

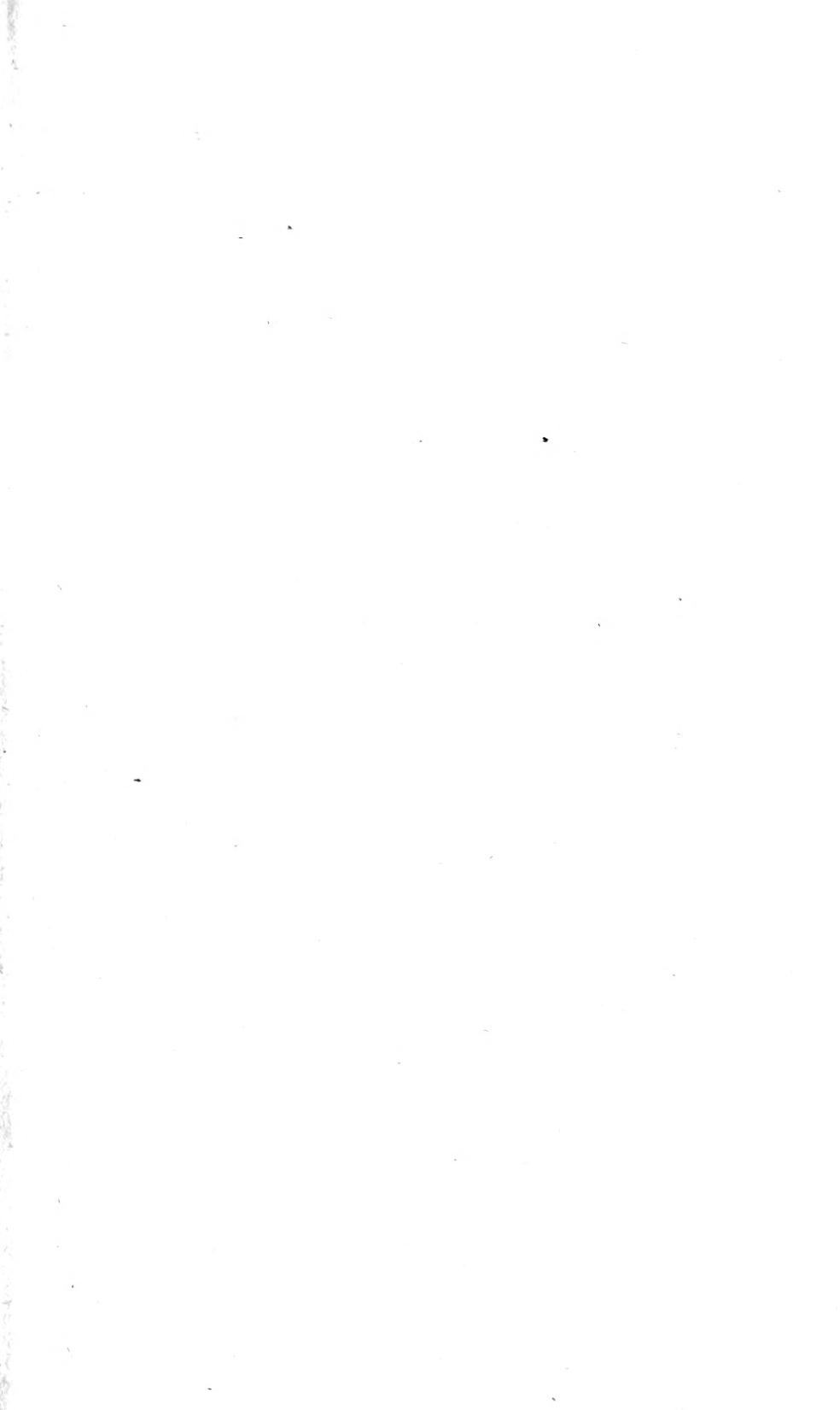


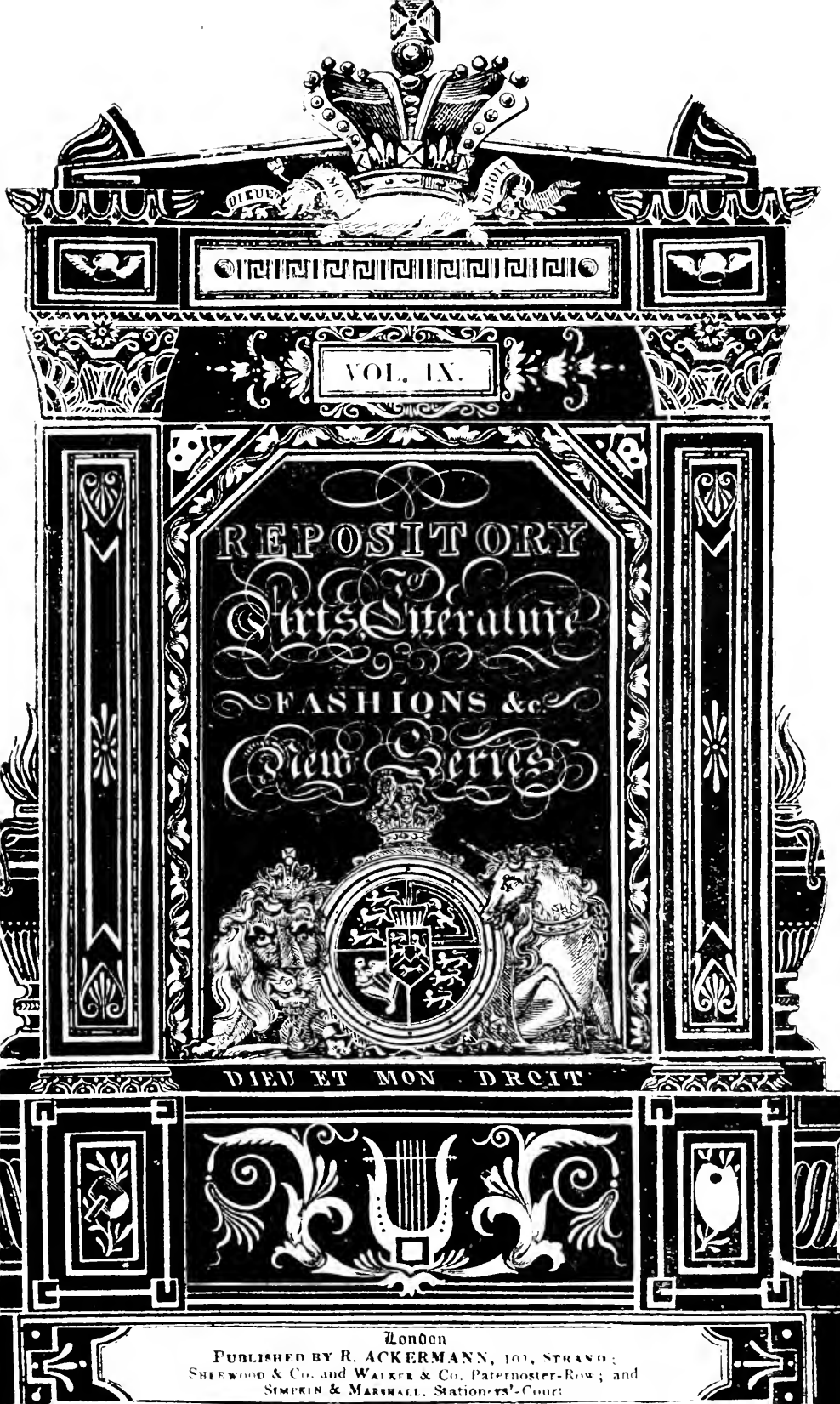
William Henry Kirby.

Emilia Croker.

1893

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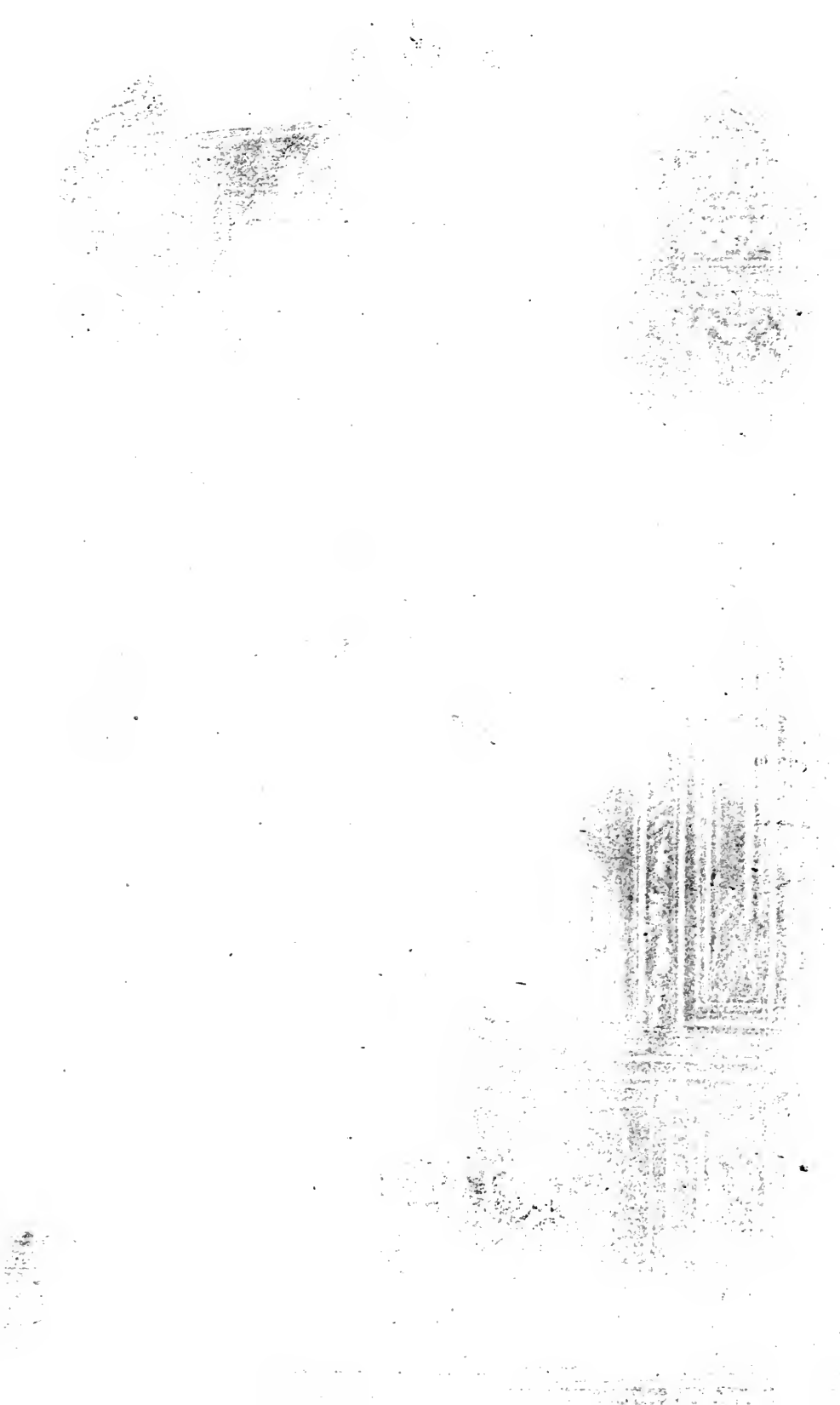


VOL. IX.

REPOSITORY
of Arts, Literature
FASHIONS &c.
New Series

DIEU ET MON DROIT

London
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THE

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OF

ARTS, LITERATURE, FASHIONS, *Manufactures, &c.*

THE SECOND SERIES.

VOL. IX.

JANUARY 1, 1820.

N^o. XLIX.

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TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

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

We have received the continuation of The Generous Lover. We expect to hear further from the translator early in the next month.

Parisian Sketches are in our hands as far as No. VI. inclusive.

C. D. A—— has our thanks, but our poetical contributors are already sufficiently numerous.

Antiquarius probably in our next.

It is due to ourselves and to the public, in commencing a new Volume, to express our gratitude for the great success with which our exertions have been attended. To such as have been in the habit of reading the Repository, the mode in which we have obtained, and we may perhaps add without too great arrogance, deserved the patronage we have received, is well known; but to those who have not so constantly witnessed our labours, we may submit the following abstract of the Plates, merely, that have ornamented the two and twenty Volumes of our Old and New Series. Of themselves they will hand down to our successors a faithful representation of the customs, habits, fashions, and peculiarities of the day in which they were published.

LIST of PLATES in the Fourteen Volumes, First Series of the REPOSITORY, to the 1st Dec. 1814.

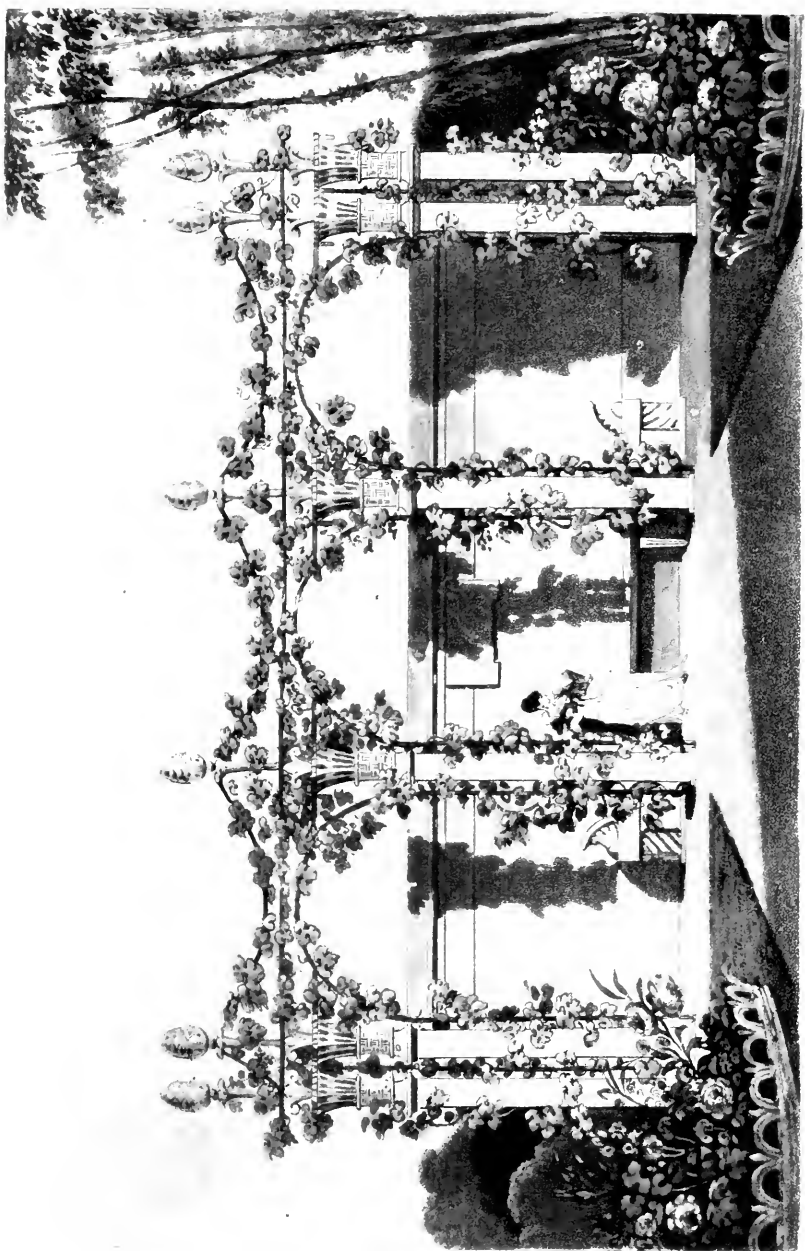
Fashions	168	Gothic Halls and Cottages	8
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Needle-work Patterns	40	14 Vols. contain coloured Plates	566

LIST of PLATES in the Eight Volumes, New Series of the REPOSITORY, to the 1st Dec. 1819.

Fashions	98	Cottages, Villas, and Ornamental Gardening	35
Views	34	Monuments	1
Furniture	29	Portraits	1
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Pictorial Cards	13	Frontispieces	8
Carriages	7	8 Vols. contain coloured Plates	303
Lithographic Subjects	7		
Needle-work Patterns	39		

The 22 Volumes of the Repository contain 869 Plates.

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month as published, may have it sent to them, free of Postage, to New-York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any part of the West Indies, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. THORNHILL, of the General Post-Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-Lane; to Hamburgh, Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. SERJEANT, of the General Post-Office, at No. 22, Sherborne-lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of the East Indies, by Mr. GUY, at the East-India House. The money to be paid at the time of subscribing, for either 3, 6, 9, or 12 months.



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VOL. IX.

JANUARY 1, 1820.

Nº XLIX.

HINTS ON ORNAMENTAL GARDENING.

(Continued from vol. VIII. p. 341.)

PLATE I.—A GARDEN-SEAT.

THIS design would furnish an elegant appendage to a flower-garden, as its parts are composed for the purpose of training foliage in a light and playful manner. The construction is very simple, consisting of oak pillars and iron rods, to form the arcades and trellises. The basket-like ornaments on the pillars might be either of light iron or of wicker-work, into which creepers could be trained, so as to fill them with a rich assemblage of natural and living flowers; or vines could be substituted, and so conducted as to appear to fill the baskets with their produce. An arcade of this kind being of considerable length, would have a good effect, either in a straight line bordering a parterre, or encompassing a circular or octagon arena of grass-plat and beds of flowers.

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As a garden-seat, perhaps the design could be improved by adding to it a light trellis roof or covering, sloping from the straight connecting rod above the arches, down to the wall or back of the recess; and this roof might be covered by foliage, thus affording protection from the sun.

In flower-gardens, it is usual to have an ornamental conservatory. If it be so placed as to permit this kind of erection on each side of it, so as to form ornamental approaches on its right and left, a beautiful perspective continuity would be afforded to the eye of the spectator; and the front view of the conservatory would also be greatly improved by it. The expense of this addition would be comparatively small, but the effect produced both striking and extensive.

B

MISCELLANIES.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE ADVISER.

Dear Mr. ADVISER,

I EXPECT every day that a young gentleman, who visits at our house, and is very attentive to me, will ask my leave to apply to papa for my hand. My friend, Miss Patty Precise, thinks so too; but she says I should act very indelicately in giving him any encouragement for some years to come at least, because no young lady who possessed a proper share of reserve ever said *Yes*, till after she had a thousand times said *No*. Now, good Mr. Adviser, this perplexes me terribly. I never could tell a fib with a good grace in my life; and as my lover knows how sincere I am, he might take me at my word, which would be terribly provoking, for I do mean to have him at last. But even if he did not, such a long time must elapse according to my friend's slow way of proceeding, that I should be quite an old maid before I was married, for I am almost sixteen now. Do pray, sir, inform me whether I may not as well tell the truth, and say *Yes* at once; and, for goodness sake! be quick in your answer, for fear he should put the question before I receive it. Your obedient servant,

HARRIET HASTY.

This is a difficult case for an old bachelor to give advice in. I, like my fair correspondent, have a great reverence for truth, and I am not sufficiently versed in female punctilios, to tell how far it may be actually necessary to violate it on

these occasions, in conformity to the rules of *etiquette*. I think that Miss Hasty had better adopt a middle course, and remain silent when her lover makes his intended application: if he has any spirit, he will ask no other reply.

TO THE ADVISER.

SIR,

I wish you would bestow a little advice upon your married readers, respecting their behaviour to each other in company. I am sure we single folks are often enough embarrassed by the extremes of fondness and ill-nature, which they are too apt to fall into. It is difficult to say which is the least supportable to the rest of the company; because, in either case, the husband and wife seem to forget that all present have a right to share in the conversation, and they generally engross the whole of it. If they belong to the discontented part of Hymen's votaries, their replies and rejoinders are of so acrimonious a nature, that no person of common good-nature can listen to them without pain; and if they happen to be turtles, Heaven bless the female part of their visitors, for they have little chance to escape being put to the blush.

These observations have occurred to me from the behaviour of two married couples whom I lately visited. An account of their conduct to each other will perhaps serve to illustrate the truth of my remarks. Mrs. Billmore was my

schoolfellow, and has been about a year married. We had not met since we were girls till a few days ago, when she invited me to dinner, to introduce me to her husband, with whom, she said, she was sure I should be charmed. When I arrived at her house, I found her in a state of considerable alarm, because it was ten minutes past their usual dinner hour, and Mr. Billmore was not come home.— Though I considered her fears rather unreasonable, I did all I could to sooth them; but as nearly half an hour passed without his arriving, she threw herself into a state of hysterical agitation, which alarmed me very much. At last a thundering knock announced the approach of the dear truant: he entered the drawing-room, accompanied by another gentleman, just as his wife was wiping away her tears; and finding they had been caused by fears for his safety, he spent a considerable time in soothing, caressing, and eulogizing her exquisite sensibility; and so fond was he of the darling theme, that he pursued it for some minutes after he was told dinner was upon the table. At last we rose to go to the dining-room, and then she recollected that she had not introduced me to her husband or his friend. The former received me with great warmth; declared, that, as the cherished object of his Harriet's affections, I must become dear to him, and very gallantly led me to the dining-table, where, as soon as he was seated, he completely forgot, that, as the master of the house, he owed some attention to his guests; for he left us to entertain ourselves as well as we could, while he occu-

pied himself wholly with his lady. There was no other company than the gentleman I have mentioned and myself. He seemed to be so excessively amused with the scene which passed during dinner, that he scarcely spoke to me; indeed he had very little opportunity, for the fond pair talked of and to one another incessantly. They sometimes appealed to me, but they never suffered me to get further than a monosyllable in reply. At last, when I was in hopes that I should have made my escape with Mrs. Billmore to the drawing-room, her husband gallantly proposed that we should adopt the French fashion of the ladies and gentlemen remaining together after dinner: his friend assented, and I was compelled to do penance till coffee was brought, when I took my leave, so surfeited with tender epithets, that I do not know when I shall be able to bear the sound of *my love* or *my dear* again.

A few days afterwards I dined with a small party at Mr. Wormwood's. The company were well-bred pleasant people, who seemed disposed to enjoy themselves, but our host and his mate, who had I suppose been pecking at one another before dinner, were no sooner seated than they began to vent their discontent. The gentleman found out that there was nothing fit for his guests to eat, which he was sorry for, but not surprised at, because at his table it was seldom otherwise. The lady immediately took fire. Some people were such complete *gourmands*, that it was almost impossible to please their palates; but as she was sure that was not the case with her friends, she

really thought they might contrive to make a dinner. Every body, of course, took her side of the question, and Mr. Wormwood was for a moment silenced; but he speedily renewed the attack. A lady near him happened to be dressed in poplin, which gave him room to descant on her good sense and good taste in wearing the manufactures of our own country, and to condemn with great bitterness those women who never fancied themselves dressed without they were loaded with foreign frippery. This speech was evidently aimed at his wife, who replied bitterly enough, that she did not see any more harm in wearing French silks than in keeping French cooks; and that a lady might dress herself in the produce of foreign looms without worrying every body to death, as those people did who could not make a dinner, because it was not dressed in exact conformity to the rules laid down in *L'Almanach Gourmand*. The gentleman answered this attack upon his ruling passion in the most provoking manner; and the altercation continued, to the serious annoyance of all the company, till the ladies rose to retire from table.

Now, Mr. Adviser, as these matrimonial duets are particularly disagreeable to single people, because they can neither sympathize with the raptures nor the vexations of their shackled acquaintance, I wish you would dedicate an Adviser to the purpose of persuading married folks to love and hate with decency; to remember the counsel of the poet,

"Secrets of marriage should be sacred held;"
and not to be perpetually obtruding their bliss or their misery upon their acquaintance; for they may rest assured, that by so doing, instead of exciting envy or pity, they are always sure to create weariness or contempt, and often disgust. I am, sir, your obedient servant,

MARIA MEDIUM.

I consider this letter quite as much to the purpose as any thing I can say upon the subject: I have, therefore, inserted it; and I do hereby authorize all my readers, whether married or single, who may chance to associate with such people as the Billmores or Wormwoods, as soon as they perceive the said Billmores or Wormwoods lose sight of propriety and good manners, either by complimenting or reproaching each other, to quit their company immediately, and without the least ceremony; or if the said Billmores or Wormwoods happen to be their guests, they must desire them to withdraw directly: And for this deviation from the usual forms of civility, my present ordinance shall be good and sufficient authority; provided always, that the parties putting it in force, if they are or have been married, shall be able to prove satisfactorily, that they have never offended in the like manner themselves.

Given under my hand, in the third year of my office as Adviser-General of the United Kingdom of Great Britain,

SOLOMON SAGEPHIZ.

PARISIAN SKETCHES.

No. III.

A CITY BALL.

Ils se cotisent entre eux pour acheter un ridicule.

"WHAT! an invitation to a ball for me?"—"Yes, sir."—"Upon my word, Andrew, such a message appears very like a hoax."—"And pray, sir, for what reason?"—"Why, Andrew, I do not think that my grey hairs are particularly well suited to a ball-room."—"But, sir, now-a-days people dance at all ages, and, as the old song says, 'You have still ear enough to keep time.'"—"You are mistaken, my good friend; old age has brought on no trifling degree of deafness."—"Well, sir, at least it has not brought on blindness."—"I am sometimes sorry for it. It seems to me, however, that, in a company consisting chiefly of women, there is no small pleasure in using one's eyes. That very pleasure increases the regret of one who cannot conceal from himself that his youth is past. The sight of a pretty woman is not without danger for a man whose heart has retained all its youthful feelings. I have often been compelled to regret, that time, when multiplying the wrinkles on my forehead, had not a little dimmed my sight: it is cruelty to be forced to see at sixty with the eyes of twenty-five."—"Well, I am glad I do not think as you do: for my part, I love every thing that makes me fancy myself young again; and, to say the truth, I had promised myself much pleasure in attending you to M. and Madame Labobinière's."—"Well, do not grieve, Andrew, I will go there."

"You will?"—"Yes; but I should not be sorry to know the reason of this attention from persons with whom I do not keep up the least acquaintance."—"As to that matter, sir, I will satisfy your curiosity.

"M. Labobinière, who has only within these few months resided in this part of Paris, is a man who entered the world with more money than wit, and married a woman who had less fortune than vanity: chance, more than love, brought together these two persons, who have committed a thousand follies since their union. The husband has been long the prey of projectors and speculators; every mountebank has discovered the art of worming himself into his confidence; but from a remnant of honour or conscience, difficult to explain, they have respected his integrity, and instead of making him an accomplice in their frauds, have satisfied themselves with making him their dupe—a kind of honour which they have done him very frequently.

"The fortune of M. Labobinière, though large, has been unequal to support these repeated drains upon it. The failure of one scheme could not prevent him from entering blindly into another; and no experience of the treachery of his associates could put him on his guard against the roguery of new adventurers. Deaf to the remonstrances of his friends, who incessantly endeavoured to set be-

fore his eyes the gulf which was ready to open beneath his feet, he seemed determined to try all the paths that could lead to his ruin. You will find his name in almost every speculation which has failed during the last twenty years. At present, when his means no longer permit him to subscribe his money to fresh projects, he associates himself in his imagination with every establishment that is formed. He takes the greatest interest in their fortunes, calculates the chances with nicety, and seldom fails to predict their infallible success a few days previous to their bankruptcy.

"Instead of opposing the follies of her husband, the vanity of Madame Labobinière only served to encourage them: sharing his delusive hopes and his credulity, she regulated her manners according to the visionary results of his mad enterprises. Never dreaming that the event could prove contrary to her wishes, she always anticipated the favours of Fortune, and when an unexpected reverse totally overthrew the frail edifice her imagination had reared, she constantly consoled herself, by transferring her hopes to schemes more certain of success in her idea, and which sooner or later equally disappointed her expectations.

"The immense concerns in which M. Labobinière was interested, have obliged him successively to dispose of his hotel in the rue Taranne, his two farms in La Brie, his house in the fauxbourg St. Germain, and of his carriages and horses, the last privation to which his wife would consent, the only one which cost her a single

sigh. Desirous of still preserving the appearance of wealth, she has come to reside *au Marais*, where she has hired magnificent apartments, the furnishing of which she intends to complete in the spring.

"M. Labobinière has one daughter, about whose establishment he never gave himself the least concern during his prosperous days, persuaded that sons-in-law would offer themselves by dozens, and consider themselves but too fortunate in being able to gain admission into his family. Since, however, Mademoiselle Agatha has no longer been considered as an advantageous match, her parents have begun to entertain some doubts as to the facility of getting her off: to-morrow a ball is therefore intended for the twofold purpose of procuring for Monsieur and Madame Labobinière the acquaintance of some of their neighbours, of whose esteem they are desirous, and of establishing among the beaux a kind of competition, of which the hand of Mademoiselle Agatha is to be the reward."—"They then in fact give a ball to catch a son-in-law?"—"Exactly, sir, as you say, to *catch*: this is mamma's invention, and she reckons, as usual, confidently upon the success of her plans. They have spared no expense, they have laid under contribution—but I must hold my tongue, it is a secret. In short, however, the fête will be superb."—I had no particular wish to discover the mighty secret of which Andrew thought proper to make such a mystery, and I put an end to a conversation which I have given literally for the amusement of my readers.

"Did not I tell you so, sir?" said Andrew to me, the next evening, as we were crossing the front court of the house of Monsieur Labobinière: "you might imagine you were entering the palace of a nobleman. These clusters of lamps at every avenue leading to the hotel—this regiment of servants, enlisted for the evening, for whom, however, they have omitted to provide a similar livery; all this is intended to give an impression of the large fortune of our neighbour!" Ascending the staircase leading to their apartments, my attention was arrested by the appearance of two beautiful orange-trees in pots, which I fancied to be old acquaintances of mine. I stopped, and was attentively examining them, to ascertain the truth of my suspicions, when Andrew, who was close behind, said in a half whisper, "What are you about, sir? Here, as well as at the opera balls, are many masks, which you must not examine too minutely." I could not help smiling at his observation, and began to have some faint idea of the reason for the obliging invitation of my hosts.

Dancing had already commenced; Madame Labobinière, to whom I was announced after the first country dances, introduced me to her husband, then to the rest of the company, and I was obliged to endure the compliments of the greater part, who being strangers, took me for a friend of the family. Mademoiselle Agatha, a pretty little girl, and to appearance tolerably well educated, submitted with resignation to the ceremony of a respectful salute, with which I concluded some flattering speeches addressed to her mother.

The heroine of the fête was nineteen years of age, by no means deficient in understanding or elegance, although her figure a little inclining to *en-bon-point* made her otherwise short stature appear still less. Her parents, after having long nourished the hope of their fortune procuring them a noble son-in-law, had ended by persuading themselves that her talents could not fail to ensure her a young and wealthy husband. Maternal love, however, does not always form the most correct judgment.

The spacious and lofty saloons were decorated with much taste; an air of magnificence was every where discernible; the only thing to be regretted was, that the furniture did not exactly correspond with the draperies. Madame Labobinière contrived to shew off her daughter with admirable ingenuity. Two young men, whose parents, wealthy inhabitants of the *chaussée d'Antin*, had not been able to attend the fête, were more particularly the objects of her attention. Her maternal anxiety never permitted them to rest for a single moment. First they were engaged to walk a minuet; then to dance a gavotte with her daughter, whose lightness and elegance, like a good mother, she praised to the skies; and when one of these gentlemen had made choice of another partner, she placed Mademoiselle Agatha opposite, or else standing behind her whom she denominated the rival of her daughter, and within hearing of her partner, by means of comparisons, the justice of which might often have been disputed, she contrived to exalt the one by invidiously detracting from the merits of the other.

Whilst the remainder of the company were resting from their fatigues, Madame Labobinière seemed to redouble her exertions. Always active and attentive, she anticipated the wishes of every one. Ices, soups, and pastry flew about at her command, to quench the thirst or please the palates of the dancers. By that forgetfulness which is an essential qualification for a woman of fashion, the names of Champagne and Lafleur, Martin and Labrie, were applied to the same footman, who divining the intention of his mistress, answered equally to all.

The company consisted of a crowd of people, the greater part of whom were entire strangers to each other. Monsieur Labobinière called them all his friends; a civility wholly lost upon them, for they found fault with the decorations of the rooms, criticized the character of the master, the follies of the mistress, and the affectation of the daughter, with a severity which savoured more of malice than friendship. "You here?" said a fat man who had just been overwhelming Madame Labobinière with compliments, to a little counsellor who had been expatiating in her hearing upon the delightful evening he had spent.—"What would you have?" replied the latter: "one must go somewhere; besides, the only reason which induced me to throw away an evening here, was the hopes of meeting —." He lowered his voice, but his glance was directed to a young lady who during the evening had been lavish of her smiles on him.

I shall pass over in silence the observations of an elderly lady,

who never ceased blaming the extravagance of Mons. Labobinière, and remarking that the supper hour was extremely late; nor will I mention the names of some of the guests who refused either to play or dance, but never failed to take their share of the refreshments handed to the company at the end of every country dance. I saw, however, with pleasure, that the greater part of the young people, ignorant or careless of the criticism of their sager parents, gave themselves up to the pleasures of the evening; it was scarcely possible to see their hilarity without feeling a desire of following their example, and more than once I surprised myself involuntarily imitating in my corner the steps they were dancing in the middle of the saloon.

At three o'clock in the morning, we adjourned to the supper-room. A table was spread for sixty persons with every luxury, both hot and cold. The ladies sat down, and some of the more favoured beaux were admitted to the honour of being placed by their side. I shared this favour, being seated close to the two youths from the *chaussée d'Antin*. A profound silence prevailed for some moments, which was broken by the noise of the fall of some pieces of plate. The mistress of the house bore the accident with perfect calmness, but one of her female friends took up the business for her, and with great warmth scolded the servant who had been guilty of such awkwardness. We laughed, drank, and sang. One of the guests, who had been particularly loud in his remarks on the folly of the

whole evening's scheme, proposed the health of the master of the house, who expressed his immense gratitude for the honour done him. Madame Labobinière, whose presence of mind never failed her in the most minute particulars, had placed her daughter opposite the two young men of fortune before mentioned. Miss Agatha, at the dessert, had an opportunity of displaying an excellent voice, but rather deficient in science: she sang "Les plaisirs du ménage," a pretty song, but to which she evidently did not know how to give the right expression. Madame Labobinière did not lose the opportunity of noticing this inexperience.

The young people had now rested themselves, and the musicians

taken fresh courage from some bottles of foreign wine which had suddenly disappeared from the table: the latter returned to their post, and the ball recommencing, I retired unperceived. In the morning, Andrew, who had busily collected all the news of the neighbourhood, informed me, that an arm-chair spoiled, a velvet cover lost, and a china vase broken, had set Madame Labobinière and her best friends at variance: to heighten these misfortunes, this very ball, which had cost so much expense, and so much useless and unrewarded trouble, had been the means of procuring a husband for almost every young and pretty girl, except her own daughter.

LETITIA LOVEMODE'S LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

It does not signify, Mr. Editor; flesh and blood, at least female flesh and blood, can bear your conduct no longer. Pray, sir, what business have you to be poking about the flounces of our petticoats? Can't your gravityship find employment more worthy of your wisdom, than descanting upon the profusion of our trimmings, or measuring the height of our bonnets? Is it not a most abominable thing, that our dress, from head to foot, must be under your *surveillance*? Yes, sir, I repeat, from head to foot; for I remember, a little while ago you spitefully said, that even our very shoe-strings were French. But, sir, I see your object, and you may rest assured, I will do my possible to defeat your plan. You want to introduce a radical reform in

the empire of Fashion; and I dare say, that if you could succeed in subverting the present order of modes, anarchy and confusion would ensue; for I would lay any wager, that you have no regular, well-digested code of fashions, to present in the room of those you are in such haste to abolish.

But, sir, you may as well give your project up, for there is not the least probability that it will ever succeed. No, thank Heaven! we have still the spirit of freeborn Englishwomen, and we will rather die than yield an inch of the only privilege you male tyrants have left us—that of dressing in whatever manner we please.

I have no doubt, that if I had time to search among musty historians, I could prove, that this privilegē

of ours is of much more ancient date than the boasted Magna Charta, which you make such a pothier about; and that from the time when our female ancestors, the Picts, settled in full council what was to be considered most fashionable in the painted figures of suns, moons, stars, trees, ships, &c. &c. &c. with which they ornamented their fair skins, down to the present day, the ladies of Great Britain have always enjoyed it unmolested.

Nothing can be easier than to prove, that of late years we make the most moderate use imaginable of our prerogative; for pray, good Mr. Censor, what are our large bonnets, short waists, and flounced petticoats, compared to the buckram stays, immense ruffs, huge farthingales, and flaunting head-tires of Elizabeth's day? and cocked hats, or the riding-habits so completely anti-feminine, and the immense hoops, which provoked the spleen of Addison in Anne's reign? But perhaps you will say, for I know you will enter a caveat against me if you can, that we stretched our prerogative to an extreme in those days, because we were aided and abetted by the two female sovereigns I have named.

I am prepared, sir, to refute this objection; for a mere glance at our attire during the early part of his present Majesty's reign, will prove that we have gone as great length in his time, as we ever did before. Had not we fly-caps and Lunardi bonnets? Were not our handkerchiefs at one time ballooned, that is, stuck out in front more than half a yard from our bosoms; while at another time,

we dispensed with any handkerchief at all? Was not our hair dressed so as to form a superstructure of extravagant height, by the Lord knows how many tiers of curls, cemented in proper form by a mass of powder and pomatum? Were not the heels of our shoes so high, that we appeared to be mounted upon stilts? and were not our trimmings peaked, to resemble a shroud?

These, sir, are facts, the truth of which you cannot have the hardihood to deny; and after all this, are you not ashamed of yourself to decry the present fashions? I declare my indignation rises to such a height when I consider your conduct, that I could find in my heart to bring an action against you, for a libel on the good taste and good sense of the ladies of Great Britain; and I am certain, that if the jury were composed of married men whose wives had a proper spirit, you would be found guilty. I observe, indeed, that you shelter yourself under various names; but I suspect that your sly Sir James, and your P's and Q's, are one and the same person, and that that person is yourself.

But even if it be otherwise, which by the way I never will believe, I think I should still have a claw upon you, for the insertion of the libel; and I protest, if you do not in your very next number unsay all you have ever said against us, I will buy a set of law books directly, and try whether I can't find in them a precedent for prosecuting you.

Perhaps you may think that my zeal for the cause of the sex will cool, and that I shall give up the

design of punishing you ; but, sir, I have private injuries as well as public wrongs to redress. My mother, a grave, reflecting, reading lady, forgetting that she herself has been, I dare say, in her youthful days, as fond of the fashions as any body, takes your part violently against me, and has for ever in her mouth some of what she calls your sensible observations ; and what is even worse than that, a gentleman whom I did intend to honour with my hand, has shewn me,

by his approbation of what he is pleased to call your well merited and elegantly expressed censures, that he is too indocile an animal to be converted into a husband.

Thus, sir, you see what cause you have given me for anger, and if you have the least candour, you must allow, that it is sufficient to rouse the spirit of patient Grizzle herself, if she could be resuscitated. Hasten then to appease my ire, or expect to feel the vengeance of

LETITIA LOVEMODE.

SINGULAR CASE OF INVOLUNTARY DANCING.

IN the seventh volume of the Transactions of the Medico-Chirurgical Society of London, there is a communication by Mr. Kinder Wood, surgeon, respecting a malady of so peculiar a nature, that a short abstract of its symptoms may be as instructing to the common as to the medical reader. It is considered as a very peculiar form of the malady *chorea Sancti Viti*, or St. Vitus's dance. It appears to me, that it may more properly be considered as a form of *tarantism*, or of that peculiar disease supposed to be occasioned by the bite of the tarantula. To the same class probably belongs the louping (leaping) disease, to which the inhabitants of the county of Forfar are liable. The phenomena of that malady are very curious, and would deserve more elucidation than they have yet obtained from medical observers.

ALICE WHITWORTH, a married woman, aged twenty-two, residing near Oldham, on the 21st of February, 1815, consulted Mr. Wood on a case of severe pains shooting

through the right side of her head. She was relieved by an opiate liniment ; but on the 24th was affected by a violent agitation of the muscles, which was succeeded by involuntary motions of the right leg and arm, accompanied by beating with her feet. These movements continued for three hours, after which she became easier, and passed a quiet night. On the 25th the affection returned, and continued through the day for two hours at a time, with intervals of an hour. On the 26th the symptoms became more violent ; she flew into every corner of the room, striking violently with her hand the furniture and doors, the sound of which appeared to afford her great satisfaction. On the 27th the violence of the symptoms still increased, and we shall now describe them in Mr. Wood's own words :

" She now struck the furniture more violently, and more repeatedly, kneeling on one knee ; with the hands upon the back, she afterwards sprung up suddenly, and struck the top of the room with the

palm of the hand. To do this, she rose fifteen inches from the floor, so that the family were under the necessity of drawing all the nails and hooks from the ceiling. She frequently danced upon one leg, holding the other with the hand, and occasionally changing the legs. In the evening, the family observed the blows upon the furniture to be more continuous, and to assume the regular time and measure of a musical air. As a strain or series of strokes was concluded, she ended with a more violent stroke, or a more violent spring or jump. Several of her friends also at this time noticed the regular measure of the strokes, and the greater regularity the disease was assuming; the motions being regularly affected, or in some measure modified, by the strokes upon the surrounding bodies. She chiefly struck a small slender door, the top of a chest of drawers, the clock, a table, or a wooden screen placed near the door. The affection ceased about nine o'clock, when the patient went to bed.

"February 28, she arose very well at eight. At half-past nine the motions recommenced: they were now of a more pleasant nature; the involuntary actions, instead of possessing their former irregularity and violence, being changed into a measured step over the room, connected with an air or series of strokes, and the beat upon the adjacent bodies as she passed them. In the commencement of the attack, the lips moved as if words were articulated, but no sound could be distinguished at this period. It was curious indeed to observe the patient at this time

moving round the room with all the vivacity of the country dance, or the graver step of the minuet, the arms frequently carried not merely with ease, but with grace. Occasionally all the steps were so directed as to place the foot constantly where the stone flags joined to form the floor, particularly when she looked downwards. When she looked upwards, there was an irresistible impulse to spring up to touch little holes or spots in the top of the ceiling; when she looked around, she had a similar propensity to dart the fore-finger into little holes in the furniture, &c. One hole in the wooden screen received the point of the fore-finger many hundred times, which was suddenly and involuntarily darted into it with an amazing rapidity and precision. There was one particular part of the wall to which she frequently danced, and there placing herself with the back to it, stood two or three minutes. This, by the family, was called *the measuring-place*.

"In the afternoon the motions returned, and proceeded much as in the morning. At this time a person present, surprised with the manner in which she beat upon the doors, &c. and thinking he recognised the air, without further ceremony began to sing the tune: the moment this struck her ears, she suddenly turned to the man, and dancing directly up to him, continued doing so till he was out of breath. The man now ceased a short time, when, commencing again, he continued till the attack stopped. The night before this, her father had mentioned his wish to procure a drum, associating this

dance of his daughter with some ideas of music. The avidity with which she danced to the tune when sung as above stated, confirmed this wish, and accordingly a drum and fife were procured in the evening. After two hours of rest, the motions again reappeared, when the drum and fife began to play the air to which she had danced before, viz. *The Protestant Boys*, a favourite popular air in this neighbourhood. In whatever part of the room she happened to be, she immediately turned and danced up to the drum, and as close as possible to it; and there she danced till she missed the step, when the involuntary motions instantly ceased. The first time she missed the step in five minutes, but again rose and danced to the drum two minutes and a half by her father's watch, when, missing the step, the motions instantly ceased. After this the drum and fife commenced as the involuntary actions were coming on, and before she rose from her seat; and four times they completely checked the progress of the attack, so that she did not rise upon the floor to dance. At this period the affection ceased for the evening.

"March 1, she arose very well at half-past seven. Upon my visit this morning, the circumstances of the preceding afternoon being stated, it appeared clear to me that the attacks had been shortened.

"As I wished to see the effect of the instrument over the disease, I was sent for at noon, when I found her dancing to the drum, which she continued to do for half an hour without missing the step, owing to the slowness of the movement. As

I sat counting the pulse, which I found to be 120 in the short interval of an attack, I noticed motions of the lips previous to the commencement of the dance, and placing my ear near the mouth, I distinguished a tune. After the attack, of which this was the beginning, she informed me, in answer to my inquiry, that there was always a tune dwelling upon her mind, which at times becoming more pressing, irresistibly impelled her to commence the involuntary motions. The motion ceased at four o'clock.

"At half-past seven the motions commenced again, when I was sent for. There were two drummers present, and an unbraced drum was beaten till the other was braced. She danced regularly to the unbraced drum, but the moment the other commenced she instantly ceased. As missing the time stopped the affections, I wished the measure to be changed during the dance; which stopped the attack. It also ceased upon increasing the rapidity of the beat, till she could no longer keep time; and it was truly surprising to see the rapidity and violence of the muscular exertion, in order to keep time with the increasing movement of the instrument. Five times I saw her sit down the same evening at the instant that she was unable to keep the measure; and in consequence of this, I desired the drummers to beat one continued roll, instead of a regular movement. She arose, and danced five minutes, when both drums beat a continued roll: the motions instantly stopped, and the patient sat down. In a few minutes, the motions commencing

again, she was suffered to dance five minutes, when the drums again began to roll, the effect of which was instantaneous: the motions ceased, and the patient sat down. In a few minutes the same was repeated, with the same effect. It appeared certain that the attacks could now be stopped in an instant, and I was desirous of arresting them entirely, and breaking the chain of irregular associations which constituted the disease. As the motions at this period always commenced in the fingers, and propagated themselves along the upper extremities to the trunk, I desired the drummers, when the patient arose to dance, to watch the commencement of the attack, and roll the drums before she arose from the chair. Six times successively the patient was hindered from rising, by attending to the commencement of the affection; and before leaving the house, I desired the family to attend to the commencement of the attacks, and use the drum early.

"March 2, she arose at seven o'clock, and the motions commenced at ten. She danced twice before the drummer was prepared, after which she attempted to dance again four several times, but one roll of a well-braced drum hindered the patient from leaving her seat, after which the attacks did not recur. She was left weakly and fatigued by the disease, but with a good appetite. In the evening of this day an eruption appeared, particularly about the elbows, in diffused patches of a bright red colour, which went off on the third day.

"This woman, previously to her

complaint, could never dance even a country dance, and yet I saw her execute steps which could not be taught without difficulty. At times she would rise upon her toes, and move forwards alternately each heel into the hollow of the opposite foot; at other times poisoning the body upon one foot, with the heel raised, she would beat time with the toe and heel of the other.

"In this case there was no wandering of the intellect, either during the paroxysm or in its absence. The perception and judgment were accurate and just, and all questions were answered correctly. During the intermission she did many household affairs, nursed her child, &c. &c. although the troublesome curiosity of her numberless visitors undoubtedly disturbed her ease. There was a constant wish to recover, a just knowledge of her situation, and of the advantage she received from the agency of the instrument, with an anxious desire to continue its use.

"This disease appears to have consisted in a highly irritable state of the mind, with which the organs of voluntary motion became associated; and the cure was effected by interrupting this irregular association. It is probable, that the noise of the instrument in a room scarcely six yards square was very advantageous, by interrupting the chain of musical ideas impressed upon the highly excited mind, and re-establishing the ordinary relation of the mental operations with external things. The voluntary muscles also early associated themselves with the instrument, as was shewn by the instant cessation of their unnatural actions

when the time could no longer be kept."

She continued free from any attack for six weeks, but in April began to be affected with agitations in the muscles of the face, particularly the eyes and eyelids. She recovered, however; but in May was repeatedly seized with affec-

tions similar to those which occurred in the first attack. They were always removed by the drum, which she at length began to beat herself. After some repetitions of attacks, on the 2d of August she recovered entirely, and has continued perfectly well ever since.

THE NARRATIVE OF DE COURCI.

MR. EDITOR,

As I was sitting the other day with an old friend, who was arranging some papers, I observed a packet labelled "De Courci's Narrative." As the name happened to be that of a family with whom I am acquainted, I inquired if the papers related to them.—"No," replied my friend; "they contain a singular story, which fell into my hands by accident more than thirty years ago. If you like, you may peruse them." The narrative appeared to me interesting. I have prefaced it by my friend's account of the manner in which he became possessed of it; and if, Mr. Editor, you have a spare corner in your elegant Miscellany, and think the tale worthy of insertion, you will, by giving it a place, oblige your very humble servant,

H.

INTRODUCTION.

BUSINESS carried me to France at the latter end of the year 1788, and a heavy fall of snow obliged me to stop at an obscure village in my way to Paris. "Have you any company in the house?" said I to the landlord of the little inn where I put up.—"Only one gentleman, sir," replied he, "who has been

detained here by illness for the last ten days." I inquired whether he was a Frenchman, and what was his complaint. To the first question my host replied in the affirmative, but he was ignorant of the nature of the stranger's disorder: all he knew was, that monsieur seemed very ill, never quitted his room, and seldom his bed; he had no medical advice, and the woman who nursed him thought he could not live many days longer. It was evident from this account, that the situation of the poor invalid was a forlorn one indeed: it was true, the host said he had money, but how little could that compensate for the want of the soothing attentions of friendship! "Possibly," thought I, "I may be able to be of some service to him;" and the next morning I sent to inform him, that an English traveller, who was proceeding to Paris, begged to know if he could do any thing for him in that city. The servant returned with the stranger's thanks, and a request to see me. I went immediately to his apartment, and no sooner had I cast my eyes upon him, than my compassion was heightened into the liveliest interest. He received me sitting up in his bed: he appeared to be but little

past the middle of life, and his features were still fine; but the deep and hopeless dejection of his aspect, the lustreless appearance of his dark eye, and the grey hairs which prematurely mingled with his ebon locks, shewed that sorrow, rather than disease, was rapidly conducting him to the tomb.

He addressed me in English, and thanked me with the graceful courtesy of his nation for my offered services. "I would wish, sir," continued he, "to have a letter conveyed to a person in England after my decease; and if you will favour me with your address, this letter can be forwarded to you in Paris. Will you promise me to inclose it to him in a few lines from yourself, for I wish to spare him the shock of knowing too suddenly what has happened?"

I readily promised to comply with his desire, if it should become necessary. "But, my dear sir," continued I, "hope is not yet lost; medical aid may still save you."

"No," replied he, calmly, "I am past all human aid: well is it for me that I am, for life would to me be a punishment indeed." I tried to answer, to say something consolatory, but in spite of myself the words stuck in my throat. He saw my emotion. "Good and feeling youth," cried he, "I distress you; but I am not worthy of your sympathy." His tremulous tone shewed how much he was affected; and fearing to increase his illness, I quitted him with a promise to see him again before I departed.

The interest which the stranger excited was so strong, that I resolved to remain with him for a few days; and in the evening I re-

turned to his apartment, to announce my determination. His countenance assumed for a moment an appearance of pleasure, and he replied, "I owe already many obligations to those of your nation." I remained with him some hours: we conversed on various subjects; I found him full of information, liberal in his ideas, and of manners so bland and amiable, that the interest I felt for him hourly increased. In short, I determined to remain with him to the last, and by the end of the week it was evident that he had not many days to live. One evening, as I sat by his bedside, he drew from under his pillow a small packet, which he presented to me. "Read this, my dear friend," said he, "when I am no more; it is a narrative of my crimes and my misfortunes: may Heaven forbid that you should ever have need of the lesson it contains!" Two days afterwards he breathed his last in my arms. I saw his remains committed to the earth; and while my tears fell for his untimely fate, I trusted in the mercy of Heaven, that his deep and sincere repentance was accepted as an atonement for his faults.

THE NARRATIVE.

I entered into life with fortunate prospects; my birth was noble; I was moderately rich, and I possessed some advantages both of person and talents; but I was naturally proud and self-willed. A good education might have corrected these defects, but the dotting fondness of my parents suffered them to become so rooted, that, even at an early age, opposition to my purpose only served to sti-

mulate me in the pursuit of it. I lost both my parents before I had attained my twenty-first year. An uncle, who knew the defects of my temper, thought to prevent the bad consequences which might ensue from my being left at so early a period my own master, by uniting me to an amiable girl something younger than myself. He knew my temper too well to propose the union, but he brought us together. I soon became captivated with her charms. She was an orphan, and under my uncle's guardianship, so that I obtained her hand without difficulty: we were married, and during some time I enjoyed a felicity equally pure and transcendent.

The first interruption to my happiness arose from an acquaintance having imprudently magnified to my wife a slight loss which I had sustained at play. She spoke to me about it, and endeavoured, but with the utmost gentleness, to dissuade me from a pursuit, which might one day prove fatal. This remonstrance appeared in my eyes an insult. I replied haughtily, that I did not want instructions for my conduct; and from mere opposition I continued to play, till what was at first an amusement, which I could have relinquished without pain, became, from habit, a passion. I was seldom at home, paid my wife very little attention, and grew at last indifferent to every pursuit but that of gaming.

My poor Hortense saw this change with anguish, but afraid to remonstrate, she confined her sorrow to her own breast, till an event took place, which gave her, as she hoped, a prospect of regaining my

affections. This was her pregnancy, which happened in the second year of our marriage. When she first communicated the intelligence to me, my heart was filled with rapture; I reproached myself for my neglect of her, and resolved to atone for it by unremitting tenderness in future. But, alas! the habit of gaming had now taken such a hold of my heart, that I struggled in vain to shake it off. I restrained myself, however, in some degree till the birth of my child; but as Hortense resolved to suckle it herself, I seized the opportunity which this gave me to absent myself from home, and I returned with redoubled avidity to the gaming-table.

For more than five years after the birth of my child, I played with various success; at the end of that time Fortune declared against me, and, after several vicissitudes, I was completely ruined. For some time prior to this event, I had avoided the society of my wife as much as possible. Love for her child had given her courage to renew her remonstrances, and though I treated them with contempt, I was too sensible of their truth to expose myself to hear them. Now, however, I determined to see her, to bid her an eternal farewell, and to fly from France for ever.

A few days before the consummation of my ruin, a friend of Hortense's had left in her care a casket of valuable jewels. My wife deposited them in a cabinet in her chamber, and I happened to be present at the time. When I returned home, I went into her apartment; the first thing that caught my eye was the cabinet which contained the jewels: at that

moment the dreadful idea struck me, that, by possessing myself of them, I might yet retrieve my losses; and with the quickness of a maniac, I broke the lock of the cabinet, seized the casket, and instantly hastened back to the gaming-table. A single throw decided my fate; the jewels were lost, and my honour for ever forfeited. All the horrors of my situation rushed upon me in that dreadful moment. One way only presented itself to avoid public ignominy, and that was suicide. I quitted the gaming-house with the intention of putting an immediate end to my existence, but as I descended the steps, my arm was grasped by a female so muffled up, that but for her voice I should not have recognised my wife. "For the love of Heaven!" said she, in a tone of agony, "have mercy on me and on yourself! give me back the jewels."—A groan was my only reply.—"Gracious Providence," cried Hortense, "my fears were then too just! you have lost them." At these words I struggled to burst from her, but love endued her with supernatural strength; she firmly kept her hold, nor quitted me till she had extorted a solemn oath, that I would make no attempt upon my life.

"All," cried this angel of peace and forgiveness, "all may yet be retrieved. Your uncle possesses the means of saving your honour: no doubt he will do it at any sacrifice. Fly then to England, where I will join you the moment this unhappy affair is settled; and, oh! be careful of your safety, for my sake, and that of our poor boy."

The mention of our child soft-

ened in some degree the violence of my distraction; tears gushed from my eyes, and I gave my wife the promise she required. She forced upon me her purse and her watch. It was settled between us that I should proceed straight to London, and there remain under a borrowed name till I heard from her; and to prevent the possibility of my being traced, her letter was to be addressed to the General Post-Office.

I reached London in safety. For two months I remained in a state of torturing suspense, for no letter arrived from my wife; at the end of that time I received one, but I shuddered when I saw the direction was in my uncle's hand: my horror was prophetic, for it brought me the news of Hortense's death. After reproaching me in the bitterest manner for the indelible stain which I had brought upon my family, he informed me that my wife and child were no more. The anguish of Hortense's mind had thrown her into a violent fever; her infant caught the disease from her, and both perished. "When the sacrificed angel," continued he, "found herself dying, she revealed to me the place where you had fled, and besought me to render her last moments easy, by promising to preserve you from the horrors of want, to which I had threatened to abandon you when I made reparation for the robbery you committed. I could not refuse her request, but the sum which I send you I bestow as an alms; for from henceforth you are an alien to my blood, and should you presume to return to France, I will take effectual means to prevent

your adding to the ignominy with which you have already overwhelmed your family."

