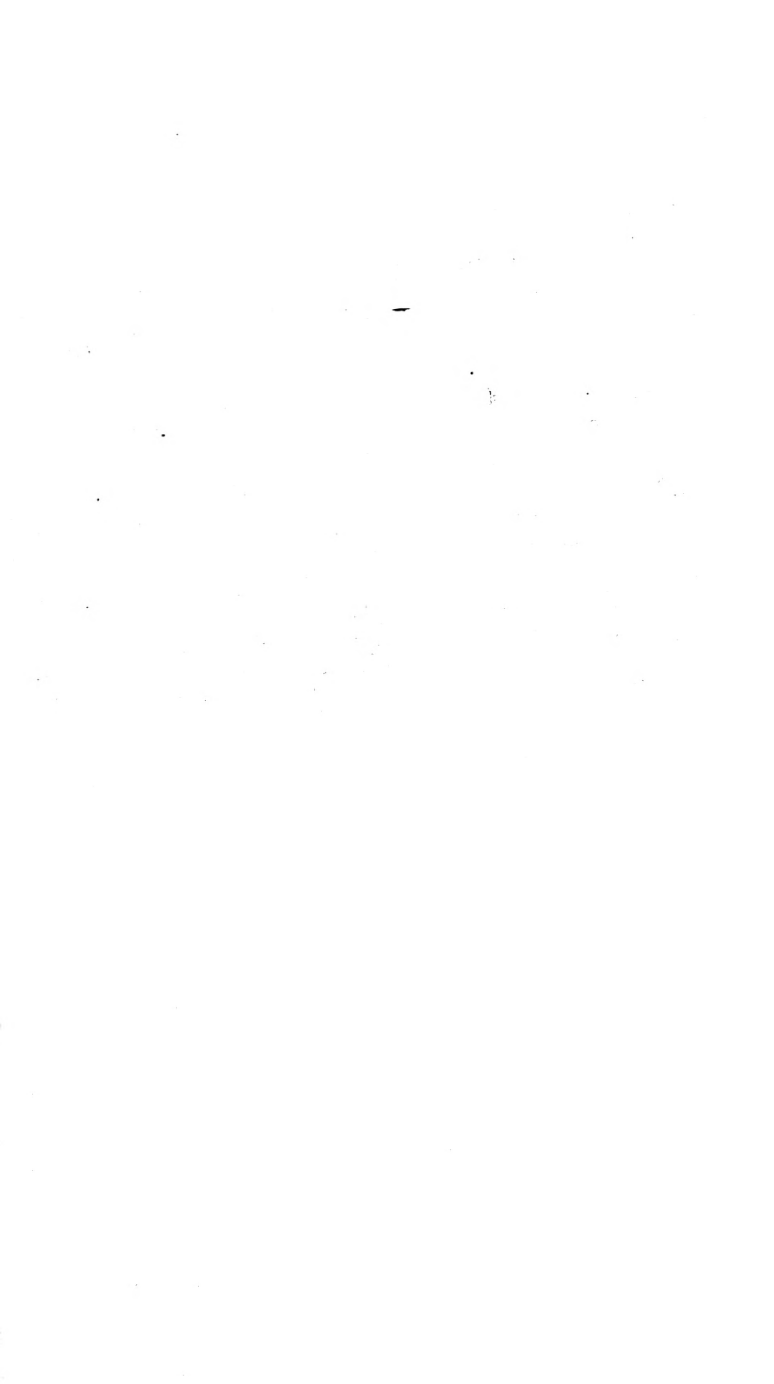
Owing to the space occupied by the Reviews of the Exhibitions, we have been obliged to defer several contributions till our next.

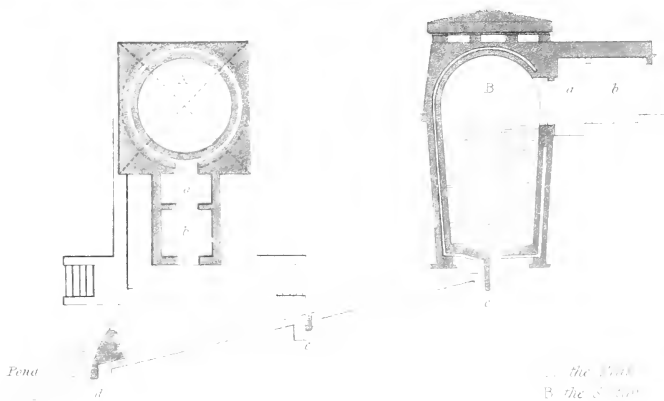
We beg Mr. James Quin to accept our best thanks for his friendly communication, from which we learn, with equal concern and surprise, that we have incurred the displeasure of some of our subscribers in the Isle of Man, by the insertion of a jeu d'esprit in our sixteenth Number. We assure them, that the author of the obnoxious lines is unknown to us, and that, for ought we can tell, they may have been written these fifty years. We entreat them to make due allowance for the licence claimed by poets to deal in fictions; and in proof of our sincere desire to do every justice to the Isle of Man and its inhabitants, we refer them to the sober prose account given at p. 154 of the preceding Number of the Repository. It will give us great pleasure to afford farther evidence of this disposition, if any of our correspondents or subscribers in the island, or elsewhere, will furnish us with further details, either relative to its topography, local beauties and advantages, or to the present state of society and manners in this interesting and improving portion of the British dominions.

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. THORNHILL, 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

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FINE ARTS.

ARCHITECTURAL HINTS.

PLATE 32.—AN ICE-HOUSE.

A COMMAND of heat and cold is so valuable towards a full possession of the innocent enjoyments of life, that the cultivation of them as luxuries might be expected in a degree much greater than we find them even among the affluent, or those most studious of health or comfort. Baths, that in other countries, and from early times, have been considered as essential parts of healthful economy, are not in common nor in frequent use with us, being resorted to merely as restoratives to health, rather than as preventions of disease, or as the means of occasional refreshment; and this is the more extraordinary, as our country is subject to such variations of temperature, that the warm and cold baths, if used properly, must become delightful resources of relief, towards correcting the injuries incident to such rapid changes and such extremes of transition as sometimes occur with us, and which are attended with no little violence to our comfort and our

constitutions. We possess also the means of preserving a certain degree of cold, and though it does not afford benefits parallel with the importance of those we obtain by a command of the more active element fire, yet it is worth an extent of cultivation that it has never obtained with us: for in this country there are but few conservatories of ice, except in the metropolis, from which the public can be supplied; and the few that are possessed by noblemen and others of fortune, are not sufficiently spacious, nor sufficiently used, to give the advantages they are otherwise capable of affording.

Beyond the common uses of assisting in the department of the confectioner, the ice-house forms an excellent larder for the preservation of every kind of food that is injured by excessive heat in summer; thus fish, game, poultry, butter, &c. may be kept for a considerable time: indeed, in London they are used for such purposes by

T T

persons who deal largely in either fish or venison; and for the table, where coolness is desirable, the use of ice in summer is a great luxury.

By the proper introduction of ice into apartments in close and sultry days, streams of cool and refreshing air are produced that no other means can obtain; for the air that is cooled by the ice being urged forward by the warm air, continued currents are produced, that prove to be as salutary as agreeable.

The preservation of ice is by no means difficult; coolness, dryness, and a confinement from external air, are all that are required; and in some warm countries, and in Italy in particular, great use is made of chaff towards the preservation of ice. The ice-house for this purpose is then only a deep hole dug in the ground on the side of a hill, from the bottom of which a drain is made to let out the water that is occasioned by the partial melting of the ice. If the ground is tolerably dry, they do not line the sides with any thing, but fill the pit with pure snow, or with ice taken from the purest and clearest water; because they do not, as is customary with us, set the bottles in the ice, but really mix it with the wine itself. They first cover the bottom of the hole with chaff, and then lay in the ice, not letting it anywhere touch the sides, but ramming in a large bed of chaff all the way between; thus they carry on the filling to the top, and then cover

the surface with chaff, making a further covering of thatch to preserve it from the weather, and in this manner it will keep as long as they please: when they take any of it out for use, they wrap the lump up in chaff, and it may then be carried to a considerable distance without waste or running. The best situation for the ice-house is the side of a hill, and the best soil is chalk or gravel; its aspect should be to the south-east if possible, as the damps which collect in the porches are more pernicious than warmth, and the morning sun will expel them.

The design contained in the annexed plate is for an ice-house, calculated for an embellishment to the grounds of a nobleman, and contains in its plan and section all the requisites to the construction of an ice-well. It shews the double wall for drainage of surrounding water or damps; the porches *a* and *b* to exclude the external air; the air-traps and drain *c c*, to carry off the meltings of the ice, and to prevent the passage of air up the drain, which would prove fatal to the purpose; and *d* represents the mouth of the drain terminating in a pond, to which an iron grating should be affixed, to prevent the ingress of rats and other vermine, that frequently destroy an ice-well without exhibiting the cause which admits a concealed passage of air into the cell, or chief apartment of the building.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES AND ANECDOTES.



MEMOIR OF SIR ROBERT WIGRAM, BART.

IN presenting our readers with biographical sketches of living characters, we are at all times actuated by a desire to gratify a laudable spirit of inquiry on the one hand, and to promote emulation on the other; and perhaps it would be difficult to select one more calculated to accomplish these objects than that of Sir Robert Wigram, especially at a period like the present, when the distresses of our countrymen, calling for an active exercise of national and individual benevolence, have aroused the feelings, and stimulated the liberality, of the opulent in behalf of suffering indigence—circumstances which, to those who know the subject of this memoir, his enlarged soul and sympathising heart, will sufficiently account for his being called to preside at the recent meetings for effecting an amelioration of extensive calamity.

Clearly to develop the springs of human action, circumstantially to narrate the progress of the mind from infancy to maturity, from vigour to decay, and faithfully to delineate the particulars of the lives of persons worthy to be held up to public admiration, are the most important, as well as the most pleasing, occupations of the biographer; and though there are considerable difficulties to encounter in giving portraits of living characters, so as to avoid incurring the imputation of servile flattery on the one hand, or private pique on the other; in this case we have nothing

to fear, fully convinced that it is not the glitter and blaze of grandeur, it is not the coronet, the title, or the riches to which a man may have arrived, that should occupy our contemplation, or bias our opinions; but it is the means by which they have been attained, the motives to action, and not the results alone, that should command approval, or induce condemnation.

Sir Robert Wigram is descended from the family of Patrick Fitz-Wigrom, one of the citizens of Wexford in Ireland, who besieged and made prisoner Robert Fitz-Stephen, a Welsh prince, and delivered him to Henry II. as a criminal, who, without the orders of his sovereign, had disturbed that peace which had existed between England and Ireland for many centuries. John Wigram was a canon of Windsor in the year 1458; the nineteenth in descent is the present Sir Robert Wigram, who was born at Wexford on the 30th of January, 1744. His father, who was a native of the same place, followed the profession of a surgeon, to which the son was also brought up under the instruction of an uncle. Of the early years of his life but few particulars can be obtained, but it is understood that he left Ireland very young, to pursue the study of his profession in England. In the year 1768 we find him appointed to the situation of surgeon to an East-Indiaman, and on the 2d of March in that year he sailed from Portsmouth in the Duke of Rich-

mond, bound to St. Helena and Bencoolen, under the command of Captain Hindman. The present regulation of the company, restricting any person from sailing in the capacity of surgeon until after having sailed one voyage in their service as surgeon's assistant, was not at that time adopted. Upon his return he remained in England about three years, and in 1772 again sailed to the East, in the same situation as upon the former voyage, in the *British King*, bound to St. Helena, Bencoolen, and China, commanded by Captain D. G. Hoare. During this voyage he was particularly unfortunate, as he was obliged to remain at Bengal under a severe affliction of his eyes, which threatened to deprive him of his sight, and which detained him nearly five years. After having regained the use of those valuable organs, he again repaired to England, and shortly after commenced the practice of surgeon, &c. in Wormwood-street, Bishopsgate. Finding, however, his premises not sufficiently large for his business, which increased considerably, he some time after removed to Sun-court, Cornhill, having, in addition to his surgical profession, commenced an extensive trade in drugs, which considerably augmented his property.

While he resided on this spot, he became warmly attached to Miss Catherine Broadhurst, the youngest daughter of Francis Broadhurst, Esq. of Mansfield, in Nottinghamshire, an eminent tanner and maltster. To this young lady, who was extremely handsome, Mr. Wigram paid his addresses; and though his overtures were in the first instance

rejected by the friends of the lady, yet such was the ardour of affection in his breast, that, instead of deterring him from further advances, it seemed rather to stimulate exertion for the attainment of his wishes, which were at length gratified by his obtaining her hand. The father of this lady died suddenly: he went to bed in perfect health, and was found there lifeless the next morning. Mrs. Broadhurst, his wife, died at the advanced age of seventy-eight, leaving five children.

Soon after this alliance, Mr. Wigram's concerns increased so much, that he found it necessary to remove to premises still more extensive than those he had hitherto occupied; and consequently, in or about the year 1781, he took the house in Crosby-square now occupied by his son, where he erected a laboratory. The premises are large, and afforded ample room to carry into effect the various efforts of his active mind. The house stands on a part of the famous Crosby-House, some of the subterraneous passages of which remain to this day, and are used as wine-cellars, coal-cellars, and ware-houses. In this situation he greatly increased his mercantile concerns, and was one of the greatest importers of drugs in England. He was particularly fortunate in importing from America and exporting to China an article called Ginseng, a root of a bitter taste, held in a sort of religious veneration by the Chinese.

On the 22d January, 1786, he experienced a heavy misfortune in the loss of his amiable consort, by whom he had five children, viz. three boys and two girls. Her

death was occasioned by a sudden violent internal complaint, and her remains are deposited in the family vault at Walthamstow, Essex (where he has an elegant mansion), with the following inscription:—"To the memory of Mrs. Catherine Wigram, who died the 22d of January, 1786, aged 35 years."

The loss of this lady deeply afflicted Mr. Wigram, and for some time he was inconsolable. Six years of domestic comfort had habituated his mind to conjugal happiness with the partner of his heart, and the loss consequently preyed upon his spirits. In the following June, however, he married Miss Eleanor Watts, daughter of John Watts, Esq. of Southampton, many years secretary to the Victualling-Office. For this lady he went over to France, and the benevolence of her heart, and gentleness of her manners, have not only endeared her to her husband, but gained her the esteem and regard of all who know her. By her he has fifteen children, so that his present family consists of nineteen children.

He had by this time commenced a new line of business, and become a managing owner of ships in the East India Company's service; and in this line he has been particularly successful. The General Goddard sailed under his management, commanded by William Taylor Money, Esq. son of William Money, Esq. many years a director of the company, and was fortunate enough during the voyage to capture eight Dutch East Indiamen of considerable value, in the year 1795, off St. Helena; the total produce of which, however, has not yet been awarded to the captors. Since this period

he is become one of the most eminent ships' husbands in the city of London, as well as principal owner of several vessels trading to Bengal, Madras, and Bombay.

At the general election in 1802 he became member of parliament for Fowey in Cornwall, in the room of Mr. Golding, who, being returned for two boroughs, took his seat for Plympton. At the time of raising the volunteer force for the defence of the nation against an inveterate foe, he stepped forward with all his energies, and distinguished himself by his patriotic exertions for raising a regiment of his neighbours in the ward of Bishopsgate. He was assiduous to engage every person near his own residence who could bear arms, by waiting on them himself, and animating them to join the ranks; and by his example he stimulated the opulent to be liberal in their subscriptions for the support of the corps. By these means the 6th regiment of Loyal London Volunteers, consisting of 715 rank and file, was established, and they unanimously elected him their lieutenant-colonel commandant.

At the subsequent general election he declined his seat for Fowey, and was elected member for his native place Wexford; and his eldest son, Robert, succeeded to the vacant seat for Fowey. At the last general election he declined his seat for Wexford, and was succeeded by Mr. Neville, the now sitting member. His eldest son is a member of parliament, a director of the Bank and the London Institution, and a warm patron of the liberal arts and sciences. His second son, John, whom he had the

misfortune to lose some years since, was a director of the East India Dock Company, underwriter, and superintended the repairs of shipping, supplying them with all necessary stores, provisions, &c. for their voyages, from his wharf at Blackwall. His third son, William, is member of parliament for New-Ross in Ireland, a director of the East India Company, and acting manager of the extensive brewery now conducted under the firm of Meux, Reids, and Co. Catherine, the eldest daughter by the first marriage, is the wife of Charles Tottenham, Esq. of Bally-Curry in Ireland, cousin to the Marquis of Ely, and late M. P. for Ross; and Eleanor, the second daughter, is also married. The two eldest sons by the present Lady Wigram are now ship-builders at the yard (late Perry's) Blackwall. Thus provision is made for them all as they rise progressively to a certain age.

The leading features in the character of Sir Robert Wigram are, honour, integrity, and benevolence. As a merchant, no name is more respectable; as a soldier, his attentions to the men under his command, his hospitality and patriotism, have justly entitled him to the re-

gards of his regiment. As a friend, he is sincere; as a father and a husband, dotingly affectionate; as a politician, it need only be remarked, that he was a warm admirer of the splendid talents, and while in parliament a supporter of the administration, of the late illustrious statesman William Pitt, to whose remains he paid the last tribute of regard.

Sir Robert is now in the seventy-third year of his age, with an apparently unimpaired constitution, and a vigorous and active mind. He rejoices to have his whole family seated at his table once a year, a sight truly gratifying to one who, without the advantages of fortune or liberal education, has raised himself to a dignified station, and ennobled his name by the energies of his own mind. By the indefatigable assiduity with which he has applied to his various concerns, he is enabled (as he advances further into the vale of years) to make ample provision for a numerous progeny. May he long live to partake of these enjoyments, and his family emulate his example, and as years pass on to life's decline, have the satisfaction to experience his felicities!

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

EVERY age has characteristics peculiar to itself, by which it is distinguished from preceding times, and in which it is described to posterity. The British nation at the present day exhibits an anomalous mixture of puritanic strictness on the one hand, and of polished licentiousness on the other. While

one therefore, perhaps under a serious apprehension of the decline of national morality, is strenuously occupied in reprobating and resisting the depravity of modern manners, another appears no less determined to assert what he regards as the cause of liberal and enlightened society. The subject

of this sketch may be considered as belonging to the latter class.

Thomas Moore is the only son of Mr. John Moore, who was formerly a respectable merchant, and who still resides at Dublin. Thomas was born about the year 1780. His infantine days seem to have left the most agreeable impressions on his memory. In an epistle to his eldest sister, dated November 1803, and written from Norfolk in Virginia, he has retraced the delight of their childhood, and described the pure endearments of home, with great felicity. Under Mr. White of Dublin, a gentleman extensively known and respected, and whose worth as an instructor has been justly commemorated in a sonnet addressed to him by his pupil, which appeared in a periodical miscellany entitled the *Anthologia Hibernica*, young Moore acquired the rudiments of an excellent education. He was afterwards removed in due course of time to Trinity College, in the same city. Moore was greatly distinguished while a collegian, by an enthusiastic attachment to his country and the sociability of his disposition. On the 19th of November, 1799, he was entered a member of the Honourable Society of the Middle Temple, where he, as is usual, kept his terms, &c.

