





William Henry Kelly

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THE SECOND SERIES.

VOL. VII.

JANUARY 1, 1819.

N^o. XXXVII.

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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.

Several communications arrived at too late a period of the month for insertion.

We thank J. K.: what he says deserves attention, and we advise him to apply in the quarter to which he refers.

We are much obliged to D. C. for his hints. We wish, however, that they had as much novelty about them as good sense: good sense is a commodity not saleable, without something in addition to recommend it.

We hope to hear from our old friend S. Sagephiz early in the next month.

Antiquarius must not complain at his postponement until next month: many other correspondents are in the same situation.

Several poetical friends have our thanks; particularly F. F. F. and Alfred.

Announcements of works in the press, and generally upon literary and scientific subjects, should be sent before the 20th of the month at latest.

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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HINTS ON ORNAMENTAL GARDENING.

PLATE I.—A WOODLAND SEAT.

RURAL embellishment has become so general a pursuit, and so few works have been written on the subject, except of a voluminous nature, embracing matter not intimately connected with this inquiry, that we trust our readers will approve the introduction of "Hints on ornamental Gardening" in the pages of the *Repository*; particularly as they will be accompanied by designs for such decorative buildings as are practicable, useful, and convenient.

The annexed plate contains a design for a woodland seat, composed of materials homogeneous to the spot on which such a building should be placed: this would properly be on the border of an elevated wood or coppice, at a short distance from the residence: here it would add relief, force, and spirit to its sombre or secluded character; become a resting-place and a shelter from heat or rain, and induce the visitor more satisfactorily to contemplate the prospects its situation might command.

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The building is intended to be composed chiefly of unbarked wood, which is commonly the refuse of trees felled and sawn into square timbers for the carpenter. To receive these native planks, a framework is to be erected, to which the planks are to be fixed; and here the ingenuity of the selector of the materials would be fully employed, for much of the design consists in the choice and disposal of the planks and pieces, so that a claim to attention may be obtained independent of its outline and general proportions.

The various sizes of the materials, the colour and texture of the bark when contrasted with the dark browns and yellow hues of the sawn surfaces of the timber, afford ample means for an effective display of taste, particularly as the forms may be disposed in infinite variety. The upper roof is intended to be covered with reed-thatching.

The rational enjoyment of rural nature has been a favourite pursuit for many ages, and perhaps every

country has evinced some feeling for its beauties; and although the construction of the celebrated pensile gardens of ancient Babylon, described by Diodorus and Quintus Curtius, may not, in our time, merit the title of miraculous, nor be very remarkable for their dimensions, they at least prove how highly the science was esteemed at that early period. The Chinese have carried the business of ornamental gardening to a peculiarly romantic extent, and all the countries of the East have profited by the beauties of its cultivation. The Greeks and the Romans, the Germans, Italians, and the French, pursued this science with delight; and the Dutch appropriated its principles to the singular circumstances of their country.

In England, the study of rural improvement has long employed the attention of men of science; and it has consequently passed through several stages of practice in its way to the perfection to which it has arrived. About a century ago a systematic style prevailed, in which the interference of art was so prevalent, that every material of the garden-landscape submitted to the mathematical operations of the geometrician. At that time the si-

tuation for the residence was chosen on account of its flatness, because an undulating surface was only desirable, as it permitted the introduction of terraces and flights of steps. Avenues were then cultivated as important vistas, and placed in every direction. Square fields, bordered by trimmed hedges, occupied the intermediate spaces, and were relieved by circles, parallelograms, and polygons, disposed as ponds and canals, and placed in symmetrical order: but as a better feeling for the liberty of nature was not quite extinct, the wood and wilderness were permitted to become features in this arrangement: but the former was simply an assemblage of trees, compactly planted in some prim mathematical order; and the wilderness, which was also a wood, was regularly disposed in alleys, converging to one or more centres, decorated with small ponds or leaden statues; these were further diversified by a serpentine path traversing the wood, and intersecting the alleys in its circuitous progress to the spot whence it first proceeded; thus producing intricacy, but without variety, and a labyrinth, to which every path was an effectual clue.

(To be continued.)

MISCELLANIES.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE ADVISER.

THE following letter will, I think, excite some interest for the writer in the minds of my fair readers:

MR. ADVISER,

It has been hitherto my misfortune to have had advice offered

me only by those whose dictatorial, austere, or impertinently free mode of giving it, made me shrink from it with disgust; but some of your papers which have fallen into my hands convince me, that you exer-

cise the office of an Adviser with delicacy and good-nature: therefore, for once in my life, I am determined to ask advice, and if possible, take it. But I must trespass upon your time by a brief account of the circumstances which have led to my present application.

I was the only child of rich parents: my father died whilst I was still an infant; my mother just lived long enough to spoil me, which she effectually did before I had attained my tenth year, at which period she died.

From the time I could understand the meaning of what was said to me, I had been accustomed to hear the most extravagant praises of my own perfections; my beauty in particular was an everlasting theme. At my mother's death I became an inmate in the family of an uncle, who had four daughters: the change in my situation appeared dreadful; my cousins were educated by a strict mother, who insisted upon my conforming to the same rules as they did, and punished my want of obedience with a severity which, unused as I had been to coercion, served only to exasperate my naturally haughty spirit. I became sullen, melancholy, and intractable; and I believe I was only saved from death or insanity by my uncle's sending me to a fashionable boarding-school.

Had he made a judicious choice of a seminary, this step would have been in all respects a prudent one, but unfortunately he did not; and the seeds of vanity, folly, and self-conceit, which my mother's imprudent fondness had sown, were so well cultivated at school, that when I quitted it at seventeen, I can

truly aver, I was as ignorant of all useful knowledge as an infant. I was, however, pronounced by my instructors perfectly finished, finely accomplished, and quite calculated to shine in the great world. I readily gave credit to what was so soothing to my vanity, nor suspected that these praises were lavished on the rich heiress, not on the accomplished woman.

I returned to my uncle's, but only for a short period, for my aunt had lost nothing of her austerity; and I soon found, that to be comfortable under her roof would be impossible. At my own desire, my uncle placed me in the house of a lady who had been a friend of my deceased mother. She was a widow, without family, and possessed of only a small fortune. I could afford to pay handsomely for my board; and Mrs. Morley, who was of an extremely selfish temper, treated me with a degree of complaisance, or rather of servility, which sunk her very low in my estimation, and induced me to act upon all occasions without any regard to her advice or opinion; for if ever she began any thing like a remonstrance, I replied in a tone of haughty contempt, which instantly silenced her.

I have said that I was, unfortunately for my own peace, handsome and rich; you will therefore readily believe, that I was not without admirers. Admiration was in truth the charm of my existence, and to procure it, the business of my life. Yet often in the midst of the adulation which followed my footsteps, my exultation was dashed with regret, because I could not gain one captive, who, neither by

birth, fortune, nor person, was apparently worthy of my notice.

This gentleman was the nephew of the deceased Mr. Morley. He had been intended for the bar, but his attachment to literature and the arts overpowered pecuniary considerations, and he contented himself with his own little property, rather than renounce his favourite pursuits.

He was the frequent guest of Mrs. Morley. I had been in his company many times before I took particular notice of him, but I was at last piqued at perceiving, that he never paid me any other attentions than those which common politeness rendered indispensable. At first I concluded that his silence and reserve sprang from timidity, which I endeavoured to dispel by treating him with easy freedom; but his reserve and indifference were proof to all my advances, and I quickly found, that it was because he did not think me worthy of his attention that he did not bestow it upon me.

I cannot paint to you, Mr. Adviser, the mortification which this circumstance caused me. I was at that time totally free from all predilection in favour of Edward Morley; but that any young disengaged man should presume to look upon me with indifference, was an affront to my pride which I could not brook, and I put every art of coquetry in practice to reduce him to my feet. To such attacks he was invulnerable, but the kindness of his own disposition rendered him easily assailable in another quarter. Nature had mingled with my many faults some portion of sympathy for the distresses of my

fellow-creatures, and fortune had afforded me an ample means of indulging it. Chance presented me in this point of view to Morley: his manner assumed a tenderness which it had never worn before, and though he evidently laboured to conceal it, I saw that his indifference began to give way. The hope of success now invigorated my spirits; I redoubled my efforts to conquer his obstinate heart, nor desisted till he had owned that it was all my own.

Till the moment he made this confession, I was ignorant of the state of my affections; for I firmly believed that the pains I had taken to gain his, proceeded solely from the desire of humbling the haughty spirit that dared to condemn my attractions.

But when in the same moment he acknowledged his passion, and his belief of its hopelessness; when I heard him avow, that though I was dearer to him than life, he dared not sue for my hand, because he feared that our dispositions were too opposite to afford a rational prospect of happiness, the secret of my heart burst at once upon me, and I felt that I could cheerfully resign all the vain and unsubstantial pleasures of flattery and dissipation, to secure to myself one heart, noble, generous, and sincere as his.

Womanly pride prevented me, however, from any other explanation of my feelings than what was conveyed in blushes and tears; but that was sufficient. Edward, in a transport of joy, besought me to allow him to hope that we might yet be united; and from that time, though no formal engagement sub-

sisted between us, we looked upon ourselves as affianced lovers.

A few short months passed in happiness, to which I had before been a stranger. I do not mean to say that a complete change was in a moment effected in my character, but through the skill and tenderness of my Mentor, much that was faulty gradually disappeared. He rallied my foibles so pleasantly, and placed the folly of some of my pursuits in so striking a light, that I grew ashamed of employing my time in a manner so frivolous, and began to enter with spirit and pleasure into avocations and amusements more worthy of a rational being.

At that period business obliged Morley to go abroad for some months. Before he went he petitioned me to prevent the possibility of our separation, by giving him my hand. This request I refused. Pride whispered to me, that my conduct in his absence should be a test of the steadiness of my principles; and I resolved to delay our union till his return. He went; and at the moment in which we parted I felt no foreboding that we should never meet in happiness again.

His aunt, Mrs. Morley, had seen the affection which subsisted between us with an eye of dissatisfaction, because she hoped to have disposed of me in a way more congenial to her wishes. One of those gentlemen whom, for Morley's sake, I had discarded, had offered her a large sum if she could procure him my hand. She was selfish and unprincipled enough to make no scruple of promising to effect a breach between her nephew and me; but while he remained in England no

opportunity to do so occurred. No sooner did he quit it, than they contrived a plot to separate us effectually.

A female agent of Lovemore's applied to me for relief, and so plausible was the tale she related, that I readily granted it. She seemed to be labouring under illness as well as poverty, and I frequently visited her. As she always knew when to expect me, she gave information of the time of my visit to Lovemore, and he took care, as I have since learned, to enter her apartments a few minutes before I reached them: he remained concealed in a closet during the time I was with her, and regularly left this house a short time after I had quitted it.

Of all my admirers, Lovemore had been the one whom Morley thought me most inclined to favour, and on that account I had sedulously avoided any intercourse with him after I had given him his dismissal. Mrs. Morley, who had never openly opposed her nephew's pretensions to my hand, now wrote him an account of her having discovered that I was in the habit of meeting Lovemore clandestinely. At first he was incredulous; but she repeated the information in a manner so circumstantial, that he began to be staggered. Ah! had he written and taxed me with my supposed perfidy all would have been well, for I could easily have convinced him of his error; but unfortunately he wrote to a friend of his to observe my conduct, and to inform him if Mrs. Morley's information was correct.

The gentleman whom he thus placed as a spy upon my conduct,

was disposed to view it in the most unfavourable light. He entertained a personal dislike to me, because in my days of levity I had frequently treated some peculiarities in his character with ridicule. He stationed himself near the house where these meetings were said to take place: from its very mean appearance, it was obvious that Lovemore could not be supposed to visit any one who lived in it, and his character was too well known to allow of the possibility that he went there from motives of benevolence. Thus, when Edward's friend saw him enter the house, as I have already said, just before, and quit it immediately after me, he investigated the matter no further; but wrote at once to Morley, that what he had heard of my perfidy was too true.

The moment he received his friend's letter, Morley hastened to England, with a determination to see me, to upbraid me with my perfidy, and then to bid me adieu for ever: but it appeared as if we were destined to be separated. Mrs. Morley, who had foreseen the possibility of this step, had induced me to accept an invitation to spend some weeks at the country seat of a friend of hers, who happened to be a near relation of Lovemore's; a circumstance of which I was wholly ignorant when I accepted the invitation.

On arriving in London, Morley flew to the house of his aunt, who, with hypocritical tears, informed him where I was; and added, that Lovemore was shortly to follow me, to arrange every thing for our nuptials.

On receiving this information,

he wrote me a short incoherent note, in which, without entering into any particulars, he reproached me with the deception I had practised upon him, and avowed a determination of never seeing me more. This note reached me at the moment I was about to return to London. Lovemore, to my great surprise, made one of our party in a few days after I reached the house of his relation; and in consequence of his arrival, I immediately determined to quit it.

As I was unable to assign any other cause for Edward's conduct, than the possibility that he might have heard of my passing a few days in the same house with Lovemore, I called my pride to my aid, and determined to banish him from my heart: but I did not find this task so easy a one as I had expected; his idea was so intimately associated with every scheme of felicity which my fancy had formed, that I could not forget him.

From that time, which is now some months since, I have neither seen nor heard from him. Lovemore renewed his addresses, but they were peremptorily rejected, and I began to look forward to a single life; for though I regarded Morley's conduct as ungrateful and unjust, I felt that no other could succeed him in my heart. Three days since, in consequence of a quarrel between Mrs. Morley and her maid, the whole diabolical plan was revealed to me by the latter, and I saw that my poor Edward has been the victim of their vile artifices.

But, alas! Mr. Adviser, my knowledge of the perfidy practised to separate us, has served only to add to my unhappiness, since I know

not where to address a letter to him. I have offered his aunt any sum she will name if she would inform me where he is; but she obstinately persists in asserting her ignorance of his present residence.

If, sir, you could point out to me any possible way by which I could trace him, you would for ever oblige me, and entitle yourself to the gratitude of a man, whom, if you knew him, you would acknowledge was worthy of your advice and good offices.

May I beg, sir, that you will as speedily as possible favour me with your advice. Your very humble servant,
CONSTANTIA.

I doubt not that my fair readers will be glad to know, that Morley is at this moment pouring out vows of love and contrition at the feet of his Constantia.

The fact is, that this young man is the son of one of the oldest friends I ever had; and though the young dog never requested, nor indeed followed, my advice in his life, yet I always loved him; at first for his father's sake, and afterwards for his own.

Some time ago, as I was returning after a morning ramble home to breakfast, a gentleman in a travelling dress ran full against me, and on looking at him as he turned hastily away, I saw that it was Ned Morley; or rather I could at that moment have sworn, his ghost, for he looked pale and haggard enough to authorise the supposition. I put my arm within his, and willy-nilly dragged him home with me to breakfast. On my interrogating him as to the cause of his altered looks, he told me all that had hap-

pened, and from his account I could not doubt of his mistress's perfidy. I accordingly advised him to forget her; but to my great surprise and no small vexation, in the midst of my harangue on the folly of suffering such a woman to disturb his peace, he poured his cup of coffee into the bason of water-gruel which I always take for my breakfast, and immediately filling the cup with boiling water from the urn, he lifted it to his mouth, and scalded himself so unmercifully, that my poor old china cup and saucer, which had been in my family since the time of my great-grandmother, fell from his hand and was dashed to pieces. This circumstance convinced me that good advice would be completely thrown away upon him just then; so I stopped short in my lecture, and contented myself with forcing him to go to bed, where I found that he had not been for the three preceding nights. A few hours' rest calmed in some degree the violence of his agitation. He quitted London almost immediately, and we have corresponded ever since. Though he always carefully avoided any allusion to his supposed faithless mistress, yet it was easy to see that his heart was ill at ease.

The moment I received Constantia's letter, I wrote to desire him to come instantly to town, as I had some intelligence to communicate to him respecting her, which it was of the last importance that he should be made acquainted with immediately.

My letter brought him sooner than I could have expected to my lodgings. I happened to be at tea when he entered; and my readers

will not wonder that I caused my great-grandmother's china to be removed before I communicated to the young man the surprising revolution which had taken place in his fate. He started up, embraced me as heartily as if I had been Constantia herself, and without uttering a syllable, darted away like an arrow from a bow. The next morning he honoured me with a visit as soon as it was daylight, in order, as he said, to repair the omission he had been guilty of in quitting me without expressing his gratitude.

As I had had no sleep during the preceding night, I cut short his grateful effusions, and charged him not to come near me again till he had recovered his senses sufficiently to behave with coolness and propriety. This was three days' ago, and as I have not seen him since, I conclude that he has not yet regained possession of them. But as there can be no doubt of his speedy union with Constantia, we may conclude that a short trial of matrimony will sober him completely.

S. SAGEPHIZ.

ON THE MAGNITUDE OF THE LONDON THEATRES.

MR. EDITOR,

I AM neither deaf nor blind, but I frankly confess that I might be both, and yet often come away from the play quite as wise as I went; for really and truly the theatres are so large, so overgrown in their proportions, that seeing and hearing are very much out of the question.

It is very true that splendid scenery is exhibited, and that is easily, perhaps too easily, seen (for the glare is fatiguing to the eyes); but the faces of the actors, the varied expressions of countenance, on which so much of good acting depends, are not visible, unless one happens to sit exactly close to them during the performance. This has led to many of those hideous contortions and distortions that disfigure the acting of our best players, both male and female: it is that which has made Kean mouth and scowl through his parts so much more than he used to do; and which has compelled even Miss O'Neil to exaggerate her beautiful and

delicate features, until they sometimes appear positively hideous. The same effect has been produced upon the action and the voice; the first is necessarily rendered extravagant and absurd, and the last coarse and harsh. I feel little doubt, that could Garrick now be restored to life and to the stage, he would scarcely be audible in the front rows of the pit, and his acting would appear the most insipid, inefficient exhibition ever witnessed. The theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, where he used often to perform, is now a china-shop, and would not hold perhaps more than one fourth of the audiences that on full nights are admitted into Drury-lane and Covent-garden.

Surely this is a most serious evil, and in an age when so much reform of one kind or another is talked of, it would not be much amiss if a reform in our theatres were attempted: contraction and retrenchment are both required here as elsewhere; and it is quite evident, that these enormous concerns are far from be-

ing profitable ones : and why is it so? To answer this question would require a greater length of detail than I at present feel disposed to give; but it is just as certain and undeniable, that in the days of Garrick and Rich they were extremely lucrative. I do not pretend to go further back than that date; for few now living can probably carry their memories even to a period so remote.

Well may it be said, that "the English are not a play-going nation," while this obstruction to enjoyment prevails; and for my part, I have lost all relish for theatrical amusements of late years, since old Drury and old Covent-garden were destroyed, unless indeed I now and then revive my recollection of old times by taking a peep at the little theatre in the Haymarket.

But it may be asked, what remedy do I propose? None: the evil will in time prove its own remedy, for it is impossible that it can proceed much longer. Drury-lane is in the jaws of bankruptcy, and if Covent-garden keeps its head above water, it is because the managers

understand better the mode of counterbalancing the evil. Yet this will not long succeed, and the increased host of minor theatres, such as the Coburg, the Pavilion, and even the *Sans Pareil*, contemptible as they are, will contribute towards the reform. Let me add, however, with regard to the Pavilion, that Elliston has had, up to this date, a very successful career, and that his exertions seem to me to merit public patronage: his burlettas are far above the ordinary level of such performances. What will be the consequence of the remedy, I cannot perhaps foresee; what will become of the great theatres, and to what purposes they may at some future time be applied, I cannot conjecture; but of this I am well assured, that they cannot be applied to a worse purpose than that of acting plays: it seems, too, that the managers are of my opinion; for humorous farces, they have substituted melodramas, and for tragedy and comedy, tedious processions and low buffoonery.

I am, &c.

DRAMATICUS.

Dec. 9, 1813.

THE EARLY SUFFERINGS OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

FOR THE REPOSITORY.

MR. EDITOR,

ALTHOUGH the opinions and assertions of contemporaries are not always to be relied upon, or perhaps ought always to be received with distrust, yet that historian would but ill discharge the task he undertakes if he did not consult such authorities: he must weigh probabilities, and receiving the evidence on both sides of a question, must,

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as nicely as he can, adjust the balance. This is a difficult course to steer; a rock is on one side, and a gulf on the other, and the boat must be well trimmed and guided to enable it to pass in safety. I do not recollect the name of any writer upon the events of times past who has not, by one party or another, been charged with partiality and injustice; and I have not un-

C

frequently observed (more especially in the case of Mr. Hume), that the accusation has in some degree arisen, not from the interference of the historian's private feelings and interests, which induced him to pervert the truth, but from his not consulting sufficiently, or at least giving due weight to the statements on the one side or on the other: for instance, he is charged with too much devotedness to kings and kingly government, and with an unjust dislike of the proceedings of the Puritans, who established the republic in this country. His inclinations might be originally that way, but a new bias was given him, I am well persuaded, by his not sufficiently attending to the complaints, some of them exceedingly well founded, of the enemies of King Charles I.: he confined his attention and reading too much to one view of the question.

As I am convinced that this is more or less the case with all historians, and that it must always be more or less the case with them, I have made it a rule whenever I had the means (and I have fortunately enjoyed them to a considerable extent) to go to the fountain-head—to search the sources from whence subsequent writers gathered their information, and to form an opinion for myself. I have now and then had the good luck to pitch upon something that has thrown considerable light upon a dark subject, and which had escaped the observation of those who had searched more as a matter of business than of pleasure. I have also now and then stumbled upon some curious production very little known, yet extremely interesting for the new

facts it contained, related by an eye-witness or contemporary, and for the additional details furnished upon points of the leading features of which we were previously not uninformed.

Such is the case with the pamphlet from which I have made some curious extracts, and which I subjoin for insertion in your Miscellany, if you think they are calculated to amuse and inform your readers. I do not here pretend that they are to set in its true light any topic disputed by contending authors, or that the statements refer to matters of much political importance; but they will at least be entertaining, and will serve still further to illustrate a subject which has lately employed the industry and the pen of one of the first female writers of the day: I mean Miss Lucy Aikin, who I am very happy to hear is about to follow up her “*Memoirs of the Reign of Queen Elizabeth*,” by a similar inquiry connected with the court and literature of the reign of James I.

Assuredly there is no reign that is looked to with more interest than that of the maiden Queen of England, and notwithstanding the many works printed regarding her and her acts, it is still a matter of great difficulty to form a true estimate of her character and acquirements. In this respect, the quotations I have made will be useful, and they refer to a period of her life when she was in a situation of the utmost peril, yet when that situation was but of comparatively little political importance to the nation; I mean, before she ascended the throne: yet because it had little influence on the affairs of the realm,

historians have generally taken but slight notice of it. The work from which I derive my information was published during her reign, in the year 1584, and it is called, "*A Watchword to England, to beware of traitorous and treacherous practices which have been the overthrow of many kingdoms and commonweals.*" It was written by Anthony Munday, a famous pamphleteer and poet of that day, who professes to speak of matters within his own knowledge, or to give information which he obtained from those who had the best acquaintance with them. I shall not preface the extracts further than by observing, that your readers will be able to supply some of the chasms between them by the knowledge they at present possess; for I have omitted such parts of the narrative of the sufferings of Elizabeth before she became queen as relate to matters already repeatedly canvassed. Allowance must of course be made for the antiquated style of the time, and for a few obsolete words.—Yours, &c.

D. W—R.

THE Friday before Palm-Sunday, the Bishop of Winchester, with nineteen other of the council, who shall be here nameless, came unto her grace from the queen's majesty, and burdened her with Wyatt's conspiracy; which she utterly denied, affirming that she was altogether guiltless therein. They being not contented with this, charged her grace with business made by Sir Peter Carew, and the rest of the gentlemen of the west country; which she also utterly denying, cleared her innocence

therein. In conclusion, after long debating of matters, they declared unto her, that it was the queen's will and pleasure that she should go unto the Tower while the matters were further tried and examined. Whereat she being aglast, said, that she trusted the queen's majesty would be a more gracious lady unto her, and that her highness would not otherwise conceive of her but that she was a true woman: declaring furthermore to the lords, that she was innocent in all those matters wherewith they had burdened her; and desired them therefore to be a further mean to the queen her sister, that she being a true woman in thought, word, and deed towards her majesty, might not be committed to so notorious and doleful a place; protesting that she would request no mercy at her hand, if she should be proved to have consented unto any such kind of matter as they had laid unto her charge: and therefore, in fine, desired their lordships to think of her what she was, and that she might not so extremely be dealt withal for her truth. Whereunto the lords answered again, that there was no remedy, for that the queen's majesty was fully determined that she should go unto the Tower: wherewith the lords departed, with their caps hanging over their eyes.

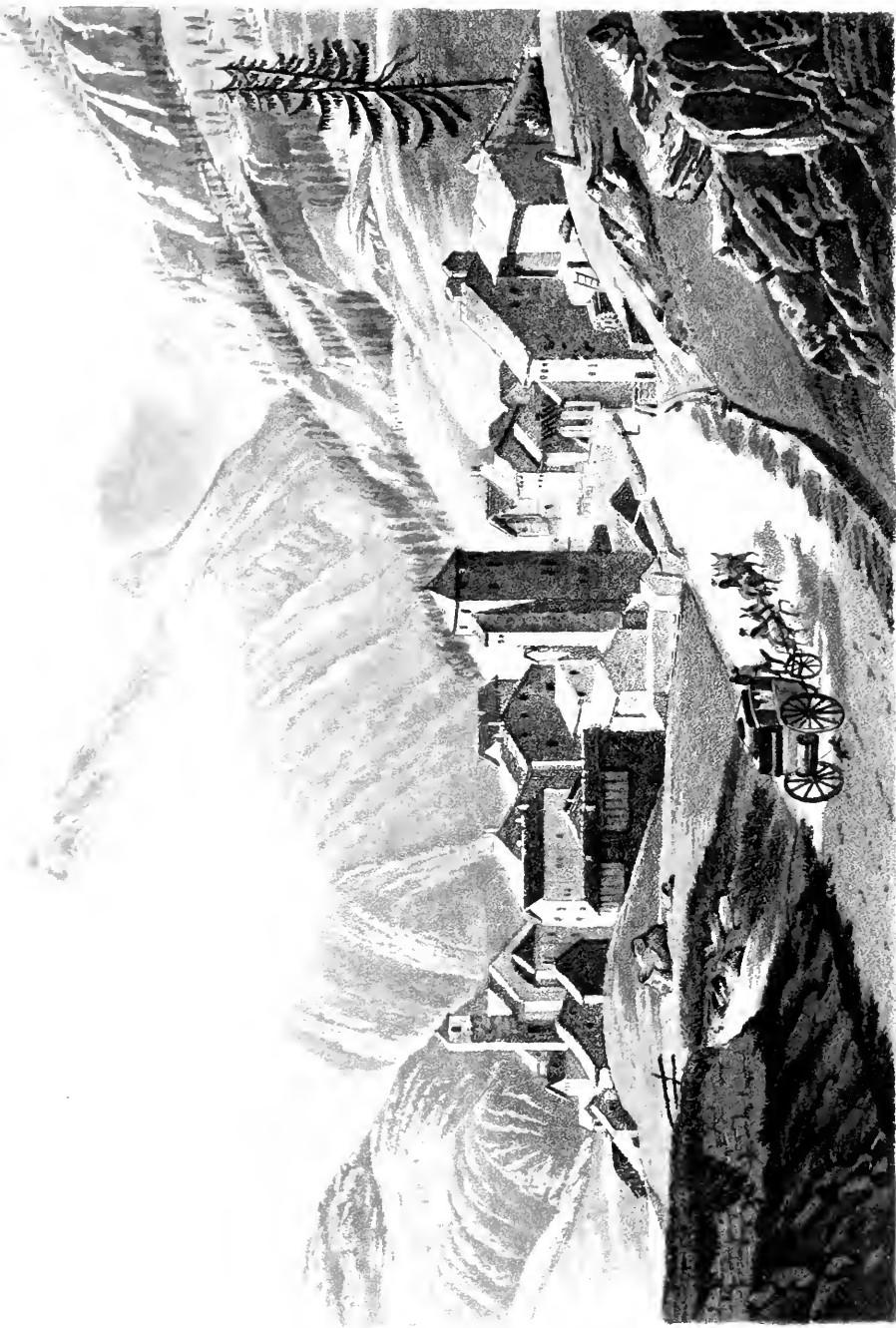
So they staid till the next day, being Palm-Sunday, when about nine of the clock these two returned again, declaring that it was time for her grace to depart; she answering, if there be no remedy, I must be content, willing the lords to go on before. Being come forth into the garden, she did cast up her

eyes towards the window, thinking to have seen the queen, which she could not. Whereat she said, she marvelled much what the nobility of the realm meant, which in that sort would suffer her to be led into captivity, the Lord knew whither, for she did not. In the mean time, commandment was given in all London, that every one should keep the church, and carry their palms, while (in the mean season) she might be conveyed without all recourse of people to the Tower. After this she took her barge, with the aforesaid lords, three of the queen's gentlewomen and three of her own, her gentleman usher, and two of her grooms, lying and hovering upon the water a certain space, for that they could not shoot the bridge, the bargemen being very unwilling to shoot the same so soon as they did, because of the danger thereof, for the stern of the barge struck upon the ground; the fall was so big, and the water was so shallow, that the barge being under the bridge, there staid again awhile. At landing, she first staid, and denied to land at those stairs where all traitors and offenders were accustomed to land; neither well could she, unless she would go over her shoes. The lords were gone out of the barge before, and asked why she came not? One of the lords went back again to her, and brought word she would not come. Then said one of the lords, which shall be nameless, that she should not choose; and because it rained, he offered to her his cloak, which she (putting it back with her hand with a good dash) refused. So she coming out, having one foot upon the stair, said, "Here landeth as

true a subject (being prisoner) as ever landed at these stairs; and before thee, O God, I speak it, having no other friend but thee alone."

After this, passing a little further, she sat down upon a cold stone, and there rested herself. To whom the lieutenant, then being, said, "Madam, you were best to come out of the rain, for you sit unwholesomely."—She then replying, answered again, "Better sitting here than in a worse place, for God knows I know not whither you will bring me." With that her gentleman usher wept; she demanding of him what he meant to use her so uncomfortably, seeing she took him to be her comforter, and not to dismay her, especially for that she knew her truth to be such that no man should have cause to weep for her: but forth she went into the prison. The doors were locked and bolted upon her, which did not a little discomfort and dismay her grace; at what time she called to her gentleman for her book.

The 5th day of May the constable was discharged of his office of the Tower, and one Sir Henry Benifield placed in his room; a man unknown to her grace, and therefore the more feared: which so sudden mutation was unto her no little amaze. He brought with him a hundred soldiers in blue coats; wherewith she was marvellously discomforted, and demanded of such as were about her, whether the Lady Jane's scaffold were taken away or no; fearing, by reason of their coming, lest she should have



VIEWS OF THE VILLAGES OF SIMPLON.

played her part. To whom answer was made, that the scaffold was taken away, and that her grace needed not to doubt of any such tyranny, for God would not suffer any such treason against her person. Wherewith being contented, but not altogether satisfied, she asked what Sir Henry Benifield was? and whether he were of the conscience or not, that if her murdering were secretly committed to his charge, he would see the execution thereof? She was answered, that they were ignorant what manner of man he was: howbeit, they persuaded her that God would not suffer such wickedness to proceed. "Well," quoth she, "God grant it be so."

The next day her grace took her journey from thence to Woodstock, where she was inclosed as before in

the Tower of London; the soldiers guarding and warding, both within and without the walls, every day to the number of three score, and in the night, without the walls, forty, during the time of her imprisonment there. At length she had gardens appointed for her to walk in, which was very comfortable to her grace: but always when she did recreate herself therein, the doors were fast locked up, and in as straight a manner as they were in the Tower, being at least five or six locks between her lodging and her walks, Sir Henry himself keeping the keys, and trusting no man therewith. Whereupon she called him her gaoler; and he, kneeling down, desired her grace not to call him so, for he was appointed there to be one of her officers. "From such officers," quoth she, "good Lord deliver me!"

PICTURESQUE TOUR OF MOUNT SIMPLON.

(Continued from vol. VI. p. 312.)

PLATE 2.—VIEW OF THE VILLAGE OF SIMPLON.

AT the extremity of the *plateau* the road begins perceptibly to descend, the valley becomes contracted, and the mountains, on a sudden, have the appearance of barren rocks, presenting the prospect of a dreary desert, interspersed at various distances with larches; but as the road proceeds vegetation begins to revive, and it passes by two torrents, which rush from the glaciers of Roshoden. The effect of the glaciers on this spot is sublime, and is discovered on the nearer approach of the traveller. The scene is rendered more picturesque, the blue whiteness of the glaciers being relieved by the sombre colour of the firs.

In a short time the village of Simplon is distinctly seen. The great elevation of the place (4548 feet above the level of the sea), and the lofty mountains by which it is surrounded, depriving it during many months of the year of the rays of the sun, render the winters very long and rigorous. The inhabitants, hardened by custom to the severity of the climate, occupy themselves in this inclement season in the transport of merchandise, and in clearing the roads for the convenience of travellers. This village, however, is less miserable than might be supposed from its situation.

HER LATE MAJESTY.

WE cannot perform a task more grateful to our readers, or more welcome to ourselves, than that we are now about to undertake, by the statement of a few facts that have come to the knowledge of the Proprietor of this work in his individual capacity: he details them, not because his mite can have much effect in adding to the weight already in that balance of public feeling and opinion in which her late Majesty's virtues have been weighed, but as an act of private satisfaction and obligation; as a duty he owes less to the Queen's memory, which requires no such work of supererogation, than to his own sense of gratitude, as the willing dispenser of some of the benefits her Majesty was in the daily habit of conferring.

Now that the first impulses of grief have subsided, and that hostility which superior virtue, while living, cannot fail to excite in ill-furnished bosoms, has disappeared, all classes are beginning to acknowledge the many advantages, of no trivial kind, derived from her Majesty's unostentatious and widespread charities. The blessings she shed on all around her, the happiness which smiled on many and many a face of poverty and distress in consequence of her beneficent interposition, could not fail to be observed by such as resided in the neighbourhood of her court: but they were comparatively few; and her Majesty's charities were so truly Christian, so strictly secret, that even the source from whence this cheerful happiness was derived, was scarcely known to her most in-

timate attendants: indeed, it is not too much to say (for evidence of the fact has been afforded), that the very objects of her favours were sometimes ignorant of the fountain from which they flowed. Her charities were like some fertilizing stream, which, instead of exposing its pure waters to the gaudy sunshine of the world's eye, is only discovered by the verdure it far and wide produces—the smiling green, and the bursting flower, that return a grateful fragrance back to heaven.

Our readers cannot have forgotten the unjust and malevolent attacks made upon her Majesty at the time of the German Subscription in the year 1814, because, it was asserted, her Majesty had contributed nothing to alleviate the miseries of her suffering countrymen. Of course, her Majesty was above all reply to these aspersions, although the most complete refutation could have been given; for at that very moment the Proprietor of this work, as an individual principally interested in the management of the fund, had in his hands the sum of 200*l.* received from her Majesty with the strictest injunction that her name should not appear in any of the public prints: for the sake of example to the rest of the nation, this subscription was therefore advertised only with initials. Connected with the same subject we may add, that the aid given by her Majesty to the same great and benevolent object did not end here: it will be recollected, that a splendid concert was given at Whitehall Chapel further to promote it. Of course, the Queen, the royal family,

and their suites, were to be admitted without tickets, as their presence only would be effectual in procuring a large attendance of the public: her Majesty, notwithstanding, very shortly before the day appointed, despatched one of her pages to Mr. Ackermann for fourteen tickets, the price of which was twenty-eight guineas. The page was informed, that it was quite unnecessary for the Queen to purchase them; but he replied, that he must execute his commission, as her Majesty had some other object in view: and it was afterwards by accident discovered, that the tickets had been distributed by the Queen among several families who had a great desire to be present at the concert, but whose circumstances did not enable them to purchase admissions with convenience. Thus her Majesty took an opportunity of conferring, at the same time, a private obligation and of doing a public benefit.

The evidence of the benevolence of her Majesty's nature towards individuals and families in situations of pecuniary distress or difficulty, is equally honourable and satisfactory. The Proprietor of the *Repository* was intimately acquainted with one of the Queen's pages (whose name it is needless to mention, as he is now no more), who called upon him one day, when he was on a round to visit various obscure parts of the metropolis. Mr. Ackermann asked him for what purpose he made this circuit; and after some hesitation, the page produced from his pocket a large quantity of bank-notes, and a long list of pensioners, consisting of decayed families, widows, and orphans, to whom her

Majesty, every quarter, when she received the payment of her income from the Treasury, was in the habit of distributing her bounty. The page added, under a strict charge of secrecy (which it would now be almost criminal to observe), that he was one of four persons employed on this agreeable duty, who each took a separate division of the town; and that it would certainly occasion the loss of his place if it came to the Queen's ear, that he had made this disclosure of the purpose to which her Majesty devoted a large portion of her income. The knowledge of such facts as these made us observe in our last number, that many and many a family would have deeper cause to mourn her Majesty's loss than as a public and national calamity.

It would not be difficult to swell the number of these particular instances: we might mention, that on the failure of the Windsor bank her Majesty distributed 400*l.* among the poor who held the worthless small notes of the firm; but we have stated already more than enough: from one instance all may be judged of; and we know from experience, that the people of Great Britain, never uncharitable in its censures, will hail with pleasure every new proof that time or circumstances may supply. We cannot, however, refuse a place to the following heart-felt testimony from the pulpit, offered by one who had the best knowledge of her Majesty's amiable and beneficent disposition.

On Sunday, November 29, a very feeling sermon was delivered in Cheltenham, upon the late solemn event, by the Rev. Mr. Jervis. He adverted, with an earnestness that

bespoke his personal intimacy with, and observation of, the charitable feeling of her Majesty's heart, to the circumstance of her instituting and maintaining an establishment in Bedfordshire, for the education and support of the orphans of poor clergymen and retired officers—of her supporting others at the Universities; and with an honest pride asserted, that he himself had had the honour of being her almoner, and that his own hands had more than once assisted in carrying to the abodes of poverty and wretchedness,

in the depth of a very severe winter, food, fuel, and raiment to *thousands* of the poor in and about Windsor. Her Majesty's very "failings leaned to virtue's side:" her virtues rejoiced in their unobtrusive and retiring quality; and she sought the esteem of her people by the faithful discharge of the duty she owed their monarch, rather than the display of her own excellence, or the benevolence of her nature. The good she delighted in doing was unostentatious, but it was effective.

ALPHONSE AND MATILDA.

"INDEED, my dear friend, you must alter your determination in this instance," said the Count St. Denis in a tone of entreaty to Mr. Sternheim.

"I must do then what I never did in my life before; and at the age of sixty, and on the verge of the grave, it is rather hard to ask me to begin."

"God forbid you should be on the verge of the grave!" replied the count; "I hope you will yet live to see the union take place of which you are so desirous: but should it be otherwise, surely, my dear friend, it would embitter your last moments to think that you had deprived your daughter of her natural rights."

"Say no more, say no more, if you would not put me in a rage. Rights indeed! it will be very hard truly to deprive her of the right of acting like a fool, for what else can you call her if she refuses to marry your son?"

"But her inclinations——"

"A fiddlestick of her inclina-

tions! Will she be worse off than her mother? and who thought of consulting that angel's inclinations, or mine either, for the matter of that? Were not we obliged to marry each other, though our parents very well knew that I was distracted for another woman, and that she had been for years attached to another man; and were we not at last as happy a couple as any in the world?"

"Yes, at last; but still you should consider——"

Sternheim was too much nettled at the involuntary emphasis with which his friend pronounced the words "at last," to consider about any thing but gratifying his own humour; and he hastily interrupted him: "Count, it appears to me that you are averse to form an alliance with my family: if you are, say so at once; if not, suffer me to proceed in my own way."

St. Denis saw that my further attempt to argue the matter would produce an open rupture, he therefore said no more; and Sternheim

read over and then signed his will without further opposition from the count; who nevertheless felt a good deal of regret at seeing him persist in a measure which he considered as fraught with evil to the happiness of the couple whom Sternheim shewed himself so determinedly bent on uniting.

Sternheim, however, was not so culpable as he may appear to my readers: he had, when very young, been most passionately attached to Mademoiselle Dumenil, a beautiful young woman of French extraction, who possessed every thing, but birth and fortune, that could render her worthy of a prince; but in the eyes of Sternheim's father, birth and fortune were almost the only things necessary in a wife for his son, and he solemnly vowed that if Sternheim united himself to Louise, his malediction should follow their union.

To be brief, he made up a match for the young man with a lady whose portion was immense, and whose ancestry might vie with his own in antiquity. She possessed also a pleasing person and a most amiable disposition; but, like young Sternheim, she was a victim to parental authority, for her heart was devoted to a youth whom she had known from her childhood.

These inauspicious nuptials were at first productive of misery, but after some time the unvarying sweetness of Mrs. Sternheim's temper, the cheerfulness with which she discharged her duty, and the pains which she took to study and to gratify the inclinations of her husband, dissipated the aversion which he had at first felt for her; while on her part the birth of a son

disposed her to view with complacency the father of her infant. The first attachment of each gradually faded from their minds, and by degrees they acquired for each other that sort of regard, which, if less warm, is far more durable than love.

Mrs. Sternheim had a large family, and for many years was a happy mother; but just as her children had attained maturity, she had the misfortune to lose them all but one girl, then an infant. In nursing this child through a dangerous illness, Mrs. Sternheim laid the foundation of a fatal malady, which in a few months afterwards conducted her to the grave, and left poor Sternheim a truly desolate mourner.

At that period chance brought him acquainted with the Count St. Denis, who was then travelling through Germany, to try if change of scene would dissipate the melancholy with which the loss of a beloved wife had overwhelmed him. The count was accompanied by his only son, a fine boy of about ten years old. Sternheim traced in the features of the young Alphonse a resemblance to her who in early youth had been so dear to him; the inquiries he made convinced him that the boy was indeed the offspring of his once beloved Louise, and this discovery soon rendered him tenderly attached to the child. St. Denis was poor, but he had opulent relations, and through their interest he expected to provide handsomely for his son in the army. He soon returned with his son to France, and Sternheim saw them depart with a regret which was heightened by the sensibility

which the little Alphonse displayed at their parting.

From that time the count and Sternheim corresponded, and the latter sometimes visited the former; these visits confirmed the favourable impressions which Alphonse had made on the mind of Sternheim, and he formed in consequence a resolution of uniting him to his daughter, as soon as she had attained her nineteenth year. As to her inclinations, we have seen that he did not think it necessary to consult them; and for those of Alphonse, when Sternheim looked on his Matilda, he did not imagine it possible that the young soldier could reject her.

From the time he lost his wife, Sternheim's health had drooped, and at the period when the conversation we have related took place, he was suffering under a malady which the physicians had pronounced was likely to prove fatal. As soon as he became conscious of his danger, he wrote to St. Denis, requesting him immediately to repair to Germany, and bring his son along with him. The count hastened to obey his friend's summons, but circumstances rendered it impossible for Alphonse to accompany him. The count listened with pleasure to the proposal of a union between the young people, but he could not approve of the arbitrary means which Sternheim took to effect it; for in case his daughter refused to give her hand to Alphonse, she was to be cut off with a bare maintenance, and the rest of the property was to go to young St. Denis. The count's generous attempts to induce his friend to alter this severe clause proved vain, and

shortly after he had signed his will Sternheim died.

A very slight knowledge of Matilda Sternheim made St. Denis eagerly desirous that her wishes might coincide with those of her father; but from her high spirit and quick sensibility, he feared that the husband thus forced upon her would have little chance to gain her heart. He did, however, all that he could to render her mind easy; he pledged himself, that if her inclinations should unfortunately not coincide with those of her deceased father, his son would not avail himself of the power he possessed to rob her of any part of her property; and for himself, he promised to observe a strict neutrality, and not to say even a word that could bias her inclinations.

"I thank you, count," said Matilda; "and I will rely upon you, that those of your son shall be equally free."

The count replied only by a significant smile, and a glance at the mirror opposite to which Matilda was sitting. It is probable that she was not displeased with the intimation of the power of her charms, which the smile and the glance conveyed: in truth, she was very lovely; and though as free from vanity as most girls of eighteen, she was not unconscious of her claim to beauty.

St. Denis hastened to procure for Matilda the society of a proper *chaperone*; and after doing all that could be done for her comfort, he returned to Paris, to remain till a proper time had elapsed for the young people's first meeting to take place.

Alphonse was not much delight-

ed at the good fortune in store for him: he was enthusiastically fond of his profession; glory was, in his eyes, the only thing worth living for; he had never felt the power of the little god, and he saw no charms in either love or fortune that could compensate for the interruptions which a wife might, nay must, give to his pursuits: besides, his generous soul revolted at being forced on any woman's acceptance, and he internally determined to take the first opportunity he could find of intimating to his intended bride, his intention of allowing her perfect freedom of choice. He would indeed have made no scruple to decline the connection altogether, but he knew that such a step would at once offend and afflict his father, whom he tenderly loved, and had always treated with respect and affection.

At length the time came for Alphonse to be presented to Matilda. St. Denis had regularly corresponded both with her and the lady in whose care he had placed her: the letters he received from both were very satisfactory. Matilda's raised her very much in St. Denis's esteem; and her *chaperone*, Madame St. Hilaire, wrote in raptures of the goodness of her disposition, and the amiability of her manners.

At length the count and his son set out: they had arrived within two leagues of Matilda's estate when their carriage broke down; St. Denis was not hurt, but Alphonse's leg was broken. Fortunately there was a farm-house almost close to the spot; thither Alphonse was immediately carried, and surgical assistance being procured, his leg was

set, and he appeared to be in a fair way of doing well.

It was then evening, and the following morning the count went in person to inform Miss Sternheim of the accident which retarded his son's devoirs. Soon after his departure Alphonse dropped into a slumber: on awaking he asked for some drink, which a female, who was seated beside his bed, presented to him. His eye rested with surprise on the beautiful hand that offered the cup; and on looking earnestly in the face of the female, he saw that she was a very lovely girl, apparently not more than sixteen: her peasant's garb could not disguise the exquisite proportions of her light and slender form, and Alphonse, as he gazed upon her expressive and beautiful countenance, thought he had never beheld any thing so charming.

Disconcerted at his earnest gaze, the young girl blushed, and modestly looked down while she tendered him the cup. As he took it from her the farmer's wife entered, and Ursula, so the young maiden was called, hastily withdrew; but in the course of the day she frequently returned for a few moments at a time, bringing with her different things for the accommodation of the invalid, who thought, from the solicitude she displayed about him, that she must be as humane as she was handsome.

In the evening the count returned, and Alphonse spoke to him of the kind attention of Ursula, who he learned was the daughter of his hostess. The count replied, that she was an amiable child, and her cares should not go unrewarded.

In a few days Alphonse was able to sit up, and the count, with an air of vexation, acquainted him, that something had occurred which would oblige him to return for a short time to France. "I will hasten back to you, my son," said he, "the moment I can; but in the mean time you will be able to pay your respects to Miss Sternheim, and I beg of you not to lose a moment in doing so." Alphonse promised to wait upon her as speedily as he could, and the count departed, after charging his hostess to be particularly attentive to his son.

As the good woman's attention to her family affairs necessarily engrossed a portion of her time, the

care of attending upon Alphonse devolved in a great measure upon her pretty daughter, who, to do her justice, took unwearied pains to amuse him. She presented him daily with the finest flowers; she brought her favourite bird and her little pet dog into his apartment, in the hope that the singing of the one, and the gambols of the other, would divert him; and whenever a shade of thought crossed his brow, she began to sing to him rustic airs, which she warbled in a voice of uncommon sweetness, or else related to him some of those elfin tales, to which the peasantry of all countries lend such an eager ear.

(To be continued.)

DIALOGUES OF THE LIVING.

No. VII.

A discussion on the dress of men and women—Whether the one sex or the other deviate most into absurdities—How far modern travellers benefit by their tours, and whether males or females derive most profit—Whether most ladies or most gentlemen adopt ridiculous foreign fashions, and to what extent.

Scene—St. James's Park.

Persons—LOUISA and her father, Sir JAMES.

Louisa. I AM glad you admit that at all events. I think there is no comparison between them.

Sir James. A man ridiculously dressed is certainly a more ludicrous object than a ridiculously dressed woman: but the reason is not very complimentary to your sex.

Louisa. I do not expect you to be complimentary, therefore tell me the reason: I am not afraid of hearing it.

Sir James. Very well, very well, since you dare me to it, you shall have it. The reason why an absurdly dressed man is a more laughable object than an absurdly dressed woman is twofold: first of all, because he is a greater rarity.

Louisa. You do not mean that men are seldomer dressed in an absurd and ridiculous style than women?

Sir James. I do, certainly.

Louisa. I deny it most firmly.

Sir James. And I will prove it most incontestibly.

Louisa. But before you proceed to your proofs, however, be so good as to give the second part of your twofold reason.

Sir James. It is partly connected with the first, and is perhaps in a great degree the cause of the first. The superior attainments and intellects of men make them less

frequently offend against propriety: when we see a Dandy (as he is now called), we set him down not merely for a puppy but a fool: were he not a fool, he would not be a puppy.

Louisa. And the inference you mean to be drawn is, that women, being all of weaker intellects than those of the rival sex, it is not surprising to see them offend against propriety in dress.

Sir James. I do not perhaps mean to go quite so far as that; and by propriety, I mean the avoiding of those extremes of fashion which are run into by none but those who have not good sense enough to dress themselves with moderation and like other people.

Louisa. Well, papa, I never heard you so severe upon our sex before. You blame my cousin for being satirical, but you are positively abusive.

Sir James. I do not think I ever had so many unpleasant objects of the kind in my sight before.

Louisa. Then you never before could have walked in St. James's Park. The people we meet look to me just the same as ever.

Sir James. Perhaps they do.

Louisa. I declare you are quite cynical. Diogenes just escaped from his tub, and searching about at noon-day with a lantern to find an honest man, could not be more bitter in his invectives.

Sir James. I frankly confess there is nothing in the world that so moves my spleen, as to see either man or woman in extravagant apparel. If any thing could give me a contempt for my species, it would be to behold them thus tricked out in all the most nonsensical extravagancies of foreign countries; as if an

Englishman in particular travelled into France, Italy, or Spain, for no other purpose than to collect all that was worthless and ridiculous in the clothing of those nations, that when he came home he might make his own person a sort of hotch-potch of the whole—an essence of absurdity, a supreme mockery of all that is admirable and excellent.

Louisa. But in this respect, at least, our sex is less to blame than men, who have greater opportunities of seeing and copying foreign fashions and modes.

Sir James. There is perhaps some truth in that; but what you say does not shew, that women, if they had the same opportunities, would not avail themselves of them even more than men.

Louisa. But at least they do not, and until they do, you have no right to condemn them.

Sir James. Why, I am in great doubt whether there is much difference between the sexes in this respect. As I said before, at present women exceed men in the number of those who dress themselves ridiculously; and if they had more extensive means of collecting absurdities, what would they come to?

Louisa. But, as I said before, that is begging the question; for I deny that the number of women who dress in the height of extravagance is greater than that of men.

Sir James. Setting aside that point for a moment—

Louisa. Aye, aye, I see that you are reluctant to come to the test: you wish to avoid bringing forward your proofs that are to establish the assertion so incontestibly.

Sir James. Not at all; I will come

to them presently: only I wish, in the first place, to shew, that whether more women or more men have the opportunity of travelling abroad, can make very little difference; for suppose that only one woman out of a thousand is able to go to Paris, or Naples, or any where else on the Continent, she imports all the most novel inventions of the foreign *marchandes des modes*, in caps, bonnets, gowns, pelisses, and every other part of dress. Lady A. of Cavendish-square, Mrs. Griskin of Finsbury, or any other personage, sets the example, and instantly all the milliners and mantua-makers are at work for their customers, in multiplying the imported monstrosities of apparel with the utmost expedition: so that, in fact, it is of little or no consequence whether Lady Fallal or Miss Flappet obtain the fashions at first or second hand: they do obtain them, and that is all that is material; whether a week earlier or a week later, can be of no consequence.

Louisa. But all you say applies with just as much force to your own sex.

Sir James. I admit it. I am only answering what you said about men having more frequent opportunities of making themselves ridiculous, because they can oftener go abroad.

Louisa. You cannot deny that this is in our favour: when men visit foreign countries, and, as they most commonly do, come back no wiser than they went in all useful knowledge, they are doubly to be despised, because they have had, and neglected, the means of improvement. Women, on the contrary, or the great majority of them, have no opportunity of seeing what men

have seen, but seen without deriving any advantage; the chance is not allowed them, or, for aught we know, they might make a better use of foreign travel.

Sir James. It is very true that they might, but the question is, whether they would? That may be decided by ascertaining whether they do: do such females, and they are very numerous, as have gone abroad, come back with the degree of improvement they ought to have acquired?

Louisa. There is another thing which ought to be taken into the account, and that is, that when women do go abroad, they have not the same means of acquiring information as the other sex: they cannot go about to all places making inquiries, political, literary, or scientific, as men can do if they choose: neither can they travel in all directions; they cannot ascend mountains, penetrate forests, or trace the sources of rivers; they have not physical strength, or if they had, the customs of the countries, and the peculiar dangers to which they are exposed, would prevent it.

Sir James. Yet there have been instances of most adventurous voyagers among women; some who, for greater security, have even forsworn their sex, and travelled as men without discovery.

Louisa. I am aware that there are particular instances of the kind, but they prove nothing.

Sir James. You should rather say that they prove a great deal, for the exceptions establish the rule: if it were not as you state, any change of apparel and appearance would be unnecessary.

Louisa. Certainly. Therefore,

even if women come back from travel uninformed, it is not fair to reproach them with ignorance, when in truth their means of acquiring knowledge were so scanty. You know when we were in France, it was impossible for me to accompany you to a thousand places where men went as a matter of course.

Sir James. But perhaps you lost less than you imagine.

Louisa. Or perhaps you gained more than you imagine.

Sir James. They may be both true: be it as it may, I cannot charge you, Louisa, with deviating into the extremes I was censuring, and in which, at the present moment, so large a portion of your sex is tricked out.

Louisa. And I maintain, quite as large a portion of yours.

Sir James. That is the point we set out with.

Louisa. And which you undertook to prove incontestibly.

Sir James. When I say incontestibly, I of course mean with reference to an impartial judge; but you are so devoted to your sex, you have so much of the *esprit de corps* about you, that very likely you will not deem my evidence satisfactory.

Louisa. At any rate, you promised to bring it forward.

Sir James. And I will perform my promise immediately: in the first instance, however, let me remark, that what I complain of is the servile adoption of the ridiculousnesses of foreign dress; and it therefore is rather for you to establish before I proceed, that the absurd coats, hats, &c. &c. worn by men, are of foreign origin.

Louisa. I have not much objection to that; only in return, you

must shew me that the bonnets, pelisses, &c. &c. now worn by women, are derived from abroad.

Sir James. Agreed. Begin.

Louisa. It is certainly rather new to call upon a young lady to enter into a description and discussion of the various parts of the apparel of the other sex.

Sir James. Well then I will save you the trouble, because I will convince you, that no part of the dress of a Dandy (for such a thing I take to be the acmé of absurdity and stupidity in his way) is modelled upon the clothing worn by beaux at Paris, or in any other part of Europe. I presume you do not wish me to travel beyond those confines.

Louisa. Certainly not.

Sir James. I am sure you saw nothing at all like this non-descript in France or Holland; and he is equally unknown in Germany, Italy, Spain, and Russia: he is peculiar to the soil of Great Britain—an animal born and bred only here, to the credit of all our neighbours, and the disgrace of ourselves. If his apparel be of foreign extraction, his Cossack trowsers have been copied from the semi-brutes of the sources of the Don, his hat from the Chinese mandarins, and his coat a sort of compound of the jacket of the Laplanders and the cloak of the savages of the South-Sea Islands. I believe, however, that he is principally indebted to his own inventive talent, perpetually employed upon matters of the kind.

Louisa. How then do you shew that the dress of females is copied from the French?

Sir James. With additions,

though not improvements. Surely you cannot require this point to be regularly proved: it is a matter of notoriety: are not the bonnets the same Babel-built edifices; the gowns with the same profusion of plaits and flounces, so as to disfigure the person as much as possible; and the pelisses of the same heaven-accusing shape, which transfers the waist to the top of the shoulder-blades? The great and only difference is, that Englishwomen have exaggerated every absurdity, and made what before was laughable in Frenchwomen, still more ridiculous in them.

Louisa. Admitting for a moment that you have made out that part of your argument, how do you prove the second point, that women in absurd dresses are more numerous than men?

Sir James. By a walk down this Mall. Only observe as we proceed, the people as they pass. Look at those six ladies walking arm in arm like a company of soldiers, with a footman behind them; observe those two nursery-maids with infants in their arms; all is French, even to the tie of a shoe-string.

Louisa. But do we meet none of the other sex as unmeaningly decked

out? You do not notice that spruce gentleman on horseback, with his neck-cloth sostiffened and his stays so tightly laced. he seems in an agony between fear and a desire of concealing it. Do you not observe that lady and Dandy, as he is termed, walking next the road?

Sir James. Yours are only solitary instances. I can shew you thousands of the other sex. It is remarkable that the things called Dandies seldom are seen in company; for two reasons: first, because they are ashamed of, and can scarcely help laughing at, each other; and next, because they are so envious: their feelings are quite malignant if one of them is more stared at than another.

Louisa. Still I do not give up the point.

Sir James. Well, we talked of going to the British Gallery: we are already at the Stable-yard, and I will undertake to let you see enough of both sexes admiring the pictures, or affecting to admire them. You may then judge for yourself.

[Sir James and his daughter accordingly walked to Pall-Mall, to view the exhibition at the British Gallery.]

RECOLLECTIONS OF A WOULD-BE AUTHOR.

CHAP. I.

EXCUSE FOR WRITING—LITERARY LINEALOGY—JOHN WILKES— POETRY AND PATRIOTISM.

THE fancied pleasure of imparting instruction, or at least entertainment, to others, is the harmless vanity of the minor scribblers of *belles lettres*; and they deserve something better than contempt for their

exertions, if they do not obtain an ample remuneration of pecuniary profit. Something must be placed to egotism in accounting for the swarm of writers who never get further than an essay or an elegy;

yet these simple exertions of the pen very frequently contribute to the amusement of the erudite, who, while they affect to despise these *baby victuals* of the mind, are known to swallow much of this food, even in those hours which they would make their idolaters believe are dedicated to severe studies. The writers of these magazine effusions are condemned to hear the *psaw* and the *nonsense* of these great guns of criticism, but rarely are they cheered with the smiles or encouragement of their readers, who at least ought to confer thanks on those who rob them of many moments of *ennui*, at times when philosophy and the sciences can no longer fix the attention. I purpose, Mr. Editor, to give you some account of myself, who am one of the dabblers in literature; and when you have heard what I have to say, you will probably tell me, whether I ought to cease to write altogether, or to content myself with the gratification alone of being in print, without a smile even from the fair, to inform me that I contribute to their pleasure.

I inherit a kind of *scribblomania* from my grandfather, for I can trace this passion no further back. He was an honest and industrious vestry clerk of the small town of which he was a native, a sort of Caleb Quotum in poetry, and, I have been told, "penn'd a stanza when he should engross*." He also vented

* By the way, I wonder that the juvenile essayists should poach so frequently upon grounds where sport is no longer to be found: the above quotation has been copied over and over again. Let us then have no more of, "For many a flower is doom'd to blush unseen," &c.; or "From

prosaics, and dictated epitaphs to blackbirds, satires on conventicle preachers, and *polite* meditations on Sacheverell, &c. &c. My father followed in the same jingle: he was the first who composed madrigals for the lottery-offices, inferior I allow to the *blacking* laureates of the day, and perhaps with much less polish; but having, in the fervour of political liberty, suffered his Muse to take a more excursive range, he eulogised Wilkes so much at the expense of the character of Lord Mansfield, that the latter thought proper to give him a lodging, not "on the cold ground," but in a garret, whose broken glass let more attic frigidity into his frame than evaporated attic wit from his noddle; and he was left in durance vile, with the only consolation, that his great patron of liberty was immured within the same walls as his enlogist and disciple. He had determined on writing a new panegyric in verse, beginning with "Liberty, dear goddess, hail!" when the rain, which pattered in at his casement, obliged him to withdraw: he had recollected something about Brutus, &c. when he also recollected that he had not dined that day, and that it would perhaps be but polite to call on his patron, and to condole with him on "their mutual fates."

Wilkes received my father as every man receives another whom he thinks wants to borrow money of him: he intended to regard the sufferer in the cause of liberty with grave to gay, from lively to severe," "Rock the cradle of declining age," &c. &c.; or begin the biography of a poet by saying, "The life of a poet is generally barren of incidents," &c.

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attention, but his point of sight, as the painters call it, evidently turned the contrary way. My father, unused to a cast of the eye, for indeed he had never seen the liberty-boy before, imagined the patriot looked "begone:" the fact is, that Wilkes's tongue very plainly told my father, that he knew him not—that he had *liberty* to depart; that as to writing verses on him, he was a jackanapes for his pains: and my father fancying himself Pym, Hampden, or at least Algernon Sidney himself, strode out of the room.

This reception from the patriot cured him of patriotism and poetry; and his uncle entering his room soon after, with the promise of freedom and a dinner if he would turn round to the court party, or rather if he would write no more, my father became a ministerial man at the very same time that Horne took dudgeon on being refused the hand of Wilkes's daughter. My father now laid aside his ragged ruffles, his bag-wig and sword; he exchanged his sky-blue and silver, with his cherry-coloured waistcoat and gold, for sober brown: he was now to be seen perched upon a high stool in the counting-house, not writing letters under the signature of Cato, Regulus, or Themistocles, but scribbling letters of business under the firm of Bunting and Co.: he was no longer seen loitering and arguing in the Temple Gardens, but striding before the warehouse-door, a huge colossus, with his pen behind his ear, striving to catch a breeze as it wafted from Cheapside to Friday-street. He was, it is true, sometimes caught aspirating, "Lead me,

ye Muses, to some cooling rill—Helicon—Parnassus;" but these profane breathings were never uttered on the post-days, or rather post-nights, when he was detained on his stool dictating, "Yours of the 12th ultimo was duly received," or in casting up long accounts, with "errors excepted."

At length, however, he either fell in love with my mother, or her five per cent. navy stock; for from the day he married her it was never known which was the object of his admiration, so nicely did he vacillate between love and money. At this time, however, his poetical disorder in a little returned: he was writing to her something in rhyme to *charms*, and "denies lovers' pains and heart-felt gains," as if he would have celebrated her cruelty to distant ages; but she designed not to be cruel. It was fortunate, however, for Waller's Sacharissa and her posterity that he had no cruel uncle: my father was proceeding to supplicate that pity from my mother which she had already felt, when his uncle entered for "a copy of Mr. Inckle's letter of the 3d," and my father's paraphrase on *Venus' doves, arms, and charms* was thrust into a file of invoices; where, as he was employed the next day in taking stock, it remained, tucked under an elegant design representing Thames-street, with the head of "Unanswered letters," until a dissolution of partnership took place, not between Messrs. Ovid, Tibullus, Anacreon, and Horace, but between Messrs. Bunting and Dingle.

My mother, however, married my father without poetical licence, for they were asked in church: the

former, however, settled in my mamma's tongue; and as she was the daughter of Deputy Dripping, an eminent dry-salter, and a *poetically* rich man, my uncle promised my father, that if he were diligent his salary should be raised, and at the end of a certain period he should be taken into partnership; a measure now absolutely necessary, as the elder Mr. Bunting wished to retire to a small villa he had built, not on the banks of the Wye, but on the banks of the New River, somewhere in the neighbourhood of Pentonville: notwithstanding, my papa stuck to the shop—I beg pardon—warehouse, for he never wore an apron, though some enemies of our family have asserted that he did. In the *home* department of his government he still shewed a sort of vagrancy of disposition, highly indicative of his former pursuits; and

instead of inoculating me with the love of tare and tret, he suffered me to vegetate without his interference. No honeyed bee sat on my lips as I lay in my cradle, for I was born in January. It is true I was much attached to “Death and the Lady.” I pondered over “Cock Robin,” and yet “young *Bobby* was no idle boy.” My father placed me under the care of Mr. Dennis Doggrel to learn arithmetic, it is true; but presuming he was gaining enough for me,

“His only cares were to increase his store,
And keep his only son, myself, at home.”

Alas! my father died long before he had gained a plum, and before he had reached his favourite number of 45, leaving my mother to regret the loss of one who had neither made her miserable, nor contributed to her happiness:

NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS.

FOR THE REPOSITORY.

I INCLOSE you, Mr. Editor; what may be considered in some degree a curiosity: it was published in France in the year 1802, after the peace of Amiens, and it has since been reprinted in various shapes on the Continent; for I have seen it both in Spanish and German; with some slight variations and additions. It consists of an assemblage of the characteristics of the five principal nations of Europe—England, France, Germany, Italy, and Spain; and they are drawn, each in a sentence, with considerable spirit and some fidelity—mere sketches, in which the leading features of likeness or dissimilarity are hit off with felicity, so as to

enable the observer to discover immediately the peculiarities belonging to each. You will perceive immediately and without difficulty, from the flattering strain in which he speaks of himself and his own country, that the author is a Frenchman; but although he has drawn it up with a considerable share of the *amour propre*, I do not think it can be laid to his charge, that he has allowed pre-existing national antipathies to add gall to his ink when speaking of the English: our own self-love, however, will make us complain; perhaps sometimes where we have little reason, that he has not done us justice. I am afraid the writer

has, however, sometimes too much truth on his side to admit of contradiction: for instance, when he says that "the English despise every thing" but themselves, we must acknowledge that this charge has been made against us time out of mind; and that few natives of this country can be found who will confess, that in arms, arts, literature, soil, climate, or any thing else either acquired or natural, there is any nation in the world equal to his own. This too, I know, is the universal opinion upon the Continent, and Englishmen are often ridiculed upon that very point. Yet your readers will observe, that in the very same division, *En Vainité*, the author of the Characteristics admits the allowed boastful disposition of his own countrymen. In another part of the paper, where courage is adverted to, full justice is done to the Englishman: if the courage of the Frenchman be like an eagle, that of the Englishman is equal to the lion; while the German in this respect is as rough and fierce as a bear; the Italian as cunning, not to say as cowardly, as a fox; and the Spaniard as impetuous and fool-hardy as an unwieldy elephant. I think the author runs his own countrymen rather hard, especially when compared with their maritime neighbour: thus the Englishman in knowledge is like a philosopher, while the Frenchman has only a smattering of every thing. The Spaniard is generally the sufferer in the comparison.

I do not pretend, for every man knows the contrary, that this is a new design: we have all heard it said over and over again, that a German speaks like a horse—a

Frenchman like a parrot—an Englishman like a goose, on account of the numerous sibilants in his language—the Italian like an angel, and the Spaniard like a god; but the paper I inclose is the first attempt to bring all these national characteristics into one view upon a great variety of subjects. If I do not mistake, I have seen, as long ago as the reign of Elizabeth, a similar reference to the peculiarities of speaking in different countries. In Howel's Letters, first published about the year 1640, I am pretty sure that I have noticed something of the kind. Perhaps your intelligent correspondent who supplied you with such entertaining extracts from that work, may be able to furnish me with the reference.

I have nothing to add, but that I would have translated the Characteristics into English, did I not think that in some cases they would thereby lose a peculiar point which they have in the French; and as that language must be so well known to your readers, perhaps the trouble would have been unnecessary. I asked a poetical friend of mine to attempt to put them into verse; but he replied, giving me the following specimen, that it was extremely difficult to preserve the antithetical point, and at the same time give the sentences the agreeable termination of rhyme. From his endeavour I do not exactly know whether to be sorry or glad that he did not persevere: it is this:

In Love.

The German knows not how to love;
The Englishman is rarely caught:
Without it Frenchmen cannot move;
Italians love just as they ought:

The Spaniard may love well enough,
Yet still he holds it worthless stuff.

I thought that the article might
be too long if I inserted all the va-
rious subjects, twenty-three in all,
and I therefore have excluded six
of the least interest and curiosity.
I should mention, that the title the
whole bears is this: *Vie et Mœurs
des Nations de l'Europe.*

Yours, &c.

An old travelling Correspondent.

PARIS, Nov. 29, 1818.

En Foi.

L'Allemand fidèle.
L'Anglais sûr.
Le Français léger.
L'Italien rusé.
L'Espagnol trompeur.

En Conseil.

L'Allemand tardif.
L'Anglais résolu.
Le Français précipitant.
L'Italien subtil.
L'Espagnol cauteleux.

En Affection.

L'Allemand ne sait pas aimer.
L'Anglais en peu de lieux.
Le Français aime par-tout.
L'Italien fait comme il faut aimer.
L'Espagnol aime bien.

En Corps.

L'Allemand grand.
L'Anglais de belle taille.
Le Français de belle mine.
L'Italien médiocre.
L'Espagnol effroyable.

En Habits.

L'Allemand pauvre.
L'Anglais superbe.
Le Français changeant.
L'Italien piètre.
L'Espagnol modeste.

En Secret.

L'Allemand oublie ce qu'on lui a dit.
L'Anglais tait ce qu'il faut dire, et dit
ce qu'il faut taire.
Le Français éventa tout.

L'Italien ne dit mot.

L'Espagnol est fort secret.

En Vanité.

L'Allemand se vante peu.
L'Anglais méprise tout.
Le Français vante tout.
L'Italien méprise ce qu'il faut.
L'Espagnol se vante seul.

En Repas.

L'Allemand ivrogne.
L'Anglais gourmand.
Le Français délicat.
L'Italien sobre.
L'Espagnol chiche.

En Parler.

L'Allemand parle peu et mal, et écrit
bien.
L'Anglais parle mal, mais écrit bien.
Le Français écrit bien, et parle de même.
L'Italien parle bien, écrit bien et beau-
coup.
L'Espagnol écrit peu, parle peu, mais
écrit bien.

En Façon.

L'Allemand a la mine d'un butor.
L'Anglais n'a la mine ni d'un fou, ni d'un
sage.
Le Français a la mine d'un étourdi.
L'Italien a la mine d'un fou, et est sage.
L'Espagnol a la mine d'un sage, et est fou.

En Loix.

L'Allemand a des loix telles quelles.
L'Anglais a de mauvaises loix, et les ob-
serve bien.
Le Français a de belles loix, et les ob-
serve mal.
L'Italien a de belles loix, et les observe
indulgentement.
L'Espagnol a de belles loix, et les ob-
serve sévèrement.

Des Serviteurs.

En Allemagne compagnons.
En Angleterre esclaves.
En France maîtres.
En Italie respectueux.
En Espagne sujets.

Des Femmes.

En Allemagne ménagères.
En Angleterre reines.
En France dames.

En Italie prisonnières.

En Espagne esclaves.

En Courage.

L'Allemand comme un ours.

L'Anglais comme un lion.

Le Français comme un aigle.

L'Italien comme un renard.

L'Espagnol comme un éléphant.

En Beauté.

L'Allemand comme une statue.

L'Anglais comme un ange.

Le Français comme un homme.

L'Italien comme il veut.

L'Espagnol comme un diable.

En Savoir.

L'Allemand comme un pédant.

L'Anglais comme un philosophe.

Le Français sait de tout un peu.

L'Italien comme un docteur.

L'Espagnol profond.

En Magnificence.

L'Allemand en ses princes.

L'Anglais en ses navires.

Le Français en sa cour.

L'Italien en ses églises.

L'Espagnol en ses armes.

Des Maris.

En Allemagne maîtres.

En Angleterre valets.

En France compagnons.

En Italie écoliers.

En Espagne tyraus.

ON MAL-COMFORMATION OF THE HUMAN MOUTH.

MR. EDITOR,

"ONE mend fault is worth ten find faults," says an ancient Caledonian proverb: honour me with your attention to a few remarks grounded on this adage, which I am sure you will join me in thinking are of some consequence to the happiness of the human race, therefore cannot be too soon promulgated, or too widely disseminated: to assist me then in circulating a few remarks on the subject of hare-lip in new-born infants, interesting to parents, particularly to mothers, constitutes the present claim on your humane feelings.

My observations have two objects in view: first, to encourage parents in a patient acquiescence in the practice of modern surgery, as it regards delaying any operation whatever until the parts requiring one have attained firmness of texture sufficient to bear it with success, because that may happen again which has happened; viz. the sides of the fissure too early united

have burst asunder again in a few hours, notwithstanding the utmost skill and care had been taken to prevent such a distressing misfortune; the tender jelly-like lip has been a second time brought into contact, again given way, and the consequent pain, hemorrhage, and irritation causing convulsions, death has ensued. To say that a thousand successful hare-lip operations have been performed during the earliest periods of infancy, is saying nothing in favour of a practice, while ten instances, or even one, can be produced where it has failed: besides, nothing is gained by running this risk of failure; a rational parent will say, "If this be true, the next case of miscarriage may be that of my darling infant: I will check my impatience to see my child made as perfect as my anxious hopes desire."

Secondly, when at a proper age the operation is performed: to attempt nothing more at that time than the most perfect union of the

fissured lip possible with the least loss of substance; then to leave the palate fissure entirely to the future operations of nature, firmly resisting every persuasion to impede those operations by the intervention of any foreign body, be the form ever so ingeniously contrived to supply a defect, which the unembarrassed system has it still in its power to remedy. That these are observations emanating from close attention to what nature will effect to render her noblest works perfect, the following correct, tho' condensed, history will afford full proof.

I had a child born with as extensive a double hare-lip as is ever seen, having the cherry-like central portion curled higher up; the chasm in the jaw was capable of admitting the end of a moderately sized thumb running along the whole palate to the throat, narrowing but little as it advanced: he got his finger into the opening soon after he was born and dressed, and with it in that position he always eat till he was three years old, withdrawing it when he had eaten his meal. At eight years old I sent him to London, to obtain the advice of a most able surgeon as to the best mode of assisting him in acquiring intelligible speech. Every thing that art could accomplish was most ingeniously performed: my boy returned to me with a greatly improved external appearance, and having an artificial palate, which I immediately thought improved his utterance; but this persuasion I soon found arose more from paternal anxiety that it should do so, than from reality. It was necessarily occasionally to change the in-

strument for the purposes of cleanliness: the operation was painful; the sponge adapted to the fissure was often bloody when withdrawn; the particles of food it retained became offensive. Upon mature reflection on these untoward circumstances, I dismissed the use of the artificial palate entirely, trusting to time, to his own endeavours and my exertions for the improvement of his speech, which at this period was as inarticulate as that of any child I had ever heard before: by encouraging him to use a slow utterance, he became tolerably well understood at school.

Three years afterwards, upon examining his teeth, in consequence of complaint of pain, I was astonished to find that the chasm in the jaw was nearly closed, and its walls, which were originally thick, and folded back as it were, had now become thin, and so nearly in a state of complete approximation as to be united at the lower part by an incisor or cutting-tooth. Every parent will judge of my feelings, and of my thankfulness for having left the processes of nature unimpaired: the palatine fissure was proportionally closed at thirteen. The subject of this little history is now a tall boy of fifteen; his upper jaw has not quite the natural arched shape, nor is the palate completely but very nearly closed; he can now be well understood when not hasty in speaking. May some fond mother's heart be soothed with the consolatory assurance, that the resources of nature are inexhaustible! I am, Mr. Editor, your obliged friend,

G. W. HILL,

CHESTER, 1818.

A CHARACTER.

Mr. EDITOR,

By giving the following character, which is drawn from life, a place in your elegant work, you will oblige your humble servant,

H.

WHENEVER I hear people exclaim that they always meet with ingratitude, I cannot help thinking that they have no great claim to the opposite sentiment: not that I mean to defend those who are thankless for benefits conferred; far from it. An ungrateful man is a monster who ought to be shunned and detested; but I believe it rarely happens, that a man or woman of a truly generous and beneficent spirit, is so unfortunate as not sometimes to meet with a grateful return for their bounty.

These reflections are occasioned by a review I have just been taking of the character of a gentleman, who has quitted me after heartily wearying me, as he does every body else who will listen to him, with accounts of his various good actions, and the ungrateful returns he has always met with. He generally concludes his harangue by a declaration, that since good-nature is thus rewarded, he will take care never to do a charitable action again as long as he lives. Query, did he ever do a charitable action in his life? Let us take a review of it, and we shall see.

He married his first wife purely, as he protests, out of humanity; because she was left an orphan in distressed circumstances, and must either have starved or gone to service. As he had been intimate with her father, he could not help feel-

ing compassion for her situation, and he generously relieved her from all her distresses by making her his wife. In return for which obligation, she proved herself to him during twenty years a perpetual blister-plaster, for it was her sole employment to keep him in a state of irritation from morning till night.

This is his account of the matter. I have seen many of his married friends shake their heads with an air of sympathy while he related it; and, to say the truth, appearances were such as to induce all those who did not know him intimately, to give credit to his statement: nevertheless it is far from the truth. He married the lady not for her sake but his own, because he knew that she was an excellent manager, of a prudent frugal turn, and sufficiently skilled in the mysteries of the culinary art to save him the expense of a French cook. From the moment that they were united, he looked upon her whole time as his property, because he considered that he had bought it; and he regarded such of her amusements or occupations as did not tend to his gratification, not only as treason to his sovereign authority, but also as the very height of ingratitude for his unexampled generosity.

As he was not troubled with the smallest degree of delicacy, he expressed his sentiments in terms which his wife, who was naturally high-spirited and irritable, could not forgive. She was of a temper easily accessible to kindness, but absolutely proof to every species of coercion. In the commencement

of her marriage she had really regarded her husband as a benefactor, and it depended on his own conduct to have secured her love and gratitude; but no sooner did she penetrate into the motives which had induced him to marry her, than she resolved that he should meet with his match; and their lives became in consequence a scene of dissensions: though I must do the lady the justice to say, that whenever he could so far conquer his natural disposition as to treat her with civility and attention, she amply returned it.

The next object of his benevolence was a distant relation, whom, as he says, he rescued from the workhouse; and after keeping him three years in his family, and treating him in all respects as a brother, the ungrateful wretch suddenly abandoned him, to become the steward of his bitterest enemy.

In his account of this transaction Mr. Sordid forgot to mention, that during the three years in which his kinsman lived with him, he performed for him all the duties of a steward, without receiving any other recompence than the run of his house; and had besides the mortification to have his life daily embittered by unjust reproaches. He found that he could not do any thing to please his patron, who often twitted him with the obligations he had conferred upon him. Was it wonderful then that the poor man should desire to exchange an irksome dependence for a respectable employment? or could he be called ungrateful for leaving one who hourly reproached him with being a burden to his charity?

Soon afterwards a friend applied

to Sordid to become security for a debt: he made it clearly appear, that in doing so, Sordid would run no risk whatsoever. However, the latter refused, under pretence that he had resolved never to be security for any one; but he voluntarily offered, upon certain conditions, to lend him the sum necessary to pay the debt. His friend accepted this offer with gratitude: till then he had been a stranger to the real disposition of Sordid, but this circumstance soon displayed it. From the time that he advanced the money, he exercised over his unfortunate debtor the most arbitrary sway; he inquired incessantly into his affairs, thwarted all his plans, dictated to him upon every occasion; and whenever any thing went wrong, wondered, with uplifted eyes, at the folly and improvidence of people, who made no scruple of risking the property of others.

Things went on in this way for some time, for though the debtor's spirit was high, he constrained himself to bear this scandalous usage for the sake of his wife and family: on their account he feared to exasperate Sordid, whom he thought very capable of avenging any affront he might offer to him, by throwing him into prison. At last an opportunity offered of discharging his debt, which he did to the last penny; and from that time to the present Sordid and he have been strangers. The latter complains loudly of the ungrateful return which his quondam debtor has made for his friendship and generosity; and as the other disdains to recriminate, Sordid is generally looked upon as a very ill-used man.

I could enumerate many more instances in which Sordid has taken credit for benevolence, when his conduct, in fact, sprung from motives merely selfish; but I presume that what I have already related is sufficient to paint the character of the man, and to prove that he at least has no right to be perpetually libelling his fellow-creatures.

THE FEMALE TATTLER.

No. XXXVII.

*Ut flos in septis, secretus nascitur hortis,
Ignotus pecori, nullo convulsus aratro,
Quem mulceat auræ, firmat sol, educat imber,
Multi illum pueri, multæ optavere puellæ;
Idem quum tenui captus defloruit unque,
Nulli illum pueri, nullæ optavere puellæ. — CATULLUS.*

Sweet is that flower which in retirement grows
Untouch'd, inglorious in the garden's close,
Fann'd by soft airs, and bath'd by genial rain,
While cattle homage pay, and ploughshares rude refrain.
Its charms, its op'ning charms and taper height,
The virgins and the love-sick boys invite;
Yet ravish from the stem the blushing prize,
How soon, alas! the sapless beauty dies:
No more its op'ning charms and taper height,
The virgins and the love-sick boys invite.

THERE is no vice or passion among the various sources of human misery, which possesses a more malignant character than that of gaming; nor will it be difficult to discover the reason of this mischievous pre-eminence, if we attend to the course of its operation and progress in the mind.

The general form, figure, and probable consequences of other vices are in such open hostility to what is understood by the moral sense, and the good which has been produced by education or example, that it is at once setting all public opinion at defiance, if we attempt in any way to justify the practice of them; so that the most artful hypocrisy is often resorted to, to throw a veil over them, and to hide their real existence from common observation. But it so happens, that we easily persuade ourselves to look upon gaming as a practice in which we trust to the fair issue of chance; and by shutting our eyes against its consequences, we afford it a degree of plausibility which heightens the temptations it offers, and deceive ourselves into a habit of passing over the odium attached to this vice, by every reflecting and well-constituted mind.

Mr. Burke has somewhere declared it to be his opinion, that we are all gamblers by nature; and I have no doubt that the opinion was founded in the very correct observation which his comprehensive view of mankind had induced him to make: but it is not my object to enter into an examination of the truth or error of such an opinion; I have only to lament that the disposition does exist, and to point out the evils which result from it.

We all know, that when the first repugnance of habit is removed, the progress to corruption is easy and direct. The effects of the vice

under consideration are always first perceived on the side of feeling and delicacy; and though the early advances of this injurious practice degrade the mind with no stain of reproach or criminality, yet ruin that is slow is not the less certain. Other vices attack us more openly, and alarm at once all the vigour and caution of our minds; sometimes they take us by assault, and are frequently repulsed in the onset: but the practice of gaming undermines and reduces us by slow and subtle degrees; and while our conscience resposes in a flattering security, robs it of that timidity of feeling and sensibility of honour which constitute its principal safety.

But the most disgusting influence of this sordid propensity is visible when it takes possession of the minds of females, who lose their fairest distinctions and privileges when they lose the blushing honours of modesty, delicacy, and peace. It is here that the habit shews itself in its most hideous deformity, and appears in the most afflicting shapes of wretchedness and ruin. A female mind, deprived of its sensibilities, is one of the most desolate scenes in the world; and a man bereft of his reason is hardly a more abject and sorrowful spectacle. In the world, I mean in the higher and more fashionable scenes of it, this ruinous spirit is too often seen to display itself among the women, when their best and sweetest qualities perish beneath it.

To behold a fine eye, that was made to swell with the tender feelings of conscious love, to exalt, to correct, to animate, to transport its

object, lend all its ardours to the cold appetite of avarice; and to contemplate the hand and arm that nature had cast in its happiest mould, busied in the various anxious offices of a card-table, is an outrage upon beauty's fair proportions. It were ridiculous, however, to complain only of the solecisms of behaviour and deformities of appearance produced in the female world by the love of gaming, as if they were its worst effects. It has a destroying appetite that swallows up all the charities of the mind, and leaves in it no principle of activity but covetousness and desperation. To the female gamester virtue, probity, and faith, as never coming into use, are of little value, and no where purchased at so cheap a rate as in the environs of those places of fashionable resort where cards are the predominant amusement:

In all the extent of language, no term is so generally misapplied, because it is so little understood, as happiness. Thus what is denominated the gay world, consists oftentimes of the most grave and dull part of mankind. How often, in the crowded haunts of fashion, do we see the hope of a woman's heart directed to her neighbour's purse, and every feeling engaged for her own; where the delight of one is the ruin of another; where gain is without credit, and loss without consolation; where there can be little room or occasion for harmless mirth, and the sportiveness of innocent pleasure! That vacancy of mind, that excursiveness of fancy, and that activity of thought, in which true mirth and jovial exhilaration delight, are not surely to be

found in those courts of avarice, where all our sensibilities are absorbed by the appetite of gain, and a grovelling solicitude about the issue of a card or a number.

These may be considered as harsh observations, but I have too many examples within my own knowledge by which they may be justified. I shall relate such as will answer my purpose, to prove that I am not severe, but where severity is an office of duty in one who undertakes to instruct her sex, and is so much encouraged, as I have fortunately been, in the exercise of it.

Some few years ago, Arabella was the idol of the male sex and the envy of her own. Her beauty was of the first order, but that in her was a subject of inferior praise. Her heart was the seat of every virtuous, amiable, and indeed high-wrought feeling; and her mind possessed all the graces that the most attentive education could give it. A certain attractive unconsciousness of her superior charms and qualifications; an easy, cheerful flow of spirits; a total absence of all pride; and, in short, all the wisest, as well as the fondest, parent could wish, rendered her the admiration of those who knew her.

It was not to be supposed that she should be without admirers of the other sex; she had many, and a gentleman of large fortune in the neighbourhood of her father's seat, where she had passed her early days, bore away the prize. The winter subsequent to her marriage saw her commence her career in the fashionable world of the metropolis. Temptations assailed her, but she for no short time resisted all the allurements of the tonish

world. She had, among other right notions, an absolute horror of gaming; and while she was frequently accused of want of spirit and vulgar habits, by refusing her contributions to the card-table, her secret charities were continually changing the tears of sorrow into smiles of joy, easing the load of misfortune, and bidding despair hope and be of comfort.

But when virtue is unsupported, when the influence of bad example is continually opposed to it, and when a husband neglects those duties which honour and virtue command, and his own apparent interests should lead him to foster by his care, and reward by his affection; when such a husband not only neglects his post, but appears to be indifferent to the consequences of his negligence, what is to be expected? and if even such a being as Arabella should swerve from the line of duty, we may lament, we may pity, but our reason will not suffer us to be astonished.

By an artful combination she was drawn in by degrees to indulge in play, and one fatal night she was led on to such a degree, as to lose some valuable jewels which her father presented her on the day of her marriage, and where her husband was such a wretch as to share in the plunder. The effect of this event was to change her whole nature, and it was not long before she became a desperate gamester.—Where, alas! once charming Arabella, were then your unchequered delights—your graces, so replete with innocence—your charms, which surpassed all, and were by all admired? what became of them? They yielded to expressions of

discontent and malice and rapacious envy; and instead of being left to the gradual wear of time, that seldom obliterates every trace, are altogether destroyed by the unsparing influence of sordid passions and corroding anxieties. Who, that gazed upon you in the morning of life, while you were sailing down the stream of time,

"Youth at the prow, and pleasure at the helm," with the fairest expectations of honour, virtue, and happiness, can behold you now but with something like the sensations of disgust and horror?—The lady whose misfortunes and disgrace are thus feebly described is still living, and she will know herself, if by any chance she should read the description.

I have another history to the same effect as that which I have now offered to my readers, whose truth I cannot assert from my own knowledge, but which, from the best possible authority, I believe to be true. A gentleman, a particular friend of mine, having occasion to visit a medical professor, who has the care of a small number of insane patients, gave me the following account of a lady who was one of them.

She was once the ornament of her family, and the admiration of all who had the happiness of her acquaintance. She had been married to the younger brother of a noble family, who had not a large fortune, but was possessed of a comfortable independence. He was a young man of superior talents, and equal virtues, and they lived together for a few years in all the happiness of mutual affection. Ill health, however, obliged the husband to try the benefit of the sea

air in a voyage to the Mediterranean. He did not wish to subject her to the inconveniences of such an expedition, and she was persuaded to accept the invitation offered by a female relation to pass the winter with her in the metropolis. This lady (a circumstance, however, perfectly unknown to her country connections,) was equally destitute of honour as well as conscience; and, under the specious appearance of giving agreeable parties, made her house a kind of profitable decoy, where the young and the simple were allured to get rid of their principles, and dispose of their fortunes.

Here this unfortunate woman, tempted with a show of elegance and taste, and led away by the authority of fashion, was totally vitiated, her nature changed, all domestic affection lost, and her husband's fortune, as far as she could involve it, deeply injured by play.

After an absence of three quarters of a year, that husband returned, as he thought, to the happiness he had left behind him. He sought her with all the ardour of affection; when, instead of that artless, elegant, affectionate character, which had drawn from him so many tears at parting, he, to his utter astonishment and misery, found her transformed into a cold, self-conceited, fantastic creature of fashion, stripped of all the blooming virtues and native graces that belonged to and adorned her former character.

He soon became acquainted with the whole of her conduct, and the full extent of her profligacy. He lived, however, with her during two years, on an income much reduced by her losses at play, and with a

mind penetrated with sorrow and despondency at the frequent proofs of her degeneracy. His spirits were so affected, and his fortune so diminished, that he fell into a lingering illness, and died of what is generally termed a broken heart.

His wife, who had long since sacrificed every virtuous and honourable feeling at the gaming-table, beheld without remorse his wretched condition, and saw death stealing upon him with rapid steps without any tokens of sorrow. One night, however, a sudden indisposition brought her home earlier than usual, as if led by Providence to receive her husband's last sigh, and to view the completion of her work.

It seemed as if her spirits had been borne up till this moment, only to experience a more painful fall, and to feel the piercing remorse that followed with more bitter and extreme anguish. A sudden recollection seized her, attended with such horror and such agony of grief, that her faculties were at once overborne, and her reason,

her health, and her beauty were almost the instant forfeits of her crimes. It was not long indeed before she gave proofs of insanity; too horrid for me to relate; and many years have elapsed since she has been a sad and irrecoverable example of the evils which may be produced by a predominant love of play.

The space allotted me does not allow of any length of observation. Indeed, I am disposed to estimate too highly the understandings of my readers, to presume that they require them. These narratives speak for themselves, and will, I doubt not, make all the impression I can expect or hope from them.

F—— T——.

Eugenia is impatient, but she does not reflect, that I am not a daily, nor even a weekly, but a *monthly* writer; and if she will not submit to the delay, which I cannot prevent, I am ready, on receiving her commands, to return, though very reluctantly, the letter with which she has honoured me.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

THREE Italian Arietts, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte, composed, and dedicated with permission to H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex, by F. Sor. Pr. 5s.

IF we were to allot to these arietts the space which we would fain wish to devote to their consideration, they would form the only article in our review. During the three weeks since we first opened them, they nearly caused us to neglect the rest of our critical calen-

dar; they haunted us on our pillow, in our walks: we in return haunted our musical friends with them; we caught them even intruding on our more serious occupations of dry matter-of-fact business; in short, we absolutely pronounced them troublesome companions. In impressions so forcible and permanent, a great deal perhaps may be ascribed to a happy mood at the first meeting, or to a peculiar sympathy of taste; but the concurrence

of other competent judges afforded us good reason to consider our own opinion as substantially correct.— Now to a cursory glance at Mr. Sor's labour.

The text of two of the songs is from Metastasio, and one bears the name of Sig. Caravita. They are sonnets altogether of amatory import, brief and of great simplicity.

In the first, the lover beholds nature veiled in the still shadows of night, the sea unruffled, all, all lulled in placid rest: he alone does not partake of the universal calm; the thought of his unrelenting fair racks his breast. The song (in C) sets out with depicting the repose of nature in melodious strains; the effect of tranquillity is heightened by a pedal bass of continual C's; and this strain closes, upon the dominant, by a chromatic descent of the voice, supported by a clever and most apt accompaniment. Now a more animated subject serves to express the lover's accusation against his barbarous mistress; and here the accompaniment equally assumes a totally new and more vivid character. Nothing could be better conceived; only the close upon the new tonic (G) at "*alma*" (p. 2, b. 2,) appears to us rather too final, considering the unterminated sense of the text. The second line is eminently expressive: "*No, no.—pace non ha*" is once more ejaculated in a most desponding way. After this, the original motivo, in C, is reintroduced with a repetition of the whole text, under new melodic forms; an active and very select accompaniment with crossed hands (p. 3, l. 2,) varies the expression of the lover's reproaches; and the third line, of

truly plaintive import, presents us with two or three bars conspicuous for good harmonic progression, under a chaste and simple arrangement.

The text of the second air (in F) is less despairing: the lover owns the sway of the cherished eyes of his fair; they constitute the idol of his worship; a glance from them determines his fate; their smiling beams embolden his hopes, their frown awakes his fears. These are the whole contents, about thirty words in all, sprinkled over six pages. An introduction of twelve bars at once makes sure of our favour; it is extremely elegant. The voice sets out with a motivo of great sweetness, softened down by a pedal bass on the tonic. A delicate instrumental phrase of two bars separates two periods of the text, until, in the beginning of the next page (5), a fresh and more replenished accompaniment ushers in a further portion of the text: "*Al vostro talento mi sento cangiare.*" These words, perhaps, are once too often repeated; they occupy the whole page: yet we can hardly make up our mind to an absolute objection, since any curtailment would have deprived us of some valuable bars. At the bottom of this page all seems to end for good; the author, after sufficient preparation, and the introduction of finalizing melodic figures, comes to a full stop on the tonic. But he has still something to say with his poet: "*Ardin' m'ispirate, se lieti splendetè; se torbidi siete, mi fate tremar.*" (Your smiles embolden my hope, your frowns rouse my fears). Here we must observe, that however strikingly beautiful the

treatment of this sentence, the antithesis of the text appears to us not to be marked in the music in the way the poet intended it; chiefly because after "*splendete*" (which for sweetness' sake is moreover set *à piacere*), a totally new idea is propounded with considerable previous instrumental preparation, so that the antithesis is almost lost by the introduction of the strikingly new idea. But this is all we have to say, and, in saying thus much, we speak with diffidence, because we see in every line of Mr. Sor's obvious traces of thought well digested. Setting aside this observation as to plan, we resume at bar 2, l. 4, p. 5: here a determined instrumental phrase prepares the hearer for the words, "*ardir m'inspire;*" and "*se lieti splendete*" is added in the languid accents of wishful love. Now comes a bold and very fine instrumental passage, a chromatic ascent, supported by continued C's in the bass. Nay, it is more than chromatic; there is something of the *true* (not of our modern) enharmonic scale in it. As a more particular explanation of our meaning would lead us too far from our present subject, we shall only say, that the first E in the bass of the third bar is not to be found in our modern scales; it is neither the major third of C, nor the perfect fifth of A, nor E \sharp : it lies between our E and F, is here the leading note to F, and is the second sound of the enharmonic tetrachord of the Greeks. We make use of that sound, or rather of a substitute, without knowing it. But enough of this. Returning to our author, we will consent to his upper c's with C \sharp ; but they might

have been naturalized, for the benefit of common capacities. The repetition of the same thought is ingeniously and tastefully varied (l. 2, p. 8); a fine transient modulation occurs in the next line, in which we observe a most apt *cadenza d'inganno*, leading to G \sharp , 5, 6, and the attendant picturesque accompaniment of the word "*tremar.*" In the 4th line some select harmonic combinations lead to the key and the original subject, with which the repetition of the couplet is entered and proceeded upon in p. 7. Among the new ideas which present themselves in p. 8, we notice, ll. 1 and 2, the very graceful instrumental motivo, and its alternate imitation by the voice, rendered rather difficult for the latter by some ventured harmonic retardations. The accompaniment, in l. 3, is again of the most chosen kind; some highly pathetic thoughts appear in line 4; and the next page is chiefly occupied with some decorative finalizing forms, and a very elegant concluding symphony.

In the third sonnet, the swain entreats his love, in case a happier object dwell in her heart, to conceal the truth from him, to leave him in blissful error. "Suspicion," he exclaims, "is but slow poison, while certainty would instantly overwhelm me in ruin." These very few sentences Mr. Sor has clothed in so delightful an harmonic garb, that we would venture to stake something in *his* favour, had the same lines been given for composition to a dozen of the first-rate lyric composers in Europe, including perhaps even our idol—Mozart.

The voice sets out with a charming motivo of supplicating tender

expression in A major: the word "taci" is ejaculated over and over again in the midst of a most delicate instrumental phrase under constant variation; and the entreaty, "*non dirmi il vero*," is chastely simple—nature itself. In the first line, p. 11, a period fixes our attention, the boldness and striking effect of which proclaim true genius and sterling science. The progress of this harmony runs thus (A, three sharps being the signature):

8
4 4 6 b7 x6 x6 b7
2 x2 b4 b5 4 x3

E, D, D*, bC, bC, bC, B, B, E
The performance of the vocal part, with its enharmonic changes, will require a good and exercised ear. After this follows a minor period of uncommon sweetness, if we may use this epithet for accents of the most affecting plaintiveness, applied to the latter portion of the text. Continual E's in the bass melt the texture into softness, instrumental phrases relieve the picture, slight but graceful alterations infuse variety, and the period, under truly lamenting heavings, dies away in a pause at "*sospetto*." But now succeeds the alternative to "suspicion"—dire "certainty:" and in this phrase, as in many others, the author has given a specimen of true musical eloquence; the sounds absolutely utter the feelings of Metastasio. At this point the text is entirely gone through, and Mr. S. now resumes it from the beginning: but this resumption is any thing but a repetition of ideas to tack another shilling's worth of staves to the

* The chord of the extreme second; but the author has written F nat. for E \times .

book: new beauties lie in store for us. The very first line in p. 12 presents a thought of the most winning tenderness, highly coloured by instrumental accompaniment: "*taci, taci*," again appears under new and more elegant forms; so does "*non dirmi il vero*"—"lasciami," &c.; in short, one excellency thrusts forward another: the bold and enharmonic passage likewise appears now in the tonic, and the conclusion, in which a temporary disturbance of measure, by syncopation, adds to the emphasis, is judiciously made with the words "*lasciami nell' error*," and followed by four exquisite bars for the piano-forte.

We could wish Mr. S. had marked the *tempi* of these arietts by the *Metronome*. In classic music, like his, it is of importance to know the precise time.

On looking back, we find that, contrary to our previous determination, our predilection has carried this article to an extent unusual in our critical catalogue; and some of our readers may perhaps deem our labour uninteresting and dry, unaccompanied as it is by extracts from the music; while others may suspect us of partiality. To the latter we would say, that this partiality can only be the favour due to excellence, unknown as we are to the author, and unconnected with any branch of the musical profession; and to the former we could give no better advice, than to provide themselves with a copy of the work itself. Its comparison with our opinion (right or wrong) may perhaps afford entertainment and instruction, and if the purchasers possess souls susceptible of harmo-

ny, they will find that they never laid out two half-crowns to greater profit; and should they regret the acquisition, we would give them another piece of advice, equally to their benefit—send their instruments to the broker, and their music-books to the butter-man.

Hanoverian Air, with Variations for the Piano-forte; composed, and dedicated to Miss Knox of Dunganmon, by J. B. Cramer. Pr. 3s. 6d

The introduction, an allegro in D major, ingratiates itself by the sweetness of its melody, to which we are not quite strangers, and by the tasteful efficacy of the harmonic arrangement. An episodic Scherzando in the second page anticipates the theme of the variations, an air of no common attractions, expressive of innocent gaiety, simple, but very original. The variations, no less than nine in number, possess all the interest which might be expected from Mr. C.'s taste and compositorial experience. If he were to vary any of our street-cries, he would produce something select and elegant. The 2d variation presents a fine set of bass evolutions, and is in other respects very meritorious. The 3d evinces great skill of arrangement in the imitations between the right and left hands; and in the 4th we admire the original manner in which the theme, in the bass, is, as it were, talked to by the treble, and *vice versa*, in abrupt sentences of assent, one might fancy. The serious strain in which the 5th (D minor) proceeds; the melodious delicacy of No. 6.; the measured gravity of No. 7. and its select style; the aptly tallying "batteries" of semi-quavered triplets in No. 8., and the fluent and excellent digital bustle

of No. 9. form successively the diversified characteristics of these varied moulds into which the theme has been cast. Mr. Cramer's music is not made for novices, but the book before us by no means comes under the class of difficult compositions.

Twenty-six Preludes, or short Introductions in the principal Major and Minor Keys, for the Piano-forte, composed by J. B. Cramer. Pr. 8s.

The bulk of this work reduced our practical muster of its contents to about one half of the preludes, selected at hazard; and, in this partial review, we met with so much true excellence, that a fair inference may be drawn in favour of the remainder. The whole work falls within that higher class of composition, which carries its difficulties of execution along with it. In fact, these preludes must be subjected to diligent study; they are studies, and will repay with interest the attention devoted to their practice. Among those we examined, the following numbers excited our peculiar interest: No. 6. in B♭, and No. 10. in F, extremely fanciful, interspersed with fine modulations, but rather difficult; No. 18. in E, eminently graceful in its ideas; No. 20. in A♭, delightful—our favourite; No. 26. in B minor, likewise admirable. The great and obvious diversity of character in these introductions forms another feature of recommendation.

"Le Gentil Houssard," an Hungarian Air, with Variations for the Harp, and Flute Accompaniment; composed, and dedicated to Miss Mitchell, by F. Dizi. Pr. 4s.

In variations we never wish for more than the full half dozen; be-

yond it our ear feels the repetitions. Mr. Dizi has made nine, and of these our favourite number appears to us to comprehend the most valuable part of his performance. Nos. 7. and 8. are inferior to their predecessors. No. 1. is very tastefully conceived; the inner part acts with effect, and the few accidental modulations in the first strain relieve the picture. No. 2. is a sweet cantabile. In the adagio in C minor (No. 3.) we trace an impressive vein of feeling, and note with approbation the arrangement of three distinct parts. No. 4. (brillante) is not conspicuous for originality of treatment. No. 5. ($\frac{2}{5}$) glides with tranquil simplicity through a rich progression of chords; and in No. 6. we notice the good effect of the abundant apoggiaturas. No. 9. exhibits some brilliant and elegant passages, and merges into an appropriate coda, reiterating part of the theme upon a pedal bass, and finally vanishing in languid exhaustion.

ANTOLOGIA MUSICALE, being a Selection of the best Overtures, Sonatas, Rondos, Divertimentos, Marches, Walzes, &c. for the Piano-forte, by the most celebrated foreign Composers, many of which have never been printed before. No. IV. Pr. 2s.

It is some time ago that the three first numbers of this publication were submitted to the notice of our readers, and we sincerely hope the intervals between the publication of future parts will admit of curtailment. If a work of this kind had been on foot twenty years ago, and continued to the present time, the majority of amateurs this side the Channel would be more fami-

liarised with the classic productions of foreign composers than is the case at this moment. We have often wondered why music should be so slow in finding its way to this country: this was the case before the long war; the reason must, therefore, be sought for elsewhere. Perhaps the incessant publication of fashionable homespun ephemerals tends to stop up the way to their betters. *Hummel*, for instance, from whom we have a set of charming variations and a beautiful polonaise in this number, is not known by name to three-fourths of respectable English amateurs. The same is the case with *Mayseider*, *Moscheles*, and many more excellent foreign composers. This is to be regretted, even on patriotic grounds, for a more speedy introduction of good music, while it might afford new models to our incipient composers, would create a meritorious emulation, and cool the publishing mania of pretenders. In this respect, the exertions of Messrs. Boosey and Co. have entitled them to the thanks of the musical public; and when we look at their growing catalogues, we derive a practical proof of the encouragement which their undertaking has met with. The before-mentioned variations are founded on the well-known French air, "*Partant pour la Sirie*:" they are devised in quite an original and truly masterly style, and might well be held out as models for this branch of musical writing. *The Grand Duke Michael's Waltz, with Variations; composed, and dedicated to Miss Mary Townsend, by J. C. Nightingale.* Pr. 2s.

The waltz is pretty, and the variations are written in an easy and

satisfactory style. No. 1. proceeds with unaffected fluency; the same may be said of No. 2. which is set in triplets; but why these have been abandoned in the second strain (which is a copy of the second strain of var. 1.) we are at a loss to account for. No. 4. in C minor, is a copy of the major tune, with the addition of three flats; the few bars in E♭ major, to end the strain, form an awkward appendix. The basses, thus far, are a little thin; but the 5th and last variation boasts of a very good running bass, which we regret not to find carried on in the second strain. The whole forms a proper lesson for young performers.

"The Rambler," a favourite Reel; composed and arranged as a Rondo for the Piano-forte, by T. H. Butler. Pr. 2s.

"The Rambler" falls under the class of light yet amusing compositions. The subject is simple but lively; the digressive matter in p. 4, including some modulations, is agreeable; and the minore, p. 5, respectable. Page 6 is nearly a copy of p. 4. In the 7th page (l. 3, b. 4), the E in the treble is a misprint; it should be D. The idea of the conclusion, which is good, seems to be taken from an aria in the Clemenza di Tito, "*Non più di fiori*," &c.

New Egyptian Rondo, composed and arranged for the Piano forte or Harp, by T. H. Butler. Pr. 1s. 6d.

A pleasing trifle; easy, fluent, and regular in its limited plan. It may serve as a proper lesson for young pupils.

The favourite German Air "Lisette," with Variations; composed, and respectfully dedicated to Mrs. Pen-

nington of Marlborough Cottage, by W. Grosse. Pr. 2s.

An adagio in E♭ serves as introduction. In its few lines we perceive a tasteful flow of expressive ideas, and the attention is excited by some striking modulations. The air of "*Lisette*" resembles the Tyrolese Waltz; and from its simplicity and melodiousness, constitutes a proper subject for figurative amplification. Mr. G. has made six variations upon this theme, which are altogether satisfactory. They are not in the *grand genre* of composition, but they will be found attractive to the pupil, and enable him to display moderate attainments on the instrument with considerable *éclat*. Due diversity is maintained in the progress of the variations, either by means of change in the melodic forms, or by the difference of measure applied to the subject. The finale, in $\frac{6}{8}$, sprightly and gay, has all the appearance of an original dance tune. "*And melt the Soul to love*," a favourite Song, as sung by Mrs. Haydn Corri at the Nobility's Concerts; composed by W. F. Ansdell. Pr. 1s. 6d.

The idea of the motivo is derived from the commencement of one of Haydn's quartetts; out of compliment perhaps to Mrs. Haydn Corri. With the loan of this one bar we would by no means find fault, especially when we see the principal productive of such interest. The song has our warmest commendation; it evinces fine melodic feeling, great taste in the invention and connection of the different thoughts; the parts balance well, and the harmony is soft and effective. In short, it is a very good

song, and deserves to be very well sung. The sixth bar in the symphony, viz.

c, c*, d, $\underbrace{\quad}$
 f, f, $\underbrace{a\ b, a\ b}$
 f, \underbrace{f}
 a, b b, $\underbrace{b\ b, b\ b}$

would have stood better thus:

c, c*, d, $\underbrace{\quad}$
 f, f, $\underbrace{f, a\ b}$
 a, \underbrace{a} , $\underbrace{b\ b, b\ b}$

Advice from an eminent Professor on the Continent to a Nobleman in this Country, on the Manner in which his Children should be instructed on the Piano-forte; with Observations on the new System of Musical Education, and occasional Remarks on Singing: translated from the French by a Lady of Rank. Pr. 2s. 6d.

The order of the contents of this little volume, which is not written by a professor on the Continent, not addressed to a nobleman in this country, and not translated from the French, is as follows:

General advice in matters relating to music.

Special advice in favour of the Logierian chiroplast, and praise of the Logierian method of instruction.

General advice.

We know not whether this arrangement was accidental, or whether the author, in determining upon it, followed the adage, *in medio tutissimus ibis*, and the example of the Hibernian, who, to pass a shil-

ling of uncertain currency, placed it between two good ones.

Of the middle portion of the book we cannot judge, because we are not sufficiently acquainted with the system of tuition which it holds out to our admiration; the expense of purchasing the *arcannum* being too great for our purse, the dread of the bond of secrecy too appalling for our nerves, and the exotic tree too tender yet to expect a sufficient quantity of fruit of authenticated genuineness to assist our estimation as to its value and durability. Of this part of the little volume we must, therefore, leave our readers to form their own opinion, or to wait till time, the maturer of all things, has determined its correctness.

The remainder of the contents being more within our sphere, we have no hesitation in recommending its perusal. The style is not the most refined, frequently cavalier and dictatorial; but the spirit and vigour of the author's manner keep the interest alive; and his occasional familiarities and satirical facetiousness ought not to disturb the reader's good-humour, meant as they are for the bad boys of the form only. Under a rough, and even a whimsical, dress, we sometimes discover a man of good sound sense and clear intellect; and this is the case with respect to the *substance* of the author's performance. His remarks are judicious, his views correct, and the *general* advice on various musical topics to be found in his book, is not only well meant, but eminently deserving the attention of the musical student: it may even prove wholesome to many a *soi-disant* professor.

FINE ARTS.

INTELLIGENCE REGARDING WORKS OF ART IN
PROGRESS OR COMPLETED.

THE public mind is become so generally interested in the fine arts, that the employment and occupation, as well as the respective talents and genius of artists, is a favourite, as it is an improving, subject of inquiry and consideration in every polished society. The proprietor of this work apprehends, that a feeling so favourable to the interests of painting, sculpture, architecture, and engraving, may, in some degree, be advanced by occasionally offering to the public correct information respecting the actual state and progress of works of art: he proposes, therefore, to

appropriate every month a few pages of the *Repository of Arts* to intelligence on painting, sculpture, &c. so that the advancing labours of artists, and the ripening fruits of their genius, may be occasionally made known, not in the way of criticism or puff, but of authentic intelligence. To enable him to accomplish this design, he begs leave to solicit the favour of such communications as artists will allow him to make public through the proposed channel, on or before the 15th day of the month in which they may wish them to appear.

PICTORIAL CARDS.

PLATE 3.—FOUR PLAYING-CARDS.

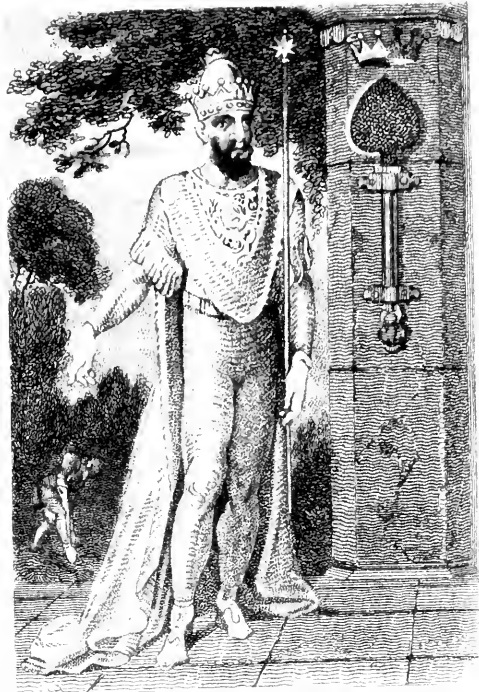
THE QUEEN OF HEARTS. An Empress richly clad in the Roman costume is the representative of this card: a playful nymph on a pedestal, supporting a lamp in the shape of a heart, fancifully contrasts the stateliness of the principal figure.

THE KING OF SPADES is represented by a royal personage habited in robes of state, covered by a kingly diadem, and bearing a sceptre. The spade forms the head to the battle-axe, which is affixed to a pillar in the back-ground: further removed is a prospect of the imperial gardens, and a captive knight reduced to the degrading office is represented as labouring within them. The monarch derives no additional dignity from this cir-

cumstance, although the King of Spades.

THE KING OF CLUBS. This monarch will perhaps remind our readers of a justly celebrated modern actor when engaged in personifying a hero of Greece or Rome, as a similar attitude is well and often chosen by him: the similarity of action is accidental, but it is striking. The card represents Alexander as prepared to command his legions.

THE KNAVE OF DIAMONDS. A pacha leaning on his sword in the gardens of the Seraglio is the representative of this card: his shield and spear are suspended to a pillar, and the former is ornamented by the symbol of the card.



BRITISH INSTITUTION.

COPIES BY ARTISTS AND STUDENTS.

WE have often had occasion to advert to the extensive benefits conferred upon the fine arts of our country by the directors of the British Institution: not the least of these is the permission given to artists and students of making sketches or copies from the works of the old masters after the close of each public Exhibition. At our great annual Exhibitions of the pictures by living artists, both at the Royal Academy and other highly meritorious institutions, it is too often, and indeed of necessity, the fate of a number of works executed by young artists and students, to be almost concealed and unheeded in the crowded assemblage of large and prominent pictures of which such exhibitions consist. They are, in fact, in this situation either totally overlooked, or but partially glanced at; and the public eye alone falls on the great productions of West, of Lawrence, and other great masters, whose fame requires no aid from present tribute; while the younger race of artists, who are destined one day to supply the place of those who now uphold the dignity of British art, have hardly a passing opportunity allowed them to put in their claim for the fostering aid of public patronage and protection. From a wish to assist the rising artists of the present day, and bring their claims more immediately under public attention, we last year published some remarks upon the Exhibition of copies made from the works of the old masters at the British Institution. The

same motive induces us now to pursue a similar course respecting the copies exhibited at the same place in the course of the last month. We are fully impressed with the impolicy of any proneness to confer elaborate praise upon juvenile productions, however promising may be their character. We know full well the proverbial failure of precocious talents, and how rarely it happens that the sanguine promise of early anticipation is realized in mature life; but still the progress of the student in art, where his powers are found to justify his enterprise, must be cheered and supported. Pope has beautifully assimilated the arduous nature of the path of science to the rugged track of the Alpine traveller. The votary of the one must be cheered in his pursuit, and the other so-laced on his way, ere either can expect to surmount the perilous difficulties they have to encounter. So it is in art; the student (we mean the man who *feels* his art, and is determined to pursue it with zeal and assiduity,) must be aided and encouraged in the progress of his exertions, lest his spirit should sink under the difficulties of his situation, and his genius become useless to himself and society.

It is due to the rising artists and students of the British school, to state that they have with avidity embraced the opportunities recently afforded by the Royal Academy and the British Institution, of cultivating their taste and extending the sphere of their acquirements

by a close study of the most distinguished works of the old masters. Our readers will recollect, that the last Exhibition at the British Institution consisted of an excellent selection from the works of the Italian, Spanish, Flemish, Dutch, and French schools; and the copies and sketches exhibited last month were taken from the pictures of some of the greatest men who flourished in the meridian splendour of art. It would be disingenuous and unfair to rush at once into a comparison between the early efforts of our artists, and the matured excellence of those before whose works they studied; and it is perhaps one of the unavoidable disadvantages to which the students are liable, that the eye which falls on their productions must almost at the same instant contemplate the great originals from which they are taken.

The following are the principal works.

THE CARTOONS.

The Gate of the Temple—and Christ giving the Keys to Peter.

From these celebrated Cartoons of Raphael nearly a room full of copies and designs were taken. Messrs. T. and C. Landseer, Behnes, Bewick, and Christmas worked on a large scale. The Landseers, who are pupils of Mr. Haydon, made a full-sized copy of *The Gate of the Temple*. Considerable pains were evidently taken with this copy, but it was left in an unfinished state. In the correct drawing of a good outline these young artists have eminently succeeded; but if they have failed in expressing the majesty, purity, and beauty of the original, it should

be recollected, that that original was—*Raphael*. There is much beauty in many parts of the copy, and some of the heads are not deficient in fine and appropriate expression. The female with the child at her breast is finely formed, and though the character is soft and beautiful, yet the expression is infinitely inferior to the melting tenderness of the original. This copy is not improved by a laboured working up of some of the parts, which give it in particular places rather the appearance of hardness.

Mr. Behnes has copied a few of the principal figures in this Cartoon. The expression is good, and the folds of the drapery are arranged with a breadth which has much of the air of grandeur in the original.

Mr. Bewick (another pupil of Mr. Haydon) has made a large copy from the Cartoon of *Christ giving the Keys to Peter*. It would have been, we think, better if he had confined himself to a selection from the fine group in this work, for the figure of Christ has suffered serious injury in the original from accident in the lapse of time; and there is little merit in studying from the blemishes of a fine production, and still less credit in a servile imitation of them. The copy has, however, considerable merit in the expression of some of the heads.

Mr. Christmas and Mr. Hemming, jun. were also engaged in copying from the Cartoons, and their labours were creditable to their abilities and industry.

A number of small heads were also sketched from them by Mr. G. Ward (we believe the son of the

engraver), Mr. Brockedon, Mr. Sass, Mr. Severne, Mr. Leahy, Mr. Coles, Mr. White, and others.

Miss Portens, Miss Cropley, and a few other young ladies of talent, also decorated this room with small sketches from the Cartoons.

The copies from Rubens are extremely numerous, and many of them are well executed. Miss Ross has finished a fine miniature from the *Portrait of the Earl of Arundel*, and a little sketch of the *Blacks' Heads*; she has also been successful in a copy from Rembrandt's *Warrior*. Mr. Marsden has made a fine copy from the *Earl of Arundel*. Mr. Stevens has also copied from Rubens's *Blacks' Heads*, and shewn a good deal of the characteristic spirit of the original. He had also other copies of great merit.

From Vandyke's fine portrait of the *Bishop of Trieste* a number of copies have been taken in various sizes. Mr. Drummond, A. R. A. has given a very fine head of it. Miss Drummond has also shewn much taste in a copy in crayons from the same: she has given the grace and air of the original in a manner highly creditable to her taste and talents.

Mr. Evans has worked on the same portrait. His drawing is rather better than his colouring. He has also made copies from De Hooze, and from Jan Steens' *Fighting Cocks*. In the latter he has depicted the very character the interest of the scene requires.

Mr. Watson and Mr. Ingaltan have copied from Vandyke's *Portrait*, and given a good deal of the breadth and folds in the drapery, which produce so much grandeur

in the original. The former has also copied from De Hooze with effect, and the latter from Cuyp's *Cattle Picture*. In this copy there is some good taste displayed, but it wants the fine tone of colouring which makes the original so valuable.

Mr. Thomas has made a good copy from the *Bishop of Trieste*; but it is by no means so well executed as that by Mr. Cregan, which, though unfinished, displays great taste and expression. The latter artist has also an excellent copy from Hobbima. The touch is light, free, and firm; the light and shade are well distributed, but want the mellowness of the Flemish artist, though perhaps time has assisted in producing the fine tone for which Hobbima's works are now so justly valuable.

Mr. Vincent has been very successful in copies from Hobbima, Ruysdael, and Cuyp. Mr. Childe has also a good copy from Hobbima; but his copy from Paul Potter's *Cattle Picture* is greatly superior, and does him considerable credit. Mr. Wilson's Hobbima has many good parts, but it seems to have been left in rather an unfinished state. His copies from Ruysdael are good; and there is a good deal of taste displayed in his composition from Vanderveelde.