For months after this letter reached me, I remained in a state of melancholy stupor, bordering upon insanity. The people with whom I lodged were uncommonly humane; they procured me medical advice; and the skill of my physician, aided by their unremitting care, restored me at length to health and reason.

My uncle need not have interdicted my return to France, for worlds would not have bribed me to revisit it. The image of my murdered wife haunted my mind incessantly. Wherever I went, her soft eyes seemed bent upon me, with that look of mingled tenderness and agony, with which she had bade me farewell. Sleep brought me no relief, for in my slumbers, her form, in the agonies of death, was still before me. At that period I became acquainted with a young Englishman of noble family; our acquaintance soon ripened into friendship; he invited, indeed almost forced me, to his house, and by the most delicate and incessant attentions, strove to render life supportable in my eyes.

On my arrival in England, I had assumed a feigned name, and for many reasons I continued it. Years passed away, my tranquillity did not return, but I strove, by mixing in the bustle of the world, to silence the voice of remorse. The house and table of Lord S—— continued to be mine; the interest of the sum which my uncle had sent me, enabled me to make the appearance of a gentleman, and the principal remained untouched.—

The only intelligence I ever obtained from France was, that my uncle had adopted a boy, the orphan of a deceased friend; he gave the child his name, and meant to leave him all his property.

I did not hear this intelligence unmoved: time had deadened my remorse; I regretted the loss of my uncle's possessions, and forgetting the cause he had to be exasperated against me, regarded his leaving them to a stranger as an act of tyranny and injustice.

When I had been about fifteen years in England, Lord S—— married. This event made no change in his attachment to me, but it was soon evident that Lady S—— disliked me. When my friend was present, she treated me with politeness, but the haughty coldness of her manner towards me in his absence, was too grating to my pride to be long borne. My attachment to him prevented my rendering him unhappy by disclosing her behaviour, but in a few months after their marriage I quitted his house.

My intention was to retire into the country, but day after day passed without my putting it into execution. I had no resources for solitude; long habit had rendered the mode of life I then followed necessary to enable me to support existence; and though I was aware of the impossibility of continuing it long, I deferred from day to day putting any scheme of retrenchment in practice, till I had seriously injured my little property.

I still continued to visit Lord S——, and to associate with his friends; at the house of one of the latter, I was introduced to a young

Frenchman, whose name was the same as my uncle's. I eagerly inquired to what family the youth belonged; and I learned that he was the adopted son of my uncle, whose death, a few months before, had put him in possession of considerable property. The young man seemed delighted with the sight of a countryman: he accosted me with all the frankness of his age, but my distant and haughty replies quickly repulsed him; he addressed himself to others, and I remained gloomily silent. The sight of him roused all the bad passions of my nature; I viewed him with envy and dislike, as one who had robbed me of my natural right. These feelings were heightened by perceiving the interest and admiration with which he inspired the rest of the company. His manners, indeed, were so singularly graceful and prepossessing, that only a heart like mine, under the dominion of all the baneful passions, could be shut against him.

As I met him frequently in company, I could not but perceive that he tried to conciliate me, but his endeavours were always vain: my dislike to him rather increased than abated; and when I was compelled to notice him, I did it with an air of haughty indifference, which I saw sensibly piqued his pride.

One evening we met at the house of a lady, who it was well known encouraged deep play. When I recovered my senses, after the loss of my wife, I made a resolution, which I religiously kept, not to return to gaming; but I sometimes looked on while others

played. That evening I stationed myself by him, and in some difficulty which arose about the game, he appealed to me to decide it. Influenced more by pique than justice, I gave it against him, and he haughtily appealed from my decision. This roused all my ire: I answered him in a manner which no gentleman could brook; he signified, in a low tone, his wish to speak to me in private; we quitted the room together, and repaired to a neighbouring tavern.

As soon as we reached it, he insisted, with haughty vehemence, upon instant satisfaction for the insult I had offered him. I was, alas! but too ready to comply with his desire. We drew our swords, and in a few minutes I received a wound in the side. I staggered, and should have fallen, had not my antagonist sprung to assist me. As he supported me in his arms, a small miniature fell from his bosom: it caught my eyes; I hastily snatched it, and gazed upon it in almost breathless astonishment, for it was a portrait of Hortense. "Gracious Heaven!" cried I, "how did you become possessed of this?"—"It is the picture of my mother." I heard no more; my senses sunk under this cruel, this overwhelming blow, and so long did my insensibility continue, that those about me thought I was gone for ever.

My poor boy, unconscious of the dreadful cause of my fainting, refused to seek his safety in flight, and remained watching over me. When I regained my senses, I requested to be left alone with him. I communicated, in a few words, the discovery I had made, and be-

sought him to escape to France. How can I paint the despair, the horror of the wretched youth, when he learned, that his hand had been lifted against a father's life! Yet he positively refused to leave me; and this resolution would have driven me to despair, but for the assurances of the surgeon, that my wound, though dangerous, might be cured, if I could be kept from fever. Alas! the agitation I suffered, rendered that impossible; a violent fever and delirium seized me, and for twenty days my recovery was always doubtful, and often despaired of.

During the whole time, my son never quitted my bedside. He was the first object I saw when I recovered my senses; but, oh Heavens, how changed! he was scarcely the shadow of the healthful, animated youth I last beheld. Alas! remorse and sorrow, united to incessant fatigue and want of nourishment, had preyed upon his frame, and I was scarcely pronounced out of danger, when he gave every symptom of a rapid decline. One hope alone remained—his native air might save him; and I hastened with him to France, wearying Heaven with prayers to spare me the guilt of being his destroyer.

When we were permitted to converse, I learned, that, till the moment in which he discovered me to be his father, he was ignorant of my existence. My uncle had revealed to him the secret of his birth, assuring him, at the same time, that I was dead. He practised this deception, no doubt, from a fear lest my son should seek me out; for as he himself never for-

gave the crime I had committed, he wished to prevent all possibility of my appearing again in the world.

Nature had spoken to the heart of my poor boy at our first interview; he felt himself attracted towards me, till repelled by the ungraciousness of my manner; and never did son manifest a fonder attachment to a parent, than he shewed during the short period in which it pleased Heaven to spare him. He endeavoured incessantly to console me for his approaching death, and to drive from my mind, the dreadful idea that I had caused it. I strove to conceal from him the deep and incurable anguish of my soul; I even bore with outward calmness the sight of his almost hourly decay. I should not perhaps have been able to do so, if I had not felt assured, that I should not long survive him. The change in my appearance did not escape his eye; he conjured me with his last breath to hasten to England, and seek for consolation in the friendship of Lord S——. I promised him, that when the last sad duties were paid to his remains, I would set out for England; but I felt then, that I should never reach it alive. That conviction was just: my illness increased so rapidly, that I was obliged to stop where I now am; and had not Heaven sent you, my dear B——, to render me the last offices, my eyes must have been closed by hirelings. Oh! with what bitter and unavailing regret do I now look back upon my past life! Had I, even after my first crime, sought for peace and pardon in the consolations of religion, the last dreadful blow would have

been spared: but, alas! penitence never touched my heart; I grieved for the consequences of my crime, but not for the crime itself. The hand of Heaven has at length fallen heavily on me: I humbly hope its justice will be appeased by my sufferings here, and that, in the world to which I am hastening, I shall be permitted to receive the forgiveness of my murdered wife and son.

QUEEN ELIZABETH AND HER POETRY. FOR THE REPOSITORY.

MR. EDITOR,

I HAVE here collected a few pieces of poetry, or rather of rhythm, attributed to the pen of Elizabeth. The poetical effusions of this "English Diana, the Great Britain Maid," as she is called by her courtier Puttenham, are, I believe, as little read as they are admired: they deserve notice, more from their curiosity or rarity, than from any peculiar excellence in their composition. It has indeed been acknowledged pretty nearly on all hands, that her majesty was patronised by the Muses as much as she was favoured by the Graces; and yet perhaps no rhymers ever existed, however great his talents, upon whom so many fulsome panegyrics have been lavished. The name of Elizabeth is rather to be respected as a patroness of literature, and as the liberal supporter of those great and illustrious poets who flourished under her auspices. It has been remarked by a celebrated historian, that she delighted "more in shining by her own learning, than in encouraging men of genius by her liberality:" but this observation was dictated perhaps by too acrimonious a spirit; and when it is considered, that, in all probability, without her support, the wit of a Harington, and the sweetness of a Spenser, might have

been totally lost in the ignorance of the age, it is not too much to give her the praise of having afforded her assistance in such a cause.

To the reign of Elizabeth, no less than seventy-four poets are assigned in Phillips's *Theatrum Poetarum*; and Puttenham, in one of his addresses to her majesty, praising her for her liberality, says, "By your princely purse-favours and countenance, making in a manner what ye list: the poor man rich, the lewd well learned, the coward courageous, and vile both noble and valiant."

Elizabeth, in the early part of her life, when, as Camden says, Edward "was wont to call her his sweet sister *Temperance*," applied herself much to literary pursuits, and made great progress in both the Greek and Roman languages, under the tuition of Henry Saville, and afterwards of Roger Ascham. Her knowledge of these languages, if we are to believe what Ascham tells us, was by no means contemptible; and indeed his assertions are in a great measure confirmed by historical facts, and minute incidents, which have since been related. Ascham, speaking of the learning of the age, says, "It is your shame (I speak to you, young gentlemen of England), that

one maid should go beyond you all in excellence of learning and knowledge of divers tongues:" and he goes on to observe, "yet I believe, that beside her perfect readiness in Latin, Italian, French, and Spanish, she readeth here now at Windsor more Greek every day, than some prebendary of this church doth read Latin in a whole week." As a confirmation of this observation, the extempore reply of Elizabeth to Philip's prohibition might be cited.

Another proof of the quickness of her capacity, is her celebrated reply to the question, as to which she preferred, the learning of Buchanan, or that of Walter Haddon: "Buchananum omnibus antepono; Haddonum nemini postpono."

The panegyrists upon the queen are almost as numerous as the poets who lived in her reign. Every paltry rhymers, who could muster wit enough to make a verse, was sure to pay adoration to this second Diana; the more necessitous in their circumstances, the more loud were they in her praises. Even some of the most esteemed poets of the age have condescended to pay to her the most slavish adulation. Sir John Davis and George Peele represent her as Astræa; and Judith, Deborah, and Esther are introduced as her ordinary hand-maids. Breton and Bolton vie with each other in their lavish praises. Lodowyk Lloyd, one of her majesty's sergeants at arms, in his "Ditty to the Queen," followed the custom of the age in the laboured exaltation of his mistress. Sir Walter Raleigh does not scruple to call her "lovely Venus" and

"chaste Diana," after she had passed her sixtieth year.

Puttenham goes so far as to declare, that "her learned, delicate, noble Muse surmounteth all the rest that have written before her time or since, for sense, sweetness, and subtlety, be it in ode, elegy, epigram, or any other kind of poem." Even when Elizabeth stood on the very brink of the grave, these "courtly comfits" were still scattered round the throne. In a collection of madrigals, called *The Triumphs of Oceana*, published as late as 1601, she is represented as a virgin queen surrounded by a thousand Graces.

The following lines by Queen Elizabeth are preserved by Hentzer, in that part of his travels which has been reprinted at Strawberry Hill. In the original edition of Hentzer they were much corrupted, and are here given as amended by the editor:

"Oh Fortune! how thy restless wavering state

Hath fraught with cares my troubled wit!
Witness this present prison, whither fate
Could bear me, and the joys I quit.

Thou caused'st the guilty to be loosed
From bands wherein are innocents inclos'd;
Causing the guiltless to be straight reserv'd,
And freeing those that death hath well deserv'd:

But by her envy can be nothing wrought,
So God send to my foes all they have thought."

A. D. MDLV.

ELIZABETH, Prisoner.

The above lines were written while the queen was prisoner at Woodstock, with charcoal, on a shutter. In Puttenham's *Art of English Poesy* is preserved the following sonnet by Queen Elizabeth:

The doubt of future foes exiles my present
joy,
And wit me warns to shun such snares as
threaten mine annoy;
For falsehood now doth flow, and subject
faith doth ebb,
Which would not be if reason rul'd, or wis-
dom weav'd the web.
But clouds of toys untried do cloak aspiring
minds,
Which turn to reign of late repent by course
of changed winds.
The top of hope supposed, the root of ruth
will be,
And fruitless all their grafted guiles, as short-
ly we shall see.
Then dazzled eyes with pride, which great
ambition blinds,
Shall be unseal'd by worthy wights, whose
foresight falsehood finds.
The daughter of debate, that eke discord
doth sow,
Shall reap no gain where former rule hath
taught still peace to grow.
No foreign banish'd wight shall anchor in this
port:
Our realm it brooks no stranger force; let
them elsewhere resort.
Our rusty sword with zest shall first his edge
employ,
To poll their tops that seek such change, and
gape for joy.

The following epitaph, made by
Elizabeth on the death of the Prin-
cess of Espinoy, is inserted among
the poems of Soothern, printed in
her time. It certainly does not
shew much poetical genius in her
majesty. Ritson calls it, justly, an
"abominable composition."

When the warrior Phœbus goeth to make his
round,

With a painful course, to t'other hemi-
sphere,

A dark shadow, a great horror, and a fear,
In I know not what clouds environ the
ground:

And even so for Pinoy, that fair virtuous lady,
(Although Jupiter have in this horizon

Made a star of her, by the Ariadnean
crown),

Mourns, dolour, and grief accompany our
body.

O Atropos! thou hast done a work pervers'd;
And as a bird that hath lost both young and
nest,

About the place where it was makes many a
turn:

Even so doth Cupid, that infant god of
amour,

Fly about the tomb where she lies all in do-
lour,

Weeping for her eyes, wherein he made so
journ.

With respect to the genuineness
of the following lines some doubt
exists. They were discovered in MS.
in the Ashmolean Museum, and are
supposed to have been written by
Elizabeth on the departure of the
Duke of Alençon, between whom
and the queen marriage articles
were drawn up, and are preserved
in Camden's *Annals*, p. 372. Others,
perhaps with less reason, have sup-
posed the verses to have been writ-
ten upon the quarrel of the queen
with her favourite the Earl of Essex.

I grieve, and dare not shew my discontent;

I love, and yet am forc'd to seem to hate;

I do, yet dare not say I ever meant;

I seem stark mute, but inwardly do prate:

I am, and not; I freeze, and yet am burn'd,
Since from myself my other self I turn'd.

My care is like my shadow in the sun,

Follows me flying; flies when I pursue it;
Stands and lies by me; does what I have
done:

This too familiar care does make me rue it;
No means I find to rid him from my breast,
Till by the end of things it be suppress'd.

Some guilty passions slide into my mind,

For I am soft, and made of melting snow:
Or be more cruel, love, and so be kind;

Let me or float or sink, be high or low;

Or let me live with some more sweet content,
Or die, and so forget what love e'er meant.

(Signed.)

"*Finis*, ELIZA Regina, upon
Mount Zeur's departure."

Besides the preceding pieces of
poetry, there are several little
scraps of verses, registered only for
their curiosity. The following two
lines "were written," says Putten-
ham, "in defiance of Fortune."

Never think you Fortune can bear the Savoy,
Where virtue's force can cause her to obey.

Rebuses, it seems, were not beneath the dignity of her majesty. The following is a tolerable one upon Mr. Noel :

The word of denial, and letter of fifty,
Is that gentleman's name that will never be thrifty.

In the subsequent distich, her majesty has given the characters of four knights of Nottinghamshire :

Gervase the gentle, Stanhope the stout,
Markham the lion, and Sutton the lout.

Fuller, in his *Worthies*, relates that Sir W. Raleigh, having written on a window obvious to the queen's eye,

Fain would I climb, yet fear I to fall :

the queen wrote under it,

If thy heart fail thee, climb not at all.

In Fox's *Acts and Monuments* it is recorded, that Elizabeth wrote the following lines upon the win-

dow of Woodstock, where she was confined :

Much suspected by me,
Nothing proved can be.

Quod ELIZABETH the Prisoner.

I have now, I believe, noticed nearly all the poetic effusions of Queen Elizabeth, at least those which have come to my hands, and I shall conclude with the following laughable epitaph written upon her : although a little extravagant, it may not be the worst.

The queen was brought by water to Whitehall :

At every stroke the oars did tears let fall ;
More clung about the barge ; fish under water
Wept out their eyes of pearl, and swam blind after.

I think the bargemen might with easier thighs
Have row'd her thither in the people's eyes ;
For howsoever thus much my thoughts have
scann'd,

Sh'ad come by water, had she come by land.

C. F. W.

LONDON, Dec. 3.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A WOULD-BE AUTHOR.

CHAP. IX.

THE WANDERINGS OF LOVE AND LITERATURE—THE AUTHOR AND A POETICAL MISTRESS.

THE two ladies whom I put up in my last were not averse to my attentions ; indeed each strove who should most deserve them. They were sufficiently well dressed to assure me, that they were in that sort of genteel life which owes no assistance to trade ; and their conversation, and the time of day in which they were enjoying themselves, convinced me they could neither be mantua, I mean dress-makers, flower-manufacturers, nor venders of straw bonnets. Their language, too, was not incorrect ; but as it consisted of remarks on the opera, the theatre, and the fashions, I soon

became convinced that their lives had been spent in too ornamental a manner to be useful either to themselves or their friends : besides, their hands and fingers were too white and too long ever to have been used in any thing but the decoration of their persons.

The easy yet pert way in which they affected to disavow every shopkeeper, and every plan with which those who are properly brought up in a family ought to be acquainted, gave me at first a very high idea of my new acquaintances, whom I treated with the most profound respect ; nor did this re-

spect vanish when we ascended a dark pair of stairs near St. Luke's church, where I was ushered into a room that betrayed all the elegant confusion of a professor of the arts and sciences.

I was introduced to papa as a gentleman who had rescued the young ladies from a mad bull which had attempted to toss them: and this introduction came just in time to revive me; for, between ourselves, Mr. Editor, I was beginning to be alarmed for an excuse in thus intruding, when the *poetical licence* of the bull, uttered by these young ladies, relieved me from my trouble. The gentleman waved his hand for me to sit, and assuring me that he would attend to me in the turn of a paria, left me (while the young ladies went to change their dress), to wander with my eyes over the apartment.

I sat near an old spinnet, which was open, and on which was a piece of music, entitled "Lovers' Sigas," presented by the author: the top of the instrument was covered with ladies' apparel. On the ground lay an odd shoe; books were tumbled in one corner; an old sofa was occupied by a pug-bitch with a litter of puppies; here lay an opera hat, there a broken foil; near the fire-place reposed a spaniel, and on a lady's work-table was a proof-sheet of some publication. In the corner of the room sat the father of these young ladies, supported almost in his chair by newspapers and publications. His face was cadaverous and pale, his linen not very clean, and as he stared at me and scribbled, scribbled and stared again, had I not been a little acquainted with the manners

of the initiated in literature, I should probably have run down stairs, apprehending that I was closeted with a maniac.

He at length finished with a "There! the rascal may have it when he pleases. I have to beg you ten thousand pardons, my good sir," said he, smiling, as he approached to shake hands: "you have the misfortune, sir, to visit a man of genius, as we are called. You, who probably condemn an author over a review, or damn him from the pit of a theatre, little think of the trouble, the labour, and care he feels to build a structure, which you in a moment destroy." I stammered out something about respect for literary talents; I said, that the pleasure of reforming or entertaining the age in which we lived, was to be sure a great reward; but I hinted, that the literary man was not adequately paid for his exertions.

"It is very true, sir," said he; "but I have no reason to complain. My room, as you perceive, does not exhibit the study of a man of learned leisure: yet I do very well; I report for two newspapers; I edit three magazines; I also write theatrical critiques; and that my hands may be quite full, I am *doing* also a biographical work of no small magnitude: but then, sir, I have allies. My wife is a tolerable hand at juvenile books; and since Little Jack Hornor was out of date, we drive a tolerable trade. One of my daughters translates from the French; another assists me in critiques on all the new novels; while a third writes ethical essays for a lady's magazine. 'Tis true, I am up by

five every morning, and that I have not for ten years seen a green tree; yet I have my recreations: I have admissions for the Opera; and when I have leisure to read as I like, I unbend my mind by working Euclid, or the *doctrine* of conic sections."

Here he was interrupted by my new friends, the young ladies, attended by their mamma and a junior daughter: the former soon left us, as she said, for the devil, who was waiting; while Cassandra, Sappho, and Agrippina, in rather soiled undresses, drove Chloe from the fire, who sculked growling under his master. The conversation now took a very lively turn, on the young ladies being informed, that papa had let me into all the "secrets of his prison-house."

I left them, promising to call again, but not before the versatile author had slipped proposals into my hand for a volume of poems, to be published by subscription, with a head of the fair author, Sappho Laura Blinkinsop. At these lodgings I became nearly a fixture.

Perhaps there is no situation so dangerous for a young man as being introduced to a family just well bred enough to offer every civility, and well enough dressed, but in debt all over the town. Here was no awful respect to keep me at a distance, but good temper and good humour led me into the greatest temptation of forming an imprudent connection. Such was my situation with this family, and if I were inclined to fill up the outline of a novel, to be entitled "Delicate Distress," I might have taken this family for a study. My pocket suffered severely. Where

is the man who can resist being the saviour of a family, especially of pretty girls? I could barely resist it, but I was stopped just in time, by reading a letter which Cassandra Blinkinsop had dropped from her ridicule, the price of which article might have purchased them a dinner, from which I learned, that I was only received as a lover to assist their papa, while they in fact doted upon a young aspirant for dramatic fame, who had promised to marry one of them if his new play succeeded. Sappho, however, died of a cold caught at a ball, the price of which and a new robe had been borrowed of me; and Agrippina got a situation as teacher in a Russian family; and I contrived to absent myself entirely from the house at the price of 35*l.* 16*s.* 9½*d.* a nearly new great-coat, and an umbrella. Blinkinsop is, I understand, writing a pamphlet on the Policy of Riot; but his Philippics on Liberty must emanate from the walls of the King's Bench.

I now wrote a Farewell to Love, which was to be banished for ever; but at the end of the week I wrote a "Recall to Cupid," and I determined for the future not to adopt his chains so hastily. The fact is, that I was now grown older, but it will not appear that I had become less romantic, when I picture the kind of person I had in my mind selected for Mrs. Gilliflower. Her form was to be tall and elegant; I had even settled her style of dress, which was to be plain white, confined round the waist with a black ribbon; her eyes were to be dark and large; her raven locks parted on the forehead, which was to dis-

play the most dazzling whiteness ; her lips were to be coral, her teeth of ivory ; but no rude health was to paint her cheeks, which were to exhibit the most interesting paleness : she was to *touch* the piano, and *sweep* the strings of the harp. The mimic landscape was to *grow* under her hand, the rose to blush and perfume by her pencil ; she was never to laugh, but the sweetest tears of susceptibility were *ever* to fill her eyes, which were to glisten also at every tale *I* wrote or recited. Alas ! little did I think of the present time, when I was about to marry a fat doll of four feet nothing, with a ruddy round face, a good-natured smile, and no accomplishments, save to play *Drops of Brandy* on her harpsichord to please her children ; and no literary attainments whatever, but what were gained under the tuition of an old aunt, who taught her the English and French grammars ; to recite, " Now stood Eliza o'er the wood-crown'd height ;" to make puddings, and dance *Sir David Hunter Blair* at an assize-ball.

Long was I in search of an interesting goddess, when, at length, as I was one day passing Tower-hill, such a female, with a tender hesitating air, accosted me. I discovered by her pronunciation that

she was from the country : to this she assented, and that she had been with some friends to see the lions, and while gazing on the yeomen of the guard, she had lost them, and besought me, as a gentleman, to escort her home.— " Maid of the sylvan scene," I said, " brought up where vice has no lurking-place, you may depend on me ;" and calling a coach, she timidly took my proffered arm.— " Form of ethereal mould," I exclaimed mentally, as the most beautiful angle in the world was placed on the step of the hack, " what a portion of happiness must that man hold who calls thee wife !" Busied in composing the first line for an ode " On wedded Love," I heard not the direction she gave the coachman ; and after treating her with the greatest respect, what was my surprise at her stopping at a notorious house of ill fame ! My eyes swam ; I was all confusion ; when the lovely interesting creature asked me what the *devil* ailed me. " Where," said I, " are you taking me ?" and I jumped first out of the vehicle, while her voice, conveyed by vagrant echo, denouncing vengeance on me for not paying the coach-hire, still tingled in my ears.

AGREED AT LAST, OR THE AUNT'S STRATAGEM:

A TALE.

MISS HARLEY, a young heiress, who was richer in the gifts of fortune than those of nature, chanced to dance at a race-ball with Lieutenant Clermont, a younger son of good family, whose situation was precisely the reverse of

her own, for nature had been as lavish, as fortune was niggardly to him. Miss Harley was charmed with her partner ; they soon became acquainted, and as she was not overburthened with maidenly reserve, she suffered her preference

to be very visible. The lieutenant, however, shewed no disposition to avail himself of his good fortune; and the lady, finding he was deaf to all her hints, though, to say the truth, they were pretty intelligible, got a mutual friend to signify her willingness to bestow upon him her hand and property.

Fortunately for the interests of Miss Harley's passion, this proposal was made to the lieutenant in a few hours after he had received intimation from several of his tradespeople, that his name would be speedily coupled with those of John Doe and Richard Roe, if he did not pay their bills, which amounted to a large sum. As our poor son of Mars had not a guinea, he thought, if he must lose his liberty, the fetters of Hymen would be at least more supportable than the bondage of the law; and accordingly, in a very short time, he led Miss Harley to the altar.

Poor Clermont had soon reason to believe, that he might have been more comfortable in a snug little room in the King's Bench, than in the magnificent mansion of which, by his marriage, he became possessor. Mrs. Clermont's temper was bad, and the violence of her affection for her husband was shewn in a manner that rather resembled hatred than love. She could not bear to have him a moment absent from her sight; she worried him incessantly by her great anxiety about his health; and if she found, or fancied she found, the smallest abatement in his attention to herself, she overwhelmed him with tears, fits, and reproaches.

Fortunately for Clermont, he

possessed a very placid temper; he was also honourable, and conscientious enough to think, that he ought to make up to his wife by kindness and attention, for the motives which had induced him to marry her; and he behaved in such a manner, that every body but Mrs. Clermont thought he was one of the best husbands in the world.

When they had been married about twelve months, a sudden illness carried him off, just as Mrs. Clermont was recovering from lying-in. Every precaution was taken to keep the fatal news from her till she was able to bear it, but when she was at last informed of it, her grief exceeded all bounds. Conscience had perhaps some share in her loud lamentations, for she could not be ignorant, that she had often and unnecessarily embittered the life of him, to whose virtues she now did a tardy justice. It is probable, that she would have sunk under her grief, had not her child, a fine boy, consoled her in some degree. For his sake, she determined to try to live, that she might make up to him the loss of his father.

No woman on earth could be less qualified for this task than Mrs. Clermont. In her opinion, maternal tenderness consisted in a blind indulgence, equally ruinous to the health and temper of her son. Fortunately for him, he was naturally of exceedingly robust constitution, and as he very early discovered, that he was not to be thwarted, he availed himself of this knowledge to scamper about as much as he pleased: by this means he defeated, in some degree, the effects of his mother's excessive

care; and as he had naturally brilliant talents, he contrived to acquire a decent portion of classical knowledge, in spite of her incessant exhortations to his tutor, not to suffer him to fatigue himself with study.

Mrs. Clermont died shortly after her son became of age, and Clermont, who was naturally extravagant, soon involved his property so much, that in a very few years it must have come to the hammer, had not an uncle of his deceased mother come to his assistance, and released it from the gripe of his creditors, on the express condition, that he should marry and settle.

As it was the first time in our hero's life that any body had ever presumed to prescribe what he was to do, he submitted with a very bad grace, even though the choice of the lady was left to himself—with only one restriction, that she should be a woman of birth. After altering his mind half a score times at least, he at last fixed upon Miss Stapleton, a handsome and accomplished young woman. Her consent was obtained without much difficulty, and the nuptials were speedily solemnized.

The young couple came together with precisely the same view—each intended to govern the other; and it never occurred to either, that any difficulty could possibly arise about the matter. The lady had never been contradicted, the gentleman had never been controuled. She was repeatedly told by a doting grandmother, that any man whom she might marry, could never do enough to merit the happiness of possessing so lovely a

creature; and he was taught by his mother, to believe that his alliance would do honour to the first woman in the kingdom.

With such sentiments on both sides, it was no wonder that, even in the honeymoon, clouds and storms arose, which threatened a speedy termination to their matrimonial felicity. The first thing which they seriously disagreed about, was the name which should be given to a beautiful little spaniel which Clermont bought to present to his wife. He wished her to call it Fidele, and she chose that it should be named Pompey. Had the point in question been of the greatest importance, each could not have argued more strenuously. Clermont declared, that no woman of the least taste could think of calling her lap-dog Pompey: there was something vulgar, and even unfeminine in the sound; it was fit only for butchers and tripe-sellers.

Mrs. Clermont congratulated him ironically on the refinement of his taste. She observed, that, for her part, she was not blessed with such an exquisite perception of what was most beautiful and harmonious in the names of animals; and as she detested every thing that looked like an affectation of sentiment, she certainly should prefer the sound of Pompey, vulgar as it was, to the missish appellation of Fidele.

Clermont replied to this sarcastic speech with considerable heat; his lady retorted with equal acrimony; from abusing each other's taste, they descended to personal invective, and the dispute ended by the gentleman's flying out of

the house in a rage, and the lady's falling into an hysteric fit.

One would be almost tempted to suppose, that the goddess Discordia had entered the mansion of Mr. Clermont in the shape of Pompey, for, from that time, our young couple had a regular succession of disputes, which, though they were generally of a frivolous nature, served, in a short time, wholly to alienate them from each other. While things were in this state, a maiden aunt of Mrs. Clermont's came up from the country to pay a visit to her niece. Had Clermont been apprised of her intention, he would, in all probability, have refused to receive her; but as Mrs. Clermont suspected that that might be the case, she gave him no intimation of it till she presented her aunt to him.

For a moment our hero's brow was clouded, but he was too good-natured, and too well-bred, not to behave civilly to a lady under his own roof; and the pleasing manners of Mrs. Martha Graham soon changed civility into a feeling of cordial liking. She soon saw, however, that it would be impossible to remain in the house, without taking part in the perpetual disputes between him and her niece: as she considered them equally to blame, she resolved not to interfere, and for that reason took a lodging.

She parted with them, however, on the best terms, and continued to be visited by both. Each complained to her in their turn; she listened attentively, tried to conciliate matters, and when she found that she could not do so, changed the subject. One day, Clermont

came to her in a violent rage at some new freak of his wife's. "Never," cried he, as he ended his philippic on her conduct, "never was there so vexatious a woman! She has not once, I believe, agreed with me in opinion since we were married; and though I know she detests me, yet I really believe, that, if I were to propose a separation, she would not agree to it, though it would be as great a relief to herself as to me; for I am convinced, that she would rather live miserably, than yield to any wish of mine."

A thought at that moment struck Mrs. Martha. "I am afraid you are right," cried she, "for I own my niece is very obstinate. However, as you live so very unhappily, I should be sincerely glad if you could agree upon a separation, and I think, with a little management, it might be effected."

"How, my dear madam?" cried Clermont eagerly.

"I will tell you. Clara, notwithstanding her perverse temper, is very good-natured, and extremely accessible to kindness: now, as as she must feel that she has used you very ill——?"

"Oh! there can be no doubt of that!" interrupted Clermont.

"She would," continued Mrs. Martha, "be doubly sensible to any little attention which you might pay her. If, therefore, without minding her petulance, you would behave with cordiality, and good-naturedly pass over the flat contradictions which I know she too often gives to your opinions, I could lay my life, that, in a very few days, you would bring her into such admirable temper, that your

plan of parting could soon be arranged to your mutual satisfaction."

Clermont was delighted with the suggestion of the good aunt, whom he thanked a thousand times. He then went home, resolved to play the "perfect amiable;" and scarcely had he departed, when Mrs. Clermont came, boiling with indignation against him, to give Mrs. Martha her account of the recent quarrel.

"My dear child," said the aunt with a sympathizing air, "your case is a very hard one; there really is no living with such a man as you describe your husband to be. I wish to Heaven you were parted!"

"An excellent thought," cried Mrs. Clermont with vivacity; "I will go home directly and propose it to him."

"Softly, my dear: have you forgotten, that he invariably refuses every proposal you make?"

"O Heavens, that is too true! How then shall I manage to break my chains, for break them I am determined I will?"

"And so you shall, if you will only follow my advice. Put on a cheerful air, speak to him in an obliging manner; above all, do not contradict him: he possesses a very good understanding, and if you can once get him into a good humour, and talk the matter over rationally, I have no sort of doubt he will soon agree, since you cannot live comfortably together, to part."

Mrs. Clermont was quite enchanted with this scheme of her good aunt, whom she embraced and loaded with thanks. She then returned home, fully resolved to put the plan in practice immediately.

It happened that some company who were to dine with Mr. Clermont sent excuses, and he sat down to dinner *tête-à-tête* with his wife. For some time each preserved an awkward silence, for both were employed in ruminating upon the manner in which they should begin. At last, Mrs. Clermont ventured to observe, that it was very cold. "I think it is, my dear," replied her husband: "draw the window-curtains closer, and stir the fire, John." Mrs. Clermont looked at him with surprise, but being determined not to be outdone in politeness, she assented in a few minutes afterwards to his opinion, that the fish-sauce was excellent. The dinner passed in perfect harmony, and they separated to their respective evening engagements without a single contradiction on either side, each rejoicing on having already made some progress, and congratulating themselves on managing matters so admirably.

At breakfast, the same harmony prevailed. Clermont had caught a cold, which obliged him to remain at home during the rest of the day. Mrs. Clermont passed an hour with him in the morning. She gave him a lively account of a new comedy which she saw the night before, and Clermont listened to her with a degree of pleasure at which he afterwards felt surprised. "That woman," said he to himself when she quitted the room, "could really be very rational and companionable, if she were not so abominably fond of contradiction."

The same day, Mrs. Clermont dined out; she came home early. Clermont was just about to retire as she entered the drawing-room,

but he stopped a moment to speak to her, and to complain of *emmi*. She challenged him to dissipate it by a game at chess; he accepted the offer, and in a few minutes their newly acquired harmony was on the point of being broken, for the lady won the game. This was more than Clermont could bear; he was upon the point of giving vent to his vexation in a sarcastic speech, when the fair conqueror exclaimed, "Oh! Mr. Clermont, how could you make such a blunder? If you had not given me your queen for nothing, I should have lost the game." There are cases in which a reproach may be construed into a compliment: chess-players will easily conceive, that Clermont was not displeased with this mode of accounting for his lady's victory; he complimented her on the quickness with which she had taken advantage of his oversight, and they parted in the most amicable manner.

The next morning, Mrs. Clermont paid an early visit to Mrs. Martha. "Good news, good news, dear aunt!" cried she: "I believe our plan bids fair to succeed." She then related what we have told, and, at the conclusion, inquired whether Mrs. Martha did not think it high time to speak of the separation. "By no means," replied the good aunt; "if you do, you will spoil all: wait a little longer; if you are too precipitate, it is ten to one that he refuses."

Clermont had the same thing in his head. "I must take advantage," thought he, "of my wife's present fit of good-humour; I dare say it won't last long; so I had better take an opportunity of breaking

the matter to her when she returns home this morning." Just at that moment she did return, and went into his dressing-room to inquire after his health. He was in that state which the ladies call neither well nor ill, and for which lively conversation and little soothing attentions are the best medicines. He said he had a violent head-ache; and as his looks testified the truth of his complaint, Mrs. Clermont, who was really good-natured, prescribed for it very successfully. She sat with him for a considerable time, and it was not till after she was gone, that he recollected what an excellent opportunity he had lost.

He comforted himself for this disappointment by the hope that another would soon occur; and so it did, but he again forgot to take advantage of it. In short, a week passed, and during that time our young couple made the discovery, that each could be very agreeable when he or she pleased, and that it was a thousand pities so many good qualities should be spoiled by the single fault of temper. Next followed a wish that this defect could be cured, and this wish very speedily led to a belief that it might.

This was the point which the discreet aunt had laboured to bring them to, and no sooner was she assured of both their sentiments, than she unfolded to each in private, the innocent stratagem she had made use of. Both had the good sense to perceive, that they had been to blame, and to decide upon making every reasonable concession to each other in future. How far they kept this resolution,

I have not been able exactly to ascertain; but there is one circumstance which inclines me to think that they probably might have kept it; that is, that each wished

to leave to the other the choice of a baptismal appellation for their son and heir, who was born in less than twelve months after their reconciliation.

THE FEMALE TATTLER.

No. XLIX.

Quò fugit Venus? heu! quòve color? decens
Quo motus? Quid habes illius, illius
Quæ spirabat amores,
Quæ me surpuerat mihi.

HOR. *Lib. iv. Od. 13.*

Ah! whither is thy beauty fled?
That bloom, by nature's cunning spread?
That every graceful art?
Of her, of her, what now remains,
Who breath'd the loves, who charm'd the swains,
And seiz'd upon my heart?

(Continued from vol. VIII. p. 350.)

THOUGH *grace* may be so difficult to describe with a precise definition, yet there are two qualities which cannot be detached from it, and form essential parts of it. The first is, motion either of the whole body or of some limb, or, at least, of some feature: hence Lord Bacon calls *grace* by the name of decent motion, just as if they were equivalent terms. "In beauty," says the noble philosopher, "that of favour is more than that of colour; and that of gracious and decent motion, more than that of favour."

Virgil represents the majesty of Juno, and the graceful air of Apollo, by describing them in mere simple acts of motion; and I should rather think he means no more, when he makes the motion of Venus the principal thing, from its superior grace, by which Æneas discovers her under all her disguise; though there are commentators, who, with their usual superabundant sagacity, have endeavoured to find out mysterious meanings for it,

which never entered into the imagination of the poet.

Thus having said, she turn'd, and made appear
Her neck refulgent, and dishevel'd hair,
Which, flowing from her shoulders, reach'd the ground,
And widely spread ambrosial sweets around:
In length of train descends her sweeping gown,
And by her graceful walk the queen of love is known.

ÆN. I. 406.

The Apollo Belvidere, which claims the first place in the remaining sculptures of the Athenian school, has an appearance of motion, and when faced at a certain distance, almost appears to be moving towards the spectator. The heads even of the portraits of the best painters are in motion. Those of Guido, in particular, are all either casting their looks up towards heaven, or down towards the ground, or sidewise as regarding some object. A head flung flat upon the canvas, like faces on medals, so far from having grace, will not appear to have any life in it.

The second observation is, that

grace cannot be connected with impropriety; as nothing can be graceful that is not adapted to the characters of the person. The graces of an animated little beauty would become ungraceful in a character where majesty is an essential part; as the noble airs of a woman of the first rank would destroy the prettiness that fascinates in the juvenile coquette of less dignified situation. The vivacity that adds a grace to beauty in youth would give an additional deformity to old age; and the same airs which would be charming on some occasions, may be quite shocking when very much mistimed, or very much misplaced. Grace is well known to be undefinable, as to a precise definition of its constituent parts; perhaps, it may be in itself a whole, and, like poetry, to be born with a person, and never wholly to be acquired by art.

Grace has nothing to do with the inferior part of beauty, which is colour; not very much with shape; but a great deal with the passions, for it is that quality which gives them their highest zest. All the other parts of beauty are pleasing in some degree, but grace is pleasingness itself. The Greeks, as well as the Romans, must have been of this opinion, when, in settling their mythology, they made the *Graces* the constant attendants of *Venus*, or the cause of love; and, in fact, there is nothing causes love so generally and so irresistibly as *grace*. It is like the *cestus* of the same goddess, which was supposed to comprehend every thing that was winning and engaging in it; and besides, to oblige the heart to love, by a secret and inexplicable

force, like that of some magic charm.

She said: with awe divine the queen of love
Obey'd the sister and the wife of Jove;
And from her fragrant breast the zone un-
brae'd,

With various skill and high embroid'ry grac'd.
In this was ev'ry art, and ev'ry charm,
To win the wisest, and the coldest warm:
Fond love, the gentle vow, the pure desire,
The kind deceit, the still reviving fire,
Persuasive speech, and more persuasive sighs;
Silence that spoke, and eloquence of eyes:
This on her hand the Cyprian goddess laid;
Take this, and with it all thy wish, she said.
With smiles she took the charm; and smiling,
prest

The powerful cestus to her snowy breast.

ILIAD xiv. 256.

It has been observed by some writers, that there is naturally a great deal of propriety in pleasure; or in other words, that pleasure is annexed by nature to such things as are proper for our preservation, and pain to such as would be destructive to us. Thus pleasure, for example, is annexed to food and exercise; and pain, to such degrees of abstinence and indolence as would be hurtful. The same may be observed in the different sorts of pleasures adapted to each stage of human life. Thus, in infancy, when growth is as necessary as support, we have more frequent returns of appetite, and more pleasure in taking food; and as frequent application to food requires more exercise, the chief pleasure of that age consists in the love of motion, and in a series of sportive exercises. The same is carried on in other pleasures, equally adapted to the middle and latter stages of life, so far, that wherever Nature has affixed a pleasure, she seems to lead and conduct us towards some duty or other.

There is a great deal of the

same propriety to be observed in the dispensation of beauty and deformity. The good passions are all pleasing, and the bad disagreeable. Virtue is naturally the most beautiful and lovely thing in the world, and vice the most odious and deformed.

There is also a propriety in the timing of beauty. Thus, a peach or a pine-apple are in their highest beauty at the time that they should be eat. This idea might be carried further, but perhaps it is fully sufficient to answer my view as I have stated it.

As to the quantity of beauty in particular persons, an ingenious friend of mine has formed a scale, by which may be judged the comparative proportions of beauty in different women, who have a decided claim to that possession. In this scale he sets the highest excellence in *colour* at *ten*; in *shape*, at *twenty*; in *expression*, at *thirty*; and in *grace*, at *forty*: so that the greatest excellence of beauty, at the highest reckoning in each part of it, would amount in all to *one hundred*. There is probably no instance of the highest excellence in all these particulars in any one person. They who run very high in some articles, are often as deficient in others. I think Mrs. C — may be eight for *colour*, ten for *shape*, twenty-five for *expression*, and twenty for *grace*; which reaches very short of a hundred. But, after all, there is so much in fancy, so much in partiality, and withal such variety of tastes, that, though something may be done towards attaining correct notions by this

mode of calculation, I do not myself think it a mode of proceeding that will justify a solid reliance. Besides, there are a great many cases which are apt to mislead the generality of people in their judgments of beauty.

If the affection is entirely engaged by any one object, the lover is apt to allow all perfections in that person, and very little in comparison to any body besides; or if they ever commend others highly, it is for some circumstance in which they bear a resemblance to the favourite object.

People are very often misled in their judgment, by a similitude either of their own temper or person in others. Hence it is, that a person of a mild temper is more apt to be pleased with the gentler passions in the character of her whom he admires; while one of a very lively turn, would choose her to have more spirit and vivacity. This may be called, in some measure, falling in love with ourselves, and self-love (whatever other love may be) is sometimes so false-sighted, that it may make the most plain, and even the most disagreeable, things seem pleasing and beautiful.

(To be concluded in our next.)

In answer to Miss Higginbottom, I beg leave to acknowledge, that I have received her very sensible and obliging communication. I shall not attempt any change in its language or sentiments. I only recommend her to take the first fair and promising opportunity of *changing her name*.



VIEW OF THE BELT OF THE
and of the Valley of Donna Dofella

PICTURESQUE TOUR OF MOUNT SIMPLON.

(Continued from vol. VIII. p. 341.)

PLATE 2.—VIEW OF THE BRIDGE OF CREVOLA AND OF THE VALLEY OF DOMO D'OSSOLA.

THE plate which will accompany our next number, will more exclusively be devoted to the striking object of the bridge of Crevola, which, in our present view, although an important object, is rendered less so by the situation in which it is placed, and the interesting nature of the whole valley. The road to the right passes over the bridge, and the traveller proceeds onward down a gentle declivity, until he reaches the bottom of the vale of Domo d'Ossola.

The various features of the landscape are all imposing, and the lofty barrenness of the mountains is admirably contrasted with the cultivated richness of the greater part of the valley, which, in different situations, is diversified by buildings, that, by their forms, not by any means unpicturesque, add much to the spirit and liveliness of the scene.

Domo d'Ossola is a town within the boundary of Italy, to the south of the Simplon, and at the foot of Mount Domo, in the upper valley of Ossola, and is situated 942 feet above the level of the sea. It was formerly called Domo d'Oscella, and the name Domo, in all proba-

bility, is the fact that this was the first place in the whole valley where a church was erected. The upper valley extends to the north as far as Pommatt or Formazza, a town situated at the foot of the glacier of Gries, and seven leagues from Domo d'Ossola. In this glacier rises the river Toccia or Tosa, which waters the whole valley. From the principal town, the lower valley of Ossola is continued for five leagues to the eastward, as far as Lac Majeur, into which the Toccia empties itself. To the west is the dreary valley of Dovedro, through which the traveller has already passed, amid the roaring of the turbulent stream of the Doveria.

On the south side, at the distance of a league and a half from Domo d'Ossola, at *Piè di Mulera*, he arrives at the entrance of the wild vale of Anzasca, celebrated for its gold-mines; and out of the centre of which rises Mount Rosa, the proud rival of Mont Blanc. The inhabitants are of the Italian race, with the exception of those that live in the higher villages on the side of the glacier of Gries, and they are Germans.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE OF MRS. MONTAGU.

THE following is a second letter from this celebrated lady, which will merit a place in our Miscellany, in addition to that which we supplied last month.

Mrs. MONTAGU to Mrs. WILLIAM ROBINSON.

HILL-STREET, NOV. 19, 1770.

Your kind letter met me in Hill-street on Thursday: it welcomed

me to London in a very agreeable manner. I should, however, have felt a painful consciousness, how little I deserved such a favour, if my long omission of correspondence had not been owing to want of health. I felt ill on my journey to Denton; or rather indeed began the journey indisposed; and only aggravated my complaints by travelling.

Sickness and bad weather deprived me of the pleasure of seeing the beauties of Derbyshire. However, I got a sight of the stately palace of Lord Scarsdale; where the arts of ancient Greece, and the delicate pomp of modern ages, unite to make a most magnificent habitation. It is the best worth seeing of any house I suppose in England; but I know not how it is, that one receives but moderate pleasure in the works of art. There is a littleness in every work of man. The operations of nature are vast and noble; and I found much greater pleasure in the contemplation of Lord Breadalbane's mountains, rocks, and lakes, than in all the efforts of human art at Lord Scarsdale's.

I continued, after my arrival at Denton, in a very poor state of health, which suited ill with continual business, and made me unable to write letters in the hours of recess and quiet. Dr. Gregory came from Edinburgh to make me a visit, and persuaded me to go back with him. The scheme promised much pleasure, and I flattered myself, might be conducive to health; as the doctor, of whose medical skill I have the highest opinion, would have time to observe and consider my various complaints. I

was glad also to have an opportunity of amusing my friend Mrs. Chapone, whom I carried with me into the North.

We had a pleasant journey to Edinburgh, where we were most agreeably entertained in Dr. Gregory's house; all the literati, and the polite company at Edinburgh, paying me all kinds of attentions; and, by the doctor's regimen, my health greatly improved, so that I was prevailed upon to indulge my love of prospects by another trip to the Highlands; my good friend and physician still attending me.

The first day's journey was to Lord Barjarg's*, brother to Mr. Charles Erskine, who was the intimate companion and friendly competitor of my poor brother Tom†. Each of them was qualified for the

* James Erskine, a judge of the Supreme Civil Court of Scotland, first by the title of Lord Barjarg, which he afterwards changed for that of Lord Alva. His father, Charles, also a judge by the title of Lord Tinwald, was third son of Sir Charles, fourth son of John, seventh Earl of Mar. From Lord Tinwald's elder brother is descended James, now Earl of Rosslyn. Lord Alva was born 1722, and died 13th May, 1796, the oldest judge in Britain. Charles was his elder brother; he was born 21st Oct. 1716; was M. P. and barrister at law; and dying in his father's life-time, was buried in the chapel of Lincoln's Inn.

† Thomas Robinson, second brother of Mrs. Montagu, was a young barrister, of eminent and rising talents; he was author of a most useful treatise, entitled "The Common Law of Kent, or the Customs of Gavelkind: with an Appendix concerning Borough-English. By Thos. Robinson of Lincoln's Inn, Esq." 8vo. which having become scarce, was reprinted in 1788. He died 29th Dec. 1747.

highest honours of his profession, which they would certainly have attained, had it pleased God to have granted longer life.

Lord Barjarg had received great civilities at Horton*, when he was pursuing his law studies in England; so he came to visit me as soon as I got to Edinburgh, and in the most friendly manner pressed my passing some days at his house in Perthshire. I got there by an easy day's journey, after having also walked a long time about the castle of Stirling, which commands a very beautiful prospect.

Lord Barjarg's place is very fine, and in a very singular style. His house looks to the south, over a very rich valley, rendered more fertile, as well as more beautiful, by the meanderings of the river Forth. Behind his house rise great hills covered with wood; and over them, stupendous rocks. The goats look down with an air of philosophic pride and gravity on the folks in the valley. One, in particular, seemed to me capable of addressing the famous beast of Gervaudun, if he had been there, with as much disdain as Diogenes did the great conqueror of the East.

Here I passed two days, and then his lordship and my doctor attended me to my old friend Lord Kin-noul's†. You may imagine my visit there gave me a great deal of pleasure, besides what arose from seeing a fine place. I was delighted to find an old friend enjoying that heartfelt happiness, which

* Horton, near Hythe, in Kent, the seat of the Robinsons.

† Uncle to the late earl. He died 1787, aged 77.

attends a life of virtue. Lord Kin-noul is continually employed in encouraging agriculture and manufactures; protecting the weak from injury, assisting the distressed, and animating the young people to whatever, in their various stations, is most fit and proper. He appears more happy in this situation, than when he was whirled about in the vortex of the Duke of Newcastle.

The situation of a Scottish nobleman of fortune is enough to fill the ambition of a reasonable man; for they have power to do a great deal of good.

From Dupplin we went to Lord Bredalbane's at Taymouth. Here unite the sublime and beautiful. The house is situated in a valley, where the verdure is the finest imaginable; and noble beeches adorn it, and beautiful cascades fall down the midst of it. Through this valley you are led to a vast lake: on one side the lake there is a fine country; on the other mountains lift their heads, and hide them in the clouds. In some places ranges of rocks look like vast fortified citadels. I passed two days in this fine place, where I was entertained with the greatest politeness and kindest attentions; Lord Bredalbane seeming to take the greatest pleasure in making every thing easy, agreeable, and convenient.

My next excursion was to Lord Kames's; and then I returned to Edinburgh. With Lord Kames and his lady I have had a correspondence ever since I was first in Scotland; so I was there received with most cordial friendship. I must do the justice to the Scottish

nation to say, they are the most politely hospitable of any people in the world. I had innumerable invitations, of which I could not avail myself, having made as long a holiday from my business in Northumberland, as I could afford.

I am very glad to find by letters received from my brother Robinson*, that he thinks himself better for the waters of Aix.

The newspapers will inform you of the death of Mr. George Grenville. I think he is a great loss to the public; and though in these days of ribaldry and abuse, he was often much calumniated, I believe time will vindicate his character as a public man. As a private one, he was quite unblemished. I regret the loss to myself: I was always pleased and informed by his conversation. He had read a vast deal, and had an amazing memory. He had been versed in business from his youth, so that he had a very rich fund of conversation; and he was good-natured and very friendly.

The king's speech has a warlike tone; but still we flatter ourselves that the French king's aversion to war may prevent our being again engaged in one. It is reported that Mr. De Grey† is to be lord keeper. Lord Chatham was to have spoken in the House of Lords to-day, if poor Mr. Grenville's death, which happened at seven this morning, had not hindered his appearing in public. I do not

* Matthew Robinson of Horton, Esq. afterwards second Lord Rokeby, who died 22d Nov. 1800, æt. 88.

† Afterwards Lord Walsingham.

find that any change of ministry is expected.

My father* and brother are very well. My sister has got the headache to day. She was so good as to come to me, and will stay till Mr. Montagu arrives in town. He did not leave Denton till almost a week after I came away, and he was stopped at Durham by waters being out; but I had the pleasure of hearing yesterday, that he got safe to Darlington, where he was to pass a few days with a famous mathematician†. But I expect him in town the end of this week.

My nephew Morris‡ has got great credit at Eton already. My sister§ has in general her health extremely well. I have got much better than I was in the summer. My doctors order me to forbear writing; but this letter does not shew my obedience to them. I wish I could enliven it with more news.

The celebrated *coterie* will go on in spite of all remonstrances; and there is to be an assembly thrice a week for the subscribers to the opera into the subscription: so little impression do rumours of wars, and apprehensions of the plague, make on the fine world!

* Matthew Robinson of West-Layton, in Yorkshire, Esq. who died 1778, aged 84. He married the heiress of the Morris's of Horton, whose mother remarried Dr. Conyers Middleton.

† This was William Emerson, whose mathematical works are well known; and whose eccentricities were very prominent. He was born 1701, and died 26th May, 1782.—See *Biogr. Dict.* V. 341.

‡ Now Lord Rokeby. § Mrs. Scott.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

The favourite Overture, Songs, Duets, &c. in Mozart's celebrated Opera "Il Flauto Magico, or "Zauberflöte," for the Piano-forte, Harp, Flute, and Violoncello, arranged, and inscribed to her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, by J. Mazzinghi.

IN our preceding Monthly Review we noticed Mr. Mazzinghi's arrangement of this opera for the piano-forte, flute, and violoncello, as also his intention to adapt all the operas of Mozart, not only for these three instruments, but likewise in four parts, viz. piano-forte, harp, flute, and violoncello. The whole of the "Magic Flute," arranged in the last-mentioned way, is now at our side; and we have the satisfaction of seeing the opinion we gave on a portion of Mr. M.'s labour, fully confirmed by the inspection of the entire work before us: we shall, therefore, abstain from entering into any further comments on the able execution of this part of his laborious undertaking. It may, however, prove desirable to our readers to be informed of the comparative strength of the four parts; and, under this impression, we think it right to state, that the piano-forte bears the main burden of the score, the harp part has few difficulties to overcome, and the flute and violoncello are even more leniently dealt with. This, no doubt, has been done with a view to adapt the publication to the powers of the generality of amateurs, and thus to render it more universally accessible. The recruits for the required

quartett may easily be raised within the circle of musical friends, and we can confidently promise them a sufficiency of delightful occupation for a long winter's evening.

"The Orphan Maid," Canzonet from "a Legend of Montrose," in the "Tales of my Landlord" (Third Series); the Music composed by Henry R. Bishop. Pr. 2s.

The melody of this canzonet, an andantino, $\text{A } \flat, \frac{3}{4}$, is somewhat in the German style of lyric composition; it reminds us of some of Zumsteg's songs. There is the same vein of plaintive expression, the same striking manner of transition from major to minor. Few as the lines are in number, the musical diction is full of point, and highly pathetic. The conclusion, in particular, "Relieve an orphan's woe," appears to us extremely affecting; the voice drooping most aptly from F to $\text{F } \flat$ on the word "woe." The second and third stanzas are given at full length, with occasional variations, chiefly in the conclusion of each.

"Him I love," Canzonet from "a Legend of Montrose," &c. (Third Series); the Music composed by H. R. Bishop. Pr. 2s.

Larghetto cantabile, F major, $\frac{6}{8}$. The symphony, founded on the motivo, presents features of considerable interest, and is altogether in good keeping. Although the motivo of the air itself is not absolutely original, it leads to a period which struck us as very impressive, not only in regard to melody, but also on account of the charming

accompaniment that bears the voice on its hands, if we might be allowed the phrase. We allude to p. 3, l. 2, at "but parted by severe decree." The passage is masterly. In the last line of the same page the melody and accompaniment once more take a very attractive turn.

"*Look not thou on Beauty's charming,*" *Canzonet from "the Bride of Lammermoor," in the "Tales of my Landlord" (Third Series); the Music composed by Henry R. Bishop. Pr. 1s. 6d.*

This short stanza of eight lines appears to us to have received much more of high musical colouring, both as to melody and harmony, than we conceive its text to demand. The modulations traverse key after key, and some are very unexpected. This plan has given scope for a display of compositorial science; and, in so far, Mr. B. has shewn conspicuously his familiarity with the mysteries of the art. But we think the text would have gained by a treatment of greater simplicity. Its substance and moral are contained in the last line, "Easy live, and quiet die;" and a light style of *naïveté* surely would have been appropriate to convey such advice. This remark aside, and we are free to own, that the canzonet exhibits some very fine ideas, and several instances of clever harmonic management.