In the year 1800, and consequently when he had not completed the twenty-first of his age, he published his translations of the Odes of Anacreon into English verse, with notes. Hence, in the vocabulary of fashion, he has since generally been designated by the appellation of Anacreon Moore; and it is likely he will retain this appellation until his name be no

longer remembered. So early as his twelfth year he appears to have meditated on this performance, which, if a free one, is confessed by many to be a fascinating version of his favourite bard. This work is introduced by an admirable Greek ode from the pen of the translator, and is dedicated with permission to his Royal Highness the Prince Regent. It was published first in a quarto volume; it now appears in two small volumes, and has attained the eighth edition. Before the second edition of his translation was sent to the press, Mr. Moore made considerable additions. "Among the epigrams of the *Anthologia*," says he on this occasion, "there are some panegyrics on Anacreon, which I had translated and originally intended as a kind of *coronis* to the work; but I found upon consideration, that they wanted variety. I shall take the liberty, however, of subjoining a few, that I may not appear to have totally neglected those elegant tributes to the reputation of Anacreon." Assuming the surname of *Little**, our author committed to the world in 1801 a volume of original poems, chiefly *amatory*. It has experienced a rapid sale. Of the contents of this publication it is impossible to speak in terms of unqualified approbation. Many of the poems exhibit strong marks of genius, and some of them may be perused without exciting any asperity; while others, it cannot be denied, are too much tinged with licentiousness to allow the writer to

* The stature of Mr. Moore is somewhat under the common size, and it was his diminutiveness which occasioned a certain vocal performer to designate him under the name of her *Pocket Apollo*.

assert, that he has produced "no line, which dying he would wish to blot."

Towards the autumn of 1803 Mr. Moore embarked for Bermuda, where he had obtained the appointment of Register to the Admiralty. This was a patent place, and of a description so unsuitable to his temper of mind, that he soon found it expedient to fulfil the duties of it by the medium of a deputy, with whom, in consideration of circumstances, he consented to divide the profits accruing from it. These, however, proved to be wholly unworthy of Mr. Moore's serious attention. "Though curiosity therefore," says he, "was certainly not the motive of my voyage to America, yet it happened that the gratification of curiosity was the only advantage which I derived from it." From England to New-York, in his way to Bermuda, he had the gratification of associating with Mr. Merry, the British envoy, who sailed with him in the *Phaeton* frigate. "Having remained about a week at New-York," he continues, "where I saw Madame Jerome (the *soi-disant* but half-repudiated wife of Admiral Prince Jerome) Bonaparte, and felt a slight shock of an earthquake, the only things that particularly awakened my attention, I sailed again in the *Boston* for Norfolk, whence I proceeded on my tour northward through Williamsburgh, Richmond, &c. I went to America with prepossessions by no means unfavourable, and indeed rather indulged in many of those illusive ideas with respect to the purity of the government, and the primitive happiness of the people, which I had early imbibed in my

native country, where unfortunately discontent at home too often enhances every distant temptation; and the western world has long been looked on as a retreat from imaginary oppression, as the elysian Atlantis, where persecuted patriots might find their wishes realized, and be welcomed by kindred spirits to liberty and repose. I was completely disappointed in every flattering expectation I had formed. Such romantic works as *The American Farmer's Letters*, and Imlay's* *Account of Kentucky*, would seduce us into a belief, that innocence, peace, and freedom had deserted the rest of the world, for Martha's Vineyard and the banks of the Ohio. The French travellers too, almost all from revolutionary motives, have contributed their share to the diffusion of this flattering misconception. A visit to the country is, however, quite sufficient to correct even the most enthusiastic prepossessions."

The feelings with which our author first visited America, and the opinions which he had formed when he quitted it, are finely expressed in his epistle to his sister Katherine. Norfolk was the place from which his poetical epistle was sent, and also the place first visited by him; and here, in the friendship of George Morgan, Esq. a gentleman who was attached to our consulate, and that of Colonel Hamilton, the consul, he sought and found some relief from his chagrin

* Imlay, a man who has rendered himself notorious by his ungenerous desertion of the celebrated Mrs. Wolstonecraft, afterwards Mrs. Godwin.—See her *Life* written by her husband, and her *Letter to Imlay*.

and disappointment. "The college of William and Mary at Williamsburgh," continues Mr. Moore, "gave me but a melancholy idea of the republican seats of learning. That contempt for the elegances of education which the American democrats affect, is no where more grossly conspicuous than in Virginia. The men who look to advancement, study rather to be *demagogues* than *politicians*, and as every thing that distinguishes from the multitude is supposed to be invidious and unpopular, the levelling system is applied to education, and it has had all the effect which its partizans could desire, by producing a most extensive equality of ignorance. The Abbé Raynal, in his prophetic admonitions to the Americans, directing their attention very strongly to learned establishments, says, 'When the youth of a country are depraved, the nation is on the decline.' I know not what the Abbé Raynal would pronounce of this nation now, were he alive to know the morals of the young students at Williamsburgh."

These strictures, however warranted, roused the resentment of some American writers, whose tirades Mr. Moore's good sense will know how to appreciate: yet he does not forget the kind reception he met with at Philadelphia in the society of Mr. Dennie; and his friends, he trusts, will not accuse him of illiberality for the picture which he has given, of the ignorance and corruption that surround them.

Seven days were passed by Mr. Moore in his passage from Norfolk in Virginia to Bermuda, the place of his original destination, which he

reached early in 1801. His farewell to Bermuda has been long before our readers. He sailed aboard the Boston frigate, in company with the Cambrian and Leander; they separated in a few days, and the Boston, after a short cruise, proceeded to New-York. He was sixteen days sailing from Quebec to Halifax, and in October 1801 quitted Halifax on his return to England, in the Boston frigate, commanded by his friend Captain Douglas, whom he has highly eulogized for his attention during the voyage. After an absence of about fourteen months from Europe, he had the felicity of realizing that scene of domestic endearment which his imagination had so fondly pictured: since which time Mr. Moore has indulged in learned leisure, in trips from this to the sister country, the exhilaration of the tables of fashion and conviviality, and the exertion of his literary talents. The following is a list of his productions, as given in the *Biographical Dictionary of Living Authors*:—The Odes of Anacreon, eighth edition—A Candid Appeal to Public Confidence, &c.—Poems by the late Thomas Little—A Letter to the Roman Catholics of Dublin—Intercepted Letters, or the Two-penny Post-Bag, by Thomas Brown the younger; of this work there have been fourteen editions—M. P. or the Blue Stocking, a comic opera—and Poems from Camoens. Mr. Moore completed the translation of Sallust which had been left unfinished by Arthur Murphy, Esq. and superintended the printing of the work for the purchaser, Mr. Carpenter.

C.

MISCELLANIES.

PLATE 33.—SENTIMENTAL TRAVELS TO THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

LETTER VI.

IT was a favourable sign of commencing improvement, that between Paris and Fontainebleau I was engaged in a soliloquy, which left behind it no wrinkles upon my brow. I weighed, for the first time, the advantages of travelling against the sorry vocation of constantly remaining upon the same spot like a fixed star, and waiting to be discovered by some penetrating eye or other in our remote region. "Heaven be praised," said I to myself with heartfelt satisfaction, "now I am perhaps on the road to health and content!" Soul and body behaved to one another as if they were desirous of renewing their former friendship, interrupted by a slight misunderstanding. "If this harmony but lasts," said I, "as I hope it will, what need I care about anything else?"

I recapitulated all the circumstances that had deprived me of comfort and health, and considered how easily I might have avoided them by means of a pair of post-horses. "If," I continued, "you cannot agree with your playmates in one corner of the world, only move a little farther to others. It would be hard indeed if you did not meet now and then with companions with whom you could stay awhile, and forget how one mischievous rogue tripped up your heels, or another broke your new drum!"

In this mood I continued till I

came within sight of the palace at which a young queen once sought to appease, by murder, the resentment of love*, and that too while upon a party of pleasure, which rendered the circumstance still more horrible to me. Whether her object was so easily accomplished as the sanguinary expedient to which she had recourse, I cannot pretend to say; still less can I think of justifying the deed with the all-commanding Leibnitz. As for me, who am no philosopher, the mere recollection of this story threw me completely out of my happy mood, and extinguished every pleasurable emotion till I reached Auxerre.

There I was indemnified by a droll adventure. Exactly opposite to the post-house, a fellow in a booth was shouting to the multitude who flocked towards him—*Fruges consumere natus! Bête sauvage d'Allemagne, jusqu'ici inconnu en France!* I thought to myself that it would be the first twelve sous that I had sacrificed in France to my curiosity, and could not resist the temptation to inquire what animal was meant by a description which suited so many in my country, and which, at any other time, I might have been hypochondriac-

* Queen Christina of Sweden caused Monaldeschi, her master of the horse, to be murdered at Fontainebleau before her face. Leibnitz vindicated the action, but in this instance without convincing.



Liberality to infirm beggars on leaving Yvri.

cal enough to apply to myself. The wonderful creature, of whose whole race we would gladly make a present to the French nation, proved to be nothing but a hamster; but the man who shewed it attracted my notice so much the more strongly. His manner, the hollow tone of his voice, his sparkling eyes, were the very same that a year ago accompanied an *homme comme il faut* at our routes, who played piquet with such astonishing luck, who invited you with equal kindness and urgency to his marquise, and might perhaps have prevailed on you to set out on the excursion, had not a trifle broken off your acquaintance. Over and above my twelve sous, I cheerfully paid my blush for his when he recognized me, quickly remounted my chaise, and drove away, laughing heartily at the discovery. How gladly would I have paid twelve sous more, if I could at that price have transferred my surprise to a certain beauty, and have made her ashamed of the *teterrima belli causa*, as Horace expresses it, by which she risked the respectability of a courtier against a showman. In my absence, however, I may leave that business to you, which will doubtless afford you a triumph so much the more undisturbed.

Without losing the good-humour which I carried with me out of the booth of your rival, I proceeded to Yvri. There I threw myself upon a mattress as hard as stone, and awoke—would to God I could always awake so! I found my carriage, when I was going to set off again, surrounded by a crowd of sick and infirm beggars, who could not have pitched upon a more lucky

moment, for the impulse to do good rushed through all my veins. A common alms was too small for my expanded feelings. I opened the seat of my carriage, and without farther consideration, distributed my whole stock of costly medicines among the necessitous applicants. To a soldier with one arm I gave twenty doses of Dr. —'s aerated salts; and eighteen that I had then remaining, I divided among as many children. To a very old woman, who complained of disturbed sleep and nocturnal attacks of the devil, I made a present of my Bruchsal elixir, together with the direction. Among the rest of the consumptive and pallid wretches I divided my magnetic drops, my Glauber salts, and my biscuit. One of these, a female of an elegant figure, with a Madonna face, would probably have received relief from disorganization, had I but understood the process, or had time and inclination to seek a *rapprochement* between us. In the interim, till she meets with a professor of the art, I gave her a yet-untouched box of cooling powders, the only physic that I had not felt any want of during my journey; and then hastily sprung into my carriage, to avoid the thanks and praises with which I was stunned by the crowd of unfortunate creatures. Too generous to calculate the cost of the things which I had thus given away, though it amounted to more than perhaps the richest man would distribute so early in a morning among the poor, I never once gave it a thought, that, by my unbounded liberality, I had left myself, in case of necessity, totally destitute of resource. Feelings, which I should never have

known in so high a degree at home, rewarded me for this act of benevolence, and shortened my way.

Blessed be the man who invented travelling, and thrice blessed the best of my friends who drew me forth from the killing dust of my books, who set my smallest virtues in motion, and happily enabled me to exercise them! I skimmed along as light as a bird. A few hours' sleep, which I took *en passant* at Lyons, gave me a strength and wakefulness of which I never imagined myself susceptible, and which, together with the excellence of the roads, and the activity of the postilions, brought me the following night to Palu, and the next morning—but what a morning!—to Nismes, where I engaged the pretty pavilion, which, with the adjoining garden, I have now occupied some weeks, without looking round me for any other employment than that which is devoted to you—I mean the discharge of the arrears of my journal.

In this view, my dearest friend, I am writing to you at this moment under the embowering shade of two interwoven orange-trees, which, however, are scarcely sufficient to screen me from the sun. But where shall I find words to describe to you all the happiness of my present existence? What charms of novelty for a native of the North pervaded the smiling winter morning when I took possession of my sequestered habitation! They hovered, too, at dinner over the fare of my Carthusian table, and the young peas, strawberries, and figs, with which it was supplied. A cloudless evening, of which you can have no conception,

pregnant with the hope of an equally beautiful morning, lulled me into the soundest slumber; and that day was the model of all the succeeding ones which I have yet passed in this country. Gaiety, mirth, and joy seem to flutter about my writing-table, to guide my pen, and imperceptibly to change my words; nay, had I not been bound to my journal by the sacred promise which you required, long since would they have allured me into other paths than those which wind among the flower-beds of my little garden.

No set narrative of travels—no statistical, political, and practical observations—no discussions on medals and antiquities—no examination of soils, and of the strata of mountains—and how many more subjects did you proscribe? My dear friend, you might well have spared your exceptions, for I have scarcely time to give you merely what I owe you, to execute the votive picture that I promised to my deliverer. In this kind of painting it is customary, you know, to judge of a performance not according to the strict rules of art, but according to the good intention; and it is, therefore, particularly well suited to my fugitive, unpractised pencil. Truth shall suffer so much the less for this; and if you find that here and there the colours are rather too strong, that they are not sufficiently softened down into one another, you need only hang the piece a little higher than usual; it will produce its effect.

December 7.

For these four days past, my Edward, I have extended the circle round me, which I shall continue

to enlarge by degrees as befits a convalescent. I have, without suspecting it, inclosed objects which are certainly deserving of notice. The first time I quitted my pavilion, not much more than one hundred paces from it, I met with a work which displayed the majesty of a queen under the frippery of a common street-walker. It was a Roman bath in complete preservation, fresh whitewashed, and surrounded by a garden full of hedges.

It was some time before I knew what to make of it, when the most lucky chance brought to the spot a labourer who had himself assisted in the discovery of this exquisite work. A professed antiquary would scarcely have satisfied me so well as this man did. Though a downright Frenchman, he nevertheless frankly acknowledged, that the building pleased him better in the venerable rust of antiquity, in which it was left for some time after its discovery, than in its present state.

However great the charms which this walk had for me, the monument of which I have been speaking should be viewed in the evening to be seen in all its beauty, because the dusk somewhat reduces the glare of the colours with which it is disfigured, and gives it to the eye that greyish cast which so well becomes its antiquity. A temple of the goddess of Chastity, which lies in ruins not far from the bath, and is overshadowed with trees, contributes greatly to the picturesque effect of the whole. Numerous pilgrims throng to the temple as soon as the evening star appears. As you approach it, you feel that you are treading holy ground. An

awe comes over you, and you will not easily find a more suitable spot for pursuing the idea in which I and you, Solomon, Lucian, and the prophets unanimously agree—that every thing here below is but vanity.

I have sauntered hither several successive evenings in the moonshine, and my imagination never returned ungratified. O that you, stealing from your turbulent winter amusements, could stroll with me through these groves, and see with your own eyes, how lovely, even in a December night, Cynthia trembles among the rustling leaves of the silver poplars and of the ivy that holds together in its close embrace the riven walls of her ruined temple!

December 12.

In the last days of the past week, contrary to the advice of my good Jerome, I left hills and dales, and my own silent society, for what is here, as every where else, termed good company. A visit to the bishop, another to the intendant, I should not have grudged, could I have stopped there. But how is that possible? The principal persons in a place are always surrounded with a circle, every point of which requires in turn the same attention from a stranger, and not one, however small, likes to be overlooked. These civilities are then returned in the same order to ourselves, till we are thoroughly weary of them. This established custom of the great world always involves me in difficulties, from which I am at a loss how to extricate myself. Cards and supper are now the first salutations that

greet my ears in the morning, and which will certainly drive me hence as they did from home. I have no longer either relish, appetite, or time for this kind of social pleasures, which are the centre of attraction for great and small in the world of fashion.

At the bishop's I met with one of his relations, the Marquise d'Antremont, whom I have since frequently seen with pleasure. Through the channel of the *Almanac of the Muses*, some of her performances have reached our country, but the greater number have sunk on the spot that gave them birth. A passion for poetry is a kind of Freemasonry, that soon makes the votaries of the Muse as familiar with one another in every region as the spirit of the craft. We became acquainted in the first quarter of an hour, and exchanged, if not our hearts, at least our mutual confidence; and to this lady I am already indebted for many very agreeable hours.

There was another poet—and I am astonished that there was only one more in this company—a wealthy pompous man, who had written on the *Revolution in Portugal* without producing any revolution in poetry. He did me the honour, before either of us knew the other's name, to present me with the third edition of his tragedy. This civility gave me occasion to make farther inquiry concerning him, and my informants drew a truly enviable picture of his happy genius. The man performs wonders in all that he undertakes. His father was a little shopkeeper, and he is a baron and proprietor of a large estate, the name of which he bears.

He wished for the most charming woman in the whole country, and he obtained her—for the best cook, a magnificent house, and abundance of friends; Heaven granted him the one, and he could not be long without the others. Not a whim comes into his head but he is enabled to gratify it. Good verses alone are a thing beyond his reach; here his skill fails like that of Pharoah's conjurers: he cannot imitate them, and is forced to admit, that poetic genius is the gift of Heaven. I have read his performance, and that is all I can do for it.

December 13.

I had just returned home enlivened by the finest of mornings, and with no other intention than to appease the cravings of hunger, that I might hasten back again into the bosom of nature, when my John brought me an invitation to cards and supper, and a command from the Marquise d'Antremont to meet her on the esplanade, and to accompany her to the theatre. The play is the *Honnête Criminel*, a favourite piece with the inhabitants of this place, because it is founded upon an occurrence which happened here. She wishes to make me previously acquainted with the excellent man, who, by his virtuous action, made himself the hero of this drama. His name is Fabrè, and he carries on, not far from hence, the trade of a stocking-maker.

Virtue has her geniuses too, and perhaps still more of them than the sciences; but they are more rarely observed, because it would cease to be virtue, if they, like those peculiar favourites of the Muses, were

solely intent on making a noise in the world. This is not the case with honest Fabr . He is a man of unimpeached character. The ostentatious philanthropy of Choiseul, the minister, released him from the despotic punishment which he had cheerfully taken upon himself instead of his father; and his fellow-citizens, who were wholly indifferent to his fate before it was talked of at court, now boast of his virtue as a curiosity of their country, since it has attracted notice, and been represented on the stage.

I found the *marquise* with honest Fabr  on the esplanade, and after we were introduced to one another, his story became the principal topic of conversation. He related to me how long he had supplied the place of his father in the galleys. He rejoiced with us, that since his liberation Protestant ministers have no longer any punishment to fear, when, like his father, they quietly perform their duty. He painted in the most natural colours the state of his soul while chains fettered his body; how the thoughts of his good father and his mistress, who duly appreciated his conduct, imparted strength and courage to his mind; and how the consciousness of the purity of his motives abundantly rewarded him for all his sufferings. In short, his unaffected narrative moved me even to tears.

During this conversation, we perceived at the farther end of the alley a dark coat, on which we could distinguish, though at that distance, a glistening star. We continued our discourse without taking any more notice of this mark of merit—an oversight which re-

duced me to a very awkward dilemma.