From Guido's exquisite work of the *Assumption of the Virgin* several copies have been made, and parts sketched. Mr. James Ward, R. A. has given copies in crayons from this fine work, which are extremely accurate. Mr. Elton has copied one of the angels. We can hardly praise the taste or the execution of these copies from some of the

detached parts in the original work. As Guido executed his fine picture, it formed a complete whole; the angels at the lower corners were intended to fill up that space, which, if not occupied, would disturb the harmony of the picture. When detached, as they are in some of the copies, they have neither character nor sentiment; they appear deformed, and express nothing. Why then should they have been selected? It is impossible to contemplate the original work without being struck with its purity and delicacy; but any separation of the parts is fatal to the effect so finely accomplished by Guido. Sir Thomas Baring some time ago had a beautiful copy executed in glass by Mr. Collins from this work.

Copies have been executed from the pictures of Vanderneer and Vandevelde by Mr. Hofland, Mr. Dean, Mrs. Groves, Mr. Davison, and Mr. Werge: those by the first and second artists are extremely creditable to their taste and judgment. The others are also favourable specimens of well-directed labour.

Miss Adams's copy from De Hooge is very well executed.

Paul Potter's pictures have also been closely studied, and some of the copies shew with great success. Mr. Stark has made a beautiful copy from the celebrated picture of *Cattle in a Landscape*, the property of Mr. Watson Taylor. This picture is in the Dutch artist's finest style, and it is impossible to look at Mr. Stark's copy without being struck with its high merit: it has all the truth of nature in the portraiture of the cattle. He has been equally happy in a copy from Rubens's *Lioness*.

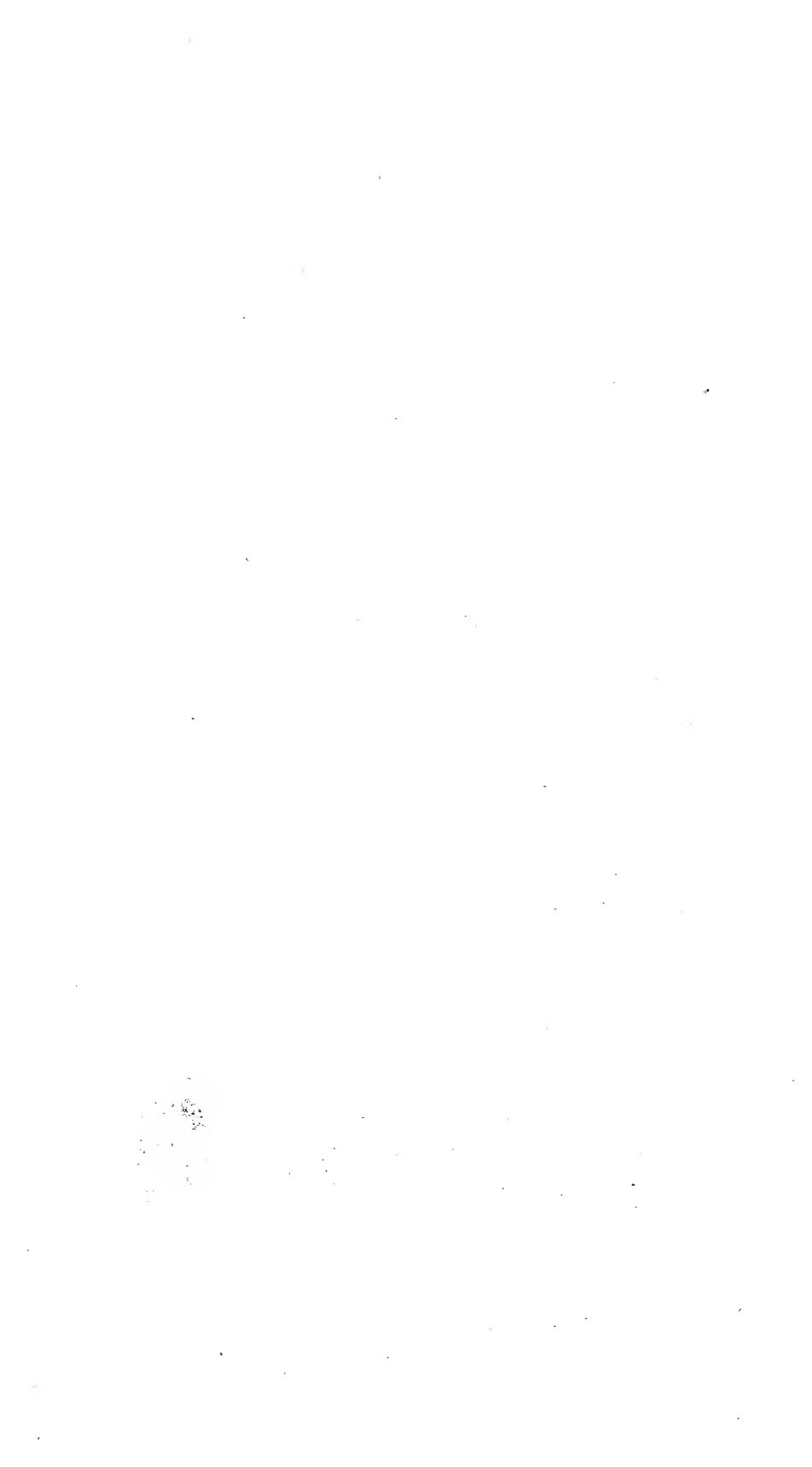
Mr. Clater has also a good copy from Potter's picture, and one from Jan Steen and Le Nain.

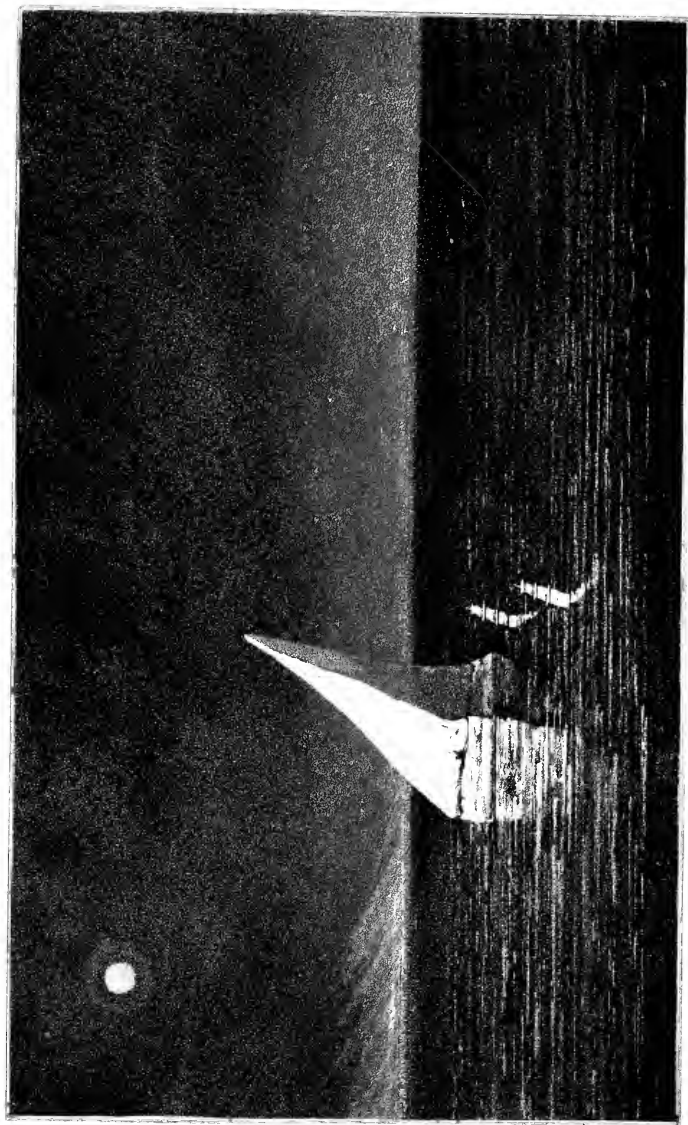
Miss E. Maskall exhibited creditable specimens of her talents in copies from Cuyp's *Cattle*, and Vanderheyden's *View of a Town in Holland*.

Colonel Gravatt has made a copy from H. R. H. the Prince Regent's exquisite landscape by Both, of *Philip baptizing the Eunuch*. The copy has merit, but it does not reach the beauty of colouring in the original.

Mr. Wright, Mr. Irwin, Mr. Jones, Mr. Munday, Mr. Coles, Mr. Leahy, Mr. White, Mr. Webb, and Mr. Hatfield, Misses Cropley, Jones, and Porteus, have also made copies and sketches very well entitled to separate observation, if our limits permitted us to indulge our feelings in the detail.

On the whole, the copies were extremely creditable to the rising talents of our young artists; and though it would have been well, in more instances than one, if more care were taken, and that less of the appearance of hurry were perceptible; yet the Exhibition contained unequivocal proofs of the value of the British Institution, and the fostering encouragement which it has given to the growth of the fine arts of our country. Many copies were removed before the Exhibition took place, and many remained by artists whose names we had not the good fortune to learn. The attendance of students at the Gallery, to study and copy from the old pictures, was greater upon this than on any former occasion. We understand that the number was between 60 and 70. On former ones it did not exceed 30.





Dr. Gabriel S. Hernandez, under Capt. a Ship.
passing a remarkable history. July, 1858.

PLATE 6.—THE SUN AT MIDNIGHT,

As seen in DAVIS'S STRAITS by the Ships ISABELLA and ALEXANDER, under Captain Ross, while passing a remarkable Ice-Island, July 1818.

THE view annexed exhibits one of the many atmospherical, celestial, and terrestrial appearances which distinguish the Polar regions of the globe. The sun at midnight is seen glimmering through a dense medium; the ocean presents what might be mistaken for a moon-light scene; and the only objects which do not share the dark colour of the sky and sea, are masses of ice, of all magnitudes and forms, comprising as well the minutest fragments, as the loftiest and most enormous islands*. The scene here displayed is one of the most impressive in those high latitudes, where

“Pale suns, unfelt, at distance roll away,
And on the impassive ice the lightnings play.”

The appearance exhibited in the plate has been described by the old voyager, Marten†, but was doubted by Lord Mulgrave (Captain Phipps), who never had occasion to observe it. “I must also add,” says his lordship, “that I never found what is mentioned by Marten (who is generally accurate in his observations, and faithful in his accounts), of the sun at midnight resembling in appearance the moon. I saw no difference, in

* “Islands of ice” was, till lately, the name by which our seamen described the huge floating masses of ice they have met with on their voyages. The Dutch term, *ice-bergs* (ice-mountains), ought, for many reasons, to be rejected, and the old denomination restored.

† See *Literary Journal*, No. II. April 5, 1818.

clear weather, between the sun at midnight and any other time, but what arose from a different degree of altitude; the brightness of the light appearing there, as well as elsewhere, to depend upon the obliquity of his rays. The sky was in general loaded with hard white clouds; so that I do not remember to have ever seen the sun and the horizon both free from them, even in the clearest weather.” Upon another point the same writer differs with Hudson. “Hudson,” says he, “remarked, that the sea, where he met with the ice, was blue; but the green sea was free from it. I was particularly attentive to observe this difference, but could never discern it*.”

It is here to be remarked, that Captain Phipps’s stay in the Arctic regions was exceedingly short, and that it appears from his statement, that the sky was covered with “hard white clouds,” which obscured the face of both sun and moon, during the whole time; so that the want of clearness in the atmosphere might operate, as well to prevent his observing the sun under the appearance described by Marten, as also the different colours of the sea, as mentioned by Hudson†.

* Captain Phipps’s *Voyage*, *Literary Journal*, No. II.

† The reader will find some interesting accounts of atmospherical phenomena observed in the Arctic Seas, illustrated with plates, in Mr. O’Reilly’s recent work, entitled *Greenland*, &c.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

HALF-MOURNING.

PLATE 4.—WALKING DRESS.

A ROUND dress of figured silk, the ground grey, with a small black leaf: the body is made partially high round the shoulders and back, but sloped low in front of the bust; it is trimmed with a puffing of grey crape, ornamented between each puff with a jet bead. Short full sleeve, tastefully finished in the Spanish style with black satin slashes. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed with a deep flounce of black crape, embroidered in grey silk: this is surmounted by a plain band of black crape, richly embroidered in grey silk; and the whole is finished by a broad band of bias black satin laid on full. *Fichu* of white crape, with a very full white crape ruff. Over this dress is a pelisse composed of either black or grey velvet, lined with white sarsnet. The body is made tight to the shape, and comes up high behind, but has no coliar; it is sloped before so as to display the *fichu*; it wraps across in front, and has a falling white satin pelerine, which has a very graceful effect on the shape. The sleeve is rather tight; the shoulders are finished by puffings of white satin, and the bottoms of the sleeves ornamented with full bands of white satin. The trimming, which goes all round the pelisse, consists of satin *coquings* interspersed with leaves. Head-dress, a gipsy hat, composed of white British Leghorn, and ornamented with a full plume of ostrich feathers: the brim

is turned up before and behind. Black leather half-boots. White kid gloves. Ermine muff.

PLATE 5.—EVENING DRESS.

A white crape round dress over a white sarsnet slip; it is cut very low all round the bust, and the waist is as short as possible: a full sleeve, which is likewise very short. The bottom of the skirt is ornamented with a full rouleau of white crape, which stands out, and is surmounted by a broad and rich trimming composed of jet beads. A white crape apron is worn with this dress; it is a three-quarter length, narrow at top, and broad towards the bottom; it is finished with rich tassels at each end, and has a slight embroidery in black silk all round. A necklace and brooch of jet, put on in the Grecian style, partly shade the bust. Ear-rings, armlets, and bracelets of jet to correspond. Head-dress, *la toque de Ninon*; it is of a moderate height, and of an elegantly simple form: it is ornamented with a long plume of ostrich feathers, which fall over to the left side, and a butterfly composed of jet, which is placed in the centre of the forehead. White leather shoes, with jet clasps. White kid gloves.

We are indebted to Mrs. Smith of 15, Old Burlington-street, for both our dresses this month.

 GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON
FASHION AND DRESS.

From a humane consideration for the numerous body of tradespeople





THE EVENING DRESS

whom a long continuance of deep mourning would be the means of seriously injuring, his Royal Highness the Prince Regent has graciously ordered a change of mourning in the beginning of this month. The mourning for the court consists of black silk with plain muslin; and on the 24th black silk with coloured ribbons. We must observe, however, that this etiquette seems likely to be confined to the court, as a mixture of black and white in full dress, and black and grey in undress, is expected to be very general in the highest circles.

The promenade costume does not promise to differ materially from that of last month: we have, however, procured for our subscribers one very elegant novelty, which we have given in our print. We have seen also some fine cloth shawls, of a very large size, richly worked at the ends in a mixture of chenille and silk, which are expected to be very fashionable; and Angola shawls also, of a large size, are likely to be extremely tonish.

With respect to bonnets, nothing appears likely to be so fashionable during the remainder of the mourning as the British Leghorn; which, by the bye, was a French invention, and is still worn in Paris under the name of *la paille-coton*: it is cotton plaited to imitate straw, and as the plaits are extremely fine, it really has a great resemblance to Leghorn: it is, however, much more calculated for summer than winter wear, and will very probably be generally adopted towards the end of the spring.

The most favourite morning dress at present is the waggoner's frock, which is made so like what

it is called, that a description of it is unnecessary: the fulness of the upper part of the bust is confined by several rows of rich silk beading; the collar is a puckered rouleau, and the long sleeve, which is very loose, is finished at the hand to correspond.

Grey or white lustrings, poplins, and tabbinets, are in preparation for undress: the trimmings are crape. Those already made up are very moderately trimmed.

We have seen one very elegant dinner dress, just made for a lady of high rank: it is composed of fine white Merino cloth; the body is three-quarter high, and fastens behind with small grey silk buttons; the front of the bust is let-in with puffs of grey satin, which are so placed as to form the shape of a heart; round each puff, nearly at the edge of the cloth, is a little narrow grey silk beading: a short full sleeve, composed of two falls of white cloth and one of grey satin. A very full white crape frill, pointed and slightly embroidered in grey silk, goes round the bust. At the bottom of the skirt is a large rouleau of grey satin, and over it an embroidery, in grey chenille, of short ostrich feathers; they are embroidered separately at some distance from each other, and are placed in a drooping position: the effect of this trimming is very novel and striking.

We have noticed also a very neat and appropriate black silk dress: it is a rich figured sarsnet; the body made low, with a white sarsnet stomacher; the bust and the sides of the stomacher trimmed with a narrow rouleau of white puckered crape. Long sleeves, finished at

the bottom with a broad full white crape cuff, the fulness confined by black silk beading; a row of points is attached to the cuff at each edge. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed with a broad pointed crape flounce set on full; a narrow corkscrew roll of intermingled white crape and plain black ribbon is placed upon the flounce, the upper part of which forms a narrow heading; it is not pointed, but left plain, and edged with black silk beading.

This is the most lady-like slight mourning that we have seen; we say slight, because black sarsnet can never be considered as deep mourning. It does not appear likely that any change will take place in head-dresses for full dress till after the 24th, when coloured ribbons, flowers, and jewellery will be resumed. We have seen a very great variety of beautiful winter flowers; but it is impossible to say yet what is most likely to be fashion-

able for the head. Some diadem wreaths, of a new and becoming form, which we saw at the lady's who furnished our dresses, were composed of coral-coloured crape and satin: their effect was very striking, and at any distance they might have been mistaken for coral.

Black shoes, or half-boots, and white gloves for morning; and white gloves and shoes for evening: the latter have always black rosettes or clasps.

Ermine, sable, and swansdown are the favourite furs.—The benevolence which led her late Majesty to give her constant support to our own manufactures, will render her death a serious loss to trade. It is most earnestly to be hoped, that those whom her example swayed during her lifetime, will prove their respect to her memory, by imitating in this particular what was her constant practice during her long and virtuous life.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, Dec. 20.

My dear SOPHIA,

I WAS just going to despatch a letter to you when I heard the melancholy news of the death of her late Majesty. Conscious that at that moment my intelligence would be perfectly useless, I deferred writing, that I might send you some account of the court mourning; but from the shortness of its duration, and its being adopted by those only who are immediately connected with the court, I think that some description of the present modes will be more useful to you, especially as you can have any of the things which I shall describe made in half-mourning.

I must not, however, forget to tell you, that all the English of any distinction in Paris have paid to her Majesty's memory that tribute of respect which she so well merited. *Drap de St. Maur*, which we are obliged to substitute for bombazine, is worn in undress, very full trimmed with black crape. Bonnets and spencers of black velvet, which are rendered deep mourning by the quantity of black crape used to trim them, are generally adopted for out-door costume. For full dress, black crape frocks over black sarsnet slips, with either black or white crape *toques*, or garlands of black or white roses, mingled with cypress-leaves. Another style of

head-dress, and one that on a tall graceful woman looks remarkably well, is a long narrow crape scarf twisted through the hair in cork-screw rolls; one end falls carelessly to a considerable length behind.

Now for the promenade costume of the ever-changing Parisian *belle*, who, in spite of the lateness of the season, appears as frequently in cambric muslin as in cloth or velvet. I am speaking, however, only of gowns, with which velvet spencers are always worn: notwithstanding this, I think they have a very cold and comfortless appearance. I like much better white or coloured Merino cloth, which is equally fashionable. Velvet dresses are not much worn for the promenade, but they are exceedingly fashionable for evening parties.

Gowns are made in a plain but becoming style, only that the skirts are in my opinion too narrow to be graceful. High dresses are invariably adopted for the promenade, the bodies of which vary: some are made to wrap across in front; these have small standing collars, which do not come more than half way round the neck: the front is sloped down from the collar so as to display the *fichu*. The waist is very short, the back plain, and broader than they have been lately worn: the sleeve long, and of an easy fullness; it is ornamented with an epaulette of a novel but simple form; it is a small square of the same material, cut up the middle to the shoulder. The half-sleeve, the bust, and the wrists are finished by three bands of narrow ribbon, and there are as many as nine or ten round the bottom of the skirt: these ribbons are sometimes a shade

or two darker than the dress, sometimes of a different and strongly contrasted colour: in the first case the dress is gentlewomanly and appropriate to the walking costume; but in the latter the effect is often bad, for the French have, at least in my opinion, very little taste in contrasting colours.

Another style of body, and one which certainly shews the figure to great advantage, is made tight to the shape, but falls more than usually off the shoulder; it meets in front, and is fastened down to the waist with coral-coloured silk Brandenbourgs: the bust is richly ornamented with braiding of the same colour: a small half-sleeve, formed only of a narrow roll of cloth, is braided across, and the waist is finished with a very rich *cordón*, disposed in a bow and long ends. The bottom of the skirt is usually finished with a broad coral-coloured velvet band; and the bottom of the sleeve, which is long, and of an easy fullness, has also a band of velvet to correspond.

Spencers, which I must observe are almost always of plain black velvet, are made in a pretty and becoming, though not very novel style. They are tight to the shape, have no collar, meet in front, and are clasped at the bottom of the waist by a gold buckle: they are slashed on each side of the front with black satin. The sleeve is also thickly slashed across all the way down in front of the arm. A narrow pelerine goes all round, and is finished, as well as the cuff, with a trimming of about an inch in breadth; it is composed of hard-twisted silk, and is pointed.

Though we have a variety of

promenade head-dresses, they afford little room for description. The large shape is still most prevalent; but of late some *élégantes*, who affect simplicity, have made an attempt, and I think rather a successful one, to bring small bonnets into favour. Black velvet, beaver, *pluche*, and satin are all in favour for *chapeaux*. The first are almost invariably lined with white satin; the edge of the brim is ornamented either with puffs of black gauze, which are always at some distance from each other, or else a row of shells made of broad satin ribbon. Sometimes a plain band of velvet, edged with satin, goes round the bottom of the crown, and a rich plume of down feathers, generally black, is placed upright in front; at other times a puffing of gauze goes round the crown, between each puff is a little clasp of jet: there are five or six short down feathers placed in front of the hat, each feather being inserted separately in a gauze puff.

Beaver hats are in general worn without feathers; they are lined with white or coloured satin, or sometimes with silk *pluche*. The crowns are ornamented with three narrow bands of velvet, placed at some distance from each other, and fastened at the left side either by small metal buckles, or else three steel buckles: if the lining be *pluche*, it sometimes turns up an inch or two round the edge of the brim.

Satin is never worn by itself in *chapeaux*; it is always mixed with velvet. The satin is always white, but the velvet of different colours; of these, *ponceau*, which I think I formerly described to you as being

a deep full red, something of the tinge of ruby, but not so brilliant, is the present favourite. One of the prettiest bonnets I have seen was composed of white satin and *ponceau* velvet; the brim was large, lined with velvet, and finished round the edge with a piece of white satin doubled and twisted, which had a very rich effect. The crown was low, and of a dome shape; the satin was laid on full, but very little of it was visible, from pieces of bias velvet being disposed across it, which were so placed as to give to the white satin the appearance of slashes: two of these pieces were pointed at the ends, and just met under the chin, where they fastened with a little bow of *ponceau* satin ribbon. This bonnet had no ornament; indeed it did not want one, for the brim being very large, and of an uncommon width in front, stood up from the face.

Silk *pluche* hats are ornamented sometimes with ostrich, sometimes with down, feathers; they are lined in general with satin, and finished round the edge of the brim with the same material twisted: the short down feather edging, which formerly used to trim the brims of bonnets, is sometimes mingled with this twist; it has a bad effect; you see the little bits of feathers peeping out here and there in an irregular manner, which gives the hat the appearance of not being properly trimmed. *Capotes* are at present scarcely ever worn, and then only for the retired morning walk.

But enough, and perhaps, as you are not a Frenchwoman, you will say, too much of *la tête*. Morning dress affords nothing this month

particularly worthy of your notice. Dinner gowns are frequently the same as for the promenade, unless for grand parties, when the ladies appear in full dress. For these occasions gowns are composed of velvet, white Merino, satin, or a newly invented silk, which, without being heavy, is the richest that I have ever seen.

Dress gowns are always cut low round the bust, and many of them are ornamented in front with gold cord and Brandenbourgs in the stomacher style. The sleeves, which are very short, are usually looped high with Brandenbourgs and cord to correspond: upon white satin, silk, or Merino dresses, this has a beautiful effect. The bottoms of the skirts are usually trimmed with deep blond lace; there are seldom more than two flounces. Sometimes the trimming is a rich black fringe; this is particularly the case when the dress is velvet. Azure velvet is in the greatest favour, but violet, fawn-colour, and grass-green are also worn.

Embroidery is likewise a favourite trimming for Merino dresses, but the Parisian *belles* use too much of it. There are two or three cloth flounces richly embroidered, and put on at some distance from each other: this you would doubtless think was quite enough for a cloth dress, but we are not so easily satisfied; the spaces between the flounces must also be embroidered, so that the whole of the bottom of the skirt is literally covered with flowers.

Head-dresses of hair are now more general than they have been for some time; and flowers, which

are banished from the promenade, are partially adopted in full dress. The hair is dressed higher than it has been for some time; it forms a profusion of bows, which are scattered irregularly over the top of the head. A few corkscrew ringlets are carelessly wound among these bows, and fall in a bunch at one side of the head. The front hair is disposed in very full curls on each temple: the forehead is partially exposed.

Those ladies who appear *en chevelure* ornament the crown of the head with a wreath *à la Cléopâtre*; it is composed in general of roses, of which there are bunches of three together, and each bunch at a distance from the other. This wreath is placed very far back, and a bandeau of diamonds or pearls encircles the forehead.

Toques and *toquets* are the only fashionable head-dresses in full dress. The former are peaked in the centre of the forehead in the Mary of Scotland style: some of our *élégantes* have the *toque* peaked also at the ears. The *toquet* is exactly in the form of a child's cap; it is composed of satin, and ornamented from distance to distance with Spanish puffs of blond or *tulle*: it is bordered by a *ruche* of either material.

Fashionable colours are, azure, *ponceau*, grass-green, violet, bright ruby, rose-colour, and fawn-colour.

You will not, I am sure, dear Sophia, say that my epistles smell of the lamp: nevertheless it is now long past midnight. Adieu, my beloved friend! Believe me always truly your

EUDOCIA.

I had forgotten to say, that chin-chilla and swansdown are the most fashionable furs. Muffs are not yet much worn, but round tippets are

general. Merino gowns are sometimes trimmed with swansdown, but I have as yet seen only a few.

THE SELECTOR :

Consisting of INTERESTING EXTRACTS from NEW POPULAR PUBLICATIONS.

THE MANNERS OR WAY OF LIFE OF THE GREENLANDERS.

(From EGEDE'S *Description of Greenland*.)

THOUGH the Greenlanders are as yet subject to no government, nor know of any magistrates, or laws, or any sort of discipline; yet they are so far from being lawless or disorderly, that they are a law to themselves; their even temper and good-nature making them observe a regular and orderly behaviour towards one another. One cannot enough admire how peaceably, lovingly, and united they live together; hatred and envy, strifes and jars are never heard of among them*: and although it may happen that one bears a grudge to another, yet it never breaks out into any scolding or fighting; neither have they any words to express such passions, or any injurious and provoking terms of quarreling. It has happened once or twice, that a very wicked and malicious fellow, out of a secret grudge, has killed another; which none of the neighbours have taken notice of,

but all let it pass with a surprising indolence; save the next kindred to the dead, if he finds himself strong enough, revenges his relation's death upon the murderer: they know of no other punishment. But those old women called witches, and such as pretend to kill or hurt by their conjuring; to such they shew great rigour, making nothing of killing and destroying them without mercy: and they pretend that it is very well done; those people not deserving to live, who by secret arts can hurt and make away with others.

They have as great an abhorrence of stealing or thieving among themselves, as any nation upon earth; wherefore they keep nothing shut up under lock and key, but leave every thing unlocked, that every body can come at it, without fear of losing it.

This vice is so much detested by them, that if a maiden should steal any thing, she would thereby forfeit a good match. Yet if they can lay hands upon any thing belonging to us foreigners, they make no great scruple of conscience about it. But, as we now have lived some time in the country amongst them,

* When they see our drunken sailors quarreling and fighting together, they say we are inhuman; that those fighters do not look upon one another to be of the same kind. Likewise, if an officer beats any of the men, they say, such officer treats his fellow-creatures like dogs.

and are looked upon as true inhabitants of the land, they at last have forborne to molest us any more that way.

As to the transgressions of the seventh commandment, we never have found them guilty in that point, either in words or deeds, except what passes amongst the married people in their public diversions.

As for what we call civility and compliments, they do not much trouble themselves about them; they go and come, meet and pass one another, without making use of any greeting or salutation: yet they are far from being unmannerly or uncivil in their conversation; for they make a difference among persons, and give more honour to one than to another, according to their merit and deserts. They never enter any house where they are strangers, unless they are invited; and when they come in, the master of the house, to whom they pay the visit, shews them the place where they are to take their seat.

As soon as a visitor enters the house, he is desired forthwith to

strip naked, and to sit down in this guise like all the rest; for it is the grand fashion with them, to dry the clothes of their guest. When victuals are put before him, he takes care not to begin eating immediately, for fear of being looked upon as starved, or of passing for a glutton. He must stay till all the family is gone to bed before he can lie down, for to them it seems unbecoming that the guest should go to rest before the landlord. Whenever a stranger comes into a house, he never asks for victuals, though ever so hungry: nor is there any need he should; for they generally exercise great hospitality, and are very free with what they have; and what is highly to be admired and praiseworthy, they have most things in common; and if there be any among them (as it will happen) who cannot work or get his livelihood, they do not let him starve, but admit him freely to their table; in which they confound us Christians, who suffer so many poor and distressed mortals to perish for want of food.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

Mr. ACKERMANN has in the press, and will appear early in January, *The Countess of Carrick*, a love tale and clandestine marriage; a poem, dedicated to the Right Hon. Lady Frances Vane Tempest, by Carolan.

A work, called *The Entomologist's Pocket Compendium*, is in the press: containing an Introduction to the knowledge of British Insects; the apparatus used, and the best means of obtaining and preserving them; the genera of Linnè; together with

the modern method of arranging the classes Crustacea, Myriapoda, Spiders, Mites, and Insects, according to their affinities and structure, after the system of Dr. Leach: also an explanation of the terms used in Entomology; a calendar of the time, and situations where usually found, of nearly 3000 species; and instructions for collecting and fitting up objects for the microscope: illustrated with twelve plates; by George Samouelle, Associate of the Linnæan Society of London.

Mr. George Chalmers has nearly completed his *Life of Mary Queen of Scots*. It is drawn from state papers, and six subsidiary Memoirs are appended: 1. Of the calumnies concerning the Scottish Queen; 2. Memoirs of Francis II.; 3. Memoirs of Lord Darnley; 4. Memoirs of the Earl of Bothwell; 5. Memoirs of the Earl of Murray; 6. Memoirs of Secretary Maitland. It will be in two vols. 4to. and will be illustrated by several portraits, views, and plates of medals.

The tragedy of *Guilt*, by Adolph Mülner, which has received so much applause in Germany, is about to be translated into English.

Mr. Oxley, surveyor-general of the territory of New South Wales, will soon bring out his *Journal of an Expedition over a Part of the Terra Incognita, called Australasia*.

Letters will appear in a few days from the North of Italy, on the government, statistics, manners, language, and literature of the Peninsula: they are by Mr. W. Stewart Rose.

The Life and Adventures of Antar, a celebrated Bedowen chief, warrior, and poet, who flourished a few years before the æra of Mahomet, have been translated from the Arabic by T. Hamilton, Esq. Oriental secretary to the British embassy to Constantinople.

Mr. J. L. Burkhardt's *Account of a Journey up the Nile, from Assouan to Dar El Mahass, on the Frontiers of Dongola*, performed in the months of February and March 1813, will be printed very shortly.

An interesting work is announced by Lieutenant Hackett of the artillery, containing *A Narrative of the Events attending the Expedi-*

tion which sailed from England in the Winter of 1817, under the Command of Colonels Campbell, Gilmore, Wilson, and Hipplesley, to aid the Patriots of South America: with an exposure of the delusions practised, and an account of the proceedings, distresses, and ultimate fate of the troops; with observations and authentic information, elucidating the real character of the contest, as respects the mode of warfare, and the present state of the Independent armies.

Speedily will be published (introductory to a superb edition of the Seasons, &c. with illustrations and embellishments,) a new *Biographical Memoir of Thomson*: in which will be introduced many interesting anecdotes of his early life, and that of his patron, Sir W. Bennet of Marlefield; a fac simile of Thomson's hand-writing, and a collection of his early poems, which was in the possession of Mallet, preceptor to the sons of the Duke of Montrose, in whose family the MSS. have been preserved for nearly a century. The whole will be dedicated to the Earl of Buchan.

The following works are in the hands of printers, and will appear very soon:

1. *Maternal Conversations*, by Madame Dufresnoy.

2. *The Schoolfellows*, by the author of the *Twin Sisters*, second edition.

3. *A Father's Lessons*, by Jaufret, author of the *Travels of Rolando*, second edition.

4. *Family Suppers*, or *Evening Tales for Young People*, by Madame Delafaye.

5. *The Book of Versions*, or *Guide*

to the Translation and Construction of French, second edition, corrected and enlarged, by J. Cherpelland.

6. *Le Curé de Wakefield*, translated into French by J. A. Voullaire.

A bookseller of Paris having procured some unpublished manuscripts of Diderot, is about to publish them in the form of a supplement to the works of that philosopher. The most curious part of this volume is a *Journey to Holland*, and the stay which Diderot made there in 1773, on his return from Petersburg. It contains a very curious anecdote, which deserves to be known: "A person named Calf, an inhabitant of Saardam, took a journey to Paris under the name of the Baron Deveau: he was a man of good education, and by no means deficient in talent or politeness. He mixed with the world, spent some hundred thousands of florins, and then returned to his village, and resumed the station and dress of a peasant. Two Frenchmen, who had known him, arrived at Amsterdam with some bills of exchange, which were not yet due: they endeavoured to get them discounted in vain: this accident perplexed them: at length they recollected the Baron Deveau, and inquired for him. Chance directed them to a person who had connections with Calf, and who was not ignorant of his expedition to Paris. 'I know, gentlemen,' said he, 'what baron you speak of, and I will not delay introducing you to him.' This was on a Sunday. On the Monday the Frenchmen waited on their acquaintance, who conducted them to the market, where Calf, with his whip in his hand, standing in front of his waggon, had just arrived with his butter,

cheese, eggs, and milk. 'Here,' said their conductor, 'this peasant whom you see is, if I am not mistaken, your baron.' The Frenchmen immediately recognised him. They advanced towards him: he remembered them, embraced and offered them his services. They explained their situation to him. 'What,' cried Calf, 'is that all? Come to-morrow to Saardam: I shall expect you between one and two; neither earlier nor later, if you please.' The next day they arrived at the appointed hour. Calf, dressed as a baron, opened the door to them; they entered, and a good dinner was served on a round table, around which were no other seats than little wooden stools, on which they were obliged to seat themselves; Calf telling them that he could not compliment them more than by treating them according to the fashion of the country. The dinner over, he added, 'I beg, gentlemen, you will not disdain these rustic seats; they are worth many others.' He lifted up the tops, and discovered heaps of gold; they each contained 200,000 florins, and altogether about two millions. 'As for your bills of exchange,' continued he, 'in what coin would you like them to be paid? In piastres, in French louis, in guineas, or in ducats? You have only to say.'

For the information of friends, the Provisional Committee for Encouragement of Industry and Reduction of Poor's Rates has great pleasure in stating, that their adopted resolution to request information has been very successful, having the gratification of receiving perpetual communications of the greatest interest from every quarter.

CHANGEABLE LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.
FOR THE REPOSITORY.

MR. EDITOR,

Two very ingenious, pleasant, and, if they are judiciously applied, most useful toys, have lately appeared, which I think bid fair to be the most popular *bagatelles* that have appeared even in the present period of inexhaustible invention. But though they are perfectly new in their original idea, they have a name of considerable antiquity, nay which has existed as far back as time itself, as we know of no period, at least if we are to believe the historians of all periods, when CHANGEABLE LADIES and CHANGEABLE GENTLEMEN did not exist; and such is the title of this curious contrivance. The amusement they will create is self-evident, when the number of changes which these boxes of heads will produce of the human countenance, is taken into consideration: likenesses of every kind may be formed; recollections of every kind, whether of friends, or of lovers, or of extraordinary characters, may be restored; the grand, the grotesque, the beautiful, the whimsical, may be produced in the most pleasing, surprising, and even laughable varieties. The ladies indeed have, how justly soever I will not pretend to determine, been considered as greater lovers of variety than the gentlemen; but in this

amusement, if any lively gentleman should charge the charming sex with a small tendency to changeableness, the ladies may retort upon him, as these toys represent an equal number of male faces, and which occasion an equal number of varieties, and capable of causing an equal portion of mirth, vivacity, ridicule, or reflection.

But it is not only for the mirth of a party round a table, or the more serious study of physiognomy, that this invention may be useful; it may also be attended with great and novel advantages to the higher branch of the arts, even to the historical painters, who are known to be very reserved in their variety of heads, ten or a dozen being the most that the best of them possess as original ideas for all their characters. This collection will create a number of variations of the human countenance, that requires exact calculation to bring it within the compass of belief. Mr. Ackermann falls infinitely short when he limits them to about 5000 changes: whereas the fact is, that they amount to 21,952. The following table will perhaps be interesting to some of your readers, and most certainly will surprise all of them, when they find that 100 of these dividable portraits will actually produce one million of these changes. Z.

2 sets change into	2 ×	2 ×	2 i. e.	8
3	3 ×	3 ×	3 . .	27
4	4 ×	4 ×	4 . .	64
10	10 ×	10 ×	10 . .	1000
20	20 ×	20 ×	20 . .	8000
28	28 ×	28 ×	28 . .	21,952
30	30 ×	30 ×	30 . .	27,000
100	100 ×	100 ×	100 . .	One million!

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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 Letter of S. S. came too late for insertion in the present Number.

The Character of Macbeth shall not be long delayed.

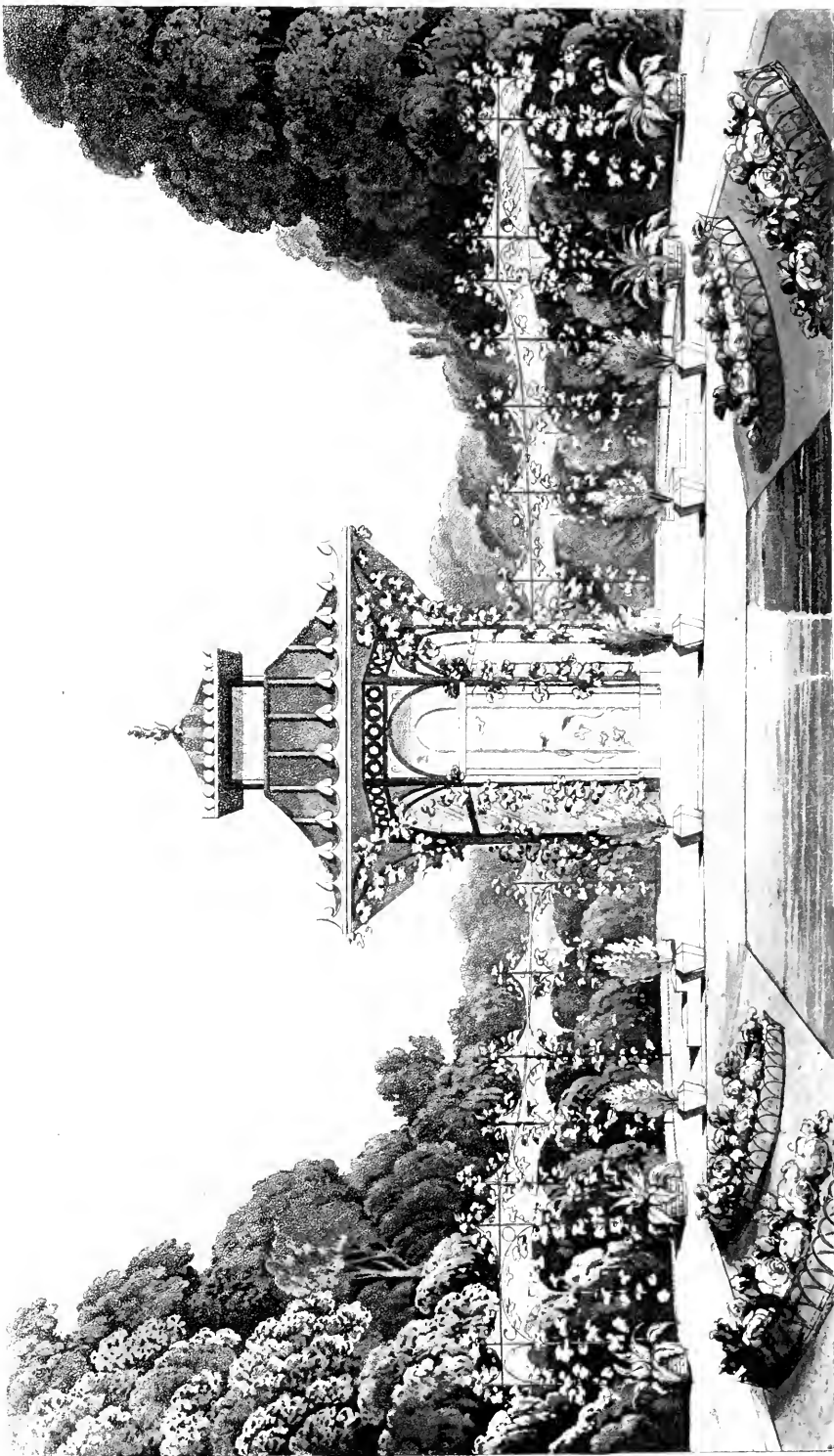
Peter Primset's third Letter is received: he will excuse us for pruning it in a few passages.

The last communication of Antiquarius we fear is scarcely calculated for our purpose: it is, however, under consideration.

K. K. K. is mistaken in his conjecture, which was sufficiently ingenious, though more than sufficiently erroneous.

The lines signed Democritus are not admissible on many accounts.

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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HINTS ON ORNAMENTAL GARDENING.

(Continued from p. 2.)

PLATE 7.—AN AVIARY FOR A FLOWER-GARDEN.

THE formal style of disposing the materials of a country residence, as practised by Wise, Switzer, and others, about the beginning of the last century, was pursued with a modified practice by Kent the architect; whose general ideas were little departed from, until Brown, adopting nature for his model, with considerable taste and judgment selected the favourable, the beautiful, and the striking features of rural scenery, and studiously congregated them about the mansion, forming thence a landscape scenery that should appear less the work of art than of Nature herself. The more tastefully to obtain this end, Mr. Brown gave us the important example of seeking in the works of eminent painters for those delineations of pictorial beauty, which in the higher classes of landscape art are most particularly engaging: hence the terms *picturesque* and *landscape-gardening* are applied to such dispositions of the ground, water, trees, shrubberies, &c. as the

artist, in the highest class of landscape art, would prefer as objects wherewith to compose his picture. These terms, however, have since been forcibly objected to, but whether reasonably or otherwise is not the present inquiry; it is sufficient that they were of natural birth, and point out the leading principles by which the extraordinary transition was so rapidly made in designs for country residences, in which the formalities of geometric skill were so successfully superseded by the easy simplicity of nature.

Science being but of gradual progress, it was not to be expected, in styles so differing from each other, that the new one should be wholly pure and unmixed with some of the characteristics of the preceding style: we ought not, therefore, to expect in the designs of Mr. Brown, that a latent feeling of the earlier practice may not be discovered. In his works there is to be found too much evidence of those trammels, which his followers

have endeavoured to avoid; but these cannot abridge the well-earned fame of their "great self-taught predecessor," as Mr. Repton terms him, nor lessen our admiration of his practice.

In Mr. Brown's arrangements an undulating surface of ground was sought, and improved to such slopes and forms as were calculated to produce variety and grace; and on the most commanding, if not the most conspicuous, height, he usually placed the mansion, the plan of which was comprised in a square figure: in the rear of this, or wholly beneath the ground, he placed the domestic offices. The stables were more removed, and on lower ground, and the kitchen garden yet more so; these he surrounded by thick plantations, containing walks within them: he did not, however, wholly exclude the most striking of the subordinate buildings from the eye of the distant spectator, but rather permitted them to appear and bear a secondary part in the landscape.

Water formed a great feature in his designs, whenever Mr. Brown had the means of employing it; this he conducted through the park in the character of a small river, so as to be conspicuous from the principal fronts of the house: its banks were gently sloped; bridges, cascades, and islands formed its chief embellishments; and its effect was greatly heightened by the plantations called clumps, that Mr. Brown profusely scattered over the whole residence, so as to form vistas terminating in some agreeable effect in art or nature.

The whole of his design Mr. Brown surrounded by a plantation called a belt, through which was

formed a boundary drive or walk; which, though much admired at the time, certainly gave a restricted air to the property, however beautiful or extensive. The immediate neighbourhood of the house was disposed in lawns and shrubberies, forming a pleasure-ground, which was carefully mown and embellished, and calculated to produce effect, and beautiful but limited variety.

The road of approach was made to traverse a considerable portion of the park in a sinuous direction to the building, so as to display some of the great features of the design: it was embellished and supported in its progress by bridges as it crossed the river, and by clumps, through some of which it was made to pass, until arrived at the mansion, which was the more concealed as it was approached, and until nearly reaching the portico, the view at once opened with bold and striking magnificence.

The wild, as well as the polished, characters of scenery were not neglected, and small buildings and other decorative edifices were distributed over the whole as objects of embellishment and pleasure.—
(*To be continued.*)

The plate annexed is a design for an embellishment to a flower-garden, and consists of an aviary, in the centre of an arcade of woodbine, roses, jessamines, &c. and ornamented by a fountain, and basin for gold and silver fish. In the roof a retreat is formed for the birds, which is capable of affording shelter and protection during the months in which they would be so placed.

MISCELLANIES.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE ADVISER.

SIR,

WHAT I have seen hitherto of your advice to your correspondents, induces me to apply to you as my last hope. I was a short time ago one of the happiest women in the world, and I am now altogether as miserable. The particulars of this change will take you some time to read; but as it is absolutely necessary that I should recount them, in order to benefit by your advice, I will relate them without further preface.

I was the youngest daughter of a respectable gentleman, who loved me with an affection which I returned so fully, that for his sake I never married. I lost my mother while I was still very young, but her place was in a great measure supplied by a sister some years older than myself. When I was of an age to take the management of my father's house, my sister married. Ten years afterwards she died, as did also her husband, leaving one daughter, then an infant, whom I took charge of.

The death of my sister sensibly affected both my father and myself, but her infant, who resembled her very much in person, consoled us for her loss: my father soon became very much attached to her, and as to me, I doted on her as fondly as if she had been my own.

My father, who was a plain sensible man, had given my sister and myself a useful and solid, but by no means a brilliant education; and my niece received a similar one. When she was about ten years old

my father died, and she then became the sole tie that attached me to the world: till she was sixteen, she was my pride and pleasure, and was allowed to be the prettiest and best girl in the town in which we live. I am afraid, Mr. Adviser, that I was too proud of her; if so, Heaven knows I am punished.

The only thing in her that I wished otherwise, was a degree of timidity, which, while it made her feel uncomfortable with strangers, prevented her appearing to advantage. I sometimes lamented this failing in confidence to my old friend Mrs. Loveinode, and she always assured me that it was my fault. "Why don't you give the girl a little polishing?" she would say: "as your heiress, she will have a pretty fortune, and ought to see something of the world; put her for a year or two to a fashionable boarding-school, and this troublesome bashfulness will soon wear off."

I knew that my father always had a dislike to boarding-schools, and I constantly refused to agree to this proposal; but, as my ill luck would have it, the peace with France took off the restrictions which our intercourse with that kingdom had laboured under. Several of my neighbours sent their daughters to finish their education in France; and Madame le Bronze, who resided near me, gave up her school, taking with her six young ladies, whom she declared were all that she would admit as boarders. They were to receive all the advantages

of a polished education, aided by an introduction to good company, for madame declared that her connections were of the first order.

As the number was so small, and Madame le Bronze was a very well-behaved woman, I consented to send my darling with her for a year. I cannot tell you, Mr. Adviser, what it cost me to part with her; as for her, poor child! she was drowned in tears, and clung round my neck as if she would never loose her grasp: at last I forced her away, and for months together my only comfort was to think of the improvement I should find in her at her return.

For the first few months her letters were all that I could wish, but by degrees they became shorter and colder; and sometimes they were so blotted, that I could scarcely read them. When I complained of this, she told me that it proceeded from her being so accustomed to the French language, that she frequently forgot herself so far as to write part of a sentence in it instead of English, and as she knew my dislike to the introduction of French phrases, she blotted them out.

I thought it a little strange, that in a few months she should be more familiar with a foreign language than with her native tongue; but I was willing to impute it to the eagerness with which she studied French, and I accounted for the shortness of her letters in the same way.

The year expired, and instead of returning home, she petitioned for half a year longer. Madame le Bronze seconded her; sending me at the same time such a catalogue of sciences, which she said my girl

was studying, and would be mistress of in a short time, that I thought the French must possess superhuman powers of tuition to cram them all into the head even of a genius, which I never had supposed my girl to be, in eighteen months time. Botany, chemistry, conchology, mineralogy, and the Lord knows how many other *ologys*, were added to music, drawing, dancing, and Italian.

Though I had no intention, nor in fact wish, that Martha should study such a number of things, yet, as I understood she had made some progress in them all, I took the advice of my friend Mrs. Lovemodé, and suffered her to remain. I also acceded readily to Madame le Bronze's demand of higher terms; for I thought that I ought to pay handsomely for the girl's acquiring so many accomplishments. In short, at the end of the eighteen months I was fool enough to take Mrs. Lovemodé's advice, and let her stay six months longer; but as during that time I received only two letters from her, and both of them very unsatisfactory, I then peremptorily insisted upon her return, and five weeks ago she arrived.

How shall I paint to you, Mr. Adviser, the change that has taken place in her manners? She met me with an unmoved countenance; and instead of returning the caresses which I lavished on her with an appearance of affection, saluted me coldly, first on one cheek and then on the other; while she assured me with a frigid air, in a jargon which I could scarcely understand, that she was transported at having the inexpressible felicity of paying me her devoirs.

Though I was struck to the heart, I would not begin to reproach her at the moment of our meeting: I therefore turned the discourse to France, and here I found her eloquent enough. She poured forth a torrent of panegyric upon the country, and every thing in it; and in five minutes used more superlatives than in the first sixteen years of her life. In the midst of her harangue, dinner was brought in. My poor old dog Pompey, which is nearly of her own age, and was her playfellow in infancy, followed the servant, and immediately came fawning about Martha to express his joy at seeing her; but instead of snatching him up as formerly in her arms, she pushed him away with a declaration, that he would spoil her new *redingote à la Berri*.

I protest to you, Mr. Adviser, that at that moment I sincerely wished her *redingote à la Berri* in the fire. Poor Pompey was not less hurt than myself at the affront which he received, and he slunk into a corner of the room. After lamenting that I would not allow her a little time to make her toilet, and protesting affectedly that she was not fit to be seen, Martha took off her *redingote*, and presented herself in a morning dress, so beflounced and beruffled, that I thought I had never seen a more ridiculous figure in my life. My rising anger was checked by the reflection, that girls at her age are in general too much devoted to the fashions, however whimsical or unbecoming they may be, and I sat down to table in silence, resolving to give her my sentiments on the subject of dress mildly, but decidedly, in the course of a few days.

As soon as my young lady sat down to table, she found out that there was nothing that she could eat. The fish she admitted was *passablement*, but it was too fresh to be good, and she could not touch it for want of proper sauce. The chickens were good for nothing, because they were not fricasseed; and as to the beef, though I protest to you, Mr. Adviser, it was roasted to a turn, she assured me it was raw, and fit only for cannibals; besides, plain roasted meat was so excessively insipid; it was quite tasteless without a little *sauce piquante*. This last observation drew from me an *acid* reply, which silenced her for a few minutes; but the appearance of the fruit gave her fresh spirits to find fault: it was bitter, tasteless, sour; in short, it was *détestable*; and I was regaled during the whole time of the dessert with comparisons between English fruit and the *bon chretien* pears, melons, and grapes of France.

As it was known in my neighbourhood that my niece was expected, several of my friends came in the evening to welcome her home. I soon saw that she had completely conquered the bashfulness she used to complain of; but unfortunately, Mr. Adviser, it had given place to a degree of confidence, which in my young days would have been termed downright assurance. She threw herself into a hundred ridiculous attitudes, retailed a number of *bons mots* at which nobody laughed but herself, talked incessantly of the delights of Paris, and the misery of being obliged to vegetate in England; and finally affronted every body by declaring, that Englishwomen who

had not travelled were wholly devoid of *manière*, and the men were so dreadfully *froid* and *stupide*, that it was difficult even for French urbanity and vivacity to humanize them.

From this specimen, Mr. Adviser, you may form some notion of my niece's *improvements*. I can say with truth, that in the five weeks she has been at home, I have not had five minutes' comfort. She seems to consider my house as an hotel, and treats my servants as if they were her slaves. I am obliged to breakfast by myself at nine, because she chooses to take her *déjeûné à la fourchette* in her own apartment at eleven. She makes her appearance at one to complain that my cook will absolutely starve her, for that the *contelets* and *fricandeaux* were spoiled, though she had given the stupid creature a receipt from *L'Almanac Gourmand* to dress them. When she has finished her invective against my cook, she lolls upon the sofa, pays morning visits, or studies how to alter her dress in a still more fantastic style, till she goes to dress for dinner, and she is generally so long at her toilet that it is spoiled.

If we have any company in the evening, she shews off in a manner that makes me ashamed. If we are alone, instead of studying my amusement, which she formerly used to do assiduously, she employs herself in making caricatures of our neighbours, singing French songs, or describing the different public places in Paris. I have tried to make her talk about the peculiar traits of national character which may have fallen under her observation, the public buildings,

the different productions of the country which might be worthy of notice; but I cannot extract a syllable from her on these topics, nor can I find that her reading has gone further than romances and plays.

The change in her disposition is even more galling to me than that in her manners; formerly it was her delight to contribute to the comfort of others, now she seems to think of no living being but herself. When a child, she was accustomed to give as little personal trouble to servants as possible, but since her return home she harasses mine incessantly: both my own woman and my housemaid are employed to dress her; and she assures them all the time she is at her toilet, that they are so abominably awkward, that they cannot place a pin rightly, and that neither of them would be fit to wait upon a French *femme de chambre*. My man-servant, who has grown grey in our family, is despatched by her in all weathers on the most frivolous errands; in short, to use a common but significant phrase, she has turned my house topsy-turvy.

Vexation and surprise kept me silent during the first few days, but perceiving matters get worse instead of better, I resolved to remonstrate. I went accordingly one morning into her apartment, where a fresh subject of disgust awaited me, for I found it in such a litter that every chair was covered with something or other, and even the floor was strewed with books, papers, gowns, caps, bonnets, and drawing materials. As I must own that I have a little of that finical nicety which old maids are sometimes reproached with, you may

suppose this sight raised my ire: but my young lady told me, with great coolness, that it was all my own fault; if I would allow her a proper *femme de chambre*, and fit her up a little elegant boudoir, as I ought to do, the trifling derangement I complained of would not exist.

I shall not tire you, Mr. Adviser, with an account of the remonstrances, entreaties, and at last threats, which I have used to induce this misguided girl to act like a rational creature; suffice it to say, that they have been all in vain; and unless you can suggest to me some plan to bring her back to reason, her folly will embitter the rest of my days. If, good sir, you can hit upon any method of curing her of it, you will be entitled to the eternal gratitude of your humble servant,

HANNAH HOMEWORTH.

I confess that the case of this lady's niece puzzles me more than any that has yet fallen under my observation; because, from her conduct, it is evident that she is materially deficient in good sense. We are all in a great measure the creatures of habit, but people of weak minds are peculiarly so. This girl was brought up properly, and if she had not quitted the circle to which she had been accustomed, would, as she advanced in life, have been a useful and valuable member of society; but a short time spent among frivolous and fantastic people has so completely counteracted the effect of her early habits, that it will be difficult, and perhaps eventually impossible, to induce her to return to them. The only

advice I can give her aunt is, to resist firmly all encroachments upon her domestic comforts; the young lady should be obliged to attend regularly at the hours of meals, and all unreasonable extra trouble to servants should be absolutely prohibited. It will also, I think, be advisable, to bring her as little as possible for some time to come into company; and if Mrs. Homeworth and her friends were to treat her with as much negligence as is consistent with common civility, it might help to lessen the very high opinion which she entertains of herself at present. Raillery might also be useful in inducing her to correct her faults, but it must be free from bitterness or asperity, since the grand point, if it can be effected, is to make her see how truly ridiculous she renders herself. These methods, added to time, from which I have greater hopes than any thing else, may do something towards remedying the evil Mrs. Homeworth complains of, though I would not answer for a complete cure. It is generally long before the demon of foreign foppery can be exorcised where he has once gained firm possession; and with due respect to the ladies be it spoken, his hold upon them is usually more firm than on our sex; for which reason I am of opinion, that in ninety-nine instances out of a hundred our women are more hurt than benefited by an intercourse with their continental neighbours. I grant that by travel they may acquire ease, polish, and information; but surely with a man of sense it will never be a question, whether for the chance of gaining those attractions, they should risk the loss

of their native delicacy, of that strict sense of propriety which harmonizes so finely with every feminine virtue. Be assured, my fair readers, that the graceful veil which your natural reserve throws over your talents, will render you a thousand times more attractive in the eyes of men of sense, than the

brilliant but obtrusive manners of the French could ever do. Be content to remain as nature made you, and you will bear the palm, as you have hitherto done, of beauty, modesty, and good sense, from the rest of Europe.

S. SAGEPHIZ.

COMPARISON BETWEEN CERVANTES AND HOMER.

(From the *SPANISH*.)

CERVANTES may with some limitation be compared with Homer. Both were but little esteemed in their own country, led a wandering and wretched life; yet, since their death, have been the objects of the admiration and applause of the learned and literary in all ages, nations, and countries. Seven powerful cities disputed among themselves the honour of having been the birth-place of Homer; and each of six towns in Spain has arrogated the glory of claiming Cervantes as its own. Both were minds of the first order, born to enlarge those of their fellow men, and to be the founders of separate schools in the republic of letters. Both drew their inventions from the treasures of imagination, with which nature had so richly endowed them; but Homer, soaring in his flight, presented to mankind all the majesty of the gods, the loftiness of heroes, and the riches of the universe. Cervantes, less daring, or more cautious, contented himself with painting to the life the defects of man; touching the heart with his instructive lines, and adorning them with every grace that might render them persuasive,

pleasing, and profitable. The former elevated the soul to the skies, with the view of ennobling it: the latter taught the mind to search and try itself, with the object of meliorating the heart. In Homer all is sublimity; in Cervantes every page is nature. Each in his line is great, excellent, inimitable.

Nothing so much distinguishes the genius and talent of an author as the art of restraining his style within the sphere of his subject, without approaching either of the extremes into which it is too apt to seduce him. Poets, void of genius and judgment, are frequently cold and affected, from their desire to appear sublime; and the greater number of those who use the more popular style, have confounded simplicity with folly, and detail with prolixity. Homer and Cervantes are free from both these defects. The *Iliad* is sublime without bombast, noble without affectation, and lofty without obscurity. The *Quixote* is plain without being gross, simple yet nervous, and familiar without degenerating into vulgarity. Both works present the style suited to their subject with an equality and preciseness very

difficult of acquisition, and reserved for minds of the highest class. The gravity of Luis de Granada, the harmony of Garcilaso, the pure language of Luis de Leon, the loftiness of Fernan Perez de Oliva, and the simplicity of Hernando del

Pulgar, are interwoven in the *Quixote* with the jocund wit suitable to the story and peculiar to its author, who is as inimitable in satire and humour, as Homer in sublimity and majesty.

C. SEVERE.

THE ADVENTURES OF AN OLD BACHELOR.

LETTER II.

I DARE say, Mr. Editor, you thought that ere this the common enemy of mankind had made me his prey, and that I was no longer in the land of the living: you might well conclude so from my long silence, especially after my promise to communicate, in the month following my last letter, a continuation of my *Adventures*. I have a thousand excuses for not fulfilling my engagement. A general was once (as perhaps you have often heard) called upon to state to his government his reasons for not defending a particular fortress, but yielding it upon terms to the enemy: he replied, "I have seventeen reasons to give: in the first place, I had no ammunition; in the second——"—"You need not proceed," said the court; "if you had no ammunition, that is sufficient without any of the other sixteen causes." So I have a thousand excuses, but one will be enough—that I have been so extremely ill with a complication of nervous and bilious attacks, that I could not put pen to paper.

I know that it is very commonly charged against us, that we are valetudinarians—that we are always quacking ourselves with gruels and slops of various sorts; and that if we are in the slightest degree *hip-*

ped by any untoward occurrence, we are thrown into an imaginary fever, and sometimes into a real one. I recollect once a friend of mine, who like myself had the misfortune to be an old bachelor at the age of fifty-four, called upon a friend, a gay lively married man with five or six children. When he entered his house, he never felt better in his life, but he had not paid the ordinary compliments before the married man, looking him in the face, said, with apparent anxiety, "I am afraid you are not well."—"Not well? I thank you; but I never was better in my life—at least for the last five or six years."—"Indeed!" was the reply, and it had something of the same effect upon my fellow-sufferer, the old bachelor, as Iago's "Indeed!" in the play: my friend immediately began to suspect there was something the matter—he began to swallow, to ascertain the state of his stomach, and fancied that he felt sickish or so. He went to the glass, and putting out his tongue, thought it looked white and feverish. He now began to be seriously alarmed: he ran to another glass, and found the same appearance; he felt his pulse, which had begun to beat high in agitation, and concluded that he was actually in a high fever.

He threw himself down in a chair, and almost gasping, called for a little water, and begged that a coach might be sent for to convey him home, expressing even a dread lest he should never reach his lodgings alive. In fact, the remark of the married man was meant quite innocently; he was not at all aware of the effect it would produce upon the sensitive nerves of my celibacious friend, who, in fact, went home in a state of almost life-despairing trepidation, sent for a medical man, and did not quit his bed-room for eight weeks. I state this fact merely to shew the excessive and powerful sensibility of men of my unhappy condition, and how easily their actual health is effected by the merest trifles—by a remark upon the looks of an individual who never had been better in his life than at the moment the remark was made.

Such, without any pretence, has been my situation, only in a less degree, ever since the publication of my first letter inserted in the *Repository* for August last. In truth, Mr. Editor, I had not seen myself in print before for five and thirty years, and then so unfortunately, that the appearance of my letter called back a thousand painful recollections, which I had hoped would never be revived. I know that I have only myself to blame, and that perhaps was one cause why I felt it the more severely. I could not lay the blame upon any body but myself, and that, added to the heavy task I had undertaken for the benefit of the rising generation and posterity, in writing my own memoirs, was such an accumulation of annoying circumstan-

ces, that I can say, without exaggeration, that my mind was thrown into so perturbed a state, that for many weeks I was incapacitated from putting pen to paper: when at last I attempted to renew my exertions, I found my efforts useless, and it is only till two or three days ago that I have been restored to sufficient tranquillity to supply you with a continuation of my last letter.

I am fully persuaded that many and many of your younger readers, both male and female, sincerely participated in the misfortune which befel me in my first love adventure: the mode of the introduction, the circumstances attending it, and above all that most calamitous one, which even to this moment I cannot think of without blushing—the very ink I am writing with seems to my eyes to turn red upon the occasion—were all singular and surprising, although I admit that they partook more of the marvellous than of the romantic. Ah! Margaret, Miss Margaret, would to Heaven you had had no eyes, or that the cruel tenter-hook had made no fissure in my —! I might have been happy with a rising and a hopeful family, in the midst of business and gaiety in the metropolis, instead of being moped up in the country, with one male attendant only (and he a bachelor like myself), excepting my faithful dog, which, for aught I know, may be equally miserable, and from the same cause. But where am I wandering? It is too late to complain, too late to repent, and since my malady is without remedy, let me endure my miseries as patiently as I can, with the con-

solation of doing my utmost to enable others to avoid the rock upon which I split, the rock of celibacy, where I made shipwreck of all my happiness, of all my hopes.

But I shall never begin. I told you in my first letter the particulars of my first amour—the first opening of the blushing bud of love in my bosom; and though from that hateful accident occasioned by the bull, it never came to a verbal and actual declaration, yet my eyes had already avowed the partiality of my heart: yet I am well convinced that had nothing occurred, had no frowning star blighted my hopes, the matter would have been concluded: I told you also that I had had no less than seven opportunities of removing from me the stigma which it at present attaches to my condition. I will now proceed to relate to you a few of the particulars relating to my second enterprize of the same kind, which actually went to the length of an *éclaircissement*. Here again, before I commence my narrative, I must solicit the indulgence of your readers for the disjointed manner in which I may give my account, as the affair is very painful to my feelings, and is connected with that appearance in print thirty-five years ago to which I referred in a preceding paragraph.

You must know, that after my abrupt departure from the first object of my young ambition, I lived for some time a very lonely and secluded life in one of the most populous parts of the metropolis. My purpose was to shut myself out from all communication with my species of either sex, and I thought, and I believe correctly, that I could

not do so more effectually, than by taking an obscure lodging in a street leading out of Tottenham-court-road. I knew nobody, and nobody knew me. I never walked out of doors excepting after dark; and during the day, I amused myself partly in reading books upon various subjects, entertaining and instructive, and partly in playing upon the violin, for I was always fond of music, until, as you shall hear presently, it brought me into such a dilemma, that I resolved to forego it entirely. In this way I lived, if living it might be called, for about five months, at the end of which time I found my health so impaired from want of exercise and close air, that I was obliged to remove to a country lodging in the neighbourhood of Islington. I may observe by the way, that there is no greater misery than for a man of a quiet and studious turn, more especially afflicted as I was with bad spirits, to be compelled to quit a place that he is accustomed to, and to move himself, bag and baggage, to a strange house, and a strange neighbourhood. However, so it was with me, and in the end it turned out to be one of the most unfortunate incidents of my whole life. It is very true, that my new situation was much more airy and healthy; but it did not suit my taste so well as the old-fashioned room to which I had been long accustomed. My new apartment was in one of those cottage-like edifices built by citizens who have more money than wit, and yet more wit than good taste, with a plaster front, which in winter admits the rain, and French windows, which at all times of the year are

very accommodating to the wind; there was likewise a gay green veranda in front, under pretence of keeping out the sun, though the house faced the north. As, however, I took my apartments in the second floor, this was not a matter of importance to me. The drawing-room was occupied by a widow, the mistress of the house, who had been the wife, as I was told, of an officer in the army, but who had not quite sufficient to maintain herself without letting part of her house: all but the two rooms I held were occupied by herself. I was recommended to her as a quiet, orderly, middle-aged lady, well disposed, and well educated; and when first I saw her, I was somewhat surprised to observe that she was considerably younger than I had been led to imagine: I conjectured that she could not be much more than twenty-six years old, and she struck me as being by no means of an uninviting aspect. I had not an opportunity of a personal interview, until after I had entered upon my new apartments, and had been settled in them for five or six days.

At this period I had just completed my twenty-first year, and may I say it without vanity, according to the report of my friends, my looks though sober were not severe, my features were not ill formed, nor my person ill shaped or ill put together? If my dress were too much inclining to the fashion of the preceding century, it was more the fault of my tailor than of myself; for had I walked Bond-street every day, my ignorance and carelessness about matters of the kind were such, that I should never have ob-

served whether coats were worn long or short, or unspeakables (such I must call them, for the literal word after my unhappy misadventure with Miss Margaret must never escape my lips,) large or small. However, the fact is, that I never was in Bond-street in all my life. In pecuniary circumstances, I had also nothing to complain of, for my father, whose premature death I believe I mentioned before, had left me an income of about three times as much as I knew how to spend.

Of course, in my new lodging I did not forsake my old occupations, and the impression my first love had made upon me was gradually effaced by the friction of time and circumstances; at least the edge of my acute feelings was blunted in a considerable degree; and what with music, reading, and walking, I found my health gradually improving. I found also, that Mrs. Georgiana Danvers (for that was the name of the lady in whose house I had taken up my residence) was also passionately fond of music; and when I have been reading on the second floor, I have often and often heard her singing and playing upon the piano-forte. She seemed to me a very interesting woman, and, as far as I could judge, many others were of the same opinion; for she had a great many friends and acquaintances, most of them of the male sex, who very often visited her at hours I used, in my old-fashioned way, to think a little unseasonable. I had the better opportunity of hearing her voice and skill (both of which were considerable), because when she performed, she always had both win-

dows of the room open; and if I wished to listen most attentively, I opened my window also, and the sound ascended very delightfully. The passengers on the road would often stop to listen to her syren notes, which were very attractive.

For about the first week I saw nothing of Mrs. Danvers, though I frequently heard her voice, accompanied by her instrument, and to do her justice, she seemed to possess considerable taste and skill. I dare say too, in that period she had frequently been entertained by my violin, in scraping which I had attained considerable facility, aided by a passionate love for the science of music. One day I happened to be descending the stairs, as I was about to take a walk, while she was ascending them to her own apartment; and I was very much struck by the modesty of her appearance, and the personal charms she displayed: she made me a half courtesy, and blushing hastened away: whether I returned her civility or not, I cannot say, I was in such a state of confusion. For the whole day I could not get the recollection of her white gown and pink ribbons, and of her white forehead and pink cheeks out of my head; and I do not know, that I did not dream of her at night. From that time I often saw her passing from one floor to another, and never without pleasure: I always seemed to be peculiarly fortunate in this respect, for as sure as my foot was heard upon the stairs, she was sure to meet me, and by degrees we grew to the familiarity of "Good morning"—"A fine day"—"I hope you are well," and so on with the ordinary compliments. I was by no means averse to these

salutations, and one day, upon a similar occasion, she took the opportunity of expressing a hope that her paltry strumming did not offend my ears, for I seemed to have an exquisite taste and great skill in music. I daresay I blushed deeply, for while she spoke she smiled upon me very sweetly. I assured her with hesitation, as you may guess, that her voice and science were equally excellent, and that I had great pleasure in listening to her performance. She added, that she had no pretensions either to singing or playing; but she delighted to hear my violin, and lamented that she was obliged to listen to it through brick walls and floors of rooms. I took the hint, and with more assurance than I ever remember to have shewn before or since, I told her, that I should be very happy to afford her an opportunity, if she would condescend to enter my room, at any time when I was engaged in playing. I was not aware that I had been guilty of an impropriety in inviting a delicate female into my room, until I discovered it by a blush upon her forehead; for her cheeks uniformly were covered with the most lively and inviting redness. I hemmed and ha'ad for some time, and at last, after a kind smile of encouragement from Mrs. Danvers, I brought out, that I should be much gratified in attempting to accompany her while she was at her piano-forte. She thanked me, and it was fixed that that very evening I should drink tea in her drawing-room, and that we should afterwards have a concerto, with a violin accompaniment, with which I was acquainted.

I could do nothing all day but

think of the evening, which came at last, and I found, as I hoped, Mrs. Danvers alone; which was unusual, because in the evening she had many different visitors, when indeed she did not go out herself. The only fault I found with her was, that when she did go out, she dressed something too gaily for my taste; but as she was often at the theatre, I concluded that it was of course and of necessity.

She received me with a great deal of courtesy and kindness, which I confess a little overcame me. I had been summoning up, in the course of the day, the various topics of conversation I would resort to, but when the time came, my memory completely failed me, and if she had not exerted herself very much, I believe I should have sat like a yes and no fool until the arrival of the tea things. I really was never more at a loss in my life, and I dare say that my appearance was very ridiculous, though I had done my utmost to render myself amiable, by putting on clean linen, brushing my clothes, and combing my hair, which had not the slightest inclination to curl. However, tea was at last brought, and the hissing urn became talkative in my stead. During tea-time she was extremely lively, lovely, and entertaining; and by degrees my bashfulness wore off, and I flattered myself that I was not disagreeable. The principal topic of conversation was music, on which, however, she did not appear to be so well informed as I had expected, though well acquainted with most of the fashionable songs and sonatas of the day.

After the tea things were removed, she went to her instrument,

and ran over the keys with great facility, and in a very playful way turning her head towards me, who sat admiring her somewhat in the rear, she sang two or three love songs with much effect. I could not sing at all, but she invited me to aid her in the opening duet in *Artaxerxes*. Of course I declined, not without reluctance, as it was evident she really wished to hear me, observing, that she was certain, from the pleasant tone in which I spoke, that I could sing, if I would but make the attempt. Afterwards, with no little trepidation, accompanied her on the violin, in one of the sonatas with which I was best acquainted, and she was pleased to say, that my performance was admirable. I could have remained with her for hours without being tired of her society; but unluckily, at about half-past nine I heard a double knock at the door, and concluding it was company to visit her, I hastily took my leave; not being at all inclined to mix with her friends, who, I apprehended, would not at all have suited the sobriety of my temperament.

Thus concluded one of the pleasantest evenings I ever passed in my life, for by degrees I gained confidence, and I do not know that I did not betray in the course of the time some symptoms of cheerfulness, to which I was but little accustomed.

I was not a little surprised, a day or two afterwards, to receive a note from Mrs. Georgiana Danvers, in very civil terms apologizing for the liberty she took, more especially as I had paid her very regularly, in requesting the loan of 20*l.* until the following week. I, however,

entertained no doubt of repayment, and as 20*l.* was not a sum of consequence to me, I lent it her immediately, with a great deal of pleasure, being inly gratified that I had it in my power to lay so pretty and so accomplished a woman under an obligation.

But, Mr. Editor, I have already written my sheet full, and as postage is of some consequence in these times, I shall not go further at pre-

sent. I will inform you in my next, of what perhaps you little suspect—how I was cheated, exposed, and held up to public ridicule, and that too by the woman with whom by some fatality I had ignorantly and unluckily fallen in love. My grief is no common grief. Yours, &c.

PETER PRIMSET.

Dec. 17, 1818.

THE GENEROUS ENEMY.

A FRENCH marquis, whose property had been confiscated in the beginning of the revolution, because he emigrated, had the hardihood to return in disguise to his native place. He was soon recognised, and brought before the mayor of the town, whom he immediately recollected to be the person that had bought his property, and one whom he had reason to think harboured a very great antipathy to him.

This man, originally of low extraction, had when a boy been a playfellow of the marquis: the latter was volatile and fiery, the former cool and reserved; they often quarrelled, and the marquis could not help recollecting, that on these occasions his companion manifested a most revengeful spirit.

From the behaviour of the mayor, he saw clearly that this ancient grudge was not forgotten: without being suffered to speak in his own defence, he was ordered to prison, and informed, that at the dawn of the next morning he should be shot, along with a party of emigrants who had been taken in arms against the republic, and to whom, accord-

ing to the barbarous policy of the then rulers of France, no mercy was to be shewn.

The marquis, who disdained to plead for life, quitted the town-hall in silence. "This wretch," thought he, "expects by the sacrifice of my life to secure his claim to my property; this is the principal motive of his severity, and to hope for mercy from him would be vain. Would to Heaven that I had listened to the remonstrances of my Adelaide! Alas! her prophecy is now fulfilled."

This last reflection was a bitter one: the wife of the marquis, for whose sake indeed he had risked this perilous journey, foresaw and warned him how it would terminate; but the poverty to which they were reduced had made him desperate. Previously to his flight, he had buried jewels of value in the garden of his chateau, and he thought it might be possible to regain them. His disappointment was the more bitter, because in losing him, his Adelaide would be left to struggle with poverty and sorrow without a friend on earth.

Reflections on the evils to which

his wife, whom he fondly loved, would be exposed, nearly overpowered the fortitude of the unhappy marquis; and he was lost in a transport of sorrow, when the door of his dungeon opened and the mayor entered.

"How could you be so imprudent, monsieur," cried he, "as to risk your life in this rash manner? Were it not for the dreadful scene which will take place to-morrow, there would not be the least possibility of saving you; but that I think will afford you a chance. I have brought you a national uniform, which, with this dark stuff to stain your skin, will disguise you tolerably well. I will myself unlock the door of your cell at the moment that the other unfortunates are leaving the prison to be shot; you must rush out that moment, and get away from the crowd as quickly as you can. Here is a passport, and some money; it is very little, but it is all I have."

"Good Heaven!" cried the marquis, "is it possible that you can act thus? you, who I supposed regarded me with the bitterest dislike!"

"Well," cried the other drily, interrupting him, "it is not necessary to love a man in order to save his life, if one can."

"Add then to your gift by giving me the means to support it," cried the marquis. "I was impelled to return here in the hope of se-

curing wherewith to preserve my wife and myself from perishing, and this you can procure for me." He then described the spot where the jewels were concealed. The mayor listened attentively, went away without replying, and in an hour after returned to him with them.

The marquis would have taken only a part, but the other insisted upon his detaining the whole, which he assisted him to conceal in the lining of his jacket.

"I bought your property," said he, "because if I did not somebody else would. As to the justice or injustice of taking it from you, that is the affair of government, not mine; but I should look upon myself as a robber indeed, if I deprived you of what you have ventured so much to gain. Farewell! Be cautious to shew no sign of embarrassment when you mix with the crowd, but get out of it as soon as you can." He then quitted the dungeon, leaving the marquis penetrated with his generosity.

As soon as day dawned the cells were unlocked, and the unhappy victims brought forth to be slaughtered. The marquis found no difficulty in slipping away during the confusion, and he was fortunate enough to effect his return to England, where the jewels which he had thus fortunately recovered, enabled him and his Adelaide to exist in humble but contented obscurity.

DIALOGUES OF THE LIVING.

No. VIII.

On the fit mode of spending Twelfth-night—Why young people when engaged behave foolishly in com-

pany—Flirts and coquettes—Duellling, and how it may be avoided without disgrace—The question dis-

cussed, whether Christmas amusements ought to be partaken, and by whom—The judge named, and the point decided.

Scene—A breakfast-room.

Persons—LOUISA, Lady FRANCES, and LOVEMORE.

Louisa. I NEVER was more fatigued in my life than last night.

Lovemore. I am not aware that you danced much.

Lady Frances. All the dances, including the quadrilles, cotillons, and *contre* dances, were not sufficient to have tired a person of a much less hardy constitution than yours.

Louisa. But the whole business was so tedious.

Lady Frances. A tedious Twelfth-night I never heard of before: it was any thing but tedious. What do you think of it, Mr. Lovemore?

Lovemore. I confess, Lady Frances—

Lady Frances. I know very well how you will end when you begin, "I confess, Lady Frances." But I have no right to expect that you should be of my opinion, when—

Lovemore. I do not think it is much less difficult to tell how you will end, when you begin your sentence as you have done.

Louisa. Even with less sagacity than you possess, my shrewd censorious cousin.

Lady Frances. Of course, you are both on one side of the question; but, notwithstanding you may be superior in numbers, I am not afraid to combat you in argument. I do not know how it is, but you old folks, on the eve of sitting down as a quiet humdrum couple, always look upon the amusements of the young and gay as tedious and child-

ish. According to your account, people are only to amuse themselves in your way.

Lovemore. And a very pleasant way too, Lady Frances.

Lady Frances. No doubt you think so: but for myself, I could find no pleasure in sitting all the evening side by side, and now and then simpering a word which you fear lest somebody should hear, and sneaking a look which you hope nobody will see; with faces as demure as Quakers, lest any body should suppose that you are particularly pleased with the company of each other.

Lovemore. It is well that every body is not quite so observant as you are, or the most innocent actions could not pass without remark.

Lady Frances. Very innocent, I admit; but the wisdom of people making themselves the objects to which all eyes are directed, may admit of dispute.

Louisa. I do not think that what you say is quite borne out by the fact. Supposing it were so, however, perhaps that mode of becoming notorious or remarkable is quite as harmless, or more so, than for a young lady to dress herself with unusual splendour, and by flirting with all the young gentlemen in the room, attract the attention and censure of all the most sedate and respectable persons in company.

Lady Frances. Hold, my dear! you are growing severe. Not that you have the least reason to apply your remarks to me: on the contrary—

Louisa. Aye, aye, now you wince a little. There is no way of teaching some people what it is to be ill-natured without making them in some degree sufferers. Now I am

of opinion, that what you said about two young people sitting by themselves, and talking to themselves, is quite inapplicable to us.

Lovemore. Most likely it is true in both cases to a certain extent, and neither party would have disputed it to that extent; it only became objectionable in the extreme: for instance, if you had said that Lady Frances was handsomely dressed, instead of "dressed with unusual splendour," and that she endeavoured to make herself agreeable to the whole company, instead of asserting that she "flirted with all the young gentlemen in the room," perhaps no complaint of severity would have been made.

Lady Frances. The dispute has been amicably adjusted by Mr. Lovemore with his usual good sense and good intention. But come to the point. I see that you are very unwilling to enter into the argument respecting the merits or demerits of what I consider the innocent amusements of this season, usually known by the name of Christmas gambols.

Louisa. Not at all.

Lady Frances. Then, why fly off to something else which has nothing to do with the question? Why enter into a discussion about gay-dressing young ladies, who flirt with gaily dressed young men?

Louisa. I beg your pardon, cousin: the weapon you would attack me with, wounds yourself only; for be so good as to recollect, that you were the first to quit the topic on which we began.

Lady Frances. I deny it, my dear.

Louisa. And I assert it, most positively.

Lovemore. Pray, ladies, forbear:

were you of the other sex, such terms must inevitably lead to bloodshed. Consider for a moment.

Lady Frances. It might if the other sex were no better than fool-hardy idiots, but men of sense and understanding know better. Not that I mean to say, that men of sense and understanding would not fight a duel if it were necessary; on the contrary, as society is at present constituted, I am willing to allow, that it might be unavoidable, but not for a mere difference of opinion.

Louisa. You are right, certainly: but the truth is (and that is the cause of more than half the duels that are fought, and frequently end so fatally), that men in general cannot, or at least do not, distinguish between disputes on matters of opinion and matters of fact. For instance, if one man says to another, "I saw Mr. H—— riding in Hyde Park on a certain day," and the other replies, "No, you did not;" it is a direct and flat contradiction upon a fact within the knowledge of the party making the assertion, especially if he adds, that he was sure of it, because he spoke to him.

Lovemore. The distinction is very obvious: but how can you expect men in the violence of passion to see any distinctions at all, though they might freely and frankly acknowledge them at any other time?

Lady Frances. True: you are "a second Daniel come to judgment." Man, when his passions are inflamed, ceases to be a rational creature, as has been repeated a million times since the days of Solomon.

Lovemore. And yet, you see, too seldom to produce any beneficial effect.

Louisa. I was going to add, on the other hand, that if one man stated, that on that certain day when he saw Mr. H—— in Hyde Park, he was riding a brown horse, and another were to observe that it was a black horse, this would be but a mere difference of opinion on a matter of recollection, on which it would be the height of madness and absurdity for men to appeal to arms, when they might appeal to the fact for a much more complete and perfect decision of the controversy.

Lovemore. In the same way——

Lady Frances. "Very true, my dear sir, as you were going to say," as Charles well says to Joseph in the *School for Scandal*.

Lovemore. I do not think your mode of treating the question quite fair, Lady Frances; but I have perhaps no right to complain more in this instance than in a thousand others.

Lady Frances. Pray why not, Mr. Lovemore?

Lovemore. Because, after the experience I have had, I ought to know, that to expect Lady Frances to hear sober, serious reason, is to expect the perpetual motion to stand still, or the world to cease to roll upon its axis: the thing is impossible.

Lady Frances. Very well, sir; very fine, no doubt. Your comparison of me to that which is not yet found out, is very happy I dare say: it has only one fault, that it is not at all applicable.

Louisa. Of that we will not allow you to be an impartial judge, my dear. The resemblance is the more striking, because I doubt whether

any body has yet found you out, any more than the perpetual motion.

Lady Frances. Then if you justify that, what do you say to Mr. Lovemore's other simile, of the world rolling upon its axis?

Lovemore. Very easily, I apprehend, independent of the fact, for who ever knew Lady Frances preserve her gravity?

Lady Frances. Well, that is pretty fair I admit; and in consideration——

Louisa. What?

Lady Frances. Why, in consideration, I do hereby constitute and appoint Henry Lovemore, Esq. judge, to decide the great question at issue between us, whether Christmas sports are rational or irrational, laudable or reprehensible.

Lovemore. "I do not like the office."

Louisa. No matter. Your reluctance is most probably something like that of a bishop, who, with a pretence of humility, attempts to refuse the offered dignity. I never, however, heard of any instance in which he afterwards declined any of the emoluments: such an unwillingness might not be unacceptable or unbecoming.

Lovemore. When he has been made a bishop, remember that he requires the money to support the dignity of his high office.

Lady Frances. For mercy's sake, do not let us argue that question: it will much better befit the bench of bishops. You seem inclined to talk upon any subject but that which we ought to discuss. Come, Mr. Lovemore, it is agreed between Louisa and me, that you are to be judge between us in our dispute.

Loveless. It is to be a sort of town idyl or eclogue on the merits of Christmas pastimes. Well! if I am to be judge, let me take my seat accordingly. Which party should begin?

Lady Frances. I am quite ready with my argument, and shall of course submit to what you may direct.

Louisa. And I: since we have commenced with such solemnity, perhaps, Lady Frances, you would wish to observe all the forms of a legal proceeding?

Loveless. I know but one great objection to that, which, however, is somewhat fatal: how can we observe forms with which we are unacquainted?

Lady Frances. Well then, begin, Louisa?

Louisa. I give you precedence.

Loveless. I am of opinion, that the party accusing should begin: for example, one party asserts, contrary to the prevailing opinion and practice, that Christmas amusements are irrational and absurd; the other denies it, and the party supporting the affirmative ought to state her objections first.

Louisa. Then let us, in the beginning, observe what these amusements consist of. I do not mean here to refer merely to those pastimes, if you so call them, in which we were engaged last night, and by which it will be admitted on all hands, that we were very much fatigued; but to those which employ the time and attention of grown children in general, towards the end of the old and the beginning of the new year. Such, for instance, as that ancient and barbarous game called blind-man's buff; and its co-

eval and co-savage companions, hunt the slipper and hunt the whistle: hot cockles, questions and commands, and the various modifications of forfeits, are comparatively modern and civilized, and may do very well for such as are only two or three degrees removed from infancy, either in age or intellect. What can be urged in favour of these "pastimes," or rather kill-times, I do not know, but I should imagine that I wasted much time if I endeavoured to establish their usefulness or their absurdity.

Lady Frances. Bravo, my voluble cousin! bravo!

Loveless. Silence in the court: such expressions of popular feeling are wholly unbecoming the place and the occasion. I think that form of a legal proceeding was very well enforced, even if we are acquainted with no other. Now, if you have concluded, let me hear the other side.

Lady Frances. In the first place, I contend, that it is very unfair to put aside the entertaining and rational modes in which we passed last night. Let me ask, if there be any thing very absurd in dancing more on Twelfth-night than on any other night in the year, and if dancing in itself be a ridiculous, and consequently unfit, employment? I never heard that eating plum-cake, or even drawing king and queen, those old and revered customs, that keep alive good-humour and family sociability, were so irrational and objectionable.

Louisa. I complain that they are childish employments, only fit for infants, or men and women like infants. Drawing king and queen seems to me the most laughable of the whole.



THE GALLERY OF ALGABY.

Lady Frances. No interruption, if you please. What then do you say of a masquerade, where people act and dress like kings and queens, fools, harlequins, and jack-puddings, for six, eight, or ten hours together? Here for five or ten minutes a sort of mock rank and mock equality is given, which is useful even in a moral point of view, for it serves to shew people the instability of fortune, which in a moment makes a king a beggar, and a beggar a king. Surely this is enough in its favour. As for hot cockles and forfeits, I do not imagine that they occupy the attention of any but children, even in times of Christmas rejoicing and hilarity.

Lovemore. It now becomes my duty to give my opinion, after hearing the arguments on both sides.

Louisa. "A sentence!"

Lady Frances. "A second Daniel!"

Lovemore. It appears to me, that the advocate for the lawfulness, usefulness, and propriety of Christmas pastimes, in a limited sense, is in the right.

Lady Frances. "A second Daniel, still I say."

Lovemore. Not so hasty, if you please: do not interrupt the court. At the same time I must allow also, that there are employments which pass under the name of gambols that are quite unworthy of engaging the attention of rational creatures, and ought at least to be confined to children. Perhaps this remark may apply to drawing characters; but upon that point I do not think myself called upon yet to give an opinion.

[The ladies bowed to the decision of his lordship; and soon afterwards Sir James entered, and the party prepared to take a ride in the Park.]

PICTURESQUE TOUR OF MOUNT SIMPLON.

(Continued from p. 13.)

PLATE 8.—VIEW OF THE EXTERIOR OF THE GALLERY OF ALGABY, TAKEN FROM THE SIDE OF THE VALAIS.

FROM the village of Simplon, of which our last number contained a representation, the road continues to descend with rapidity in a narrow space between inclosing mountains. Having turned a very acute angle, it suddenly enters a contracted valley, to which the inhabitants of the country give the name of Krumbach.

A few buildings, called Châlets, devoted to the purpose of making cheese, and surrounded with meadow land, are scattered in various directions over the valley, which is covered with blocks of granite, which the torrents have detached from the mountains. In the

midst of these ruins the Krumbach loses itself in the Doveria: the latter river rushes from the glaciers of Laqui, which terminate the bottom of the valley.

The valley of Krumbach is the commencement of the dark valley of Gondo, which the traveller enters by the gallery of Algaby. It is one of the largest and handsomest of the Simplon, and is cut out of the solid granite: it is 215 feet in length.

The view which we this month furnish, represents the exterior of this gallery, and the entrance into the valley of Gondo.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A WOULD-BE AUTHOR.

CHAP. II.

DAWNINGS OF POETRY—MR. MATTHEW RANDAL—AND AN ORIGINAL EFFUSION.

AT the death of my father, I found myself far from rich in the world's goods; but my dear mamma, taking to drink strong waters, to console her for the loss of one who had become necessary to her from mere habit, left me in full possession of the enormous sum of 200*l.* a year, all in the Bank of England! a fortune indeed for the time of Gray or Goldsmith—but I, alas! was to live in the year 1796 upon that sum, without adopting the system of economy practised in their day, or able to draw upon my brain for such valuable notes (not of *hand*, but of *head*,) as they could. Besides this sum left me by my father, he bequeathed me his library: it consisted of odd volumes of magazines, political pamphlets, the Ready Reckoner, the Double Gallant, and six volumes of the Weekly Register; I also found in an old bureau some of his own works—part of a comedy, a lampoon on a noble lord, and a long poem beginning with,

“Two jolly cits from Watling-street
Went up to Highgate for a treat.”

In addition to these, I inherited from him a train of nervous disorders, which he, from the busy course of life he had chosen, had prevented from injuring him, except in some occasional *fidgetings*; but which I, left to full poetical licence, cultivated with the greatest care.

As my parents had allowed me but little pocket money, the fortune I now became possessed of

appeared enormous: it is true, I was fully aware that it would not allow me to keep a curricule and pair, but I fancied I could live with it like a prince. I flattered myself that I was not an expensive man: I hated cards and horse-racing; if I got but a book, I was satisfied. Alas! I little thought how much a book frequently added to a book would derange my fortune, but gave myself up, without further thought, to my favourite passion. I, however, commenced a rigid plan of economy: “Man wants but little here below,” I exclaimed, and for a length of time I resisted the insinuating persuasions of the tailor; I heaved a sigh only at a copy of Chalmers’s Poets, offered me on the terms of, “Pay me, sir, when you like; I shall never ask you for the money.” However, I recalled to my mind several fine speeches against luxuries, uttered by poets who never had any money to purchase them, and set about forming my little scheme of happiness. I hired a second floor in a genteel neighbourhood, where the poplar trees waved before the door, in a row of houses on the Camberwell road. Here lived no vulgar tradesmen; only the spruce clerk of Somerset-House, the Admiralty, or other government offices, tripped from hence every morning at nine with his third day’s neckcloth round his throat, and his shirt coaxed into neatness on his bosom; and at the hour of five returned, after taking his chop at Betty’s, to tea and

a rubber with his landlady and her daughters.

Here I put up my library, which contained Bell's Poets and Plays, Humphrey Clinker, and a jest-book, and laying in half a dozen of wine and a quarter of a chaldron of coals, snapped my fingers at the world, and fancied myself the only contented being in it. I did not so much read as devour every new novel, play, or poem that I could borrow: I worked myself up by this course of reading to a wish to write; I began to conceive I was born to enlighten mankind; and at length one day after dinner taking an extra glass, not from that clear rill which poets speak of, but from a bottle of hot and well shaken *port*, delivered myself of the following couplet:

"And who is she that trips so light,
Whose flowing garments mock the wind?"

when a voice uttered, "Sir, Mr. Randal is com'd home."—Will you believe it, Mr. Editor—notwithstanding this interruption, my fervour continued, and I really saw before me five verses, equal in merit to those which I have transcribed as a specimen.

I perused them over and over with additional pleasure at every reading, and then bore them off in triumph to Mr. Randal, whom, before I proceed further, it may be necessary to introduce to your readers. Mr. Matthew Randal, then, was one of those numerous gentlemen who seem to possess genius only to abuse it, and superior acquirements to be employed at least to no good purpose: he was a classical scholar, a good poet, and a very fair mathematician; but with all these requisites towards gaining a fortune and respectability,

he was vegetating on 80*l.* a year, gained from the diurnal drudgery of a merchant's counting-house, unknown and unrespected. Company, villanous company, had brought him to this condition; he had run through three large fortunes, and he had three times cleared his side-board of family plate, which his relations had gained by their exertions in Thames-street. Unfortunately, they wished to make him a gentleman; he indeed frequented the best company, but he only brought away the worst of its accomplishments. With his wife, even still a beautiful figure of a woman, he now resided in two rooms over my own. Gin and water were his bane, since more *elegant* potations were denied him. Discontented, and at war with himself, he set up for a reformer of others; and it is but common justice in me to say, that, even when under the dominion of intoxication, sentiments would drop from his tongue which would have been an ornament to human nature. Mr. Randal belonged also to a liberty-club, from which he would come home inebriated, and availing himself of the liberty of the subject, often abused his dear Helen somewhat severely.

To this man it was that I rushed up stairs: I placed my paper before my friend; I ran over his countenance while he ran over my *divine* breathings, exclaiming—"Humph!"—"Not so bad!"—"Pretty!" &c. I felt my hopes rise or fall accordingly as friend Randal's criticism was favourable or unfavourable. He at length suggested a few alterations, and declared that it was worth printing.

Pleased probably at beholding in

me the same feelings which he had experienced at my age, he pulled off his threadbare great-coat, and depositing his stick in a corner of the room, begged I would take a chair while he once more perused my effusion.

Mr. Editor, do you remember the sensations of early authorship? or perhaps you were too wise ever to have had occasion to feel them, or to have ever sent your vagrant Muse into the world: if you ever did, I wonder if they were the same as mine at this moment. His wife, pleased that he for one evening had left the King's Head, seemed to participate in my delight. Oh, sir! how he talked of Pope, and Goldsmith, and Shenstone, and Cunningham! Indeed, Mr. Editor, it was a vastly pleasant evening! "I once," said he with a sigh, "was very fond of writing poetry myself."—"Indeed!" cried I, drawing closer to him. Ah! what an opportunity for him to have borrowed 50*l.* of me! "I am still," he added, "an enthusiast in that way."—"Surely!" I exclaimed, breathless.—"Helen," said he, "Helen, my dear, have you got those verses I wrote on you—before we married?"—"Yes," she cried, brightening; and having opened her needle-case (into which were crammed bills unpaid, and sundry other MSS.), she produced the following lines:

TO HELEN.

What anguish was mine when I left the dear
maid,

Forbid to behold her again!

My heart heav'd a sigh as I pensively stray'd,
And the nightingale heard me complain.

Oh! why was I doom'd all those charms to
behold,

Which never, alas! can be mine?

Or why did I wait from those lips to be told,
That at distance I now must repine?

Yet when I was told, that another more dear
Her affection was destined to prove,
I heard with regret the injunction severe,
Yet fondly persisted to love.

I knew his pretensions were greater than mine,
That his fields and his flocks were his own;
Then how could I hope that a nymph so
divine

Could be won by affection alone?

As a friend she was generous, gentle, and kind,
To deceive me made use of no art;
Her beauty, her converse, soon ravish'd my
mind,

And her virtue secured her my heart.

But now she is gone, while I oft strive in vain
My passion, alas! to subdue;
I wish, tho' I never can think, that her swain
May love her so tender, so true.

No more o'er the woodlands I range with delight,
Or visit the seat in the dale;

No more shall the sports or the pastime invite,
Or my pipe swell its notes to the gale.

Alone o'er the mountain's dread summit I go,
Exposed to the tempest's rude blast;
There sit myself down, give a-loose to my woe,
Till the hour of remembrance is past.

Perhaps when amid the gay visions of love,
She may list to my sad-sounding knell,
The thoughts of my truth her compassion
may move;

With a tear, she may bid me farewell!

It is obvious that this was a very early effusion of my friend's Muse, and I would not have you suppose that it was by any means his best: but it was that which best pleased the person to whom it was dedicated, and it was not read without tears on her part, and some painful recollections on the part of her errant husband, who could not help comparing his present with his former condition. What more passed upon this occasion, I must relate in a subsequent chapter.

ON THE INCREASE OF SUICIDES.

TO THE EDITOR.

THE other day in a French newspaper I read the following paragraph: "There is no way of accounting for the amazing number of suicides in England, but by supposing that the thick cloudy atmosphere and damp uncertain climate of that country have a considerable influence upon its inhabitants. That they are a speculative people is also true, and disappointments in their adventures may have its operation upon their intellects, and produce insanity and the crime of self-murder. It is calculated, we understand, that in the last year there have been more suicides in London and its environs than at any former period within memory."

This, Mr. Editor, is a very old and a very unfounded calumny upon the natives of Great Britain, who, give me leave to say, are no more prone to commit suicide than any other nation, taking peculiar circumstances into account. I have never seen any official returns of the numbers who have destroyed themselves in France, but I know that I have frequently read authentic accounts of such catastrophes, one of which you may remember occurred only a very short time ago at Rouen. At the same time, particular instances, unless accumulated, prove nothing; and whether they have been collected as applied to France, I do not know. The French may be an externally gayer people, but I am much deceived, without intending to flatter my countrymen, if they have not much more of that internal and domestic cheerfulness, which is the only real happiness.

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In point of speculation too, I can by no means admit that the French are less adventurous than the English: true it is, we have our commercial concerns, which cannot be conducted without some risk, as recent events sufficiently establish; but the French are speculators and projectors in all imaginable ways; and what is more, are devoted to every sort of gambling, from the highest to the lowest. It is a well-known fact, that the adventure of any sum, however large, at a gaming-house in France is legal. At least half the suicides in this kingdom arise out of debts of honour of this sort contracted and unpaid, where losing to above the amount of 10*l.* at a sitting subjects the party to very heavy penalties.

Another assertion contained in the paragraph I have extracted from the *Journal des Debats*, is equally, I apprehend, unfounded in fact; I mean that, where the unhealthy and unfavourable climate of this country is spoken of. The air of the south of France every body is aware is extremely well calculated for peculiar disorders, but I never heard that the north possessed any peculiar advantages over us. The fogs by which we have been visited of late, also enveloped our neighbours by their own confession; and in the long frost of 1814 they were quite as much in the dark as ourselves. Whatever be the fact with regard to France, which cannot be ascertained, from the deficiency of official returns, it is evident, from the ensuing document, the materials for

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which have been collected and published at Berlin by M. de Kamptz, that Prussia at least has no advantage over us in this respect. The enumeration is curious on several accounts.

View of the Number of Suicides in the circles of Prussia, compared with the amount of the population.

	Population,	Suicides in 1817.
Berlin	166,584	57
Potsdam (not including the military) .	15,426	77
Frankfort on the Oder	12,500	41
Breslau	63,020	58
Leignitz	10,000	37
Reichenbach	3,500	56
Magdeburg	27,869	50

	Population.	Suicides in 1817.
Merseburg	6,000	39
Dusseldorf	15,000	24

I would observe, that there are several parts of this paper on which explanation, if it could be afforded, would be very acceptable: for instance, the disproportion between the population and the number of suicides at Reichenbach as compared with those at Berlin, Breslau, &c. I should be glad to know if there were any peculiarities connected with the former, which render self-murder more common. This might tend to illustrate a dark subject. I am, &c. F. S. T.

LONDON, Jan. 8.

FROM A GLEANER'S COMMONPLACE-BOOK.

INSCRIPTION ON A SIGN-BOARD BY
A WATCHMAKER IN OXFORD.

“HERE are fabricated and renovated trochiliac horologes, portable or permanent, linguaculous or taciturnal; whose circumgyrations are performed by internal, spiral, elastic, or extensive pendulous plumbages; diminutives, simple or compound, invested with aurent or argent integuments.”

SPECIMEN OF ORTHOGRAPHY OF A
TRAVELLING M. D.

“This is to sertfy, Richard Adams his a flicted with the rumatism in his harm, and now is a patient under mee, Dr. WAL——”

“No. 2, Frankfort-street.”

MATTHEW PRIOR.

In a gay French company, where every one sang a little song or stanza, of which the burden was “Bannissons la melancholie,” when it came to the poet’s turn to sing, after the performance of a young lady that sat next him, he produced these extemporary lines:

“Mais cette voix, et ces beaux yeux,
Font Cupidon trop dangereux;
Et je suis triste, quand je crie,
Bannissons la melancholie.”

JAMES THE FIRST AND THE WELSH
PRIDE.

James the First was making a journey into Wales, and the loyal people collected round his carriage in great numbers. It was summer, and very hot, and the crowd, all mounted in different ways, raised a great dust. The king wished to get rid of them, but did not like to repress their loyalty; and addressing himself to one of his lords, stated his desire. The lord replied, that he would soon accomplish the object; and putting his head out of the carriage, desired “all the best gentlemen to ride forwards to the next town, to prepare for the reception of the king.” Away went all the Taffies at full speed, excepting one, who remained behind. The king observed it, and calling him up to the side of his carriage, inquired the reason for

his staying behind, when all the *best gentlemen* had ridden forwards. The Welshman replied, that he considered himself as good as the best; but as his horse was not in such

good condition as to enable him to reach the town first, he did not choose to be last, and therefore stayed with his majesty.

ALPHONSE AND MATILDA.

(Concluded from p. 20.)

OUR young Frenchman, unused to the manners of humble life, was amused, nay delighted, with the attentions of the pretty rustic; he found the moments fly with unwonted rapidity in her society, and he soon discovered, that beauty and good-nature were not her only recommendations. Her artless chat gave proof that she possessed an understanding, which only wanted cultivation to be reckoned of the first order; her simplicity was entirely void of vulgarity, and her manners had a natural ease, nay, even elegance, which to Alphonse was infinitely more captivating than the dazzling polish of the Parisian *belles*. Days, nay even weeks, stole away; Alphonse was very well able to pay his respects to Miss Sternheim, but, for the first time in his life, he thought it very necessary to be careful of his health, and not to risk it by venturing out too soon: in the mean time, he was happy, without troubling himself to investigate the cause of his happiness, but an accident revealed it to him: the mother of Ursula was one day conversing with a neighbour, and Alphonse overheard her say, that her daughter's marriage with a neighbouring farmer was fixed to take place in the beginning of the next year.

The pang which this intelligence gave to the heart of Alphonse

completely opened his eyes: he found with astonishment, that the little girl, whom he thought he regarded merely as an amusing child, had made so deep an impression on his heart, that it was agony to think of seeing her in the possession of another. Yet, he could not, he dared not hope to call her his own, even if Miss Sternheim were out of the question; it would be madness to hope that the count would ever consent to their union. One step then only remained; he must fly, he must tear himself from her; and while he was endeavouring to bring himself to do so, she entered the room.

"You look sad," said she, approaching him, with an expression of tender inquiry in her countenance, which threw him off his guard.—"I am sad, Ursula," replied he, hastily; "I must leave you directly, and for ever."

The bright crimson on the cheek of Ursula gave place to an ashy paleness, as she silently turned to leave the room; she had just reached the door, when she fainted.

At this sight, honour, duty, and pride gave way to passion. Alphonse, as he raised her in his arms, uttered the most tender vows of everlasting love. Ursula bashfully struggled to withdraw herself from his grasp. "No," cried he, "you shall not leave me till you return

the solemn promise I plight you, never to be another's : I see that your heart responds to mine, and never shall my faith be given but to you."

The fair peasant listened to this declaration with tears, but it was evident that they were tears of joy.

Before she could reply to her impetuous lover, the voice of her mother obliged her hastily to quit him ; but she did not leave him in uncertainty as to her sentiments, for her expressive countenance had told him, that he was tenderly beloved.

The actual difficulties of his situation soon put the blissful vision, which Ursula's tenderness had raised, to flight. His first thought was to apprise his father immediately of all that had happened ; and as he was anxious to get out of the vicinity of Miss Sternheim, he determined, instead of writing to the count, to set out immediately for France.

But the next day, to his great surprise, brought the count to the farm. His grave and cold air struck a damp to the heart of Alphonse ; and when, in a severe tone, he inquired how it happened, that his son had not yet paid his devoirs to Miss Sternheim, poor Alphonse felt all the courage which he had mustered to tell his tale, give way to the dreadful apprehension of his father's anger.

"Well," said the count, observing his son's embarrassment, "though your visit is rather of the latest, let us hope it will not be utterly unacceptable : hasten to make your toilet, and I will take you to Miss Sternheim."

The dread of seeing her overpow-

ered Alphonse's reluctance to reveal the state of his heart ; and with no little trepidation, he disclosed what had passed to his father.

The count listened to him with visible anger and surprise, and when he had finished, burst into reproaches. "This romantic folly," cried he, "would not be pardonable even in a mere boy, but at the age of twenty-four it is absolute madness ! Surely you cannot have reflected on what you are about to do ! What, to reject the hand of a beautiful, rich, and accomplished woman, for the sake of a peasant, a mere child, for whom, if it were possible for you to unite yourself with her, you would have occasion to blush wherever she appeared ! How is it possible you can be so infatuated, as to form an idea so unworthy of yourself, so degrading to your family ?"

Poor Alphonse could only offer a compromise : he promised to remain single till his father's consent could be obtained to his union with Ursula ; but he steadily refused to offer himself as a suitor to Miss Sternheim.

"Well," said the count, after a short pause, "there is but one way by which I can extricate myself with honour from this business. When I brought you here, I signified to Miss Sternheim your readiness to fulfil the wishes of her deceased father, provided they were hers also. I cannot suffer her to think, that I have voluntarily deceived her ; and she must naturally think so, if she finds that you reject her hand without assigning a reason : you must therefore see her."

"Impossible !" cried Alphonse.

"Yes," continued the count,

without noticing his exclamation, "you must see her. I am not without a hope, that the sight of her, lovely as she is, will create a change in your sentiments: if it does not, you must yourself inform her of the reasons which induce you to decline her hand."

Alphonse would have argued against a measure which he considered a very cruel one, but the count was peremptory; and the young soldier, who would rather have faced a loaded cannon than his rejected mistress, began to prepare for his visit with the greatest reluctance: but he did not fail first to address a billet to Ursula, in which he repeated his declaration, never to wed another.

His father was more than once obliged to hasten him; at last he was dressed, and they drove off for the house of Miss Sternheim. The count did not fail to observe, how highly cultivated her estate was, and to point out its several beauties to his son, who listened, and assented without comprehending a word that his father said. They arrived at the house of Miss Sternheim before he had arranged a single syllable of apology for the affront he was about to offer her.

They were ushered into an elegant apartment; a lady, richly dressed, rose to receive them; the count advanced, saluted her, and presented his son, who bowed mechanically, but did not venture to raise his eyes, till she addressed to him a compliment on his recovery: at the sound of her voice, he fixed upon her a look of wonder and scrutiny. "No," exclaimed he, "it cannot be, it is impossible!" But a second glance at Matilda,

her soft smile, her glowing blush, convinced him that he was not mistaken. "It is, it is, my Ursula!" exclaimed he, as in a transport of joy he pressed her to his heart.

We need not say, that the count had been a party in the stratagem of Matilda, which owed its origin to the accident that befel Alphonse. The real Ursula was a favourite of Miss Sternheim's, who chanced to be at the farm-house at the time that Alphonse was carried into it, on breaking his leg. The opportunity of gaining some acquaintance with him without being discovered, was irresistible to Matilda, and though the count thought her plan a romantic one, he did not oppose it. Her youthful appearance, rendered still more so by the peasant's garb, made it, she thought, impossible for Alphonse to entertain even a suspicion of her rank; and she rightly judged, that she would have a better opportunity of seeing his real disposition, than if she presented herself before him as Matilda Sternheim.

The young soldier's handsome person and engaging manners soon rendered her anxious to make an impression on his heart, and as women are naturally quicksighted in all that relates to the tender passion, she soon saw that she had done so; but when she heard him avow a determination to leave her, she feared, that pride and interest had conquered love: hence the emotion which drew from Alphonse the secret of his passion, had procured for her the sweetest triumph which a virtuous woman can experience—the conquest of a noble and disinterested heart.

Our lovers were speedily united;

and the real Ursula, whose intended marriage had once given Alphonse so much pain, received from him on that day a handsome portion. "You must not be jealous, Matilda," said he to his beauteous bride; "but I shall always love the name of Ursula, for I can never forget the delightful feelings with which the sound of that name first brought my heart to throb." Al-

phonse spoke as all newly married men speak, but it is fortunate for the wives of those who act like him: the impression made by the beautiful girl was confirmed by the virtuous and amiable woman, and during many, many happy years Alphonse continued to experience, "How much the wife is dearer than the bride."

AMOURS AND MARRIAGES OF THE ARABS.

As the Arabs have no manner of conversation with any women, old or young, but their own, they cannot possibly be in love but by imagination, or upon the character that has been given of them. They never come near nor see them in public, but by chance, and at a distance; the young women's faces are always covered with a veil, or some piece of linen: the young men take a fancy to them from the usual graces of gait, size, voice, and whatever else is attractive in their exterior, as they are passing by, or when they have an opportunity of talking one moment with them. They then study for a way of seeing them without being seen: they hide themselves in some tent at the places they pass, or behind the bushes near the springs which they frequent for water; for there they commonly chat with their companions uncovered. When the girls have any inclination for the young fellows that court them, they afford them a sufficient opportunity of being seen, by dropping the corner of the veil, which is held up by their teeth, just as they pass them, and catching it up again as quick as possible, as if the discovery of

their face had been from the accidental slip of their veil. The sparks sometimes lie concealed at a relation's, or at the house of some woman who can oblige them with a view of their mistress: the young female and her mother are then sent for under some trifling pretence, and the lover has all that time to gaze on her; if he like her, he applies to some of his relations to procure her father's consent. They then bargain about the price of the daughter, which the son-in-law is to pay his new father in camels, sheep, or horses, because the Arabs keep no ready money by them, all their estates lying in cattle. A young fellow that has a wish to marry, must in good earnest buy himself a wife: fathers, amongst the Arabs, are never happier than when they have abundance of daughters. They are the principal riches of a family: accordingly, when a bachelor himself is treating with the person whose daughter he is desirous of marrying, he says to him, "Will you give me your daughter for fifty sheep, for half a dozen camels, or for a dozen cows?" &c. If he be not in circumstances to make such offers as these, he

proposes to give for her a mare or colt; all, in short, according to the girl's merit, the condition of her family, and the income of her intended bridegroom. When both parties are agreed, they get the contract drawn up by the person the Arabs have chosen among themselves to perform the office of *cadee* or judge, or by the prince's secretary, to whom they give a share of their bargain, if they are people considerable enough to do so. The *cadee*, or secretary, writes the names of the witnesses at the bottom of the covenant, after those of the parties, which is accounted to be sufficient for the purpose. Poor folks, who cannot be at the expense of an instrument, only take witnesses, and marry by word of mouth, paying upon the spot whatever has been agreed for. Then the relations of the intended bride and bridegroom eat and make merry together, receive compliments, and appoint a day for the performance of the ceremony. The women carry the bride to the first village where there are any hot baths, where they wash her, put on her finest clothes, and perfume her hair with storax, benjamin, musk, and such other sweets; black the edges of her eyelids and eyebrows; put ground colours upon her face, that is already greased with essence, upon which they throw gold dust, such as we put on writing; redden her nails with *khenā*, and with a certain ink draw out figures, flowers, fountains, houses, cypresses, antelopes, and

other animals, upon every part of her body. They dress her up likewise with plain and stone rings, with all sorts of gold and silver money, according to her quality and circumstances: they afterwards mount her upon a mare or camel, covered with a carpet, and adorned with flowers and greens, and with this equipage conduct her to the place where she is to be married, chanting out her praises and their wishes for the prosperity of her marriage. The men, on their side, take the bridegroom to the *bagnio*, dress him with all the sprucest things he has, and carry him back again on horseback in state. When they are all come to the place of meeting, the men and the women sit down at a table in different huts, where they have a wedding entertainment, and receive the compliments of their acquaintances, which are only wishes of a handsome family, abundance of children, and all the happiness and prosperity in the world. The men are merry without noise, behaving with great gravity and moderation in all those ceremonies: the women, on the contrary, sing, scream, tabor it away, bawling out the beauty and advantages of the bride till evening, when they lead her to the tent they have prepared for their reception. Every one prays to God, that he will preserve the two lovers from the eyes of envy, and from all the spells that mischievous people might cast upon the match.

THE EARLY SUFFERINGS OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.
FOR THE REPOSITORY.

MR. EDITOR,

I SEND you for insertion in your number for February, a continuation of extracts I made (and which I find in your last number) from Anthony Munday's curious and authentic pamphlet, called *A Watchword for England to beware of Traitors*, published in 1584, and containing much curious matter relating to the imprisonment, and other privations, endured by Elizabeth under the jealous tyranny of her sister. Such remarks as I thought necessary to explain the subject I furnished in my last; and at present I will only add, that there is a striking coincidence between the relation made by Munday in his pamphlet, and that given by John Fox in his *Acts and Monuments*. It is also worth notice, that Thomas Heywood, a very voluminous writer, who lived in the latter end of the reign of Elizabeth, and considerably afterwards, and published a book, called *England's Elizabeth, her Life and Troubles*, has derived the greater part of his information from Munday, as may be seen in the subsequent short extract:

"That night being spent in pious devotion, the next day following two lords brought word, that she must instantly to the Tower, and that the barge was ready at the stairs to convey her thither: 'for,' saith one of them (whose name I purposely omit), 'the tide will tarry for nobody.' Upon which she humbly besought them, that she might only have the freedom of one tide more, and that they would so-

licit the queen for so small a favour. Whereunto he very churlishly replied, that it was a thing by no means possible to be granted. Then she desired that she might write to the queen, which he would not admit; but the Earl of Sussex, being the other that was sent from the queen, kneeled unto her, kissed her hand, and said, that upon his own peril she should not only have the liberty to write, but, as he was a true man to God and his prince, he would deliver her letter to the queen's own hands, and bring an answer of the same, whatever came thereof.

"Whilst she was writing (for a small piece of paper could not make sufficient report of her sorrows, being so great in quantity, so extraordinary in quality,) the tide was spent. Then they whispered together to take advantage of the next; but that course was held to be inconvenient, in regard that it fell out just about midnight. The difficulty alleged was, lest that being in the dark she might perhaps be rescued: therefore, the next day being Palm-Sunday, they repaired to her lodging again, and desired her to prepare herself, for that was the latest hour of her liberty, and she must to the barge presently. Whereunto she answered, 'The Lord's will be done: since it is her highness's pleasure, I am therewith very well contented.' Passing through the garden and the guard to take water, she looked back to every window, and seeing none whose looks might seem to compassionate her afflictions, said thus:

'I wonder whither the nobility intend to lead me, being a princess, and of the royal blood of England. Alas! why, being a harmless innocent woman, am I thus hurried to captivity? The Lord of Heaven knows whither, for I myself do not.' Great haste was made to see her safe in the barge, and much care to have her pass by London unseen, which was the occasion that both she and they were engaged to remarkable danger. The tide being young, the bargemen feared to shoot the bridge; but being forced to it against their wills, the stern struck against one of the arches, and wanting water, grated against the channel, with great hazard to be overwhelmed, but God in his mercy preserved her to a fairer fortune. She was landed at the Tower stairs, the same intended for traitors. Loth she was to have gone ashore there, laying open her innocent loyal behaviour both towards the queen and present state; but being cut short by the churlish reply of one who was her convoy, she went ashore, and stepped short into the water, uttering these words: 'I speak it before thee, O God, having no friend but thee in whom to put my confidence, here landeth as true a subject, being prisoner, as ever landed at these stairs since Julius Cæsar laid the first foundation of this structure.'—'Well, if it prove so,' said one of the lords, 'it will be better for you.' As she passed along, the wardens then attending, bade 'God bless your grace;' for which some were rebuked in words, others by a mulct in the purse."

I shall at present add no more upon this subject, but from time to

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time, as opportunity and leisure permit, and you, Mr. Editor, can afford me room, I shall furnish you with other matter illustrative of the history of our country at various periods, drawn from sources but within the reach of comparatively few individuals. Yours, &c.

D. W—R.

ABOUT this time her grace was requested by a private friend to submit herself to her majesty, which would be very well taken, and to her grace great quiet and commodity. Unto whom she answered, that she would never submit herself to them whom she never offended: "for," quoth she, "if I have offended, and am guilty, I then crave no mercy but the law; which I am certain," quoth she, "I should have had ere this if it could be proved by me, for I know myself (I thank God) to be out of the danger thereof, wishing that I were as clear out of the peril of mine enemies, and then I am assured I should not be so locked and bolted up within walls and doors as I am. God give them a better mind when it pleaseth him."

At what time likewise that the Lady Elizabeth was in the Tower, a writ came down, subscribed with certain hands of the council, for her execution; which, if it were certain, as it is reported, Winchester (no doubt) was deviser of that mischievous writ. And doubtless the same Achitophel had brought his impious purpose that day to pass, had not the fatherly providence of Almighty God (who is always stronger than the devil) stirred up Master Bridges, lieutenant the same

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time of the Tower, to come in haste to the queen, to give certificate thereof, and to know further her consent for her sister's death. Whereupon it followed, that all that device was disappointed, and Winchester's devilish platform which he had cast (through the Lord's goodness) came to no effect.—Where, moreover, it is to be noted, that during the imprisonment of this lady and princess, one Master Edmund Tremaine was on the rack, and Master Smithwicke, and divers others in the Tower, were examined, and divers offers made them to accuse the guiltless lady then in captivity. Howbeit, all that notwithstanding, no matter could be proved by all examinations, as she the same time lying at Woodstock had certain intelligence, by the means of one John Gayer, who, under a pretence of a letter to Mistress Cleve from her father, was let in, and so gave them secretly to understand of all this matter. Whereupon the Lady Elizabeth, at her departing out from Woodstock, wrote these verses with her diamond in a glass window :

Much suspected of me,
Nothing proved can be.
Quod ELIZABETH Prisoner.

When she had spoken, Stephen Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, kneeled down, and requested that she would submit herself to the queen's grace; and in so doing he had no doubt but her majesty would be good unto her. She making answer, that rather than she would so do, she would lie in prison all the days of her life; adding, that she craved no mercy at her majesty's hand, but rather desired the law, if

ever she had offended her majesty in word, thought, or deed. "And besides this, in yielding," quoth she, "I should speak against myself, and confess myself to be an offender, which never was towards her majesty; by occasion of which the king and queen might ever hereafter conceive of me an evil opinion; and, therefore, I say, my lords, it were better for me to be in prison for the truth, than to be abroad and suspected of my prince." And so they departed, promising to declare her message to the queen.