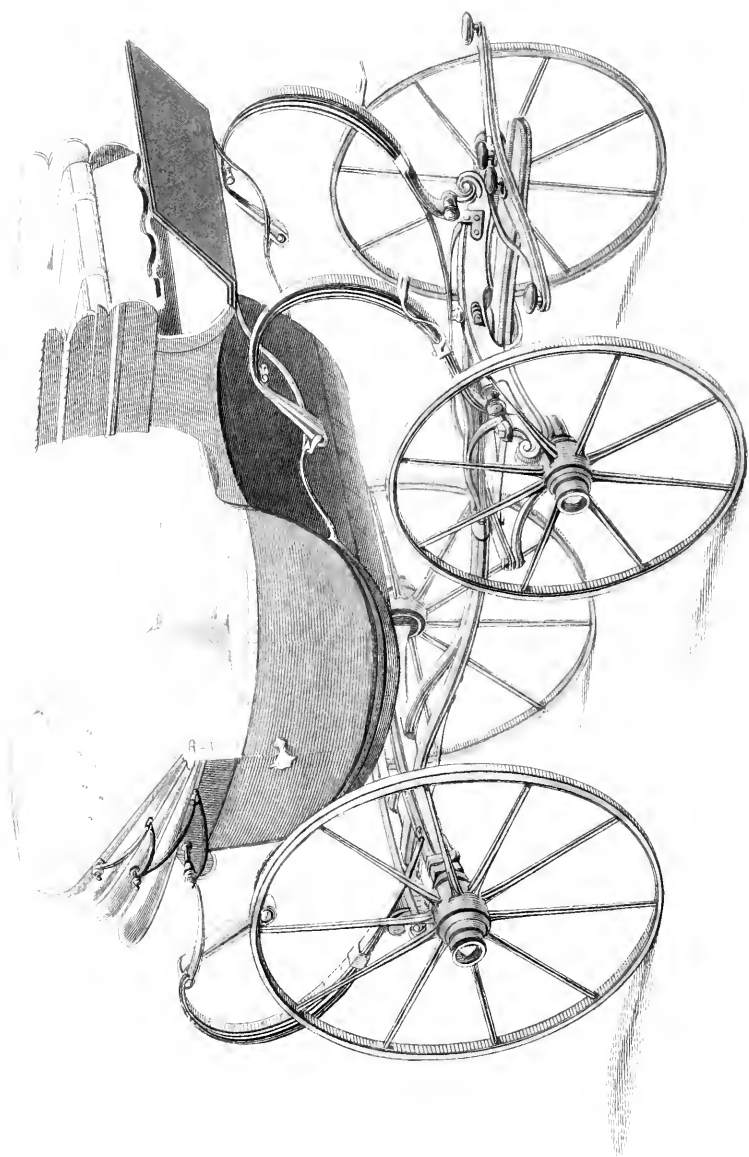
"*The Forester's Roundelay,*" from "*the Bride of Lammermoor,*" &c. (*Third Series*); the Music composed, as an accompanied Glee for three Voices, by Henry R. Bishop. Pr. 3s.

An allegro of considerable extent, in E \flat $\frac{4}{4}$, and a larghetto, in the same key, $\frac{6}{8}$, constitute the

movements in this glee, in which the piano-forte accompaniment is essential. The allegro contains some energetic and characteristic solos for the bass-voice, and the two upper voices play a good deal upon a triplet motivo, in thirds; occasionally in alternation with the piano-forte. The style is brisk, and in the manner of hunting-songs. The second movement employs three pages, exclusively, upon the sentence, "But a lily-white doe in the garden goes, she's fairly worth them a'," the latter part of which, the soprano alone repeats nearly twenty times. In the 8th page some neat imitations occur between the vocal parts; and in p. 9, they are mainly aided by an active and very effective accompaniment. In page 1, l. 5, the G cleff has, by mistake, been prefixed to the stave for the bass-voice.

"*Oh! place me in some lowly shed!*" *Air sung by Mr. Durusett in the Melodrama of "Fortunatus and his Sons," at the Theatre Royal Covent-Garden; composed by H. R. Bishop. Pr. 1s. 6d.*

The motivo of this air, not unlike "He was famed for deeds of arms," breathes a degree of fervour in expression which at once awakens sympathy. The remainder of the periods being conceived upon the rhythmic measure of the subject, the whole derives a pleasing feature of unity, which, together with the attractive simplicity of the melody and harmony, is likely to procure to this song the favour of vocal amateurs, more particularly as the execution, as well as the accompaniment, is free from any intricacy.



“ *Oh! come while the pale Moon is
laving,*” a favourite Song; the
Words by Miss Eliza Stewart; the
Music composed, and arranged for
the Piano-forte, by Joseph John
Harris. Pr. 2s.

This song is published, for the
author, by the “Regent’s Harmonic
Institution;” and it is but justice
to say, that the typographical
execution and the paper are of the
best kind. Of the composition we
can state, that it merits upon the
whole a favourable reception. It
does not, in any material degree,
deviate from the well-known style
of most of our English ballads, and
exhibits no novelty of melodic

conception; but the general con-
text is agreeable, and occasionally
impressive. There are two move-
ments in A b; one in $\frac{2}{4}$, and the
other in $\frac{6}{8}$ time. The latter treads
closely upon the motivo of the first,
and more so on the theme of “*Nel
cor piu non mi sento,*” the subject
of which Mr. H.’s piano-forte part
would serve to accompany entirely.
The accompaniment, in general, is
effective; but not in all cases
strictly as it should be, and it lies
sometimes very inconveniently for
the two hands: indeed, in two or
three bars, the two staves run into
each other, or come into too close
contact.

PLATE 3.—A FASHIONABLE BAROUCHE WITH ACKER- MANN’S PATENT MOVEABLE AXLES.

THE annexed plate represents a
fashionable barouche with Ackerm-
mann’s Patent Moveable Axles,
built by Mr. Dodd of Crawford-
street, Montagu-square, for the
late Colonel Harvey. It was the
second carriage that that gentle-
man had had constructed by Mr.
Dodd on the same principle: the
first was a chariot, and it gave so
much satisfaction as to the utility
of the new axles, that Colonel
Harvey declaring, that he would
never use any other carriage in fu-
ture, gave a distinct proof of his
conviction by ordering the bar-
rouche in question. Such facts
ought to convince the short-sight-
ed coach-makers, who still, in a
great degree, persist in their hos-
tility to so important an improve-
ment in the construction of carri-
ages, that their opposition must
ultimately be fruitless. In spite of
their efforts, about forty four-

wheeled vehicles upon the new
construction have now been built
in Great Britain; and no doubt,
in time, their good qualities will be
as fully apprehended here as on
the Continent, where they are
gaining ground every day. Most
of the sovereigns of Europe have
given them their sanction by adopt-
ing them, and one is at this mo-
ment in a forward state of prepa-
ration for his Majesty the King of
Prussia. His Imperial Majesty the
Emperor of Russia has not only
given his support by adopting them
at his own court, but has lately
presented his Royal Highness the
Prince Regent with a *droschki**

(*From the Times.)

IMPERIAL PRESENT.

His Royal Highness the Prince Regent
has lately received from the Emperor of
Russia, a very curious four-wheel sum-
mer-carriage, called a *droschki*. It
consists of a front and a side seat, con-

built on a similar principle. All this speaks volumes in their favour, which mistaken self-interest and illiberality cannot successfully counteract.

Safety, durability, economy, and convenience, are the leading features of this invention; and we re-

trived in a new but very commodious manner, for two persons: it possesses the Moveable Axles, which are now generally adopted throughout the Continent.

fer our readers again to those pages of the *Repository* where we have more largely treated on their merits; viz. pages 163 and 234, vol. V. New Series—page 125, vol. VII.—pages 16 and 292, vol. VIII.

Since writing what precedes, it gives us the utmost satisfaction to learn, that the Grand-Duke of Baden has already introduced the Patent Moveable Axles into his train of artillery, by which a saving of two horses in six is attained.

THE SELECTOR :

Consisting of INTERESTING EXTRACTS from NEW POPULAR PUBLICATIONS.

OF THE STRUCTURE AND USES OF THE DIFFERENT PARTS OF THE EAR.

(From Mr. CURTIS's *Treatise on the Physiology and Diseases of the Ear*).

A HOLLOW cavern seems the general structure of the organ of hearing, as best fitted for receiving and reflecting sound.

So necessary is this cavernous shape of the external ear to the reception of sound, that we are told the celebrated tyrant of Syracuse, Dionysius, caused a cavern to be formed in a rock, corresponding to the shape of the human ear, where he used to confine his state prisoners; and from the strong vibration and echoes of the sound, he was enabled to learn the secret conversations they held, and thus condemn or acquit them accordingly.

In the different tribes of animals, it is liable to considerable varieties in the appearance and manner of its formation, and in its appendages.

In man it is more perfect in its structure, than in any other animal; and it is, also, of more importance to him than to any other of the creation.

All animals, as far as we know, possess this sense: it was formerly doubted with respect to fishes. The organ of hearing in fishes was first discovered by the late Mr. John Hunter, and is prosecuted at considerable length in his work on the organ of hearing in fishes, by the late Professor Monro of Edinburgh. Thus the modern researches and discoveries in comparative anatomy, have sufficiently established their possession of this sense, as well as the other classes.

The impressions the organ of hearing receives, are conveyed through the medium of air, which acquires from the action of the bo-

dy communicating sound, a tremulous motion or vibration; and as these motions or vibrations succeed each other, sound is impressed or directed to the thin membrane stretched obliquely across the auditory passage, named the tympanum, where it produces a similar motion, which latter motion, carried on, excites a corresponding feeling in the mind.

That sound can only be conveyed through the medium of air, is fully confirmed by the experiments of the diving-bell; for if a sonorous body is placed in it, as a bell for example, in consequence of its being exhausted of air, no sound is produced, nor can the ringing of the bell be heard.

Though *hearing* is more perfect in man than in any other animal, it is not so at the period of birth: an infant hears at first very imperfectly, and only strong sounds; but this arises, in part, from the passage, or meatus externus, being covered with a viscid mucus, or discharge from the ceruminous glands of the ear, in a similar manner as the meconium fills up the intestines: on the removal of this layer or deposition, the sense soon appears perfect, but not so strong as at an after period of life. Indeed, as we find the meconium, with some children at birth, possesses a morbid viscosity; so in the same manner the secretion most analogous to it will partake of a similar state; and may, therefore, be suspected where congenital deafness occurs by examining the state of the first passages, or *prima via*.

In all animals, the ear is divided into an external and internal part, and the difference in the structure

of the organ of hearing is greater in the external ear than in the internal.

In quadrupeds this difference of structure is more conspicuous than in the rest; and this difference or variety seems intended to adapt the animal the better for its particular circumstances or mode of life.

On examining the external ear in quadrupeds, it is found to resemble the oblique section of a cone, from near the apex to the base. Hares, and other animals exposed to danger, and liable to be attacked by man or beasts of prey, have large ears, and they are particularly directed backwards; while their eyes at the same time, full and prominent, warn them of any danger in front. Rapacious animals, on the contrary, have their ears placed directly forwards, as is observable in the lion, the tiger, the cat, and others. Where the peculiar nature of animals is such as to require that sound be distinctly heard from a low situation, as, for instance, slow hounds and others, they will be found to have either large pendulous ears, or to have them flexible, since they move their heads with more difficulty than man.

Much advantage may be taken of this circumstance in the construction of mechanical contrivances for assisting hearing: some animals keep their head to the ground, as if impressing the sound more strongly on the organ; and in the case of deaf persons, such contrivances should be made nearly of a length to touch the ground, which would give ample compass for the reception and retention of sound.

ON LOCAL DISEASES OF THE EAR.

(From the same).

THE general symptoms by which this species of deafness is distinguished, are, various kinds of noises affecting the head, and communicated from the seat of the organ.

At times, these noises seem somewhat to resemble the murmuring of water; at other times, they may be compared to the hissing of a tea-kettle as it boils over; on other occasions, they are represented by the patient as like the rustling of leaves, the blowing of wind, &c.: all these noises are to be considered as false perceptions in the organ, not arising in the nerve itself, but in the condition of the parts about it.

There is a particular species of this deafness which represents a beating noise, like a pulse; this noise is much increased by any bodily exertion occasioning an increased action of the heart. The cause of this species clearly depends on an irritation of the arterial system; but whether depending on the small arteries of the labyrinth, or on the internal carotid artery, which passes close beneath the cochlea, is uncertain; but whichever of these may be the cause, it gives rise to the same false perceptions as in the other species.

All species then of nervous deafness may be considered as peculiar modifications of constitutional disease, affecting the nervous system in general, and connected with that state which constitutes the hypochondriac and hysterical habit. The general morbid disposition is

here extended to a particular sense, and by viewing it in this light, the change of the constitutional affection must form the basis of the cure. It is by considering it in this just point of view, that proper principles of treatment can only be adopted, and that much may be done to remove this species of the complaint. The hysterical spasm of the throat and *primæ viæ* becomes naturally, from the connection and sympathy of nerves, communicated to those of the ear, and deafness in most cases is a never-failing symptom with hysterical patients; in the same manner that torpor of the stomach and *primæ viæ*, so characteristic of hypochondriasis, occasions a dull sensation and torpor of the auditory nerve, and produces that noise and confused impression so often complained of in hypochondriasis.

A wide field, therefore, opens here for new principles of treatment, by attacking the constitutional cause; and that much relief may be obtained by the application of constitutional means, experience daily evinces. It is from not keeping that analogy in view, that nervous deafness is so formidable to most surgeons.

In all cases of this nervous deafness, when it affects one ear, I may observe, it is in general rendered worse by the conduct of the patient himself; for when the organ of one side is injured, we hear so much better with the other, that we only attend to the sensation conveyed by it, and neglect the duller sensation. The effect of this is, that

the diseased ear becomes worse, and the same consequence arises as that which takes place in the eyes by squinting.

In attending to the treatment of nervous deafness, if the practitioner is early applied to, and the disease is still in its first stage, it may be considered in general as curable; and even cases of long standing, when properly treated, admit of considerable relief.

In entering upon the treatment of nervous deafness, it is essential to observe, that a great similarity exists between it and that species which arises from a syphilitic cause. In nervous deafness, therefore, it is proper to inquire minutely into the history of the case, and to ascertain from what source the disease originates.

Several cases of nervous deafness, proceeding from the latter cause, have come under my care, which yielded to a regular course of mercury, and the function of the organ was in all completely restored.

Again, where the connection of the disease with the above cause is not so clear, instead of the treatment prescribed, a strict antiphlogistic course, if the patient be able to bear it, will often prove successful; namely, powerful saline cathartics, of which the best is the vitriolated magnesia: the doses should be repeated as often as the strength of the patient will admit; and in the intermediate time small doses of the submuriate of mercury are to be administered, to promote absorption, by taking off any thickening of the parts, which is apt to impede the due performance of the functions of the organ.

This practice will in incipient cases succeed; and, if not completely, will at least palliate the predominant symptom; and in all cases it ought to have a fair trial, for deafness should never *à priori* be considered as incurable.

At the same time, it must be confessed, that the diseases of the internal ear are involved in much obscurity. Dissections have proved, that a total deafness may exist without any apparent defect in the mechanism, either of the external or internal ear.

This has been shewn by the dissection of several cases of persons who had been deaf during life. On examination of these cases, every part appeared perfect; even the nerve and its expansion shewed no trace of morbid change; and the alteration, whatever it was, was too minute for either the knife or the eye to detect: it consisted, perhaps, in an original want of power in the nerve to receive impressions. This is equally another proof of its connection with hysteria and hypochondriasis, where the nervous system is in part affected, as is too often observable.

But though I have stated that nervous deafness in its first stage is generally curable, much will depend on the time the treatment is continued, and on the perseverance of the patient and the practitioner.

In some instances, a cure has been accomplished in a very short period; in others, I have found it necessary to persevere for a considerable time, and recovery has at last taken place.

With respect to the application of topical remedies to the ear,

gentle stimulants, in form of liniment, as a portion of the essential oils mixed with the oil of almonds, may be beneficially introduced into the ear, where, being retained, they will serve as a substitute for the natural secretion, and at the same time increase the sensibility of the passage.

All the advertised nostrums are preparations of this kind; and, so far as they supply the secretion, and gently stimulate the passage, in some cases they may be useful: but as to the notion, that they are to remove an organic affection of

the part, the various species of which I have described, it only shews the complete ignorance of those who expect success from such inadequate means of relief.

As I have stated, that there is so little to be done by medicine in confirmed cases of deafness of long standing, arising from imperfect organization of the ear, I have, with much pains, collected a variety of contrivances to assist hearing, many of which I have obtained from the Continent, in order to give all possible relief in such distressing cases.

A LOVE-ADVENTURE.

(From *Letters from Buenos Ayres and Chili*).

THE willows here grow to a surprising height and size, as does the myrtle, with which the willows are intermixed. Thus I paced along, not a little irritated to think I could not unravel the mystery: that there was one, I was well persuaded, else why that silence, or why was I shunned both by man and woman? or is it all a fairy dream, a waking vision, or has the moon rolled over my brain, and cracked it? All these and a thousand more vagaries entered my head before I had well reached the end of the walk. I had advanced, without being conscious of it, much further than I had ever been before; and should still have continued going on, had not a voice arrested my attention: it was soft and plaintive, and in the Indian tongue, which I knew not. I paused, and looked round to see from whence it came, but I could see no one. The voice ceased, and, after a short pause, I heard a man say in very

good Tuscan, "It will do, Clara; it will, it will, it must. You know very well, that if Don Francisco arrives before your brother, every hope will then be gone: therefore, let me entreat you to take advantage of the only moments that can ever possibly offer. We can be at Valparaiso much sooner than they can, and we shall be able to get on board without the least suspicion; and, once there, nothing further can be feared or wished, for I have secured all; so that we shall not have the least occasion for delay, and the master has undertaken to sail within an hour after we are on board. You will have nothing to fear; keep up your spirits, and thus support the character you appear in, for you cannot want to be assured of the delightful welcome you will receive at Lima. My mother could think or talk of nothing else; my sisters too, you know their hearts, and what kind and tender girls they are; all will be

in raptures at your arrival, for the future happiness of the best of mothers, as well as my own, depends upon it: do not, then, I implore you, any longer hesitate, but come this moment with me; you will drive me to distraction if you deny; and I here most solemnly swear by the Holy Virgin, I will not survive your refusal: therefore come, I pray you."

The lady spake again in the same language, and, by the tone of her voice, I concluded she was weeping. "It is no use, Clara; you have gone too far to recede now, and go you must, unless you prefer seeing me dead at your feet: you know my resolution, and what, at all times, I dare; you, therefore, cannot suppose that, in this momentous crisis of my life, I will act with less resolution than I have hitherto done. The mules are but a short distance, under the garden-wall of St. Dominic, and one of the fathers will accompany us for a few leagues: he is one in whom I can confide, and will take care that you are not missed before the bell for dinner." The lady spoke again, her voice less tremulous than before; when the gentleman said, "Come then, my angel, for by the time we get yonder, it will be dark." The lovers then moved onwards; I followed the voice, but could see no one. The lady was speaking very earnestly, and you know not how much I regretted that she also did not speak the Tuscan, which I much wondered at, as she must have been well acquainted with it. I followed this ignis fatuus above a quarter of a mile, and in a part of the suburbs of the city which I knew nothing of. However, on I went, de-

termined, at all hazards, to see the lovers off. I knew not where St. Dominic's monastery was situated; that it was a numerous society, and in connection with that at Buenos Ayres, was all my acquaintance with it. But it was dark before I reached the east angle of a wall, which I concluded must be the boundary of St. Dominic's. Here I halted, under some orange-trees, and listened to hear the voices; but it was some minutes before I could hear them, and then as if they had gone out of the path, and had been passing to one more to the north-east; while I was got into a thicket, and knew not how to get out, in order to catch the sound which I found to be more distant. Bewildered and confounded, I should, most assuredly, have been obliged to have remained there all night, had not an Indian, belonging to the very people I was in pursuit of, given a signal, which I supposed to have been the one directed by the gentleman; he supposing me, by the rustling I made among the leaves to get out, to be his master. However, before he was undeceived, I heard the gentleman's voice at no great distance, advancing apparently near to where I stood, as I could guess by his voice. He spoke in the Indian language, and was answered in the same by the man; the lady, likewise, said something to him; and they all three went on together. I was, by their movements, convinced, that I could not be far from the path under the wall, and instantly made a grand push through the thicket to get to it, which I happily effected, but not without tearing my garments: luckily for me, the ground was thickly covered with leaves and

blossoms, so that my footsteps were not heard, and I followed at no great distance from the runaways, not without a hope that I should see them when they came to mount; but in this I was disappointed, for when they reached the opposite end of the inclosure which had been on the left, they suddenly turned the corner, and, before I could come up, they were mounted. Three mules passed on in the opposite direction, at a quick pace, and a single one remained with a man for about ten minutes, who was placing something upon it, for though I could not see him, I heard him busily engaged: no one had spoken but the Indian after they turned the corner of the wall, and as the man was adjusting something, I heard him in Spanish anathematize a wine-bottle. I therefore concluded, that the lover, the lady, and the priest were gone on, and this was the Indian charged with the provisions for the journey; and that all my labour was lost, and I was in a pretty situation; to get out of which, it was necessary to be informed of the best means to return to St. Francis. I, therefore, retired back some little way, and then advanced, singing a part of the evening service. The Indian was, in an instant, close to me, when I pretended to be surprised at finding him there. He answered, in very good Spanish, that he was servant to Captain Pedro Acuirre, and was going to an Estancia about two leagues distant; that something had got wrong on the mule's saddle, and he had stopped to set it to rights. I affected to believe what he said, and bade him set me right to regain the Cannada. He

said, I was a long step from it, for I was in the wood of St. Bruno. I asked him to return through the wood with me, as far as the entrance to the Cannada. This, he said, he could not do, as he had staid too long already, being obliged to be at the Estancia by nine o'clock; but he would mount, and go with me to the end of the wall, and then direct me as well as he could. This was poor encouragement for me, and before we came to the end of the garden, I had made up my mind to stick myself in a thicket till daylight, when the sound of the matin-bell would direct me. It was the first time I had ever been led astray by a curiosity to pry into other people's concerns, and I had fully determined it should be the last, notwithstanding I had two hours before resolved to come at the secret of the drowned lady: but this evening was certainly to be one of adventures to me who had never any taste for them; for I am well convinced I should make a very sorry knight-errant, more particular in affairs of the heart, and being among the descendants of the first knights-errant of Europe, I should most assuredly cut a most lamentable figure: therefore, I shall be content at having, without designing it, made one essay towards obtaining so gallant a character. The Indian completed his engagement, and left me at the end of the garden-wall, with a flourish of his bell-whip, and bawling out, "Hurrah, mula, hurrah!"

Now, had I happened to have been a lover of the fifteenth century, these woods, and wilds, and unbrageous shades, would have been the very essence of place and time; but,

alas! I was three hundred years too young to be enraptured with the sombre scene; and therefore wished, most heartily wished, that I could change it for the portico of the Franciscan church. I made, however, the best of my way, agreeably to the Indian's directions; but still I seemed to be as far from the mark as at first. At length, the moon arose, and I discerned through the

wood a wide opening at no great distance from the spot I had been traversing for above two hours: most joyfully did I leap over the impediments that were opposed to me, and found I was some way on the Cannada. How I could miss the path the Indian told me I should find, is to me most mysterious, for I must absolutely have gone over it several times.

THE EXPLANATION.

(From the same.)

I HAVE acquired the secret of St. Bruno's wood, which I consider a desirable acquisition, or rather a reward for my confinement; and, indeed, the good Father Pablo thought so too. In a former letter I informed you, that our journey to the Conception would commence immediately after the marriage of my lord bishop's niece, which, it is presumed, has taken place, though not exactly with the purposed bridegroom: for, be it known to you, that the lady who spoke in the Indian language to the gentleman in the wood, is the very identical niece of his lordship. My superior was this morning so kind as to come to my room for the purpose of explaining the business. This lady's mother was the sole heiress of one of the most powerful of the Auracan caciques. She was, unfortunately, taken prisoner in an engagement between the Spaniards and her father's people, who, although they were beaten back to the Imperial, yet succeeded in carrying her off. She was the only child left to her father; of five sons that he had, three had fallen in battle, and two by the small-pox.

The father, as soon as he was informed of the fate of his child, immediately set off for the Spanish garrison, with all his troops, and those of his next friend, with a determination to attack the fortress, and put every Spaniard to death, man, woman, or child, that might be found in it. They were not long in reaching the fort to which he concluded his child had been taken. He immediately summoned it, and demanded his daughter. The Spaniards, contrary to their usual custom, answered the summons, not by their cannon, but a herald, with a message that the governor would restore the lady, and proposed articles of peace, that might secure to both parties all they could wish. Whilst the cacique was musing over this new kind of communication, and fearing for his child, well knowing the treachery of the Spaniards, he was surprised to see her conducted towards him by two Spanish officers, bearing a flag of truce. When they came near, she advanced before them, and kneeling to her father, entreated him to listen to the proposals of the governor, who, as

a proof of his sincerity, and determination to abide by all that should be required, he had thought proper to set her instantly free, that she might be a mediator between them. She further said, that she had been treated with the greatest respect by them all, and in particular by one of those that accompanied her, who was son to the governor, and commanded the party which took her prisoner. —The cacique possessed all the greatness of soul that marks the character of an upright man and a hero, for he was one; and more than once had the Spaniards felt the force of his arms, and been driven before him to take refuge in their forts, or they would have been totally routed in the field. He was the chief of all others they most dreaded. The sight of his child, and the assurance of her having been respected, gave to his heart the most grateful sensations; and embracing her, he said, he would listen to what they had to say, and if consistent with the future safety of his people, he would comply with their proposals. The usual time of eight days was fixed for the final answer, and, with his daughter, he took the route towards home. One of the articles was a proposition for the cacique to give his daughter in marriage to the son of the governor. This was an article that was long debated in the council that he called on the occasion; but, at length, by the intercession of the young lady herself, it was agreed to, and peace was finally made on the marriage taking place three weeks after. That peace has been strictly observed by both parties ever since; although her father did not live long after, and the lady having no brothers or near relations to join in subsequent affairs between the Spaniards and other neighbouring chiefs, the whole of the district belonging to her remained perfectly tranquil. There were two children by this marriage, a son and a daughter. Six years after the marriage, the governor, her father-in-law, was appointed governor of Lima, and his son lieutenant-governor. This arrangement caused them to remove to Peru, and when the boy attained his eighth year, he was contracted to a daughter of the late viceroy, and the young lady to one of his sons, which marriages were consummated; and soon after, another son of the viceroy was married to a daughter of one of the native grandees of Lima. About this time, the present Lord Bishop of St. Jago was appointed to this see. He was brother to the governor's wife, who was a native of Lima. The lieutenant-governor did not long survive the completion of the marriage of his children, and his widow took the veil in a nunnery at Lima. The daughter lost her husband at the age of eighteen, leaving her three children under the guardianship of the present Bishop of St. Jago. Before her year of mourning was quite expired, several gallant Spaniards made her proposals; among them, a highly accomplished Spaniard, arrived at Lima from Old Spain as colonel of a troop of horse. His father had been viceroy, but was dead. His mother and sisters remained at Lima, but he had been sent to the court by his father's

successor on affairs of a private nature. At his return, he was appointed lieutenant-governor, and, at the same time, became enamoured of the young widow, who, it should seem, was no less enamoured of him; and, as soon as time would permit, he made his pretensions known, and applied to the bishop for leave to address his niece; but he met with an abrupt refusal. In the mean time, her brother-in-law, or rather her late husband's brother, had repudiated his wife, and applied to the bishop, as the other had done, for leave to address the lady; which was immediately granted, and the lady received directions from his lordship to look upon her relative as her future husband: but the lady proved refractory, and positively refused to accept him, alleging as an excuse, their being so nearly allied by marriage, and there being children on both sides, and the mother of his children still living. But all excuses were vain; her ghostly father was determined upon the match, and she was commanded to come to St. Jago, and remain in one of the nunneries attached to St. Francis. The prelate's mandate was absolute, and she was obliged to obey. Hither then the lady and children came, and here she was to remain till a dispensation for the marriage arrived from Rome.

In the mean time, the repudiated lady's family, considering her as very ill used, sent to Rome a messenger also, with every necessary document, to lay before his holiness, to prevent the dispensation being obtained, backed also by a memorial from the family of the

young lieutenant-governor. When I came to St. Jago, this was the situation in which matters stood, and with which Father Pablo made me acquainted; and that they much feared no dispensation would arrive, as they had heard some vague account of the perilous situation of his holiness. But the bishop was so determined that the match should take place before he set out on his visitation, that every thing had been arranged for the purpose; and the day that the president was taken ill, was the one fixed upon to unite the young widow to a man that it is said she absolutely detested. It was to take place at the summer palace, to which I informed you my superior and myself were to have gone to be present at the marriage ceremony. Happy indeed was it for all parties, that the illness of one great man prevented its taking place. But, although it was obliged to be postponed by the absence of the bishop, yet he still determined on its completion; and the president getting better, the day was once more fixed, and was the very next to that of my affair in St. Bruno's wood, and which, as I told you, caused so much alarm to Father Pablo: for on my relating my adventure, he instantly comprehended the business and the result, he being certain it could be no other than the young widow and her lover at Lima; and he also drew a conclusion, what a confusion and uproar would be at the palace as soon as her flight was known: he well knew, also, the vindictive spirit of his lordship, and the danger I should be in were it to be known that I was in any manner ac-

quainted with it. This was the reason he enjoined my silence, and directed my confinement as in a fever. It was well these precautions were taken, and that none knew of my adventure but the father. There has been, it seems, a great many taken up, as supposed aiders and abettors in her escape; but so well was it managed by the lover, that not the smallest clue as yet has been found to clear up the mystery of her elopement. Every religious house in the city and its

environs has been minutely searched, not having the least idea that she left the house before morning; and by the time she was missed, the lovers must have been at Valpariso, and safe on board a ship; and it was not till yesterday that his lordship thought of sending to Valpariso. Thus you see the *dénouement* of my adventure; and I earnestly hope the lovers are now far beyond the reach of arbitrary power.

FASHIONS.



LONDON FASHIONS.

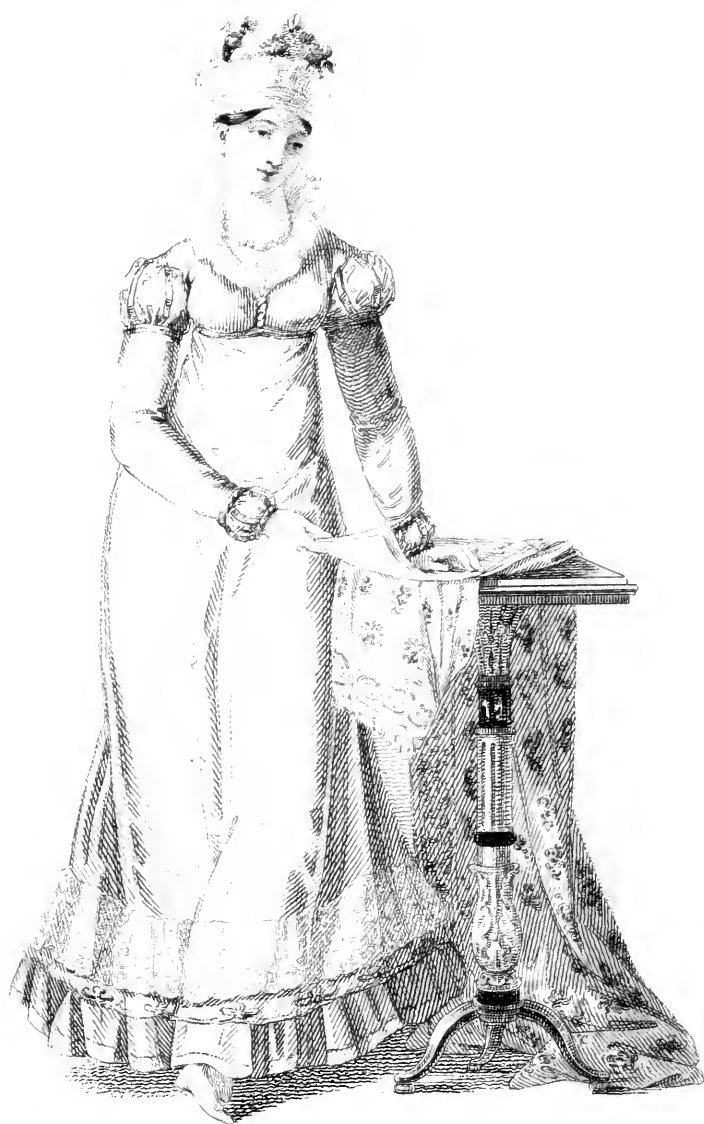
PLATE 4.—HALF-DRESS.

A ROUND dress composed of *velours épingle*: the colour is difficult to describe; it is between a dark fawn and a sage green, without being exactly either, but of the two, it is nearest to the green. The body is made rather more than half high; the back has a little fulness at the bottom of the waist; the fronts are tight to the shape, and sloped a little on each side of the bosom, so as partially to display the upper part of the neck. The body is elegantly finished by a ruff composed of *gros de Naples* and satin, to correspond with the dress; it stands up behind in the Elizabeth style, so as to shade the back of the throat, but is open on each side of the bosom. Long sleeve, of a moderate width; the bottom is ornamented with satin, to correspond with the dress; it is let-in in plaits, and intermixed with twisted *gros de Naples* cord, in such a manner as to form a new and very pretty

cuff. Half-sleeve, of the same materials as the ruff; it is disposed in full oval puffs. The bottom of the skirt is finished by a double fall of lace, between which is a novel and pretty trimming, composed of white satin and white *gros de Naples*. Head-dress, a cap, for the form of which we refer to our print: it is ornamented with pomegranate-flowers. Necklace and ear-rings, dead gold. Black kid shoes, and Limeric gloves.

PLATE 5.—EVENING DRESS.

A round dress, composed of white figured lace of Urling's manufacture, over a white satin slip. The skirt is elegantly ornamented with lace draperies, which are headed by a trimming composed of white satin intermixed with pearls; each drapery is ornamented at the points with stars formed of white satin and pearls. This trimming is at once light, elegant, and novel. The body is tight to the shape; it is cut a very decorous height round



WILLIAMS



WOMEN'S FASHION

the bust: the front is formed in the Grecian style with a little point in the centre of the bosom: it is ornamented by a tucker à l'enfant, and that is headed by a rouleau of lace twisted with pearl. The sleeve is extremely novel and elegant; it is composed of the same material as the dress, intermixed with white satin and pearl. The hair is dressed in light loose curls in front: the forehead is very little exposed. Head-dress, pearl ornaments, and a superb plume of feathers, one of which droops a little to the right side. Necklace and ear-rings, pearls. White silk shoes, and white kid gloves.

We are indebted to Miss Pierpoint, No. 9, Henrietta-street, Covent-Garden, inventor of the *corset à la Grecque*, for both these dresses.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHIONS AND DRESS.

The most remarkable change in promenade dress since our last number is, that it has assumed a warmer appearance: fur trimmings were last month in favour; now they are universally worn with cloth pelisses, which is the dress generally adopted for walking. The Turkish pelisse is considered most fashionable: the body is full behind, the sleeves very long and loose, and the pelerine generally large enough to descend to the bottom of the waist. The trimming, which goes round the bottom of the skirt, and up each front, is seldom less than a quarter of a yard in depth. The bottom of the sleeve is also ornamented with fur, and the epaulette is composed of it; so that, with the addition of a

muff, and sometimes a tippet, our fair pedestrians are sufficiently defended from the severity of the weather.

Promenade bonnets are not we think, generally speaking, so appropriate to the season as the rest of the dress: beaver and black velvet, it is true, are partially worn, but the greater number are composed of *velours épingle*, fancy velvets, velvet and satin, or *gros de Naples*, intermixed, and their beautiful and brilliant hues have certainly a light appearance for the time of year. Provence rose-colour, which is a peculiarly vivid and beautiful shade of red, is in much request for bonnets, as is also violet; but we still see pale colours worn. It is not easy to tell which is considered most fashionable, winter flowers or feathers. We have noticed the former frequently worn to ornament the bonnet even when the pelisse was trimmed with fur: this may be, and we know it is fashionable in France, but it presents a most incongruous and inelegant mixture; and certainly, in the opinion of all good judges of dress, the effect of it is at once fantastic and unbecoming.

Bonnets afford no novelty in the form; they have not decreased in size since last month. There is a new trimming just introduced for the edge of the brim: it is a rich striped ribbon; the stripes are of silk plush, very much raised; the edges are scalloped, and it is laid on in full puffs; each puff is formed by a little plaited silk band, which is always of a colour to contrast strikingly with those of the ribbon. We should observe, that if the bonnet is ornamented with

flowers, the colour of the ribbon invariably corresponds.

Twilled sarsnet or *gros de Naples* pelisses, lined and wadded, are not so general as we had reason last month to expect they would become; they are, however, worn in the carriage dress: some are trimmed with fur, others with velvet, and a few with velvet and satin intermixed. One of the prettiest that we have seen was composed of bright chesnut levantine: it was made to fit the shape; the waist was of the usual length, and the sleeve wide and very long: it fastened on the inside down the front. The trimming consisted of satin of the colour which the French call *ponceau*: it is a red, something similar to dark ruby, but a more dead colour; it is laid on full in the shape of acorns, each of which is edged with a narrow twisted roll of chesnut-coloured velvet and bright rose-coloured satin. This trimming goes round the bottom and up the fronts on each side. The collar, which stands up very high in the back of the neck, and turns over in a roll, is composed of it. The bottom of the long sleeve is ornamented in a similar way. The epaulettes are composed of *ponceau* satin: they are very full, and the fulness is looped up in four places by narrow velvet bands, which fasten with small silk buttons on the shoulder. The appearance of the pelisse is altogether very tasteful, and the trimming has a beautiful effect.

Cloth is now the material most in favour for morning dress; sarsnet is next in estimation; but muslin of every description is exploded. Morning dresses still conti-

nue to be made in a very plain style. We have not noticed since last month any novelty either in their form or trimming.

The materials for dinner dress continue nearly the same as last month. Tabbinets, though so long worn, are still fashionable, and Irish poplins are also considered very genteel; but the most novel and most elegant of the winter materials is the one of which the dinner dress we have given in our print is composed: it was originally of French manufacture, and is now very fashionable in Paris for bonnets. The introduction of it for gowns is a new idea, and will most likely, from the extreme beauty and elegance of the material, prove a successful one.

Dinner gowns, generally speaking, are cut low round the bust, and are made with short sleeves; but for home dress, they are very often made half high, and with long sleeves. Broad flat silk gimp begins to be much used in trimmings. Caps of various descriptions are much in favour, both in morning and dinner dress. Those worn in the morning are always of the mob shape; but both round caps and mobs are in estimation for dinner dress. The one which we have given in our print is, in our opinion, the most strikingly elegant among the former. There are several novelties in the mob, or, as the French call it, *cornette* shape. One of the prettiest of these has a head-piece of tulle, made with very small ears, and ornamented in a pretty but somewhat fantastic way with corkscrew rolls of ribbon of two colours: the ribbon is always narrow, and the colours form a



striking contrast. The crown is a mixture of white satin and lace; the former is disposed in puffs; they are surrounded by full plaitings of the latter, which stand up all round: three of these puffs form the crown.

We shall probably next month have an opportunity of announcing some new materials for full dress to our fair subscribers, as we understand that several of our manufacturers are at present busy in imitating the recent inventions of the French. Lace, tulle, and satin are at present most in estimation. Rich levantines, *gros de Naples*, and spotted silks, are also in request. White is considered most elegant; but violet, *ponceau*, and chesnut-colour are also fashionable.

We have lately seen a full dress, made rather in the French style, which appeared to us pretty, and likely to become fashionable.—The skirt is composed of white figured satin, trimmed at the bottom with a *ruche* of rich white gauze: this trimming consists of several falls, and each is edged with narrow bright rose-coloured

ribbon. This is headed by a trimming composed of rose-coloured and white satin: the latter is disposed in small puffs, which are placed at a distance of about half a quarter of a yard from each other, and between each is a band of rose-coloured satin, laid in three or four plaits crosswise. The *corsage* is formed of rose-coloured silk *pluche*; it is cut excessively low, but a piece of plaited white satin is let in all round the top of the bust. This satin forms the shape of the bosom, in a style at once modest and becoming. A narrow tucker, composed of blond, stands up all round. The sleeve is the most singular that we have seen for some time: there are three rolls, one over another; the upper and lower are white satin, and the middle one rose-coloured silk *pluche*. We must observe, that this last material was very fashionable both here and in France a few seasons back, but it has not lately been at all worn.

Fashionable colours are, bright rose-colour, sage-green, violet, *ponceau*, and different shades of chesnut-colour.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, Dec. 19.

My dear SOPHIA,

OUR promenade dress has now assumed a more wintry appearance than when I wrote to you last. Muslin gowns have disappeared; they are replaced by cloth-dresses of various descriptions. Gowns, great-coats, and pelisses are all in favour, but the only material used for them at present is cloth. Owing, however, to the va-

riety of colours which are in fashion, as well as to the difference in the make of gowns, there is a good deal of variety in promenade dress. I will begin with our great-coats, which, by the bye, are certainly at present misnamed, for they ought rather to be called *little-coats*, since they are very scanty in the skirt, and quite tight in the body and sleeves to the figure. The skirt is gored; it is tight to

the shape, except in the middle of the back, where the fulness is disposed in a profusion of plaits: sometimes it wraps across in front; at others it only meets. The body, still as long as ever in the waist, is made to fit the natural shape. The back has seldom any ornament: sometimes, however, one sees a silk button in the shape of an olive on each hip. The front is entirely covered with bands of silk braiding placed crosswise; this forms a stomacher; each band is finished by a button at the side, and the pelisse fastens by a row of buttons up the middle of the front: they are always in the shape of olives. The sleeve has rarely any ornament at all. I must not forget to say, that the braiding always corresponds in colour with the cloth.

The promenade gowns are made as tight to the figure as the pelisses. A stomacher, of the same material as the dress, is let in up the middle of the front; it is narrow almost to a point at bottom, but about half a quarter wide at top; it is usually finished with a narrow band of velvet, to correspond with the dress: this goes down at each side. A similar band edges the girdle, which is still worn very broad: there is a very full half-sleeve, confined to the arm also by a velvet band. The long sleeve is made quite tight to the arm, except just at the bottom of the wrist, where it falls loosely over the hand: it is finished by a little turned-up velvet cuff. The bottom of the skirt is sometimes left plain, at others adorned with three or four velvet bands. Pelerines of a moderate size are always worn with these dresses: they fas-

ten behind, and are either trimmed or left plain, according to the fancy of the wearer; but if they are trimmed, it is always with velvet.

Great-coats and pelisses are so nearly alike with us, that a description of one will serve for the other. I have, however, seen within the last few days a pelisse, which I will describe to you; because, though it is not very novel, it is pretty, and appropriate to the season. It is composed of pale drab cloth; the body is made with a double front, or rather, to express myself more clearly, the fronts are open, and there is a waistcoat underneath: the waistcoat buttons up the front, and on each side there is a light embroidery in braiding; it forms a little wave, and is in a feather pattern. The lappels of the fronts, which are thrown back, are lined with *velours simulé*. The collar is composed of *velours simulé*, which is laid on full, and formed into bands of the shape of lozenges by rich silk cord. There is a full half-sleeve, similar to the collar: the bottom of the long sleeve is finished with a little cuff of *velours simulé*, and the skirt, which I should observe buttoned up the fronts, had no trimming.

Now for *la tête*, the adorning which, in one way or other, is the business of a French lady's life: while she is young and pretty, the outside claims her peculiar care; as she advances in life, she begins to think a little of the interior, in order, that when she is forced to resign her claim to beauty, she may commence wit; for to be one or the other is absolutely essential to a Frenchwoman's happiness. But to return to the outside of the

French head, which is all you care for. Our *chapeaux* continue to be made of the same materials as when I wrote last, with the exception of *gros de Naples*, which is now never used. The brims are still very large; the crowns are of a moderate height, and of various shapes. Some are oval, others round; a good many are tacked in like the caul of a cap, and a few are still seen in the shape of a dome: this last shape, however, which has been for a considerable time in fashion, is now but little in estimation.

Hats are variously ornamented at the edge of the brim. Those of satin are generally trimmed with silk down of a different colour to the bonnet. This trimming is always put on very broad, and it is sometimes passed across the crown as well as the edge of the brim. Many *belles* place above, and at some distance from the border of down, another of puffs of ribbon. Sometimes a band of satin finishes the brim: this band is ornamented with leaves of stamped velvet, placed at some distance from one another. A third kind of edging is the granite or chenille stuff, which is used to border the brim of a good many hats, and laid on very broad; and a fourth is a trimming of *pluche*: this last has something of the appearance of a plaid ribbon; it is too showy, but has a very rich effect.

Feathers and flowers are the ornaments still used for bonnets: the former are mostly of down; the latter consist of China and Provence roses, pomegranate flowers, daffodils, geraniums, and a variety of fancy flowers. A bonnet has

been recently introduced by one of our *élégantes*, who is remarkable for bringing up *outré* and unbecoming fashions; and really I do not think, that the most fantastic leader of the modes ever invented a head-dress more calculated to disfigure even a lovely face, than the one I am going to describe to you.

It is composed of crimson velvet: the brim is large; the crown low and round; the shape is so dowdy, that if it was not for the manner in which it is decorated, one would not look at it a second time; but the edge of the brim is finished with silk down of a beautiful pale pink; a wreath of full-blown roses, of the same delicate hue, encircled with bright green leaves, goes round the bottom of the crown, across the top of which is a band of pale pink ribbon, with a bow in the middle: this ribbon ties the bonnet in a full bow under the chin. I need not observe to you, how strikingly ridiculous a contrast pink and crimson form, but it is a common one here, as we frequently see a crimson dress and a pink bonnet; but even that does not look so bad as a mixture of pink, crimson, and green in the head-dress.

You must not, however, judge of all our *chapeaux* by the one I have described; the generality of them are pretty, and some very tasteful: among the latter is *le chapeau à la Sicilienne*; it is composed either of white satin or purple velvet; the brim is large, the crown moderately high: a piece of the same material, something in the shape of a handkerchief, covers the crown: this piece has three

points, each of which is finished by a tassel; one of these points falls in front, and the others at the ears: a gold band goes round the crown next to the brim, and five down feathers are placed upright in front. The edge of the brim is finished by a full fall of blond.

Dinner gowns are composed either of Merino cloth or silk; if of the latter, they are either *gros de Naples* or levantine, sarsnet being very little in use, and satin not at all. I do not remember having observed during the last four years, that whole and half-dress gowns were made at any time less trimmed than at present. I must, however, except ball dresses, the skirts of which are now ornamented at the bottom with flowers. Tulle, which has lately been very little used, is now again in favour for dancing dresses; it is worn over white satin or white silk tissue: this last is a beautiful material—light, soft, and rich; it looks, in my opinion, better than white satin under lace or tulle.

The hair now begins to be a good deal covered in full dress. *Toques*, which have been long disused, are coming again into fashion; and we see also a few dress caps composed of tulle, and ornamented with flowers. The white satin hats which I described in my last, are, however, more in favour; and the same shape in black velvet is in universal estimation in full dress, particularly with those ladies who have diamonds to display: those who have not, content themselves with steel beads and feathers. I saw the other day one of those hats of a novel shape, and one that I should consider more gene-

rally becoming than the plain round brims. The brim was small, but a little broader at the sides than either before or behind; it was lined with white satin, and cut round in scollops; it was edged with small cut steel beads: a beautiful plume of white ostrich feathers was placed upright in front, at the base of which was a black velvet bow, ornamented with small steel beads. These beads look remarkably well on black velvet. Pearls are a good deal used to ornament white satin hats; they are worn also in the hair, but not so much as coral ornaments, which are now in very high request.

I must bid you adieu to call upon some friends, whom I am going to take to the Exhibition at the Louvre: it is as much as ever the fashion to lounge away the mornings there. The French speak of it with enthusiasm, and I do not wonder at it, for it really is a credit to their nation. You cannot delight them more than by praising it, for every one regards whatever you say in its favour as a compliment to himself. I was there the other day with our friend Miss D. who never slips an occasion of satirizing the vanity of the French. A grave-looking gentleman, who was certainly past the age of romance, exclaimed aloud, "Surely I am in Fairy-land, for all this cannot be the work of mortal hands!"—"There's hyperbole for you!" said Miss D. to me in a low tone, but loud enough for him to hear.—"Not at all, madam," said he, turning quickly round; "it is natural enough to think one has got into a land of enchantment, when one sees such figures as this mirror

reflects," pointing to one opposite to which she stood. The poor girl is certainly ugly enough to be mistaken for a malignant fairy, but she took the compliment *à la Française*; that is to say, in the most fashionable light; and the gratification to her own vanity put her into so good a humour, that she forgot, during the rest of the morn-

ing, to abuse the vanity of the French.

The Louvre had almost put it out of my head to tell you, that *ponceau*, violet, brown, olive-green, apple-green, drab, and rose-colour, are the fashionable hues.

Adieu! Ever your

EUDOCIA.

FINE ARTS.

INTELLIGENCE REGARDING WORKS OF ART.

THE following are the medals distributed by the Royal Academy:

The gold medal, for an original historical composition of *the Cave of Despair*, from Spenser's Fairy Queen, to Mr. Severn.

The gold medal, for an original model of *Jacob wrestling with the Angel*, to Mr. Gott.

The gold medal, for the best design of Pliny's *Pilla at Laurentinum*, as described in Pliny's Letters, to Mr. Smirke.

Each of the above medals was accompanied with the Lectures of Sir J. Reynolds and Mr. West.

Two silver medals were delivered for the best copies made in the Painting School, the first to Mr. Shepherdson, the second to Mr. Smith.

A silver medal was given, for the best drawing from the living model, to Mr. Edwards.

A similar medal was given, for the best model from the same, to Mr. Behnes.

Two medals were presented for the best drawings from the *Gladi-*

ator, the first to Mr. Graham, and the second to Mr. Watts.

A silver medal, for the best model from the *Apollo*, to Mr. Hughes.

The first silver medal in each school was accompanied with the Lectures of the Professors Barry, Opie, and Fuseli. The latter gentleman presided in the absence of Mr. West, who is, we regret to say, too much indisposed to admit of his performing the more laborious duties of the chair.

ROYAL PRESENTS.—His Grace the Duke of Wellington has received two magnificent royal presents, of exquisitely beautiful china dinner and dessert services, the one from his Majesty the King of Prussia, the other from his Majesty the King of Saxony; and with the latter are six sets of the finest and most costly Damask table linen, all of which are of Saxon manufacture, accompanied with a letter from his Majesty to his Grace. The Berlin china excels in number and splendour; that from Dresden, in taste and quality.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

IN the press, and will be published 1st Jan., the First Part of the *Second Tour of Dr. Syntax in Search of the Picturesque*; a poem, in eight monthly numbers; forming a second volume when complete. Written by the same author, with designs by the same artist, T. Rowlandson, Esq.; and with the same arrangement of them both as produced the original work, with that title of which *eight unexampled editions* have been so eagerly demanded by the public, and which have given rise to so many shameless deceptions, spurious imitations, and gross impositions.

Analytical Essay on the Construction of Machines, translated from the French of Lanz and Bétancourt, is nearly ready for publication by Mr. Ackermann.

Mr. Accum has in the press, a *Treatise on the Adulterations of Food, and Culinary Poisons*; exhibiting the fraudulent sophistications of bread, wine, beer, tea, coffee, cream, spirituous liquors, cheese, mustard, olive-oil, vinegar, pepper, pickles, confectionary, and other articles employed in domestic economy; and the methods of detecting them.

Early in this month will be published, *Facts and Observations on Liver Complaints*: demonstrating the various and extensive disorders of the constitution which originate from this source; prescribing a successful mode of treatment, illustrated with cases: the fourth edition, considerably enlarged; by John Faithhorn, M.D.

Important Invention in Hydraulics.—There is at present circulated in Paris the prospectus of a new machine, which, if we may believe the authors, will overturn all our present system of hydraulics. They engage to supply a small portable steam-engine, which will raise the water to the height of sixty feet, at the rate of fifteen quarts per minute. The machine will consume no more than the value of one pennyworth of coals in an hour, to raise nine hundred quarts of water to this height. It will cost 600 francs, and will last more than a hundred years. No payment is required till the engine has been tried, and given satisfaction; till it is fixed, and raises the water from the well to the roof of the house, which will thus be secured against fire. They offer, for progressive prices, machines which shall raise double, triple, decuple quantities of water to double, triple, decuple heights (i.e. 120, 180, or 600 feet), and this in infinite progression. The authors had at first concealed their names, and this mysterious conduct excited suspicion. They have now made themselves known. They are Messrs. Croisseu, brothers, both pupils of the Polytechnic School, and one of them commandant of artillery, whose talents inspire the greatest confidence. They keep their discovery a secret, and will not divulge it till they have raised subscriptions for 20,000 inches of water, according to their way of calculating.

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THE SECOND SERIES.

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FEBRUARY 1, 1820.

NO. L.

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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 number of favours we have recently received from our correspondents, precludes the possibility of separate enumeration. We wish, however, particularly to express our thanks to W. D. for his useful communication, which shall find a place next month.

Amicus came too late; but the subject of his letter is amusing, and shall receive the attention it deserves.

F. R——ns, W. S. S. and Rachael Rustic, are under consideration. We apprehend, that the first will be inadmissible, not on account of the subject, but of the mode in which it is treated.

Timothy Treacle's article is an agreeable satire, but the subject is rather stale.

The Italian lines of Saccharissa, from Richmond, have reached us, and shall be inserted as early as possible: we have already many poetical contributions in our hands; worthy of insertion.

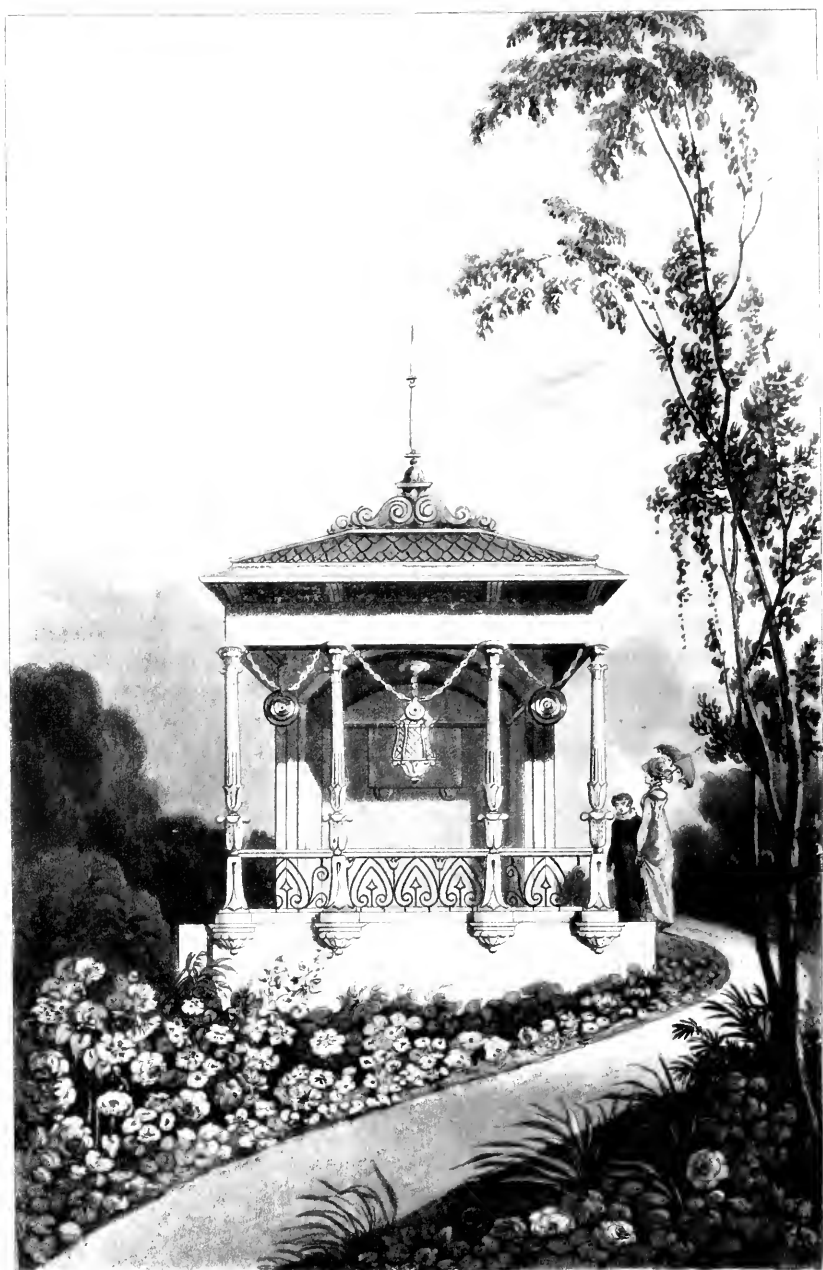
The lines by Mrs. M'Mullan reached us much too late, even to be read before our present Number was prepared.