The figure advanced nearer and nearer, and before I was aware, I found myself in the arms of the intolerable knight of the *Annonciade*, Count G—. I replied to his questions, his embraces, and his surprise, with as much embarrassment as at Berlin, and in my perturbation stammered forth the name of the *marquise*, to whom he directed his second obeisance. I might have foreseen how readily he would consider this as a challenge to shew himself in all his glory—Heaven knows whether he did or not. The decisive tone that is peculiar to him, his unfortunate squeaking voice, his lame attempts at wit, and his monkey grin, soon removed from all our faces every trace of our former satisfaction.

To get rid of him, I had recourse to the only expedient of any avail with a prating coxcomb—to leave him to himself. I looked at my watch, and asked the *marquise* if it was not time to go to the theatre. Scarcely had this question escaped my lips, when he started back in astonishment. “By the god of good taste,” cried he, “what should bring you to the theatre? But,” he continued, as if recollecting himself, “don’t let me keep you away upon any account. The play to be sure, according to the bill at which I glanced in passing at yonder corner, is none of the best. The scenes are dull, and the whole subject beneath tragic dignity; but yet such abortions belong to the reigning fashion. Many years ago it was performed in the capital, but that is no proof of its excellence. Formerly those who converted our

lymph into tears, introduced crown-ed heads only into their pieces; but we are luckily less fastidious, for our fashionable hero is a—stock-ing-maker.”

The blood rushed into the face of the honest Fabré. The *marquise* was thunderstruck; and for my part, considering myself as the first cause of the rude sally of my countryman, because I had not introduced our honest companion in proper time to the count, I leave you to conceive my feelings at the moment.

I offered my arm to the *marquise*, and hastened away to the theatre, to wipe off the perspiration into which this scene had thrown me. The good Fabré accompanied us,

and I hope that the feelings which the representation of his virtuous action must have produced, and the applauses which it received, more than compensated him for what had passed. My vexation did not allow me to pay so much attention to the play as it deserved. I was ashamed of the count, and carried my distraction and ill-humour into the company, from which, to my gratification, honest Fabré, in spite of his business, was not excluded. I was glad when play, cards, and supper were over, and am still better pleased now that I have tired myself with writing, and have good reason to hope that I shall sleep off the vexations of the day.

THE HISTORY OF CELADON.

THE youth of Celadon was distinguished by a love of study so ardent, that the acquisition of knowledge seemed wholly to engross him, and when obliged to pay those little attentions to the ladies which the habits of polite circles render necessary, his air and manner were so abstracted and embarrassed, that it was easy to see he regarded the fair sex with indifference. Just as he had turned his twentieth year, chance brought him acquainted with Sophronia. He was passing close to a garden when his attention was riveted by a female voice, which recited with much justness, and in the most harmonious tones, some passages from Thomson's *Seasons*. Never before had their beauty struck him so forcibly; he remained rapt in admiration for some moments after the voice had ceased, till the garden-gate opened, and

two ladies came out. The youngest was speaking to her companion, and Celadon found by her melodious accents, that it was to her he was indebted for the pleasure he had just enjoyed.

For the first time in his life Celadon viewed a female face with interest and admiration; but the glance cost him dear: the uncommon beauty of Sophronia captivated him instantly, and by a sudden transition, he passed from the excess of insensibility to the most romantic and ardent passion.

His inquiries respecting Sophronia were, in his opinion, most satisfactorily answered. She was of respectable though not opulent family, and her gentle and amiable disposition, as well as her personal graces, was admired by all who knew her. The vivid fancy of Celadon bestowed upon her all the ta-

lents as well as all the virtues that could adorn her sex. He obtained without difficulty an introduction to her father, and bursting the bonds of his natural timidity, he endeavoured to gain her affections. He soon succeeded in inspiring her with the most tender sentiments, which she was too artless to hide. Felicity the most transcendent seemed now within the reach of Celadon, but an instant destroyed the fabric of bliss which his fancy had raised.

The father of Celadon, who was named Septimius, though naturally of an amiable disposition, suffered himself to be drawn into the detestable vice of gaming. A very bad run of luck had reduced him to a state of absolute despair, when it was intimated to him by the uncle of a young and rich heiress, who was also the daughter of one of his deceased friends, that his niece would not be averse to a union with Celadon. Septimius received this news as a malefactor would a reprieve from execution. Clarissa, so the lady was named, was so immensely rich and of a disposition so generous, that he felt assured, if he revealed his situation in confidence to her, it would not prevent her marriage with his son.

He was not deceived in his expectation. Clarissa interrupted the reproaches with which he loaded himself, by a declaration, that whether her marriage took place or not, she would be happy in applying part of her fortune to relieve the embarrassments of her father's old friend. He embraced her in a transport of gratitude, and wrote immediately to desire his son would leave his country seat, where he

was pursuing his studies, and hasten to him without delay.

Surprised at this unexpected summons, Celadon bade adieu to his Sophronia, with a promise of returning the moment he could quit his father; and hastened to London. Septimius, who had no suspicion of the state of his heart, spoke to him of the proposed alliance as a most fortunate event. What was his surprise to see Celadon turn as pale as death, while he declared that it was a union which could never take place! Smothering his rage, Septimius had recourse to entreaties, which Celadon, who had till then been the most dutiful of sons, found it hard to resist; but the image of his Sophronia, pale, dejected, perhaps dying through his desertion, rose to his mental view, and he resolutely refused to unite himself to Clarissa.

"You will then," said his father in a tone of agony, "entail upon yourself the curse of parricide; for know, that my life, and what ought to be dearer to us both, my honour, depend upon this marriage.—Hear me!" continued he, grasping the arm of his son, while his features were convulsed by despair—"hear me, unnatural boy! An act of madness has rendered us both beggars! The generous Clarissa knows my situation, and does not withhold from you the hand she was willing to bestow while she thought you wealthy. By accepting it you will preserve at once my honour and my life. By refusing, you doom yourself to abject want, and deprive your father of existence; for I swear by all that is sacred, not to survive——"

"My father!" interrupted the

heartstruck youth, "I am in your hands, do with me what you will."

Septimius did not allow him a moment either to reflect or retract; there was indeed no danger of his doing the latter. Struck with horror at the discovery which his father had just made, he thought only of shielding him from the effects of his infatuation, and to his dutiful and affectionate heart no sacrifice appeared too great: yet though he gave not a thought to his own wretchedness, the misery which he knew his Sophronia would suffer, rent his heart with the bitterest pangs.

Clarissa had known him in his boyish days, but they had not met for some years. She was somewhat surprised at his reserve and taciturnity, but she entertained no suspicion that he did not heartily concur in the wishes of his father. His attachment to literary pursuits rendered him, she believed, indifferent to her sex in general, but she trusted to time and her own amiable qualities to secure to her the possession of his heart.

Septimius was very urgent that the nuptials should take place immediately, and a day was named for the performance of the ceremony, when chance discovered to Clarissa the attachment between Celadon and Sophronia.

One day when Clarissa was present, his valet presented to him a letter, which he had no sooner cast his eyes on, than he became violently agitated. There was a mixture of grief and reproach in the countenance of the servant as he presented it, which did not escape the notice of Clarissa; and, for the first time, a suspicion that his heart was

engaged occurred to her. She contrived to find an excuse for talking with his valet, who having been many years in Septimius's family, was not regarded as a common servant. He had been about the person of Celadon from his infancy, and was no stranger to his love for Sophronia; nor could he, without extreme sorrow, see the happiness of his young master sacrificed, as he conceived, at the shrine of parental tyranny.

Clarissa did not find it difficult to discover all that the faithful servant knew, and she heard with horror, that Sophronia had been so dangerously ill, that her life was thought to be in danger. She was then recovering but very slowly. "Poor Sophronia!" said Clarissa with a deep sigh, "I have involuntarily caused thee much unhappiness; but it is not yet too late to secure thy felicity." Without losing a moment, she wrote to the parents of Sophronia, and explained to them her situation with Celadon, whom she declared herself resolved never to marry. Without touching upon the distress of Septimius, she offered to settle a handsome fortune upon Celadon and Sophronia, provided the parents of the latter would consent to their union; and she undertook to procure the acquiescence of Septimius as soon as they signified theirs to her. The father of Sophronia replied to this generous proposal by a grateful acceptance of it, and Clarissa hastened to break the matter to Septimius.

Deeply penetrated with the heroic generosity of Clarissa, Septimius felt himself unable to refuse her pressing solicitations, that the

union of the lovers might take place directly. Though unable to estimate at its full value the sacrifice which Clarissa had made for his happiness, Celadon's gratitude was enthusiastic; he regarded her as an angel who had snatched him from the brink of despair, and would cheerfully have risked his life to promote in any way her happiness. Little did he know how dear her magnanimity cost her; little did he think that her cheerfulness was assumed, to cover a deeply wounded heart.

Intoxicated with the pleasure of possessing his adored Sophronia, a few months rolled on in a state of exquisite felicity; but as the illusions of passion disappeared, the eyes of Celadon opened to the inferiority of his wife's understanding, and he was reluctantly compelled to own, that the idol which his imagination had decked with every brilliant, every amiable quality, was in reality a very common character.

In one point only he had not deceived himself. Sophronia's disposition was extremely gentle; but her capacity was so very bounded, that her tastes, her occupations, and her ideas were frivolous in the extreme. If Celadon was disappointed at finding her incapable of sharing in those literary pursuits which he had flattered himself would have been as much her choice as his own, he was still more mortified at perceiving, that she regarded the time which he devoted to them as an injury to herself. As she was then in the way to become a mother, his affection induced him to sacrifice his tastes and pursuits, and devote his time almost entirely

to her; but this complaisance was fatal to the few remains of passion which her uncommon beauty had till then kept alive. Love has no enemy more to be dreaded than *enmi*, and ere twelve months had elapsed, the bright eyes of Sophronia had completely lost their power over the heart of her husband.

Had Sophronia become a mother, it might have been a means of regaining her a portion of Celadon's affections, but her infant was not destined to behold the light; and she was herself so dangerously ill, that her life was despaired of. From the time of his marriage he had frequently seen and corresponded with Clarissa, who no sooner heard of Sophronia's danger than she hastened to her house; and to her tender and unremitting cares, Celadon in a great measure attributed his wife's recovery.

Sophronia, naturally of a grateful disposition, and fully sensible of the obligations which she owed Clarissa, used every means to detain her in her house. Clarissa's endeavours to conquer her passion had been so successful, that she regarded Celadon in the light of a brother, and she made no scruple of remaining with them for some months; nor did she once suspect, that she was unconsciously destroying the happiness she had taken so much pains to secure.

The person of Clarissa, though not beautiful, was extremely attractive; the intelligence and animation of her countenance, and the ineffable sweetness of her smile, amply compensated for the want of perfect regularity in her features; and her highly cultivated and ele-

gant mind rendered it impossible to live in her society without warmly admiring her.

Without detailing the gradations by which the weak and unhappy Celadon passed from admiration to a passion as violent as it was hopeless, suffice it to say, that the suggestions of honour and conscience were disregarded, and he gave up his whole heart to a sentiment, of which no sophistry could disguise the criminality.

He is not, however, so far lost to integrity, as to express to Clarissa even by a look the passion which she has inspired; and his life passes in an endeavour to conceal it from every eye. Sensible of the grief which his altered sentiments would cause his Sophronia, he is more attentive, more solicitous to please her, than when his passion for her was at its height. Loving him as much as she is capable of loving any thing, she thinks herself an exemplary wife, at the very moment that the narrowness of her sentiments and the frivolity of her conduct give the most sensible pain to the heart of her unhappy husband, who daily and bitterly regrets his having sacrificed to an illusion the permanent happiness of his life.

"Poor Celadon!" cried Fortunio, as with a sigh he closed his magic volume, "how much I pity him!

Yet he is not wholly free from blame; he should have scrutinized the mental qualities of Sophronia." How easy it is to be wise for other people! Fortunio never once reflected, that this observation was strictly applicable to himself. Determined to try again the virtues of his volume, he paid a visit to Pharamond. He found him in the midst of a circle, all of whom it was evident had something either to ask or to expect.

From the splendour which surrounded Pharamond, and the placid serenity of his countenance, those who look only at appearances would have pronounced him happy, and his manner seemed to put the matter out of doubt. He listened with apparent interest to the different requests that were made to him. To some he gave hopes, to others positive promises, and smiles to all. Fortunio scrutinized his every look, but not a glance betrayed any symptoms of latent discontent. "Surely," said he to himself, "it is impossible that this man can have bosom cares; the most consummate hypocrisy could scarcely enable him to wear a countenance so happy, an air so perfectly tranquil." Impressed with this idea, he made his bow, and hastened home to consult his volume for Pharamond's History.

GLEANINGS ILLUSTRATIVE OF OLD CUSTOMS, MANNERS, &c.

(Continued from p. 279.)

"For every why he had a wherefore."

1732.

March 8. A curious window, stained by Mr. Price, was put up in the church of St. Andrew's, Hol-

born, to the memory of John Thavie, a great benefactor.

1734.

February 5. Mr. Pyne, an emi-

nent engraver in Aldersgate-street, presented to the court of aldermen a copy of Magna Charta granted by King John, from the original in the Cottonian library, together with the arms and names of the barons then appointed to decide any cause between the king and the people; the whole being printed on a skin of vellum from a copper-plate, curiously engraved and embellished, and set in a frame and glass: for which the court returned him thanks, and ordered him a present of thirty guineas.

13th. A statue of brass of Thomas Guy, Esq. who died about nine years since, was erected in the square of the Hospital for Incurables in Southwark, founded by himself.

10th. Gabriel Odensell, Esq. at St. James's, author of some dramatic pieces, hanged himself in a fit of insanity. [Who was he?]

March 8. The company of comedians from the Haymarket took possession of Drury-lane theatre, by virtue of an ejectment they brought against the patentees.

14th. After the ceremony of the marriage of the Prince of Orange and the Princess Royal, about eleven the royal family supped in public in the great state ball-room. About one the bride and bridegroom retired, and were afterwards seen by the nobility, &c. sitting up in their bedchamber, in rich undresses.

April 15. The Prince of Orange, with the princesses, went to view the pictures of Mr. Vandermyne, at his house in Cavendish-square, with which he was so well pleased, that he ordered him to attend next day at St. James's, and to bring him a

whole-length picture in the Garter robes. This occasioned the Prince of Wales to sit to him for his picture; after which, to shew his regard to the artist and his art, he desired his sister, the Princess of Orange, to draw Mr. Vandermyne's picture, and obliged him to sit. She condescended, and performed it with a delicate and masterly execution, and very like.

May 20. Mr. Dubois, a fencing-master, died of the wounds he received in a duel a week before, with one of his own name and profession.

June 3. Died, Sir Henry Fermor of Welches, in Sussex, Bart. descended from one of that name who came out of France in the reign of Edward III. He had two wives but no issue, so that the dignity of baronet devolves upon Charles Eversfield, jun. Esq. son of Charles Eversfield, Esq. member for Horsham, being so entailed by Sir Henry's patent, dated May 4, 1725. The bulk of his estates he left to a natural son of his brother's, and upwards of 12,000*l.* to charitable uses, and the sum of 500*l.* to be laid out in erecting a monument to the Duke of Argyle in Westminster Abbey, when this nation shall have the misfortune to be deprived of so brave a general.

5th. The directors of the Bank of England left Grocers' Hall, and began to transact business at their house in Threadneedle-street.

13th. Died, Japhet Crook, alias Sir Peter Stanger, in the King's Bench prison: he had his nostrils slit for forgery.

September 5. Died, Mr. Cassels, one of the persons committed to Newgate in 1695, for being con-

cerned in the assassination plot; so that there are now only two surviving, viz. Major Bernardi and Mr. Blackburne.

December 8. Died, Mr. Clench of Barnet, aged 70, who diverted this town many years with imitating the drunken man, a pack of hounds, &c.

1735.

February. The reason that the Welch wear the leek always on St. David's day, the 1st of March, is this:—On the 1st of March, 640, the Welch, under the command of King Cadwallader, gained a great victory over the Saxons, and had, at the same time, put leeks in their hats to distinguish themselves, fighting near a field that was replenished with this vegetable, which has ever since been esteemed as a badge of honour among them. To this Shakspeare alludes in the 4th act of *Henry V.*

28th. A most curious statue of his present Majesty, by the famous Mr. Rysbrack, carved out of a block of white marble that weighed eleven tons, and formerly taken from the French by Sir George Rooke, was set up on the great parade of the royal hospital at Greenwich, at the expense of Sir John Jennings, the governor, with a long inscription:

March. Mrs. Cooper, author of *The Fair Libertine*, acted in her own play, and eclipsed Mrs. Horton.

The profits of Farinelli, by con-

tributions only, amount to upwards of 2000*l.* to which, if we add 1500*l.* salary and casual presents, we may compute his income at near 4000*l.* a year.

The song of *Old Darby and Joan* written.

31st. Mr. Ryan, of Covent-Garden theatre, had two of his teeth knocked out.

June. A friend of Mr. W. Bond having translated the tragedy of *Zara*, purposely that it might be acted for his benefit, he did, about two years ago, offer it to the manager, who kept him ever since, till very lately, in suspense, when he understood from other hands, that they decline all tragedies in general, the taste of the age not being turned for them. Mr. Bond, therefore, got some private friends to act it for his benefit at the great room in York-buildings, himself undertaking the part of Lusignan, which he performed the first night only, for being in a weak condition; he fainted on the stage, was carried home in his chaise, and died next morning. His particular friend acted the part of Osmyn, and the next night took that likewise of Lusignan, his death not being then known, but hourly expected.

The court of aldermen resolved, that Bartholomew fair in Smithfield should be held only three days, and no actors be permitted.

(*To be continued.*)

A DRAMATIC EPISTLE.

Dear ISABELLA,

I ARRIVED here *Just in Time* to assist in celebrating the *Birth-Day* of *Manuel*, who gave us a brilliant entertainment; but as he

did not invite his *Next-door Neighbours*, they have turned the festival into ridicule, and declared that it was *Much Ado about Nothing*.

We all thought that *Bertram*,

the elder brother of *Manuel*, was taking the *Road to Ruin*; but he has retrieved all by playing *The Double Gallant*, for he deserted *The Irish Widow*, and eloped with *Lady Jane Grey*. The new married pair took a *Trip to Scarborough*, where her ladyship soon discovered, that she had been *All in the Wrong* to commit *Matrimony* so inconsiderately; for her *Careless Husband* quitted her in the second week of *The Honey-Moon*, and ran away with *The Innkeeper's Daughter*, who was so much talked of, leaving his lady to play *The Mourning Bride*. However, she keeps up her spirits, and is not a little talked of for her *Fashionable Levities*; but I think that they will prove only the *Follies of a Day*, for I believe that she has a good heart.

Sir Fopling Flutter, who was one of the loudest in condemning the conduct of *Bertram*, has himself played *The Inconstant*; for after having paid his addresses for a long time to *My Cousin Eliza**, he is on the point of marriage with *Polly Honeycomb*, who, it is said, will be *The Heiress of The West Indian*.

Eliza has revenged herself by shewing *The Marriage Promise* which he sent her by *Douglas*; and she has found *A Cure for the Heart-Ache* in the attentions of *The Recruiting Officer*, who has given her an *Agreeable Surprise*, by proving himself *The Heir-at-Law* to a *New Peerage* and *Ten Thousand a Year*. From the attention he pays her, I have no doubt that they will shortly become *Man and Wife*.