A week after the queen sent for her grace at ten o'clock in the night to speak with her, for she had not seen her in two years before: yet for all that she was amazed at the so sudden sending for, thinking it had been worse for her than afterwards it proved; and desired her gentlemen and gentlewomen to pray for her, for that she could not tell whether ever she should see them again or no. At which time, Sir Henry Benifield, with Mistress Clarencius, coming, her grace was brought into the garden unto a stair's foot that went into the queen's lodging, her grace's gentlewomen waiting on her, her gentleman usher and her grooms going before with torches; where her gentlemen and gentlewomen being commanded to stay, all saving one woman, Mistress Clarencius conducted her to the queen's chamber, where her majesty was; at the sight of whom her grace kneeled down, and desired God to preserve her majesty, not mistrusting but that she should try herself as true a subject towards her majesty as ever did any, and desired her majesty

even so to judge of her; and said, that she should not find her to the contrary, whatsoever report otherwise had gone of her. To whom the queen answered, "You will not confess your offence, but stand stoutly to your truth? I pray God it may so fall out."—"If it doth not," quoth the Lady Elizabeth, "I request neither favour nor pardon at your majesty's hands."—"Well," said the queen, "you still persevere in your truth; belike you will not confess but that you have been wrongfully punished?"—"I must not say so, if it please your majesty," quoth she, "to you."—"Why then," said the queen, "belike you will to others?"—"No, if it please your majesty," quoth she, "I have borne the burthen, and must bear it. I humbly beseech your majesty to have a good opinion of me, and to think me to be your true subject, not only from

the beginning hitherto, but for ever as long as life lasteth." And so they departed, with very few comfortable words of the queen in English, but what she said in Spanish God knoweth. It is thought that King Philip was there behind a cloth, and not seen, and that he shewed himself a very friend in that matter, &c. Thus her grace departing, went to her lodging again, and the sevendnight after was delivered of Sir Henry Benifield, her gaoler (as she termed him), and his soldiers; and so her grace being set at liberty from imprisonment, went into the country, and had appointed to go with her Sir Thomas Pope, one of Queen Mary's counsellors, and one of her gentlemen ushers, Master Gage. And thus straightly was she looked to all Queen Mary's time: and this is the discourse of her highness's imprisonment.

THE FEMALE TATTLER.

No. XXXVIII.

Father of all, in ev'ry age,
In ev'ry clime ador'd,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Pope's Universal Prayer.

I HAVE received a very sensible letter, as it appears to me, and I think my readers will be of the same opinion, on the subject of religion. Its sentiments are indeed applicable to all, but the writer addresses it in a more particular manner to females, from an apprehension, that what is called philosophy, that is, a principle independent of an established religion, has a fashionable influence among too many of our sex, which, were it allowed to prevail, would prove one of the greatest evils that could befall so-

ciety. I should hope, that the alarms of my sensible correspondent have not any terrifying foundation; and that he must have drawn his conclusions, not from any general indisposition in the women of the present age to the faith and practice of Christianity, but from some would-be philosopher in petticoats (and, I must own, there are, within my own knowledge, some examples of this folly, to use no stronger expression), who has awakened in his reasoning mind the desire to throw out a few hints

for the consideration of those ladies who may think, that free-thinking is profound thinking, and that the adoption of stale arguments against received opinions will elevate them into the chair of science, and acquire for their vanity an acknowledged claim to the character of superior understanding.

I shall not argue at present against the folly of such notions, nor enlarge on the consequences that must result from them, when encouraged in the female bosom; they must be alarmingly evident to every one who considers for a moment the nature of social life, and the important part which women are called to perform in it.

The following observations are equally applicable to either sex; and it is in compliance with the wish of the writer who has supplied them, that I call the particular attention of my own sex to the subject, though they would be equally beneficial to the other; and without any further introduction, I offer them to the consideration of both.

F——T——.

TO THE FEMALE TATTLER.

Madam,

* * * * *
 * * * He who has any doubts respecting Providence, has the choice only of two conclusions: he must either attribute the formation and moral government of the system wherein he lives, moves, and has his being, to a First Cause; or he must consider it, with all its wonders and its beauties, as the work of chance, as a fortuitous combination of the atoms of which it is composed.

When we see reason thus employed and thus abused, to crush

all those hopes which are the best, and indeed the only, encouragement to our virtues, the perversion would almost induce us to repine at the possession of an instrument which may be used, not merely to our disgrace, but to our destruction.

The proofs of the existence of a First Cause are so scattered around us, that wherever the senses are called into action, they must acknowledge it. I am not speaking of atheism, which I hold to be impossible, but that affected, irrational, or impertinent view of nature and the course of human life, which never fails to check the operations of the mind in submitting to or adopting those rules by which a religious faith, and consequently a religious conduct, is acquired and pursued.

To look through nature up to nature's God, is a leading act of the mind to prepare it for the duties, the necessity of which must become apparent from such a contemplation. For surely it is one of the most affecting instances of supreme benevolence, that it has afforded us such a wonderful and inexhaustible proof of its providence, by the wide and extensive scene displayed before us in the visible works of creation. Nor can any reflecting mind be insensible to its moral effects, even on our worldly and temporal concerns; how the view of it and its numerous arrangements, as well as attractive varieties, is a source of pleasure in the journey of life, of relief in its labours, and even of consolation in its disappointments.

It has been observed by a distinguished writer, that there is a kind

of pleasure communicated to our senses in a fine day, of which every one is more or less sensible. All our organs seem to feel its invigorating influence, our spirits are enlivened, and inanimate nature animates the rational faculties. If this be a sensual pleasure, it is not only the most innocent, but it is ennobled by its relation to those which are of an intellectual character; and it is evident how much it becomes our interest to enlarge the sphere of these kinds of enjoyments, in which we may indulge without reproach, and persevere in without being satiated. I once knew a gentleman who was considered as a singular man, though I never could discover why, except that he gave importance to trifles, and made it a practice to assign reasons and motives for every thing he did, however inconsiderable or unimportant it might appear to be. Such a conduct might seem in him to be carried too far, according to the general fashion and practice of mankind: but I know not why we are to discard reason, and prefer habit; why we should in any thing act mechanically, and not from reflection. This gentleman had four daughters, and he was particularly anxious that they should excel in landscape-drawing, assigning as a reason, that it would attract their attention to, and give them an insight of, the works of nature as they appeared in the visible world, heightened as they are seen by the exertions of art and the influence of taste: hence he deduced a moral influence on their minds, to promote or augment which, he directed their attentions also to a conservatory, and a certain portion of bo-

tanical pursuits. I have often thought of my friend's conduct and reasonings, and had I not been destined to pass the life of an old bachelor, I should, if the opportunity had been offered me, have adopted his paternal arrangement; for which there was certainly the greatest encouragement in these young ladies, who have been, and are still in their various situations, the ornaments of their sex. How far the employment of their pencils may have promoted their moral excellence, I shall leave others to conjecture. Such an art must be a pleasing, a desirable, and an innocent accomplishment; and I think it will not be denied, that what is pleasing, desirable, and innocent, must advance a tendency to excellence in the female character.

It was a favourite idea of an eminent sect of the ancient philosophers, that to contemplate and admire the excellencies of nature's works, forms a capital part of our duty and destination in the world; and from these testimonies of a providential government of the world, they were induced to quit the multiplicity of gods, which is a leading feature of pagan mythology, and rely upon an omnipotent First Cause.

The study of nature is as much distinguished from other subjects by the variety of its topics, as by the value of its conclusions. All our different tastes and talents may here be severally consulted. As the colour and tendency of our minds dispose us, we find a suitable order of proofs; and while one is struck with the unwearied and constant return of seasons, another is better pleased with considering the

unerring powers of instinct, which gathers under the mother's wings the helpless wandering brood, and makes its voice heard when danger threatens. By such contemplations as these, we cherish towards the Supreme Author of all things a certain zeal and warmth of heart, that awakes all the ardour, all the sensibilities of our nature to the thought and duties of religion. Nor in this pursuit does the rational observer look in preference to what is most rare and unfrequent, but to the indication it affords of design and providence in the government of the world.

This testimony, so abundantly spread over the face of nature, appears to be distributed into different masses and portions, in the examination of which we may follow the bent of our particular tastes and studies. Thus some have been chiefly captivated by the stated motions of the heavenly bodies, as most powerfully opposing any notion of chance. Others consider the supreme wisdom as most wonderfully displayed in the structure of the human frame. The playfulness and the innocent joys, with a kind of secret guardianship and protection that seems imperceptibly to hover over them, have been represented as the kindest proofs of a superintending Providence; while the revolutions of the planets are considered by the pious astronomer, as proving the powerful, irresistible impulse of a predisposing hand.

Thus the various classes of nature's works present to the contemplative mind a various arrangement of proofs, which might be infinitely changed as they are offer-

ed to the different tastes and characters of mankind. As we advance in the pursuit, with reason for our guide, we shall find new ornaments in truth, fresh dignity in devotion, and additional supports in religion.

If, however, discontented with partial consideration, we ascend higher on the stage of observation, and take a view of the whole plan and order of our system; the unity of design and connection of parts force us to conclude, that one pervading spirit directs the whole: while it appears even to our own intellect, that we may trace the power through the course of natural and revealed religion; that the same character of goodness and wisdom is stamped upon each portion of the supreme government; that the same venerable and progressive order is every where preserved; that the same truths unfold themselves in the same course of patient and gradual discovery; and that, after all, certain limits are wisely, and indeed it may be said benevolently, opposed to our investigation.

Indeed it cannot be denied, that the power of reconciling the scheme of natural and revealed religion to the course and constitution of nature, is the highest in the scale of those proofs with which the study of the works of creation supplies us, and closes a series of testimony equally complete and beautiful.

* * * * *

My ingenious correspondent urged his arguments still further, and to a considerable length; but I have inserted enough, I conceive, for my purpose: and if my young readers will consider the subject with attention, they may derive

very essential advantage from the reflections it will produce. This paper may indeed be among the less amusing, but it will not be among the least useful, that I have presented to them.

Oh! how canst thou renounce the boundless store

Of gifts which Nature to her votaries yields:
The warbling woodlands, the resounding shore,

The pomp of groves, the garniture of fields;

All that the genial ray of morning gilds,

And all that echoes to the song of even;

All that the shelt'ring mountain's bosom shields,

And all the dread magnificence of Heaven—

Oh! how canst thou renounce, and hope to be forgiven?

I shall conclude this paper with a quotation from a letter of Mr. Pope to a lady, which exactly suits, and will, in some measure, enliven my subject.

“The weather is too fine for any one that loves the country to leave it at this season, when every smile of the sun, like the smile of a coy lady, is as dear as it is uncommon: and I am so much in the taste of rural pleasures, I had rather see the sun than any thing he can shew me, except yourself. I am growing fit I hope for a better world, of which the light of the sun is but a shadow; for I doubt not but God's works here are what come nearest to his works there, and that a *true relish of the beauties of nature* is the most easy preparation and gentlest transition to an enjoyment of those of heaven.”

F— T—.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

“*The cold Wave my Love lies under,*”
from Moore's celebrated Poem
“*Lalla Rookh.*” *The Music by*
T. Attwood. Pr. 1s. 6d.

IN these days, when, on the appearance of a new poem, harmonic illustrations seem to be as much a matter of course as graphic embellishments, Mr. Moore's “*Lalla Rookh*” might be expected to have given ample employment to our musical composers. We have before us a good number of songs, duets, &c. set to detached parts of the above poem, some of which we now wish to bring under the notice of our readers. From the increasing quantity of musical publications of this description, it may be inferred that they are generally acceptable; although we may be allowed to think, that far too great a latitude has occasionally prevailed

in the choice of the subjects. We frequently see fragments of poems brought into harmony, which are not very intelligible without a perusal of the work, and the text, metre, and rhythm of which are ill calculated for musical expression.

This observation, as far as musical expression goes, certainly will rarely be found to apply to Mr. Moore's Muse. Himself a harmonist, his lines generally flow in such sweet harmonious numbers, as almost to challenge the composer's pen.

In the song above named, Mr. Attwood has shewn his usual skill and his acknowledged science as a harmonist; has displayed a degree of pathos quite in unison with the text, and in a very small compass of staves has exhibited both an interesting variety of ideas, and a

judicious arrangement with regard to general plan. The allegro *agitato* at the outset depicts successfully the lover's anxious alarms; an appropriate change of expression takes place in the beginning of p. 2, where we think a direction for slackening the time would have been desirable: in this page we observe some fine harmonic combinations. The $\frac{6}{8}$ movement (p. 3), is very judiciously introduced; its melodious strains are faithful to the text, and form a welcome contrast with the sombre hue of the preceding lines. Although the poet contemplates the mournful possibility of two lovers being buried under one wave, we are inclined to think some portions of Mr. Attwood's labour too deeply tinged with gloom. In music, as in the other fine arts, we ought rather to fall short of the full extent of a distressing scene, or at least be very sparing and transient in our darkening touches. The mind dislikes dwelling upon them, especially when aided by the medium of painting or harmony. In the other extreme, the gay, the lively, it is difficult, if not impossible, to go beyond the mark.

"*Now Morn is blushing in the Sky,*" from "*Lalla Rookh*," composed by Sir John Stevenson, Mus. Doc. Pr. 2s.

A recitativo and aria in E b.

In the recitativo, we observe some striking transitions and select expressions in concordance with the beautiful lines of the poem. In the song, the composer has availed himself of the lines, "And she hears the trees of Eden, with their crystal bells ringing in that ambrosial breeze," &c. to introduce

an imitation of the ringing of our church bells, both in the instrumental and vocal parts. To us, this comparison appears rather too homely; but the idea is cleverly interwoven with the texture of the whole.

"*Namouna's Song*," in "*Lalla Rookh*," the Music by Dr. John Clarke. Pr. 2s. 6d.

Recitativo in B minor (chiefly), and song in B major. The introduction to the former, and the instrumental interludes, are tasteful, and the recitation itself is satisfactorily devised. The air has two strains, one in $\frac{2}{4}$, and the other in $\frac{6}{8}$ time. These are of simple construction; without any features of novelty, the melody flows with ease, and falls within the reach of moderate vocal abilities.

"*Spirit of Bliss*," Trio and Song; the Words selected from the Poem of "*Lalla Rookh*," the Music composed by Lord Burghersh. Pr. 3s.

Practical amateurs of music are seldom to be met with among English gentlemen, and much less composers; because, among the national prejudices, that of excluding music from the education of our male youth is pretty firmly rooted on this side the Channel. "The boy's time," we have heard it said, "is not to be uselessly abstracted from his more serious studies; his mind not to be enervated by such flimsy accomplishments: if he come to like a good tune by and by, he will be able to pay fiddlers from abroad to strike it up for him. Your signors and mounseers will come fast enough to pipe for his guineas."—In despite of these weighty arguments, it has often

struck us, that music cannot altogether be deemed incompatible with the more solid attainments of the mind. Pythagoras and Plato cultivated it strenuously; Epaminondas, Alcibiades, Philip of Macedon, and Frederic II. were first-rate flute-players; King James played upon eight instruments, and composed admirably; and the noble author of the piece under consideration furnishes another instance of the union of military, diplomatic, and musical qualifications.—Among the enlightened Greeks, music formed a branch of polite education; and the case is nearly the same among the Germans, who yet have found sufficient time to make as great advances in learning and knowledge, as any other European nation. A little of the time devoted to four-in-hand training, to sparring studies at the Fives' Court, to fashionable lounging, to hazard, to dull circulations of the bottle, &c. would furnish wherewith to cultivate, in a reasonable degree, the charms of harmony, of which it may most truly be said,

Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.

But it is high time to revert to the labour of Lord Burghersh. The composition is not an effort of deep science, but it possesses attractions which science alone is unable to impart. Good melody, chaste simplicity, taste and feeling, breathe in these few pages. To these advantages, his lordship's residence in "the land where citrons bloom" has, no doubt, contributed its wonted aid. Italy makes the least parade of music, prints none, and has no music-shops; but it makes singers, musicians, and composers. Italy unquestionably shed its ge-

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nial influence over the musical attainments carried thither by Lord Burghersh. The trio before us, in E b, repeats perhaps too often the chords of the tonic and dominant seventh, and may present too uniform an accompaniment of *arpeggios*; but the melody is graceful, the periods are properly balanced, and the three parts are set in effective unsophisticated harmony. The invocation, "Hail to thee," is pathetically expressed; and, in the concluding symphony, we observe, with approbation, the modulation from E b, through C minor to G 7, as a preparation to the solo air in C major. This portion of the work not only exhibits again a very spirited and well-conducted melody throughout, but also contains several ingenions and apt transitions to other keys (pp. 8 and 9), which are attended with the best effect, and keep the interest alive. The symphony (p. 10), which reconducts us to the trio, from C minor to E b, is again contrived with judicious attention to connection; and in the repetition of the trio, we notice the introduction of some fresh thoughts, of a select cast. In a few instances, we have observed some slight deviations from strict contrapuntal purity, which, in an amateur production, are entitled to indulgent consideration.

Introduction and favourite Air from "The Miller and his Men," composed by Henry R. Bishop; arranged as a Rondo for the Piano-forte, and dedicated to Mrs. Silvester, by G. Kiallmark. [Pr. 2s. 6d.]

Mr. Kiallmark's productions have generally been mentioned with approbation in our critiques, but we also occasionally pointed out some

P

respects in which they appeared to us susceptible of greater interest; such as greater variety in the bass parts, and a more extensive range of occasional modulation. These desiderata are furnished in the present publication. The introduction, in D major, bears the character of an attractive pastorale: it contains good melody throughout: in its *minore* strain (p. 2) we remark several tasteful passages, and a delicate winding up. Mr. Bishop's theme, a waltz, is next moulded into a very pleasing rondo, of great diversity of ideas. The modulations, p. 4, are select; the variations upon the theme, p. 5, extremely graceful; the strain in G, p. 6, and the subsequent modulations, conspicuously good; and the passages in the 7th page highly effective. The whole of his book has our hearty commendation.

No. I. *Sonata for the Piano-forte and Violoncello obligato, or Violin obligato; dedicated to Miss Caroline Mordaunt, composed by C. F. Eley. Op. 15. Pr. 4s.*

Of two sonatas by this author, we select the first for present notice. It consists of an allegro and rondo in E major, and an intermediate adagio in E minor, and is written in the style of compositions of about thirty years back. This designation can hardly be misunderstood by those who reflect, that many classic compositions of Haydn, Mozart, Pleyel, Clementi, &c. are of a similar date; and with these we wish to class the present performance of our truly respectable veteran harmonist.

The sonata is excellent; sound sterling music throughout. On the one hand, it steers clear of any of

the fashionable unmeaning tittle-tattle and filigree work; while, on the other, our ears are not assailed by the crude affectations of extravagant harmonic combinations, which constitute the *forte* of the musical *bel-esprits* of the present day. Instead of these, we obtain from Mr. Eley genuine melody, derived from native good taste and a cultivated talent, fine harmony, and select, but not eccentric, modulations, when the occasion demands them.

The allegro of this sonata reminds us of good old times, for we seldom see such movements now-a-days. The adagio is written with great inward feeling, and the utmost chasteness of expression; nor is it less distinguished by masterly skill in contrapuntal contrivance; and in harmonic combinations. The theme of the rondo is delightful; it breathes innocent mirth; and the superstructure is of a piece with the preceding portions of this sonata.

The violoncello accompaniment is extremely effective, and requires a little previous study; but it may be exchanged for a violin accompaniment, which is likely to meet with a greater number of capable performers. We sincerely wish the evident care bestowed upon this sonata may be rewarded by the favour of the musical public.

GOODBAN'S NEW GAME of Musical Characters, adapted for the Improvement of Beginners, and Amusement of Performers in general.

Mr. Goodban's invention consists in an adaptation of the old and well-known game of "Mother Goose" to the purpose of musical

instruction. A board is divided into squares, each containing one musical character (referring to notes, time, expression, &c.), and each bearing, in regular series, the common numbers 1, 2, 3, &c. The players have each a man or counter, with a distinguishing mark, which they move forward on the board, according to the number thrown up by the spinning of a *tetotum*; and if the party fails in explaining the signification of the musical character, at which he may thus arrive successively, a fine is paid. Besides these mulcts, other unavoidable fines occur in particular stations of the board; and rewards are also occasionally dispensed from the common pool, formed at the outset. After proceeding in this manner through all the musical characters (122 in number), the game assumes a different principle, in order to introduce the signatures of the major and minor keys, beginning from C in the diatonic order, C, D, E, F, &c. Here the progress is by intervals; so that the player being at C, if he throws 4, moves to F \sharp or F \times , at his option, and is obliged to name and describe the key. In this manner, the major and minor keys are gone through, and he who arrives first at the last square (A minor) wins the game and the pool.

Some other peculiarities we omit for the sake of brevity, conceiving that the above particulars may be sufficient to convey a tolerably correct idea of the nature of Mr. G.'s game, which is amply illustrated by a little book, containing the rules, a *pro-forma* game, and an appendix, explanatory of the different musical characters. This lat-

ter is written with much clearness, such as might be expected from the author of those systematic and useful elementary works, the *Piano-forte* and the *Violin Instructors*.

Mr. Goodban's object in devising this game is as highly praiseworthy, as the invention itself appears to us ingenious, and the arrangement of its materials judicious. All that is required to bring the game to bear, will be a little pains on the part of musical parents, or teachers, to obtain a knowledge of its simple principles before it be consigned to the children, who would probably find it a little laborious to procure that knowledge themselves. An extra lesson paid to the music-master for this purpose would be money well bestowed.

A popular French Air, with Variations, composed for the Piano-forte by Ferd. Ries. No. IV. Op. 84. Pr. 3s.

Nothing more or less than "*Malbrouque s'en va-t-en guerre*," an old friend equipped with several new suits of clothes; but these habiliments are complete gala dresses of the best workmanship. In some of the divers suits, too, the maker has indulged his own taste in the cut, and in the addition of frogs, lace, and trimmings to such a fanciful degree, that the features of our old friend are not easily to be recognised; and the garments might probably serve others besides him. But as, on the other hand, there are also several tight and exquisite fits, and the wardrobe is ample and well stocked, friend *Malbrouque* has no reason to complain: he has probably never been better served. We are quite sure the skirts, added to his sixth dress by way of coda, are

superior to any thing he ever put on. They are in the first style of the great master at Vienna, and a good deal in the fashion of the famous Vittoria regimentals so much admired in this country.

A favourite March and Polonoise for the Harp; composed, and dedicated to Miss Flora Macleod, by N. C. Bochsa. Pr. 4s.

The march offers no striking peculiarities. It is conceived in a style somewhat out of date, but possesses considerable energy. The polonoise is more *nel buon gusto moderno*, pretty and playful as to theme, and of great diversity in the accessory portions. Among the latter we observe some excellent ideas at the end of p. 6 and beginning of p. 7. An attractive *dolce* appears in the next page. The theme is seasonably reintroduced in p. 9, and followed by a succession of passages, p. 10, the elegant activity of which claims unqualified encomium. The subject again serves to wind up the whole in a tasteful and spirited manner.

Select Melodies, with Variations for the Flute and Piano-forte; composed by C. Nicholson and J. F. Burrowes. No. VIII. Pr. 3s.

Four variations, and coda on the air, "My lodging is on the cold ground." What we have said in commendation of the preceding numbers of this undertaking, applies substantially to this. Every thing is as it should be. Among the special features, in this instance, the 3d var. obtrudes itself on account of its chaste melody in F minor; and in the 4th var. the $\frac{6}{8}$ subject has undergone an able transformation into common time. The coda is characteristic and good.

La Ricordanza, a Divertimento for the Piano-forte; composed for, and dedicated to, Miss Liddell, by J. B. Cramer. Pr. 4s.

A slow movement in E \flat , an allegro in B \flat , and a rondo in E \flat . We have so often expatiated on the distinguishing marks of Mr. Cramer's assiduous and numerous efforts in the field of harmony, and so entirely exhausted the poverty of language in our endeavours to evince the high sense we entertain of his works, that we could only recur to phrases of old standing in speaking of the present divertimento. As in all human performances the same source does not invariably yield productions of equal value, so there will be found comparative degrees of excellence in the fruits of Mr. C.'s pen. *La Ricordanza* is one of those that will rank high in the estimation of the connoisseur; it justifies its title, for the elegance and scientific excellence in its pages are sure to convey impressions that will not soon be forgotten.

"Turn thee, O Lord, again at the last," an Anthem for four Voices, composed by Thomas Attwood. Pr. 2s. 6d.

As this anthem was performed at St. Paul's cathedral so long ago as the 19th November, 1817, the funeral-day of our lamented Princess Charlotte, we should have refrained from noticing it now, although its publication came but lately under our cognizance, had it not appeared to us particularly deserving of the amateur's attention. It consists of two strains, one in F major, and the other in A minor, which, after being sung as a solo, are set to be repeated as a semi-chorus in

four parts, treble, alt, tenor, and bass. Deep inward emotion and pathos distinguish the melody; and in the accompaniment of the organ, as well as in the arrangement of the four voices, noble simplicity, we might say sanctity, of style is blended with a rich display of sterling science.

"L'Amitié," a celebrated French Quadrille; arranged as a Rondo for the Piano-forte by C. L. Lithander. Pr. 1s. 6d.

Although the subject (in A major) is borrowed, the treatment of it, and the kindred thoughts deduced from the original, shew the ability of the pen that handled it. In the dolce, p. 3, Mr. L. has imitated (in the dominant) his theme in a very fascinating manner. Further on, some clever contrapuntal contrivances merit notice. In short, this is a very agreeable rondo, and its facility eminently recommends it as a proper lesson for pupils of moderate advancement.

"Marian," a Divertimento for the Piano-forte; composed, and dedicated to Miss Salomonson, by Jos. Sharp. Pr. 2s. 6d.

An adagio, in D minor, forms a very proper introduction to a rondo in D major. The latter we can, in more than one respect, pronounce a movement of considerable merit and attraction. The subject is distinguished by a vein of soft and graceful expression, which is continued in the second strain. In the third portion (p. 4), some effective and pleasing crossed-hand bars claim our attention; as also a variety of quick passages, which will exhibit the abilities of the performer with *éclat*, even if they be of the

moderate kind. The conclusion is spirited, and in character.

"The Sun now sets behind the Hill," a favourite Song, composed by W. F. Ansdell. Pr. 1s. 6d.

In the melody to these two elegant stanzas, Mr. Ansdell has shewn a considerable degree of chaste and pathetic expression; and the instrumental part is written with attention to propriety of harmony and taste. The phrases throughout the greater portion of the song, consisting invariably of two bars, with the separation of a rest, impart to the air, in our opinion, an effect of continued breaks; whereas the text would have gained by a more lengthened flow of expression. The composer is as little obliged to mark each line of the poetry with a separate musical phrase, as the reader would be expected to introduce a stop in reciting the same.

"Les Environs de Hastings," a Divertimento for the Piano-forte, with a Flute Accompaniment, ad lib.; composed, and dedicated to Mrs. Milward, by W. H. Richards.—Pr. 3s.; with accompaniments, 4s.

The bill of fare includes the following successive *morceaux*: Introduction, largo in C minor; "Marche Militaire," in C major; "The Fishponds," duet, from Don Juan, G major; "Lover's Seat," E b major; "Roy's wife of Aldivalloch;" "Boh-peep rondo."

Mr. Richards's name is affixed to the introduction *alone* (an interesting movement): whether any of the remaining pieces are of his own invention, remains therefore uncertain. The songs (which are set for the piano-forte without the vocal part) are of course not claimed

as property: the "Boh-peep rondo" we could wish to be of his composition, not so much for its pretty name, as on account of the style and treatment, which are exceedingly proper. The march, too, with its trio in F, would do him no less credit; it is made of very good materials. In fact, the whole collection, whether arranged, or invented, is throughout satisfactory, and perfectly proper for the improvement and entertainment of the student.

The favourite Air "Ah vous dirai," arranged as a Waltz, with Variations, and inscribed to Lady F. Wood, by T. Costellow. Pr. 2s. 6d.

Mr. Costellow's labour differs from the innumerable productions founded upon the same air, in one curious particular. His theme, in $\frac{3}{4}$ time, is already a variation on the French original subject, which is in common time; and so rooted was the impression long received by the original, that it every now and then seemed to interfere with our progress through Mr. C.'s performance in a new measure of time. His variations are respectable; but in some of them, such as in Nos. 3. and 4. there is too great a uniformity: the figure of one bar serves for all the rest. This is not the case with var. 5. which flows in well-connected passages, and appears to us to be the best. No. 6. also, has our entire approbation in this respect.

"Lord, hear the Voice of my Complaint," a sacred Song; composed, and inscribed to Miss Risley, by J. M'Murdie, Mus. Bac. Oxon. Pr. 1s. 6d.

This is a hymn of great merit. A vein of elevated, pious feeling

pervades every part of the melody; and its progress, as well as the accompaniment, is conducted with true science, guided by pure taste. The harmonic arrangement is of the most select and mellow kind. In one particular, however, the composition appears to have been susceptible of still greater perfection. It seems occasionally to want that rhythmical symmetry of constituent parts which affords measurement to the mind by the vehicle of the ear, and conveys a defined perception of the plan, in the same manner as the eye weighs the proportions and correspondent masses of an edifice.

"Black-eyed Mary," a favourite Ballad; the Words by W. Stamp, Esq.; the Music, with Piano-forte Accompaniments, composed by R. Neale. Pr. 1s. 6d.

A fluent, agreeable melody, written in a simple, unassuming ballad style. The accompaniment is satisfactory; and the diatonic descent of the bass in the beginning of p. 2 neatly contrived.

"Mad Madge," the Poetry from the "Tales of my Landlord;" the Music composed, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte, by J. F. Reddie. Pr. 1s. 6d.

The symphony modulates too much backwards and forwards, and is not of rhythmical roundness. The song itself has decided claims to our favour. The first strain is respectable, and followed by a neat little symphony. After this comes an apt recitative, and a pertinent thought in G minor; and in the beginning of the third page a very interesting and clever period attracts particular attention.



PLATE 9.—THE PEDESTRIAN'S HOBBY-HORSE.

BARON VON DRAIS, a gentleman at the court of the Grand-Duke of Baden, is the inventor of this ingenious machine, called *Drais Laufmaschine* by the Germans, and *Draisena* by the French.

Under the direction of the same individual, some years since, a carriage was constructed to go without horses; but as it required two servants to work it, and was a very complicated piece of workmanship, besides being heavy and expensive, the baron, after having brought it to some degree of perfection, relinquished the design altogether in favour of the machine here presented, and now introduced into this country by Mr. Johnson of 75, Long-Acre: it is a most simple, cheap, and light machine, and is likely to become useful and generally employed in England, as well as in Germany and France; particularly in the country, in gentlemen's pleasure-grounds and parks. By medical men on the Continent it is esteemed a discovery of much importance, as it affords the best exercise for the benefit of health.

The swiftness with which a person, well practised, can travel, is almost beyond belief; eight, nine, and even ten miles may be passed over within the hour, on good and level ground. The inventor, Baron von Drais, travelled last summer, previously to his last improvement, from Manheim to the Swiss relay-house, and back again, a distance of four hours' journey by

the posts, in one short hour; and he has lately, with the improved machine, ascended the steep hill from Gernsbach to Baden, which generally requires two hours, in about an hour, and convinced a number of scientific amateurs assembled on the occasion, of the great swiftness of this very interesting species of carriage.—The principle of this invention is taken from the *art of skating*, and consists in the simple idea of a seat upon two wheels, propelled by the feet acting upon the ground. The riding-seat, or saddle, is fixed on a perch upon two double-shod wheels, running after each other, so that they can go upon the footways, which in summer are almost always good. To preserve the balance, a small board, covered and stuffed, is placed before, on which the arms are laid, and in front of which is the little guiding-pole, which is held in the hand to direct the route. These machines will answer very well for messengers and other purposes, and even for long journeys: they do not weigh fifty pounds, and may be made with travelling-pockets, &c. in a very handsome and durable form. The price, as we are informed, is from 8*l.* to 10*l.*

Pedestrian wagers against time have of late been much the hobby of the English people, and this new invention will give new scope for sport of that sort.

FINE ARTS.

INTELLIGENCE REGARDING WORKS OF ART IN
PROGRESS OR COMPLETED.

THE public has become so generally interested in the fine arts, that the employment and occupation, as well as the respective talents and genius of artists, is a favourite, as it is an improving, subject of inquiry and consideration in every polished society. The proprietor of this work apprehends, therefore, that a feeling so favourable to the interests of painting, sculpture, architecture, and engraving, may, in some degree, be advanced, by occasionally offering to the public correct information respecting the actual state and progress of works of art: he proposes, therefore, to appropriate every month a few pages of the *Repository of Arts* to intelligence on painting, sculpture, &c. so that the advancing labours of artists, and the ripening fruits of their genius, may be occasionally made known, not in the way of criticism or puff, but of authentic intelligence. To enable him to accomplish this design, he begs leave to solicit the favour of such communications as artists will allow him to make public through the proposed channel, on or before the 15th day of the month on which they may wish them to appear.

James Ward, R. A. has in great forwardness, a mezzotinto engraving, after his own painting, of a half-length portrait of the *Rev. Johnson Atkinson Busfield, D. D.* domestic chaplain to the late Earl of Mulgrave, minister of Bayswater Chapel, alternate preacher of

the Asylum, and lecturer of St. Mary-le-Bone. The original picture is now at Mr. Ward's Gallery, No. 6, Newman-street.

Mr. Abraham Cooper, R. A. of New Millman-street, Foundling-Hospital, has just finished a battle picture, intended for the British Institution, together with three others; and is now employed by the Right Hon. Lord Ribblesdale to paint the *Battle of Marston Moor*, with portraits of Cromwell, Lambert, Sir Thomas Fairfax, &c. &c. &c. This picture is in an advanced state, and will be sent to the Royal Academy, accompanied by several others, Portraits of Horses, Fancy Pictures, &c.

Mr. Matthew Wyatt has been engaged, for some months past, upon the execution of the *Monumental Group* which is intended to form a part of the Cenotaph in honour of the lamented Princess Charlotte of Wales and Saxe-Coburg; and it is expected to be in a state of sufficient forwardness for public inspection before the close of this spring. The composition consists of eight or nine figures, larger than the life.

Mr. J. Stephanoff of Charles-street, Middlesex Hospital, has just finished a drawing of the *Interior of Sir John Leicester's Gallery of Pictures*.

Mr. Masquerier, the portrait-painter of Edward-street, Portman-square, who has passed part of the years 1817 and 18 in Italy, is occupied, at his spare time, in paint-

ing a picture of the *Arch of Titus*, in the Campo Vaccino at Rome, and another of the *Palace of the Grand Duke* at Florence, from sketches which he made on the spot. Both these pictures will soon be submitted to public inspection.

Mr. Ankersmith, engraver, of Bridge-row, Chelsea, has in great forwardness, the large plate, after the painting by Mr. Heaphy, representing the *Duke of Wellington giving Orders to his Officers*, previous to a general action.

Mr. W. B. Cooke of Judd-place, New-road, is engraving a series of plates, *Landscape and Marine Scenery in the Rape of Hastings*, from drawings by J. M. W. Turner, R. A. They will be accompanied with historical descriptions by John Fuller, Esq. and when finished will form one handsome volume in royal folio, with fourteen engravings.

Mr. Say of Norton-street, has in great forwardness a mezzotinto engraving, the *Portrait of R. Birnie, Esq.* magistrate of Bow-street, after a painting by Mr. J. Green of Argyll-street.

Mr. Storer of Pentonville, is engaged in the publication of *a Series of Views in the City of Edinburgh* (in monthly numbers), comprising its most interesting Remains of Antiquity, Public Buildings, and Picturesque Scenery. The work will be completed in two 8vo. volumes, containing about one hundred engravings, with appropriate descriptions, and a concise history of the Scottish metropolis. In addition to the views within the city, such subjects in its vicinity as are generally attractive to strangers, will be embodied in the work.

Captain J. C. Laskey has in a *Fol. III. No. XXXVIII.*

state of great forwardness, a Set of Plates, executed in the richest dotted style by an eminent artist, to illustrate the Napoleon Series of Medals, executed at the National Mint at Paris, by and under the direction of Napoleon Buonaparte, during his dynasty.

A print, in etching and aquatinta, is in the course of preparation, representing the situation of *His Majesty's Packet Hinchinbrook*, Captain James, of six carriage-guns, and two carronades, 9-pounders, 30 men and boys, at the close of an action with the American privateer *Grand Turk*, of Salem, of nineteen 9-pounder long carriage-guns, and 180 men, on the evening of the 1st of May, 1814. It is from a drawing by Mr. W. J. Pocock.

Proposals are in circulation for publishing by subscription, a print representing *the decisive Charge of the Life-Guards at Waterloo*, to be engraved by W. Bromley, from a picture by Luke Clennell, which was rewarded by the British Institution in 1816. Size of the engraving 18 inches by 10 $\frac{1}{4}$. The picture is in the hands of the engraver, and the prints will be ready for delivery in the following autumn.

The following are the singular and heart-rending circumstances which have given rise to this publication:

Mr. Clennell, the painter, is a native of Morpeth, in the county of Northumberland, and was originally pupil to Mr. Bewick of Newcastle. Specimens of his talents, as an engraver on wood, will be found in some of the most elegant publications of the day. The beautiful illustrations of Rogers's *Pleasures of Memory*, from the de-

signs of Stothard, and the diploma of the Highland Society, from a drawing by the venerable president of the Royal Academy (the largest wood-engraving of the age), are both the productions of his hand. But his genius did not stop here. He had not been long in London before he was known to the public as a painter, and one too of no ordinary character. Possessing an active and ardent mind, he saw and estimated the advantages held out by the British Institution; he became one of its most assiduous students, and soon distinguished himself in its annual exhibitions. His rapid progress was marked by the admirers and lovers of art; and the patrons of the Institution, ever ready to foster and encourage excellence, early and munificently rewarded his exertions.

In the midst of this career of success, at the moment of completing a picture for the Earl of Bridgewater, representing the Fête given by the City of London to the assembled Sovereigns—a picture which had cost him unheard-of labour, and which he had executed in a way to command the admiration of all who saw it, even in its unfinished and imperfect state—he was afflicted with the most dreadful of all maladies—the loss of reason! He has been now for nearly two years separated from his family and from society. This is but half the melancholy tale:—His wife, fondly attached to him, attending him day and night, fluctuating perpetually between the hope which the glimmerings of returning reason still held out, and the almost despair which followed on his again sinking into confirmed lunacy—at the moment too when she seemed to her

friends to have overcome the severity of the trial, and was preparing to enter on some business, by which she might support her children, deprived of their father's aid—became herself the subject of the same malady, which being accompanied with fever, soon terminated in her death. The death of a young mother of a young family is always a most afflicting event. In the present instance the visitation is singularly aggravated by the distressing situation of the father, whose disorder becomes every day more decided, and whose recovery is now placed beyond all hope.

It is to provide for three young children, the eldest only eight years of age, that this publication is undertaken; and though the committee who conduct it cannot but hope that the melancholy circumstances in which these little creatures are left, will not fail to excite the commiseration of the public; *yet their main reliance is on the excellence of the publication as a work of art.* The picture selected is a spirited and splendid composition, illustrative of a great national event; which, while it added much to the military glory of the country, is still more endeared to all our memories by its having given peace to a conflicting world.

The reward conferred on this picture by the British Institution must be considered as especially sanctioning the selection of the committee; and the well known talents of the engraver are the best guarantee that can be offered to the public for the excellence of the whole.—Particulars may be had, and subscriptions received, at Mr. Ackermann's, 101, Strand.



WEDDING DRESS



FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

PLATE 10.—WALKING DRESS.

A HIGH dress composed of French grey Circassian cloth: the bottom of the skirt is ornamented with bands of white lutestring, edged with cord the colour of the dress, which forms lozenges; each lozenge is ornamented at the top and bottom with a white lutestring rose, the heart of which is very much seen: it is formed of hard-twisted silk, and this gives the flower a rich and novel appearance. The body is made up to the throat, but without a collar; it is ornamented round the top of the bust with a light silk trimming; both the back and front are full, but the Athenian braces, which are worn with it, confine it to the shape. For the form of these braces, which are peculiarly advantageous to the figure, we refer to our print: they are composed of white lutestring, and have a very full epaulette of the same material. The dress has a plain long sleeve, the bottom of which is tastefully finished to correspond with the epaulette. The head-dress is a French walking hat, in shape something similar to a gentleman's: it is composed of plain straw-coloured silk *pluche*, and lined with slate-coloured satin; the crown is oval, and of a moderate height; the brim is rather large, but is formed into an oval shape by being turned up in a soft roll on each side. The edge of the brim is richly ornamented with slate-coloured satin, twisted to form what the French call a *torsade*. A long plume of white ostrich feathers, the edges of

which are curled, is placed on one side. French grey gloves. Half-boots, the upper part French grey silk, the lower part black leather. A large India scarf is thrown over the shoulders. This dress is worn in carriage costume as well as for elegant promenade dress.

PLATE 11.—EVENING DRESS.

A round dress composed of white satin: the skirt falls in easy folds round the figure; the bottom of it is richly trimmed with a double *ruche* of white net, over which is a beautiful wreath of white net roses intermixed with large velvet leaves: this is surmounted by a net *ruche* to correspond with the bottom. The body is cut low round the bust, but so as to shade the bosom in a very decorous manner; it is trimmed with lace *tabs*. The bottom of the waist is ornamented to correspond. A very short lace sleeve, made full: the body is contrived in a very novel way, so as to form a part of the sleeve. The head-dress is a low white satin *toque*, ornamented in front with white roses, which are surmounted by a plume of ostrich feathers: it is tied under the chin by a row of pearls, finished by pearl tassels.

We are indebted to Mrs. Smith, 15, Old Burlington-street, for both these dresses.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

Till the mourning has actually expired, it will be difficult to ascertain precisely the fashion by which it will be succeeded. We have

availed ourselves of our numerous opportunities of seeing dresses which are in preparation for ladies of distinction; and we shall present our fair subscribers with descriptions of such of them as are most remarkable for elegance and taste.

First for the promenade, or rather, we should say, carriage or dress promenade costume, for mere walking dress does not at present afford any novelty; the most elegant, next to the one which we have given in our print, is a pelisse of ruby-coloured velvet, lined with rich white sarsnet, and trimmed with a mixture of swansdown and satin. The body of this pelisse is made rather longer in the waist than we have recently seen them. The skirt is of a moderate width, and there is a good deal of fulness about the hips. The shape of the back is formed by a double row of small silk tufts placed on each side: the collar stands up very high round the throat; it is lined with white satin, and edged with swansdown: the satin is disposed in plaits, which are at some distance from each other; they are reversed at regular distances, and tacked down with ruby-coloured chenille. The sleeve is of a moderate width, but so long as to cover more than half the hand: the bottom of it is finished with swansdown. The shoulder is ornamented with a small epaulette, which corresponds with the collar. The trimming, which goes all round the pelisse, is similar, except that it is edged on both sides with swansdown. We should observe, that the pelisse just meets in front: it is, we think, one of the prettiest and most novel that we have seen; it is striking without being gaudy, and

is made in a manner exceedingly advantageous to the display of the shape.

We have noticed several morning dresses in tabbinet: this material promises to be very fashionable for undress. One of the prettiest of these gowns was an open robe, of a dark sea-green colour; the bottom of the skirt was vandyked with bright green silk *pluche*; the points of the vandykes were turned upward, and each of them was finished by a very narrow puffing of gauze, to correspond in colour with the *pluche*. The fronts just meet; they are fastened on the inside, and were ornamented up to the bust with rosettes of bright green satin. The body was made up to the throat, with a very small collar, which stood out from the neck: the fronts fitted the shape, but the back was quite loose; it was confined at the bottom by a girdle, or rather, we should say, a half-girdle, composed of *pluche*, which was tacked on at each side close to the hip, and fastened with three small silk buttons in the middle of the back: the bottom of this girdle was cut in pointed *tabs*, which were progressively deeper as they approached the back; it had consequently the appearance of a little smart jacket. Long sleeve of a moderate fulness: the shoulder and the bottom of the sleeve were ornamented with pointed *pluche*, and the collar was lined with the same material. This is an elegant and ladylike morning dress.

Poplins and lutestrings are the materials most likely to be in estimation for dinner gowns. Those that we have seen afforded very little novelty; they were in general

made low round the bust, tight to the shape, and with short sleeves. In a few instances there was a piece of net, or gauze, disposed in folds, which was tacked to the inside of the dress in such a manner as to come pretty high over the front of the bust: they had a neat and modest effect. The trimmings of dinner gowns do not afford any variety worth mentioning: invention in this respect seems to have completely stood still. Gauze or net disposed in *ruches*, puffings, or rouleaus, or else deep flounces of blond lace, are the only trimmings we have seen, except the folds of satin and net intermingled, which we mentioned some time ago, and which seem likely still to continue fashionable.

Full dress is a good deal made in white satin. We have given one of the most elegant that has fallen under our observation. We have seen another, which is also striking and tasteful: it is white satin, finished with a deep flounce of blond lace, which is headed by a *ruche* of white and ruby-coloured net, fancifully intermingled. A ruby-coloured velvet *corsage* is put on over the satin one: only a little of the front of the latter is seen; the former meets just in front, where it is fastened by a pearl clasp of the shape of a heart; the fronts are sloped on each side, and it is trimmed round the bust with narrow blond lace, which stands up. The sleeve, which is very short, is a double fall of blond lace over white satin; each fall is looped up with pearl ornaments to correspond with the clasp, but of a smaller size. This is a remarkably rich and elegant dress; it is also very appropriate to the season.

We have seen a number of *toques*, turbans, and dress caps, which have been prepared against the termination of the mourning. The former are always of a very moderate height: the most elegant, in our opinion, are composed of white satin and gauze, or plain white satin. There are others made either in coloured gauze, or a mixture of coloured satin with white gauze: when these are worn with a dress to correspond in colour, they look very well, but they are by no means elegant with a white dress. Turbans are in general of the Turkish form, and, as well as *toques*, are ornamented with ostrich feathers. We have seen some in silver gauze, decorated with bunches of silver wheat-ears: they had an elegant effect.

The dress caps which we have seen were all of a round shape, with low crowns. The prettiest are the beef-eater crowns, composed of rich letting-in lace, quartered with white satin; the satin is finished round with a fine narrow lace set on full; there is a double lace border, very full, particularly over the forehead, and a bunch of flowers placed to one side.

We have seen several full dress ornaments for the hair composed of gold and pearl; they are of a diadem shape. Flowers, disposed in a similar manner, promise also to be much in request. We have seen some wreaths of leaves both in pearls and emeralds; the latter have a beautiful effect upon fair hair.

The colours which appear most likely to be in favour are, bright and dark green, ruby, French rose-colour, pale brown, fawn-colour, azure, and French grey.

A corset which has just been submitted to our inspection, appears to us worthy of the attention of our fair subscribers: it is contrived to support, without compressing, the

shape, which it displays to very great advantage, by the manner in which it is cut: it is called the Athenian corset.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, Jan 20.

My dear SOPHIA,

I MUST begin by wishing you, and the dear little circle whom you amuse with my letters, a happy new year. I wished for you incessantly on the new-year's day, and am certain you would have been highly amused by a visit to the shops of Paris, which displayed on that day every possible temptation to the buyers of new-year's gifts; and every Parisian, even those I am told of the lower ranks, is on that day a purchaser. I believe indeed that there is no country in the world where the coming in of the year is welcomed with more pleasure: it is the business of the day to visit and congratulate one's friends, and to purchase little remembrances for them; and these are offered with a grace and cordiality which you cannot help being delighted with. But in panegyrising the French, whom you do not care a straw about, you will think I forget the fashions, which you are dying to hear. *Patience, ma belle*, I am going to begin.

Our promenade dresses are now mostly composed of levantine. Velvet spencers have disappeared, and cloth dresses are no longer to be seen. Round dresses and *redingotes* of levantine, and pelisses of white satin, are universally adopted by all tonish *élégantes*. Round dresses are made extremely plain;

the skirts, I think, increase a little in width, and the waists are something longer. The body is made up to the throat; it fastens behind, is tight to the shape, and generally ornamented with a pelerine. Plain long sleeve, made rather loose; it falls considerably over the hand, and is confined by a narrow band at the wrist. The only trimming worn with these dresses, is a plain band of satin of the same colour, which goes round the bottom of the skirt, and a little edging of satin to the sleeves.

Redingotes, which you would suppose from the name were a travelling dress, are in reality pelisses; they are lined with white sarsnet, and are sometimes wadded. The most fashionable at present are very much gored, so that there is scarcely any fulness in the skirt at the waist; it is ornamented from the waist to the feet with bows of satin, to correspond in colour with the *redingote*. The body is made tight to the shape; the fore parts wrap across, and there is a very small standing collar, to which a deep lace ruff is affixed. There is usually a full sleeve of satin, confined down the arm by narrow bands of levantine; and the bottom of the long sleeve is finished either by a narrow trimming of satin, or a full quilling of blond net.

The white satin pelisses are exceedingly elegant, but in appear-

ance much too light for the time of year: they are lined with white sarsnet, generally wadded, and made in the form of a loose great-coat; the sleeves are exceedingly large; the fronts wrap over very much, and there is a high collar. A broad rich trimming of swansdown goes entirely round the pelisse, and edges the bottoms of the long sleeves.

Now for head-dresses, which have decreased so much in size since I wrote last, that I should not wonder in a few months more if our bonnets were to become as preposterously small as they have hitherto been large. At present they are of a moderate and very becoming size; hats in particular are very *jauntee*. The materials most fashionable are, down, satin, beaver, velvet, and *pluche*. The crowns both of hats and bonnets are always very low; the brims of the latter are variously ornamented. Some have spaces cut round the brim, through which a roll of satin or crape is passed: others are finished with a double pointed lace, disposed in very full plaits; between this double row of lace is a wreath of roses, which is partially seen: many have the satin lining of the inside turned up round the edge of the brim, and cut in points; others have a flat feather trimming, passed through spaces in the same manner as the roll of which I have just spoken; and some bonnets, particularly beaver, have no trimming round the edge at all. The most stylish of these latter are ornamented with gold bands and tassels. Satin hats have in general roses round the brim, and also round the top of the crown; the others are either orna-

mented with a full bow of ribbon, or else a large knot of hard-twisted silk, the ends of which have tassels like little bells. As to hats, they never have any ornament round the edge of the brim, which is always very small, and turned up at the sides. I have seen one this morning, the shape of which was a little *outré*, but yet rather becoming. There was scarcely any brim just over the forehead, but it was much broader at the sides; it turned up very little; the crown was very low, but the front of it was entirely concealed by ostrich feathers, of which there were three placed upright so as to droop in front, and three more put in a standing position so as to fall over the left side. Ostrich feathers are very generally used for hats, but not at all for bonnets.

The prettiest dishabille I have seen is composed of white chintz, and worn with a petticoat of the same material; the trimming is a very full puffing of muslin, which is formed into scollops by little bows of narrow ribbon placed between each puff. The robe is made quite loose, with a falling collar, and this trimming goes all round it; it is confined to the waist by a sash of broad ribbon. The sleeve is very long and loose. The bottom of the petticoat is trimmed to correspond.

The morning *cornette* now forms a very expensive part of the dress of a tonish *élégante*, from the costly lace with which it is trimmed: it is composed of fine muslin, and has a small dome crown; the front of the head-piece is ornamented with four rows of beautiful narrow lace, which come no further than the cheek: the lower part has only a single row,

which goes all round. These expensive little caps are sometimes worn under a small hat for the morning promenade; and when that is the case, the hat is put very far back, to display the beautiful lace border.

Coloured satins and spotted silks are a good deal worn in dinner dress. Gowns are cut rather high round the bust, so as to display only a little of the upper part of it: the trimmings most in favour are, only a single row of broad silk fringe, which in general is of the same colour as the dress, or else three rows of blond lace set on at a little distance from each other, and tacked in such a manner as to give each flounce the appearance of a slight wave. Sleeves are always short, and there is mostly a white satin under-sleeve, confined to the arm by a band; it is but just visible under the loose short half-sleeve of the same material as the dress.

For grand costume, white crape is at present in considerable estimation; but velvet robes, which are worn open in front, over white satin petticoats, are equally tonish, and certainly far more appropriate to the time of year. These robes are cut low round the bust, have very short sleeves, and are trimmed either with swansdown or narrow gold cord: they have a narrow band of satin round the waist, which fastens in front with a clasp of diamonds, pearls, or coloured stones.

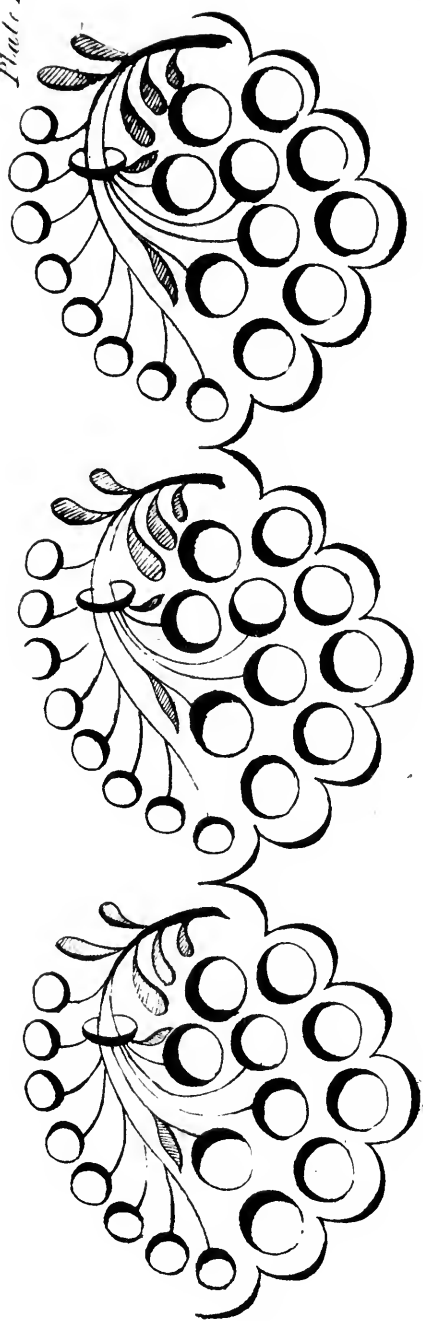
Toques and turbans are the usual head-dresses in full dress. *Toque* hats are still worn by a few *élégantes*, but one sees them very seldom. A little while ago no lady was dressed without a white British lace veil, which was thrown care-

lessly over the back of her head: a fortnight ago this fashion was universal, now it is nearly exploded.

The turbans most in favour are composed of fine India muslin chequered with gold; they are of a shape a little resembling the Chinese, but more becoming; there is a good deal of gold cord twisted through the muslin: a large knot of this cord, to which a pair of tassels is affixed, is placed to the left side.

Nothing can be more unbecoming than the style in which *toques* are made. I mentioned to you, I believe, in my last, that they were peaked at the ears as well as in the middle of the forehead. At that time the peak in the forehead was the deepest; now those of the ears are preposterously long, and encroach also on the cheeks. As you know that softness is by no means a general characteristic of the French *belles*, I leave you to judge what an unbecoming and even fierce effect these disfiguring head-dresses must have upon their features: they are now in universal request, but I suppose in a week or two they will give place to something else.

I had almost forgot to mention to you a new fashion, and one which is eagerly adopted: I mean *les évantails à surprise*, which ought rather to be called the changeable fans. They are composed of crape, which is cut to resemble lace, and spangled: in the middle of the fan is a small picture, which may be varied so as to shew four subjects, two on each side. These toys afford a pretty Frenchwoman an opportunity, which she knows how to use, to display all her graces to the utmost advantage. The play of her



countenance, the easy eloquence of her motions, the many pretty things she has to say on each of the different subjects which the fan presents, all combine to render her for the moment an attractive, and even dangerous, object to a susceptible heart. But these changeable fans, and my eternal habit of digressing,

have scarcely left me room to tell you, that the colours most in favour are, celestial blue, slate-colour, deep rose-colour, fawn, and ponceau. Nothing, however, is more fashionable than white.

Adieu! Believe me unchangeably your

EUDOCIA.

THE SELECTOR :

Consisting of INTERESTING EXTRACTS from NEW POPULAR PUBLICATIONS.



CHARACTER OF TERENCE OGE O'LEARY.

(From *Florence Macarthy*, an Irish Tale, by Lady MORGAN.)

"WHY then see here, gineral—[the commodore now known as a South American general]—see here, gineral, jewel, sorrow bit but I'd throw myself from the top of Mangerton afore I'd be a burthen to you, dead or alive; and axes nothing better in life than just to sarve you by day and by night, and to be looking in your face when your back's turned, not to be unplazing to you; and wasn't thinking of you at all, at all, only wondering when you'd be back; and was going on an errand to the Bhan Tierna, from Father Mulligan, about his dues, owed to him by a poor family on Clotnotty-joy, that hadn't a scrubal nor a crass to buy a station; and heard from little Ulic Macshane, her boy, who was leading round the cabriole by the bog-road, that she was here convenient at Larry Toole's cabin, a fever-house—[and he crossed himself]—and here is the items I set down of Father Mulligan's dues, your honour, if you don't give credit to me."

As he spoke, O'Leary presented to the general a bit of dirty paper, on which was written :

"Shane Gartley to the Rev. Patrick Mulligan, Dr.

	s.	d.
"To two confessions . . .	2	2
"To one christening . . .	1	8
"To sundries . . .	1	6
	<hr/>	
	5	4

"I should like to know what these devotional *sundries* were," said the general, returning this account, furnished for salvation.

"Och ! I'll engage there was value received," said O'Leary; "and many a sore trot the priest had by day and night, over bog, and moor, and mountain, for their sowls' save-tie, and to earn that trifle. But trifle as it is, Shane Gartley wasn't able for it, in respect of great sickness, and none to get in his potatoes for him, and he on the broad of his back, only just for the Bhan Tierna, the blessing of God and the Virgin Mary light on her every day she sees the sun ! When she

R

got Clotnotty-joy into her hands it was a desolate, neglected place, with only a little handful of cattle grazing on it in the autumn time. The first ever she settled on it was this Shane Gartley, whom she found big, bare, and ragged, walking the world with a wife and four children, and a blanket and kettle: 'And,' says she, 'if you'll settle down here, my lad, and labour, I'll give you a taste of land, to be yours for ever, and help you to raise a shed, and lend you three pounds to stock and begin the world with:' and so she did. Under God and her ladyship, Shane was doing bravely, and many a one followed his example, and Christians were seen now where only bastes thriv before; but

'Haud facile emergunt quorum virtutibus
obstat,
Res angusta domi,'

as the Roman poet sayeth, and its true for him; for with all the labour and pains and industry of the craturs, let them work night and day, and let them have never such good friends to back them, its hard for them to get before the world; and then if any accident happens, if the cow dies, or the rood of barley fails, it's the greatest of distress that comes over them; and so it was with Shane, when the hard summer and the fever overtook him. But I'll engage, with God and Bhan Tierna on his side, he'll fight it on yet."

"From your account, O'Leary," said the general, interested in a conversation that took for its topic the object which exclusively engrossed him, "from your account, Lady Ciancare is the tutelar genius of the soil and its inhabitants."

"Why then it's just that she is

the Lares and the Penates of the poor man's cabin, long life to her; and if there were many of the likes of her, plaze your honour, who would be after staying at home with us, why then the reformed and civil sort would be cherished, and the poor and the ignorant would be instructed and well exampled; and sorrow one of us would be beholding to them Crawley pirates—bad luck to them and their likes, who, by polling and pilling the poor to make good their own fortunes, and carrying on many false and cautious practices, ruin the land, like the escheators, and undertakers, and grantees of Elizabeth's and Charles's and James's days. For it's all one in Ireland, general, dear, ould times or new; the men changes, but the measures never: and so, if your honour don't believe me, being myself Irish mere, and thinks me a party man, only look in a taste to the *Desiderata curiosa Hibernica*, and see the *Declaration*, anno 1560, secundo Eliz.; and see Lee's *Brief Declaration of the Irish Government*, opening many corruptions in the same, discovering the discords of the Irishry, and the causes moving those troubles, anno regni reginæ 37; and if that won't content your lordship, being English by descent, and of Norman blood, why then dip into the English lords' remonstrances and appeals: see *The humble Apology of the Lords, Knights, Gentlemen, and other Inhabitants of the English pale, for taking up arms in their own defence*, 1641, and Curry's *Civil Wars*. Och! musha! it was all the same, English or Irish, Catholic, Protestant, or Presbyterian, when once their hearts warmed to the soil, and

their spirits rose in its defence; then they were marked men, and sould. But though they send strangers to rule us, strangers I mane to our history, our natures, and our ways, that neither know, nor read, nor study us; and though, as Sir Henry Sydney said to the queen,

they pound us in a mortar; though they perish us with want, and burn us with fire, still the Irish spirit is to the fore; and until the sword of extermination passes over us, as was once proposed, it is not in the breath of the English to blow it out or extinguish it."

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

MR. BRITTON announces a *History and Description of Lichfield Cathedral*, to be illustrated with sixteen engravings, from drawings by F. Mackenzie; among which is one representing the justly famed monument, by Chantrey, of the two children of Mrs. Robinson. This history is to be finished in the present year, and form a portion of the author's Series of the Cathedral Antiquities of England.

Dr. Shaw has in the press, a new edition of *Lord Bacon's Works*, in twelve volumes small 8vo. enriched with portraits; the Latin part will be translated into English (for the more general reading of ladies as well as gentlemen who are not acquainted with the classic tongues), as recommended by the late Bishop of Landaff, in his life.

Mr. Chambers has published *A History of Worcester*, which contains the following information regarding the arts, more especially in that city:—In the year 1818, some professors of painting in this city, desirous of exhibiting the works of native artists, imparted their wishes to a gentleman, an amateur of painting, who immediately circulated letters, appointing a meeting of the artists for this purpose; who, after they had overcome many obstacles to their plan,

at length agreed to advance a certain sum among themselves, to defray the expenses of fitting up a room in the town-hall, which was liberally lent them by the mayor and corporation. They immediately came to certain resolutions, regularly entered in a book, and circulated letters, inviting professors and amateurs to exhibit with them. On the 7th Sept. 1818, they opened their first exhibition with 175 pictures, all by native artists, most of which possessed very great merit; and the members of the society realized a sum very far exceeding their most sanguine ideas, which, after paying all expenses, left a total, which, funded, will prove of the greatest advantage to them in their studies. Besides the great encouragement of an influx of visitors, many of the pictures were disposed of; and though the society respectfully declined the offer of a subscription to defray the expenses of this speculation, it accepted the liberal offer of the editors of the Worcester papers to present them with catalogues and bills gratis. This exhibition, which continued a fortnight, closed with the regrets of many who had not seen it, and with the determination of the artists to dedicate all the strength of their talents for ano-

ther year's exhibition, in which it is the society's intention to admit only originals from professors.

Members of this Society.—John Chambers, chairman; Thomas Bacon, sculptor; Enoch Doe, landscape and portrait-painter; John Pittman, animal-painter; George V. Palmer, portrait-painter; Samuel Smith, landscape-painter, &c.; Matthew Thornecraft, ditto.; John Wood, ditto.; and William Young, ditto.

Shortly will appear the Sixth Part of *The Naval Chronology of Great Britain*; including memoirs of the most distinguished naval officers; with official letters of every action which occurred from the commencement of the war in 1803 to the end of the year 1816.

The first portion of the splendid work of *Provincial Antiquities and Picturesque Scenery of Scotland*, will appear early this year. The drawings are made, expressly for this work, by J. M. Turner, Esq., R. A., A. W. Calcott, Esq., R. A., W. John Thomson, M. E. Blore, &c. &c. and will be engraved by Messrs. G. Cooke, John Pye, John and H. Lekeux, and W. Lizars. The historical illustrations are by Walter Scott, Esq.

Mr. S. Fleming has circulated proposals for publishing by subscription, at two guineas, *The Life of Demosthenes*; containing all that is recorded of that celebrated orator, both in his private and public conduct; with an account of the age of Philip of Macedon, and Alexander the Great, embracing the most interesting and brilliant period of ancient Greece, in arts, literature, and eloquence. It will be handsomely printed on a fine

paper, and make a large quarto volume, replete with curious and valuable matter.

A work will very soon be published by Mr. W. Pocock, architect, calculated to supply the wants of many persons who, at this time, are seeking information and directions in furtherance of the intentions of the legislature in building a number of new churches. It will consist of a series of designs for churches and chapels of various dimensions and styles, with plans, sections, &c.

A fine and curious work of *Scripture Costume*, in imperial quarto, is preparing. It will consist of a series of engravings, accurately coloured in imitation of drawings, representing the principal personages mentioned in the Old and New Testament. The drawings are under the superintendence of B. West, Esq. P. R. A., by R. Satchwell, and accompanied by biographical and historical sketches.

Miss Spence, author of *Sketches of the Manners, Customs, and Scenery of Scotland*, &c. &c. is preparing for publication a new work, entitled *A Traveller's Tale of the last Century*.

The Rev. Thomas Watson, author of *Intimations and Evidences of a future State*, &c. will shortly publish, *Various Views of Death, and its Circumstances*; intended to illustrate the wisdom and benevolence of the divine administration, in conducting mankind through this awful and interesting event.

A continuation of Sir Richard C. Hoare's *History of Ancient Wiltshire*, comprising the northern division of the county, is preparing for publication.

Mr. Roscoe has in the press, a work on *Penal Jurisprudence and the Reformation of Criminals*, which will include an inquiry into the motives, ends, and limits of human punishments; and also, as to the effect of punishment by way of example, and on the prevention of crime. The work will also contain the latest accounts respecting the state prisons and penitentiaries in the United States of America,

Dr. T. Forster has been some time preparing for publication, *Observations sur l'Anatomie et la Physiologie du Cerveau des Animaux*.

In the course of the present month will be published, *The Plays and Poems of James Shirley*, now first collected and chronologically arranged, and the text carefully collated and restored; with occasional notes, and a biographical and critical essay, by William Gifford, Esq.

Poetry.

THE QUEEN'S BURIAL,

Dec. 2, 1818.

A Dirge, by JOHN MAYNE.

Oh! say for whom, at midnight's gloom,
The knell of death is tolling—
For whom, now passing to the tomb,
Yon muffled drums are rolling?

For royal George's long-lov'd Queen
The muffled drums are rolling!
For England's great and peerless Queen
The knell of death is tolling!

All ranks, where'er we turn our eyes,
The garb of sorrow wear:
In many breasts are kindred sighs—
On beauty's cheek the tear.

Scarce were our tears for Charlotte shed,
Who died in Claremont's bow'rs,
When, ah! "The Queen, the Queen is
dead!"

Resounds through Windsor's tow'rs.

Oh! if that sound should reach his ears,
The monarch of her heart,
May Heav'n, in pity, dry his tears,
And smooth affliction's dart!

Full fifty years, ador'd by him,
She liv'd a happy wife;
His staff and guide when sight grew dim,
The comfort of his life.

Unconscious of this solemn hour,
Which brings her to the tomb,

Bereft of all his mental pow'r,
He knows not of her doom.

Like some lorn exile, far away,
Condemn'd for life to roam,
He never hears, betide what may,
Of what befalls at home.

Who then is he, chief mourner there,
To whom the nobles bend?
'Tis England's Prince, who watch'd with
care
His mother's latter end.

While torches blaze, and trumpets sound,
And slowly moves the bier,
His heart is fill'd with grief profound
For her he lov'd so dear.

Lament for her in weeds of woe,
All ye who love the throne;
For seldom in this world below
Has so much virtue shone.

Princes and princely dames, in turn,
May reign as king or queen;
But kings and queens, like those we
mourn,
Are few, and far between.

LINES

Penciled on the Shutter of a Room, occupied
some years back as a Lodging, in Ennis-
killen, in Ireland.

For many a wishful hour, to pity dear,
A wanderer wove affection's vision here;

Kiss'd the memorial form his bosom wore,
And look'd, till tears would let him look
no more.

All that the heart might rest on—gone;
Yet madly did he languish, linger on;
Spent sighs, to which no sympathy was
given,

And pledg'd wild vows, unheard of all
save Heaven :

Went by the grave of love, nor own'd
despair,

Though not one flower of hope bloom'd
palely there.

Her eye, bright herald of a better mind,
Unkind, or only to the trifler kind ;

That eye, for which his own in tears
were dim,

Glanc'd smiles on all, but would not smile
on him,

Whose heart alone, though broken to
conceal,

Could feel its fire too deeply—finely feel.
In wayward thrall thus many a day

waned past ;

But freedom came—his spirit woke at
last—

Shook off the spell—march'd—mingled
with the brave,

And sought a resting-place in glory's
grave.

Oh! there, if laurel meed be haply wove,
Mix one pale willow too for slighted love.

SONNET TO ROSA,

With a Bunch of Flowers.

Go, fragrant wreath, go take your rest
Upon the heav'n of Rosa's breast,
And there, supremely blest, recline ;

And there enjoy, oh, most divine!
The odour of her balmy breath,

The charm her radiant eyes bequeath ;
Th' enchanting music of her voice

Will make your quiv'ring leaves rejoice :

Go, of your flow'rets you can spare

A rose to deck her auburn hair ;

When, oh! your incense pure prepare,

Then gently to her ear convey

The happiest accents love can say ;

Go, fragrant wreath, go take your rest
Upon the heav'n of Rosa's breast ;

Go, lovelier, sweeter far than you,
Her breath your fragrance will renew.

J. C.

GLASGOW.

SONNET.

Shall I forget Clyde's princely stream,

Whose banks I've trod so oft along,

When love and beauty were the theme,

And joy the offspring of my song ?

Oh, stream! to fond remembrance dear,

How smooth thy current seem'd to
glide,

When Anna, pride of maids, was near,

My fair ador'd and promis'd bride !

Still fancy paints her last adieu :

" Farewell, farewell!" she fondly said ;

" My love for thee shall aye prove true!"

" And mine for thee, my lovely maid!"

That voice will never charm me more ;

Not long to India was my doom,

When, ah! return'd with fortune's store,

My love was gone—laid in her tomb.

J. C.

GLASGOW.

TO AMELIA.

Amelia, love, one sound I ask,

Untaught, spontaneous, free ;

One tone, dear girl! amidst your task,

Of artless minstrelsy.

Yes! let that soft, that heav'nly note

Thrill on my list'ning ear ;

Let such sweet sounds on ether float,

And joy shall find me *here*.

Sing on, kind girl! oh, sing once more!

My soul was form'd for bliss ;

I'd science leave, renounce my lore,

To spend an hour like this.

Expression has a sister string

For sympathy like mine ;

Then take the off'ring love would bring,

And be the incense thine.

M.

Sept. 20, 1818.

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THE SECOND SERIES.

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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 object of the Correspondent who sent The Character of Macbeth has not been answered; the trick was detected immediately—more immediately than might often have been the case, for it is impossible always to be alive to the artifices of pretenders.

We thank Mr. R. for his favours from the Spanish.

We have inserted the Letter of Charlotte, and the reply to it we have subjoined in a note.

M. W. is under consideration.

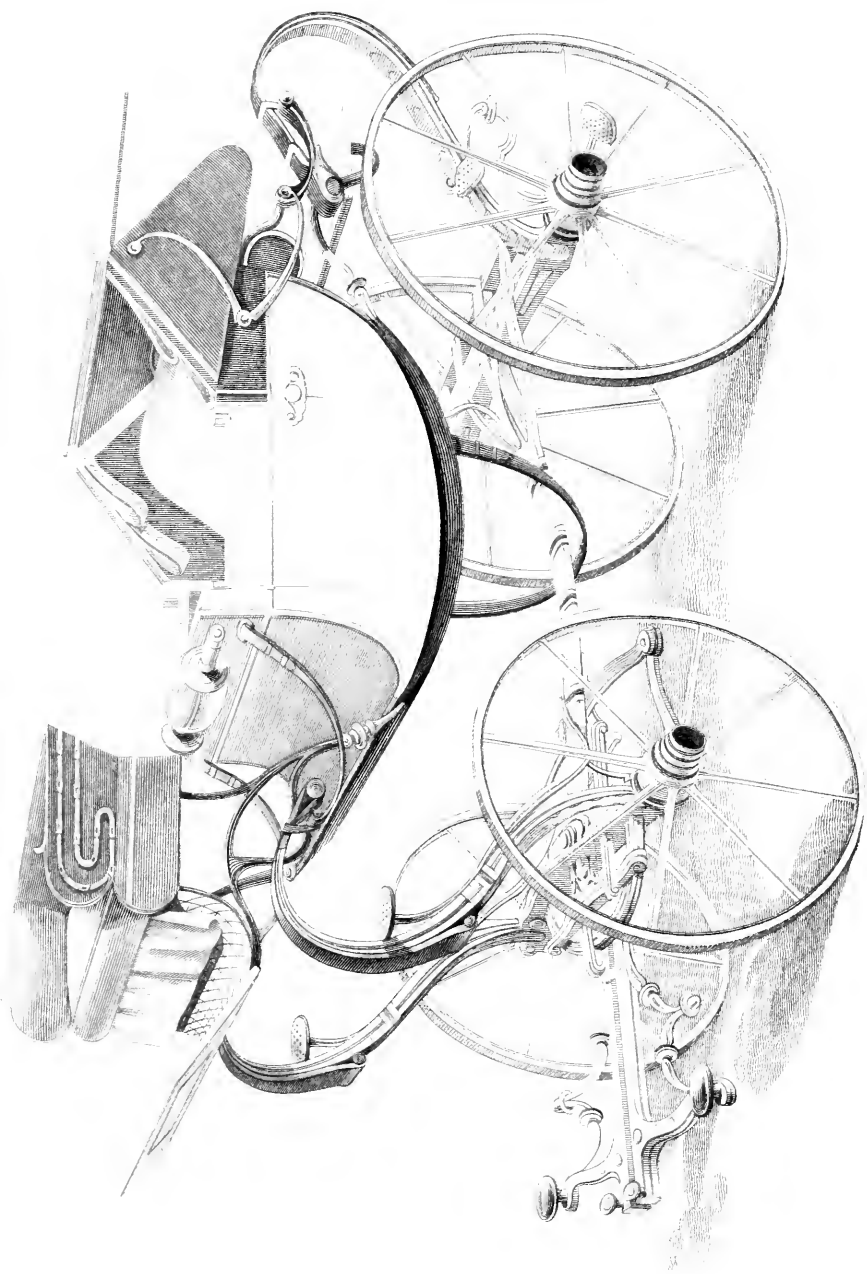
The third Letter of Peter Primset next month, if possible.

G. U. on the new German Horses is unavoidably postponed, as well as many other articles, in consequence of the pressure of temporary matter.

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.

Designed by,

C. A. Sandaulet with 'Perch's' patent 'Reef' and 'Ackermann's' patent 'Horseable' 'Clubs'.



Drawn by, Blunt

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THE SECOND SERIES.

VOL. VII.

MARCH 1, 1819.

N^o. XXXIX.

PLATE 13.—PATENT MOVEABLE AXLES FOR FOUR-
WHEELED CARRIAGES, &c.

WE feel no hesitation in announcing the subject of the accompanying plate as one of the most important and useful inventions of the age, calculated to save money, materials, labour, and even life itself, by rendering much less frequent, if not almost impossible, one of the most terrible accidents to which four-wheeled carriages are liable. It is not our intention to speak at any length upon this interesting subject, for our own remarks are rendered superfluous by a very perspicuous production now before us, entitled *Observations on Ackermann's Patent Moveable Axles for four-wheeled Carriages*, accompanied by various explanatory engravings, which give the clearest view of the nature and advantages of the discovery. We shall make such extracts from this pamphlet as will render our plate perfectly intelligible, as well as illustrate the value of the invention, more particularly to the higher and wealthier classes of the community, among whom the *Repository* chiefly circulates.

Vol. VII. No. XXXIX.

Connected with this subject, we may refer our readers to the second number of our First Series for February 1809, where they will find a plate of a patent landau, with most important improvements in the roof or head, in the mode in which it is elevated or let down; and in its appearance, both in the one situation and in the other: this invention (upon which construction several hundred landaus and landaulets have been built by the proprietor), in the plate we this month present, is combined with the Patent Moveable Axles, and the whole forms a vehicle either for general use or travelling of unrivalled excellence. The patentee of the improved roof is Mr. C. L. Birch of Great Queen-street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, who is the builder of the carriage here represented.

We shall now proceed to furnish extracts from Mr. Ackermann's *Observations*, which will shew, beyond dispute, the great superiority of the *Moveable Axles* to those at present generally employed. He first refers to the opposition this

invention has of course met with from the narrow-minded and mistaken policy of the great body of coach-manufacturers.

“Private interest is too often known to oppose itself to public good. It is my duty indeed to describe such a situation, and not only to expose it with resolution, but in perfect confidence that I shall finally triumph. Artifice, cunning, and misrepresentation may interpose with effect for a time, but truth will prevail at last; for I have not the least doubt, that the Moveable Axles, when they have once forced themselves into public observation, and enjoyed the advantage of experiment, will be universally adopted. They have indeed to encounter a degree of hostility and opposition which I am ashamed to say exists, and am compelled to expose; but the public will treat it as it deserves, when they are convinced (and I entertain not the least doubt of the conviction), that this improvement promotes, in a very high degree, both safety and convenience in an article which forms a principal comfort of life, particularly among the higher and more opulent classes of society.

“And from whom does this opposition proceed? Not from those who are in a situation to employ wheel-carriages for their comfort, accommodation, or pleasure, but from too many of those who furnish them; and who, as I defy such persons to offer one solid reason to the actual prejudice of carriages thus constructed, must be influenced by some sordid principles of private interest, which induce them to prefer the petty, not to say the arti-

ficial, profits of private trade to the public good, which ultimately protects it.

“The Moveable Axles are now presented to the public attention, and challenge investigation. If they will not bear the latter, they cannot merit the former, and must fail: hence I derive no common importance to the invention from the opposition which assails it, and is endeavouring to crush it in its cradle. If it does not give a *certain promise of superior durability*; if it does not threaten a *diminution of wear and tear*; if it does not increase security in the way it engages, why not leave it to its fate? Why encourage an outcry against it? Why not leave its vain pretensions, if vain they should actually be, to their natural consequence—to the neglect they merit, and which will assuredly attend them?”

The last paragraph, independent of the reluctance that most men, not of liberal and enlightened understandings, feel to adopt any innovation, unriddles the secret why coachmakers in general oppose the project. The author, however, honourably excepts by name many individuals engaged in this business: but to shew the ignorant prejudice which prevails with the great body, we quote the following conversations between Mr. A. and a coachmaker, and between a friend of his and another person in the same way of business.

“Q. Well, sir, may I now venture to ask, what you think of this invention as to the improvement it will produce in carriages?—A. It will not do.

“Q. But why will it not do?—A. Because it will not do.

"Q. But why will you not do me the favour to assign a reason why it will not do?—A. Because it will not answer.

"Q. Well, sir, as you will not favour me with an explanatory reason why you object to the general character of the invention, let us, if you please, examine the model in all its separate parts. What do you think of the high fore-wheels? will they not cause the carriage to run lighter, and save the horses?—A. Why, there is something in that.

"Q. Do not you think the short turn a very desirable object?—A. Why, yes, that may be so.

"Q. And now, sir, what is your opinion respecting the safety of the carriage in being less liable to overturn?—A. Why, to be sure, it does not appear that a carriage constructed with these axles will so easily overturn.

"Q. What do you think of the safety and security of the perch-bolt?—A. Oh! that will not do at all: this is the worst part of the whole.

"Q. Why will not the perch-bolt do?—A. Because it won't.

"Q. Still, however, though you will not favour me with the particular reasons of your approbation or disapprobation of this invention, I have at least the pleasure to find, from some of your answers, that I have at least, in some degree, lessened the prejudice with which you came to view the model before you.—A. You are much mistaken. Your invention will not do at all; and I go away as prejudiced against it as I came.

"I should hardly have ventured to give this example of prejudice,

illiberality, and ignorance, either real or assumed, if a gentleman had not been present, who is willing to give his testimony to the truth of it, and the astonishment it produced in his mind.

"But to proceed:

"A gentleman, who resides at Hackney, on seeing the model, was so struck with the advantages it promised, that he ordered his coachmaker, who was building a carriage for him, which was then in a very *backward* state, to apply the Moveable Axles: but in a few days this coachmaker, who had been at Mr. Dodd's to see and consider the nature of the application, informed his employer, that in the then *forward* state of the carriage, it would occasion the difference of 100% and upwards in the expense of it. Here I was not opposed by opinion or conjecture, but by an absolute falsehood; as the expense of applying them to a finished carriage has been proved by actual experiment to be within 50%.

"It may not in this place be improper to observe, that the application of the Moveable Axles to an old carriage proves much more expensive than adapting them to a new carriage. I have consulted several respectable coachmakers, and from their calculation it appears, that the additional expense of the Patent Moveable Axles to a new carriage will be about twenty guineas.

"As another proof of the opposition and prejudice of a coachmaker to the invention, I give the following discourse with a friend of mine, a mechanical gentleman:

"Q. Well, sir, what think you of this improvement in the construc-

tion of carriages?—A. I think it a bad business altogether; it will never do: and the printed accounts that have been handed about, are a great imposition on the public. I do not argue on common principles, but by uniting the science of driving my own carriage to that of a mechanical coachmaker. I have a superior knowledge to most of the trade, and have no hesitation in declaring this invention void of utility to the public.

“Q. Do you allow nothing for the safety arising from its being less liable to overturn?—A. No: I consider it equally liable as other carriages to overturn.

“Q. You will, I hope, give it some credit for the advantage of high fore-wheels in overcoming obstructions, and getting out of bad roads and ruts?—A. None at all: it is less calculated to overcome those difficulties, and cannot be got out of ruts equal to the common carriage, which I can turn out with ease.

“Q. I presume there can be but one way of getting out of ruts; and by having high fore-wheels you are better enabled to describe a large circle, and the high wheel will come out with less difficulty than a low one.—A. I have no difficulty in getting out with the usual low wheels; and, in my opinion, they have the decided advantage.

“Here ended the conversation, as my friend had quite enough of this extraordinary man’s new principle, and whose ignorance on mechanics is self-evident.”

The following satisfactory reasons are given, why coachmakers, if they consulted even their own real interests, ought to promote the invention:

“It is a custom with many families who keep equipages, instead of purchasing, to contract with the coachmaker for a carriage during a given number of years, on the payment of an annual sum, for which he undertakes to keep it in repair. On this consideration, I beg leave to recommend the serious reflection to him, that he does not pay a due attention to his own interest, by opposing an improvement which offers him such essential advantages. In adopting it, he will have no broken axles, no worn-out perch-bolt to replace, no under-carriage to supply or to repair; the fore-wheels will run longer, because, from being higher, they make less revolutions. It is known that the hind-wheels are in a tolerably good condition by the time the fore-wheels are entirely worn-out, owing to the great disproportion between the hind and the fore-wheels, according to the present construction of carriages.

“There is also another essential reason, why the hostile coachmaker should calm the fury of his opposition, and attend to his own interest. It is generally known, that there exists a want of hands among the coach-smiths, and as the Moveable Axles greatly reduce the smith’s work in the fore part of a carriage, will it not tend to cure the evil, and render it unnecessary for the coachmakers to have recourse to Woolwich and other places, to fetch raw and new hands to supply the means, in any accidental deficiency, of executing orders? Besides, might it not prevent the recurrence of what happened in the last spring, when the workmen struck for more wages? Hence the price of carriages is double what it was thirty

years ago; a circumstance which has diminished, in a great degree, the export trade of carriages to the Continent."

Mr. Ackermann then supplies an interesting account of a journey he made of about 1200 miles, through some of the worst roads in Germany, in a carriage upon the new construction, with this convincing proof in favour of it, that when he embarked at Hamburgh, on his return to England, he sold his vehicle for the price he had paid for it before he started. We will now quote that part of his work which explains no less than eight principal advantages derivable from his invention.

"1st. *On the turning upon a small piece of ground.*

"This was, in fact, the principal object the inventor had in view, when he contrived to turn each fore-wheel on its own axis, and which causes the one wheel always to act in conjunction with the other, producing an uncommonly short and quick turn. Thus the carriage is enabled to turn about in a very confined place, so as altogether to preclude the use of the crane-neck. In Paris, and other towns on the Continent, where the streets are so very narrow, crane-neck carriages have hitherto been indispensably necessary to make the turns which are now effected by the Moveable Axles. Indeed, the perch-carriage, with the Moveable Axles, is far preferable to the crane-neck, for various reasons; viz. the perch-carriage is much lighter, shorter, less expensive, and less liable to break: a crane-neck carriage is subject to be injured whenever one wheel meets an obstruction or falls

into a hole, as the horizontal wheel on which the fore-carriage turns prevents the carriage from giving way, and frequently, in that case, the carriage stands only on three wheels. It is at this moment that a crane-neck carriage is strained, when the crane-neck is liable to break, or some other part of the carriage gives way. In the simple construction of a carriage with the Moveable Axles the straining of the carriage is next to impossible.

"2dly. *On prevention of overturning.*

"This is an advantage of the first consideration. With this view much has been attempted without realizing any thing. About thirty years ago, a Mr. Marsh spent a considerable fortune in building carriages called turn-overs, which when accidentally overturned preserved the body in an upright position. The late ingenious Mr. Hatchett also built one of those carriages about twenty-seven years ago; but as the construction was very complicated, expensive, and heavy, and ladies and gentlemen feeling no great inclination to venture into carriages which were built for the purpose of overturning, neither those of Mr. Marsh, nor that of Mr. Hatchett, I believe, made their exhibition beyond the premises in which they were built. The benefits which the Patent Moveable Axles present are of a different nature: it prevents, in a very great degree, the turning over altogether; and this advantage arises not from a complicated but a simplified mechanism. By the application of the Patent Moveable Axle, the fore-wheels never change their position in turning, but keep

always the same four equal points on the ground, let the carriage stand which way it will: whereas in a carriage on the old principle, when turning short, the fore-wheels change their position entirely, and while one of the fore-wheels approaches the hind one, the other retreats. This shews plainly how dangerous the situation of the carriage is at that moment, and how easy it may be overturned: a crane-neck carriage is still more so, when the carriage, on a full turn, stands exactly upon three legs or points.

“ 3dly. On the perch-bolt.

“ This may be considered as one of the most essential benefits of this invention. It puts a complete stop to those not unfrequent accidents of separating the upper and lower carriage by the breaking of this bolt. It has always been considered the weakest part of the carriage, and has, in fact, the most to perform. The stress and friction on this bolt are very great: indeed, the top part of it is pulled on by the hind or upper carriage, while the lower part is equally affected by the fore or under carriage, and continually occasions a carriage to be sent to the coachmaker for repair. While I was shewing the model to a royal duke, he exclaimed, “The safety of a perch-bolt was itself worth a patent alone.” He had, it seems, more than once been left with his carriage separated in two on the high road by this breakage. A few days after, I heard a coachmaker curse this part of the patent, as that alone was enough for the coachmakers to set their faces against it; the liability of the perch-bolt to break being consi-

dered by many coachmakers as no small emolument.

“ 4thly. On getting out of a rut.

“ Many questions have arisen on this subject, how far the Patent Moveable Axles would work out of a deep rut. I have always maintained, on the soundest principle; that a carriage with the Moveable Axles would work out of a rut with more ease, and be less liable to breakage, than one on the old principle; and have generally satisfied the doubtful inquirer; viz. that the high fore-wheels, and the quick turn with the unity of action of the two fore-wheels, would greatly assist and accelerate the getting out of the deepest rut; while, on the contrary, the common carriage with its low wheels in the turning, when one wheel advances and the other retreats, causes not only the greatest difficulty in getting out of the rut, but strains the carriage and wheels to such a degree, that the frequent breaking of some part of the carriage is not to be wondered at: in that distressed situation I feel great pleasure in referring, on this subject, the reader to my journey, to prove my assertion by the severest trials.

“ 5thly. On rattling of the carriage.

Much has been said by the sceptics, that a carriage with the Moveable Axles would make more rattle than one on the old principle: this, however, like the other objections, has been fully controverted by those carriages now running. A carriage with the Patent Moveable Axles makes considerably less noise than a carriage on the old principle, for reasons which must be evident to the slightest consideration, as this new principle dispenses with

a separate under-carriage. There it is where the upper and lower carriage is united by the perch-bolt that a carriage on the old principle makes a noise and clatters, and which can by no other means be avoided than by this new principle, which unites the upper and lower carriage into one. The hinges and joints, it is said, must rattle: some of the most obstinate though ingenious mechanics, however, have since recalled their erroneous opinion, and allow that these axles being made with mathematical precision, and being case-hardened, will not rattle, and that time even will not have the apprehended effect upon them.

“ 6thly. On the shortness of a carriage.”

“ Many gentlemen prefer a short carriage, as it saves ground in turning, and follows the horses easily; while others prefer a longer carriage, on account of obtaining more play from the springs and hanging the body low. Most of the carriages of his Royal Highness the Prince Regent are built uncommonly long, for these very reasons. But the preference to hang the body low is perfectly answered by a short carriage with the Patent Moveable Axles; as full eighteen inches is gained by the turning of the fore-wheels, when compared with a carriage on the old principles.

“ 7thly. On the strength and durability of the Moveable Axles.”

“ That the Patent Moveable Axle is stronger than any other axles will appear evident to any inquiring mind. The mass of metal where the three branches unite be-

hind the nave of the wheel, will make it next to impossible to break by any shock the carriage may receive; adding to this, the quick pliability of the vertical axles on a violent concussion or obstruction, which will palliate such blows as would probably break the axles behind the nave of a common carriage, as is frequently seen in the streets of London.

“ 8thly. On high wheels.”

“ That high fore-wheels are one of the greatest considerations to a carriage is an indisputable fact among men of mechanical understanding. A wheel is a lever, and as a long lever has more power than a short one, so has a high wheel the proportionate advantage of a lower one. It is on this ground that high fore-wheels are a most desirable object to ease the draught for the horses, to surmount obstructions that come in its way with a more powerful aptitude, to work out of ruts, and to labour less in heavy roads. The Patent Moveable Axle alone presents the means to put high fore-wheels to a carriage; which the carriage on the old principle precludes, from its separate under-carriage: a high fore-wheel also can boast the advantage of superior durability, as it makes fewer revolutions. Besides the grace which a high fore-wheel gives to a carriage, it will be found to rock a carriage much less than a small wheel. A high fore-wheel also causes less shock to the body, on a rough road, than the low one.”

These are followed by numerous testimonials from individuals, both abroad and at home, in favour of

the invention: from these we lament that our space will only allow us to make a few selections.

TESTIMONIALS.

“ *A Letter to Mr. ACKERMANN, from his Britannic Majesty's Envoy at the Court of BAVARIA.*

“ SIR,—As you expressed a wish when you were at Munich to have my opinion on the new-invented axles of Mr. Lankensperger, I take the first opportunity of complying with your request. I am just returned from a journey of 500 English miles, partly in very mountainous countries, and in bad roads, and I have every reason to be perfectly satisfied with my carriage, the second which Mr. Lankensperger has built me. In point of durability, strength, lightness, simplicity, and safety, I consider the carriages constructed on the new principle as infinitely preferable to the old ones; and the invention, in my opinion, reflects great credit on the inventor, and affords considerable and important advantages to the public. I have the honour to be your most obedient and very humble servant,

“ LIONEL HERVEY.”

“ MUNICH, Aug. 18, 1818.”

(TRANSLATION FROM THE GERMAN.)

“ *Board of the Master of the Horse to his Majesty the King of BAVARIA.*

“ I am authorized to attest to Mr. Geo. Lankensperger, that a carriage built by him, in February 1816, for the use of the Royal Court of Munich, with the Patent Moveable Axles, has, during the most severe trials, proved itself in every respect strong, durable, safe, and convenient: this has induced his majesty to order a second carriage,

called a *droschka*, for six persons, to be built on the same useful construction; and the result has been, that this carriage has also borne strong and severe trials, and has obtained his majesty's entire approbation, as well as conviction, that this ingenious invention of Lankensperger's Moveable Axles is applicable to every sort of four-wheeled carriages, and connects with it the following great advantages; viz. simplicity in its construction, lightness in weight, uncommon strength and durability, turning on the smallest possible space of ground without crane-necks, admitting of high forewheels, and rendering the carriage shorter, by which means the draught for the horses is greatly reduced. His majesty's sense of its use and benefits, and his anxiety for promoting every thing useful and beneficial, has authorized me to convey to Mr. Lankensperger his majesty's pleasure and testimonial of high approbation.

“ BARON VON KESLING,

“ *Master of the Horse, &c.*

“ MUNICH, Aug. 21, 1818.

“ N. B. Since the date of this letter, his majesty has ordered several new carriages to be built on this new principle.”

“ *To Mr. ACKERMANN,*

“ SIR,—From the high opinion I formed of the principle of the Moveable Axles when I saw the model, I was induced to make the first carriage of the kind in this country, which fully answered my expectation, and that of the nobility and gentry who inspected it; combining lightness, safety, and the same facility of turning as a crane-neck carriage. The last I

built was for the Earl of Arran, which, since it has left London, I have heard has given general satisfaction. I have no doubt, when its advantages are properly appreciated, they will be generally adopted. I am, sir, your obedient servant,

"GEORGE DODD."

"43, Crawford-street, Gloucester place,
Nov. 20, 1818."

"To Mr. ACKERMANN,

"SIR,—I have to apologize for having so long promised you a trial of the carriage I lately built upon the principle of the Patent Moveable Axles, which would have been attended to before, but illness prevented it.

"In taking up the pen to write to you upon the subject of this very ingenious improvement, introduced by you into this country, of the Moveable Axle, I cannot but give it every attention it deserves.

"After giving it every trial necessary for my own satisfaction, I must own my former opinion was much strengthened. It will be unnecessary to borrow the idea, already so clearly explained by you, of its several advantages, but merely to confine myself to report what influenced my mind in the trial.

"The wheels being unusually high in the front, must strike every one, the least used to mechanics, to be a decided advantage to the draught, not merely from the circumference being greater, that the dip or tread in the rut is much less; but also, that when it meets such impediments as stones, it will the more easily run over them; and the radius being increased, will meet the line of draught, and better agree with the inclination or inclined plane of the horses' shoulders,

so that it shall be in right angles, which will enable the horses to draw, instead of having to lift their burden.

"The locking is admirable: in full speed with the horses, I turned it several times on a declivity, and found its operation to be superior to a crane carriage; indeed, it appeared very difficult to overturn.

"To be very candid with you, there appears but one trifling fault, which can be easily got over—it is the splinter-bar, which might perchance get entangled with another carriage. This can be obviated by introducing the French mode of draught, and which is by far the easiest for the horses: the next I build shall be on that principle.

"Wishing you every success the invention deserves, I remain, sir, yours respectfully,

"C. L. BIRCH."

"71, Great Queen-street, Jan. 25, 1819."

"To Mr. BIRCH,

"SIR,—In answer to your observation, I allow that your objection to the splinter-bar is correct, as it may in some degree be more so to the eye than in reality; but custom and usage will soon reconcile us to it, particularly when the various benefits resulting from it are taken into consideration. With due respect to your mechanical judgment, I am persuaded that your good sense and liberality will allow me to say, that a carriage with the Moveable Axle is no more liable to entangle than one on the old principle. The Moveable Axle has, however, the advantage in that case of disengaging itself instantaneously, on account of the accommodating turn the wheel is enabled to make in that situation, owing to the pivot being

close to the wheel: whereas a carriage with stiff axles (its pivot being in the centre between the wheels) is at that moment in a most awkward situation. I have seen many carriages so locked and wedged together, that they were not separated for an hour, and frequently not without breaking part of the carriage to effect it at all.

"The plan A in the treatise (p. 26) illustrates, that the horses would absolutely require the place the carriage occupies before the wheel of one carriage could get within the wheel of the other, *which is of course impossible*: a red line shews the worst direction a carriage can take that would come in contact (against all other directions the wheel will act as a safeguard), and will at once prove, that it is almost impossible to lock-wheel at all. The close investigation, in consequence of your objection, has led to a discovery of an additional advantage, which had never struck me before, *and is one of the greatest importance*. I am, sir, your most obedient,

"R. ACKERMANN."

"Strand, Feb. 4, 1819."

"To Mr. ACKERMANN,

"SIR,—It may appear singular to gentlemen who are not versed in mechanics, that what I have said in my former letter of *the chance* of your carriage getting entangled, it was not intended to spread the least alarm, nor did it allude solely to your mode of adopting the splinter-bar. I beg leave to add, that whatever may first impress the mind with the general merit, it will only require a little attention to discover its more valuable properties; and I have no hesitation in saying, that it supersedes every other sort

of invention for four-wheeled carriages. I remain, sir, yours respectfully,

"C. L. BIRCH."

"71, Great Queen-street, Feb. 5, 1819."

"To Mr. ACKERMANN,

"DEAR SIR,—It affords me much pleasure to give you a satisfactory account of the Patent Moveable Axles, which I attached to my barouche some time since, having travelled with them (well loaded) upwards of 700 miles. The obtaining much higher fore-wheels than usual, the small space required, and particular safety in turning short, are most desirable acquisitions; nor have I found any disadvantage from the difference of construction to carriages in general. I beg to add, you are welcome to make what use you please of my opinion on the subject. I am, dear sir, your humble servant,

"THOMAS WINDUS."

"71, Bishopsgate-street, Nov. 4, 1818."

"CHALTON-HOUSE, Dec. 14, 1818.

"DEAR SIR,—I was prevented by various interruptions from writing to you sooner on the subject of your Patent Moveable Axles.

"I must confess I was at first rather prejudiced against them, but I now feel myself the more obliged to you for having prevailed on me to make trial of Mr. Johnson's chariot, with your Moveable Axles, on an excursion of three months, which I made with that carriage through the country, and in roads of every kind, in the course of the last summer; which has experimentally qualified me to appreciate the merit and benefit of this ingenious improvement, and I find it to answer all the assertions you have made respecting it.

"I take every opportunity of recommending your Moveable Axles to my friends, and I intend to build a new carriage for myself with them. I felt particularly satisfied when I heard the postillions, at the end of the stages, very generally exclaiming, how light and easy my carriage followed their horses, and in some instances expressing their surprise.

"Anticipating as I do, from my own experience, the complete success of your Patent Moveable Axles, I remain, dear sir, your most obedient, humble servant,

"JOHN PYNE."

Mr. Ackermann winds up his labours in the following terms :

"Such are the authorities on which I rely with perfect confidence in recommending the Patent Moveable Axles to the public, who, I trust, by their patronising adoption, will reward me for the extraordinary exertions which a shameless opposition has compelled me to make, in order to introduce such a beneficial invention into this country; and enable inventive genius, honest industry, and persevering labour, to triumph over the machinations of those who prefer their own petty interests to the PUBLIC GOOD.

"It becomes me to take every

means to make the invention known, and this is one of them. Gentlemen will now be enabled to judge for themselves, and to combat the professional sophistry, not to say deceptions, of any coachmaker, whatever his fashionable character may be, who may attempt to impose upon their understandings. I have surely some right to claim their protection against a combination, which, in the attempts to injure me, may in truth be said to injure them.

"All I ask of the public is, to favour these pages with an attentive perusal, and I do not fear the result—*The PATENT MOVEABLE AXLES will be universally adopted.*"

He concludes with a very strenuous appeal to the stage-coachmasters of the united kingdom on all the grounds he had previously urged—durability, convenience, and, above all, safety to the lives of their passengers. When we recollect how many dreadful catastrophes have occurred by the overturning of public conveyances; how many lives have been lost that might have been preserved had this invention been earlier introduced into this country, we cannot but most earnestly recommend it to general adoption.

MISCELLANIES.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE ADVISER.

SIR,

TEN years ago I quitted dear little Ireland, of which, I must premise, I am a native. At that time, if we had a mind to let you know that any thing was excellent

in its kind, we told you it was the *dandy*. The term, however, was more particularly applied to our sex: an honest fellow, whose heart and purse were open to distress, who never shirked a friend in the

day of adversity, nor humbled himself to an insolent upstart; who did not want spirit to take his own part, his friend's, or his mistress's, was, especially if he knew how to give a proper circulation to the bottle after dinner, a complete Dandy. I must observe, however, that we only used the word when we wanted to pronounce a panegyric; it was not a term intended to designate any class of men, but applied indiscriminately to all honest, worthy fellows.

After ten years spent abroad, I arrived a short time ago in London. A friend of mine asked me to dinner, and in his note of invitation apologized for having nobody to meet me but a couple of Dandies. "Sure," says I to myself, "its joking he must be, for what better company could a man have?" and I went to his apartments, anticipating the most social meal I had had for some time.

You may judge of my disappointment, sir, when, instead of the honest, hearty fellows I expected to meet, I was introduced to a couple of *things*, whose appearance exhibited the most absurd and disgusting mixture of the sexes I ever saw in my life. One of them, a tall stout fellow of six feet, whom nature seemed to have intended for a chairman, had evidently penciled his eyebrows; he was rouged, too, to a nicety. The contrast between his feminine blush and his enormous whiskers was almost too much for my gravity. But even this animal offended my sight less than the other, who was a little shrivelled fellow, with a phiz which it would be a downright libel on an onrang-outang's to compare to it. Picture

to yourself, Mr. Adviser, such a creature dressed in the utmost extreme of the Dandy mode: what little blood he had was forced into his face by a neck-cloth, or rather an enormous roll of muslin, tied so tight that it nearly strangled him. His stiff long stays, too, were laced with such torturing tightness, that he could hardly breathe.

While I sat gazing upon him in silent astonishment, he lisped out a complaint of the heat of the room, in a manner so disgustingly affected, that wishing to mortify him, I asked my friend, who is a bachelor, and in lodgings, whether he could get a smelling-bottle from his landlady—I was going to add, for the use of Mr. Marmoset, but the puppy hastily interrupted me by saying he had one at my service.

"At my service?" cried I, "a smelling-bottle at the service of an Irishman! Why, zounds, sir, what do you mean?"—"Nothing at all, sir," stammered the poor pusillanimous animal, in a tone so full of terror, that contempt got the better of indignation, and I thought it was not worth my while to throw away my time in caning the fellow; but I soon found that he had not been making a joke of me, for he actually took out a smelling-bottle, and talked of his lassitude, his low spirits, his nervous affections, and a long *et-cetera* of imaginary disorders, which a virgin of fifty-five would hardly have believed herself troubled with. Nevertheless, in spite of his nerves and his long stays, he eat voraciously, and found fault with almost every thing at table, under pretence of informing my friend how each dish might be improved. I asked him whether he

had not studied under a French cook; and he was stupid enough to take me seriously, and replied, that he had taken a few lessons in Paris from a professor of considerable science, and that, for the time, he was thought to have made wonderful progress.

Such, Mr. Adviser, is the only one of the Dandy *genus* whom I have ever had an opportunity of observing minutely, for the other scarcely spoke at all. I am told that Mr. Marmoset is not a whit more ridiculous than the rest of his tribe, and that these animals are now very common.

I was boasting the other night, that the Irish soil was as free from creatures of this description as from all noxious reptiles; but, to my astonishment, an English gentleman, who has lately returned from Dublin, asserted, that Dandyism had made some progress there. As the man is worth powder and ball, I intimated to him my wish to convince him of his error by exchanging shots with him the next morning. You must admit, that nothing could be more civil and reasonable than this proposal on my part: nevertheless, he has refused to accede to it, and it is on this point that I want your advice. My gentleman insists that I shall go and take a survey of our metropolis as it now is, and that if I do not find any symptoms of Dandyism, he will beg my pardon; but if I do, I must acknowledge myself in the wrong. Now the fact is, that I never was in the wrong, at least I never would acknowledge myself so in my life, and I should be more loth to do it upon this occasion than on any other; for, after all, I think a man

should be as blind to the faults of his country as to those of his wife, and if he sees them ever so plainly, he should not perceive them at all. Besides, if there really should be any truth in the assertion, I must be in purgatory while I was ascertaining the fact, for I could no more refrain from knocking an Irish Dandy down, than I could from taking a parting bottle with my friend, or making love to every pretty woman I meet; and you must allow, that it would not be very agreeable, after an absence of ten years, to go home only to quarrel. If the man was not so plaguy unreasonable, the matter might soon be settled to both our satisfactions; for I am so good a marksman, that I could disable him in a trice, without hurting him at all: but as it is, I do not know how to manage. If you would favour me with a meeting, we might perhaps be able to arrange the matter over a bottle of claret, and you would eternally oblige your obedient servant,

O'SHAMROCK.

Mr. O'Shamrock is heartily welcome to my advice, though I cannot have the pleasure of giving it personally. I counsel him to return immediately to the Emerald Isle, for I am convinced that he need not be at all afraid of compromising the honour of his country by investigating the matter. An Irishman may be a coxcomb, but he can never be a Dandy; his native abhorrence of restraint is too great, his sense of the ridiculous is too keen, and his devotion to the fair sex too ardent, to permit him to sink into the non-descript character which Mr. O'Shamrock

describes; a character which, after all, is not so common here as the light writers of the day would make us believe, and which is only to be found among the half-souled and half-witted.

S. SAGEPHIZ.

TO THE ADVISER.

Dear SOL,

Though I do not suspect you of being any relation to your famous old namesake, that I was so plaguily bored about by my grandmother when I was a little boy, yet I dare be sworn that you have enough of the wisdom of old times about you to venerate the adage, "Truth may be blamed, but cannot be shamed." Now, my good Sol, if you will not be ashamed of telling the truth, you may do me an essential service, and put a cool fifty into your own pocket in the bargain; which I will venture to answer for is more than you will ever get by your wits, at least if I may judge by the specimen you give of them in your Adviser. But now to the purport of my letter.

I happened to sup the other night with Tom Thriftless, whose relation, Mr. Riskall, you used rather scurvily some time ago. Tom and I agreed in opinion, that you were a quiz, and in wondering how the deuce you gained admission into a work of established reputation like the *Repository*; but we could not agree as to who you were. Tom thinks that you are a haberdasher of small wares in the Borough; and I am positively certain that you must be either a Methodist preacher or an old woman. We argued the matter for some time. Tom

was as positive as myself, because one day, when he happened to forget his pocket-handkerchief, he went into a little shop to purchase one, and he saw an old figure behind the counter, whom he is positive was yourself, who bored him to death with advice to stuff his handkerchief into his mouth, for fear the fog should irritate what the vulgar savage called his church-yard cough.

This looked suspicious I confess, but still from certain traits in your delectable Advisers, I am sure that Tom is wrong; and I have betted with him 500 to 50 that you are either a Methodist preacher or an old woman. I thought I should have little difficulty in ferreting out which, but I find that I was mistaken, for they are so plaguily close at the *Repository*, that I can't get even a clue to you; therefore I have no resource but to apply to yourself: so, my good old fellow, or fellowess, let me know all about yourself as soon as you can. You may depend on my honour and Tom's to preserve your incog; and as a further inducement, beside the 50/. I'll toss you an Adviser or two of my own composition into the bargain, the very first morning I can find a spare quarter of an hour to write them. They'll raise the credit of your paper I warrant you, and, *entre nous*, it wants a lift confoundedly. Let me have an answer directly, and mind, no tricks upon travellers: don't attempt to hoax me into a belief that I have lost, for I'll swear that you are either one or the other, and nothing shall convince me to the contrary. Adieu! Yours as you behave,

SIMON SAPSKULL.

As this gentleman has called upon me to decide his wager, I am sorry to be obliged to give it against him. I think I can prove satisfactorily, that I am not an old woman; and it is pretty plain that I cannot be a Methodist parson, because I never was in a conventicle but once in my life, and then only as a hearer: upon which occasion, by the bye, I had very nearly got into a law-suit with the preacher, for advising his flock, if they wished to retain the quiet possession of their senses, to attend his sermons no more. I am afraid my readers will think that I cannot so readily exonerate myself from Mr. Thriftless's charge of being a haberdasher of small wares; but I hope they will believe me when I assure them,

that I am not the old gentleman in the Borough, and that my small wares, if I must plead guilty to the charge of dealing in them, are of a different description. I am obliged to Mr. Sapskull for the offer which he makes me of a few papers; and I advise him, before he sits down to compose them, to put himself under the tuition of one of those ingenious gentlemen who teach grown persons the art of writing with ease and clearness in a few lessons, as well as to provide himself with a good dictionary of the English language. Probably, with these helps, his next letter, if he should favour me with another, will not take me, as this has done, an hour and a half in deciphering.

S. SAGEPHIZ.

ON THE CHARACTER OF MACBETH.

THE human mind, in different situations and circumstances, undergoes many extraordinary changes, and assumes a variety of different aspects. Men of gaiety and cheerfulness become reserved and unsociable: the beneficent temper, losing its agreeable sweetness, becomes morose: the indolent man leaves his retirement: the man of business becomes inactive: men of gentle and kind affections acquire habits of cruelty and revenge.

As these changes affect the temper and not the faculties of the mind, they are produced by irregular and outrageous passions. In order, therefore, to explain any unusual alteration of temper or character, we must consider the nature of the ruling passion, and observe its tendency.

In the character of Macbeth we

have an instance of a very extraordinary change. In the following passages we discover the complexion and bias of his mind in its natural and unperverted state:

"Brave Macbeth; well he deserves that name,
Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
Which smok'd with bloody execution,
Like valour's minion, carved out his passage."

The particular features of his character are more accurately delineated by Lady Macbeth:

"Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; thou shalt be
What thou art promis'd. Yet I fear thy nature;
It is too full o' th' milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be
great,

Art not without ambition, but without
The illness should attend it."

He is exhibited to us valiant, dutiful to his sovereign, mild, gentle, and ambitious; but ambitious without guilt. Soon after, we find him false, perfidious, barbarous, and vindictive. All the principles in

his constitution seem to have undergone a violent and total change. Some appear to be altogether reduced or extirpated; others monstrously overgrown. Ferocity is substituted instead of mildness, treasonable intentions instead of a sense of duty. His ambition, however, has suffered no diminution; on the contrary, by having become exceedingly powerful, and by rising to undue pretensions, it seems to have vanquished and suppressed every amiable and virtuous principle. But, in a conflict so important, and when the opposing powers were naturally vigorous, and invested with high authority, violent must have been the struggle, and obstinate the resistance. Nor could the prevailing passion have been enabled to contend with virtue, without having gained, at some former period, an unlawful ascendancy. Therefore, in treating the history of this revolution, it may be proper to consider how the usurping principle became so powerful; how its powers were exerted in its conflict with opposing principles; and what were the consequences of its victory.

First, the growth of Macbeth's ambition was so imperceptible, and his treason so unexpected, that the historians of an ignorant age, little accustomed to explain uncommon events by simple causes, and strongly addicted to a superstitious belief in sorcery, ascribed them to a preternatural agency; and Shakspeare, capable of exalting this fiction, and of rendering it interesting by his power over the "terrible graces," hath adopted it in its fullest extent. In this part, having little assistance from the poet, we shall

hazard a conjecture, supported by some facts and observations, concerning the power of fancy, aided by partial gratification, to invigorate and inflame our passions.

All men, who possess the seeds of violent passions, will often be conscious of their influence, before they have opportunities to indulge them. By nature provident and prone to reflection, we look forward with eagerness into futurity, and anticipate our enjoyments. Never completely satisfied with our present condition, we embrace in imagination the happiness that is to come. But happiness is relative to constitution: it depends on the gratification of our desires; and the happiness of mankind is various, because the desires of the heart are various. The nature, therefore, of anticipated enjoyment is agreeable to the nature of our desires. Those of indolent dispositions, and addicted to pleasure, indulge themselves in dreams of festivity. Those, again, who have in their constitution the latent principles of avarice, administer to the gratification of their fatal propensity by reveries of ideal opulence. Dignity, parade, and magnificence are ever present to the ambitious man: laurels, if he pursue literary fame; battles and conquests, if his humour be warlike. Whoever would cultivate an acquaintance with himself, and would know to what passions he is most exposed, should attend to the operations of fancy, and by remarking the objects she, with greatest pleasure, exhibits, may discern with tolerable accuracy, the nature of his own mind, and the principles most likely to rule him. Excursions of

the imagination, except in minds idly extravagant, are commonly governed by the probability of success. They are also regulated by moral considerations; for no man, indulging visions of ideal felicity, imbrues his hands in the blood of the guiltless, or suffers himself in imagination to be unjust or perfidious: yet, by this imaginary indulgence, harmless as it may appear, our passions become immoderate.

When the mind is agitated by violent passions, the thoughts presented to us are of a corresponding character. The angry man thinks of injury, perfidy, or insult. Under the influence of fear, we figure to ourselves dangers that have no reality, and tremble without a cause. Minds, differently fashioned, and under the influence of different passions, receive from the same objects dissimilar impressions. Exhibit the same beautiful valley to the miser and to the poet. Elegant and lively images arise in the poet's mind; Dryads preside in the groves, and Naiads in the fountains. Notions of wealth seize the heart of the miser; he computes the profits of the meadows and corn-fields, and envies the possessor. The mind, dwelling with pleasure on those images that coincide with its present humour, or agree with the present passion, embellishes and improves them. The poet by figuring additional lawns and mountains, renders the landscape more beautiful, or more sublime: but the miser, moved by no compassion for wood-nymphs or Naiads, lays waste the forest, changes the winding river into a canal, and purchases wealth at the expense of beauty.

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If any object appear to us more striking and excellent than usual, it communicates a stronger impulse, and excites a keen and more vehement desire. Joy is in this manner enlivened; anger more strongly exasperated; envy burns with additional malice; and melancholy, brooding over her ideas of disappointment, is tortured with anguish, and plunges into despair.

Success, as it produces vanity, invigorates our ambition. Eminently or unexpectedly distinguished, we fancy ourselves endowed with superior merit, and entitled to higher honour.

Macbeth having repelled the inroads of the islanders, and vanquished a numerous host of Norwegians, is rewarded by the king, and revered by his countrymen. His ambition becomes immoderate, and his soul, elevated above measure, aspires to sovereignty.

Secondly, every variation of character and passion is accompanied by corresponding changes in the sentiments of the spectator. Macbeth, engaged in the defence of his country, and pursuing the objects of a laudable ambition, is justly honoured and esteemed. But the distraction which ensues from the conflict between vicious and virtuous principles, renders him the object of compassion mixed with disapprobation.

When the notion of seizing the crown is suggested to Macbeth, he appears shocked and astonished. Justice and humanity shudder at the design; he regards his own heart with amazement, and recoils with horror from the thought.

“ This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill; cannot be good: if ill,

U

Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I'm thane of Cawdor;
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature?"

Though virtuous principles appear in this instance to predominate, his ambition is not repulsed. The means of gratifying it were shocking and impracticable. Deterred by his moral feelings, he is unable to proceed directly, and indulges romantic wishes:

"If chance will have me king, why chance
 may crown me
Without my stir."

So delicate is the constitution of the human mind, that lively feelings, unless they form the temper by being confirmed by action, are enfeebled by repetition and frequent exercise. The horror and aversion excited by enormous wickedness, unless we act in conformity to them, are mere passive impressions, which by being repeated, grow weaker, and though their resistance against an habitual passion be animated, it is of short duration. Macbeth becomes reconciled to the idea of treason; he can think of it calmly, and all the opposition he has henceforth to encounter, will arise not from his feelings, but from reflection.

Macbeth considering the assassination of Duncan as a deed deserving punishment, is deterred from his enterprise; but, reflecting upon it as an event which he desired, but durst not accomplish, his courage is questioned, and his honour impeached. When the sense of honour is corrupted, virtue expires. Influenced by fatal prejudices, and flattering himself with the hope of impunity, he finally determines, and engages to execute

the black design. The notices communicated to the soul of Macbeth, agitated and shaken by tumultuous passions, are wild, broken, and incoherent; and reason beaming at intervals, heightens the horror of his disorder.

Thirdly, we come now to consider the effects produced in the mind of Macbeth by the indulgence of the vicious passion. Invested with royalty, he has attained the summit of his desires. His ambition is completely gratified. Will he then enjoy repose? Unmolested by anxiety and fruitless wishes, will he enjoy the happiness of his condition, and the dignity he has so dearly purchased? or will the principles of virtue that opposed his preferment, baffled and put to shame, submit without murmuring to the yoke, and, unable to recall the past, acquiesce and be silent? Principles inherent in our constitutions are seldom extirpated. In Macbeth, the amiable and congenial sentiments of humanity and compassion, a sense of duty and a regard to the opinions of mankind, contended with ambition. Their efforts were ineffectual, but their principles were not extinguished. Formerly, they warned and entreated; but when the deed is perpetrated, and no adversary is opposed to them, they return with violence, they accuse and condemn. Religious sentiments, formerly weak and disregarded, are animated by his confusion; and borrowing their complexion from his present temper, they terrify and overwhelm him. Apprehensive that both heaven and earth are against him, his fancy is haunted with appalling images, and his soul is distracted with remorse and terror.

So tyrannical is the dominion of vice, that it compels us to hate what nature, having ordained for our benefit, has rendered lovely, and recommended to our esteem. Sensibility is in itself amiable, and disposes us to benevolence; but in corrupted minds, by infusing terror, it produces hatred and inhumanity. So dangerous is the dominion of vice, that being established in the mind, it bends to its baneful purposes even the principles of virtue. Lady Macbeth, of a character invariably savage, perhaps too savage to be a genuine representation of nature, proceeds easily and without reluctance to the contrivance of the blackest crimes. Macbeth, of a softer temper, struggles and is reluctant; she encourages and incites him. He commits the deed, trembles, and is filled with horror. She enjoys perfect composure, is neither shocked nor terrified, and reproves him for his fears.

Macbeth, instigated by his terrors,

adds one act of cruelty to another; and thus, instead of vanquishing his fears, he augments them. His agony increases, and renders him still more barbarous and distrustful, till at length he meets the punishment due to his enormous crimes.

Thus, by considering the rise and progress of a ruling passion, and the fatal consequences of its indulgence, we have shewn how a beneficent mind may become inhuman; and how those who are naturally of an amiable temper, if they suffer themselves to be corrupted, will become more ferocious and more unhappy than those of a constitution originally hard and unfeeling. The formation of our characters depends considerably upon ourselves; for we may improve, or vitiate, every principle we receive from nature.

* * The foregoing is abstracted from some admirable Characters of the Plays of Shakspeare by Professor Richardson. They are now out of print, and we shall continue them at intervals.—ED.

FRENCH EQUIVOQUES.

DURING the French revolution, a gentleman being required to give his sentiments on the new constitution, wrote the following lines:

A la nouvelle loi Je veux être fidèle;
Je renonce dans l'âme Au régime ancien:
Comme épreuve de ma foi, Je crois la loi nouvelle,
Je crois celle qu'on blame Opposée à tout bien.
Dieu vous donne la paix, Messieurs les démocrates;
Noblesse desolée, Au diable allez vous en;
Qu'il confonde à jamais Tous les aristocrates,
Messieurs de l'Assemblée Ont eux seuls le bon sens.