J. R. P. need be under no apprehensions on the score to which his letter refers.

In consequence of the sudden and lamented death of H. R. H. the Duke of KENT, we have been of course under the necessity of substituting the Fashions for the General Mourning; and our readers will accordingly find the Plates inserted in their corresponding situations in the Number.

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month as published, may have it sent to them, free of Postage, to New-York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any part of the West Indies, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. THORNHILL, of the General Post-Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-Lane; to Hamburgh, Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. SERJEANT, of the General Post-Office, at No. 22, Sherborne-lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of the East Indies, by Mr. GUY, at the East-India House. The money to be paid at the time of subscribing, for either 3, 6, 9, or 12 months.





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N^o. L.

HINTS ON ORNAMENTAL GARDENING.

(Continued from p. I.)

PLATE 7.—AN ALCOVE.

TOWARDS the perfection of natural scenery, an irregular surface of ground is necessary, to imitate which in the business of garden-improvement demands an early attention; for unless an undulating surface is obtained before the planting is begun, very little of such design can be expected without sacrifices.

Great diversity of surface may, in general, be obtained at no objectionable expense, if the labour be discreetly governed. To sink the valley and raise the hill is a good rule, when properly applied; in which case, the advantages produced are so immediate and striking, as amply to compensate for every exertion: hence plants and trees obtain the appearance of several growths, as they are situated on greater or lesser elevations, and produce varieties of incident, and opposition of light, shadow, form, and colour, that cannot be effected on level ground. Such undulating surfaces also allow a command of near and distant views, and oc-

asionally form situations appropriate to garden-seats, temples, and alcoves, in secluded spots, suited to retirement and study, or in others that present the means of more extended and cheerful objects. As appropriate to the latter, the annexed design of an alcove is introduced, and represented as on an eminence, facing the garden itself, so as to become an ornamental feature from the walks. The style of this little building is light and elegant, but of no specific architectural character; and from its arrangements and design, should be rather splendid in its finishings than otherwise. The pillars are of iron, and from them are suspended china patters, of rich colours: the chains are gilt, as is the terminal of the roof. The scale-like forms of the roof-covering are of thin lead, and might be richly painted: indeed the whole should be so decorated as to become highly ornamental, and be in splendid harmony with the accompanying parterres and flower-beds.

I spared him the trouble of putting such a question, which from any one else might have been considered at least as ill-timed, and informed him, that I intended to spend the evening with my nephew, Lieut.-General Count P——. Ernest accepted my invitation with joy.

On our arrival at the count's hôtel, rue de Mont Blanc, we found a large party already assembled in the drawing-room. The lady of the mansion was seated near the fire: I introduced Ernest to her. Our young provincial, who fancied himself called upon to give some proofs of his abilities on his first introduction into high life, made her some far-fetched compliments, which my niece pretended to comprehend, thanking him by one of those half smiles, which possess the advantage of being interpretable any way: she then turned to me, and scolded me in the most engaging manner for having come rather later than usual. In my way I had observed that my watch had stopped, which served me for an excuse. One of the things on old man most naturally remembers to forget, is to wind up his watch. It seems to him as if time passed slower when he is not reminded of its flight by his repeater; and at sixty years of age, we are too much interested in the tardiness of its course to wish it accelerated.

After having heard and retailed some of the most important events of the day; disputed the correctness with which the papers had related the anecdotes of yesterday; praised to the skies an anonymous publication, the author of which was one of the company; circulated a dozen scandalous stories, the

contradiction of which will probably afford employment for the morrow, the card-tables were set out. I was proof against the entreaties of my niece, who wanted to fix me at a whist-table; and on my refusal, the ticket was eagerly solicited by the young sub-prefect of M. I was surprised at first to see a lively youth desirous of devoting his evening to such a studious and sombre game, till I discovered that Monsieur C—— and his lovely daughter had seated themselves at the table in question.

Whilst the greater part of the company was thus occupied, I amused myself by walking about the room, and observing what was going forward. Like all large parties, the present consisted of a strange compound of all ranks, fortunes, and professions. On one side of me, in a window-seat, a young barrister was disputing on abstruse points of legislation with a celebrated counsellor of state, who not unfrequently admitted the justice of the incipient legislator's observations; and a little further on, a literary character was giving advice to a superintendent of finance. I remarked at the same quadrille-table, the famous gambler and speculator P——, who the previous evening had saved the life of Baron H——; the eloquent advocate M——, whose client, however, had lost his cause that morning; the old Marquise de G——, whose spotless reputation was above even the shafts of slander; and the young and pretty Madame S——, who seems determined to attain the height of celebrity by the opposite qualities.

I had left Ernest wholly to him-

self, but I watched him several times during the evening, and as often found him conversing with some one whose dashing exterior had attracted his attention. Every one who affected importance had by turns engrossed him. He was, however, much mortified to find, that the Chevalier de Ceran, so distinguished in his own province, was not even known by name in Paris. One thing surprised him still more. When the card-parties broke up, music was proposed. During a duet from "Armide," sung by young Leo — and Madame San —, the door opened, and Ernest recognised the prefect of his department, who entered on tiptoe, making a very low bow to the company, the majority of whom did not even condescend to return the salutation. This want of respect astonished him; but the modesty of the prefect, who took his seat in a corner of the saloon, appeared so extraordinary, that he could not refrain from communicating his thoughts to his neighbour, who laughed at his country prejudices, and assured him, that prefects, whatever airs they might assume in their departments, were held in very little consideration at Paris.

I approached Ernest, and asked him what he thought of the present party. He was quite enchanted. The little attention paid to the last comer had completely persuaded him, that the company, of which he had the honour to form a part, was composed, without exception, of personages of the highest rank. His error had also another source. In the course of the evening, having imparted his views

to two or three persons, he had received the warmest assurances of their good offices and protection: whence he naturally concluded, that those who would thus offer to use their credit for the benefit of a stranger, must be possessed of a prodigious degree of influence in the state.

"That young man," said he, pointing to a clerk in the war-office, "has promised me his protection, in case I should want the good offices of the minister at war."—"I do not doubt it; he is one of the clerks there."—"A clerk!"—"Yes, and his diligence has this year been rewarded by a gratuity of one hundred crowns."—"What! are you sure he is only a clerk?"—"He is the son of a highly respectable merchant."—"And he visits the countess?"—"Certainly, and is always welcome; for he unites to an irreproachable character, talents, wit, and modesty."—"And that gentleman in a blue coat, who is conversing so familiarly with our prefect; I am pretty sure he is not a clerk, and that the support he has promised me with the minister of the interior——"—"Is worth very little: however, he would be very much embarrassed if you were to claim his promise." These explanations chagrined him a good deal, and he could scarcely conceal his mortification. "There are," said he, "only two persons here, whose dress appears to me too plain for the company into which they have doubtless intruded themselves. If those whom I have mistaken for persons of rank are nobody, what must these be?" He pointed to two old men seated near the mistress of the house.

"One of them is a peer of France, the other a counsellor of state."—"You are joking!"—"At Paris, men of rank and celebrity despise the pomp of dress, and depend upon their intrinsic merit to ensure them due respect. Thus the temporary equality which astonishes you, cannot be attended with any bad consequences. The same persons who are this evening nearly on an equal footing with their superiors, will resume their habits of obedience to-morrow. They are actors, who have for a moment forgotten their characters behind

the scenes; but as soon as the curtain rises, they will re-appear on the theatre of the world in the parts which their respective merits entitle them to hold."

Ernest could not recover from his embarrassment, but at the end of the evening he acknowledged, in reply to my interrogations, that this mixture in company was not without its advantages; and he agreed with me, that if pride lost something, conversation gained much by the variety of rank and character thus assembled together.

ACCOUNT OF THE MUTINEERS OF THE SHIP BOUNTY, AND THEIR DESCENDANTS AT PITCAIRN'S ISLAND.

THE subsequent interesting particulars are extracted from a Botany-Bay newspaper:

"The following account I have just received from a Taheitan woman, who was the wife of Isaac Madden, one of the mutineers. She has been apparently a good-looking woman in her time, but now begins to bear the marks of age. She is marked on the left arm 'A. S. 1789,' which was done by Adam Smith, to whom she attached herself at first, and sailed with him both before and after the ship was taken. She has lately arrived hither in the King George from Nugahiva, at which place she was left by an American ship, the captain of which took her from Pitcairn's Island to the Spanish main, and afterwards left her at Nugahiva. She has resided at Nugahiva about three months, and it is more than double that time since she left Pitcairn's Island.

"When Fletcher Christian cut

his cable and left Taheite, the following persons were on board the Bounty: Fletcher Christian, John Main, Bill M'Koy, Billy Brown, Jack Williams, Neddy Young, Isaac Madden, Matt or Matthew, and Adam Smith, nine Europeans; Tiernua, Niau (a boy), and Manarii, Taheitans; Tararo, a Raiatean; and Oher and Titahiti, Tubuans. The Taheitan women were, Manu-atua, Christian's wife; Valmeatua, Main's wife; Teio, the wife of M'Koy, who was accompanied by her little daughter; Sarah Teatua-hitea, Brown's wife; Faaliotu, Williams's wife; Teraura, Young's wife; Teehuteatuanoa or Jenny, Madden's wife, before mentioned; Obuarei, Adam Smith's wife; Tevarua, Matt's wife; Toofaiti, Tararo's wife; Marava, common to the two Taheitans; and Tinafarnea, common to the two Tubuans.

"In their passage to Pitcairn's Island, they fell in with a low-lying island, which they called

Vivini, where they got birds, eggs, and cocoa-nuts. They also passed between two mountainous islands, but the wind was so strong they could not find land.

"When they arrived at Pitcairn's Island, they ran the ship ashore. Fletcher Christian wanted to preserve the ship, but Matt said, "No, we shall be discovered;" so they burnt her. The island is small; has but one mountain, which is not high but flat, and fit for cultivation. They put up temporary houses of the leaves of the tea, and afterwards more durable ones, thatched with palm, as at Taheite. They found the bread-fruit there, and all were busily engaged in planting yams, taro, plantains, and aute, of which they made cloth. The account this woman gives of their proceedings in this new country is very amusing to the Taheitan. Neddy taught them to distil spirits from the tea-root. They made small canoes, and caught many fish. They climbed the precipices of the mountain, and got birds and eggs in abundance.

"In the mean time many children were born. Christian had a daughter, Mary, and two sons, Charley and Friday. John Main had two children, Betsy and John. Bill M'Koy had Sam and Kate. Neddy Young had no children by his own wife; but by Tararo, the wife of the Raiatean, he had three sons, George, Robert, and William. Matt has had five children, Matt, Jenny, Arthur, Sarah, and a young one, that died when seven days old.

"Adam Smith has Dinah, Eliza, Hannah, and George, by his wife. The Taheitans, &c. have left no children. Jack Williams's wife died

of a scrophulous disease, which broke out in her neck. The Europeans took the three women belonging to the natives, Toofaiti, Mareva, and Tinafarnea, and cast lots for them, and the lot falling upon Toofaiti, she was taken from Tararo, and given to Jack Williams. Tararo wept at parting with his wife, and was very angry. He studied revenge, but was discovered, and Oher and he were shot. Titahiti was put in irons for some time, and afterwards released; when he and his wife lived with Madden, and wrought for him.

"Titahiti, Niau, Teimua, and Manarii still studied revenge; and having laid their plan when the women were gone to the mountain for birds, and the Europeans were scattered, they shot Christian, Main, Brown, Williams, and Madden. Adam Smith was wounded in the hand and face, but escaped with his life. Ned Young's life was saved by his wife; and the other women, and M'Koy and Matt, fled to the mountain.

"Inflamed with drinking the raw spirit they distilled, and fired with jealousy, Manarii killed Teimua by firing three shots through his body. The Europeans and women killed Manarii in return. Niau, getting a view of M'Koy, shot at him. Two of the women went under the pretence of seeing if he was killed, and made friends with him. They laid their plan, and at night Niau was killed by Young. Titahiti, the only remaining native man, was dreadfully afraid of being killed; but Young took a solemn oath that he would not kill him. The women, however, killed him, in revenge for the death of their

husbands. Old Matt, in a drunken fit, declaring that he would kill F. Christian's children, and all the English that remained, was put to death in his turn. Old M'Koy, mad with drink, plunged into the sea and drowned himself; and Ned Young died of a disease which broke out in his breast. Adam Smith therefore is the only survivor of the Europeans. Several of the women also are dead. Obua-rei and Tevarua fell from the precipices when getting birds. Teatuahitea died of the dropsy; and Vahmeatua was killed, being pierced in her bowels when she was with child. The others were still alive when the woman left.

"The descendants of the Europeans, for there are no descendants of the natives, are very numerous. Of Christian's family, Mary Christian remains unmarried. Charley Christian married Sarah, the daughter of Teio. She has borne him Fletcher, Charley, and Sarah, and was with child again. Friday Christian has got Teraura, formerly the wife of Ned Young. She has borne him Joe, Charley, Polly, Peggy, and Mary. All these descendants of Christian, together with Manuatua, or old Mrs. Christian, yet survive. John Main was killed by falling from the rocks. Betty Main is the wife of young Matt, and has borne two sons, Matt and John. Sam M'Koy has taken Sarah Matt, and has by her Sam and M'Koy. Kate M'Koy is the wife of Arthur Matt, and they have three children, Arthur, Billy, and Joe. Dinah Smith is the wife of Edward Matt by Teraura. She has a young son.

"They have hogs and fowls, and are very diligent in cultivating the ground: they dress their food like the Taheitans, having no boilers; they make cloth, and clothe themselves like the Taheitans, the men with the maro and tibuta, the women with the paren and tibuta. They have sent away their still, the fruitful cause of so much mischief, in the American that called last; and they have obtained a boat from him, which greatly adds to their comfort. The women work hard in cultivating the ground, &c. This woman's hands are quite hard with work. They have a place of worship, and old Adam Smith officiates three times every Sunday. He prays extempore, but does not read. Their ceremonies of marriage, baptism, and funerals are very simple. It does not appear that any of the people have learned to read. The first settlers discouraged the Taheitan language, and promoted the speaking of English. This woman, however, can speak neither English nor Taheitan, but a jumble of both. They speak of seeing two ships some years ago, which kept in the offing, and did not come near the island; except Master Folger, as they call him, and the two king's ships, they have seen no ship till the American that brought away Jenny. Jenny says they would all like to come to Taheite or Eimae. We were thinking that they would be a great acquisition at Opunohu, along side of the sugar-works, as they have been accustomed to labour, for the Taheitans will not labour for any payment."

FRANK FOLLOWFAIR'S DEFENCE OF THE PRESENT FEMALE FASHIONS.

Dec. 4, 1819.

MR. EDITOR,

IN your Magazine for November last, I perceive some very severe remarks on the present style of female dress; and with all due deference to your correspondent, I think he takes a wrong view of the matter. For my own part, I confess myself under infinite obligations to my fair countrywomen for the manner in which they dress: I make no doubt they have adopted it out of a generous consideration for us men; and perhaps my own example will shew, that their conduct in this respect has been attended with very good effects.

I am, sir, a man of business, and when in the streets I have generally very little time to spare; notwithstanding which, I never could resist the temptation of loitering, in order to gaze upon a pretty woman if I happened to meet one. Every body knows, that a man must be fastidious indeed who can walk half the length of a street in England, without acknowledging that he has met more than one handsome woman; consequently this unfortunate habit of mine occasioned me to suffer innumerable vexations. I was perpetually breaking appointments, or receiving reproaches for keeping people waiting; and in more than one instance, I have lost money by not being in time to receive it.

All these mishaps of mine, Mr. Editor, were solely owing to the manner in which the ladies then dressed, because it afforded us an opportunity of seeing beauty in all

its native loveliness. The neat little cottage bonnet, as I believe the women called it, would have set off any countenance that had youth and innocence to recommend it; and the moderately sized hat shewed enough of the pretty face underneath to excite one's curiosity. The exquisite proportions of the shape were either alluringly displayed by the pelisse, or left to be guessed at by the partial concealment of a smart cloak. In short, so provokingly handsome did my fair countrywomen appear in those days, that I make no doubt many a man, as well as myself, has gone miles out of his way only for the pleasure of looking at them.

As, however, I could not make this excuse for the scrapes I was perpetually getting into, I began to be regarded as a negligent, careless fellow, totally unfit for business; and what might have been the consequence, Heaven knows, had not I suddenly recovered my reputation. I became punctual to my appointments; was observed to bustle along the streets with considerable despatch; and, in fine, began to be regarded as a man who might one day get on in the world.

For this, Mr. Editor, I have to thank the ladies, for it was all owing to the alteration in their dress. Heaven bless the dear creatures! I do not think I have lost a quarter of an hour by peeping at them since the year 1815; for what with the quantity of furbelows at the bottom of the dress, the ruffs and pelerines which envelope the bust,

and the impossibility of guessing at the shape, from the back part of the girdle being placed between the shoulders, the only striking difference which one can perceive in the figures of my fair countrywomen is, that some are tall, and others short. And with respect to the face, our hearts are equally well defended; for as the chin is buried in the ruff, and the forehead and eyes are concealed by the bonnet, there is little chance of one's being caught by a partial view of the nose and mouth, even if they should happen to be handsome; but if they are not, a lady may, in other respects, be a Venus without exciting even a glance. The case of a cousin of mine will serve to illustrate the truth of this observation: The upper part of her face is very lovely, and there is something altogether so pleasing in her countenance, when it can be fairly seen, that she has often carried the palm from beauties; and I remember when she could not walk out without being teased to death by the admiration of the men; but ever since the introduction of large bonnets, she is as little noticed in the streets as if she were seventy.

Now, sir, I cannot help thinking, that this plain statement of facts refutes, in some degree, the heavy charge of vanity and giddiness brought by P's and Q's against the British ladies; for how can they be vain, whose chief aim is to conceal their charms? and certainly the careful and premeditated manner in which they do it,

evinces a degree of solidity very incompatible with giddiness.

As to the annoyance which the head-dresses worn at present, do give to us men in public places, I am compelled to own there is some truth in that part of P's and Q's complaint; but the ladies may plead precedent in that particular, for he will find the writers in the excellent periodical work, *The Mirror*, have, if I am not mistaken, more than once made bitter complaints of the high feathers and wire bonnets worn in their days. Certainly these coverings for the head were much more inconvenient to our fathers than the modern *chapeaux* can be to us; for we find that they not only prevented a man from seeing, but if he was obstinate enough to think of obtaining a peep now and then in spite of them, and to press forward for that purpose, he received, at every turn of his fair neighbour's head, either a whisk from her feathers, or a poke from the wires of her bonnet. Ought we not then, Mr. Editor, to be very thankful, that our lovely contemporaries do not carry things with so high a hand as their mammas, but content themselves with merely depriving us of seeing and hearing, without either endangering our eyes, or scratching our noses?

If, Mr. Editor, you can give this defence of our fair fellow-subjects a place in the *Repository*, you will much oblige your very humble servant,

FRANK FOLLOWFAIR.

ON THE CHARACTER OF JAKUES.

(Continued from vol. VIII. p. 325.)

THIS mixture of melancholy and misanthropy in the character of Jaques is more agreeable to human nature than the representation of either of the extremes; for a complete misanthrope is as uncommon an object as a man who suffers injury without resentment. Mankind hold a sort of middle rank, and are in general too good for the one, and too bad for the other. As benevolence and sensibility are manifest in the temper of Jaques, we are not offended with his severity. By the oddity of his manner, by the keenness of his remarks, and shrewdness of his observations, while we are instructed, we are also amused. He is precisely what he himself tells us, often wrapped "in a most humourous sadness." His sadness, of a mild and gentle nature, recommends him to our regard; his humour amuses.

A picture of this kind shews us the fertility of Shakspeare's genius, his knowledge of human nature, and the accuracy of his pencil, much more than if he had represented in striking colours either of the component parts. By running them into one another, and by delineating their shades where they are gradually and almost imperceptibly blended together, the extent and delicacy of his conceptions, and his amazing powers of execution, are fully evident. Violent and impetuous passions are obvious, their colours are vivid, their features strongly marked, they may easily be discerned and easily copied. But the sensi-

bility of the soul flows out in a variety of emotions and feelings, whose impulses are less apparent, and whose progress and operation may escape the notice of superficial observers; but whose influence in governing the conduct, and fashioning the tempers of mankind, is more extensive than we are apt to imagine. Many passions and affections of an insinuating rather than urgent nature gain an ascendant in the soul by silent and unobserved approaches. Not to be discerned in the gestures or countenance till they have established a peculiar habit or temper, they are represented to us by those only whom nature has distinguished; and whom, by rendering them exquisitely susceptible of every feeling, she has rendered supremely happy, or miserable beyond the common lot of humanity. To men of this character, endowed with lively imaginations, and a talent of easy expression, the most delicate emotions and affections of the soul submit themselves, suffering them to copy their true appearance, and exhibit them for the profit and pleasure of mankind: like those ærial agents, the sylphs, fairies, and other divinities of the poets, that preside over the seasons, and regulate the progress of vegetation, but which can only be rendered visible by the spells and authority of a skilful magician.

That Jaques, on account of disappointments in friendship, should become reserved and censorious, is agreeable to human nature: but

is it natural that he should abjure pleasure, and consider the world and every enjoyment of sense as frivolous and inexpedient? Ought he not rather to have recurred to them for consolation? On the contrary, he expatiates with satisfaction on the insufficiency of human happiness, and on the insignificance of our pursuits.

That the heart, sorrowful and dejected by the repulse of an ardent passion, is averse from pleasure of every kind, has been often observed. The mind, in a gay and healthful state, receives hope and enjoyment from every object around us. The same objects, if we languish and despond, are regarded with disgust and indifference. "What path of life would you pursue?" said Poscidippus, morose, and out of humour with his condition: "in public you are perplexed with business and contention: at home, you are tired with cares: in the country, you are fatigued with labour: at sea, you are exposed to danger: in a foreign land, if rich, you are fearful; if poor, neglected: have you a wife? expect sorrow: unmarried? your life is irksome: children will make you anxious: childless, your life is lonely: youth is foolish; and grey hairs feeble. Upon the whole, the wise man would choose either not to have existed, or to have died the moment of his birth."—"Choose any path of life," replies the cheerful Metrodorus: "in the forum are profits and wise debates: at home, relaxation: in the country, the bounty of nature: the sea-faring life is gainful: in a foreign land, if wealthy, you are respected; if poor, nobody knows

it: are you married? your house is cheerful: unmarried? you live without care: children afford delight: childless, you have no sorrow: youth is vigorous; and old age venerable. The wise man, therefore, would not choose but to have existed." Morose and splanetic moments are transient; the soul recovers from them as from a lethargy, exerts her activity, and pursues enjoyment: but, in the temper of Jaques, moroseness is become habitual; he abandons the world, he contemns its pleasure, and buries himself in a cloister. The cause of this excessive severity requires a particular explanation.

Among the various desires and propensities implanted by nature in the constitution of every individual, some one passion, either by original and superior vigour, or by reiterated indulgence, gains an ascendant in the soul, and subdues every opposing principle; it unites with desires and appetites that are not of an opposite tendency, it bends them to its pleasure, and in their gratifications pursues its own. The man whose governing passion is pride, may also be social and beneficent; he may love his friends, and rejoice in their good fortune; but, even in their company, the desire of impressing them with an idea of his own importance, for ever obtruding itself, produces disgust and aversion. The ruling passion, blended with others; augments their vehemence, and consequently enhances their pleasure: for the pleasure arising from the gratification of any passion, is proportioned to its force. Moreover, the sensations arising from the in-

dulgence of the governing principle will necessarily be combined with those arising from the gratification of other appetites and desires; so intimately combined, that their union is not easily discerned, but by those who are accustomed to reflect on their feelings: yet, by their union, they affect the mind with a stronger impulse than if they were separately excited. Suppose the ruling passion thwarted, it ceases to operate with success: the force it communicated to other passions is withdrawn; consequently, their vehemence suffers abatement; and, consequently, the pleasure they yield is lessened. By the discomfiture and disappointment of the governing principle, the pleasure arising from its gratification is no longer united with that arising from other active but subordinate principles: and thus, the pleasure resulting from subordinate principles, by the failure and absence of the adventitious pleasure with which it was formerly accompanied, is sensibly diminished. It is, therefore, manifest, that, if social and beneficent affections, by gaining a superiority in the constitution, have heightened every other enjoyment, and if their exercise is suspended by disappointment, all the pleasures of sense or of ambition that formerly contributed to our felicity, though in themselves they are still the same; yet, being reft of their better part, of the spirit that enlivened them, they strike the mind so feebly, as only to awaken its attention to the loss it hath sustained; and, instead of affording comfort, aggravate our misfortune. We estimate their importance, not as they really are,

but as they affect us in our present state; we undervalue and despise them.

We may also observe, that social and beneficent affections are in their own nature gay and exhilarating; and that, by extending their influence to other active principles which are not opposed to them, they accelerate their motions and augment their vivacity. They animate, and even inflame the inferior appetites; and where reason, and other serious principles, are not invested with supreme authority, they expose us to the anarchy of unlawful passions. There are many instances of men betrayed into habits of profligacy and dissipation, by the influence of their social affection. These men, disappointed and chagrined with the world, and, consequently, with every pleasure, to whose energy the love of society contributed, consider the enjoyments arising from inferior appetites, not as they really are, when governed and guided by reason, but immoderate and pernicious, agreeably to their own experience. Reformed profligates are often very eloquent teachers of abstinence and self-denial. Polemo, converted by Xenocrates from a course of wild extravagance, became eminent in the school of Plato. The wisdom of Solomon was, in like manner, the child of folly. And the melancholy Jaques would not have moralized so profoundly, had he not been, as we are told in the play, a dissipated and sensual libertine.

To the foregoing observations, and to the consistency of Jaques's character, one thing may be ob-

jected : he is fond of music. But surely music is an enjoyment of sense; it affords pleasure; it is admitted to every joyous scene, and augments their gaiety. How can this be explained?

Though action seems essential to our happiness, the mind never exerts itself unless it be actuated by some passion or desire. Thinking appears to be necessary to its existence; for surely that quality is necessary, without which the object cannot be conceived. But the existence of thinking depends upon thoughts or ideas; and, consequently, whether the mind is active or not, ideas are present to the thinking faculty. The motions and laws observed by our thoughts in the impressions they make on us, vary according as the soul may be influenced by various passions. At one time, they move with incredible celerity; they seem to rush upon us in the wildest disorder, and those of the most opposite character and complexion unite in the same assemblage. At other times, they are slow, regular, and uniform. Now, it is obvious, that their rapidity must be occasioned by the eagerness of an impelling passion, and that their wild extravagance proceeds from the energies of various passions operating at once or alternately. Passions, appetites, and desires, are the principles of action, and govern the motions of our thoughts: yet they are themselves dependent: they depend on our present humour, or state of mind, and on our temporary capacity of receiving pleasure or pain. It is always

to obtain some enjoyment, or to avoid some pain or uneasiness, that we indulge the violence of desire, and enter eagerly into the hurry of thoughts and of action. But if we are languid and desponding, if melancholy diffuses itself through the soul, we no longer cherish the gay illusions of hope; no pleasure seems worthy of our attention; we reject consolation, and brood over the images of our distress. In this state of mind, we are animated by no vigorous or lively passion; our thoughts are quickened by no violent impulse: they resemble one another; we frequently return to the same images: our tone of mind continues the same, unless a desire or wish intervenes, that our condition were somehow different; and as this suggests to us a state of circumstances and events very different from what we suffer, our affliction is aggravated by the contrast, and we sink into deeper sorrow. Precisely agreeable to this description, is the character of melancholy music. The sounds, that is, the objects it conveys to the mind, move slowly; they partake of little variety, or, if they are considerably varied, it is by a contrast that heightens the expression. Slow sounds, gentle zephyrs, and murmuring streams, are agreeable to the afflicted lover; and the dreary whistling of the midnight wind through the crevices of a darksome cloister, cherishes the melancholy of the trembling nun, and disposes her to a gloomy and austere devotion.

RICHARDSON.

THE GENEROUS LOVER:

A Tale, from the Spanish of CERVANTES.

(Continued from vol. VIII. p. 258.)

"I WILL," replied Richard, "be guided by you in every thing." He then averted his eyes, lest his emotions should be perceived by Leonisa, who was herself in tears. The cadi approached her a moment afterwards, and taking her by the hand, ordered Mahomet to conduct her into the city, to his wife Halima, and direct that she should be treated with every respect due to the Grand Seignior, whose slave she now was. Mahomet obeyed, and quitted the tent with his fair charge. Richard then endeavoured to enter into conversation with the Jew, in hopes of learning from him where he had purchased his mistress; and heard, that she had been sold to him in the Island of Pantalaria by certain Turks, who had been shipwrecked on the coast. He was about to continue his recital, when the bashaws and the cadi, equally desirous of hearing the adventures of their fair enslaver, summoned him to them for that purpose.

Mahomet, whilst conveying the lovely slave to Nicosia, was more successful. He demanded, in Italian, the place of her birth, which she informed him was Trapani. "Since you come from Trapani," continued he, "you are doubtless acquainted with a noble youth of that city named Richard: his family, I believe, are highly esteemed there."—Leonisa sighed, and answered with hesitation, that she had some knowledge of him.—"You must also remember another gentleman," pursued Mahomet,

"of the same city; rich, generous, and handsome: I think his name is Cornelius."—"To my misfortune," replied Leonisa, "I know him but too well." She turned pale in saying these words, which were uttered in a tone of contempt and disdain. "But who are you," demanded she, "who appear to be acquainted with these gentlemen, and inquire with such freedom after them?"—"I am a native of Palermo," said the subtle and pretended Musselman; "and if you are surprised at seeing me in this dress, you would be still more so were I to relate to you the singular adventures which have compelled me to assume it. I know both Richard and Cornelius, from having had charge of them not many months since. Some Moors from Barbary sold Cornelius to a Turkish merchant, who brought him to this island with his other merchandize: he has now gained his master's confidence, and is intrusted with the care of his property."—"His master is in the right," replied Leonisa: "Cornelius will never waste his fortune; he is too well accustomed to attend to the preservation of his own. But to return to Richard: tell me, I beg of you, how and with whom he came to this island."—"He landed here," resumed Mahomet, "with a corsair, who had surprised him in a garden near Trapani, at the same time with a beautiful maiden, whose name he never would tell me. He remained here some time with his master; and when the latter under-

took a journey to Mecca, to visit the sepulchre of Mahomet, his unfortunate slave fell ill, and the corsair left him under my care, desiring me, as his fellow-countryman, to use my best exertions for the recovery of his health, and then to send him to Constantinople, where he intended to reside: but Heaven had ordained otherwise. Richard expired a few days after his master's departure, pronouncing the name of one Leonisa, whom he appeared to love far better than life: indeed grief for her loss was the real cause of his disorder and premature death. He told me, that this Leonisa was on board another of the pirate vessels, which was lost on the rocks of Pantalaria; that he had seen her perish, and never afterwards experienced the least happiness, but in the idea that he should not long survive her."

On hearing this, Leonisa drew a deep sigh, and seemed ready to faint; but commanding her emotion, "And pray," asked she, assuming the appearance of indifference, "did Cornelius never mention to you the name of Leonisa? Did he never relate to you the circumstances attending her capture at the same time with the unfortunate Richard?"—"He did mention something about her," replied Mahomet: "he inquired whither she had been conveyed, and stated his intention of ransoming her, provided the corsair, her master, had not been informed that she was of a noble and rich family, and being tired of her, might be willing to part with her for a moderate ransom; that is to say, he would not scruple fourteen or fif-

teen hundred crowns in consideration of formerly having had some regard for her."—"Certainly," returned Leonisa, "it must have been very small, since it extended no further than that paltry price: but neither generosity nor courage ever had much sway in his soul. Those noble qualities were possessed by Richard alone. O Heaven!" exclaimed she, unable longer to retain herself, "forgive the cause of his untimely death! I am that ungrateful Leonisa whose loss he deplored, and whose cruelty and caprice have destroyed the noblest youth in Italy. Unpitying, unjust fate! the unworthy Cornelius has been preserved, while his generous rival has sunk under misfortune and grief. Oh, dearest Richard! could you but now see the real feelings of her who repents too late of her cruel scorn of your true attachment, you would be sufficiently avenged. Alas! have I not already suffered enough to appease your angry spirit? For pity's sake, sir, whoever you are, take compassion on an unfortunate maid, whom Heaven seems to have thrown on your protection, and let your advice be her guide, your kindness her consolation till death ends her sufferings: God grant that time be not distant." At these words, her voice became inaudible from her sobs; and Mahomet, much affected, assured her, that he deeply felt for her misfortunes, and not only would protect her as far as possible, but would use his utmost endeavours to meliorate her present situation. He acquainted her with the quarrel between the two bashaws, and that she was at present in the power of the cadi

his master, who had taken upon himself to conduct her to Constantinople, and present her to the sultan. "I hope, however," said he, "that Heaven will ordain it otherwise. You have been preserved hitherto almost miraculously; trust in its future protection." He advised her, however, to insinuate herself into the good graces of the *cadi's* wife, into whose charge he was going to consign her; and drew a character of that lady for her information, delineating those foibles which required flattery, and those passions she must forbear to rouse.

Halima received Leonisa with much kindness. She was charmed with her beauty, her elegance, the richness of her dress, and particularly with her modest and unassuming manners. Mahomet, after delivering the commands of the *cadi*, returned to the tent where he had left his transported friend. Richard flew to meet him, and acquainted him, that since his departure the two bashaws had been reconciled, and he feared lest Leonisa was to be the pledge of their new friendship. "I tremble for the consequences of their violence," continued he; "yet our first plan must be to prevent her being sent to the sultan."—"And our first step," replied Mahomet, "shall be, to induce my master to purchase you: then we can form our schemes; we neither want courage nor ingenuity, and I dare predict, that your lovely Leonisa shall never swell the train of the sultan's slaves." At this moment the overseer of Azan approached, and Richard was compelled to leave his friend. The *cadi* and the new

viceroy entered the city, and Ali took his departure shortly after having received his letters for Constantinople.

Influenced by Mahomet's persuasion, in a few days the *cadi* purchased Richard from his master, and placed him about his own person. His name was changed to that of Marius, and thus disguised, he waited impatiently for some opportunity of beholding his charming mistress. Owing to the jealous temper of the Moors, who seldom permit their women to leave their own apartments, many days elapsed, during which Leonisa remained in the house, and unwittingly pained her anxious lover by exciting a thousand jealous fears in his mind. Halima, who did not feel the same attachment to solitude as the beautiful slave, frequently appeared at the windows, and one day perceived Marius gazing, as she imagined, at the balcony at which she stood. The heart of a young woman, wedded to an old husband, is usually unfettered; and the handsome face and elegant form of Marius fascinated her eye, and awakened the first emotions of love in her breast. On inquiry, she learned that he belonged to her husband, was of the same country as Mahomet, and a man of rank and fortune. As she really loved Leonisa, who was of a mild and engaging disposition, and studied to conform to her caprices, and even respected her, not only because she was destined for the sultan, but because she discovered her to be no less prudent and discreet than she was beautiful, she resolved to confide this new passion to her. "We

cannot resist our destiny, my dear Leonisa," said she: "as we women are born to be loved, so we are also born to feel love, and we are no longer mistresses of ourselves when once assailed by that powerful sentiment. Alas! I feel my words are but too true. I love a Christian slave lately purchased by the *cadi*: he is elegant, handsome, noble, and a native of your own country; in short, he has every quality calculated to inspire the tender passion. Yet how can I intimate to him the conquest he has made? Should I offer the first advances, and he not return my passion, I never could survive my disgrace." Leonisa asked the name of the slave; and being informed he was called Marius, "If he were a nobleman, and born in the place you mention," said she, "I ought certainly to know him; but I am sure no person of that name resided at Trapani. Procure me, however, an interview with him, and rely on my informing you who he is, and what prospect there may

be of success for your attachment."—"On Friday next," replied Halima, "when the *cadi* is gone to the mosque, we will order this youth to be brought into your apartments, and if you should think proper to sound him on the subject, I rely upon your regard for me."

Meanwhile the *cadi* had already confided his passion for the lovely Leonisa to Mahomet; and his friend swearing he would rather die a thousand deaths than part with her, even to the Grand Seignior himself, he encouraged his hopes; proposed that as Marius was a native of the same place, he should be confided in to promote his master's suit, and for that purpose, free admittance to the lovely slave should be allowed him; and suggested the facility with which the rumour of her death might be spread abroad in case of success, and thus all further inquiries be avoided.

(To be continued.)

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE ADVISER.

MR. ADVISER,

I KNOW nothing at all about you, except what I have learned from your paper for January; and I see by the magisterial tone in which you conclude it, that you must either be a person of no small consequence, or one of the most impudent fellows in the creation. As I am always desirous to look on the most favourable side of things, I am willing to suppose the former is the case, and in that supposition I request your advice; provided I can have it gratis, for I have just

escaped from the hands of a lawyer and a physician, both of whom have so completely sickened me of paying for advice, that I have sworn never to expend a shilling in that way again.

Having premised this, I shall proceed to expose my case, which is rather of a singular nature. I have the misfortune to be the husband of the most prudent woman in the world. How, methinks you ask, can this be a misfortune? Indeed it is, Mr. Adviser, and a very serious one, as you will find, if you

you have patience to peruse my letter.

I was left at a very early age to my own guidance, and being of a warm and thoughtless temper, soon injured my fortune, though more from the facility with which I obliged my friends, than from any extravagance of my own. However, before I had proceeded too far, I began to see my folly; and as the first step towards a reformation, I determined to marry and settle; wisely resolving, that I would seek in a wife those qualities in which I found myself the most deficient, in order to preserve my remaining property.

I looked round the circle of my female acquaintance very carefully, to find this sage fair-one, and though my heart was often assailed by bright eyes and bewitching smiles, yet I was so bent upon making a prudent choice, that I resolutely rejected every temptation of that sort, and gave my hand to Miss Staidbody, solely because every one extolled her as the most prudent and steady girl in the world.

My helpmate's manners and appearance justified these eulogiums: she was grave and reserved, but appeared extremely mild and gentle; so much so, indeed, that during the first three weeks, I could not perceive that she shewed, in any instance, the least desire to have a will of her own; and I began to be apprehensive that I should lose the benefit of her prudence and steadiness, through the too great timidity of her disposition. But I soon found that this fear was groundless, for my meek mate turned out to be the most

despotic being on earth. She has taken advantage of my constitutional failings, to subjugate me completely; and if I ever, in any instance, venture to act contrary to her opinion, it is a hundred to one that I get into a scrape, which furnishes her with occasion to reflect, for a month at least, upon my excessive imprudence.

If I purpose doing any thing, the words "Will it be prudent?" with which she is sure to assail me, paralyze me at once; and if I recover my spirits so far as to attempt to discuss the matter, she conjures up such a catalogue of evils which may arise from my intended measure, that I generally give up the point in despair. It is no matter whether it is a trifle or a thing of importance, my wife's prudence is as much upon the alert on one occasion as the other. Owing to this confounded virtue of hers, I am deprived of every comfort of my life: I am forced to live almost without society, because, in these hard times, we must in common prudence be economical; and if we begin by having dinner company, one party will lead to another, until our expenses will become ruinous.

I have lately lost the best friend I had on earth, owing to her keeping me debating the imprudence of lending him a small sum, till the hour at which I had positively promised to send it was past. She has recently drawn me into a most vexatious and expensive law-suit, by incessantly reproaching me with the imprudence I was guilty of in letting my claim to the property of a distant relation lie dormant, though, as it afterwards

turned out, the man died worth nothing: and lastly, her excessive prudence has nearly cost me my life; for I happened, about two months since, to catch a slight cold, and she worried me so terribly about my folly in neglecting to check the progress of the disease in time, that, for the sake of quiet, I suffered her to send for Mr. Lancet, who bled, blistered, and dosed me, till he had nearly quieted me for ever. I must not, however, throw the whole blame on the poor fellow neither; for my wife did not think him sufficiently prudent in regard to my diet, so she took the management of that upon herself, and in order to prevent the approach of fever, she almost starved me.

Her conduct in this instance has roused me at last to a spirit of resistance; I am determined to take the management of my affairs into my own hands, convinced that I cannot suffer more inconvenience from thoughtlessness and precipitancy, than I have endured through her caution and prudence. But I am a little at a loss how to break the matter to her; and it is in this particular that I wish for your advice. Favour me with it, my good sir; and if I am so fortunate as to profit by it, I will permit you to make the same use of my name, that the venders of quack medicines do of their surviving patients; that is to say, you may use my case, to lure others into taking your advice. I am, sir, your most obedient,

TRISTRAM THINKLITTLE.

I must tell Mr. Thinklittle, who, by the bye, is not a man of much

ceremony, that the only advice I can give him is, if he mean seriously to assert his claim to domestic dominion, never to argue a point with his wife; since it is clear, according to his own account, that if she is not the best, at least she is the most subtle reasoner of the two. His only chance of having his orders obeyed, will be to issue them with the tone of a master, without ever consulting her upon their propriety or impropriety. If he can do this, and has nerve enough (which, however, I doubt,) to stand a few tears and reproaches, or else a sullen fit, he may regain his conjugal authority. He has himself only to blame for the loss of it: he pursued a wrong method at first, and it was very natural for his wife to take up the power which he seemed so willing to lay down.

S. SAGEPHIZ.

TO THE ADVISER.

I am one of those people, Mr. Adviser, whom the world calls very fortunate: I am young, rich, well born; my person is not disagreeable, my health is good, and though I have not the ambition of passing for a wit, I am generally allowed to possess a good understanding. Pardon this detail, Mr. Adviser; it does not arise from egotism. The fact is, that with all these seeming requisites for happiness, with a conscience, too, tolerably clear for a young man who has lived in the gay world, I am in reality wretched. Nothing amuses, nothing interests me; I go on from year to year in the same dull round; and so tedious is my existence, that, were it not for my sense of religion, I

should before this have put an end to it. If, sir, you are able to point out any way by which I could lighten the load of life, you would confer upon me an everlasting obligation. Amusement I have tried in vain; employment only serves to fatigue me: tell me then, is there any hope left for

HARRY HEAVYHEART?

I sincerely pity this correspondent, for of all maladies, that sickness of the mind which produces, without any actual cause, a disgust to life, is the most dreadful. It is not, however, utterly hopeless. Mr. Heavyheart declares against employment, yet it is to employment alone he must look for relief; and if he be not indeed past cure, the one with which I would recommend him to begin, will afford it. Let him search among the destitute and afflicted for fit objects of his benevolence—alas! he will find too many—let him contrast his case with theirs; and while with the surplus of his wealth he relieves, in some degree, the real and heavy evils which they sustain, it will not be possible, provided his heart is in the right place, for him to avoid feeling a part of the pleasure which he communicates.

I know not, indeed, any other effectual method of banishing the lassitude, dejection of spirit, and inability to be pleased, which are the constant attendants on his unhappy state of mind. I have formerly known people who were afflicted with this mental malady, in all its various stages, from the first symptoms, for which we borrow the French term *ennui*, to the last stage of confirmed despondency; and I have heard some of them de-

clare, that it gave way, as if by magic, to even a trifling exertion of humanity.

I particularly remember one instance, where the disorder was considered absolutely incurable, for all the usual remedies had failed. The unfortunate sufferer had thrown away immense sums at the hazard-tables, and on the race-course, in pursuit of his lost energies; in vain he had hazarded his neck in a contest with Tom Tight-rein, the most celebrated coachman in England, and mortgaged his last estate, in order to comply with the only terms on which the divine Signora Warblini would condescend to accept of his devoirs, without the smallest prospect of even a mitigation of his malady. Soon afterwards his cure was begun by assisting to lift up an old woman who had fallen into a fit in the street; conveying her to her lodging, procuring medical assistance for her, and giving a few pounds to buy her necessities till she recovered. He found his disorder so far abated by the exertion he used on that occasion, that he continued to try experiments of a similar nature, till, in a short time, he was effectually cured.

If my correspondent is inclined to doubt the truth of this case, I can only say, I am willing to submit the matter to a fair trial. Let him use the remedy I prescribe, for a few weeks only, and if he can then assure me, upon his honour, that he has found no benefit by it, I shall resign the reputation I have acquired all over Europe for superior sagacity, and admit that my advice is not worth a farthing.

S. SAGEPHIZ.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A WOULD-BE AUTHOR.

CHAP. X.

MY INVOLUNTARY IMITATIONS—DRAMATIC DESCRIPTION OF AN AUTHOR—AN AUTHOR'S DREAM—ANTICIPATION OF EDITORSHIP.

YOU may congratulate yourself, Mr. Editor, on things as they are; for had I been now asleep in St. Paul's or the Abbey, the pages of the *Repository of Arts* would not have been enlightened by my lucubrations. Had I come into "this breathing world" before Shakspeare, Shakspeare, or Shakspere (for it seems commentators are not yet decided in what manner he spelt his name); had I, I repeat, come into the world before the Swan of Avon, Milton, or fifty others, what a passport I should have procured myself to the temple of Fame, long before these monopolizers of wit could have dreamed of possessing a niche there! What sublimity, what pathos, what truth and nature, would then have emanated from my pen! But no; if I hit on a beautiful idea, I find a parallel of it in Milton; if I write a sublime figure, I am told it is stolen from Shakspeare.

I will allow, that the manner in which I have devoured many books makes me forget them. Although their various sentiments get huddled up in the pineal gland, and finding their way out again into my manuscript without their owner's mark upon them, I am apt to imagine them to be my own. It is true, Mr. Editor, that two great men may think alike; but how is it, that when I am really witty, my matter is always given to Congreve or Fielding, instead of the

right owner? Envy is doubtless the propagator of this poverty of praise. Yet nothing shall dissuade me from believing, that I am the first of geniuses.

This, by the way, is meant aside, as they do it at the theatres, so that all the house may hear it.

Sir, I last week shewed one of the most delightful poems in the world to a friend of mine (I am thoroughly myself convinced of its great merit), and what was the result? Why, sir, in gratitude for letting him see this divine performance in MS. he burst into the most immoderate fits of laughter at the most pathetic parts; and those lines he liked best, he swore were taken from Cowley. But shall I conceive this impious laughter was the effect of bathos in my verses? No, sir; the fault was his: if he possessed not sufficient sensibility to relish my effusion, am I to blame? Certainly not; and if I were to consider his criticism as just, and make myself unhappy because I could not write poetry, should not I be a great noodle; when by imagining myself Theocritus, Bion, or Moschus, I make myself happy for life? I shall therefore proceed, as many have done before me, and write on, valuing the satisfaction I receive from my own pen, more than all the pleasure I may give the world by my silence.

I am well aware, that some persons may say, that being born be-

fore Rogers or Campbell, Byron or Walter Scott, I had the field open to me. I shall make no answer, but regard it as an impertinent attempt to fish out my age, which, for particular reasons, I am determined to conceal. But to proceed with some reference to my last portion of matter.

Finding my success in love little superior to my progress in literature, I again ventured on the latter pursuit, as the most harmless and least offensive. Resting on my sofa, I cast an eye of benignity over my books, and apostrophized them—(for what is a literary character without an apostrophe?)—in the tenderest manner: “Dear companions of my solitude,” I exclaimed, “I once more return to your embraces! You who always receive me with smiles, you would always make me happy! Adieu, vain world, then! I heed not your impertinencies or your cares, while such resources remain open to me.”

There is a great deal in fancy, for I fancied after this speech, for five minutes, that books alone could make me happy. I rose, folded my robe-de-chambre à la Kemble round me, and again throwing myself (for we authors always throw ourselves) on the sofa, prepared for another lubrication, directed to my old friend the *Imperial Magazine*, and remained for some time plunged in thought. My costume and my attitudes were correct, nay they were highly theatrical. Just see, Mr. Editor, how it reads, and if you understand theatrical *tact*, you will know how to apply it.

Act I. Scene I. Small study; a sofa in *flat*; Mr. Gilliflower discovered reading, in a Scotch mantle and red morocco slippers; a table before him, upon which are two or three elegantly bound volumes, a bouquet of flowers, his watch, a glass of water, a wax-light, and an elegant rose-wood desk. In the wings are seen book-shelves surmounted with the busts of literary characters, an old *viol di gamba*, and a few pictures.—Is it not correct? You will please to observe, that this is the study of a *dilletanti* author; none of your musty folio-writers, or we should strew the floor with dusty quartos and black-letter folios: nathless (as Dan Gower says) you may throw some elegantly bound lumber on the floor, while I clap one under my foot, and then you have the portrait of an author.

You must acknowledge all this is in accord. A friend of mine, indeed, once fitted up a study with cages for canary-birds, to amuse him until any caller arrived: but his was but a holiday study. I remember, too, calling upon another acquaintance rather too early, when my feet were arrested by the following orders: “Julian, do make haste, and be more correct for the future. I shall have somebody call before you properly arrange the apartments. Put the music on the table in a more elegant disorder; lay the instruments more irregularly, they group abominably; and place the chairs, d’ye hear, as though the quintetto were just concluded. Come, make haste, give me the hautboy; we shall have a knock in a moment!—Ah! my

dear Gilly," he exclaimed as I entered, and concealing his surprise, "I have been telling this tiresome creature to clear the room of all this litter; but really I fagged so hard last night, after my concert was over, at a passage of Corelli's, and kept the poor devil up so late, that he has not had time."—Now this was downright impudence, as Sir Dilberry Dibble must know that I was aware he did not understand a note of music, and that I always found the same elegant derangement whenever I visited his chambers.

I, however, really did write a paper, which I sent to my favourite Miscellany; when again I became listless and neglectful of those friends whom I had but just now so affectionately panegyricized. Mitis sat purring on my knee, pleased with the notice I was taking of her; the hearth was swept clean, every thing was in order, and had I met with any real misfortune during the last week, I should probably have been as happy as now. I was the victim of *emui*. "Alas!" I exclaimed, "how can I bear this load of life, this even current of satiety?—Sing on, Mitis! thou art happier than thy master, for thou art cheered by the smiles of thine own species."

The cat set up its ears, as if about to realize the fable. "Oh! were it mine," I continued, "to be cheered through each toilsome line by the smiles of one who would renovate my lay! Thomson had his Amanda, Shenstone his Delia, Prior his Chloe, and Waller his Saccharissa; but I, single and solitary, have no fair-one to admire the

strain, or to hand down to posterity in my verse!"

About this time I closed my eyes and slept, and sleeping, dreamed. Methought I was seated upon a large bundle of post writing-paper (for I like to be particular even in my dreams), when the figure of a god appeared to me, not unlike the *mumbo-jumbo* of the Hottentots: his head was decorated with goose-quills, and he was crowned with scrolls of foolscap writing-paper. At his feet a number of poor objects lay prostrate, and doing him homage, who were introduced to him by a little black devil, who held in his hand a bill-sticker's staff for a wand of ceremony. To my surprise, he accosted me by my proper name, and promised to introduce me to the genius of the *Imperial Magazine*, who was now holding his levee. He was about to do this, when, on a sudden, the figure vanished, and, according to "the proper stuff that dreams are made of," he changed to the form of Mr. Vampum, of whom I have made no very honourable mention in my fifth chapter.

He addressed me familiarly, and congratulated himself on my appearing to know him better when introduced to me as the genius of a magazine. "At any rate," he continued, "I am glad to see you, as I have much to propose. Know, then, that long under the various signatures under which you have deployed (as we say in the army), I have traced you until you became a contributor to the *Imperial Magazine*, the editors of which do not reward you according to your merit. Though you could not under-

take a Life of Algernon Sydney, you are competent to many other things. The proprietors, however, will soon be bankrupts; their publication will be to be sold; purchase it, for the work, under the care of so indefatigable a writer as yourself, must answer; and you may write then what you please with impunity, without an editor over you, plaguing you with all the ills a scribbler is heir to." He would have said more, but, unfortunately, I somehow struck my hand against the spout of a tea-kettle, which was singing on the fire, instead of the proffered hand of Mr. Vampum; and deeming this a warmer proof of friendship than was consistent with the coolness of my disposition, I roared out with agony, to the no small discomfiture of puss, who reared her back at me, as if fearful of a personal attack.

The momentary agony I suffered from this rencontre, put, for the present, all literary thoughts out of my head. Calmness, however, returned, and with it the remembrance of my dream, which I at first treated as a mere flight of fancy; but which, at length, in my creative brain, began to assume a more tangible form. Dreams, I remembered, were often the precursors of good fortune; and however I might have ridiculed the idea of their truth to any other person, I regarded it in my own mind as a happy omen. The pleasures of editorship also arranged themselves in all their golden colours.

To become, in my turn, the eastigator, the arbiter of every youthful essayist; to have my candour or good-humour courted, as "My dear Mr. Editor;" to be allowed to insert whatever I chose; and to be uncontrouled by any one who could refuse my lucubrations, were all so many golden baits. Then to arrange with engravers and painters was indeed a dream, but one so delightful, that I feared to awaken from it.

It is true, the present proprietors seemed to have a proper value for my literary attainments, but sometimes the MS. or part of what I really inundated them with, was returned, as "not exactly suiting the nature of our work:" this could never occur if I reigned alone supreme. As some poor stage-struck wight, who, playing second or third rate characters in a barn, with slow but certain remuneration at the end of the week, beholds with envy the top characters of Hamlet or Harlequin, Macbeth or Jeremy Diddler, Othello or Caleb Quotem, sustained always by the manager, while he is condemned to play *flat*, lest he should extort a part of that applause which was meant for his master—views, on a failure of the firm, an opportunity of becoming manager himself; fatigues his friends for borrowed loans, though he embarks in his "Shippe of Fooles" to be wrecked, ruined, imprisoned: so did I long to become the editor of the *Imperial Magazine*!

THE MODERN CINDERELLA.

ALL Paris is at this moment laughing at the adventure of the Marquis de C——, who is too happy in its consequences to mind the ridicule of his friends. As he was coming out of one of the theatres a little while ago, he chanced to tread upon something, which, upon stooping to examine it, he discovered to be a little silk slipper. We have each our hobby-horse: the marquis's is a passionate admirer of pretty little feet. All the temporary sovereigns of his heart, and they have been pretty numerous even for a Frenchman, were distinguished by this charm; but there was not one among these fair-ones whom this diminutive slipper would fit. "What a beautiful foot the owner must have!" said he, involuntarily, as he kept looking at it; "and perhaps the rest of her person is equally perfect. Ah, heavens! if so, what a charming creature she must be!" He put the slipper in his pocket, and went home.

For some days afterwards he amused himself with peeping at the feet of every lady he saw, but how frightfully large did even the smallest foot appear when compared with the slipper! He determined very often to think no more about it; but, as if there were a spell attached to it, the moment he cast his eyes upon a woman, the owner of the slipper came into his head. For four days things went on so: on the fifth morning he said to himself, "There is but one way to settle this matter: I must find the incognita." An Englishman would perhaps have stopped to ask him-

self, Why should I find her? but this question never occurred to our marquis. He directly began to ruminate on the means of attaining his object: one only presented itself: the owner of the slipper might not perhaps have a carriage of her own, and in that case she must have gone home in a *fiacre*. He went immediately to inquire among the coachmen, whether any of them had set down a lady who had lost her shoe. One may easily conceive his delight, when he heard that a lady who had had that accident was set down in the fauxbourg St. Honoré; that she was tall and slender. The coachman at first said, he could not speak positively about her face, because it was almost concealed by her bonnet; but at the sight of the *Louis d'or* which the marquis slipped into his hand, he recollected, that, from the little he did see of it, it must certainly be very handsome.

Need we say, that our impetuous marquis flew to the fauxbourg St. Honoré? Who can paint his transport, when he found his incognita not less lovely in face and figure, than the heroine of the fairy tale? Her situation indeed was not greatly superior to that of the famed Cinderella. She had a little shop, in which a few fancy articles were disposed for sale with much neatness, but it was easy to see that the revenue which they could produce must be very scanty indeed.

Our marquis was, alas! less honourable than the good prince, the hero of a similar adventure, but he was not less captivated. He offered

the pretty *marchande* his heart, his fortune, every thing, in short, but his hand. She listened to him with a modest and composed air, and replied calmly, "I cannot accept your proposal, monsieur; it is contrary to my interest."

"Pardon me, beautiful Jeanette, you must misconceive my offer: I will consult your interest in every respect. Your house shall be magnificently furnished; you shall have the finest equipage, the richest clothes, and the most brilliant jewels of any woman in Paris."