* A dramatic piece, we believe an opera, which was performed but once.

Since I arrived here, I have renewed my acquaintance with *The Miser*, whom I met with at the *Lake of Lausanne*. I assure you he turns out *A good-natured Man*. I am a little embarrassed between him and my admirer *John Bull*, who was *Frightened to Death* for fear I should make a *Blind Bargain*, and marry *The Miser* in order to learn *How to grow Rich*. He has grown so saucy that I think *The Deuce is in Him*, since he has found out, that by *The Will of My Grandmother* I cannot marry these two years.

Pray inform me whether *Theodosius* has paid his promised visit to *The Wicklow Gold-Mines*. I am sure he will like *The Sons of Erin*; and I am better pleased that he should go there than to *Fontainebleau*.

I am sorry you have so much reason to complain of your brother. *Riches* have done him more harm than good. If he does not alter his habits before he becomes the *Son-in-Law* of *The English Merchant*, I foresee that he will never prove *The Tender Husband*, which his intended expects to find.

Oh! my dear, I am this moment told, that *My Aunt, The Old Maid*, is coming to pay me a visit. I wish, with all my heart, she was *Five Miles Off*; our house will become *The School for Scandal* as soon as she comes. I hope you will soon pay us your promised visit; I assure you you will be quite *The Rage* here. Consider, my dear girl, that to immerse yourself in a *Farm-House*, where you never see a soul worth looking at but *The Lord of the Manor*, is not *The Way to get Married*. No, no, you should

shew yourself in *Town and Country*: so follow my advice, take *A Journey to London*, and rest assu-

red of a hearty welcome from your affectionate

MARIAN MELANGE.

THE ADVISER.

I AM truly grateful, Mr. Editor, for your prompt attention to my letter: I begin to have a better opinion of mankind since the publication of it, for I have had several applications for my advice; but as the case of Mr. Tremor appears to me the most pressing, I shall consider it first. As his letter may perhaps amuse your readers, I have subjoined it. I am, Mr. Editor, your obliged,

SOLOMON SAGEPHIZ.

To S. SAGEPHIZ, Esq. Adviser-General.

Never surely, sir, was there a man more in want of that sage counsel which you have offered to the world in general, than myself: I will not trespass on your time, however, by complaining of my misfortunes, but proceed to state them as briefly as I can.

Having from my childhood delicate health, I had made a resolution never to marry—a determination which was frequently and at last successfully combated by my aunt Mrs. Matchem. The old lady had formed a design of marrying me to her *protégée* Miss Grace Goodenough, and at last, in pursuance of her advice, I gave that lady my hand. My marriage took place two years ago, and until last month I had no reason to repent it. My wife is an excellent manager, a pleasant companion, and what was of still more importance to me, of such a sweet disposition, that she

paid me with the greatest cheerfulness all those little attentions, the value of which can only be estimated by those who, like myself, labour under diseases which perhaps are partly real and partly imaginary. We seldom had company, and then only in a snug quiet way; but the indefatigable attention of my wife furnished me with sufficient amusement for my mornings, and one or other of my friends generally passed the evenings with me at chess, drafts, or backgammon.

Thus, Mr. Adviser, did I spend nearly two years in quiet comfort, till unfortunately a distant relation of my wife paid us a visit. This lady, whose name was Apemode, is an old maid, who had passed her youth in dependance upon the great. She was just returned from France, whither she went as the humble companion of a lady of quality. Our plain, quiet, and retired way of life appeared insupportable to Miss Apemode; but as she did not dare openly to express her disgust, she commenced her insidious attack upon our domestic comforts, by persuading my wife that it was absolutely necessary for her, who had a right to consider herself as the principal person in the town where we reside, which I should have told you is at a considerable distance from London, to introduce among her neighbours some of the delightful customs of Paris: one of the pleasantest of

which she said, was that of having social parties, which were styled *Les thés dansants*.

"And pray," cried my wife, "what sort of thing is this *thé dansant*? it has at least a singular name."

"Why, my dear," cried Miss Apemode, "it has nothing singular but its name. You go to a *thé dansant* to drink tea, and dance afterwards, or play at cards, if you prefer it. You are expected to appear in a fashionable evening costume, but not in the dress proper for a *bal paré*; in a word, a *thé dansant* is a social party, where ceremony is excluded, and to which every body goes with a disposition to be pleased."

At the conclusion of this speech my wife turned to me, and said with a look of entreaty which I did not know how to resist, "Do, my dear, let us have a *thé dansant*." I objected to the dancing, on account of the trouble which a large party would occasion in our small house: but all my objections were overruled. We were to have only a few friends, the dancing was to be over very early, and as to trouble or inconvenience, my wife assured me, it would occasion neither the one nor the other.

Not wishing to contest with Mrs. Tremor the first point she had ever seemed desirous to carry, I consented; and invitations were accordingly issued for that day week. You will readily believe, Mr. Adviser, that I was not a little surprised to find that this party, which was to occasion neither trouble nor inconvenience, robbed me of all my comforts. Until then my wife had regularly read to me at breakfast all that was interesting in three morn-

ing papers, for the weakness of my sight renders it painful to me to read for any length of time; but the day after our invitations were given, she read only a few paragraphs, because she assured me there was nothing worth looking at—by the way, she said the same thing every day for the whole week—and after hurrying over breakfast in a most uncomfortable manner, she quitted the room, to make arrangements for our party. I always used to take some little nourishing thing in the middle of the day, which Mrs. Tremor had generally the goodness to prepare for me herself; but from the moment she began to arrange matters for this important evening, that task devolved on Betty, and consequently my beef-tea was watery, my chocolate oily, and my soup over-seasoned.

Well, Mr. Adviser, the important evening came at last, and, to my equal surprise and displeasure, the whole town poured in on us. Parties were immediately arranged for *tric-trac* and *boston*, which Miss Apemode has succeeded in rendering fashionable among us; and such was the noise and confusion, that I lost two games at chess, the first he ever won from me, to Captain Culverin, who has exulted in it ever since, and declares every where that he beats me at chess; although I protest to you, that the noise of the *tric-trac* tables, and the chattering of a confounded little Frenchman, made me give him my queen for a pawn in one game, and caused me to place three pieces in check at once in another; so you see what right he had to boast of his skill.

In the mean time the young people were amusing themselves with reels and country dances; for to the great disappointment of Miss Apemode, who presided as mistress of the ceremonies of the ball-room, none of them could figure in the waltz or fandango. While they were in the height of their mirth, my wife proposed that the dancing and cards should be suspended, that we might enjoy a little concert; which I found afterwards had been planned to bring forward the musical talents of the Misses Screechwell, one of whom favoured us with some airs in I know not what language, and her sister and Monsieur Frivole, the Frenchman I before spoke of, performed what they were pleased to call pieces of music, which Miss Apemode assured us were the *chefs d'œuvres* of Cimarosa, executed in the manner of Crescemini. I actually blushed at her hardihood in hazarding such a ridiculous compliment; which, however, our musicians received as the homage due to their genius.

At last, to my great satisfaction, the concert ended, and then Monsieur Frivole begged to have the honour of amusing the company with some slight-of-hand tricks, which he had been taught by the celebrated D'Olivier, and had often practised with much applause at the house of his friend *Madame la Duchesse de Parvenue*, in Paris. Our guests had not hitherto thought M. Frivole of much consequence, but the name of the duchess convinced them of their mistake, and they eagerly formed a circle round a table, at which the operator seating himself, exhibited dexterously enough several tricks with cards. The room

rang with applause, which was not a little heightened by the whispers of Miss Apemode, that Monsieur Frivole was considered as the most skilful amateur of juggling in all Paris, and was absolutely doted upon by the *noblesse*. Alas! poor Monsieur Frivole, like the juggler of St. Helena, had "touched the topmost point of all his greatness." He took a glass filled with wine, which he said he would change into rose-leaves, and scatter them on the bosom of Miss Bloomless. But by some mismanagement or other the trick failed, and instead of rose-leaves, poor Miss Bloomless received the wine, not on her bosom but on one side of her face, which instantly exhibited the tints of the crocus, instead of the roses and lilies that had adorned it the moment before. But this was not all: the lady who sat on her right, exclaimed bitterly against the awkwardness which had completely spoiled her white satin robe; and the one on her left, who by the bye was the most difficult to appease, had, in her eagerness to see the experiment more clearly, leaned so forward, that her head struck against that of Miss Bloomless, and the violence of the concussion displaced her flaxen wig, and broke one of her Marabout feathers. The three ladies were loud in their reproaches, and the poor operator, frightened at the storm which the unlucky failure of his spell had raised, sought to conjure down its violence by promising Miss Bloomless a pot of genuine Parisian rouge. This promise unluckily rendered her ten times more furious, for prior to this discovery she always denied that she wore any.

Baffled in his first attempt at conciliation, he had not courage to address either of the other ladies, but retreated from the table with a shrug so expressive of mortification, that, for his sake, I was heartily glad to hear supper announced. As I had conditioned that we should not have a formal supper, I leave you to judge of my surprise, when I found a table profusely covered *à la Française*. Certainly nothing could be prettier than the appearance of our supper, but unfortunately it resembled the dinner of Toby Allspice, for we had nothing fit to eat, at least in my opinion: my good neighbours, however, did honour to the fricassees, friandeaus, &c. &c. &c. to the great satisfaction of my wife and her friend Miss Apemode; and at last, when I began to be heartily fatigued, they took leave.

I flattered myself, that in the course of a few days we should fall into our old quiet track; unfortunately, I was totally mistaken: from that day all the habits of my wife are changed; instead of attending to my comfort, she is for ever planning schemes of dissipa-

tion. I find remonstrance and entreaty alike ineffectual to stop the progress of a taste for pleasure and expense, which I supposed would be easily subdued, because it has been so lately acquired. By pointing out to me what means I could use to restore order and comfort in my family, you would, sir, effectually oblige your very humble servant,

TIMOTHY TREMOR.

— — —
If Mr. Tremor will follow my advice, he will directly oblige Miss Apemode to quit his house; for we may fairly conclude, that when the cause of the evil he complains of is removed, the effect will soon cease. Let him pursue lenient measures with his wife, let him even be generous towards her cousin; but let him separate them by all means: in this one point he must be firm. I would recommend to him to procure for his wife every rational amusement within his reach, and if her heart is as good as he seems to think it, gratitude will soon make her renounce those pleasures which are inimical to his tranquillity.

THE ADVISER.

THE FEMALE TATTLER.

No XVIII.

He is by no means to be accounted useless or idle, who has stored his mind with acquired knowledge, and can detail it occasionally to others.—Dr. JOHNSON.

I SHALL continue another paper upon the same plan as my last. I must beg leave, however, to inform my fair correspondent who has been so good as to favour me with these fruits of her reading, that I do not wish to trouble her for a continuance of them: for though they cer-

tainly contain entertainment as well as instruction, and to many of my readers have the advantage of novelty; yet, as it is the profession of the *Female Tattler* to confine herself to original compositions, she must maintain her character by fulfilling her engagements.

CHINESE CUSTOMS.

The inhabitants of China differ so entirely in their political as well as civil conduct and habits from the European nations, between whom there is, more or less, a certain degree of resemblance, that they cannot fail, in the relation of them, to gratify curiosity and awaken reflection.

On the day preceding the coronation of the Emperor of China, it is customary for all the sculptors in Pekin to present him with a piece of marble, that he may make a choice of one of these curious offerings, which is to form his monument when death has closed his reign, as on the day of his coronation the artist begins his sepulchral work. The sculptor who presents the marble which the emperor prefers, is appointed to the high honour, for such it is considered, of making the monument, the expense of which is sustained by the city of Pekin, and the price is paid before the work is begun. The ceremony of presenting the marble is accompanied with great pomp, and is considered as a splendid *memento mori* both to the sovereign and his subjects.

There is a singular affectation in the personal civilities, or what we might call the polite behaviour, of this people. They calculate with a rigid precision the number as well as the modes of formal respect, according to rank, distinction, ages, or habits of familiarity. The following are among their most remarkable reverential postures:— They, in their general salutations, move their hands in a gentle wave with an affectionate look, then join them on the breast, and add a mo-

derate inclination of the head. To mark particular respect, they raise their joined hands, then lower them to the earth, and bend the body. When two persons meet after a long separation, they both fall on their knees, and bow their heads down towards the earth: this ceremony requires several repetitions before it is completed. Before a stranger or visitor takes his seat, the master of the house gravely salutes the chair, and when it is occupied, wipes the dust from the skirts of the robe worn by his guest.

Their expressions are as superfluous as their ceremonies. If a Chinese is asked how he finds himself in health, he answers, "I am very well, thanks to your abundant felicity." If they would tell any one that he looks well, they say, "Prosperity is painted on your face, and your air announces your happiness." In return for any service or act of kindness, they declare, "That their thanks shall be immortal." When they are praised, their reply is, "In all the extent of their comprehension, they are totally incapable of conceiving the truth of such an expression."— When a guest has dined with them, they tell him at parting, "That they have not been able to treat him with that degree of dignity which is so pre-eminently due to him." The various titles which they invent for each other, according to Father Duhalde, baffle all attempts to translate them.

It is, however, to be observed, that all these answers are prescribed by a known ritual, or academy of compliment, which determines also the number of bows, genuflexions, inclinations, expressions,

&c. which the circumstances of public or social life require. The lower classes also have their punctilios, to which they religiously conform themselves.

The physicians are said to possess great skill in the cure of diseases; but they render the profession of apothecary needless by compounding the medicine which they prescribe. One of their customs, however singular, may find its admirers, but few professional imitators in Europe. They are never paid but when they complete a cure.

At the commencement of the new year, the governor of every city in China, after having informed himself as to the character of those who are to be his guests, gives an entertainment to all those in his district who have performed some virtuous action. This feast is displayed in a large temporary building, on the top of which these words are written:—"Men of all ranks and conditions, it is virtue which places you here, and renders you all equal."

There is one superior excellence in the Chinese laws which the European governments would do well to imitate: not a beggar is seen in that country. Every individual is employed, even the lame and the blind; while those who are incapable of labour, are supported at the expense of the nation.

PHYSIOGNOMY.

Although the science of physiognomy has, among other branches of literature, received the support of the learned at almost every period in which learning was cultivated, it fell also into disrepute with other subjects, such as magic

and alchemy, now very properly exploded as fantastic theories. The amiable and enthusiastic Lavater has, however, revived it, and since the publication of his ingenious work, it has attracted a very general attention.

D'Argonne says, "there is nothing more fallacious than physiognomy; and those who pretend to possess the art of knowing the mind and manners of persons by the traits of countenance, frequently deceive themselves when they undertake to instruct others. Whatever may be the pretensions of those who assume the character of physiognomists, no certain rules can be found for the practice of this science; and after studying such as are held forth with the greatest perseverance and care, experience will soon prove, that they are of no practical dependance.—What first induced me," continues this writer, "to reflect on the subject, was a knowledge I had of two brothers. One of them had a most inviting countenance, but was a character of uncommon infamy; while the other, the features of whose face were of the most forbidding nature, was a mirror of virtue and goodness. I have since continued to observe with attention the apparent characters of persons, as deducible from their looks, and, on inquiry, have very often discovered my opinions to be altogether erroneous."

It may be allowed, however, that we may more satisfactorily judge of the mind by physiognomy, which is the gift of nature, than from general manners, as education often effects very remarkable changes: but here also the observer is liable

to error. There are many of superior understanding whose countenances do not announce it; while others, who display an imposing cast of features, disappoint the expectation which they have raised. In short, our frame is liable to so many accidents, by which it may be altered and modified, and which have no connection with the disposition or talents of the person who may be exposed to them, that it far surpasses human skill to distinguish with accuracy between such modifications as are, and such as are not, connected with the mind. Besides, the countenance is liable to be determined by the temperaments of our ancestors, by education, by diet, climate, and sudden emotions; so that the determination given to our features by our mental character, may be so involved with, or hidden by, accidental circumstances, that it is in vain to attempt the study of a science whose limits are so confined.

It must, however, be acknowledged, that there is a change of colour and alteration of the countenance at the emotions of disgust, anger, and shame. But these are effects incidental to every one, whatever the conformation of features may be. They are, nevertheless, very striking on particular occasions. Madame de Stael, who was confined in the Bastile on some state affairs, relates of herself, that when she was summoned to undergo an examination, she took the precaution of putting on a large quantity of rouge, which she was not in the habit of wearing, to conceal as much as it was possible, that alteration of her countenance which might betray her.

CALUMNY.

The learned Pascal relates, that the church delayed giving the sacrament to calumniators and murderers until the hour of death. The council of Lateran decreed, that no one who had been guilty of calumny should be admitted into clerical orders; and the authors of false defamatory libels were condemned by Pope Adrian to be severely and publicly scourged. In Turkey, the houses of persons who have been guilty of propagating falsehoods to the injury of another, are painted black.

Apelles is related to have painted a picture, which is thus described:—Credulity, represented with long ears, and accompanied by Ignorance and Suspicion, stretches out her hands to Calumny. Ignorance was represented under the figure of a blind woman, and Suspicion appeared in the form of a man, who appeared to be agitated by secret disquietude. Calumny, with a ferocious look, occupied the centre of the picture, shaking a torch with her left hand; and with her right dragging Innocence, in the form of a supplicating child, by the hair of the head. She was preceded by Envy, who, with a wan, meagre look, and piercing eyes, was followed by Stratagem and Flattery at a remote distance. Truth was seen slowly advancing in the footsteps of Calumny, leading Repentance clad in a mourning robe.

ANTI-PATHIES.

Strange stories are told by respectable writers of the violence and strange, unaccountable, and indeed incredible effects of antipathy.

A lady has been known to faint

Tab. 1.

fumi
 Sol
 CONUERTE TUR
 IN TENEBRAS
 ET LUNA
 IN SANGUINEM
 PRIUS QUAM VENIT
 DIES
 DOMINI
 CŌAGNUS
 ET PRÆCLARUS
 ERIT
 OCCIJS
 QUI CUMQUE
 INUOGAVERIT
 NOMEN
 DOMINI
 SALUS ERIT
 VRI
 ISTRAHELI TAS
 AUDITE
 VERBA
 HÆC
 I HESU CŌ
 NAZOREUM

ΚΑΠΝΟΥ
 ΟΥΛΙΟΣ
 ΜΕΤΑΣΤΡΑΦΗCΕΤΑΙ
 ΕΙC ΓΚΟΤΟC
 ΚΑΙ ΗCΕΛΗΝΗ
 ΕΙC ΑΙΜΑ
 ΠΡΙΝ ΕΛΘΙΝ
 ΤΗ ΗΜΕΡΑ
 ΚΥ
 ΤΗ ΗΜΕΡΑ
 ΚΑΙ ΕΠΙΦΑΝΗ
 ΚΑΙ ΕCΤΑΙ
 ΠΑC
 ΟC ΕΜΙ
 ΕΠΗΚΑΛΕCΗΤΑΙ
 ΤΟ ΟΝΟΜΑ
 ΚΥ
 CΩΘΗCΕΤΑΙ
 ΑΝΔΡΕC
 ΙCΤΡΑΗΛΙΤΑΙ
 ΑΚΟΥCΑΤΑΙ
 ΤΟΥC ΛΟΓΟΥC
 ΤΟΥΤΟΥC
 ΙΝ
 ΤΟΝ ΝΑΖΩΡΑΙΟΝ

Tab. 2.

whenever she saw a lobster; and it is related of a person, that the sight of a carp would throw him into convulsions.