The double meaning of which, when read thus,

A la nouvelle loi
Je renonce dans l'âme:
Comme épreuve de ma foi,
Je crois celle qu'on blame, &c.
will be evident.

During the one hundred days after the return of Napoleon from Elba, a gentleman being called upon for his sentiments, gave the following:

Vive, vive à jamais, L'Empereur des François;
La famille royale Est indigne à vivre;
Oubliions désormais La branche des Capets,
La race imperiale A jamais doit survivre.
Loyons donc le soutien Du fier Napoleon;
Du grand Duc d'Angoulême Que l'âme soit maudite,
C'est à lui que revient Cette punition,
L'honneur du diadème Est son juste mérite.

DIALOGUES OF THE LIVING.

No. IX.

Modern Drama, how compounded, and from whence the chief incidents are derived—The merits of plays founded upon "Guy Mannering," "Rob Roy," &c. discussed—To what they are chiefly indebted for their popularity—Anecdote of Sir Philip Francis and Mr. Samuel Rogers, the poet—Doubts about the writer of "The Letters of Junius"—An important disclosure of the real author of "Waverley," "Guy Mannering," &c.

Scene—A Dining-room, after dinner.

Persons—Sir JAMES, LOVEMORE, & DAPPER.

Dapper. WELL, I still hold, that of all things there is nothing easier than to write a play.

Lovemore. And I, on the contrary, think that there is nothing more difficult, recollecting how many points and circumstances are to be attended to in the composition.

Dapper. I admit all that very readily, but consider the helps that are in every hand. In the first place, for the story, how many hundred thousand novels there are from which it may be borrowed.

Sir James. Stolen, you should rather say. I do not know why a literary theft should not be called by the same appropriate name as every other kind of petty larceny.

Lovemore. Petty larceny! There I think you are mistaken in your turn. Do you call the stealing of a whole plot petty larceny?

Sir James. At all events, it is *privately* stealing: though it be an offence of the magnitude of *grand* larceny, it has not the openness belonging to it.

Lovemore. What say you to calling it *highway* robbery? A novel may be considered the highway of

literature, and a theft upon it surely deserves the same punishment.

Dapper. Well, without disputing further about the nature of the offence, at least all will admit, that there is nothing more common than the commission of it: besides, it is the easiest thing in the world to disguise it a little by changing the names of the characters, by introducing an intervening incident—

Lovemore. Or by reversing them, and changing their places—

Sir James. Making the conclusion and the catastrophe come at the beginning, or in the middle—

Lovemore. Just as if a portrait-painter, in stealing a copy, should reverse the features, and put the mouth where the eyes should be, or the chin in the place of the cheek. I do not think it would be easy then to recognise the resemblance.

Sir James. Nor would it be very well worth the while of the original artist to claim his share in such a hotch-potch composition.

Dapper. But an artist, with a little ingenuity, might take an eye from one man's picture, a nose from another, a mouth from a third, and so on, and thus he might produce a tolerable composition-piece, without any chance, or at least a very remote chance, of detection.

Sir James. True; and in the same way you would recommend, that a play-writer should steal one incident from one novel, and another from another, and thus produce a sort of *mixtum-maatum* performance that would stand a chance of being very popular.

Dapper. Undoubtedly; and the best of all is, that there would be

such a charming variety of plot that it could not fail: attention would be for ever on the alert, and the expectation might be raised and disappointed, indulged and checked at every step; nothing need turn out as was anticipated, and the catastrophe might happen on a sudden, without one of the audience being able to give the most distant guess at it.

Lovemore. A wonderful advantage to be sure! But in some modern theatrical productions, we find the authors acknowledging, even in the play-bills, the authorities from which they have derived their incidents: thus we have *Guy Mannering*, *Rob Roy*, and several others, "founded (as is announced publicly) upon the interesting novel of that name, by Walter Scott, Esq."

Sir James. The play-bill-makers taking upon themselves to decide the long-disputed point, whether in truth "Walter Scott, Esq." be or be not the author of those popular productions.

Lovemore. How do you account for that avowal and acknowledgment, Mr. Dapper?

Dapper. There is nothing more easy. You must readily perceive, that it is the interest of those gentlemen who prepare these kinds of dishes for the public taste, to avail themselves of the popularity of Mr. Walter Scott: their productions would very likely not go down, but, in the theatrical phrase, would be completely *damned*, if it were not announced that they were "founded upon the interesting novel of that name, by Walter Scott, Esq."

Sir James. That is very likely indeed. I do not apply my remark so much to *Guy Mannering*, but I confess that *Rob Roy* appeared to

me to be such a piece as would not have run to "the author's poor third night," but for the expedient of which you speak.

Lovemore. And it may account, in some degree, likewise for the wonderful mystery that has been made about the question, who was the author of *Waverley*, &c. It is involved in quite as much doubt, and is far more interesting to the world at large, than the identity of the author of *The Letters of Junius*.

Sir James. And which may now perhaps, since the death of Sir Philip Francis, rival in impenetrable obscurity the famous story of the man in the iron mask.

Dapper. I recollect hearing an anecdote upon this question, which had some point in it. It is said, that Sir Philip Francis being upon his death-bed, Mr. Samuel Rogers, the poet——

Lovemore. Author of *Human Life*, which has just made its appearance in all the spruceness and neatness of its author, and whose poetry is as spruce as his person.

Sir James. Never mind criticising his poetry now; let us hear the anecdote.

Dapper. Mr. Rogers, with some trepidation, and after much screwing of his courage "to the sticking place" (for Sir P. Francis was, it seems, a man of a morose and severe temper even upon his death-bed), ventured to ask whether he might put a question. Sir P. Francis immediately guessed what it was, and angrily replied, "At your peril, sir." On which Mr. Rogers drew in his horns, slunk like a snail into his shell, and retiring into the next room, told some friends, who were waiting the result of his mission to the bed-side of a dying man,

that if Sir P. Francis were Junius, he was Junius *Brutus*.

Lovemore. Then we are as far as ever from the truth. Where now shall we look for light upon this dark question?

Sir James. The question, or rather its decision, seems to me not of the slightest importance: indeed I doubt, as many have before doubted, whether *The Letters of Junius* would not lose half their interest if they were to lose the mystery that hangs about the writer. But, Mr. Lovemore, you were saying, that the popularity of Mr. Walter Scott accounted for the long time that the secret about the author of *Waverley* has been kept.

Lovemore. It strikes me that it does so in this way: you will observe, that the publishers of Mr. Walter Scott's poems, and of the novels of *Waverley*, *Guy Mannering*, &c. are the same persons; and it would be very well worth their while to induce Mr. W. Scott to acquiesce in a charge which rather improves, or at any rate does not detract from, his reputation.

Dapper. Then you are of opinion, that Mr. W. Scott is not the author of *Waverley*, the *Tales of my Landlord*, or any of those pieces attributed to him?

Lovemore. I do not say that he is not, but I think it not unlikely that he is not.

Sir James. A friend of mine, well acquainted with literary subjects and literary men, assured me positively that he was not.

Dapper. Aye, aye, those assurances on both sides have been so often repeated, that one feels very much inclined to reject them all; at least that is my case.

Sir James. And so it would have been mine, if he had not added something that led me to suppose that he had good reason for what he advanced.

Dapper. That certainly alters the case.

Lovemore. What was that good reason?

Sir James. Only this, that he was acquainted with the real author.

Dapper. Did he mention his name?

Sir James. He did, and that without the slightest reserve, so that I feel myself under no sort of engagement to keep the secret.

Lovemore. And what was that name? If correct, it is a disclosure in which readers at home and abroad are interested; for *Waverley*, though relating to partial events and to particular customs, has been translated both into French and German.

Sir James. I do not see in what way the French would be interested in such a story, and in such characters.

Dapper. But the name, Sir James! the name!

Sir James. Why, you are as impatient as any boarding-school miss who has been making her eyes ache with reading *Rob Roy* all day, and her head ache with thinking of him all night: be patient.

Lovemore. Nay, Sir James, you must pardon our curiosity to be let into a secret of which all the world besides is ignorant.

Sir James. But I really have hitherto refrained from communicating what I was told, merely from the persuasion, that if the mystery were unravelled, if the solution were known, few people, compara-

tively, would take an interest in the novels.

Dapper. And what difference would that make to you?

Sir James. None, in fact; but consider how much one great source of happiness would be abridged.

Lovemore. I do not see in what way, or for what cause, you are bound to be so considerate. You take a great interest, no doubt, in the happiness of your species!

Dapper. And I should imagine, that that happiness would not be a little promoted by gratifying an innocent, if not a laudable, curiosity.

Lovemore. If the fact were inserted in every newspaper in the kingdom, it might perhaps produce the effect to which you allude. I doubt, however, even then if the novels would be less read, because it was known that Mr. Walter Scott was not the author.

Dapper. I do not suppose, that because you mention a conjecture to two or three friends—

Sir James. A conjecture!

Dapper. Well, a fact: because you mention a fact to two or three friends, it does not follow that it will be known to all the world.

Sir James. Such a fact would probably spread like wild-fire among all the *feminines* of both sexes. Miss T. would tell it to Mr. W.; and Mr. W. with a knowing look (though only straight forward, on account of the stiffness of his cravat), would relate it to Mrs. X.; who, in her turn, would not fail to confide it to young master Y. and so on, till it was made as public as the capture and imprisonment of Buonaparte.

Lovemore. And do you expect then to stop its progress? Your friend told it to somebody else, who,

in his turn, related it in the next company he met, and so on.

Dapper. Come, come, do not tantalize us any longer, or I shall conclude that you have no secret to disclose.

Sir James. Conclude what you please.

Lovemore. We are at liberty to draw our own conclusions.

Sir James. Then I will come to mine, by informing you, that I was confidently assured, that the real writer of the amusing works we have been speaking of is the son of a Scotch baronet of the name of Forbes, who was educated at Reading, at the school of Dr. Valpy.

Dapper. Forbes! Forbes! It does not sound like a literary name.

Sir James. Nor perhaps does any name, until we have often heard it mentioned in conjunction with books.

Lovemore. What evidence did this assertion rest upon?

Sir James. I did not feel myself authorized to ask the particulars; but my friend added, that he knew of the existence of a letter in which the author acknowledged his guilt.

Lovemore. That is, the guilt of authorship.

Sir James. Yes; he being the son of a Scotch baronet, who was too proud to allow it to be thought that a son of his had descended so low as to put pen to paper in the way of publication. This I am told is the solution of the riddle. I do not pretend to determine what degree of credit it deserves.

[Here the servant entered, to announce that tea was ready; and after the gentlemen had taken a parting glass to the author of *Waverley*, &c. they joined the ladies.]

POLITICAL STRENGTH OF EUROPE.

FOR THE REPOSITORY.

MR. EDITOR,

THE accompanying table is extracted from a foreign work by Mr. A. F. W. Crome, and it affords at one view a statement of the relative political strength of the various nations of Europe: it refers to most points of information--dimensions, population, and revenue. At

the bottom is an account of the military and naval force maintained by the powers of Europe during peace and war. In notes are appended such explanations as seemed necessary to render the whole intelligible.

Yours, &c.

S. S.

GENERAL VIEW of the relative Political Strength of the Nations of EUROPE.

Countries.	Geograph. Sq. Miles. ^a	Inhabitants	Souls in every sq. Mile.	Public Revenue in Rhenish Florins.	Florins per Head.
1. Republic of San Marino	2	6,000	3000	50,000	8 $\frac{1}{2}$
2. Republic of Cracow	19	56,600	2979	200,000	3 $\frac{1}{2}$
3. Duchy of Lucca	20	124,000	6200	650,000	5 $\frac{1}{2}$
4. Republic of the Ionian Islands	46	187,000	4065	965,500	5 $\frac{1}{2}$
5. Duchy of Modena	96	396,000	4125	1,200,000	3
6. Duchy of Parma and Piacenza	106	376,600	3553	1,500,000	4
7. Grand Duchy of Tuscany	395	1,195,000	3025	5,000,000	4 $\frac{1}{2}$
8. The Estates of the Church	715	2,145,000	3000	9,500,000	4 $\frac{1}{2}$
9. Switzerland	889 $\frac{1}{2}$	1,745,750	1963	4,300,000	2 $\frac{1}{2}$
10. The Kingdom of the Netherlands	1,164	5,266,000	4524	67,383,330	12 $\frac{1}{2}$
11. The Sardinian States	1,277 $\frac{1}{2}$	3,974,476	3112	22,000,000	5 $\frac{1}{2}$
12. Portugal	1,934	3,683,000	1904	25,000,000	6 $\frac{1}{2}$
13. Sicily and Naples	2,037	6,119,330	3249	24,000,000	3 $\frac{1}{2}$
14. Denmark (without Holstein & Lauenburg)	2,273	1,258,410	663	11,200,000	6
15. Germany (without Austria and Prussia)	4,712	12,391,991	2630	90,507,843	7 $\frac{1}{2}$
16. Prussian Monarchy	4,989	10,160,000	2025	60,000,000	6
17. British Dominions in Europe	5,462	17,175,500	3144	410,810,000	23 $\frac{1}{2}$
18. Spain	8,441	10,500,000	1244	60,000,000	5 $\frac{1}{2}$
19. European Turkey	9,225	6,700,000	724	30,000,000	4 $\frac{1}{2}$
20. France	10,263	28,996,300	2825	261,500,000	9
21. The Austrian Empire	12,210	28,179,633	2310	150,000,000	5 $\frac{1}{2}$
22. Sweden and Norway	16,155	3,525,400	218	15,000,000	4 $\frac{1}{2}$
23. Russia in Europe	72,640	34,500,000	475	250,000,000	7 $\frac{1}{2}$
Total	155,071	179,101,996		1,500,466,673	8 $\frac{1}{2}$

The military force of Europe amounts to
 In peace 1,798,504 men.
 In war 3,698,023 men.

The naval forces of Europe amount to
 Ships of the line 462
 Frigates 370
 Smaller armed vessels 1922

^a Fifteen to a degree, in nearly the common German miles, which exceed four English: thus the square mile here expressed will be about eighteen English. Multiplying by 18 will consequently give pretty accurately the superficial extent in our measure.

^b Nine one-third Rhenish florins make a pound sterling; and thus the revenue of England is stated at above 44 millions.

A SAILOR'S GRATITUDE.

MANY years before the French Revolution took place, Monsieur Vaillant, a young surgeon, going to visit a friend of his who was on board an English ship then lying in Brest harbour, heard a very young voice uttering the most bitter lamentations. On inquiring into the cause of them, he was informed that it was the cabin-boy, who had shattered his leg in such a manner, that amputation was deemed necessary; and the boy, who would have preferred death to being a cripple for life, was then in a paroxysm of sorrow at the approaching loss of his limb. "Poor fellow!" said M. Vaillant, "how old is he?"—"Only fourteen," was the answer.—"'Tis hard indeed," said the good-natured surgeon, "to become a cripple at his age: I wish I could see him." This wish was immediately complied with. He examined the leg, and requested that the operation might be deferred till the next morning. The ship-surgeon vehemently protested that it would then be too late; but the entreaties of the boy moved the compassion of the captain of the vessel; and on Monsieur Vaillant protesting that he would answer with his life, that no serious evil could arise from delaying the amputation, he consented to let the experiment be tried.

The French surgeon immediately applied a dressing to the leg, and by the next morning it looked so much better, that Vaillant was suffered to treat it as he pleased; and by his skill and attention, he soon succeeded in making a complete cure of it.

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The ardent gratitude of the boy touched the heart of the good-natured young Frenchman, who parted from him with considerable regret. Twenty years afterwards the Revolution broke out, and Vaillant, like many others, became its victim; he escaped the guillotine indeed, but it was only as he thought to perish in a more dreadful manner: he was one of those unhappy beings who were shipped for Guiana, and he anticipated with horror the wretched and lingering death which awaited him from the effects of the climate.

As they were proceeding on their destination, they were overtaken by an English sloop of war, which immediately attacked them. One may easily conceive with what anxious hearts the poor prisoners awaited the issue of a contest, which, if it put them in the power of a generous enemy, would deliver them from the horrid fate to which they were destined.

Their anxiety was not of long duration. Victory soon declared for the English, and their captain came with some of his sailors to liberate the prisoners from their bonds.

"Be of good cheer, gentlemen," said he, addressing them in French, "you have not fallen into the hands of enemies, but of men who will do all they can to alleviate your misfortunes. I owe much to one of your nation, and, please God, I will pay my debt as far as I can to you."

He advanced as he finished speaking to unbind the person who stood nearest to him. On looking at him, he started, and gazed upon him

earnestly for a moment; the next he clasped him in his arms, with a cry of joy: "My friend! my preserver!" exclaimed he, "have you forgot me? forgot little Jack, who owes all he has, or is, to you?"

Vaillant gazed with astonishment at the handsome manly figure, in whom he could never have recognised the poor cabin-boy; but he soon found that if the figure was changed, the heart remained unaltered. Captain P. was as warmly, as fervently grateful as poor little Jack had been twenty years before. Vaillant accompanied him to England, and it was his own fault that he did not sit down to spend his days in ease and comfort out of the produce of the captain's well-earned fortune; but Vaillant's spirit was too independent to take advantage of the generosity of his friend, who,

however, served him nearly as effectually by his interest, as he could have done by his purse.

It is almost needless to observe, that the captain had risen to the rank he then held by his courage and conduct; these had rendered him a popular favourite, and his amiable qualities had strengthened their influence. Wherever the captain was invited, Vaillant accompanied him; and the moment an opportunity offered, the brave sailor, with all the frankness of his profession, related the incident which first introduced them to each other. The consequence was, that Vaillant's professional skill soon procured him a handsome livelihood; and the generous captain enjoyed, with honest pride, the success of which his recommendation was the first cause.

PICTURESQUE TOUR OF MOUNT SIMPLON.

(Continued from p. 83.)

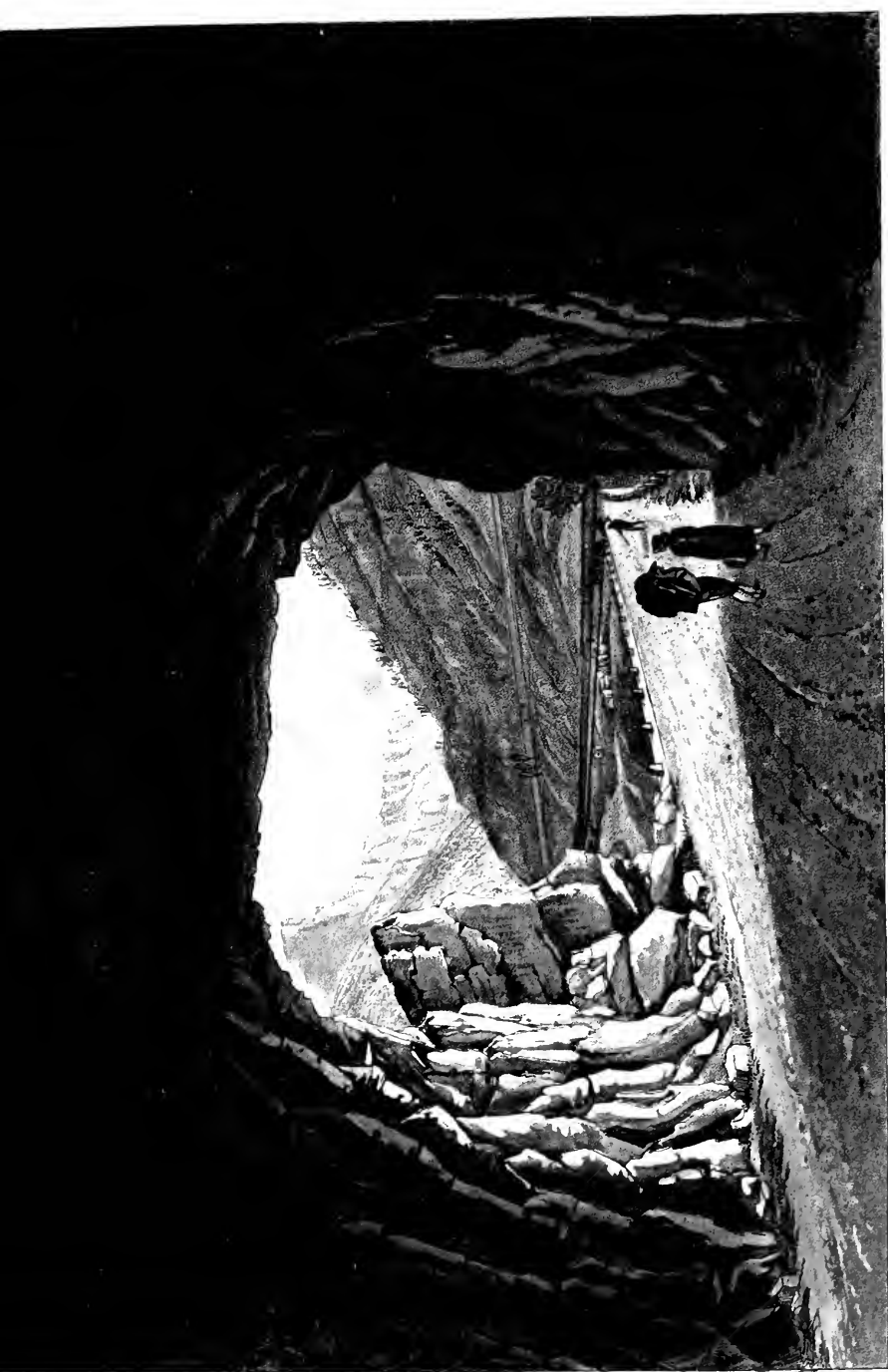
PLATE 14.—VIEW FROM THE INTERIOR OF THE GALLERY OF ALGABY.

THE view that accompanies our present number may be considered one of the most striking of the series that we have presented to the public: it is taken from the interior of the gallery of Algaby, and combines at once the grand and the picturesque with some of the finer delicacies of a Swiss landscape. The gallery, as we have already observed, is one of the noblest of these excavations. It is no less than 215 feet long, and is cut entirely through an immense mass of solid granite. The sombre appearance of the interior of the gallery is well contrasted with the cheerfulness of the objects beyond

it. The trees, scattered here and there by the side of the road, enliven the objects in their neighbourhood; and two or three cottages, directly in front, give an appearance of greater habitableness to the country. This again is contrasted with the desolate glaciers of Laqui, which are seen in the distance: they are not, however, particularly magnificent.

The road which is passed by the traveller on quitting the village of Simplon, is seen winding in various directions, but the wall in all places is not now in a perfect state of repair.

The gallery of Algaby is perhaps





less than most others affected by the changes of the weather, in consequence of the peculiar solidity of the materials of which it is composed. It now and then happens,

however, that the sort of cement which unites the masses of granite gives way after severe frosts, and in consequence large fragments are found to obstruct the passage.

A PROPOSAL OF MARRIAGE FOR PETER PRIMSET.

MR. EDITOR,

AFTER having been several times disappointed in my attempts to exchange the title of spinster for the more generally coveted appellation of matron, I think, through the channel of your elegant publication, I have at length discovered a helpmate meet for me; and I am determined that no obsolete notions of delicacy shall prevent my inviting him to join with me in promoting the cause of general utility, which I am convinced would be greatly forwarded by a union between your humble servant and that truly unique and estimable personage, Mr. Peter Primset.

But how, methinks I hear you inquire, can the interests of mankind be served by this marriage? This question I can easily answer: the great defect of your correspondent's character appears to be a want of energy; now it happens that I have a superabundance of this quality: it is therefore clear, that we shall benefit each other. As to mankind, they must be the better for our marriage, because my life has been always devoted to plans for their good; but, unfortunately, I have no money to bring them to perfection; my marriage will procure me some: consequently, you see I assert only the truth, when I say it will conduce to general utility.

But you may perhaps say, that

these projects of mine might be brought to perfection by the assistance of my friends. Alas! Mr. Editor, so great is the envy which superior talents like mine always excite among the unenlightened many, that two or three of my most promising speculations have been treated by those to whom I have applied for assistance to execute them, as complete chimeras. When I tell you, sir, that one of these was a plan to construct houses by means of a steam-engine, and another to make bread from chaff, which, by a particular process, was to be rendered wholesome and nutritious, you will judge whether I ought not to be classed among the benefactors of mankind. In a union with me, Mr. Primset might taste these secret consolations which flow from sympathy; we could recount our mutual disappointments, and pour into each other's bosom the pathetic details of the various obstacles which we had met with in our progress to the altar of Hymen: and in order to enable you to judge, Mr. Editor, whether my energies have not been sufficiently exercised in combating with the difficulties thrown in my way by avarice, prejudice, and ignorance, I will give you a brief detail of my adventures.

While I was yet a girl I became acquainted with Mr. Doubtall, one of the brightest ornaments of the new school of philosophy. I shall

not take up your time by detailing the pains which this gentleman took to enlighten my mind ; suffice it to say, that at length he succeeded in eradicating all my prejudices, and in convincing me, that civilized man is a poor, degraded, miserable creature. I felt my energies expand while I listened to his descriptions of the happiness to be enjoyed in what we falsely call a state of savage nature ; and I determined to seek felicity among the unsophisticated Greenlanders, or the hardy Indian tribes. But it would be necessary to find a companion to accompany me to those delightful regions, one with whom I could live in that sweet interchange of love and confidence which scorns all human ties ; for you know, Mr. Editor, that the abominable monopoly marriage makes no part of the new system of philosophy. It did not take me long to fix my choice : Mr. Doubtall, to whom I was indebted for my philosophy, appeared the properest person to enjoy with me the fruits of it. I could not doubt, from the just estimation which he seemed to have formed of my energies, that a union with me would appear to him the greatest possible good ; and I wrote to him on the subject immediately. A week passed without my receiving an answer ; at the end of that time, a friend who called on me, mentioned, in the course of chat, that Mr. Doubtall had that very morning married an eminent cheesemonger's widow.

How shall I paint to you, Mr. Editor, the dismay with which I heard this intelligence ? That a disciple of nature and reason should thus act in opposition to his prin-

ciples, should submit to a yoke which he professed to despise, from sordid motives, and lead a life of sloth and luxury, when he might have the happiness to exert his energies in procuring a subsistence among the children of unsophisticated nature, appeared to me incredible. In the belief that my friend must have been misinformed, I wrote to him. Alas ! the report was too true ; he was married, and my letter fell into the hands of his wife. She opened it without ceremony, and being destitute of philosophy, she was so enraged at its contents, that she came directly to the house of my aunt, with whom I resided, and bursting into a room where I was sitting in the midst of company, she flew upon me like a fury, called me all the names she could think of, declared that I wanted to elope with her husband, and vowed if she ever knew that I corresponded with him directly or indirectly, she would tear me to pieces. I am ashamed to tell you, Mr. Editor, that matter was superior to mind. I was so overwhelmed by the violence and threats of this Brobdignagian, for she was above six feet, and immensely fat, that instead of trying to convince her of the odiousness and impolicy of marriage, I made my escape into the next room, where I remained locked in till she departed.

The conduct of Mr. Doubtall convinced me, that human nature was still far from perfectibility, and the clamour which was raised against me, shewed me clearly that I had no chance of converting the majority of my acquaintance : therefore, as I could not get a companion for my intended voyage, I

gave up the idea entirely, and determined to go with the stream, and submit to the yoke of matrimony: nor was it long before an opportunity offered to engage in it. Mr. Placid, a young gentleman of pleasing person, who came very often to my aunt's, paid me particular attention; and though he did not seem inclined to enter so much as I could wish into philosophical arguments, I overlooked that, because I thought I should have opportunity sufficient to give him a turn for disputation after we were married.

He soon made proposals, which I accepted, and the day was fixed for our wedding, when—would you believe it, Mr. Editor?—he broke off the match from the most absurd whim in the world.

An old servant of my aunt's was suffering under a violent paroxysm of the gout: it unluckily occurred to me, that this was a fine opportunity to snatch a fellow-creature from the chains of prejudice; and I went to his chamber, determined to convince him by dint of argument, that pain was an imaginary evil. So far, however, from listening to me with gratitude or conviction, he redoubled his groans, and I raised my voice proportionably, in order to compel him to listen to reason. Mr. Placid happening to be passing the door, heard a part of the dialogue, or rather I should say monologue, and going home directly, wrote to me, that, in his opinion, my conduct could only proceed from excessive inhumanity, or temporary insanity; and as either was sufficient to destroy all rational prospect of happiness, he was under the necessity of declining my alliance.

My next lover was a widower, considerably older than myself. I believe he was principally induced to address me by the fondness which his eldest daughter, a girl of ten years old, had conceived for me. I own to you, that this gentleman was plain in his person, and rather coarse in his manners; but I saw clearly, that, as a solitary individual, I could never contribute in any great degree to the sublime cause of philosophy, by diffusing her light among mankind; and I therefore accepted his offered hand. While the lawyers were drawing the marriage settlements, my lover proposed a jaunt into the country, to which I made no objection. We set out with a small party to visit the beautiful seat of a nobleman at some distance from London. We stopped at an inn, a few miles from his lordship's, where, after we had taken some refreshment, my lover requested me to order what I pleased for dinner, which might be got ready against our return.

His request was unfortunately very ill-timed, for he interrupted a description I was giving to one of my intended step-children, of the extreme frugality of the Spartans, whose black broth I was panegyricizing with great warmth. Vexed at the interruption, I answered slightly, by begging him to order what he chose; as to me, I was above such vulgar cares.

I shall never forget the effect which this speech produced upon his countenance: it suddenly became as dark as Erebus; and he left the room, muttering, "Vulgar cares!" in no very pleasant tone. The remainder of that day he appeared unusually grave and silent, and the

next morning I received from him the following letter:

Madam,

As I am a plain man, of regular habits and moderate fortune, you cannot be surprised, after your declaration of yesterday, if I resign my pretensions to your hand. A woman who would consider it a vulgar care to order her dinner, could not certainly be expected to be the prudent housekeeper, and attentive mother to a young family, which I hope and expect to find in my wife. I am, madam, your humble servant,

DAVID DOWNRIGHT.

My next and last lover was a gentleman whom I had the glory of converting from a quiet, grave man of the old school, into one of the warmest supporters of the new philosophy. How often did we both regret, that, under existing circumstances, it was impossible for us to obey the voice of nature and reason, and live as rational beings ought to do, unfettered by marriage ties! But though we were compelled to sacrifice to the world in this respect, we determined in every other to be models of that perfection to which philosophy elevates her votaries. How shall I tell you the sequel? Business obliged my lover to leave me for a few weeks, during which time he was seized with a dangerous illness: the wife of a clergyman, at whose house he was staying, nursed him through it, and her husband took

advantage of the season of sickness and despondency, to lead him back to all his old prejudices. In short, Mr. Editor, not to tire your patience, he became, as he told me, convinced that philosophy was a false flame, which leads us to our destruction, and religion the only true light to guide us to happiness. I was so enraged at his apostacy that I desired him to see me no more: he took me at my word, and though I would afterwards have recanted, and even went the length of hinting, that my opinions might not perhaps be found unchangeable, I never saw him again.

Now, Mr. Editor, I am certain, if you are the least in the world of a philosopher, you must allow that I have suffered in her cause, and that I deserve a recompence. I ask only a husband, and Heaven knows that this demand is not very unreasonable, when we consider what a degenerate race mankind is in our days. However, from the placidity of your correspondent Peter Primset's temper, and his excessive diffidence, I think that the task of governing and enlightening him will not be very difficult, and I am willing to undertake it immediately. Be so good, therefore, sir, as to favour me with his address, or perhaps you will yourself surprise him of his singular good fortune in attracting the notice of, sir, your very humble servant,

ASPASIA ADDLEBRAIN.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A WOULD-BE AUTHOR.

CHAP. III.

A POET'S FEELINGS, AND A PROVOKING DETECTION.

THIS effusion of a despairing lover, afterwards converted into a cruel husband, afforded me the greatest delight; and even now this production of Shenstonian measure, although unfashionable, whenever I

produce it, finds unqualified praise from those who are far better enabled to judge of good poetry than I am. It has never before been in print, and I have readily handed it to you, Mr. Editor, as a *bonne-bouche* from the pen of a neglected literary man: his dilated memoir (for he was a real personage) may one day see the light.

I retired from Mr. Randal's a foot taller and five stone lighter than I had entered. I read my own effusion over and over again, until I retired to rest; and then I dreamed that Apollo himself descended to crown me, and presented me with a golden lyre, just such a one as Mr. Sinclair carries when he sings "Pray Goody," which never fails to provoke repetition from delighted audiences. I was about to make him a grateful and enthusiastic speech, when we were parted by a cloud, and I awoke, exclaiming in a poetical rapture, "And am I then so trebly blest?"

On the following morning I wrote out the tenth or twelfth fair copy of my poetry; and too full of visions of future fame to attend to the trifling occupation of the toilet, threw on an old great-coat, and in a few minutes found myself in the heart of the city. I had selected a magazine for my *divine* lucubration, which at that time was one of the most amusing, nay instructive, of its time. Alas! the string of wits and men of learning who once joined to render its pages of value are now gone for ever: the Stevens's, the Reids, and the Cumberlands are now no more; and they have left behind them a miscellany, bearing indeed the same title it had when they contributed to its pages,

but no more like what it then was, than a log of wood to a green flourishing tree: the substance is the same, but it is dead. We may now travel through its pages, and exclaim against its dulness; except where we are illumined by the extracts from a "Lawyer's Portfolio," and the "Recollections of a Metropolitan Curate"—all, all is tedious and barren.

I hastened then to the office of the magazine which was to receive my blushing honours; but, alas! I was yet so modest, that I scarce dared to enter the shop. "Doubtless," I exclaimed, "all eyes will be drawn upon me, and how shall I bear each penetrating glance?—But who will know," thought I, "but that the contents of my letter may be a mere matter of business?" "This was too mortifying to my vanity—to be taken for a man of business! My eyes will betray my errand, said conscious self-importance; and again I took another turn before the door.

I peered into the shop every time as I passed and repassed it. I waited till many a customer had left it, and several others had entered, before I could venture up the step. True it is, I might have sent the offspring of my Muse by the post, or I might even now have dropped it into the letter-box for correspondents; but did I not remember that postmen are careless, and my poetry might linger for months in the box of communications? At last I screwed my resolution to the sticking place: I had passed and repassed so frequently before the object of my desires, that I had at length (though unperceived by myself) excited the attention of the

shopman, when, taking out my effusion, which I had held fast in my pocket, I threw it as far as I could into the shop, and flattered with the cleverness of my expedient, I ran off like a criminal, as fast as my legs could carry me. Alas! sir, had I been gifted with the wings of Dan Phœbus himself, I could not have escaped the cursed long-legged Scotch shopman, who pursued me at full cry. He soon made vanish the splendid castles I had built in the air, for overtaking me long before I reached the Mansion-House, he stopped me, and obliged me, on pain of exposure, to return with him to where I had hoped I had so privately and so happily deposited my poetical lubrication.

When I arrived at the *concern* of the modern Tonsons, I was severely reprimanded for my conduct by a short little man in a three-cornered cocked hat and spectacles, who having declared that he had received three threatening anonymous letters on that morning, was determined to make an example of the only writer of them whom he had been able to catch in the fact.

Good reason indeed had I to remember, "And who is she that trips so light?" in fact, I wished—I wished her at the bottom of the Thames, if any thing so light could have sunk there. I began, however, to muster all the courage of an offended genius to defend my cause, when I was ushered into a little back parlour, where sat a gentleman in spectacles reading a paper, to whom I was introduced, not as a young Dryden, Shenstone, or at least a Kirke White, but with

self-congratulations on the discovery of one of the conspirators against his old and well-established magazine: "And now, young gentleman," continued Mr. Proprietor, "let us unfold and see your name, whether you are Verax, or Juba, or Justus: at any rate," continued he, chuckling, "I'll have you before a *justice*;" and laughing heartily at the good thing he fancied he had said, he gave my unfortunate envelope to the gentleman in spectacles, and desired him, while I blushed and trembled, and trembled and blushed by turns, to read it aloud. Deeper and deeper still I coloured as he broke the seal, and while he pored silently over its contents, heat upon heat suffused my cheeks. The marks of guilt, as Mr. Proprietor said, sat even on the tips of my ears. The gentleman ended with a *hem!* and then again raising his eyes to the top of my lines, began to read aloud:—"*The Mad Maiden*, by Mr. Tristram Gilliflower of Camberwell-Green;" for though I had affected to dread the eye of scrutiny, I had invited it by placing my real name and address at the top of my production.

Sir, I thought I should have fainted on the spot. "Mr. S—, Mr. S—," said the gentleman, "here is some mistake: you have ill used this gentleman [meaning me] by a base suspicion: you must apologize."

You may judge, Mr. Editor, that I was not very pertinacious or difficult on this point. I smiled to his smiles, bowed when he bowed, and shook hands with him until my eye coming in contact with his cornered hat, warned me not to be too inti-

mate with Mr. S——. Thus I, who had entered his premises as a detected writer of anonymous letters, left him honourably, with the praises of being a very pretty poet; with thanks for the honour I had done his magazine, and a promise that my effusion should be *taken care of*.

Glad indeed was I to find myself jostled once more in the busy street; into which, however, I had turned on my right hand instead of my left, and resorted for refreshment

after my toils to Ross's oyster-shop in Lombard-street.

I shall not trouble your readers, Mr. Editor, with any attempt at a description of my feelings for the rest of the morning, simply because they are really indescribable; in fact, I scarcely knew that I existed, until long after I had finished my mock turtle, and found myself perched on the roof of the Camberwell stage. I shall pursue my adventures in another chapter.

ON LITHOGRAPHY.

MR. EDITOR,

I HAVE lately had an opportunity of seeing a large collection of engravings imported from Germany, so executed as to represent chalk-drawings, with nearly the full effect of drawings: they consisted of figures, of views in cities or towns, of rural prospects, and of portraits. I was surprised on being told that the impressions were taken from stone, for I was not at all aware that the art had been carried to such a degree of perfection. It is true, that some years ago some very coarse engravings were exhibited in the shop-windows in London (I allude particularly to Mr. Richardson's in the Strand), which professed to be produced by lines cut in stone; but I did not remark that they had any other excellence than their singularity. If what I saw lately be of the same kind, it is certainly a great improvement; and I am told also, that the process

of lithography, or engraving on stone, is so simple, that ladies may engage in it, and if they are skilful in drawing, may produce in a short time fine specimens of the art.

Upon this subject I am desirous of obtaining information; and as I perceive, by the plates he gives, that the proprietor of the *Repository* is possessed of a lithographic press, I thought I could not apply to a quarter more likely to satisfy my curiosity. I know several ladies who are in a similar state of ignorance upon this subject, to which so hard a term as lithography is applied; and perhaps some of your correspondents may be able to relieve them and me from it. Yours, &c.

CHARLOTTE.

LONDON, Feb. 8.

* * In our announcements regarding the arts, our correspondent will see a work mentioned, which will give her the fullest information on this subject.—Ed.

EXTRACTS FROM A GLEANER'S COMMONPLACE-BOOK.

ANECDOTE OF A COUNTRY CURATE.

A CLERGYMAN being one Friday in Lent to examine his young catechumen, Vol. VII. No. XXXIX.

techumens, and the bell tolling for prayers, he was obliged to leave a game of *all-fours* unfinished, in

Y

which he had the advantage, but told his antagonist he would soon despatch his audience, and see him out. Now, for fear any tricks should be played with his cards in his absence, he put them in his cassock; and asking one of the children how many commandments there were, which the boy not readily answering, by accident one of the cards dropped out of his sleeve. He had the presence of mind to bid the boy take it up, and tell him what card it was, which he readily did; when, turning to the parents of the child, he said, "Are you not ashamed to pay so little regard to the eternal welfare of your children, as not to teach them their commandments? I suspected your neglect, and brought this card with me, to detect your immorality in teaching your children to know their cards before their commandments."

FREDERIC THE GREAT AND HIS CORPORAL.

It came to the knowledge of the King of Prussia, that a corporal of his regiment, a fine young fellow, wore a watch-chain suspended from a leaden ball, merely from a wish to appear of consequence. Frederic wishing to be convinced of the matter, accosted the corporal one day on the parade. "Ah, corporal!" said he, "you must be a prudent fellow to have saved a watch out of your pay."—"I flatter myself that I am brave, sire," replied the man; "the watch is of little consequence." The king taking out a watch set with diamonds, said, "My watch points at five, how much is yours?" Shame and confusion at first appeared in the corporal's face; at length he pulled out his bullet, and answered with a

firm voice, "My watch, sire, neither shews five nor six, but it tells me, that I ought to be ready at every hour to die for your majesty."—The king replied, "In order that you may daily see one of those hours at which you are to die for me, take this watch."

GIVING UP THE GHOST.

A country company were exhibiting *Hamlet*, when a person was allotted to perform the *ghost*, who, though destitute of stage requisites, possessed great humour. After his first scene with *Hamlet* was terminated, the cry was so violent against him from all parts of the house, that he turned to the audience, and made the following laconic address: "Why, ladies and gentlemen, what can you expect; for, from my *own account*, I am a *damm-ed ghost*, and suffer *penal fires*?" The outrage still continued; he made his second appeal: "Ladies and gentlemen, since it is your pleasure that I should not *exist*, I must of necessity *give up the ghost*."

BARRINGTON AND BOTANY BAY THEATRICALS.

Some years ago, one of the male convicts in Botany Bay wrote a farce, which was acted with great applause at the theatre in Port Jackson. Barrington, the noted pickpocket, furnished the prologue, which ended with these two lines:

'True patriots we, for be it understood,
We left our country for our *country's good*.'

SKY IN POLAND.

Ambrose Phillips was, in his conversation, solemn and pompous. At a coffee-house he was once discoursing upon pictures, and pitying the painters, who, in their historical pieces, always shew the same sort of sky. "They should travel,"

said he, "and then they would see that there is a different *sky* in every country; in England, in Italy, in France, and so forth."—"Your remark is just," said a grave old gentleman who sat by: "I have been a traveller, and can testify that what you observe is true; but the greatest variety of *skys* that I found was in Poland."—"In Poland, sir!" said Phillips.—"Yes, in Poland; for there are *Sobiesky*, *Poniatowsky*, *Sarbrunsky*, *Jablonsky*, *Podebrasky*, and many more *skys*, sir, than are to be found any where else."

A PLAY-BILL OF KILKENNY THEATRE ROYAL.

The following is a copy of a genuine play-bill issued in Ireland only a few years ago:

By his Majesty's company of comedians.

(The last night, because the company go to-morrow to Waterford).

On Saturday, May 14, 1793, will be performed, by command of several respectable people in this learned metropolish, for the benefit of Mr. Kearns,

The Tragedy of Hamlet, originally written and composed by the celebrated Dan Hayes of Limerick, and insarted in Shakespeare's works.

Hamlet, by Mr. Kearns (being his first appearance in that character), who, between the acts, will perform several solos on the patent bagpipes, which play two tunes at the same time.

Ophelia, by Mrs. Prior, who will introduce several favourite airs in character; particularly "The lass of Richmond Hill," and "We'll all be unhappy together," from the Rev. Mr. Dibdin's *Oddities*.

The parts of the King and Queen,

by directions of the Rev. Father O'Callaghan, will be omitted, as too immoral for any stage:

Polonius, the comical politician, by a young gentleman, being his first appearance in public.

The Ghost, the Gravedigger, and Laertes, by Mr. Sampson, the great London comedian.

The characters to be dressed in Roman shapes.


To which will be added, an Interlude, in which will be introduced several slight-of-hand tricks by the celebrated surveyor Hunt.

The whole to end with the farce of *Mahomet the Impostor*.

Mahomet by Mr. Kearns.

Tickets to be had of Mr. Kearns, at the sign of the Goat's Beard, in Castle-street.

* * * The value of the ticket, as usual, will be taken (if required) in candles, bacon, soap, butter, cheese, &c. as Mr. Kearns wishes, in every particular, to accommodate the public.

 No person whatsoever will be admitted into the boxes without shoes or stockings.

SINGULAR WORDS.

What word is that in the English language, to which if you add a syllable, it will make it shorter? *Short* is the word required; to which if you add *er*, it will then be *shorter*. This is a paradox; for the word, by being made actually longer, becomes really *shorter*. And now, *vide versâ*, to contrast with the above, there are two or three words, which, by being made shorter in one sense, become longer in another. *Plague* is a word of one syllable; take away the two first letters, and there will be a word of two syllables remain, by which it

appears the *ague* is four-sixths of the plague: we have three other words of this kind, viz. *teague*, *league*, and *Prague*.

The two longest monosyllables are *strength* and *straight*, and the longest words,

Transmagnificandubandaneiality,
Kilkservanscotchdorsprackerngotchdern,
Honorificabilitudinitatibusque,
Technicatholicoatmatopattoppidon.

There is a word of five syllables, but take away one, and it becomes no syllable—*no*—*no syllable*.

Two words, wherein the five vowels follow in successive order—*abstemious*, *facetious*.

Words of five and seven syllables, yet not more than one vowel—*insipidity*, *visibility*, *indivisibility*.

Heroine is perhaps as peculiar a word as any in our language: the two first letters of it are male, the three first female, the four first a brave man, and the whole word a brave woman. It runs thus—*he*, *her*, *hero*, *heroine*.

We have a term for a beggar,

which may be divided without the transposition of a single letter, with only the addition of an apostrophe, so as to make a complete simple sentence; and such a sentence as a person of this description may generally address himself withal: the term is *mendicant*, and the sentence arising from its division—*mend I can't*, which most of them may too truly assert.

These words deserve remark: *tartar*, *papa*, and *murmur* in English, *toto* in Latin, and *berber* in the Turkish language, because they each of them are the same syllable twice repeated.

We have several dissyllable words which read the same backwards as forwards, such as *aga*, *ala*, *lesel*, *refer*, &c. But we have very few which constitute a different word by a reverse reading: there are these, *lever*, *ever*, *repel*, *sever*; which read backwards, make *revel*, *rete*, *leper*, *reves*; and *ara*, by dissolving the diphthong, when retrogradely read, will be *area*.

THE FEMALE TATTLER.

No. XXXIX.

O curas hominum, O quantum est in rebus inane!

Oh! the ridiculous cares of man, how much nothingness there is in their pursuits!

I HAVE received a letter, and I should not think myself justified if I refused to insert it. It is rather of a grave character, but as its sentiments are such as, generally speaking, may improve those who adopt them, and as its style and composition will not disgrace the pages which will display it; and further, as its subject corresponds, in every point, with my own character and the views of my writings, I cannot refuse the request which

accompanies it. Besides, I have reason to believe that the fair authoress has a talent of comic as well as grave observation, and that my future numbers may be indebted to her vivacity: I feel therefore an interest in presenting this paper to my readers, as it will afford her an opportunity of learning that opinion from others which she with no common earnestness requires from me. I certainly have several communications from different cor-

respondents relative to the prevailing follies of the day, but as they require more consideration than I just now have time to give them, and as I may wish to blend some thoughts of my own, I must delay their appearance till they have been shaped into that form and heightened with that colouring, which ridicule, fancy, and what is called fun, require.

The writer of this letter has the ambition to be an authoress, and she sends the following letter as a specimen of her writing in the grave style; which she tells me will be followed in a lively character, and it will depend upon my opinion of them both, and such opinions as she may collect from her acquaintance who are the readers of the *Repository*, and which she may obtain with sincerity, because they are not acquainted with her essay or her object. To whom this specimen of her writing is addressed does not appear, but the character of the ideal personage is evident; and if the example of her satire should be equal to her graver reasonings, I shall not hesitate to determine, and my opinion, I have no doubt, will find a general confirmation in that of others, that she may venture to add another to the female authors, whose pens are employed in the advancement of those qualities which are best formed to secure and decorate the happiness of social life. The letter I give, without the alteration of a single word, as I have received it. It is as follows:

“ I write to you from that world which you call a desert. If you can consider it as the habitation of monsters, I pity and lament you ;

while I cannot but congratulate myself, in having made so great a progress in my journey through it without the same unhappy experience. But surely, the man who lives in a corner of the world should not determine so rashly of the whole race of men. His retirement, in a great measure, exempts him from all intercourse with it; and if he will people a world he does not see with monsters that never existed, the world and its monsters must be the offspring of his own fancy, the coinage of an enthusiastic brain, which, brooding over its own gloomy visions, produces images equally destitute of pleasure or reality. You will ask me, perhaps, if I have not known unjust and ungrateful men. These you will tell me are the monsters of the world; these are the beasts of prey which make it a desert. I will acknowledge, my friend, that I have experienced injustice and ingratitude: but, at the same time, I must inform you, that I have been the happy object of kindness and benevolence. I have known more of the latter than the former, yet I do not call the world a paradise. It seems as if you had experienced more of the former than the latter, and you persist in declaring it to be a desert. You appear to me to be like the Arab or the Æthiop, who, having seen nothing but his own barren plains and sandy shores, may imagine that the whole globe bears the same dreary appearance; but if any one of them should by chance venture beyond their dusty limits, and behold the fertile gardens of the world, he will be delighted with their beauty, and lament the ignorance of his tribe.

He who examines only one or the other, will form false ideas and idle conclusions. The moral as well as the natural world possesses very different and opposite qualities. The good and evil of the one are like the varying scenes of the other; and the mixture is, I doubt not, essential to the operations of both. You will, perhaps, repeat the question, if I have not experienced the injustice and ingratitude of which you complain; and I answer you, by inquiring whether you have not met with the contrary virtues. I know you have. But waving the subject, and getting away from the perplexities which must ever attend the questions concerning the existence of evil in the world, I only wish to press this opinion upon your conviction, that as there is an undoubted mixture of good, and what is generally in contradistinction denominated evil, it is our duty as it is our interest to make that use of them both, which may best contribute to the attainment of that portion of happiness which is allotted to our nature.

I write to one who assumes the character of a philosopher; and to give him every advantage, I mean, for once, to reason upon the principles of that philosophy which assumes the power of rising superior to generally received notions and popular opinions. This philosophy, however, will allow, I believe, that the good and evil in the world, that is, the pleasures and pains of life, are permitted by the Creator and Author of all things, and that the arrangement which involves them both, is the result of infinite power, wisdom, and goodness. If

this be granted, and I think it cannot be denied, our joys and our sorrows must be necessary to the beautiful whole of that system and order of things, of which human beings form the principal and predominating part.

“ Life is a probationary state, and man consequently is a probationary creature; and that idea settles the whole system of what is called good and evil in the world. The First Cause you will acknowledge to be good; and it cannot be an attribute of goodness to create sensible beings to be miserable, any otherwise than a state of trial may subject them to pain, as it qualifies them to be equally susceptible of pleasure. There is a line of duty marked out for us, an adherence to which produces happiness, and a deviation from it occasions misery. Thus, as free agents, with unerring rules for our actions, the good or evil of life is ours to receive or cast from us: we have, therefore, no right to complain but of our own doings; and if we are actually miserable, we must be the fabricators of our own misery. But this by the way.

“ My object is not to enter on the discussion of any intricate subject with such a powerful antagonist as yourself, who have talents so peculiarly calculated to make the worse appear the better reason. But I shall attempt, with my feeble faculties, to extricate the world and its inhabitants from the disgrace in which, as a favourite topic, you are fond of involving them both. At least, I trust, that I shall hope to offer some solid reasons for having a favourable opinion of those with whom I am to travel that jour-

ney, in which you and I and all human creatures are engaged. We are, my friend, on the high-road of life, and surely nothing can be more conducive to our comfort than to think well of those who travel with us. For my own part, I should consider that man as the greatest enemy to my peace, who should endeavour to persuade me, that those I love, for whom I feel the most tender sentiments, and who have long been the objects of my affections, possess a base nature and a corrupt disposition. You seem to have taught yourself to want a confidence in mankind, and you therefore retreat from them. In this you are at least consistent; and if you are really satisfied, it must be a vain attempt in me to effect a change. I shall, however, beg leave to recall to your memory, a proverb which cannot but be familiar to you: That the man who retires from the society of the world, is either an angel or a demon. You well know the reasons upon which this adage is founded, and I trust your experience of its truth is consolatory to yourself.

“But though I cannot allow the world to be a desert, I will meet you half way, and acknowledge that, under certain circumstances, it may be a solitude: indeed, I feel it to be one; and I believe that at some period or other of our existence, either from the loss of friends, the change of fortune, the infirmities of nature, or the close of life, this is the situation of the greater part of mankind. I am at this moment the inhabitant of a crowded city, where pleasure is the object of universal idolatry; yet I feel myself alone amidst all the tumults of

it. When we first knew each other, I was surrounded with a crowded throng, who called themselves my friends: my friends they were while Fortune rode in my chariot with me; but I do not complain; Fortune did not abandon me, I deserted Fortune. In leaving her, however, I lost, it is true, a few pleasing, though shadowy, connections; but I was restored to myself, and to myself I have lived almost the whole of that interval which has fled away since we were wont to pass so many pleasant hours together. My former life is a vision that is now almost effaced, and there is little left of it but the ghosts of friendship now no more; and when I venture to open my lattice, and look into the world, I miss so many of those faces which were once so pleasant to behold, and see others so changed by time and chance, that I am disposed to shut my window in haste, and withdraw from the affecting prospect.

“The man who has for some years lived in retirement, finds the world, on his return to it, to be more a solitude even than the corner wherein he had nursed himself in obscurity. They who live in the hurry of it, when one connection fails, supply themselves with another, so that the rotation of the human race passes on without their making any observation upon it. But he who, like myself, makes a casual return to the large society of mankind, finds himself, as I do, alone. Of the band of friends which he left in the world, some are engaged amid the cares of it; others are labouring under the pressures of diseases; and many are sheltered from the trials of life

in the grave. Thus he finds himself in the midst of the crowded world; pressed as he may be in the throng of it, he is still alone. New parts are performing on the stage by actors whose names I never heard, whose voices I do not know, and whose language I scarcely understand. But amidst it all, I see much good: virtue is not difficult to be found; and charity, in all its various forms, meets me wherever I turn my eyes. These objects delight my solitude; they feed my love of mankind, and I am happy.

"You believe in an immortal state: strive then, by the right employment of your superior talents, to render mankind and yourself worthy the happiness of it. You believe that you are an accountable being: prepare yourself to be weighed in the balance, and take care that you are not found wanting. Love mankind, and be happy: but if, from a peculiar frame of mind, you sometimes feel an irresistible propensity to tears, weep over human errors, lament over human infirmities; lament, but cease to rail at them. Railing does no good to any cause, but especially to that of virtue: no, love mankind, rejoice, and be happy.

"I must speak of myself. How is it that I am contented? I pity every one's weaknesses; I laugh with those who laugh; I weep with those who weep; I adore Virtue where I find her, and pray that she may soon take up her dwelling where I find her not; and while I have the flame of universal friendship to warm my heart, and the ray of fancy to cheer my solitary hours, may Heaven, in its good pleasure, shower down titles and coronets

upon those heads which are aching for them, and leave me, in its mercy, to obscurity and to myself! And when I die, if perchance a kindred spirit should wish to perpetuate my name beyond the grave, may he write upon the stone that covers me (I desire no other epitaph): 'Here lies a lover of mankind, who rested her title to that character on being, what contains the sum of human good and perfection—a Christian.'

"You may tell me that you breathe the spirit of universal benevolence, that you feel it in your heart: prove it then by your actions; cease to rail at mankind; no longer be the Diogenes of your day; check your frowns, and smile upon the world; love mankind, and be happy. "A. C."

The verses which I received relative to that species of modern coxcombs called the *Dandies*, are not without merit, but they are rather too commonplace, and the subject so worn out, that I must decline inserting them. The foibles of fashion will always die of themselves, and are unworthy of serious consideration: those of the mind, as they operate upon the conduct, are more or less serious evils, and deserve that reasoning kind of rebuke which may tend to expose, and consequently to diminish, them. The efforts of the Female Tattler, according to her powers, have never been wanting to do her duty in support of virtue and good manners, which take the lead among these minor virtues, and form the fairest decorations of human society.

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MUSICAL REVIEW.

"*It was his own Voice,*" *Recitative and Air from "Lalla Rookh,"* written by Thomas Moore, Esq.; the Music by Sir John Stevenson, Mus. Doc. Pr. 2s.

BESIDES the unruffled and fascinating calmness of musical enunciation observable in this recitativo, it is distinguished by a deviation from hacknied forms, by apt instrumental assistance, and by a considerable share of scientific modulation. It grows perhaps a little too plaintive towards the conclusion, which merges into C \times minor; but this track, in all probability, was chosen to obtain contrast for the succeeding aria in E major. The beginning of the latter movement reminds us strongly of a duet by Winter (*Vaghi colli, ameni prati*): but this imitation is only momentary; a succession of new ideas, of soft import and great chasteness in expression, attracts our attention, which is further heightened by the occasional intervention of an active and well-disposed accompaniment. The whole of this air is written with great taste and feeling: the accompaniments, however, in one or two instances, are liable to slight objections as to grammatical purity.

"*Fly to the Desert,*" a *Ballad from "Lalla Rookh,"* composed by G. Kiallmark. Pr. 2s.

The motivo of this ballad (in C) is extremely pleasing, and its development throughout the first page perfectly satisfactory, both as to melody and rhythmical arrangement. In the second strain (p. 4), Mr. K. has not acquitted himself quite so much to our liking: its

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first period drops into a very common and obsolete minor close, rendered, against the import of the text, still more plaintive by the direction "*morendo*;" and the second period (from "*lonely*") conveys no decided meaning, and places an awkward accent upon the word "*in*." The second stanza exhibits the same melody, with appropriate variation of accompaniment.

"*Bendemeer's Stream,*" a *Ballad from "Lalla Rookh,"* the Music by W. Hawes. Pr. 2s.

In this composition (in A) the melody proceeds in a vein of innocent simplicity, called for by the tenor of the words; and the accompaniment is devised with judgment and correctness. In the second strain (in E) p. 4, an abrupt transition to the key of D is resorted to, and the pauses are rather frequent. The conclusion (p. 5) is neat, and the symphony appropriately imagined.

"*The Peri's Song,*" from "*Lalla Rookh*;" composed, and dedicated to F. Ries, Esq. by T. Welsh.—Pr. 2s.

Mr. Welsh has fallen short of the light, the fanciful elegance of the Peri's parting song. His melody is quite of the common order, stiff and cold; somewhat in the manner of Dibdin's ballads. Haydn's canonet, the Mermaid, might have offered a specimen of style more congenial to the text of the British Anacreon.

Dr. Watts's Psalms and Hymns, a Selection of sacred Music; consisting of One Hundred of the
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most favourite Tunes, as sung by all Dissenting Congregations, adapted to Dr. Watts's Psalms and Hymns; revised, with new Basses, and expressly arranged for the Voice and Piano-forte, by T. Costellow, organist of Bedford Chapel. Pr. 10s. 6d.

A new collection of sacred music has to make its way through a multitude of competitors for public favour: it ought, therefore, to bring with it some distinguishing features of recommendation, to be successful. From the title, this volume appears more particularly designed to introduce devotional harmony among Dissenting congregations. Whether this object required a particular choice of tunes, we are not competent to say; but in a general point of view, we can confidently assert, that the selection in this volume is good, and that the piano-forte accompaniment has been arranged in a very satisfactory manner. It is simple, and yet efficient—two essential requisites in sacred music. To this we will further add, that the paper is strong and good, and the type large and clear—advantages by no means general in modern publications of music.

The Shepherd's Song, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte; the Words by Mrs. J. Cobbold; composed, and dedicated to Charles Cobbold, Esq. by J. F. Danneley. Pr. 2s.

The Shepherd's Song is a favourable specimen of Mr. D.'s lyric Muse; it contains some good melody, and some originality in its thoughts, as well as in the accompaniment. The first strain (in G major) possesses a vein of lively and

hearty expression, which forms a favourable contrast with the soporiferous drawling of the generality of our ballads, and meets the text well. The turn to the dominant (l. 1, p. 2,) is a little sudden and bold, especially at the very outset of the air. The second strain (G minor) is conducted with propriety, and evinces good taste in various instances. The doleful, so common in minores, is happily avoided. Some trifling matters occur here and there, which might have been bettered by small alterations. To mention one or two cases: p. 1, b. 4, conducts, in the treble, unsatisfactorily to the next bar; p. 5, b. 11, octaves in the latter half of the bar in the extreme parts; p. 2, l. 3, at "the hawthorn:" this word is objectionably stretched, and too many syllables are crowded into the next bar, thereby disturbing the allotment of four syllables to a bar, adhered to before and afterwards, and breaking into the even march of the syllabic apportionment.—There was a little difficulty, but not an insuperable one.

"Sweet Jessie of Allendale," a Ballad, sung by Mr. Leoni Lee at the Bath and Bristol Concerts; composed by J. Jay, Mus. Doc. Pr. 1s. 6d.

A successful ballad, which bears the name of the above lass, has roused the spirit of some other Scotch namesakes, so that we might almost muster a chorus of Jessies. Miss Jessie of Allendale has a fair claim to be one of the quorum: her tune is an effusion of innocent simplicity, mingled with taste and neat propriety of musical diction. *Sonata for the Piano-forte and Violoncello obbligato, or Violin obli-*

gato; dedicated to Miss Georgiana Mordaunt; composed by C. F. Eley. No. II. Op. 15. Pr. 4s.

An allegro in D minor, andante in D major, and rondo in D minor. In our preceding number we commented upon the first of Mr. E.'s new sonatas, in terms commensurate with the high opinion we entertained of his labour. The second is conceived in a style more remote from the taste of the present day, and is, upon the whole, in our estimation, less attractive. In saying, however, thus much, comparatively, we by no means wish to under-rate the talent and ability of which every page of the sonata before us affords unquestionable testimonials. It is a very meritorious performance. The allegro is a composition of solid worth; its ideas proceed with serious energy; and the harmonic treatment bespeaks the correctness of an experienced hand. In the andante a flow of good melody prevails, and the rondo (*alla waltz*) is particularly entitled to our favour. Its motivo is quite in the style of Haydn's minuets; and the various ideas deduced from it, successively evince a fertility of tasteful conception. The accompaniment to this is sufficiently active to require a proficient performer on the violoncello or violin. We observe, with pleasure, Mr. E. among the number of sensible writers that feel an interest to see their compositions played in the time contemplated by them. He has marked the *tempi* metronomically.

"*Edward, a Ballad, sung by Mrs. Salmon at the Argyll-Rooms, &c.; written by J. Balfour, Esq.; composed, and inscribed to Mrs. J. Pocke, by S. Webbe, jun. Pr. 2s.*

A vein of plaintive feeling, occasionally heightened by deep emotion, and assisted by appropriate and select harmonic treatment, forms the main character of this ballad (in F major). In some instances, perhaps, the three leading quavers preceding a fresh phrase might have dispensed with full accompaniment; and the common chord of A major, between the fifths D g (p. 2), seems to be rather a licence.

New Dances for the Piano-forte, by W. Grosse. Nos. I. and II. Pr. 1s. each.

Each of these numbers contains six dances, all of which cannot be allowed decided claims to originality; but there is a fair proportion, with which we have reason to be satisfied. In this number we include the "Aix la Chapelle Waltz," the "White Charger," the "Turban," and one or two more. In some of these dances, where the second strain, or trio, does not end in the key, a repetition of the first strain ought to have been indicated.

Concerto da Camera for the Piano-forte, with Accompaniments for two Violins, Flute, Viola, and Violoncello; composed, and dedicated to Miss Georgiana Musgrave, by T. A. Rawlings. Pr. 7s. 6d.

The above is the fourth of a series of concertos, successively published by Messrs. Chappell and Co. It is a fair competitor for distinction among its companions; and might well serve as a proof to our continental neighbours, of the great progress made in this country, both in composition and in the art of playing on the piano-forte. Our readers, we trust, will be satisfied with this general sentence of ap-

probation, without requiring any other particulars than a mere notice of the movements. The allegro and rondo are in C major, and the intervening slow movement is in the key of A b major. A critical bird's-eye view of the whole is all we can bestow upon this book: it is not to be played at sight, but it contains an ample store of passages which we can recommend for diligent practice, as they appear to us to be eminently congenial with the character of the instrument. In this particular respect, the occasional appearance of concertos has our approbation. They keep up the practical branch of music.

Mozart's celebrated Grand Symphony, adapted for the Piano-forte, with Accompaniments for a Flute, Violin, and Violoncello (ad libitum), by S. F. Rimbault. Pr. 6s.; without accompaniments, 4s.

As this title is too general, considering that the number of symphonies written by Mozart, not including dramatic overtures, amounts to thirty-nine, we think it right, for the sake of better identification, to mention the movements of the present work. They are, allegro $\frac{4}{4}$ in D major, andante in G major, minuet and finale in D major. By these particulars, many of our readers no doubt will recognise an old favourite; and they will feel beholden to Mr. Rimbault when we add, that he has done justice to the author in this arrangement. We trust his zeal and industry in adapting this, and many other classic

productions of Mozart's, will find the encouragement they deserve.

Overture to "Fanchon," for two Performers on the Piano-forte, by Himmel.

Himmel's Fanchon is less known in England than it deserves. It stands single in its kind; most of the songs do not exceed two pages in length, but there is a sweetness, a sentimentality in the music of all of them, which makes its way to the heart as readily as the magic of Kotzebue's language. The overture is a master-piece; it may fairly be compared to the best of Mozart's comic overtures. We have it here in the most perfect form capable to be given to it by the piano-forte; viz. as a duet. The arrangement is as excellent as the composition itself; and the typographical execution, on the part of Messrs. Boosey and Co. is very beautiful.

Overture to "Il Direttore della Comedia," by Mozart; arranged for two Performers on the Piano-forte, by F. Riem. Pr. 2s. 6d.

Most of our readers are probably familiar with this overture; we have ourselves, on former occasions, brought one or two piano-forte extracts under their notice, although none, we believe, adapted for two performers. Mr. Riem's arrangement on this plan merits our warm approbation; it is very complete and effective. We do not know any thing of this gentleman, but in the book before us he has given undeniable evidence of his judgment and musical knowledge.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

WE turn to the periodical Exhibitions of the British Institution with the anxiety which it is natural we should feel for the growth of the fine arts of our country. It is the fashion to say of each successive Exhibition, that it is better than the preceding one, as if the study of the fine arts were an occupation so prolific in its growth, that its several stages of advance towards excellence were to be distinctively marked in each of three or four Exhibitions within the same year. Without wishing to dispel this pleasing illusion from the minds of those who are captivated by its spell, we shall content ourselves with repeating that which we have often said of preceding Exhibitions; namely, that the present collection at the Institution does credit to our rising artists, and if it has not advanced the general station of our arts, it has certainly not tarnished the growing reputation of our country. Throughout all the works, there seems to be a general attention to the canons of good taste, and the dictates of good principles; and in many of them no ordinary display of powers, that we may venture to predict, when ripened and matured by application and experience, will be amply competent to sustain the dignity and moral influence of the arts in this country. The present collection consists of two hundred and sixty-five pictures, and eleven sculptural models. The pictures represent every subject which art is capable

of illustrating—"the grave, the gay, the prudish, and the demure."

The picture which, from a variety of causes, was the chief point of attraction, was

The Fall of Babylon.—J. Martin.

The prophetic denunciation of the overthrow of this renowned city our readers are aware will be found in the 13th and 14th chapters of Isaiah, and the 50th of Jeremiah. But we rather imagine, notwithstanding that these passages from Holy Writ are appended to the picture, that the artist, after catching the inspiration which they are calculated to give, repaired to Rollin's fine and detailed description of the overthrow of the Babylonian empire by Cyrus, and there conceived the executive parts of the great catastrophe which he has endeavoured with his pencil to delineate. This picture would in itself, from the nature of the subject, and the manner in which it is handled, furnish matter for an elaborate essay. In the fine picture of *Joshua*, which was exhibited two years ago at the Royal Academy, we had occasion to pay the tribute of our praise to the vivid and powerful imagination which Mr. Martin then evinced in his work. In the picture of *the Bard*, at a subsequent Exhibition, we still observed the operation of the same mental quality, though not exercised to the same extent. In the present picture, we see the same noble and enthusiastic feeling, but, we confess, not operating with the same

grandeur and sublimity of effect that struck us in the *first* picture. Mr. Martin's great aim is evidently to unite the sublime and the little: his subject must be great, and he will make no small sacrifices to produce grandeur of effect. With this main principle in view, he must still have not only accuracy of detail, but a prodigious assemblage of minute objects to fill the whole fore-ground of his picture. The Herculean labour he thus imposes upon himself can only be appreciated by those who have seen his pictures: there is no attempt to delude the ordinary observer by slurring over his details; on the contrary, they are finished with a delicacy of touch, which denotes the application of the infinite labour of a Dutch artist, but at the same time with a freedom of hand, which, by presenting them to the eye in pleasing and sweeping lines, captivates the imagination, and makes the mind wonder how such details have been brought out. In the picture of Babylon, the artist has attempted grandeur of effect; first, by the immeasurable extent to which (in strict conformity with historic truth), by a proper management of perspective, he has carried the limits of the city, and also by the awful appearance of a thunder storm, through the dusky shadow of which we see that the temple has been riven by the lightning. It would have been better had the artist, in representing the destructive element, more closely adhered to nature; and instead of marking with a broad red dash the appearance of that vivid glare, which in nature is the most evanescent of which vision is susceptible, follow-

ed the example of Wright of Derby, and given his lightning with a thin zagged stroke, which would just catch, and not arrest, the eye amid the gloom. In the front of the picture, the army of Cyrus ascend in myriads to the overhanging gardens, where all the luxury of nature and art combines to fan the voluptuousness of that festivity which hurled destruction upon Babylon. The people are engaged in a feast during this irruption of the conquering host: both men and women are attired in all the Asiatic splendour of dress; their gilded chariots await to swell the pomp and pageantry of the scene, and they are only awakened to the crisis of their fate, by the sudden and tremendous appearance of the storming enemy, and the conscious feebleness of their own protectors. We have only room to add, that the colouring in the fore-ground sparkles like a bunch of flowers, and that the architectural parts of the picture are in strict conformity with the character handed down to us: the massiveness of the Egyptian style seems to prevail where beauty was still allied to gigantic proportions. The work is highly creditable to the artist; the details are wonderfully managed and executed, though, in our opinion, the picture of *Joshua* had a grander and more sublime effect.

Fête Champêtre.—T. Stothard, R. A.

Mr. Stothard has exhibited a beautiful picture; it is full of life, colouring, and pastoral simplicity. The figures are drawn with care; and great taste is displayed in their attitudes. They strongly reminded us of the lines in Gray's fine ode:

With antic sports and blue-eyed pleasures,
Frisking light in frolic measures;
Now pursuing, now retreating,
Now in circling troops they meet;
To brisk notes in cadence beating,
Glance their many twinkling feet.

China-Menders.—D. Wilkie, R. A.

Mr. Wilkie exhibits a small picture of domestic life. It represents a china-mender seated before a cottage-door, with his female companion, in the act of mending a bowl, just given to him by an old housewife, who stands at her door while the rude artist performs his work. To say that the expression of the figures is appropriate and highly characteristic, would be merely to ascribe to Mr. Wilkie a talent in which perhaps he has no equal. But there is a striking singularity in the mid-day glare of light which the artist has diffused over his picture; it is all broad daylight; and though it presents a fine transparency to set off as a foil to the "murky shadows" of the figures in front, yet it still, however true it may be in nature, would have had, we presume to think, a better effect were it subdued a little, at least in some part, so as to give more repose to the picture. This artist has a picture of a *Scotch Wedding* for the next Exhibition at the Royal Academy, of which report speaks highly.

Una, with the Satyrs.—W. Hilton,
A. R. A.

So from the ground she fearless doth arise,
And walketh forth without suspect of harm.
They, all as glad as birds of joyous pryme,
Thence lead her forth, about her dawning
round,
Shouting and singing all a shepherd's ryme;
And with greene branches strowing all the
ground,
Do worship her as queene;
And all the way their merry pipes they sound,
That all the woods with double echo ring;

And with their horned feet do weare the
ground,
Leaping like wanton kids in pleasant spring.
SPENSER'S *Faërie Queene*, book I. c. vi.

This beautiful picture we noticed at the last Royal Academy Exhibition, and strange to say, notwithstanding the unqualified admiration it received, it still remained in the artist's *atelier*. He has retouched it a little since we last saw it, and made the colours a little more glowing than when it was first exhibited, and some of the characters a little more marked. It is one of the finest illustrations of Spenser's beautiful lines which fancy can paint; and though we leave the artist's title as it stands in the Catalogue of the British Institution, yet it is right to say, that within these few days he has been promoted from the rank of an Associate to that of a Member of the Royal Academy, and principally, we have heard, on account of the merit of this picture.

The Boulevards, Paris.—J. J.
Chalon.

A pretty and lively representation of French manners, and coloured with all the gay variety which marks the national taste of that people.

View on the River Yea, Afternoon.
—G. Vincent.

This is a pleasing landscape; the colouring is varied and agreeable; and the objects selected with truth, and no small share of taste. It displays a great improvement in the style and execution of this artist.

Moses receiving the Tables of the Law.—W. Brockedon.

"And mount Sinai was altogether on a smoke, because the Lord descended upon it

in fire; and the smoke thereof ascended as the smoke of a furnace."

"And he gave unto Moses, when he had made an end of communing with him, two tables of testimony, tables of stone, written with the finger of God."

Exodus, chapters xix. and xxxi.

This picture is a bold attempt at what may be called the sublime in painting. It is better than some former pictures we have seen by this artist; but still the attempt at subjects of this kind is hazardous, and if it fail, from the very nature of the subject, the failure is more striking to the spectator. The picture has some good colouring, but neither the attitude nor position of the figure seems to have been judiciously selected. We repeat, that it is an improvement upon the artist's style and execution, and one which gives us reason to expect a still further improvement before the next Exhibition at the British Institution.

Departure of the Diligence from Rouen.—W. Collins, A. R. A.

Mr. Collins has in this subject travelled out of his usual landscape composition. He has here launched out into the more difficult path of the portraiture of character, and the most decided success has attended and justified the experiment. There is some beautiful chiaro-scuro in this picture; the light is managed with admirable effect, and the humorous bustle and variety of the coach company give full life to the scene.

Boy's Head, a Study.—W. Davison.

This head, at first sight, struck us as resembling the style of Mr. Jackson: it is extremely pretty, and delicately touched.

The Return of Louis XVIII. 1814.

—E. Bird, R. A.

This represents the landing of

Louis XVIII. at Calais, with the Duchess d'Angouleme, when he was recalled to the throne of his country. The most remarkable feature in this picture is, that the personages who surround the sovereign are taken from life; and the likenesses of a number of the most distinguished nobles of England and France give an interest to a scene, which otherwise was calculated to convey little of picturesque effect. In the grouping of a picture of this nature, where particular forms must be observed, the artist is fixed to a particular arrangement, which looks very artificial on canvas. He has, however, made the most of his subject, and the picture has been generally liked.

Ullswater, a Sketch, painted on the spot.—T. C. Hoffland.

This is a very good representation of Mr. Hoffland's landscape powers.

An Italian Peasant-Boy.—G. Hayter.

Mr. Hayter, in this simple character, has shewn great taste and discrimination. There is a tenderness of expression in the countenance of the boy, and a pleasing tone in the colouring, which are in the highest degree natural.

Anne Page and Slender.—C. R. Leslie.

The artist, as our dramatic readers are aware, has taken his subject from the third scene of the first act of the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, where Anne invites Slender to his dinner. The slyness of Slender, and coquetry of Anne, are admirably displayed; and there is a rich and harmonious colouring in the picture, which reflects great cre-

dit on the taste and skill of the artist.

Magna Charta.—A. W. Devis.

"Cardinal Langton, Archbishop of Canterbury, in a private meeting of some principal barons at London, shewed them a copy of Henry I.'s charter, which he said he had happily found in a monastery; and he exhorted them to insist on the renewal and observance of it."—MATTH. PARIS, 167.

"A new and more numerous meeting was summoned by Langton on the 14th November, 1214, at St. Edmondsbury, under colour of devotion. He again produced the old charter of Henry."—HUME's octavo, vol. ii. p. 79.

The great fault of this picture is, that the artist has selected a subject which is certainly without the proper sphere of art. It has no incident for pictorial effect. There is no striking action to represent in the characters of which the subject is composed. Like the historical subject recommended by Mr. Burke to Mr. Barry, namely, the scene in the council-room between the old Earl of Bedford and James II. it is absolutely without the materials for pictorial effect; and the artist has endeavoured to supply this deficiency, by making living noblemen of high distinction supply the place of the barons: so far his picture is attractive, because the eye is caught with the resemblance of personages known to the public, and whom the public admire and respect. The picture, so far as the executive parts of art are displayed, is creditable to the artist, and the architectural embellishments are very well drawn.

Coast Scene, Morning.—C. Deane.

This is a very clear and serene landscape, in which the artist has displayed great delicacy and taste.

A View of the Sisters.—James Ward, R.A.

This represents a remarkable
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ruin near Margate, against which the sea now beats, but which, when built, was nine miles from the ocean. The colouring is extremely natural, and the view picturesque.

Newfoundland Dog and Rabbit.—Edwin Landseer.

A natural representation of the animals whose name the picture bears. The dog is painted with great spirit.

The Sailing Match at Wrexham, near Norwich.—J. Stark.

Mr. Stark is not so successful this year as he was in the last. His pictures are, however, always natural and pleasing.

Skirmishers.—Ab. Cooper, A. R. A.

—————They require
Of heaven the hearts of lions, breath of tigers;
Yea, and the fierceness too.—FLETCHER.

This is a beautiful little sketch. The appalling effect of the fierceness of the combat is kept up by the stormy appearance of the elements: the reflection cast by the lightning on the armour of the combatants is admirable. The horses are drawn with all the vigour of life; and the bustle and spirit of the scene are portrayed with the hand of a master.

Flower-Girl.—W. Ross.

This is a simple and pleasing sketch. The figure has good expression, and the attitude is easy and natural. One of the arms does not appear quite finished.

Lavender-Girl.—M. Cregan.

This is an equally pleasing picture of a simple subject, and with all the domestic interest of which it is susceptible.

Miss H. Gouldsmith has some pleasing landscapes in this gallery, and several other ladies have been

equally successful contributors.— We regret extremely that we have not room at present to enter into a detailed description of their works, or indeed of others well entitled to particular observation, on account of their variety and excellence.

The Sculpture-Room has little to recommend it out of the ordinary; there is nothing particularly striking, neither is there any thing remarkable for prominent defect,

or an ignorance of, and inattention to, the canons of taste.

Mr. Bailey has a *Cupid disarmed*, in his usual style of poetical taste. Mr. Garrard has models for equestrian statues of the Duke of Wellington and Sir John Moore. Miss Byam has a monumental tablet to the memory of the Princess Charlotte; and there are some other very pleasing models, which are creditable to our artists.

INTELLIGENCE REGARDING WORKS OF ART IN PROGRESS OR COMPLETED.

THE public has become so generally interested in the fine arts, that the employment and occupation, as well as the respective talents and genius of artists, is a favourite, as it is an improving, subject of inquiry and consideration in every polished society. The proprietor of this work apprehends, therefore, that a feeling so favourable to the interests of painting, sculpture, architecture, and engraving, may, in some degree, be advanced, by occasionally offering to the public correct information respecting the actual state and progress of works of art: he proposes, therefore, to appropriate every month a few pages of the *Repository of Arts* to intelligence on painting, sculpture, &c. so that the advancing labours of artists, and the ripening fruits of their genius, may be occasionally made known, not in the way of criticism or puff, but of authentic intelligence. To enable him to accomplish this design, he begs leave to solicit the favour of such communications as artists will allow him to make public through the proposed channel, on or before the

15th day of the month on which they may wish them to appear.

Mr. Muss is preparing for the ensuing Exhibition, a painting in enamel. It is a copy from a very famous picture by Parmegiano, in the collection of Sir Thomas Baring, Bart. and represents the *Holy Family*, consisting of Joseph, Mary, and the Infant Christ, naked, and holding a swallow in one hand; St. John, Elizabeth, and an Angel. These figures fill up the whole of a very large panel.

Mr. Hopday of Broad-street, City, has in great forwardness the following portraits, some of which are intended for the next Exhibition at Somerset-House: a *Portrait of his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex*;—a large *Family Picture* for Mr. Rothschild;—a whole-length *Portrait of Sir Wm. Smith*;—*Portrait of Mrs. Bowden and Children*; of — *Larkins, Esq.*; of *Lewis Leese, Esq.*; of — *Davies, Esq.* and of *Mrs. Davies*.

Messrs. Wilkie and Raimbach have circulated proposals for publishing by subscription, a print,

the same size as that of the Rent-Day, to be engraved by A. Raimbach, from the original picture of *Blind-Man's Buff*, painted by D. Wilkie, R. A. in the collection of his Royal Highness the Prince Regent.

James Heath, A. R. A. has in great forwardness, a plate of the *Drowned Fisherman*, from a picture painted by Richard Westall, R. A. in the possession of John North, Esq. The subject is the wife and children of a drowned fisherman finding his body on the beach after a storm. The point of time represented is when the wife is about to lift a part of a sail which conceals the face of the drowned person, and before she is quite certain that it is the body of her husband.

C. Wild has nearly ready, his *Illustration of the Architecture and Sculpture of the Cathedral Church of Lincoln*, consisting of sixteen plates, in size ten by twelve inches, engraved in the line manner, with particular care, by Messrs. John Le Keux, Henry Le Keux, Byrne, Lee, Finden, Fitler, A. R. A. Pye, Skelton, and Turrell, from drawings by C. Wild. The subjects consist of a geometrical plan and longitudinal section, various elevations and details, exterior and interior views, and selections from the sculpture; to be accompanied by an historical and descriptive account of the fabric.

William B. Taylor of Dublin, has printed proposals for publishing *An Historical Account of the University of Dublin*, in twelve numbers, elephant quarto, with coloured plates. This work, when complete, will be of the same size

and class as Ackermann's Histories of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge; each number to consist of about twenty-six pages of letter-press, which, with the plates, will form a volume as large as those above-mentioned, and he hopes not less interesting. The following is the order and description of the plates: 1st. College-Green Front. 2d. Museum. 3d. Fellows' Garden. 4th. Interior of Grand Square. 5th. Kitchen. 6th. Dining-Hall. 7th. Provost's House. 8th. Provost Baldwin's Monument. 9th. Interior of the Chapel. 10th. Interior of the Library. 11th. Front towards the Park. 12th. Interior of the Examination-Hall. 13th. Exterior View of the Library. 14th. Botanic Garden. 15th. Anatomical Lecture-room and Museum. 16th. Ground Plan of the College. 17th. to 22d. Costumes, &c. &c. 23d. College Observatory. 24th. Provosts' Burying-Place.

R. Ackermann has nearly ready, and will appear in March, *A Complete History of Lithography*, from its origin down to the present time, by the inventor, Alois Senefelder; containing clear and explicit instructions in all its branches, accompanied by illustrative specimens of this art. Demy 4to.

Mr. Ackermann proposes publishing, shortly, *a Series of Views in Islington and Pentonville*, from original drawings made, in the year 1818, by Augustus Pugin; with a description of each subject, by E. W. Brayley, author of "The History and Antiquities of Westminster Abbey," &c. This work will contain a plan of Islington and Pentonville, a bird's-eye view from Canonbury Tower, and thirty other

views of the local scenery and buildings, engraved in the line manner, under the direction of Mr. C. Pye. The general size will be a demy quarto, to correspond with Nelson's "History of the Parish of St. Mary, Islington," to which work this may be considered as an illustrative supplement. The plates consist of a Plan of Islington and Pentonville, bird's-eye View from Canonbury Tower, Highbury Barn, Chapel of Ease, Union Chapel, Canonbury Tower, Canonbury Tavern, Islington Workhouse, High-street Islington, Islington Church, Islington Church, interior, Islington Chapel, Pied Bull Inn, interior, Thatched House, Lower-street, Alms-Houses, Queen's Head Public-House, Queen's Head, interior, Watch-House, View from Pullin's Row, the Tunnel from the Islington Shaft, Islington Turnpike, Angel Inn, Angel Inn Yard, Sadler's Wells, St. John's-street Turnpike, View looking towards Pancras from Pentonville, White Conduit-house, John-street, Collier-street, and Pentonville Chapel.

The Carriages and Vehicles of the Grecians and Romans, and other ancient Nations; with the Caparison, Harness, and Decoration of their Draught and Riding Animals, and Beasts of Burden; by John Christian Ginzrot; 2 vols. 4to. This is a new German work, of considerable beauty, just introduced into this country by Mr. Ackermann, who has imported from the Continent the few remaining copies; which appears to us a service of great value to the friends of antiquity, history, sculpture, painting, poetry, and mythology: each of these subjects will derive light and

illustration from the volumes before us. They trace the origin of carriages and harness of every denomination, and the progressive improvements therein by the earliest ages and nations. The descriptions and annotations are deduced from numerous and extensive sources; and the author appears to have spared no pains in enriching his subject with complete information from numerous languages, and remains from different countries; from sculpture, coins, Etruscan vases, and a careful and minute review of costumes and representations of former times. He traces the commencement of conveyances previous to the Flood, and gradually unfolds their improvement and diversity, as time developed their further uses to different tribes and nations. From the plough to the dray and the ancient waggon, we see the advancement of the shape, the wheel, the trace, &c. till we arrive at chariots of manifold structure. In the triumphal car, the war-chariot, the superb carriage for the dead, the litter, &c. we mark those of different nations, and the various taste manifested by each. The reader finds well-authenticated information and explanation from celebrated authors, who have treated on the subject during succeeding centuries. An intimate acquaintance with classical literature is conspicuous in our author, and stamps his propositions with weight and authority. We find the Egyptians, Medes, Persians, Grecians, and Romans distinctly noticed, and are led to admire their magnificence in peace and war. As a mark of approbation of the work, the Em-

peror of Austria has presented to the author a snuff-box set with diamonds of great value.

Mr. Ackermann has also imported a few copies of a most splendid work, in two volumes, large folio, under the title of, *Les Peuples de la Russie, ou Description des Mœurs, Usages et Costumes des diverses Nations de l'Empire de Russie*; accompagnée de 96 planches de figures coloriées.

NOTICE OF THE DEATH OF MR.
HARLOW.

As it were to check the exuberance of public exultation at the rapid advancement of art in Great Britain, it is sometimes ordered in the arrangements of Divine Providence, that the most promising among its students are prematurely summoned by Omnipotence to "another and a better world;" and in the assurance, that it awfully bespeaks the "glassy nature" of mankind, we cannot but apply the lesson to ourselves, so as more feelingly to lament the loss, both as a private and as a public calamity.

This feeling was warmly manifested on the decease of those very clever young artists, Monro the painter, and Tallemach the sculptor, and we have now the painful duty to add the name of Harlow to the list of those lamented artists who have evinced extraordinary talent and zeal in the pursuit of excellence.

Mr. George Henry Harlow, after an indisposition of about a fortnight, expired on the morning of the 4th ultimo, immediately on his return from a tour through Italy, made for the purpose of study, during

which he had so successfully manifested his powers, as to obtain the admiration and applause of the first artists in that country; in testimony of which, he was elected a member of the Academy of St. Luke's at Rome, and of the Fine Arts at Florence.

Mr. Harlow was some years ago pupil of Mr. now Sir Thos. Lawrence, and successfully followed the style of that great master. In early life he evinced considerable ability in portraiture, and although but a young man at the moment of his decease, his works have been known by the public for nearly 20 years. His most celebrated picture, if not the most successful (in the possession of F. Welsh, Esq.), was the scene from Shakspeare's play of Henry VIII. exhibited at the Royal Academy in the year 1817, in which the portraits of Mrs. Siddons, Mr. Kemble, and Mr. Charles Kemble, were introduced, in the characters of Queen Catherine, Cardinal Wolsey, and the Secretary Cromwell (from which an admirable print is just published). The interest excited by this work so nearly approximating to an historical picture, induced him to attempt a larger share of approbation, by undertaking a subject in the higher department of art; and, under the patronage of Lord Darnley, he painted, and in the following year exhibited, a scriptural subject, from St. Luke, chap. viii. which, in the Royal Academy Catalogue, is styled "The Virtue of Faith."

The opportunity of comparison is one of the many advantages arising from artists placing their pictures by the side of each other; for however flattering may be the con-

templation of an individual work in the artist's study, he is often convinced, by the effect of comparison in a public exhibition, that he has much to learn, and often that he has much to avoid; and it is a proof of good sense at least, that he immediately takes proper means of improvement. For this purpose Mr. Harlow visited the Continent during the greater part of the last year, and stored his mind by an industrious examination of the works of the old masters: in doing this, he is said to have copied the celebrated picture of the Transfiguration by Raphael, the size of the original, in fifteen days. Upon his return to England, Mr. Harlow prepared to pursue his object, by transferring to canvas the results of his improvement; but taking cold, an inflammatory disorder ensued, which in about fourteen days terminated fatally, and thus disappointed the fair hopes and expectations that his friends and the lovers of art had founded on his great and rapidly advancing abilities.

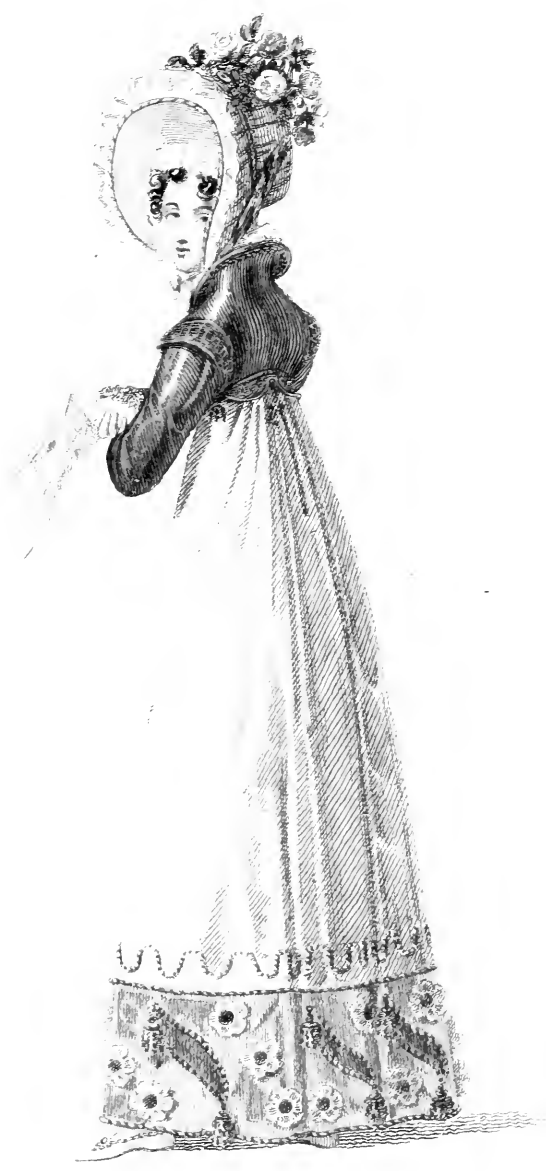
APPROACHING DISSOLUTION OF BULLOCK'S MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY AND THE ARTS.

Since the establishment of our *Repository*, we have sedulously, and we trust not uselessly, watched the rise and progress of the stock of knowledge as connected with the study of the arts, and the advancement of the general literature of our country. We have closely attended to the public exhibitions connected with such studies, and admired their increasing frequency, and still more increasing merit. It is, however, our painful duty on the present occasion, to an-

nounce the approaching loss to the public of a collection which comprises all the illustratory elements for the study of every department in the wide range of natural history, and which assisted, more than any other institution in the empire, to diffuse of late years a taste for the study of these branches of knowledge, which, from being overlaid by the phrases and conjectures of schoolmen, were, until of late years, rather subjects of abstruse speculation, than acquirements considered within the reach of fair and ordinary exertion. This exhibition brought the departments of natural history in a simple and perspicuous manner under public view. The arrangements of the Linnean system were strictly observed; and the classification of upwards of 30,000 objects in zoography, ornithology, conchology, &c. was so constituted as to direct the inquisitive observer step by step through his curious and scientific inquiry.

The Partherion, where the quadrupeds are arranged with panoramic accompaniments, to produce the effect presented when unconstrained by art in their native regions, is a curious and novel spectacle. What Sir Joshua Reynolds says of the painter, after the ordeal of certain studies, may be here appropriately applied to the sensation of the observer on first entering the Partherion: he may be said "to feel himself admitted into the great council of Nature." The picturesque appearance of such a number of animals, seeming to roam wild in all the life and vigour of a state of nature, is extremely curious and instructive.

We lament that our limits will





not allow us to dwell upon the numerous departments of this valuable Museum, which has contributed so much to the enlargement of the boundaries of science and art. We can now only touch upon it, to lament its announced dispersion and removal to the Continent; and to hope, with some anxiety, that as long a time as possible, consistent with the arrangements which have been made, will be still allowed to the public for taking a farewell of a collection, which has for some years so largely administered to their instruction and gratification.

CASE OF MR. CLENNELL THE PAINTER.

The friends of humanity and lovers of the arts will be pleased to hear, that the subscription for the print of the Battle of Waterloo, to be published for the benefit of the family of the painter Clennell, goes on most prosperously. Some active friends have been raised in almost every principal town in England and Scotland. Newcastle, as might be expected, stands foremost. The unceasing exertions of the worthy Northumbrian baronet, Sir John E. Swinburne, the illustrious example of the bishop of the diocese, and the persevering and unwearied

activity of Mr. Bewick, the wood-engraver, have all contributed essentially to this pre-eminence: this is as it should be. The county which gave birth to this eminent and afflicted artist should stand foremost in support of his family. To the honour of the Bishop of Durham it must be stated, that he sent 50*l.* to the committee unsolicited. His lordship had accidentally read the melancholy tale contained in the prospectus, and which was inserted in our number for February last, and followed the impulse of his feelings without further inquiry. This is not the only instance of spontaneous feeling we have to register. Mrs. Riley, who keeps a most respectable boarding-school at Ealing-Green, has kindly offered to take the eldest child under her care, to educate her in her establishment, and to fit her for active life. These are things which make kindred hearts bound with delight; and we doubt not they will be followed by many others, so that these little creatures, now worse than orphans, may look forward to a provision, which, if not equal to what their industrious and excellent father would have procured for them, will at least save them from want and misery,

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

PLATE 16.—WALKING DRESS.

A ROUND dress, composed of dove-coloured tabinet: the skirt is gored, and very full at the bottom. The trimming consists of a bias piece of satin of about a quar-

ter of a yard in breadth, which is ornamented by gauze roses and bands of velvet: the former are placed lengthwise, three together, in a slanting direction; the latter, which are edged with a beautiful

narrow silk trimming, are placed between the roses. The body is made half high; it is tight to the shape; the waist is very short, and the sleeves are long and tight to the arms: the bust and the bottoms of the sleeves are trimmed with an intermixture of satin and gauze. Over this dress is worn a bronze-coloured velvet spencer, the waist of which is finished in a very novel style, by a small jacket richly braided and adorned with tassels in the middle of the back and at each side: the spencer is tight to the shape; the back is of a moderate breadth, and it has a high standing collar. Long sleeve with epaulettes, which are richly braided. Lace ruff. Head-dress, a velvet bonnet, which has a small dome crown, adorned on the summit with a garland of flowers. The brim, which stands a good deal off the face, is very large; it is finished round the edge with a narrow roll of twisted ribbon, and tied with soft ribbon under the chin. Shoes and gloves of dove-coloured kid to correspond: the former are ornamented next to the binding with a slight braiding.

PLATE 17.—EVENING DRESS.

A round dress, composed of satin striped gauze of a dark puce colour, over a white satin slip: the skirt is very full, particularly at the bottom, and is ornamented with two rows of a light silk trimming, which is set on in waves. The body is cut low round the bust; the back is plain; the front is formed in a pretty and becoming style, for which we refer to our print: the bosom is delicately shaded by a piece of net drawn in easings; it sits close to the neck, and has a be-

coming as well as modest effect. The sleeves are short and very full. The head-dress is a *toque*, composed of Chinese silk and white net: it is ornamented next the face with a band of Roman pearl. Necklace, ear-rings, and bracelets, pearl. White satin shoes, and white kid gloves.

We are indebted for both these dresses to Mrs. Smith, 15, Old Burlington-street.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

The court mournings being now at an end, the invention of our fair fashionables, as well as their *marchandises de modes*, is again put in requisition to invent new fashions. We cannot say, however, that the present month affords as much novelty as we expected. We have been promised several very elegant spring novelties for the ensuing month; and, in the mean time, we will lay before our fair readers the descriptions and observations we have been able to make for this.

In the promenade costume, cloth pelisses are at present very general, as are also cloth dresses with spencers of the same material. For the dress promenade, or carriage costume, velvet spencers, with tabbiset, silk, or poplin dresses, are in high estimation, and we have selected one of the most elegant for our print. Velvet pelisses are also very fashionable in carriage dress.

Pelisses continue to be made very short in the waist, and with high collars, which stand out at some distance from the neck. The ruff, always an indispensable part of walking dress, is placed inside, but it is sufficiently visible from the

shape of the collar. The backs of several pelisses are made full, but those which are tight to the shape are equally genteel. The skirts are more full than they have been lately, and we observe that they are for the most part open in front.

Furs and braiding seem to be most in request for trimmings; the former for velvet, and the latter for cloth pelisses. Satin, disposed in various ways, is the favourite trimming for cloth dresses.

Bonnets for the promenade are in general large, though not immoderately so. We have observed on some very elegant women velvet hats with low crowns, and moderately sized brims, which were of the same width all round: these hats are lined with white satin, and ornamented with full plumes of feathers. They are a gentlewomanly walking hat, and in general becoming.

Muffs and tippets are universally adopted; the former are of a moderate size, the latter round and large. Ermine and swansdown are considered as the most fashionable furs.

Morning dresses are composed of tabinet and Circassian cloth in general. We have seen several in tabinet, made and trimmed in the style which we described in our last number. When they are composed of cloth, the trimming is usually satin, which is disposed in different forms: the prettiest of these, in our opinion, is a cluster of leaves; they are formed of satin folds, are very large, and much raised; they have consequently a very rich effect, as have also full puckerings of gauze placed per-

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pendicularly between broad bands of satin or velvet, and interspersed with bows of ribbon.

Poplins, lutestrings, twilled sarsonets, and fancy silks, are all in favour for dinner dress. Gowns are in general made low; waists continue very short; and long sleeves, except in lace, are rarely seen. There is some variety in trimmings: the one which we have given in our print is new; it is of a light and neat description. We have noticed also a broad pointed silk fringe, which has a heading, richly wrought of floss silk leaves, with open spaces between. Tulle, intermixed with satin, is likewise very fashionable; and dresses are upon the whole more moderately trimmed than they have been for a considerable time past.

Caps continue to be generally adopted in morning dress: they are usually made in net, tulle, or letting-in lace; muslin, though the material most appropriate for morning costume, not being considered at all fashionable. We noticed at the house of the lady to whom we are indebted for our dresses, two remarkably pretty half-dress caps, both made in net, and of a round shape. One of them had a very full crown of a moderate height, which was surmounted by a piece of net, shaped exactly like a cockscomb: this was ornamented with narrow satin rouleaus, and had a whimsical but tasteful effect; a small bouquet of roses was placed on the left side.

The other is called the hood-cap: the piece of net which gives it its name is very small, and merely falls over the back of the crown of the

cap. This piece of net is edged with narrow blond, and a very full border of blond is set on next the face. This cap may be worn without any ornament.

Such of our fair subscribers as are mothers may not be displeased with a novelty in children's dress, which is really tasteful, and very well calculated for a children's ball, or any other occasion of infantine festivity. It consists of a pair of cambric trowsers, richly trimmed with French work, and a petticoat to correspond, over which is a tabbinet or poplin frock, made sufficiently short to shew the trimming of the trowsers and petticoat: the bottom of the frock is simply ornamented with three rouleaus of white satin, placed at some distance from each other; a little French apron is trimmed in the same manner; and a brace of the same material as the dress, which is attached

to the body, gives to the whole a novel and striking appearance.— This also has been submitted to our inspection by the house which furnished our dresses.

Feathers, flowers, and jewels, form the favourite head-dresses for grand costume; *toques* and turbans, though still very much in favour, not being quite so general as they were a short time since. Jewels or flowers, disposed, as we observed last month, in a diadem shape, are very fashionable; and *bandeaux*, sprigs, and wreaths of pearls intermixed with coloured stones, are also in very high estimation.

We hope to be able to present our subscribers next month with an elegant evening dress, to which will be attached an apron and brace of a tasteful and novel description.

The favourite colours are, dove-colour, ruby, azure, French rose-colour, green, and light brown.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, Feb. 18.

My dear SOPHIA,

OUR promenade dresses have varied a little since I wrote last, cloth being now as much, or rather more in favour than silk. The favourite walking dress consists of a *redingote* of bright ruby-coloured Merino cloth, which is lined with white sarsnet: it is made tight to the shape; has a standing collar, which comes no further than the shoulder in front, and a round pelerine, which also comes no further than the shoulder, and which has, I must observe, a very ungraceful effect on the figure. The long sleeve is of an easy width, and comes very far over the hand. The

trimming of these pelisses consists of silk buttons, which are in general a shade or two darker than the pelisse. There are two rows go down the front; those on the body part are placed so as to form a kind of stomacher, broad at top and very narrow at the bottom of the waist; from thence they go gradually sloping down on each side to the bottom of the skirt. The sleeve is ornamented at the wrist with a narrow flap, and three buttons to correspond.

The ruffs worn with these pelisses are always disposed in large hollow plaits, and there are sometimes four or five tiers of them. These ruffs, though I dislike their

effect in general, look very well with pelisses made in the way I have described.

Silk dresses are still fashionable: some *merveilleuses*, who affect simplicity, appear in the public walks in grey silk round gowns, the skirts of which are made very unbecomingly tight to the figure; they are ornamented at the bottom with three little flounces of the same material, which are festooned. These dresses are rather long in the waist, and are cut very low in the bust; they consequently answer the purpose of dinner gowns: they have always long sleeves, the bottoms of which, as well as the busts, are ornamented with a single narrow festooned flounce, which is surmounted by a row of very rich silk beading.

Head-dresses for the promenade are so various, that it would be difficult to say what is most fashionable: four or five days ago, I should have told you hats were much the highest in estimation, but at present I think bonnets are more general, except in full dress. The favourite materials for *chapeaux* are, *pluche*, velvet, satin, down, and the stuff called *vélours simulé*. White, rose, and grey are the colours most in request. Bonnets are of a moderate size, and hats are very small.

So much for general information: let me now try to describe to you those I consider most worthy of your attention. The first is a hat composed of rose-coloured *pluche*, and lined with white satin; the brim is of a moderate size, and rather deeper towards the front than behind: the crown is round and low; it is ornamented round the crown with a double row of the

same coloured ribbon, the edge of which is richly embroidered in black, and a very full plume of white down feathers, which is placed on one side; it ties under the chin with soft white ribbon, and is always worn over a round *cornette*, which has a very full border of lace. This is an extremely lady-like head-dress, and of a generally becoming shape.

More jauntier, but not less becoming, is a small black velvet hat turned up at the sides, and ornamented only with a long black ostrich feather, which is placed on one side towards the back of the head. These hats are always worn over a cap: sometimes it is a small round one, richly trimmed with blond; at others a *cornette*, and I think, upon the whole, the last is most general: it is composed of tulle, has a very full border of tulle all round, which is quilled on in large hollow plaits with a little heading, just meets under the chin, and ties with a small bow of white satin ribbon. The hat is placed on one side. This head-dress is so entirely French, that I do not think I should like an Englishwoman in it; yet it is far from unbecoming: but the fact is, it gives a certain *fierté* to the countenance, which would suit ill with the generally soft features of my pretty countrywomen. This objection will not hold good if the hat is worn without a cap.

Hats and bonnets now are mostly ornamented with feathers: a few *élégantes* indeed are seen in white hats adorned with wreaths of large red ranunculuses, while others adorn their rose-coloured *chapeaux* with a *bouquet à la jardinière*. This last fashion is equally ridiculous

and unbecoming, because the nose-gay consists of an immense bunch of flowers of the most glaring and badly contrasted colours: however, it is only here and there that one sees a *merveilleuse* with her hat thus decorated. Down feathers are the most fashionable; they are worn in plumes; and a down-feather edging is now the only trimming that adorns the brims of hats. *Torsades*, quillings, *ruches*, and rouleaus have all for the present disappeared, and the brim is either left plain or adorned with a feather edging. I must not forget to say, that down feathers are rose-colour, white, fawn, and grey.

Muffs are very much worn; they are of a very large size: swansdown and ermine are most in favour. The few tippets that are seen are of swansdown only. The bottoms of cloth dresses are very generally trimmed with a band of either of these furs; the sleeves are also ornamented with *manche-rons*, and a band at the wrist to correspond.

Dinner dress consists in general of silk: levantine is, I think, more in favour than any thing else. They still continue to be made as when I wrote last; but instead of fringe, they are now trimmed with satin ribbon, put on like narrow flounces; there are three or four of them: sometimes they are richly embroidered in the loom at the edge; at others they are plain; but they are always put on so as to have a little wave, which takes off from the formality of their appearance; and they are headed sometimes with a rich narrow trimming, composed of floss silk lozenges on a plain silk ground.

Coloured satins are a good deal worn in evening dress; but for very full dress, white satin and tulle over white satin are most in favour. One of the prettiest evening dresses I have seen is composed of dark green satin: it is a frock; the body is made tight to the shape, cut moderately low round the bust, and trimmed with a row of pointed blond set on plain, which stands up round the bosom: it has a long lace sleeve, nearly tight to the arm, over which is a full lace half-sleeve, the fulness of which is fancifully confined by two satin straps of a moderate breadth, which are narrowed to a point in the middle of the arm, where they fasten with a silk button: the half-sleeve is ornamented at the bottom with a full puffing of blond, and the wrist trimmed to correspond. The skirt of the frock is rather more than half a quarter shorter than the petticoat; it is finished by a kind of porcupine trimming, which is formed in points, and composed of hard silk. The trimming of the bottom of the petticoat, which is displayed by the shortness of the frock, consists of two or three rows of rich blond set on rather plain. This dress is rich without being heavy, and has altogether more taste and simplicity than I have recently observed in our evening dresses.

I have not been unmindful of your approaching *fête*, my dear Sophia; and if you are not already provided with a ball dress, I recommend you to have one made from the description I am about to give you, for the figure of the lady on whom I saw it very much resembles your own. It is a round dress of tulle over a white satin slip; the

bottom of the skirt is trimmed with a broad piece of the same material laid on very full; the fulness is confined across at regular distances by narrow rouleaus of pale rose-coloured satin, which are placed in a bias direction: a single rouleau, rather broader, goes round this trimming at the bottom; and it is surmounted by a wreath of mingled white and red roses, one of each being placed alternately. The *corsage* is white satin, made tight to the shape, and cut lower in the bust than you would like it: the back is of a moderate breadth; the front is cut bias, which is, in my opinion, always an advantage to the shape. The sleeves are very short and full; they are tulle, adorned with satin rouleaus to correspond with the trimming of the bottom of the skirt, and are finished by a row of narrow pointed blond set on plain: the bottom of the waist is ornamented in a similar manner, and in the centre of the back is a large full bow, composed of white satin with pointed ends; the satin is edged also with narrow blond to correspond. This is a remarkably light and tasteful dress, and particularly appropriate for dancing: it is, however, too short in the skirt, and cut too low round the bosom to be perfectly delicate; but these are faults which you can easily avoid, should you order one from my description.

Before I quit the subject of ball dress, I must describe to you a new kind of head-dress, and one exceedingly pretty for a youthful votary of Terpsichore: it consists of a bandeau composed of *bouillons* of gauze or tulle, between each of which is placed a full-blown rose.

This bandeau is put rather far back on the head; the hind hair, which is disposed in a large full knot, is just seen above it; the front hair is curled in light loose ringlets, which shade the temples, but leave the middle of the forehead bare; they are confined by two or three rows of pearl put close together.

Head-dresses, in full dress, are at present exceedingly magnificent: diamonds and pearls are worn not only in the hair, but to ornament *toques*, turbans, and dress hats, which are still in favour, even with youthful belles. The former are, in general, ornamented with pearls and feathers; a broad band of pearl is placed next the face, and strings of pearl, placed in various directions, frequently cover the whole of the crown. The feathers are always put very much to one side. Dress hats are turned up on one side near the front; they are ornamented with a loop of brilliants and a plume of ostrich or down feathers, which are always white: the brilliants have a beautiful effect upon hats of black velvet or satin. Turbans, which are now very much in favour, are composed of cachemire, of India muslin richly embroidered in gold or silver, and sometimes, but not very frequently, of gauze: they are now all made in the Indian style, and a bird of Paradise feather is an indispensable ornament to them; it is seen in the midst of a plume of ostrich feathers, at the base of which perhaps a diamond rose, or some other brilliant ornament, is placed. But the most beautiful of all these expensive ornaments for the head which I have yet seen, was the other night at the theatre, on the

lady of one of the marshals of France: it consisted of a diamond butterfly, which was placed in the centre of a bouquet of roses; the bouquet was of a moderate size, and was put on one side of the head, so as rather to incline to the front: it is not possible to imagine a more beautiful, nor indeed a more tasteful, ornament for the head than this. But as all our fair fashionables do not abound in diamonds, nor even in pearls, those who cannot exhibit them, have their *toques* embroidered with gold or silver round the lower part of the crown, and content themselves with ostrich or down feathers. Fashionable colours are, azure, fawn-colour, grey, very pale pink, and rose-colour: the last is considered the most to-nish of any. Farewell, dear Sophia! Believe me always your

EUDOCIA.

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

PLATE 15.—DRAWING-ROOM WINDOW-CURTAIN AND JARDINIÈRE.

THIS suite of draperies is adapted to a bow-window with considerable taste and elegance; they are fancifully suspended from carved devices, relating to vintage and the splendour of the year; indicative of which, the central ornament is a golden peacock, whose displayed plumage being delicately coloured in parts, so as to imitate the richness of its nature, the effect is considerably increased.

The swags are arranged with an easy lightness, and the festoons with unusual variety of size and form; they are composed of light

blue silk, and lined with pink taffeta.

The jardinière forms a proper ornament for such a situation, and is rendered particularly interesting by a font of gold and silver fish, and by a small aviary for choice singing birds: the style is French, and the article similar in design to those executed at Paris under the direction of Mons. Percier, the architect.

We are indebted for the materials of the annexed plate to the liberality of Mr. John Stafford, an eminent upholsterer at Bath.

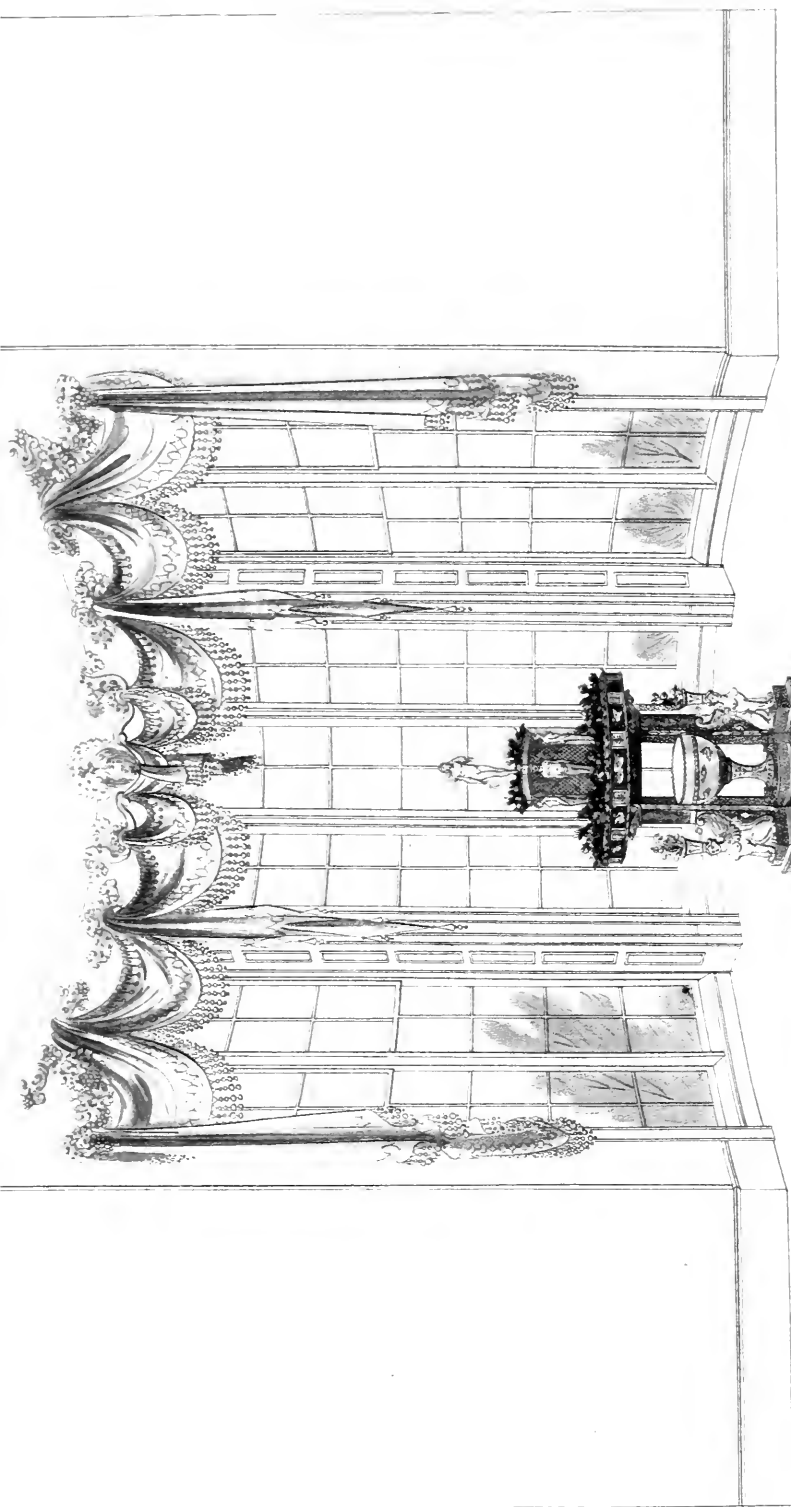
INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

CAPTAIN ROSS'S *Voyage to the North Pole*, a work highly interesting to the scientific world, will shortly appear: it is to be illustrated with upwards of thirty engravings.

Mr. Burke, author of "Amusements in Retirement," has for some time been engaged in an extensive work, founded on the plan of his *Philosophy of Nature*. It will be published some time in the next

season, in four octavo volumes, under the title of *Meditations and Reflections on the Beauties, Harmonies, and Sublimities of Nature*.—The tragedy of the *Italians*, which has been for some time in rehearsal at Drury-lane Theatre, is also the production of the same pen.

In the press, the second and concluding volume of Baynes's *Ovid's Epistles*.



DRAWING ROOM WINDOW CURTAIN & CLOCKS NEW



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THE SECOND SERIES.

VOL. VII.

APRIL 1, 1819.

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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 Conductor of the *Musical Review* thinks it right to observe, that if his allusion to the print of Female Fashions in this Number, should be deemed in some points inapplicable, the circumstance is owing to material alterations made by the Artist in copying the original, which the Reviewer had before him.

At the request of Mr. Richards, whose divertimento for the piano-forte, entitled "Les Environs de Hastings," formed an article in the Musical Review for February last, we have to state, in explanation of the article in question, that Mr. R. claims the invention of the several movements in that divertimento, with the exception of the two airs; and that the titles of the different movements have reference to the names of places in the vicinity of Hastings.

The proposal of Sosia is under consideration. The first part of his communication will appear, probably, in our next Number.

We thank our poetical contributors for their early favours. Eliza will perceive that her wish has been complied with.

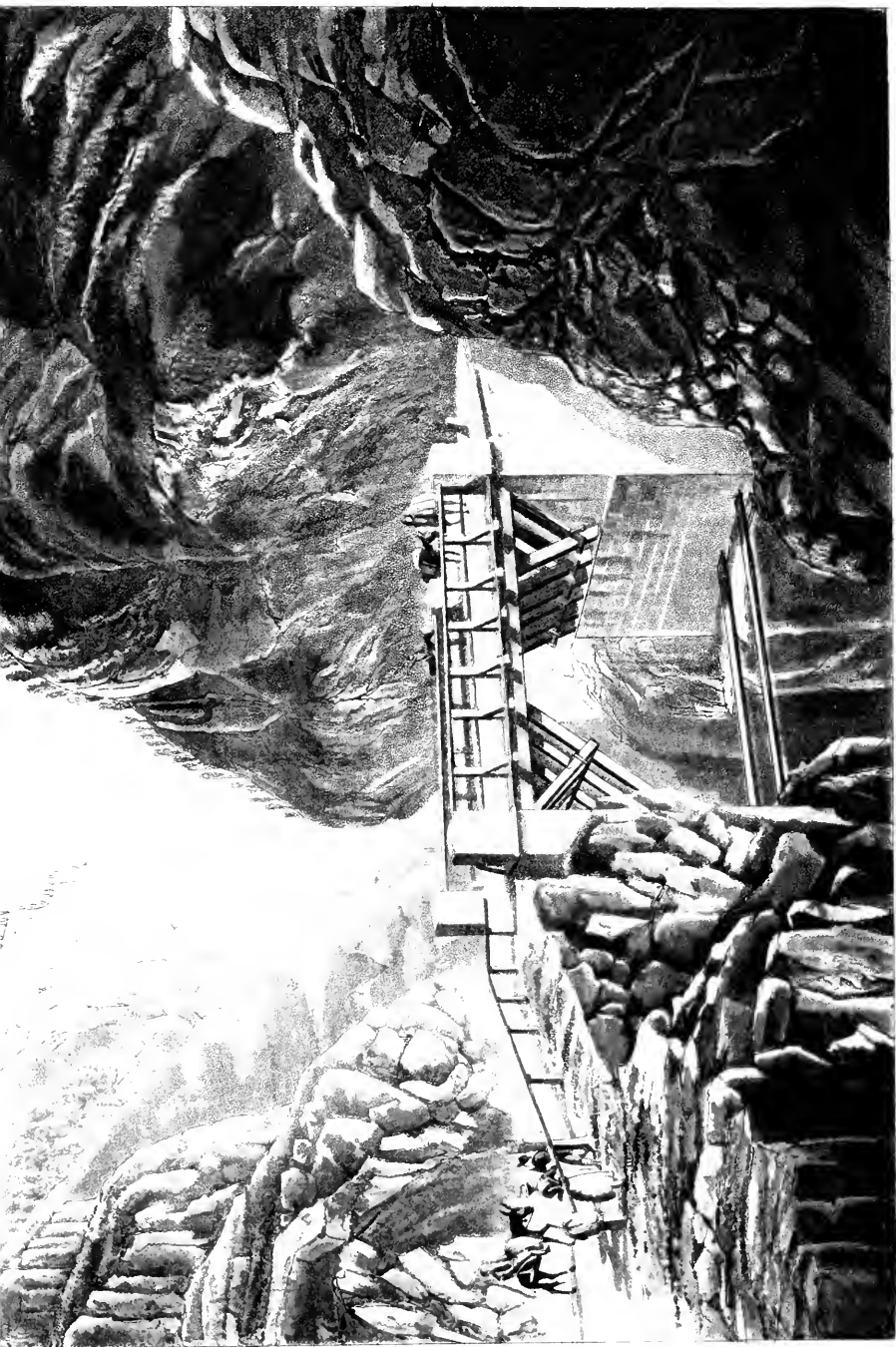
We have received the second favour of Viator, but we doubt if we can find a place for it in our next Number.