"These things will not console me for the scorn of my equals, nor restore to me the society of my friends. My diamonds cannot bring back the lustre of my eyes, nor the bloom of my cheeks, when the first are dimmed, and the last faded by grief and remorse. In my little shop, I sing merrily at my work; I am not ashamed to look with confidence in the faces of my customers, and my calico robe covers a light heart. These are advantages, monsieur, more solid than what you offer me in exchange, and I am too good a shopkeeper to make so bad a bargain."

Our marquis (will the reader believe it of a Frenchman?) was absolutely disconcerted. This was quite a new way of treating the subject. Had she taken the tone of sentiment, he was prepared with sophistical arguments. Had she repulsed him with scorn and indignation, he might still entertain a hope of pacifying her anger; but her tradeswoman-like mode of balancing loss and gain he was not

prepared for. It might be very vulgar, but his conscience told him it was right. What was he to do then? Resign his Cinderella? To his credit be it told, he had the fortitude to bid her adieu, without endeavouring to shake her good resolutions. For three days he tried in vain to think no more of the little *marchande*; at the end of that time, he began to balance the matter in her own way.

"Suppose I marry her: if I do, people will laugh: very well, let them laugh; what harm can that do me? Will their laughter make my wife less virtuous, less pretty, less capable of contributing to my happiness? No, to be sure. What then shall I lose? Nothing; and I shall gain in all probability a faithful and sensible partner."

These reflections settled the matter: the marquis hastened to the shop of his charmer. She had the disinterestedness to speak to him of the opinions of the world. "I have settled all that," said he; and he repeated to her the arguments he had used to himself. She could not but allow that they were just, and she accepted his hand with a modest but dignified frankness, which raised her still higher in his esteem. They have now been some weeks married; and as the marquis admires the pretty little feet of his beautiful wife as she trips about his magnificent mansion, he blesses the virtue and good sense which saved him from the anguish of witnessing her light step robbed of its elasticity by the pressure of remorse, perhaps despair.

LARGE BONNETS.

For the REPOSITORY.

Mr. EDITOR,

THE letter of Letitia Love-mode has just met my eye, and I hasten to observe, in the first place, that she makes no reply whatever to my complaint against the use, by ladies of all ranks, of the enormously large bonnets that disfigure them at present, and render the most delightful companions, on some occasions the greatest nuisances. You will observe, that I confine my complaint merely to that: how far it is graceful for a female to be so flounced and furbellowed, as to destroy all appearance of shape and symmetry, is a point I am sure I need not settle; and happy am I to say, that this fashion seems to be on the wane.

I observed the other day, in a foreign journal, a statement, that English country dances, or more properly *contre* dances, were the rage in Paris. I am glad to hear it, and I hope that their speedy return to this kingdom, from whence they have been banished for cold, formal, and inanimate quadrilles, may be speedily looked for. I am also told by a friend who recently quitted France, that the ladies there now wear very small bonnets comparatively, and that with regard to the waist, they are fast approximating to the English mode before the peace of Paris. Now there is nothing more true, than that we are imitators in every thing, and in nothing more than in what relates to apparel: our females are proverbially the copyists of foreigners; and I am, in conse-

quence, in expectation, that in following the French, they will return to what they have so injudiciously abandoned.

Every body has remarked, within the last three or four years, that our theatres have been a losing concern, and most especially that the pit (one of the most profitable parts of the houses) has been often very vacant: intervals are almost always observable on the seats between the persons; and I have observed frequently, that these intervals were behind ladies who had one of these "towers of Babel" upon their heads. It is too much to say, that the loss the managers have sustained is wholly attributable to this absurd fashion, but I am convinced, that it has something to do with it: for one, I know, that I was formerly a constant *play-goer*, and that now I do not attend twice in a whole season, very much on account of the obstruction to the sight and hearing. If I now go to see Elliston or Macready, I am half tempted to visit the boxes, and often stay away on account of the additional expense.

Queen Elizabeth (one of the most extravagant monarchs in her dress) made, as you know (for I have seen some of them noticed in the *Repository*), various sumptuary laws; and Ascham, her tutor, inveighs vehemently against various excesses in dress. I do not, however, complain of finery or extravagance, but of absurdity. It was a Venetian experiment to limit the use of certain kinds of foreign fi-

nery to ladies of a particular description; and the effect was, that, in a very short time, it all was abandoned. My plan is something of the same kind. If a law were passed that none but women whose ugliness ought to be concealed, should wear huge bonnets, in the

course of a week not one would be seen in all London. I remain, &c.
P's & Q's.

As I am not "Sir James," nor "the Editor of the *Repository*," as Letitia Lovemode imagines, I request you to insert the above.

SPECIMEN OF ORTHOGRAPHY.

THE following is a faithful copy of a letter written by the wife of one of the convicts despatched last summer to Botany-Bay, in the ship *Eliza*, Captain F. Hunt. It is as curious a specimen of bad spelling as we ever remember to have seen; and what renders it the better worth reading, is, that it is perfectly genuine.

"*Deer Husband,*

"I recived your of the 21 Agust and of the 25, and I am sory to hear of your going awy; but if it is to be cace, I must submit to it. You will recive a bock with the artechelts that you spick of; it is to be sent with Mr. Bard, and thay ar to be sent away on Wanseydy. Fors the persly that was in my ants, Mr. Cwar got it, and is sold, so you nid not spick no mor about it: I have recived nothing for it as yit. You will recives the to cirfrnuh that you spick of, but this litter was rate to you, and I want to Glasgon to a leady that was to rite Mr. Mc Rary, as shi was a grate frand of Mrs. Mc Rary; but as thay ar on ther way hom, it was of no youse to you. You want to no hou David Mc Farlan is cuming on; but I never see him, and he never inquired very much for

you. The cot that you spock about of the capant, is giving awy, but they have giving the tronk. I have goting no wird as yet abut a paseg: Lord Sid Moth had not rote to Mr. Maxwell, M. P. a few day ago, but as sone as he recived a letter, that he wold rite to your fathar: so I wold not have you to go a way in hopes that I will soon be with you, for I do not know wath kind of a paseg I am to get, or if I am to get it or not. I am in good helth at present, and all the chirling, and my sester; but my mothor was very ill this few days with her hid, but she is a lettly better. Frid is no better as yit. Ther is abut 4 hindrind and 50 min every day working in the mose for a shilling per day. Mr. Mc Ggregor Cluiler sad there was no nid of any mor nems to the certify; and for the shiref in Paisly, he was not at hom. Dear husband, I every thing for you that I can, and all that I wold diser of you is, to put your tris in God, and siek mircy from him, for he this sad see, then that you ar in tribble that you call on me. I reming your loving wife,

"HILLEN MAXWELL."

PICTURESQUE TOUR OF MOUNT SIMPLON.

PLATE 8.—VIEW OF THE BRIDGE OF CREVOLA AND OF THE VALLEY OF DOMO D'OSSOLA.

NATURE no where offers more insurmountable obstacles to the traveller than on the height of Crevola: to the narrowest passes, to the wildest vallies, to the most fearful objects, and to the deafening roar of an impetuous torrent, suddenly succeeds a vast plain, well cultivated, sprinkled with habitations, in which two rivers unite their streams; where hills are seen covered with the most beautiful vegetation, mountains whose verdure is lost in the blue sky, and a calm, a sort of magic tranquillity, and a warm halo, which covers every object with a transparent veil.

Seated by the side of the road, the traveller contemplates, with a species of intoxication, this magnificent spectacle: whether he directs his view downwards to the beautiful bridge of Crevola, or following the line of the road to the

right, he fixes it upon the town of Domo, the most smiling objects meet his sight, and one after another attract and captivate his attention. His eyes pass over the whole extent of the plain, and follow the course of the Toccia, which descends from the valley of Antigorio; they wander over the hills of Trontano, of Monte-Crestese, of Mazera, over villages, and a number of glittering dwellings, embellishing them, and giving life to the whole landscape.

Before it enters Domo, the road crosses a stone bridge, the six arches of which follow the oblique direction of the torrent: this town, though small, is well peopled, and enjoys an active commerce.

The prospect of the valley was the subject of our last plate: the bridge is represented in that which embellishes our present number.

EXTRACTS FROM A GLEANER'S COMMONPLACE-BOOK.

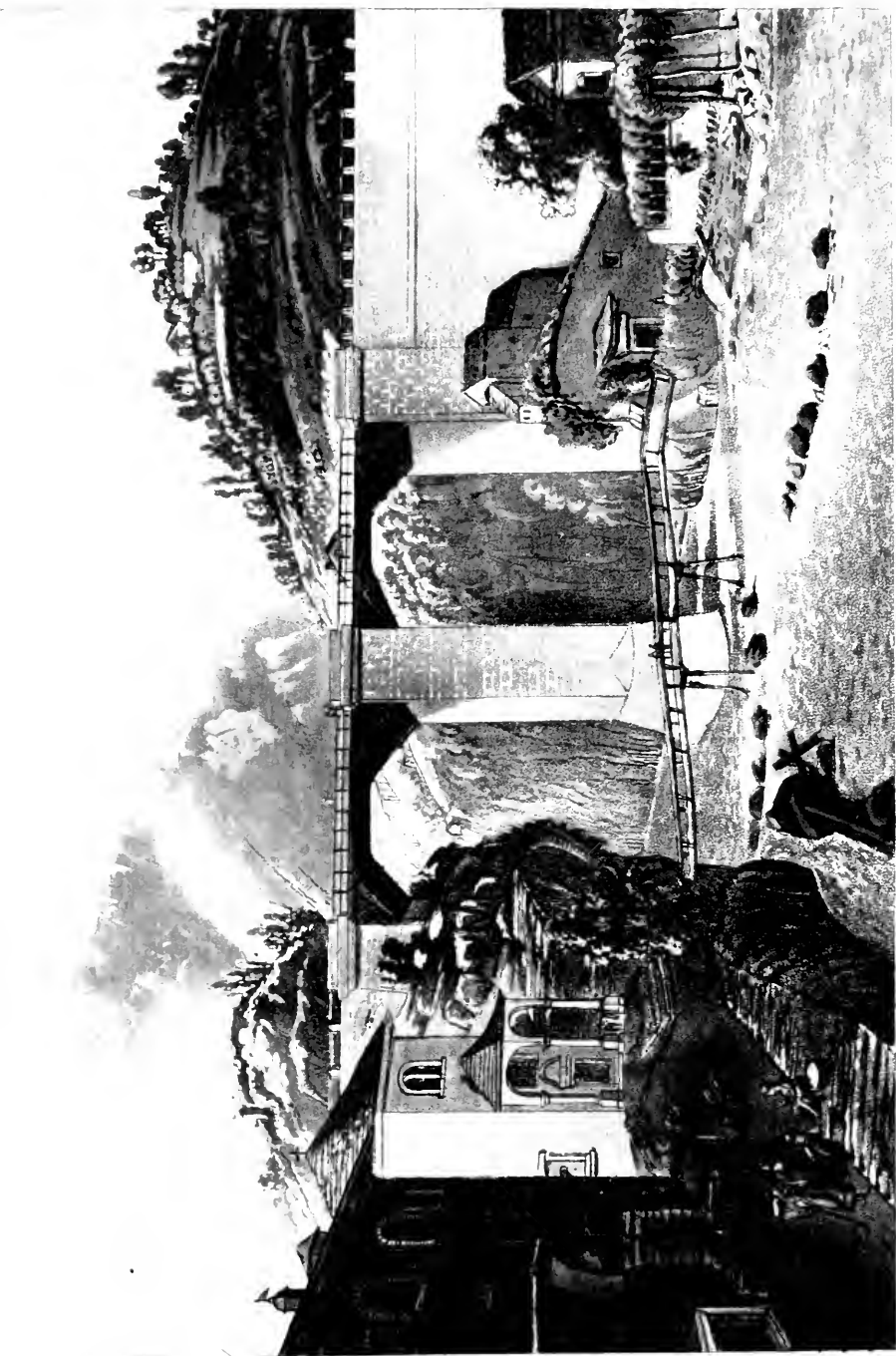
BON-MOT.

BARON B—, a celebrated gambler, well known by the name of the *left-handed* baron, being detected some years ago at Bath, secreting a card, the company, in the warmth of their resentment, threw him out of the window of a *one-pair-of-stairs* room, where they had been playing. The baron meeting Foote some time after, was loudly complaining of this usage, and asked what he should do. "Do!" says the wit: "why it is a plain case; ne-

ver play so *high* again as long as you live."

THE JUSTICE PUZZLED.

Some time since, two persons in Cumberland went with an artist, before a justice at Penrith, with a very grievous complaint against the latter; which was, as they said, for keeping the commandments. This was so uncommon a case, the justice requested an explanation. The women said, they were churchwardens, and as their church had been lately rebuilt, they wanted



the commandments painted anew, and had given them to this man to be done. To induce him to do them well, they had paid half the money agreed for in hand, and the balance was to be paid when he had finished the job; but they had called on him time after time for two or three years past, but for all they could say or do, he would *keep the commandments*.

ANECDOTE OF THE TEMPLE CLOCK.

Some years ago, a new clock was made to be placed in the Temple-hall; when finished, the clock-maker was desired to wait on the benchers of the Temple, who would think of a suitable motto to be put under the clock. He applied several times, but without getting the desired information, as they had not determined on the inscription. Continuing to importune them, he at last came when the old benchers were met at the Temple-hall, and had just sat down to dinner. The workman again requested to be informed of the motto; one of the benchers, who thought the application ill-timed, and who was fonder of eating and drinking than inventing original mottos, testily replied, "Go about your business." The mechanic taking this as an answer to his question, went home and inserted at the bottom of the clock, "Go about your business," and placed it on the Temple-hall, to the great surprise of the benchers, who, upon considering the circumstance, agreed that accident had produced a better motto than any they could think of; and ever since the Temple clock has continued to remind the lawyers and the public to go about their business.

ANECDOTE OF BASE INGRATITUDE.

A captain of a slave-ship from Bristol, who, on his arrival on the coast of Africa, in furnishing his cargo of slaves, was struck with the appearance of a beautiful young female slave he had purchased among others, ordered her into the cabin, and she became his mistress, and soon proved in a state of pregnancy. The young African, thinking herself for ever free from slavery, told her keeper all her heart, and made the following discovery to him; viz. "That the first opportunity which offered in the course of the voyage, the slaves had agreed to mutiny, and to murder the captain and his men, and to navigate the ship back to Africa." She urged the captain to lose no time in taking proper steps to prevent such a horrid intention from being put into practice; which was accordingly done, and the slaves carried safe to the West Indies. The captain, on his return to Bristol, told this story in company; and being asked by a gentleman present, what he did with or for his faithful deliverer and friendly companion, replied (with that savage indifference and unnatural cruelty peculiar to the generality of slave-traders), "Why I sold her, to be sure, for an extra price, on our arrival in the West Indies!"

APPROPRIATE MOTTOS FOR THE CARRIAGES OF UPSTARTS.

A tailor; men and measures.

A shoemaker; *sutor ultra crepidam* (the shoemaker beyond his last).

A card-maker; my cards have turned up trumps.

A chandler ; I have not hid my candle under a bushel.

A merchant ; I have exchanged for the better.

A gambler ; I have got the trick.

A bankrupt ; *vix ea nostra voco* (I can scarce call these my own).

A grocer ; I have got a plum.

A coal-merchant ; I have touched the cole.

A plumber ; I have turned my lead into gold.

A coach-maker ; the wheel of fortune.

A lawyer ; causes produce effects.

An undertaker ; *mors est mihi lucrum* (death is to me great gain.)

A distiller ; my spirits rise.

An auctioneer ; by knocking down, I am up.

A Methodist preacher ; I have not sought the Lord in vain.

A curate ; *curavi pro vita futura* (I have been a curate in prospect of a living.)

A rector ; *spero meliora* (I hope for preferment.)

A dean ; *nolo episcopari* (I won't be a bishop.)

A bishop ; *consummatum est* (I have got it.)

FROM AN AMERICAN PAPER.

Lost where it was *dropped*, last night, an *empty* bag with a *cheese* in it. The bag was *marked* T. D. but the letters were *worn out*.--N. B. The person who *lost* it, *never missed* it until it was *gone*; so if any person will bring it to him, he shall be rewarded for his trouble.

THE PUBLIC-SPIRITED COBBLER.

CHARLES V. in his intervals of relaxation, used to retire to Brussels. He was curious to know the sentiments of his meanest subjects concerning himself and his administration ; therefore often went out *incog.* and mixed with such companies and conversation as he thought proper. One night his boot requiring immediate mending, he was directed to a cobbler : unluckily it happened to be St. Crispin's holiday ; and instead of finding the cobbler inclined for work, he was in the height of his jollity among his acquaintance. The emperor acquainted him with what he wanted, and offered a handsome gratuity. "What, friend," says the fellow, "do you know no better than to ask any of our craft to work on St. Crispin? Was it Charles the Fifth himself, I'd not do a stitch for him now ; but if

you'll come in, and drink St. Crispin, do and welcome: we are as merry as the emperor can be." The sovereign accepted his offer ; but while he was contemplating on their rude pleasure, instead of joining in it, the jovial host thus accosts him : "What, I suppose you are some *courtier politician* or other, by that contemplative phiz ; nay, by your *long nose*, you may be a bastard of the emperor's : but be *who* or *what* you will, you are heartily welcome. Drink about: here's Charles the Fifth's health."—"Then you love Charles the Fifth?" replied the emperor.--"Love him?" says the son of Crispin, "aye, aye, I love his *long noseship* well enough ; but I should him much *more* wou'd he but *tax* us a little *less*. But what the devil have we to do with politics? Round with the glass, and merry be our hearts." After a short

stay, the emperor took his leave, and thanked the cobbler for his hospitable reception. "That," cried he, "you're welcome to; but I would not to-day have dishonour'd St. Crispin to have work'd for the emperor."

Charles, pleased with the honest good-nature and humour of the fellow, sent for him next morning to court. You must imagine his surprise, to see and hear that his late guest was his sovereign! He feared his joke on his *long nose* must be punished with death. The emperor thanked him for his hospitality, and, as a reward for it, bid him ask for what he most desired, and take the whole night to settle his *surprise* and his *ambition*. Next

day he appeared, and requested, that, for the future, the *cobblers of Flanders* might bear for their *arms* a *boot* with the *crown* upon it. That request was granted; and, as so moderate was his ambition, the emperor bid him make another. "If," says he, "I am to have my utmost wishes, command, that, for the future, the company of *cobblers* shall take place of the company of *shoemakers*." It was accordingly so ordained; and to this day there is to be seen a chapel in Flanders adorned round with a *boot* and *Imperial crown* on it; and, in all processions, the company of *cobblers* takes place before the company of *shoemakers*.

NO WOMAN WITHOUT HER VALUE.

EVERY nation in the least acquainted with civilization, hath uniformly beheld the female sex with respect; a respect which, by inspiring individuals with a great esteem for themselves, has often excited them to the practice of the sublimest virtues. In a late publication of a German fabulist, is the following *jeu-d'esprit* of the lively author, who, in order to prove that there is no woman wholly useless in this world, and perhaps to expose the sordid principles of those who make a traffic of wedlock, and barter every generous sentiment for gain, thus expresses himself:

A poor peasant, of seven children born to him in marriage, had but one daughter left, and she was of a form so truly hideous, that it might be said, as Shakspeare expresses it, "The curs barked at her as she halted along." There are

other allurements to enter into the wedded state, however, than those of figure. A showman, in his way through the village in which she lived, saw her, and asked her in marriage. "Sir," said the honest rustic to the suitor of his daughter, unwilling to take an advantage of any man, "have you observed the unseemly form of my daughter? Are you aware that I have nothing to give with her?"—"These," replied the other, "are objects of no weight with me."—"But she is both hunch-backed and hunch-breasted."—"Oh! that is precisely what I want."—"Her skin is like shagreen."—"I am rejoiced at it."—"You cannot perceive that she has a nose."—"Good."—"She is hardly three feet high."—"Better still."—"Her legs are like drum-sticks, and her nails are like claws."—"Best of all."—"To

cut the matter short, believe me, she is almost dumb, and altogether deaf."—"Is it possible!" exclaimed the lover: "you transport me! Long have I searched for a wife nearly formed like your daughter; but afraid to flatter myself with the hopes of finding such a one, I am now happy beyond my hopes. She fully corresponds with my ideas of perfection. How rare it is in these days to meet with so accomplished

a figure!"—"But, my good friend," interrupted the father, "I cannot conceive what you propose to do with a wife who is so ugly and so deformed, who is always sickly, and hath not a penny."—"Do with her! why, I travel the country, and get my bread by exhibiting monsters. I will put her in a box; I will carry her about with me; and, as for her fortune, let me alone for the acquisition of that."

THE FEMALE TATTLER.

No. L.

Quò fugit Venus? heu! quòve color? decens
Quo motus? Quid habes illius, illius
Quæ spirabat amores,
Quæ me surpuerat mihi.

HOR. *Lib. iv. Od. 13.*

Ah! whither is thy beauty fled?
That bloom, by nature's cunning spread?
That every graceful art?
Of her, of her, what now remains,
Who breath'd the loves, who charm'd the swains,
And seiz'd upon my heart?

(Continued from p. 36.)

THE greatest and most general misleader of our judgments, in relation to beauty, is custom, or the different national tastes for beauty; which turn chiefly on the two lower parts of it, colour and form. An exemplification of the different notions of beauty, in the various nations of the world, would form a very entertaining narrative, if my paper would allow me to enlarge on the subject. It is really surprising, that there should be so wide a difference in the tastes of two countries in this particular, as between the French and us, when the bordering people of each live nearer together, than the inhabitants do in the extremes of one part of the county of Surry, in which I reside.

The first time I saw the ladies all ranged in the front of the boxes at the Opera at Paris, they seemed to me to look like a long bed of high-coloured full-blown pions in a garden; while a Frenchman, on his first arrival in London, when he contemplated a range of our greatest beauties, would compare them to a bed of lilies.

I cannot help observing, that Heaven is very good and merciful to mankind, in giving us a variety of fancies respecting beauty: for if every person had the same notion of it, every man that was in love in a certain district, would be in love with the same woman; while the acknowledged fair-one could choose but one happy man for her favourite in all her dis-

trict of lovers, and all the rest must be left in a state of despair. What a scene must ensue from such an irreparable disappointment to the first and best of affections, placed, as it would then be, on an object worthy of it, and rationally suited to it!

But now that fancy has, perhaps, more to do with beauty than judgment, there is an infinity of tastes, and consequently an infinity of beauty; for to the mind of the lover, supposed beauty is full as good as real. Every body may now choose out what happens to suit his own turn and cast. The honest rustic may be happy with a woman capable of labour, and with a sun-burnt complexion; the fine gentleman may be blest with his accomplished, sprightly, and to-nish fair; the common soldier may delight himself with the native of a camp, and accustomed to its manners; while the captain may solace himself with the prepared smiles and ready kindness of a military mistress. This greatly enlarges the extent of beauty, and renders it in a manner universal: for there are few people, in comparison, who are truly beautiful; but every body may be beautiful in the imagination of some one or other. Fancy, however, has more to do in the articles of form and colour, than in those of the passions and grace. The good passions, as they are visible on the face, are apparent goodness, and that must be generally amiable; and true grace, wherever it appears in any degree, must, I should think, be pleasing to every human creature. Yet even grace itself, under the notion of pleasingness,

may be as subject to the dominion of fancy, as any of the less insignificant parts of beauty; but then it must be rather strongly tinged with affection.

Having thus considered the extent and universality of human beauty, more particularly as it relates to the sex, which the sublime Milton calls "Heaven's last, best work," would it not be ungrateful, if I were not to say something of the real beauty of the other works of nature, which seem to reach every where, as far as we are acquainted with them, and to meet us whichever way we turn our eyes?

If we look upon the earth, we see it laid out in a thousand beautiful inequalities, and a pleasing variety of plains, hills, and mountains; generally clothed by nature in a living green, the colour that is the most delightful and the most refreshing to the eye; diversified with an infinite variety of different lights and shades; adorned with various sorts of trees, fruits, and flowers; interspersed often with winding rivers, limpid streams, or spreading lakes; and terminating, perhaps, in a view of the sea, which is for ever changing its form, and ever excites a more or less variety of delightful emotions.

If we look up to the heavens, how charming are the rising of the sun, the gentle azure of the noble arch expanded over our heads, the various appearance and colours of the clouds, the fleeting shower, and the painted bow! Even in the absence of its great enlivener the sun, we see it all studded with living lights, or gilded by the more solemn beauties of the moon, most

pleasing in her infant shape, and most majestic when in her full orb. I know not how it may be with others, but to me the very lightnings are pleasing, when struggling amid the shaded clouds, sometimes in various colours, and sometimes with streams of gentle light, not unlike the break of day.

If we turn towards the different sorts of animals, it is observable enough among them, that the beauty which is designed chiefly to please one another in their own species, is so contrived as to diffuse pleasure to man.

Nevertheless all the profusion of beauty of which I have been speaking, and even that of the whole universe taken together, is but of a weaker nature, in comparison of the *beauty of virtue*. It was admirably said by Plato, that if Virtue were to appear in a visible shape, all mankind would be enamoured of her. And it seems as if the Greeks and Romans, in general, had possessed this idea of beauty; because the goddess of Virtue and the goddess of Wisdom (which were always taken for one and the same thing among them, as well as in our sacred writings), were always represented with the greatest and most commanding beauty. The same appears yet stronger, from their using the words *good* and *beautiful* indifferently for each other, as if all beauty was contained in goodness. Indeed the beauty of virtue or goodness exceeds all other beauty, as much as the soul does the body.

The highest object of beauty that we can see, is the *goodness of God*, as displayed in the works of the creation. In him all goodness and beauty dwell; and whatever

there is of moral beauty in the whole universe beside, is only as so many emanations from the Divine Author of all that is good and beautiful.

We see, but not so often as might be wished, the rays of this beauty reflected in human actions, but, in general, too much discoloured by the medium through which they pass; and yet how charming do they even thus appear in some persons and on some occasions! All the grandeur in the world is as nothing in comparison of any one of these good, becoming deeds. How many more charms are there, for instance, in the actions of such a comparatively humble person as *the Man of Ross*, than in many of the victories which have made the world turn pale by the rivers of blood which they have caused to flow! and how much more amiable is the death of Socrates, than the life of Alexander!

As *virtue* is the supreme beauty, so is *vice* the most odious of all deformities. Nor do I know how to make this more evident than by the conduct of two justly celebrated poets, Milton and Tasso, in describing the fallen angels. Tasso's devils are chiefly made hideous by their shape; their horns and tails are the principal ingredients of deformity in his descriptions of them: whereas Milton generally omits those which may be called personal deformities, and paints the deformity of their minds; their pride, impiety, malignity, and obstinacy: by which means his devils are infinitely more diabolic, more odious and horrible to the reflecting reader, than those of the Italian poet.

There is a very easy consequence

to be drawn from these observations, which deserves to be an object of general regard. If *virtue* be the *chief beauty*, people, to be *beautiful*, should endeavour to be *virtuous*; and should avoid vice, and all the worser sort of passions,

as they would fly deformity. I wish the more lovely half of the human creation in particular, were thoroughly sensible of this great truth: "That the readiest way to be beautiful, is to be good."

F— T.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

THREE NOTTURNI, Italian and English, for three Voices, with an Accompaniment (ad libitum) for the Piano-forte, composed, and respectfully inscribed, by permission, to his Grace the Duke of Leeds, by G. Liverati; the Italian Poetry by E. Petronj.

In a prefatory notice, the indulgence of the public is claimed in behalf of the English translation, which Mr. L. states to have been made by a friend, *after* the music had been written to the Italian text. A task of this kind we can well appreciate: we consider it to be one of the most difficult undertakings; because, not only the metre must be rigidly preserved throughout, but wherever the composer chooses to indulge in melismatic repetitions, or to select particular passages, or even single words, for heightened expression, there the translator has to find words of similar import; not to mention, that frequently the composer, on repeating the text, takes liberties with the metre and quantity, for which the translator must make suitable allowance. Considering all these difficulties, we are of opinion, that the English words to these glees will be found to answer fairly the end proposed. Without transcendent poetical merit, they sing fluently every note

allotted to them, and they express the text faithfully.

The three glees are of amatory import: in the first, the lovesick swain traces the dear name of his adored on the beech, the pine, in the sand, nay, on the rocks themselves: in the second, he invokes the shadows of night to conceal him on his way to his charmer; and in the third, he prays for a smile to gladden his heart, and in return, promises eternal devotedness.

An observation has struck us, which is perhaps odd enough: it seems to us singular, that these words, addressed as they are to *one* maiden by *one* swain, should be allotted to *three* singers; that these three youths should carve the name of *one* shepherdess, should invoke the silent goddess to assist their path to *one* and the same object, should swear eternal fidelity to the same name! Such rare unanimity of affection, we would hardly expect in the phlegmatic constitution of a Hollander, but much less in the natives of a country, whose language is spoken by these shepherds. They absolutely seem to belong to the polyandrian genus.

Of the music, it would be difficult to speak without some degree of enthusiasm. It is absolutely classic in every point of view. Whether we regard melody, or se-

lect harmony, or well-timed expression, or occasional flashes of striking effect, all is such as the most cultivated musical feeling would wish it to be. In the first Notturmo (F major), we observe, among other beauties, a very interesting period in Ab major, which glides most judiciously into the relative minor key to express the words, "stupefatto ne restar dovrà," upon which other equally apposite musical phrases are bestowed, all in the best taste, and uncommonly effective. The primary motivo is resumed p. 5, but fresh and original ideas impart to it a colouring at once novel and striking.

The second Notturmo, "Alla Notte," is of a more solemn cast. Chaste simplicity distinguishes the invocation to the sable queen. At the sentence, "Deh nascondi i passi miei," we seem to perceive the hushed tip-toe steps of the fearful lover; and the next line is rendered conspicuous by a finely contrived canonical period, successively taken up by the three voices. In the second part, at the beginning of p. 10, we are under some doubt whether the D at "Dirle" was not intended as Db. considering the prevailing minore complexion of the phrase.

The third Notturmo, "A Bice," sets out with a spirited $\frac{3}{8}$ motivo in C major; some shiftings of the musical accent, judiciously used in ll. 2 and 3, produce a peculiar sensation of fervour. In the fifteenth page, we observe several neat imitative phrases between the first voice on the one hand, and the second and third on the other, and the remainder of the glee proceeds

with marked precision and briskness, quite in the spirit of the subject.

In thus cursorily touching upon a few of the numerous beauties which characterize these Notturmi, we are aware, that others have an equal claim to notice; but our limits are scanty. Enough, however, has been said, to do justice to the performance of a gentleman, whose talents are of an order to do honour both to the country he owns, and to the land that, at this moment, calls them into higher action. We find, by the Opera bills, that Mr. Liverati is on the eve of producing, at the King's Theatre, a grand serious opera of his composition. This is as it should be. England surely ought not for ever to be catering its operas from the repertories of foreign theatres. As we have already had a very favourable specimen of Mr. Liverati's dramatic compositions in the opera of "I Selvaggi," which a few years ago met with decided success at the King's Theatre, we are confident, that, on the approaching occasion, our sanguine expectations will be amply gratified.

Six Divertimentos for the Guitar,
by Sor. 4th Set. Pr. 2s. 6d.

If hitherto guitar-music has been considered by us as lying out of the sphere of our critical functions, we candidly plead in our defence, the opinion which our own experience had led us to entertain of the limited powers of the instrument; and the unimportant nature of the compositions which had come under our cognizance. It was with this bias that we recently chanced to hear Mr. Sor touch the

guitar, and our previous prejudice instantly gave way to astonishment and admiration. We will not attempt to describe the sensations which the magic of his play excited within us; but our readers may form some idea of what we felt, when we state, that this gentleman executed, with the greatest precision, and with the deepest expression, scores of five and six distinct parts, nay, played fugues of the most complicated texture. How this was done, how it can be done, remains, at this moment, a matter of wonder to us. We have seen and heard; we therefore must believe: otherwise, we own, we should have staked a round sum, that two or three guitars had been actively at work at the same time.

This unrivalled perfection we find, upon inquiry, to be the result of a system at once simple and efficient, the fruit of matured experience, and of a diligent inquiry into the nature and the capabilities of the instrument. Without this, Mr. Sor's excellence might astonish his cotemporaries, like a passing meteor, whose reappearance in the horizon is a matter of chance. But, with his system, his art is in a manner perpetuated: some of his pupils already wield the lyre in a masterly manner, and its unassuming elegance daily gains ground in the higher circles. Thus the most ancient of all musical instruments, the invention of Mercury, the darling of Orpheus, seems once more reinstated in its pristine rights. Even music partakes of the spirit of legitimacy which characterizes our era.

Our readers may, in some degree, form a conception of the

capabilities of the guitar, by an inspection of the six divertimentos which are the subject of the present article. They are generally written in three distinct parts, and in keys of very different kinds: the harmony is full, and modulation appears in no instance to be pressed or confined by the limits which we ourselves had erroneously considered as dictated by the nature of the instrument. Of the merit of the pieces themselves, we shall say quite enough, by stating that they are such as we were led to expect from our knowledge of Mr. Sor's vocal compositions, of which we have, on several occasions, spoken in terms of the highest commendation; and a further specimen of which is now in our portfolio, to be brought before our readers in this month's Critique, if time permits, but at all events in our next Number.

Grand brilliant Sonata for the Piano-forte, by J. N. Hummel.
Pr. 5s.

As the "opera" of this composition of Hummel's is not indicated on the title-page, we deem it right to identify the work by its component parts: it consists of an allegro ($\frac{4}{4}$) in E b, an adagio ($\frac{3}{4}$) in E b, and a finale ($\frac{1}{4}$) in E b.

In our reports of music composed abroad, we do not consider ourselves called upon to enter on a detailed analysis. The general character and merits of such works are all that we deem it our duty to lay before our readers. We are not vain enough to presume, that our Critiques would reach the foreign author. If they did in the present instance, we should have the satisfaction of convincing Mr.

H. that his works are as highly valued in this country as they are in Germany. This is the second sonata of his which has issued from the press of Messrs. Boosey and Co. The first we reported, in a former Number, as a composition written in a pleasing and familiar, yet perfectly classic, style. Of the present sonata we have to give a still more favourable account. It is evidently a much more recent production. Animated musical diction, elaborate treatment, originality of ideas, and uncommon richness and depth of harmonic colouring, form its distinguishing features, and render it worthy of the attention of the accomplished musician. The work is perfect in its kind; it ranks with the highest productions we possess for the piano-forte; and we must add, in justice to the publishers, with the finest specimens of musical typography that have come under our cognizance.

Boosey and Co.'s ANTOLOGIA MUSICALE, being a Selection of the best Overtures, Sonatas, Rondos, Divertimentos, Marches, Waltzes, &c. for the Piano-forte, by the most celebrated foreign Composers, many of which have never been printed before. Nos. V. and VI. Pr. 2s. each.

Contents of No. V.: Prelude (Bb) by Knecht—Introduction and chorus from Zingarelli's oratorio, "la Distruzione di Gierusalemme"—Minuet (C) Beethoven—Minuet (C min.) J. Haydn.

Contents of No. VI.: Prelude (C), Seb. Bach—Fantasia (C), Knecht—Military sonata (D), Vanhall.

The preceding catalogue speaks the variety and the intrinsic

merit of the above numbers of this classic collection. Knecht's music, although not modern, has a peculiar recommendation in its strict grammatical purity. Vanhall also is of earlier times, but the life and spirit which animate his works, still have their charms. The piece by Zingarelli forms a valuable article. On Beethoven, Haydn, and S. Bach's contributions, it would be superfluous to comment.

In future numbers of the *Antologia Musicale*, we would willingly see some of the works of modern composers, that are little known in this country; such as Moscheles, Leidesdorf, Onslow, the late Prince Louis of Prussia, &c.

Airs and Choruses, selected from Mozart's celebrated Opera "Il Flauto Magico," arranged as Duets for two Performers on the Piano-forte, by S. F. Rimbault. Book I. Pr. 3s.

The pieces contained in this first portion of Mr. Rimbault's adaptation of the Magic Flute, are as follow: *Colomba mia venite quà—Se potesse un snow ugal—Io partir—Ah potessi al dolce amore—Te guida alla palma nobile.* From this it will be seen, that the selection has not been made according to the order prevailing in the original; each book probably being intended to exhibit some of the most favoured of the airs.

The arrangement has great claims to our approbation. We perceive the limits which Mr. R. has set to himself as to executive practicability. There certainly was room for more notes from the score, but an extended liberality in that respect would have proved an *embarras de richesses* to the more numer-

ous class of performers, who, like the middle ranks of society, content themselves with a moderate but respectable appearance. In steering this course, Mr. R. has most satisfactorily accomplished his object. The two parts, although accessible to moderate attainments on the instrument, present all that is essential to the general effect; and the materials have been distributed in a manner which eminently bespeaks Mr. R.'s judgment, as well as his taste and knowledge of harmony. We can safely recommend his labour in strong terms.

"*La Petite Bagatelle*," for the *Piano-forte or Harp*, composed by S. F. Rimbault. Nos. I. II. and III. Pr. 1s. each.

Among the immense store of musical publications, good music for beginners is almost a desideratum. We suspect the requisites for such writing to be the cause of the deficiency. Agreeable and well connected melody, select, and yet unlaboured, harmony, and ease of execution, form here the essential conditions. But most of our great composers seem to think, nothing can be very good that is not very difficult, or that it is beneath their dignity to write easy music; and as to melody, however the assertion may draw vengeance upon us, we are free to confess, that it does not appear to us to be very abundant among the great writers of the present day. Now melody is precisely what ought to form the main ingredient in music for juvenile performers. As their stomach requires plain food, and not artificial made-dishes; so must their mind be sup-

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plied with what it is capable of comprehending and relishing.

It is from these considerations, that we applaud most heartily the three little compositions before us, and that we shall be glad to see more of the same description from Mr. Rimbault's pen. They exactly suit the end proposed, and have the additional merit of being *progressive* as to execution. No. I. is quite plain, yet there is melody throughout, such as the child would remember after the lesson is over, and its brothers be tempted to hum while the lesson is proceeding. No. II. soars one step higher; we have a little modulation, and a minore moreover: and in No. III. (a pretty rondo), the time is more active, the variety of ideas is greater, and some of them are repeated under more extended forms. In case of further numbers, it will be well to give the left hand some occasional exercise, progressively also, and carefully so; for nothing deters the child more than difficulties for a hand which good breeding strives to keep in a comparative state of weakness and paralyzation.

"*The Orphan Maid*," a *Celtic Ballad*, with an *Accompaniment* for the *Piano-forte or Harp*; the *Poetry* from the "*Legend of Montrose*;" the *Music* composed, and dedicated to his friend, *Wm. Shield, Esq.* by W. T. Parke. Pr. 1s. 6d.

The English have of late become so thoroughly musical, that few bits of poetry escape the pens of the composers. Even prose is melodized. We have reviewed a treaty of peace set to music, including the signatures of all the

high contracting parties; and therefore should not at all wonder, at seeing a judge's charge to a jury treated as a divertimento, a dying speech and confession arranged as a finale, or a parliamentary harangue melodized as a theme with variations.

Where the poetry forms an independent whole, we see no reason for objecting to its being put under the controul of crotchets and quavers; the text frequently gains by a transfer to the sister art, who has it in her power to remedy defects of metre, or at least to disguise them. But where a fragment of a few lines is picked out of a volume, and put into the crucible of harmony, the previous perusal of the volume, generally forms a necessary condition to the full understanding of what the song means to say.

The latter observation applies to the publication before us, and indeed to many more. Mr. Parke's song can only be fairly relished by those that have read the "Legend of Montrose," the number of whom, to be sure, is not inconsiderable, although we are not fashionable enough to belong to that class of readers. The composition consists of a recitativo and air. The former is satisfactory, excepting a defect of musical punctuation in the first line: "November's sunbeams wan look coldly on the castle grey," is thus phrased:—"November's sunbeams wan : look coldly, &c.;" for at "wan" there is a close in the tonic, and a new key is introduced for the remaining words. The aria is in the common ballad style, excepting a reminiscence from Mozart in the third

bar: the usual turn to the relative minor occurs in its progress, and five successive pauses appear in the concluding line.

"*In the mid air sings the Lark,*"
the much-admired Harp-Song in
the grand Scotch Spectacle called
"Montrose," sung at the Surry
Theatre; the Poetry by W. Scott,
Esq.; the Music by J. Sanderson.
 Pr. 1s.

The serious and impressive poetry of this fragment of Mr. Walter Scott's legend, afforded, in our opinion, great scope for corresponding musical diction; and in this respect we think Mr. Sanderson has not altogether reached the poet's conception. His attention appears to have been pre-eminently directed to the line which forms the title of the song; and in his aim to express adequately the warbling of the lark, he has been more successful. The different variations of that phrase, assisted as they are by a very neat and effective harp-accompaniment, have our entire approbation. The above observation excepted, we are ready to do justice to the general complexion of the song: the melody contains several attractive passages, the accompaniment is well conducted, and the harmony pure and satisfactory.

Fantasia, consisting of the most favourite Airs from Mozart's celebrated Opera "Il Flauto Magico," composed, and arranged for the Piano-forte, with Flute Accompaniment (ad libitum), and performed on the Apollonicon, by John Purkis. No. I. Pr. 3s.

Five or six of the most popular pieces in the above opera, form the ground-work of this publication.

Mr. P. has occasionally introduced a few lines of his own analogous to the subjects, has at times curtailed his originals, and has transposed some of the airs into other keys. All this is allowable in a delectatory production like a fantasia; while, on the other hand, such a

title would have warranted a greater portion of digressive and connecting ideas, than Mr. P. has introduced. The whole, however, is well assorted, and well harmonized, so as to offer a very agreeable, and not a very difficult, divertimento for the piano-forte.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

PLATE 10.—CARRIAGE DRESS.

A ROUND dress composed of dove-coloured English levantine: the body is of a three-quarter height; it is formed in the Grecian style, and the bust is ornamented with English lace. Short full sleeve, of the same material as the dress, surmounted by a small lace epaulette. The bottom of the skirt is finished by a deep flounce of lace, of our own manufacture, but so good an imitation of Valenciennes, as to be scarcely distinguishable from it. The *rédingote* worn over this dress, is composed of purple corded silk, and lined and trimmed with ermine. The pelerine, collar, and cuffs, are also ermine; and the pelerine is remarkably large, and of a round shape. This costly envelope is of the most simple form: the body is loose, and wraps considerably across in front; the sleeve is very wide. This *rédingote* is admirably calculated either for a carriage dress or an Opera wrap. Head-dress, a bonnet, of the same material and colour as the *rédingote*: it is lined with pale rose-coloured satin: the crown is rather lower than we have lately seen them; it

is something in the shape of a melon, and is ornamented with little furbelows of the same silk, placed crosswise, in a singular but tasteful way: the brim is of a moderate size; it is composed of flutings of velvet and corded silk, and finished by a band of velvet laid on plain at the edge. A plume of feathers, to correspond, droops a little to the left side, and a rich ribbon ties it under the chin. Half-boots of purple leather, and Limeric gloves.

PLATE 11.—EVENING DRESS.

A white satin round dress: the skirt is excessively full at the bottom, but very tight towards the top; it is finished by a trimming composed of white and geranium-coloured satin and net, disposed in a singular but very tasteful style, for which we refer to our print. The body of the dress is formed, with the exception of the geranium-coloured trimming, to correspond with the skirt: a small stomacher marks the contour of the shape, which it forms in a most becoming manner. The sleeve is very short; it is in the shape of an oak-leaf: the materials correspond with the body and the trimming,

and are disposed in the same manner. The effect of this style of *corsage* is novel and elegant. Head-dress, the *chapeau à la Sicilienne*: it is composed of white satin; the brim is very narrow in front, but something broader at each side; it is trimmed with blond: the crown is moderately high, of a dome shape, and almost concealed in front by several Padua feathers, which droop a little; a quilling of blond ornaments the inside of the edge of the brim, and a single feather attached to this quilling falls negligently on one side of the face, and descends nearly to the chin. Necklace and ear-rings, pearls. White satin shoes, ornamented with diamond clasps, and white kid gloves.

We are indebted to Miss Pierpoint, No. 9, Henrietta-street, Covent-Garden, inventor of the *corset à la Grecque*, for both these dresses.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON
FASHION AND DRESS.

Pelisses still continue in favour for the promenade, but they are now as much worn in rich silk as in cloth; those composed of silk are always wadded, and, in general, trimmed with fur. We have, however, noticed a few, the trimming of which consisted of a broad piece of velvet, which went round the bottom and up the fronts: it was finished at each edge by a wreath of satin shells; they were extremely small, and rather of a lighter colour than the velvet. The cuffs, collar, and epaulettes corresponded with the trimming of the skirt; the epaulettes are in the shape of a shell, and are very full.

This style of trimming is not striking, but it is rich and appropriate to winter dress.

Furs continue to be as much in request as ever; the severity of the season indeed renders them a very necessary appendage to walking dress. Muffs are this year of a very moderate size, but tippets are worn large.

The most elegant novelty in carriage dress, is the *rédingote*, which we have given in our print. Pelisses also are very much in favour; they begin now to be a good deal worn in velvet. Waists continue about the same length as last month. There is very little variety in trimmings; ermine and sable are more worn than any thing else: the few velvet pelisses that are not trimmed with them, are decorated with satin, disposed in various forms by a mixture of rich silk cord: one of these trimmings, which we thought had a rich effect, consisted of a piece of satin disposed in a wave, which was formed of four folds; each fold was edged with a narrow pointed gimp. The collar and cuffs of the pelisse were trimmed to correspond: the epaulettes were singularly pretty; they were a mixture of satin and velvet, something in the shape of a heart, and edged by a gimp like that on the skirt, but broader. The pelisse was composed of Clarence blue velvet; the satin was something lighter, and the gimp corresponded with the pelisse: the effect was altogether tasteful and novel.

The most novel carriage head-dress, next to the one which we have given in our print, is a bonnet composed of *velours simulé*, inter-

mixed with silk *pluche*: the crown is tacked in like the caul of a cap, and the back part of it forms the exact shape of a scollop-shell; the shape of the brim is a little like the brim of a round hat, only that it is rather slouched before, and very shallow behind; it is formed of silk *pluche* slashed in different places, and the slashes filled with *velours simulé*: the edge is ornamented by a wreath of scarlet berries, surrounded by leaves; this is laid on between two falls of blond, one of which lies on the brim, the other falls over the edge. A garland of winter flowers mixed with scarlet berries, is placed in front of the crown; and a rich ribbon to correspond with the bonnet, which we should observe was a plum-colour, ties it under the chin.

Morning dresses still continue to be composed of cloth and sarsnet. We have just seen one made in the former material, which we consider a very tasteful dishabille: the body is quite high, the waist rather long, and the back full; there is a small collar, which does not come above half way round the throat, and which forms a little pelerine in the back of the neck: the fronts are sloped on each side, so as to display the throat, and a little of the *jichu*; they wrap entirely across, and meet in the centre of the back, which is ornamented by a bow, composed of a piece of satin folded; there are short ends finished by a narrow fringe. The trimming of this dress is an embroidery in silk cord; the bottom of the skirt is ornamented with a wreath of oak-branches, placed perpendicularly, so that the

trimming comes very high. A very slight narrow wreath of leaves decorates the fronts, the collar, and the cuffs.

Silk of various descriptions, but always of a remarkably stout and rich texture, is the favourite material for dinner dress. The form affords us little room for observation: we still copy our Parisian neighbours, but we do it very happily; for, contrary to our usual custom, we do not go to an extreme: our waists are of a more moderate length, our stomachers form the shape in a better manner, but our dresses are still too tight round the waist, and too full at the bottom part of the skirt. Short sleeves are universally worn in dinner dress, but many gowns are made partially high. Blond is a good deal worn for trimmings; we have brought ours now to equal that of France: a mixture of blond and satin is also fashionable, as is also a mixture of satin and velvet.

Lace of our own manufacture, over white satin, is at present very much in estimation in full dress. White satin is also much worn, and we have seen a few velvet gowns. Rich silks too still continue in favour for grand costume, but not so much so as satin, lace, or velvet. As yet, very few dresses have been made in this latter material, but it is expected to be very generally worn. One of the most elegant dresses we have lately seen, is the gown which we are going to describe, which has been recently submitted to our inspection by a fashionable *marchande de modes*.

It is composed of *ponceau* velvet; the body, cut low round the bust, is formed in the Grecian style,

with a point in the centre of the bosom; the bust is finished by an edging of white satin, upon which a narrow gold cord is laid: the dress fastens behind; it is laced in the French style with gold cord. The sleeves are a mixture of *ponceau* velvet and white satin: the velvet is plain, and cut out in slashes in the lozenge form; these slashes are filled up with white satin, and edged with gold cord: the sleeve is of a moderate length, and is finished at the bottom by a band of white satin fluted. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed, in a singular but very elegant style, with white satin laid on full in a scroll pattern; each edge of the scroll is finished with gold cord. We have not for a considerable time seen any thing in grand costume, at once so elegant and superb as this dress.

Dress hats are now much in favour for evening parties and public places. We have given the most elegant novelty which we have seen of this description in our print. There is also another evening hat, very *jauntee* and becoming to a youthful face: the brim is something smaller than the one we have given, but similar in shape; there is no plaiting underneath; it is finished at the edge by a narrow roll of satin twisted with pearl: the crown is of an oval shape, and very low: a rich plume of ostrich feathers is placed in front; a full blown rose is attached to the base of the plume, which has a whimsical but striking effect: the mixture of feathers and flowers is, however, extremely incongruous.

Turbans begin to be in favour; and we have seen a few *toques* of a

new and elegant description: they were composed of folds of silver tissue and white satin, and of an oval shape; they were very low: a band of white satin, richly embroidered in silver, encircled the bottom of the crown; and a fancy flower, mingled with Indian wheat in silver, was placed to one side.

The hair still continues to be dressed moderately high; we seldom remember to have seen it more becomingly and tastefully arranged; it is also disposed so as to display its luxuriance to the greatest advantage, a part of the hind hair being braided or plaited round the head, while the rest forms bows, which are sometimes arranged in a diadem; at others, scattered irregularly at the back of the head. Winter flowers, or pearls, and sometimes a mixture of both, ornament the heads of those ladies who appear *en cheveux*.

Fashionable colours are, *ponceau*, purple, rose-colour, Clarence blue, plum-colour, and dark green.

Since writing the above, we have been favoured with a sight of some very elegant half-dress caps, by the lady who furnished our dresses: they were all of the mob, or rather of the demi-mob, shape, with full lace borders and low crowns; some of which were ornamented round the top with small lace tabs: pomegranate flowers, auriculas, Provence roses, and fancy flowers, with a mixture of ribbon, ornamented these head-dresses. We have also to notice a very elegant *coiffure* for full dress: it is composed of white satin and pearls; the front is pointed in the tiara form; it is ornamented with pearls laid on in the form of leaves, and

likewise edged with them: two other bands, which cross the back of the head, are also edged with pearl, as is likewise the one which encircles the forehead. A bunch of flowers is fastened to the band

which goes to the back of the head, and a single flower, with buds and leaves, is attached to the right side in front: the hair should be dressed in full bows between the bands.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, JAN. 18.

My dear SOPHIA,

LAST month our promenade dresses were mostly composed of Merino cloth; at present *gros de Naples* and levantine seem rather more in favour: they have not so warm an appearance, but they are, in reality, quite as comfortable, being wadded. I have little to say to you respecting walking dress: we still wear pelisses, or, as we call them, *rédingotes*, which are made in the same formal way as when I wrote last. The skirts increase a good deal in width just at the bottom, but the top part is still as scanty as ever. The only novelty I have lately perceived, is, that the silk braiding is now no longer confined to the stomacher; it ornaments the entire front of the dress: it is very narrow at the waist, but increases in width till it becomes very broad towards the bottom; it fastens up the middle with round silk buttons, and is ornamented at each side with others in the form of olives. This trimming, though fashionable, is not, however, so general as a narrow binding of satin of a different colour to the pelisse, which edges it all round. I must not forget to observe, that a broad satin sash, fringed at the ends, and of the colour of the binding, is always worn with these pelisses, which

have a neat gentlewomanly appearance, and would be very appropriate for spring, but they look too light for the present season.

I must now speak to you about our *chapeaux*, which are more various, both in form and material, than they have been for some seasons back. Those worn for the promenade, are composed of *pluche*, *velour simulé*, satin, *velours notte*, granite stuff, velvet, and watered *gros de Naples*: the two last of these seem least in favour. Hats are always lined either with pink or white satin, and it would not be easy to say which is most fashionable. The brims of *chapeaux* are now rarely seen of a very large size; the crowns are of various descriptions, but all, except those in the shape of a melon, are worn rather low: they are still ornamented either with feathers or flowers.

So much for general description. I will now try to describe to you, more particularly, those which I consider most worthy of your notice. The first is an odd-shaped, but rather becoming bonnet: the crown is of a melon shape; it is ornamented with a pointed piece of the same material, but edged with satin of a different colour; the point reaches to the summit of the crown, and forms a little peak: the brim is deep in front, and stands

out a good deal from the face: it is cut out at the bottom at each side, so as to form almost a point under the chin: it is lined and edged with the same coloured satin which ornaments the crown, and which, I should observe, is generally pink; and is ornamented only by a ribbon, which is attached to the centre of the brim, from whence it goes crosswise to the centre of the back of the crown: a bow is placed behind, and another in front; the ends of this latter fall over the edge of the brim: a ribbon to correspond ties it under the chin.

Another head-dress, which is very much in favour, is a bonnet a little in the Mary of Scotland style: the crown resembles the caul of a cap; it is moderately high in front, but low behind: the brim is very shallow in front; it bends down over the forehead, spreads out a good deal at the sides, and tapers down till it nearly meets under the chin: the edge of the brim is finished by a narrow blond arranged in waves, and laid on very full; and a diadem, composed of auriculas, ornaments it in front.

The last *chapeau* which I shall recommend to you, and which, I must observe, is only fit for carriage dress, is a hat composed of white figured satin, and lined with bright purple velvet. Odd enough, you will say: it is thought so even here, for velvet is not in general used to line *chapeaux*; but I think it is likely now to become fashionable, and this hat is really elegant and becoming. The brim is shallow, particularly behind, and it stands out a good deal from the face; the lining turns over the edge of the brim about an inch; a

narrow pointed blond, quilled full, is tacked to the edge of the velvet, so as to fall over: the crown is oval; it is ornamented with five or six marabouts, which droop a little in front: a rich white ribbon ties it under the chin.

So much for out-door dress. Hold! I had forgotten; I have not yet done with it; I have not said any thing about furs: they were much more worn in the beginning of the season than at present. Many belles do not wear fur tippets; those who do, have them of an uncommon size, and a three-quarter length. Our most fashionable promenade boots are called *Polonaises*; they are composed of silk of the stoniest fabric, and lined with fur.

Merino cloth is much worn in home dress; levantine is also very fashionable. Half-dress gowns are made in a plain style; they are cut moderately low round the bust, with either long straight sleeves, or else short full ones: the most fashionable form for these last is a plain full sleeve, ornamented on the shoulder by a piece of the same material, disposed in *wolves' mouths*; a trimming to correspond, is placed at the bottom of the sleeve. The skirt of the gown is adorned with three flounces of the same material; they are also disposed in *wolves' mouths*, and they are headed and edged by chenille cord. A sash, which is sometimes of ribbon, to correspond with the dress, and sometimes of a different colour, is tied behind in short bows and long ends. Our waists, I think, are longer than ever. The skirts of dresses are very much gored; they are moderately wide at

bottom, but they still cling round the figure in a very unbecoming manner at the waist, except just in the middle of the back, where the fulness is disposed in a few large plaits. I must not forget to observe, that half-dress gowns generally fasten behind; some are buttoned, others laced. In a few instances, I have noticed long sleeves composed either of tulle, transparent gauze, or white blond net: they are finished by two or three rows of narrow blond at the hand; and are always surmounted by a short sleeve of the same material as the dress.

Crape and tulle over white satin, or rich white sarsnet, are at present the materials most in favour for full dress; the present style of which would be remarkably elegant, if the waists were either longer or shorter; but they are too long to be graceful, and too short to display the natural contour of the shape. The peaked stomachers, too, which have lately come into fashion, have a very formal effect. There are, however, some dresses, and those by much the prettiest, made a good deal in the Grecian style: they are moderately high round the bust; the body is loose, but confined to the waist by a girdle; the short loose sleeve is fastened on the shoulder in the ancient Grecian style; and the robe sloping down on each side of the bosom, wraps a little across in front. There is an under-sleeve, consisting of a double fall of blond lace, which is tacked very full, and has a little the appearance of a wing. Gold lace is the trimming most in favour for these dresses: there are three or four bands round

the bottom of the skirt, and a single row round the bosom; a rich gold cord and tassel encircles the waist, and a very narrow one loops the sleeve on the shoulder. As yet, I have observed these robes made only in slate-colour, white, or dark green: the gold trimming has an elegant effect upon any of these colours; it is magnificent, but not heavy, and striking, without being gaudy.