Erasmus, though a native of Rotterdam, had such an aversion to fish of every kind, that the smell of them never failed to produce the most disagreeable effects on his stomach.

Joseph Scaliger could never bring himself, though he strove to conquer the aversion, to drink milk.

Monsieur de Lancre, in his *Ta-bleau de l'Inconstance de toutes Choses*, declares he knew a very brave officer, who never dared to look at a mouse unless he had his sword in his hand.

Boyle, the great philosopher, never could conquer an aversion to the sound of water running through a pipe. La Mothe could not suffer the sound of musical instruments, but experienced a sensible pleasure whenever he heard the rattling thunder. The Turkish Spy tells his readers, that he would rather encounter a lion in the deserts of Arabia, provided his hand grasped a sword, than feel a spider crawling on him in the dark. He humorously attributes these secret antipathies to the doctrine of the transmigration of the soul; and supposes himself to have been once a *fly* before he came into his body, and that having been frequently persecuted by *spiders* in that state, he still retained the dread of his

old arch-enemy, and which all the circumstances of his present metamorphosis was not able to efface.

The aversion to a cat is too common not to be known to every one. The Duke of Newcastle, the well-known and splendid minister of George I. and through a considerable part of the reign of George II. was affected to fainting if he saw a leg of mutton transversely carved. That joint, therefore, for fear of accidents, was never brought to his sumptuous table but in such a form of ragout as to become spoon-meat; and whenever he dined from home, his servant always went into the kitchen to prevent that excellent part of a sheep from appearing in its simple form upon the table.

F—— T——.

The story communicated to me by a lady, who adopts the singular signature of *Laodicea*, is so well written, as well as replete with interesting circumstances, that I shall be happy to give it to my readers, if she will inform me that it is a mere narrative of fancy. I have my reasons, which, as it may be supposed, I think very sufficient, to refuse its insertion if it is taken from real life. The moral to be found in these papers must not be drawn from living characters, whose literary portraits may probably give pain to those to whom it is my wish, as well as my duty, to give pleasure.

PLATE 37.—LITHOGRAPHIC FAC-SIMILE OF THE CODEX LAUDANUS

In the BODLEIAN LIBRARY at OXFORD.

IN the *Repository of Arts*, &c. Art, and in the month following a for the month of April, we gave a brief account of the various purposes to which this important dis-

covery is applicable. In illustration of what we advanced upon the various powers of this invaluable art, we have as yet given in our preceding numbers only two examples; in the present we submit to public inspection a third instance, which is a fac-simile of a Greek and Latin manuscript in the Bodleian library at Oxford, and proves how admirably lithography is calculated to give the most exact imitation of ancient manuscripts of all languages, if they are in any tolerable state of preservation.

The manuscripts which have come down to these times, claiming an antiquity of above one thousand years, are exceedingly few in number, and these of the most important kind, as they generally are manuscripts of the Old and New Testament, or parts or fragments of one or the other of these portions of holy writ. Amongst the very few manuscripts of this description is the *Codex Laudanus*, which was one of a most valuable collection presented by Archbishop Laud to the Bodleian library at Oxford.

The *Codex Laudanus* contains the *Acts of the Apostles*, written upon vellum, in capital letters, and in parallel columns, one of which contains the Greek text, the other a Latin translation: it consists of 226 leaves, in 4to. One word, and seldom more than two, occupy each line; and they are so written, that each Latin word is always opposite to the correspondent Greek word. This clearly shews that it was written for the use of a person who was not well skilled in both languages, and as the Latin abounds with or-

thographical and grammatical errors, it is most probable that it was written by a Greek not very conversant with that tongue.

Dr. Mill has observed, that it resembles the manuscript from which the venerable Bede borrowed the readings which he quotes in his *Retractationes in Acta Apostolorum*; and Wetstein goes a step farther, and contends that it is the very same. From an edict of a Sardinian prince, written at the end of this manuscript, it is conjectured that this copy of the *Acts of the Apostles* was in existence in the seventh century.

It is much to be desired, that so important a manuscript, which accident may in one moment destroy, and unrelenting time will eventually obliterate, should be so preserved, that, happen what may to the original, scholars may have little or no cause to regret its destruction; and this is only to be accomplished by an accurate fac-simile of it, and which may now, as the specimen which accompanies this article abundantly testifies, be admirably executed by the lithographic art, and that at an expense comparatively small with that which it would cost to be engraved in copper or wood. There is reason to believe, that a gentleman, who has distinguished himself by a work of a similar kind, and of infinitely larger extent and more difficult execution, would, if he could be saved from pecuniary loss, undertake this desirable work, and thus present to the learned world one of the most acceptable gifts which a divine and a scholar can confer.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE ART OF LITHOGRAPHY.

(Continued from p. 286.)

As the whole lithographic art depends on the relations of certain bodies to each other, so likewise it chiefly depends on the circumstance, that a substance, not miscible with water, capable of penetrating stone, or of adhering to it, but which mixes well with colouring bodies, be discovered, as well as a stone to which water adheres only mechanically, and which permits fluids not miscible with water to attach themselves to or combine with it. Hence it is easy to infer, that the wetted part of the stone, at the same time that it rejects the greasy substance not miscible with water, is not coloured by the printing-ink; and that the greased part of the stone repels the water, takes the ink, and consequently gives an impression.

Stones that are too brittle, and other kinds which are naturally soft, are unserviceable; and it is only by many years diligent observation that it is possible to acquire an accurate knowledge of stones, and to apply them properly to the different methods of printing. Hitherto the stones best adapted to the purposes of lithography, have been found in the county of Papenheim in Bavaria. They are of a calcareous nature, of a gray, white, and yellowish colour, often intermixed with different kinds of veins. It is well known that most species of stone imbibe aqueous as well as greasy fluids, which are of contrary natures; but it would be forming a very mistaken notion of lithography to suppose, that it con-

sisted in the method which has long been known of etching upon calcareous stones, in order to produce raised letters with little trouble.

In this case, indeed, the strokes which are to remain raised are covered with grease, and then the unguarded ground is dissolved by acids, &c. to the required depth, and those strokes of course stand forward. This method might certainly have led to the discovery of stone types, but not to the art of lithography as at present practised: for here the question is, how to apply the unchanged surface of the stone to the desired purpose. One of the most important points was gained when it was ascertained, that the stone, wherever it has imbibed water, admits no greasy substance. It is only upon the greasy spot that grease can be laid, but to the other part, as long as it is kept in due order, none will adhere. If, then, the stone be smeared with a greasy colour (as, for instance, printers' ink), it adheres only where the kindred substance attracts the new application, and all the lines and figures which have been designedly made with grease upon the stone, are thereby rendered more distinct. That such colours, when freshly laid on, can be transferred by means of pressure to other bodies, is a deduction from other long known facts. But what now is thought easy, and seems perfectly natural, was certainly very far from appearing so at first.

The nature of the thing itself and experience prove, that the new

art of lithography possesses a distinct independent character, and cannot be considered as a collateral branch of an art already cultivated. From the extraordinary degree of perfection to which all the previously known methods of printing had been brought, the position—that there existed another totally different process for printing—could not but appear almost incredible, if it were not already demonstrated by facts. But it is remarkable that this very process, the last discovered of all, is that which, in the nature of things, would be expected to have occurred the first to the spirit of observation. Its fundamental principle depends upon such common phenomena, that we are only astonished that this mode of printing did not suggest itself to the most ancient nations. It owes its recent origin to the observations of an ingenious mind; it has rapidly developed itself, and been brought by the efforts of various lovers of the arts to considerable perfection. It was soon found, however, that this art required a peculiar treatment and cultivation. Notwithstanding all the doubts and objections that have been started against it; notwithstanding all the failures and disgraces which it has experienced, it still maintains its ground by new and incontestable proofs of its peculiar merits, which are now more highly estimated than ever. Though, therefore, mere curiosity may care less about it than formerly, yet the more polished and reflecting part of all nations now begin to consider the matter in a more serious light, and thus emphatically acknowledge, that they know how to distinguish this art from ephemeral illusions. It is

only by the united exertions of able chemists and mechanics, by the active co-operation of artists and amateurs, and by great practice, that this art can attain the highest degree of perfection, to which it is already approaching. Simple as the theory of lithography may be considered, the more difficult is its execution upon a large scale, which cannot succeed without a practice of many years. We have a proof of this in the early polyautographic works published in London, the drawings for which were by the first artists of this metropolis, but which are mere essays, that received their value rather from the assisting hand than from the execution itself.

Attractive and interesting as this art may be to artists, and easy as the complete practice of it may appear upon a superficial consideration, still every lover of the arts will easily be convinced, that a course of lessons, taken at the rate of two guineas, can merely suffice to enable the learner to produce at his leisure perhaps better repetitions of the little imperfect essays, which are made only piecemeal, and which may serve for beginners in drawing. It would be just the same as if you were to enumerate to an artist all the different methods of lithography; to tell him that drawings are made for them with pen, pencil, or chalk; that there is the wood-cut, the line, the dot, and the aquatint manner; that the impressions are of one or more colours; that there are white figures upon dark grounds of various hues, &c. &c.

* * * The fac-simile of the *Codex Laulanus*, p. 341, is a specimen of lithographic art for this month.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY AT SOMERSET-HOUSE.

THIS year's Exhibition at the Royal Academy is perhaps the most crowded in works of art that we have seen for many years. The passion of the public for portraits has of course had its full share in making up this number. The poetical and historical pictures, though not numerous, are in some instances extremely good, and the very favourable reception they have met with, displays an improvement in public taste, which is likely to lead to the most favourable results in the general cultivation of a taste for the fine arts.

The space which we can devote to a subject of this description, must necessarily be limited, and we are compelled to confine our observations to some of the most prominent works in the different branches of art in the present Exhibition: we are therefore under the necessity of overlooking a number of others of very considerable merit, which do great credit to the taste and skill of our artists.

The principal works of imagination in this collection, are from the pencil of the Professor of Painting; viz.

Perseus starting from the Cave of the Gorgons. From *Hesiod*.

Theodore in the haunted Wood, deterred from rescuing a Female chased by an infernal Knight. From *Boccaccio*.

And two others from the Saxon story of *Das Nibelungen Lied*.

H. FUSELI, R. A.

It has been truly said by Sir Joshua Reynolds, that nothing more can be expected from an artist than

what he intends in his subjects. Estimating the works of Mr. Fuseli according to this rule, we are bound to state in the first instance, that the intention of the artist in the pictures before us, so far as we understand it, is to arrest the mind by an interest of the highest and most agitating description; an interest if not of actual horror, at least of that sublime cast which borders very closely on that sensation. It is evident, that to effect such a purpose, all ordinary materials must be proscribed, and the sensation must, if at all, be produced by a selection of subject which will at once strike the mind with grandeur and awe, and at the same time admit a bold and rapid execution, in which the power of invention and latitude of description must supersede if not entirely banish that ordinary adherence to nature and rule, which truth and practice require in common works. In the *Perseus* and *Theodore* of Mr. Fuseli, we are at once struck with the peculiarities of this artist's genius; that copious and fertile invention which disdains to touch the subjects of the day, and prefers even a failure in the attempt to reach sublimity, to certain success in pursuing a path in which he must have companions and competitors. In the first of these pictures, it is impossible not to be struck with the attitude of Persens; it is original and grand; it is said to resemble the Satan in the designs for Milton by Mr. Fuseli, but we think it has by far more force—it has certainly a grander and more

striking effect. In the other figures of the picture there is undoubtedly peculiar grace: it seems, however, to be of that quality for the attainment of which propriety (strictly speaking) is not unfrequently sacrificed. Of the expression of the heads we have only to say, that the utmost severity of character which it were possible to command, has been infused into the *Perseus*; the artist has here applied his strongest effort, and left nothing save subordinate horror for his Gorgon head, which should certainly have commanded the superiority in the expression of this sentiment. When we make this observation, we can hardly call it a failing when we consider the illustrious names to whom such criticism has been applied. In the celebrated Cartoon of *Christ giving Peter the Keys*, Raphael has been accused of exhausting the noble dignity of his description before he came to his principal figure, and being compelled to adopt in that what was already seen in the general group. In the colouring of this picture the artist appears to have adhered to not a very popular branch of Reynolds's maxims. He has selected a style of colouring suited to his subject—a deep and sombre hue, that tends to promote the artist's aim of conveying a sentiment of grandeur and sublimity. In the female figure in the picture of *Theodore*, we were struck with a combination of expression and superior execution that is not always to be found in Mr. Fuseli's pictures. This figure adds correctness of execution to spirit and vigour of style; it presents a union of soft lines contrasted with the harsh-

ness of those of the other figure. The advantage of such a combination and contrast is very powerful; and certainly not beneath the study of a man of strong genius. The other two pictures are remarkable for the display of a strong and vivid imagination, and also for the loose and careless execution that is too often found to be its unfavourable concomitant, where the executory parts are suffered to yield to the uncontrolled range of a boundless fancy. We are the more particular in attempting to describe the style of this artist, as he seldom favours the public with any of his productions.

Cupid and Ganymede.—H. Thomson, R. A.

This picture is quite in an opposite style to the last. It addresses the senses through a different medium, because it is intended to produce a dissimilar effect. A display of exquisite beauty and soft tender expression is the leading characteristic of this picture. This is produced by the resources of a poetical conception and the exquisite combination of colouring which fine taste can array. The figure of Ganymede is in shadow, for the purpose of giving effect by contrast to the other figures, but it is shewn in a rich and striking manner. There is a novelty in the expression of the countenance of Cupid, who loses all his artful and engaging features in his mischance at play—all his winning qualities fail when his pastimes are with the dice. Venus is painted with great softness and delicacy; but the expression of her head is perhaps the least poetical part of the figure—it savours too much of common

character, and is far inferior to that of Ganymede, whose figure is throughout finely depicted. The minor parts of the picture, the materials for play, &c. are exquisitely finished, and the general character of the composition is in the highest degree fascinating and poetical.

The venerable President of the Academy has this year contributed three historical pictures :

The Birth of Esau and Jacob.

The Naming of John.

Abraham and his Son Isaac going to sacrifice.

B. WEST, P. R. A.

The merits of this eminent man are certainly to be found more strongly marked in works superior to those in the present Exhibition. Great and justly acquired reputation will have always standard works to refer to, and the most vigorous mind cannot be always on the rack of exertion. The works just named of the President must, in candour, be considered more as the relaxation from his severer labours, than the test of his high abilities. The largest of these pictures appears to be in imitation (possibly for casual study or practice) of the style of some of the old masters, who indulged in strong *chiaroscuro*, and the attempt has been made with considerable success. They display, however, a superior command of dignity and expression, which denote the hand of a master, and now and then remind us of those works of Mr. West, to which he has devoted that attention of which he is so capable, and that talent which he has so often displayed in the first walk of his art.

The Decline of the Carthaginian Empire. Rome being determined on the overthrow of her hated rival, demanded from her such terms as might either force her into war, or ruin her by compliance: the enervated Carthaginians, in their anxiety for peace, consented to give up even their arms and their children.
—J. W. M. Turner, R. A.

—————“ At Hope’s delusive smile,
The chieftain’s safety and the mother’s pride
Were to th’ insidious conqueror’s grasp resign’d;
While o’er the western wave th’ ensanguin’d
sun,
In gathering haze a stormy signal spread,
And set portentous.”

In every view which we can take of this picture (the artist’s own description of which we prefix), we are inclined to give it the most unqualified praise. The awful description of the setting sun, so exquisitely described by the poet in the three last lines of the extract above made, has been chiefly attended to by Mr. Turner; and never has so bold an attempt been crowned with greater success. The rich orange-yellow reflection caused by the rays of the sun falling through a misty vapour, is inimitable; and the wonderful effect of shadow it produces upon the splendid architecture of the city, has never been surpassed. The colouring of every part of the picture is full of extreme richness; the figures of the enervated Carthaginians are described with that appearance of voluptuous languor which denotes their fallen state. It is impossible to pass over the execution of the architectural parts of this picture: they are drawn with purity and correctness; the Grecian orders are carefully preserved, and the arrangement of the build-

ings in perspective is formed with so much adherence to geometrical rule, that the eye is carried through the immense range of magnificent edifices with such rapidity, that we entirely forget the artist, and merely dwell on the historic vision. Mr. Turner has here embodied the whole spirit of Virgil's poetical description of the event, its awful grandeur, and solemnity of effect.

The Court for the Trial of Queen Katharine.—G. H. Harlow.

At first view of this picture we are struck with the fine expression of the heads, and their admirable portraiture of the Kemble family, and others whom they are intended to represent. They are not only correct in point of likeness, but true with respect to the expressions of character required in Shakespeare's play. Added to this merit, is a fine arrangement of colouring, true to nature, and softening into a most harmonious combination. A fault we find with this picture is, a want of proportion in the figures and their situations; in the back-ground they recede badly, and are out of perspective. The arm of Katharine appears to us too small for the general size of the body—a defect which not even the admirable and dignified expression of the queen can redeem. We must again bear favourable testimony to the character and colouring of the picture.

View of Jumbukrishna, the great Hindoo Temple on the Island of Seringham, near Trichinopoly, East Indies.—T. Daniell, R. A.

The general effect of this picture is good; it is remarkable for the display of Oriental architecture, which, though not of the most

inviting kind, is certainly not deficient in interest. It has not the loose and flowing arrangement of lines which delights us in the style of Grecian temples, neither has it the massive heaviness of the Egyptian: it partakes, however, of the solidity of the latter, and of something like a resemblance to the enriched parts of the former. Mr. Daniell has represented it with care. The colouring is good, and the execution of the picture creditable.

The landscapes in this Exhibition are numerous, and in general well finished.

View from Nature—View taken from the Grounds at Bromley-Hill, Kent.—Mrs. C. Long, H.

Mrs. Charles Long, who is an honorary member of the Academy, has exhibited this year two beautiful landscapes. The first of these may vie with any other in the Exhibition; it has a softness and delicacy of colouring which is simple and natural. It is impossible to see these pictures without paying that tribute of respect to the genius and taste of this lady, to which she is so peculiarly entitled.

Fishermen coming ashore before Sunrise.—W. Collins, A.

Mr. Collins has five pictures in this Exhibition; they contain strong specimens of this artist's style of execution. His landscapes are extremely pleasing and natural, and the sunny effect which his pencil describes, cannot be too highly praised. The picture of the *Fisherman* possesses considerable merit, and the time which the artist has selected is represented with good effect.

South-west View of Armidel, Lord Macdonald's Seat.—W. Daniell, A.

This is a very good and pleasing landscape. The scenery is very fine, and its representation well attended to.

The Bard.—J. Martin.

Ruin seize thee, ruthless king — GRAY.