The letter of Antiquarius has also reached us: it shall be inserted as soon as possible.

D. W——r will oblige us by sending the proposed article.

J. F.—K. L.—and Q. Q. are unavoidably delayed until a succeeding Number: the last shall appear, if we can find room, 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 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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PICTURESQUE TOUR OF MOUNT SIMPLON.

(Continued from p. 151.)

PLATE 19.—VIEW OF PONTE ALTO.

THE traveller has scarcely quitted the gallery of Algaby, when the valley of Gondo assumes the terrible character that belongs to it. The mountains assume additional magnificence, advancing and receding at every step: the interval between them is occupied by the road and the torrent. Little or no vegetation is visible on any side. The general barrenness, the fragments scattered in all directions, and the roar of the waters which boil over their rocky bed, contribute to excite fearful emotions. The lofty rocks seem to unite in some places at the top, and the heavens are scarcely visible through the aperture at the height of 2000 feet. The road, excavated as a ledge out of the granite, appears as if hanging on the side of a precipice, at the bottom of which is heard the distant murmur of the Doveria. Over

this fearful abyss man has leaped, and has thrown over it a bridge at once elegant and solid.

As the traveller approaches this remarkable passage, he is deafened by the noise of the torrent. Leaning over the parapet, he involuntarily casts his eyes down to the bottom of the precipice, where they are fixed as by a sort of charm. He contemplates the water below, which dashes itself with fury against the rocks that impede its progress: it bounds over them with impetuosity, and again meeting with the same obstructions, surmounts them by the same means. This constant and rapid motion, and the roar of the cascade, render the scene extremely striking: but while the sight of the objects rivets the spectator in dumb attention, the artist's skill can afford but a comparatively cold and lifeless representation.

MISCELLANIES.



EARLY TRAVELS IN FRANCE.

FOR THE REPOSITORY.

THE other day, a book of some rarity, and of much intrinsic value, came into my hands, from which I intend to make, for insertion in your Miscellany, a few of the most amusing extracts; it purports to be a light sketch of a tour in France made before the year 1657; and it is curious to observe, with what shrewdness the author animadverts upon the various habits and peculiarities of the people, and upon the objects that attracted his attention.

The work is, however, still more worthy of notice, on account of the strong resemblance which all who have recently visited the Continent will observe between the customs and singularities of the French nearly two hundred years ago and at the present day, notwithstanding the people have since witnessed so many changes, and have gone through a revolution, which a great orator, Burke, once said had completely changed the national character. The title of the work from which I am about to quote is, *France painted to the Life*, by a learned and impartial hand: printed in the year 1657. That the author was learned and acute, your readers will not deny when they have read the extracts: his impartiality may admit of some doubt, for he is rather severe upon the inhabitants of France; and the motto to his work (which is of small dimensions) shews, that his predilections were not strongly in their favour: *Quid non Gallia*

parturit ingens?—"What does not monstrous France bring forth?" Some slight improvements, and but slight, will have been found by the modern tourist upon the Continent from what is represented in the following paragraph:

"The cart stayeth, and it is fit we were in it; horses we could get none for money, and for love we did not expect them. We are now mounted in one chariot, for so we must call it. An Englishman thought it a plain cart, and if it needs will have the honour of being a chariot, let it; sure I am, it was never ordained for a triumph. At one end were fastened three carcasses of horses, and three bodies which had been once horses, and now were worn to dead images. Had the statue of a man been placed on any one of them, it might have been hanged up at an inn door to represent St. George on horseback; so lifeless they were, and so little moving: yet at last they began to crawl, for go they could not. This converted me from my former heresy, and made me apprehend life in them; but it was so little, that it seemed only enough to carry them to the next pack of hounds. Thus accommodated, we bade farewell to Dieppe, and proceeded with a pace so slow, that we thought our journey to Rouen would prove a most perfect emblem of the motion of the ninth sphere, which was forty-nine thousand years in finishing. But this was not

our greatest misery; the rain fell on us through our tilt, which, for the many holes in it, we would have thought a net. The dust brake plentifully in upon us through the rails of our chariot; and the unequal and unproportionable pace of it started almost every bone of us. I protest I marvel how a Frenchman durst adventure in it. Thus endured we all the diseases of a journey, and the danger of three several deaths, drowning, choaking with the mire, and breaking of the wheel, besides a fear of being famished before we came to our inn, which was six French miles from us. The mad duke that in the play undertook to drive two snails from Millaine to Musco, without staff, whip, or goad; and in a braver to match him, for an experiment, would here have had matter to have tired his patience."

The journey above described is exactly that which many hundreds, I may say thousands, of us have taken within the last three or four years. There is a great deal of humour in the description of the arrival of the party at Tostes, and the sort of accommodation they met with; and no one will venture to assert, that even since that time there has been any considerable improvement. I take it that the inn at Tostes, judging from its appearance and stability, is the very same house that was entered by the author of the book before me, and his friends. Of course your readers will allow for the occasional quaintnesses of the time.

"We came at last to Tostes, the place destinate to our lodging; a town like the worser sort of market towns in England. There our cha-

rioteer brought us to the ruins of a house, an alehouse I would scarce have thought it, and yet in spite of my teeth it must be an inn; yea, and that an honourable one too, as Don Quixote's host told him. Despair of finding there either bedding or victuals made me just like the fellow at the gallows, who, when he might have been reprieved, on condition he would marry a wench which there sued for him; having viewed well, cried to the hangman to drive on his cart. The truth is, *J'eschappay du tonnere et rencheu en les lair*, according to the French proverb; I fell out of the frying-pan into the hot fire. One of the house (a ragged fellow I am sure he was, and so most likely to live there,) brought us to a room somewhat of kindred to a charnel-house, as dark and as dampish: I confess it was paved with brick at the bottom, and had towards the orchard a pretty hole, which in former times had been a window, but now the glass was all vanished. By the light that came in at the hole, I first perceived that I was not in England. There stood in the chamber three beds, if at the least it be lawful so to call them. The foundation of them was of straw, so infinitely thronged together, that the wool-pack which our judges sit on in the parliament were melted butter to them. Upon this lay a medley of flocks and feathers together, sewed up in a large bag (for I am confident it was not a tick), but so ill ordered, that the knobs stuck out on each side of it, like a crab-tree cudgel. He must needs have flesh enough that lieth upon one of them; otherwise, the second night would wear out his bones. The

sheets they brought for us were so coarse, that in my conscience no mariner would vouchsafe to use them for a sail; and the coverlid so bare, that if a man would undertake to reckon the threads, he need not miss one of the number. The *napery* of the table was suitable to the bedding; so foul and dirty, that I durst not conceive it had ever been washed above once, and yet the poor cloth looked as briskly as if it had been promised for the whole year ensuing to escape many a scouring. The napkins were fit companions for the cloth; *unum si noveris, omnia nôsti*. By my description of the inn you may guess at the rest of France: not altogether so wretched, yet is the alteration almost insensible."

It should seem that our author and his companions were obliged to sleep at the miserable inn at Tostes, a penance which few or none of our more recent travellers have had occasion to endure: so far, therefore, as extends to the beds and bedding, or the *napery*, as it is above termed, we cannot judge of the correctness of the representation; but judging from what we have seen, and from what he describes, we may rely pretty confidently, I think, upon his statement. For instance, let any one who has dined at Tostes read the following account of what relates to eatables, and the mode of cooking them, and he will be far from contending that there is not great truth in the picture, and that there has been little alteration for the better.

"Let us now walk into the kitchen, and observe their provision; and here we found a most terrible execution commission committed

on the person of a pullet. My hostess, cruel woman, had cut the throat of it, and without plucking off the feathers, tare it into pieces with her hands, and afterwards took away skin and feathers together, just as we strip rabbits in England. This done, it was clapped into a pan, and fried into a supper. In other places where we could get meat for the spit, it useth to be presently broached, and laid perpendicularly over the fire; three turns at most despatcheth it, and bringeth it up to the table, rather scorched than roasted. I say, where we could get it; for in these rascally inns you cannot have what you would, but what you may, and that also not at the cheapest. At Pontoise we met with a rabbit, and we thought we had found a great purchase. Larded it was, as all meat is in that country, otherwise it is so lean it would never endure the roasting. In the eating it proved so tough, that I could not be persuaded that it was any more than three removes from that rabbit which was in the ark. The price, half-a-crown English. My companions thought it over dear; to me it seemed very reasonable, for certainly the grass that fed it was worth more than thrice the money: but I return to Tostes."

This is all true in the main, but I have some reason to think, from the prejudices which not a few of my *travelled* countrymen feel in favour of the French ladies, to the disadvantage of our own females (who, in every respect, I contend are far superior to their continental rivals, if rivals they may be called where there can be no rivalry), that the opinions contained in the

subsequent quotation will be generally concurred in. I am myself free to allow, that the author is a little severe, and that he is now and then more anxious to say a good thing than a true thing. However, your readers shall judge for themselves: you will see that his remarks are general.

“And it is time, you might perchance else have lost the sight of mine hostess and her daughters: you would have sworn at first blush they had been of a blood, and it had been great pity had it been otherwise. The salutation of Horace, *O mater pulchra, filia pulchrior*, was never so reasonable as here. Not to honour them with a further character, let this suffice: that their persons kept so excellent decorum with the house and furniture, that one could not possibly make use of Tully’s *Quam dispari dominaris domino!* But this is not their luck only. The women, not of Normandy alone, but generally of all France, are forced to be contented with a little beauty; and she which with us is reckoned among the vulgar, would amongst them be taken for a princess. But of the French women more when we have taken a view of the dames of Paris; now only somewhat of their habit and condition. Their habit, in which they differ from the rest of France, is the attire of their heads, which hangeth down their backs in fashion of a veil. In Rouen, and the greater cities, it is made of linen, pure and decent; here and in the villages it cannot be possibly any thing else than an old dish-clout turned out of service, or the corner of a table-cloth reserved from washing. Their best condition is

not always visible; they shew it only in the mornings, or when you are ready to depart, and that is their begging. You shall have about you such a throng of these ill faces, and every one whining out this ditty, *Pour les servantes*, that one might with greater ease distribute a dole at a rich man’s funeral than give them a penny: had you a purpose to give them unasked, their importunity will prevent your speediest bounty. After all this importunate begging, their ambition reacheth no higher than a *sol*: he that giveth more, outbiddeh their expectation, and shall be counted a spendthrift.”

I shall close the present article by a short extract relating to servants in France, quite as happily expressed as any thing that has preceded: but although in the broader features the likeness is still preserved, it is obvious that they have been a little more humanized, and have an air of better breeding about them, than prior to the year 1657.

“But the principal ornaments of these times are the men-servants, the raggedest regiment that I ever yet looked upon. Such a thing as a chamberlain was never heard of among them, and good clothes are as little known there as he. By the habit of his attendants, a man would think himself in gaol, their clothes either full of patches, or else open to the skin. Bid one of them wipe your boots, he presently hath recourse to the curtains; with those he will perhaps rub over one side, and leave the other to be made clean by the guest: it is enough for him that he hath written the copy. They wait always with their hats on their heads, and so

also do servants before their masters: attending bare-headed is as much out of fashion there as in Turkey: of all French fashions, in my opinion the most unfitting and unseemingly. Time and much use reconciled me to all other things which were at the first offensive; to this irreverent custom I returned an enemy. Neither can I see how it can choose but stomach the most patient, to see the worthiest sign of liberty usurped and profaned by the basest of slaves; for seeing that the French peasants are such infamous slaves unto their lords and princes, it cannot be but those which are their servants must be one degree at the least below the lowest condition. * * * This

French sauciness had drawn me out of my way: an impudent familiarity, which I must confess did much offend me, and to which I will still profess myself an open enemy. Though Jack speak French, I cannot endure that Jack should be a gentleman."

Some admirable and pointed observations upon the natural character of the French, their mode of speaking, and other peculiarities, all extremely entertaining, I shall reserve to a future number, as the quotations I have already furnished are of sufficient length. I can promise your readers, that what is to follow is even better than what has preceded. Yours, &c.

VIATOR.

ANECDOTE OF A NOBLE HUGUENOT.

DURING the time when France was a prey to the dissensions between the Huguenots and the Catholics, a party of the former besieged a strong fortress, the possession of which was an object of the greatest importance to them. They used every effort, but in vain, to prevail upon the governor to surrender. He assured them that the ruins of the fortress were all that they should ever get possession of; for that if he were driven to the last extremity, he would blow it up, and perish with his men amidst the explosion, rather than surrender. The Huguenots were about to raise the siege in despair, when chance befriended them in an extraordinary manner, by throwing into their hands the only child of the governor, a boy of about twelve years of age, who was taken prisoner by another party of Hu-

guenots in a distant province, and sent by them to their comrades, with the hope that he would be useful in subduing the loyalty of his father.

On a council being called to deliberate whether they should or should not raise the siege, some of the party proposed to terrify the governor into delivering up the fortress, by threatening him that his son should be shot before his eyes if he refused.

This proposition was received with applause, for it was generally believed that the threat could not fail of effect. The governor was far advanced in years, and his son was doubly dear to him as an only child, and as the last representative of his ancient and noble family. The strongest hopes were therefore entertained of the success of this measure: however,

some sanguinary spirits of the party, who doubted of its efficacy, proposed that the threat should actually be put into execution if the governor remained inexorable. One only among the chiefs ventured to oppose this inhuman measure, and that was the Viscount de S——, between whose illustrious house and that of the governor there had long subsisted the most bitter enmity. "What," cried he indignantly, "would you then cover yourselves with eternal infamy, and bring down the vengeance of Heaven on your heads, by shedding innocent blood? Supposing the governor's loyalty should be proof to the dreadful trial you mean to make of it, what advantage can you derive from bringing his grey hairs with sorrow to the grave? Think you that this odious cruelty will not rather give him strength of mind to execute his former threat, and blow up the fortress sooner than surrender it?"

Though the speech of De S—— made little impression on the minds of his colleagues, yet the belief was so general that the governor would yield, that no positive resolution was taken respecting the boy, whose father was immediately summoned to a parley. The child was produced, and the governor assured that he should see him perish before his eyes if he continued obstinate; while, on the other hand, he was offered the most favourable terms, both for himself and his followers, as well as the immediate restoration of his son, if he surrendered the fortress.

None but a parent can conceive the feelings of the wretched father, as he beheld the beloved boy whose

life or death hung upon his determination. He dared not trust his eyes with the sight of his son, but hastily averting them, he signified in a few words, evidently delivered with great effort, his resolution to remain faithful to his duty.

The besiegers, who thought they saw in the excess of his agony some prospect that they might ultimately subdue his loyalty, told him they would allow him twenty-four hours to consider of their proposal: but before that time was expired, one of their scouts brought them intelligence, that a party of the king's troops were but a few miles distant; and as their force was greatly superior to those of the besiegers, the latter, if they could not succeed in gaining the fortress, must make a precipitate retreat. This news inflamed them almost to madness, and it was determined that if the governor did not surrender immediately, the boy should die.

None among them had given such proofs of bravery and zeal for the cause as the Viscount de S——, nor was there one perhaps so generally beloved by the party: but he vainly used his eloquence in the cause of humanity; they were deaf to all he could urge, and when they found that the governor resolutely refused to surrender, his son was led forward to be shot.

Unable to support this heart-piercing sight, the wretched father fell senseless into the arms of his attendants: but his fleeting spirits were almost instantly recalled by a shout of joy; he started up, and beheld his son in the arms of the Viscount de S——; he heard that

generous man exclaim, "Give fire, soldiers! You will have two victims instead of one, and I shall escape the misfortune of living to see our cause eternally disgraced by the blood of this innocent child."

At hearing these words, the governor fell upon his knees; his hands were stretched towards Heaven; emotion deprived him of utterance, but what eloquence could be so touching as the expression of his agonized countenance! For a moment he remained in dreadful suspense, but it was only for a moment: he saw the generous De S—— bear off his son in his arms unmolested; and his joy at this sight, so transporting, so unhopèd for, was almost too great for his feeble frame to support.

De S—— did not do his work by halves; he was unable to prevail on his party to restore the boy to his father, but during a considerable time that the child was a prisoner, he treated him as if he had been his own son. The youth was at length set at liberty, but he had imbibed so strong an affection for the viscount, that he ever afterwards regarded him as a second parent.

The young man inherited the loyalty of his brave and venerable father. He entered the army, and as he advanced in life, he signalized himself so much, that he became a great favourite with the king, who, upon one occasion, told him to prefer whatever request he thought proper, and it should be granted.

At that time the fortunes of De S—— were at the lowest ebb; his estates were confiscated, and he himself was wandering through France in poverty and disguise. His young friend knew the king's aversion to him was so great, that by naming him, he himself would in all probability lose the favour of his monarch: yet he did not hesitate to solicit the viscount's pardon, and the restoration of his lands, for he knew that the royal word would not be retracted. "Weigh well the consequences of soliciting this favour, monsieur," said the king with a cold and stern air.—"I have weighed them, sire," replied the generous petitioner; "and if your majesty will deign to hear me, you will own that my life, my fortune, and what is dearer to me than either, the favour of my sovereign, ought to be risked in the cause of De S——." He then related his obligations to the viscount with so much pathos, that the king was moved, and as it was a considerable time since De S—— had taken any active part against him, he granted him a pardon, and the restoration of his property, on the condition of his leaving France; a condition to which De S—— gladly acceded. He retired to Germany, from whence in some years afterwards he was permitted to return to his native country, where, during the remainder of his life, he continued in the strictest friendship with the man who had so nobly requited his humanity.

THE LOVES OF SEID AND ZAYDA.

(From the *Guerras Civiles de Grenada.*)

BEFORE we proceed further with our account of these magnificent festive preparations, let us speak of the gallant Seid and the beautiful Zayda, his beloved mistress. All Grenada held discourse of their loves, and felt interested in their attachment; but no sooner did these reports reach the ears of the parents of the envied Zayda, than they resolved to wed her without delay to another, or at least spread abroad a rumour of such a design, to the intent that Seid might be induced thereby to desist from his pretensions, and losing all hopes of a favourable issue to his love, might abstain from so frequently lingering round the doors of their house for a sight of his adored Zayda, and to put a stop to the calumnious rumours injurious to the reputation of their only child. In pursuance of this plan, they exercised the strictest vigilance over her conduct, not permitting her to frequent her balconies, lest she should find opportunities of conversing with Seid. Their precautions, nevertheless, profited but little, for they neither deterred Seid from watching the windows of his mistress, nor Zayda from loving him more fervently even than before; and as it was reported throughout the whole city, that the parents of Zayda were about to wed her to a powerful and rich Moor of La Ronda, the brave Seid could find no repose by night or by day, his thoughts being busied in forming various plans to frustrate such a measure, and his resolution being bent on his rival's destruction,

should other means fail. Incessantly he paced the path in front of the house of his beloved, in hopes of a favourable chance affording him a moment's conversation with her, and an opportunity of learning her sentiments from her own lips; for the gallant Moor was distracted with doubt lest his Zayda should herself have consented to the marriage, notwithstanding the mutual promises and vows of fidelity which had passed between them.

Long and anxiously he waited for her appearance on the balcony where she had formerly used to walk; nor did the lovely Zayda feel less anxiety than her Seid, to see him, to speak to him, and give him a full account of the fatal resolution her parents had taken concerning her: venturing therefore out on the balcony at twilight, she perceived her lover sadly and mournfully pursuing his solitary walk round her well-known apartments, when suddenly raising his eyes, he beheld his dear Zayda tenderly gazing on him, and appearing so enchantingly lovely, that in a moment his grief was succeeded by transport, and timidly approaching the balcony, he thus addressed his beloved: "Dearest, adored Zayda, in pity tell me, can this terrible report which I hear be true, that your father has destined you for another? If it is, keep it no longer concealed from me—in mercy remove this racking suspense which tortures me. My resolution is taken. By Allah, let him who shall dare usurp my right

to thee, dread my vengeance! One of us must not, shall not long survive."—"Alas! Seid," replied Zayda weeping, "it is but too true—my father has determined to part us. Forget me then, and seek a fairer bride: your worth and valour can never fail of attaching one, who will easily console you for the loss of your Zayda. Our ill-fated loves have continued but too long; they must cease. Heaven only knows the reproaches I have suffered from my parents for your sake——"—"Cruel Zayda," interrupted the Moor, "is this the promise that you gave me to be mine till death?"—"Seid, Seid," exclaimed Zayda, in a terrified tone, "for Heaven's sake, hasten away! I hear my mother inquiring for me. If she should see you here, I am lost. Be patient, and think no more of your wretched Zayda!"—Saying this, she quitted the balcony in tears, and left the gallant Moor in a tumult of conflicting emotions, unknowing where to seek alleviation for his pain. Resolute, notwithstanding, to persist in his love, and still daring to hope for success, he tore himself with difficulty from the spot, and returned homeward, but his heart remained with his Zayda.

Although the fair Zayda had exhorted her lover to forget her, as has been above related, not the less did she continue to love him, nor did the noble Seid cease to adore her in return; and although she had forbidden him to see her again, often did she relent, often did they continue to converse together, though in secret, for fear of its coming to the knowledge of her parents; but the valorous Moor, to

avoid scandal, no longer continued to frequent the street where stood the house of his mistress. They could not, however, keep their meetings so secret but that they were discovered by the haughty Tarfe, the companion of Seid, but who privately nourished in his heart mortal enmity to his friend, and an ardent and vainly stifled passion for the lovely Zayda. He therefore, perceiving it in vain to hope that the interference of her parents would compel Zayda to cease to love and be beloved by her Seid, resolved to disturb their attachment by sowing discord between them, though the attempt should cost him his life, for such a fate is the well-merited reward of those who are disloyal in their friendships.

Seid remained so afflicted at what his lovely Zayda had told him of her parents' threats, that he began to torture himself with doubt, lest they should in truth have resolved to bestow her on a rival; and the only consolation which could sooth his anxiety was, again to frequent the street from which her balcony and window were visible; but she no longer appeared there as formerly, unless sometimes late in the evening, and then but rarely; for though the beautiful maid still loved him tenderly, yet she dared not betray her affection, for fear of irritating her parents, and thus deprived herself of the delight which formed her chief happiness, not venturing to hold converse with her dear Seid; who was so afflicted at her absence, that he shewed his grief even in his dress, wearing such colours only as were suited to the despair and sorrow which con-

sumed him: thus the knights and ladies of Grenada might judge how constantly, yet how hopelessly he still loved. In fine, so strongly did affliction and care prey upon his mind, that his once manly and robust frame became emaciated, and his health declined rapidly under the weight of harassing visions of future woe, which he was unable to banish from his thoughts, sleeping or waking, for a single moment. As the only alleviation and solace of his anxious love, one dark and gloomy night, which seemed as if in harmony with his melancholy feelings, he wandered alone, with his guitar, at midnight, to the street where dwelt his adored Zayda, and softly touching its strings, poured out his passion and his despair in the pathetic verses of an Arabian song.

Not without tears did Seid pour forth his amorous complaints to the sound of his harmonious guitar, interrupted by the ardent sighs which issued from his very soul, and but augmented the flame that burned within him; and if he felt the tender passion in its utmost purity, not less was the attachment of his amiable Zayda, who recognising the voice of her beloved, stole softly to a balcony, whence she could hear distinctly the words of the serenade, and the deep-drawn sighs by which they were broken. Plaintive was the melody, and the lovely Moor recalling to her mind the meaning of the song, was moved to tears. It reminded her of the first time they had met in Almeria, where she was staying with her parents, on the festival of St. John, when Seid, who commanded a gallant vessel, in which he had

almost cleared the seas of the Christians, and made many rich prizes, chanced to arrive in the port. The successful chief had brought with him and adorned his galley with the magnificent spoils he had won. The whole city crowded to see their hero, and among others Zayda, accompanied by her parents, to whom Seid was known, went on board his vessel, which was covered with rich vestments, standards, and other trophies of his victories. The gallant Seid received them with joy, and gazing on Zayda, presently became enamoured of so lovely a being, and laid at her feet the fairest jewels he had taken, expressive of his adoration. This was the commencement of their loves, and it was agreed, that if Seid would come to Grenada, he should be permitted to serve his beautiful mistress. He accepted the offer, and resolved to quit the sea, leaving the command of his vessel to one of his dependents. Till now therefore Seid had faithfully served his Zayda, but perceiving the intention of her parents, and that they no longer shewed him favour as formerly, he had composed the above-mentioned song, lamenting the loss of those hours of happiness he had so long enjoyed. When the amiable Moor heard the sighs of her lover, she could no longer restrain herself, but opening her lattice, uttered his name softly, for fear of her parents. The overjoyed youth flew to the balcony, when Zayda thus addressed him: "Why, Seid, will you still persevere? Know you not how much you injure my reputation? Consider, that my parents keep me here confined solely

on your account. For Heaven's sake depart, before they know that you are here; for should they discover us, I fear they would put their threats into execution, and send me to Cayne, to the castle of my uncle—how could I survive in such a banishment? Do not then compel them to this harsh treatment, nor think that because I do not see you so often, I love you less than formerly. May Allah be pleased to disperse the clouds that now hang over us! Farewell! I dare no longer stay here." This said, the weeping fair-one quitted the balcony, leaving her beloved Moor in darkness, bewailing the loss of the sun he worshipped.

Now let us return to the festivals, which, as we mentioned before, were about to be given, and which had better never been, by reason of the disputes and fatal consequences which resulted therefrom, as we shall hereafter state more at large. At these tournaments appeared the brave Seid, a knight of the tribe of the Abencerrages, eager to distinguish his valour in presence of his beloved mistress.—Though debarred from conversing together, love taught them the language of amorous glances, and with these they remained satisfied, till fortune should bring about their so much desired union. One day the charming Moor plaited a tress of her beautiful hair, fairer than the golden threads of Arabia, and with her own hands placed it in the turban of her hero. Seeing him more than usually elated, his friend Abdallah Tarfe urged him to reveal to him the cause of his gladness; and as happiness, to be truly enjoyed, must be shared, Seid,

trusting to his friendship, and under many promises of secrecy, declared to him the reason, and shewed the dear pledge which he had received from his Zayda. The perfidious Tarfe, filled with envy and stung with jealousy, seeing how favoured and esteemed his rival was, determined to betray the secret to Zayda; and having watched an opportunity to speak with her one day, thus artfully began: "Are you not, lady, that Zayda by whom Seid is so much beloved—that angelic being so adored in Grenada, nay in all Spain? Alas! he is no longer deserving of thy love—he has dishonoured thee; for not long ago, being with many more friends conversing on the favours we had received from our mistresses, he took off his turban, and shewed us all a tress of hair, which he affirmed to have been placed there by your own hands. Judge whether I speak truth or not, if you know the tokens of my sincerity." Zayda too hastily gave credit to this perfidious statement; and as woman is naturally fickle, all her love was changed to hate and disdain, imagining that her honour and reputation were sullied. She sent immediately for Seid, who, as she was informed by one of her maids, had not long since been inquiring of her by whom her mistress was visited, and what colours she most delighted in. Full of hope and joy, he hastened to throw himself at her feet, but she haughtily and passionately thus addressed him: "Seid, I desire that henceforward you will neither frequent my house and street, nor speak to any one of my family, for you have basely dishonoured me.

The tress of my hair which I gave you, you have shewed to Tarfe and others: how can I therefore ever confide in you again? Begone, and never presume to see me more." Saying this, she burst into tears, and quitted the apartment, without listening to the protestations of Seid, who implored her to stay and hear the truth; and finding that his entreaties were of no avail, vowed vengeance for the perfidy of Tarfe.

- Seid's despair was so great at the cruel disdain of his adored Zayda, and her ready belief of the falsehood which had been related to her, that he rushed out, maddened with rage, to seek the traitor Tarfe. He found him in the square of Bivarrambla, giving directions for the next tournament; and calling him aside, sternly demanded why he had thus broken all the ties of friendship, and drawn upon him the anger of his mistress. Tarfe replied scornfully, "I have never betrayed your confidence, nor drawn upon you the anger of your Zayda: how dare you accuse me of such an action? You ought to know your friend better." Seid, however, insisted on his charge; and many hot and angry words passed between them, till drawing

their scimitars, an obstinate combat commenced, in which Tarfe received a mortal wound. The Zegris, being the friends of Tarfe, assembled to revenge his death on the gallant Seid, who was speedily protected by the Abencerrages; and if the king had not interposed, Grenada had been that day destroyed; for the Zegris, Gomeles, and Mazas armed their partizans against the Abencerrages, Gazules, Vanegas, and Alabazes, who did the like on their side. But King Chico, accompanied by the principal nobles of the other Moorish families, succeeded in pacifying them; and Seid having surrendered himself, was carried prisoner to the Alhambra. All the circumstances being inquired into, the guilt and perfidy of Tarfe were clearly manifested; and in order that the reputation of Zayda should not be sullied, the monarch prevailed upon her parents to wed her to Seid, to whom he extended the royal pardon for the death of Tarfe. The Zegris remained highly discontented with this result, but the festivities were not discontinued on that account, because the king commanded them to be proceeded in as before.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE ADVISER.

PERHAPS if there is a time in which an old bachelor feels himself in a peculiarly forlorn situation, it is when in a cold wet evening he is obliged to make his own tea: I am speaking of that old-fashioned class who do not adopt the modern custom of a servant's

making it in another apartment. At such a moment all the disadvantages of matrimony disappear, and a man, if he possess any sensibility at all, cannot help wishing to see a wife preside at his tea-table; a wish that never fails to be heightened throughout the evening, if

infirmities, the weather, or any other cause, keep him at home and alone till he goes to bed.

I was lounging away half an hour, as I sometimes do, over a solitary cup of tea the other evening, in this very frame of mind, when my servant brought me two letters, which had just been sent to me from the *Repository*. The first which I cast my eye upon was written in a remarkably pretty feminine hand, and as my heart was at that moment more than usually full of tenderness towards the sex, I opened it with a determination to give the fair writer the benefit of my advice immediately. Figure to yourself, my dear reader, my pleasure and surprise at finding that my paper had procured for me a tender interest in the breast of a lady, who, if I might judge by her letter, seemed designed by nature for my helpmate. After a few lines of apology for the step she was about to take, she informed me that an extreme diffidence of her own judgment made her always so afraid of acting wrong, that she had hitherto remained single, notwithstanding she had had many unexceptionable offers, because she feared that a husband might be dissatisfied with a wife who was constantly looking up to him for advice: that the publication of my first paper had impressed her with a very favourable opinion of my character and sentiments, which opinion was heightened by the succeeding papers; and as she now began to approach middle age, she could not help wishing to secure for the remainder of her life an amiable and sensible friend, whose experience and

steadiness would be a stay to her weakness. Her person, she said, had been thought more than agreeable, and she possessed some fortune; as to her disposition, she would leave it to my own penetration, to discover how far that might be amiable or otherwise.

After perusing the letter three times, I rose and surveyed myself in the chimney-glass; thought my neighbour Croaker must certainly have been mistaken, when he told me in the morning I looked very ill, for I have not been so satisfied with my appearance any time these last ten years. Joy is certainly a great improver of the human countenance, and I will honestly own that I was heartily rejoiced to find myself thus at once on the point of having all my wishes gratified: to enjoy the charms of female society, which I had so often felt the want of; and to have at the same time the pleasure of constantly giving advice to one, who, far from treating it with neglect or inattention, would be as happy to receive as I should be to give it. Here, my dear reader, was a paradise indeed, and such a one as I had never dared to hope for.

I seated myself immediately at my writing-desk, to frame a proper reply to my fair correspondent's letter; but I found it a harder task than I had imagined. If my readers will have the goodness to recollect that I am now turned of fifty-seven, and that this was the first love-letter I ever attempted to write, they will not wonder that I should begin nine different epistles, without being able to conclude one to my satisfaction. The language of some was too formal, of

others not sufficiently ardent to express my sense of the favour I had received; one was too much of an innamorato for a man of my years, and another not refined enough for a lady of her delicacy: in short, there was some fault to be found with every one of them, and feeling myself quite at a loss, I determined at last to take counsel of my pillow; but at the moment that I was putting on my night-cap, the other letter, which I had never thought of till then, caught my eye: I opened it, and the reader may judge my vexation when I read what follows:

Dear Mr. ADVISER,

I have just this very moment got a peep at a letter which my guardian, Miss Wormwood, is writing to you; and from the little I saw of it, I really believe it is an offer of marriage. Do not let the old lady take you in, for if you do, you may bid farewell to comfort for the rest of your life; since if ever there was a complete shrew on earth, it is my dear guardy, who is ringing at this moment a peal in the ears of her woman, which would frighten you if you heard it. But lest you should think I am imposing on you, I will give you a true picture of the gentle spinster.

First, you must know she is fifty-four at least, if there is any truth in parish registers; though this is a fact which she positively denies, and to say the truth, she makes up so well that one would hardly believe it. But then, my dear sir, think of the process she is forced to go through before she is fit to be seen. Her face and neck, naturally of a deep mahogany hue, receive a coat of rouge and pearl

powder; her eyebrows and wig are the productions of the first artists in Paris; she is indebted for her teeth to Mr. de Chement, and notwithstanding all the cleverness of her staymaker, a defect in her shape is visible. Such, Mr. Adviser, is a true picture of the lady's personal charms: as to her mental perfections, her actions will best enable you to estimate them. She is at variance with all her relations; is never known to speak well of any of her female acquaintance; starves her servants, whom she rarely keeps above a month; is continually turning off her trades-people, because she protests they are all rogues; and finally, scrubs your poor humble servant from morning till night. This last you will suppose is not in my eyes the least of her offences, and if you are the good-natured old gentleman I take you for, it will be a serious one in yours too, when I tell you, that by hypocritical professions of friendship for my parents, and love for me, she prevailed on my deceased mother to leave me under her care; and that the only cause of complaint she has against me is, that I am very young, and the men say very pretty.

Though she often boasts of the number of her lovers, yet I do not believe that she ever had an offer in her life; and I fancy she has applied to you because she begins now to despair of ever having one. I had just time to see in her letter, that she praises your writings very much; but I assure you, that is a mere stratagem to get into your good graces: for when your paper first appeared in the Magazine, she never would read it, because she

said she was sure, from the title, that you must be a fool; and I have heard her myself, a hundred times, boast that she never followed any one's advice in the whole course of her life. Thank Heaven, I shall be of age in three days, and I shall then be out of her power; so you are welcome to make any use you please of my letter, Mr. Adviser. But if after this warning you suffer my guardian to draw you into matrimony, you may depend upon it there will be an end of the Adviser, for your head will be too full of your own vexations to trouble yourself with those of other people.

HARRIET HEARTY.

My readers will readily believe that this letter cured me of all de-

sire to avail myself of the tenderness expressed for me by Miss Wormwood. It is true, something must be allowed, as Mrs. Cowley expressed it, for a lady's painting; but admitting the portrait to be overcharged, yet I cannot doubt, from the frank and open manner in which it is given, that it bears some resemblance to the original, and even the faintest would be sufficient to destroy my comfort. Besides, putting self out of the question, I really could not answer it to my conscience, to take a step which might, as Miss Hearty observes, be the means of depriving mankind of the very great benefit they may derive from my future advice.

S. SAGEPHIZ.

HINTS ON ORNAMENTAL GARDENING.

(Continued from p. 64.)

PLATE 20.—A BRIDGE AND BOAT-HOUSE.

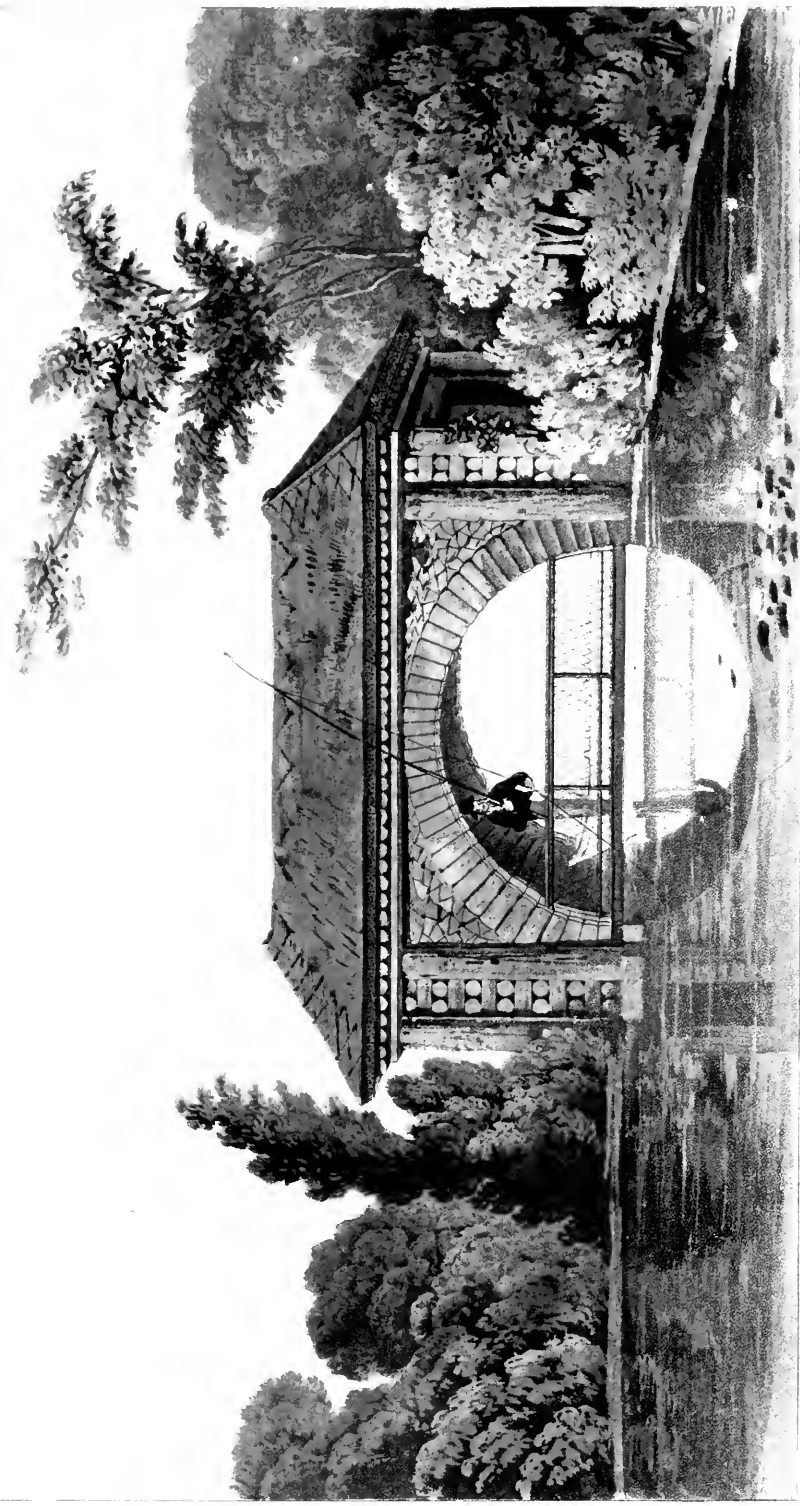
THIS design is intended as a means of approaching an island or a lake at the extremity of an estate, answering the double purpose of a bridge and a boat-house, and also a shelter from rain. The platform is inclosed by a parapet railing on one side for safety, but it is open on the other, for the convenience of taking boat, and for landing on its return.

It will be seen that this building is not intended for the complete protection of the boat even during the summer months, much less against the inclemencies of the winter season; but it is sufficient as its shelter from the sun and rain at its moorings during the daytime, when it is in readiness; and from this bridge it is easily and safely

entered, as its side comes in immediate contact with the footpath. The construction of this building being very simple, the materials of which it is composed are intended to be of unwrought timbers; the supports being the trunks of unbarked trees, the arch of their tapered branches, and the walling of cleft logs, built in the manner of the rough walling of the Romans. The roof is of thatch, and the flooring of wood, covered by gravel, in continuation of the walk. As the garden at this spot would properly change its character to the wilder accompaniments of the lake, this building would assimilate with the scenery, and please by its picturesque effect, well contrasting with the more elegant and polished

A BRILLIANT BOULEVARD

THE GARDEN OF THE BOULEVARD



objects of other parts of the plantations.

Some extensive estates, that have notwithstanding been much improved, still afford opportunity of combining the effect of the two powerful auxiliaries to the beauty of landscape scenery, the river and the lake, in so high a degree, that it is to be lamented the former has only been employed, when the latter so beautifully and so consistently might have assisted as its companion. The lake, in extensive grounds, is a very beautiful feature, and properly changes those works which admit the appearances of

cultivation by art, to those of a natural character—the smooth margin of the meandering river and the well-dressed lawn, to the wild, broken, and shadowed banks of the lake's unpolished boundary.

To the smooth and brilliant effect of the river, as usually introduced in landscape improvement, the lake superadds the advantages which its elevated banks afford by reflection on its surface; and although not generally studied, the beauties produced by this property of pure and still water are an inexhaustible source of delight.

THE AUTHOR'S JOURNAL.

Monday. GOT up early with a resolution to take my epic poem round to the trade, and accept whatever might be offered for it, if it were ever so trifling a sum. Told my wife, if I did not return by four, not to wait dinner, because I knew there was no provision in the house, and I had only a shilling to leave with her. Came home at six, totally out of spirits, after having offered my work to nine different booksellers, all of whom refused, on different pretences, to have any thing to do with it. They recommended me to apply to Messrs. —, and Mr. —, and Mr. —, whom I had tried before.

Could not endure to go home without money, and pawned my umbrella, the only thing we had left that could be spared, that I might take a few shillings to my Emily. In five minutes afterwards it poured with rain, and I was wet to the skin before I reached my lodging. Found a good fire, and every thing ready

for tea. Emily chid me tenderly for parting with the umbrella. She was in high spirits, because our landlady had procured her a supply of plain work.

Tuesday. Found that I had caught a violent cold and hoarseness. My wife begged I would not venture out. Went, in spite of her entreaties, to try whether I could not borrow a couple of pounds from my old acquaintance, Peter Plodwell, who I had learned, by accident the day before, was grown very rich since I last saw him. When I reached M—— lane, was told that he was at his country house at Turnham-Green. I went there immediately. On asking for Mr. Plodwell, the servant took me round the back way, and left me in a passage leading to the kitchen: forgetting the shabbiness of my appearance, I desired another footman, in an authoritative tone, to conduct me immediately to his master, or else shew me into an apartment till I

could see him. The puppy grinned in my face, which so exasperated me, that I could scarcely refrain from knocking him down; but at that moment I heard Plodwell say, in a loud tone, "Shew my worthy friend in directly," and the fellow ushered me into a handsome apartment. Plodwell had advanced to meet me, but the instant he cast his eyes upon me, he started back, withdrew his extended hand, and with a formal bow, inquired if I would not take a chair. I was so struck with his coldness, that it was some minutes before I could speak; at last, after much hesitation and embarrassment, I told him the occasion of my visit. I saw his brow gradually contract as I proceeded; he expressed his astonishment at the change in my circumstances, inveighed against my folly in refusing my uncle's offer of taking me into partnership, and afterwards marrying a pretty beggar for love; asked if I had any family, and when I said my little girl was dead, declared it was a fortunate circumstance. My heart swelled almost to bursting, but I thought of my poor wife, and remained silent. After a long panegyric on the effects which his own superior prudence had produced on his fortune (and he glanced complacently round his elegantly furnished apartment), Mr. Plodwell protested he had vowed never to lend money as long as he lived; but if five shillings would be of any use in relieving my necessities, which appeared pressing, they were at my service. I dashed them out of his hand, and rushed in a transport of indignation from the house. This very man, when we were boys at

school together, had commanded my allowance to the last farthing, and I have repeatedly brought myself into scrapes by going in debt for things for him. Reached home ill and fatigued; found a comfortable dinner, and to gratify my anxious Emily, tried to eat, but could scarcely get down a morsel.

Wednesday. Determined to make a last effort to dispose of my epic, and put it in my pocket, though without any sanguine hope of success; but I recollected that I had seen "publisher" over the door of a handsome shop which I had not tried. Saw the master of it, who told me, without looking at my work, that poetry was a mere drug; that nothing of that sort would sell, except the works of Lord Byron, Moore, and a few others. I was leaving the shop, when he inquired whether I ever tried my hand at politics. I replied in the negative, adding, that I should be glad to employ myself in that, or any other literary line in which my talents might be the means of procuring me a present supply of money. He desired I would write him an essay on liberty, and promised, if it pleased him, he would give me constant employment and a liberal price. Went home in a delirium of happiness, snatched Emily's work out of her hand, and clasping her in my arms, thanked Providence that I had now a prospect of supporting her decently. Made a most delicious dinner on the cold remains of the meal which I could not eat the day before, and drank Emily's health in a glass of excellent ale, for the first time that I had tasted any thing for three weeks but water or weak tea.

Thursday and Friday. Occupied with my essay; read passages of it, with which I was not quite satisfied, to Emily, and begged of her to tell me truly what she thought of them. The dear partial critic could not see any fault.

Saturday. Took my work in the morning to Mr. —, who received me very graciously, and invited me into his parlour, while he cast his eyes over it. He read two or three pages attentively, and then told me it would not do. "Don't be disheartened," cried he, for I suppose my looks betrayed how unwelcome this intelligence was; "you have talents for this kind of writing, but they want to be properly directed. This essay of yours may be all very fine, and very classical, and so forth, but it would not go down: we must have something more highly seasoned—a good spirited attack upon the constitution, a round invective against the ministry, mingled with pathetic representations of the poverty and misery of the nation, and glowing descriptions of the happiness enjoyed by the Americans, the only free people (you must dwell a great deal upon that) in the world. Take these hints for another essay, and I think you will find it a profitable job."

"If I can get no other employment," cried I, "I must starve, for I never will enlist myself among the corrupt wretches who are indebted for a subsistence to the wages of sedition. What! diffuse the poison of treason and discontent among my countrymen? attack all that is venerable and sacred, and prostitute the glorious name of liberty to the vilest pur-

poses? No, by Heaven, I will perish first!"

"You stand a fair chance of doing so, I assure you," replied he: "but I can't throw away my time with you any longer." As I went through the shop, I observed a gentleman turn round to look at me; I passed him hastily, and hurried on till I reached home.

How shall I paint the feelings with which I met my Emily! I had left her full of the most sanguine hope, and I returned to plunge her in the deepest despair. I had not words to tell her my disappointment, but my looks spoke it sufficiently. Poor Emily repressed her own sorrow, and taking my hand, began to comfort me. "Cease, cease," cried I, "beloved, unfortunate girl! I have plunged thee and myself into an abyss of misery, from which there is not a chance of extrication! No, Emily, we have no longer a hope on earth!"—"Yes, you have, my poor, impetuous, misguided boy," said a voice which was familiar to me; and looking up, I saw Mr. Probit, my uncle's oldest and most intimate friend, standing before me, with the tears coursing each other down his venerable cheeks. "Stop," cried he, putting his hand on my mouth as I attempted to speak, "first hear what I have to say. I overheard part of your dialogue with that rascally bookseller, and it inspired me with a wish to serve you, even before I recognised you as you hastily passed me. I believe that your uncle has long since repented of his absolute renunciation of you, and I have no doubt that a representation of your situa-

tion, and of the temptation to better it which you so nobly resisted, will in some degree reinstate you in the favour of my loyal old friend. If it should not, I have enough to afford you and this angel the decent necessities of life, till I can establish you in some more lucrative and permanent situation than that of an author."

My Emily thanked our benefactor with her tears; as for me, I did not thank him at all, for I could not get the words out, but he understood my silence. He staid an hour with us, and promised to see us early the next day. As he was departing, he pretended to look for his cane, and left his purse upon the table.

Saturday. At twelve o'clock Mr. Probit came and brought my uncle. The sight of him, notwithstanding his severity, affected me sensibly; and when I knelt to solicit his pardon, I saw, for the first time that he ever shewed any emotion in my presence, that his eyes were moist. Emily approached him with great timidity, but he saluted her kindly, and called her his dear niece. How my heart sprang towards him at

that moment! He insisted on our accompanying him to his house.

Sunday. Excess of joy kept me waking so long, that it was late when I rose. I found Emily in the parlour with my uncle; they had just done breakfast; and he told me that she made the best coffee he had tasted for some time. After she left the room, my uncle said, he saw she was a good sensible girl, for she had assured him that she never had the least taste for poetry. I seized this opportunity to tell him I would gladly quit the service of the Muses, and employ myself in the counting-house as soon as he pleased. I saw by the old gentleman's countenance, that he was pleased with this speech; but he only replied, "Well, well, we must not talk of business you know on a Sunday; besides, it is time to go to church. You will find every thing necessary for you and your wife in the little dressing-room adjoining your chamber. There, there, get along; no thanks, you know I hate talking, so hold your tongue, and convince me of what I begin to suspect, that you are not after all so great a fool as I thought you were."

SOME ACCOUNT OF C. BURNEY, LL. & D. D. F. R. & A. S.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

AMONG the eminent persons whose death the public have lately had cause to lament, none, I venture to assert, has occasioned a more extensive, a more deeply felt, and a juster regret, than that of the Rev. Dr. CHARLES BURNEY. His profound learning, his elegant taste, his benign and accomplished

manners, his useful life, present so many distinct claims to the regard and applause of his country; and it must be a most gratifying source of pleasure to every admirer of virtue and talent, to observe the affecting testimonials to his honour which have been given by those who were best enabled, from their previous intercourse with this dis-

tinguished person, to appreciate his worth. I here allude to the inhabitants of the parish of Deptford, who have erected a monument to record their obligations to the pious labours of their pastor; and to his grateful scholars, who have also erected, by subscription, a monument in Westminster Abbey, appropriately inscribed by the pen of the Rev. Dr. SAMUEL PARR.

Of this latter inscription it is sufficient to say, that while it presents a complete portrait, it affords another proof, that there are scholars in this country, who, in Latin composition, can equal the energy and the grace of the Augustan writers, and that the author of the inscription is not without reason allowed to rank among the very first.

I venture to offer you a humble translation, which, though it may give some faint idea of the general object of the original, presumes not to represent its propriety and its elegance, which, even by the most skilful hand, could hardly be transfused without loss into a different language.

A . P . Ω

To CHARLES BURNEY,
LL. & D. D. F. R. & A. S.

Professor of Ancient Literature in the Royal
Academy of London,
one of the Chaplains in ordinary to King
George the Third,

a Prebendary of Lincoln Cathedral,
Rector of Cliffe, and of St. Paul's Deptford,
in the county of Kent,

Master during eighteen years of Greenwich
School,

who lived 60 years and 24 days,
died Dec. 25, in the year of our Lord 1817,
and was buried at Deptford;

his pupils, at their united expense, have erected
this monument.

This distinguished person possessed
extensive and recondite learning,
a judgment polished by the rules of criticism

and by the most frequent exercise of style,
and a peculiar skill
in explaining the difficulties of the ancient
Greek metres.

In the books of which he was the author,
whether in Latin or English,
there was a lucid arrangement of sentences,
and an unaffected elegance of words.

His discourse was commended to great esteem,
both for wit and learning,
by quickness of thought,
a full and harmonious voice,

a sharpness of eye, very piercing indeed,
but sweetly tempered by the cheerfulness of
his whole countenance,
and a shrewdness seasoned with the most pleasant humour.

When instructing youth in the higher parts
of human learning,

he used a manner of teaching peculiarly accurate and exquisite;

and while informing their minds on every
branch of duty,

he preserved the character of the master with
the utmost truth and gravity.

These claims to praise were augmented by
an habitual and natural courtesy,
which attracted the good will of every excellent person,

and wonderfully allured his pupils
to the love and reverence of their master—
by an assiduous and earnest endeavour to
advance

whatever might afford comfort and refuge
to indigent and aged schoolmasters—
and by a diligence worthy of a man completely
learned

in collecting a library,
so adorned with manuscripts and printed books,
that after the lamentable death of its possessor,
it was bought at the public expense,
and repositied, by command of the Parliament
of England, in the British Museum.

But above all, there shone forth in BURNEY
the most devoted affection for the Church of
England,

the hope of eternal salvation piously reposed
in Christ,

and the habit of purely and devoutly
worshipping God.

The monument is placed in the
south aisle of Westminster Abbey,
and consists of a tablet remarkable
for the chaste simplicity of its ornament,
surmounted by a beautiful
bust, copied from that excellent
likeness taken by Nollekens during
the life of Dr. Burney.

This communication will be rendered more complete by a short description of the honorary tribute of the parishioners of Deptford.

The monument, which was executed by Goblet, is a pyramid, the base of which rests on the entablature of a square pedestal: between the two side pilasters is placed the inscription. Around the base of the pyramid are scattered books, papers, &c; and in its centre is a medallion of Dr. Burney, in bold relief, not less remarkable for the beauty of its execution, than for its strong resemblance. The inscription is as follows:

CHARLES BURNAY, D. D. F. R. S. F. S. A.
Rector of this Parish, and of Cliffe in this
county,

Prebendary of Lincoln,
and Chaplain in Ordinary to his Majesty.
Born Dec. 3, 1757; died Dec. 25, 1817.

In him were united
the highest attainments in learning,
with manners at once dignified and attractive;
peculiar promptitude & accuracy of judgment,
with equal generosity and kindness of heart.
His zealous attachment to the Church of
England
was tempered by moderation;
and his impressive discourses from the pulpit
became doubly beneficial
from the influence of his own example.
The Parishioners of St. Paul's, Deptford,
erected this monument
as a record
of their affection for their reverend pastor,
monitor, and friend,
of their gratitude for his services,
and of their unspcakable regret for his loss.

Yours, &c. &c.

SOSIA.

PLATE 22.—A COURSE OF LITHOGRAPHY.

By ALOIS SENEFELDER, the Inventor.

WE have frequently had occasion to notice, and in a considerable degree, by the specimens we have from time to time supplied, to illustrate, the new and important art of lithography, which we feel no hesitation in declaring, after printing, one of the most valuable inventions by which mankind has ever been benefited. We have now to call the attention of our readers to the work which we announced as nearly ready for publication in our last number, and to which we took occasion to refer one of our fair correspondents who wished for some information: she and others may now gratify their laudable curiosity regarding a pursuit, which is not less calculated for the one than for the other sex; and indeed, from its facility and rapidity, is much better calculated for an employment or amusement for females

than the ordinary art of engraving on copper, in which we have of late years had not a few excellent performances, in various styles, by artists of the softer sex. We do not wish to speak in disparagement of the common occupations of females in the higher and middling circles of life; on the contrary, many of them we hold in high estimation, and the practice of lithography would form an important addition to them, and would multiply and render permanent, with comparatively little trouble, those productions of the pencil, for the excellence of which the ladies of Great Britain are remarkable.

But independently of these considerations, and looking at the discovery in an enlarged point of view, we are well satisfied that it will be of the most extensive advantage. The work before us sup-



plies specimens in most of the departments of copper and wood engraving; and though in this early stage the new art cannot be supposed to have reached its utmost perfection, yet it has made most rapid advances, and it will be seen how much it exceeds, in some of the specimens, far more laboured and expensive productions. We shall not here enter into any details, nor attempt to explain advantages which the author of the work before us fully elucidates, and which would require a much larger space than we can at present afford the subject. In a subsequent number we shall perhaps make another extract or two from the body of the work, which contains a great many entertaining particulars connected with the origin and progress of the invention. We shall also furnish, as in the present instance, examples of the different styles of engraving to which lithography is applicable. At present we can do no more than insert the advertisement of Mr. Ackermann, the publisher of the work in this country, and some passages from the preface of M. von Schlichtegroll, affording some necessary preliminary information. Mr. Ackermann says,

“The public will naturally expect some account of the motives which induced me to lay before them the *Course of Lithography*, by Alois Senefelder, in an English dress.

“In the first place, the art itself appeared to me of the highest utility. By means of it, the painter, the sculptor, and the architect, are enabled to hand down to posterity as many fac-similes of their original sketches as they please. What

a wide and beneficial field is here opened to the living artist, and to future generations! The collector is enabled to multiply his originals, and the amateur the fruits of his leisure hours. The portrait-painter can gratify his patron by supplying him with as many copies as he wishes to have of a successful likeness. Men in office can obtain copies of the most important despatches or documents, without a moment's delay, and without the necessity of confiding in the fidelity of secretaries or clerks. The merchant, and the man of business, to whom time is often of the most vital importance, can, in an instant, preserve what copies they may want of their accounts or tables. In short, there is scarcely any department of art or business, in which lithography will not be found of the most extensive utility.

“In the next place, I have occasion to know that a correct guide to the knowledge of this useful art has been hitherto a desideratum. I speak from experience. For more than two years I have availed myself of it in the publication of various works. During that time, however, I have struggled with many difficulties, and been frequently embarrassed from the want of definite instructions as to many essential points. Much time and labour have thus been unnecessarily sacrificed. The art has also been practised in some of the public offices, and by various private individuals in this country; and I have no doubt the difficulties and embarrassments to which I allude, have been frequently experienced by others as well as myself.

“Under these circumstances, a

correct guide to a knowledge of the various manners of the art cannot fail to prove of the greatest benefit to all those who are desirous of thoroughly understanding it. Such a guide will be found in this treatise. It is the production of Alois Senefelder, the individual to whom the world is indebted for the invention of lithography. The work is divided into two parts. In the first part, which is a history of the art, from the idea that led to its discovery, down to its last and most improved state, M. Senefelder has laid before us the various plans that he formed, and experiments that he tried, and the result with which they were attended, with the most engaging simplicity, and a truth which renders them in the highest degree instructive. In the second part, M. Senefelder has communicated, in the most unreserved manner, all the knowledge which he himself at present possesses of the practice of the art. Here the reader will find the most minute and comprehensive instructions for every operation. Nothing seems to have escaped the notice of the ingenious author; his directions extend to every particular which has the least connection with the subject, and afford the means of surmounting almost every possible difficulty.

“ Having now succinctly enumerated the advantages of the art, the difficulties which stood in the way of obtaining a correct knowledge of it, and the degree in which I conceive the present treatise is calculated to supply that deficiency; I shall now briefly allude to some other circumstances, which

formed no slight inducement to my entering on the present publication:

“ In the first place, I myself entertain no ordinary degree of fondness for the art, and feel warmly interested in the success of whatever has a tendency to promote its diffusion. I am, therefore, extremely anxious to see it naturalized in this country, and in the same flourishing state in which it is at present on the Continent. In the next place, I have the honour, for such I esteem it, of a personal acquaintance with the ingenious author and inventor; and M. von Schlichtegroll, Director of the Royal Academy of Arts and Sciences at Munich, under whose auspices the work was ushered into the world, without whose kind and urgent persuasion the author would never have engaged in it, and who has honoured this work with an excellent preface, is my most particular friend. M. von Schlichtegroll has nothing more at heart than the universal diffusion of this new and useful art; and by the present publication, therefore, while I please myself with the hope that I shall be useful to the public, I know I shall also gratify, in no ordinary degree, the philanthropic desire of my friend.

“ The work contains a portrait of the author and inventor, and such specimens of drawing printed at my press* as are necessary for the

* “ It was the wish of Mr. Senefelder to supply the English translation with impressions from the original plates, and it would have given me much pleasure to have been able to comply with his request; but as each separate print must have paid a duty at the Custom-House,

illustration of the different manners of the art, and the due understanding of the instructions.

"May it be the means of diffusing throughout this great and commercial country, the knowledge of a discovery, from which much benefit has already been derived abroad; and which, from the immensity of our transactions, promises to be of more advantage to us than to any other nation!

"R. ACKERMANN."

"101, STRAND, March 1, 1819."

The preface of M. von Schlichtegroll, Director of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Munich, is long and valuable. It adverts in the outset to the necessity of a history of the rise and progress of lithography, and to the claims of different countries to the invention. He then explains the nature of the work.

"It is divided into two parts: I. The history of the invention, and its different processes; and II. The description of the manner of writing, drawing, etching, engraving, transferring, preparing, and printing the stone. All this is done with the greatest possible perspicuity and clearness, which such a subject is capable of; and the specimens inserted in the work greatly serve to illustrate it more fully.

"The historical part gives, with the greatest candour, which is a principal characteristic of the author, a faithful account of the circumstances which led him to the first experiments; of his successful and unsuccessful attempts; of the internal and external difficulties with which he had to contend; of the manner in which one idea led to another; of the connections he entered into; of the successful or unsuccessful projects which he entertained; of the manner in which he was sometimes assisted, and sometimes deceived; of the faults he committed; and of the uncertain and embarrassed circumstances in which he passed a series of years. The minuteness of this narrative, and the mention of the personal affairs of the author and his friends, may perhaps, on a first view, astonish the reader. But these very circumstances are, in a great measure, intimately connected with the history of lithography, and its different vicissitudes; and, on the other hand, the shortness of the time would not allow the author carefully to finish and abridge what he intended only for a sketch. In the history of an important invention, however, minuteness cannot be called a defect. How interesting would it be to read all the private circumstances of the lives of John Guttenberg or John Faustus, if a narrative of the origin of typography, similar to this of the origin of lithography, were in existence!"

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The merits of M. Alois Senefelder, the undoubted inventor of this curious and most useful art, are discussed in their proper place; after which the director proceeds to the contents and object of the second part of the publication before us.

"As to the second part, which contains a compendium of instructions

F F

in the new art, it has been more generally desired than even the history of it, and more especially from the pen of Alois Senefelder. Lithography, of late years, has been practised at Munich, as well as elsewhere, with great success; and many artists have produced admirable specimens of writing and drawing. But amongst those who are fully acquainted with the subject in its whole extent; there is but one voice, that of all the artists who have devoted themselves to lithography, M. Alois Senefelder has made not only the earliest, but also the most numerous and diversified experiments in all its various branches, and therefore must be best able to give the desired instructions. He is a character of undisguised sincerity; and I am fully convinced, that in all his communications his earnest endeavour is, to explain himself without the least reserve, and with the utmost clearness: he has already instructed many persons, and thereby acquired great experience as to what are the difficulties which a beginner of the art usually feels in his first attempts. According to his testimony (to which Professor Mitterer, whom, after M. Senefelder, I believe to be the best and most experienced judge of lithography, entirely assents), cases happened, not long ago, which surprised the practical artist in the most unpleasant manner, and puzzled him like enchantment; cases respecting which this book lays down instructions and precautions, that could only have been known to a man of M. Senefelder's extensive experience. If, therefore, an artist or amateur, who strictly

observes the rules here given, should still meet with difficulties, he must look for the cause in the nature of his materials; for instance, in the quality of the soap, the gum, the aqua-fortis, the lamp-black, or some other seemingly trifling, but in reality important, circumstance: he must not lose courage, and by perseverance and confidence in his frank and faithful instructor, he will be sure of attaining at last the object in view.

“ Besides those branches and manners of lithography which were hitherto known, and successfully practised at Carlsruhe, Stutgard, Berlin, London, and Paris, several others are taught and explained, which were never before made public by the inventor: the former are reduced, for the first time, to simple and clear principles; and all those mistakes which, in spite of the strict observance of the prescribed rules, may occur in practice, are mentioned, explained, and cautioned against. Even his latest experiments to substitute metal plates, or his new-invented stone-paper, for stones, are communicated and explained. Though the process in these two last-mentioned species of printing is nearly related to lithography, yet they essentially differ from the art properly so called, as every one of the different metals, such as zinc, copper, brass, and iron, require a different preparation. M. Senefelder, therefore, intends to devote another work entirely to these subjects, which, when published, will form a supplement to the present.

“ May this work go forth under favourable auspices to the world; may it add to the reputation of the

author, increase the esteem which he enjoys of all lovers of the arts in and out of Germany, and encourage him to continue to devote his life, to which all friends of our country and of the arts wish a long duration, to the improvement of his great and highly promising art! Reputation and fame he has amply acquired by his invention; a man more conversant with the world would have grown rich too, though this is not his case. But our generous king has secured him from want in his old days; and I am convinced that, whatever advantage he may at any time derive from his art, he will employ it in rendering

that art more perfect, and in instructing his only son, now five years of age, so that he may be one day a worthy inheritor of his father's name."

At present we have only room to add, that the work completely explains the whole process so clearly, that any person, however unacquainted with the ordinary course of engraving, would be able, with the proper materials, to produce an engraving from stone, provided they have a sufficient knowledge of drawing: the process is simple and rapid beyond calculation. The annexed print is done by the process described in the work, p. 305.

LETTERS FROM ITALY.

WE with pleasure give insertion to the following letters from Rome, which contain information both interesting and instructive.

ROME, Jan. 16, 1819.

We have now the agreeable certainty that the Emperor and Empress of Austria will soon be here. The Grand Duke of Tuscany and the Duke of Modena will probably accompany them. The Archduke Palatine will shortly arrive from Naples, and the Grand Duke Michael from Florence. The Princes of Holstein-Augustenburg are already here.

The theatres go on in their usual way. The rope-dancers in Tor di Nona paper the fronts of the buildings with immense and hideous representations of the feats which they intend to perform. It seems to be in Italy as every where else, that the public becomes too learned, without understanding more clearly what is necessary.

Pinelli, who is well known both at home and abroad by his etchings and drawings, in which he attempts to represent scenes of vulgar life in the streets of Rome, is now publishing a series of etchings from the Roman history. By way of frontispiece, he has etched himself standing and musing before ancient Rome, round which lie overthrown fragments, eagles, fasces, &c. Behind him his dog is sitting, and his tomb-stone stands. In the back-ground a troop of monks are carrying a corpse through a triumphal arch. The public sale of this print is a proof that the *censure* is at least very unequal. There is as much *mannerism* and monotony in the heads of his Romans, as there is truth and life in many of the street scenes which he has represented.

The Aldobrandini collection is now exposed for sale. It contains, among other paintings, a very fine

Guido Reni, in his bright manner; Joseph, with the infant Jesus; six studies from Correggio's frescos at Parma, two from his Saint Sebastian; the duplicate or copy of Titian's portrait, which is at Stuttgart; and two gems of the Flemish school, a Wouvermans and a Paul Potter.

It is said here that the Vatican library will shortly undergo a new arrangement, and that M. Frederic Schlegel will be invited hither as chief librarian.

ROME, Jan. 30, 1819.

A pamphlet has just been published here by Mr. Fea, upon the approaching search for antiquities in the Tiber. It is written with more perspicuity, argument, and modesty, than the former productions of this singular man. First, he justifies the pope, St. Gregory, who is affirmed, in Naro's *Programme*, to have had the statues of the temples, &c. thrown into the Tiber. Probably the limekilns destroyed the most, and the baronial feuds the rest. It is very likely that but little was thrown into the river. Fea maintains, that not much will be found, and supports his assertion by arguments. He needed not to have troubled himself to refute the popular tradition, that the candlestick from the temple at Jerusalem lies in the river.

The steps before the temple of Peace are now clearing, and the side of it towards the Golden House, that the world may at length know which way the Via Sacra turned. One can now scarcely enjoy the Campo Vaccino, though the heaps of rubbish begin to be covered with grass, and the places

that are left open do not smell of musk, which it is well known throws the Roman ladies into convulsions.

Rome will suffer a great loss by the death of King Charles of Spain. The diminution of the annual circulation of money may be estimated, without exaggeration, at 500,000 scudi. The gallery of St. Alassio, consisting of between five and six hundred pieces, among which are some capital pictures, has already been removed to the Spanish palace, and will probably be sent to Madrid. The diamonds and pearls, among which is said to be the largest known, were put under seal some days since.

Another letter from Rome says,—"In repairing the principal altar of the lower church of St. Francis d'Assise, the body of its founder has been discovered, after having lain there unknown for six hundred years. The Sovereign Pontiff, apprised of this discovery, has given orders to the Bishops of Foligno, Perouse, Spoletta, and Assise, to repair to this latter town, after the Epiphany, and to make an authentic recognition of the body, with all the necessary forms. The intention of the Holy Father is, that these precious remains shall be transferred with pomp to the upper church, and be there exposed to the veneration of the faithful." This St. Francis, if the Romish authors are to be credited, was a mighty seer of visions and worker of miracles. At the moment of his birth there was an universal consternation among the inhabitants of the infernal regions, from an impression, that through him their power was to be destroy-

ed. He is said to have had upwards of ten personal conferences with our Blessed Saviour, and with the Virgin Mary; and, on one occasion, in consequence of his fervent prayers, the Virgin appeared to him, at midnight, in a wood, with the infant Jesus, whom she transferred to the arms of St. Francis, who embraced and kissed him until daybreak, when he restored him to his mother. At one time being faint, and wanting somewhat to refresh him, he turned water into wine. At another, desiring to be solaced by music, he was immediately gratified by angels. On a certain occasion, being thronged on the seashore by a crowd of people, who wanted, through mere devotion, to touch him, he jumped into a vessel, which of itself, like a reasonable creature, withdrew to a convenient distance from the land, and remained steadfast among the waves till he had preached to the multitude; and then, of its own accord, returned to the shore. He conversed familiarly with birds, beasts, and insects. Being on one occasion disturbed in his preaching by the pranks of a young ass, he gravely addressed him—"Brother ass, I desire thee to stand still, and not interrupt the word of God, which I am now preaching to this thirsty people." Immediately the ass fell upon his knees, and heard the sermon quite out. By the aid of the sign of the cross, he gave a ferocious wolf a temporary locked-jaw, from which the animal was not released until it professed penitence for its past transgressions, and entered into a compact never to repeat them, on condition of being fed at the expense of the in-

habitants of Eugubium. The wolf, in the presence of the people, ratified the agreement, by putting his right foot into the hand of St. Francis, and lived among them very innocently and neighbourly all the rest of his days. Being, on a certain time, sorely tempted in the flesh, he gave himself a hearty scourging, and then throwing himself naked into the deep snow, he caught some of it in his hands, and made thereof seven heaps, which being placed orderly before him, he thus accosted his outward man: "Lo! here, the bigger of these is thy wife, the other four are thy two sons and thy two daughters, and these two that remain are thy man and maid servants." The tempter, upon this, departed with shame, and the saint returned triumphantly to his cell. Some of the recipes which he gave his followers for driving away the devil, were still more whimsical. Ruffinus having complained that the devil appeared to him, and said, "Thou art damned, Francis himself is damned, and whosoever follows him is deceived," the saint directed him, should the devil again accost him, to reply in these words:—"Aperi os tuum, et ego sterconizabo in illud." Ruffinus did as he was ordered, and the devil went off in a great passion. A cross was frequently seen to issue out of the mouth of St. Francis, and his hands, feet, and side were miraculously impressed by a seraph with the five wounds of Christ. He is alleged to have cured the deaf, the dumb, the lame, the dropsical, and paralytic, and even to have raised many to life; nor did he disdain to work miracles for disco-

vering stolen goods, driving away worms and flies, and repairing ploughshares and porringers. — When his last hour approached, he stripped himself stark naked, that, among other reasons, he might “be in all things conformable unto Christ crucified, who, in poverty and distress, did hang naked on the cross.” Instantly after his decease, his soul was seen by one of his disciples ascending to heaven, in the form of a most luminous star, borne upon a pure white little cloud. His funeral was attended by such a host of angels, that the devil could not get within ten miles of his body.

THE PEDESTRIAN HOBBY-HORSE.

THE following is a more particular description of this curious and much-approved machine, which we hope soon to see generally employed.

This machine is of the most simple kind, supported by two light wheels running on the same line; the front wheel turning on a pivot, which, by means of a short lever, gives the direction in turning to one side or the other, the hind wheel always running in one direction. The rider mounts it, and seats himself in a saddle conveniently fixed on the back of the horse (if allowed to be called so),

and placed in the middle between the wheels; the feet are placed flat on the ground, so that in the first step to give the machine motion, the heel should be the part of the foot to touch the ground, and so on with the other foot alternately, as if walking on the heels, observing always to begin the movement very gently. In the front, before the rider, is placed a cushion to rest the arms on while the hands hold the lever which gives direction to the machine, as also to balance it if inclining to either side when the opposite arm is pressed on the cushion.

THE FEMALE TATTTLER.

No. XL.

So saying, with dispatchful looks in haste
She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent
What choice to choose for delicacy best;
What order, so contrived as not to mix
Tastes not well join'd, inelegant, but bring
Taste after taste upheld with kindest change;
Whatever earth, all-bearing mother, yields
In India East or West, or middle shore,
In Pontus, or the Punie coast, or where
Aleinous reign'd; fruit of all kinds, in coat
Rough or smooth rin'd, or bearded husk, or shell,
She gathers, tribute large, and on the board
Heaps with unsparing hand. — *Paradise Lost*, b. v.

VARIETY is essential to the productions of an essayist. That all his dissertations can please all, would be the idlest of his hopes; but by furnishing various subjects, and displaying successive novel-
ties, he may be justified in the expectation, that every paper will have some portion of its readers for his approvers; so that more or

less, and at one time or another, he may be sure to please them all.

On this principle I offer to my readers, who love to soar into the regions of fancy, an Oriental tale, which will, I trust, be found amusing to those whose minds can taste that kind of high-flown, glowing, and impossible narrative, which has at all times distinguished, whether in poetry or prose, the Oriental writers: indeed, it appears to have been at all times the character of the Eastern people, to have had no relish for truth or instruction, unless it was clothed in apologue or allegory. The following story is said to be a Persian tale, and a correct translation; but even should it be an imitative attempt, I cannot think that it will be thought to discredit the writer of it. It has no title, and therefore I leave it to my readers to give it such a one as may suit their fancies.

HARAN was chief physician to Alraschid, King of Persia, and charged with the care of the black palace, it being built of black marble to suit its destination, being the mausoleum of the monarchs and princes of Persia. Haran was learned, not only in every thing that related to the science of medicine, but in the motions of the heavenly bodies; he was also intimately acquainted with the contents of those sacred volumes which contained the doctrines of Oromazes, and the mysteries of that religion which had the sun for the divine object of its worship.

Alraschid has been perpetuated in the annals of Persia as the most oppressive tyrant that ever reigned in a country where absolute sway

has often caused tyranny to degrade the throne. He was consequently haunted by fear, jealousy, and suspicion; three demons that never fail to beget cruelty in the heart they inhabit, and produce misery wherever power can employ it. Such was his barbarous, bloody, and unrelenting nature, that on very groundless jealousies he caused several of his queens to be strangled, as well as a larger proportion of his sons to suffer death, on ill-founded suspicions that they had formed designs against his throne and his life. Fearing, however, from such a succession of sanguinary cruelties, that his race might become extinct, he sent for Haran to make known to him the anxious state of his mind, and the apprehensions he entertained respecting the succession to the throne of Persia. The king thus addressed him: "I have long venerated thy superior character for wisdom and virtue; and particularly that, with the means of living in luxury and splendour, thou preferest a life of privacy and retirement. I am about to prove the entire confidence I have in thy fidelity to me. Of the many sons which I have had, two only remain, and they are infants. It is my wish that thou shouldst take them under thy care, and educate them as thine own children. Quench in them any rising ardour of ambition; direct them in the pursuits of knowledge; let them know nothing but what will render them contented with their apparent station in life: thus the race of the caliphs will be preserved, and these children will ascend with every happy qualification to reign when I am no more, and without attempting to raise them-

selves to the throne, till fate pronounces the period of their succession to it." Haran made his obeisance and departed.

He now took the children under his own immediate care, and gave up all the time his other important avocations would allow, to adorn them with every exterior grace, and to instil into their minds the love of science, as well as to impress their hearts with the love of virtue. These young princes, unconscious of their rank and character, loved and obeyed Haran as their father; and made such advancement under his guardian care, that when they arrived at manhood, they were possessed of all the learning of the East. The name of the eldest was Isemen, and the youngest Dello-rah, who loved and lived as brothers and as friends.

Haran had one daughter, the beauty of whose person was of unrivalled splendour; nor was her mind less qualified with intellectual charms. She was considered as the wonder of her sex and her station. The princes, who, from the custom of Oriental education, were excluded from all communication with general society, were frequently in the habit of enjoying the society of Illoulah, who had, in some measure, been educated in the same course of studies as themselves. Isemen, whose heart had been formed of softer materials than that of his brother, became so enamoured of this lovely accomplished maid, that his existence seemed to be interwoven with hers. He lived only in her presence; she was all and every thing to him; and the whole world was only regarded by him as it possessed this inestimable treasure.

Such was the reputation of her transcendent beauty, that the king, under a feigned pretence of seeing his children, paid a visit to Haran, when he asked to see his daughter. She accordingly appeared, and the royal visitor was so charmed with her beauty, that the following day he sent for Haran, and told him, that as a reward for all his faithful services, he determined to raise his daughter, the incomparable Illoulah, to the throne of Persia. Haran, who well knew what would be the fate of his darling child if united to the jealous, cruel Alraschid, and being acquainted with the passion of Isemen, whom he loved as his own child, humbly represented to his royal master, that the blood of the caliphs would be contaminated by a marriage with a daughter of a person in such an inferior condition; but the king, who was determined to possess a beauty who had so violently inflamed his passions, sent for her again into his presence, and himself informed her of the honour to which he intended to elevate her. On hearing this unexpected but unwelcome intention of her sovereign, she instantly fainted; when Haran entreated his royal master to allow him a few days to prepare his daughter for the high honours which awaited her, as the very mention of them had produced such an alarming effect upon her. Alraschid consented to the proposal, but gave orders for the most splendid preparations to grace his approaching nuptials. Illoulah was so affected with the thoughts of being separated from her dear Isemen, that the shock occasioned a fever, of the progress of which the king was hourly informed. Haran well

knew that some extraordinary means must be employed to extricate her from a situation, which he and his daughter equally dreaded. Death she declared would be infinitely preferable: accordingly Haran, having gained her ready consent, gave her a potion, which he knew would lay her asleep for a certain number of hours. He then, with all the grief of a disconsolate father, informed the king of her death: but Alraschid, who was never affected by those events which call forth the tender sentiments of love and humanity, gave himself little concern on the occasion; but as his intended marriage had been proclaimed throughout the empire, he gave orders that she should be buried, as if she had been his bride, in the black palace, where all his deceased, or rather murdered, queens had been deposited. Haran, the following day, gave a similar potion to Isemen as had been given to Illoulah.

It is a custom in the Persian empire to convey, in the most private manner, the bodies of the royal family, a short time after their death, into the black palace, which is the mausoleum of all who are descended from the caliphs, or in any degree allied to them. The chief physician is always entrusted with the care of this dread repository, it being a part of his official duty to embalm the imperial family after their death. The black palace, as already mentioned, is so denominated from the colour of the building, which is constructed of black marble of the highest polish. There are always burning in it five thousand lamps, which are never suffered to be extinguished. It has

also a hundred folding doors of ebony, each of which is watched day and night by a hundred negroes, who allow no one to enter but the chief physician.

Haran, after he had conveyed the body of Illoulah into this repository of the dead, took care to watch the time when she was to awake; nor did he fail to pay the same attention to the waking moments of Isemen. The royal physician, who was supposed to be employed in embalming the bodies, paid frequent visits to the black palace. The greatest difficulty, however, was to rescue the lovers from their situation, as the gates were so vigilantly attended. At length Haran bethought himself, that the first day of the full moon was at hand; and it is a traditionary article of the Persian faith, that the souls of those of the royal family who are destined to a state of final happiness, pass, on the first full moon after their decease, the eastern gate of the black palace, called the gate of paradise, in order to take their flight to the seats of happiness and the bowers of blessedness.

Haran, having made due preparation for this event, dressed each of the lovers in a robe of azure silk, with a long train of white linen, that floated on the ground behind them. Upon Isemen's head was a wreath of myrtle, and on Illoulah's brow was a wreath of roses. The airy robes were perfumed with Arabian odours, that impregnated the air around them with their sweetness. These preparations being made, the full moon no sooner appeared to assume its place in the heavens, but he privately opened the gate of paradise, and instantly

shut it as soon as they had passed. The band of negroes, who were posted at a little distance from the gate, seeing two such beautiful apparitions, which glided along by the light of the moon, and being astonished by the odour of their garments, believed them to be the ghosts of the two royal persons lately deceased: they, therefore, fell upon their faces as they passed through the midst of them, and continued prostrate in a state of astonishment until these beautiful figures had escaped all danger of detection.

Haran had ordered two of his mules to be led, and left unattended at a certain place, where he met the fugitives, and conducted them to a house which he had on Mount Kharan. In this delightful retirement Isemen and Illoulah lived; but so highly were they accomplished in all art and science, and so fondly were they attached to each other, that they delighted in the solitude in which they were compelled to live.

After some years the king died, and was succeeded by his son Dellorah, who, on the imaginary death of his elder brother Isemen, had been called to court, and acknowledged as the heir of the Persian empire. Though he had been for a long time inconsolable for the death of his brother, Haran did not think it would be prudent to un-

fold the secret of his being alive, as it might have been attended with fatal consequences if it had by any means come to the knowledge of the deceased king; but Dellorah no sooner succeeded to the throne of Persia, than Haran resolved to communicate the extraordinary and unexpected history to him. But before a proper opportunity presented itself, the new king, Dellorah, having been separated from his company in the pursuits of the chase, and almost fainting with heat and thirst, found himself at the foot of Mount Kharan, and arriving at Haran's house, demanded refreshment. The royal physician happened to be there; and after having presented him with the choicest delicacies and the finest fruits, told him that the most delightful part of the entertainment remained yet behind: on which he related all that had passed. The king was at once astonished with wonder and transported with joy; and seeing Isemen enter the room with his beloved Illoulah, he fell upon his neck and wept. He told his sister that she should now be a queen indeed, as he would resign the crown to his elder brother; but Isemen and his adored princess preferred the sweets of retirement, and the paradise they had created around them, to the grandeur of thrones, the state of royalty, and the cares of empire. F—T—

EXTRACTS FROM A GLEANER'S COMMONPLACE-BOOK.

ANECDOTE OF THE LATE R. B.
SHERIDAN.

MEN of genius are alike in more respects than in their talents, and as it is proverbial that authors, and

especially poets, are poor, it may be almost as truly said, that their poverty is most frequently the effect of their improvidence. Of this a thousand examples might be

adduced from our literary history, and the following authentic anecdote of Sheridan, not yet we believe published, will make that thousand a thousand and one.

He had accepted a bill for £50 in favour of some pressing and severe creditor, who had threatened to put an execution into his house, and seize the few goods that remained: it had become due, and was unpaid, and the address where it lay having been left, Sheridan hastened to Mr. Peake, the treasurer of Drury-lane Theatre, and persuaded him to advance him the money. With the £50 in bank-notes in his pocket, Sheridan started for A—— street, Piccadilly, to take up his acceptance: it was now past four o'clock, and as the usual hour of closing business is five, he had no time to lose. Crossing Covent-Garden, he was accosted by an old Irish market-woman, who recognised her red-nosed countryman, who had some shamroc in his hat in honour of St. Patrick's day. "Arrha, *plase* your worthy honour, I know you're as *ginerous* as a nobleman, and I hope you're as rich, for faith I'm very poor myself, and don't know how to get any money for my pretty darlings. I hope your worthy honour on Paddy's day won't refuse to give your poor countrywoman something to drink, and to ate too, a'nt *plase* your worthy-honour." Sheridan was passing on, but he was still pursued by Katty O'Carrol with her "Plase your worthy honour, don't forget us on Paddy's day, and I won't forget you on some other day, when we shall be all poor alike:" at last he was overcome, and putting his hand into his pocket, he pulled out

a £5 note, which he gave to the old market-woman, and hurried on, never recollecting that it was now out of his power to take up his acceptance. In Leicester Fields he encountered a poor friend, who had written an unsuccessful tragedy, and looked more melancholy than his hero. Sheridan and he had been intimate, and they had often borrowed money of each other when P—— was in better circumstances. P—— now thought it his turn to apply for aid, and before he began to speak, Sheridan anticipated his request by his looks (aided by the rustiness of his mourning suit), and putting a £10 note into his hand, invited him to dine with him on some future day. What happened afterwards before he reached A—— street, we are not informed, but when he entered the house where his bill lay, he pulled out his bank-notes as if in perfect unconsciousness that he had so diminished them, and found that they amounted to only £35, which of course the holder of the acceptance, a stranger to Sheridan, could not receive in part payment. Sheridan left the house not at all disconcerted, and meeting a Mr. L—— on his return in Coventry-street, they agreed to proceed immediately to Freemasons' Hall, where they dined with their compatriots, and Sheridan, out of his remaining £35, gave £30 to promote the objects of the charity, the anniversary of which he was celebrating.

MACBETH'S CASTLE.

The servants belonging to the West Mains of Dunsinane-House, were employed in carrying away stones from the excavation made among the ruins that point out the

site of Macbeth's castle here; part of the ground they stood on suddenly gave way, and sunk down about six feet, discovering a regularly built vault, about six feet long and four wide. None of the men being injured, curiosity induced them to clear out the subterranean recess, when they discovered among the ruins a large stone, weighing about 500lbs. which is pronounced to be of the meteoric or semi-metallic kind. This stone must have lain here during the long series of ages since Macbeth's reign. Beside it were also found two round tablets, of a composition resembling bronze. On one of these two lines are engraved, which a gentleman has thus deciphered: "The scone (or shadow) of kingdom come, until sylphs in air carry me again to Bethel." These plates exhibit the figures of targets for the arms. From time immemorial it has been believed among us here, that unseen hands brought Jacob's pillow from Bethel, and dropped it on the site where the palace of Scoon now stands. A strong belief is also entertained by many in this part of the country, that it was only a representation of this Jacob's pillow that Edward sent to Westminster, the sacred stone not having been found by him. The curious here, aware of such traditions, and who have viewed these venerable remains of antiquity, agree that Macbeth may, or rather must, have deposited the stone in question at the bottom of his castle on the hill of Dunsinane (from the troubles of the times), where it has been found by the

workmen. This curious stone has been shipped for London, for the inspection of the scientific amateur, in order to discover its real quality.

A MURDER DISCOVERED.

When Dr. Donne, afterwards dean of St. Paul's, London, took possession of the first living he ever had, he took a walk into the church-yard, where the sexton was digging a grave, and throwing up a skull, the doctor took it up to contemplate thereon, and found a small sprig or headless nail sticking in the temple, which he drew out secretly, and wrapt it up in the corner of his handkerchief. He then demanded of the gravedigger, whether he knew whose skull that was. He said he did very well, declaring it was a man's who kept a brandy-shop; an honest, drunken fellow, who, one night having taken two quarts of that comfortable creature, was found dead in his bed next morning. "Had he a wife?"—"Yes."—"What character does she bear?"—"A very good one: only the neighbours reflect on her because she married the day after her husband was buried." This was enough for the doctor, who, under the pretence of visiting his parishioners, called on her: he asked her several questions, and among others, what sickness her husband died of. She giving him the same account he had before received, he suddenly opened the handkerchief, and cried in an authoritative voice, "Woman, do you know this nail?" She was struck with horror at the unexpected demand, and instantly owned the fact.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

Grand Waltz for two Performers on the Piano-forte, composed by John Field. Pr. 3s. (Boosey & Co.)

MR. FIELD'S works are justly ranked, on the Continent, among the classic compositions of the present time. They carry on the face of them a strong tinge of the great school to which he does honour. This will be found to be the case in the present publication, an extended and elaborate waltz movement in A major, with an episodic $\frac{6}{8}$ part in one flat. The subject of the waltz is extremely elegant, and the superstructure evinces the most tasteful fertility of invention. A short and bold modulation connects it with the middle movement in F, which, in its turn, is linked to the resumption of the waltz by an equally novel path. These unexpected transitions to distant keys are at present much in vogue abroad, and, like all fashions, will probably make their way to this country ere long. In the $\frac{6}{8}$ movement in question, and in the recurrence of the theme in A, we observe a variety of original ideas, and some harmonic combinations, which bespeak the pen of a master. The arrangement of the second, which acts concertante, is written with equal ability. Although this production is truly classic, the performance of it may be accomplished without being gifted with first-rate abilities.

Variations to "God save the King," for the Piano-forte, by J. N. Hummel. Pr. 2s. (Boosey & Co.)

Almost all the piano-forte composers in Europe have tried their strength upon this theme: it is,

therefore, a matter of some risk to enter the lists as competitor where invention seems nearly exhausted. But with Hummel's talents, the danger of a failure was not to be apprehended. Indeed he has shewn, on this occasion, that real genius can reap abundantly on a field long forsaken by common gleaners. These variations are of the superior order of composition. Without fatiguing our readers with a systematic analysis, we shall just direct their attention to one or two features. The 3d variation (written, like the rest, in four distinct parts,) is conceived in the higher style of musical writing. The scientific mellowness of harmonic combination which glides through its *legato* bars, exhibits the master. The same is the case with var. 5. where the theme is most skilfully treated in the manner of a fugue. A good player, of course, is required to do full justice to such music. *Three Italian Arietts, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte; composed, and dedicated to Mrs. Salmon, by F. Sor.* Pr. 5s. (Chappell & Co.)

One set of Mr. Sor's arietts (dedicated to Lady Burghersh) was brought under the notice of our readers in No. XXXIII. of this Miscellany; and on another set (dedicated to the Duke of Sussex) we entered into rather a detailed criticism in No. XXXVII. The high opinion which, on those occasions, we expressed of this gentleman's compositions, renders it natural that we should feel a delight in having an opportunity of once more introducing him to our musi-

cal friends. If in this instance we convey our sentiments in a more compressed form, the cause lies solely in the limitation of space which the great number of other publications enforces upon us.

The first of these ariettes (in E b), although of short compass, would afford scope for considerable comment, highly in favour of the author; indeed, to comment on Mr. Sor's labour, as far as we have witnessed it, is to pay a just tribute to his talent. The symphony is finely imagined; the air itself breathes deep inward feeling from beginning to end; and the harmonic colouring blends variety with great skill of treatment. There is scarcely a bar in which the accompaniment does not offer something to excite interest, and to prove that every step of Mr. Sor's is guided not only by true taste, but by well-digested reflection. The more one analyzes, the more obvious are his reasons for particular passages; and to divine the thoughts of the master, in music as well as in the sister arts, forms, to a cultivated mind, a source of high mental gratification.

The second ariette (in G) is double the extent of both its companions taken together. Upon this Mr. S. seems to have bestowed his full strength: it is an elaborate and, we will add, a finished piece of musical writing; it is equal to his best compositions, and higher praise it is not in our power to award. We have already adverted to the want of room, which prevents our entering into detail; otherwise this song would furnish materials for a very extended critique, such is the variety of ideas which follow

each other in uninterrupted succession, yet blending into a whole, the well-organized plan of which is apparent at every step. In the accompaniment we equally observe the most fanciful diversity. At times it seems to melt in delicate softness, while, on other occasions, it assumes a high character of originality, and sometimes of unusual boldness. In short, this air approaches our idea of compositorial perfection (in this style), and its examination would form a beneficial study for the young lyric composer.

No. 3. although a bagatelle in comparison with its predecessor, has merits of its own. The symphony, quite as long as the vocal part, is extremely elegant; the air itself breathes lightsome gracefulness; and some of the expressions and harmonic turns exhibit peculiar sweetness. The second and third stanzas are sung to the melody of the first.

A new and complete Directory to the Art of Playing on the Patent British LUTE-HARP, with suitable Lessons, &c. composed, arranged, and fingered by Edward Light, inventor and patentee of the above instrument. Pr. 10s. 6d.

In the sixth volume (First Series) of the *Repository*, we gave a concise description of Mr. Light's harp-lute. We then stated our opinion as to some imperfections inherent in the nature of that instrument. The lute-harp, to which the above publication applies, is announced as an improvement on the harp-lute, and appears to us as such in a very great degree.

The lute-harp has seventeen strings, which are tuned in diatonic

succession, from the highest E \flat in the bass to the second G in the treble. The latter string (alone) is capable of producing a further ascent to E \flat by means of frets. Thus the range of the instrument comprises three octaves. But the main feature of improvement in the lute-harp consists in the addition of a mechanism, resembling the pedals on the harp, by which each string may be raised half a tone. This is accomplished by brass buttons (called *ditals*) applied to the back part of the neck of the instrument, a few of the higher strings excepted, which are raised by another contrivance. By this means it follows of course, that the lute-harp may play in any key, and accidental flats and sharps are produced by momentary adaptations. This is certainly a very great improvement on the harp-lute, and probably the utmost approach to perfection attainable in the instrument, the fulness of whose tone, together with its portability, comparative cheapness, practical facility, and exterior elegance, are likely to recommend it to many fair amateurs.

But on its outward appearance our readers shall pass their own judgment. In the long career of this Miscellany, not less than two hundred and forty-eight different specimens of female beauty have been portrayed in all the fleeting elegancies of fashion. One of our friends, an adorer of the sex, and a man of refined taste of course, who is at the expense of a monthly couple of frames, and already boasts of a *paper harem* not far short of the museum (all alive) of Solyman the Great, often observed, what a pity it was, that most, if not

all, the inmates of this Repository of beauty went abroad without any token of occupation in their fair hands; now and then perhaps a fan, a heart's ease, a muff, a new novel, parasol, or ridicule. But what's that? Why not something more tangible, and at the same time elegant?

Our friend's desiderata of tangibility and elegance are, we trust, satisfied beyond his expectation by the portraiture of the lute-harp in the snowy hands of that lovely, that arch brunette. Her thoughts do not seem exclusively devoted to music, for she does not mind her book a bit; while Pompey seems to listen to the dulcet harmony with the attention of a philharmonic connoisseur, and the gravity of a critic.—See *Fashions*, plate 24.

She is a most fascinating little charmer, to be sure! What a graceful attitude, what a fresh blooming countenance! "Too handsome by half," exclaimed one of our fair acquaintances, whose opinion we hoped would chime in with our own taste. "I tell you what, sir; Mr. A. by his prints of fashion, does a great deal of harm. His ladies are all ideal beauties, like the angelic heroines of our earliest novels, not to be met with in real life. Only look at the cut of their feet*, altogether not much larger than a rational great toe. Depend upon it, sir, this is only filling the heads of our young men with extravagant notions, at our expense—fairy forms, which they will never meet with in their matrimonial canvassings. And the poor lads, too, are no less the victims of these *ultra* representations of female beauty:

* The present company excepted! Miss * * * alludes to former specimens.

they hunt after phantoms, and miss the real prize within their reach. Is it to be wondered——”

Heavens! where have we got to? Into an action of trespass, probably—*Female Tattler, Adviser*, and others, *versus* the reviewer of crotchets and minims, who, instead of reviewing Mr. Light's book and his ditties, goes on *a piacere*, and burns his fingers in criticizing ladies' feet, not *con delicatezza* moreover.

We plead guilty, and crave pardon. *Tempo primo*, then: Mr. Light's directory contains every thing necessary to the knowledge and practice of his new instrument: ample explanations regarding its nature and manipulation; instructions for tuning, fingering, &c.; scales, exercises, easy first lessons, proper and pleasing airs, songs, and pieces to be accompanied by the piano-forte. The arrangement is so clear and methodical, that we should think it by no means impossible to master the lute-harp with the assistance of the book before us.

“*The Sun that lights the Roses*,” sung by Mr. Pearman at the Olympic Theatre, in the Burletta of “*Rochester*,” the Music by T. Williams. Price 1s. 6d. (T. Williams).

If we mistake not, this is a first appearance in our *Repository*; and on such occasions we make it a point to be a little more particular. If there be a latent spark of promise, we wish to fan it into future flame; if the dross yields but smoke, and that impure, it is charity to smother the mass at once. In Mr. W.'s performance we discover indications of talent, which demand very strenuous encouragement on

our part, and, on his, further diligent application to the rules of composition. We say “further,” because we can see that Mr. W. is sufficiently acquainted with the principles, not to commit any gross violations of counterpoint. The imperfections we have discovered are of small import, and such as we have ere now passed by in the productions of authors of no mean repute.—In the 15th bar, the A's in the voice and bass form an objectionable octave: the C ♯ in b. 31 is out of place; indeed the A in the melody ought not to have had any harmony (we don't want D 3, but a pause on D 7): the first note in the bass of bar 35 (and equally in the symphony) ought to have been C, as in b. 31; in bars 25 and 27 the treble and bass go over the same notes, and b. 27 ought altogether to have been differently treated.

But enough of the disagreeable part of a critic's duty, or else we shall want room for the pleasing task of expressing our sincere approbation of the general complexion of Mr. W.'s production. One prominent merit is the proper symmetry and the rhythmical distribution of the periods. All is in good keeping. The subject, as exhibited bb. 9—16, is very tasteful, and the repetition proper, much better than the common practice of floundering into modulation at the outset. The next two lines again are entitled to much commendation. The phrase in E minor is very appropriate, and the manner of leading it to a close upon D is any thing but commonplace. The burden of the song is well handled in the 3d page.

"*Oh! let me only breathe the Air,*" from "*Lallu Rookh,*" written by Thomas Moore, Esq.; the Music by J. C. Clifton. Pr. 1s. 6d. (J. Power.)

Mr. Clifton's name as a composer stands likewise, we believe, for the first time in our Miscellany. His song is a letter of introduction to obtain him a hearty welcome. Every thing in it is not quite critic-proof, but we see more than sufficient to be convinced, that nature has liberally planted in him the elements of fine musical feeling. We shall very briefly advert to a few matters that more particularly excited our attention.—The symphony is done in a tasteful manner. The 5th bar, containing a double third, induces us to refer to a rule (much infringed), to avoid as much as possible to double the third of any fundamental. The subject of the air (bb. 9—16) is excellent; besides its soft and chaste melody, we remark the good effect of the chord of the second. At "only" a *césure* ought to have been avoided by all means (Mr. C. we dare say, will feel our reason!!) From b. 17 to 20 there is much and sudden modulation; three consecutive bars are upon E, 7. We should have preferred a more continued stay in the tonic; and in bars 21 and 22 we should have put | E, E♯ | F♯, D. | "There drink my tears" is expressed with affecting tenderness, and the transition to C, 7 b has our commendation. A modulation to B minor in the next line is likewise entitled to very favourable mention: it ought, however, to have been written somewhat differently, as it is really brought about by E♯, not F♯. The third

page begins with a new movement in $\frac{2}{4}$ time, very tastefully conceived and developed. The accompaniment, however, is not always in strict purity. Thus, for instance, in bb. 5 and 6 there is an alternation of fifths and octaves, which could easily have been avoided: but the whole of this page is in very good style. In the last page, we observe towards the end (after the sequence) considerable employment of the relative minor. Even in the very last line there is a touch of it, and just time enough to get into the key to end the song. This portion we do not approve; it is altogether in the style of past times, and, as we hinted before, the harmony of the tonic is not sufficiently prevalent, which ought to be the case towards the winding up.

"*Hinda's Appeal to her Lover,*" from Moore's "*Lalla Rookh;*" the Music by G. Kiallmark. Pr. 2s. (J. Power.)

There is rather an abundance of the common chord of the key, and that of the dominant seventh, in this song, and the bass is somewhat plain; but we are not so fastidious as, on that account, to withhold from this specimen of Mr. K.'s vocal Muse the approbation which it justly claims. The melody is conceived with much chasteness, and the successive ideas proceed in smooth and uninterrupted course. The final portion, from *agitato*, although simple in itself, comes in with much effect. On looking at the second stanza, we find evidence of Mr. K.'s judgment. The metre is not quite the same as that of the first, but the melody has been so devised as to apply to both, with very tri-

fling alteration. Indeed we think the second stanza appears more impressive than the first. The second part in particular (p. 7) presents itself to great advantage.

"*Paradise and the Peri*," *Recitative and Song*, from "*Lalla Rookh*;" the Music by W. Hawes. Pr. 2s. (J. Power.)

The recitativo is devised with propriety of musical diction, and the last line, in particular, adapts itself well to the text. The aria Mr. H. has cast into the form of a *Siciliano*, a species of movement which has grown somewhat out of date in vocal music, probably because the singular formality of its march does not fall in so well with the smooth cantilena prevalent in modern compositions. This choice may have contributed to impart to the present air a strong tinge of the old school: there is much modulation from major to minor, and *vice versa*, and the serious hymn-like cast of the melody seems scarcely called for by the text, which, perhaps, was altogether unsuitable for harmonic illustration. In other respects, we must own that the author has shewn considerable skill in the arrangement, which exhibits throughout the marks of a correct harmonist.

Capriccio Militaire, for the Piano-Forte, composed, and dedicated to Miss Watler, by J. F. Danneley. Pr. 3s. (Goulding & Co.)

In the introduction, which is an allegro, Mr. D. has been particularly successful; it is written not only with good taste and science, but with considerable originality. The very idea of going to work *allegro* pleases us. The subject of the next allegro (p. 2) (E b) is a

little in the common quick march style; but Mr. D. has handled it well, and he leads us soon into bold chromatic scenery in the same page. The next page is almost *notatim* a reprint. At page 4 comes a part in B b, rather curious in rhythm, the periods of the motivo being of five bars: be it so, as the composition is a capriccio, and the fives are fairly contrived. Several good ideas arise in the subsequent digressive matter, in which energy and spirit are predominant. The rondo sets out with a $\frac{6}{8}$ subject in E b, and its second part in C minor is of determined character. In the 6th page there is good and indifferent; to the first line, for instance, we cannot at all reconcile ourselves. The part in E b minor is well devised, and the few bars of adagio are well placed; but in the 5th line of this page, we meet with singular combination: the \times F with F b we do not understand, even considered as anticipation. The coda (p. 7) is good, but we remember a very similar one in a former piece of Mr. D.'s.

The Highlander's Serenade, adapted to a popular Scotch Air, with additional Melody, and an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte or Harp, composed by J. F. Klose. Pr. 1s. 6d. (Goulding & Co.)

A high degree of innocent simplicity characterizes this little ballad, and renders it attractive. The accompaniment is plain, as it should be, chiefly resting on a pedal bass. The additional melody of Mr. K.'s composition we presume is contained in the burden of the air (p. 3); if so, we can add, that it blends kindly into the general character of the whole.

"*Sweet's the rosy Breath of Morning*," a *Ballad*, written by the Right Hon. Lord A——n; arranged to the celebrated Air, "*Rousseau's Dream*," as a *Duet* for Soprano and Tenor, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte or Harp, and dedicated to the Misses Armstrong, by C. M. Sola. Pr. 2s. (Falkner.)

As the air of "*Rousseau's Dream*" is well known, we confine our notice to the adaptation by Mr. Sola, which, with one qualification, claims our entire approbation. Our observation relates to the tenor part. If this is to be sung as written, the second, in a great portion of the duet, is *above* the soprano. We know such a practice is not uncommon, and certain of our concert-singers are ever ready to bear a hand in it, with a falsetto calculated to raise a doubt as to *cujus generis*: but the thing is against all good taste, and the effect to us is that of cloying unnatural sweets, literally the *ultra* in harmonics. If the tenor is to be sung an octave lower than that in which it is written, it should be mentioned, because female voices will occasionally sing both parts, and these will sing it as written. To such a case the above observation fully applies. The arrangement of the vocal parts, saving the doubt as to pitch, is meritorious, and the variation in the second stanza tastefully devised. The same remark attaches to the instrumental accompaniment, which is likewise neat and prettily diversified in the repetition, so that the whole forms a very pleasing duet.—The burden of the song we did not at first sight comprehend, *But the morning gales above is the balmy*

breath of love means, But the balmy breath of love is superior to the morning gales.

The celebrated Spanish Air introduced in the *National Melodies*, arranged with Variations for the Piano-forte, with an Accompaniment for the Flute *ad. lib.* by C. N. Smith. Pr. 2s. (Falkner.)

Although these variations are here and there liable to remark, we have reason to speak well of them upon the whole. The authentic theme is in $\frac{3}{4}$ time, not in $\frac{6}{8}$, as here written. In the latter time, each part would consist, as it does here, of but four bars. The 2d variation is well rendered in common time, and altogether satisfactory. The 3d, with a bass of constant thirds, required no great ingenuity. The march, var. 4. is entitled to approbation. No. 5. is of no peculiar interest, and not quite pure as to harmony. No. 7. is tastefully conceived, and the passages are well contrived. All is written in an easy manner.

Fashionable Waltzes, composed by Mozart, Steibelt, &c. arranged for the Piano-forte by J. Denman. Nos. I. II. and III. Pr. 1s. each. (C. Wheatstone & Co.)

Of the many waltzes now current, these three numbers contain pretty nearly the best. Whoever may be their author (a question of some difficulty in most dance-tunes), these are indubitably of authentic foreign origin. The arrangement, with some trifling exceptions, is very fair, and quite easy. The melodies here and there present slight deviations from the original, and two or three misprints have met our eye (e. g. No. I. W. 2. b. 14, and No. I. W. 2. b. 12).

'*The Duchess of Cambridge's Waltz*,' composed expressly for, and most humbly dedicated to, her Royal Highness, by M. Corri. Pr. 1s. 6d. (C. Wheatstone & Co.)

The subject of this waltz is very pleasing, although of great simplicity; and the different successive parts are in good keeping with the motivo, and proceed with well-

measured pace, so as to be fit for the ball-room. A very good strain presents itself at the top of p. 2; but there is one at the bottom which is a little singular. The conclusion is quite spirited. Beginners may be made to play the whole without much application, the arrangement being perfectly easy.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION AT THE LEICESTER GALLERY.

THE fine Picture-Gallery of Sir John Leicester, Bart. in Hill-street, Berkeley-square, has just been thrown open for the season to the lovers of the arts. The admission is by tickets from the honourable proprietor, and the gallery will remain open on Mondays, between the hours of one and four o'clock, until the 17th May next.

The pictures are all by British artists, and their value may in some degree be estimated when we state, that Sir John Leicester's collection (including some at Tabley-House in Cheshire) consists of five by Sir Joshua Reynolds, four by Romney, one by Louthembourg, two by West, two by Hoppner, four by Opie, one by Lawrence, six by Turner, one by Beechey, one by Bourgeois, two by Gainsborough, two by Wilson, four by Ward, two by Fuseli, six by Northcote, one by Howard, three by Owen, three by Thomson, one by Shee, two by Callcott, and several others by Hilton, Harlowe, Collins, Devis, and a number of other artists.

It is needless to dwell on the obviously patriotic motive of Sir John

Leicester in forming this fine collection, and throwing open, at no small expense, and very considerable domestic inconvenience, his gallery to the lovers of art. Upwards of twelve years have elapsed since Mr. Shee asserted, that from the productions of living genius at that moment in Great Britain might be produced examples of excellence in every department of art, which would adorn the noblest collections, and reflect honour on any age and nation; but until Sir John Leicester's noble and patriotic effort, no adequate attempt was made to justify Mr. Shee's assertion, and demonstrate to the public mind the high character of British art. The annual Exhibitions at the Royal Academy do much to make the public acquainted with the progress of our fine arts; but the variety on these occasions is so great, the walls so covered with works in every degree of merit, and the rooms altogether so crowded, that the pictures may be rather said to be viewed *en masse*, than examined with any particular or scrupulous attention; the eye is dazzled at

one moment by the blaze of colour on the canvas, and then diverted from the pictures to the company, so that it is absolutely impossible to get a calm and steady view, so as to appreciate the real merit of the works. The Exhibitions at the British Institution, which have conferred so much benefit on the arts, in a great degree consist of the works of rising artists, and, with a few splendid exceptions, rather present the progressive growth of the talents of those who are destined on a future day to sustain the reputation of our arts, than any mature view of the high station which they have already acquired by the labours and talents of our countrymen, under the private and unostentatious patronage of many distinguished individuals. The only complete view which has of late years been given to the public of the steady and persevering labours of an English artist, was at the exhibition of the works of Sir Joshua Reynolds at the British Gallery; and we remember the effect which this produced at the time, and the impetus it gave to the public feeling in its estimation of the character of our artists. Since that period, a variety of concurrent circumstances have contributed to the advancement of our arts, and a general avidity has prevailed for the purchase of good pictures: many collections thus formed have been made liberally accessible to the lovers of art, and important steps have been taken to assist our students in the acquisition of that knowledge which is essential to their pursuits. At no period, however, until the present, have our artists had the benefit of such an

effort in their behalf as that now made by Sir John Leicester: he may be said to have embodied the pictorial talent of our country, and to have given it

“A local habitation, and a name.”

There are perhaps some finer works either in the possession of the artists (such as Mr. West for instance), or scattered about in private collections, than are contained in this gallery; but no where else can there be found so fair a specimen of what art has silently done, in all its departments, for the last half century in this country: we hail, therefore, the opening of this gallery as a new era in our arts, and as a certain prelude of their more increased value in public estimation. It is impossible to suppose that the high example set by Sir John Leicester can fail to produce the effect intended by the hon. baronet; it is impossible to suppose, that in fashionable life, where such emulation prevails in all ornamental pursuits, that this example shall alone escape imitation, and that Sir John Leicester's attempt to shew the excellence which British art has acquired, shall be suffered to stand as a single record of disinterested patriotism. These are the pursuits which ennoble rank, and shed an additional lustre on high birth and station. Besides their present operation on public taste, and on individual destiny, they perpetuate the most valuable of all property; they carry down through successive generations an heir-loom, which, while it always secures the possessor in the enjoyment of an amount of wealth, less subject than almost any other to diminution in the

course of time, at the same time enables him to gratify the taste and improve the moral sentiment of the age in which he lives, and uphold the reputation of his country. Who is there, that in viewing the sad remains of Athenian, or the later fragments of the splendour of Roman grandeur,

“As in those domes where Cæsars once bore sway,

Defaced by time, and tottering in decay,”

dreams of the tyranny of the thirty tyrants, or the cruelties of Nero, or is struck with any other impression than the chastened and solemn awe which such noble remains are calculated to inspire? The moral sentiment of art alone fills the mind, and its value and influence survive the wreck of ages; and still in their original freshness cherish and elevate the national taste, and refine and purify our moral sensibilities.

Were this gallery of an ordinary kind, and mixed up with good and bad pictures, motives of propriety and delicacy would restrain us from making them the subject of any particular observation; but as this collection can challenge minute examination, and as it is due to the artists whose works it contains to assert their claims to public attention, we shall select a few of the prominent pictures for the remarks to which they appear to us entitled.

Portrait of Lady Leicester.—Sir Thomas Lawrence, R.A.

This is in every respect one of the most beautiful portraits we ever saw, even from the pencil of Sir Thomas Lawrence. It has all the grace, all the elegance, all the delicate vivacity which this great portrait-painter can infuse into his

works*; and what is a still greater, and an unusual, merit in his portraits, the likeness of the original is not sacrificed to the *beau idéal* of the artist. Nature seems here to have asserted her triumph, and the painter, for once in his life, has been satisfied with his model. Were this picture any where else, we should speak of it with that delight which it imparts to every observer; but as it is in the gallery of Sir John Leicester, and as admission to the pictures can only be had through his courtesy, we must pass to the other works, lest our particular observations upon this portrait might expose us to the unworthy imputation of meaning to flatter, where our only object, as it ever must be in our remarks upon art, was to express our feelings with propriety and truth.

Europa.—W. Hilton, R.A.

This is one of the finest poetical works ever executed by a young artist. Every body knows Ovid's beautiful description of this subject. Europa is represented on the back of the bull in the ocean, surrounded by sea-nymphs and satyrs:

“Her train of rustling garments flies behind,
Swells in the air, and hovers in the wind.”

The artist has displayed exquisite poetical taste in the concep-

* His Imperial Highness the Archduke John of Austria expresses himself thus in a recent letter to the publisher of the *Repository*: “Your great Lawrence is here, and has just finished the portraits of our Emperor, Prince Metternich, and Prince Schwartzberg, in a most imposing style; one picture finer than the other. He is a *great master* indeed! He will leave us shortly for Rome, to paint a portrait of his Holiness the Pope.”

tion and execution of this subject; the figures are full of spirit, and grouped so as to form the most agreeable lines. There is a glowing warmth and delicacy in the colouring which finely accord with the poetical nature of the subject. This is decidedly the best of this artist's pictures, perhaps the best of the rising English school.

Landscape.—W. Collins, A. R. A.

Mr. West's picture of *Angels conducting Lot and his Daughters from the burning of Sodom and Gomorrah* has been momentarily removed to give place to Mr. Collins's landscape. It is executed on a large scale, and in a style totally new to this art. Instead of being a delineation of those glowing sunny tints, of that clear atmospheric brightness, which distinguish his previous works, it is a serene, still, picturesque prospect, somewhat in the style of Hobbima. The composition has also the simplicity of nature; but the execution appears to have been in some parts hasty, and the colouring not well carried through. There is a tender and natural expression in the rustic figures in the fore-ground, which aids the pastoral character of the subject; but the expression of the child is exactly that (or very nearly so) of the child in Wilkie's *Cut Finger*. Though this picture has undoubtedly some peculiarities, of which the artist may avoid the repetition, yet, upon the whole, it is a very creditable specimen of Mr. Collins's powers, and the more entitled to consideration and approbation from the circumstance of their being exercised in rather a new walk.

The Pleiades disappearing.—H.

Howard, R. A.

"First in the east the glorious lamp was seen,
Regent of day, and all the horizon round
Invested with bright rays, jocund to run
His longitude through Heaven's high road;
the grey

Dawn and the Pleiades before him danced,
Shedding sweet influence."

To dwell on the fine poetical imagination of Mr. Howard, would be but to waste time in describing talents which all the world, who have seen this eminent artist's pictures, know him to possess. There is a buoyancy and delicacy in those figures which is exquisitely beautiful; they truly seem to be the mythological beings whom the creative fancy of the poet describes as the daughters of Pleione. The arm of one of the figures which overhangs, appears rather too long for the strict canons of proportion; but the delicacy which pervades the whole picture, richly atones for the slight obtrusion of minute inaccuracies.

Sleeping Nymph. Engraved by Ward and Smith.—Hoppner.

For all the charms of exquisite colouring, perhaps this picture has no rival in the British school. There is a softness, a tenderness, and a delicacy in the figure of the sleeping nymph, which cannot be surpassed. Like Titian's *Danüe*, the bloom of nature meets the eye, and spreads that pleasing illusion, which banishes for the moment all recollection that the mind is alone enchanted by the powers of art. The back-ground is painted with all the richness of Rubens. Objections have been justly made to the drawing of the figure; but he who desires to see perfect excellence, seeks that which

"Ne'er was, ne'er is, nor e'er shall be."

Fall of Phaëton, a finished Sketch.

—J. Ward, R. A.

—————“But Phaëton,
His yellow hair seized by the flames,
Falls headlong, and shoots through a long
tract
Of air, as in a serene sky a star falls.”

This is one of the most spirited productions we have seen by this eminent artist. The horses are not only admirably drawn, but the difficult attitudes in which they are necessarily placed, are managed with an effect rarely seen in any of the numerous and confused representations of this subject.

Dutch Fishing-Boats, with the Sun rising through Vapour.—J. M. W. Turner, R. A.

This picture is one of the many demonstrations which the artist has given us of the extraordinary versatility of his powers. Those who only recollect the burning brilliancy of Mr. Turner's picture of Carthage, will be astonished to see the execution of this Dutch view, in a style so different, and yet so forcible, so picturesque, and true to nature. The reflection of the sun passing through the morning vapour is delineated with wonderful force. The representation of

“The slow canal, the yellow-blossom'd vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,”

is striking and natural; there is something so animated in the bustle, so correct and characteristic in the whole expression of this picture, that it is impossible to contemplate it without being struck with the powers of this distinguished artist.

Friar Puck.—H. Fuseli, R. A.

—————“As when a wand'ring fire,
Which oft they say some evil spirit attends,
Hovering and blazing with delusive light,
Misleads th' amazed night wanderer from his
way

To bogs and mires, and oft through pond or
pool,
There swallow'd up and lost, from succour
far.”

The style of Mr. Fuseli, singular as it is, is yet in general forcible, and bears the strong marks of a genius, which roams uncontrouled through all the mazes of metaphysics. This little picture is the best executed we have seen from Mr. Fuseli: the expression is of course extravagant; the subject is so.

Musidora, from Boydell's Gallery.
Engraved by Bartolozzi.—Opie.

This pastoral representation of the fervid lines in Thomson's *Seasons*, descriptive of Musidora's charms and cool retreat, has been long generally known through Bartolozzi's engraving. There is a genuine touch of simple character in the principal figure, which is agreeable and natural. The artist has here given that feeling and sentiment which the subject required, and it was a subject which may be said to be consonant to Mr. Opie's particular forte.

Titania, the Changeling, and Puck.
Engraved by Scriven.—Romney.

A memorandum in the private catalogue of Sir John Leicester's collection, conveys an extract from the catalogue of Romney's sale at Christie's in 1807, which describes this as “a surprising picture of poetical sportive invention, treated with Corregiesque taste and magic effect, and one of the happiest efforts of the artist.” Catalogue descriptions of pictures, more especially at sales, are perhaps not the best authorities in the world for the due estimation of the merit of the works; but in this instance there is less of extravagant adulation than

we almost recollect in such cases, and the picture really justifies the description.

Landscape, View on the Arno.—

Wilson.

This is a very beautiful landscape of "Arno's shelvy side," the rich and beautiful culture of which is recorded by the simplest, but not the least refined and beautiful of our poets. There is a calmness in the landscape which gives it at once the air of nature. By the way, Turner's fine landscape of *Pope's Villa* at Twickenham, which is placed near Wilson's picture, partakes not a little of its tone and fine serene character.

Bacchante.—B. West, P. R. A.

The venerable President of the Royal Academy, in painting this picture, has shewn, that in the vale of life he still preserves not only the sparkling recollection of the vivid charms of youth, but also the rare talent of depicting them with precision and beauty. The president, like all men who are conscious of their own genuine powers, avows that he caught his idea from the famous picture of Titian's *Daughter*, which was some time since exhibited in the Gallery of the British Institution. It has all the gaiety and playful vivacity of youth, and much of that power of colouring which gives effect to the personification of such a condition.

La Fayette, with his Wife and Daughters, in Prison at Olmutz. Engraved by Reynolds.—J. Northcote, R. A.

This is perhaps the best of Mr. Northcote's pictures. It has a good deal of striking and appropriate expression. The features of the captive, his wife and daughters,

who are only allowed to share his company by becoming themselves captives, display the varied emotions which might be expected from the situation and fortunes of the family on so trying an occasion. The colouring, perhaps owing to the nature of the subject, is monotonous; the gloom of the background is grand, and the broken gleams of a brighter light have an excellent effect.

Little Hampton Pier, a Calm.—

A. W. Callcott, R. A.

A fine picture, in the clear and still tone of this much-admired artist.

Banditti.—B. Barker of Bath.

This is a very spirited and well-coloured picture.

Avalanche.—De Louthembourg.

This picture represents one of those dreadful and desolating separations of immense frozen masses from Alpine heights, which sweep all before them in their fall. It displays great power of colouring, and presents altogether a terrific appearance.

Cottage-Door. Engraved by Scott.

—Gainsborough.

A simple and interesting delineation of familiar life, touched with great delicacy and tenderness.

The Proposal.—G. H. Harlowe.

This is a sprightly group from the pencil of a lamented young artist. It is well coloured, and full of expression.