Satin bodies are very much worn in full dress; they are in general either of *ponceau* or *rose*-colour: the waists are very long; they are peaked in front at the bottom of the waist, and ornamented up the front, in the stomacher style, with lacings of narrow ribbon or cord, and are very often finished at the bottom of the waist with silk fringe, which is in general white. The bust is trimmed with a single row of blond set on plain, to fall over, and headed by a quilling of tulle. Sometimes a double quilling of tulle is substituted for this trimming. The sleeves are always short and full, but they vary a good deal, both in the form and material. Some are of crape or tulle, to correspond with the skirt: they are gathered in the middle, and are confined at the bottom by a trimming of pointed blond, or quilling of tulle; others are composed of satin, to correspond with the body, slashed lengthwise, and the slashes filled with tulle: if the bosom is trimmed with blond, the bottom of the sleeve is also finished with it.

The skirts of these dresses are always blond or tulle, over white satin: they are variously decorated at the bottom; some have a broad rouleau of satin, either white,

or to correspond with the *corsage*, which is surmounted by an embroidery in natural flowers. One of the prettiest I have seen, had roses scattered irregularly; there were three deep, and at a little distance from each other: they were so naturally worked, and of such brilliant freshness, that they looked as if they had been fresh gathered, and carelessly stuck on the gown.

Other dresses have a wreath, or rather a garland, of artificial flowers, attached to the bottom of the skirt: it is either of roses, lilies, pomegranate-flowers, or orange-blossoms: the trimming is formed in a pretty fanciful manner by branches of the flower twisted together. Another style of trimming consists of a piece of satin, the same colour as the *corsage*, laid on very full, and the fulness confined by cord to correspond; the cord is disposed crosswise in the festoon form, and at each extremity is a single white rose, surrounded with leaves. This is a novel style of trimming, but the mixture of flowers with satin has a heavy effect; it would look much better in crape or tulle.

Satin bodies, with any of the trimmings I have just described, are in estimation for *le bal paré*; but the fair votaries of Terpsichore have their dresses made considerably shorter in the waist than they are generally worn: the skirts are also of a more moderate length; for, with the exception of dancing dresses, we are so extremely decorous, that only the front of our shoes is visible.

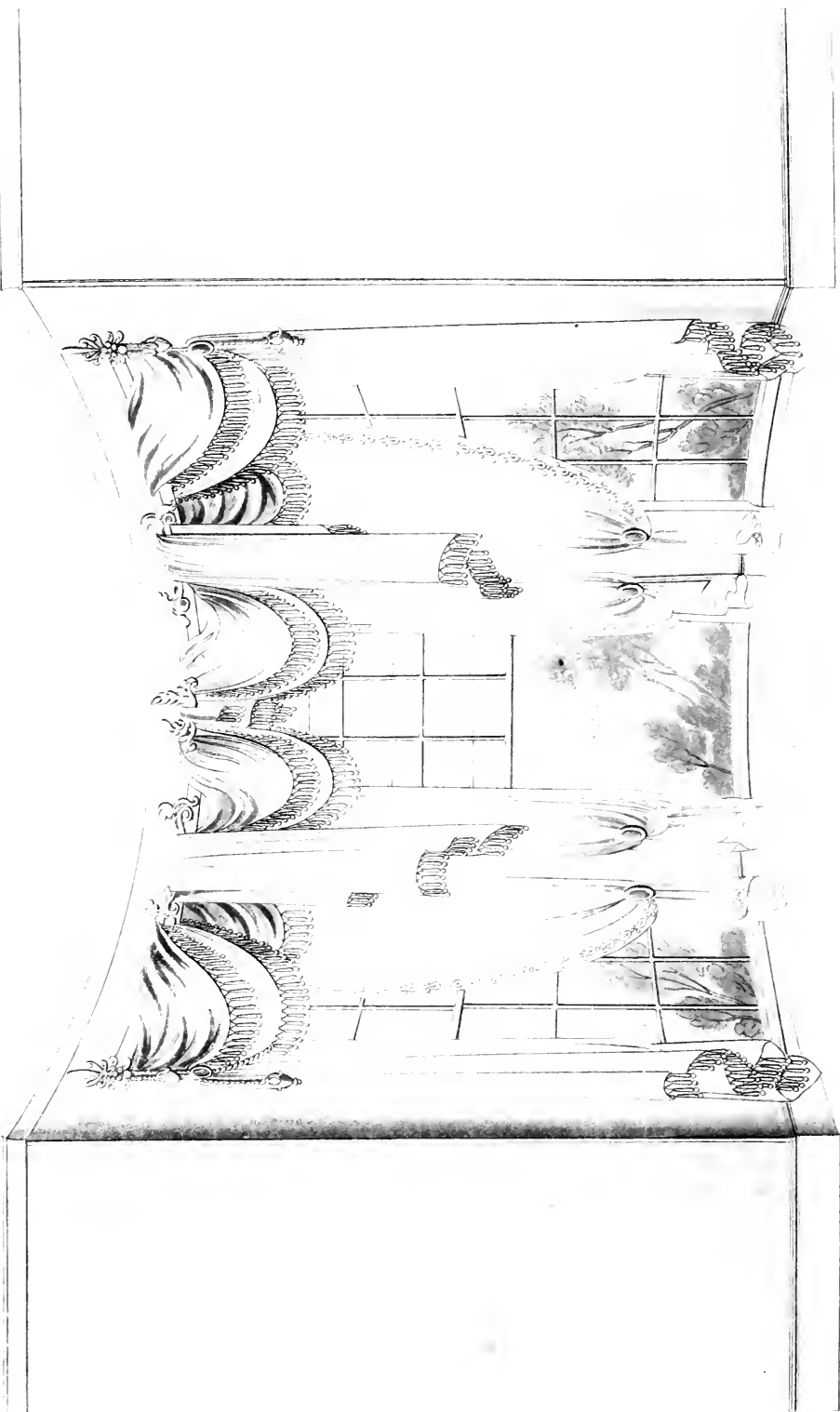
The hair, in full dress, is worn moderately high. Toques, tur-

bans, and dress caps, have given place to a style of *coëffure*, invented by some of our celebrated hair-dressers: it consists of a piece of tissue, or else gauze, embroidered in gold or silver, disposed something in the style of a turban, but mingled with plaits and braids of hair: it is put on in such a manner as to leave the entire of the front hair visible; this is divided very much on the forehead, dressed in loose curls, and ornamented on one side with a sprig of flowers. The *cornelia Japonica*, Provence rose, and auricula, are most in favour.

This style of head-dress, though adopted by our juvenile fashionables, has too matronly an air to be becoming to a youthful countenance. The *coëffure*, next in estimation, is a mixture of flowers and pearls. The front hair is lightly dressed in curls; the hind hair is partly fastened up in bows; the rest is disposed in braids, which are twisted with pearls, and bound round the head; one braid encircles the bows, and another binds the forehead: between them is a wreath of roses; two or three roses are also put close to the side of the face, just below the braid.

Rubies are next to diamonds in estimation, for full-dress jewellery; pearls are not quite so much in favour, but they are still a good deal worn. A few seasons ago, we had a perfect rage for coral; we carried our fondness for it so far, as even to mingle it with our diamonds: now it is confined, very properly, to half dress.

The colours most fashionable at present are, *ponceau*, rose-colour, sky-blue, and slate-colour. Adieu,



my dear Sophia! Begin the year, which I have just given you of our
as I do, by being industrious. Send Parisian modes. Farewell! Believe
me a long letter, in return for the me always your
full, true, and particular account

EUDOCIA.

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

PLATE 9.—DRAPERIES FOR CIRCULAR WINDOWS.

THE annexed plate represents a bow, forming a recess or bay in a tasteful drawing-room, and in which three windows are supposed to be erected: they are furnished by a suite of draperies, supported by a compass-rod and *appliqué* carved ornaments: the forms are varied, easy, and elegant; the colours chaste, and well arranged for effect and harmony. This embellishment is highly creditable to Mr. Stafford of Bath, from whose upholstery depôt it proceeds; for he has here ably surmounted many difficulties that are common to bow windows, and to those situated as represented in the present design.

THE SELECTOR:

Consisting of INTERESTING EXTRACTS from NEW POPULAR PUBLICATIONS.

PRELIMINARY OBSERVATIONS.

(From Mr. Accun's *Treatise on Adulterations of Food, and Culinary Poisons*.)

OF all the frauds practised by mercenary dealers, there is none more reprehensible, and at the same time more prevalent, than the sophistication of the various articles of food.

This unprincipled and nefarious practice, increasing in degree as it has been found difficult of detection, is now applied to almost every commodity which can be classed among either the necessities or the luxuries of life, and is carried on to a most alarming extent in every part of the united kingdom.

It has been pursued by men, who, from the magnitude and apparent respectability of their con-

cerns, would be the least obnoxious to public suspicion; and their successful example has called forth, from among the retail dealers, a multitude of competitors in the same iniquitous course.

To such perfection of ingenuity has this system of adulterating food arrived, that spurious articles of various kinds are every where to be found, made up so skilfully as to baffle the discrimination of the most experienced judges.

Among the number of substances used in domestic economy which are now very generally found sophisticated, may be distinguished—tea, coffee, bread, beer, wine,

spirituous liquors, salad oil, pepper, vinegar, mustard, cream, and other articles of subsistence.

Indeed, it would be difficult to mention a single article of food which is not to be met with in an adulterated state; and there are some substances which are scarcely ever to be procured genuine.

Some of these spurious compounds are comparatively harmless when used as food; and as in these cases merely substances of inferior value are substituted for more costly and genuine ingredients, the sophistication, though it may affect our purse, does not injure our health. Of this kind are the manufacture of factitious pepper, the adulterations of mustard, vinegar, cream, &c. Others, however, are highly deleterious; and to this class belong the adulterations of beer, wines, spirituous liquors, pickles, salad oil, and many others.

There are particular chemists who make it a regular trade to supply drugs or nefarious preparations to the unprincipled brewer of porter or ale; others perform the same office to the wine and spirit merchant; and others again to the grocer and the oilman. The operators carry on their processes chiefly in secrecy, and under some delusive firm, with the ostensible denotements of a fair and lawful establishment.

These illicit pursuits have assumed all the order and method of a regular trade: they may severally claim to be distinguished as an *art and mystery*; for the workmen employed in them are often wholly ignorant of the nature of the substances which pass through

their hands, and of the purposes to which they are ultimately applied.

To elude the vigilance of the inquisitive, to defeat the scrutiny of the revenue officer, and to insure the secrecy of these mysteries, the processes are very ingeniously divided and subdivided among individual operators, and the manufacture is purposely carried on in separate establishments. The task of proportioning the ingredients for use is assigned to one individual, while the composition and preparation of them may be said to form a distinct part of the business, and are intrusted to another workman. Most of the articles are transmitted to the consumer in a disguised state, or in such a form that their real nature cannot possibly be detected by the unwary. Thus the extract of *coccus indicus*, employed by fraudulent manufacturers of malt liquors, to impart an intoxicating quality to porter or ale, is known in the market by the name of *black extract*, ostensibly destined for the use of tanners and dyers. It is obtained by boiling the berries of the *coccus indicus* in water, and converting, by a subsequent evaporation, this decoction into a stiff, black, tenacious mass, possessing, in a high degree, the narcotic and intoxicating quality of the poisonous berry from which it is prepared. Another substance, composed of extract of quassia and liquorice-juce, used by fraudulent brewers to economize both malt and hops, is technically called *multum**.

* *The Times*, May 18, 1818. The King v. Richard Bowman. The defendant was a brewer, living in Wapping-street, Wapping, and was charged with

The quantities of *coculus indicus* berries, as well as of black extract, imported into this country for adulterating malt liquors, are enormous. It forms a considerable branch of commerce in the hands of a few brokers; yet, singular as it may seem, no inquiry appears to have been hitherto made by the officers of the revenue respecting its application. Many other substances employed in the adulteration of beer, ale, and spirituous liquors, are in a similar manner intentionally disguised; and of the persons by whom they are purchased, a great number are totally unacquainted with their nature or composition.

having in his possession a drug called *multum*, and a quantity of copperas. The articles were produced by Thomas Gates, an excise officer, who had, after a search, found them on the defendant's premises. The court sentenced the defendant to pay a fine of 200l.

The King v. Luke Lyons. The defendant is a brewer, and was brought up under an indictment charging him with having made use of various deleterious drugs in his brewery, among which were capsicum, copperas, &c. The defendant was ordered to pay the fines of 20l. upon the first count, 200l. upon the third, and 200l. upon the seventh count in the indictment.

The King v. Thomas Evans. The charge against this defendant was, that he had in his possession forty-seven barrels of stale unpalatable beer. On the 11th of March, John Wilson, an excise officer, went to the storhouse, and found forty-seven casks containing forty-three barrels and a half of sour unwholesome beer. Several samples of the beer were produced, all of them of a different colour, and filled with sediment. A fine of 30l. was ordered to be paid by the defendant.

An extract, said to be innocent, sold in casks, containing from half a cwt. to five cwt. by the brewers' druggists, under the name of *bittern*, is composed of calcined sulphate of iron (copperas), extract of *coculus indicus* berries, extract of quassia, and Spanish liquorice.

It would be very easy to adduce, in support of these remarks, the testimony of numerous individuals, by whom I have been professionally engaged to examine certain mixtures, said to be perfectly innocent, which are used in very extensive manufactories of the above description. Indeed, during the long period devoted to the practice of my profession, I have had abundant reason to be convinced, that a vast number of dealers, of the highest respectability, have vended to their customers, articles absolutely poisonous, which they themselves considered as harmless, and which they would not have offered for sale, had they been apprised of the spurious and pernicious nature of the compounds, and of the purposes to which they were destined.

For instance, I have known cases in which brandy merchants were not aware that the substance which they frequently purchase under the delusive name of *flash*, for strengthening and clarifying spirituous liquors, and which is held out as consisting of burnt sugar and isinglass only, in the form of an extract, is, in reality, a compound of sugar with extract of capsicum; and that to the acrid and pungent qualities of the capsicum is to be ascribed the heightened flavour of brandy and rum, when coloured with the above-mentioned matter.

In other cases, the ale-brewer has been supplied with ready-ground coriander seeds, previously mixed with a portion of *nux vomica* and quassia, to give a bitter taste and narcotic property to the beverage.

The retail venders of mustard do not appear to be aware, that mustard seed alone cannot produce, when ground, a powder of so intense and brilliant a colour as that of the common mustard of commerce. Nor would the powder of real mustard, when mixed with salt and water, without the addition of a portion of pulverized capsicum, keep for so long a time as the mustard usually offered for sale.

Many other instances of unconscious deceptions might be mentioned, which were practised by persons of upright and honourable minds.

It is a painful reflection, that the division of labour, which has been so instrumental in bringing the manufactures of this country to their present flourishing state, should have also tended to conceal and facilitate the fraudulent practices in question; and that, from a correspondent ramification of commerce into a multitude of distinct branches, particularly in the metropolis, and the large towns of the empire, the traffic in adulterated commodities should find its way through so many circuitous channels, as to defy the most scrutinizing endeavour to trace it to its source.

It is not less lamentable, that the extensive application of chemistry to the useful purposes of life, should have been perverted into an aux-

iliary to this nefarious traffic. But happily for the science, it may, without difficulty, be converted into a means of detecting the abuse; to effect which, very little chemical skill is required.

The baker asserts, that he does not put alum into bread; but he is well aware, that, in purchasing a certain quantity of flour, he must take a sack of *sharp whites* (a term given to flour contaminated with a quantity of alum), without which it would be impossible for him to produce a light, white, and porous bread, from a half-spoiled material.

The wholesale mealman frequently purchases this spurious commodity (which forms a separate branch of business in the hands of certain individuals), in order to enable himself to sell his decayed and half-spoiled flour.

Other individuals furnish the baker with alum mixed up with salt; under the obscure denomination of *stuff*. There are wholesale manufacturing chemists whose sole business is to crystalize alum, in such a form as will adapt this salt to the purpose of being mixed in a crystalline state with the crystals of common salt, to disguise the character of the compound. The mixture called *stuff*, is composed of one part of alum, in minute crystals, and three of common salt. In many other trades a similar mode of proceeding prevails. Potatoes are soaked in water to augment their weight.

The practice of sophisticating the necessaries of life, being reduced to systematic regularity, is ranked, by public opinion, among other mercantile pursuits; and is

not only regarded with less disgust than formerly, but is almost generally esteemed as a justifiable way to wealth.

It is really astonishing, that the penal law is not more effectually enforced against practices so inimical to the public welfare. The man who robs a fellow subject of a few shillings on the high-way, is sentenced to death; while he who distributes a slow poison to a whole community, escapes unpunished.

It has been urged by some, that under so vast a system of finance as that of Great Britain, it is expedient that the revenue should be collected in large amounts; and therefore, that the severity of the law should be relaxed in favour of all mercantile concerns, in proportion to their extent: encouragement must be given to large capitalists; and where an extensive brewery or distillery yields an important contribution to the revenue, no strict scrutiny need be adopted in regard to the quality of the article from which such contribution is raised, provided the excise do not suffer by the fraud.

But the principles of the constitution afford no sanction to this preference, and the true interests of the country require that it should be abolished; for a tax dependent upon deception must be at best precarious, and must be sooner or later diminished by the irresistible diffusion of knowledge. Sound policy requires, that the law should be impartially enforced in all cases; and if its penalties were extended to abuses of which it does not now take cognizance, there is no doubt that the revenue would be abundantly benefited.

Another species of fraud, to which I shall at present but briefly advert, and which has increased to so alarming an extent, that it loudly calls for the interference of government, is the adulteration of drugs and medicines.

Nine tenths of the most potent drugs and chemical preparations used in pharmacy, are vended in a sophisticated state, by dealers who would be the last to be suspected. It is well known, that of the article Peruvian bark, there is a variety of species inferior to the genuine; that too little discrimination is exercised by the collectors of this precious medicament; that it is carelessly assorted, and is frequently packed in green hides; that much of it arrives in Spain in a half decayed state, mixed with fragments of other vegetables and various extraneous substances; and in this state is distributed throughout Europe.

But as if this were not a sufficient deterioration, the public are often served with a spurious compound of mahogany saw-dust and oak-wood, ground into powder, mixed with a proportion of good quinquina, and sold as genuine bark-powder.

Every chemist knows that there are mills constantly at work in this metropolis, which furnish bark powder at a much cheaper rate than the substance can be procured for in its natural state. The price of the best genuine bark, upon an average, is not lower than twelve shillings the pound; but immense quantities of powder bark are supplied to the apothecaries at three or four shillings a pound.

It is also notorious that there

are manufacturers of spurious rhubarb powder, ipecacuanha powder*, James's powder, and other simple and compound medicines of great potency, who carry on their diabolical trade on an amazingly large scale. Indeed, the quantity of medical preparations thus sophisticated exceeds belief. Cheapness, and not genuineness and excellence, is the grand desideratum with the unprincipled dealers in drugs and medicines.

Those who are familiar with chemistry may easily convince themselves of the existence of the fraud, by subjecting to a chemical examination either spirits of hartshorn, magnesia, calcined magnesia, calomel, or any other chemical preparation in general demand.

Spirit of hartshorn is counterfeited by mixing liquid caustic ammonia with the distilled spirit of hartshorn, to increase the pungency of its odour, and to enable it to bear an addition of water.

The fraud is detected by adding spirit of wine to the sophisticated spirit; for, if no considerable coagulation ensues, the adulteration is proved. It may also be discovered by the hartshorn spirit not producing a brisk effervescence when mixed with muriatic or nitric acid.

Magnesia usually contains a portion of lime, originating from hard

water being used, instead of soft, in the preparation of this medicine.

To ascertain the purity of magnesia, add to a portion of it a little sulphuric acid, diluted with ten times its bulk of water. If the magnesia be completely soluble, and the solution remains transparent, it may be pronounced *pure*; but not otherwise. Or, dissolve a portion of the magnesia in muriatic acid, and add a solution of sub-carbonate of ammonia. If any lime be present, it will form a precipitate; whereas pure magnesia will remain in solution.

Calcined magnesia is seldom met with in a pure state. It may be assayed by the same tests as the common magnesia. It ought not to effervesce at all with diluted sulphuric acid; and, if the magnesia and acid be put together into one scale of a balance, no diminution of weight should ensue on mixing them together. Calcined magnesia, however, is very seldom so pure as to be totally dissolved by diluted sulphuric acid; for a small insoluble residue generally remains, consisting chiefly of silicious earth, derived from the alkali employed in the preparation of it. The solution in sulphuric acid, when largely diluted, ought not to afford any precipitation by the addition of oxalate of ammonia.

The genuineness of calomel may be ascertained by boiling, for a few minutes, one part, with $\frac{1}{32}$ part of muriate of ammonia in ten parts of distilled water. When carbonate of potash is added to the filtered solution, no precipitation will ensue, if the calomel be pure.

(To be continued.)

* Of this root, several varieties are imported. The white sort (which has no wrinkles, and no perceptible bitterness in taste, and which, though taken in a large dose, has scarcely any effect at all), after being pulverized by fraudulent druggists, and mixed with a portion of emetic tartar, is sold, at a low price, for the powder of genuine ipecacuanha root.

FINE ARTS.



INTELLIGENCE REGARDING WORKS OF ART.

PRINCE LEOPOLD has presented the family of the late Mr. Bird, R. A. with a purse of one hundred guineas, and also given the artist's picture of *the Surrender of Calais*, in his royal highness's possession, to be disposed of for the benefit of the family. This picture was presented to the lamented Princess Charlotte of Wales, when Mr. Bird was appointed historical painter to her royal highness.

M. Bosio, the French sculptor, has received a commission from the Minister of the Interior, to execute a statue of *Henry IV. as a child*, with the marble of the Pyrennees, now introduced, with considerable expectations, into the Parisian arts.

On the 1st of March, 1820, will be published the first number of a work, intended to develop *the Beauties of the River Meuse*, which, independent of the interest excited by its own peculiar grandeur of character, will, from novelty, derive a further claim to attention, from the circumstance that it has never before been the object of a publication. The first part will be completed in eight numbers, containing each six plates, in the size and manner of the *Liber Veritatis*, engraved by S. W. Reynolds, from drawings made on the spot by G. Arnald, A. R. A. in 1818.

Mr. Britton has just finished Part I. forming a half-volume of a Supplement, or volume V. to his *Architectural Antiquities of Great Britain*. This portion consists of forty-one engravings, representing a variety of examples of the circular style of ecclesiastical architecture in England; including some specimens of Roman, Saxon, and Norman. These are displayed in plans, elevations, sections, and views; and are calculated to exhibit the progressive changes or styles in the architecture of this country. The work is intended to be completed in eighty plates, with appropriate letter-press, which will comprise an historical, descriptive, and critical essay on the rise, progress, and characteristics of the ecclesiastical edifices and styles of architecture in England. The work is to be completed by the end of the year.

The same author has also completed his *History and Antiquities of the Metropolitan Church at York*, illustrated with thirty-four engravings of views, elevations, plans, and details of the architecture of that edifice; with biographical anecdotes of the archbishops. He has also produced two out of three numbers of *the History and Illustrations of Lichfield Cathedral*.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

IT is the too general fault of the games invented for young persons, that they do not combine instruction with amusement: of late years, however (the example having been set by the ingenious Dr. Franklin),

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some endeavours have been made to remedy this defect, and we know of none that is more likely to be effectual in this important particular, than the elegant productions we are about to announce: they consist of two small neatly printed volumes, ornamented with many engravings, and accompanied by boxes of tangible figures and cubic sections: they are entitled *Geometrical and Architectural Recreations*. The first affords an entertaining and familiar introduction to the rudiments of plane geometry, architectural drawing, grouping, &c.; and the second illustrates, in the same mode, the most essential principles of solid geometry and architectural elevations. The forms produced by the various placing of the figures and sections are infinitely varied; and this of itself, independent of the actual and self-evident utility of the game, forms a very considerable attraction. We cannot do better than subjoin a few of the observations of the publisher (Mr. Ackermann), in further illustration of the subject.—Among the toys and games of amusement of this description hitherto published, we find none in which the arrangements assume regular or known figures. This circumstance deprives the subject of much of that interest, which should awaken attention, and imperceptibly communicate sound instruction, by its scientific features of truth, while it fascinates by its novelty. The present publication is intended to remedy the defect, and to introduce an important and useful improvement in that respect. The figures, or sections, which have

been devised for these Recreations, will be found capable of forming, not only innumerable combinations of a strictly geometrical description, but also subjects of civil and military architecture; such as buildings of various designs, rustic edifices, fortifications, towers, gates, monumental erections, picturesque articles of domestic and ornamental furniture, vases, &c. &c. The other plates exhibit a variety of instructive and remarkable transformations of geometrical figures, effected by different combinations, and a considerable number of regular and interesting picturesque objects. All the subjects of transformation, from one geometrical figure to another, are covered with the small dotted squares of subdivision, in order to afford a distinct and demonstrative exhibition of the relative quantities and general admeasurement of the several parts of their surfaces, and to furnish an elegant and correct explanation of some important geometrical problems, in that tangible mode which is, of all others, universally received as the most simple and comprehensive. In the plates of picturesque objects, one subject in each has the arrangement of the component pieces indicated by dotted lines, so that the subject may be immediately constructed by inspection and reference: the outline of the subject is given. The rest to be made out by an exercise of the judgment. It must be recollected, that, in all these constructions of transformation and combination, it is a constant and indispensable condition, *that the entire number of the component parts of the original*

square is to find a place, and to be employed, in the proposed figure or subject.

In February will be published, *A Key to the Compound Tints*: being a systematic classification and analysis of more than three thousand varieties of colour, of which specimens are given, exhibiting the different proportions of the primitive tints in each, with graduated scales of each class of colours; forming a practical standard of combined hues, applicable to every branch of art and manufacture wherein colours are produced or used, and establishing a rule for scientifically effecting the composition and changes of tints by analysis, on a principle entirely new: by an artist.

A work, entitled *True Christian Religion, or the Universal Theology of the New Church*, translated from the Latin of the Hon. E. Swedenborg, two vols. royal octavo, is in the press.

A prospectus has been issued at Paris, of an entirely philological periodical publication, entitled *Hermes Classique*. Its purposes are to define Greek, Latin, and French words; and to discuss doubtful phrases, and interpret difficult passages in ancient authors. Some curious and interesting specimens of the projected work are added; and the first number, consisting of five sheets, was to appear in October.

A publication by Buonaparte's secretary, during that period, and embracing the history of the two years, from the banishment to Elba, to the battle of Waterloo, is among our forthcoming novelties.

We understand that it furnishes some remarkable particulars respecting the invitation sent to Elba; and the defection of Ney, whom Napoleon treated with great contumely, after he got him to commit himself.

Montholon's MS. is also in England, and may be expected to appear this winter. M^{me}. M. brought it from St. Helena.

Travels in Africa, by Mr. Mollien, who has, it seems, been able to pursue a new unknown track, are, we hear, about to be published in English and French.

In the press, and will be published during the ensuing autumn, an elegant and ornamental work, entitled *The Sportsman's Mirror*, reflecting the history and delineations of the horse and dog, throughout all their varieties. The work will be elegantly printed in quarto, on superfine paper. The engravings, representing every species of the horse and dog, will be executed by Mr. John Scott, in the line manner, from original paintings by Marshall, Reinagle, Gilpin, and Stubbs, accompanied with engravings on wood, illustrative of the subjects, as head and tail-pieces, by Bewick, Clennell, &c.

Mr. Curtis has commenced his *Winter Course of Lectures*, on the anatomy, physiology, and pathology of the ear. A clinical lecture will be given during the course, on the most important cases that occur at the Royal Dispensary, in which Mr. C. will adduce some observations relating to the medical treatment of deaf and dumb children.

Death of His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent.

AN event equally sudden and lamentable, has clouded the gaiety of the season, and compelled our fair fashionables to exchange their elegant and splendid attire for the garb of mourning: nor is it only in outward show, that the death of his Royal Highness the Duke of Kent will be mourned; his many amiable and excellent qualities will render him long and deservedly regretted by the nation at large. To his own circle, his loss is irreparable; for as a husband, brother, and friend, his conduct was most exemplary.

An illness of only a few days continuance, which was caused by a violent and neglected cold, terminated his Royal Highness's life on Sunday, the 22d of January, at Sidmouth, where he had been for some time. He died in a manner becoming a man and a Christian. His amiable duchess attended him to the last with the most exemplary care and tenderness; he received all his medicines from her hand, nor could she be prevailed upon to leave him, while there was a possibility that any thing could be done to sooth or to alleviate his sufferings.

Most of our readers, no doubt, recollect the active part which his Royal Highness had recently taken in investigating the plans of Mr. Salisbury, for the employment of the poor; they will remember, too, the prompt humanity with which he always came forward in support of charitable institutions: but it was not in that way only that he exercised the divine virtue of charity;

his purse was ever open, limited as his means were for the support of his rank, to every child of misery. The tale of distress wanted no introduction to him; he was ever its ready and sympathizing auditor; and surely the blessings and prayers of those, who owed to his bounty relief in their utmost necessities, have gone before him, and smoothed his passage to those regions, where, we hope and trust, he is now enjoying a bright and lasting reward.

The melancholy event happened too late in the month to admit of our giving the mourning fashions in detail: we have, however, presented our fair readers with two dresses, which we flatter ourselves will be found worthy of their attention. There is no doubt, from the popularity which his Royal Highness enjoyed, that the mourning will be very general. We shall next month endeavour to select from the various novelties which may appear, whatever articles are most fashionable, tasteful, and appropriate.

The lord chamberlain's orders for the court mourning were not yet given when this went to press; but no doubt can be entertained, that the materials will be the same as those used for the late members of the Royal Family: they are, for undress, dark Norwich crape, long lawn, and love ribbon; and black bombasine, crape, and plain muslin, for dress; with black shamoy gloves and shoes, and plain black crape fans.



CARRIAGE DRESS





Mourning Fashions.

PLATE 10.—CARRIAGE DRESS.

A BLACK bombasine half-dress gown, made a three-quarter height: the waist is rather long; the back has a little fulness at the bottom, but is plain at the top; it laces behind: the front is square, is cut bias, and tight to the bust, which is ornamented with a narrow black crape trimming. Long sleeve, rather straight, finished by a puckered cuff of black crape: full epaulette, composed of three falls of crape, disposed in the form of a shell. The skirt is very wide at the bottom, but so much gores as to render it rather narrow towards the top; what fulness there is, is thrown principally into the middle of the back: the bottom of the skirt is finished by a single deep flounce of bombasine, headed by a rouleau of black crape; three or four narrow pipings of crape form a zig-zag at the edge of the flounce. A white crape *fichu*, with a full puckered collar, tied with black love ribbon, shades the bust. A loose wrapping-coat is worn over this dress, which is composed of very fine black cloth. Head-dress, a bonnet composed of black crape over black sarsnet: it is of a moderate size: the crown is ornamented with twisted rouleaus of black crape, placed crosswise; the brim is lined with double white crape; a black feather ornament is placed in front, and a full bow of black crape ties it under the chin. Black shamoy-leather half-boots and gloves.

PLATE 11.—EVENING DRESS.

A black crape round dress, over a black sarsnet slip: the *corsage* is cut very low all round the bust; the waist is rather long; the piece which forms the back, is disposed in bias plaits, laid crosswise; the fronts are tight to the shape. Short full sleeve. There is very little either of the sleeve or the back part of the *corsage* visible, as a pelerine of white crape is affixed to the back, and comes down on each side of the bust as low as the waist in front: it consists of four falls of double puckered crape; is rounded behind, and pointed at the fronts. The bottom of the skirt is ornamented with a broad trimming of white crape, intersected with narrow *coquings* of black crape, disposed in a scroll pattern; there are two rows of these laid on the white crape, at some distance from each other. Head-dress, a demi-cornette, composed of white crape, over which is a small black crape hat: the crown is rather high; the brim is small: it is of an equal breadth all round, but is bent down a little in the back of the neck: it is lined with white crape, and trimmed with a full puffing of the same material round the edge of the brim: three white feathers decorate the crown. Necklace and ear-rings, jet. Black shamoy-leather gloves and shoes.

We are indebted to Miss Pierpoint, No. 9, Henrietta-street, Covent-Garden, inventor of the *corset à la Grecque*, for both these dresses.

Poetry.

AN EPIGRAMMATIC CHARADE ON A LAW-PARTNERSHIP.

WHENE'ER associations strange,
Give fancy ample scope to range,
All wits and wittings will be scribbling,
In lofty strains, or petty quibbling.

My first for gentleness is fam'd;
My second by a poet nam'd
The noblest work in the creation,
When honestly he fills his station;
And though my third is oft defined
The craftiest of the subtle kind,
Yet when in bands with first and second,
A harmless subject may be reckon'd:
And thus my whole of value be,
To guard from fraud society.

Jan. 22.

SCIPIO D—.

*For Mrs. AND-RS-N (late Miss MARY C-RN-CY),
Prince of Wales' Island.*

EPITHALAMIUM ON HER MARRIAGE.

No more of mountain, grove, or dale,
Of streams, or flow'ry meads I sing;
Thee, beauteous Mary! thee I hail,
More lovely than the blooming spring.

What time with radiant smiles serene,
Thou blest benign those happy plains,
Then brighter seem'd each rural scene,
The streams more clear, more blythe the swains.

What grace, what elegance express'd,
What symmetry adorns the whole!
Thy frame perfection fair impress'd
With higher excellence thy soul.

Thee charming form'd the pow'rs above,
Implanted in thy generous mind
Each active virtue, that must prove
A source of pleasure to mankind.

In beauty, elegance, and grace,
Few can excel, few can compare,
O mortal blest! O happy youth!
With thee connubial joys to share.

Thou, And--son! the meed hast gain'd,
For which ambition strove in vain;
And now the triumph-palm obtain'd,
With influence bland her love retain.

Ye pow'rs! oh, bless! a beauteous race
Of lovely gems for them prepare;
Their minds improve with truth and grace,
And guide by your peculiar care.

Let smiling happiness abound;
Let mutual love and mutual joys
Bid roses rise in life's gay round,
Each bliss that can pure minds suffice.

Vapours dispel, should they appear;
Oh! cloudless may their lives be spent;
New pleasure add each coming year,
Join innocence with calm content.

From every ill, oh! guard the heart;
Join social mirth, hilarity;
Mild temp'rance, rosy health impart;
And lastly, bless sweet charity.

O Mary! feeble are the lays,
Faint is the wreath thy poet brings;
Yet deign t' accept the meed of praise,
That from the heart spontaneous springs:
Nor let the Muse implore in vain,
Oh, happiness! thy friendship gain.

GLASGOW.

JOHN CARNEGIE.

On Miss F-RB-S.

If loveliness of mind or feature,
Could e'er impart the power to please,
O F-rb-s! thou art form'd by nature
To charm, enchant, beyond release:
Bright is thy beauty as the rising sun;
Thousands admire, whose hearts thy charms
have won.

On Miss L-G-N.

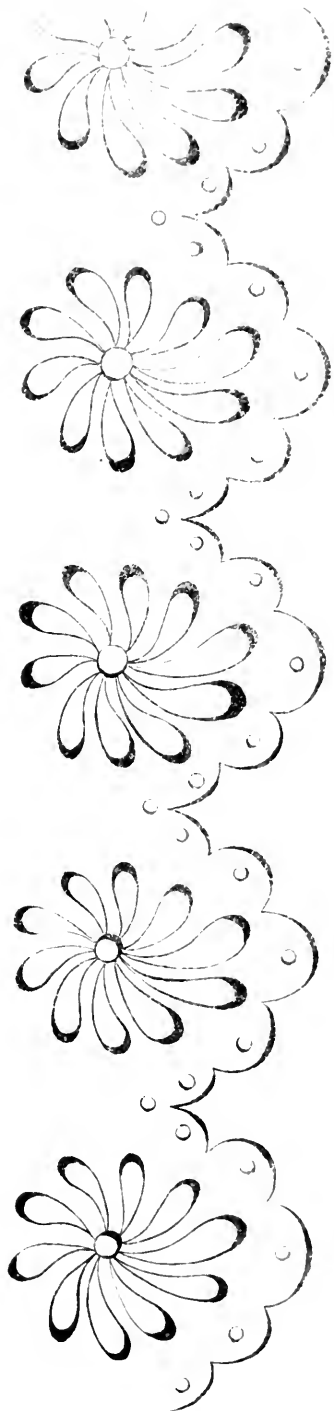
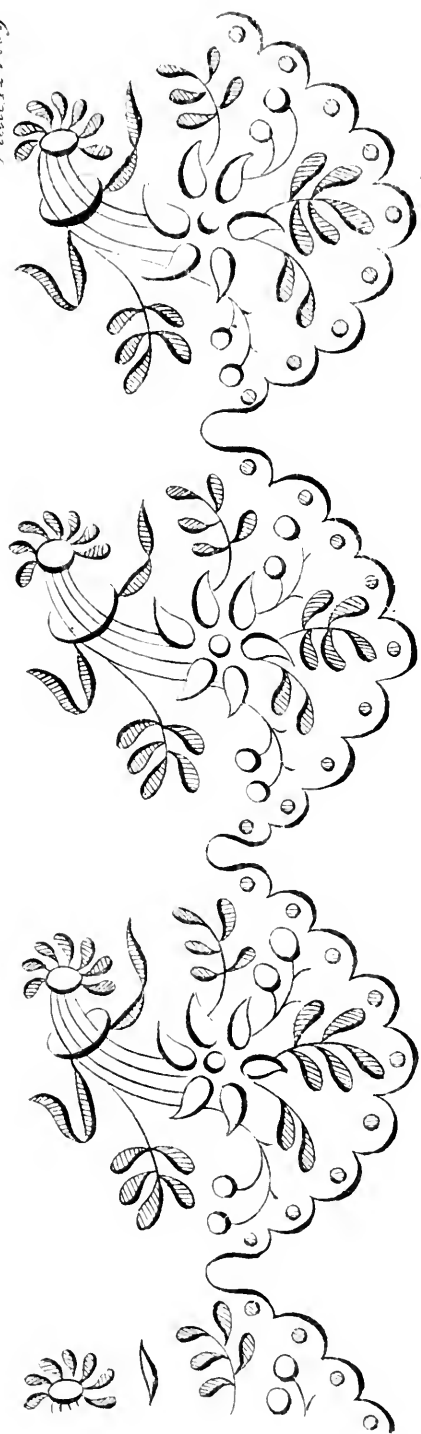
Delightful as Sol's cheering ray,
When first his animating beam
Illumes the genial face of day,
And gladdens every grove and stream:
So to my fond enraptured sight
Thy matchless charms give vast delight.

On Miss ST—T.

Those charms that pure delight impart,
In lovely St—t are combined;
Her beauty captivates the heart,
Her lively wit and sense, the mind.

On Miss M-INT-SH.

The brilliant diamond cannot vie
With the refulgence of thine eye;
Nor all the joys from wealth that flow,
Give half the bliss thy smiles bestow.



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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 communication of Laurence Listless came too late for insertion this month. If possible, it shall find a place in our next Number.

Several favours on the subject of Large Bonnets are under consideration: though the subject is almost threadbare, yet, in some of them, it is entertainingly handled. The letter of "One of the Old School" is, we apprehend, inadmissible without alteration.

The hint of D. F. shall be taken. We are always obliged to our friends for such information.

D. W——r and An Old Correspondent in our next.

An Esquire, Robin, Sir Marmaduke, and Estifania, are received, and one or two of them will be found in our next publication.

We have to apologize to our numerous poetical friends for being obliged to postpone their favours, for matters of more immediate interest. They will none of them be forgotten when an opportunity for insertion arrives.

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month as published, may have it sent to them, free of Postage, to New-York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any part of the West Indies, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. THORNHILL, of the General Post-Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-Lane; to Hamburgh, Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. SERJEANT, of the General Post-Office, at No. 22, Sherborne-lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of the East Indies, by Mr. GUY, at the East-India House. The money to be paid at the time of subscribing, for either 3, 6, 9, or 12 months.

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THE SECOND SERIES.

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N^O. LI.

His late Majesty George the Third.

SINCE the period when our last publication was put to press, the reign of GEORGE III. has terminated—a reign attended with more real prosperity and glory to the nation, than perhaps any other in the history of our country. The names of Edward III. and Henry V. may be pointed to as more splendid; but what are mere military achievements, unaccompanied by those solid advantages that make a whole people happy? Yet even in this respect, the reign of his late Majesty may well bear comparison with that of any preceding monarch, when we recollect how the mighty power of France has been humbled by the measures of his government, and the three kingdoms of Spain, Portugal, and the Netherlands freed from the yoke of the most despotic tyranny. It is a common observation, that mighty objects too near the sight do not appear to possess their real grandeur; and this is one reason

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why the national triumphs of the last reign will not be fairly estimated until the lapse of years has removed them to a distance.

There is, however, another and a very gratifying cause why the glories of the arms of Great Britain, during the last fifty or sixty years, do not appear to shine with as much brightness as actually belongs to them: all splendour is comparative; and it is but too true, that, in the two previous reigns to which we have referred, if the English forces were triumphant, the English people were in a state of misery and barbarism; the light of science, and the cheerful glow of domestic happiness, were lamentably wanting. Far otherwise has it been during the long series of years that George III. ruled the destinies of Great Britain. While her armies and navies were victorious abroad, the unwearied exertions of his Majesty were most successfully directed to promote

and secure prosperity at home: in proportion as sacrifices were required to sustain our system of foreign policy, the increasing prosperity of the nation enabled it to make them with the most devoted loyalty.

Such is the real cause why the foreign conquests of this country do not glitter in all the lustre that actually attends them; their brightness is rivalled by an internal splendour, which, however temporarily obscured, will be permanent, and will exalt the reign of our late benevolent and revered sovereign as an envied model to all succeeding generations. But it is not for us to pronounce an eulogium upon that lamented being, whom all hearts praise with a silent but fervent eloquence, compared with which the language of the pen, however forcible, is feeble and inefficient.

There is, however, one circumstance that peculiarly claims from us a grateful and an humble tribute, and which eminently distinguishes his late Majesty from all his more immediate predecessors: he was the bountiful and fostering patron of the arts and sciences; subjects to which our Miscellany is most especially devoted. Under his late Majesty's paternal and liberal superintendence, painting and sculpture, within the last forty years, have made rapid advances; and all that is useful and ornamental in life, have kept pace with a corresponding progress. He was the founder of the Royal Academy, which has so essentially contributed to the improvement of the art to which it is dedicated; and nothing gave George III. more sin-

cere delight, than to witness its annually increasing success. While his late Majesty retained his sight, he never failed to bestow much attention on its various exhibitions. In music he was a proficient, and his taste invariably directed him to the productions of the best masters: it is known, that Handel and Haydn were his peculiar favourites.

To preserve some memorial of a monarch so universally revered and beloved, will be the object of all classes: merely "to read his story in a nation's eyes" will not satisfy them; and there is nothing that gives greater pleasure, after the loss of some dear friend, than to preserve an accurate resemblance of his features, as nearly as possible such as they were before his departure from this sublunary state. Of course, the engraved portraits of his Majesty are numerous, and many of them excellent; but one only possesses the great recommendation to which we have alluded. It has been engraved from a drawing by Count Munster, so long the intimate attendant upon the late king, who condescended to sit to him very shortly before his Majesty was seized with that malady which occasioned the institution of the Regency. It has been very exquisitely engraved, and presents almost a perfect facsimile of the original.

It now remains for us only to arrange a short summary of the events of his late Majesty's life, devoted as it was to the benefit of his people.

"His ruins, like the sacred carcases
Of scatter'd temples, great and reverend lie,
And the religious honour them no less
Than if they stood in all their gallantry."

MEMOIR OF HIS LATE MAJESTY
GEORGE III.*(Including a few Particulars derived from private sources).*

GEORGE III. the second child of Frederic Prince of Wales, son of George II. and of Augusta Princess of Saxe-Gotha, was born in Norfolk-house, St. James's-square, the 4th June, 1738. His constitution was sound and vigorous, though he came into the world at the term of seven months. The education of the young prince, upon whose principles and abilities so much of the future happiness of these kingdoms was destined to depend, was conducted upon a somewhat narrow system. His acquirements were neither very extensive nor very important; but the conscious strictness in morals, and the uniform impressions of piety, which he ever so strikingly displayed, are the best proofs, that, in the most essential points, the cultivation of his mind had not been neglected.

The Princess of Wales, his mother, communicated to a friend the following character of the young Prince at the age of seventeen. The passage is in Doddington's *Diary*. She said, that "he was shy and backward; not a wild, dissipated boy, but good-natured and cheerful, with a serious cast upon the whole; that those about him knew him no more than if they had never seen him. That he was not quick; but with those he was acquainted with, kind, pliable, and intelligent. His education had given her much pain. His book-learning she was no judge of, though she supposed it small or useless; but she hoped he might have been instructed in the general under-

standing of things." He was brought up in great privacy, as far as regarded a familiar acquaintance with the prevailing manners of the young nobility; and the prejudices which George II. entertained against the Princess Dowager, effectually excluded his grandson from the splendours and allurements of a court.

George III. having recently completed his twenty-second year, ascended the throne on the 25th of October, 1760. The death of George II. was unexpected. The young sovereign was somewhat embarrassed by the novelty of his situation; but in his first public act, the good sense and modesty of his character were manifested.

His Majesty very soon evinced, that his consideration to preserve the welfare of his people, by constitutional principles and actions, was not confined to professions. Within six months after his accession to the throne, he recommended the famous alteration of the law, by which the judges were rendered independent of the crown.

The same love of constitutional freedom, and the same desire to exercise his prerogative for the benefit of his subjects, were manifested by his Majesty throughout his life. "The King," said Lord North frequently, "would live on bread and water to preserve the constitution of his country; he would sacrifice his life to maintain it inviolate."

On the 8th July, 1761, the King announced to the privy council his intention to marry. In thus declaring the object of his choice, he manifested the prudence which uniformly characterized him. No

rumours of his determination had previously transpired. The King, by his discretion, prevented that idle curiosity which is ever busy on such occasions. The wisdom of his choice was completely proved, in the long course of happiness which his Majesty enjoyed with a consort, whose best pleasures, like his own, consisted in the exercise of the domestic virtues, and who so long maintained inviolate those principles which uniformly rendered the British court the most virtuous, as it was the most powerful, in Europe. This union was completed on the 7th of the following August.

We pass over the splendid details of the coronation, to notice the following facts, which are strikingly illustrative of his late Majesty's habitual piety. On this occasion, when he received the sacrament, he advised with the archbishop if it were not proper to take off his crown during the solemnity. His grace hesitated. The King immediately removed it, and placed it beside him until that part of the ceremony was concluded. On the same night, when he retired to rest, he composed a solemn prayer, imploring a blessing on his future reign, which was seen on his table the next morning. The preceding facts, and several others which we have collected, are derived from communications upon whose authenticity we can depend. Our object in this brief memoir being only to notice such public events as may illustrate his late Majesty's private character, we must necessarily pass over many of the occurrences of a reign, unexampled in its length as well as its

importance. The early years of the reign of George III. were distracted by party conflicts of the most virulent nature. These produced changes of ministry, which demanded from the King the exercise of the strongest forbearance, as well as the greatest address. On the resignation of Lord Chatham in 1761, the King displayed at once the firmness and benevolence of his nature. His Majesty expressed concern at the loss of so able a minister; and to shew the favourable sense he entertained of his services, made him an unlimited offer of any rewards in the power of the crown to bestow: at the same time he avowed himself satisfied with the opinion which the majority of the council had pronounced against that of his lordship. The great minister was overpowered by the nobleness of this proceeding. "I confess, sire," he said, "I had but too much reason to expect your Majesty's displeasure. I did not come prepared for this exceeding goodness: pardon me, sire; it overpowers, it oppresses me." He burst into tears.

The American war commenced in 1773. But although it has been the fashion to ascribe much of the perseverance in that calamitous contest to the personal character of the sovereign, it will, we think, be conceded, that the abdication of so large a portion of his hereditary dominions, was no determination to be lightly or hastily adopted by the King of England.

The riots in London in 1780, which threatened to overturn the very foundations of the government, called forth, in a most signal manner, the energies of the King's

character. It is an undoubted fact, that when the advisers of the sovereign were in a state of confusion and alarm, bordering on despair, he at once decided upon those necessary measures of military assistance, which effectually repressed the tremendous dangers of a populace so infuriated.

The second William Pitt came into power in 1783. This was, without doubt, the most important era of the King's life. Never was an English minister invested with such unbounded power as this great statesman; and never did a servant of the crown better deserve the confidence that was placed in him.

In 1788, his late Majesty was attacked by that malady, which has, for the last ten years, deprived his family and his people of the guidance of his once active and benevolent mind. It is believed, that soon after his accession to the throne, the King had a slight attack of a similar indisposition. The national gloom produced by this severe visitation in 1788, and the universal joy manifested on the sudden recovery of the monarch, are well known events.

The following extraordinary circumstance has, we believe, never been made public: On the 22d of February, 1789, Mr. Pitt and Lord Melville were dining with Lord Chesterfield, when a letter was brought to the former, which he read; and sitting next to Lord Melville, gave it to him under the table, and whispered, that when he had looked at it, it would be better for them to talk it over in Lord Chesterfield's dressing-room. This proved to be a letter in the King's

own hand, announcing his recovery to Mr. Pitt.

This was the first notice in any way which Mr. Pitt received of this most important event. The reports of the physicians had indeed been of late more favourable, but Lord Melville verily believed there was not a man, except Dr. Willis, who entertained the smallest hope of the restoration of the King's mind. Mr. Pitt continually declared this opinion to Lord Melville, and they had both determined to return to the bar, as the dissolution of the ministry was then on the point of taking place.

The letter in question Lord Melville took from Mr. Pitt, saying he had a trick of losing papers, and furnished him only with a copy, the original remaining in his lordship's possession. The King wrote the letter at a little table of the Queen's, which stood in his apartment, without the knowledge of any person; and having finished, rang his bell, and gave it to his valet de chambre, directing it to be carried immediately to Mr. Pitt.

During the excesses which grew out of the spirit of anarchy called into action by the French revolution, the King was repeatedly exposed to the insults and attacks of a licentious mob. On each of these occasions he manifested the utmost fortitude and calmness: his personal courage astonished his friends, and awed his enemies.

The same qualities were displayed in 1800, when a maniac, at Drury-lane Theatre, fired at the royal person. The following account of this event is extracted from Wraxall's *Memoirs*: "Few of his subjects would have shewn the

presence of mind, and attention to every thing except himself, which pervaded his whole conduct on the evening of the 15th of May, 1800, at the time that Hatfield discharged a pistol over his head in the theatre, loaded with two slugs. His whole anxiety was directed towards the Queen, who, not having entered the box, might, he apprehended, on hearing of the event, be overcome by her surprise or emotions. The dramatic piece which was about to be represented commenced in a short space of time, precisely as if no accident had interrupted its performance; and so little were his nerves shaken, or his internal tranquillity disturbed by it, that he took his accustomed doze of three or four minutes between the conclusion of the play and the commencement of the farce, as he would have done on any other night."

The King manifested a like extraordinary composure at the prior attempt made to assassinate him by Margaret Nicholson.

During the long contest against the military spirit of France, his late Majesty uniformly sanctioned and warmly supported the struggles of Great Britain, when almost every other country was at the feet of the conqueror. Although most desirous for an honourable peace, he would never listen to any attempt to compromise the honour of his country, by propitiating the favour of the ambitious Napoleon.

We are approaching that period when the independence of the European states appears ready to be entirely swallowed up in the military preponderance of France. The King's heart expanded to wit-

ness the glorious rallying cry of his whole people on the prospect of invasion; and he saw in the mighty victory of Trafalgar the total destruction of the naval power of our enemy: but, like his great minister, it was not permitted to him to witness that succession of triumphs, which finally placed this country in the most commanding attitude of her history, and broke down for generations the once called invincible power, which aimed at universal empire. The glories of Spain had just commenced, when, in November 1810, the King was visited by that malady, whose continuance has been so long deplored, and from which he has only been released by the hand of death.

Over the last nine years of his Majesty's life an awful veil has been drawn. In the periods of the deepest national solicitude, his mind has felt no interest; in the hour of the most acute domestic feeling, his eye has been tearless. Almost the last time that we saw this venerable sovereign, was on the day when his people, with one accord, devoted themselves to rejoicing, in honour of his completion of a period of his reign far beyond the common term of dominion. He was blind; but as he rode through the assembled thousands of his subjects, his countenance was dilated by the goodness and the rapture of his heart: he was indeed the object of every one's veneration and love. In a few weeks, one of the most afflicting domestic calamities he had ever experienced, befel him in the loss of the Princess Amelia. The anguish of the father was too great for a wounded

spirit to bear: in his mental suffering his reason forsook him, and it never returned.

The present age has not done justice to the King's abilities. His conversation in public was sometimes light and superficial; but he often had a purpose in such dialogue, and as often entered into it to relieve himself from the weight of superior thoughts. The King taking exercise and amusing himself with those about him, and the King in the cabinet, were two different men. In the discussion of public affairs, he was astonishingly fluent and acute; and his habits of business enabled him to refer with ease to the bearings of every subject. His successive ministers have each borne testimony to the dignity of his manners, as well as the readiness of his address, when he put on the character of the sovereign. Nothing which was submitted to him was passed over with indifference or haste. Every paper which came under his eye contained marks of his observations; and the notes, which he almost invariably inserted in the margin, were remarkable as well for the strong sense as the pithiness of their character.

The temperance of his late Majesty's life has become almost proverbial. He rose in summer and winter before six o'clock. He would take a slight breakfast at eight, and dine off the plainest joint at one. He retired early to rest, after passing the evening with his family, generally amused with music, of which he was passionately fond, and in which he manifested a most correct taste. The King's agricultural pursuits (for, as Burke

has justly said, "even in his amusements he was a patriot,") contributed to the strength of his constitution.

The habitual piety of his late Majesty was always the most striking part of his character. Those who have been with him at his morning devotions at the private chapel at Windsor, will never forget the fervour of his responses during the service. This constant sense of religion doubtless contributed to the invariable firmness and serenity of his mind. When one of the young princes was hourly expected to die, the King was sitting on a Sunday reading a sermon to his family. An attendant came in with the tidings of the child's death. The King exchanged a look with him, signifying he understood his commission, and then proceeded with his reading till it was finished.

It cannot but afford some satisfaction under this deeply afflicting event, to add, that his late Majesty's death was apparently unattended with pain: his whole system had gradually decayed, and at a good old age, when life could be no longer a blessing, he sunk into his tomb, without sense of his great change from a mortal to an immortal state. It occurred at thirty-five minutes past eight p.m. on Saturday, the 29th January.

On the following day, parliament was assembled; and on Monday, King GEORGE IV. was proclaimed throughout the metropolis by the gentlemen of the Heralds' Office, amid the loudest acclamations. The same ceremony has since been observed in all the principal towns of the country.

HINTS ON ORNAMENTAL GARDENING.

(Continued from p. 63.)

PLATE 13.—A CENOTAPH.

It is justly observed by a celebrated writer on the embellishments of gardens, that they are usually uninteresting, from want of variety, and insipid, as they induce no sentiment beyond what springs from rural beauty; although their object is, to fill the mind by varied incident and contrasting subject. To this truth, however, many of our best gardens are tasteful exceptions; and Fashion is again adopting the aid of architecture and sculpture towards multiplying the means by which a judicious change and interest are created, which she once abandoned; because mere *eye-traps* and grotesque absurdities were substituted for works of real art, and intrusively thrust upon the observer at every

turn and alley of the plantations. —At this time, when great national calamities direct our thoughts and inspire serious reflections, it may not be improper to introduce the annexed design, not merely as an embellishment, but as the model for some monument of veneration, esteem, or respect for departed worth or friendship. Its situation in grounds would properly be the reverse upon which such objections were founded, for a spot adapted and exclusively devoted to meditation and solitude is the only one suited to its erection.

This design for a cenotaph is respectfully dedicated to the memory of our departed and beloved Sovereign, or to his Royal Highness the late Duke of Kent.

 MISCELLANIES.