The powers of this artist are certainly of a very high order, but he seems to dwell too much on the first sentiments of a lofty imagination. His picture of *Joshua*, in the last year's Exhibition, was very grand, and justly admired, though we fear not sold. His composition from Gray's *Elegy*, in the British Institution, had also a great deal of merit. His present work displays the force of his mind, but it wants something like variety: we do not mean that an artist should travel out of his way to look for variety, we only require it of him when it can consistently be introduced. No man is allowed to copy from another; neither is he, we apprehend, strictly allowed to copy from himself. Mr. Martin's composition of *The Bard* is certainly a fine picture, but the struggle to make it grand has almost made it artificial. The artist is not content that his alpine summits should hide their rugged heads in the clouds, but he has in some places actually made them above them: we doubt whether the air has ever been so rarefied on "Snowden." The water is finely arranged, but it is not so transparent as it might have been made with a little more care and attention. Notwithstanding these inattentions, rather than defects, we admire the general merit of the composition.

The Breakfast.—D. Wilkie, R. A.

We cannot speak of this picture in any other language than that which we have been in the constant habit of applying to Mr. Wilkie's general compositions. It has all the force and truth of character that we find in his domestic subjects, and that exquisite finish and beautiful arrangement of colouring which he has at command. The fire, and the sunbeam playing on the carpet, in this little picture, are universally and deservedly admired.

The portraits in this Exhibition are from the pencils of all the artists who practise in this branch of art, and maintain (if it be enviable to maintain it) our great superiority in portrait-painting. Mr. Shee's *Lady Vivian* and Mr. Roscoe are spoken of with more than ordinary praise. Mr. Dawe's portraits of *H. R. H. the Princess Charlotte* and *H. S. H. the Prince of Saxe-Coburg* are also much admired. There is great ease and dignity in the air and attitude of her royal highness; the artist has caught the character as well as the likeness, and finished a very fine picture.

MODEL-ACADEMY.

SCULPTURE.

The improvement in our taste for sculpture was never more to be desired than it is at the present moment, when the nation is about to record by monumental works the brilliant achievements of her sons. So far as records destined to convey to posterity some idea of the valour of our country, these works are comparatively of little moment; for the page of history will sufficiently preserve and attest

the character of our times, the memorable events in which we have acted, and the names of the illustrious men by whom such deeds were accomplished. But it is the taste of the age that will be judged of in future times by the works which we shall leave behind us; and in this view we do not at all regret the delay that has arisen in making selections for these subjects, and we fear there must be a still longer one before the arrangement can be decided upon. The monumental sketches in this Exhibition, though not devoid of merit, are yet without that decided character which would warrant their adoption on an occasion of so much importance.

Terpsichore—Hebe.—Canova, P. P.
A. S. Luca.

These two statues are by the celebrated Roman sculptor Canova, now Marquis of Ischia. The figures are finely poetical, and finished in the highest perfection. The poetical feeling which this artist has displayed in the composition of the *Hebe*, is beautiful in the extreme, if we except the face of the figure, which is rather too simpering: the upper lip is drawn up with a stiffness that does not accord with the ease and buoyancy of the rest of the figure. The faces of both statues want appropriate expression; and the same observation applies to Canova's bust of *Peace*, also in this Exhibition. They are mannered, and seem as if taken more from a favourite Italian model, than from the fertile resources of the artist's own highly cultivated imagination. The high finish of these figures is remarkable, and may afford to our artists

a tolerable idea of the length to which it can be carried, and the effect it is calculated to produce.

Monument to be placed in Litchfield Cathedral, in Memory of two only Children.—F. Chantrey, A.

The children are represented in the act of sleeping; there is a natural and pleasing character in their countenances, a sweetness of expression, a freshness and fleshy softness, that do great credit to the taste and skill of the artist. The figures are very highly finished, and display considerable powers of execution.

Maternal Love.—J. Flaxman, R. A.

The composition of this group is very interesting; it is simple and affecting: but the execution might perhaps be in some minor parts improved, and made more to correspond with the merit of the composition itself.

Prometheus chained.—J. Kendrick.

The attitude of Prometheus is well composed, and the anatomy of the figure good. Between the under part of the left shoulder and the elbow there appears, however, too great a mass of muscular flesh, for which we cannot account. The feet are also rather large. The composition has strong character, and deserves praise.

The Rape of Proserpine.—J. Hefernan.

"Swift as his thought he seized theauteous
prey,
And bore her in his sooty car away."

The artist has executed an excellent model from this poetical subject. He has given to the "grizzly monster" Pluto the muscular vigour which the poet confers upon him, and finely contrasted with it the more delicate and beautiful

forms of Proserpine and her Nymph. There is a delicate sweep of serpentine lines in the composition, that is extremely pleasing, and which develops considerable taste.

A Statue of Flora—Hercules wrestling with Achelous.—E. H. Baily.

Mr. Baily's *Flora* has a fine general expression of character, and the attitude is extremely beautiful. We would, however, beg leave to ask the artist, whether if the face were plump, round, and delicate, instead of having something like a common-place hardness, the effect would not be better, and more suited to the character of the figure? The drapery might be a little improved in the arrangement, so as to receive more feeling.

In the *Hercules* and *Achelous* there is certainly great vigour; but Hercules must have put himself in a firmer attitude than that in which the artist has placed him, before he could have overthrown his antagonist. As he now stands, he is as much at the command of his opponent as his opponent is of him; and if the Olympic games were to be revived in modern times, and periodically represented at Hounslow or Coombe Wood, the odds would

be even as Mr. Baily has placed the combatants, and Achelous would at least have had breathing time before he would have been compelled to exclaim—

And, dragg'd upon my knees, I bit the sand.

OVID.

Restoration of the Torso.—P. Chenu.

There is some good execution in this figure, but it leans awkwardly, and inclines for support to the side opposite to that where the artist has placed the club.

There are some good designs by Mr. Theed and other artists in this Exhibition.

The busts, like the portraits, are numerous and good; but our limits will not allow us to enter into further details.

The Prince Regent has presented (what was much wanted) a fine collection of casts to the Royal Academy. The pedestals, in endless repetition, bear the name of the royal donor. Why were not the proper names marked? We fear too many of the frequenters of the Exhibition were not so well versed in subjects of this kind as to catch the names of the figures. But we cannot extend this subject farther.

OIL AND WATER COLOUR EXHIBITION.

THE thirteenth Annual Exhibition of the Society of Painters in Oil and Water Colours in Spring-Gardens, displays a very considerable proficiency on the part of the Exhibition since last year. It contains three hundred and forty-five works, not the least attraction of which is their being generally representations of interesting scenery, and not, as we too often find

in our public Exhibitions, mere delineations of individual character, or of local and unattractive objects. Our anxiety to promote the interests of a useful institution, and in doing so to advance the general reputation of the fine arts of our country, induces us to make some observations (and we can only make some) upon the works in this Exhibition.

Landscape Composition.—J. Glover.

This picture (one of twenty-one which Mr. Glover has this year exhibited, and which the catalogue notifies obtained a gold medal from the King of France at the Louvre, in 1814,) is what a good composition ought to be—a finely selected combination of views taken from some of the fairest specimens of Nature's scenery. The colouring is rich and beautiful; the tints are warm and mellow; but some of the parts in the fore-ground appear worked up with too artificial an air: the figures are also deficient in pastoral playfulness. The general composition is, however, very good; and the execution of the picture in all the principal parts is highly meritorious, and entitled the artist to the tribute he received from Louis XVIII. The *Cattle* picture, and smaller landscapes, by Mr. Glover, are very well executed, and display a chasteness of colouring and a careful style of working, which shew that the artist pursues his labours with judgment and effect.

Mr. C. V. Fielding this year exhibits thirty-two pictures. The number is so appalling, and the merit so even in the whole, that we hardly know where to commence, or, as our limits severely restrict us, to what to confine our hasty observations.

Mountains at the Head of Trathmaur, Merionethshire; Storm passing off.—C. V. Fielding.

We select this subject, not because it contains greater merit than any of the rest, for we must protest against such an assumption, but that the subject seems more suited to the turn of the artist's mind, and

the general direction which his talents appear to have received in the course of his professional pursuits. The great aim of this artist is the attainment of a style somewhat resembling the wild and romantic grandeur of Salvator Rosa. This style has great and insurmountable difficulties: the powers of daring and aspiring genius are certainly competent to surmount every obstacle, and Salvator Rosa conquered every thing. Mr. Fielding has certainly justified the attempt by the bold and vigorous execution which he occasionally develops, but he is not always the same. When he wishes to be painstaking, his labour is undisguised; you see that he has been at work. It is but justice to him to say, that he now and then redeems this effort of labour by a rapid execution; and the picture before us is, in this respect, a good specimen of his powers.

Loch Achray and Ben Ledi, from the East Side of Ben Venue.—G. F. Robson.

"The minstrel came once more to view
The eastern ridge of Ben Venue;
For, ere he parted, he would say,
Farewell to lovely Loch Achray.
Where shall he find, in foreign land,
So lone a lake, so sweet a strand?"

Mr. Robson has exhibited twenty-five pictures. The drawings of this artist are remarkable for correctness and taste: that of *Loch Achray* is a beautiful composition, and has every thing to recommend it to attention. The appearance of the mountains is truly grand and poetical, and the reflection cast upon the lake gives a fine and sombre effect to the composition.—*Waterloo Bridge, from Privy-Gardens,* is also much admired. The view

is taken early in the morning, and the serenity and clearness of the atmosphere are well calculated to render still more interesting the *coup d'œil* of one of the most beautiful bridges in Europe. The perspective is managed with great care in this picture, and the partial view of the city within the range of the prospect, is introduced with pleasing effect.

"No one coming to marry me"—*Mother Ludlam's Cave, or the Maiden's Wish*.—T. Uwins.

The two works we have just named form a part of sixteen which Mr. Uwins has contributed to the present Exhibition. In the first of these pictures, the expression of the maiden's face is good, and her plaintive sigh excellently depicted. The same observation will apply to the second, which is a good representation of the old tale of Mother Ludlam's having the charm of fulfilling the "wish nearest the heart" of all lasses who consult her. The countenance of the boy who overhears the lass's wish, did not appear to us to indicate sufficient eagerness (as the catalogue expresses it) to accomplish her wish "without the aid of witchcraft." A stronger reflection of the yellow tint of the foliage would have also tended to harmonize the colour of her arms and neck. We are aware that this artist, when he pleases, can impart the exquisite charms of colouring. His four beautifully poetic subjects (Nos. 294, 5, 6, and 7,) most forcibly illustrate this opinion. They are highly finished, and handled with a spirit and precision that do considerable credit to the artist.

Boars fighting.—R. Hills.

This is one of eight pictures by Mr. Hills, of whose style it is strikingly characteristic. There is a kind of coincidence between the occasional choice of subjects of this artist and Mr. Uwins. Their conception, disposition, and execution of pastoral subjects, are purely natural. Simplicity is the most fascinating feature in their fancy, and with its concomitant grace, forms one of the grand attributes of art. It was this quality, when carried into superior elevation, that distinguished Raphael, Poussin, Julianio, Guido, and Titian, from their crowd of cotemporaries. But although Mr. Hills and Mr. Uwins seem to trace with unabated ardour (in this age of refinement, as it is called,) those nearly neglected charms of nature, still there is a subtlety of distinction between their different means, or agents, for accomplishing this end. The one directs his efforts to the delineation of landscape and cattle; the other generally confines himself to rural figures, or domestic scenery and concerns. The first surprises us with his energetic spirit in the delineation of animal ferocity and unwieldy strength, and occasionally amuses us with the playfulness and sagacity of his dogs and domestic animals; the other gives a more true and captivating delight, by the luxurious character of some of his subjects, the innocency of his girls, and the arch waggery of his boys. Mr. Hills sometimes gives a full display of the richness of his art by the beautiful verdure and undulating declivities of his foregrounds and the second distance,

which he occasionally chequers by the intermissive introduction of well executed water.

Still Life.—A. Cooper.

We have often noticed the pleasing and natural subjects to which this artist directs his almost undivided attention. The hare suspended by the legs, in this picture, is admirably executed; clear *chiaroscuro* and freedom of pencil are every where observable in it. The head of the fox is very fine; but we overheard a schoolboy appropriately inquire, what was become of renard's legs.

The Goose and Golden Eggs.—J. Cawse.

This is a good illustration of the fable in *Æsop*. The accused boy's dismay, and the younger one's surprise, are forcibly depicted.

Studies of Heads.—R. B. Haydon.

This artist exhibits three sketches or studies of heads, in which he has displayed that strong and vigorous expression of outline for

which he is so remarkable. The character of each is diversified, to give that peculiar feeling and resemblance to the portrait which it was the artist's intention to convey.

Messrs. N. and W. J. Pocock have furnished some excellent marine pieces, which attract considerable attention. Mrs. Mulready, Mrs. J. Groves, Misses H. Gouldsmith, A. Walton, Landseer, E. E. Kenrick, and A. Hayter, have this year honoured the Exhibition with their productions, the whole of which are extremely creditable to these fair votaries of art, and characteristic of that delicacy and sensibility for which their sex is so peculiarly distinguished, and which give them so great a superiority over our less refined taste in works of imagination and fancy.

We regret that our limits will not admit of our entering more into the details of an Exhibition, that is highly creditable to the growing taste and talent of our rising artists.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

Les Menus Plaisirs, a Divertimento for the Piano-Forte, composed, and dedicated to Miss Barham, by J. B. Cramer. Pr. 4s.

THIS divertimento consists of three movements: a short allegro, a moderato, and a rondo, all of which are in two sharps. The allegro is energetic, and presents, in the second and third pages, some fine melodious ideas, assigned to crossed hands. The moderato sets out with a beautiful pastoral subject, under a select accompaniment; and its second strain, in which the left hand also acts as

principal, is particularly fascinating; in the fifth and sixth pages, Mr. C. has exhibited various attractive triplet passages; the subject is neatly reintroduced in *p. 7*, and still more pleasingly thrown into the lower octave *p. 8*. The rondo is devised upon a pretty waltz theme, the different strains of which possess the most agreeable variety. One of them (*p. 10, l. 1*.) is borrowed from a passage in the finale of the second act in *Il Don Giovanni*. In the same page a very agreeable strain in G occurs; and in *p. 12* the main subject is repre-

sented in the shape of an excellent variation, which serves to lead to an active and well finished conclusion.

Tyrolean Waltz, with an Introduction and Variations for the Piano-Forte, dedicated, by permission, to H. R. H. the Princess Charlotte of Saxe-Coburg, by Frederick Kalkbrenner. Op. 29. Pr. 3s.

Mr. K. has made a happy choice of his theme for these variations. It is a Tyrolese air, the winning simplicity of which bespeaks the authenticity of its national origin. National airs, although generally the offspring of natural and untutored taste, frequently possess charms of melody, which the most skilful composer either finds himself unable to produce, or thinks it beneath his sphere to create. Paesiello was free from a prejudice of the latter kind; and hence his airs will probably outlive the more studied compositions of greater masters than himself. To produce good melody, requires innate musical feeling; the artifices of composition may be mastered by any plotting, painstaking head, just as well as narrow intellects can pore over and accomplish intricate calculations. But to return to Mr. K.'s variations: we feel pleasure in stating, that their value corresponds with the high opinion which we have expressed of his talents on several former occasions. The first, with its triplet accompaniments, crossed hands, and apposite change of general harmony, has our cordial approbation. No. 3. is particularly tasteful, and distinguished by some select chords into which its second strain is made to merge. The 4th variation, in minor key,

is conceived in the higher style of composition, impressive and scientific, especially the able conclusion of the second strain. Without detailing the excellencies of the remaining three variations and coda, it may be sufficient to state, that the interest is kept up by a constant succession of new thoughts, and of diversified and masterly harmonic treatment.

Les Etrennes, Conversation for the Piano-Forte and Flute, composed, and respectfully inscribed to Miss Caroline Dawkins, by C. M. Sola. Op. 47. Pr. 5s.

Of the three movements before us, the first particularly ingratiates itself by the proper and tasteful style of its composition, as also by its fine flute passages, which act responsively with the piano-forte with the best effect; and nevertheless will be found to present no deterring difficulties. In the succeeding adagio in C minor, Mr. S. does not appear to have been quite so successful, either in point of melody or harmony; but the strain in C major is sweetly devised, and comes in with suitable contrast of expression. The rondo, in polacca style, is lightsome and pretty: here the flute and piano-forte are again set in effective alternation of passages, although the latter appears rather under too much repetition; and the coda is brilliant, and terminates with some selectly chosen chords. We are happy to find Mr. Sola to belong to the increasing number of sensible composers, who have adopted Maelzel's Metronome to indicate the right tempo of their movements.

La Sylphe, an Overture for the Piano-Forte, with Flute Accom-

paniments, composed, and dedicated to Miss Catherine Elvira Kennedy, by W. Ling. Op. 16. Pr. 3s.

Mr. Ling's productions have more than once favourably engaged our pen. He combines good style with correct expression; his ideas are neat, he develops them with regularity, and strings them on each other with proper connection and in a workmanlike manner.—These merits we again remark in the overture before us, which does not aim at a pompous display of profound thoughts, or intricate harmonies; but is, nevertheless, of a character sufficiently striking in effect, properly diversified by digressive matter, and throughout satisfactory. The second movement, which is called the Fairy Dance, begins precisely like Haydn's Military Rondo, is light and playful, presents some appropriate modulations in the eighth page, and terminates with an agreeable little coda. This publication is well calculated for the desk of moderately skilled performers, as it combines attractive melody and harmony with facility of execution.

Le Troubadour, the highly popular and admired French Air so universally played at Paris, arranged, with Variations for the Piano-Forte, by S. F. Rimbault. Op. 14. Pr. 2s.

The theme of these variations, although resembling the French air known to us by the above name, differs considerably from its melody. Mr. R. has exhibited it in *tempo di marcia*, and in $\frac{4}{4}$ time; whereas the air itself is an andante in $\frac{3}{4}$ time: so that in fact what Mr. R. propounds as theme is already a variation. Of the variations

themselves, the first, which we consider as the best, is conceived in a very agreeable style of smoothly connected passages; the second variation differs very little from the first, except that the bass is set in triplets, and that triplets conclude two or three periods in the treble. Var. 3, in the relative minor key and allied major, is quite in the usual manner of *minore* movements, but proper upon the whole and satisfactory. This may be said of the whole of the publication, which has the merit of being adapted to moderate capacities; but there is not a sufficient diversity of style and treatment in the different variations. Their great resemblance to each other produces a monotonous effect.

"Charity," the much-admired Ballad, as sung by Mr. J. King at the Theatre Royal Covent-Garden, in the celebrated Pantomime of "Harlequin and the Sylph of the Oak, or the Blind Beggar of Bethnal-Green," composed by W. H. Ware. Pr. 1s. 6d.

The music of this ballad is simple, as it should be, without being vulgar. The ideas are not new; but they adapt themselves kindly to the words; indeed they remind us of the character and manner of the tunes used by mendicant songsters in the streets of London.

"My Bessy, dear, my Treasure," a favourite Ballad, as sung by Mr. J. King in the above Pantomime, composed by W. H. Ware. Pr. 1s. 6d.

An agreeable, lively air, conceived in good style, and supported by proper accompaniment. A little more variety would have been desirable in the latter half of the

song, in which there is too much repetition of the same thoughts. The vocal and instrumental parts are of easy execution.

The much-admired Pas de Trois, as danced by the Miss Dennetts in the above Pantomime, composed and selected by W. H. Ware. Pr. 1s. 6d.

As the music of this *pas de trois* is not offered with any pretensions to originality, it may be sufficient to state, that it consists of several popular dance-tunes, well calculated, no doubt, for the object in view, and supported by an easy and appropriate accompaniment for the left hand.