The gallery also contains some beautiful pictures by Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir Francis Bourgeois, and a number of other artists, whose works are long known and admired by the country. To enumerate the merits of all would swell this article, which is merely intended as a

bird's-eye view of this fine collection, to a length far exceeding our prescribed bounds. It is sufficient to say, that Sir John Leicester has shewn himself the true and patriotic friend of British art. The collection is select, not indiscriminate; and while it embraces works in the best taste of the artists who may be called our own old masters, it also contains the best productions of the rising artists of the present day. No man knows better than

Sir John, that to buy a bad picture is not to promote the legitimate object of art, any more than that to patronise a bad poem would be the means of improving the poetical taste of the country: he is, therefore, judicious in his patronage, as well as liberal and patriotic in his example.

The catalogue also contains a list of the pictures at Tabley-House in Cheshire.

INTELLIGENCE REGARDING WORKS OF ART IN PROGRESS OR COMPLETED.

WE have always contended, that the effect of the fine arts is to repay the patronage by which they are cultured, in a variety of ways. An example of this has just occurred. Our readers are aware of the munificent and patriotic example set by Sir John Leicester in patronising our living artists. Mr. Bone, the venerable academician, as his disinterested tribute to the worthy baronet for his patronage of British art, has presented Sir John Leicester with a fine enamel, after Sir Joshua Reynolds' favourite enamel-painting of the *Broken Pitcher*.

GRAND NATIONAL EDIFICE.

The erection of a new grand national edifice is talked of on the site of the King's Mews. This would be in every respect an eligible spot for such a building, and if the work be executed on the scale proposed, it would be at once a great national ornament and the grand emporium of our arts and sciences. Our readers are aware, that by the plan of the new street improvements, it is intended to

throw open the view of the fine colonnade of St. Martin's church: such a national edifice therefore, standing in the immediate vicinity of the view of this church, would present an architectural combination of beauties which would rival any work of the kind executed in modern times.

The plan, it is said, has been submitted to the Right Hon. Charles Long, who is as it were the connecting link between our artists and the government for any applications connected with public improvements. The proposition, we understand, is as follows: The Directors of the British Institution to build one wing for their own patriotic purposes; the Royal Academy to erect another for theirs; and the government to unite both by a structure to be adapted to all national purposes connected with science and the arts. The proposers of the plan, we understand, with great truth state, that ere long it will be found necessary to provide another depository for the works now placed in the British

Museum, and therefore a large expense must be incurred by the country. Even if this were not the case, still, from the nature of the old building of the Museum, and the quantity of timber it contains, there is a liability to accident by fire, which risks the very existence of our valuable national collection. The offer therefore (if it be true that such an offer has been made) from the Royal Academy and the British Institution, of supplying from their respective funds the expense of building wings on a scale suited to such a national undertaking, is so liberal, that we trust no unworthy notion of economy will debar the nation from having the benefit of such a concurrence of favourable circumstances, to develop to the nations of the world and to posterity, that while we were conducting a long, expensive, and sanguinary war, which ended in our possessing a share of renown unrivalled in modern times, we were with equal success advancing the boundaries of science, and cultivating all those elevated and useful arts which are the ennobling embellishments of life, and which in the end, more than any other, establish and preserve the moral reputation of a country, and the happiness of its people, by directing their genius and energies to the cultivation of the arts of peace.

Mr. W. Glover has several pictures for the ensuing Exhibition at the Royal Academy. He has a *Landscape*, with figures and ancient ruins, taken at the camp of Agino, in the vicinity of Rome—a *View of Grassmere Lake*—a *View on the*

Grounds of Mr. Willan, in the neighbourhood of Uxbridge, consisting of a grassy pool or pond, and landscape; and some other views from nature.

Mr. Moss has just finished, after Sir Thomas Baring's picture of the *Virgin* by Parmegiano, an enamel painting: its size is 21 inches by 15½. There are six figures, and this is the largest sized enamel which has ever been executed.

Sir Thomas Lawrence has been for some time at Vienna, engaged in finishing the portraits, begun at Aix-la-Chapelle, of the Emperor of Austria, Prince Metternich, Prince Schwartzemberg, &c. &c. His performances excite great sensation in the capital of Austria, which he will leave shortly for Rome, to paint a portrait of his Holiness the Pope.

Mr. Green of Argyll-street, is painting a *Portrait of Master Horsley*, the child that was lately ravished from its parents by Rennet, and whose fate excited so much public interest. A print from this picture is in contemplation.

A *Print* by Mr. Say, from the whole-length portrait of the venerable President, Mr. West, by Mr. Green, now exhibiting at the British Institution, will shortly be published.

A magnificent map, upon a novel and curious principle, has just been imported into this country by Mr. Ackermann: it is called an *Horographic and Hydrographic Chart of Europe*; or, in other words, a map pointing out with the utmost precision the courses of the mountains and rivers of the various countries, so as to give the observer at one view a distinct and accurate know-

ledge of the nature and character of every district. The author is the Baron de Sorriot, an officer of high rank in the army, who has devoted many years' attention to the subject, and who in 1815 published a prospectus of his map, to be printed upon 15 sheets, on a very extended scale: it was shewn to, and highly approved by, the sovereigns at Aix-la-Chapelle, the ministers of state, and the military commanders, who all gave the inventor great encouragement; but in consequence of the enormous expense attending so large a chart, he was induced to reduce it to four sheets, in which form it has been transmitted to this country, in the well-grounded confidence that it will be received with general admiration. The execution of the engraving (judging from the specimen which may be seen at Mr. Ackermann's) is the most perfect we have witnessed, being at once both delicate and firm. On the whole, it is one of the finest maps ever printed, and combines all the advantages of the new geological plan with the common uses of an ordinary chart. Tables are annexed, shewing the relative heights of the mountains in each country, of latitudes and longitudes, and what is termed "a profile of Europe," representing the general appearance of the face of the kingdoms of this quarter of the globe.

Mr. J. M. W. Turner and Mr. W. B. Cooke are about to publish Part I. of *Views in Sussex*; consisting of the most interesting landscape and marine scenery in the rape of Hastings: engraved by W. B. Cooke, from drawings by J. M. W. Turner, R. A.: with his-

torical descriptions; the scientific and explanatory notices of Mr. Turner's drawings by R. R. Reinagle, A. R. A. To be completed in three parts.

Also, Part I. of *Views in the Tyrol*: engraved by W. B. Cooke, from drawings by P. Dewint; the original sketches taken by Major Cockburn, of the royal artillery, in the year 1817. To be completed in eight parts: each part to contain three engravings. The work of the Tyrol will form one volume, consisting of twenty-four views, selected for picturesque beauty and grandeur: they will be engraved in a free, light, and spirited style. To be published every three months. A description of the Tyrol, in English and French, will be presented to the subscribers in the course of publication.

A work of a most splendid description has lately appeared at Munich, under the following title: *Les Peuples de la Russie; ou, Description des Mœurs, Usages et Costumes de diverses Nations de l'Empire de Russie*. It consists of nearly 100 engravings, accompanied by explanatory letter-press in French: the drawings are chiefly in aquatint, beautifully coloured; but a few copies are filled up from the outline by eminent artists, so as to have the complete effect and appearance of drawings. A few copies have reached this country, and are in the hands of Mr. Ackermann. The designs are made under the superintendence of Count Charles de Rachberg, who, for the purpose of collecting accurate information, travelled through all the provinces of Russia, regarding some of which we have yet had little authentic







EVENING DRESS.

information. This circumstance, and the known fidelity of the author, render the work of peculiar value and interest. No pains or expense have been spared to render the work one of the most splendid, interesting, and beautiful ever produced.

We may take this opportunity of noticing the importation by Mr. Ackermann of a great variety of specimens of *Lithography*, in all branches of the new art: some of them are by far the finest that have yet made their appearance in this country, and are copies from some of the most celebrated pictures in the Gallery at Munich.

Mr. Britton's third number of *Chronological and Historical Illustrations of the Ancient Architecture of Great Britain*, containing eight engravings, is nearly ready; as well as his fourth number of *The History and Antiquities of York Cathedral*.

Mr. Charles Turner has made an engraving from Mr. Devis's commemorative picture of the lamented *Princess Charlotte-Augusta*. The royal sufferer is adorned with a constellated crown; she presses her

royal infant to her maternal bosom, and ascends to everlasting felicity; whilst infants, playing around the group in the air, minister to them, strewing flowers in their way, and holding various symbols and significant devices. The serpent of immortality, the Phalæna butterfly, the Elysian daffodil, the "Forget-me-not" flower, the blossom of the amaranth, the pale lily, are the emblems. A distant view of Claremont, by a faint moonlight, is seen below.

Mr. R. Brown of Wells-street, is about to publish *The Rudiments of drawing Cabinet Furniture*; wherein are contained concise and explicit instructions for enabling cabinet-makers to design and delineate the different articles of that branch perspectively and geometrically, thereby producing not only the effect each piece will have when executed, but shewing its details for the workmen: illustrated by appropriate diagrams and designs, composed on architectural principles, after the manner of the antique, on twenty-five coloured plates, each accompanied with classical remarks.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

PLATE 23.—WALKING DRESS.

A ROUND dress, composed of lavender-coloured *gras de Naples*: the skirt is made full, and of a moderate length; it is richly ornamented at the bottom with a fulness of satin to correspond, over which are three small rouleaus, placed almost close to each other; these are

surmounted by a trimming, also of satin to correspond, composed of bunches of leaves, three together: they are placed crosswise at regular distances, and being very much raised, have a rich and beautiful effect. The body is made tight to the shape; the waist short; and the front is braided to the back of the

shoulder, in such a manner as to display the form of the bust to great advantage, as well as to form a handsome epanlette: each row of braiding is finished with a frog. A high collar, richly braided, stands out from the throat; and a full lace ruff is worn underneath it. Head-dress, a bonnet composed of intermingled velvet and *gros de Naples* of a pale straw-colour: for the shape, which is perfectly new, we refer to our print: it ties under the chin with soft ribbon to correspond, and is ornamented with a beautiful plume of white drooping feathers placed in front. Limerick gloves. Lavender-coloured kid half-boots.

We are indebted for this dress to Miss Pierrepont of No. 9, Henrietta-street, Covent-Garden.

PLATE 24.—EVENING DRESS.

A white gauze round dress over a white satin slip: the skirt is very full, and is trimmed in a most novel style with silk net, disposed in such a manner as to represent little baskets, in each of which is placed a bouquet of small spring flowers. The *corsage* is tight to the shape: it is cut low round the bust; the lower part is composed of pale pink satin, the upper of white lace. The sleeve is in the Spanish style; it is of white lace, is very full, and is slashed with pale pink satin: it is finished at the bottom by a single row of fly trimming, which is a new invention, of a light and pretty description, composed of floss silk. Head-dress, the Elphinstone cap: it is a mixture of satin and net; the caul is of a moderate size, and it has a small round brim, something in the hat style: it is ornamented with a wreath of spring

flowers round the edge of the brim, and another at the bottom of the crown. Pearl necklace and earrings. White satin slippers.

We are indebted to Mrs. Smith of 15, Old Burlington-street, for this dress.

Anxious to take every opportunity of gratifying our fair readers, we have presented them this month with a portraiture of the lute-harp, an instrument which is at present very fashionable, and certainly nothing can be better calculated to display the form of a fine woman to advantage. We refer our readers to our Musical Review for an account of the lute-harp.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON
FASHION AND DRESS.

The uncommon mildness and beauty of the weather have induced several of our fair fashionables to exchange the costume of winter for the gay garb of spring. White dresses, which are worn with velvet, and even silk spencers, begin to be seen in the promenades; and walking dresses and pelisses, composed of silk, poplin, tabbinet, and *gros de Naples*, have completely superseded cloth and velvet.

The most striking novelty of the month, and in fact the most gentlewomanly walking dress that we have seen for a considerable time, is the one we have selected for our print. The next to it in estimation is a pelisse, composed of bright green levantine, and lined with white sarsnet. The skirt is of a moderate fulness, and gored; the body is tight to the shape; the back is the usual breadth; the lower part of it is plaited something in the shape of a heart; and as the back is

formed of the hind breadth of the skirt, which is not cut, these plaits being made very deep, throw the fulness a great deal behind, and have a most graceful effect: the fronts are tight to the shape. The sleeve is very loose, and comes very far over the hand. The trimming, which goes all round, has a pretty and somewhat singular effect; it consists of three rows of white satin ribbon twisted into points, which are put on in a reverse manner, and a space of about a nail, which is left between, is filled with a bias fluting of bright green satin: we must observe, that the white points are each about an inch in breadth. The collar, which is high, and stands out from the neck, is edged with a single row of white points. The bottom of the long sleeve is finished to correspond: there is a very small epaulette, composed entirely of white satin points, which are so disposed as to form a little wing. This is an elegant spring pelisse; but the form of the epaulette is, in our opinion, rather unbecoming, unless the shoulder is remarkably well formed.

Velvet bonnets are still in estimation for the promenade; but a mixture of *gros de Naples*, or satin, with velvet, is considered more fashionable. Leghorn begins to be much worn. As to the fashionable shape, it is not very easy to decide what it is, because there are so many different ones worn. We have given a new and a generally becoming one in our print. Several *belles* still continue to shade their pretty faces with large French bonnets; others appear in hats with moderate sized brims of the same width all round; and some few are

seen in little smart riding hats, turned up at the sides: these last are always worn with a veil. Leghorn hats are in general adorned either with wreaths or bunches of spring flowers; velvet, or velvet intermixed with silk, are always ornamented with feathers.

Real or imitation cachemire shawls are very generally worn in carriage dress; as are also satin and *gros de Naples* spencers of light colours. There is not yet much novelty in head-dresses for the carriage costume: we have observed, however, with some surprise, as it is yet so early in the season, that a number of elegant women appear in *cornettes*, without bonnets or *toques*: the latter indeed are less in favour than they have been for a considerable time.

Morning dresses are now very generally composed of muslin; one of the prettiest, in our opinion, is the Angoulême wrapper; it is an open robe, composed of cambric muslin, and worn over a petticoat of the same material. The body comes up to the throat, and has a small standing collar: the fronts are full, and there is a little fulness in the lower part of the back. Long sleeve of an easy fulness. The trimming goes all round; it consists of a piece of clear muslin laid on full, and eased across in a bias direction with narrow blue ribbon; the easings are about a nail asunder: a narrow row of rich pointed work is attached to each edge of the trimming. The bottom of the long sleeve is finished with a trimming to correspond, but much narrower: there is an epaulette in the shape of a shell, composed of very rich work. The collar is of

thin muslin, to correspond with the trimming. The robe is rounded in front, and is short enough to display a double flounce of work, which forms the trimming of the petticoat.

Muslin begins to be worn in dinner dress, but is not yet very general: the few gowns which we have noticed in muslin were richly trimmed with lace, but they had nothing very novel in their form.

Gauze, white satin, and white figured *gros de Naples*, are all worn in evening dress. The elegant one which we promised to describe last month is composed of this latter material: the skirt is rather full; the bottom is trimmed with blond, disposed in deep scollops, which are edged with satin pipings; the plain end of this trimming is turned to the bottom of the skirt, and each scollop is disposed in a large plait, which causes the pointed part to stand out from the dress: this is surmounted by a rich trimming, composed of satin leaves, placed at some distance from each other. The body is short in the waist, and cut low, but by no means indelicately so. The bust is trimmed in a very novel style with blond, which forms a row of leaves; they are edged with satin pipings: four small silk cords form a narrow band round the bust, which has a rich and novel effect. Short full sleeve,

composed of blond over white satin; it is formed into three full puffs, which are looped by silk cord, and finished by a rich band, to which the ends of the puffs are attached. The apron is composed of blond; it is a three-quarter length, and richly trimmed with broad blond lace. The brace is white satin; the front pointed in the middle of the bust, and cut low under each breast in the Grecian style, forms the shape in a most becoming manner. The back is cut very low, and it fastens behind. This tasteful dress was submitted to our inspection by the lady who favoured us with our walking dress this month.

The half-dress caps which we described last month are still very much in favour. In full dress, caps are not very generally adopted: we must except, however, the *Elphinstone* cap, which is very much in favour, and another, which we think may be called the *tiara* cap: the caul of this latter is very low; it is full, but the fulness is confined across by five or six very narrow corkscrew rolls of white satin ribbon; a small tiara, composed of white satin and blond, forms the front; a narrow wreath of spring flowers goes round the tiara.

Fashionable colours for the month are, lavender-colour, azure, primrose, bright green, and straw-colour.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, March 18, 1819.

My dear SOPHIA,

I BELIEVE I have observed in one of my late letters, that our dresses began to get rather long-waisted; since I wrote to you last,

they have lengthened still more considerably: in fact, the short Grecian waist, so long considered as most graceful and becoming to the figure, is now no more seen; every dress is made at least half a

quarter in length under the arms, and the *merveilleuses* affect to wear theirs still longer. Where this absurd fashion will end I cannot guess; not, I hope, in the return of stiff stays and peaked gowns — good taste forbid!

Though the weather is fine, we are still enveloped in the garb of winter, more so indeed than we were in the early part of the season; for our promenade dresses are always composed of Merino cloth, and invariably trimmed with fur: the most fashionable at present is the skin of the grey squirrel. Some pelisses have a very broad band of this round the bottom; a narrower band goes up each side of the fronts; the collar and the epaulettes are also fur, and the bottoms of the long sleeves are trimmed to correspond. These pelisses have a very formal appearance, and though more fashionable, I do not think them half so pretty as the robes *à cœur*: this is a round dress, trimmed with a broad band of fur at the bottom of the skirt, and at the bottom of the long sleeve; the bust is ornamented with fur in the shape of a heart, which has the appearance of a small tippet. We have also round gowns composed of cloth, trimmed with squirrel's skin in the same style as the pelisses; that is to say, there is a broad band goes round the bottom of the skirt, except just in the middle of the front; there are two narrower bands go up at each side of the front, leaving a small piece of the gown all the way up untrimmed. This space is about a nail at the bottom of the skirt, but the trimming nearly meets at the bottom of the waist. The front of the body is ornament-

ed with braiding in the middle of the bust, which has the appearance of a little stomacher, and on each side of this is the band of fur, which is also sloped in the stomacher style; that is to say, narrow at the bottom of the waist, and broad at top. The collar, which is likewise fur, comes only half way round, so as to display in front a ruff, composed of several *tiers* (if you will allow me to use the expression) of muslin, quilled in very large plaits.

Such, my dear Sophia, are our promenade dresses; as to our head-dresses, they afford greater variety both in forms and materials: velvet, satin, *velours simulé*, and a new stuff called *Parisienne*, which very much resembles *velours simulé*, are all in favour; as is also a mixture of velvet with satin, or watered *grois de Naples*. White, rose-colour, silver-grey, lilac, and primrose, are the colours most fashionable for *chapeaux*. The crowns of bonnets continue to be very low; there does not appear to be any fixed standard for the size of the brim, some ladies wearing them very small, and others of a moderate size. The edges of the brims of bonnets are now frequently finished with a full *ruche* of blond or tulle; others are ornamented with a puffing of the same material as the hat: but the most fashionable trimming is a fullness of blond or tulle, which is formed into puffs by a rich silk cord. Feathers are considered the most fashionable ornaments for hats, and Marabouts are highest in favour; but flat feathers are partially worn: these are generally of two colours: one side of the feather is pink, and the other white, or *vice versa*; others have only the tip and the

edge of a different colour. Spring flowers appear to be getting into favour for white satin bonnets: they are worn in wreaths; sometimes a whole wreath goes entirely round the bottom of the crown, at others a half-wreath is placed near the top. I must not forget to observe, that the crowns of bonnets are invariably of a dome shape.

I think you must remember our acquaintance Mr. T——, who used to contend that the English *dashers* fairly outdid the French *merveilleuses*. I wished very much to have had him by my side the other day, in order to have pointed out to him a lady, whose promenade dress exhibited such a mixture of summer and winter costume, as I believe even the most eccentric of my countrywomen would not have ventured to assume. Figure to yourself a *belle* attired in a pelisse of *pouceau* Merino cloth, with a very broad trimming of grey squirrel's skin, and a bonnet the brim of which was white satin edged with swansdown, and the crown crape, adorned with a wreath of spring flowers, placed near the top.

Hats still continue to be worn turned up at the sides. I have just seen a very pretty little pink hat, with a white satin *cornette* attached to it; the crown of the hat is somewhat higher than I have lately seen them, and a fulness of lace is placed in a slanting direction, so as to stand up on each side of the crown; a full plume of Marabouts is placed upright in front. The *cornette* is edged with a piping of pink satin; it has a narrow band of white satin edged with pink under the chin, and a very full border of blond dispo-

sed in large plaits, which goes all round.

Satin and gauze are both worn in evening dress, but the latter is mostly worn for dancing, or by youthful *élégantes*. Gowns are all made tight to the shape, which gives an added formality to the long waists: sleeves are uniformly short and full. Swansdown continues still in favour for the trimming of evening dresses; but the newest trimming consists of *bouillons* of velvet and satin intermixed, which always correspond in colour with the dress. I have seen also a few gowns trimmed with rouleaus of ribbon, which were put on in a zig-zag style. I must not forget to observe to you, that gowns continue to be cut very low round the bust.

Gauze dresses are made in general with a *corsage à l'enfant*, which for a slight and youthful figure is becoming enough. One of the prettiest of these dresses that I have seen is composed of transparent gauze, beautifully wrought in the loom in a running pattern of leaves in white silk. The skirt is of a moderate fulness, and gored; the bottom is finished by a large roll of plain gauze; it is set on very full; the fulness is confined by pink satin straps, or rather I should say, by a band of pink satin of the same breadth as the gauze rouleau: this band is cut out in straps, broad at the bottom, and narrow at the top, so as to display the gauze rouleau: over this band is a trimming composed of little wreaths of roses; each wreath consists of three; they are placed lengthwise, but in a slanting direction, and one end of the wreath is inserted in the trimming: these

roses are of that beautiful and brilliant red which we call in England French rose-colour, and each rose is surrounded with leaves of the natural green. The body is cut extremely low round the bust; the front is full, but the fulness is confined across the bosom by narrow rouleaus of rose-coloured satin, which form the shape in front; there are three of them, and the upper one goes entirely round the bust: over this rouleau is a single row of very rich white silk trimming; it is floss silk, and very narrow. The back is full; the dress fastens behind, and is confined to the waist by a rose-coloured sash, which ties in a bow and short ends. The sleeves are extremely short and very full; they are confined to the arm by a band of white satin, which is so narrow as to be hardly seen. This is really a beautiful dress; rather shewy, I must own, but yet striking and tasteful, and would look far better if made with a short waist: but I suppose in a month or two, if our fondness for long waists continues, you will adopt it, as you generally do our fashions; and in the extreme to which you carry them, one of these dresses would look very ill.

Till this moment I had forgotten to tell you, that one part of our winter garb has disappeared: muffs are no longer seen in the public walks.

Cornettes are worn only under bonnets or in half dress. The hair is now more displayed in full dress than it has been for a long time: it is true, that *toques*, turbans, and small dress hats are still in favour; but though fashionable, they are not so much in request with

youthful *belles* as the hair dressed and ornamented with flowers and jewels, or a mixture of both. The front hair is loosely curled, and falls over the forehead so as to leave only the middle of it bare, and partially to display the eyebrows. The hind hair is divided into two or three bands, which are plaited, and disposed round the crown of the head so as to make a display of the luxuriance of the hair; strings of pearl are interwoven in a negligent manner among these plaits, and one or two rows of pearl are passed through the ringlets on the forehead: a bouquet of roses, seldom more than three, but oftener two in number, encircled with buds and leaves, is placed on one side of the head. If the ornaments consist of flowers and diamonds, a wreath of the former is placed very low on the forehead, and the diamonds are disposed towards the back of the head.

Several fashionables have lately appeared at the Opera in pelisses, which, as they are not worn any where else, are styled Opera pelisses: they are a loose coat made without sleeves, and with a large hood; they are composed of levantine, or satin, and lined with sarsnet. I have also seen a few in very fine light grey cloth: in general they are not trimmed; but if any trimming is worn, it is swansdown, and is very broad.

Fashionable colours are, white, rose-colour, silver grey, lilac, primrose, *poucean*, violet, and green.

I had forgotten to say to you, that we are so fond of furs, that we even have our walking shoes ornamented with the skin of the grey squirrel, which is at present the

only fur that a *tonish belle* will be seen in.

Confess, my dear friend, that I am a minute recorder of fashion, and that if you are not attired from

the crown of your head to the sole of your foot perfectly *à la mode Française*, at least it is not the fault of your ever affectionate

EUDOCIA.

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

PLATE 21.—GOTHIC FURNITURE.

THE annexed examples are of that unsystemised art which is often called *Gothic*, but which should properly be termed *Tedeschi*, or *old German*, being of the style which was substituted for the Greek and Roman forms of the purer ages. The Italians, to designate this perversion of art, called every departure from the genuine models by the name of Gothic, although widely differing from the style adopted by the Saxons and the Goths; and left it to later times to give name

to each particular style that the feeling and genius of any people might cultivate.

The style of furniture exhibited, prevailed in the mansions of the first rank in Germany in the fifteenth century; and although a purer taste has succeeded, from the high cultivation of art in that country, yet its fitness and correspondence to some of our own ancient buildings render the annexed examples of genuine *Tedeschi* furniture very desirable.

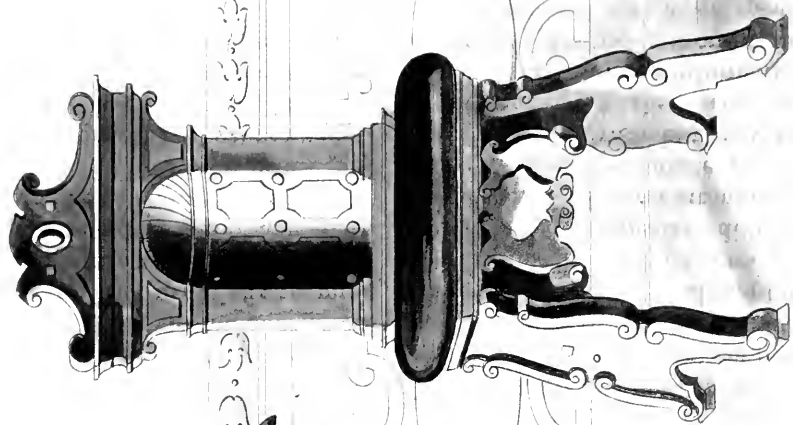
INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

LETTERS from the Right Hon. J. Philpot Curran to H. Weston, Esq. 8vo. are in the press. The above, which are few in number, were written on Mr. Curran's first coming to London in 1773, at which time he was only 24 years of age. Mr. Weston was a college friend of Mr. Curran's. These letters, while they record the most agreeable feelings of Curran's early years, are yet tinged with that philosophic melancholy which accompanied him through life.

Mr. Ackermann is about to put forth a translation of a very valuable work in French, though published in Germany, called *Dictionnaire de Monogrammes, Chiffres, Lettres initiales et Marques figurées*,

sous lesquels les plus célèbres Peintres, Dessinateurs, et Graveurs ont désigné leurs Noms. It is by an eminent and learned person of the name of Francis Brulliot, and is as complete as it seems possible to render a subject in many respects so difficult and obscure. Several attempts of the kind have been made in this and other countries, but they are all very imperfect: their errors are corrected, and further information is supplied by the author of the learned work of which we speak. The translation will be accompanied by numerous plates of monograms, marks, &c. of artists.

Among other curious works lately imported, we may mention the continuation of Albert Durer's in-



complete *Prayer-Book*, by Lucas Müller, commonly called Lucas Granach. This has likewise reached the hands of Mr. Ackermann.

A new edition is about to be published, with considerable additions, of Captain J. C. Laskey's *Description of the Elgin and Phigaliam Marbles*, arranged conformably to the numbers as they are now placed in the British Museum; illustrated with a view of the two pediments of the Parthenon, taken by Mons. Nointel, by order of the French king.

Mr. William Carey has finished his *Descriptive Catalogue* of the splendid collection of pictures by British artists in Sir John Fleming Leicester's Gallery in Hill-street, and in his superb mansion in Cheshire. It is now in the press, and will be speedily published.

Mr. William Carey has also nearly ready for the public eye, his "Exposition of the *Anti-British* system of publication, tending to sacrifice the honour and interests of the British Institution, of the Royal Academy, and of the whole body of the British Artists, to the passions, cabals, and audacious falsehoods of certain disappointed candidates for prizes at the British Gallery, and the rank of Associate Academician." This work will form two 8vo. volumes.

Pastorals, *Ruggiero*, and other poems, by E. D. Baynes, Esq. translator of Ovid's *Epistles*, are in the press, and will soon appear.

The Lament of Napoleon, *Misplaced Love*, and minor poems, by S. R. Jackson, will shortly appear.

The Humourist, a collection of entertaining tales, bons-mots, epi-

grams, &c. with coloured plates by Cruikshank, is nearly ready.

The Rev. Mr. Butcher, of Sidmouth, has in the press a third volume of *Sermons*, for the use of families.

One of the grossest impositions ever practised is about to be attempted to be carried into execution. A work is advertised as from the pen of the original and highly celebrated Dr. Syntax, author of a *Tour in Search of the Picturesque*, which has gone through so many editions: this projected literary fraud is called *Dr. Syntax in London*; but the perusal of a single page of it, by those competent to judge of works of talent, would detect the trick: still we think it necessary to put the public at large upon their guard. Even these artifices are proofs, if any were needed, of the merit of the original work, of which we are happy to announce, that a second part will shortly be printed by Mr. Ackermann, the original publisher.

T. J. Serle, comedian, has in the press a tragedy, called *Raffaelle Cimaro*.

In the press, addressed to the two Houses of Parliament, *A brief Treatise on Prisons*, intended for the use of sheriffs, magistrates, grand jurors, and other persons interested in the management and construction of prisons; illustrated with an enlarged design of the new gaol about to be built at Dover; by Richard Elsam, architect, author of *Essays on Rural Architecture*, and a recent work on Cottages, entitled *Hints for Improving the Condition of the Peasantry*, by promoting Comfort in their Habitations.

Poetry.

ON AN ONLY BROTHER,

Who died at Ceylon, May 21, 1818.

AND did no solemn dirge or fun'ral knell
Sooth thy departing spirit with its
sound?

Hath hostile Candia not one hallow'd bell
To call her pagans to the sacred ground?

But military pomp adorn'd thy bier,
The muffled drum, slow step, inverted
arms;

And vet'ran heroes shed the manly tear,
As o'er thy grave they fir'd the last
alarms.

Though May's bright month for ever
clos'd thine eyes,

Yet dark December spread her mantle
here,

Before our fondest hopes were lost in sighs,
Or sad report had rous'd the tender tear.

Yet oft my heart misgives the dreadful
truth,

Doubts thy blest spirit in its native
heav'n,

And sees thee yet on earth in vig'rous
youth,

Adorn'd with all the talents God had
giv'n:

Sees thee, the friend of poverty and woe;
Thy equals' counsellor, on whom they
trust;

And thy superiors esteem and know
Thee honourable, independent, just.

Oh! what a chasm has thy death created!

A son, a husband, father, brother,
friend!

Each fond tie so sweetly consecrated
By all the virtues that can ever blend.

Ah! what can fill the void of each lone
heart?

Can Time the noble father's loss re-
pair?

Or to th' afflicted mother fortitude impart,
To guide the virtues of her infant care?

Can Hope to widow'd age her son restore,
With resignation clothe her day's de-
cline?

Mem'ry, alas! exerts her active pow'r,
For Hope had bade her son's meridian
shine!

Had pictur'd thee, with spotless honours
crown'd,

To England's clime return'd, elate and
free;

Thy noble mind, thy ardent spirits bound
To views of home, and thy dear pro-
geny.

Who now will 'tend thy widow's couch,
who cheer

Her fainting spirits, calm her fears and
woes?

Who sooth her anguish with affection's
tear,

And in the dang'rous hour bring sweet
repose?

For thou hast fall'n by fever's potent rage,
Thou, who wast virtue's seli—from vice
as free

As thy bright babes: that thou, brave,
temp'rate, sage,

So soon a victim to the clime should be,

And leave thy widow in dread Candia's
clime,

O'erwhelm'd in misery and heartfelt
sorrow;

Thy lisping infants count the ling'ring
time,

And say, their father shall return
to-morrow.

But, ah! how vain their filial hopes! No
more

Shalt thou, with pride parental, boast
their charms,

Their op'ning bloom, their dawn of mind
explore,

Or fold them fondly in thy manly arms.

And one dear babe can never know thy
love;

From that delight its little soul's de-
barr'd:

But there's a father in the God above,

Who will the widow and her orphans
guard.

To him we duteous kneel; in faith im-
plore

His hand to guide them through the
dang'rous sea,

And to her parents' arms in peace restore
Thy widow'd wife and tender progeny.

Then will thy guardian spirit sweetly
smile

On ev'ry act by faithful friendship
wrought,

And we shall pass in trembling hope the
while,

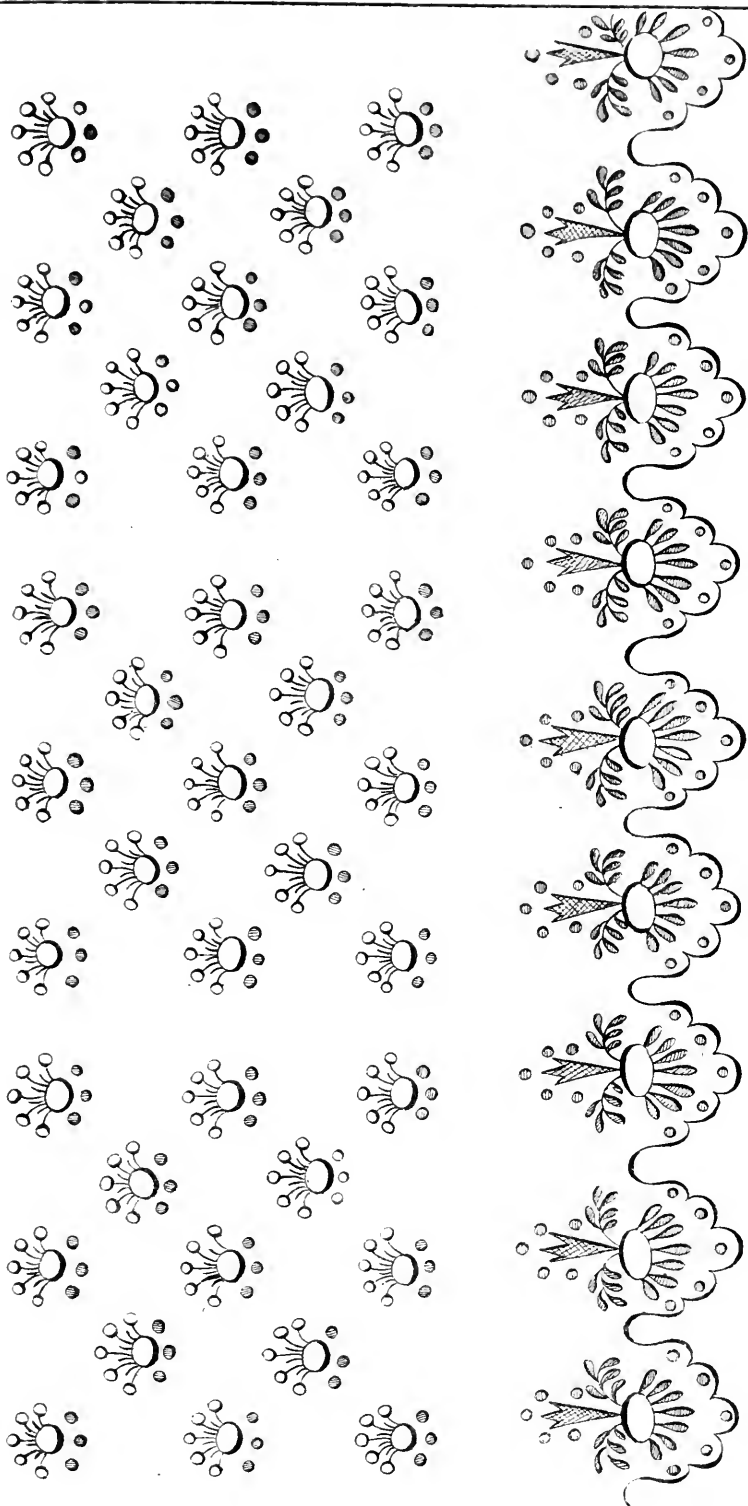
That blends th' immortal soul with mor-
tal thought.

Then shall we meet in orbs of radiant
bliss,

Forget the sorrows of life's little day,
And ages of unblemish'd happiness

Shall wipe from memory the tear away.

ELIZA.



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THE SECOND SERIES.

VOL. VII.

MAY 1, 1819.

N^o. XLI.

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INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY
 AND SCIENTIFIC

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.

T. L.—*ear is informed, that his suggestion might have been useful, but for particular circumstances that interfere with its adoption.*

The favour of Sosia arrived too late in the month for insertion: it shall appear in our next, and we thank him for his attention.

F. J. *will excuse us if we postpone for the present his article.*

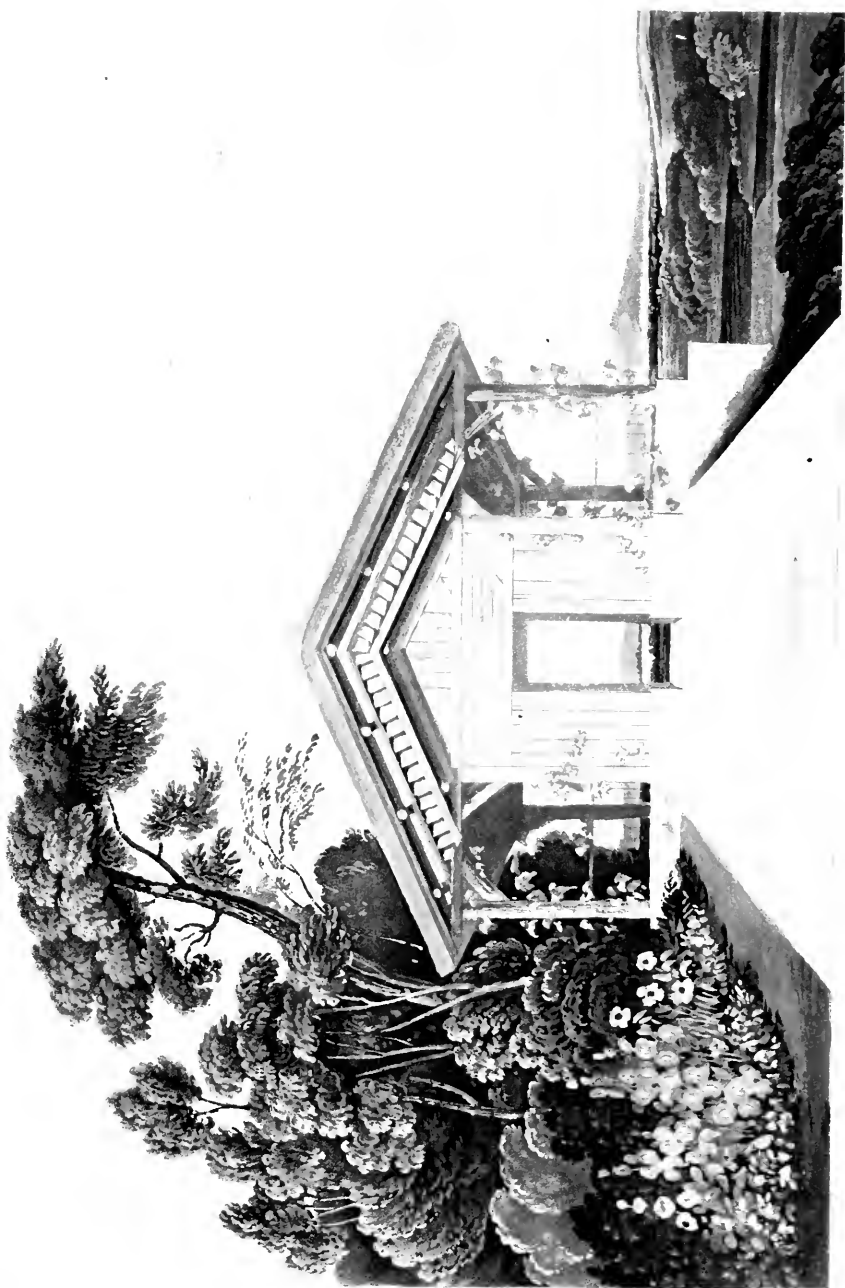
In compliance with the request of A. A.—, we will endeavour to insert some extracts from Professor Richardson's Character of Richard III. in our next Number.

We will thank Antiquarius for the article he proposes to send: if it suit our purpose, we will find an early place for it.

We beg to express our obligations both to Viator and Theatrics. We think the latter is mistaken, in saying that the pamphlet from which he quotes is only privately printed.

By an error of the press in our last Number, the song of "Black-ey'd Mary" was assigned to Mr. K. Neale, instead of Mr. K. Beale.

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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HINTS ON ORNAMENTAL GARDENING.

(Continued from p. 203.)

PLATE 26.—A POLISH HUT.

THIS design is intended as a garden building, forming a spacious open retreat, and fancifully varying a long and straight path-way. Several buildings, thus placed at proper distances, produce an agreeable vista, and are particularly useful in the embellishment of newly made plantations. This mode of arrangement has been successfully applied to the beautiful grounds of White Knights by his Grace the Duke of Marlborough, who, in this way, and by arcades and trellises, has created a novel and interesting feature in a part of his domain that was otherwise destitute of interest and beauty.

The style of this building is similar to many of the cottages of Poland, and not unlike those of Switzerland: the former country, however, afforded the example from

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which the present design originated. These huts were greatly admired, and perhaps first employed in garden decoration by the celebrated architect Kleber in the picturesque grounds of the Marquis of Florimont, at Florimont in Alsace. This is the same Kleber who afterwards, as a general in the French service, so eminently distinguished himself in Egypt by his amiable manners, and his scientific and military acquirements.

The trunks and arms of trees that retain their bark are the simple materials of which the building is erected, and the roof is covered with reed thatching. The ceiling and walls of the interior are intended to be neatly lined with kiln-dried furze, which is of a warm drab colour, and from its nature is little subject to become a harbour for noxious insects or vermin.

L L

MISCELLANIES.



EARLY TRAVELS IN FRANCE.

(Continued from p. 192.)

FOR THE REPOSITORY.

I AM not by any means sure, Mr. Editor, that your readers will concur in what I said last month, that the quotations I am now about to supply from that curious and entertaining work, called "France painted to the Life, by a learned and impartial Hand," and printed in 1657, will be more amusing from their cleverness and acuteness, more striking for the epigrammatic style in which they are written, and more poignant from the perfect truth displayed in them, than those that were inserted in your last number. The novelty at least will be worn off by the previous extracts, and novelty in matters of this kind, you will agree with me, is every thing—every thing that the greater number of readers of monthly miscellanies look to. However, I should disparage my own judgment were I not to repeat my former opinion, and I can do so with strict adherence to truth.

Considering the immense number of travellers who within the last three or four years have inundated the Continent, it is wonderful that comparatively so few books have been published of their adventures and opinions: in 1802 and 1803, after the peace of Amiens, I apprehend they were much more plentiful. All that has been written has been of a light sketchy kind, often without wit, and generally with very imperfect in-

formation; so that they have nothing to recommend them to permanency, or to a place on the shelves of a library. Having been over a considerable part of the Continent myself (do not be alarmed, Mr. Editor, I am not about to threaten you with the publication of my travels), I have wished to compare notes, as it were, with those who have written of what they had seen and heard; but in no instance have I been able to do so with any pleasure, from the apparent carelessness with which the books were made up for sale. This remark applies peculiarly to France; for as far as relates to Poland, Hungary, and Prussia, works of solid information have been published, regarding the manners of the people, nature of the country, civil and political institutions, &c.

It is not impossible that the trifling pamphlets of which I have spoken, together with the concourse of visitors that have made Paris for some time like an English watering-place, have deterred writers of knowledge and intelligence from printing their observations. Such visitors would not read their works to gain information, but for the purpose of criticising them, and congratulating themselves upon the superior means they had enjoyed, and upon the superior manner in which they had employed those means.

I beg to be understood as not at

all recommending this work of "France painted to the Life" as a model for imitation; indeed the time for imitating it is gone by, for people in general are tired of works on the subject: but rather to shew how a person of wit and ingenuity might have treated the subject in our own day, even though he had touched only with a light hand upon the peculiarities of the people, and other matters that would strike an acute observer as he passed through the country. I shall now proceed to conclude the extracts which found a place in your last *Repository*. The character of a Frenchman (for national character changes not in the course of centuries) was never more happily touched off, than in the following hasty but vigorous outline:

"The present French, then, is nothing but an old Gaul moulded into a new name; as rash he is as headstrong, and as hair-brained; a nation whom you shall win with a feather, and lose with a straw: upon the first sight of him you shall have him as familiar as your sleep, or the necessity of breathing; in one hour's conference you may endear him to you; in the second unbutton him; the third pumps him dry of all his secrets, and he gives them you as faithfully as if you were his ghostly father, and bound to conceal them *sub sigillo confessionis*: when you have learned this you may lay him aside, for he is no longer serviceable. If you have any humour in holding him in a further acquaintance (a favour which he confesseth, and I believe him, he is unworthy of), himself will make the first separation. He has said over his lesson now unto

you, and now must find out somebody else to whom to repeat it. Fare him well; he is a garment whom I would be loth to wear above two days together, for in that time he will be threadbare. *Familiare est hominis omnia sibi remittere*, saith Velleius, of all it holdeth most properly in this people. He is very kind-hearted to himself, and thinketh himself as free from wants as he is full; so much he hath in him the nature of a *Chinois*, that he thinketh all men blind but himself. In this private self-conceitedness he hateth the Spaniard, loveth not the English, and contemneth the German; himself is the only courtier and complete gentleman: but it is his own glass which he seeth in. Out of this conceit of his own excellency, and partly out of shallowness of brain, he is very liable to exceptions; the least distaste that can be draweth his sword, and a minute's pause sheatheth it to your hand: afterwards, if you beat him into better manners, he shall take it kindly, and cry *serviteur*. In this one thing they are wonderfully like the devil: meekness or submission makes them insolent, a little resistance putteth them to their heels, or makes them your spaniels. In a word (for I have held him too long), he is a walking vanity in a new fashion."

It must be allowed that this is a little too severe: we ought to recollect, that about the time this work was written, viz. before the Restoration, there was no great degree of cordiality between the English and French nations; besides, an author of so much talent is often an exaggerator, for the sake either of antithesis or epigram.

The subsequent is an account of the mode in which the business of the table is conducted:

“I will give you now a taste of his table, which you shall find in a measure furnished (I speak not of the peasant), but not with so full a manner as with us. Their beef they cut out into such chops, that that which goeth there for a laudable dish would be thought here a university commons, new served from the hatch. A loin of mutton serves amongst them for three roastings, besides the hazard of making potage with the rump. Fowl also they have in good plenty, especially such as the king found in Scotland: to say truth, that which they have is sufficient for nature and a friend, were it not for the mistress or the kitchen wench. I have heard much fame of the French cooks; but their skill lieth not in the neat handling of beef or mutton. They have (as generally have all this nation) good fancies, and are special fellows for the making of puff pastes, and the ordering of banquets. Their trade is not to feed the belly, but the palate. It is now time you were set down, where the first thing you must do is to say your own grace; private graces are as ordinary there as private masses, and from thence I think they learned them. That done, fall to where you like best; they observe no method in their eating, and if you look for a carver you may rise fasting. When you are risen, if you can digest the slut-tishness of the cookery (which is most abominable at first sight), I dare trust you in a garrison. Follow him to church, and there he will shew himself most irreligious

and irreverent; I speak not of all, but the general. At a mass in Cordeliers church in Paris, I saw two French papists, even when the most sacred mystery of their faith was celebrating, break out into such a blasphemous and atheistical laughter, that even an *ethnic* would have hated it: it was well they were known to be Catholics, otherwise some French hot-head or other would have sent them laughing to Pluto.”

The author's remarks upon the French language are also just and acute, though savoured with satire.

“The French language is indeed very sweet and delectable; it is cleared of all harshness by the cutting and leaving out of the consonants, which maketh it fall off the tongue very volubly: yet in mine opinion it is rather elegant than copious; and therefore is much troubled for want of words to find out periphrases. It expresseth very much of itself in the action; the head, body, and shoulders concur all in the pronouncing of it; and he that hopeth to speak it with a good grace, must have something in him of the mimic. It is enriched with a full number of significant proverbs, which is a great help to the French humour in scoffing, and very full of courtship, which maketh all the people complimentary; the poorest cobbler in the village hath his court cringes, and his *eau bénite de cour*, his court holy water, as perfectly as the Prince of Condé.”

The following touches upon the same, and other points, will conclude the quotations I have thought it necessary to make:

“In the passadoes of their court-

ship, they express themselves with much variety of gesture; and indeed it doth not misbecome them. Were it as graceful in the gentlemen of other nations as in them, it were worth your patience; but the affectation of it is scurvy and ridiculous. *Quocumque salutationis artificio corpus inflectant, putes nihil istâ institutione magis convenire. Vicinæ autem gentes ridiculo errore deceptæ, ejusdem vetustatis imitationem ludicram faciunt et ingratham,* as one happily observed at being amongst them. I have heard of a young gallant son to a great lord of one of the three British kingdoms, that spent some years in France to learn fashions; at his return he desired to see the king, and his father procured him an interview. When he came within the presence-chamber he began to compose his head, and carried it as though he had been ridden with a martingale; next he fell to draw back his legs and thrust out his shoulders, and that with such a graceless apishness, that the king asked him if he meant to shoulder him out of his chair; and so left him to act out his compliments to the hangings. In their courtship they bestow even their highest titles upon those of the lowest condition. This is the vice also of their common talk. The beggar begetteth *monsieurs* and *madames* to his sons and daughters, as familiarly as the king: were there no other reason to persuade me, that the Welch or Britons were the descendants of the Gauls, this only were sufficient, that they would all be gentlemen.

“ His discourse runneth com-

monly on two wheels, *treason* and *ribaldry*: I never heard people talk less reverently of their prince, nor more saucily of his actions; scarce a day passeth away without some seditious pamphlet printed and published, in the disgrace of the king, or some of his courtiers. These are every man's money, and he that buyeth them is not coy of the contents, be they never so scandalous—of all humours the most harsh and odious. Take him from this (which you can hardly do till he hath told all), and then he falleth upon his ribaldry: without these crutches his discourse would never be able to keep pace with his company. Thus shall you have them relate the stories of their own uncleanness, with a face as confident as if they had had no accident to please their hearers more commendable. Thus will they reckon up the several profanations of pleasure by which they have demeaned themselves, sometimes not sparing to descend unto particulars.

“ *Egregiam vero laudem, et spolia ampla!*”

Foolish and most perishing wretches, by whom each several inconsistency is twice committed; first in the act, and secondly in the boast.”

I may perhaps in a future number make a few remarks, more exclusively critical, upon the extracts I have supplied; for the present, I leave your readers to the full enjoyment of them. If they please others as much as they have gratified me, neither you nor I, Mr. Editor, will have any thing to complain of. I am, &c.

VIATOR.

LONDON, March 21, 1819.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE ADVISER.

MR. ADVISER,

I CANNOT take the liberty of applying for your advice myself, as I am only a servant; but if you will have the goodness to bestow it upon my mistress, it will be a charity to me. Some time ago, sir, I was hired by Miss Lovemore as her own woman. I heard before I went that my mistress was rather whimsical and hard to please, but as she gave very good wages, I resolved to try and do my best; and indeed I soon saw that I should have enough to do. It was my agreement to make her dresses, and she was always having her things either made or altered after the fashions in your Magazine. Thus the best part of my time was taken up in copying the prints, and after all I could not always succeed in pleasing her; but yet upon the whole we went on tolerably, for when she chanced to be in a good humour, which however was seldom the case, she would admit that I was the best of nine different waiting-maids she had had within the twelvemonth.

I had scarcely been three months with her, when a new plague started up: my mistress took it into her head to employ me in copying the French head-dresses as they are described in the *Repository*, as well as the English fashions; so that I am constantly occupied with my needle when I am not dressing my lady. I have hardly time allowed me for my meals, and as to sleep I am forced to do with very little. This one would think was hardship enough, but this is not all. The French fashion lady (I mean no offence, Mr. Adviser,) has a way of

describing several of her things, that one would suppose they were very becoming; and so perhaps they may be to some people, but I am sure my mistress is not one of them, and she will oblige me to make them all up for her: one she is sure she should like, it is so elegantly simple; another, because, though rather singular, it is striking and gentlewomanly; and a third she is certain would suit her, on account of its being peculiarly becoming to a Hebe face. I don't know what sort of a face that is, but I am sure, Mr. Adviser, if it resembles my lady's it must be very hard to make any thing that will become it, for you never saw such a long, lean, narrow, sallow countenance in your life as she has got; so that it happens, sir, nine times out of ten, that when the things are made up, she is displeased with them, and then she flies into a passion with me. It is in vain that I bring the book, and shew her how exactly I have followed the description; she declares that the *toute-ensemble* of the head-dress is bad, that it is put together without any attention to effect, and that I have not the least idea of giving it *l'air imposant*. Thus she will run on for an hour together; I cannot have the satisfaction of answering her, because I don't know what she means; and I dare not tell her, what is very often the truth, that the fault is not in the head-dress, but in her own face. I was going the other day to give her warning, when it came into my head, that if you, sir, would be so kind as to advise my mistress against wearing those

head-dresses, and assure her that they are very unbecoming to her, it might be the means of enabling me to keep my place, for I dare say she would pay attention to your advice. Do, good sir, it will be a real charity, and I shall think myself obliged to you as long as I live. Hoping you will pardon my boldness in requesting this favour, I remain, Mr. Adviser, your servant to command,

FANNY FURBELOW.

I have all the disposition in the world to oblige Fanny Furbelow, whose case I consider as a very hard one; but my advice to her mistress, if I were to give any against the French fashions, would be completely thrown away: they are at present the rage, and I might as well try to discover the philosopher's stone, as to attempt to persuade any woman, let her age or person be what it may, that what is fashionable can in her own case be unbecoming, if it is properly made. As Fanny appears too honest to do as a true chambermaid would do in her place, that is to say, outswear the looking-glass, and protest that her lady looked like an angel in the head-dress she was finding fault with, I am afraid that her case is without remedy; but I hope that if the poor girl's next mistress is fond of head-dresses *à la Hebe*, she may be a better likeness of the goddess of youth than Miss Lovemode.

I am sorry that I cannot insert the letter of my fair correspondent who signs herself SACCHARISSA; but by doing so, I should bring upon myself the imputation of vanity. This lady tells me she has

been engaged for some years in the composition of a novel, which she has just completed, in seven volumes octavo; and she generously offers to make the fortune of the proprietor of the *Repository*, by disposing of it to him for the sum of two thousand guineas; which she observes is a very moderate recompence, when it is considered that by inserting a few pages every month of this invaluable work in the Magazine, the sale of the latter will certainly be extended all over Europe; and no doubt can be entertained, that the additional profits will be immense.

In gratitude for all the compliments my fair correspondent has paid me, I have inserted the substance of her letter, and I regret that I cannot do more: but the fact is, that Mr. Ackermann has most unaccountably deprived himself of the benefit which he might derive from my advice in the conduct of his work, by positively prohibiting me from ever giving it. It is true that my zeal for his interest would often induce me to disregard his prohibition, but on the only occasion in which I did so, I received more than a hint, that if I interfered again, the Adviser would lose the place hitherto allotted to him in the *Repository*. Thus Saccharissa will see that I cannot serve her by my interest, but I flatter myself that I shall be able to do it effectually by my advice. I think, from the account which she gives me of the merits of her work, that she really rates it too low, and I would counsel her to convene a meeting of booksellers, and let the MS. be the prize of him who has spirit enough to

bid highest. These gentlemen, I am told, in general understand their own interest, and as Saccharissa is convinced that the profits of the work must be at least 50,000*l.*

it would be a shame if she did not receive a more liberal recompence than her modesty has induced her to demand.

S. SAGEPHIZ.

ON WOMAN :

A Lecture delivered by Colonel WILLIAMS at the Cornwall Literary and Philosophical Society.

WE cannot refuse insertion to some extracts from a very able and entertaining dissertation delivered at the Cornwall Literary and Philosophical Institution, on the 16th March last, by Colonel Williams. The subject is an eulogium upon the female sex—a subject indeed by no means new, for every heart pronounces upon woman a silent panegyric; and as we shall not be able to conclude the article in the present number, we shall, if possible, continue it in our next. That we may insert more numerous quotations, we refrain from further preface. After a short exordium, the lecturer proceeds thus :

It has been advanced in a late lecture, and in the words of Pope, that

“The proper study of mankind—is *man* ;”
but with due deference to the poet and the lecturer, *I* maintain, that
“The proper study of mankind—is *woman* .”

“Better sex, yours was the nobler birth,
For you of *men* were made—man but of *earth* :
Of softer, brighter hue ; of skin more fair ;
More glorious head, and far more glorious
hair.

Best work of the creation ! *brutes* should do
Homage to man, but man shall bow to *you* .”

RANDOLPH.

Woman, according to the most erudite authorities, is the *female* of man. A learned author indeed of

the sixteenth century has written a long and elaborate treatise, to *prove* that women are not men ; nor was his logical demonstration so unnecessary as it may seem, for many great philosophers of the time were of a different opinion. “I myself,” says Montaigne, “as I passed through Vitry le Francois, a town in Champagne, saw a *man* whom the Bishop of Soissons confirmed by the name of German, whom all the inhabitants of the place had known and seen to be a *girl* by the name of Mary, to the age of twenty-two.” And, moreover, if *we ourselves* may judge from their *gentleness* of manners, their *softness* of voice, and certain indications of female dress, there are some *men* who have a *tendency* at least to transform into women. * * *

Whether there be different races of women, or whether *all* women be of the same species, is a profound question in natural history as yet undetermined. That the fair inhabitants of the north are blessed with a certain quantity of fat (*embonpoint*, I should have said,) to guard them against the *cold*, whilst those of the Island of Timor are slim and erect, to suit the heat of the climate ; that the Esquimaux ladies are four feet nothing, whilst the shortest of those in Patagonia (according to recent testimony)

are eight feet and a half in stature, are probabilities to which I find no difficulty in bending my belief; but amid the endless diversities of slight and rounded, short and tall, which abound in different regions and under different suns, even fancy refuses to sink woman to that state of degradation in which (to use a familiar expression) she becomes no woman at all. How much more credible, how much more consonant with our feelings and our reason, are the relations of those who picture women in their truer, brighter colours; who faithfully depict to us the beauties of Circassia and Cashmere, and who describe the yet more refined blood of *Georgia*, a country in which not *one* plain countenance can be detected, a country where (to quote the words of the amiable Chardin) *every* woman is slender-waisted and charming, *every* woman adorned with a profusion of graces and *un-artificial* curls! But I leave it to *others* to delineate woman in all the varieties of feature, form, and colour; I leave it to *others* to follow her progress through all the stages of nature and of art.

It is neither my intention to trace her amid those savage wilds where she toils for man, and faints under the burden, whilst her lazy taskmaster disdains even to train his fellow brute to lighten her labours; nor in those harams, of the voluptuous despot, where she languishes a soulless slave to his pleasures: the attempt be mine to pourtray her as she *is*, and as she *ought to be*, in a land of freedom and civilization, where she is placed to fulfil, by the exercise of her duties and her intellect, the great end of her

being. But in the portrait which I am above to essay--(the *half-length* portrait, for I take that portion of the frame only which comprises the head and the heart)—my pencil shall not be dipped in the soft, deceptive hues of *flattery*; I aim at a faithful resemblance alone, and to mark that resemblance with its true lights and corresponding *shades*, I shall, as an honest painter, display alike each natural beauty and *defect*. The great outline of my picture is, the *female character*—the leading features are, her *disposition*, her *talents*, and her *virtues*.

Her disposition—good and *indifferent*;

Her talents—strong and *feeble*;

Her virtues—positive and *negative*.

But permit me to remark; that I offer only a rough, unlaboured sketch—I am no “*master* of the art;” but were I Apelles himself, my composition would fall infinitely short of its design. The exact likeness of that fair original which I have chosen for my subject, the *finer* touches which are required to *finish* such a copy, are beyond the skill of *man*: they can alone be accomplished by her own “*nicer hand*” and “*happier execution*.”

The *first* object of our observation is the female *disposition*. In this, on its *brighter* side, there appear to me to be three prominent characteristics: *contentment*, *constancy*, and *beneficence*. There is a natural changeableness in *man*, which renders him uneasy in his present condition, and eager to possess some advantage in prospect; he is for ever rambling from home, from the real pleasures and conveniences of life, which lie in

a narrow compass, to press after *phantoms* of promised enjoyment. On the contrary, woman submits herself with more patience to the *evils*, and enjoys with more quiet satisfaction the *good* of that station in which Providence has settled her. The restlessness of the *male* (if I have been rightly informed) is manifested even in the cradle; and no sooner does he discover the power of his legs and arms, than he proceeds to exhibit a true type of his versatility, in the revolutions of his top, or the rotations of his hoop. The female (if my authority be equally good) is more easily rocked into passiveness; almost the *first* object of her budding ideas is the quiet, wooden emblem of her own peaceful fancy; and, when more advanced in the months of life, she sits a contented fixture on her little stool, and needles hour after hour, stitch after stitch, to provide her idol with a modest covering.

Such is the distinction of nature—man, more robust, is fitted for active labour and for enterprise; woman for more sedentary occupation. Their intellectual powers correspond to their destination. The imagination of man is mutable and excursive; it is continually ranging over all the scenes of human existence; it explores new regions of pleasure; it starts new possibilities of happiness; and thus busied in a perpetual succession of schemes, he passes his days in alternate elation and sorrow, for want of that calm acquiescence by which his fair “opposite” is fixed to a certain condition, or led on in the same plain and beaten track which her grandmother has trodden

before her. If a contented mind be one of the greatest blessings of this world—if it produce all those effects which the alchymists ascribe to the philosopher’s stone, how enviable is the native disposition of woman! how light does it render the disquietudes that assail her! how kindly the influence which it sheds over her soul in all the relations of life! what an antidote to repining and ingratitude! what a preventive to ambition and corruption! what cheerfulness does it give to her conversation! what serenity to her thoughts! what grace to all her words and actions!

* * * * *

The same disposition which leads women to be contented with their situation and employments, renders them also constant in their affections. We have heard much of the fickleness of the *female* character: the accusation, in my opinion, is more applicable to the *male*.

—————“Man’s inconstant soul
Is as the days and weather, fair and foul.”

It could be proved in a thousand instances, that the mutability of *his* temper is the greatest weakness of his nature, and the principal cause of his miseries. Let us, however, for the present confine our view of this infirmity to a *single* feeling, and from the consideration of this particular feeling form an estimation of the rest. The affections of women, I maintain, are less *variable* than those of men. Where Nature has formed *one female coquette*, she has fashioned *ten males*; where she has framed *one jilt* of the feminine gender, she has fabricated *twenty* of the masculine. There are few, I presume, to whom it is necessary to explain the difference between

these two characters: lest, however, there may be any grave and unsuspecting philosopher amongst us, who is unconscious of the distinction, I think it right to observe, that a *coquette* is one (whether male or female) who is qualified to excite admiration by insinuating looks and irresistible advances; whereas a *jilt*, in addition to these advantages, is licensed to raise expectation, for the purpose of killing it with sudden indifference. We need not search the bills of mortality to ascertain which sex has been most destructive in its practice. Among women the arts of coquetry and of jilting have been confined principally to those who have some pretension to *beauty* or to *wit*; whilst men have proved themselves accomplished in the exercise of both, without one recommendation, personal or mental; without one idea or good quality, without even a leg or a tooth. Man, however, has a wider field of mischief; for while the fair practitioner is hedged in by a narrow circle, *he* ranges, not like the bee, from flower to flower, collecting sweets for the community, but like an abominable locust, eating and destroying both flowers, fruit, and grass, for his own private gratification and amusement. The instability of women has been *most* obstinately insisted on by disappointed and rejected suitors; but if it be true that some ladies have refused *ten*, *fifteen*, and even *twenty* offers, before they have reached to so many years of discretion, surely this is no test of *fickleness*; it is more probably the effect of a refined taste, of an enlightened independence, which neither deems matrimony a prize, nor single blessed-

ness a blank in the lottery of life. How many stronger evidences are there of the changeableness of man! How many of his laws and his usages bear witness against him! Even the venerable patriarchs and saints of ancient writ have given authority to his frailties; and the wisest of mortals exhibits himself an example of that taste for variety, which, in other words, is *habitual inconstancy*. I allude to the practice of *polygamy*, once so generally permitted for the supposed benefit of *mankind*. I never read, however, but of one people, amongst whom, in behalf of *womankind*, the order of this custom was reversed; and then it was under such discouraging circumstances as almost to render the privilege nugatory. "In the country of Calicut," says Father Tachard, "the *men* must have but *one* wife, the *women* may have *ten* husbands: but," adds our reverend informer, "the *ancles* of the women in this country are mostly as thick as the bodies of ordinary men!" In further proof of our position, let the pages of history unfold themselves, and do justice to the superior constancy of the female sex. Let the example of Sextilia, the wife of Scaurus, Paxea, the wife of Labeo, Chelonis, the wife of Cleombrotus, Arria, the wife of Pætus, and a thousand other invaluable wives, "too numerous to mention," put to shame the mutability of *married* men: let the Sapphos of former days cast disgrace on the single Phaons of antiquity; and in these our own times, let the widows of India challenge a single precedent of a *widower* who has buried himself alive, or scorched himself to death,

for the sake of his departed partner. Gentlemen, we will press these proofs no further; let us candidly admit, in the language of our great dramatist, that,

———“ However we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and infirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn
Than woman's.”

* * * * *

I turn with regret from the kindest quality of human nature, to *one* of widely different feeling, to *one* which is the greatest “abatement” in the fair escutcheon of female character. How strange that the heart which sympathizes in the sufferings of another, which rejoices in promoting the happiness of a fellow-creature, that this same gentle and benevolent heart should harbour so adverse, so odious a passion as that of *envy*! I would by no means represent this failing as *peculiar* to the fair sex: in *man* it is a vice more violent in its operation, and more calamitous in its effects; but in woman it has certain characteristic traits which deserve particular notice. With *man* it bursts forth through every gradation of rank and intellect, from a bad poet to a mighty potentate. It breaks out with all the virulence of competition in *gentlemanly* pursuits and *liberal* professions; in the *honest* calculations of trade, the *enlarged* conceptions of philosophy, and the *exalted* views of genius. With woman it flashes and fulminates, chiefly from the collision of rival accomplishments, from the clashing jealousies of beauty, dress, and even furniture. In *men* it is a crime so base and detestable, so vile in its origin, and so pernicious in its consequences, that it never

fails to raise a sensation of disgust, even in those who *themselves* possess it; but with *women*, in the completion of their mischief, in the very tragedy of their revenge, there is something so provokingly *comic*, as to force a smile even from our resentment. It is an historical fact, that the magnanimous Elizabeth of England, she, whose vigour, constancy, penetration, vigilance, and address, have scarcely been surpassed by any person who ever filled a throne; she, who, to use the words of Hume, had such an uncontrolled ascendant over her people, and such a *command* over *herself*; this vigorous, constant, penetrating, and *self-commanding* princess was in the daily practice of *abusing*, *slapping*, and *pinching* her maids of honour, from sheer envy of their beauty; and of breaking her own looking-glasses, because they discovered to her the inferiority of her personal attractions!

These acts in so great a queen were in truth most *whimsically vicious*: if, however, we descend from the throne to a less elevated station of life, though the *contrast* be not so striking, we shall find the feelings of envy just as unreasonable; we shall find the queens of *country towns* and *villages* with just as much *aptitude*, though fortunately for those around them, not with the same *power*; with just as much *licentiousness* of *tongue*, though with less *licence* of *fingers*. We shall observe women, with all the advantages of education, degrading themselves by every species of *malignity*—women, with all the benefits of competence and decent connection, with all the means of

comfort and legitimate pleasure, roaming about to invade the happiness of others. We shall perceive them grieving, pining, sickening at the good fortune, the good deeds, and even the good disposition of their own sex. We shall mark them practising every little artifice, uttering every petty misrepresentation against the objects of their jealousy: we shall behold them pale, yellow, livid, changing, in fine, to every colour (but that *healthful hue* which good-humour and a good conscience communicate,) at the sight of mental or personal superiority. Let us *extend* our observations through the whole circle of society (remember, ladies, the caution which I gave to you in the preface of my lecture)--through the whole circle of society, the same passion rankles or rages in different degrees, and under different modifications. Beauty turns almost into deformity at her own similitude! *Blue* eyes, erewhile that softly languished, dart scorn at those of darker shade; foreheads of ivory brightness are browbeating cheeks of rosy bloom; and in their turn, those cheeks are growing pale at a Grecian nose, or a mouth with a dimple. Throughout the picture, *almost* all are labouring by invidious looks or invidious words to detract from the real or factitious advantages of each other. Ridiculous competition! as if beautiful faces, elegant figures, caps, accomplishments, and ribbons, belonged to the fair sex in common trade, and each endeavoured to lessen the claims of her partner, to increase her own share in the stock. How falsely do women calculate on this subject! how much greater their

loss than their profit in this narrow speculation! If *admiration* be the object, how little does the envious fair reflect, that in plucking *one* floweret from the wreath of a rival, *all* the roses of her own garland droop and wither! If the mere unmixed gratification of spleen be the motive, if that feeling predominate which desires not so much its own happiness, as the misery of another, how wretched, how forlorn the heart which it possesses! how dark, how deformed the portrait of its possessor! Existing only on the mischief which she creates, the evil which she causes cannot render her happy; every day brings her new enemies; in vain she makes them the victims of her malice, no success can surfeit her; she *feels* herself *inferior* to those she *endeavours* to destroy, and this very reflection adds to her shame, her anguish, and her perturbation. Against the malignity of such unhappy beings, the peace of society can find, I fear, no effectual shield; but against lesser delinquents, against the more open, the more thoughtless, the less inveterate daughters of detraction and jealousy, some laws of coercion might, in my humble opinion, be successfully adopted. To this end, I have now in my possession the draught of a half-digested plan; which when finished (if I can procure a sufficient number of signatures, and the interest of our country members,) will I hope be passed into a regular act of parliament. I propose, in the name and behalf of his majesty, that it be lawful to form, make, and establish certain rules and regulations, modelled from the *articles of war*, for the bet-

ter government of his majesty's female subjects; and that in every country town or village there be erected or constituted a female court-martial, consisting of *gentlewomen* of tried candour (wives of half-pay and militia officers, *if a sufficient number can be found*), for bringing fair offenders against such articles to justice.

Some of the said rules and regulations (*strictly conforming to the order and language of the aforesaid articles of war*) may, for instance, be framed as follows:

SECTION 1st. *Article 1st.*

All ladies, not having just impediment, shall diligently frequent divine service and sermon; and such as being present behave invidiously or censoriously, by word or look, shall, if married ladies or widows, be brought to a female court-martial, there to be publicly and severely reprimanded by the lady president; or if unmarried or young ladies, every person so offending shall forfeit twelve-pence, to be deducted out of her quarterly pay and allowances.

2dly. Whatsoever lady, married, unmarried, or widow, shall presume to use *treacherous* or disrespectful words against her superior in rank or reputation, shall, upon conviction thereof, be cashiered in her own society, and put to the bottom of the list.

3dly. Any married, unmarried, or widow lady, who shall behave herself contemptuously or spitefully towards her superior in beauty or accomplishment, or shall speak words tending to her hurt or

dishonour, shall be punished, according to the nature of her offence, by the judgment of a female court-martial.

4thly. Any married, unmarried, or widow lady, who shall begin, excite, cause, or join in any scandal or aspersion, in the company to which she belongs, or in any other company of our country towns or villages, on any pretence whatsoever, shall suffer *silence*, or such other punishment as by a female court-martial shall be awarded.

5thly. Any lady, married, or unmarried, or widow, who, being *present* at any scandal and aspersion, shall not use her utmost endeavour to suppress the same, or coming to the knowledge of such scandal and aspersion, shall not without delay give information to her husband, father, brother, or other commanding officer, shall suffer *silence*, or such other punishment as by a female court-martial shall be awarded.

Ladies and gentlemen, I submit to your judgment this hasty *specimen* of certain projected regulations "to prevent all disorders and neglects" which married, unmarried, or widow ladies may be guilty of, to the prejudice of social order and female discipline; and if any officers of the navy, army, or militia, between their musters for field sports and their parades on the pavement, will lend assistance to complete the code, it is fervently to be hoped, that thus perfected, it will essentially tend to the suppression of envy, malice, and all kinds of uncharitableness.

(*To be continued.*)

THE POWER OF LOVE AND HONOUR.

MANY years ago a gentleman of some property in the west of England, abruptly discharged from his service a young man who lived with him in the capacity of gardener. It was whispered that his dismissal was occasioned by the gentleman's daughter and only child, a beautiful girl of eighteen, having cast a partial eye upon him; and this report was strengthened by her resolute refusal to marry a neighbouring squire, for whom her father had long intended her. Incensed at the obstinacy with which she persisted in her refusal, her father, Mr. T——, determined to carry her to France, and place her as a boarder in a convent, till time should render her more amenable to his wishes.

Accordingly they set out for France: on the very day of their departure, Mr. B——, the gentleman whom the young lady had refused, was found murdered in a wood near his own home, and contiguous to the house of Mr. T——.

As Mr. B——'s watch and purse had not been taken, it was obvious that plunder was not the murderer's object. The unfortunate man was stabbed in several places, and near him lay a knife, with which it appeared that the dreadful deed had been perpetrated. The county was immediately upon the alert to discover the assassin; large rewards were offered for his apprehension, and several persons were taken up on suspicion. Nothing, however, appeared against anyone, except the young gardener, and the evidence against him, though only presumptive, was very strong.

In the first place, the knife which was found near the body was proved to have belonged to him: he himself did not deny this, but he declared that he had lost it some time before. Secondly, it appeared that he had often expressed the greatest dislike to the deceased; that on the very morning before the body was found, he observed to a neighbour who was standing with him at his cottage-door, on seeing Mr. B—— ride by, "There goes one whom I hate in my heart. I dare say he is going to one of his jovial meetings. The stingy fellow seldom takes a servant with him, though he is so given to drink, that he has need of some one to take care of him. I should not wonder if something happened to him one of these days." Another witness, who had formerly been William's fellow-servant, deposed, that a short time before, Mr. B—— had on some occasion struck the young man, and that he had then expressed a determination to be revenged upon him. He said to his fellow-servant, "Only for a reason I must not mention, I would have given B—— a good drubbing; but I comfort myself by thinking, that the time will come when he shall pay dear for the blows he gave me."

It was proved also that William was seen, on the evening of the night when the murder was committed, on the road leading to the wood, and the next morning he was met in the wood at a little distance from the spot where the body was found, by two labourers who were going to work. They observ-

ed that his hand and his jacket were stained with blood, which he accounted for by saying that his nose had been bleeding. Both these men saw marks of trouble and distraction in his countenance, and one of them asked him whether any thing was the matter with him. He replied abruptly, "No: what should be the matter with me?"

When he quitted the service of Mr. T——, he hired a small cottage, in which he had since lived by himself. On the officers entering it to take him prisoner, they found that he had not been in bed at all. He was sitting in a melancholy posture, but he had changed his dress and washed himself. They found the clothes which he had taken off stained with blood, and he accounted for it in the same way as he had done to the labourers.

A universal feeling of commiseration for the unfortunate prisoner pervaded the minds of all present in court. His appearance was in the highest degree mild and interesting, and a crowd of witnesses deposed to his general good character, and the humanity of his disposition; but nothing appeared in contradiction to the evidence against him. He was repeatedly interrogated as to where he had passed the night, and told that on that circumstance alone his acquittal or condemnation might possibly depend; but to this question he invariably refused to reply, and notwithstanding his protestations of innocence, the evidence against him was so strong, that he was found guilty, and sentenced to suffer the punishment of the law. He met his fate with christian firmness

and resignation, and to the last persisted in denying all knowledge of the crime for which he suffered.

How cruel was the situation of this unfortunate young man! A single word would have proved his innocence, and rescued him from an ignominious death; but that word would have blasted for ever the reputation of her whom he loved more than life or honour; it would have exposed her to the utmost rage of a tyrannic father, whose passions were capable of carrying him any length, and whose violence might have endangered even her life.

These considerations induced the faithful and heroic young man to bury in his own bosom the secret of his having passed the fatal night in which the murder was committed with Miss T——. This unfortunate and misguided girl had, through the ill management and avaricious disposition of her father, been bred up in ignorance. She was naturally susceptible; William was handsome, and of manners more refined than are usually met with in the class to which he belonged. B——, for whom the young lady knew she was intended, was plain in his person, of licentious character, and many years older than herself; her aversion to him strengthened her rising partiality for William, and she forgot herself so far as to enter into a solemn and sacred engagement never to become the wife of any other.

On the night when B—— met his fate, she had appointed to meet William in her father's garden, to which he had a key; a female servant, who attended her to France, was privy to this interview. It was

true that nothing had passed between the lovers which could call a blush into the cheek of modesty itself, but the unfortunate William knew too well in what light the world, and especially the father of his mistress, would regard it. The lovers remained together till the last moment, and the violence of his emotion on bidding her what his foreboding heart told him was an eternal farewell, had caused the bleeding of the nose which stained his clothes in so suspicious a manner; nor is it wonderful that the anguish which their parting occasioned him, should be misinterpreted into the distraction of conscious guilt.

The feelings of the wretched Miss T—— when she learned, too late to avert it, the fate of her lover, cannot be described. A few days before the intelligence reached her, the sudden death of her father removed the only obstacle to her union with William. Her grief on hearing the dreadful news was so great, that it threw her into a dangerous fit of illness; but though hovering on the confines of the grave, her first care was to clear his memory. She immediately made a declaration upon oath, which was properly witnessed and committed to writing, that William had remained with her from eleven at night till four in the morning, between which hours it was evident, from the state in which the body was found, the murder must have been committed. This declaration was immediately made public, and the memory of the unfortunate young man was cleared; though there were still some who affected to doubt of his innocence, because

time wore away without any discovery being made of the murderer.

More than five years had passed when a gentleman belonging to the town near which B—— had been assassinated, was travelling in a different part of the country. The room in which he slept was separated only by a partition from one occupied by another traveller. The gentleman happened to be awake in the middle of the night, and he heard his neighbour mutter, with a dreadful oath, “Aye, aye, the wood’s the place! the wood’s the place!” and presently after, “Don’t talk to me of Hell: B—— deserved to die, and it never can be found out.”

These words impressed the gentleman strongly with a belief, that the traveller was the real murderer of the unfortunate B——. He stole softly down stairs, and awaked some of the domestics, whom he charged not to suffer the man to quit the house till he came back. He went immediately for officers of justice, with whom he soon returned, and taking the stranger into custody, charged him with the murder of Mr. B——. The man, unconscious how the fact had been discovered, confessed it in his first emotions of terror. He was it seems a rider to some houses of business in London; B—— was in the habit of visiting the capital; he saw and seduced this man’s wife, who was remarkably pretty. The husband doted upon her to such an excess, that he would have taken her back after she had eloped from him, but she refused to return; and shortly afterwards she quitted London altogether, nor could he learn what had become of her.

As his love for his wife was excessive, his rage against B—— was proportionably great; and he had no means of gratifying his revenge, for though he was himself convinced that B—— had seduced his wife, he could not prove it.

Unfortunately, this injured husband happened to be at an inn where B—— was supping with a party of gentlemen on the night in which he met his fate. He heard one of the waiters observe, that if he were Mr. B——, he should not like to ride home through the wood. He protested that until then he never entertained a thought of taking the life of B——, but at that moment the diabolical idea occurred to him, that he might, with ease and without being suspected, revenge himself. He was so much stronger than B——, that he thought he could easily master him; he was also very well mounted, and as he often travelled late, and had not announced any intention of staying for the night, his going on

would excite no suspicion. He accordingly left the house, and waited for his victim in the wood. While he was upon the watch, he perceived on the ground the knife which poor William had a little before lost; he picked it up, and when he knocked the unfortunate B—— off his horse, he used it to finish the wretched man's existence.

His confession was in all respects so clear and satisfactory, that no doubt could be entertained of his guilt: he was accordingly convicted, and executed for the murder.

By this discovery the innocence of the unfortunate gardener was cleared even from the shadow of suspicion. It seemed as if his mistress had survived only to see it made manifest. Her health had been in a declining state from the time she heard of his fate, and in less than a week after the execution of the murderer, she breathed her last.

ALMANACH DES GOURMANDS.

MR. EDITOR,

FEW books have been more read in Paris, or perhaps I might add throughout France, and the countries of the Continent where French is understood, than that celebrated production, which is almost wholly unknown in England, and which bears the title of *Almanach des Gourmands; servant de guide dans les moyens de faire excellente chère*. We have had many thousand books published in England on the sublime art of cookery from the time of the admirable Pinson, one of our earliest printers, down to the

scientific Mrs. Rundell, one of our latest authors, but we have no work like that which I have mentioned. I will give your readers some account of it, for I apprehend that it is *unique* in its kind.

It is not a sort of *recipe-book* which gives instructions how to compound the different ingredients of various dishes, nor is it addressed to those whose business it is to prepare them; it is not a collection of disjointed instructions, inserted without method or connection; nor does it contain any information as to the various modes of dishing

delicacies and of carving curiosities. "Then what is it?" I think I hear one of your readers say: "if it is not all these, tell us what it is—enough of what it is not."

I can make allowance, Mr. Editor, for impetuosity on an interesting subject like this—a subject that has employed so many able pens; and, to use a vulgarism, has made so many mouths water; but I must explain what this *Almanach des Gourmands* is, partly by shewing what it is not. Any body who opens it and expects to find, as in Mrs. Glass or Mrs. Rundell, particular directions, such as, "Take a fine cod's head, and let it lie in water for four hours," or "Take an old hare that is good for nothing else," will be disappointed. By the bye, as a lover of style even in compositions of this kind, I wonder the authors of these works do not endeavour to vary their phraseology a little, instead of beginning every *recipe* with the word "Take"—"Take," eternally repeated. This, however, only by the way.

The work before me—I may say the tasteful and eloquent work before me—is quite of a different character; for although it adverts to particular dishes, and touches upon the mode in which they are prepared, the last is accomplished by a glance, and the first by an eulogium highly wrought and generally well merited. I am myself, Mr. Editor, though no glutton, a lover of good eating, and I confess I have not been able to go through this author's descriptions of some of the viands he mentions, without the excitement of a new and strong appetite even after I have dined,

and a longing that I cannot pretend to define. It is rather a statement of what ought to be done, than of the manner in which it is to be accomplished.

There is now and then a touch of satire introduced, which operates as a kind of *sauce piquante* as we read, and the whole is garnished with a judicious sprinkling of moral reflections. I will subjoin a few characteristic extracts, observing that the work is ornamented with a frontispiece, called *Bibliothèque d'un Gourmand*, which is furnished, like most other libraries, with shelves, tables, &c.; excepting that instead of books, are ranged on the lower or folio shelves the various apparatus of culinary operations; above them, meats and preserves of every varied description; and still higher, in the duodecimo department, sauces, pickles, and other excitements to weak stomachs. The tables are furnished with a profusion of provisions of every kind for all the seasons of the year. I fear that in the following translated specimens, I have not been able to do justice to the original. The author is describing the various accomplishments and qualifications of a PIG.

"The merits of the pig are so generally acknowledged, and his utility in the kitchen so deeply felt, that a panegyric upon them is here superfluous. He is the king of unclean animals, his empire is universal, and his admirable qualities undisputed: without him we should be without lard, and without lard without a kitchen: but for him where should we procure hams, sausages, chitterlings, black-puddings, and all their delectable ac-

companiments? It is very well for physicians to exclaim that its flesh is heavy, laxative, and indigestible; let them say what they will, they would be very sorry to be attended to, for pork, in consequence of its indigestibleness, is one of the principal flowers in their crown. The Jews, on the other hand, look upon a hog with horror; and indeed the great body of Christians in this respect are Jews, for few will eat black-puddings and chitterlings. Although the pork may be better at Lyons and Troyes than in Paris (at least in what relates to the animal more than to the skill of the artist), yet our pork-butchers have at length triumphed over all obstacles, and now vary their compositions so admirably, that the art of changing the appearance of pork at the table, and making it assume innumerable shapes, has become one of the most learned and exquisite arts practised in the metropolis.

“Nature has managed matters so well, that there is nothing in the whole pig which need be thrown away: the arts and the kitchen dispute the honour of applying the spoils of this rare nonpareil, and if M. Masson at Paris owes his fortune to its flesh, its skin was the first contributor to the glory of the immortal Raphael.”

In the same rapturous and truly poetical strain the author speaks of another of nature's offerings to the gratification of man.

“The red partridge,” says he, “is to the rest of that species, what cardinals are to bishops. Migrating formerly from Greece, it seems to preserve the recollection of its high origin, frequenting only the

highest ground, where it reigns supreme. The excellence of its flesh, containing the quintessence of all that is delightful to the palate, and its excessive rarity and high price, add still further to its merit. It is a repast for a monarch; we should not speak of it without reverence, and taste it on our knees.”

In the same strain this singular, may I say, admirable author speaks of the pigeon, the egg, and various other culinary commodities, of no great rarity, but dressed in such varied and peculiar manners, that either of them would afford a different meal for every day in the year. As, however, the work is divided into the various months, under the title of *Calendrier Nutritif*, I will subjoin what is said of the provisions belonging to May, the month in which your next number will be published.

“Mackarel now demand our attention, and we may say that its appearance at Paris forms one of the greatest charms of spring. This fish has this quality in common with beautiful women—that they are beloved and admired by all the world. It is equally the delight and gratification of all classes; the citizen and the nobleman alike enjoy its luxuries; the illustrious mackarel condescends even to furnish the table of the poorest: in short, it is the delight of all ranks and all ages—prince and peasant, old and young.

“Pigeons are eaten nearly all the year round, and it gratifies us with frequent reproductions; but it is said that it withholds its perfect excellence until the season of peas arrives, and then presents it-

NEW SERIES

No. XLI. MAY 1819



BRUNELL'S . PATENT.

METALLICK PAPER

R. Ackermann's Lithography.

self as one of the most delicate offerings of spring. It puts no bounds to its complaisance, for this amiable bird delights in affording to the cook opportunities of displaying the *exquis* of his brilliant art. It undergoes the most astonishing metamorphoses with pleasure, and in all of them is equally delectable.

“Peas, green peas! is the song of May; music a thousand times more enchanting to the ears of the true *gourmand*, than all the scientific warblings of the Italian Opera, which produce no effect upon the soul or body. How can we be insensible to the entrance of the best and at the same time the most delicate of all vegetables? which for four successive months continues the gratification commenced in the present, which marries itself to

every species of flesh and fowl, and is an example to all couples, who taste them united, of perfect harmony and affection. It would be vain to attempt to enumerate the immense variety of shapes in which this vegetable appears.”

The description of the incitements of the appetite for the month of May concludes with a learned and eloquent dissertation upon butter, which it is truly said is then best, because the herbage is in perfection. I am afraid that I have already made my letter too long, but a good dinner is always an *inviting* subject, and if I have sat at table rather too long, I only follow the custom of the country in which this *Almanach des Gourmands* has gone through some hundreds of editions. I remain, &c.

L'AMANT D'UNE CUISINIÈRE.

PLATE 28.—PATENT METALLIC PAPER:

A NEW DISCOVERY.

THE ornamental crystalization on tinned surfaces, exhibited in many shops, being confined in its application to articles of the japanner's trade, it became a great desideratum to have a similar result elicited on a substance, which, like paper, could easily be employed in covering articles of almost any description.

The metallic paper which is now offered to the public, is the produce of a new discovery made by M. J. Brunel, Esq. F. R. S. &c.

The matchless beauty of this substance, the character and variety of its crystalization, exceed in effect and brilliancy what has yet been obtained on tin plates, over which it possesses an addition-

al advantage in the dimensions of the sheets, which can be made as large as 4 feet by 20 inches.

It has already met with a most favourable reception on the Continent, where it is likely to open a new channel for our industry. The Report made before the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, &c. in Paris, on the 17th Feb. last, by their distinguished *Chimiques*, is evidence of the opinion entertained there of this discovery as an article of trade.

The Report states as follows: “Tin is one of the metals which experiences the least alteration from the air; the proofs of which are to be seen in the remains of old tapestry, which were mostly

prepared with leaves of tin varnished.

"We may therefore expect that, when well varnished, the metallic paper may be employed with great success. We doubt not that the trade will most readily encourage its application, considering the facility with which it may be pasted or laid down; and we anticipate, that it will have numerous as well as pleasing applications.

"We accordingly propose testifying to M. Vallet, who has brought the specimens which have been laid before us, the lively interest we take in the success of Mr. Brunel's discovery, the merit and advantages of which we further pro-

pose to convey to the public through the medium of our bulletins."

This metallic paper is now used by skilful artists with great success in decorating apartments and furniture. R. Ackermann, at his Repository of Arts, has introduced it with great taste into a variety of fancy work, where it displays an uncommonly novel and rich appearance. It is sold, in various shades, as seen by the annexed patterns, in sheets of the following sizes and prices: Large, 23 by 19 inches, 6s.; small, 19 by 11½ inches, 3s.—Nothing but a strong paste made of good flour is required to fasten it to wood, paper, &c. &c.

THE MODERN STAGE.

MR. EDITOR,

SOME months ago you inserted a few cursory observations of mine on the present magnitude of our theatres, as the principal cause of the decay not only of theatrical property, which is comparatively a trifling consideration, but of the drama itself. It is an undeniable fact, that plays were never better, or rather never so good, as when theatres were the smallest. I am not going over the same ground again, for the fact is both undeniable and undeniable; but my object is to supply you with an extract or two, very well written, from a pamphlet which has fallen into my hands through the medium of a friend, and which I have reason to think has not been published for general circulation. Who is the author of it I am quite in the dark, but he is obviously a man of knowledge and talent, and his opi-

nions deserve the fullest consideration.

The pamphlet is in the form of a Letter to the Hon. George Lamb, M. P. for Westminster; and besides adverting to general subjects, it contains "a proposal for the encouragement of composition for the stage by the legislative protection of new pieces." To this part of the production I do not direct your attention: in the first place, because I do not think the plan feasible; and next, because I think there are better remedies; viz. extending the patents now enjoyed by two monopolizing houses to smaller theatres; that is, permitting them to act tragedy and comedy, and not mere burletta and pantomime. That part which I wish you to insert, consists of some excellent and pointed remarks upon the inconveniencies and disadvantages of extended theatres. It is a sub-

ject well meriting the most serious attention, and loudly calling for a speedy remedy. He observes first:

"In noticing the subject generally, I must advert to what may be a hacknied but unanswerable cause of this decay of dramatic originality—the enormous size of the two principal London theatres. The audiences have been corrupted by the utter inability to *hear* distinctly; the scene must never be in repose, for the eye wants much stronger excitement than the understanding. I take upon me to assert, that no comedy of wit, and no tragedy of poetry, can ever be adequately relished or applauded in these magnificent establishments, unless the public have previously canvassed their merits in the closet: Shakspeare and Congreve would be little felt, and less understood, if their beauties of dialogue were not familiar to us. A modern who, looking to their example, thinks that a drama should be something better than a budget of red-hot incidents, will find that natural and appropriate simplicity may be received with a hiss, and that quiet and chastened humour may be applauded with a yawn: the experiment is rarely made, but the result of such an attempt may be pretty accurately conjectured. * * * * *

"Our dramatic literature had long since arrived at that period of abasement, in which, as an inevitable effect of the construction of the two great theatres, tragedy had degenerated into spectacle, and comedy into buffoonery; pathos and humour assumed a palpable shape; we had dumb sentiments, and manual jests; the genius of Harlequin gave a brisker step to

the march of tragedy, and the wit of Punch was transferred (though miserably degenerated) to puppets six feet high. Was there any evil spirit yet unripened to pull down the principle of dramatic life into a deeper chaos? It was reserved for the present day to witness the perfection of a system, whose essence is this: that the characters and situations of the dramatic author should be derived, not from a study of the springs of human action, but of the peculiar powers of favourite actors; not that a play should 'hold the mirror up to nature,' but that nature herself should be dwarfed into the menial office of holding up the mirror to this gentleman's command of the terrible, or that lady's dominion over the pathetic. The tragic poet is not now to consider how the passion is borne out by the situation, but how the situation can be accommodated to the passion. He is not to design from the ever-changing features of human nature, but from the peculiar expression or attitude of some histrionic model. He is to be as original as the painter, who, discarding all study of the naked figure, should refer every delineation of female beauty to the Venus de Medicis, and of muscular strength to the Farnese Hercules. The casts in the plaster-shops may convey something of the truth of ideal perfection; but that artist has little merit of his own who is content to have nothing but the gods of the Pantheon sprawling upon his canvas."

His remarks upon the present mode of making but one great predominant part in a play, for the purpose of calling forth and flat-

tering some particular actor, are well worth reading, and it is the last quotation with which I shall trouble you.

“If the peculiarities of any great performer were in subordination to the general effect of a theatrical representation, the evil produced by the ambition of that performer would be less injurious to the reputation of our dramatic literature. But imagine that a system has been gradually matured, in which there is to be a monopoly, not only of imitative ability in an acted novelty, but also of materials upon which that ability is to work. The assumption would appear ridiculous, if the actual existence of such a principle were not well known and defined. It would be to maintain, that a great actor was ignorant of the commonest term of his profession—‘a part.’ Did any but the wildest madman ever assert that ‘a part’ meant a whole? He that has such inordinate conceptions of the omnipotence of his own talents, may say with Cicero, ‘*ardeo incredibili cupiditate.*’ Yet the better sense and the soberer judgment of those who step forward to cater for the public amusement, yield to such monstrous pretensions! No man can admire the triumphs of histrionic ability more than myself; but the most exalted talents should contribute to the consistent progress of the dramatic illusion, by their union with, and dependence upon, the meanest agents of the plot. Look at the creations of Shakspeare; every character has a richness of the most distinct personal identity, but the interest of the piece centres in no single character—Othello divides the weight

with Iago, Macbeth with his lady; each supports the other. Even the epic, which is more conversant with individuality, groups its heroes: if we have Hector, we have Achilles; if we have Godfrey, we have Rinaldo. It is the essence of the drama, in particular, to shew mankind in association—to exhibit a *balance* of energy and power—to be guided by the principles of painting rather than of sculpture. The poet who thinks differently may write odes, but should abstain from tragedy. The actor who maintains and practises the contrary, is fitter for the lecture-room than the stage.

“I would ask, with reference to the management of one of our great theatres, if original pieces are there decided upon with a knowledge and conviction of those principles upon which every good, or even tolerable, play must be written? Do the management exult in proportion as they perceive a character fitted for the display of the powers of their great attraction, modified by contrast and repose, like light and shadow in a picture? Do they look at a tragedy as at a fine piece of music, where, although the noblest instruments have the best passages, they are supported and relieved by association or opposition of different means, so as to produce harmony? The direct reverse of all this is sufficiently proved, I will not say by what they reject, but by what they *produce*:

‘Oh! this would make a learn’d and liberal soul

To rive his stained quill up to the back,
And damn his long-watch’d labours to the fire.’

“The question for us to ask is, will a free nation tolerate the enslave-

ment of one of the highest branches of its literature, because one or two persons of imitative genius are the first workmen in this smithery of mental fetters? Let us be enthusiastic admirers of talent, but more enthusiastic haters of tyranny."

There is great felicity of illustration, as well as convincing reasoning in the pamphlet, which, if written in a loose running style, does not exclude sentences of great strength and antithetical point.

May I conclude by expressing an opinion, that it is the duty of not only all those who are play-goers, but play-readers, and reverence the poetry of their country, to petition the legislature to exert its all-powerful authority to enable smaller establishments to act the legitimate drama? I am with respect, &c.

THEATRICUS.

LONDON, April 3, 1819.

MACBETH'S CASTLE.

IN our last number we inserted an article by Professor Richardson, on the Character of Macbeth; and it will not be inappropriately followed by the subsequent information, collected by Sir John Sinclair, respecting the castle where, according to Shakspeare, Duncan was murdered. It is called Dunsinnan, or Dunsinane; and Sir J. Sinclair thinks it probable, though we cannot agree with him, that Shakspeare collected on the spot the traditions of the country respecting Macbeth, and founded thereon his celebrated drama.

The author of the "Statistical Account of Scotland," happened, anno 1772, to take an excursion to Perthshire, and being accidentally led to visit the remains of Dunsinnan castle, took a sketch of them, as they appeared at that time, and collected all the traditions respecting the history of Macbeth, that were current in the neighbourhood. The story purported, that Macbeth, after his elevation to the throne, had resided for ten years at Carnbeddie, in the neighbouring parish of St. Martin, which the country

people call *Carn-beth*, or Macbeth's castle, and where the vestiges of his castle are still to be seen. During those times, witchcraft was very prevalent in Scotland, and two of the most famous witches in the kingdom lived on each hand of Macbeth, one at Collace, the other not far from Dunsinnan-house, at a place called the Cape*. Macbeth, taking a superstitious turn; applied to them for advice; and, by their counsel, he built a lofty castle upon the top of an adjoining hill, since called Dunsinnan, which, in the Gaelic language, signifies *the hill of ants*, implying the great labour and industry so essentially requisite for collecting the

* The moor where the witches met, which is in the parish of St. Martin, is yet pointed out by the country people; and there is a stone still preserved, which is called the Witches' Stone. The moor is now planted by W. Macdonald, Esq. of St. Martin's, the proprietor, and to whom also Carnbeth, or Carnbeddie, belongs; whose active zeal in promoting the improvement of the Highlands will long be remembered, in that part of the kingdom, with much respect.

O O

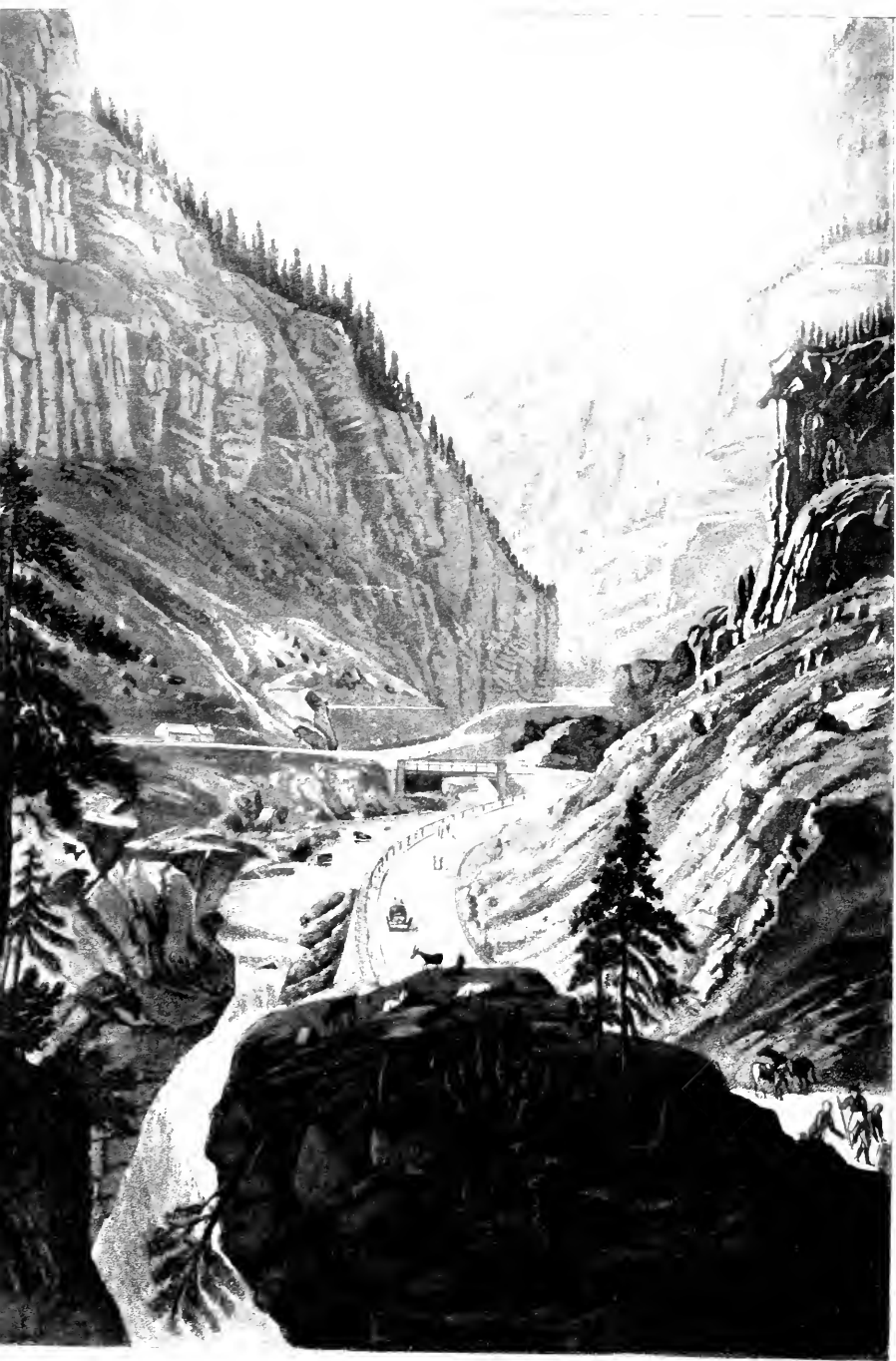
materials of so vast a building. It was by nature strong, as well as fortified by art, being partly defended by high outer rocks, and partly surrounded by an outer wall, which inclosed a considerable space of ground, for exercising the men, &c. There was also a *fosse*, which joined the wall and outer rocks, and a high rampart, which environed the whole, and defended the castle, itself large and well fortified. From the top of the hill, there is an extensive view of above fifty miles every way, comprehending Fifeshire, the hills in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, Glen-Almond, Crieff, the hills in the neighbourhood of Blair Athol, and Braemar; Strathmore also, and a great part of Angus, are immediately under view. In short, there could not be a more commanding situation.

When Malcolm Canmore came into Scotland, supported by English auxiliaries, to recover his dominions from Macbeth *the Giant*, as the country people called him, he marched first towards Dunkeld, in order to meet with those friends who had promised to join him from the north. This led him to Birnam wood, where accidentally they were induced, either by way of distinction, or from some other motive, to ornament their bonnets, or to carry about with them in their hands the branches of trees. The people in the neighbourhood stated, as the tradition of the country, that they were distinguished in this situation by the spy whom Macbeth had stationed to watch their motions. Macbeth then began to despair, in consequence of the witches' prediction, who had warned him to beware

“when Birnam wood should come to Dunsinane:” and when Malcolm prepared to attack the castle, where it was principally defended by the outer rocks, he immediately deserted it, and flying, ran up the opposite hill, pursued by Macduff; but finding it impossible to escape, he threw himself from the top of the hill, was killed upon the rocks, and buried at *the Lang Man's Grave**, as it is called, which is still extant. For the purpose of giving a better idea of these circumstances, a slight and imperfect sketch, drawn up at the time, is annexed.

Such were the traditions in the neighbourhood of Dunsinnan castle in 1772, and the reader will naturally be struck with the resemblance between them and the celebrated play which Shakspeare founded on the history of Macbeth. There is every reason, indeed, to believe, that our great dramatist was upon the spot himself, and was inspired with such uncommon poetical powers from having viewed the places where the scenes he drew were supposed to have been transacted. In Guthrie's History of Scotland (vol. viii. p. 358,) it is stated, that, anno 1599, King James desired Elizabeth to send him, in that year, a company of English comedians; with which request she complied, and James gave them a licence to act in his capital, and before his court. “I have great reason,” he adds, “to think that the immortal Shakspeare was of the

* It would be worth while to examine this grave, as some curious facts might be ascertained from it. It is proper to add, that not far from it is the road where, according to the tradition of the country people, Banquo was murdered.



number." And in the "Statistical Account of Perth," (vol. xviii. p. 522,) we are told, that plays were actually exhibited in Perth, only a few miles from Dunsinnan, in 1589. It is extremely improbable that the occurrences as narrated by Shakspeare, and the traditions of the country, could have borne so strong a resemblance, unless he had gathered them upon the spot himself, or employed some other person for that purpose. The only material difference is, that, according to tradition, Macbeth threw himself from the top of a rock; but it was much more poetical as narrated by Shakspeare, falling by the hands of Macduff, whom he had so greatly injured*.

About the period alluded to, anno 1772, I took much pleasure in tracing the antiquities of Scotland, on the spot where the different occurrences happened; but was too

* History narrates that Macbeth was put to death at Lumpannan; but the tradition of the country is, that he was killed, and buried in the neighbourhood of his own castle. It is singular that Buchanan, in his history, points out the story of Macbeth as admirably calculated for the drama. Did Shakspeare take the first hint from, or give it to, the Scottish historian? The idea of Shakspeare having been in Scotland is rendered still more probable, by the number of Scottish words and phrases made use of in his plays, and also from his parody on the well-known lines in the Scotch ballad, beginning,

"In days when our King Robert rang."

young (being then only about eighteen years of age) to do justice to such interesting inquiries. I have been tempted, however, from the peculiar historical importance of the castle of Dunsinnan, to state the substance of the traditions I had collected respecting it; and perhaps it may not be improper to add, that I found the traditions respecting the battle of Luncarty, and other ancient events, much more distinct and accurate than is commonly imagined; and, in general, authenticated by the remains of encampments, the ruins of castles, the vestiges of tombs, the appearance of mote-hills, or seats of justice, and the names of places, all affording concurring evidence of their authenticity.

The circumstances regarding the battle of Luncarty, in particular, were uncommonly minute and circumstantial. The encampments of the Scottish and Danish armies*, the place where Hay and his gallant sons resided, called Gullan, a farm opposite to Luncarty, the field they were ploughing at the time, the ford where they crossed the Tay, and the very spot where they stopped and animated their flying countrymen, &c. &c. were all pointed out by old men in the neighbourhood, when examined by the author in 1772.

* The place where the Danish army had encamped was, anno 1772, called Denmark.

PICTURESQUE TOUR OF MOUNT SIMPLON.

(Continued from p. 187.)

PLATE 27.—VIEW OF THE NEW ROAD, NEAR THE GRAND GALLERY.

If, following the road, the traveller finds, from time to time, at various intervals, some parts of the valley less confined by the ascending rocks, it still preserves its wild and savage character. He may

search in vain for any space where his eye may rest with satisfaction, for barren rocks every where present themselves to his view; and the Doveria, swelled by different waters that throw themselves into it, rushes on with an accelerated course.

As the Grand Gallery is approached, it appears as if the valley were about to expand; but the traveller has scarcely re-crossed the torrent, before the rocks again advance on each side, and he finds himself surrounded by the most menacing objects: nature here displays every thing of a grand and terrific character that can be crowded into so confined a space. Two immense rocks ascend almost perpendicularly; one of them, the base of which is covered with gloomy firs, frowns over the abyss, and shut up the passage to the road, until it was perforated by the mine and the pick-axe. At the entrance of this sombre grotto, the roar of the Do-

veria, which plunges into a profound gulf, resounds, and it fills the reverberating gallery with its hoarse and fearful murmur. After having taken about two hundred steps in the gloomy darkness, the traveller revisits the light across the waters of the Frascinone, which fall from the mountain to the bottom of a precipice, where they disappear.

The Grand Gallery, or, as it is otherwise called, the Gallery of Gondo, is cut through 683 feet of the solid granite: in order to light it, two large perforations have been made in the side. Not less than eighteen months were consumed in the work, although the men were employed night and day, and although they attacked it in four different directions at the same time. The inscription cut at one of the openings, states that this great undertaking was finished in 1805.

THE FEMALE TATTLER.

No. XLI.

Quisnam igitur liber? Sapiens; sibi qui imperiosus;
Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, nec vincula terrent,
Responsare cupidinibus, contemnere honores
Fortis, et in seipso totus; teres atque rotundus,
Externi ne quid valeat per leve morari,
In quem manca ruit semper Fortuna. — Hor. Sat. vii. l. 2. v. 83.

Who then is free? The wise, who well maintains
An empire o'er himself; whom neither chains,
Nor want, nor death, with slavish fear inspire;
Who boldly answers to his warm desire;
Who can ambition's vainest gifts despise;
Firm on himself, who on himself relies;
Polish'd and round, who runs his proper course,
And breaks misfortune with superior force.

AMONG my more grave correspondents, I am always particularly pleased with the writer of the following lucubration. The general turn of his thoughts, and energy of expression, as well as the subjects which appear to occupy

his mind, always render him pleasing to me, as they must prove instructive to my readers. I am not afraid of introducing the following paper with this recommendatory introduction.

It is necessary to an easy and happy life, to possess our minds in such a manner as to be always well satisfied with our own reflections. The way to this state, is to measure our actions, in a great measure, by our own opinion, and not altogether by that of the rest of the world. The sense of other men may prevail over us in things of less consideration, but not in concerns where truth and honour are engaged.—When we examine things to the bottom, it frequently happens, that what at first appears a paradox, is often found to be a self-evident truth; and those professions which, for want of being duly weighed, seem to proceed from a sort of romantic philosophy and ignorance of the world, after a little reflection, are so reasonable, that it would be absolute folly to adopt any other principles by which to regulate our conduct. Thus to thwart our desires, and conquer the impulses of our ambition, if they do not coincide with self-approbation, is so much our interest, and so absolutely necessary to our real happiness, that to condemn all the wealth and power in the world, where they stand in competition with a man's honour, is rather good sense than greatness of mind.

Let us but consider for a moment, and regard it as an incontrovertible truth, that the mind of man is the man himself: it is, therefore, a very unnatural kind of conduct, to sacrifice the sentiments of the soul in order to gratify the appetites of the body. Is it possible for a wise man, when the necessities of life are supplied, to flatter to be rich, or to circumvent to be powerful? When a beggar; suffer-

ing from hunger, and shivering with cold, implores our charity, are not we disposed to think such a situation would be intolerable to us? Nevertheless, how much more despicable is his condition, who, advanced above necessity, and enjoying all the solid comforts of life, is seen to resign his reason and his integrity, to purchase those superfluities which he does not want, and are only required by his passions or his pride. But custom and general prepossessions seem so far to prevail in the world, that, strange to say, they continue, somehow or other, to retain the respect of it, who make popular applause, and courtly attendance, and splendid equipage, the leading objects of their desires. At the same time it may surely be observed, that nothing can be more honourable than to possess a sufficient degree of courage to execute the commands of reason and conscience; to maintain the dignity of our nature, and the station assigned us; to be so far proof against poverty, pain, and death, as not to do any thing mean, or base, or criminal, to avoid them; and to bear adversity, in all its various shapes, with becoming resolution. To act thus is to be great above title or fortune, and argues the soul to be of celestial extraction, and an emanation worthy of the Deity.

This is a noble and a generous ambition. When we have settled in our minds a conviction, that there is nothing honourable which is not accompanied with innocence, nothing mean but what has guilt connected with it; when such principles govern and direct our actions, we shall possess as much honour as

a wise man would wish to attain, and as much happiness as our natures will allow us to enjoy.

What is here said in allusion to fortune and fame, may be equally applied to wit and to beauty; whose nature is as adventitious as that of the other, and has as little concern with the nature of the soul. Their merit or demerit depends altogether upon the application or misapplication of them. A brilliant imagination, while it is subservient to the regular influence of reason, is a faculty which begets, as it deserves, admiration, and furnishes the mind with those bright reflections that give a charm to virtue, and add dignity to truth. In the same proportion, when it serves to illustrate inferior or the baser propensities, it sinks, and is degraded. If man will not resolve to place the foundation of his happiness in his own mind, life must prove an unhappy and bewildered state, incapable of rest or tranquillity: for what signifies the general applause of valour, wit, nay, of honesty itself, if it is not re-echoed by the genuine consciousness of our own bosom? This rule is so necessary, so consistent with truth and nature, that it is scarcely going too far if it is asserted, that no true relish of life can be enjoyed without it. If we would blend our happiness with our honour, let us seek the latter not in idle, empty, and high-sounding distinctions, but in a solid course of virtue, which, in every situation and character, is itself honour. Let us think nothing essential to happiness but what is in our own power, and in the capacity we possess of reflect-

ing with pleasure on our own actions.

It is so irresistibly evident, that our own bosoms alone can furnish us with the means of happiness, that we absolutely disgrace ourselves, when we consider the actual application of this opinion as an act of fortitude. When all is well within us, when the mind is tranquil and at peace, the distinctions of life are the mere scenes of a drama; and he will never act his part well, who has his thoughts more fixed upon the applause of the audience, than the design and display of his part.

The life of him who acts with a steady integrity, without resting too much on the interpretation of his actions, has but one regular path in which to move, where opposition cannot perplex, or artful designs circumvent him. On the other hand, the least deviation from the rules of honour introduces a train of numberless evils, and involves him in inexplicable mazes. He that has once entered into guilt, has bid adieu to rest; and he may, with more or less emphasis, according to the peculiar circumstances of his life, exclaim, in the language of the great tragedian,

“Macbeth shall sleep no more!”

It was with a perfect detestation of any other grandeur, but the calm command of his own passions, that the excellent poet Cowley exclaims—

“If e’er ambition did my fancy cheat
With any thought so mean as to be great,
Continue, Heaven, still from me to remove
The humble blessings of that life I love.”

To shew the different opinions of different minds, and the inge-

nuity which is employed to support different systems of human conduct, I shall give a letter from another of my more moral correspondents, who seems to take another view of life, though with a strong wish to promote the happiness of it. I shall, therefore, leave it to my readers to avail themselves of their respective modes of instruction.

No small part of the pain and pleasure of life arises from the gratification or disappointment of an incessant wish for superiority, from the success or miscarriage of secret competitions, from victories and defeats, of which, though they appear to us of great importance, in reality none are conscious except ourselves. Proportionate to the prevalence of this love of praise, is the variety of means by which its attainment is attempted. Every man, however hopeless his pretensions may appear to all but himself, has some project by which he hopes to rise to reputation; some art by which he imagines that the notice of the world will be attracted; some quality, good or bad, which discriminates him from the common herd of mortals, and by which others may be persuaded to love, or compelled to fear him. As the greater part of human kind act and speak wholly by imitation, most of those who aspire to honour and applause, propose to themselves some example, which serves as the model of their conduct, and the limit of their hopes. Almost every man, if closely examined, will be found to enlist himself under some leader whom he expects to conduct him to renown; to have

some hero, either living or dead, in his view, whose character he endeavours to assume, and whose performances he labours to equal.

When the original is well chosen and judiciously copied, the imitator sometimes arrives at excellence, which he could not have attained without direction, for few are formed to distinguish themselves by means never tried before. But folly and idleness often contrive to gratify pride at a cheaper rate, by selecting those qualities which are of easiest attainment, and adopt, to say no worse, defects and singularities, of which those from whom they are borrowed are secretly ashamed.

No man rises to such a height as to become conspicuous, but he is on one side censured by undiscerning malice, which reproaches him for his best actions, and slanders his apparent and incontestable excellencies; or he is idolized, on the other hand, by ignorant admiration, which exalts his follies and faults into virtues. The faults of a man loved or honoured sometimes steal secretly and imperceptibly upon the wise and the virtuous, but, by injudicious fondness, or thoughtless vanity, are adopted with design. There is scarce any failing of mind or body, any error of opinion or depravity of practice, which, instead of producing shame and discontent, its natural effects, has not, one time or other, gladdened vanity with the hopes of praise, and been displayed with ostentatious industry by those who sought kindred minds among wits and heroes, and could prove their relation only by similitude of deformity.

In consequence of this perverse ambition, every habit which reason condemns may be indulged and avowed. When a man is upbraided for his faults, he may be entitled to some degree of pardon, if he endeavours to run for shelter to some celebrated name; but it is not to be suffered, that he should issue forth again with the confidence of conquests, and call on mankind for praise: yet we see men that waste their patrimony in luxury, destroy their health in debauchery, and enervate their minds with idleness, because there are some whom luxury could never sink into contempt, nor idleness hinder from the praise of genius.

The general inclination of mankind to copy characters in the gross, and the force which the recommendation of illustrious examples adds to the allurements of vice, ought to be considered by all whose character excludes them from privacy, as incitements to scrupulous caution and universal purity of manners. No man, however enslaved to his appetites, or hurried by his passions, can, while he preserves his intellects unimpaired,

please himself with promoting the corruption of others. He whose merit has enlarged his influence, would surely wish to exert it for the benefit of mankind; yet such will be the effect of his reputation, while he suffers himself to indulge any favourite fault, that they who have no hope to reach his excellence, will catch at his failings, and his virtues will be cited to justify the copiers of his vices.

It is, in a particular manner, the duty of those who consign illustrious names to posterity, to take care lest their readers be misled by ambiguous examples. That writer may be surely considered as an enemy to goodness, who suffers fondness or interest to confound right with wrong, or to shelter the faults, which even the wisest and the best have committed, from that ignominy which guilt ought always to suffer, and with which it should be more deeply stigmatized, when dignified by its vicinity to superior worth, which is too apt to lessen the natural abhorrence of it.

Preserve me innocent; make others great.

S. J.

ANECDOTE OF CERVANTES,

To which may be attributed the Production of "DON QUIXOTE."

IN the priory of San Juan, tradition has preserved the following singular occurrence, which gave occasion to the sketch of the immortal work of Cervantes, his "Don Quixote." The judge of the place, part of whose business it was to recover and collect the tithes due to the grand prior (and who was in the habit of sending to those who were remiss in their payments, as his

officers, some of the poorest yet most respected of their neighbours,) sent Miguel Cervantes with an execution against the inhabitants of Argamasilla de Alba: the latter, however, assisted by their relations and friends, not only refused the payment as usual, but proceeded to put the messenger in prison. The truth of this tradition, which had descended from father to son,

has been deposed to, among many others, by Don Manuel Rodedo, curate of Totanes, in the diocese of Toledo, and a native of the said village of Argamasilla. It may also be observed, that the author of "Don Quixote" makes particular mention of the village of Quintanar del Orden, where Donna Mencia de Cervantes used to reside, praising much its gentry, especially the lords of the manor. In short, with this tradition we may fill up a chasm in the life of Cervantes, and explain the circumstances which gave rise to the History of Don Quixote, whom he makes a Manchegan, in return for the inhospitable treatment he received from his countrymen, immortalizing at the same time his province.