—◆—

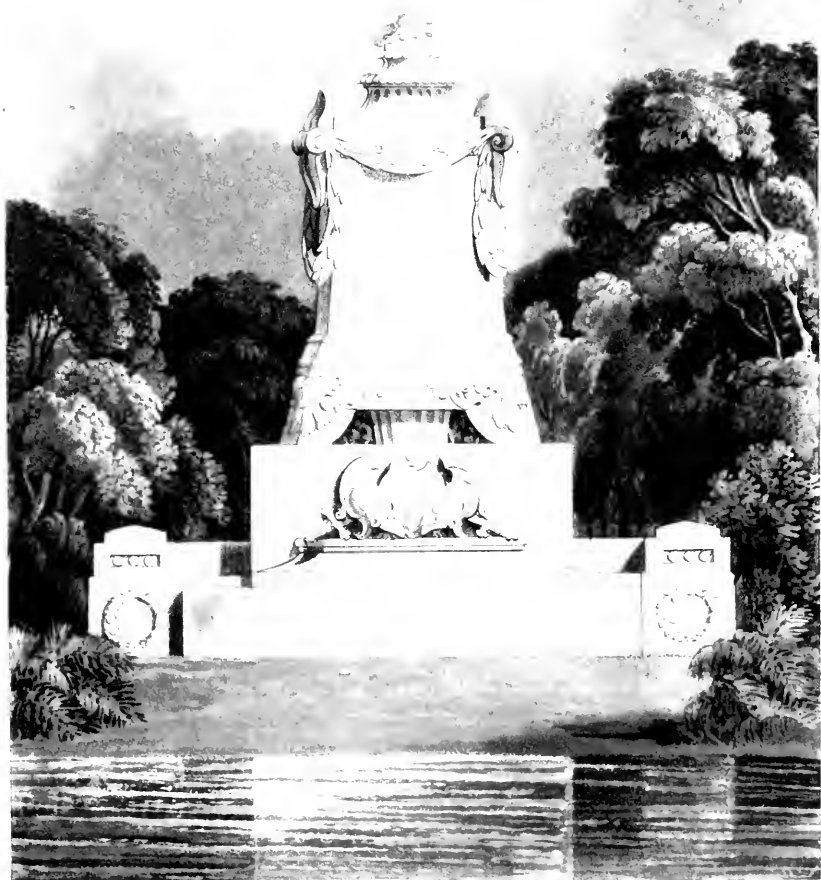
 A WRITER OF ALL WORK.

MR. EDITOR,

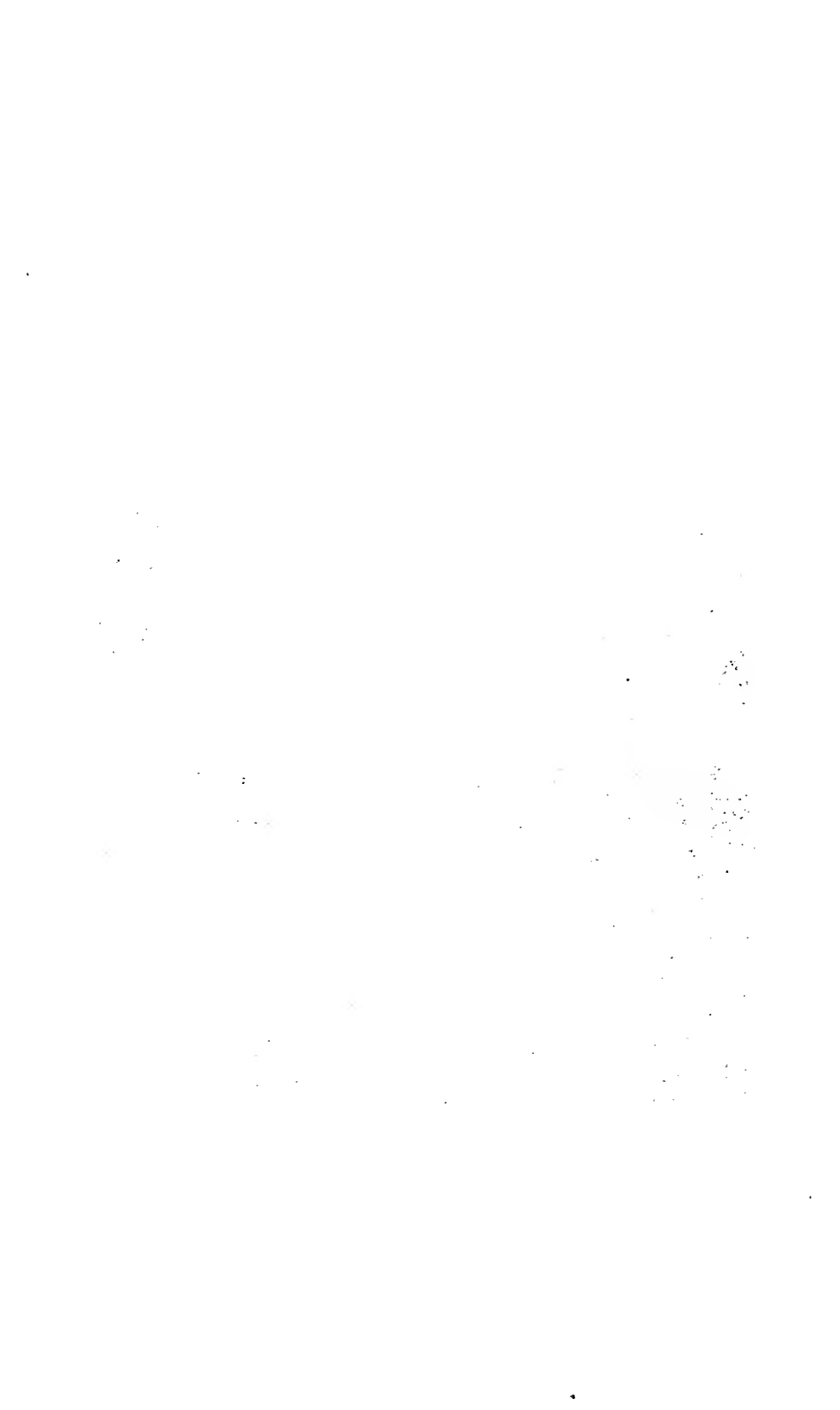
PRAY are you in want of a writer of all work? If you are, I offer you my services on the simple condition of being paid for them. During some years I devoted myself to the Muses, who, to say the truth, have played me many a scurvy trick. My attachment to them was for a long time proof to cold, hunger, and threadbare clothes; but at last I am fairly starved out of their service. Will you then, good sir, take me into yours? I possess a fine inven-

tion, and such versatility of talent, that I can turn my hand to any thing; there is not a department of your Magazine in which I could not suggest some improvement.

Perhaps you may wonder how it happens, that such talents remain in obscurity. Of all the booksellers and editors, sir, I never could find one who knew how to appreciate merit in my life (the present company you know are always excepted); so, ever since I left my poor uncle Squeezem, I have been a mark for the "stings and arrows



A DEN MARK.



of outrageous Fortune;" and in order to prove to you, Mr. Editor, how abominably the jade has used me, I will just relate the unfortunate accident by which she deprived me of an inheritance of thirty thousand pounds.

I have not much to boast on the score of ancestry, but my parents were useful to mankind in their respective capacities. My mother was a vender of vegetables, and my father an itinerant merchant, vulgarly yeilded a pedlar; both died before I had attained my third year, and I was left to the care and humanity of an uncle, a rich pawnbroker. As he had no children of his own, he soon became fond of me, and expressed a determination to bring me up to his own business, and leave me his property; but never dreaming that a good education would render me less fit for trade, he sent me to an excellent school, and soon had the pleasure of hearing from the master, that I was a boy of uncommon genius and cleverness.

Alas! Mr. Editor, he speedily found that genius is a terrible stumbling-block in the way of a man's becoming a good pawnbroker. As soon as I was old enough to attend in the shop, he took me home, flattering himself that I should speedily be capable of taking the labouring oar; instead of which, he found that I was not only useless but even dangerous in the shop, for I formed my estimate of the money I ought to lend on a pledge, rather from the distress of its owner, than from its intrinsic value. There was another thing too terribly against me: if a female, who was tolerably pretty,

came to our shop to redeem any article, it was a hundred to one but I miscalculated the amount of the money she owed us; and these mistakes of mine never failed to be against the interest of my uncle.

"Mercy upon me!" cried he one day, when a circumstance of the kind which I have just related had occurred, "how abominably given to lying that Mr. Syntax must be, to tell me that such a ninny as you are was one of the cleverest boys in his school! Why I never met with such a blockhead in my life; and as to business, it is lost time to instruct you in it. However, you must do something for your bread, so let us see what trade you will choose: as to mine, you are too stupid ever to make any figure in that; but you are old enough to work for your living now, and you can't expect that I shall always maintain you in idleness."

At these words, I could not help regarding him with an air of disdain. "Be satisfied, uncle," said I; "the obligations which I owe you shall be one day repaid with interest, even greater than what you make by your trade."

"Aye, now that is talking somewhat to the purpose: but when, pray?"

"In three months, three little months, provided I am instantly released from the drudgery of the shop, and allowed to remain quietly in my own apartment."

"As to the shop," cried he indignantly, "I never intend to suffer you to enter it again; but I don't see any good you can do by poking up in that hole of a garret."

"For Heaven's sake!" exclaimed I, "don't shock my ears by

your barbarous phraseology! Speak not so contemptuously of the sacred retreat of the Nine!"

"Retreat of the Nine!" cried he: "I don't know what the plague you can mean, unless you are gibing about the place having formerly belonged to a tailor; and now that I think of it, that's a good profitable business enough, and my neighbour Fitwell wants an apprentice. I don't see that you can do any thing better, so come along. We'll step over to him, and if he agrees to take you, you can be articulated directly."

It was with some difficulty I concealed the indignation with which this ignoble idea filled me, but I knew the old gentleman too well to intrust him with my project, which was, to complete a tragedy that I had begun while at school. I had no doubt that it would prove the corner-stone of my future fortune; and I reiterated with such confidence my assurances that I should soon become rich, that my uncle began to suspect there might be something in it. He agreed, though reluctantly, to let me shut myself up, and I set to work directly.

How shall I paint to you, Mr. Editor, the happiness I enjoyed for two months, during which the Muses smiled most propitiously on their faithful votary? I had already concluded the fourth act; my tyrant was the most relentless, my lovers the most impassioned, and my distress the deepest, that had ever been exhibited upon a stage; when one day—oh! day, for ever inauspicious to my fortunes!—I went out, and my uncle, whose curiosity to know what I was about

had often annoyed me, took the advice of a meddling neighbour, who was a confidential friend of his, and clandestinely entering my *sanctum sanctorum*, discovered the object of my seclusion lying open on a table.

No words can paint the horror, astonishment, and indignation of the poor pawnbroker, at this, in his opinion, incontrovertible proof that I should never come to good. In the first transports of his rage he consigned the tragedy to the flames, and I entered just as it was reduced to ashes.

The reproaches with which he began to load me were quickly silenced, for I burst into such a passionate lamentation for the loss of my play, that the old man was convinced my intellects were disordered; and heedless of my presence, he began to consult with his neighbour about sending for the owner of a receptacle for lunatics, with whom they both happened to be acquainted, to take charge of me.

In the midst of their consultation I stole out of the room, and got clear of the house before I was missed. Fortunately for me, all the money I had, which amounted to little more than a pound, was in my pocket.

"The world was all before me;" so I hired a room in a court in the Minories, and there giving myself up to the sublime study of nature, I set about a poem on rural life, which I hoped would compensate for the loss I had sustained by the destruction of my play.

How shall I tell the rest? Though my skies were the bluest, my trees the greenest, and my streams the clearest, that ever were seen in

print, my poem is still in MS. Not discouraged by its fate, I set about another in praise of poverty. Just as I had concluded it, my uncle died, leaving all his fortune to an hospital; and as this poem met with the fate of the former, I had an opportunity of enjoying the delights of poverty: but, to confess the truth, I found them more attractive in theory than in practice. All my attempts, however, to gain those vulgar comforts which money bestows, were vain: those Goths and Vandals, the booksellers, constantly refused to buy my works; and the only way in which my poetical talent was ever productive of pecuniary reward, was by a job which I luckily got, to write some lottery puffs.

But "envy will merit like its shade pursue;" for my employer insisted that I said too much about the Muses, and too little about Fortune, so he discharged me.

Now, Mr. Editor, though I am willing to give you the benefit of

my services in prose, yet, as I have by me a large cargo of verse, and I think there generally is a scarcity of that article in your Magazine, suppose you purchase a few things from me? I can furnish you with choice of odes, epigrams, and sonnets. I am your man for stanzas, fables, impromptus; in short, for any thing and every thing in a poetical shape. But if the Muses have no power to charm you, I repeat the tender of my services in prose. By accepting them, Mr. Editor, you will serve yourself in more ways than one; for, independently of the benefit your work will derive from my talents, I promise to hand down your name to posterity in strains which will render it immortal; and to shew my disinterestedness, I'll make you a present of the poem, provided you are willing to be at the expense of printing and paper. I am, sir, your most obedient,

SIMON SCRIBBLEMORE.

IMPROVED METHOD OF WRITING MUSIC.

SIR,

THE diffusion of knowledge is a characteristic of the present day, nor is it less marked by important discoveries and inventions in the higher departments of science. Music, as a science, stands indebted to Maelzel, and perhaps so to Logier, as I am given to understand, for I know nothing myself of music, except its powerful influence. After such an avowal, it cannot be expected I can render the science any essential service: nevertheless, I offer a trifling suggestion to the consideration of the

ladies, and shall feel gratified if it is considered worth adopting. Economy may result, but to assist to a pleasing employment of time is the chief object of this communication. Many ladies delight to write their own music, and persevere through all the attendant difficulties; many would delight in doing so but for those difficulties; to obviate them is intended. The chief, I believe, is found to be in making the circular dots to the notes; because a fine pen is necessary for making the lines, which is found to be unfit for the dots, and if used

for them, is afterwards found to be unfit for the lines: moreover, there is a difficulty in making them circular and uniform; whilst in endeavouring to do so, the fabric of the paper is destroyed, and the other side rendered unfit for use. The quantity and quality of the ink, too, forming a globule, is not absorbed for a considerable time, and subjects the manuscript to smears and blots.

Thus elaborate inconveniences are fully comprehended even by those who have not a practical knowledge of the vexatious facts, and the proposed remedy will be better understood. The little instrument called a *punch* most persons are acquainted with in its designation: in the use of it, as a hole is made, a corresponding piece is extracted, which, being perfectly round, is well adapted to obviate the difficulty alluded to, and which I shall call a *pellet*. The proper substances are leather, fine cloth, beaver hat, &c. &c. and pellets may be stamped therefrom without number. Affix one with glue to the end of a camel-hair pencil-stick, and having rubbed Indian ink, not too plentifully, and avoiding the extremes of dilution, take up your ink, and, holding the pencil perpendicularly, apply the

pellet to the paper. A light hand is requisite, as also in taking up the ink; and practice may herein (as in every thing) be necessary to make perfect.

By this contrivance, if neatly carried into effect, music may be quickly written, and will present an appearance both novel and beautiful. Superior paper may be used, admitting of more perfect binding than the soft, flimsy kind for pewter-plates (copper-plates not being used for music), and admitting also of adding words in writing, which the paper now in use will scarcely do.

In the knowledge that you, sir, contribute mainly to the encouragement of the arts; knowing also the high estimation in which your publication is held, not less in the calm retirement of domestic life, than in the circles of beauty and fashion, contributing to the pleasure of each; I trouble you on this occasion, as the medium of most extensive circulation, and as affording to the little suggestion of my fancy an importance it could not otherwise obtain, but which its utility may render permanent; and requesting your insertion of this trifle, I am, sir, most obediently yours,

W. D.

Jan. 21, 1820.

PARISIAN SKETCHES.

No. V.

THE POST-OFFICE.

Sous le poids de l'horrible masse,
Déjà les pavés sont broyés;
Les foudres bâtis sont déployés,
Qui de cent diverses manières
Donnent à l'air les écrivrières. — ROUSSEAU.

"ANDREW!"—"Sir!"—"Take this letter to the two-penny-post."—"Yes, sir." Andrew left the

room, and I finished dressing. This packet, for the transmission of which I was so anxious, con-

tained some verses I had composed at the request of one of the collectors of taxes at the little village of X. who had private reasons for wishing not to owe this obligation to any one of its inhabitants, who might at some future period arrogate to himself the credit my poor friend was desirous of acquiring. If in time for the next courier, this lyrical *morçeau*, carefully revised and legibly written, would reach its destination on the eve of St. Peter, the patron saint of a great man in the village, whose praises would be resounded from every mouth. Andrew returned in about a quarter of an hour; this haste announced some disaster. The rogue never loiters but when he is the bearer of good news: he knows that then the joy produced by his intelligence will usually induce me to omit the scolding I had prepared for his negligence and idleness. "Sir," said he, as he came in quite out of breath, "it is too late; and if you really wish this packet to go to-day——"—"If I wish it! To be sure I do: it must positively go."—"Well, sir, then you must send it immediately to the general post-office." I was going to order him to take it, when the fear of being disappointed through his carelessness, suggested to me, that the best and most certain mode was to put it into the post myself. I therefore sent Andrew away, took my hat and cane, and set out for the rue Jean Jacques Rousseau.

During my walk, I considered the important services rendered to the public by this establishment, which, to use Voltaire's expression, is "le lien de toutes les affaires de toutes les négociations." I was astonished, to remember that

the Greeks and Romans had never established a general post; but, however, this is not the only useful invention of which they were ignorant. I need only mention, among other discoveries of later years, gunpowder and the art of printing.

The post-office was established in France under the reign of Louis XI. and has since formed a considerable source of revenue. It is a mine of gold, which governments may always explore with profit, and without fear of exhaustion. All the passions of human nature, in some degree, contribute to the post; by its means, pride announces its projects, friendship its fears, and ambition its daring aims and grasping hopes. The timid petitioner transmits per post the eloquent memorial, in which, with true Gascon humility, he has pompously detailed his insignificant services, and modestly set forth his indisputable claims to reward or preferment.

By the post we receive those elegantly worded little notes from friends, of whose very existence we were ignorant, requesting some service or loan, in order, as they express it, to have the happiness of proving their gratitude at a future period. The civil dismissal, which we are ashamed or afraid to give in person; the sage maxims, which would provoke derision if offered by word of mouth; the artful declaration, which encourages hope without positively engaging oneself; and invitations to dinner, letters of condolence, *billets doux*, funeral tickets, all pass through the post office to their several destinations.

On entering the rue Platrière,

which has received the name of the author of *Emile* since he resided there, I found myself in the middle of a crowd of foot-passengers hastening towards the post-office. The clock was just going to strike two. Each flung his letter into the box as he passed, with a quickness which shewed his satisfaction at being in time, and retraced his steps somewhat more leisurely than he had come. Instead of doing the same, I amused myself with observing the immense number of people of all ages and nations who were passing before me. I take a particular pleasure in examining the "human face divine;" am a little of a physiognomist, and study to discover the character by the outward appearance. I flatter myself I have been tolerably successful; and, at any rate, I think I may venture to affirm, without much fear of being mistaken, that a pretty young girl, whose countenance was partly hidden by an enormous straw bonnet, and who, by the constant application of her embroidered cambric handkerchief to her lips, seemed desirous of concealing the features still exposed, had not shewn to her parents the little note which she dexterously contrived to slip into the box as she glided by, all the time pretending to be looking another way.

I observed, for some few moments, a man, with whose figure I thought I was well acquainted; and I afterwards recollected having seen him in the ante-chamber of more than one of the present ministers. He was walking to and fro before the office; every now and then he came to the box,

raised his left hand, in which, however, I could not perceive any thing, and let it fall immediately, with a smile, at the approach of some persons of his acquaintance, as if surprised and vexed at the rencontre. Repeating this manœuvre too often, the clock struck; the crowd disappeared. Our hero looked around, and sure of not being perceived, he drew from his coat-pocket an immense packet of letters, which he was just going to throw into the box, when the clerk stopped him. I cannot tell whether the strange behaviour of the man had excited his suspicion; whether he fancied, that the precautions he had used could only be necessary for the concealment of some reprehensible action; or whether the thought struck him, as it did me, that the mysterious correspondence of this person was a collection of those falsehoods and accusations, eagerly caught up by people who, unfortunately being themselves *out* of place, are willing to stoop to any means, however infamous, by which they may have a chance of injuring those who are *in*: however, he viewed him with an expression of contempt, not at all requisite for the proper discharge of his duty, and said, gently arresting his hand, "It is too late, sir." He repeated these words, but in quite an altered tone, to a young workman who came running full speed, and who, on hearing them, could only murmur, in a tone of deep distress, "My poor mother!" These words were overheard by one of the messengers employed in the office, who, accosting the young man, took charge of his letter, and went

to beg the interference of another clerk who was walking about the principal court, in which a courier, just arrived, was unloading his mails.

I could not ascertain from what part of France this courier had come, but his bag contained some very extraordinary packages to be sent by post. I imagine, however, they were not charged with a full rate of postage. Before he could get at the letters, he was obliged to drag forth a large earthen jar of Nerac, directed to the secretary, who had already promised it to one of the judges of the Court of Appeals, where he had a cause to be decided in the course of the ensuing week; then rolled out a barrel of Provence oil, intended for the wife of one of the administrators of the posts; after that, a smaller cag of Marennes oysters, a bribe from a strolling actor to the editor of the * * * Journal; and, at last, after setting on one side two Bayonne hams, a Roquefort cheese, and two or three other articles, intrusted to the private care of the courier, the bags of letters made their appearance. These were immediately carried to the sorting-office, and in less than two hours each letter was forwarded according to its address.

No one being allowed to be present at this secret ceremony, I accosted a great man, who seemed to enjoy a certain degree of consequence among the postillions. His dress, which did not announce any particular official situation, consisted of a blue coat, reaching almost down to his ancles, nankeen breeches, and white cotton stockings, set off by two large sil-

ver buckles on a pair of well-janned pumps. He informed me, that he was inspector of couriers, and was usually on duty from day-break, to see that they returned at their proper time; generally speaking, about eight o'clock. With great civility, he described to me the hurry and despatch which distinguished the business of his administration; the successive arrival of the different clerks, whose punctuality is always in an inverse ratio to their salaries; and the incessant receipt and departure of mails, foreign or inland. He was also so polite as to shew me the different offices for sorting the foreign, inland, and franked letters; not even forgetting the little room where such letters as careless individuals may drop into the post unsealed, are carefully secured.

Whilst I was attending my honest guide through some of the departments, I caught a glimpse of the lovely Madame Cesarine L'—, who, dressed in a brown cloth riding-habit, with a white bonnet, surmounted by a plume of feathers, and enveloped in an elegant cashmere shawl, opened timidly a small yellow door, above which was written, "Poste restante." Her first care in entering was, to observe all the persons who were waiting in the office. At the end of a few minutes she began to shew signs of impatience, by a slight motion of her foot. The clerk, to whom she ought to have spoken, unwilling to try the patience of such a pretty woman, requested to have the pleasure of attending to her. She stooped over the railing, and whispered two words in his ear, inaudible to every one besides. The

clerk looked over the letters from Evreux, where the regiment of La Vendée was then stationed, but could find none addressed to Madame L'—. Her surprise and vexation soon gave way to more painful emotions. She gracefully thanked the clerk for his trouble, while the latter requested permission to forward the anxiously expected letter to her immediately on its arrival. As she passed me, I heard a deep sigh, and saw a tear roll down her lovely cheek.

Whilst unrequited love drew tears from youth and beauty, an elderly woman, who by her dress appeared to belong to that class of honest tradespeople whose industry has enabled them to pass the evening of life free from pecuniary cares, broke the seal of a letter which had just been handed to her. Her countenance brightened on perusing its contents, and her delighted eyes read and read again each sentence; she actually sobbed with joy. "Ah!" said she, in a tone in which honest pride seemed chastened by maternal tenderness, "I was certain my dear Charles would not forget us." His mother! the only woman a man never can forget. And immediately taking from a little leathern purse four old crowns, which had probably been hoarded there for months, she requested to be informed at what office she could deposit them, to be forwarded to her Charles.

The court was now rapidly filling. The couriers appointed to convey the mails were ready. The postillions, with their blue and gold-laced jackets, glazed caps, buckskins, and immense boots,

dragged in the empty portman-teaus, and placed them underneath the wooden spouts, through which those packets destined to communicate to the extremities of the world hope or despair, grief or joy, life or death, are poured into them. How many falsehoods these poor couriers are going to be charged with! How many deceitful phrases! How many feigned sentiments! Here promises of friendship, lighter than the paper on which they are inscribed; there vows of love, broken even before they can be received. The great lord who offers his interest through the medium of his secretary, seldom wishes to be reminded of what he has so solemnly promised. The banker, who threatens his unfortunate tenants with a gaol, is on the eve of bankruptcy. The husband, who has exhausted his vocabulary in hyperbolical expressions of tenderness to the wife, without whom he vows he cannot live another week, has just hired furnished apartments near the rue St. Honoré. I shall say nothing of another kind of letters, the arms of malice or cowardice, which, alas! though universally despised, too often leave a mark where they have been impotent to wound.

Four o'clock strikes; the loaded mails are locked; the couriers are seated; the postillions mount; the whips crack; the pavement rattles; they are off. The clerk, whom the welcome sound surprises in the middle of a page, lets fall his pen, and puts off till the morrow the completion of his half-finished work. He joyfully treads the threshold, over which the chiefs and demi-chiefs of the office have

passed above half an hour before, and hastens home to his wife, whom he is pretty certain to find at home at the well-known hour of his leaving business.

The bustling hurry of the morning is succeeded by a profound silence: it is the picture of human life: but to-morrow's light will bring back the same busy scene: nothing can restore to age the activity and gaiety of youth. Whilst making these reflections, I mechanically put my hand into my pocket, and perceived that the pleasure of observing the various objects around me, had caused me

totally to forget the object of my errand.

The poor tax-gatherer of X. I had never thought of, his letter, or of my verses. Perhaps it is all for the best: I took good care, however, not to let Andrew know of my carelessness. He would very likely have repeated, what he often says to me when I scold him for the length of time he is absent on any commission: "Sir, at least I never amuse myself till I have performed my business." I doubt I should have been puzzled to answer him.

THE CITIZEN'S FRIGHT.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

WALKING into my counting-house the other evening, which is divided into two or three compartments with partitions, something like pews in a church, I found it, as I supposed, empty, and sat down to the desk I usually occupy. Glancing my eye round, whilst lost in a rumination, whether it would not be better to get rid of my twopence per diem Exchequer bills, as they were at a discount, I observed, in the corner of one of the desks, what appeared to be a mop, left there by that plague Betty the housemaid; and she is one of that sort who go up stairs fifty times a day, and forget to come down again: I therefore did not much wonder at the mop being left where it was, and accordingly went on with my ruminations.

I did not attempt to lay a plan for paying off the national debt, as it will be at all times enough for

me to pay off my own; neither did I think of Mr. Ricardo's plan; Mr. Owen's plan, Mr. Salisbury's plan, nor any other plan, but that of providing for bills coming due, and considering whether my next batch of bills were likely to go down at the Bank; when, lo and behold! the mop, as I supposed, shook its curly locks, and began slowly to rise, with a kind of indistinct noise. I am not exactly afraid of ghosts, nor did I ever hear of the ghost of a mop, though we have had marvellous histories (and true, *because in print*,) of very comical ghosts: however, my nerves were upset, and so I upset the candle; the consequence of course was, that the mop and myself were left to waltz in the dark. After tumbling over a stool or two, I got to the door, and was in the act of calling for lights (for I disdained to call for help), when a plaintive voice called out, "It's only I, sir."

U

—"And who the devil are you, sir?" I could not help exclaiming. When Betty arrived with the kitchen luminary, viz. a candle of ten to the pound, I at once discovered that the mop—I beg pardon, not the mop, the man—I beg pardon again, not the man, *the thing* that had alarmed me, was neither more nor less than Jacky Jessamy, my tailor's apprentice, who had been sent home with a new great-coat for me. Betty had shewn him into the counting-house after the clerks were gone, and the poor *thing* had fallen asleep; and be it remembered, the aforesaid Betty scorns to remember any thing, and therefore had not told me of his being there.

You must know, sir, that Jacky is an exquisite dandy; and having light locks of his own, has lately

got them frizzled out (by what means I know not) into a horizontal mop-like circle, which, I am given to understand, is quite the go and the tippy, and what not besides.

I beg pardon, sir, for troubling you with this absurd fright of mine, but I do it in the hope, that if any other sober citizen, like myself, should be alarmed at what he supposes to be his maid's mop, he will, before giving way to his fears, ascertain whether it may not be a dandy of the *mop species*. I am, sir, your obedient servant,

TIMOTHY TREACLE.

ALL HALLOWS-LANE.

P. S. I really think that a dip in a pail of water, and a good trundling by a strong athletic wench, would be of infinite service to some of the above-mentioned *things*.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE ADVISER.

TO THE ADVISER.

If ever any body was in want of advice, sir, it is your unfortunate humble servant. I am the wife of a man who possesses every thing that ought to render a rational being happy, and yet his only enjoyment is to make himself and every body about him wretched: all that serves to afford pleasure or amusement to others, is converted by him into sources of lamentation or regret. My temper is the very opposite to his. I am disposed to look always on the bright side of things; but this he is determined to prevent, by perpetually presenting whatever happens in the most gloomy colours. Think then, Mr. Adviser, what a miserable time I must have! I protest I am already

almost wasted to skin and bone, though we have only been two years married; and if he continues to go on at this rate, he will as surely have my death to answer for in the course of a little time, as if he had despatched me by a pistol or a dose of poison.

When Mr. Dreadall first paid his addresses to me, I was at the disposal of a guardian, who was so delighted with the prospect of getting me, as he thought, very well married, that he hurried matters on in such a manner as to allow me no time to investigate my intended's temper. I saw that he appeared grave, and I wondered to hear him sometimes express himself in terms of serious regret about

things which I thought could not possibly concern him; but I had no suspicion of the unhappy singularity of his disposition. I believe that we were not a week married, when his character displayed itself in such striking colours, that I would have given all the world to have been free again. The weather suddenly changed from being close and gloomy to a fine clear frost: every body but Mr. Dreadall was delighted at the alteration; but he persuaded himself, and took all the pains he could to persuade his acquaintance, that the frost would last till all the corn in the ground was destroyed, and we should next year have a famine. During ten days, we never sat down to a meal but what was seasoned with bitter lamentations, that the time was approaching when we should have nothing to eat. I found it impossible to enter heartily into such unreasonable fears, but my efforts to remove them served to inspire him with a belief, that I was giddy and insensible; and he frequently hinted at my want of humanity, and the little consideration I evinced for his feelings.

At last the weather changed; it became extremely temperate and pleasant; but his fears then took another direction: he was sure it was too fine to be wholesome, and I was regaled from morning till night with anticipations of all the deaths it would produce, and prognostics that his own would be among the first. A new misery, however, soon drove this grievance from his recollection. He happened to read in a newspaper of some persons having been taken up for adulterating tea, and other articles

of subsistence. It is impossible, Mr. Adviser, to give you an idea of the bustle into which he threw our family; every thing we eat or drank underwent the strictest investigation, and Mr. Dreadall gravely declared, that every morsel we swallowed contained a certain portion of poison.

Some proceedings among the radical reformers happily relieved us from the apprehension of death in that shape, but it was only to present it to us in another, for Mr. Dreadall was absolutely certain, that in a very short time we should all be massacred.

I should exhaust both your time and patience, Mr. Adviser, if I were to give a detail of all the miseries which my husband incessantly conjures up to fright away happiness or comfort; suffice it to say, that whatever good occurs he regards as evil in disguise, and whatever evil happens he exaggerates, till it becomes, in his eyes at least, the greatest of all possible misfortunes. Groundless as I know his fears always are, I should not torment myself about them if he vented them in any degree of moderation, but the gloom of his countenance and manners, joined to his incessant lamentations, are really enough to break even the most lively spirit; and I cannot avoid hearing them, because, with his good-will, I must not be out of his sight for any length of time together; and if I do try to escape from him for a few hours in the day, he is sure to treasure up some petty misery or other to regale me with at night. I have tried ridicule, argument, in short, every means that I could think of to cure him of this folly, but all

in vain; he grows worse instead of better. Do, dear Mr. Adviser, if you can think of any expedient for my relief, hasten to communicate it to your humble servant,

DORA DREADALL.

I am sorry to refuse my advice, particularly to a fair correspondent, but I really cannot suggest any other expedient to Mrs. Dreadall than patience; and I fear, from her letter, that her stock of that is already worn out.

I had scarcely finished the last line, when I received the following letter:

TO THE ADVISER.

I am in the oddest situation imaginable, good Mr. Sagephiz. I am addressed by two gentlemen, one of whom I prefer, and have given him every reasonable proof of my regard; the other I do not care a farthing about, and I have done every thing in my power to repulse him: but (would you believe it, sir?) the first is so modest, or rather so unreasonable, that he does not conceive I am really attached to him; and the other, spite of my repeated declarations to the contrary, affects to think I am absolutely in love with him. Only the other day he had the assurance to say in my presence, that a man could never be certain he possessed a woman's heart without she used him like a dog. My other lover was also present, and on his hearing this *modest* declaration, which was uttered with a triumphant air, he abruptly took his leave, with a countenance full of chagrin and mortification.

I was so vexed that I could have cried, and in less than five minutes

I left his insolent rival to enjoy his triumph by himself. If I were my own mistress, I would forbid him my house; but I cannot do that, because I reside with my aunt, who is so very partial to him, that he is quite *l'ami de la maison*; and he certainly makes an unconscionable use of his privilege to come whenever he pleases. I am certain, however, that my behaviour to him is so utterly discouraging, that only a fool or a coxcomb could interpret it in his own favour. What am I to do, dear Mr. Adviser? I have said to the one a hundred times, that I will never marry him, but I cannot ask the other to marry me; and though I really believe he loves me, he is so much taken up with the thought of my regard for his rival, that, instead of pressing his own suit, and affording me an opportunity of explaining my sentiments, he is continually giving way to emotions of distrust and jealousy.

You cannot conceive, Mr. Adviser, how teasing this is, and how to put an end to it I know not. I am sure I have done every thing that strict delicacy permits, and I will not compromise the dignity of my sex I am determined, though I own I should be very glad, if, without doing so, I could open the eyes of my too modest admirer. Will you favour me with your advice, good sir? I will not pledge myself to take it, because, to say the truth, I am afraid mine is one of the very few cases that may puzzle even your sagacity, highly as I think of it; but, at all events, tell me what you would have me do, and you will oblige your very humble servant,

CANDIDIA.

My fair correspondent should have been welcome to the best advice I could give, had not the receipt of the following letter convinced me, that the publication of her own would answer her purpose better than any thing I could say :

MR. ADVISER,

I am passionately enamoured of a very lovely and amiable girl, and I would willingly flatter myself, that she is not at all averse to my passion; but there is an impudent fellow who pretends to her favour, and is always boasting that he is certain of enjoying it, upon the singular ground, that she behaves worse to him than she does to any one else. I am not at all skilled in the ways of the sex, Mr. Adviser, and I am very much afraid, that, as an old bachelor, you cannot be much more knowing than myself: nevertheless, your advice, if you will please to give it to me, can do me no harm. Tell me, then, whether you believe there really is any truth in the opinion, that women are all dissemblers? I have heard of some, who vowed and protested that they could not bear their admirers at the very time they had made up their minds to go to church with them. I would fain hope, that my charmer is incapable of such conduct, but yet there are certain symptoms which I do not like. When I approach her, I observe that her manner is often constrained, and at times I even fancy it cold. She does not seem delighted to see me; and once, when I talked of staying some time in the country, I could not perceive that she shewed any concern about it. But what, more than any thing else, induces me to

fear that this puppy has too much cause for his boasting is, that on paying her a visit the other day, I found him with her, and on seeing me, she blushed like scarlet. In a few minutes afterwards he said, that a man could never be secure of a woman till she used him like a dog; and instead of combating this impudent opinion, she only gave him a severe look.

Now, Mr. Sagephiz, put all this together, and tell me what I ought to do. I have never made a formal offer of marriage, but she must have seen, from a thousand things, that I love her. Shall I ask her hand, and so expose myself to be laughed at and refused? or shall I stay till I see how things will terminate between her and my rival before I risk an offer? Let me know as quickly as possible, my good sir, which step you would advise me to take, for I shall wait your answer before I decide.

FRANK FEARMUCH.

The letter which I have received from this gentleman's mistress, will, I fancy, have more effect in fixing his determination than any advice I could give. The poor man must have been strangely blinded between jealousy and timidity, or else he could never have been alarmed by the symptoms he speaks of, since, if he had the least practical knowledge of the tender passion, he must have seen that they were in his favour; so at least the widow Heartpierce tells me, for she happened to be with me when I received his letter; and as she is pretty good authority in these matters, I shewed it to her. Though I have no occasion to give

Mr. Fearmuch the advice which he requests, yet I cannot help exhorting him to entertain in future a more liberal opinion of the fair sex. Fools and coxcombs select a few instances of their dissimulation in affairs of the heart, and so brand all women with deceit; but men of sense know better: dissimulation is not the vice of their nature; it is inculcated, generally

speaking, from their earliest years; and to their credit be it spoken, it is often inculcated in vain. If Mr. Fearmuch should obtain the hand of his charmer, I hope he will never forget, that mutual confidence must form the basis of domestic happiness: without it, marriage must be a state either of indifference or despair.

S. SAGEPHIZ.

THE GENEROUS LOVER:

A Tale, from the Spanish of CERVANTES.

(Continued from p. 80.)

THE credulous cadi was so overjoyed and delighted at the flattering prospect held out to him by his two slaves, that he gave Mahomet his freedom instantly, and even promised to reward his services by a valuable legacy at his death; then turning to Marius, he assured him that he might expect his liberty on the same day when the lovely Leonisa should yield to his wishes, and that he would send him back in safety to his own country, loaded with presents, sufficient to enable him to pass the remainder of his days in ease and affluence. Never were so many promises lavished on both sides. "Leonisa is yours," repeated the two friends, "provided you permit us to have free opportunity to converse with her."—"That you shall soon have," replied the cadi. "I will desire Halima to pay a visit to her relations, who are Greek Christians, and during her absence, Marius may see her as often as he pleases. I shall cause it to be intimated to Leonisa, that when she chooses, she may converse with

one of my slaves, who is her countryman." Thus Fortune at length began to smile on the hapless Richard, and his master and mistress blindly exerted themselves to work his happiness and their own disappointment. The cadi told his wife, on the same day, that she might, if she pleased, pay a visit to her father; but Halima was waiting anxiously for an opportunity of forwarding her own schemes, through the medium of Leonisa, and preferred her present solitude to all the pleasures which awaited her at her parent's house. "I am not at present desirous of taking such a journey," replied she carelessly; "but when I may be so inclined, I will take the beautiful Christian slave with me, if you have no objection."—"No, no, Halima," rejoined the cadi, alarmed, "that must not be; for you know very well, she is now the property of the Grand Seignior, and must not be exposed to the view of any man, still less be permitted to converse with Christians; for no sooner will she have been presented

to the sultan, than she will be compelled to embrace our religion."—"I know that," answered Halima; "but she will always be with me: and what signifies her conversing with Christians? Do not I do so? and am I a worse Mahometan for it? Besides, our journey will not be for any very long time; six or seven days at the utmost: you must be convinced, my dear, I never can be happy to be longer absent from you." The poor *cadi* dared not dispute the point further, for fear of awakening suspicion of the real motives for his refusal.

Friday at length arrived, and the *cadi* was obliged to go to the mosque, where he usually staid for four hours: scarcely had he quitted the house, than Halima sent for Marius, who flew to obey her summons. A Corsican slave opened the door of the apartment leading to the one Leonisa inhabited, which he approached in such extreme agitation, that he could scarcely support himself. She was seated on a superb couch, adorned in the same magnificent robes as when she appeared in the tent of the bashaws; her face was turned from the door, so that she did not perceive Marius on his entrance. Her lover recognised her instantly, and his emotion became almost uncontrollable; grief and joy, fear and hope, by turns agitated his breast; and scarcely knowing how to accost the lovely being before him, he was approaching with hesitation, when she suddenly turned her head, and her eyes met his. Richard stopped, deprived of power to move a step further, and Leonisa, who believed him dead, was struck with horror; but though she

had no doubt she beheld the spectre of her lover, her presence of mind did not wholly forsake her: she, however, rose from her seat, her attitude and countenance betraying her astonishment. "Be not alarmed, adorable Leonisa!" at length exclaimed Richard; "I am yet alive, though my existence depends upon your smiles: recover yourself; I am that Richard whose death Mahomet falsely announced to you, hitherto the most unfortunate of men, but whom one kind look from you would render the happiest of mortals." Leonisa, as soon as she recollected herself, put her finger on her lips, to signify that he should speak lower. Interpreting this signal favourably, her lover took courage, and drew nearer. "Speak softly, Marius," said she, "for I must as yet call you by that name: we are lost if my mistress hears you: she loves you passionately, and would, I fear, sacrifice me to her jealousy. She has even confessed her passion to me, nay, intrusted me to avow it to yourself; and if you feel disposed to return her love, liberty and riches will reward you: but even if you do not value a heart so easily won, you must dissemble; I entreat you, for my sake at least, not to destroy our only chance for freedom."—"What you require of me," replied Richard, "is almost too difficult, yet I cannot venture to disobey the first command you have ever been pleased to impose upon me. I will feign to return the attachment of Halima, since you desire it; but as a reward for so great a sacrifice, deign to inform me how you escaped from the hands of the corsairs, and came

into the possession of the Jew who lately sold you.”—“The history of my misfortunes,” rejoined Leonisa, “would require more time than I doubt will be allowed to us, yet I will endeavour to satisfy your curiosity.—The day after that in which the tempest separated us, the galley of Ysuf was driven by contrary winds upon the very isle of Pentalaria, which you had been so fortunate as to avoid; the ship was dashed to pieces against the rocks, and the horrible scene which ensued will never be erased from my memory. The corsair to whom I belonged, foreseeing inevitably the loss of the galley, emptied two casks, tied them together, and fastened them round my body. Hastily throwing off his clothes, he tied one of the cords to his arm, and plunged boldly into the sea. I had not courage to follow him, and he was endeavouring to pull me in after him, when a Turk from behind pushed me overboard. I fell senseless into the water, and on coming to my senses, found myself on shore, supported by two of the crew; near me lay the dead body of Ysuf, mangled so as scarcely to retain the traces of a human form, having been dashed against the rocks by the fury of the waves. Only eight persons escaped from the merciless ocean: we remained a week in this island, during which time, some superior power seemed to have tamed the fierce spirits of my Turkish attendants, who treated me with as much respect as if I had been their sovereign. The fear of falling into the power of the Christian garrison, compelled us to conceal ourselves by day in a

cave, where we were sustained by some casks of biscuit which had fortunately been cast on shore from the vessel. Unhappily for me, the commander of the fortress had lately died, and the place was defended by only twenty soldiers, who, on account of their numbers, dared not venture beyond the walls of the castle. On the eighth day, a Moorish vessel appeared in sight, making for the very spot where we lay hid. The crew perceived our signals, and having ascertained that we were Turks, took us on board their vessel, in which was a Jew merchant, who carried on an immense traffic in female slaves; indeed, the greater part of the merchandise with which the ship was freighted belonged to him, besides a number of young girls whom he was conveying from Barbary to the Levant. During our voyage, my Turkish masters took advantage of an attachment which the old miser had formed to me; and I was transferred to him for the sum of a thousand pistoles. Tormented by his caresses, and disgusted by his fondness, I declared I would sooner embrace death in the most hideous form, than submit to his desires: my repeated threats so worked upon his avarice, that I succeeded in obtaining a release from his importunities.

“His only care now was, how to get back the enormous price he had paid for me; and having heard that Ali and Azan were in this island, he thought he might possibly dispose of me to greater advantage here than at Scio, whither he had previously determined to sail: he imagined my beauty could not fail to captivate one of the ba-

shows, and with this view, determined that no cost should be spared in setting off the charms which it has pleased God to bestow upon me; and you know how well his plan has succeeded. Here I first heard of your death, and I acknowledge I regretted you, for I am not wholly ungrateful; yet I considered your fate as more deserving of envy than of pity, as it would have at once delivered you from a load of misery and grief."—"I admit," replied Richard, "that death releases us from the ills of this world, and I have frequently and earnestly prayed for the termination of my earthly miseries: yet, I thank Heaven, that my prayers have not been granted, as this happy hour would then never have been mine.—But, alas!" added he, "this joyful moment only makes me feel more acutely the dangerous situation in which we are placed. The cadi, in whose power we both are, is enamoured of you, and by a strange fatality, has chosen me to be his ambassador. My anxious desire to behold you, induced me to undertake the office: yet, I dread lest my real designs should be discovered; alas! I might then lose you for ever."

Desirous of avoiding suspicion, the two lovers then separated, having first agreed upon the line of conduct which it was necessary to pursue. Leonisa resolved to flatter Halima with assurances, that love and gratitude towards his mistress had been the result of her conversation with Marius; the latter obtaining her permission to delude the cadi with a false account of the success of his persuasions, and happy himself in the prospects of love and liberty, which once again seemed to open before him.

Halima, who, during this conversation, had waited with impatience in an adjoining room for Leonisa's return, flew to meet her, and was transported with joy at the false intelligence that Marius was hers; that her condescension had overpowered him, and that his attachment equaled hers. Leonisa made her believe that he had long silently adored her; that he was eager to throw himself at her feet; but that he added, with regret, that two weeks must yet elapse before he could permit himself to enjoy that happiness.

(To be continued.)

RECOLLECTIONS OF A WOULD-BE AUTHOR.

CHAP. XI.

THE PROGRESS OF AN EDITOR, AND SOME ACCOUNT OF MR. PRENDERGAST PERRIWINKLE.

THE rapidity with which the thoughts crowded into my brain respecting my new office of editorship, was almost too much for me. The great source of all my faults was impatience; and I hugged the idea of this promised lite-

rary greatness as close to my heart, as would the incarcerated felon the reprieve which was once more to give him to light and life. At length I hurried to the publishers, to sound them with regard to parting with the copy-right of the

work which was to bring me fame and happiness. This ended in a desire to know the price, as a friend of mine wished very much to become the proprietor of such a publication. The sellers were tradesmen; so was not I, or I would not have betrayed an over anxiety, which they rebutted by, "The work answered very well; they had no particular wish to sell it: nevertheless, if a liberal offer were made to them, they would have no objection to——:" but all hope was cut off, when they mentioned a sum too large for me to speculate with; in fact, almost as much as I could command. "Ah!" cried I, "too cruel parents, why did you tie up your son's fortune in contingencies, and thus prevent him from realizing a plum, when, with profit and fame hand in hand, he might have been blessed? Alas! where is the man who would join his fate with mine!"

We are seldom long in achieving what we very ardently wish, at least as far as it requires not the intervention of a miracle. Among the choice acquaintance whom I had encountered at a certain chop-house, whose little back parlour was celebrated as the occasional dining-room of Addison and Steele, and not a hundred yards from Shire-lane, dined a Mr. Perriwinkle, a *gentleman* who had often sat at the same table with me, and had indeed partaken of my half pint of wine, and also of the supernumerary vegetables with which I was served, and for which he had a way of asking peculiarly his own. His knowledge of books, however (I mean of their time of publication, their size, embellishments, and the

printers of them), paid for all these aberrations from gentlemanly feeling; but as money was of no sort of *consequence* to me, he frequently obliged me to call for another half pint, while he acquainted me with such parts of his early history as he deemed worthy to interest posterity. These civilities seemed to create in him some attachment to me—I mean to them. His conduct and costume, however, were so little in unison with my feelings, that I generally left a glass of wine on my departure, well knowing he would remain behind to finish it, and thus eluded his company in the open light.

This, however, became more difficult, as each day improved on our intimacy, or rather on his (for the advantage was all on his side), until at length I was obliged to tell him, that a closer acquaintance was not agreeable, and that I was not in the habit of allowing any one to take my arm to whom I had only been introduced at a place of public resort. I felt no small degree of embarrassment while I made this declaration, aware how much my own feelings would have been injured by it, and made up my mind for a proper degree of resentment on his part, and an entire cessation of our intimacy. No such thing: he only answered me by a particular *Very well*; and the next day was at his post, and at his old tricks, for he *borrowed* a potatoe of me, which he swore to repay the next time we met, but forgot it.

Mr. Prendergast Perriwinkle was the natural son of a very celebrated theatrical performer, who, on his child's growing to maturity, found in him a disposition so very

different from his own, which was good-natured and unthinking, that he dismissed him his house as a little dirty, mean-spirited vagabond, with all the sins of his parents, without their ingenuousness; at the same time taking care, that though he should not absolutely starve, yet that a living should entirely depend upon his own exertions. "Hang the little rascal," he would say, "the devil will take care of him!" and as if that was sufficient, he soon withdrew from him the little protection promised. He was placed as an errand-boy at a bookseller's, &c. in the country, where, after remaining some time as journeyman, and hiding his views from the face of day, he opened a similar mart next door to that of his old master, who, as customers are seldom nice as long as they meet with a cheaper article, was soon deserted, and Perriwinkle contrived to oblige his old friend to seek an asylum in an almshouse. Mr. Prendergast Perriwinkle might here have gained a tolerable fortune, had his conduct been at all consistent; but although he was a pupil of Elwes or Dancer with regard to getting money, he had not attained their art in keeping it. The English of this is, that his pleasures were expensive; not prematurely so, but from, in fact, going the cheapest way to work; and he often lost, from the imprudence of one evening, all that his unwearied industry had been gaining for a month.

His unhallowed inclination for the softer sex ever kept him poor; and amidst all his saving plans to enjoy their company, he would frequently, in the end, become a

loser. If the attentions of an ape or an orang-outang (which is much the same thing, only that the smaller animal is least disgusting,) were gratifying to a simple girl, he would gratify her; and he would, as Sterne says, eat of her meat, and drink of her cup: further the similitude holdeth not. Some of these *belles* he had to pay for; and they deducted so large a sum from his pocket, that, added to the natural sourness of his temper, it gave additional edge to his revenge on the next victim, and he amply repaid it on such damsels as had no brothers or friends to resent his conduct.

At this time also he was fond of spouting, and his literary talents would have placed him in an honourable situation, had he had the decent ambition of promoting himself. I have little doubt he translated French correctly; knew a little of classical authors; was an oracle of a political society, and a reformer of abuses in the chandler's-shop line, in which those abuses came before him. He had, however, at the time I became acquainted with him, without being aware of those amiable weaknesses which I have described, amassed a sum of money more than sufficient for his existence, if such a life might be termed existence, and might have acquired more, had not an affair *de l'amour* determined him to leave C—; and packing up his all, without beat of drum, he arrived in London, where he commenced gentleman, as far as that designation applies to one who has nothing to do: in this capacity he was put up by me, Tristram Gilliflower.

You must do me the justice, Mr. Editor, to suppose me totally unacquainted with his intrigues—I beg pardon, amours; and yet, perhaps with a kind of cunning bordering too much upon that of Mr. Perriwinkle, I thought this man, by his great carefulness, *i.e.* penury, a safe person to coalesce with.

Rough roads become smooth when we have a point to gain in traversing them; and I condescended to call on Perriwinkle in a garret near the Row. Pleased with this attention, his eyes sparkled; he rubbed his hands, scratched his head, and whistled, a sure sign that he was pleased; but it was with the pleasure of the spider, who sees the counterscarps of his redoubt tremble on the intrusion of a fly. I even thought I saw it then, though, blinded by my project, I heeded it not; but I have too often seen his face lighted with the same expression not to remember it.

As he offered no refreshment, we withdrew to a certain house re-

commended by him in the neighbourhood of St. Paul's, where they only dressed one kind of chop. Peas I remember were in season, and I chose them for my luncheon. He viewed them eagerly, and I readily served him out an allowance from my plate, and ordered more, and paid the bill; while he, with a smirk, declared, that it cost more for my luncheon than he paid for a dinner. We adjourned to another house, where hot spirits and water warmed not him. It is true, he seemed to like the scheme of the magazine, but he was so wary, so hesitating and doubtful, as to drive me nearly out of my senses. I paid the reckoning here also. I walked him up and down the first square we came to, while he, in his turn, trotted me up and down Guildhall: it might or it might not do; the money they wanted was too much; he would see about it. But in what manner he did see about it, I reserve for my next chapter.

COMPARATIVE TABLE of the EXTENT, POPULATION, RICHES, DEBTS, REVENUES, and TAXES of GREAT BRITAIN and IRELAND, and FRANCE, for the Year 1819.

	Great Britain and Ireland.	France.
Surface	21,114,000 <i>hect.</i>	52,000,000
Population	12,600,000 <i>ind.</i>	29,827,000
Agricultural capital	<i>fr.</i> 61,000,000,000	<i>fr.</i> 52,522,000,000
Gross produce of agriculture	3,875,000,000	4,679,000,000
Net produce ditto	1,461,300,000	1,345,000,000
Gross produce of manufacturing industry	2,250,000,000	1,404,000,000
Horses, mules, &c.	1,818,000	1,657,000
Oxen, &c.	7,200,000	4,682,000
Sheep, &c.	40,860,000	35,189,000
Value of exports	1,000,000,000	370,000,000
Cotton imported and wrought	25,000,000	10,500,000
Public debt	20,000,000,000	3,050,000,000
Interest thereon	1,000 000,000	232,000,000
Revenue of the state	1,500,000,000	889,210,000
Proportion of individuals	1,800,000,000	827,790,000

The population of Great Britain and Ireland is, according to the best authorities, about 17,000,000 souls.

THE PORTRAIT.

MR. HARGRAVE had the misfortune to lose a wife whom he adored, in little more than twelve months after their marriage. His grief was so excessive, that his friends at first feared for his life; and when its violence had abated, it settled into a deep melancholy, over which time seemed to have no power; for more than five years elapsed without his regaining that cheerfulness of temper, for which, before the death of Mrs. Hargrave, he had been remarkable. Among many friends who exerted themselves to console the forlorn widower, the most assiduous and attentive was his aunt Mrs. Melborne. She lamented his loss partly for his own sake, but still more, because she feared that he would never marry again; and as he was the last surviving male of his family, it would consequently become extinct at his demise.

This thought gave the good aunt many hours uneasiness, and inspired her with innumerable stratagems to entrap her nephew once more in the toils of Cupid. The moment a handsome girl was introduced into life, Mrs. Melborne eagerly sought her acquaintance, and left no stone unturned to bring her and Hargrave together. Tho' in general pretty quick-sighted to the faults of her neighbours, she became, on a sudden, the professed panegyrist of all the young and pretty spinsters of her acquaintance, every one of whom possessed, in her opinion, all the requisites necessary to render the marriage state happy: but her persuasions were vain; the image of his de-

ceased Emily guarded the heart of Hargrave against the attractions of every other fair-one; and Mrs. Melborne began to despair of his ever again becoming a Benedict, when an accident raised her hopes, and gave her spirit to begin a new plan of operations.

A young heiress, upon whom she had never formed any designs, because, though pleasing, she was not beautiful, happened to be present one morning when Hargrave paid her a visit. After he was gone, Mrs. Melborne began to expatiate on the attachment he had shewn to his late wife, and the tenderness with which he still cherished her memory. Julia Stanley listened attentively, and said, with some warmth, that to a woman of sensibility, the thought of being so deeply and tenderly regretted would divest death of half its horrors. As she spoke, her countenance, which in general expressed only placid benevolence, was lighted up with unusual animation; and from her heightened colour, and the emotion which her voice betrayed, Mrs. Melborne formed the conclusion, that the youthful heiress was very well disposed to console the sorrowing widower; and by attentively observing the young lady's conduct whenever she could bring her and Hargrave together, she soon convinced herself that such was the fact.

From the moment that Mrs. Melborne made this discovery, she set about accomplishing a union between Hargrave and Julia, as assiduously as if her own existence depended upon its taking place.

As the first step towards having Hargrave completely in her power, she invited herself to pay him a visit at his country seat, where she had no sooner arrived, than she assailed him in every possible way. The lady's fortune, her fine understanding, her many amiable qualities, and the preference which she felt for him, were rung in his ears from morning till night; till at last Hargrave was fairly worried into giving a reluctant consent, that she might arrange the matter if she could, provided the lady would be content with his esteem and friendship; for as to love, that was a passion which he could never again be susceptible of.

Mrs. Melborne piqued herself upon never telling a falsehood, but it is certain, that, in this instance at least, she managed to completely conceal the truth; for Hargrave's sentiments of esteem and friendship sounded in her mouth so much like love, that Miss Stanley's delicacy was satisfied; she gave her consent without difficulty, and the politic aunt had no sooner gained it, than she expedited the marriage, and by manœuvring to keep the affianced pair from being much together before the knot was tied, she contrived to conceal, in a great degree, Hargrave's coolness.