"The Baronet's Choice," sung by Miss Kelly at the Theatre Royal Drury-lane, written and composed by the Author of "The Village Milkmaid." Pr. 2s.

In our former notices of "The grateful Cottager" and "The Village Milkmaid," composed by the author of the present publication, we mixed our praise of the melodies with some animadversions touching the harmonic arrangement of the music. "The Baronet's Choice," while less liable to criticism in the latter respect, is equally deserving our approbation with regard to the former. The air is tastefully conceived; the periods seem to arise naturally out of each other; and the *style* of their several accompaniments shews a familiarity with good music. Thus, for instance, the repletive thirds in the piano-forte part of the last bar, p. 3, produce softness of connection, which, in our opinion, might have been still augmented by assigning to the voice in the latter half of that bar the quavers F♯, G,

G♯, instead of F♯, G, A (thereby avoiding the repetition of A, which occurs again in the next bar). The accompaniment in that case would have required the slight alteration D, E, F♯, and have dropt into F♯ 6 in the next bar. The poetry, which is simple and homely, possesses proper moral tendency, but it is very deficient in point of metrical regularity: not one stanza can be scanned with either of its companions, the same line in each having at one time nine, at another ten and even eleven syllables. To give an instance:

in | gällänt | pōmp är | rāy'd

answers to the following line:

Hē hēr | fāthēr's cōn | sēnt ö | bēy'd.

The study of prosody, therefore, may be as useful to the poet as that of thorough-bass to the composer. This metrical slovenliness dates, we believe, from the overflow of the Hippocrenian lochs in the North, and has, we fear, gained such ground, that our attempt to contribute to the raising of a poetical Picts' wall comes too late.

Four Songs, with an Accompaniment for the Harp or Piano-Forte, composed and dedicated to Mrs. Gaskell, by F. C. Meyer. Pr. 5s.

Mr. Meyer's labour before us greatly distinguishes itself from those numberless lyric compositions of the present day, which are remarkable for nothing but the unblushing boldness and obstinacy with which the same hacknied ideas are again and again ruminated, remoulded, or even barely reprinted, so that the fresh type and paper constitute their only novelty. The predominant character of these songs is chaste musical feeling, pa-

thetic expression, and select arrangement of the harmonies.

The first air, "As o'er the cold sepulchral stone," is conspicuous for its fine impressive melody, seconded by a good arpeggio accompaniment. The text of the second, "Mourner of hope destroy'd," is a free translation, or rather an imitation of a German sonnet, which, if we recollect rightly, has been also set to music by Beethoven. Mr. M.'s composition of it demands our unfeigned praise. It is conceived in the best style; the music is replete with pathos, and with that deep expression of melancholy which the poetry conveys. The accompaniment, too, is distinguished by a classic and scientific treatment. We are not sure, however, whether the frequent *unisono* progress of *both hands* in broken chords produces that satisfactory result which the author evidently anticipated. For the third air, "There is a flower," we conceive a different musical metre would have been more suitable. The melody is tender and expressive. The fourth song, "Pensive child of beauty," is an excellent composition. Deeply affecting, full of noble musical feeling, and highly seasoned with scientific harmony, it confers honour on its author, who seems to have had Mozart for his model in some parts of its construction. In the latter part of this air, although marked in $\frac{3}{4}$ time, the melody evidently proceeds in $\frac{4}{4}$.

Although this publication is not unfit for the piano-forte, it is obviously written for the harp. In the accompaniments of the three first songs, a little variety of character would have been advanta-

geous, to relieve occasionally the arpeggios.

Kenilworth Castle, Divertimento for the Piano-Forte, composed by G. Nicks. Pr. 2s. 6d.

The introductory adagio in C and $\frac{4}{4}$ time, although not conceived in an elevated style of expression, is satisfactory, with the exception of the third bar in the fourth line, the first half of which is somewhat harsh, chiefly on account of the fifths A D and E A in the inner parts; a descending series of $\frac{6}{4}$ chords would perhaps have been more to the purpose. The succeeding allegretto is constructed on a lively and pretty waltz theme, which, in its progress (*p.* 4), is varied into fluent quick passages, and in *p.* 5 thrown into triplets of good effect. The music (*p.* 6), although quite in the usual style of minor melodies, is proper, and adequately treated in the bass part. The piece concludes with a further variation of the theme, represented under demisemiquaver passages, which are well arranged, and infuse spirit into the termination. The whole is within the sphere of moderate players.

* * * *We have to acknowledge several musical communications, the consideration of which we are obliged to defer to our next number, owing to the pressure of prior transmissions.*

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

The admirers of Mozart will learn with pleasure, that this country is now, and has been for some time, in possession of a considerable number of the original and autographic manuscripts of some of his best works. Although they are written with much neatness,





they still contain numerous corrections, the consideration of which forms not only an object of curious inquiry, but a highly profitable study to the incipient composer. We understand that the collection is to be forthwith brought to the hammer in separate lots.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

PLATE 35.—EVENING DRESS.

A PALE blush-coloured gauze dress over a white satin slip; it is cut very low round the bust, the waist very short. The skirt is ornamented with an intermixture of white satin and moss roses, which surmounts a new and most fanciful trimming, composed of the same material as the dress: there are two falls of this trimming on the skirt, and the body and sleeves are ornamented to correspond; the latter are very short. Head-dress the Gloucester turban, composed of white gauze, which is laid on very full; the fulness confined by bands of pearl. A plume of ostrich feathers falls over to the left side. Pearl necklace and ear-rings. White kid gloves. White satin slippers, embroidered to correspond with the roses of the dress.

PLATE 36.—MORNING DRESS.

A round dress composed of jaconot muslin; the bottom of the skirt is trimmed with an intermixture of tucks and embroidery. The body is perfectly novel; it is a three-quarter height, and displays the whole of the throat and a little of the neck: it is composed of the same material as the dress, and is formed to the shape, in a manner at once singular and becoming, by bands of letting-in lace; it is also profusely ornamented with lace,

which is set on very full. Long full sleeve, the fulness confined by a tasteful cuff, which is finished by a lace ruffle. Head-dress the Marlborough cap, composed of white lace, ornamented with full-blown roses and blush-coloured satin ribbon. For the form of this elegant cap, which is perfectly in the English style, we refer our readers to our print. The hair is parted in front so as to display a little of the forehead, and curled lightly over the temples. Necklace and ear-rings white cornelian mixed with gold. White kid slippers and gloves.

We are indebted to the elegant taste of Mrs. Marchant of 40, Gerard-street, Soho, for both our dresses this month.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

The present month is one that, generally speaking, affords little room either for observation or description; and the badness of the weather since our last number has prevented even the slight alterations which generally take place in the promenade costume.

For the carriage dress, the most elegant novelty is a pelisse composed of clear muslin, and lined with coloured sarsnet; pale pink, azure, lilac, and green, are the favourite colours for linings. The

body is full; the seams of the back and shoulders are formed of letting-in lace; three strips of muslin, cut byas and sewed to letting-in lace, form the front. The collar is very novel and pretty; it is a fulness of muslin, interspersed with letting-in lace, which stands out from the neck. The trimming is composed of large slashes of clear muslin quartered with letting-in lace, and each slash finished by a narrow edging. Plain long sleeve, with a small cuff, entirely composed of letting-in lace. The general effect of this pelisse is very tasteful and striking.

The Marlborough spencer, which we described last month, has lost nothing of its celebrity; it is now adopted in coloured satin. White satin spencers, made tight to the shape, and profusely trimmed with white lace, are also much worn.

We noticed the other day on a lady of high rank a very novel and pretty hat; it was composed of straw and ribbon platted together: the straw was white, the ribbon lilac, to match the spencer worn with it. The shape a plain round hat turned up in front, lined with white satin, and ornamented with white feathers.

Muslin is now the only thing worn by *élégantes* of any taste for the morning costume. Tucks appear likely to have as great a run as French bonnets; for the last three months nothing else has been adopted in dishabille. There is very little variation in the bodies of dresses: backs still continue very broad, and waists are as short as ever.

The most novel morning dress that we have noticed, was one the body of which was tucked byas,

and between every third row of tucks was a row of leaves formed of lace. This dress had no collar; a double row of lace went round the neck, with a *bonillon* of white satin placed between. The sleeves correspond with the body; they were finished by a small cuff edged with narrow lace. The trimming of the skirt consisted of a piece of muslin tucked byas, about a quarter of a yard in breadth, finished at the bottom by a deep flounce of worked muslin, and surmounted by a letting-in lace.

We have in one of our prints presented our fair readers with the most novel and elegant dinner dress of the month. There is no alteration in the materials of dinner dress, and frocks continue still fashionable amongst the most tonish *élégantes*. Coloured sarsnets, tucked with byas white satin, the tucks about an inch in depth, and each tuck surmounted by a pointed silk trimming, either white, or corresponding in colour with the dress, are considered very elegant; but muslin is more in requisition than any thing else with *belles* of the first circles.

We have nothing novel to observe respecting the bodies of frocks, except that short sleeves appear to be more generally adopted than they have been for some time.

Next in favour to the full dress which we have presented to our readers in our print, is a blue crape dress, finished round the bottom by festoons of white satin and white net, each festoon fastened by a white bead or pearl rose. The body, which is cut extremely low, is composed of folds of blue satin and white net intermingled, and the

shape of the front is formed by these folds descending on each side of a white satin stomacher. A full quilling of blond goes round the bust. The sleeve, which is very short, is composed of blue satin, covered with festoons of white net, each festoon fastened up with a small pearl or bead rose.

Crape, gauze, white satin, and *tulle*, are all in favour for full dress; gauze is in particular estimation. We have seen several different sorts of fancy gauze which are just introduced, and which are much superior to those of France.

The hair in full dress is so variously arranged, that it would be difficult to say what is the prevailing fashion: generally speaking, however, the hair is dressed low, at least comparatively so, to what it was some time back. Some ladies arrange their hair in full curls on the temples, while the hind hair is disposed in bows of a moderate height; others dispose a part of the front hair in light ringlets on each cheek; the remainder is braided over the forehead, and the hind hair is partly platted, partly disposed in tufts, round which the plats are twisted. We have noticed a few *belles* with an immense tuft of hair on the left side, and the front hair curled very full, with braids passed through the curls. Flowers are very generally adopted by youthful *belles*, but *toques*, turbans, and white satin dress hats, are much in request with matronly

ladies. Some married ladies, particularly young ones, prefer flowers to any covering for the head. Bandeaux and sprigs of pearl are in very high estimation.

Cornettes are adopted in half dress even by the most youthful *belles*; and we see with pleasure, that some milliners of good taste, among whom we may reckon the lady to whom we are indebted for our dresses this month, have invented a style of making them which may be termed purely English: it has all the elegant simplicity which should distinguish head-dresses for half dress; and as the mania for every thing French seems to be pretty well over, we have no doubt that it will soon become general.

The most fashionable walking shoes are now made extremely high on the instep, and to lace on each side: they are, in general, of kid, to correspond with the dress, for the promenade, and of stout silk for the carriage costume.

Fashionable colours for the month are, evening primrose, azure, pale pink, pearl grey, green, brown, and lemon-colour.

We are sorry that we cannot oblige a correspondent who wishes for a description of the *corset des Grâces*. The lady is right in supposing, that it is constructed on an entirely novel principle, but we are not at liberty to enter into any explanation respecting it.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, May 21.

My dear SOPHIA,

SINCE I wrote last, our promenade costume has lost much of its

variety; for the morning walk our fair fashionables generally adopt pelisses and *capotes* of cambric muslin, and for the evening promenade

levantine spencers are universal.—The form of the cambric pelisse, though simple, is becoming and gentlewomanly. The waist is of a moderate length; the back, plain at top, has a little fulness at the bottom of the waist in the body, and a great deal in the skirt, as the whole fulness of the latter is thrown behind. Plain long sleeve, so tight as to display the shape of the arm, and finished at the wrist by a profusion of small tucks; eight or ten tucks go round the bottom and up the front of the pelisse, and a very large pelerine is tucked to correspond. The under-dress, which is also of cambric muslin, is tucked in a similar manner, and finished by a scoloped muslin flounce at bottom. The *capote* is a large walking bonnet, composed also of cambric muslin; the brim, which is a plain round shape, is finished at the edge by a double row of narrow scoloped lace. The crown is small and round; it is ornamented at the top by two squares of muslin placed one above another, and each edged to correspond with the front. An enormous lace ruff is an indispensable appendage to this dress.

Spencers have very little novelty; they are braided in front, and ornamented with Spanish buttons. A small collar, which stands up behind, displays the fore part of the throat; this collar is finished by several rows of lace set on very full.

White is, generally speaking, more fashionable than anything else for the promenade. The bottoms of dresses continue to be trimmed with an intermixture of tucks and *bouillons*; some ladies prefer tucks

only, with a single flounce of deep work or lace at the bottom.

There is too much uniformity in our promenade dresses, but the variety displayed in the head-dresses is greater than I remember to have seen since my arrival here. Leghorn, white, and yellow straw and chip, are all worn in hats; as is also a new and very beautiful material: it is a tissue composed of straw and silk. Leghorn hats are generally trimmed with gauze, a piece of which, in the form of a scarf, is fancifully twisted round the crown, and tied sometimes at the side, sometimes in front. White straw hats, lined with gold-colour, are very numerous; they are generally adorned with bunches of ribbon cut in the shape of endive, and frequently finished round the brim with a small wreath of endive to correspond: they are trimmed also with lilac, green, and rose-coloured ribbon, and sometimes, but not often, with flowers.

White straw hats lined with satin, and adorned with a diadem of white roses without leaves, are much in request, and are certainly simply elegant. Yellow split straw hats are worn without lining; they are finished round the edge by a quilting of blond, in the middle of which is a row of very small *bouillons* of white or yellow satin. These hats are always ornamented with Marabout feathers.

Now for the *capotes*: the one I have spoken of in cambric muslin, is very fashionable for dishabille, but they are worn also in satin, in *gros de Naples*, and in gauze; some *élégantes* sport *capotes* of tartan silk of a large pattern. The favourite colours are amaranth and green.

I was interrupted by our friend Mrs. Welby, who has just paid me a visit. You know she prides herself on always dressing in the extreme of the fashion; and her head-dress to-day was a large *chapeau* composed of white crape, striped with broad fine yellow split straw. The front was finished round the edge by *bouillons* of crape, each *bouillon* formed by a narrow band of white satin. The crown was trimmed round the top by puffs of gauze, of a most extravagant height. A very large garland of various flowers placed exactly in front, completed this fantastic head-dress, which, on the short clumsy figure of our pretty little friend, had an effect truly ludicrous.

Striped muslin dresses are very much worn for dishabille; rose-colour is considered most fashionable. They are still made loose in the body; a sash of rose-colour confines them at the waist. A small falling collar, bound with rose-coloured ribbon, displays almost the whole of the throat. The long sleeve, which still continues nearly tight to the arm, is finished at the wrist by three or four plaitings of ribbon, and three narrow flounces of the same material as the dress, forms the trimming of the skirt.

Tulle is once more in the highest estimation for full dress; white satin continues to be much worn, but the material most in requisition for married ladies, is coloured satin. The robe *à la Niobe* is very much admired; it is a short open robe, worn over a white lace body, which is made rather high round the bust, so as only partially to display the neck. The robe is made very low, and slopes down on each

side of the bosom till it just meets in front; it is about half a quarter of a yard shorter than the petticoat.

The trimmings of these robes are generally blond, but embroidery either of silk or chenille is sometimes adopted by those ladies who are looked upon as leaders of fashion. The sleeves, which are very short, are always composed of blond, and are frequently looped with pearl.

I perceive, my dear Sophia, that I have forgotten to speak of the alteration which has taken place in the form of hats and bonnets. The crowns of the latter are much lower, and the fronts, which are very large, are always round; the edge of the brim no longer turns up, and they are worn so as nearly to conceal the face.

There is much variety in the shapes of hats; the very small ones have totally disappeared. The brims of some come down at the sides to the chin, and are turned up in front. Others, and those in my opinion the prettiest, have a small low crown. The front, which is very large, is open, so that part comes down on one side and the remainder turns up. These hats tie under the chin by a ribbon passed through a space which is left open in the side.

To return to the evening costume: all dresses are worn much higher round the bust than when I wrote last; lace pelerines, which have given place to quillings of *tulle*, or blond and *bouillons*, have declined in estimation: they are still, however, partially worn; sometimes they surmount falls of blond or Mechlin lace; they are used

likewise to form draperies of *tulle*: but the most elegant ornament for these draperies is composed of pearl, in the form of a shell.

You have seen, I suppose, in the papers the intended nuptials of the Princess Charlotte of Prussia with the Grand-Duke Nicholas, and as her highness has all her nuptial paraphernalia from Paris, I shall describe to you such of the dresses as seem to me most elegant.

One of the court dresses is a robe of rose-coloured velvet, of an amazing length; the trimming is a superb embroidery of a large pattern, wrought in white silk intermixed with pearls.

Another of these robes is composed of French cachemire, which I have forgot to tell you is brought here to the greatest perfection; the trimming is a superb embroidery in gold.

An evening robe composed of *tulle*, the trimming a wreath of ivy-leaves intermixed with silver lamas, struck me as peculiarly beautiful.

A magnificent round dress, composed of silver tissue, and embroidered in small gold flowers; the trimming a garland of daisies, embroidered also in gold, and draperies of gold fringe.

One of the prettiest of the round dresses is composed of *tulle*: the front of this dress is ornamented with three rows of white satin slashes. The bottom of the skirt is finished by a trimming of chenille mixed with pearl.

A ball-dress, the ground *tulle*, thickly embroidered with silver roses and lama. The trimming of the bottom was a garland of silver roses of a larger pattern.

There are several others, and every one of these dresses has a head-dress to correspond. Nothing can be more superb than the materials, but I must own I think the court dresses have rather a heavy effect. The French are so fond of ornament, that they are apt to overload their dresses. This is a fault which the Duchess of Berri never falls into; her elegant taste enables her to blend what is most becoming in the French and English fashions, and to form for herself a style of dress at once becoming, tasteful, and magnificent.