If, however, the above be not the true cause of the imprisonment of Cervantes, it is certain that, whilst in prison, he wrote the history of the "ingenious gentleman Don Quixote de la Mancha," as he himself plainly shews in his preface: "What," says he, "could my sterile and uncultivated genius produce but the history of a child,

meagre, adust, and whimsical, full of various, wild imaginations, never thought of before; like one you may suppose born in a prison, where every inconvenience keeps its residence, and every dismal sound its habitation: whereas repose of body, a desirable situation, unclouded skies, and, above all, a mind at ease, can make the most barren Muses fruitful, and produce such offspring to the world as fill it with wonder and content." In a dungeon then, and destitute of books, or any other assistance than what was supplied from the stores of his memory, and from a lively imagination, he composed a work at once original, pleasing, elegant, and instructive; wonderful for its invention, a pattern of good taste, and an unfailing source of amusement and mirth; a work which displays all the salt of wit, the fertility of genius, uncommon erudition, and christian philosophy; since, being in a prison surrounded by all manner of discomfort, he neither suffered his imagination to languish, his learning to become confused, his invention to slumber, nor his genius to despair.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF THE LATE A. VON KOTZEBUE.

FEW assassinations have been attended with more circumstances of unprovoked atrocity than that to which the late celebrated German dramatist, Kotzebue, fell a victim. His various productions had drawn upon him the eyes of all Europe, though many critics denied that they possessed the highest touches of excellence. Several have been translated into English, and are now become stock pieces on our

stage: but in a future number we shall call the attention of our readers to one of them not yet performed, and recently translated into English by an able hand. In the mean time, we have extracted from a well-informed Journal*, the following particulars of his Life, which have been chiefly collected from the foreign papers.

* Literary Gazette.

AUGUSTUS VON KOTZEBUE was born, March 3, 1761, at Weimar, where his father was Secretary of Legation, in the service of the duke, and where his mother still lives. He was remarkable when quite a child for his vivacity and sensibility, and was not yet six years of age when he made his first attempts at poetry. His love of the dramatic art was early excited by the then very good company of players at Weimar, in which were the families of Seiler, Brandes, Boeckh, and Eckhof. At this period Kotzebue attended the Gymnasium, where Musæus, afterwards his uncle, obtained great influence over him by his instructions and example. He was not quite sixteen years old when he went to the University at Jena, where his love for the drama found new encouragement in a private theatre. From attachment to his sister, who married in Duisburg, he went for a time to the university there; whence he returned, in 1779, to Jena, studied jurisprudence, without however ceasing to live for the theatre, and to compose various pieces. He soon after passed his examination, and became an *advocate*. He now enjoyed the entire friendship of the worthy Musæus, and attempted, as he had already done, with Wieland, Goethe, Hermes, and Brandes, to imitate Musæus, an example of which is his "*I, a History in Fragments*." At Leipzig he printed a volume of tales, and went thence in 1781 to St. Petersburg, whither he was invited by Count Goerz, Prussian ambassador at that court. He became secretary to the Governor-General Bawr; and the latter being charged with the direction of the German theatre, Kotzebue was again in his element. His first dramatic work, *Demetrius Iwanowitsch* (which is very little if at all known), was performed with great applause in the German theatre at St. Petersburg, in 1782. An article, dated St. Petersburg, in No. 120 of the *Hamburg* newspaper for 1782, says, "This play is not a masterpiece, but in several parts it is admirable, and promises us that the author, who is now but 22 years of age, will be one day a great acquisition to the theatre and the dramatic art." But Bawr died two years after. As he had recommended Kotzebue to the protection of the empress, he was made Titular Counsellor; and in the year 1783, member of the High Court of Appeal at Revel. In 1785, he was made President of the Magistracy of the province of Esthonia, and as such raised to the rank of nobility. It was at Revel that his talents were displayed in a series of works, which made him the favourite of the public. His "*Sufferings of the Ortenberg family*" (1785), and "*The Collection of his smaller Essays*" (1787), first shewed in a brilliant manner his agreeable and diversified style; but it was especially his two plays, "*Misanthropy and Repentance*," and "*The Indians in England*," which gained the poet the highest reputation in all Germany. His ill health obliged him, in 1790, to make a journey to Pyrmont, where his ill-famed "*Doctor Bahrdt with the Iron Forehead*," which he published under the name of Knigge, lost him a great part of the esteem which the public had conceived for him. After the death of his wife he went to Paris, and then for

a time to Mentz. He then obtained his discharge, and retired, in 1795, to the country, where he built the little country seat of Friedenthal, eight leagues from Narva, in Esthonia. "The Youngest Children of my Humour," and above 20 plays, belong to this period. He was then invited to Vienna, as poet to the Court theatre. Here he published a great part of his "New Plays," which fill above 20 volumes. As various unpleasant circumstances disgusted him with his place at Vienna, he requested his discharge, after an interval of two years, and obtained it, with an annual pension of 1000 florins. He now went to live again at Weimar, but resolved to return to Russia, where his sons were educated, in the Academy of Cadets, at St. Petersburg. Baron von Krudener, the Russian ambassador at Berlin, gave him the necessary passport; but he was arrested on the Russian frontiers (April 1800), and, without knowing for what reason, sent to Siberia.

A happy chance delivered him. A young Russian, of the name of Krasnopulski, had translated into the Russian language Kotzebue's little drama, "The Body Coachman of Peter the Third," which is an indirect eulogium of Paul I. The translation was shewn in MS. to the Emperor Paul, who was so delighted with the piece, that he immediately gave orders to fetch back the author from his banishment, and distinguished him on his return with peculiar favour. Among other things, he made him a present of the fine domain of the crown, of Worroküll, in Livonia; gave him the direction of the Ger-

man theatre, and the title of Aulic Counsellor. M. von Kotzebue has given a romantic account of his banishment, well known all over Europe under the title of "The most remarkable Year of my Life." After the death of Paul I. Kotzebue requested his discharge, and obtained it, with a higher title. He went to Weimar, where he lived a short time, and then to Jena. Various misunderstandings which he had with Goethe, vexed him so much, that he went in 1802 to Berlin, where he joined with Merkel to publish the Journal called *Der Freymüthige*. Kotzebue and Merkel wrote against Goethe and his adherents, Augustus, Wm. Schlegel, and Frederick Schlegel; and as M. Spazier, at that time editor of the "Journal for the Fashionable World," espoused the cause of the latter, there arose a very violent paperwar. A more serious consequence of the misunderstanding between Kotzebue and Goethe was the removal of the Literary Journal at Jena to Halle, and the establishment of a new Literary Journal at Jena. In 1806 he went, for the purpose of writing the History of Prussia, to Königsberg, where he was allowed to make use of the archives. His work on the History of Prussia, published at Riga 1809, in four volumes, is certainly not an historical masterpiece, but deserves attention, particularly for the original documents printed in it. The year 1806, so unfortunate for the Prussian monarchy, obliged him to go to Russia, where he never ceased to combat the French and their emperor with all the arms which a writer possessed of so much wit could

command, particularly in his journal "*The Bee*." The public in Germany were the more eager after his published works, as the French hardly permitted a free or bold expression to be uttered in Germany. As under these circumstances his political writings had excited a very high degree of attention, he appeared, on the great change in the political affairs of Europe in 1813, to be peculiarly qualified to maintain among the people their hatred of the French. Raised to the rank of Counsellor of State, he attended the Russian head-quarters, and published at Berlin, a journal, called "*The Russian and German Journal for the People*." In the year 1814, he went to Königsberg, as Russian consul-general in the Prussian dominions, where, besides several political pamphlets, comedies, and little dramas, he wrote a History of the German Empire, which is said to be very partial. In 1816 he was placed as Counsellor of State in the department of Foreign Affairs in St. Petersburg; and in 1817 received the commission to go to Germany, in order to send reports directly to the Emperor Alexander, on *the state of literature and public opinion in Germany*. He settled, for this purpose, at Weimar, where he published at the same time a Literary Journal, in which he constituted himself judge of all writings in every branch of literature which he thought worthy of notice, and at the same time delivered his opinions on politics and on the spirit of the times in a manner which his opponents accuse of being in the extreme partial and illiberal. His Cossack-like tactics,

say they, with which he made war on all liberal ideas, especially the wishes of the people for representative constitutions, freedom of the press, &c. in the name of sound reason, of which he fancied himself the representative, gained him great applause with a certain class of readers; but it drew upon him the indignation of no inconsiderable part of the nation, particularly the ardent minds of the German youth: and in this tendency of his latest literary labours, we must doubtless look for the chief cause of his violent and tragical death.

In the summer of 1818, M. von Kotzebue left Weimar, with his family, to recover his health in the baths of Pyrmont, passed on this journey through Francfort on the Maine, and chose afterwards Manheim for his place of residence. There he continued his literary and diplomatic labours, violently attacked, in his Literary Journal, *the gymnastic exercises, the abuse of the freedom of the press, the assemblies of the states, &c.* and incensed in a high degree the German students, by concluding his observations on the well-known tumultuous scenes at Göttingen last year, with the following words: "Truly every father who casts an anxious look on his sons, would heartily thank that government which would set the example of banishing from its universities the *licence of the students*; for in this academical liberty, as it is called, more good heads and hearts are ruined than formed," &c.

To the above we may add the following anecdote:

In the year 1811, M. Augustus von Kotzebue, in a letter to Mr.

Ackermann, expressed a wish to see England; but stated, that having a large family, he could not well afford so heavy an expense as a twelvemonth's tour would occasion, unless he could sell a play or two to either of the great theatres: he therefore requested Mr. A.'s opinion on that subject. Mr. A., in consequence, waited upon Mr. John Kemble, at that time one of the principal managers of Covent-garden Theatre, who of course could not deviate from the established practice, of not purchasing unseen plays; but very kindly explained the rules between the theatre and authors; viz. that when a piece is accepted and performed, certain nights are set aside for the author's benefit, and the right, besides, of selling the manuscript to a bookseller, the price of which is regulated by the public approbation. Mr. Kemble was anxious, however, that M. Kotzebue should come over, and promised all the friendship and support in his power. Mr. Ackermann fearing that on those uncertain terms M. Kotzebue would not visit England, made him the following additional offer: that if M. K., during his travels in England, would write a history of what he saw, in the form of a tour,

Mr. A. (firmly supposing that he intended coming alone) would, for the copyright, bear his expenses for one twelvemonth: he also told him, that if he wrote his plays after he had made himself perfectly acquainted with English characters and customs, their success would be greatly insured. With this offer M. K. complied, but mentioned that he never travelled without his wife, one daughter, and a male and female servant: of course with this proposal Mr. A. could not comply, and wrote an answer to that effect; but observed that he was still willing to give him a handsome price for such a manuscript. By this time the French prepared for invading Russia: M. Kotzebue's presence was required elsewhere, and from that date Mr. A. heard no more from his correspondent, until two years ago, on another subject, and without touching on the once intended trip to England.

In some of the earlier numbers of the *Repository*, during the years 1809, 1810, 1811, and 1812, were inserted many of M. Kotzebue's observations and satirical effusions against Buonaparte, and his wide projects of ambition.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

A sixth Air, with Variations for the Piano-forte; composed, and inscribed to Mrs. Miles, by J. F. Burrowes. Pr. 2s. 6d.

WE do not recollect to have heard this theme (in F) before, and therefore presume it to be of Mr. B.'s invention. If so, we congratulate him upon it. It is precisely

what a theme ought to be; strictly simple, of a smooth singing melody, and of geometrical symmetry (if we may be allowed the expression) in all its parts. With such a text, a writer of Mr. B.'s ability might be expected to deliver any thing but an indifferent discourse. Not one of his variations borders

on mediocrity. However different in character (and the diversity is great and striking), there is something in every one which strongly rivets our attention. To touch upon two or three with a cursory glance: we advert to No. 2. in C, as exhibiting a well-arranged and fluent bass support. In No. 4. bass and treble act in good responsive imitations. No. 5. presents a peculiar and very neat digital arrangement. The minore (var. 7.) is impressive, select in point of melody, and equally so in its harmony. In No. 8. we observe a flowing cantilena cast into tasteful decorative figures, a perfectly bold modulation from the key (F) into A three sharps, and an equally original extrication back into the key. The 9th and last variation is in the best style, and the coda well devised.

The celebrated Round, "When the Wind blows," from "The Miller and his Men," composed by H. R. Bishop; arranged as a Rondo for the Piano-forte by Ferd. Ries. No. I. Op. 84. Pr. 3s.

Most of Mr. Ries's compositions are of a stamp which would require an extended analysis to convey a satisfactory idea of their character and merit. They are replete with thought, and exhibit the utmost variety of bold harmonic combinations. The latter feature indeed is so prominent in that gentleman's works, that the charms of a regular flow of connected melody are sometimes administered with a sparing hand, and when dispensed to us, they appear in short but sweet glimpses, like the sun breaking through the fanciful accumulation of picturesque clouds in an April sky. This is precisely the charac-

teristic of the school of Beethoven, the Byron of composers; and exactly the reverse of the style of Pleyel, one of whose pages contains, as it were, a "catalogue thématique" of successive motifs, which, in the hands of Beethoven, would have served as matter for several distinct works. The rondo before us led to this observation. Mr. Bishop's theme breathes, directly or indirectly, in its whole texture; it is thrown into the crucible of modulation, together with a liberal admixture of thoughts from Mr. Ries's own inexhaustible store, and the fusion has yielded a mass of valuable metal for those that possess the skill of putting it to proper use. Their powers of harmonic perception will be put to the test by a variety of chromatic involutions, especially in the 3d and 4th pages, and digital rapidity will equally meet with a fertile field for exercise.

"The Spirit's Song," in "Lalla Rookh," written by Thomas Moore, Esq.; the Music by Dr. J. Clarke of Cambridge. Pr. 2s. 6d.

In the plan of this composition we observe the exercise of good judgment, and in its execution a considerable degree of taste and science. It opens with a recitativo in A, which is followed by an andante ($\frac{6}{8}$) in the same key. A $\frac{4}{4}$ part (in D) succeeds next, and the andante is resumed to lead to the conclusion.

The introduction to the recitativo is satisfactory: the recitativo itself may be termed respectable, and it contains an episodical arioso part, in which the author has been eminently successful, both as regards the idea itself and its har-

monic treatment. The aria, "Hither I come," has our entire approbation: among several interesting thoughts, the expression of the text, "I sigh," claims particular attention; it is natural and aptly harmonized. The portion in D, \sharp , sets out with a motivo of determined character, goes (*more majorem*) to the relative minor, and depicts the "rolling" of "Heaven's melodies" by a Handelian figure of semiquavers for the bass. In the repetition of the aria (pp. 8 and 9), we observe no variation from the original, as propounded pp. 4 and 5. "*The Song of the Fire-worshipper*," from *Lalla Rookh*, written by Thomas Moore, Esq.; composed by T. Attwood. Pr. 2s.

In this song we observe great propriety in the conduct of the harmony, and, occasionally, instances of a peculiarly skilful arrangement, which do the author credit; but the effect of the whole is not such as to make its way to the heart. The motivo, in our opinion, wants warmth of feeling at the outset, and this objection is not removed by the new idea (p. 2, l. 1). On the contrary, the very striking change of *metre* appears to us out of keeping; and the idea itself particularly uninteresting at its first appearance, without being much improved in the course of further developement. The original subject (from p. 1) ought, we think, to have shewn itself again, but it is totally abandoned. The concluding symphony has decided claims on our favour; the four parts of which it consists, are cast with neatness and skill.

"*Oh! fair as the Sea-flower*," a Ballad from "*Lalla Rookh*," written

by Thomas Moore, Esq.; the Music by T. Welsh. Pr. 2s.

We cannot say that this ballad (in C) offered to us any feature of peculiar interest. It is, with slight exceptions, written in an obsolete style; its frequent modulations (especially those from E, 3, 4, 6 \times to D minor, which occur several times,) impart to it an unsuitable gravity and gloom, and at times appear quite gratuitous. In the 4th page, for instance (about "green sunny islands"), we find, in five successive crotchets, the five harmonies of A minor, B major, E minor, C major, and G major. In p. 3 (at "witchery came,") the lower parts exhibit objectionable fifths. We may add, that the piano-forte part, however plain, lies once or twice awkwardly to the hand.

"*Zitti, Zitti; piano, piano*:" Ros-sini's celebrated Terzetto in "*Il Barbiere di Siviglia*," arranged as a Duet for two Performers on the Piano-forte, by W. E. Heather. Pr. 3s.

Woelff's adaptation of some of Mozart's dramatic compositions, has shewn with what effect opera airs may be arranged for two performers on the piano-forte; and the present publication of Mr. Heather confirms the propriety of such a treatment, when it is guided by judgment and ability. This is conspicuously the case in the duet before us: the arrangement of this beautiful terzett has been made with laudable attention to the original; the harmony is full without being overloaded, and the whole tells with very great effect. We ought to add, as the title omits making mention of it, that there is a flute accompaniment given; which

is, however, *ad lib.* and perfectly easy, every rest being filled up with the melody of the piano-forte part, to prevent blunders in counting. This is a little too condescending.

Dances, composed expressly for the Bath Balls at the Kingston Rooms; respectfully inscribed to Captain Marshall, M. C. by And. Loder. Pr. 1s. 6d.

The six dances in this sheet bear the following titles: *Captain Marshall's Election, The Bath Visit, Augustus Fitz-Clarence, The Arcadian Dance, Florence M'Carthy, The Kingston Waltz*; and their respective figures are given. Without striking pretensions to compositorial merit or originality, they will, upon the whole, be found to be agreeable tunes, and certainly to answer well the practical purpose for which they were intended. No. 5. which is perhaps the best of the set, is so indifferently harmonized in bars 6 and 7, that, considering the others, we are apt to think the error a typographical one.

*"Le Serment François," a popular French Air, arranged with Variations for the Flute, with an Accompaniment (ad libitum) for the Piano-forte, by James Denman.—*No. II. Pr. 3s.

The piano-forte part to these variations, as may be inferred from the title, is mere accompaniment to the flute, which acts throughout as principal, and performs that task in a manner that shews Mr. D. to be familiar with the nature and the best effect of the instrument, and to possess good taste, as well as much facility of invention. We have derived considerable entertainment from this publication. It presents no abstruse eccentricities,

while, at the same time, it steers clear of commonplace ideas. All is as it should be; and the minore, in four flats, lays claim to very favourable mention.

The favourite Air "Lieber Augustine" (should be "Lieber Augustin,") with Variations for the Piano-forte, and a Violin Accompaniment, ad lib.; composed, and respectfully dedicated to Miss Eliza Latham, by W. W. Sutton. Pr. 2s. 6d.

These variations are written in a light and unaffected style: the higher operations of studied counterpoint do not enter into their texture; but they will be found pleasing upon the whole, and as they are not difficult, we can recommend them for the desk of the moderately proficient pupil. The violin accompaniment is not always *ad libitum*, as the title states; e. g. var. 4. and particularly var. 2. It will prove throughout a very effective support, as the character of the instrument appears to have been well attended to. Among the variations in which the piano-forte acts as principal, No. 3. may be favourably mentioned, on account of its bass; No. 6. also has its attractions, and the coda is made of good materials. In No. 7. the semiquavers of the right hand are erroneously grouped by sixes, as if the time were $\frac{6}{8}$: they should have been printed by fours, to correspond with the measure of $\frac{3}{4}$.

"Amelia's Bower," a favourite Waltz; composed, and dedicated to Mrs. Captain Love, by W. Grosse. Pr. 1s.

No waltz, composed in this country, has given us greater satisfaction than this. Its subject (in F) is

very pretty, and exhibits a modulation which does Mr. G. credit. The trio (in B b), although simple, is equally attractive, and exhibits an apt application of crossed hands. Two further parts in F (p. 2, ll. 6, &c.) also demand our approbation; and the coda appears with good effect. In short, the whole piece possesses that tasteful simplicity which is likely to render it a favourite, more particularly as it is very easy, and the harmonic arrangement quite plain. P. 3, b 13, we should have preferred D, 3, 4, 6 ♯, to C 7.

“*Whilst Pleasure gilds thy happy Day,*” the favourite “*Forget me not,*” sung with such distinguished applause by Mrs. Ashe at the Bath and Bristol Concerts; the Words by Dr. Sigmond; composed, with an Accompaniment for the Harp or Piano-forte, by F. S. Klose.—Pr. 2s.

To the majority of vocal amateurs, the easy flow and sweet melodiousness of this air will constitute powerful recommendations in its favour. The more limited class of higher pretensions will also hear it with satisfaction, but their fastidious ear will probably observe too obvious a sameness in the harmony, which does not venture out of the common chord, the dominant, and the seventh; and to them, perhaps, the words “*Forget me not*” will not appear to have received a sufficiently striking and pathetic expression. Mr. Klose’s vocal compositions are always neat, and frequently graceful; but a little *chiar’oscuro*, in the way of modulation, administered with the discretion which his good taste can dictate, would add greatly to their interest.

Ful. VII. No. XXI.

The Tyrolean Waltz, with Variations for the Piano-forte, with a Flute Accompaniment, ad lib.; composed, and most respectfully inscribed to Muzio Clementi, Esq. by his late Pupil, Louis Jansen. Pr. 3s.

Although we are acquainted with the variations of Gelinek, and of several other good composers, upon the same elegant theme, we are free to say, Mr. Jansen’s labour afforded us considerable gratification. The adagio (var. 4.) is too much decorated with flourishes, and those too similar to each other; and var. 5. is rather insignificant. But here our exceptions end: the rest of the variations are devised with much taste and inventive diversity. No. 2. is particularly attractive, replete with chaste expression, interspersed with effective crossed-hand passages, and good bass evolutions. No. 3. excites interest by the fullness of its harmony in three parts, two of which fall to the share of the right hand. No. 6. deserves very great commendation; it is written in a classic style. In the 4th bar, 2d crotchet, the fifth, C F, ought to have been avoided by reversing the figure c, b b, ♯ a, b into ♯ a, b b, c, b. In the coda we notice some select ideas, an extended trill with accompaniment, and a very suitable and energetic conclusion.

Hodson’s Collection of Duets for two Performers on one Piano-forte.—No. XLIII. Pr. 2s. 6d.

The above number of this collection contains a short pastorella, a march, and a quick movement, entitled a Tambourine Dance, the whole composed by Mr. Rimbault. Some of the ideas are not of a novel nature, but the aggregate is pleasing, the arrangement effective.

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tive, and the execution will be found sufficiently easy to recommend the book to the notice of rising performers.

"*Le Portrait*," the popular French Song, with a Translation of English Words by Thomas James, Esq.; arranged with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte. Pr. 1s.

"*Le Portrait*" is a sweet French air of great simplicity: some of our readers, no doubt, have heard it sung by French itinerant musicians in the streets of London. The English translation by Mr. James possesses considerable merit; it follows the original pretty closely, and in some instances with elegance. But there are inaccuracies of metre and quantity, which a comparison with the melody discloses very readily. Imperfections of this description become daily more frequent in the productions of our bards: they almost form one of the

characteristic features of the modern school of poetry, and are even defended as allowable licences. All we can say is, that they make sad work for the composer, who, when he thinks he has done full justice to the first stanza, finds himself under the necessity of decorating the letter-press of the second with bits of stave *en l'air*, in order to engraft new quavers and crotchets, by way of crutches to support the limping text.

Hodsoll's Selection of popular Waltzes, arranged for the Piano-forte, Harp, or Violin. No. II. Pr. 2s.

No. I. of this collection has had our favourable notice on a former occasion. We can speak full as well of the second number: it contains six or seven waltzes of decided authenticity and selectness. The accompaniment is simple, but satisfactory.

FINE ARTS.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

AT the close of last month, the BRITISH INSTITUTION opened for the season, with a splendid collection of the works of the most celebrated masters of the Italian, Spanish, Flemish, and Dutch schools. The gallery contains 155 pictures, including Raphael's celebrated cartoon of the *Sacrifice*. The pictures are principally by Rubens, Rembrandt, Titian, Vandyke, Claude, Cuyp, Paul Potter, Guido, Parmegiano, Salvator Rosa, Lib. del Pionbo, Ostade, N. and G. Poussin, A. and L. Caracci, Both, Paul Veronese, Velasquez, Correggio, Mu-

rillo, Ruysdael, Gerard Douw, Mieris, Vandewelde, Vanderneer, Teniers, Wouermans, Holbein, Tintoretto, Metz, Giorgione, Snyders, A. del Sarto, Hobbima, Guercino, Domenichino, and K. du Jardin.

The great benefit which the Directors of the British Institution have conferred upon the fine arts by the alternate exhibition of the works of the new and old schools, and the invitation to the students to copy from the latter, is now in every department of art felt by the public. The late acquisition to

the stock of materials for the elementary studies taught in the Royal Academy, has also had a powerful effect in improving the mind of the student, and enabling him the better to select and appreciate the beauties in the works of the old masters from which he occasionally copies in the British Gallery. The efforts of the two bodies, each wisely acting upon the most liberal principles to promote the same end, cannot fail to be attended with the most valuable results in the advancement and cultivation of the fine arts of our country. Our limits will not enable us to advert in detail to the peculiar characteristics and merits of all the pictures in the present Exhibition at the British Institution: we must necessarily confine ourselves to a rapid sketch of those which appear to us to be the more prominent; aware that in doing so, we shall probably omit many works of great and striking merit, which, in a thronged suite of rooms, may have failed to catch our eye.

The first work in point of undoubted and universal estimation, is the Cartoon of the *Sacrifice at Lystra*, by Raphael, and we cannot withhold our praise from the Directors for thus annually placing before the student, in succession, the works of that mighty master. Of the *Cartoons* a distinguished critic has said, that in whatever light we consider their invention, as parts of one whole relative to each other, or independent each of the rest, and as single subjects, there can be scarcely named a beauty or a mystery, of which they furnish not an instance or a clue. The *Cartoons* have been so repeatedly

described and criticized, that nothing remains for us but to repeat Mr. Fuseli's description of the one now in the Institution.—“The Cartoon of the *Sacrifice at Lystra* traces in the moment of its choice, which is the ceremony attendant on the apotheosis of Paul and Barnabas, the motive that produced, and shews the disappointment that checks it: the sacrificer is arrested in the action of smiting the bull, by the gesture of the young man, who observes Paul rending his garment, in horror of the idolatrous ceremony his miracle occasioned. The miracle itself is present in that characteristic figure of Recovery, the man who rushes in with eyes fixed on the apostle and adoring hands; whilst it is recognised by a man of gravity and rank, lifting up the garment that covered his thigh, and by this act attests him to have been the identical bearer of those useless crutches thrown on the pavement before him.” Raphael is said by his biographer, Duppa, to have copied the whole ceremony in this Cartoon much as it stands in an ancient *basso-relievo* since published in the *Admiranda*.

The Virgin with the Infant Christ, and St. John.—Raphael.

This little picture was, if we mistake not, once in the Mews Gallery: its soul-subduing merit arises from the exquisite combination of purity, beauty, and innocence which the figures express: it is impossible that art could carry the expression of these attributes to more complete perfection. The colouring is inimitable, and the picture in the highest state of preservation.

The Vision of St. Jerome.—

Parmegiano.

The artist has here exhibited his powers with the finest effect. This picture, when viewed at a proper distance, produces astonishing grandeur of effect, mixed with a delicacy of colouring, and a tender expression of piety and astonishment, which are rarely found combined in the works of an individual artist. It is the best of his pictures which has been exhibited in this country. It was from the *Moses* painted by this artist, that our lyric poet, Gray, acknowledged he had conceived his idea of the indignant Welch bard, the remembrance of which had warmed his imagination after the intervention of many years.

Sportsmen at the Door of an Inn.—

Paul Potter.

There is some exquisite colouring in this picture, and the group is portrayed with the utmost fidelity: the drawing of the figures is admirable. There are several other pictures by this artist in the collection, but this, which is the property of H. R. H. the Prince Regent, is the best example of the taste and skill of the artist.

*Pythagoras.—*Salvator Rosa.

The philosopher whose name the picture bears, and the small group which surrounds him with every gesture of enthusiastic devotion, form but a very small portion of the great attractions of this work. Its overpowering characteristic consists in the wild character of the scenery. It has that peculiar cast of nature so briefly but emphatically described by Sir Joshua Reynolds, in his observations upon the style of this artist, which, though

void of all grace, elegance, and simplicity, and forming no part of the elevation of the grand style, has yet that sort of dignity which belongs to savage and uncultivated nature. There does not exist a finer example of this artist's style than the present picture.

*The Sacrifice of Gideon.—Portraits of the Ship-Builder and his Wife.—*Rembrandt.

The first of these pictures is a striking example of the sacrifice which this artist was occasionally prepared to make, to obtain partial brilliancy in his colouring; and the second is an instance of his unerring fidelity in portrait-painting: there is evidently no attempt at giving an air or an expression to the features which nature denied them. The face of the man is plain, plodding, and coarse; just interrupted from sketching with his compass on paper, by the receipt of a letter, his features still bear the riveted expression which they received from the abstract intenseness of his occupation: while the sombre and fixed plainness of his wife's glance, denotes an absence from any care, except what her domestic economy imposes upon her. The management of deep masses of shadow in this picture is wonderful, and the effect thereby given to the portraits equals any thing of the kind we have seen by this extraordinary artist, and entitles him to the praise he has so often received, of being the possessor "of the full empire of light and shade."

*Landscape, with Market-People.—A Farm-Yard, with Cattle and Figures.—An Effect of Snow.—*Rubens.

These pictures, which are from his Majesty's collection, shew, in an extraordinary degree, the diversity of talent that belonged to this celebrated and accomplished artist. They do not possess much of the wonderful brilliancy of colouring in which Rubens indulged; his genius seems here to have been more chained down by the nature of his subjects, and his imagination subdued by their simplicity, and prevented from imparting the splendour and brilliancy of colouring which it generally suggested, and indulging in those illusions which makes his allegorical works so singularly fascinating. The *Landscape* is executed with a bold and free hand; the colouring is mellow and natural; the background glowing and rich. The trees are stately and well arranged, though in some parts with rather an artificial effect, which a closer attention to nature might have obviated. The *Effect of Snow* is a very extraordinary composition: there is great bustle in the action of the figures. The *Farm-Yard* is full of the natural incidents which we see in such places, and the general effect of the picture simple and agreeable.

A full-length Portrait of Charles I. in his Robes.—Vandyke.

A grand and dignified portrait of the monarch, whose destiny intercepted for a century the proper patronage of the fine arts in England. There is something noble in the air of this portrait; the expression of the monarch is mild and gracious, the folds of his robes grand and elegant. There is a depth in the back-ground, and a richness of tone, which set off the

white hue of the dress of the figure. Vandyke's celebrated painting of Charles in three positions, from which Bernini took the bust, is also in this collection: it is well known by Sharpe's exquisite engraving.

Judith with the Head of Holofernes.

—Guido.

A mixed subject of this kind does not come from the pencil of Guido with that force of expression, which, to be effective, it ought to inspire. The excellence of this artist (and there he stands unrivalled) lies in the delicacy of his figures, and the expressive mildness of their character: his pearly tints then left him without a rival. Who can recollect his *Ecce Homo* in a former Exhibition at this place, without being struck with his power of displaying exquisite beauty and delicacy? Of the *Judith and Holofernes*, Sir Joshua Reynolds said, that it had little more expression than his *Venus attired by the Graces*.

Landscape, with a Waterfall.—

Jonas.—G. Poussin.

Two very fine representations of G. Poussin's style, from his Majesty's collection. The *Landscape* is exquisitely composed; and the *Waterfall* ripples down with all the truth and refreshing coolness of nature: the perspective is admirable. The *Jonas* is a picture of a more terrific cast: the stormy sky, the raging ocean, the foaming of the spray over the ship, the bold and rocky coast, the terror of the figures, all combine to make the fate of Jonas "visible." The execution of this picture is remarkable for a boldness and freedom of pencil.

The works in this collection by

Nicolo Poussin, particularly *the Landscape, with Satyr and Nymph*, display the perfections, as well as the faults, for which this artist was admired, and occasionally censured.

The Infant Christ appearing to St. Anthony.—Murillo.

This picture is full of the forcible and excellent expression which this artist infused into his works; but there is a coldness in the colouring, which was not usual with him. The expression of the saint might also have denoted more abstract devotion and pious astonishment. Mr. Hamlet's picture of the *Assumption of the Virgin*, in this gallery, is more in the artist's style of grace and beauty.

Landscape, with Figures.—Both.

This landscape, which belongs to the Bishop of Durham, is reckoned, next to H. R. H. the Prince Regent's, the finest picture executed by Both. It was said of this artist, that the propriety of his tints of colour were so true to nature, that the time of the day when he painted may be discoverable in his landscapes. Without precisely trying this picture by such a test, we shall only say, that the sunny tints

are glowing and beautiful, and the whole appearance of the landscape natural and finely copied.

A River View, with a Passage-Boat.

—Cuyp.

There are several admirable pictures by Cuyp in this gallery. This, which is the property of H. R. H. the Prince Regent, is in the artist's best style; it has the silvery tone and beautiful transparency for which Cuyp was so remarkable.

It is impossible to close these brief remarks, without expressing the obligations due, both by artists and the public, to the illustrious and distinguished personages who have sent these pictures to the British Gallery. At the head of them stands the revered name of his MAJESTY, the patron and founder of the Royal Academy; next is H. R. H. the PRINCE REGENT; then follow the Dukes of Wellington and Bedford, and a long list of the principal nobility and gentry of the country who possess fine collections of works of art.

When this Exhibition closes, the students will, as usual, have permission to make copies or sketches from the original works.

EXHIBITION IN OIL AND WATER COLOURS.

THE *fifteenth* Exhibition of the Society of PAINTERS in OIL and WATER COLOURS opened in Spring Gardens on the same day with the British Institution. The pains taken by the members of this society to advance the reputation they have so justly acquired in public estimation, entitle them to considerable praise. Their Exhibition this year is the best we have seen; it

consists of 350 pictures, by the members of the society: the landscapes, of course, form the chief attraction.

Mr. Copley Fielding (the secretary) has a number of landscapes, many of them remarkable for a display of exquisite taste and skill. *The View near Servos, in Savoy*, by this artist, is uncommonly grand. *The Lake of Nemi, with a distant*

View of the Pontine Marshes and Mediterranean—part of the town of Gensano is seen on the right, and the promontory of Circe in the extreme distance—from a sketch by Major Cockburn, is a very beautiful picture: the reflection on the lake is perhaps too blue; the shadow is too deeply reflected, but the distance is finely depicted. *The View on the Thames, near Vauxhall*, is also executed with great taste. There is a clearness and serenity in the distances which produce fine effect; the sparkling colours from the boat are beautiful.

Trinity-street, Cambridge.—A. Pugin.

Mr. Pugin has several small pictures in this Exhibition, in all of which he has shewn his usual clearness of tone, and correct knowledge of perspective in his architectural drawing.

Portrait of Miss H. Gouldsmith.—

Portraits of her Grace the Duchess of Argyll and the Countess of March.—J. Holmes.

This artist has some extremely pretty miniature portraits in this Exhibition. The touch of his pencil is light and elegant, and his expression true and natural. The fisherman's child is extremely pretty.

Via Mala, Canton of the Grisons, from a Sketch by the Rev. C. Annesley.—W. Turner.

An exact representation of one of the most romantic parts of the Grisons. The artist has expressed a good deal of the grandeur of the effect of nature in this view.

Hay-stacking.—Preparing for Dinner.—Ruins of Troy.—C. Varley.

We have seen more pleasing works than either of these by Mr. C. Varley: they are yet not with-

out some of his characteristic merit. The *Hay-stacking* sparkles with too much white; parts of the landscape, if detached from the effect of other parts where the white predominates, are really beautiful. The great defect in the *Ruins of Troy* is, that it has not the solemn grandeur and repose which such a subject should possess.

View of the Bristol Channel, from Clifton.—R. Havell.

A small and faithful representation of the romantic spot which gives a name to the picture.

Composition of Flowers.—T. Hewlett.

In this, as in the other works which we have seen by this artist, he displays a great deal of taste in flower-painting.

Head of H. R. H. the Princess Charlotte.—Miss E. Jones.

This lady has several miniatures, but this is the prettiest of them all. The expression is mild and captivating, and the colouring delightful.

Durham.—G. F. Robson.

Mr. Robson has a number of drawings in this Exhibition in his usual style: they are mostly very good; but we confess there is a uniformity in this artist's pencil which it would be well to avoid. He selects the same air, if we may make use of such a term, for his subjects. His *Carfe Castle*, like his mountainous views, partakes of the same hazy atmospheric tone.

Beddgelert, North Wales.—

W. Glover.

A pleasing and romantic view, in this artist's peculiar style. The dissipation of the mists in the distance is well executed, and the mountainous prospect admirable.

Ulysses in Search of Eumæus, Morning.—G. Barrett.

"But he, deep musing, o'er the mountains stray'd,

Through mazy thickets of the woodland shade,
And cavern'd ways, the shaggy coast along,
With cliffs and nodding forests overhung."

We lament to state that this Exhibition is not remarkable for the beauty of its poetical pictures. The accompanying poetry, not the picture, describes the subject. In the work before us, the colouring is very crude, and the drawing imperfect. This artist has painted, and can paint, better pictures.

View near Windsor.—J. Linnell.

This is a very high-finished landscape; it has a pleasing and natural effect.

The Discovery.—F. P. Stephanoff.

This artist, so remarkable for the brilliancy of his colouring, has shewn himself in some of his pictures equally happy in the delineation of individual character. This picture is an example of this union of power in the artist. The subject is the discovery by the father of his daughter's love correspondence: the poor girl, just risen from her piano, stands abashed at the unlucky discovery of the letter, which her parents are reading with so much acumen of expression. There is great character in this little picture, and it is sweetly coloured.—The *Ceylon Picture* is remarkable for the strange forms and customs it represents.

Cerne Abbas, Dorset.—*Dismasted*
Indliaman.—S. Prout.

Notwithstanding the brown hue which pervades all the works of this artist, he shews many gleams of great power with his pencil. The singular architecture of *Cerne Abbas* gives the picture more than

ordinary attraction; and the admirable effect which the artist has produced in the *Indliaman* gives it extreme interest. The bustle of the men at work at the ship's hull, the depth and roundness of her timbers, and the precision which the whole represents, cannot be surpassed.

Narcissus (from Ovid).—J. Cristall.

An extremely pretty poetical drawing, coloured with true taste. The *Group of Scottish Peasants* is full of character and interest.

Jack Cade and his Rabble condemning the Clerk of Chatham.—J. Cawse.

Cade. Dost thou use to write thy name? or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an honest plain-dealing man?

Clerk. Sir, I thank God, I have been so well brought up, that I can write my name.

Cade. Away with him, I say; hang him with his pen and inkhorn about his neck.

Henry the Sixth.

This is a spirited and well-executed group, full of the bustle and character for which Jack Cade's mob, like any other, was remarkable. The careless air and vacant faces of some of the group who are blindly rushing on with the rest, present a truly characteristic relief to the coarse ferocity of the principal actors in the scene, and the terror of their victim.

Miss Harriet Gouldsmith has some very pretty landscapes in this collection, painted with considerable taste.

Four Views of Claremont—the Park, Claremont-House, the Concert Cottage of her late Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte, and the Island.

Miss Gouldsmith proposes to etch upon copper these four views, and publish them: they will form a very pretty set.

Miss E. E. Kendrick has some pretty portraits.

Fruit and Flowers.—J. Barney, jun.

We have often admired the taste of this artist in the delineation of such subjects as this. His colours are often brilliant, and always well applied.

We regret that our limits will only enable us to take a *bird's-eye* view of this Exhibition. It contains many pictures, on the merits of which we should have been glad to dwell in detail, and others which are entitled to notice, if our pages admitted of any further remarks on the collection.

MR. WALTER FAWKES'S GALLERY.

OUR last number had scarcely gone to press, in which we noticed the patriotic example set by Sir John Leicester, Bart. in throwing open his fine gallery of the works of British artists, and at the same time expressed our hopes that this example would be followed as it ought, when we ascertained that Mr. Walter Fawkes had made arrangements for opening to public view, his beautiful collection of drawings in water colours, at his elegant mansion in Grosvenor-place. Mr. Fawkes's Gallery is now open, and the collection is at once novel and beautiful. We rejoice to find that the owners of works of art feel the importance of contributing by their exhibition to the cultivation of the public taste, and encouraging in this manner the labours of our artists. A prodigious advance has been made in the fine arts of our country within the last twenty-five years. The Royal Academy has redeemed itself from the stigma which Barry so justly cast upon it, for the scantiness of its library and collection of models. The British Institution has infused into the public mind considerable interest for the arts; and the efforts of private individuals of rank, directed to the same objects, have

been attended with great success. The time has long gone by when, according to Stowe, the profession of a painter was in England "accounted base and mechanical, and a mere mestier of an artificer and handycraftsman." The influence of the arts is now sensibly felt by the public; their power of perpetuating the bright events which have given the nation renown, of diffusing moral and religious impressions, and, as has been well said, of aiding and enhancing the various manufactures of our country, is now universally admitted. The patronage given to the arts by Mr. Fawkes is truly English: his collection consists entirely of water-colour drawings—a department of art which has been peculiarly studied and perfected in this country. Paul Sandby, if we mistake not, was the inventor in England of that style of water-coloured drawing in landscape which Girtin and others practised with success; but which Mr. Turner, the royal academician, has since carried to so singular a degree of beauty and expression of nature, as to make the full knowledge of this art a very high attainment. Westall was very successful in the figures in his water-coloured drawings; Heaphy

in the admirable finish which his drawings display; but Turner has surpassed them all in the variety and extent of his powers, in his knowledge of character, of chiaro-scuro, perspective, and colour.—No other artist in this department has attained the same power of imitating nature, of seizing her peculiar character under every diversity of scene, and conveying it with force and beauty. His poetical feeling in his oil pictures would sufficiently establish his fame, but his water-coloured drawings excite continual surprise, for the admirable truth and nature which pervade them.

Mr. Fawkes's collection is peculiarly rich in Turner's drawings. The west drawing-room contains forty of them, and the bow drawing-room twenty of his sketches, which are singularly beautiful. The other drawings are by Fielding, Smith, Robson, Atkinson, Varley, Hills, Dewint, Glover, Prout, Ibbetson, Garrard, Swinburne, and Heaphy.

We shall take them in succession, commencing with Turner's finished drawings.

WEST DRAWING-ROOM.

Flounder-Fishing.—Putney Bridge.

This drawing is full of characteristic expression. The fisherman in the cap is excellent; he has the careless turn of the head, and indifferent attitude, which are observable in the ordinary sailor.

Lake of Lucerne, from Fluellen.

The morning effect in this drawing is charming; the still grandeur of the lake, the lines of the mountain broken, form a very fine contrast. The circumstance, whatever it is, in the fore-ground, has brought out an exquisite composition of figures, particularly the female com-

ing out of the boat, and the weeping figure.

Teufels-bruk, on the St. Gothard.

This is a superb drawing, but from the necessity of its being placed above the eye, to harmonize with the arrangement in which the works are hung, it loses some of that grandeur which the profound depth of the drawing would otherwise produce.

Cottage-Door.

The sly boy ready to throw his cap at the cock is admirable, and shews, in a remarkable manner, how well Mr. Turner can seize individual character, and embody it in a style of painting which is not so well adapted to its display.

Ulswater, from Gowbarrow Park.

This drawing is a fine example of the beautiful serenity of colour which Mr. Turner is capable of expressing.

Scarborough, Yorkshire.

A very pleasing and agreeable drawing for breadth, force, and light.

Fish-Market.

In point of composition this drawing cannot be surpassed. The boat and cart, together with the figures which unite them to the foreground, are truly admirable. The natural ease and air of the figures in the fore-ground cannot be too highly praised: but why are the fish so singularly large? The artist might have obtained a dash of colour in this spot of his picture, without "outstepping the modesty of nature." It is, however, quite capacious to quarrel with Mr. Turner, whose works are so full of beauties.

Loss of a Man of War.

Mr. Turner's astonishing dexterity at delineating, with the most

striking precision, the complicated cordage of naval architecture, is unequalled. This drawing is, besides, full of incident; the figures, though necessarily small, are full of action, and highly impressive of the awful event which is the subject: like the pathetic recital in Falkner's poem, they excite our tenderest sympathy. The water is nature itself in this drawing.

There are in this collection several views in Switzerland by Mr. Turner. All who have visited that romantic country must at once be struck with the superior truth of these drawings, in comparison with any others that have been published either in this country or in any other part of Europe. They give a complete idea of the scenery which meets the eye in some of the most picturesque parts of Switzerland. Distance, magnitude, and wildness are the characteristics of these drawings, as they are of the original views. As specimens of the power of art, they are incomparable.

BOW DRAWING-ROOM.

The sketches in the bow drawing-room are, as we have already observed, beautiful. They consist of views taken upon different parts of Mr. Fawkes's estate in Wharfedale, Yorkshire. They appeared to us (at least many of them) to be done in distemper, and will perhaps, by artists, be preferred to the finished drawings in the adjoining apartment. As they are not classed in the catalogue, it is impossible to refer to them in detail: it will be sufficient to say, that they are the best examples we have seen of the unrivalled powers of this artist in landscape views.

EAST DRAWING-ROOM.

Portrait of Tandem.—S. Gilpin

An admirable drawing of a favourite horse, in the colouring of which the artist has been peculiarly successful: he has given some exquisite grey tints, which it was very difficult to bring out in water colours. Of Mr. Gilpin it has been with great truth observed, that though "less anatomically learned than Stubbs, he yet gave to inferior animals of every description, not only the forms of simplicity and truth, but added a grace and sentiment, which seemed to rank them in a higher class of intellect." This drawing is a fine example of his skill.

Venice.—J. Ibbetson.

If this gentleman be, as we imagine, an amateur, it would be unfair to expect from his pencil the full precision of execution for which we look in the works of a regular artist. There are many touches in this little picture which shew considerable taste, and no small share of skill; but it is principally deficient in a want of relief: the clearness of the air and the water, though perfectly natural, required to be set off with some shadowing, which the painter has neglected. If it be the work of an amateur, it is excellent; if of an artist (in the professional sense), it might have been improved.

It is impossible to-despatch this subject without again adverting to the value conferred upon the arts, and indeed upon the country, by men of rank and taste, who, like Sir John Leicester and Mr. Fawkes, throw open their collections to public view. When a picture-gallery becomes a fashionable lounge, the

art itself steals insensibly on the imagination, and captivates the mind by the richness and variety of its moral energies. National encouragement, from a variety of causes, does not seem at the present moment attainable among us. Our exhibitions, however, keep alive among us the graphic talents of our artists, and considerably advance the public taste.

“In finer arts and public works, shall she,
Shall Britain yield?”

The time fast approaches when, as it was in Athens, it will be impossible for a man to be great, and at the same time obscure. The proverbial liberality of the public mind is directed to the arts and their professors, and neither a poet nor a painter can any longer remain in obscurity, provided they address the public through the medium of their own legitimate works. There need no longer be any apprehension, that the noble enthusiasm of a mind like Barry's shall work its own ruin by brooding over neglect and disappointment. Our young artists have not now to dread the fate of Proctor: if national patronage does not yet await them, public attention is awakened to their pursuits, and munificent private efforts attend their labours. We again and again hope that the example now set by such public-spirited characters as Sir John Leicester and Mr. Fawkes will be still further followed up by English gentlemen. It is whispered, we trust with truth, that his Grace the Duke of Wellington, who is known to have made a splendid collection of works of art, means to arrange them at Apsley-House for public visitors. We know that his grace's

works in sculpture are inimitable, and that his Claudes and Titians are the finest in Europe. The stores of ancient and modern art thus opened to our students, and a select portion of the public, would prove of great advantage to the growth of the fine arts of our country. Private efforts, acting in this manner with the British Institution, would prove highly beneficial, and accelerate the “Augustan age” of art among us. In a time of peace, the arts claim the peculiar protection of every enlarged and liberal mind, and we are prompted to exclaim with Mr. Shee—

“Be thine, Britannia, thine the nobler aim,
To live through long futurity of fame!
To gain the wreaths that peaceful arts bestow,
Pow'r's proudest immortality below!
In time's decay, ere Albion's empire dies,
To leave her constellation in the skies,
Eclipse the glory of the world combined,
And give a fifth great epoch to mankind.”

We cannot close these remarks without a passing word upon a paragraph in one of the public journals, which seemingly objects to the postscript in Mr. Fawkes's card of admission, excluding visitors in *wet* or *dirty* weather. What a pity, that when a public-spirited gentleman throws open a splendidly furnished mansion on stated days to promote the popularity of the fine arts, he is not also to give shelter on a rainy day to every lounge, with the additional privilege of wiping his boots on superb Persian carpets! The writer of the paragraph ought surely to have been aware, how little likely this observation was to encourage the spirit of accommodation which he so uniformly and liberally recommends in his observations upon the fine arts. It may be right to state, that

the admission to Mr. Fawkes's collection is on *Tuesdays* (of course by tickets) until the middle of June. Sir John Leicester's is open on *Mondays*; the Marquis of Stafford's will open on *Wednesdays*. We hope

to have the other three days in the week soon filled up by those who have the power and means of contributing to the success of the fine arts.

MAUSOLEUM AT CLAREMONT.

THE stained glass for the Mausoleum at Claremont is now exhibiting at Mr. Backler's Gallery in Newman-street. It is highly creditable to the taste and skill of Mr. Backler, who has given the finest and most unequivocal demonstrations, that the celebrated art of executing works upon stained glass is not, as some suppose, on the decline in modern times. We regret that the late period of the month when Mr. Backler's Gallery was opened, prevents us from going into that detail of the peculiar merits of the Exhibition, which we should otherwise think it right to enter upon, in justice to the station which this delightful art has attained in this country under the skilful hands of some of our most eminent artists. This Gallery contains a number of beautiful specimens of the art of staining glass, some of them superior to any thing we have seen in this country. Our limits prevent us from noticing any other than the principal work.

THE MAUSOLEUM WINDOWS.

Nos. 1. and 3. contain the Saxon and British arms, surmounted with crests and coronets; mottos, *Treu und fest*, and *Dieu et mon droit*.

No. 2. Ornamental initials, L. C. (Leopold and Charlotte), with their respective coronets, Gothic bordering, &c.

Nos. 4. and 5. contain the same

initials united, on silver trefoil ground, &c.

No. 6. The united arms of England and Saxony; the supporters and coronet of his Royal Highness Prince Leopold; with national emblems of the Rose, Thistle, and Shamrock.

No. 7. The united arms of the Princess Charlotte and Prince of Saxe-Coburg, with supporters and coronet of her late Royal Highness.

DOOR OF MAUSOLEUM,

Containing monastic figures, with rich Gothic pinnacles, ornaments, borderings, &c. &c.

There is an exquisite harmony produced in the arrangement of the colours for this work; the painting of the most minute part in the armorial bearings is clear, precise, and delicate: there is no abrupt collision of colours, as in some of the old works; on the contrary, the tints melt into each other with beautiful effect. The following appropriate notification is appended to the catalogue of the fine works in Mr. Backler's collection:

"Mr. Backler most respectfully acknowledges the kind indulgence of his Royal Highness Prince Leopold, in allowing him publicly to exhibit this monumental tribute of lasting, though bereaved, attachment; and begs also to express to the nobility and public at large,

his sincere thanks for the honour they have conferred on former occasions; and he trusts, from the unparalleled interest so justly felt on the event to which a part of this Exhibition has a mournful refer-

ence, and the exertions he has made to render the whole deserving their approbation, it will prove not unworthy of their continued patronage."

INTELLIGENCE REGARDING WORKS OF ART IN PROGRESS OR COMPLETED.

EXTRACT from a Letter dated Rome, in the latter end of March.

"THE great sculptor Canova (Marquis d'Ischia) is now employed upon his *Theseus* and *Centaur*, for Milan. Mr. Watson Taylor has sent him an order for some subject of grace, which the sculptor will commence as soon as he has finished some works upon which he is now engaged. It is the general opinion in England, that Canova's great talent lies in the execution of works which require great beauty, softness, and delicacy of finish; but he is considered on the Continent as an artist whose fame will rest on his success in the highest department of sculpture. He himself calls his lighter works "his playthings," and is ambitious of immortality in the grand and vigorous style*. His *Hercules* and *Lycas* is said to be a wonderful work.

"A Mr. Gibson, from Liverpool, is distinguishing himself here in sculpture: he is now finishing a group of *Mars* and *Cupid*, which he has studied and executed with

uncommon skill; he is also employed upon busts of Sir Humphrey Davy and Mr. Roscoe, for Mr. Watson Taylor. Canova is also to sit to him for his bust for Mr. Taylor. Mr. Eastlake, since his return from Greece, is finishing his interesting picture of *Mercury descending with the Apple to Paris*; and Mr. Lane is painting *the Angel appearing to Joseph*."

We are glad to find that our rising artists are employing their time to so much advantage in the "imperial city."

The Royal Academy Exhibition this year will be numerously filled with works of art. We have not heard of many historical works by eminent artists, but there are some, which we understand will excite great attention, by rising painters.

Mr. Alston has got a picture of *Jacob's Dream*. Instead of a ladder, he has introduced a flight of steps, covered with angels, and the summit illuminated by an immense body of light.

Mr. Howard, R. A. has a *poetical Picture*, consisting chiefly of a group of figures.

Mr. Collins, A. R. A. has several *Landscapes*, interspersed with groupes of figures in familiar life.

Mr. Oliver, A. R. A. has eight *Portraits*: they are of the following persons: Master Pugin, who

* His Grace the Duke of Wellington has got in his hall in Apsley-House, Canova's colossal statue of Buonaparte, which was destined by the late emperor to crown the triumphal arch that was left unfinished, beyond the Champs Elysées, at his abdication. We do not know what opinion artists have formed of this work.





is represented digging in a garden;—D. W. Davenport, Esq. who leans on a table, reading a letter;—A Lady and Child; the latter pinning a rose on the ringlets of the head of the former;—Sketchley, Esq. the magistrate, in a sitting attitude, reading;—a young Lady and two Brothers looking over a drawing-book;—Mr. and Mrs. Smith;—and Mr. Heath and Son.

R. Ackermann has just imported a collection of Lithographic Prints from Munich; also Lithographic Hand-Presses, in the shape of a mahogany writing-desk, for the convenience of amateurs, artists, and merchants.

The Rev. T. F. Dibdin, whose name is so well known among bibliographers, has issued a prospectus, in which he proposes to publish, by subscription, a splendid work, called “A Bibliographical, Antiquarian, and Picturesque Tour

in Normandy, France, and Germany.” It will be illustrated by many plates, from drawings by Mr. George Lewis: it will be included in three vols. to range with the author’s *Bibliographical Decameron*.

Mr. R. Metcalfe having made twelve etchings from his own drawings, of *Castles, Monasteries, &c.* in that part of the north riding of York called Richmondshire, is about to publish them by subscription: a characteristic specimen accompanies the prospectus. He has also in hand six similar etchings of *Market-places*.

The sale of the *London Museum of Natural History* will continue every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, till the end of the auction. We understand that the professors of natural history from France, Holland, and Turin, have arrived in London, to be present at the sale.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

PLATE 30.—MORNING DRESS.

A ROUND dress composed of jaconot muslin; the skirt is full, and trimmed at the bottom with a piece of muslin drawn into six easings with pink ribbon; a row of buttons is placed above them, and it is surmounted by three easings to correspond. The body is high; there is a small collar, which is eased, and a pelerine is affixed to it, of a pretty and novel description; it is double: the lower is rounded, trimmed with two rows of easings, and edged with narrow lace; the upper part is pointed, and trimmed to

correspond. The back is plain, and fastens behind; a low front is attached to the high one: the former is disposed in small plaits across, is laced up before with cord and buttons, and is trimmed with a single row of easing and narrow lace. Long loose sleeve, finished with easings to correspond; there are four in number. Head-dress, the Parisian mob. We refer to our print for the form of this elegant cap: it has very small ears, and does not come quite close under the chin, where it ties with pink ribbon; it is ornamented with a

garland of exotics. The hair is dressed in light ringlets on the forehead. Rose-coloured slippers, and Limeric gloves.

PLATE 31.—WALKING DRESS.

A jaconot muslin petticoat, ornamented round the bottom with four rows of muslin trimming, composed of narrow welts finished with edging. Over this is an open robe, with a plain high body; the robe is worked all round in a very rich and elegant pattern. Long loose sleeves, worked at bottom; as is also the collar, to correspond. The spencer worn with this dress is composed of green *gros de Naples*: it is made to fit the shape exactly; the bust is displayed to advantage by a small low plaited front attached to the high one; the former fastens before with an ornamental clasp: plain back, of a moderate breadth: the collar, epaulettes, and cuffs are richly braided, and the edges of each finished by a light chain of braiding. Head-dress, a hat composed of cork, cut in a new manner; it is intermixed with green satin, and lined with the same material: the crown is of a moderate size; the brim is rather large, and of the same width all round; it is ornamented with a beautiful plume of feathers, to correspond in colour with the cork: a small *cornette*, with a double border of pointed lace, is worn underneath. Limeric gloves, and green shoes.

We are indebted for both these dresses to Mrs. Smith of 15, Old Burlington-street.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON
FASHION AND DRESS.

Promenade costume this month does not present quite so much novelty as might have been expected.

Spencers and pelisses are still, as they have been for some years past, the fashionable garb of the early part of the summer: the materials are light, but there is little novelty in the make: we must, however, except the spencer which we have given in our print, the form of which is new, and certainly very becoming to the shape. The others that we have seen had nothing novel, except a little additional length in the waist.

We have seen several pelisses made in the same manner as the one we described in our last number. We have also noticed another, which we think very gentlewomanly for the morning: it is composed of pale lavender *reps* silk, lined with white sarsnet, and trimmed with lavender sarsnet cut in scollops; the scolloped part is turned upwards, and is edged with a rich gimp: the back is broad and full; the fronts exactly fit the shape, but are cut bias: the collar is composed of lavender satin; it is cut in scollops, and stands up round the throat: the sleeve is very long and loose; it is terminated by a satin cuff cut in scollops: there is no half-sleeve. This is a very neat pelisse, and particularly adapted for plain walking dress.

Gros de Naples, levantine, *reps* silk, and plain and figured sarsnets, are all in requisition for spencers and pelisses. The exquisite beauty and richness of these silks cannot be surpassed by the productions of any foreign loom; and we see with pleasure, that our fair countrywomen no longer seek for French silks and laces, but vie with each other in encouraging our own manufactures.

Leghorn is at this moment the

material most in favour for promenade bonnets: those of a large shape are generally adopted: they have always a *ruche* of white or straw-coloured gauze at the edge of the brim, and are trimmed with broad rich ribbon; some *élégantes* add a bunch of flowers, but for plain walking bonnets, ribbons only are most in favour, and are certainly most appropriate.

The materials for carriage bonnets are white satin, *gros de Naples*, and a mixture of Leghorn and white satin: this last forms an elegant bonnet, or hat, for the latter are more worn than the former in carriage dress. The hat which we have given in our print is a very fashionable shape: there is also another much in request, and in our opinion generally becoming: the crown is similar to the one given in our print; the front is wider, but not so deep, and turns up a little both before and behind; the ribbon which fastens it under the chin, is inserted between the brim and the crown, so that the former stands out from the face. This hat is usually made in white satin, and is adorned with flowers.

White satin and white *gros de Naples* spencers, and silk or China crape shawls, richly embroidered, form the favourite carriage costume. The spencers have nothing particular in their form; they are ornamented in general with braidings.

The greatest change in the indoor costume of the month is in morning dress, which is now universally made in muslin: our prints will give our readers a perfect idea of the most fashionable form and trimmings of morning dresses.

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Dinner gowns are now very much made in soft muslin, but silk is at least equally worn. Frock bodies, cut very low, are most fashionable; those made in muslin are richly let in with lace placed in bias stripes: the sleeves, which are always short, are made to correspond, and a double and sometimes triple fall of lace goes round the bust: the bottoms of the skirts are trimmed with lace or work; sometimes with an intermixture of both.

Silk dresses are made in the same manner, and are trimmed either with gauze or blond. We lately saw one trimmed in a novel and tasteful style with gauze draperies: there are two falls, edged with narrow rouleaus of white satin, and looped with rosettes formed of an intermixture of satin and blond; there is a space of rather more than half a quarter left between these draperies, which is decorated with white satin laid on full, and disposed in the form of the prince's plume: these ornaments are placed at distances of nearly half a quarter between each. The dress is lilac, and the gauze, which we must observe is transparent, being white, as is also the satin trimming, the contrast is good, and the effect of the whole extremely elegant.

Coloured gauzes begin to be very much worn in full dress: white gauze and white satin are equally fashionable, but *gros de Naples* begins to decline in estimation. The full dress which we described last month, made in this latter material, is now much worn in gauze, and is still the most approved form for evening dress. We have lately seen one made in cerulean blue gauze, with a transparent white

gauze apron; the brace and the leaves which form the trimming were composed of white satin.

Turbans are now little worn in full dress; but *toques* are as much in estimation as ever, except with very juvenile *belles*, who prefer flowers or pearl ornaments.

In full-dress jewellery, pearls are very much in favour: they are frequently mixed with topazes or emeralds. Ornaments in undress jewellery are generally an in-

termixture of bright and dead gold.

Stout silk half-boots are now universally adopted for the carriage and dress promenade. White satin and white spotted silk still continue to be used for dress slippers: we observe that these latter are cut something lower round the foot than usual.

Fashionable colours are, pale rose-colour, azure, different shades of green, lilac, and straw-colour.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, April 20.

My dear SOPHIA,

THE promenade of Long-champs, which during three days after Easter is always thronged with fashionables of both sexes, has been this year as full as usual; but the dresses are neither so striking nor so various as they have been for some seasons back: there is indeed great variety in head-dresses, but very little in robes. Silk pelisses and spencers form the general out-door costume; the latter are usually composed of lilac or citron-coloured silk, and the former are of rose-colour. The pelisses are made in a very plain style, and would look well if worn merely in a morning, but the extreme simplicity of their form gives them too much the air of dishabille for the dress promenade: our *élégantes*, however, appear in them at all times of the day. They are made moderately full in the skirt, and much gored; the bodies are tight to the shape, the backs broad; the fronts do not quite close at the throat, but wrap a little over at the waist, and there is always a small

standing collar; the skirts close in front, so as to conceal the underdress. The sleeve is of a moderate width, and falls very much over the hand; and there is in general a small epaulette, made quite plain, and cut up on the middle of the shoulder. The pelisse is trimmed all round with a silk cord, and the epaulette and bottom of the long sleeve are edged with the same; it has a girdle of the same material, about an inch in breadth, which is also edged with cord, and is generally fastened by an ornamental clasp, composed either of gold, silver, or topaz: the last are most in favour.

Spencers are made in a more showy style; but the long waist, now so fashionable, and which is always finished by tabs, is, at least in my opinion, very disadvantageous to the figure. The spencer is tight to the shape; has a high standing collar, which always turns over a little; it stands considerably out from the throat, and is lined with satin: the long sleeve is nearly tight to the arm at the lower part, and is finished by a cuff of

silk, the upper part of which is cut in points: an epaulette also of the same material is pointed; it is made without any fulness; there are two falls of silk, and it just covers the upper part of the arm.

Spencers are always worn with muslin dresses; *percale* is the most in favour: the skirts are trimmed with flounces of rich work set on very full; there are three of them, and between each is inserted a broad band of tulle richly embroidered: the trimming consequently comes very high. These dresses serve for morning or dinner gowns, according to the manner in which they are made: for the former, the bodies are high, and generally with a collar; for the latter, they are cut very low. I shall presently enter into a more particular description of them; but before I quit the promenade costume, I must endeavour to give you some account of our head-dresses.

The fashionable materials are crape, *gros de Naples*, satin, white and yellow straw, *paille coton*, and a new stuff which is called *paille de soie*; it is composed of ribbon plaited to resemble straw: plaid silk is also in some request, though not so much as it was a short time back.

The brims of bonnets begin again to be worn rather large, but the crowns are always of a moderate size: some are round, others oval, and many are of a dome shape. Those in satin and in *gros de Naples* are frequently striped with ribbon, which is placed across both the brim and the crown at moderate distances; this ribbon is sometimes spotted and sometimes plain: when it contrasts well with the ground of the bonnet the effect is pretty;

but this is not often the case, the favourite contrasts being deep yellow and blue, lilac and green, and rose and green.

Ruches and puffings of gauze and blond are still partially worn on the edges of the brims of bonnets; but the favourite trimming is a small wreath of flowers composed of gauze, and in general of two colours: a wreath or a bunch of flowers also decorates the crown. Roses, daisies, jessamine, and mignonette, are worn in wreaths; and tulips, pinks, lilies, lilac, and the blossoms of various fruit-trees, are worn in bunches.

Hats are as fashionable as bonnets for the promenade: those small ones which I spoke of to you some time since are still in fashion: the material most in request for them is *paille de soie*; they are always worn with a mob cap, and ornamented with a plume of Marabouts. But the most fashionable, and in fact the most becoming, hats that have appeared for some time, are those with an oval crown, of a moderate size, and a round brim, bent over the forehead in the Mary Queen of Scots style: a ribbon is inserted at the bottom of the crown between it and the brim, to tie the hat under the chin; and they are adorned with a *panache*, that is to say, a plume of Marabouts, from three to five in number; a single rose is generally placed at the base of this plume: these hats never have any trimming at the edge of the brim.

Coloured muslins are now very much worn in dishabille; they are either spotted or striped. Morning gowns are made high, but without collars; they have in general a

little fulness in the body, which is confined by a sash of the same material. The sleeves are extremely loose, except just at the wrist, where they are confined to the arm by two or three easings; the lower part of the sleeve is left loose, and falls considerably over the hand. A small pelerine goes across the back, and reaches to the front of the shoulder; it is cut at the termination of each shoulder behind, and is thus divided into three distinct pieces, which form a cape and epaulettes. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed with two or three narrow flounces of the same material, each of which is headed by a little roll of puckered muslin. I must observe to you, that these dresses are esteemed complete *dis-habille*, and are never worn abroad, even in the early part of the day.

Perkale is adopted both for dinner and for promenade dress: I have described to you in the beginning of my letter the manner in which the skirts are trimmed; as to the bodies, whether they are high or low, they are so completely covered with work, that very little of the *perkale* is visible: if they are high, they are worked in perpendicular stripes of open work, between each of which is a row of leaves or flowers. Backs continue the same breadth, and are plain, as are likewise the fronts, which display the shape of the bust as much as possible: there is no collar, but a rich lace or worked ruff supplies the want of it, and completely conceals the back of the throat, but is generally left open in front. The long sleeve is rather loose; it is ornamented on the shoulder with a small winged epaulette of rich

work, and is usually finished at the wrist by a ruffle of work to correspond.

If the dress is low, the body is cut so as to display the bust very much: the front is in general composed of open work, in the style of a stomacher; the rest of the body is embroidered in flowers or leaves. The sleeves are very short and full; they are entirely composed of work: they are confined to the arm by a narrow band, to which is affixed a *ruche* of pointed tulle, or else it is finished by a quilling of blond.

Silk dresses are little seen in the promenades, but they are worn for dinner parties: they are made with low bodies; the bottoms of the skirts are finished with *gauze ruches* cut in points, and the bodies are quite plain; they are trimmed round the bust, as are also the bottoms of the sleeves, to correspond with the skirt.

Gauze over white satin is almost the only fashionable material for full dress. I saw last night one of the prettiest evening gowns I have seen for some time; it was made too in a very decorous style, as you will judge by the description I shall endeavour to give you of it.

It is composed of spotted gauze; the skirt, of a moderate fulness, is finished at the bottom by a broad band of white satin laid on bias; a full-pointed *ruche* of transparent gauze is placed close to the bottom, and another surmounts the band. The body is a frock, and three-quarter high, but is so ornamented round the bust as to have quite the appearance of full dress: it is tight to the shape; the lower part composed of soft white satin;

a row of pointed blond is let in round the bust; above this is a piece of transparent gauze, tacked on full; the fulness is confined by a zig-zag row of pearls, and it is finished by a narrow blond lace, set on full round the bust. The sleeves are of transparent gauze, made very short and full; the fulness is confined by six or seven rouleaus of white satin placed perpendicularly, and the sleeve is drawn close to the arm at bottom by a rouleau to correspond.

The hair is now rarely covered in full dress; a few *élégantes* indeed are seen in white satin *chapeaux*; but toques and turbans, lately in such general request, are now worn only by ladies of a certain age. Young and middle-aged *belles* adorn their tresses with a mixture of flowers and jewels; and you would be surprised at the variety which they contrive to give to a style of head-dress, which apparently admits of so little. One lady twists her hair carelessly up behind, and inserts at the back of the knot a little bunch of roses, which has the appearance of fastening it: the front hair is curled in light loose ringlets; its luxuriance is confined by one or two bands of pearl; a single rose is placed over the right ear, and another is stuck on one side, but far back upon the head. Another *belle* divides her hair behind, fastens one half of it up in the Grecian style, and braids the rest, which she divides into two or three tresses with pearl: these are twisted round the back part of the head, while a wreath of flowers, placed very far over the forehead, adorns the front. Another style of head-dress is formed by braiding a part of the front hair across the fore-

head, and disposing the rest in bows, which are fastened by diamond pins; a wreath of large flowers, either tulips or lilies, goes across the back of the head. But enough of *la tête*, which, to say the truth, I prate as volubly about as if I were a Frenchwoman. Waists have not increased in length since I wrote last, but they are still too long to be graceful. Sashes of broad ribbon, tied in short bows and long ends behind, are generally worn in dinner dress. Shoes are now universally adopted for the promenade; they are in general of stout silk, but some *élégantes* prefer kid. Shoes are not worn so high round the foot as they were for the promenade, and they are cut still lower in full dress. White satin and white spotted silk are the materials used for the latter. Our jewellery is this year remarkable for its elegance and simplicity: pearls are the favourite ornament; they are frequently mixed with gold, and sometimes with coloured stones; but every appearance of glaring or tawdry intermixture is carefully avoided. Rings are very fashionable; the most esteemed have a small bouquet of flowers, which are formed of coloured gems, and are made to imitate nature remarkably well. The fair partisans of the different parties generally wear rings with mottoes, expressive of their sentiments. Our most fashionable colour is rose; the next in estimation are citron and lilac. White is as tonish as rose, and more generally employed for *chapeaux*.

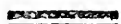
Adieu, dear Sophia! Let me have a long letter in return for the cargo of information now sent you by your affectionate

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

PLATE 23.—A DESIGN FOR A DINING-ROOM SUITE, CURTAINS EXCEPTED, IN ORDER TO SHEW MORE PARTICULARLY THE LINES OF THE WINDOW-ARCHITRAVE AND FRENCH CASEMENT.

THE casement of the cornice may be of mat gold, or covered with black velvet; in the centre and ends of which are pine-apples, with their natural leafing: clusters of grapes and leaves, carved, are formed on a strong wire (previously interwoven), to entwine the cornice.

The piers may be embellished with busts of our most illustrious military and naval commanders, sustained by pedestals decorated with appropriate trophies, or designs, commemorative of their individual achievements.



INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

IN the press, and in a few days will be published, in three large volumes 4to. *A History of England*, from the first invasion by the Romans, to the accession of Henry VIII. by the Rev. John Lingard, author of the *Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon Church*. This work will contain the history of the southern division of this island, from its first invasion by the Romans, to the accession of Henry VIII.

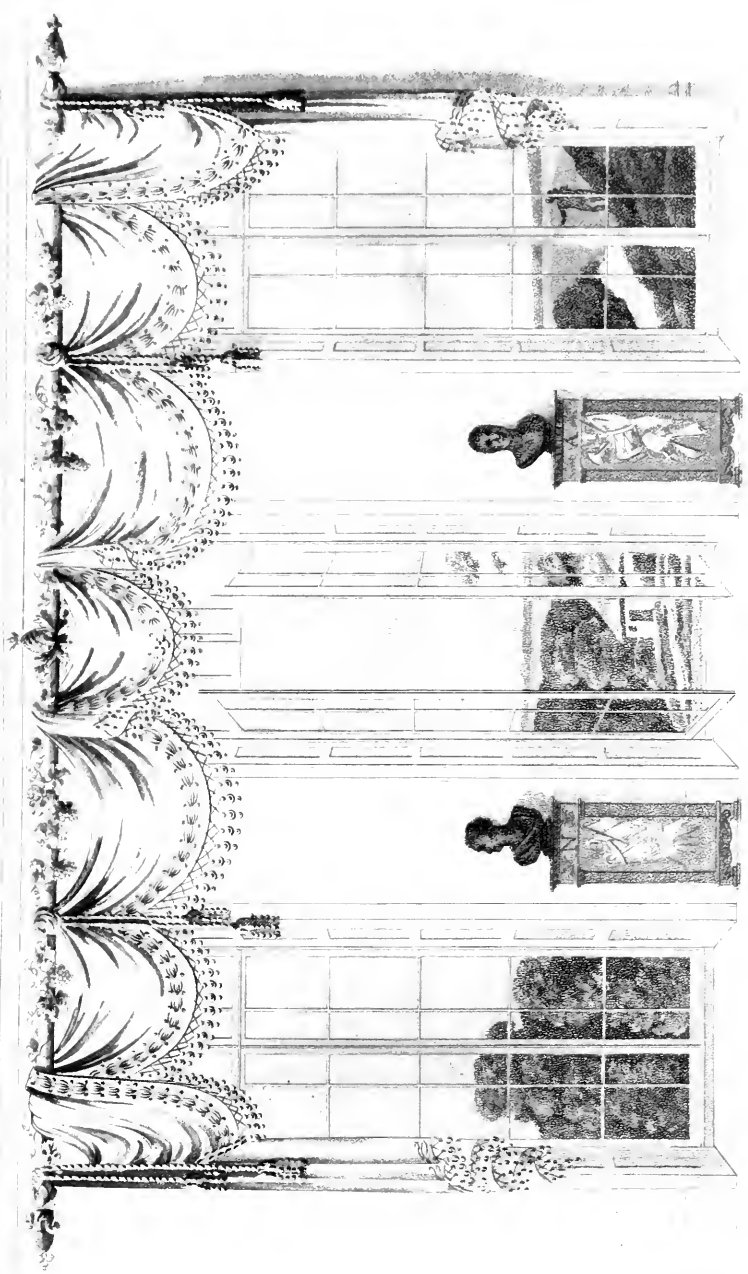
The Vestriad, or *The Opera*, a mock epic poem, in five cantos, with illustrative arguments, notes, and engravings, is about to be published by the author of the *Banquet*, the *Dessert*, &c. &c.

We understand that a romance on the subject of Robin Hood is forthcoming, and we doubt not that the parallel of character between Robin Hood and the present fa-

vourite of the day, Rob Roy, will obtain for the former as great popularity in Scotland, as his name has for centuries past maintained in the sister kingdom.

Rhetorical Exercises, by T. Ewing, author of a *System of Geography*, a new *General Atlas*, *Principles of Elocution*, and the *English Learner*, 12mo. is in the press.

In a few days will be published, in one volume 8vo. *A Statistical, Historical, and Political Description of the Colony of New South Wales, and its dependent Settlements on Van Diemen's Land*; with a particular enumeration of the advantages which these colonies offer for emigration, and their superiority in many respects over those possessed by the United States of America, by W. C. Wentworth, Esq. a native of the colony.



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THE SECOND SERIES.

VOL. VII.

JUNE 1, 1819.

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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 letter of our esteemed friend at Worcester has been received: we regret extremely the disappointment to which he has been exposed, not certainly by any neglect of ours, as the continuation of the subject on which he has been engaged has never reached our hands: we were looking each month with some anxiety for his letters, and although, according to his account, two may be missing, we hope that he may recover them by inquiries at the post-office at Worcester. In London, we can hear nothing of them. In the mean time, we request a continuance of his friendly assistance.

Sosia will see that we have availed ourselves of his favours: his well-informed pen is a valuable addition to our Miscellanies.

We are sorry so long to have been obliged to postpone the story of Wilmot, for which we will endeavour to find a place in our next. We owe an apology to the writer for not having acknowledged the receipt of it, and some other amusing articles.

The series of Letters from France offered to us are entertaining, but the subjects want novelty: we are therefore under the necessity of declining giving them insertion.

Antiquarius has our best thanks.

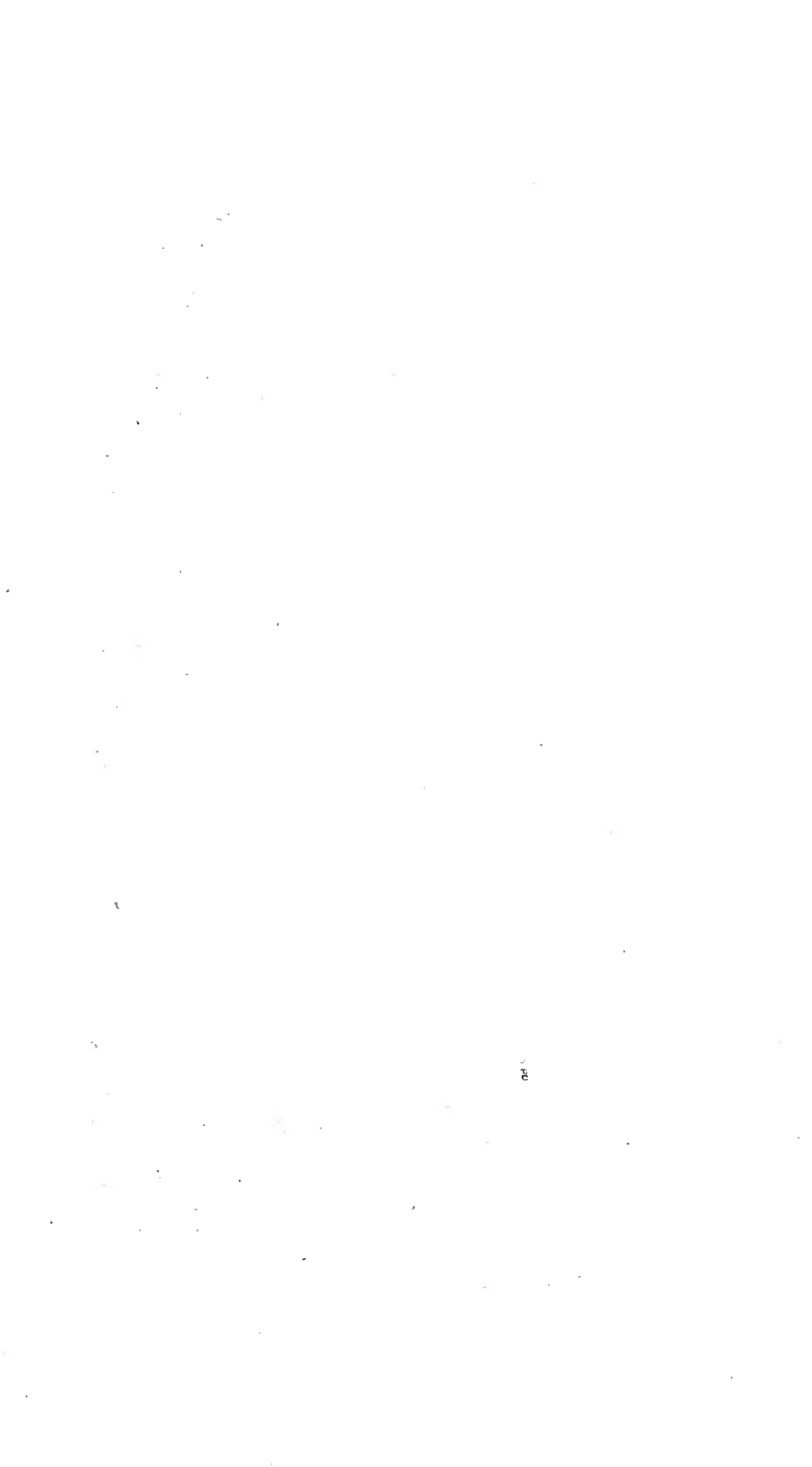
A Contributor, D. W——r, Theatrics, Jason, Harriot, and several other communications, are unavoidably delayed for a short time.

The author of "The Enjoyments of Youth" is informed, that although we now and then insert extracts from, it is not a part of our plan to review, books. We will endeavour to make amends to our poetical contributors next month.

The hint of our friend from Oswestry shall be attended to. It must be our anxious desire to make our publication as amusing and instructive as possible.

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Manufactures, &c.

THE SECOND SERIES.

VOL. VII.

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N^o. XLII.

HINTS ON ORNAMENTAL GARDENING.

(Continued from p. 249.)

PLATE 32.—A GARDEN TEMPLE AND AVIARY.

THIS small building is designed to embellish extensive grounds, and it affords an agreeable seat and prospect-room: it is supposed to be situated on a small island in a retired portion of the estate, where the repose of scene would make such a building effective in all its points, and the melodious harmony of the birds within, a delightful relief to its surrounding stillness. Being surrounded by water, and suitable iron gates affixed to the approach, which is over a small bridge, it would perhaps be secure from those depredations, from which it is to be lamented few such properties are exempt, when at a distance from the inhabited part of an estate.

Should this appropriation of the building be dispensed with, it would

become an agreeable retirement for reading or study, secure from interruption and restraint.

On extensive properties such erections are essential as resting-places in the walks, and as refuges from hasty showers: and to these, distant and fine plantations owe a peculiar interest; for besides their attractive qualities, which lead the spectator onward, he is secure from the rapid changes of the weather, and the intervening scenes are enjoyed in confidence. When they are designed and placed with a judicious attention to the character of the grounds, they often afford admirable embellishments to the landscape, and carry forward the seeming extent of the more polished arrangements of the domain.

MISCELLANIES.

MEMOIR OF MARY EVELYN.
TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

GOOD examples cannot be too often held forth for imitation; and I think you will contribute to the entertainment of your readers, as well as more widely diffuse an uncommon instance of female excellence, by inserting the interesting Memoir of MARY EVELYN, written immediately after her death* by her father, John Evelyn, one of the most distinguished philosophers of the seventeenth century. In estimating the proportion of rational acquirements possessed by the ladies of former times and the present, the superiority of the latter is universally and justly acknowledged: yet examples may be produced from all times, which would not yield to the highest instances furnished in our modern and more enlightened age, with the additional merit of having overcome, by force of their own powers, the prejudice and envy which would naturally accompany them. A memoir from the pen of a parent will hardly be allowed to be entirely impartial: yet, as far as human failings will permit, full credit may be given to the authenticity of this eulogy; for Evelyn was a conscientious man, as well as an affectionate father, and would no more have written, than have spoken, what he believed to be false. The whole tenor of his recorded life, as well as his interest-

* In the year 1685, at the early age of twenty.

ing Diary, now before the public, equally prove his integrity and accomplishments. But I will no longer detain you from this short-lived "delight of her parents and friends."

* * * * "The justnesse of her stature, person, comelinesse of countenance, gracefullnesse of motion, unaffected though more than ordinarily beautifull, were the least of her ornaments compared with those of her mind. Of early piety, singularly religious, spending a part of every day in private devotion, reading, and other virtuous exercises; she had collected and written out many of the most usefull and judicious periods of the books she read, in a kind of commonplace; as out of Dr. Hammond on the New Testament, and most of the best practical treatises. She had read and digested a considerable deale of history and of places. The French tongue was as familiar to her as English; she understood Italian, and was able to render a laudable account of what she read and observed, to which assisted a most faithfull memory and discernment; and she did make very prudent and discreete reflexions upon what she had observed of the conversations among which she had at any time been, which being continually of persons of the best quality, she thereby improved. She had an excellent voice, to which she play'd a thorough-bass on the harpsichord, in both which she ar-

rived to that perfection, that of the schollars of those two famous masters, Signors Pietro and Bartholomeo, she was esteen'd the best; for the sweetnesse of her voice, and management of it, added such an agreeablenesse to her countenance, without any constraint or concerne, that when she sung, it was as charming to the eye as to the eare: this I rather note, because it was a universal remarke, and for which so many noble and judicious persons in musiq desired to heare her, the last being at Lord Arundel's of Wardour. What shall I say, or rather not say, of the cheerefullness and agreeablenesse of her humour: condescending to the meanest servant in the family, or others, she still kept up respect, without the least pride. She would often reade to them, examine, instruct, and pray with them if they were sick, so as she was exceedingly beloved of every body. Piety was so prevalent an ingredient in her constitution (as I may say), that even amongst equals and superiors, she no sooner became intimately acquainted, but she would endeavour to improve them, by insinuating something religious, and that tended to bring them to a love of devotion. * * * * *

"She abhorr'd flattery; and tho' she had abundance of witt, the raillery was so innocent and ingenuous, that it was most agreeable: she sometimes would see a play, but since the stage grew licentious, express'd herselfe weary of them, and the time spent at the theater was an unaccountable vanity. She never play'd at cards without extreame importunity and for the company, but this was so very sel-

dome, that I cannot number it among any thing she could name a fault. No one could read prose or verse better, or with more judgment; and as she read, so she writ, not only most correct orthography, with that maturitie of judgment and exactnesse of the periods, choice of expressions, and familiarity of stile, that some letters of hers have astonish'd me and others to whom she has occasionally written. She had a talent of relishing any comical part or poeme, as to them she might be decently free with, was more pleasing than heard on the theater. She daunc'd with the greatest grace I had ever seene, and so would her master say, who was Mons. Isaac; but she seldome shew'd that perfection, save in the gracefullnesse of her carriage, which was with an aire of spritely modestie, not easily to be described. Nothing affected, but natural and easy, as well in her deportment as in her discourse, which was always materiall, not trifling; and to which the extraordinary sweetnesse of her tone, even in familiar speaking, was very charming. Nothing was so pretty as her descending to play with little children, whom she would caresse and humour with greate delight; but she most affected to be with grave and sober men, of whom she might learne something, and improve herselfe. I have been assisted by her in reading and praying by me; comprehensive of uncommon notions, curious of knowing every thing to some excesse, had I not sometimes repressed it. Nothing was so delightfull to her as to go into my study, where she would willingly have spent whole dayes, for, as I said, she had read

abundance of history, and all the best poets, even Terence, Plautus, Homer, Virgil, Horace, Ovid, all the best romances and modern poems: she could compose happily, and put in pretty symbols, as in the *Mundus Muliebris**, wherein is an enumeration of the immense variety of the modes and ornaments belonging to the sex: but all these are vaine trifles to the virtues which adorn'd her soule. She was sincerely religious, most dutifull to her parents, whom she lov'd with an affection temper'd with greater esteeme, so as we were easy and free, and never were so well pleas'd as when she was with us, nor needed we other conversation: she was kind to her sisters, and was still improving them by her constant course of piety. Oh! deare, sweete, and desireable child, how shall I

* A poem of Mr. Evelyn's.

part with all this goodness and virtue, without the bitterness of sorrow and reluctance of a tender parent! Thy affection, duty, and love to me was that of a friend as well as a child. Nor lesse deare to thy mother, whose example and tender care of thee was unparallel'd; nor was thy returne to her lesse conspicuous. Oh! how she mourns thy loss! how desolate hast thou left us! To the grave shall we both carry thy memory!"

I forbear transcribing other parts of this affecting memorial, because I would not give this communication too serious a turn. Enough is extracted to exhibit an instance of piety, virtue, and incomparable endowments, which it would be well for all to imitate, and, if possible, to surpass. Yours, &c.

SOSIA.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE ADVISER.

I MAKE no doubt that many of my correspondents will accuse me of neglect; but the truth is, that, during the best part of the last month, my time and thoughts have been devoted to a question of great national importance. It is true, I formerly declared that prime ministers should always be excluded from the benefit of my advice, but I have recently been induced to think of changing my mind in one instance in their favour; I mean in the question which has made so much noise, the resumption of cash payments by the Bank. Instead of employing myself as usual in weighing the cases of my different correspondents, I have passed my time in reading all that has been

written upon this subject; my table was constantly covered with newspapers, and my head was filled with the theories of bullionists, anti-bullionists, X. Y.'s, A. Z.'s, &c. &c. &c. I weighed the arguments on both sides with the most scrupulous impartiality, and lost many an hour's rest in considering, whether gold or paper would be the most advantageous to the nation; for I made no doubt, that my fame, as Adviser General of the United Kingdom, had long before this time reached the ears both of ministers and bank directors, and I daily expected applications on both sides for my advice.

In consequence of this expectation, I caused a little room, which

my man Peter dignifies with the name of the library, to be put in somewhat better order; permitted him for once to dispossess the spiders of their ancient dwellings, by brushing away the cobwebs; exchanged my old-fashioned leather chair, in which I have taken my nap after dinner for the last twenty-five years, for one of more spruce appearance; and even purchased a new black velvet cap, that I might receive my expected visitors with the respect due to their rank on the one side, and their wealth on the other. I took the greatest pains to put my mind in a fit state to resist the temptations with which I expected both parties would assail me, in order to induce me to throw the weight of my opinion into the scale; and I exulted not a little in the firm integrity with which I resolved to give it in the most disinterested manner.

But--(will my readers believe it?) up to the present moment neither of the parties has made any application to me; a circumstance which will be hardly credited in other countries. My modesty prevents me from expatiating on the loss they have sustained from the want of my advice, which I am now positively determined not to give them, even if they should solicit it in the most humble manner, as I consider that such a tardy application would be a want of that respect which my office as Adviser General entitles me to. I mean, therefore, to reserve my sentiments on this important question till some time after it has been finally decided, when I intend to publish a view of the subject in a quarto volume of five hundred pages, the

profits of which I have no doubt will indemnify me for the numerous losses I have sustained through my attention to the good of mankind.

I shall now endeavour briefly to reply to those correspondents whose letters I cannot insert: and first, for the gentleman who desires my advice how most effectually to punish a rebellious son, who has dared to marry contrary to his wishes. As he describes the young man to be possessed of strong feelings, and assures me that he has always, except in this instance, shewed himself a dutiful and affectionate son, and never disobeyed him in any thing else, I am of opinion, that the most effectual way in which he can punish, will be by forgiving him. He may depend upon it, that a noble spirit, such as he describes his son's, will feel with the greatest bitterness the fault he has committed, when he finds it generously forgiven; for nothing can be more galling to such a mind, than the sense of having received an undeserved kindness. I would also hint to this correspondent, what, in his cooler moments, I have no doubt he will feel to be true, that anger is a guest he cannot get rid of too soon for his own comfort.

My next correspondent is a lady who has just quarreled with her husband. She proves to me, that she is very angry by the pains she takes to convince me of the contrary. The quarrel, it seems, originated in their differing in opinion about the elegance of a morning cap; and here I cordially and unequivocally agree with my fair correspondent, that her husband's opinion on the subject is not worth

a rush, and that it was the height of presumption in him to give it. But I must beg leave to call her attention to that part of her letter, in which she says, that he formerly took her advice in the purchase of an estate, and that he always consults her when he wants to buy in or sell out of the funds; concessions to the excellence of her judgment, which would unquestionably not be made by many husbands, who might, nevertheless, be reasonable enough to leave her in undisturbed possession of the privilege of choosing her caps. Now, as we must in this life take the good with the bad, I earnestly request my correspondent to effect a reconciliation with her offended spouse as soon as possible, even if she should, in consequence of doing so, be obliged to renounce her own choice, and adopt his. She will have the merit of gracefully conceding a point in which her superior knowledge and judgment must remain unquestioned by all the learned in the mysteries of dress; and she will endear herself to her husband by her complaisance, since it is a certain fact, that we are never so satisfied with the soundness of our own judgment as in points where it is the weakest.

The case of Simon Simple, a gentleman who informs me that he is suddenly become the most miserable man in the world by the acquisition of a large fortune, demands particular attention. After carefully investigating the cause of his unhappiness, I am convinced it is twofold: it is caused partly by idleness, and partly by a want of amusement, and can only be removed by rigorous measures. I

advise, Mr. Simple, therefore, to renounce immediately all idea of becoming a fine gentleman; and instead of pursuing his intention of going to a fashionable watering-place, to hasten back to Gander-Hall. Let him leave behind him the whole cargo of fashionable airs, lounging habits, and French phrases, which he has taken such pains to acquire, and assembling round him his neighbours and tenants, resume his usual routine of occupations.

But he will perhaps ask, of what use will be his fortune, if he continues to live as he has hitherto done? I answer, of great use, since it will enable him to enlarge the circle of those enjoyments which he is capable of tasting. He may indulge the bent of his naturally hospitable disposition; find pleasure, as well as employment, in the cultivation of his lands; and, above all, secure to himself the greatest luxury that mortal can enjoy, and one which will never pall—the constant sight of happy human faces.

My last correspondent is a lady, whose case I sincerely pity, because she is labouring under a misfortune, of all others the most galling to a woman of sensibility—the estrangement of her husband's affections. I have considered all the circumstances of her case, and I fear that my advice will appear rather harsh to her at this moment, though, as I feel it my duty to give it, I cannot be silent. I counsel her, on no account to put in practice the plan she has conceived of awakening his jealousy, by appearing to receive with pleasure the attentions of the captain. The idea of reviving a husband's love

by this means, is romantic, injudicious, and may be attended with the most fatal consequences both to her honour and peace; it is an expedient indeed to which the heroines of novels often have recourse, but it is scarcely possible that it should succeed in real life. Men are in general so unjust, that the greatest libertine will rarely forgive a wife's harbouring even an involuntary preference for another: but if my fair correspondent will take the trouble to follow my advice, I think I can recommend a plan more likely to succeed in recalling the truant; and even if my scheme should fail, it can at least be attended with no ill consequence. She acknowledges that the manners of her rival are extremely fascinating, and that she is mistress of several elegant accomplishments; and she owns, that she herself affords a strong contrast to her rival's *agrémens*, by the manner in which she behaves to her husband, whom she either treats with coldness and reserve, or else wholly avoids by shutting herself up in her own apartment. She must not pursue this course, as she values her own happiness; nor need she disdain, however contemptible her rival may be, to fight her in some respects with her own weapons. I am inclined, from her statement, to

think, that she has fallen into the common error of young wives, who, when they are once secure of the husband, neglect the innocent arts which are necessary to fan the flame of love: hence, instead of a gentle descent from delight to tranquillity, the married pair often pass almost immediately from rapture to indifference. The lady raves at the cruelty of her husband in neglecting her, while she declares that she is the best wife in the world: and so perhaps she may be in essentials; but much, unfortunately too much, of our felicity depends on trifles, and the wife who would preserve the heart of her husband, must call the Graces to the aid of Virtue. Let my correspondent do this; let her banish the chilling reserve which throws a veil over her amiable qualities. I am certain that she possesses talent, and that, if she will exert herself, she may force her husband to own, that his wife is not inferior in grace or polish to his mistress. Even if her virtuous endeavour to recall him by gentle means should fail at this moment, it is scarcely possible that they will always do so; and she will find in the idea that she is acting rightly, a gratification a thousand times greater than the voice of flattery, or the triumph of coquetry can bestow. S. SAGEPHIZ.

ON WOMAN:

A Lecture delivered by Colonel WILLIAMS at the Cornwall Literary and Philosophical Society.

(Concluded from p. 262.)

OUR next object of consideration is, the *genius* or *mental faculties* of womankind.

It has been argued by some emi-

nent writers, that the intellect of woman is of *weaker* construction than that of man. Others have maintained, that the seeming dis-

similarity of understanding arises from the different circumstances in which they are placed, and not from any difference in original conformation of mind. In support of the former opinion, it is asserted, that Nature having created women for certain duties and occupations, she framed their capacities accordingly; whilst the assertors of intellectual equality contend, that the pursuit of knowledge is by no means incompatible with those duties. Having established the opposite points of dispute to their *own* satisfaction, the learned opponents proceed, in contrary extremes, to draw their own inferences. With *one* sect, woman ought to be a paragon of science—with the *other*, she should be a beautiful pattern of mental imbecility: with *one* party, she is born to dispute with man the palm of knowledge, natural and moral—with the *other*, women were designed for mere superintendents of housewifery, guardians of family keys and family preserves, tormentors of servants, and whippers of children; or at most they were contrived for the purpose of drawing, gilding, burnishing, or footing and fingering quadrilles and country dances. Without “siding” with the champions of female philosophy, or the advocates of pickles and piano-fortes, let us pursue the investigation of simple *facts*. If we consult the pages of history, we shall find, without doubt, that, in point of *number*, the examples of transcendent ability are in favour of *men*; but if we take into consideration those of the female sex whose talents have been called into action, and compare them with an

equal portion of the other, we shall perceive nearly an equipoise in the balance of genius. If *men* are more *judicious*, *women* are more *quick*; if the former have greater powers of attention, the latter are more remarkable for delicacy of association; if men excel in the portraiture of deep and tragic passion, it is a fact, that women understand better, and pencil out more gracefully, those finer and more fugitive impressions which come under the description of *sentiment*: in this style they have more truth, nature, gentleness, less of exaggeration and mannerism, sensibilities less morbid, and language more refined. To confirm this observation, how many bright proofs might be adduced! In the *fields of romance*, in developing the mazes of human character and human feelings, how unrivalled the genius of Villeneuve, of Scudery, of Sevigné, of Lafayette, of a Cottin, a Genlis, and a De Stael! How eminent the talents of a Ratcliffe and an Edgeworth! In the scenes of the drama, the names of Bernard and of Behn, of Parthenay and Des Jardins; in *history*, that of Macaulay; in *classical erudition and extensive knowledge of languages*, those of Dacier, Arundel, Astell, and Bacon; in poetry, a long and brilliant catalogue from the Muse of Lesbos, from Sulpicia and Corinna, to “Barbauld, brightest songstress of the British isle:” all these sufficiently attest the genius of women in the republic of letters. But the abilities of the female sex have not been conspicuous in the lighter branches of literature *alone*; they have been successfully employed in the most la-

borious and abstruse researches of science. In polity, in government, in moving

—————"the springs
That whirl of empire the stupendous wheel,"
let us contemplate the talents of Semiramis, of Zenobia, of Christina Queen of Sweden, Catherine of Russia, and Elizabeth of England. In the depths of philosophy, let us confess, with wonder and admiration, the superior powers of the Empress Eudocia, of Maria Cunitia, of Lucretia Cornaro, of Constantia Grierson, of Hypatia, Donna Agnesi, and the Marchioness du Chatelet.

Such are among the various instances of female genius; but if they prove that the *intellect* of women is equal to that of the men, it by no means follows that the *application* of it should be the same. Though we are assured by the Chinese, that old women make admirable physicians, and though I have no doubt ("between ourselves,") that, in regard to *capacity*, they are qualified for justices of the peace; there are, nevertheless, many objections to their becoming either. Though the female mind be sufficiently capacious for the *statutes at large*; though it may be fully equal to the science of tactics, military or naval, I cannot persuade myself that nature ever intended woman for the wig of a judge, the boots of a general, or the cocked hat of a commodore.

Such, I repeat, are some of the manifold examples which bear witness to the quickness and the strength of female intellect: in opposition to which I have never even heard but of one remarkable weakness—a too ready belief of

praise, a credulous propensity to *flattery*: but *if* there be (as I have been *told*) certain young, and even middle-aged ladies, who are *disposed* to believe all that is said of the *execution* of their *eyes*, I humbly prescribe for them the speech of Phœbe, in the comedy of "As you like it." Let them learn it by heart, and repeat it to every flattering Sylvius, as the test of his sincerity:

"Thou tellest me there is murder in mine eye:

'Tis *pretty* sure, and very probable,
That *eyes*, which are the *softest*, frailest
things,

Should be called tyrants, butchers, murderers:

Now I do *frown* on thee with all my heart;
Well, shew the wound mine eye hath made
in thee:

Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains

Some scar on it; but mine eyes,
Which I have *darted* on thee, hurt thee not!
Now am I sure *there is no force in eyes*
That can do harm to *any*."

Let us proceed to the *last* feature of our portrait—

WOMAN'S VIRTUES.

Be not alarmed, ladies: piety and purity of heart are subjects to be breathed only by *hallowed* lips—they shall not be profaned by mine. With respect to the virtues of temperance and modesty, into *their* discussion I shall not enter; for to prove that women possess them in an eminent degree, would be as superfluous as to prove to the conviction of our eyes, the transcendency of gas-light. With regard to *courage*, that quality, which is often in men *constitutional*, in women is almost invariably a *virtue*. Many instances might be quoted of their devoted *intrepidity*; but it is in painful endurance, on the pillow of sickness, the bed of death, and

on the scaffold, that female fortitude is most *characteristic*. The names of Fulvia, the wife of Mark Antony—of the maids of Orleans and Saragossa, of Charlotte Cordé and Lambrun, these deservedly excite our wonder and applause; but the deeds of active daring are but secondary, in my opinion, to the calm and steady resolve of *suffering, reflecting* resignation. Amongst numerous others in our own history, the example of Lady Jane Grey is one perhaps that wins the deepest admiration from our *hearts*. The serenity with which this young and accomplished woman relinquished the power and splendour of a throne—the firmness with which she met the sentence of her death—the unshaken constancy with which, in her gloomy prison, she endured the persecutions of bigotry—the subdued feeling with which she beheld him whom she loved led to execution—*him* to whom she refused a last interview, lest the tenderness of their parting might overcome both—the resolution, in fine, with which she resigned every advantage of life, every tie of youth, beauty, and affection, to the axe of the executioner, are proofs of fortitude which never can be excelled; for to a greater exertion of the human mind, the powers of human nature are unequal. In our *own* days, in the recent misfortunes of an empire, I have myself witnessed, with thousands, the exercise of this cool reflective fortitude in women. Among the countless victims of the French revolution, in the barbarous and wanton executions of both sexes, the heart of man has, alas! sometimes failed in the hour of trial; but there is scarcely an in-

stance on record, in which the guiltine has *blushed* with the blood of female weakness. In opposition to this fair register of female virtues, there is one folly that is alleged to be superlatively woman's own: I say *alleged*, because I doubt the justice of the imputation. The passion of *vanity* Madame de Stael affirms is unfolded in every trait of the female character: to my view (with all deference to her high authority), it is no more *peculiar* to the fair than stays or stuffing. With the exception of a few women whose vanity consists in birth and fortune, the rest confine this failing almost exclusively to their *persons*: and is it wonderful that the incense hourly offered at the shrine of beauty should render her vain? In women, the *littleness* of vanity is most perceived in those of *weaker* understanding; whilst in men, it is betrayed by those of the highest abilities. The fair object of flattery and deception ought, in justice, to awake only compassion; but shall ridicule forbear its laughter to behold the great and grave lord of the creation exulting with inordinate self-estimation, inflated with all the frivolity of self-conceit? Let us look around us (I mean of course beyond the bounds of *this* circle), and we shall perceive a thousand whimsical examples, to prove that men have greater vanity than women, both personal and mental. The latter are at least *consistent* in their failing: a handsome woman is proud of her beauty, a plain one of her wit; but men are perversely vain of advantages to which they have the *least* pretension, and pique themselves on qualities the most opposite to those

which nature has bestowed on them. The man of breadth and height is ever conceitedly mincing in his gait, and affectedly gentle in his accents; whilst the man of little stature looks more big, talks more loud, and walks with more importance, than if he were a descendant of Alexander the Great. * * *

Women, says Rousseau (the head master of the seminary), women should never for a *moment* be independent; their education should be always relative to *men*; they should be weak and passive; they *ought* to have but little liberty; they are born (rather a paradoxical assertion) with a fondness for *talking*, dressing, and dolls. *Subtily* is a *talent* common to the sex; and they should be subjected by *fear* to exercise their native cunning and coquetry. Oh! how admirable, he exclaims, is their ignorance! how bewitching their imbecility!

Fine by defect, and amiably weak, they are beautiful flaws in nature; fashioned but to render themselves the more alluring to their governors.

All women, repeats that softened echo of Rousseau, the sentimental Dr. Fordyce—all women are to be levelled by meekness and docility, to one character of yielding softness and gentle compliance. *Every man* of sensibility desires in *every woman* *soft features* and a *flowing voice*. They are all to be “bred up” with the desire of *pleasing*; they are for ever to aim their small artillery at the *hearts* of men; they are to be objects that come nearer to the idea we have formed of *angels* than any other: but as they are only like angels when they are *young* and *beautiful*, the improvement of their persons is of course

to be considered before the cultivation of their virtues.

Decorum, adds the under-teacher, Dr. Gregory, is the *one* thing needful; accommodation to the prejudices of mankind, the *other*. Seemliness, duplicity, and dissimulation, are worthy subjects of female practice. Let them all take heed how they betray their most legitimate affections; let them beware how they display their good sense. “If they *happen* to have any learning,” I quote the doctor’s own words, “let them keep it a *profound secret*, especially from the men.”

Enough of *such* philosophers and doctors: at the same time, however, that I condemn *their* systems, let it not for an instant be supposed, that I am about to recommend one of my *own*. I have already remarked, that to *me* the regulation of female temper, the performance of female duties, and the exercise of female virtues, are *sacred* subjects.

* * * * *

It is said that the effect of knowledge, is to make women pedantic and affected: but does it follow, because we get rid of learning, that we are released from vanity and conceit? On the contrary, with very few exceptions, the most ignorant are the most conceited.

It is natural that men, who are themselves uninformed, should be jealous of female knowledge; but such men need not be alarmed, for there never will be wanting, in spite of every counsel and instruction, a due proportion of women with understandings perfectly suited to their *own*.

One, amongst the arguments which pompous and pedantic men

have arrayed against the cultivation of female talent, is, the requisite performance of those lesser and more obscure duties which devolve on the sex. *Another* (which applies to women who are more exempt from those duties) is, that their days of leisure had far better be devoted to acts of charity and benevolence, than to books. The first of these objections is refuted by *fact*; for women are certainly better instructed than they were a century ago; but they are by no means less attentive to the regulation of their household, or the care of their children. In answer to the second, we readily admit, that nothing is more delightful in women than the benevolent virtues: women, we know, ought to be *compassionate*; but they cannot be compassionate from eight o'clock in the morning, till they go to bed at night: what are they to do in the interval? The great use of knowledge in woman is, to contribute to her private happiness, as well as a rational share of amusement to society. One of the highest pleasures of life is *conversation*, and the pleasures of conversation are, of course, enhanced by every increase of knowledge. What a difference, in this respect, between the woman who, without diminishing the gentleness and propriety of her manners, has cultivated the powers of her mind, and that pretty simpleton who sits blushing in the circle, without one idea to keep her in countenance! What a burden to themselves! what a dead weight on society are such fair images! What a pity, when they have been exhibited in vain for the matrimonial mart at *home*, what a pity that the

celebrated Virginia trade cannot be revived in their behalf! "That traffic," says Holmes, in his *American Annals*, "was most lucrative to the company; from ninety to one hundred Englishwomen, *pretty* and *simple*, being frequently shipped off in one consignment, by the grace of God and in good condition." The price of such a one for a *wife*, was at first one hundred pounds of tobacco, but afterwards (he exultingly adds) it rose to one hundred and fifty, tobacco being at that time worth three shillings a pound.

To be serious, the pursuit of knowledge is the most innocent and interesting occupation which can be given to the fair sex; and a taste for literature is the best charm against that tedium, that aching void of thought, which afflicts the fair slave of dissipation.

"If women knew more," remarks a sensible writer, "men must learn more, and ignorance would be shameful."

The instruction of women improves the stock of national talents, and employs more minds for the edification and amusement of the world. It increases the pleasures of society, by multiplying the topics upon which the two sexes take a common interest; it refines and exalts their communion, by giving importance and dignity to the female character; it favours public morals; it provides for every season of life, as well for the brightest as the best, and leaves a woman, when she is stricken by the hand of time, not destitute of every thing, and neglected by all, but with the full power and splendid attractions of knowledge; diffusing the ele-

gant pleasures of literature, and receiving the just homage of the learned, the accomplished, and the good.

Ladies and gentlemen, I have to apologize for having so long trespassed on your time; yet, how much more would the complete dis-

cussion of so important a subject require; a subject which I have undertaken, not so much with the hope of doing it justice, as with the desire of giving some respite to the unremitted labours of those who have better claims to your attention!

ON SHAKSPEARE'S RICHARD III.

"THE Life and Death of King Richard the Third" is a popular tragedy; yet the poet, in his principal character, has connected deformity of body with every vice that can pollute human nature. Nor are those vices disguised or softened. The hues and lineaments are as dark, and as deeply impressed, as we are capable of conceiving. Neither do they receive any considerable mitigation from the virtues of any other persons represented in the poem. The vices of Richard are not to serve as a foil or a test to their virtues; for the virtues and innocence of others serve no other purpose than to aggravate his hideous guilt. In reality, we are not much attached by affection, admiration, or esteem, to any character in the tragedy. The merit of Edward, Clarence, and some others, is so undecided, and has such a mixture of weakness, as hinders us from entering deeply into their interests. Richmond is so little seen, his goodness is so general or unfeatured, and the difficulties he has to encounter are so remote from view, are thrown, if I may use the expression, so far into the back-ground, and are so much lessened by concurring events, that he cannot, with any propriety, be deemed the hero of

the performance. Neither does the pleasure we receive proceed entirely from the gratification of our resentment, on the due display of poetical justice. To be pleased with such a display, it is necessary that we enter deeply into the interests of those that suffer. But so strange is the structure of this tragedy, that we are less interested in the miseries of those that are oppressed, than we are moved with indignation against the oppressor. The sufferers, no doubt, excite some degree of compassion; but, as we have now observed, they have so little claim to esteem, are so numerous and disunited, that no particular interest of this sort takes hold of us during the whole exhibition. Thus, were the pleasure we receive to depend solely on the fulfilment of poetical justice, that half of it would be lost, which arises from great regard for the sufferers, and esteem for the hero who performed the exploit. We may also add, that if the punishment of Richard were to constitute our chief enjoyment, that event is put off for too long a period. The poet might have exhibited his cruelties in shorter space, sufficient, however, to excite our resentment; and so might have brought us sooner to the catastrophe, if that alone

were to have yielded us pleasure. In truth, the catastrophe of a good tragedy is only the completion of our pleasure, and not the chief cause of it. The fable, and the view which the poet exhibits of human nature, conducted through a whole performance, must produce our enjoyment. But in the work now before us, there is scarcely any fable; and there is no character of eminent importance, but that of Richard. He is the principal agent; and the whole tragedy is an exhibition of guilt, where abhorrence for the criminal is much stronger than our interest in the sufferers, or esteem for those who, by accident rather than great exertion, promote his downfall. We are pleased, no doubt, with his punishment; but the display of his enormities, and their progress to this completion, are the chief objects of our attention. Thus Shakspeare, in order to render the shocking vices of Richard an amusing spectacle, must have recourse to other expedients than those usually practised in similar situations.

I proceed to illustrate, by a particular analysis of some striking scenes in the tragedy, "that the pleasure we receive from the character of Richard, is produced by those emotions which arise in the mind, on beholding great intellectual ability employed for inhuman and perfidious purposes."

1. In the first scene of the tragedy, we have the loathsome deformity of Richard displayed, with such indications of mind as altogether suppress our aversion. Indeed the poet, in the beginning of Richard's soliloquy, keeps that de-

formity to which he would reconcile us, out of view, nor mentions it till he throws discredit upon its opposite: this he does indirectly. He possesses the imagination with dislike at those employments which are the usual concomitants of grace and beauty. The means used for this purpose are suited to the artifice of the design. Richard does not inveigh with grave and with solemn declamation against the sports and pastime of a peaceful court: they are unworthy of such serious assault. He treats them with irony; he scoffs at them; does not blame, but despises them.

"Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;

Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;
Our stern alarums chang'd to merry meetings;

Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visaged war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front;

And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds,
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute."

By thus throwing discredit on the usual attendants of grace and beauty, he lessens our esteem for those qualities, and proceeds with less reluctance to mention his own hideous appearance. Here, too, with great judgment on the part of the poet, the speech is ironical. To have justified or apologized for deformity with serious argument, would have been no less ineffectual, than a serious charge against beauty. The intention of Shakspeare is not to make us admire the monstrous deformity of Richard, but to make us endure it.

His contempt of external appearance, and the easy manner in which he considers his own defects, impress us strongly with the appre-

hension of his superior understanding. His resolution, too, of not acquiescing tamely in the misfortune of his form, but of making it a motive for him to exert his other abilities, gives us an idea of his possessing great vigour and strength of mind. Not dispirited with his deformity, it moves him to high exertion. Add to this, that our wonder and astonishment are excited at the declaration he makes of an atrocious character, of his total insensibility, and resolution to perpetrate the blackest crimes.

2. In the scene between Richard and Lady Anne, the attempt seems as bold, and the situation as difficult, as any in the tragedy.

It seems, indeed, altogether wild and unnatural, that Richard, deformed and hideous as the poet represents him, should offer himself a suitor to the widow of an excellent young prince whom he had slain, at the very time she is attending the funeral of her husband, and while she is expressing the most bitter hatred against the author of her misfortune. But, in attending to the progress of the dialogue, we shall find ourselves more interested in the event, and more astonished at the boldness and ability of Richard, than moved with abhorrence at his shameless effrontery, or offended with the improbability of the situation.

In considering this scene, it is necessary that we keep in view the character of Lady Anne. The outlines of this character are given us in her own conversation; but we see it more completely finished and filled up, indirectly indeed, but not less distinctly, in the conduct of Richard. She is repre-

sented by the poet, of a mind altogether frivolous; incapable of deep affection; guided by no steady principles of virtue, produced or strengthened by reason and reflection; the prey of vanity, which is her ruling passion; susceptible of every feeling and emotion; sincere in their expression while they last, but hardly capable of distinguishing the propriety of one more than another, and so exposed alike to the influence of good and of bad impressions. There are such characters: persons of great sensibility, of great sincerity, of no rational or steady virtue, and consequently of no consistency of conduct. They now amaze us with their amiable virtues; and now confound us with apparent vices.

Richard, in his management of Lady Anne, having in view the accomplishment of his ambitious designs, addresses her with the most perfect knowledge of her character. He knows that her feelings are violent; that they have no foundation in steady, determined principles of conduct; that violent feelings are soon exhausted; and that the undecided mind, without choice or sense of propriety, is equally accessible to the next that occur. All that he has to do, then, is to suffer the violence of one emotion to pass away; and then, as skilfully as possible, to bring another, more suited to his designs, into its place. Thus he not only discovers much discernment of human nature, but also great command of temper, and great dexterity of conduct.

Lady Anne having listened to the conversation of Richard, after the first transport of her wrath on

the subject of Edward's death, shewed that the real force of the passion was abating; and it seems to be perfectly subdued, by her having listened to his exculpation. In all this the art of the poet is wonderful, and the skill he ascribes to Richard, profound. Though the crafty seducer attempts to justify his conduct to Lady Anne, he does not seek to convince her reason, for she had no reason worth the pains of convincing; but to afford her some means and opportunity to vent her emotion. When this effect is produced, he proceeds to substitute some regard for himself in its place. As we have already observed, he has been taking measures for this purpose in every thing that he has said; and by soothing expressions of adulation during the course of her anger, he was gradually preparing her mind for the more pleasing, but not less powerful, dominion of vanity. In the foregoing lines, and in what follows, he ventures a declaration of the passion he entertains for her; yet he does this in-

directly, as suggested by the tendency of their argument, and as a reason for those parts of his conduct that seem so heinous:

Your beauty was the cause, &c.

Richard was well aware, that a declaration of love from him would of course renew her indignation. He accordingly manages her mind in such a manner as to soften its violence, by mentioning his passion, in the part of the dialogue containing, in his language, the "keen encounter of their wits," as a matter not altogether serious; and afterwards when he announces it more seriously, by mentioning it as it were by chance, and indirectly. Yet, notwithstanding all these precautions to introduce the thought with an easy and familiar appearance, it must excite violent indignation. Here, therefore, as in the former part of the scene, he must have recourse to the same command of temper, and to the same means of artfully irritating her emotion, till it entirely subsides.

RICHARDSON.

(To be continued.)

A CURE FOR ENNUI.

IT happened some years ago, that India was governed by a sultan, who, at a very advanced age, had only one son to succeed him. The young prince inherited from nature good dispositions and moderate talents; his constitution during his childhood was delicate, and the sultanness, his mother, was of opinion, that study would hurt his health. All the ladies and grandees of the court thought the same, and as the sultan was engaged in public business, he left the

child to the care of his tutors, who complied with the desire of his mother, in not fatiguing him with books. In fact, they soon discovered, that he had such a surprising natural genius, that it was quite unnecessary for him to go through the drudgery of learning; consequently, their only care was to amuse him: and thus matters went on till he attained his fifteenth year, when he was seized with a malady which none of the physicians of India could give a name to. For

a considerable time it baffled all their skill, and my readers will not wonder at it when I tell them, that this terrible disease is what we call a nervous disorder, which, though very slight in itself, brought on one more difficult to cure; I mean what the French call *ennui*.

The physicians tried all sorts of remedies, at least all they were acquainted with, in vain; they even called in the aid of magic; they had recourse to incantations, philters, and spells, in order to recover the prince from the languor into which he had fallen: but all was in vain, the disorder kept its ground; neither magic nor drugs, the power of flattery nor the excitements of pleasure, could awaken him to a sense of enjoyments, or draw him from the listless torpor in which he was plunged. The afflicted sultan having had recourse to all the regular means of cure without success, caused proclamation to be made, that the man who could discover a remedy for the prince's disorder, should be raised to the highest dignities of the state. I need scarcely say, that a crowd of candidates for the honour of curing the prince presented themselves, for even at that time, and in those remote regions, there were plenty of quacks. One protested, that he could immediately remove the disorder by means of an infallible pill; another, that he would conquer it by a few doses of a wonder-working powder; a third was certain, that it could never resist the power of his system-searching drops; and a fourth, who treated all the rest as mere pretenders, asked only to be allowed to apply a certain external remedy, the suc-

cess of which, he said, would soon convince the world, that nobody understood the nature of the disorder but himself.

Thus the poor patient, after being tortured *secundum artem*, was obliged to run the gauntlet through a multitude of quacks, who left him still worse than they found him. The sultan was so enraged at their repeated failures, that he published an edict, condemning all those who should undertake the cure of the prince without success, to lose their heads.

Shortly afterwards, a stranger presented himself to the sultan, and offered to restore the young prince to health upon certain conditions. His address, which was grave and simple, but yet dignified, prepossessed the monarch in his favour: unwilling that he should hazard his life upon slight grounds, the sultan interrogated him respecting the remedy which he meant to apply. "Great monarch," replied he, "I can only say, that my nostrum is infallible; but its effects are slow, and the manner in which it must be applied cannot fail of proving unpleasant to your son: for this reason I request, that he should be given up to my care for the space of three months, during which time I must be suffered to exercise unlimited authority over him, and no other person, not even yourself, must be allowed to see him. On these conditions, and on these only, I will undertake his cure."

It will readily be believed, that a proposal of this nature sounded strangely in the ears of a despotic monarch. The sultan tried to induce Hassan, for so the stranger

was called, to undertake the cure without removing the prince. He offered him immense treasures, and even a part of his dominions, in vain; Hassan resolutely persisted in rejecting any other terms than those which he had proposed. The sultan at length acceded, but he took care that the house to which Hassan removed the prince should be surrounded by guards.

Upon alighting at the gate of the mansion, which was situated in the midst of a large garden, Hassan dismissed the retinue of the prince, and led him into his new habitation; but the moment the royal youth cast his eyes round him, he demanded, what Hassan meant by bringing him to such a miserable hovel. "Where," cried he, "are the soft sofas, the rich carpets, the costly paintings, which ought to adorn the apartment destined for me? I see nothing here for convenience, nor even for use." "Great sir," replied Hassan, "these couches, though not soft, are not inconvenient; this matting will supply the place of carpets: as to paintings, they would be wholly unsuitable to an apartment like this."—"But why," said the prince indignantly, "have you brought me hither?"—"Because it is only here that I could hope to complete your cure." This answer did not satisfy the prince, but it had the effect of silencing him.

Presently supper was brought in; but when the prince saw, that it consisted only of bread, milk, and fruit, his indignation knew no bounds; he accused Hassan of a design to destroy him by hunger, and vowed he would instantly return to his father's palace. Has-

san listened to all his intemperate expressions with the greatest humility: he assured him, that the regimen, necessary for his cure, consisted of viands of the simplest nature; and he added, with a confident air, that these were far more delicious than their appearance promised.

For a long time the prince paid no attention to what he said; at length it grew late, and between anger and fasting, the youth was exhausted: necessity conquered pride; he began to eat, and to his great surprise, found his supper good: in short, he eat heartily, and was beginning to get into better humour with Hassan, till the latter conducted him to the chamber where he was to sleep, which was equally destitute of luxury and accommodation as the one where he had dined. Poor Hassan was again overwhelmed with reproaches, and had again recourse to the same means of exculpation: all this was necessary for the prince's cure. "But how is it possible," cried the youth, "that I can be cured without sleep? and do you suppose that I can ever enjoy any on this miserable couch?"—"Yes," replied Hassan, boldly, "you will taste upon it the sweetest repose you have ever enjoyed." These words added to the prince's indignation, and he continued to lament the certain deprivation of his rest, till he dropped into a profound and refreshing sleep.

With the first beams of the morning Hassan presented himself to his royal patient, whom he requested to rise, and accompany him. The first impulse of the prince was to refuse, but by this time he be-

gan to stand a little in awe of Hassan, and he sullenly complied; but to his surprise and displeasure, Hassan presented to him a plain robe, instead of the magnificent one which he had worn the day before. He haughtily demanded the reason of the change; Hassan replied, that he would account for it in a few minutes. As soon as the prince was dressed, he led him into the garden, and taking a spade, requested he would assist him in digging.

At these words the prince lost all command of himself. "Base slave!" cried he, "was it to heap insults upon me, that thou broughtest me hither? Convey me instantly to the sultan, my father, if thou valuest thy life."

"My life," replied Hassan humbly, "is indeed in the hands of my lord the sultan, to whom I would immediately conduct you, but by leaving me you would for ever deprive yourself of all hope of recovering your health. Your cure has already made some progress, for you have shaken off a part of the languor which benumbed your faculties, and robbed you of all sense of enjoyment; your food, your couch were prepared by medical art, and it is evident that you have profited by them. Observe this spade; the handle you see is perforated in many places; it is filled with the choicest drugs, and by using it for a certain time, their virtue will reach the seat of your disease. It is on this experiment that my most powerful hope rests, but the fulfilment of that hope must depend upon yourself."

This speech made a sensible impression upon the prince, because

he felt conscious, that what Hassan said of the improvement which had already taken place in his health was true. "Well then," cried he, taking up the spade with a sigh, "if it must be so!" and he began digging with a very bad grace. Hassan worked close by his side, and he took care that the patient should not leave off, till it was evident that his pores were sufficiently open to enable him to profit by the medicated spade: when that was the case, they rested for some time, and then returned to the house, where a plain repast was served up to the prince, who, however, did not complain this time of his fare; in fact, exercise and hunger combined, rendered it delicious.

While they were at work in the garden, a flower of peculiar beauty had struck the attention of the prince; he asked Hassan some questions concerning it, and this led to a conversation respecting the different properties of plants and herbs. This conversation Hassan contrived to resume after dinner: well acquainted with the wonders of nature, he knew how to convey instruction under the form of amusement; and we are assured he managed so skilfully, that the prince did not yawn above two or three times during the evening. The next day and several others passed in a similar manner: the mornings were devoted to labour, and studies of various kinds filled up the evenings, and amused the prince; for Hassan possessed an art rare indeed in an instructor, that of knowing the precise moment when to leave off.

The prince's cure advanced so rapidly, that long before the ex-

piration of the three moons, he thought himself convalescent. Hassan, however, was of a different opinion. "The smallest change in your course of life," said he, "or even a removal from this place, might, and probably would, occasion a relapse, which must prove fatal. Let me beseech you, then, to wait till all danger is over."

The prince, who was by this time very well reconciled to his new mode of life, cheerfully complied.

The three moons elapsed, and the anxious sultan presented himself, to see what Hassan had done for his beloved son. Scarcely could he believe his eyes, when the prince ran to meet him; and he beheld, instead of the pale emaciated boy, whose listless step and languid eye shewed the cruel malady which was consuming him, a blooming, animated youth, whose firm tread and ruddy cheek gave appearance that he was in perfect health. Need we paint the delight with which the father clasped him to his heart, or the gratitude which he expressed to Hassan for his restoration? He vowed that the preserver of his son should be loaded with riches, and honoured in future next to himself, throughout his empire.

"Mighty sultan," cried Hassan, "the reward you offer is far above my merits, and what I neither desire nor deserve. I have, it is true, restored the prince to health, but I have done so without the aid of medicine. I was convinced that temperance, exercise, and employ-

ment were the only remedies he wanted: the event has proved that I was right; but had I said so, my words would have been disregarded. I was obliged, therefore, to avail myself of an innocent artifice, and to impress the mind of the prince with such an opinion of my medical skill, as should induce him to obey the rules I laid down."

"Still," said the sultan, "I am not the less indebted to you, since, by whatever means his cure has been effected, it is evidently complete. But explain to me what methods you pursued with him." Hassan did so; and when he had finished, "I perceive," cried the sultan, "that you are not less a physician for the mind than for the body: remain then, sage Hassan, with my son, and complete the work you have so happily begun. You have already convinced him, that health and repose can only be procured by exercise and temperance; go on, and by your precepts render him worthy of the high station he is one day to fill."

The young prince acquiesced with joy in this arrangement, and Hassan accepted with gratitude the honour offered to him. The prince never had any return of his disorder; and when, some years afterwards, he was called to the throne of his father, the manner in which he filled it drew down the blessings of his people upon his head, and that of Hassan, who continued through life his attached and faithful friend.

EARLY TRAVELS IN FRANCE.

FOR THE REPOSITORY.

SIR,

I HAVE been much amused, not to say delighted, with the extracts supplied in your two last numbers by *Viator*, from the work he mentions, called, "France painted to the Life:" at the same time, he must allow me to say, that the picture rather belongs to the class of characteristic caricatures, than to that of legitimate portraits. Those sketches, for they are no more, were published in the middle of the seventeenth century; and I do not think that your readers will conceive their time thrown away, by perusing a few quotations from a publication made in the beginning of the same century, and upon the same subject; viz. *Travels in France*. The work to which I refer was printed about the year 1606, and is called, "A Method for Travel:" and this Method is illustrated by a view of France, as that kingdom stood in the year 1598, towards the latter end of the reign of our Queen Elizabeth. The author of it was Sir Robert Dallington, a man of great learning, who was knighted by King James, and recommended by Prince Charles to the head-mastership of the Charter-House: his origin was probably low, as he was Bible-clerk of Bennet-College, and his rise was to be attributed chiefly to his talents. He was the author of several other productions of merit, but very little is known of them at present.

I am far from asserting that this "Method for Travel" can be at all compared with "France painted to

the Life;" for the latter was intended obviously more as a satirical joke, than as a correct representation of the people and manners: on the contrary, Sir R. Dallington is quite serious in his performance, and his object was to give the young tourist some useful hints and information, and to shew him in what way he ought to apply the knowledge he acquired. At the same time, this is all done in a light easy vein of writing, without pedantry or formality, interspersed with acute observations upon men, manners, customs, and peculiarities, and now and then an entertaining jest, or an enlivening piece of pleasantry. He is evidently an accurate observer, and I trust your readers, especially those who have recently visited the Continent, will not find the extracts I shall presently furnish, dull or insipid: it is always entertaining to compare our own remarks upon foreign countries, with those of others; and the interest is not less, when, as in this instance, we have before us a picture of the habits of the people of France more than two centuries ago.

But I will not detain you longer by observations, as I am aware that you have not often too much room to spare for needless prolocutions. The author first gives some advice to young travellers, in the following sentences:

"He therefore that intends to *travel* out of his own country, must likewise resolve to *travel* out of his country fashion, and indeed out of himself; that is, out of his

former intemperate feeding, disordinate drinking, thriftless gaming, fruitless time - spending, violent exercising, and irregular misgoverning whatsoever: he must determine, that the end of his *travel* is his ripening in knowledge; and the end of his knowledge is the service of his country, which of right challengeth the better part of us.

“ This is done, by *preservation* of himself from the hazards of *travel*, and *observation* of what he hears and sees in his travelling. The hazards are two: of the mind, and of the body: that, by the infection of errors; this, by the corruption of manners. For whoso drinketh of the poisonous cup of the one, or tasteth of the sour liquor of the other, loseth the true relish of religion and virtue, bringeth home a leprous soul and a tainted body, retaining nothing but the shame of either, or repentance of both: whereof in my travel I have seen some examples, and by them made the use to prevent both mischiefs, which I will briefly shew.”

The following is upon the disputed etymology of the name of the city of Paris:

“ Some say, this town was built in the time of Amaziah King of Judah, by some relics of the Trojan war, and that it was called *Lutetia* (*a luto*), because the soil in this place is very fat, which is of such nature as ye cannot well get it out, it doth so stain: whereof they have a by-word, *Il gâte comme la fange de Paris*: it staineth like the dirt of Paris. Others say, it was called *Paris* of (*Parresia*) a Greek word, which signifieth (saith the

author) *hardiesse ou férocité*, valour or fierceness, alleging this verse:

Et se Parisios dixerunt nomine Franci,
Quod sonat audaces, &c.

—And the Franks called themselves Parisians, which signifieth valiant; and by this etymology would infer, that the French is a warlike nation. But he is much mistaken in the word, for it signifieth only a boldness or liberty of speech; which, whether they better deserve, or to be accounted valiant, you shall see when I come to speak of the Frenchmen’s humour and nature in general.”

There is a good deal of spirit in Sir R. Dallington’s account and description of Henry IV. of France, assassinated by Ravallac.

“ He sayeth there further, that though by his physiognomy, his fashion and manner of behaviour, ye would judge him leger and inconstant, yet is no man more firmly constant than he. He confesseth it were hard for him not to be sparing, considering the profuse and lavish spoil that his predecessor made before him: yet to salve the matter, he makes this difference, *that the other gave much too few, this gives a little too many*. If you remember when we saw him play at dice, here in Orleans, with his nobles, he would ever tell his money very precisely before he gave it back again.

“ I will not spare in this discourse (which is only for yourself private) to speak the truth, though of a king: we are here in a country where ye daily hear his own subjects speak of him more liberally.

“ And besides, his majesty hath generally this commendation, which

is very laudable in a prince: he can endure that any man should tell him the truth, though of himself; which I will interpret to wisdom, though perhaps some will impute it to a facility of nature. Concerning this thrifty virtue then of sparing, we must note, that he is a very good messenger. *Il fait d'argent avec ses dents*: he makes money with his teeth, saith the Frenchman, meaning his sparing of great and superfluous expense at his table. And for his gifts, we may call him by an antiphrasis, as Plutarch saith they used to call Antigonus in scorn (*doson*), that is, *qui donnera; pour ce qu'il promettoit toujours et jamais ne donnoit*: one that will give, because he always promised, but never performed.

"For my part, I think he gives S. P. Q. R. not *Senatui populoque Romano*; that is, to all sorts of people: *si peu que rien*, so little, as scarce any at all. They say, that the chamber of accounts is to examine the king's gifts, and if they find any unmeasurable, to shorten them; to which purpose, there is written in great letters in the same court, *Trop donné soit repeté*: let gifts too great be revoked. It should seem he saves them this labour." * * *

"At his being here at Orleans this June last past, the mayor and burgesses of the town came to his majesty, to desire they might be eased of certain extraordinary taxes and impositions, wherewith in the time of the League they had been burdened by Mons. de la Chastre, their governor. Saith he, 'M. de la Chastre *vous a ligué, qu'il vous deslignue*.' M. de la Chastre hath tied you, let him untie you. At his being at the siege of Amiens, amongst

others of the nobles whom he summoned to that service, he sent also for the Count Soissons, a prince of the blood, and one of the rarest gentlemen of France, to whom the king gives (as is said) 5000 crowns pension. The count, at that time discontented, returned the king answer, that he was a poor gentleman, and wanted means to come to that service as became one of his birth and place, being a prince of the blood, and peer of France; he therefore most humbly craved pardon, and that he would pray for his majesty's prosperous success, which was all he could do. 'Well,' saith the king, '*d'autant que les prières ne servent point sans jeune, il faut qu'il jeune de la pension de ses 5000 écus*: seeing prayer is not acceptable without fasting, my cousin shall hereafter fast from his pension of 5000 crowns.'

And again a little further on, he gives two characteristic anecdotes of this idol of the French nation.

"You saw here in Orleans, when the Italian comedians were to play before him, how himself came whiffing with a small wand to scour the coast, and make place for the rascal players (for indeed these were the worst company, and such as in their own country are out of request): you have not seen in the Inns of Court a hall better made; a thing, methought, most derogatory to the majesty of a king of France.

"And lately at Paris (as they tell us), when the Spanish hostages were to be entertained, he did usher it in the great chamber, as he had done here before; and espying the chair not to stand well under the state, mended it handsomely

himself, and then sat him down to give them audience."

The subsequent passages upon French diet, shew clearly, that even then the people were remarkable for what they are still peculiar.

"Concerning the French diet, it is, to keep no diet; for they feed at all times, there being among them very few which, besides their ordinary of dinner and supper, do not *gouter*, as they call it, and make collations three or four times the day; a thing as usual with the women as men, whom ye shall see, in open streets before their doors, eat and drink together. No marvel, therefore, though the Italian calls them the only *gourmands*.

"The French fashion (as you see daily) is to lard all meats, whose provision ordinarily is not so plentiful as ours, nor his table so well furnished: howbeit, in banquets they far exceed us; for he is as *friand* (lickerish) as the trenchermen of Media, or Æsop the tragedian, who spent fifteen thousand crowns, at one feast, in the tongues of birds only. He liveth not like the Italian, with roots chiefly and herbs."

I am afraid I have already been too lengthy, and will therefore pass over many other passages I had marked for extraction: two only, on the volatility and scoffing spirit of the French, shall suffice.

"One being very sick, and as was thought in danger of death, his ghostly father comes to him with his *corpus Domini*, and tells him, that hearing of the extremity where-

in he was, he had brought him his *Saviour*, to comfort him before his departure. The sick gentleman withdrawing the curtain, and seeing there the fat lubberly friar with the *host* in his hand, answereth, 'I know it is our *Saviour*; he comes to me as he went to Jerusalem, *c'est un âne qui le porte*: he is carried by an ass.'

"The other gentleman, upon like danger of sickness, having the friar come to him to instruct him in the faith, and after, to give him the *host*, and then the extreme unction (it was on a Friday), told him, that he must believe that this *corpus Domini* which he brought, was the very real flesh, blood, and bone of our *Saviour*; which, after the sick man had freely confessed, the friar offered it him to receive for his comfort. 'Nay,' quoth the other, '*vous m'excuserez, car je ne mange point de chair le Vendredi*: You shall excuse me, for I eat no flesh on Fridays.' So that you see the Frenchman will rather lose his god, than his good jest."

I have the less repugnance in inserting such traits as these, because we well know, that the French are not at all wanting in a love of ridicule; and that, within the last three or four years, they have never been so happy, as in making the English the subjects of their mirth. Retaliation may not always be generous, but it is sometimes unavoidable for self-defence. Yours, &c.

ANTIQUARIUS.

LONDON, May 3.

FEMALES IN THE EAST INDIES.

MR. EDITOR,

LOOKING over a file of newspapers I received from the East Indies the other day, I found the following advertisement, which I subjoin, before I make any remark upon its singular contents.

From Grimway's *Daily Advertiser*, printed in Calcutta on the 8th September, 1818:—" *Females raffled for*. Be it known, that six fair and pretty young ladies, with two sweet and engaging children, lately imported from Europe, having the roses of health blooming on their cheeks, and joy sparkling in their eyes, possessing amiable tempers, and highly accomplished, whom the most indifferent cannot behold without expressions of rapture, are to be raffled for next door to the British Gallery. Scheme: Twelve tickets at twelve rupees each; the highest of the three throws doubtless takes the most fascinating, &c."

Now I really am at a loss to know whether this be intended as a joke (I say *intended* as a joke, for it certainly is not one), or whether it is to be understood as a serious advertisement: your readers may assure themselves that it is genuine, and what I wish for is, some sort of explanation of it, if any can be given. I confess that I am in a degree interested in the matter, because I had a maiden aunt who

went to India upon speculation, and failed; that is to say, she returned again in about ten years without a husband, but not without a companion, and that a very troublesome one, which kept close to her side night and day. I hope your female readers will not be alarmed, for it was only a liver complaint: indeed it kept too close to her side, for it grew to it, and in the end carried her off—or, to pursue my simile, eloped with her, though not to Gretna Green.

What I should like to learn is, whether it be a fact, that when cargoes of young and old ladies ship themselves for Calcutta, Madras, or Bombay, they really are raffled for in this way. I admit, that I never heard my aunt mention any such thing, though perhaps she might have a reluctance in stating the mode in which she and others had been in a manner put up to auction. For her at least it should seem there had been no bidders.

I should have treated this matter more gravely, had I supposed that the curious paragraph above inserted, contained what was really true. I do not believe that any such state of society exists, or can exist, because the proceeding would not only be most immoral, but, as I conceive, altogether illegal and punishable. I am, &c. yours,

A BACHELOR.

A RABBINICAL TRADITION.

From the German of MENDELSOHN, the Jewish Socrates.

PURSUING his victorious career, Alexander the Macedonian entered the territories of an African
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people, who, unskilled in the arts of war and conquest, lived in peaceful content and blissful igno-

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rance of the civilized vices of the surrounding world. He was conducted to the tent of their chief, and entertained by him as his guest. Golden dates, golden figs, and golden loaves were set before him. "Do you eat gold here?" asked the monarch.—"I presumed," was the reply of the African, "that your own country produced bread and fruit: from what reason therefore have you invaded ours?"—"Not allured by your gold," said Alexander, "but curious to observe your manners, for the purpose of instruction and improvement."—"In such case," answered the chief, "stay with us as long as you choose."

During this discourse, two natives approached, to refer a dispute between them to the judgment of their chief. The complainant spoke thus: "I bought of this man a piece of ground, and in plowing it I have discovered a treasure. This certainly is not justly mine, for I only intended to have purchased the ground, and not the treasure hidden in it, yet the seller will not receive it again." The other replied, "I am as confident of the justice of my reasons, as is my neighbour: I sold him the ground, and every thing in it; con-

sequently the treasure also."—The judge repeated their words, that they might see whether he rightly understood the case; and after some reflection, asked, "Friend, have you not a son?"—"Yes."—"And you a daughter?"—"Yes."—"Good! let your son then marry his daughter, and the bride be presented with the treasure as her portion." Alexander appeared confounded. "Is my decree any way unjust?" asked the chief.—"Oh, no!" replied Alexander; "but it surprises me."—"How then would the affair have been decided in your country?" asked the former.—"To confess the truth," said Alexander, "we should have dismissed, probably confined the two men, and seized upon the treasure for the king's use."—"For the king!" exclaimed the astonished African. "Does the sun shine on your country?"—"Oh, yes!"—"Does it ever rain there?"—"Frequently."—"Strange! Have you any gentle, useful animals?"—"Of many kinds."—"Now I understand," said the chief, "that the Great Being, for the sake of these innocent creatures, permits the sun to shine and the rain to descend on your land. You are not worthy of such blessings."

AUSTRIAN AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

ALTHOUGH the general excellence of the greater part of the soil of Germany has enabled its cultivators to grow the various productions known in Great Britain, and, we believe, some others not yet introduced into this country; yet there can be no question, that, generally speaking, there is a de-

ficiency not only of science but of system among the agriculturists of the Continent. While in theoretical experiment, the enterprising spirit of the Germans has been behind no nation of the world, in the practical application of those experiments, the lower order of agriculturists have shewn a degree of

backwardness, rather to be attributed to a want of knowledge, than to any distaste for actual improvement. It is the same in our own kingdom, and must be so in every kingdom, until actual experience shall warrant a beneficial alteration: yet, in some respects, travellers concur in stating, that the German farmers are considerably superior to those of countries possessed of greater wealth and resources.

It is among people of this kind that a society for promoting agricultural improvements is particularly desirable, by which restricted capital and information may be aided, for the purpose of encouraging and giving effect to the existing spirit of enterprise: in Great Britain, we have sufficient evidence of the advantages to be derived from such a body. On these accounts, we rejoice to find, that in the Austrian dominions, and under the peculiar patronage of the Archduke John, a society of this kind has been established: it was opened at Gratz on the 28th March, 1819, when a discourse was pronounced before his imperial highness, to which we regret that our limits will not allow us to do more, than refer in terms of unqualified praise. It commences by observing most truly, that "the Austrian empire is

an agricultural state," and it goes on to point out the important benefits to result from the encouragement of the various departments of husbandry.

The documents we have received upon this important subject supply many particulars relative to the formation and objects of this society; but we do not feel it necessary to enter into them, because they are of less curiosity at a distance so considerable, although a lively and growing interest is felt for all that relates to the prosperity of Germany; and because, generally speaking, the regulations, and the different modes in which the purposes are to be effected, are modelled in a great degree upon those of the society existing in this kingdom. It may be sufficient to add, what indeed might be presumed if we were not to state it, that an imperial ordinance has been promulgated by Francis I., well calculated to further the designs of this new undertaking.

We heartily wish it success, and we feel little doubt, that, under such august and scientific patronage, it must flourish, and annually promote the happiness and wealth of the people, as well as the revenues and resources of the empire.

EXTRACTS FROM A GLEANER'S COMMONPLACE-BOOK.

ORIGIN OF THE GREY MARE'S BEING THE BETTER HORSE.

A GENTLEMAN, of a certain county in England, having married a young lady of considerable fortune, and with many other charms, yet finding, in a very short time, that she was of a high domineering spi-

rit, and always contending to be mistress of him and his family, he was resolved to part with her. Accordingly he went to her father, and told him, he found his daughter of such a temper, and was so heartily tired of her, that, if he would take her home again, he

would return every penny of her fortune.

The old gentleman having inquired into the cause of his complaint, asked him, "why he should be more disquieted at it than any other married man, since it was the common case with them all, and consequently no more than he ought to have expected when he entered into the marriage state." The young gentleman desired to be excused, if he said he was so far from giving his assent to this assertion, that he thought himself more unhappy than any other man, as his wife had a spirit no way to be quelled; and as most certainly no man, who had a sense of right and wrong, could ever submit to be governed by his wife. "Son," said the old man, "you are but little acquainted with the world, if you do not know that all women govern their husbands, though not all indeed by the same method: however, to end all disputes between us, I will put what I have said on this proof, if you are willing to try it: I have five horses in my stable, you shall harness these to a cart, in which I shall put a basket containing one hundred eggs; and if, in passing through the county, and making a strict inquiry into the truth or falsehood of my assertion, and leaving a horse at the house of every man who is master of his family himself, and an egg only where the wife governs, you shall find your eggs gone before your horses, I hope you will then think your own case not uncommon, but will be contented to go home, and look upon your own wife as no worse than her neighbours: if, on the other hand, your horses are

gone first, I will take my daughter home again, and you shall keep her fortune."

This proposal was too advantageous to be rejected; our young married man, therefore, set out with great eagerness to get rid, as he thought, of his horses and his wife.

At the first house he came to, he heard a woman, with a shrill and angry voice, call to her husband to go to the door; here he left an egg, you may be sure, without making any further inquiry: at the next he met with something of the same kind; and at every house, in short, until his eggs were almost gone, when he arrived at the seat of a gentleman of family and figure in the county: he knocked at the door, and inquiring for the master of the house, was told by a servant, that his master was not yet stirring, but, if he pleased to walk in, his lady was in the parlour. The lady, with great complaisance, desired him to seat himself, and said, if his business was very urgent, she would wake her husband to let him know it, but had much rather not disturb him. "Why, really madam," said he, "my business is only to ask a question, which you can resolve as well as your husband, if you will be ingenuous with me: you will, doubtless, think it odd, and it may be deemed impolite for any one, much more a stranger, to ask such a question; but as a very considerable wager depends upon it, and it may be some advantage to yourself to declare the truth to me, I hope these considerations will plead my excuse. It is, madam, to desire to be informed, whether you govern your husband, or he rules over you."

—“Indeed, sir,” replied the lady, “this question is somewhat odd; but, as I think no one ought to be ashamed of doing their duty, I shall make no scruple to say, that I have been always proud to obey my husband in all things: but, if a woman’s own word is to be suspected in such a case, let him answer for me; for here he comes.”

The gentleman at that moment entered the room, and, after some apologies, being made acquainted with the business, confirmed every word his obedient wife had reported in her own favour; upon which he was invited to choose which horse in the team he liked best, and to accept of it as a present.

A black gelding struck the fancy of the gentleman most; but the lady desired he would choose the grey mare, which she thought would be very fit for her side-saddle: her husband gave substantial reasons why the black horse would be the most useful to them; but madam still persisted in her claim to the grey mare. “What,” said she, “and will you not take her, then? But I say you shall; *for I am sure the grey mare is much the better horse.*”—“Well, my dear,” replied the husband, “if it must be so!”—“You must take an egg,” replied the gentleman carter, “and I must take all my horses back again, and endeavour to live happy with my wife.”

PHENOMENA OF WINTER IN THE POLAR REGIONS.

Winter, in our temperate regions, exhibits very few phenomena in comparison with what is visible in the arctic circle. The poet Thomson, therefore, has judiciously enriched his noble conclu-

sion of *The Seasons* with all the circumstances of picturesque beauty, or terrific grandeur, that could be borrowed from scenes far remote from us. The famished troop of wolves pouring from the Alps; the mountains of snow rolling down the precipices of the same country; the dreary plains over which the Laplander urges his reindeer; the wonders of the icy sea, and volcanoes flaming through a waste of snow, are objects selected with the greatest propriety from all that nature presents most singular and striking in the various domains of boreal cold and desolation.

As we advance into the arctic regions, we find them distinguished by more beautiful appearances of that phenomenon which we call the *aurora borealis*. In Shetland these northern lights, which the natives call *merry dancers*, a name by which they are known to the common people even in the south of England, are the constant attendants of the clear evenings, and prove a great relief amid the gloom of the long winter nights. They commonly appear at twilight, near the horizon, of a dun colour, approaching to yellow; sometimes continuing in that state for several hours, without any apparent motion; after which they break out into streams of stronger light, spreading into columns, altering into ten thousand different shapes, varying their colours from all the tints of yellow to the most obscure russet, and sometimes becoming on a sudden extinct. We, who see only the extremities of this northern phenomenon, can form but a faint idea of its splendour and its corruscations.

In Siberia there is one species of

the *aurora borealis*, which regularly appears between the north-east and east, like a luminous rainbow with numberless colours of light radiating from it: beneath the arch is a veil of darkness, through which the stars appear with some brilliancy. There is another kind, which begins with certain insulated rays from the north, and others from the north-east; these augment by degrees, till they fill the whole concavity of the sky, and form an assemblage of colours inconceivably rich and magnificent: but the attendant circumstances strike the beholders with horror; for they crackle, sparkle, hiss, make a whistling sound, and a noise even equal to that of artificial fire-works. The idea of an electrical cause is strong-

ly impressed by these circumstances. The natives on this occasion say it is a troop of men in the clouds furiously mad, who are passing by. Every animal is struck with fear. Even the dogs of the hunters are seized with such dread, that they will fall on the ground, and remain immoveable till the cause is over.

In Hudson's Bay the firmament in winter has its peculiar beauties. The night is enlivened by the *aurora borealis* spreading its thousand lights and glowing colours over the sky, not to be dimmed even by the splendour of the full moon, and the stars are of a fiery redness; while, in the day time, mock suns are frequently visible, richly tinged with all the hues of the rainbow.

CASE OF CAPTAIN NORRIS.

WITH the unfortunate catastrophe that befel Captain NORRIS, of the Beaufoy packet, on the 17th March last, between Cuxhaven and Harwich, the public is already acquainted; and I hope that, on such an occasion, I shall not be thought to intrude on the readers of the *Repository*, by inserting the following appeal from a very laudable and respectable committee, in favour of his disconsolate widow and four infant children. The personal knowledge I had of this worthy and humane man is an additional inducement to me, to recommend this calamitous case to all the benevolent, in order to rescue from want so unfortunate a family. In a future number of the *Repository*, I will give a list of names of those philanthropists who have assisted in alleviating the distress of a suffering widow and four orphans.

R. ACKERMANN.

THE friends of the unfortunate widow of the late Captain WILLIAM NORRIS, of the Beaufoy packet, in submitting to the humane consideration of your respectable house, the following short detail of his melancholy loss, trust, that the interest you probably take in the correspondence with the Continent, and the peculiarly distressing circumstances of the case, will induce you to excuse this intrusion.

The Beaufoy, charged with the German mails for England of the 5th of March last, sailed from Cuxhaven on the 15th, and on the 17th encountered a most tremendous gale of wind, during which she shipped a heavy sea, which, sweeping everything from the deck, washed overboard the commander, Captain William Norris, jun., who unfortunately perished, after having, in the arduous discharge of his duty at this awful crisis, been six-

teen hours on deck. The packet and mails were preserved, and the former was towed into the Weser in a dismantled state. By this melancholy catastrophe, his afflicted widow and four infant children, the eldest under six years of age, have been reduced from a state of competence and promised affluence to almost immediate indigence.

Their Lordships the Postmasters-General have been humanely pleased, in alleviation of the distressed situation of the unfortunate family, to grant a pension of 30*l.* per annum to the widow, and 10*l.* for each of the children until they respectively attain the age of fourteen: but this consideration of their lordships, although to the full extent of official regulations, affords but humble means for their support.

Captain Norris, being only junior commander on the station, from

various circumstances, was obliged to adopt the most rigid economy to fulfil all his engagements; for the strict adherence to which, as well as his excellent private and professional character, he was universally esteemed.

A committee, composed of the agent and respective captains of the Harwich packets, has been formed for the purpose of investing, for the future benefit of the family, such contributions as the benevolent feelings of those who may be interested in this afflicting case shall supply: for which purpose, books have been opened at Lloyd's Coffee - House; Messrs. Fry and Chapman's, Mildred's-court; Messrs. I. and E. Cohen's, No. 11, Great St. Helen's; and at the Packet-Office, Harwich; where any subscriptions will be most gratefully received.

LONDON, May 8, 1819.

THE FEMALE TATTLER.

No. XLII.

Whether it be false or true
I care not, if the thing be NEW.

I SHALL not enter into the prevailing search after novelty: that is a pursuit in which mankind have ever been engaged, and will continue to follow, till the variety of existence is exhausted. All who live by gain are in daily search of it, to feed passion or vanity, which requires such a continual accession of supplies; and he whose genius is best qualified to invent what has not been generally known, or has been but rarely seen, whether it be in art or science, to amuse the mind or enliven the fancy, to decorate the person or

vary the taste, will, in general, be sure to please, and gain that reputation or popularity which never fails to be paid by the lovers of novelty, in all its forms and colours. If every thing that was new brought improvement along with it, if novelty implied excellence, the searching after what was new would not only be a real pleasure, but an actual duty; because it would be an attempt to advance ourselves in what is good, which is always something, even if the object is not immediately obtained.

Indeed there is no passion which

more strongly marks the general character of mankind, which operates more powerfully, or actuates more universally, than the love of novelty; while its effects appear conspicuous in proportion as every age or nation is advanced in those refinements, which are the natural consequence of an extensive intercourse with other countries, and of wealth, security, and ease under the lenity of a free government.

The Athenians, the most polished nation in all antiquity, and who enjoyed all the advantages which the most refined age could possess, in point of learning, the arts, and even military character, were passionately fond of novelty; and even St. Paul himself in his writings, which form a part of the religious instruction of the Christian church, accuses them of their over anxious attachment to *something new*. Nay, they carried it further, much further, than ourselves: for the prevailing love of novelty with us, is nothing more than what relates to private enjoyments, to the decoration of social pleasure, to the exterior figure of private life. We see the dashing young man in a gig in May, in a tilbury in August, and a dennet at Christmas. The furniture of a house keeps pace, in the higher ranks of society, in a proportionate degree. The bonnet, the shawl, the parasol, all have their advancements: and it were only to be wished that utility might be more generally considered, than mere form and fashion; and that such an improvement as Ackermann's patent axles for four-wheeled carriages, where novelty of form is, or at least may be, combined with personal security and other

essential advantages, might share the attractions of mere fashionable invention.

Great as the love of pleasure and public amusement may be supposed to be among us, the Athenians carried it to a much greater height, as they are known to have expended the treasure which was destined to clothe and feed an army, or to man a fleet, on diversions and entertainments at home. It may surprise some of our gayest and most splendid heroines of the *ton*, who open their houses for the pleasure and amusement of the fashionable world, and only contrive an accidental mortgage of a private estate for the public gratification of their particular friends, that the Athenian government expended the sum total of the supplies raised for the service of the republic in a general war, in alone getting up and acting three tragedies of Sophocles. In what way these plays were acted, with what dramatic magnificence they were clothed, or what were the supplies which the Athenian exchequer was capable of raising for the occasion, historians have not related; but, be that as it may, this love of novelty among the Greeks has not been equalled by any modern exhibition, whether produced by patriotism, by policy, or by vanity. The passion for novelty, as it acts on different subjects, has very different consequences. When religion or government is its object, it is too often the source of no common evils. New men and new schemes have alarmed the wisest politicians; and when things are tolerably well, the wisest plan is to let them remain so, and the community will

be the better for it; as too great a desire of change, either in the governing or the governed, has often disturbed the peace of states. But the novelties of fashionable life have a different effect; as their highest degree of excess is, to furnish subjects for ridicule. There will be follies in every branch of human pursuit; and novelties, though they may prove a certain degree of weakness in the characters of those who pursue them, may be attended with beneficial consequences to general society, that may make ample amends for any little deviation from the rigid line of moral thought which they may occasion: for, vanity may be absurd in itself, and in particular cases may deviate from the straight line of what is called strict propriety, and yet may not be attended with actually unpleasant results.

Novelty and fashion, for instance, are the source and support of trade, by constantly supplying matter for the employment of industry. By increasing the wants, however immaterial those wants may be, they increase the connections of mankind; and so long as they do not, by too great an extravagance, defeat their own end, by disabling the rich from paying the reward of that industry to the poor, they answer excellent purposes to society.

Not only the improvements of every invention for the convenience and ease of life, but even of those which constitute its real ornament, are owing to the desire of novelty. Yet here we may grow wanton; and nature seems to have set us bounds, which we cannot pass without running into great absurdities: for the very principle

which has contributed to the perfection of the finer arts, may become the cause of their degeneracy and corruption. The search after *something new* has, as it were, conducted mankind, step by step, to the discovery of much that is beautiful in those arts which distinguish the age in which we live; and though they have not been always under the direction of a pure and correct taste, they have never deviated so far as not to be in a state to be corrected and improved, or to form a ground for rising genius to work upon, and establish rules that may acquire the gratitude of another age.

To be sure, there is something more than ridiculous, when novelty is adopted upon the principle of singularity, and merely to attract notice, or to join the crowd in the support of a novelty because it is the fashion; or to pretend to admire what you do not think worthy of admiration, because it is the fashion to admire it. I have known ladies who have worn ribbons, or shawls, or pelisses, and other articles of dress, of colours which have not been adapted to their complexions, because those colours were the fashion. This was carrying the matter rather far in favour of novelty, because it was to the disadvantage of personal appearance, on which unmarried ladies so materially depend: and yet those very ladies would be at least half an hour in arranging their bonnets before a glass, to determine the superiority of their looks in the one or the other, where mere fashion may have a pretty equal preponderance in all.

I found, the other day, a young

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lady of my acquaintance busy over a volume of Lord Byron's Poems, and I desired her to do me the favour to let me hear her read a page or two of that nobleman's fashionable works. She instantly complied, but before she had finished the second or third page, from some cause she seemed a little confused, and made an excuse, from an alleged hoarseness, for discontinuing the perusal. I found that mamma had marked the particular pages she was to study: some of the passages possessed beautiful imagery, and were very animating, but relating to circumstances which I did not think miss very well comprehended: I therefore took an opportunity to ask mamma, what was her particular motive to submit these poems to Caroline's attention, in rather a particular manner; when she said they were new, the fashion, and that every body talked of them, in particular Mr. T——, who was a clever young man, and who I knew had seven thousand pounds a year, praised them greatly; and besides, Caroline was too young, and had too many pleasing occupations to receive any improper impressions from them: besides, the girl would be thought so stupid if she had not read them, and was not disposed to admire them, whether she had read them or not. But Mr. T—— made his appearance, and out came the secret.

On my asking him whether he thought a certain noble lord's poems formed a good system for fixing and shaping the female character; whether he was of opinion, that *morality* was a beauty in the female character, or considered

that a tincture of *religion* improved it; he answered, that he would not marry a woman who had not the two latter, and if so, she might probably defy the former. But they were the fashion, and must be read; and besides, ninety-nine women out of a hundred that did read them, fortunately did not understand them. And besides, to cry them down would be an irreparable loss to that disconsolate class of maidens between *twenty-seven* and *thirty-five*, who are young enough to wish for lovers, though, perhaps, they never had one, and too old rationally to expect very ardent admirers, if any; but they may read these high-flown lines to one another, and fancy that some fancied beau fancifully, tenderly, and generously repeats them: for though the images of these poems may be somewhat inflated and unconnected, and the style rather embarrassed with its own pomp; though it may be vehement without strength, and ornamental without beauty, it will be seen to please from the novelty of its character, as well as the humble, unassuming, harmless, graceful looks with which its lines are heard, or the soft tones, uplifted eyes, or tears occasionally falling upon the pages, when the unwilling virgins read, or hear it read.

Few, it appears, are endued with a just taste, that is, with an aptitude to discover what is proper, fit, and right, and consequently, what is beautiful in the several objects which offer themselves to their view. To those, beauty in these external objects, like truth in those of the understanding, is self-evident and immutable; yet, like truth, may be

seen perversely, or not seen at all, because not considered. Now, all men are equally struck with the novelty of an appearance, but few, after this first emotion, call in their judgment to correct the decision of their eye; and to tell them whether the pleasure they feel has any other cause than that of mere novelty.

I shall reserve this question for the consideration of some of my female friends, about the age I have

just mentioned, and of that kind of petticoat philosophy which I have described; and in the next number, perhaps, my readers may be favoured with an ingenious disquisition on a subject so nearly connected with the policy, the pleasure, the pain, and particularities of female existence; a subject, indeed, that cannot but be interesting to a

FEMALE TATTLER.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

Divertimento, with an original characteristic Russian Air, for the Piano-forte; with an Introduction, and Accompaniments for a Flute and Violoncello, ad lib.; composed, and inscribed to his friend, Wm. Wilson, by F. J. Klose. Pr. 3s.

THE introduction, and the succeeding allegro, are in the key of F. The former recommends itself by its impressive style, and by a peculiar neatness of musical diction. The Russian air which forms the ground-work of the allegro, carries with itself internal evidence of its national authenticity. Of the digressive matter which has been engrafted upon it, we shall not speak in detail. The whole is extremely well conceived, arranged with great propriety and taste, and the different portions bear to each other a due degree of relation and keeping. The various modulations in the sixth, seventh, and eighth pages, do Mr. K. credit, and the neat manner in which he returns to the key in the last-mentioned page has our approbation. In the whole piece there is but one passage which we could

have wished otherwise (p. 3, l. 6), and we are sure the author will agree with us, that it is susceptible of more than one correction. We would recommend this divertimento to pupils of moderate proficiency; it is not difficult, and yet contains a succession of ideas, which cannot fail to excite the interest and the partiality of the performer.

"La bella Scottina," a favourite Reel en Rondo, composed and arranged for the Piano-forte by T. H. Butler. Pr. 2s.

We are not sure whether this title was intended to have reference to any thing north of the Tweed. If so, "Scozzese" would have been the right appellation for the Highland beauty. But setting aside verbal criticism, we will do Mr. B. the justice to say, that his little rondo gave us a fair degree of satisfaction. The introduction consists of a respectable *arioso*, and the subject of the rondo is of skipping sprightliness, equally well calculated for the fingers and feet. The deductions from the theme, including a part in D. minor, are fluent

and proper; and the harmony, although of plain texture, proceeds with purity.

A Sanctus, and the Responses to the Commandments, as performed at the Chapel Royal St. James's, by T. Attwood, composer to H. M. Chapels Royal, and organist of St. Paul's Cathedral. Pr. 2s.

A "Sanctus" being a particular portion of a mass in the Roman Catholic church service, the choice of this title in the present instance is perhaps questionable. Be this as it may, the composition itself is one of great merit. The whole appears first for a single voice, and afterwards in four parts: soprano, counter-tenor, tenor, and bass. The principal movement, in E major, is replete with pathos and pious solemnity of expression. The "Amen" reminds us of *Soave sia il vento*; its mellow contrapuntal arrangement deserves great praise, and the imitative treatment of the same passage in the quartett exhibits Mr. A.'s talents to peculiar advantage. The line in E minor allotted to the commandments, is a further feature of decided excellence in this composition, as also the concluding bars of the succeeding *moderato*.

"Emma;" the Poetry by R. C. Dallas, Esq.; the Music composed by R. Neale. Pr. 1s. 6d.

Although we observe in the construction of this song no prominent feature of distinction from the usual style, treatment, and even the materials of the greater part of our ballads, we still may safely assert, that it is pleasing upon the whole, and fairly harmonized, generally speaking. The symphony is a lit-

tle confused; the accompaniment adheres too closely to the voice; p. 2, b. 5, we should have preferred thus: *F 6; F 6; G 3; *G, b7: A, 4, 6*, &c. Bars 13 and 14 are objectionable, on account of doubling the thirds of the fundamentals; and the progression, E 6; *C 5 6; D 3, is far from being mellow. "The young Violet," a German Air for the Harp or Piano-forte, composed, and respectfully dedicated to Miss Eliza Sheppard, by Wm. Grosse. Pr. 2s. 6d.

In the choice of the theme Mr. G. has been very happy; it consists of a fine national air of Germany, simple and regular in the extreme. How the military introduction agrees with the modest lay of the "young violet," we are not prepared to say, except we call to aid an intended allusion to the symbol of the hundred days in France, of martial memory. The introduction, however, has good claims to our approbation (in l. 4 a violin cleff is wanting). The 2d var., in thirds and with crossed hands, is well conceived; the adagio, in the next, together with the cadence, has likewise considerable merit. In var. 5. we observe a neat arrangement of triplets; the pollacca which follows is good, and the trio in four flats particularly attractive. Having said thus much in favour of this production, we cannot help adding a wish, that Mr. G. had shewn a little more variation in these variations, by adhering less closely to the *harmony* of his theme. A certain degree of diversity in the chords is occasionally as desirable as the usual variations of time and movement. Of course, judgment and discretion must, in so doing,

prevent the pen from falling into extremes.

"*Le gentil Houssard*," the popular Hungarian Air, with Variations for the Piano-forte, or Harp and Flute Accompaniment, *ad lib.* composed, and inscribed to the Misses Maria and Helen Rigby, by Wm. Turle (organist, Taunton). — Pr. 2s. 6d.

A whole dozen of variations is more than we should wish to trust to the patience of amateurs. But this may be matter of taste; and as, in this case, the quality has not suffered by the quantity, we certainly have no right to object to the latter. Mr. Turle's variations, taken altogether, are the work of a tasteful and correct writer; they have given us much pleasure. A very prominent feature in them is, the fluency and mellow connection in the passages; the harmonies, too, are conducted with purity and effective propriety, if we except the beginning of var. 7. where bass and treble march in octaves. Among so many variations, in each of which something or other claimed our favour, we should find it difficult to select instances for individual quotation, to support the opinion we have expressed of the author's qualifications. All is as it should be. If we are not mistaken, the theme, in its authentic shape, is without a leading note. A coda of some sort would have been desirable, to wind up the numerous variations.

Favourite Airs selected from the celebrated Opera of "Rob Roy Mac Gregor," in which is introduced "Scots wha' hu' wi' Wallace bled," arranged as a Divertimento for the Piano-forte, with an Accompaniment for the Flute, ad lib., and

performed on the Apollonicon, by John Purkis. Pr. 3s.

Some of the airs selected to form the music of the opera of *Rob Roy Mac Gregor*, are here re-selected to form a divertimento. They are connected by episodical portions, or represented under variations. These, and other deductions of Mr. P.'s invention, are of a nature to claim our approbation. The variations, in particular, possess considerable interest; and the links which join one piece to the other, are so much in character, and so judiciously devised, that the several parts combine into a whole, which cannot fail to prove entertaining.

"*The blue Bells of Scotland*," arranged with Variations for the Flute, with an Accompaniment, *ad lib.* for the Piano-forte, by J. Denman. No. I. Pr. 3s.

Without the flute these variations cannot be played, and without a tolerably good flute-player we would not recommend a trial. The simple theme, which will remain beautiful as long as melody shall form the essence of music, has given rise to five variations, of decided merit, and of great diversity of character. Although the piano-forte is but a secondary agent, its score is not destitute of interest, and the idea of assigning to it the exclusive repetition of the termination of the theme has a good effect.

"*But then I'll cease to love*," a Song, sung with the highest applause by Young Meadows, in the Opera of "*Love in a Village*," as performed at the Theatre Royal Covent-Garden; the Music composed by T. Williams. Pr. 1s. 6d.

The above air, we are free to

say, has afforded us less decided gratification, than another composition by the same author, recently brought under the consideration of our readers. It is made of more common materials, is more like what one has heard before. But although it may not be the gainer by a comparison with an offspring of the same parent, it may shew its face with credit among a very numerous flock of respectable subjects. The melody is pleasing, and the harmony, however occasionally susceptible of amelioration, gives it an effective degree of support.

The Overture and favourite Airs in Mozart's celebrated Opera "LE NOZZE DI FIGARO," arranged as Duets for two Performers on the Piano-forte, and dedicated to Lady Davidson, by D. Brugier. Books I. to V. Pr. 4s. each.

From the five numbers to which this publication has already reached, and which probably do not contain one third part of the whole opera, we are led to expect a very copious and comprehensive extract from the score of this great work of Mozart. A careful inspection of the several pieces comprised in the books before us, has convinced us of Mr. Brugier's endeavours to seize the spirit of his original, and to infuse into his arrangement a great portion of the rich and exuberant harmonic combinations abounding in this opera. We also observe, with satisfaction, that he has, in a considerable degree, avoided a practice very common in adap-

tations of this description; viz. the assigning of the leading melodies of the voice to the upper keys, where they are in a manner lost or frittered away into insignificance. Another recommendation of Mr. B.'s labour is, the absence of deterring intricacies of execution, although, upon the whole, the principal features of the score have been pretty well preserved. We say upon the whole, for we have met with several cases which demand this qualified assertion. In some instances, liberties have been taken with the original melodies, or with essential features of accompaniment, when such deviations appeared to us to have been unnecessary; and occasionally we have missed some of those beautiful responsive imitations, which shed particular gracefulness over Mozart's works, and might easily have been introduced. We mention this circumstance the more readily, as the hint may serve to render the future portions of this laborious publication still more perfect. We also indulge a hope of seeing, if not the whole; the most interesting parts of the first finale incorporated with this collection. It is eminently calculated for an arrangement for four hands. The typographical execution does great credit to the publisher, Mr. Falkner; the type is full and clear, and the paper possesses a degree of substance and strength, which, for years past, has almost disappeared in the productions of our musical press.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

PAINTING "raises the mind by accommodating the images of things to our desires."

THE last month ushered in the fifty-first Exhibition of the ROYAL ACADEMY at SOMERSET-HOUSE. This Exhibition, which always furnishes the best specimens of the talents of our artists, contains this year a variety of excellent works in all the departments of their professions. There are, however, no works of striking prominence, none which lift the mind to the contemplation of the glories of the higher department of art, none which recall to our imagination the brilliant effects of which painting is susceptible. There are few historical works in this Exhibition; the number of portraits, as usual, is great, and the landscapes and familiar subjects considerable. There are also several poetical subjects, which display a vivid imagination and refined taste. There are 1178 paintings and drawings, and 70 sculptural works. The following are the principal.

The stolen Kiss.—Vide *Guarini's Pastor Fido*. Act ii. scene 1.
—Benjamin West, P. R. A.

This is one of four pictures in this collection by the venerable president; the other three are historical. There is great fancy in this picture; the figures are drawn with care, and the carnations are delicate. These are evidently the relaxations of the artist from the more sublime and arduous labours of his mind, in upholding and enforcing, through pictorial agency, the great truths of religion and morality.

Entrance of the Meuse: Orange-Merchant on the Bar going to pieces; Brill Church bearing S. E. by S. Masensluis E. by S.—Richmond Hill on the Prince Regent's Birth-day.—J. M. W. Turner, R. A.

To speak of the extraordinary powers of this artist would indeed be a work of supererogation. His talents as a landscape-painter, as one capable, by an almost instinctive glance, of catching and comprehending all the varieties of nature, displayed in her moments of serenity or convulsion, and transforming the representation of them to his canvas, have been long unrivalled. The first of these pictures, the stormy sea view, is admirable; the agitation and foam of the waves, the corresponding stormy appearance of the atmosphere, the shipwreck, present an appalling spectacle, and fix upon the spectator's mind the horrors of the scene. The tints of colour from the streamers and the floating oranges are beautiful, and give a speckled relief to the heavy masses of the clouds and marine blue of the waters.

The Richmond-Hill scene, though beautiful, interests us in a less degree; there is a uniformity in the prospect which is unenlivening: like all Mr. Turner's works, it is true to nature; the fore-ground beautifully worked up, and the azure blue of the distances modified in all the gradations of aerial perspective.

View of Rotterdam.—A. W. Callcott, R. A.

There is a beautiful serenity in this view, which is characteristic of all the works from the pencil of this artist. The transparency of the water, the fine stillness of the air, the variety and beauty of the shipping and other objects, and the animated and natural bustle of the grouping, are captivating in the extreme. The mellow tints of sunny colouring are beautiful, and are admirably kept.

Venus Anadyomene.—H. Howard, R. A.

"Venus, born of the foam of the sea, and wafted by the Nereids, Tritons, and Zephyrs to the island of Cythera, is received and decorated by the Hours, previous to her ascent to the Gods."—See HOMER'S *Hymn to Venus*.

This picture contains some of the most beautiful grouping which we ever remember to have seen even in Mr. Howard's pictures. We may exclaim with the poet,

Such forms as glitter in the Muse's ray,
With orient hues, unborrowed of the sun.

The group of the Hours is exquisitely poetical and delicate; the harmonious floating lines which the different figures form, their buoyancy and transparency, and the fine arrangement of the light which illuminates them, cannot be too highly praised. The singular manner in which the light is reflected back from the bright surface of the shell is novel, ingenious, and tasteful; and enables the artist, by illuminating the extremities of his principal figures, to keep down the shadows which might interfere with the exquisite delicacy of their appearance and action. The more muscular appearance and deeper hue of the lower figures give a full relief to the ærial beauty of the

upper; and the fine appearance of the ocean presents a proper contrast to the bright atmosphere in which the figures move. The horses' heads are unequal in execution to the other parts of the picture.

The Penny Wedding.—D. Wilkie, R. A.

"This is a marriage festival, once common in Scotland, at which each of the guests paid a subscription to defray the expenses of the feast; and by the overplus, to enable the newly-married couple to commence housekeeping."

Mr. Wilkie's representations of common life have long since established his reputation as an artist. The domestic incidents which he can embody, the individual character which he can pourtray, the comparison which he can arouse, or the humour he can personify in his subjects, leave him without a rival in this department of his profession. Independently of the force of character he can depict, his execution as a painter is highly beautiful; his management of lights, his delicacy of finishing, and correct and simple arrangement of grouping, cannot be too much praised. There is a great number of figures in the picture before us, and it is impossible to select any one of them which does not express some natural and distinctive character from the others: they are all employed in the festivities of the wedding; you cannot spare one without leaving a blank in the general representation, nor can imagination suggest another which would be necessary to supply additional spirit to the grouping. The painting is also admirable.

Morning—Fishermen on the look-out.

—W. Collins, A.

Mr. Collins has several pictures in this Exhibition, but this struck

us as being the most pleasing and natural of them all; there is a delicacy in the colouring, a fine gradation of tone, which have all the force and truth of nature.

A Study from Nature.—

A. Cooper, A.

"The battle of Marston moor, near York, fought in the year 1644, representing the leaders in both armies; taken from authentic family portraits, and the best recorded accounts of that disastrous conflict."

—————"On Marston heath
Met, front to front, the ranks of death;
Flourish'd the trumpets fierce, and now
Fired was each eye, and flush'd each brow;
On either side loud clamours ring,
'God and the cause!' 'God and the king!'
Right English all, they rush'd to blows,
With nought to win, and all to lose."

Vide *Rokeby*.

The study from nature, though a trifling subject, is handled with the greatest truth and precision; nothing can be more correct than the drawing and colouring of the horse. The battle scene is full of sanguinary bustle and vigour: the foreground consists of a few well-arranged personal *rencontres*, which appear to be carried on in the midst of general carnage and slaughter. The horses throughout are inimitably drawn. In animal anatomy, this artist has attained astonishing precision. He also displays great taste in his colouring, which is sparkling, and well suited to his subjects.

Ganymede.—W. Hilton, R.A. Elect.

"Upward the golden eagle wings his way
Above the mountainous world, and to the skies,
Where throned Jove in severe grandeur sits,
Bears the boy Ganymede——"

————the kingly bird
Shadows his beauty with majestic wings,
Scornful of that sweet fear which awes the
limbs

Of the young voyager."

This picture has not the same exquisite delicacy of touch which

is displayed in the *Europa* in Sir John Leicester's gallery; the subject indeed did not require it: it is, nevertheless, beautifully depicted; the limbs of the boy are delicate, and admirably framed; the carnations of the flesh have a *Titianesque* tone; the vigorous pinions of the eagle, which overshadow the figure, have a fine effect, and seem to sweep him through the air with majestic velocity. Many parts of the picture display an astonishing command of colouring.

View of the Boulevards in Paris.—

Mrs. C. Long, H.

This is one of the prettiest representations of the gay scenery of the Boulevards which we have yet seen; it is full of character and bustle: the colouring of the trees is very natural, and the perspective finely preserved.

The first and second Parts of the Decameron of Boccaccio.—T. Stothard, R.A.

These small works of Mr. Stothard display his usual skill in drawing, and taste in colouring: the figures are, for the most part, very admirably drawn.

The Post-Office.—E.V. Rippingille.

We hardly recollect to have seen a picture more full of natural incident than this; it has, if we may use the expression, a sort of *Hogarth character*. The humour is broad, but well kept, and the grouping inimitable: the hurry of the barber to get a peep at the newspaper in the midst of his bustle is truly risible, and the expression of the different characters purely natural. The colouring is rather hard.

Entrance to the Caravanserai at Mayaw, near Isfahaim, in Persia,

from a Sketch by Lieutenant-Colonel Johnson, C. B. of Engineers.
—W. F. Witherington.

The only thing remarkable in this picture, is the peculiarity and want of taste which it would seem pervades the architecture of those hospitable resting-places for travellers in Persia. The Gothic arch, with some slight attempt to ornament the roof, is the only character this style seems to possess: it is cumbrous and heavy; the stones seem to be piled up one over another, without any attempt to consider the rules of proportion, or the effect of taste. If the Persians had the advantage of such an architect as Mr. Nash, they would not want variety in the style of their public buildings.

The Campo Vaccino at Rome.—
J. Glover.

This artist, in his late visit to Italy, has made some beautiful sketches of the delightful scenery with which that country abounds. In this picture, he has given a view of the noble fragments of ancient architecture which still denote the site of imperial Rome: it is very well painted, and the little group in the front is finished with exquisite taste.—*The View of Potterdale, Westmoreland*, by Mr. Glover, is also beautiful: there is less of dotting in the trees than we sometimes observe in the works of this clever artist; and there is a beautiful calmness and serenity in the lake, which has all the air of nature. The same observations apply with equal strength to the *View of Ullswater, in Cumberland*.

Sir Roger de Coverley going to Church, accompanied by "the Spectator," and surrounded by his

Tenants.—See *Spectator*, No. 112.
—C. R. Leslie.

This picture is full of the display of rich and genuine humour. The figures of the favourite widow and child are admirable, and Sir Roger's gay attention is comic to a degree. The picture is very well painted, and must be considered a good specimen of this artist's powers.

A Scene in the Grounds of White Knights, a Seat of his Grace the Duke of Marlborough.—T. C. Hoffland.

This is a very correct view of the scenery of White Knights, and is creditable to the skill of Mr. Hoffland.

View of a Water-Mill in Derbyshire.
—P. de Wint.

The view is in the style of Hobbima, and is really beautiful. It is finished with great care and exquisite delicacy: the effect is strikingly natural.

View of Keswick Bridge.—
W. Westall, A.

This is a very agreeable picture: the back-ground is managed with great taste.

Ploughing.—R. Hills.

Mr. Hills has seven pictures in this Exhibition, executed in his peculiar style: they have much of the pastoral simplicity of nature, and all that force of character and truth which this artist is so capable of infusing into his water-colour drawings.

Jacob's Dream.—W. Allston, A.

"And he dreamed, and behold a ladder set upon the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven; and behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it."—*Genesis*, chap. xxviii. v. 12.

In our notices of works in hand in our last number, we alluded to

this picture of Mr. Allston's. It is a very fine composition. The novelty of introducing a magnificent flight of steps denotes a fine conception, and the effect is grand in the extreme. The rays of light are managed with beautiful effect. The principal figures are finely drawn and coloured.

THE PORTRAITS.

Portrait of her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cambridge.—Sir W. Beechey, R. A.

This is one of the best portraits we have seen by this distinguished artist. The figure is full-length, in an attitude full of grace and affability. The white satin dress is beautifully painted, and the lace trimmings exquisite; the ermine robe is also executed in very fine style, and the light reflected with the finest taste and skill. There is a delicacy in the painting which has an admirable effect. The portrait has all the unaffected air and elegance of the original. The portrait of her Royal Highness the Princess Augusta is also finely finished; so is that of H. R. H. the Duke of Gloucester, which is beautifully coloured. Sir William has been equally successful in his portraits of the Vice-Chancellor, and some others in the present Exhibition.

Portrait of J. G. Lambton, Esq. M. P.—T. Phillips, R. A.

Mr. Phillips has displayed consummate skill in this portrait. The likeness is, in the first place, admirable; he has caught the very character and expression of the face, and given it with astonishing precision and truth. Independent of the accuracy of the likeness,

the painting is excellent. The portrait of his Grace the Archbishop of York is also a fine likeness, and painted with great care; the colouring is excellent.

Portraits of a young Lady and her Brothers.—A. J. Oliver, A.

Mr. Oliver has eight portraits in this Exhibition: they are all very creditable specimens of his skill in this department of art; besides being accurate likenesses (we would particularly notice that of Mr. Sketchley), there is great taste displayed in the characters and attitudes. They are all well painted.

Portraits of the Hon. Misses Lascelles.—J. Jackson, R. A.

Mr. Jackson has in this Exhibition, the portraits we have just named, and several others, remarkable for their delicacy and beauty.

Portrait of H. R. H. the late Princess Charlotte of Wales.—A. E. Chalon, R. A.

This is a very finely coloured portrait of our late beloved and lamented princess. It partakes of that expression of unaffected dignity, for which the original was so remarkable. There are engravings of two whole-length portraits of the princess at Mr. Ackermann's, from which the greater part of the portraits published have been taken.

Portrait of F. L. Chantrey, Esq. R. A.—H. Raeburn, R. A.

A very well painted portrait; the likeness is good, but the artist has given his brother academician rather too sombre, too contemplative a cast of countenance.

Portraits of Sisters.—R. Evans.

Mr. Evans has three very good portraits in this Exhibition: they are well coloured, and good like-

nesses; Mr. Campbell's in particular.

Portrait of a Lady.—Portrait of Sir T. D. Acland, Bart.—Portrait of the Lord Chief Justice Abbott.
—W. Owen, R. A.

Mr. Owen has a number of portraits in this Exhibition; they display his usual taste and skill: that of the lady has some exquisite colouring; the back-ground of Sir T. D. Acland's portrait is beautifully painted. The dresses and drapery in all, display fine colouring and taste.

Portrait of the Duke of Leicester.—
M. A. Shee, R. A.

This, and the portrait of Lord Wm. Fitzgerald, are two admirable and well-painted likenesses.

Portrait of Captain Manby, author of the method for saving shipwrecked seamen on a lee shore, by means of a shot thrown from a mortar.—J. P. Davis.

An excellent likeness, and well-coloured portrait. It represents the ingenious captain in the act of holding the shot with which he is about to charge the mortar.

Portrait of Mrs. Murray.—J. Green.

A very well finished portrait of an agreeably looking lady.

Portrait of Master Horsley, the child that was stolen from his parents by Rennett.—J. Green.

The interest that attaches to the history of this child gave an unusual attraction to this portrait, which is painted in a playful attitude, and with a good deal of taste. A very fine engraving from it is now at Mr. Ackermann's, who is preparing, from the original documents, a full account of the whole of Rennett's route, and the interesting particulars of all his ex-

minations, statements, &c. on the Continent, translated from the German documents, which have been exclusively transmitted to him. The work is in the press, and will appear the instant the trial of Rennett concludes at the Old Bailey, as it is intended to embrace the particulars of what will then occur.

Portrait of a Lady.—W. Hobday.

This portrait is executed with great breadth; it has a very natural and agreeable air.

Portrait of Master Bean.—J. Ward,
R. A.

A very well drawn portrait, full of life and expression. By a mistake in the catalogue, this portrait is inserted *twice* (Nos. 501-514.)

Portrait of the Marquis Wellesley.—
H. Edridge.

This small portrait is not only an excellent and impressive likeness, but it is also very well executed.

Portrait of Miss Smithson as the Innkeeper's Daughter.—Rose Emma Drummond.

A very lively and agreeable portrait, executed in a manner highly creditable to the taste and skill of the fair artist.

A commemorative Portrait of her late R. H. the Princess Charlotte of Wales.—Mrs. C Jones.

There is some soft and delicate colouring in this miniature portrait; but it might have been improved, if the lines were more flowing, and the figure more buoyant. It is, however, a creditable specimen of Mrs. Jones's taste.

Portrait of F. Johnson, Esq.—C. J. Robertson.

Mr. Robertson has some exquisite miniatures in this Exhibition: there is a softness and delicacy of

touch in his colouring that produce the happiest and most fascinating effect.

Portraits of P. Drake, Esq. and Mrs. Drake.—W. H. Watts.

Mr. Watts has long distinguished himself as a miniature-painter, and in the very first walk of this department of his profession. His colouring is soft and beautiful, and his miniatures, to the delicacy of their finish, uniformly add a precision of likeness, that gives them a value much superior to the works of this kind, which are in general demand.

Frame containing the Portraits of Miss Giles, a Lady, and Miss Nicholson.—Mrs. Green.

This lady has displayed considerable taste in the miniatures contained in this frame; they are very soft and agreeable.

Portrait of a Lady.—Eliza Jones.

Another fair artist, and another good miniature.

Portrait of a Lady.—F. Read.

This is a very agreeable portrait.

Mr. J. Hopwood's *Portrait of a Lady* is finely executed: the countenance is extremely agreeable, and the air is natural and unaffected.

Portraits of Mr. Sergeant Heywood, Mrs. Spottiswood, and Mr. Cowley.—A. Robertson.

This artist has finished these portraits in a very pleasing and agreeable manner.

Portrait of a young Lady.—

Miss Chalon.

Miss Chalon has displayed great taste in this portrait, which is very well coloured.

There is a variety of other well executed miniatures, to which we regret we cannot advert in detail.

THE ENAMELS.

The enamels this year, though not numerous, are beautiful. Mr. Bone, R. A. as usual, maintains his place at the head of this ingenious and difficult department of art. Mr. Bone has also very kindly opened his private collection of enamels to the lovers of art, at his house in Berner's-street, on Mondays and Thursdays, during the season. The private collection of this artist consists of a series of exquisite enamel paintings of the illustrious characters who flourished in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. They are executed in the finest style, and present an admirable historic record (likely from the material to be perpetual) of the fashion of the times, and the features of those chivalrous characters, with whose names we have been rendered familiar in history, Essex, Cecil, Mary Queen of Scots, &c. &c. Mr. Bone's private gallery is beautiful, and certainly unique. This distinguished artist has this year in the Royal Academy, a frame containing three pictures in enamel; viz. *The Earl of Suffolk*, after Sir Thomas Lawrence, R. A.; *Lady and Child*, after a picture in the possession of Lord Somerville; and the late *John Clements, Esq.*, after M. A. Shee, Esq., R. A. They present a beautiful and perfect specimen of the great perfection to which this venerable artist has brought enamel-painting in this country. His sons inherit, in the departments of art which they cultivate, much of the taste and skill of their father. The present Exhibition contains some very creditable examples of their skill and assiduity.

Holy Family, Enamel, from the Original by Parmegiano, in the Collection of Sir T. Baring, Bart.—C. Muss.

This is one of the largest sized enamels we recollect to have ever seen; but though the size increases the difficulty of the execution, it is not in that alone the merit of the work consists: it is in the admirable and brilliant colouring of the figures, their soft and soul-subduing tenderness and delicacy of expression, the flowing and fine arrangement of the drapery, and the general brilliancy and effect of the whole. Mr. Muss has two other enamels in this collection, which are finished with great delicacy.

The Infant Christ, in Enamel, after Parmegiano.—W. Plant.

This little enamel has considerable merit.

THE ARCHITECTURAL DRAWINGS.

The architectural drawings are beautiful. Some of Mr. Gandy's display a vivid and powerful imagination. Mr. Soane's, Mr. J. B. Papworth's, and Mr. C. R. Cockrell's, are extremely well executed. Many of the others are full of merit.

THE SCULPTURE-ROOM.

This room contains some fine specimens of the skill of our sculptors; but the works of sculpture in this year's Exhibition, like those of our painters, though they display great merit, yet do not carry the art to that high station which it is calculated to fill, and to which we think our sculptors are capable of carrying it.

Hercules throwing Lichas into the Sea.—E. H. Bailey, A.

Him thrice around th' enraged Alcides swung.
Vide OVID's *Metamorphoses*.

This is a beautiful group. The figure of Hercules is very fine; the muscular energy, the vigorous attitude, cannot be surpassed: the superficies of the muscles shew the skill of an anatomist. Lichas is perhaps a little too heavy to be swung "thrice around." But there is something so full of merit in the effect of the composition, so striking and grand in the principal figure, that we forbear to dwell on what may appear to us comparative inaccuracies.

Statue of the late Dr. Anderson, to be erected at Madras.—F. Chantrey, R. A.

Mr. Chantrey seems to excel in figures as well as busts (he has some admirable busts in this Exhibition). The statue of Dr. Anderson is full of mild dignity, the drapery is simple and regular, and the effect extremely imposing, and savouring much, from its breadth, of real grandeur.

Achilles attacked by the Waves of the Scamander.—J. Hefferman.

"Tir'd by the tides, his knees relax with toil,
Wash'd from beneath him, slides the slimy
soil,

When thus (his eyes on heaven's expansion
thrown)

Forth bursts the hero with an angry groan:

'Is there no god Achilles to befriend,

No power t'avert his miserable end?

Prevent, O Jove, this ignominious date,

And make my future life the sport of fate.'"

HOMER'S *Iliad*, b. xxi.

This is a remarkably fine figure: the muscular energy is marked with anatomical skill: the indignant expression of the hero at the unworthy fate that threatens him, is finely depicted, and the energy of his gesture and action excellently portrayed. The figure has an air of great beauty.

An alto relievo in marble of Charity.

—*An alto relievo in marble of Faith.*—J. Flaxman, R. A.

Simplicity is the predominating character in these works: some of the attendant figures are tenderly and delicately touched, but they want Canova's beauty of execution.

An unfinished relievo in marble, part of a monument to the late Lord Penrhyn.—R. Westmacott, R. A.

"This relievo is designed to represent the condition in which Lord Penrhyn found his tenantry on coming to his estates in Wales, and the improvement they had experienced by the time of his decease. The first group illustrates the wild pastoral state of that part of the principality, exemplified in the child piping among his goats, confined to his native mountains, previous to the opening of the road of Nant Francon. By the formation of the quay of Port Penrhyn, and employment furnished in the neighbouring slate-quarries, habits of industry were promoted; and this is purposed to be expressed by the second compartment of the relief. His lordship's benevolent care in providing the means for their religious instruction, by erecting a chapel, is shewn in the third compartment. The happy result of his efforts is attempted to be displayed in the last compartment, which represents the plenteous fruits of agriculture, superseding the scanty means of pastoral life; and the happiness of his tenantry is implied by the jocund harvest dance; while the vine, 'which makes glad the heart of man,' is distributed over the whole, and crowns his patriotic labours."

By the artist's elaborate description of his work, it will be seen, that he aimed at the execution of a memorial which is to record a series of acts of great civic worth. The drapery on the chief figure is finely formed, but the expression of the figure itself wants simplicity; it is of a maudlin character. Considerable imagination is displayed in the conception and arrangement of the parts which compose this monument, and in many of the divisions the execution has corresponding merit. Nothing of grandeur is attempted to be produced in the work.

A Sketch for a Statue of the President of the Royal Academy.—C. Rossi, R. A.

A plain figure of the venerable President, displaying all the strong marks of his expressive countenance.

Mr. Garrard, Mr. Scoular, Mr. Nicoli, Mr. Behnes, Mr. Kendrick, and Mr. Hinchliff, have several works in the sculpture-room, which denote considerable ability.

We are aware, that our limits necessarily compel us to overlook in this Exhibition many works of genuine merit.

SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF ARTS, &c.

WE insert with pleasure the following list of the rewards adjudged by the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, which were distributed at Freemasons'-Hall on the 25th of last month. The number of successful candidates is so great, that we have not space to enter into particular observations: we will just remark, that many ladies have

obtained prizes; and that Mr. Alois Senefelder, the inventor of lithography, has been rewarded with the gold medal: other gentlemen have likewise been distinguished for various processes in the same new and most useful art. The prizes were delivered by the president, the Duke of Sussex, in the following order:

IN AGRICULTURE AND RURAL ECONOMY.

1. To W. W. Thackeray, M. D. of Chester, for planting 188 acres with forest-trees, the gold medal.
2. To Ralph Creyke, Esq. of Dotterill Park, near Beverley, for planting 187 acres with forest-trees, the silver medal.
3. To Charles Fyshe Palmer, Esq. M. P. of Luckley, near Oakingham, Berks, for planting 115 acres with forest-trees, the silver Ceres medal.
4. To Mr. J. Beckway, of Lewisham, Kent, for a machine for weighing and binding hay, the silver Isis medal and 15 guineas.
5. To Mr. T. Lane, of Stockwell, for a fruit-gatherer, 10 guineas.
6. To Mr. E. Roberts, of Mold, Flintshire, for a churn, 5 guineas.

IN CHEMISTRY.

1. To John Young, Esq. Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh, for an improved method of collecting and preparing opium in Britain, the gold Isis medal.
2. To Mr. W. Cook, Prescott-street, Goodman's-fields, for preserving anatomical preparations in brine, the silver medal.

IN POLITE ARTS.

HONORARY CLASS.

1. *Original.*

1. To Mrs. C. Pearson, Great St. Helen's, for an original landscape in oil, the gold Isis medal.
2. To Mr. John Monro, Adelphi-terrace, for an original landscape in water colours, the silver medal.
3. To Miss Chapman, Ivy-House, Richmond, for an original painting of fruit, &c. the silver Isis medal.

2. *Copies.*

4. To the Hon. Miss E. J. G. Burrell, for a drawing of flowers in water colours, the silver medal.
5. To Miss S. L. Oakes, Mitcham, Surry, for a chalk drawing of figures, the silver medal.
6. To Mr. W. Hodges, Clapham Common, for an historical drawing, the silver medal.
7. To Miss Comber, Manchester, for a landscape in oil, the silver Isis medal.
8. To Miss H. S. Smith, East-street, Red Lion-square, for a chalk drawing of figures, the silver Isis medal.
9. To Mr. W. H. Peppercorne, Kennington, for a pencil drawing, the silver palette.
10. To Mr. W. Wilby, St. Bartholomew's Hospital, for a chalk drawing, the silver palette.

CLASS FOR ARTISTS AND OTHERS.

1. *Original.*

11. To Miss Cotton, Chicheley, near Newport-Pagnel, for a drawing of flowers, the silver medal.
12. To Mrs. Delap, Harley-street, for a drawing of flowers, the silver medal.
13. To Miss M. Boss, Upper Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square, for a portrait in chalk, the silver Isis medal.
14. To Miss G. Huntley, Buckingham-place, Fitzroy-square, for a landscape in water colours, the silver palette.

2. *Copies.*

15. To Miss C. H. Evatt, Wandsworth, for a portrait in oil, the gold Isis medal.
16. To Mr. W. Edwards, Percival-street, Clerkenwell, for a portrait in oil, the gold Isis medal.
17. To Mr. H. Leveque, Brompton-row, for an enamel painting of figures, the silver medal.
18. To Mr. W. Warman, New Bond-street, for a drawing in water colours of figures, the silver medal.
19. To Mr. J. Godden, Seymour-crescent, Euston-square, for a pen and ink drawing of a horse, the silver medal.
20. To Miss Adams, Upper Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square, for a drawing of figures in oil, the silver medal.
21. To Mr. J. Kennedy, New Bond-street, for a portrait in Indian ink, the silver Isis medal.
22. To Mr. H. C. Meillon, Paddington, for a landscape in oil, the silver Isis medal.
23. To Mr. S. Henning, Pentonville, for an intaglio, the silver Isis medal.
24. To Master F. R. Say, Norton-street, Fitzroy-square, for a figure in chalk, the silver Isis medal.
25. To Mr. J. Carter, Gee-street, Somers-Town, for an architectural drawing in Indian ink, the silver Isis medal.
26. To Mr. E. Taylor, Warren-street, Fitzroy-square, for a pen and ink drawing of figures, the silver Isis medal.
27. To Mr. H. N. Crellin, Ratcliffe Highway, for a figure in Indian ink, the silver palette.
28. To Mr. S. H. Cecil, Stafford-place, Pimlico, for a chalk drawing of figures, the silver palette.
29. To Mr. F. I. Langdon, Paddington, for a pen and ink drawing of figures, the silver palette.

Drawings from Busts.

30. To Mr. J. Williams, Bermondsey, for a drawing from the Elgin Theseus, the silver medal.

31. To Mr. F. Ross, Bow-street, for a drawing from the Elgin Theseus, the silver palette.

32. To Mr. F. Robson, Poland-street, for ditto, the silver palette.

33. To Mr. C. G. Cooke, Upper George-street, Bryanstone-square, for ditto, the silver Isis medal.

34. To Mr. W. Bagg, Frith-street, Scho, for a drawing from the bust of Hercules in the British Museum, the silver medal.

35. To Mr. C. R. Robinson, Devonshire-street, Portland-place, for ditto, the silver palette.

36. To Miss G. Ross, Bow-street, for ditto, the silver palette.

37. To Mr. H. H. Watts, Providence-row, Finsbury-square, for ditto, the silver palette.

38. To Mr. H. C. Slous, Bayham-street, Camden-Town, for a drawing from the head of Jupiter, the silver palette.

Original Architectural Designs.

39. To Mr. R. Kelsey, Bermondsey, for a design for a nobleman's mansion, the silver Isis medal.

40. To Mr. J. P. Hedgeland, Warren-street, Fitzroy-square, for a design for a nobleman's mansion, the silver medallion.

Engravings.

41. To Mr. Clint, Gower-street, for an historical engraving, the gold medal.

42. To Mr. J. Vendramini, Brompton-row, for ditto, the gold Isis medal.

43. To Mr. W. Ward, junr. Warren-street, Fitzroy-square, for a mezzotinto engraving, the silver medal.

44. To Mr. J. Thompson, Peckham, for an engraving on wood, the silver medal.

45. To Mr. W. R. Smith, Seymour-crescent, Euston-square, for an engraving of a landscape, the silver Isis medal.

Medal Die Engravings.

46. To Mr. B. Wyon, Vauxhall-walk, Lambeth, for an original medal die, the gold medal.

47. To Mr. B. Faulkner, Birmingham, for ditto, the gold Isis medal.

48. To Mr. T. Wells, Birmingham, for ditto, the silver medal.

49. To Mr. W. Scowlar, Berners'-street, for an original portrait in wax, the silver medal.

50. To Mr. J. Henning, Pentonville, for his restoration of the frieze of the Parthenon, the gold Isis medal.

51. To Mr. Alois Senefelder, the inventor of lithography, the gold medal.

52. To Mr. C. Hullmandel, Great Marlborough-street, for a lithographic drawing, the silver medal.

53. To Mr. D. Redman, for a lithographic drawing on English stone, the silver Isis medal.

54. To Mr. W. Behnes, Newman-street, for an instrument for transferring points to marble, the gold Isis medal.

55. To Mr. D. Napier, Loyd's-court, Soho, for a tracing instrument, 10 guineas.

56. To Mr. S. Einsle, Westminster, for ivory paper, 30 guineas.

57. To Mr. J. Barraud, Charles-street, Westminster, for an improved violoncello, the gold Isis medal.

IN MANUFACTURES.

1. To Mr. G. Rhodes, Saddleworth, for a machine for drying woollen warps, the silver Isis medal and 10 guineas.

IN MECHANICS.

1. To Mr. W. Hardy, Coppice-row, Cold Bath-square, for a spring pendulum, the gold Isis medal.

2. To Mr. T. Taylor, Royal Observatory, Greenwich, for a repeating alarum, 15 gs.

3. To Mr. J. Fayer, White Lion-street, Pentonville, for a sidereal regulator, the silver Isis medal.

4. To Mr. B. Donkin, Bermondsey, for a counting machine, the gold Isis medal.

5. To Mr. W. Rodger, lieutenant in the royal navy, for a life-raft, the gold medal.

6. To Mr. T. Cook, lieutenant in the royal navy, for ditto, the gold medal.

7. To Mr. A. Bell, Bermondsey, for a universal chuck, the silver medal and 10 gs.

8. To Mr. T. Hack, Bankside, for ditto, the silver medal.

9. To Mr. Feetham, Ludgate-hill, for an apparatus for sweeping chimnies, the silver medal.

10. To Mr. R. Green, Lisle-street, Leicester-square, for a plough-gauge for cutting leather, the silver Isis medal.

11. To Mr. W. Bullock, Queen-street, Soho, for a screen-spring, the silver Isis medal and 5 guineas.

12. To Mr. W. Russell, Chelsea, for a lock for liquor-cocks, the silver medal.

13. To Mr. W. Aust, Hoxton, for a pump, 20 guineas.

14. To W. Brabazon, Esq. Portland-place, for a row-lock, the silver medal.

15. To Mr. J. White, Laystall-street, for a double door-spring, the silver Isis medal.

16. To Mr. A. Ainger, Everett-street, for a self-adjusting crane, the silver medal.

17. To Mr. J. Malam, Romney-terrace, Westminster, for a gas-meter, the gold Isis medal.

18. To Mr. J. Cuthbert, St Martin's-lane,

for a pneumatic trough and blow-pipe, the silver medal.

19. To Captain Thomas Bagnold, Knights-bridge, for an improved method of fixing the cartouch-box in the naval service, the silver Isis medal.

20. To Mr. J. Monk, Tonbridge, for lessening the risk of explosion in gunpowder-mills, the silver medal and 20 guineas.

21. To Mr. R. Phillips, Addle-hill, for preventing the wheel coming off when the axle breaks, the silver medal.

22. To Mr. G. Smart, Westminster-bridge, for a bow and string rafter, the silver medal.

IN COLONIES AND TRADE.

1. To Mr. I. F. Denovan, Leith, for improvements in the curing of British herrings, 50 guineas.

OPHTHALMIC INSTITUTION.

THE architecture, and tasteful and mechanical arrangements, of the new building in the Mary-le-bone Fields, adjoining the Regent's park, called the OPHTHALMIC INSTITUTION, would bring such an edifice as this under the observation of the *Repository*, which professes to treat of the arts and fashions of the day, even if the higher claim of the humanity of the institution did not entitle it to our notice, and the tribute of our praise. Besides, when pains have been taken to excite the public mind against this establishment, and when attempts have been made (impotently it is true) to depreciate the professional talents of its founder, Sir William Adams, it becomes the duty of the public press to interpose its authority, and open the eyes of the public respecting the real object of this institution.

It is a matter of history, that, from causes peculiar to the country and climate, our army, after their splendid achievements in Egypt, was visited with an infectious disease in the eyes, called the *ophthalmia*: its pain was excruciating, and generally terminated in an utter loss of sight. The novelty of the disease baffled for years the skill of our army medical practitioners, and hundreds of our poor soldiers, after having nobly fought

the battles of their country, and survived the perils of the field, became, in consequence of this disease, utterly helpless and miserable objects, and dependent upon their country for that support, which its gratitude and generosity have never withheld from the deserving and unfortunate.

In the year 1810, Sir W. Adams proposed to Sir David Dundas, the late commander in chief, the formation of an institution for the exclusive treatment of pensioners dismissed the army, blind from the Egyptian ophthalmia; asserting that many men might be restored to the service, and large sums of money annually expended in pensions might be saved to the country. For a considerable period after this proposal was made, it was denied that the malady admitted of radical cure; but repeated public trials of Sir W. Adams's practice having refuted this opinion, government, in the year 1817, in conformity with his proposal, founded an Institution at York Hospital, Chelsea, exclusively for the treatment of the blind pensioners belonging to the army, navy, and artillery. A medical report has been drawn up respecting the cases which have been treated in this institution; and the following is an extract from it:

"There have been *one hundred and seventeen patients* discharged from the Ophthalmic Institution between the period of its establishment, December 1, 1817, and January 30, 1819. Their diseases are classed in the annual medical report under separate heads. It will be seen, that of *forty-seven* operations for artificial pupils, *thirty-eight* have perfectly succeeded: in *five* cases, notwithstanding the artificial pupils were perfectly formed, the patients have derived no accession to vision, in consequence either of the insensibility of the retina, or from other causes: in *four* cases only has the operation altogether failed, and *three* of these were marked on their admission into the hospital, as being 'very unfavourable for treatment.'"

Results so favourable induced government to determine on the erection of a new hospital, for the exclusive treatment of pensioners labouring under the various diseases of the eye. The work was undertaken by Mr. Nash, the architect, and has been carrying on for some time, near the Regent's park. It will be rented from him by government, and is now ready for the reception of patients. It is a plain simple edifice, utility having been more consulted in its execution than show, and the claims of afflicted humanity more attended to than the beauties of architecture. The materials are principally brick; in every part of the structure, exterior and interior, a proper regard to economy seems to have been exercised. It consists of three sides of a small square, the two opposite containing the wards, four in number, capable of affording ac-

commodation to 130 patients. The surgery, surgeons' apartments, kitchens, baths, &c. are placed in the connecting range. The Marquis de Chabanne's newly invented patent apparatus for heating and ventilation has been introduced, by means of which an immense saving of fuel is obtained, two fires being so constructed as to satisfy the wants of the entire hospital, and completely to answer all the uses of thirteen or fourteen, which would be otherwise required.

Notwithstanding the obvious humanity, as well as necessity, of such an institution, Mr. J. P. Grant felt it his duty, on a late occasion, to call the attention of parliament to the subject, partly on account of its expense, but it would seem, chiefly because Sir William Adams was placed at the head of it; a gentleman who was, he said, never in the army, and who had therefore no claim to military patronage. Lord Palmerston, in defending both the institution and the able man who was its founder, cited the opinions of Sir Henry Hallford, Dr. Baillie, Mr. Astley Cooper, and Mr. Abernethy, in favour of Sir William Adams's treatment of this disease. The noble lord quoted a variety of instances within his own knowledge, of the successful manner in which patients had been treated by that eminent man. In reply to the assertion, that the army surgeons are competent to cure this disease, Sir Wm. Adams's expressive answer was quoted: "It may be so, but it is five years after you have availed yourselves of the improvements which I introduced." In the course of this debate, which ended triumphantly in favour of the Ophthal-

mic Institution, the Hon. C. Hutchinson, the brother and companion of Lord Hutchinson, who had the distinguished honour of commanding the army in Egypt after the lamented death of the veteran Abercrombie, and who was peculiarly qualified, from his own personal observation, to judge of the extent and nature of the disease, pronounced a warm eulogium on Sir William Adams's professional services, in conquering the virulence of this painful and afflicting

disorder. After such testimony in support of the institution and its founder, it is needless for us to add one word, except to express our deep regret, that there should exist between any set of men, and such a character as Sir William Adams, a feeling so mean as envy and professional jealousy. Between well-educated men there should exist only an honourable rivalry—an enlarged competition to benefit mankind, and do honour to themselves.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

PLATE 35.—MORNING DRESS.

A ROUND dress of thick jaconet muslin: the bottom of the skirt is richly worked in points; they are surmounted by a broad easing, which is drawn by blue ribbon; several rows of cord are placed above this easing. *Chemisette* body; the waist is longer than usual: the collar is of a new description; it is composed of muslin laid on full over ribbon, and edged all round with rich work. Long sleeve, tastefully ornamented at the wrist, to correspond.

The apron worn with this dress is composed of the same material; it is rather more than a three-quarter length, and is trimmed round with rich work. A brace is attached to the back part of this apron, which forms at once an epaulette and a low back to the dress: it is advantageous to the shape, and has a very tasteful effect; it is composed entirely of rich work. Head-dress, a *cornette*, or rather we should say

a half *cornette*, composed of white lace: it is of a moderate height, and has very small ears, which do not meet under the chin, where it is tied with blue ribbon; it is ornamented only with a simple bow of ribbon to correspond, which is placed on one side of the caul. Blue kid shoes.

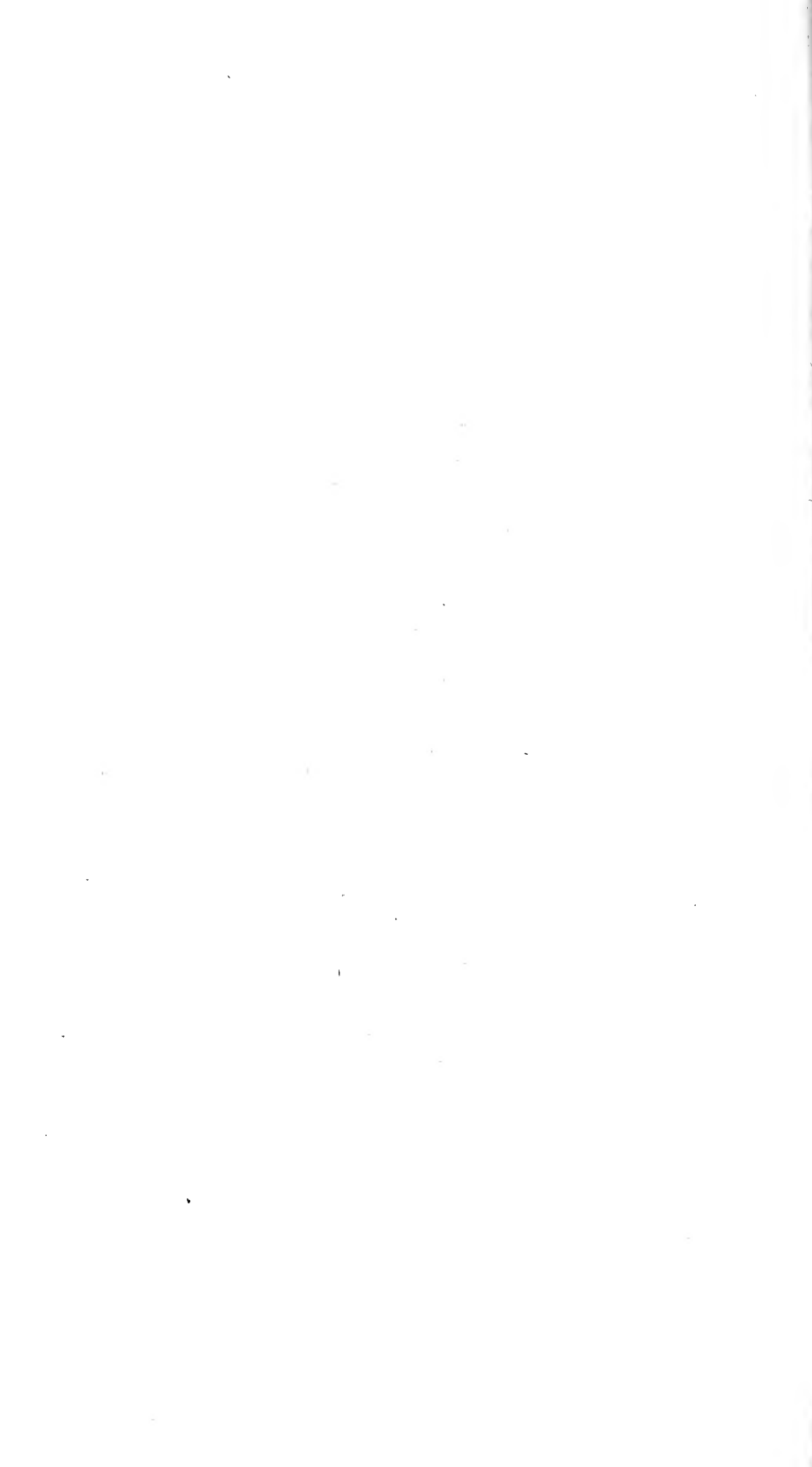
PLATE 36.—EVENING DRESS.

A round dress, composed of white transparent gauze, over a white satin slip: the bottom of the skirt is trimmed with a deep flounce of rich blond, formed into draperies by white satin bows; a large star, composed of white satin disposed in folds, is placed between each wave of the drapery. This is a simple but elegant style of trimming; its effect is extremely light and tasteful. The body is plain, tight to the shape, and rather long in the waist; it is cut low all round the bust, and is trimmed with a full fall of lace, which forms a *pe-lerine* behind. Short sleeve, orna-





SHINE BREEZE



mented in a new style, with lace twined in a serpentine manner round the bottom part. Head-dress, a garland of intermingled moss-roses and lilies. The hair is dressed rather high, and with a profusion of full curls in front. Necklace and ear-rings, pearl. Whitesatin shoes; white kid gloves.

We are indebted to Miss Pierpoint of No. 9, Henrietta-street, Covent-Garden, for both our dresses this month.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

The uncommon fineness of the weather has induced our *élégantes* to adopt the light attire of summer at an earlier period than usual. We see, however, with pleasure, that silks of various descriptions are still in great favour both for promenade and home dress.

For the former, white dresses are now most fashionable, but they are worn with spencers or scarfs. One of the neatest morning walking dresses that we have seen, is a round dress composed of thick jaconot muslin: the bottom of the skirt is trimmed with a broad piece of muslin drawn with cords, which are placed in a bias direction; this is finished with a full flounce of work at the bottom, and is ornamented at the top with a row of cotton tufts, one of which is affixed to each of the drawings. The back is full, and is ornamented at each side with a narrow serpentine of cord, which ends in a full tuft at the bottom of the waist: the front is braided in a serpentine direction with very narrow cord, which is interspersed with a number of little tufts. High standing collar, also

braided and tufted to correspond. Long loose sleeve, surmounted by a small epaulette, something in the shape of a wing; it is made to stand out from the shoulder by three drawings of cord: the long sleeve is confined at the bottom by drawings of cord to correspond. This is a neat and simple dress; it is very appropriate to the season, and forms also a pretty *dis-habille*.

Spencers continue in very great favour, but we do not observe any peculiar novelty in their make. *Gros de Naples* is the most fashionable material; but satin is also in request, as are fancy silks. Pelisses are still fashionable: in fact, we are surprised, considering the warmth of the weather, to see them so much worn, especially as they are in general composed of very stout silk.

Leghorn bonnets are most in favour for the promenade. Though several shapes have been introduced since the commencement of the spring, there is none so generally adopted as the one we used to style the large French bonnet: they continue to be trimmed as we described last month.

The principal alteration in carriage dress since last month, consists in the introduction of pelisses composed either of white figured British net, or very fine worked muslin over satin; they are made with a full body, and very loose sleeves, which fall a good deal over the hand: some are trimmed all round with very broad rich lace, set on full; others have a fulness of the same material as the pelisse, which is disposed in bias flutings, and is finished at each edge either

by a rouleau of satin, or a row of narrow lace, which is in general pointed. These pelisses are always lined with slight sarsnet, of a light colour.—Pale blush-colour, pale lavender, lemon-colour, apple-blossom, and peach-blossom, are the favourite colours this month.

The materials for carriage bonnets continue the same as last month. We have observed a few bonnets with satin or *gros de Naples* crowns, and transparent brims: the brims are composed either of gauze or net. Flowers are now the only ornaments for carriage bonnets; they are worn in general in bouquets, as wreaths do not seem to be at all in favour.

The most elegant carriage or dress promenade bonnet which we have seen for some time, has just been introduced by the lady to whom we are indebted for our dresses this month: it is composed of white figured *gros de Naples*; the crown is very low; it is ornamented *en marmotte*, as the French style it, with the same material edged with blond; the brim is extremely deep in front, but is short at the ears, and is rounded off in a way that we conceive must be generally becoming: a row of broad blond is set on round the edge of the brim; one part of the blond falls over the edge; the remainder, by a second tacking at some distance from the first, forms a head-

ing: a bouquet of roses is placed to one side.

Muslin continues to be the only material adopted in morning dress: jaconot is most fashionable, but cambric muslin is considered genteel: the latter is usually trimmed with French work. Robes are still much worn, but we think that round dresses rather predominate.

Dinner dress continues much the same as last month.

The full dress which we have given in our print is deservedly the first in estimation. We observe, that for social evening parties clear muslin is much worn; the favourite form is a frock: the body is generally richly let in with lace, and the trimming of the skirt is composed of satin, lace, or ribbon: it is often formed of a mixture of the two last; as for instance, a deep lace flounce is headed by a corkscrew roll of ribbon, and that is surmounted by a wave, which is also formed of a corkscrew roll of ribbon, or else by a fulness of muslin fancifully interspersed with bows of ribbon.

For grand parties, the hair is now generally ornamented with jewels, or a mixture of flowers and jewels; but we observe that feathers are very little worn. Turbans have increased a little in favour; *toques* continue to be very fashionable, but dress caps are not at all in request.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, May 20.

My dear SOPHIA,

Our promenade dresses are now composed of *percale*, and they are trimmed in general with jaco-

not muslin: the bottoms of gowns are trimmed extremely high, but there is little variety in the forms of trimming: some have a piece of muslin laid on full, the fulness di-

vided into compartments, and confined to the skirt by narrow cords placed perpendicularly; others are ornamented by rouleaus of muslin, between which are placed rows of Spanish puffs; and the latest fashion is a number of very narrow flounces set on one above another: they are not disposed in festoons, nor large plaits, and have but very little fulness. I need not tell you, that this is an old fashion, which has been several times revived.

The bodies of gowns are made in a very showy style: they are always tight to the shape; some have a plain back, and the fronts are plaited in a bias direction across the bust; they button up the front: the bottom of the waist is finished by a row of rich work, set on full, and there is generally a girdle of embroidered ribbon. A plain long sleeve, nearly tight to the arm; at the bottom it has a band of ribbon, to correspond, across the wrist, and is finished with work, which falls over the hand: there is a half-sleeve, which is also disposed in bias plaits, and pretty full on the shoulders; this is confined by a band of ribbon to correspond, and is finished by a fall of work. Dresses made in this way are extremely fashionable, but they are much too formal to please me, and if the figure is not very faultless indeed, they are far from being becoming.

Spencers, pelisses, and even silk scarfs, are exploded; the only covering worn with high dresses is a pelerine, which never comes further than the shoulders, or a small scarf composed of *crêpon de Barèges*: it is trimmed with knotted fringe, is very narrow, and is tied

carelessly at the throat: *ponceau* is the favourite colour for these scarfs.

Gros de Naples, Leghorn, *paille coton*, gauze, and crape, are the materials generally used for hats. Those composed of *gros de Naples* are ornamented at the edge of the brim with a *ruche* of plain ribbon, or *bouillons* of gauze or crape. Leghorn hats are usually worn without trimming on the brim. *Paille coton chapeaux* have in general a narrow twisted roll of ribbon or gauze. Crape and gauze hats are usually made with a fulness of gauze disposed in folds or deep flutings over the brim, and this fulness is drawn in peaked puffs at the edge of it. White and yellow straw are also in fashion, though *paille coton* seems very likely to supersede the first: the latter is always of the finest kind, and of a bright gold colour, and its trimming corresponds.

The crowns of bonnets still continue to be worn very small; but the brims are extremely large, and so long that they mostly meet under the chin. Some *élégantes* have these long brims almost square, so that they only partially shade the face; others wear them round, and so deep that scarcely a feature is visible, because the brim is pulled very much over the face; and some few of our *merveilleuses* have revived the fashion of wearing large bonnets, placed very far back upon the head. Hats are now never seen in promenade dress, nor are feathers at all worn; ribbons and flowers, that is to say, a mixture of both, forming the fashionable trimming for bonnets.

Flowers are disposed with more moderation and taste than I ever

recollect to have seen them before: our bouquets are of a moderate size, and either composed of one sort of flowers only, or else, if there is a mixture, it is one in which the eye is not offended by badly contrasted colours. Wreaths are as much in favour as bouquets, and they are always composed of one sort of flowers only. Roses and lilacs are most in favour; but laburnum, lilies, mignonette, fancy flowers, the blossoms of different kinds of fruit, corn-flowers, and also wheat-ears, are all worn.

Before I quit the promenade costume, I must mention to you two articles, which appear at present indispensable to it: the first is a sash, composed of either Egyptian or plaid ribbon; the Egyptian ribbon is always of two colours, the middle of one sort, and a little stripe at each edge of another; the favourite contrasts are, dark puce and apple-green, gold colour and white, *ponceau* and pale blue. These ribbons are worn excessively broad, some are six inches in width; they are tied on one side, near the front, in a bow and long ends. The other article is a short veil of transparent white gauze, which is generally drawn carelessly to one side. Nor must I forget our parasols: they are always of a dome shape, and are finished with a rich silk fringe. The Parisian *élégante* always chooses a parasol of the colour that will best suit her complexion: the fair beauty appears with one of lilac or azure; and the brown *belle* has one of rose-colour, purple, or white.

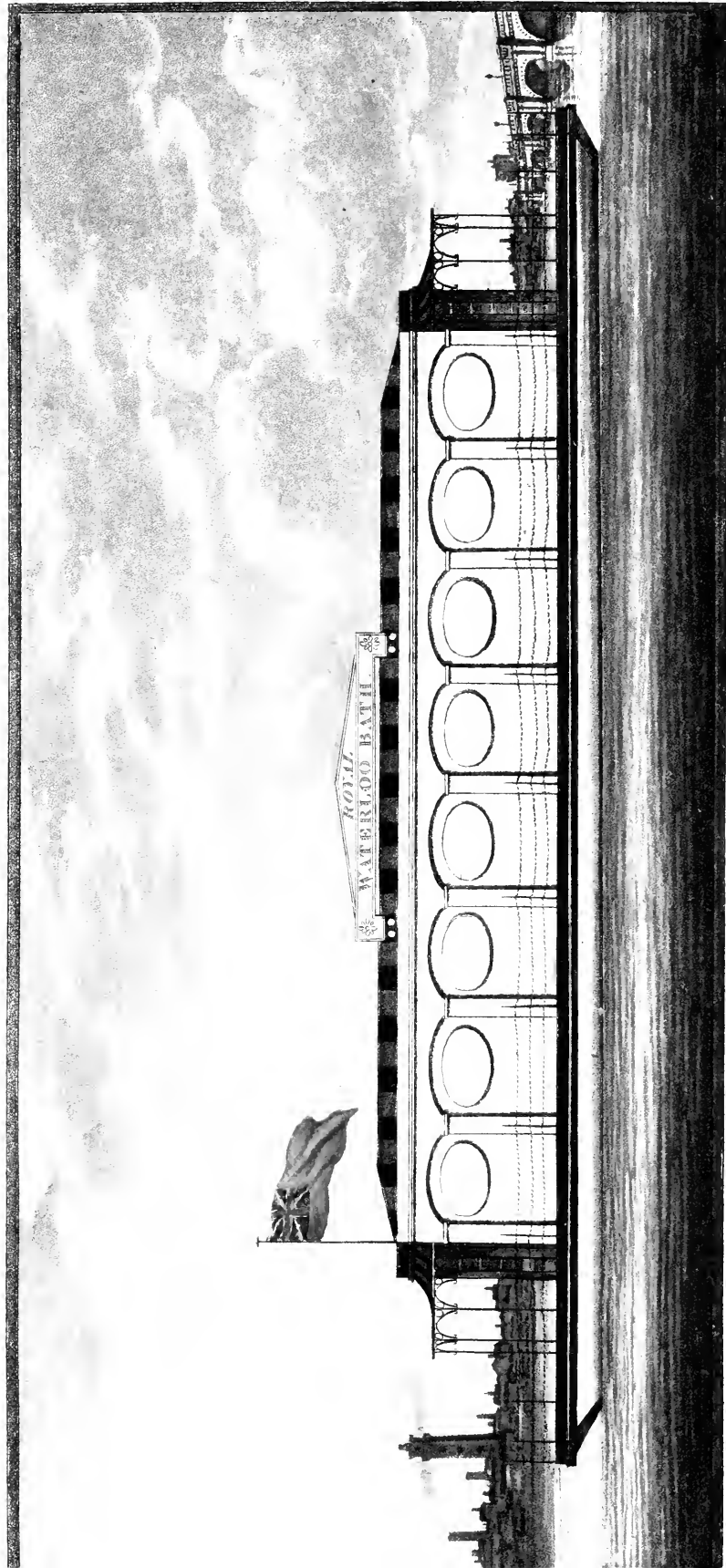
But you will begin to think, that I never mean to take you out of the promenade: in truth, home dress at present offers very little that is

worthy of your attention. White dresses are as much worn at home as for the promenade; in fact, the morning promenade gown frequently forms the home dinner dress. I have already told you how these are in general made and trimmed, but I forgot to observe, that each of the narrow flounces which I mentioned, is generally finished with three small tucks at the edge.

Coloured muslins are also worn in home dress, though not so much as white: there have been some just introduced, the ground of which is either blue, rust colour, or lilac; they have broad borders round the bottom of the skirt, which are called *buyadires*; these borders are of a different colour: these dresses are sometimes finished by flounces, but in general they are ornamented only with the borders.

For social evening parties, clear muslin frocks are very much in favour: several are made partially high; they are trimmed with a profusion of lace round the bottom of the skirt; it is set on in flounces either plain or serpentine; *ruches*, composed of ribbons of different colours, are usually placed as headings to these flounces. The bodies are tight to the shape, and are let in all round the upper part of the bust with lace; and a row of very broad lace is usually set on behind, in such a manner as to form at once a pelerine and half-sleeves: the under-sleeve, if short, is very full; it is confined to the arm by a band of ribbon or satin, and is finished by a quilling of lace; if long, which is more generally the case, it is let in all the way down in front of the arm with puffs of joining lace, and finished at the





the wrist with two, or perhaps three, rows of lace.

Gauze still continues fashionable for full dress, and tulle over white satin is also much in favour. Crape, which has for some time been exploded, appears to be coming again into fashion. No mate-

rial change has occurred in grand costume since my last.

Fashionable colours are, lilac, mignonette, rose-colour, straw-colour, and blue; but white is most in request.

Adieu! Believe me always your
EUDOCIA.

PLATE 34.—ROYAL WATERLOO BATH.

THIS very elegant floating bath is stationed near the north end of the Waterloo-bridge, and has recently been built and completed with entirely new and substantial materials, in a style of superior accommodation, at a very considerable expense: it contains a plunging-bath, 24 feet long by 8 feet wide, and two private baths, 10 feet long by 8 feet wide. The depth may be regulated at pleasure by machinery, which raises or depresses the bottom as required, secured by cross timbers, and bound with iron. To each of the baths are attached small dressing-rooms, commodiously fitted up, with proper persons to attend upon visitors. These baths are so constructed, that the water, being a running stream, is changed every two minutes. The advantage of bathing in a flowing stream is obvious, and gives a decided preference over a cold still bath, which is frequently dangerous from the violence of the shock. The terms of bathing, as our readers will see, are extremely moderate: they are—

	£.	s.	d.
In the plunging-bath . . .	0	1	0
For the season . . .	1	11	6
In the private baths . . .	0	1	6
For the season . . .	2	2	0

Constant attendance at Waterloo-bridge to convey visitors to and from the bath.

Bathing is so essentially connected with health, that we cannot but congratulate the public on this new establishment. It is singular that so few of the kind should be known in London, while there is scarcely a street in the French metropolis that has not its cold, warm, vapour, Chinese, and Tuscan baths, with a variety of others, suiting the capricious tastes of the inhabitants. Yet how deficient they are in the most important article connected with bathing everybody knows, while we have a noble river filled with the purest and most wholesome waters in the world. The want of baths in London has led to the incommodious and indecorous practice of public exposure in the Thames.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

MR. ACKERMANN proposes to publish *An Historical and Characteristic Tour of the Rhine, from Mayence* Vol. VII. No. XLII.

to Cologne, in six monthly parts: containing a complete history and picturesque description of a por-

tion of country so full of curious and interesting circumstances, as well as so resplendent for its landscape, grandeur, and beauty. The work will be embellished with twenty-four highly finished and coloured engravings, from drawings expressly made by an eminent artist, resident near the banks of the Rhine, and habitually familiar with every part of it. Part I. to appear on the 1st of September, and to be continued monthly until completed. A correct map of the river, according to its last arrangements, through which it flows, is preparing, exclusively, for this publication, and will be given with the last part.

Shortly will appear, *A Narrative of Rennett, and the carrying off of Mr. Horsley's Child*, with all the English and Foreign Documents; to conclude with the trial and verdict: it will be illustrated with portraits of the parties concerned.

Miss Harriot Gouldsmith proposes to etch upon copper, *Four*

Views of Claremont, taken on the spot last October, and now exhibiting at the Society of Painters, Spring-Gardens. They will consist of the Park, Claremont-House, the Concert-Cottage of her late Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte, and the Island.

Plans, Elevations, Sections, and a Description of the Pauper Lunatic Asylum, lately erected at Wakefield, for the west riding of Yorkshire, by Watson and Pritchett, architects, York, are about to be published.

Early in June will be published, *A Description of the Process of manufacturing Coal-Gas, &c. &c.* with seven coloured plates, by F. Accum.

The Exhibition, a poem, by a painter, will appear in a few days.

Shortly will appear, *Angola*, a poem, in four cantos, by John Henry Church.

The Countess of Carrick, published by R. Ackermann, we are authorized to say, is from the pen of H. Campbell, Esq. R. N. F. A. S.

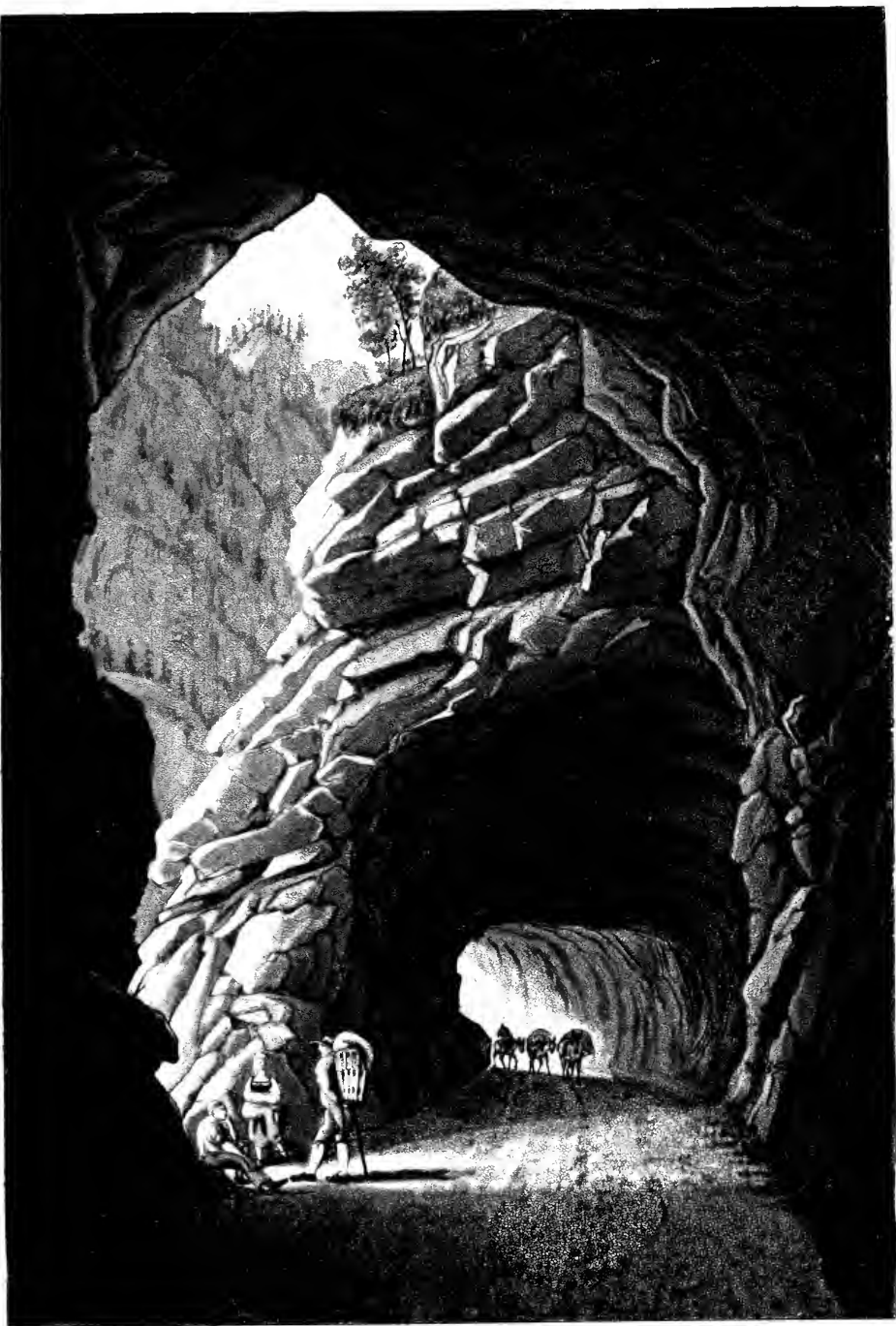
PICTURESQUE TOUR OF MOUNT SIMPLON.

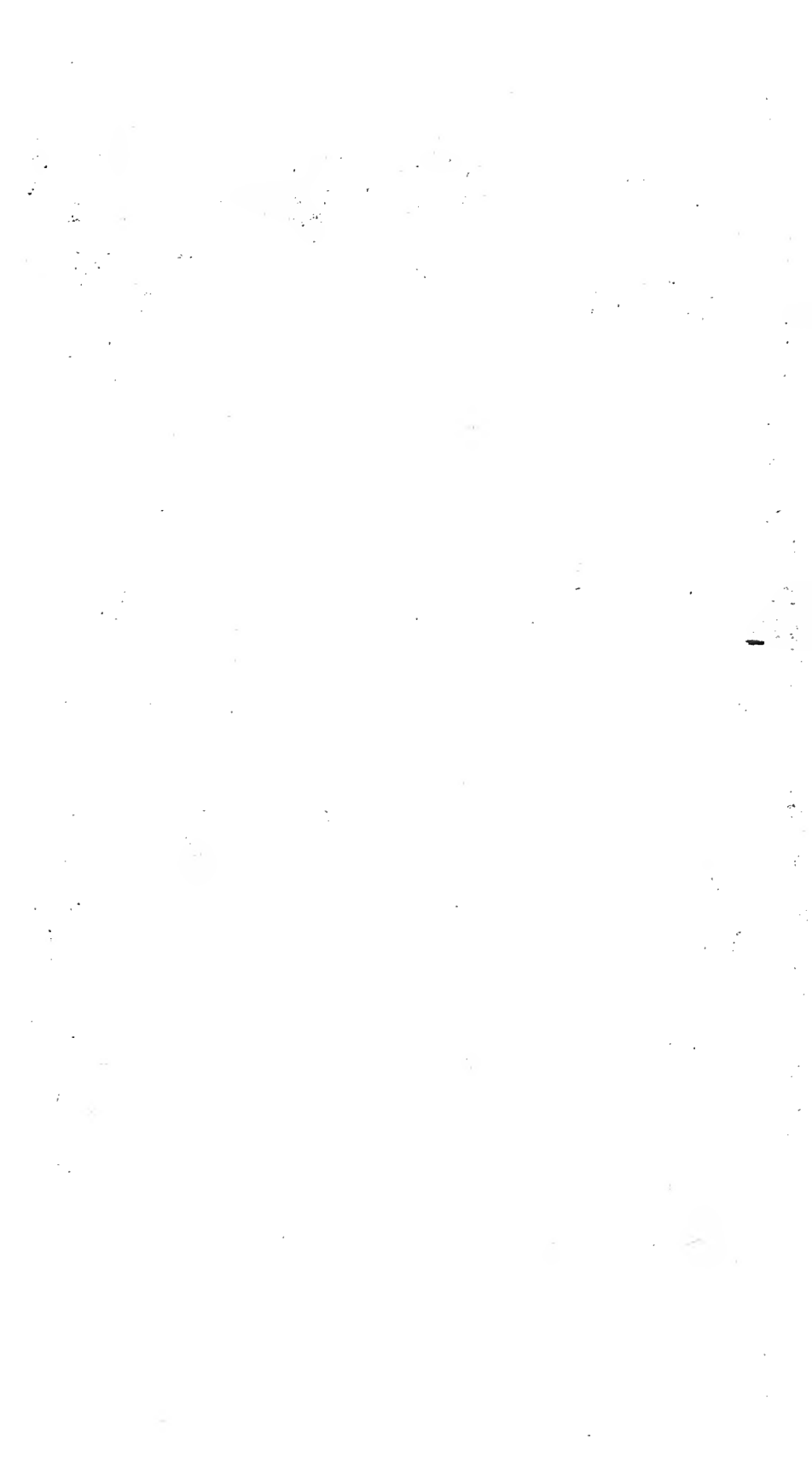
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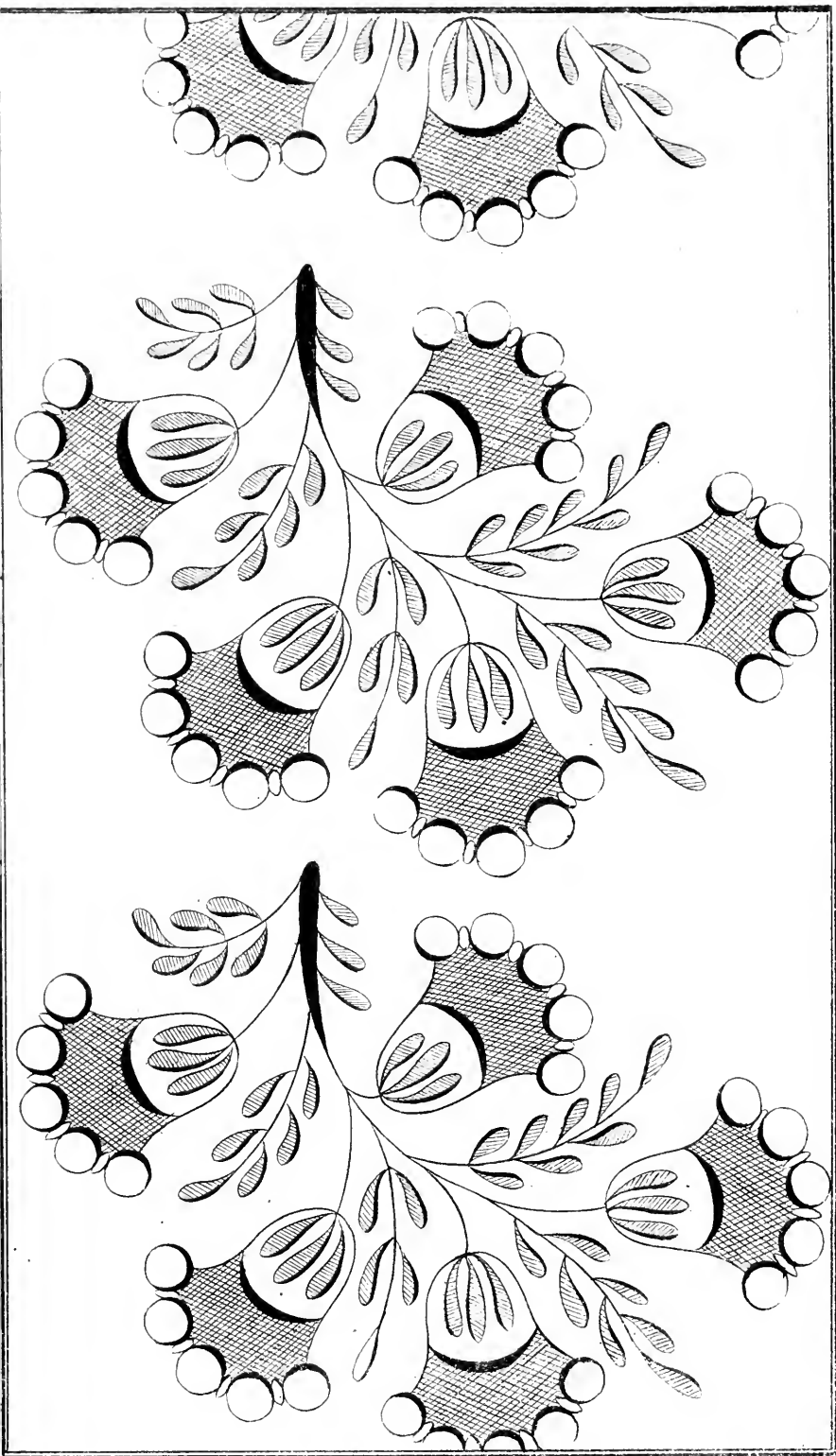
PLATE 33.—VIEW OF THE INTERIOR OF THE GRAND GALLERY.

THE view which we this month present to our readers, in continuation of the Tour of Mount Simplicon, is extremely picturesque and striking: it represents the interior of the Grand Gallery, and gives an opportunity of estimating by the eye, with more precision than former plates, the nature and extent of the stupendous work accomplished by the labour and ingenuity of man. It is, like most of the other galleries, cut out of the solid

rock of granite, and the workmen were employed upon it day and night unceasingly, in order to complete it with the greater rapidity: at night they worked by the light of torches. Two enormous apertures were made in the side, in order to facilitate the undertaking; and it was commenced at no less than four different points at the same moment. The inscription to the right of the plate denotes the completion in 1805.







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NOTICE.

THROUGH a mistake of the Engraver, the Titles and Numbers of the *Plates of the Fashions* are reversed. — For “Plate 35. *Morning Dress*,” read “Plate 36. *Evening Dress*,” and for “Plate 36. *Evening Dress*,” read “Plate 35. *Morning Dress*.”

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