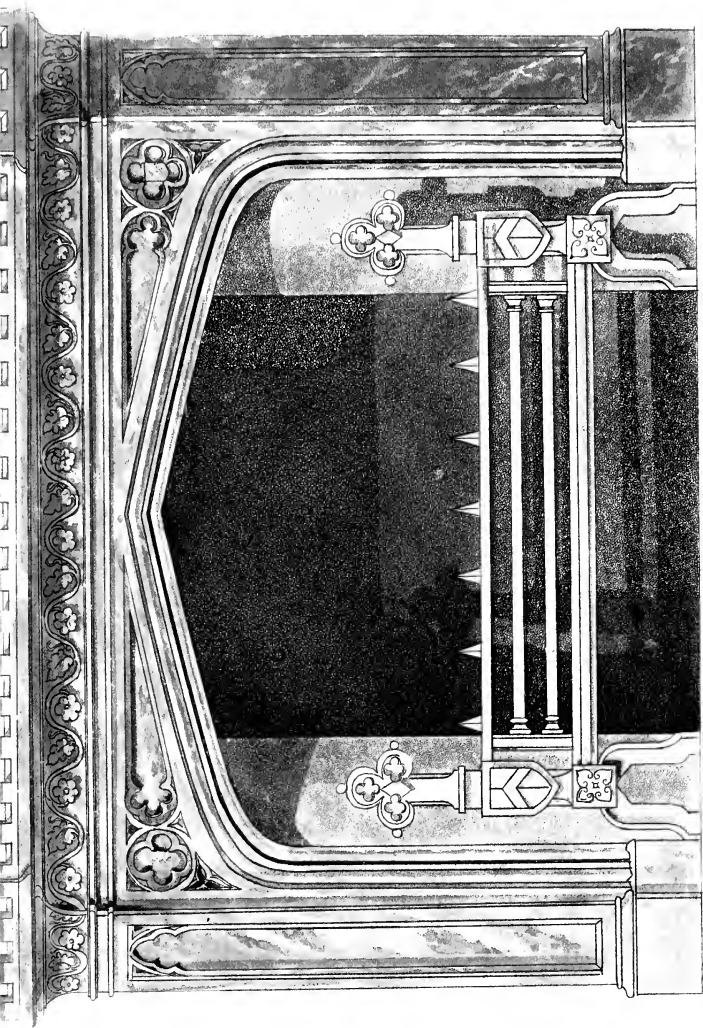
But to return to my subject, which, to say the truth, I am too apt to run away from: no change has taken place in *coiffures*, either for full or half dress, since my last; except that flowers have superseded feathers in the former. Our full-dress shoes, which are always composed of white satin or spotted silk, are made very unbecomingly high about the instep; those for the promenade are of coloured leather or stout silk, to correspond with the dress.

Gold-colour, rose-colour, lilac, light green, amaranth red, and azure, are all fashionable this month. Farewell, my dear Sophia! Believe me always your affectionate
EUDOCIA.

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

PLATE 31.—GOTHIC CHIMNEYPIECE IN MONA MARBLE.

This design is suitable to the dining-parlour of a mansion in the Gothic style of architecture, the parts being selected from the best works of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. The fire-grate



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is also composed to assimilate with the general character of such a building; with which, indeed, every part of the furniture should accord, as few things are so disgusting to the eye of taste as the incongruous mixture which is often seen, even in expensively furnished houses,

where the Grecian and Gothic, the Roman and the Chinese styles are absurdly jumbled together. As the Gothic forms admit of a very splendid decoration in point of colour, the Mona marble for that purpose is a useful material in the hands of a tasteful architect.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

MR. ACKERMANN has in the press, a very concise *Treatise on Perspective*; illustrated with plates and examples, by Mr. Wells, drawing-master to the Blue-Coat School.

The same publisher has in great forwardness, *Six Views, in colours, of the Principal Buildings in London*; viz. *the Bank, the Royal Exchange, the India-House, the Custom-House, the Horse-Guards, and Somerset-House* from Waterloo bridge; which will appear early in June.

Mr. Ackermann is also preparing a *Picturesque View of the comparative Heights of the principal Mountains in the World*, with a key; and two large Portraits of *P. P. Rubens and his second Wife*.

Mr. Britton's third number of *Illustrations of Winchester Cathedral*, containing six engravings of that interesting church, is just ready for delivery.

The sixth number of Havell's *Views of Seats*, containing engravings, with historical and descriptive Accounts of Buckingham-House and Holland-House in Middlesex, will appear in a few days. The former is displayed as a winter scene, with skaters, &c. from a fine drawing by John Burnett; and the latter from a drawing by the late Joseph Clarendon Smith.—

Both the accounts are from the pen of Mr. Britton.

The Rev. John Evans of Islington has in the press, *An Excursion to Windsor*, interspersed with anecdotes historical and biographical, for the improvement of the rising generation: to which will be annexed, *The Journal of a Trip to Paris*, through Brussels and Waterloo, in the autumn of 1816, by John Evans, jun.

Speedily will be published, *Memoirs and Remains of the late Rev. Charles Buck*; containing copious extracts from his diary, and interesting letters to his friends: interspersed with various observations, explanatory and illustrative of his character and works, by John Styles, D. D.

Mr. Nicholas will publish in the course of this month, in two vols. 8vo. *The Journal of a Voyage to New Zealand*, in company with the Rev. Samuel Marsden; with an account of the state of that country and its productions, the characters of its inhabitants, their manners, customs, &c.

Mr. John Bigland will shortly publish, an *Historical Display of the Effects of Physical and Moral Causes on the Character and Circumstances of Nations*: including a Compa-

riſon of the Ancients and Moderns in regard to their Intellectual and Social State.

The British Lady's Magazine will in future be conducted on a new plan, and embellished every month with at leaſt three engravings of novel and fashionable ſubjects, and a piece of original muſic.

Mr. William Phillips, author of the *Outlines of Mineralogy and Geology*, &c. will publish next month a ſmall duodecimo volume, comprising *Eight Familiar Lectures on Astronomy*, delivered at Tottenham laſt winter to a numerous audience of young perſons. It will contain the requiſite diagrams and illuſtrations; and being intended

for the initiation of the young, and for thoſe who are unacquainted with the ſcience, its numerous terms are as much as poſſible avoided, and ſuch as cannot be avoided, are fully explained in theſe lectures.

Early in June will be published, *Maria*, a domeſtic tale, in three volumes, by Catherine St. George.

Dr. John Clarke of Cambridge has juſt published, in two volumes, *Twenty-four Vocal Pieces*, with original poetry, written expreſſly for the work, by Mrs. Joanna Baillie, Walter Scott, Eſq. John Stewart, Eſq. William Smyth, Eſq. James Hogg, the Scots ſhepherd, and Lord Byron.

Poetry.

AN ENIGMA.—By Lord BYRON.

'Twas whiſper'd in heav'n, and mutter'd in hell,
And Echo caught ſoftly the ſound as it fell;
In the confines of earth 'twas permitted to reſt,
And the depths of the ocean its preſence confeſt;
'Twas ſeen in the light'ning, and heard in the thunder,
'Twill be found in the ſpheres when riven aſunder;
It was given to man with his earlieſt breath,
It aſſiſts at his birth, and attends him in death,
Preſides o'er his happineſs, honour, and health,
Is the prop of his houſe, and the end of his wealth;
It begins ev'ry hope, ev'ry wiſh it muſt bound,
And, though unassuming, with monarchs is crown'd;

In the heaps of the miſer 'tis hoarded with care,
But is ſure to be loſt in the prodigal heir;
Without it the ſoldier and ſailor may roam,
But woe to the wretch who expels it from home;
In the whiſpers of conſcience its voice will be found,
Nor e'er in the whirlwind of paſſion be drown'd;
It ſoftens the heart, and, though deaf to the ear,
'Twill make it acutely and inſtantly hear.
But in ſhades let it reſt like an elegant ſlow'r—
Oh! breathe on it ſoftly—it dies in an hour.

THE DREAM.

Once I'd a dream that ſeem'd ſo ſweet,
So wild, and yet ſo dear,
That if my pen my wiſhes meet,
My Mary's heart 'twill cheer.

Methought I trod on heav'nly ground,
 An angel was my friend;
 Methought I heard a dulcet sound,
 Sweet as the harp could lend.

Thou, Mary, wert the airy form
 That watch'd my ev'ry thought;
 With thee I fear'd no passing storm,
 Thy presence rapture brought.

"Oh! never can my heart forget"
 That eye of liquid blue;
 A form more lovely never yet
 My happiest fancy drew.

Thy breath was sweeter than the rose,
 Thy lips were coral red;
 Each charm that angels would disclose,
 On these my fancy fed.

Oh! never in the richest hours
 Such blisses did I feel;
 Yielding to blest devotion's powers,
 Could I refuse to kneel?

I pray'd for ever to be near,
 To hail so dear a friend,
 Whose smile, to every virtue dear,
 Would every comfort send.

Morning, alas! my vision spoil'd—
 All, all was but a dream;
 The joys of fancy all were foil'd,
 And I a mortal seem.

No, no! it is not all a dream,
 For Mary still is mine;
 Her heart so true, that angels seem
 To love so fair a shrine.

Long may her friendship's kindest
 thought
 My doubtful path direct;
 Long may the joy she oft has brought
 My youthful hope protect.

Believe, while time shall spare my breath,
 Thy friendship shall be dear;
 When thy lov'd voice is closed in death,
 My love shall linger near.

M. K.

*Vol. III. No. XVIII.*SIMPLICITY.—*A Pastoral.*

Yes, here in the sylvan retreat,
 Where Innocence carelessly strays,
 Simplicity fixes her seat,
 And numberless beauties displays.

How sweet are the nymphs in her train,
 While Modesty leads them along!
 How pleasing the notes of the swain
 Who warbles her elegant song!

The arbours that wave in the gale,
 The warblers that sing on the boughs,
 The flow'rets that bloom in the dale,
 The stream that enchantingly flows;

The grotto's impervious glooms,
 Where thick-throbbing terror alarms;
 The rock where the jessamine blooms,
 Acquire from her beauty their charms.

Her manner is soft and refin'd;
 She's free from affected disguise;
 She's gentle, she's friendly, she's kind,
 And sympathy beams in her eyes.

She's deck'd in the garments of ease;
 She smiles with an innocent air,
 With sweetness that always must please,
 With softness becoming the fair.

Would Chloris more lovely appear,
 And beauty's bright graces improve,
 These magical robes let her wear,
 And yield to the impulse of love.

Would Damon to glory aspire,
 And swell with true ardour the strain,
 Simplicity's charms must inspire,
 And soften the breast of the swain.

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE 5.

Who, in the grotto's pleasing gloom,
 Extended 'neath the rosy bower,
 Breathing Arabia's soft perfume,
 Trifles with thee the happy hour?

For whom, in artless beauties drest,
 Do those soft ringlets shade thy face?
 For whom enrobes the flowing vest,
 That form so fair, in simple grace?

How oft, unused the storm to bear,
 Shall be thy fickle faith deplore,
 When angry tempests cloud the air,
 And swept by winds the billows roar?

Who now enjoys thy smiles alone,
 (Ah! ignorant of the changeful wind,)
 Who fondly deems thee all his own,
 Thus ever pleasing, ever kind?

The form in votive urn express'd,
 Tells, that escaped the raging wave,
 Suspended high my dripping vest,
 To Ocean's powerful God I gave.
 ($x+y$)ⁿ.

The last stanza alludes to a custom amongst
 ancient sailors when preserved from ship-
 wreck.

THE OATH.

Dearest Fanny, when justice compels us
 to swear,

That the oath may be safe, as we take
 it,

'Tis administer'd always with scrupulous
 care,

And we kiss holy writ, not to break it.

Now to thee, melting maid, I would fain
 pledge my soul,

I would swear to be Fanny's for ever;
 But the oath must be seal'd, or it has no
 controul,

And our loves fickle fate soon might
 sever.

But when on your lip I request to be
 sworn,

And say 'tis *love's bible* so pleasing,
 You turn from me, dear, with a look full
 of scorn,

Ev'ry hope of thy lover's soul freezing!
 J. M. LACEY.

WOMAN.

Ye are stars of the night, ye are gems of
 the morn,

Ye are dewdrops whose lustre illumines
 the thorn;

And rayless that night is, that morning
 unblest,

Where no beam in your eye lights up
 peace in the breast;

And the sharp thorn of sorrow sinks deep
 in the heart,

Till the sweet lip of woman assuages the
 smart:

'Tis her's o'er the couch of misfortune to
 bend,

In fondness a lover, in firmness a friend;
 And prosperity's hour, be it ever confest,
 From woman receives both refinement
 and zest;

And adorn'd by the bays, or enwreath'd
 with the willow,

Her smile is our meed, and her bosom our
 pillow!

SONG.—By Mr. LEIGH HUNT.

Hail, England, dear England, true queen
 of the West,

With thy fair swelling bosom, and ever-
 green vest:

How nobly thou sit'st in thy own steady
 light,

On the left of thee Freedom, and Truth
 on the right,

While the clouds, at thy smile, break
 apart and turn bright!

The Muses, full-voiced, half encircle the
 sear,

And Ocean comes kissing thy princely
 white feet.

All hail! all hail!

All hail to the beauty, immortal and free,
 The only true goddess that rose from the
 sea.

Warm-hearted, high-thoughted, what
 union is thine,

Of gentle affections and genius divine!
 Thy sons are true men, fit to battle with
 care;

Thy daughters true women, home-loving
 and fair,

With figures unequal'd, and blushes as
 rare.

E'en the ground takes a virtue that's
 trodden by thee,

And the slave that but touches it, starts
 and is free.

All hail! all hail!

All hail, queen of queens, there's no
 monarch beside,

But in ruling as thou dost, would double
 his pride.

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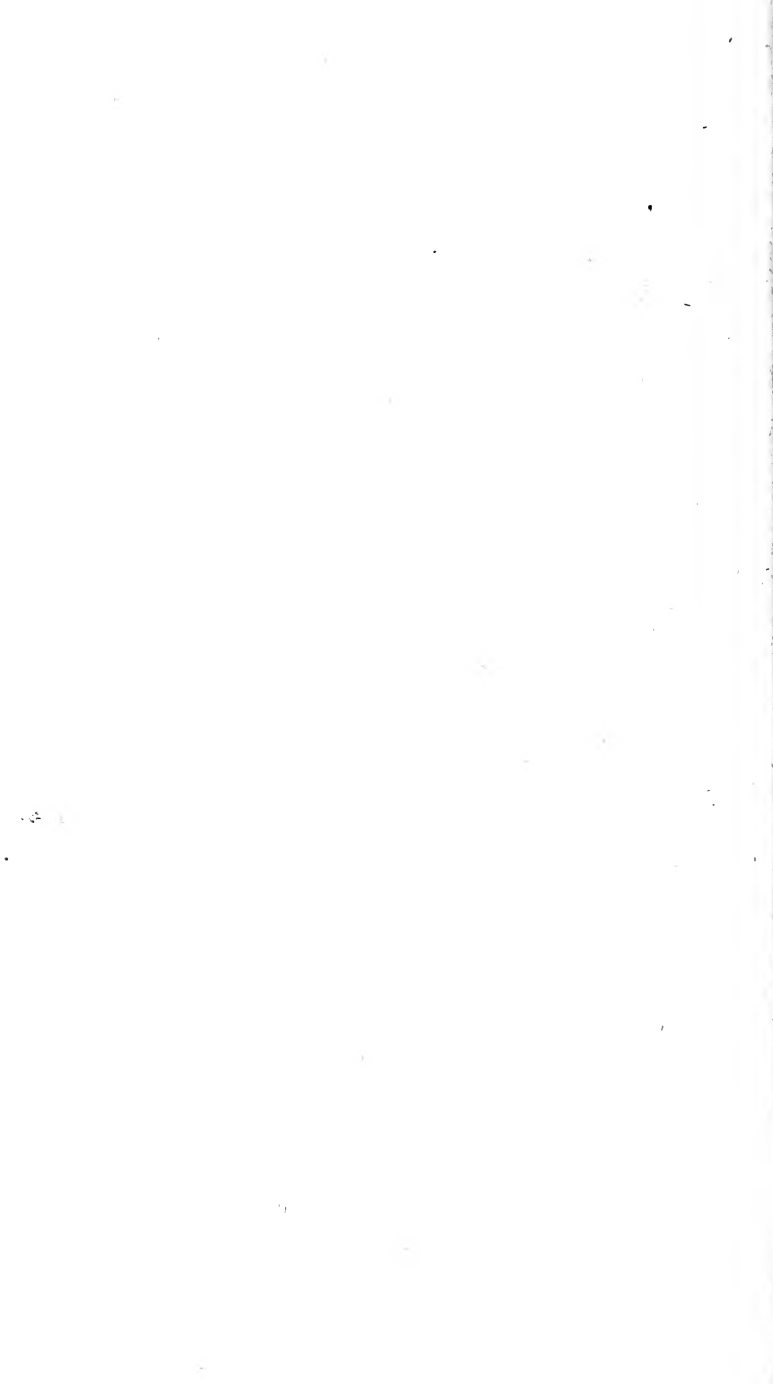
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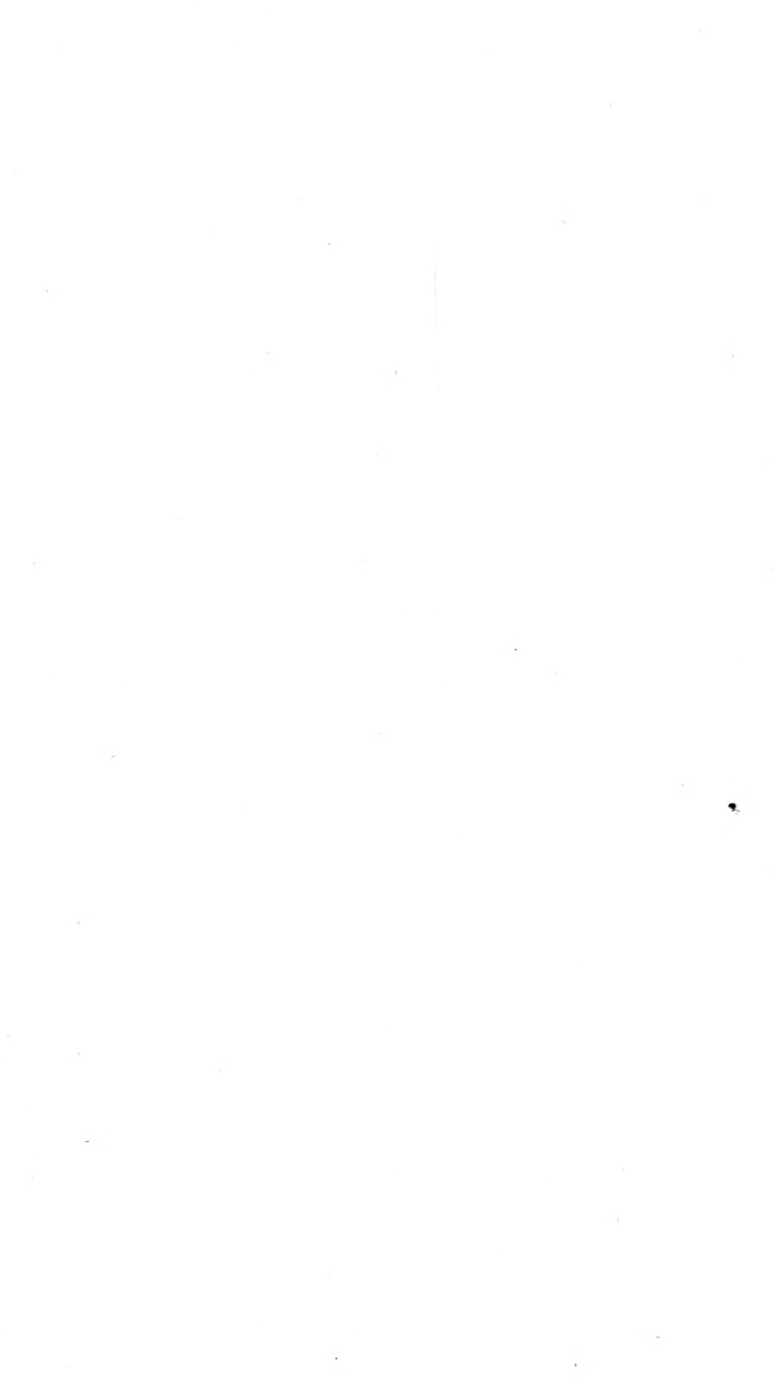
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