But when the nuptial festivities were over, and the wedded pair left to their own resources for amusement, they soon became mutually dissatisfied. Hargrave had seen very little of his wife before marriage, but that little sufficed to convince him that she possessed an excellent understanding, and that her literary attainments were of a superior order: he conse-

quently expected to find an enlightened and pleasing companion; but instead of that, she was reserved and taciturn, and her whole deportment was so cold and constrained, that Hargrave began very soon heartily to repent of his marriage; and the contrast which he was perpetually drawing in his own mind between Julia and his departed Emily, tended to render him still more dissatisfied.

The feelings of Mrs. Hargrave were still less enviable. She had been accustomed from her birth to the fondest and kindest treatment; during the lifetime of her parents, who were not long dead at the time of her marriage, her wishes were always anticipated, and her fancies gratified the moment they could be guessed at: it is not wonderful then, that the forced politeness and constrained attention of her husband should deeply wound both her affection and her pride; they chilled and repressed her naturally warm feelings, and gave to her air and manner that coldness and reserve which were so displeasing to him. She had not expected to find a doting lover, but she looked for a tender and affectionate friend: unconscious of the effect of her own conduct, she believed that she could neither inspire Hargrave with friendship nor love; and this thought, so afflicting to the heart of a tender and sensible female, preyed incessantly upon her spirits.

Hargrave had a fine portrait of his late wife in his library; Julia learned by accident, from one of the domestics, that this picture used to hang over the chimney in the drawing-room: she immediate-

ly divined that it had been removed on her account, and she longed to beg that her husband would replace it in its former situation; but she was restrained from doing so, partly by timidity, and partly because Hargrave, who grew daily more estranged from her, passed a considerable portion of every day in his library.

Julia once expressed a wish that he would accompany her somewhere; he refused, on pretence of having letters of importance to write. In about half an hour afterwards, she passed his library, and the door being half open, she saw him with his arms folded, standing before the fire, gazing on the picture. Poor Julia's heart felt a severe pang. "He comes here then," thought she, "only to contemplate the features of her, who alone possessed the power to touch his heart; and to enjoy this gratification, he deprives me of the pleasure of sitting with him, seeing him, and sometimes hearing his voice; nay, he even descends to falsehood to escape from my society." These bitter thoughts were Julia's constant companions during the night, and they effectually prevented her from sleeping. At last, the idea occurred to her of copying the portrait, and of placing her copy in the drawing-room. "In this one instance, at least," thought she, "I shall give him pleasure." But a difficulty arose: how was she to get an opportunity of copying the portrait without his knowledge? Luckily for her, he was obliged to pass some days from home; and Julia, who would, upon any other occasion, have regretted his absence, saw him go with pleasure.

She did not lose a moment in setting about her task, and she performed it most happily. Ah! how often, and with what anxiety, did she retouch those beautiful features, which assumed, under her hand, the sweetest and most benignant expression! She worked incessantly, and the picture was at length finished, and hung up on the morning of the day that Hargrave had fixed for returning home.

He was beginning a cold compliment to Julia as he entered the room, but he stopped suddenly, and regarding the picture with a look of astonishment and emotion, exclaimed, "Good Heavens, what is this!" and burst into tears.— "Ah!" cried Julia, "how unfortunate I am! I can then do nothing to give you pleasure."

"You are mistaken, dear Julia: my heart thanks you for this delicate and touching proof of your affection. But how did you contrive to get this picture?"

"I copied it: I knew that the portrait which you have in your library, had been removed from this room; I thought at first of asking you to replace it, but afterwards I changed my design, and determined to copy it. The original was justly dear to you, and I should despise myself if I wished to remove any thing that might remind you of her."

While Julia was speaking, Hargrave gazed upon her with a feeling of admiration not unmingled with a softer sentiment. The noble justice which she did to the merits of his departed Emily, touched him most sensibly; his manner lost its coldness; and Julia, whose heart felt lighter than it had

done since her marriage, was able to converse freely, and without constraint. She had the prudence to seize this first opportunity of gaining his confidence; she led him to talk of his Emily. He was surprised and delighted to find that she listened with interest and pleasure, and that from time to time she renewed this subject so interesting to him, which seemed also to be one of which she never tired. By degrees, he perceived, or fancied he perceived, that in many points of character she resembled his deceased wife; this resemblance gradually drew his

heart towards her, and in a little time she had reason to bless her lot. If Hargrave was not a doting lover, he was a truly kind and affectionate husband; he saw that she studied his happiness, and in return, he used every effort to contribute to hers. My young unmarried readers who are far gone in romance, may perhaps exclaim against this sort of sober felicity; but Julia will not join in their exclamations: she has now been ten years married, and every year, as she declares, is happier than the last.

ON THE CHARACTER OF SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

My intention in the following essay is, to explain and account for the pleasure we receive from the representation of Shakspeare's dramatic character of Sir John Falstaff. In treating this subject, I shall, with as much brevity as possible, mention the causes on which our pleasure depends; and then, by a particular analysis of the character, endeavour to establish my theory.

PART I.

No external object affects us in a more disagreeable manner, than the view of suffering occasioned by cruelty; our uneasiness arises not only from the display of calamity, but from the display of an inhuman mind: for how much soever human nature may exhibit interesting appearances, there are dispositions in mankind, which cannot otherwise be regarded than with abhorrence. Of this sort are cruelty, malice, and revenge. They affect us in the representation in

the same manner as in real life. Neither the poet nor historian, if they represent them unmixed and unconnected with other ingredients, can ever render them agreeable. Who can without pain peruse the tragedy of Titus Andronicus, or the account given by Suetonius of the butcheries and enormities perpetrated by some of the Cæsars?

Yet with cruelty, malice, and revenge, many useful and even excellent qualities may be blended: of this kind are courage, independence of spirit, discernment of character, sagacity in the contrivance, and dexterity in the execution, of arduous enterprises. These, considered apart, and unconnected with moral or immoral affections, are viewed with considerable pleasure, and regarded with some respect. United with good dispositions, they produce the highest merit, and form the most exalted character. United with evil affec-

tions, though they do not lessen, yet perhaps they counteract, at least they alter the nature and tendency of our abhorrence. We do not indeed, on their account, regard the inhuman character with less disapprobation; on the contrary, our disapprobation is, if possible, more determined. Yet, by the mixture of different ingredients, our sensations are changed; they are not very painful; nay, if the proportion of respectable qualities be considered, they become agreeable. The character, though highly blameable, attracts our notice, excites curiosity, and yields delight. The character of Satan in *Paradise Lost*, one of the most finished in the whole range of epic poetry, fully illustrates our observation: it displays inhumanity, malice, and revenge, united with sagacity, intrepidity, dexterity, and perseverance. Of a similar kind, though with some different lineaments, is Shakspeare's King Richard the Third; it excites indignation: indignation, however, is not a painful, but rather an agreeable feeling; a feeling too, which, if duly governed, we do not blame ourselves for indulging.

We are led imperceptibly, almost by every bond, even by opposite bonds of association, by those of contrast and resemblance, to extend these remarks. There are qualities in human nature that excite abhorrence, and qualities also that excite disgust. We see some dispositions that are enormously, and some that are meanly shocking. Some give us pain by their atrocity, and some by their baseness. As virtuous actions may be divided into those that are re-

spectable, and those that are amiable: so of vicious actions, some are hateful, and affect us with horror; others are vile, and produce aversion. By one class, we have an imaginary, sympathetic, and transient apprehension of being hurt; by the other, we have a similar apprehension of being polluted. We would chastise the one with painful, and the other with shameful punishment. Of the latter sort are the gross excesses and perversion of inferior appetites. They hardly bear to be named; and scarcely, by any representation, without judicious circumlocution and happy adjuncts, can be rendered agreeable. Who can mention, without reluctance, the mere glutton, the mere epicure, and the sot? And to these may be added, the coward, the liar, the selfish and assenting parasite.

Yet the constituent parts of such characters may be so blended with other qualities of an agreeable, but neutral kind, as not only to lose their disgusting, but to gain an engaging aspect. They may be united with a complaisance that has no asperity, but that falls in readily, or without apparent constraint, with every opinion or inclination. They may be united with good-humour, as opposed to moroseness and harshness of opposition: with ingenuity and versatility in the arts of deceit: and with faculties for genuine or even spurious wit; for the spurious requires some ability, and may, to some minds, afford amusement. Add to this, that in fully explaining the appearance, in elucidating how the mixture of different mental qualities, in the same character, affords delight, we must

recollect, as on similar occasions, that when different and even opposite feelings encounter one another, and affect us at the same time, those that prevail, under the guidance of some vigorous passion, carry the rest along with them; direct them so as to receive the same tendency with themselves, and impelling the mind in the same manner, receive from their coincidence additional power*. They resemble the swell and progress of a Tartar army. One horde meets with another; they fight; the vanquished unite with the victors: incorporated with them, under the direction of a Timour or a Zingis, they augment their force, and enable them to conquer others.

Characters of the kind above-mentioned, consisting of mean, and at the same time of agreeable, qualities, though they meet with disapprobation, are yet regarded with some attention: they procure to themselves some attachment; they excite neither fear, envy, nor suspicion: as they are not reckoned noxious, the disapprobation they produce is slight; and they yield or promote amusement. What else are the race of parasites, both of ancient or modern times? The *gnathonicit*† of different sorts, the direct and indirect, the smooth and the blunt? Those who by assentation, buffoonery, and even wit, or some appearance of wit, varied agreeably to the shifting manners of mankind, relieve the fatigue of sloth; fill up the vacuity of minds that must, but cannot think; and are a suitable substitute, when the gorged appetite loathes the ban-

* Hume's *Essay on Tragedy*.

† Terence.

quet, and the downy couch can allure no slumbers?

As persons who display cruel dispositions, united with force of mind and superior intellectual abilities, are regarded with indignation; so those whose ruling desires aim at the gratification of gross appetite, united with good-humour, and such intellectual endowments as may be fitted to gain favour, are regarded with scorn. "Scorn", like indignation, seems to arise from a comparative view of two objects, the one worthy, and the other unworthy, which are nevertheless united; but which, on account of the wrong or impropriety occasioned by this incongruous union, we conceive should be disunited and unconnected." The difference between them seems to be, that the objects of indignation are great and important; those of scorn little and unimportant. Indignation, of consequence, leads us to expressions of anger; but scorn, as it denotes the feeling or discernment of inferiority, with such mixture of pretensions as to produce contrast and incongruity, is often expressed by laughter; and is, in a serious mood, connected with pity. Disdain is akin to indignation, and implies consciousness of inherent worth. You disdain to act an unworthy part:

Disdain, which sprung from conscious merit,
flush'd

The cheek of Dithyrambus.—GLOVER.

Contempt does not so much arise from such consciousness, as from the perception of baseness in the object. To despise, denotes a sentiment between disdain and contempt, which implies some opinion

* Essay on Richard III.

of our own superiority, and some opinion of inferiority in the object; but neither in their extremes*. Disdain, like indignation, is allied to anger; contempt, like scorn, or more so, is connected with pity: but we often despise, without either pitying or being angry. When the meanness, which is the object of contempt, aspires by pretensions to a connection with merit, and the design appearing productive of no great harm, we are inclined to laugh; we are moved with scorn.

But in what manner soever we understand the terms, for they are often confounded, and may not perhaps, in their usual acceptation,

* Perhaps it denotes a kind of which disdain and contempt are species: we contemn a threat, we disdain an offer; we despise them both.

be thought to convey the complete meaning here annexed to them, the distinctions themselves have a real foundation; and that which we have chiefly in view at present, is fully illustrated in the character of Sir John Falstaff. In him the effects arising from the "mixture of mean, grovelling, and base dispositions, with those qualities and dispositions of a neutral kind, which afford pleasure; and though not in themselves objects of approbation, yet lead to attachment; are distinctly felt and perceived." In what follows of this essay, therefore, I shall first exemplify some of the baser, and then some of those agreeable parts of the character that reconcile our feelings, but not our reason, to its deformity.

RICHARDSON.

(To be continued.)

THE FEMALE TATTLER.

No. LI.

The glowing dames of Zama's royal court
Have faces flush'd with more exalted charms:
The sun that rolls his chariot o'er their heads,
Works up more fire and colour in their cheeks:
Were you with these, my prince, you'd soon forget
The pale, unripen'd beauties of the north.

Cato, act I. sc. iv.

I HAVE received several letters on the subject which occupied me through my latter papers, and I have every reason to be satisfied with them. They all, however, seem, more or less, dissatisfied: while my general notions of beauty, and my reasoning upon it, both moral and physical, are favoured with the most flattering marks of approbation, they consider my reasonings as deficient, from a want of definitive description, and a particular statement of those positive, as well as comparative proportions, on which beauty more or

less depends. Opinion is never so arbitrary as to produce a general effect; and there is no object which produces such a variety of private opinions as that of beauty. A precise standard, by which a general assent to its perfection can be effected, is hardly to be attained. If the form of the celebrated statue of the Medicean Venus could be realized in any one living female, it would scarcely obtain universal admiration: nevertheless, it is supposed to have been a combination of what was most perfect in the various beauties that the art-

ist could select in a country, which is celebrated for the superior forms it produced in either sex, to excite the skill and emulation of the Athenian sculptors. I repeat, if such a form could be discovered and dressed in the fashion of the day, to which the admiring eye of the men was habituated, I have my doubts whether it would command or obtain an unvarying opinion of its perfections.

I will, however, in obedience to the wish of my obliging correspondents, give such a standard, or description, of the different parts of the female human form, as have been considered by those who have given their peculiar studies to the exterior anatomy of the female figure, in all its features and members; and who are considered as having established, by their descriptions, an analysis of the beauty of woman, to which art applies for its instructions, when it is called to represent the important subject in its whole, or its detail.

On the Beauty of the principal Parts of the FEMALE FORM.

1. The *head* should be well rounded, and look rather inclining to small than large.

2. The *forehead* white, smooth, and open (not with the hair growing down too low upon it); neither flat nor prominent, but, like the head, well rounded, and rather small in proportion than large.

3. The *hair* either bright black, brown, or the latter tinged with a reddish hue, which forms the auburn: it should not be thin, but full and waving, and falling in moderate curls: the fashion of the hour must here be allowed to offer

its interfering influence. The black, however, is best qualified to set off the whiteness of the skin.

4. The *eyes*, black, chesnut, or blue; clear, bright, and lively; and rather large in proportion than small.

5. The *eyebrows* well divided; rather full than thin; semicircular, and broader in the middle than at the ends; of a neat turn, but not formal.

6. The *cheeks* should not be wide, but possess a degree of plumpness, with the red and white finely blended together, and should have the appearance of firmness and softness.

7. The *ear* should be rather small than large, well folded, and have an agreeable tinge of red.

8. The *nose* should be placed so as to divide the face into two equal parts; it should be of a moderate size, straight, and well squared; though sometimes a little rising in the nose, which is but just perceivable, may give a very graceful look to it.

9. The *mouth* should be small, and the lips not of equal thickness: they should be well turned; small rather than gross; soft even to the eye, and with a living red in them: when closed, the outline should possess the form of the Cupid's bow of the antique. Some have said, that a truly pretty mouth is like a rose-bud that is beginning to blow.

10. The *teeth* should be of a middle size, white, well arranged, and even.

11. The *chin* must not exceed a moderate size; at the same time, white, soft, and agreeably rounded.

12. The *neck* should be white,

straight, and of a soft, easy, and flexible make; rather long than short; less above, and increasing very gradually towards the shoulders. The whiteness and delicacy of the skin should be continued, or rather go on improving, to the bosom.

13. The *skin*, in general, should be white, properly and delicately tinged with red, possessing an apparent softness, and a look of thriving health in it.

14. The *shoulders* should be white, gently spread, and though some appearance of strength is appropriate to them, it should be very inferior to what is generally seen in those of men.

15. The *arm* should be white, round, firm, and soft; and more particularly so from the elbow to the hands.

16. The *hand* should unite insensibly with the arm, just as it does in the statue of the Venus de Medici. They should be long and delicate; and even the joints and nervous parts of them should be without either hardness or dryness.

17. The *fingers* should be fine, long, round, and soft; small, and lessening towards the tips of them; while the nails are long, rounded at the ends, and pellucid.

18. The *feet* should be finely turned, and little.

The statue already mentioned will give the most perfect example of the other parts of the female human form.

Now, even supposing that a female figure might be produced, with all the attributes that have been just described, it is possible that it might not create that kind

of admiration which is the forerunner of real love; that is, a pure, refined, and exalted sentiment, which gives the object a decided superiority in the heart, the mind, and consequently the animated judgment of him who is impassioned by it. Character, manners, qualities, and unison of thoughts, are the grounds of matrimonial happiness. Beauty may strike, but superior attainments must confirm and render lasting the force of first impressions. Beauty may be the flower, which may be loved for the short-lived moments while its colours last. The passion which is generally known by the name of *love*, is in itself of a transient character, if more solid attractions do not bind and consolidate it. If it, in short, does not become affection, which is a lasting principle, and involves all the best motives, the noblest sensations, the most animated delights, and the most virtuous incentives of the human character.

Aristotle was once asked, why every person was so fond of beauty: to which the philosopher replied, "It was a blind man's question."

It is indeed generally considered, that beauty consists in the union of colour with a just proportion of parts. Some are of opinion, that a beautiful person must be fair, while others conceive brunettes to be most handsome. The difference of opinions with respect to beauty in various countries is principally as to colour and form; and this difference generally arises from national customs.

If we were to wander through the different countries of the globe,

and especially those which are most remote from general association, the contrasted preponderance of customs could hardly be reconciled to rational impression.

In ancient Persia, the person who had an aquiline nose, was deemed worthy of being made their sovereign. The modern Persians have a strong aversion to red hair, as a most disgusting object; while the Turks, on the contrary, consider it as highly ornamental. The ladies in Japan gild their teeth, and those in some part of the Indies paint them red; and in some parts of America, they are considered with dislike if they are not of the blackest dye. This subject might be carried on to a great extent. Hence there is no arbitrary principle, as I have already mentioned, by which beauty can be ascertained; but, in all its varieties, is, ever has been, and ever will be, an object of *love*.

F— T—.

I have received a long, and rather curious, letter from a young lady, who appears to be, or at least chooses to represent herself as violently in love with a gentleman, who does not appear to be sensible of the honour, or at least sufficiently so, to give her the least hopes of making an adequate return. On this difficult and delicate subject she earnestly requests my advice, and she may be assured that I will sincerely give it; not, I must own, with any hopes that she will profit by my counsel (for when do ladies in love think any counsel so good as their own?) but as it may be of use to others who are not in her unfortunate condition; and may thus obtain a portion of that preparatory knowledge which may guard them, in some measure, against the evils attendant upon an incautious and a tender heart. My next paper will be employed in that friendly office.

F— T—.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

THREE ITALIAN ARIETTS, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte, composed, and dedicated to his friend J. B. Crumer, by F. Sor. Set V. Pr. 5s.

MR. SOR'S vocal compositions have gained such favour among the higher order of musical dilettanti, that a new set of arietts, from his pen, causes almost as much sensation, as the publication of a new novel by the author of *Waverley*. As for ourselves, we greet the appearance of Mr. Sor's productions with the delight with which we hail a mild sunny day at this season of dreary

frosts and fogs. They warm and cherish our musical spirits amidst the numerous and dense clouds which so often overhang our critical labours. It does our heart good to pick his works into minute pieces (in a friendly way of course); they not only can stand the microscope, but, like the works of nature, present unexpected beauties, the closer they are analyzed. The more we examine them, the more we recognize a correspondence, a sympathy between the feelings which gave birth to such strains, and our own; we behold, as in a

mirror, our musical self. We say to ourselves, "Thus should we have sung, had nature granted us the talents, and education the cultivation of them, to give musical utterance to our sentiments."

As it is, we are but a critic (and to that office chance led us): but if we cannot create, we can deeply feel what is great and good in the art; we can drop an involuntary tear at the thrilling harmonies of Mozart's *Requiem*, and laugh heartily at Cimarosa's humour in the *Matrimonio Segreto*.—But we are getting astray:—to our subject!

Among the many important requisites and obligations of a lyric composer, the most essential, although the most neglected, is that of *just declamation*. Nature, the surest guide in the arts, demands that a melody should rise or fall, the measure quicken or slacken, according to the rules of perfect elocution: melody should be a mode of musical parlance. Sing as you would speak! The observance of this fundamental principle is sure to keep the composer in the right course; it is from this principle, that some few general rules have been deduced, which a sensible musical writer will seldom infringe. According to those, the most expressive word in a phrase receives a higher note; a question is melodized in ascent; low sounds agree best with the sedate, the tranquil, the awful, &c.; while high notes are chosen for the gay, for violent emotions, &c. That this general principle is to be put in practice with discriminating judgment, that its application is to be tempered by good taste, is a matter of course. Poetry is not read

exactly like homely prose, and melody does not declaim exactly like poetry, although the latter furnishes the guide, the hint to musical declamation.

This principle established, and it will follow that, other essential requisites not being wanting, a melody which enables us to guess the general purport of the text, comes near to perfection. We say the general purport, for it will hardly be expected, that mere sounds should become the unerring interpreters of every kind of sentiment and idea which language has in its power to convey. Musical diction will ever be limited to impressions of a general nature: it has its uncertainties and imperfections; and these probably add to its advantages, perhaps to its beauties.

Just declamation forms so striking a feature in Mr. Sor's compositions, that in this respect they stand perhaps unrivalled. This secret charm constitutes one of the principal attractions in his ariettes.

Mr. Sor feels what he has to say, and that feeling is not merely true, it is deep and intense, and thus again forms a second distinctive feature of excellence in all his labours. In his pathetic bursts, in his plaintive strains, and in his melting accents of tenderness, we think we recognize the characteristic fervour of his country.

A few words on their more musical merit will complete the general characteristics of Mr. Sor's compositions. We will begin negatively. About three fourths of the songs which line the panes of most of our retail dealers in harmony, are of a stamp either to demonstrate intelligibly, what is

meant by vulgarity of musical diction, or to cause astonishment how the mere virtue of new plates and paper can give new currency to stale and hacknied phrases, familiar even to our cook-maids; and if per chance we behold an attempt at something like sense (*rari nantes in gurgite vasto!*) we generally are compelled to bewail the premature fate of the mental offspring; the poor thing is killed in the birth. The crude limping, unfinished phrase wines a requiem worthy of the abortion. To turn to the brighter side of the picture: it would be but a poor compliment to the subject of this article, to say, that of all these negative distinctions, Mr. Sor's works offer no trace. Not to be vicious is not virtue. What we wish to convey to our readers is, that of all these failings, we behold in this gentleman's writings the opposite extremes in full force. His ideas are pure and noble; they breathe that chaste simplicity, which, in the sister art, distinguishes the works of Greece: they are, moreover, fully developed, so as to form a matured whole. His harmonies are neither trite nor extravagant; always select, frequently of the higher order as to combination, never proffered at random, but invariably chosen with reference to the expression aimed at; and whatever be the harmony, Mr. Sor is sure to exhibit it with the least possible expense of sounds, but with the utmost attention to the effect intended. We do not recollect to have seen one bar of his, which would not be materially deteriorated by the loss of a single note.

In point of originality, too, Mr. Sor's compositions maintain a conspicuous rank. Originality in music is more often mentioned than understood. What is it? In harmony, we fear, it is not much more than a combination *not frequently* made use of. A combination of sounds *never* before put in practice makes its appearance more rarely than a comet. Its first *début* is an abomination in the eyes of the orthodox, who launch their anathema against the musical freethinker. It gains currency by time only. How many harmonic combinations, absolutely new, are there in all the works of Haydn or Mozart?—In melody, novelty is more within reach, but by no means so common as people proclaim it. To be new, the phrase must never have existed. Who has heard all, who remembers all that he has heard, to pronounce the judgment? And if the whole phrase have not appeared before, are all its component parts of virgin originality? The composer himself frequently imagines he has invented, when that invention is nothing more than a resuscitation of ideas which may have lain dormant during years.

But we must put an end to all digressions and speculation, lest our readers suspect us of the critic's habits, of wilfully lengthening the exordium, to make up for the brevity of the matter more immediately under consideration. To the ariettes at once!

The following lines form the text of the first:

Ch'io mai vi posso lasciar d'amare?
Non lo credete, pupille care,

Ne men per gioco v'ingannerò.
 Voi foste e siete le mie faville
 E voi sarete, care pupille,
 Il mio bel fuoco fin che vivrò.

After a few bars introduction, the lover, whose mistress appears to have doubted the constancy of his flame, bursts out, "That I should ever cease to love you." This exclamation, set in recitativo, is absolutely an imitation of nature. Perhaps a less decided termination, than that of a perfect cadence, would have still stronger expressed the true tone of declamation. The second line, "Non lo," &c. (p. 1.) is perfection itself. The lover drops into a strain of endearing protestation, "Do not believe it, my dearest eyes!" and the reiteration of this line, with augmented emotion, "No, no, no, non lo credete," &c. is uncommonly characteristic and emphatic. In the last line (p. 1.) the repetition of the same thought to "Ne men per gioco," and to "v'ingannerò," *Even in joke would I scorn to deceive you*, seems to us to convey an idea as if two separable phrases were in the text; but this may be an excess of critical refinement. To the subsequent recurrence of the same sentence (p. 2, l. 1.) our remark would not apply. Here the whole line is propounded in one idea, of exquisite effect; the melody assumes greater fervour, proceeds through transient modulations into G, and is supported by a masterly contrapuntal accompaniment. "No" is once or twice more ejaculated betwixt luxuriant instrumental progress, until a pause closes the first main portion of the song. The judgment in making this full stop is conspicuous: the text now assumes

a different import: "Voi foste e siete," &c. *You were and are still my fostering flame*, &c. The expression required by these words is obvious; they demanded those accents of melting melodious sweetness which have been allotted to them in a superlative degree; the passage is enchanting, and its softness is even assisted by the accompaniment; a pedal bass on C, with continued G's in the tenor.

The effect of a pedal bass, or point d'orgue, is that of blending and softening down the harmony; whereas a fundamental bass carries with it energy: its determined character often borders on harshness. Its use in old music is more frequent than in modern, which also often substitutes the inversions of the primitive chords, as being more mellow.

The remainder of the text now follows in succession, under appropriate melodies; and amplified figures of semiquavers tend to infuse spirit and animation into the winding up, which takes place p. 3, b. 4. From hence the whole of the stanza is once more gone through, with considerable additions and variations. Here the beginning, "Ch'io mai," &c. presents itself in a form both novel and highly pathetic. The exclamation in this instance is not in recitativo; it is a tempo, but eager with anxious emotion, richly and excellently accompanied. Imagination could not fancy it better. In the beginning of p. 4, the line "Ne men per gioco," &c. receives a new and interesting character from a sequence of rising fourths and ascending fifths in the bass. In the two next lines, a further novelty

attracts our attention: it is a very elegant and florid accompaniment of independent instrumental melody to the words "Voi foste esiete," &c. We cannot detail the remaining parts of this page; they are all new ideas conceived in the best taste. In the 5th page (the last), the lover, as if he could not forget the painful and unmerited accusation, "I ever cease to love you?" once more bursts out with increased agitation. This line again baffles description; and the languishing, affectionate expression in the next, at "care," must be heard to be felt. The song now proceeds to a conclusion, amid passages of vivid emotion, which the author's good judgment has sparingly propped with accompaniment. The instrumental termination, or symphony as we call it, demands distinct notice: it is terse, full of precision and elegance.

But we perceive, too late, that our predilection has carried us far, far beyond our usual limits; and there are *two more arietts* before us.—What is to be done?—Go on, and neglect for once the other candidates for musical fame? This would be unfair indeed. We rather resort to the alternative of deferring the two arietts to our next. This liberty we take with some hesitation. Our readers will be indulgent; they will, we likewise trust, pardon us if our critique should have appeared to them too minute and tedious. The value of the subject seemed to us amply deserving of detail, and of our best endeavours to do it justice. Those of our friends who may be induced to procure these arietts, will, we have no doubt, concur in this opi-

nion, and perhaps, too, derive some gratification from a comparison of the work with our observations upon it.

Nine Variations on the pathetic Air, "The Maid of Lodi," for the Piano-forte, composed, and respectfully inscribed, with permission, to W. Shield, Esq. by R. T. Skar-ratt. Pr. 2s. 6d.

If we were called upon to give a general opinion on these variations, we should say, that they bear obvious marks of the author's familiarity with classic writers, of a praiseworthy aim to do well, and of great diligence and care in giving his labour all the perfection in his power. Although Mr. S.'s zeal has led him into all sorts of cross-roads and bye-paths in the fields of harmony and melody, the journey has been performed without any glaring *faux pas*; two or three transient stumbles are all that we have perceived. Perhaps, in the laudable endeavour to be select, too much of Mr. S.'s *savoir faire* has been bestowed upon *one* essay; and occasional intricacy, together with a want of simplicity, has been the result. Too much seasoning in *one* dish might cloy even an epicure.

The first variation is good; the semiquaver passages proceed in a natural flow, and the bass falls in well every where. No. 2. is distinguished by a very meritorious set of bass evolutions, which adapt themselves kindly to the accompanying treble. Laudable care is here conspicuous. In No. 3. we may notice a couple of responsive bars neatly contrived. The march, p. 4, is planned with peculiar ingenuity; here and there, its tex-

ture is a little artificial, and hence productive of executive intricacy: the 14th bar is awkwardly harmonized. The 5th variation sets out well, and its active amplifications are entitled to our commendation, with the exception of bar 9, the descent of which is meagre, and falls, with octaves, into bar 10. The concluding formulas, bars 4 and 12, are liable to twofold objection: they are ungraceful in themselves, and unrhythmical on account of the bass closing a quaver's time too late: the close, according to the nature of the subject, should fall upon the half bar. The 6th variation, although bars 2 and 5 be not quite pure, calls for our decided approbation; it is written in very good taste, particularly the latter half of part 2. which exhibits smooth flow and roundness. No. 7. is good; and in the well-combined passages of No. 8. wholesome practice will be found for both hands. The beginning of No. 9. is rather unmeaning and common, but the sequel improves at every step. We miss a coda, which serves well to wind up compositions of this sort, and to break their monotony by modulations and ideas of a determined character.

In the above observations, sincerity and impartiality have guided our pen: a promising specimen of this description appeared to us to claim a more particular analysis, and we trust Mr. S. will not be deterred, by any thing we have said, from pursuing the path which his good taste has opened to him. A critic has done his duty when he has stated *his* opinion candidly, whatever that opinion may be. It is, after all, but the opinion of one

individual, who may be mistaken; for opinions in matters of taste are, more than in any thing else, liable to error.

"Hospitality," a familiar Sonata for the Piano-forte, composed, and dedicated to Miss Pittman, by J. Monro. Pr. 2s. 6d.

This is an easy and pleasing sonata, eminently fit for performers of moderate abilities; not intricate in harmony or execution, and yet not commonplace in point of ideas. The motivo of the allegro is agreeable; its plain bass we suppose to have been intentional, at all events it has the sanction of good writers of former times. To the 13th bar there is a decided objection. The transition, in the first place, from G 3 to A 7 is too abrupt; and secondly, the fifth A E in the extreme parts is harsh. Fifths are hard, even without being followed by others. We should have written in the bass C 3; B 6; &c. The beginning of the 2d part might have been more different from that of the 1st. The air of "Ellen Aureen" forms the middle movement, and is followed by a very pretty rondo. The subject of the latter is light and sprightly: considerable developement occurs in the 8th page, which altogether presents a succession of good materials; and in p. 9, the subject appears neatly cast into a minore form. The conclusion also is in proper taste.

A Series of Caledonian Airs, with Variations for the Piano-forte, by J. F. Burrowes. No. I. Pr. 2s. 6d.

The writings of Mr. Burrowes, numerous as they are, always afford us real pleasure. They exhi-

bitan instinctive tact (*Angl.* knack,) for propriety and correctness; good taste has become habitual to him, and it is moreover guided by a proper knowledge of theory. Mr. B. if we may be allowed the expression, is firm in the saddle of harmony. All these qualifications are so eminently exemplified in this first number of his Caledonian Airs, that we need only hope, what we have no reason to doubt, that the ensuing numbers will be of the same stamp. The variations are conspicuous for their diversity of character, the active amplifications under which they represent the theme, and the ease with which the most rapid passages fall under the hand. The coda is masterly: imagination here has taken the wing, modulations in the *grand genre* take us by surprise, and afford a bold specimen of conclusion for this sort of composition.

Boosey and Co.'s Antologia Musicale, being a Selection of the best Overtures, Sonatas, Rondos, Duetts, Minuettos, Marches, Waltzes, &c. for the Piano-forte, by the most celebrated Composers, many of which have never been printed before. No. VII. Pr. 2s.

In quantity and quality, this number of the "Antologia Musicale" distinguishes itself favourably among those that preceded it. We have a prelude by Albrechtsberger, the great German theorist; whose compositions, however, are in general more scholastically pure, than universally attractive to ears of modern taste. A very interesting allegretto by J. W. Hässler, introduces this author, scarcely known here, in an advantageous manner. The third piece is a Cos-

sac dance, by Moscheles, a trifle of some originality, not unworthy of the author's fame. The graceful Rossini appears next with a charming polacca from the opera of "Tancredi;" and Beethoven brings up the rear with an excellent allegro (B \flat , $\frac{3}{4}$) from the "Men of Prometheus." Surely all this is ample value for the moderate price of two shillings.

Pleyel's celebrated Symphony, adapted for the Piano-forte; with Accompaniments for a Flute, Violin, and Violoncello (ad libitum), by S. F. Rimbault. Pr. 5s.; without accompaniments, 3s.

Most of our readers know this symphony well; it is even at home in our theatres. E \flat , the allegro $\frac{3}{4}$. We doubt whether Pleyel has made a better: it is full of life, and, like all Pleyel's works, abounds in melodious subjects. To us it has the further charm of reminding us of the spring of our days, when, with the enthusiastic glee of youth, we often joined in its performance a happy circle of friends. Mr. Rimbault has arranged this symphony very satisfactorily. The middle adagio, in particular, is extracted from the score with great care and judgment. As a caution, we will add, that the allegro and minuetto must be taken as fast as possible. It would be a great advantage to many, if Mr. R. would take the trouble of marking the proper time metronomically.

The Overture and favourite Airs in the celebrated Opera of "Das Donau-Weibchen," composed by Kauer; arranged as Solos for the Flute by John Parry. Pr. 5s.

This opera, while it delighted the mass of the German population,



and brought treasures into the coffers of many a theatrical manager, had the misfortune of displeasing the awful tribunal of the critics. Much ink was spilt to write it down, but it became, and still is, an universal favourite; and many of its airs have absolutely established themselves as national songs. The critics themselves, grumbling as they went into the pit, felt their hearts leap at every successive piece. The fact is, without much display of science or deep skill, Kauer found the way to please. "Das Donau-Weibchen" is full of gaiety, full of charming lively ideas, easily understood by all, and sure to delight any but the fastidious big-wigs in harmony: hence it may even be relished in the simple form of flute-solos, and more so than any opera we know. Mr. Parry has extracted the pieces which adapted themselves most readily to his purpose; and flute-

players, we think, will thank him for having undertaken the task. An extract of this opera for the piano-forte could hardly fail to succeed in this country.

Hodson's Collection of popular Dances for the Piano-forte, Harp, or Violin. No. XXIX. Pr. 1s.

We have noticed, in former reviews, some previous numbers of this collection of dances. In this book, as in the prior ones, the good predominates. The dances of foreign origin, in the present collection, have our preference. "Miss Flora" will be found very attractive. The Breslaw waltz is also good; and "Vulcan's Cave" equally claims favourable mention. The "Legend of Montré" has a pretty trio. "Delvin House" we cannot relish; it contains, like some other not unpopular dances, a seasoning of fifths in the second part, far too strong for a critic's digestion.

PICTURESQUE TOUR OF MOUNT SIMPLON.

PLATE 14.—VIEW OF VILLA.

THE road, after it leaves Domo d'Ossola, for two leagues crosses the plains that are watered by the Toccia, and conducts the traveller to Villa: the bridge at this place has been newly constructed. The houses of this delightful village are surrounded by innumerable walnut-trees, and the vigour with which they flourish, evinces the richness of the soil and the temperateness of the climate. Behind the houses, the vine is cultivated in the form of bowers: farms are here and there interspersed, over which the chapel of the place rises superior.

These hills and mountains no longer present the dry and barren aspect of those of Switzerland and the Valais; their shapes are rounded and softened, and a fresh and smiling verdure covers the eminences on all sides. This view, looking at its general features, bears a strong analogy to that of the bridge of St. Maurice in the Valais, and gives a notion of the striking difference existing between the picturesque character of the countries on one side of the Alps and on the other.

The remainder of the lower val-

ley of Ossola, presents to the amateur of painting no point of view particularly interesting. On leaving Villa, the traveller passes over fertile plains: from thence the road proceeds to Porto-Mazzone, where a beautiful bridge over the Toccia is in the course of construction; it will resemble that of Menangione, which is passed two leagues further on. It is 163 paces in length, and rests on abutments of stone

and six wooden pillars. The plain is here extensive, unbroken, and well cultivated. The mountains, more sterile than in the upper part of the valley, all have a pyramidal form, very disagreeable to the eye. At length the traveller reaches Feriolo, on the banks of Lake Major, after having crossed vast meadows, extending themselves from Orvanasco to Gravelona.

THE SELECTOR :

Consisting of INTERESTING EXTRACTS from NEW POPULAR PUBLICATIONS.

PRELIMINARY OBSERVATIONS.

(From Mr. Accum's *Treatise on Adulterations of Food, and Culinary Poisons.*)

(Continued from p. 118.)

SOME of the most common and cheap drugs do not escape the adulterating hand of the unprincipled druggist. Syrup of buckthorn, for example, instead of being prepared from the juice of buckthorn berries (*rhamnus catharticus*), is made from the fruit of the blackberry bearing alder, and the dogberry tree. A mixture of the berries of the buckthorn and blackberry bearing alder, and of the dogberry tree, may be seen publicly exposed for sale by some of the venders of medicinal herbs. This abuse may be discovered by opening the berries: those of buckthorn have almost always four seeds; of the alder, two; and of the dogberry, only one. Buckthorn berries, bruised on white paper, stain it of a green colour, which the others do not.

Instead of worm-seed (*artemisia*

santonica), the seeds of tansy are frequently offered for sale, or a mixture of both.

A great many of the essential oils obtained from the more expensive spices are frequently so much adulterated, that it is not easy to meet with such as are at all fit for use; nor are these adulterations easily discoverable. The grosser abuses indeed may be readily detected. Thus, if the oil be adulterated with alcohol, it will turn milky on the addition of water; if with expressed oils, alcohol will dissolve the volatile, and leave the other behind; if with oil of turpentine, on dipping a piece of paper in the mixture, and drying it with a gentle heat, the turpentine will be betrayed by its smell. The more subtle artists, however, have contrived other methods of sophistication, which elude all trials; and

as all volatile oils agree in the general properties of solubility in spirit of wine, and volatility in the heat of boiling water, &c. it is plain that they may be variously mixed with each other, or the dearer sophisticated with the cheaper, without any possibility of discovering the abuse by any of the before-mentioned trials. Perfumers assert, that the smell and taste are the only certain tests of which the nature of the thing will admit: for example, if a bark should have in every respect the appearance of good cinnamon, and should be proved indisputably to be the genuine bark of the cinnamon-tree; yet if it want the cinnamon flavour, or has it but in a low degree, we reject it: and the case is the same with the essential oil of cinnamon. It is only from use and habit, or comparisons with specimens of known quality, that we can judge of the goodness either of the drugs themselves, or of their oils.

Most of the arrow-root, the fucula of the *Maranta arudinacea*, sold by druggists, is a mixture of potatoe-starch and arrow-root.

The same system of adulteration extends to articles used in various trades and manufactures: for instance, linen tape, and various other household commodities of that kind, instead of being manufactured of linen thread only, are made up of linen and cotton. Colours for painting, not only those used by artists, such as ultramarine*, carmine†, and lake‡; Ant-

werp blue*, chrome yellow†, and Indian ink‡; but also the coarser colours used by the common house-painter are more or less adulterated. Thus, of the latter kind, white lead§ is mixed with carbonate or sulphate of barytes; vermilion|| with red lead.

Soap used in house-keeping is frequently adulterated with a considerable portion of fine white clay, brought from St. Stephen's in Cornwall. In the manufacture of printing paper, a large quantity of plaster of Paris is added to the paper stuff, to increase the weight of the manufactured article. The salvage of cloth is often dyed with a permanent colour, and artfully stitched to the edge of cloth dyed with a fugitive dye. The frauds committed in the tanning of skins, and in the manufacture of cutlery and jewellery, exceed belief.

The object of all unprincipled modern manufacturers seems to be, the sparing of their time and labour as much as possible, and to

should be totally soluble by boiling in a concentrated solution of soda or potash.

* Genuine Antwerp blue should not become deprived of its colour when thrown into liquid chlorine.

† Genuine chrome yellow should not effervesce with nitric acid.

‡ The best Indian ink breaks, splintery, with a smooth glossy fracture, and feels soft, and not gritty, when rubbed against the teeth.

§ Genuine white lead should be completely soluble in nitric acid, and the solution should remain transparent when mingled with a solution of sulphate of soda.

|| Genuine vermilion should become totally volatilized on being exposed to a red heat; and it should not impart a red colour to spirit of wine, when digested with it.

* Genuine ultramarine should become deprived of its colour when thrown into concentrated nitric acid.

† Genuine carmine should be totally soluble in liquid ammonia.

‡ Genuine madder and carmine lakes

increase the quantity of the articles they produce, without much regard to their quality. The ingenuity and perseverance of self-interest are proof against prohibitions, and contrive to elude the vigilance of the most active government.

The eager and insatiable thirst for gain, which seems to be a leading characteristic of the times, calls into action every human fa-

culty, and gives an irresistible impulse to the power of invention; and where lucre becomes the reigning principle, the possible sacrifice of even a fellow-creature's life is a secondary consideration. In reference to the deterioration of almost all the necessities and comforts of existence, it may be justly observed, in a civil as well as a religious sense, that *in the midst of life we are in death.*

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

PLATE 16.—WALKING DRESS.

A HIGH dress, composed of black bombasine: it is made to lace behind; the waist is the same length as last month; the front of the bust is ornamented in the stomacher style with narrow pipings of crape. Long sleeve, of an easy width, surmounted by a full epaulette, also composed of bombasine: it is formed into bias puffs by narrow bands of black crape, placed lengthwise: the bottom of the sleeve is finished by a broad crape band. The trimming of the skirt corresponds with the epaulette, but is much broader, and has a very striking effect. The pelisse worn with this dress is composed of fine black cloth: the back is plain at the top, but has a little fulness at the bottom of the waist, which is of a moderate length; the fronts are tight to the shape. The sleeve is set in in a manner very advantageous to the figure; it is of moderate width, except just at the wrist, where it is almost tight to the arm. The trimming consists of three bands of black crape cut bias and doubled;

they are of different widths, and are set on at a little distance from each other: this trimming goes round the bottom and up each of the fronts. The collar, which stands out at some distance from the throat, is ornamented to correspond, as is also the epaulette and the bottom of the sleeve. Head-dress, a *cornette* composed of white crape, and a bonnet of black crape over black sarsnet; it is something smaller than we have lately seen them: the crown is round; the brim is lined with white crape doubled, and is finished at the edge by a deep fall of black crape: a full bunch of roses, of the same material, is placed at one side of the crown, which is encircled by a plain band of black crape; another band confines it under the chin, and forms a full bow at the right side. The ruff is of white crape, and very full. Black leather half-boots, and shamoy gloves.

PLATE 17.—EVENING DRESS.

A black crape round dress over a black sarsnet slip: the bottom of the skirt is finished by a single



WALKING DRESS



founce of the same material, set on full, and fancifully ornamented at the edge by black bugles: this is surmounted by a trimming composed of two rows of puffs; they are shaped like a shell, and are let in above each other in a drapery style. The *corsage* is cut very low all round the bust, which is tastefully ornamented, and in part shaded by a tucker of black crape, made to correspond with the trimming of the skirt: a double row goes from the front of the shoulder round the back of the bust. Short full sleeve, decorated in the middle by two rows of puffs, placed crosswise, to correspond with the trimming of the skirt, and finished at the bottom by a leaf-trimming, also composed of crape. Head-dress, a black crape *toque*: a band of black bugles goes round the bottom next to the face; the top part is round; it is ornamented with bugles, scattered irregularly over it: a broad band of bias crape, doubled, goes round the top, and stands out at some distance from it; this band is also ornamented with bugles. A crape tassel, edged with bugles, falls on the left side, and a plume of black feathers droops over the tassel. Necklace and ear-rings, jet. Black shamoy gloves and shoes.

We are indebted for both these dresses to Miss Pierpoint, maker of the *corset à la Grecque*, No. 9, Henrietta-street, Covent-Garden.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON
FASHION AND DRESS.

The sombre hue which this department of our work assumed last month, in consequence of the death

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of a Prince universally and deservedly beloved and regretted, is destined to be continued on an occasion even still more melancholy: our excellent and venerable Sovereign, the true father of his people, to whom, for a period of nearly sixty years, we have looked up as the model of private and public virtue, is taken from us. The King of kings has at length rewarded his tried and faithful services with an incorruptible crown. His Majesty was mercifully spared the pangs usually attendant on dissolution, and the consciousness that some of those whom he best loved had gone before him. Long and tenderly will his memory be cherished by all classes of his subjects; for to all, of whatever sect, party, or denomination, did his private virtues render him an object at once of respect and love.

We anticipated in our last number what the lord chamberlain's orders for the court mourning would be, and we find that our anticipation has been correct; but we observe with surprise and regret, that the mourning is by no means of that deep and appropriate description which the occasion calls for. The lord chamberlain's orders are in very few instances strictly attended to: black poplins, velvets, and silks of various descriptions, none of which can with propriety be called mourning, being as much, or more, worn, than black crape or bombasine. Norwich crape, the proper material for undress, is not used at all.

Out-door costume affords us very little room for observation: the most elegant, as well as most ap-

A A

propriate novelty in that way, is the pelisse which we have given in our print. We have noticed several black velvet pelisses, very full trimmed with crape: one of the most striking of these was made in the Turkish style; that is to say, with a large falling pelerine, and loose in the body: the trimming consisted of a very broad band of black satin, laid on plain, and cut bias: on this band was laid a row of black crape puffs, of a lozenge shape; they were edged with a narrow band of bias crape, set on double, to stand out from the puff; between each puff was a small true-lover's knot of crape: this trimming went round the bottom, up the fronts, and round the pelerine. There was no half-sleeve, but the pelerine, which fell very low, completely covered the shoulders; the lower part of the sleeve was ornamented, but upon a smaller scale, to correspond with the trimming of the skirt.

Black velvet and black Leghorn bonnets are generally used both for carriage and promenade dress; they are usually ornamented with crape, but in a great many instances black feathers are mingled with it. Bonnets appear to be of a more moderate size than they have lately been, but we do not observe that the shapes have varied since last month.

Morning dress consists of black bombasine, black silk, or sometimes black poplin; but the latter is less fashionable than either of the former. Plain high gowns are generally worn in dishabille: they are trimmed either with the material of which the dress is composed, or with crape, but the latter is

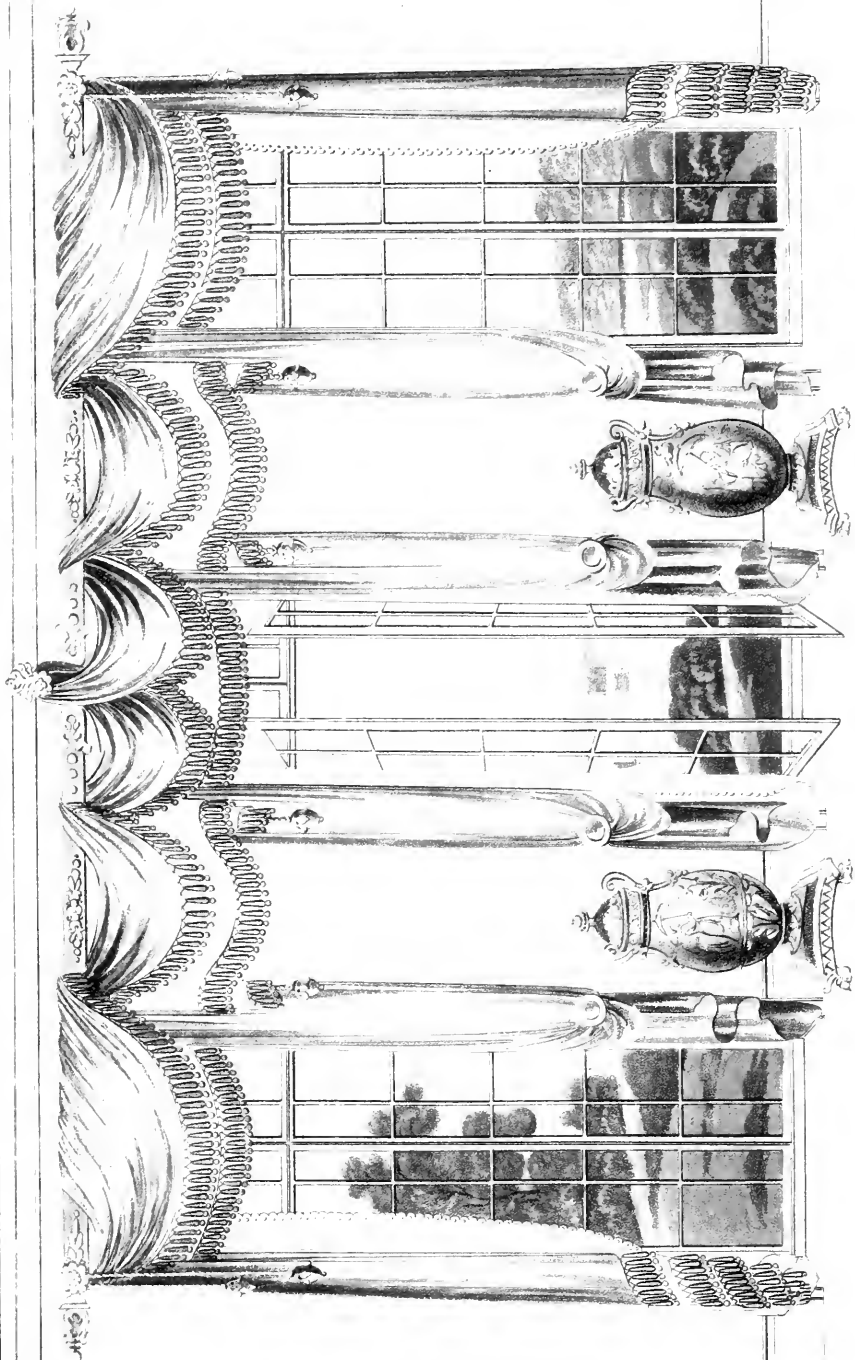
more generally used: in the first case, the trimming consists of flounces; in the last there is more variety, the crape being disposed in puffs, rouleaus, or bias bands: the last is a neat and simple style of trimming. The bands, from three to five in number, are about two inches broad; they are tacked on so as to stand out a little from the dress: sometimes a broad black silk gimp is laid on the tacking, but we have observed, that a narrow corkscrew roll of crape is more generally used, and has a better, as well as more appropriate, effect.

We have noticed a variety of pretty caps and *fichus* in morning costume. One of the most simple and becoming of the former, is a *cornette* of plain muslin, made with very small ears: the crown is round; it is set in very full, and is quartered by easings drawn with black ribbon. A narrow triple border, with broad mourning hems, through which also a narrow black ribbon is run, goes round the head-piece; it fastens under the chin by a bow of narrow black love ribbon; another bow is placed on one side of the head-piece, and a third ornaments the middle of the crown.

The prettiest of the *fichus* have a collar, or, as the French call it, a *collarete*, which forms at once a collar and a little cape: this is sometimes eased with black ribbon, and generally finished by a trimming cut bias, and tacked on double, in those large plaits called *wolves' mouths*.

Bombasine and black figured or plain silk, trimmed with crape, are the materials used for dinner dress, the form of which has suffered no material alteration since last month,





except that the front of the bust is not now so generally made in the stomacher style. We observe in a great many trimmings, that the crape is mixed with satin; this has a rich but by no means an appropriate effect: where the crape is disposed in flounces, they are edged with satin, and headed perhaps by a narrow satin rouleau: if the trimming is of shells, the edges are generally satin. Sometimes the bottom of the skirt is ornamented by a fulness of black crape, intersected by bands of black silk gimp, which form the fulness into pointed puffs: this sort of trimming is generally finished at each edge by a biasedging of crape, which stands out a little from the dress, and a broad black silk gimp.

Black crape over black sarsnet is universally worn in full dress: the trimming is always of the same material, ornamented either with bugles or jet beads. Since the mourning, the bust has been less exposed than before. Waists remain as they were last month. Short sleeves, the only ones worn

in full dress, are also about the same length.

Black or white crape flowers, or jet ornaments, are worn in full dress by those ladies who appear in their hair: crape turbans, ornamented with feathers, are in very great request; the feathers are always black, but the turbans, with few exceptions, are white. We have, however, noticed some few in black crape, decorated very tastefully and appropriately with jet beads and jet aigrettes: these head-dresses are particularly becoming to fair beauties. Caps are not at all worn in *grande costume*, but they are very fashionable in half dress: they are made always in white crape, are in general round, of a simple form, and are decorated with crape flowers.

Black shamoy leather gloves are always worn; but though full dress, as well as promenade, shoes are black, they are as often of stout silk as of leather.

Fans continue the usual size: they are now made of plain black crape.

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

PLATE 15.—A SUITE OF DRAPERIES FOR DRAWING-ROOM WINDOWS.

APARTMENTS the best suited to this decoration are those that have in them ranges of windows in uneven numbers, as three, five, seven, or nine; but in that of three more particularly, such draperies are usually disposed with the best effect; and in the annexed design, Mr. Stafford, upholsterer, of Bath, has taken advantage of the agreeable disposition of the windows there represented, to display a

graceful contour of continued festoons, calculated to embrace a further number of windows, and to a considerable extent.

The playful external swags in blue are properly relieved by the buff sub-curtains, which are more simply arranged in Greek mantle forms, and are made to combine with the white transparent veils in the well-approved harmony of colour constituted by blue, buff, and

his colouring reminds us of the purity of Paul Veronese. If we mistake not, the artist has copied from an academy group. Though the artist cannot, if our conjecture be right, claim the merit of conception in the composition of this subject, he is yet entitled to praise for truth of colouring and skilful execution.

Contemplation.—C. R. Leslie.

There is a beautiful effect of moonlight in this picture, and a soft, devout, and contemplative character, which is striking and appropriate. It is a pleasing specimen of considerable proficiency in a high department of art.

Waterloo Evening.—G. Jones.

This picture, we have heard, was painted for the Directors of the British Institution. It represents the advance of the British troops at the close of the day, and utter rout of the French army. The Duke of Wellington is on the height, commanding and leading the attack; a regiment of guards, and General Adams's brigade of light infantry, are closely pursuing the flying enemy. In the rear of his grace is a corps of English cavalry, advancing under the orders of the Marquis of Anglesea and Lord Edward Somerset. In the fore-ground, the Prince of Orange, wounded, is retiring from the field, conducted by the Earl of March, now Duke of Richmond; and close to the latter two soldiers are bearing off Col. Sir W. de Lancey. The commanding officers of artillery, Sir George Wood and Sir Aug. Fraser, are near the guns; and in the distance, Marshal Ney is attempting to rally the routed army. The heights towards La Belle Al-

liance, with the observatory, and wood of Hougoumont, form the horizon. Such is the outline of the work which Mr. Jones has executed. This picture has doubtless a good deal of merit. Whatever may be the advantage of placing the principal figures in the middle-ground, to afford space, it is incomplete if due attention be not made to a proper scale of proportion in the general arrangement of the composition. We do not think the artist has paid that attention with sufficient accuracy; the consequence of which has been, that many of his figures appear a diminutive race, and the grandeur, which should always characterize the delineation of a battle scene, is, in some degree, lessened. Notwithstanding this defect, the picture has, in other respects, much merit, though the artist has not been able to have managed the whole of his complicated and difficult subject as successfully as we should have wished. It is, after all, perhaps a subject so interwoven with our national glory, that we expect too much from the artist who undertakes to present to the eye an outline of the memorable scene. The picture, though large, is yet not striking. It certainly conveys a good idea of the *coup d'ail* of military manœuvring, but it has not, as much as it might have had, of the bustle, the energy, the uproar of a battle. The artist has chosen a glorious moment for his subject, and he might have introduced in his fore-ground, the single efforts of some desperate few, who, while all hope was gone, determined to fall like soldiers in the field; instead of which, we are in-

voluntarily led out of the scene of action with the wounded, who engross a place in the picture (the fore-ground) which would have been better filled by objects calculated to exemplify the energy and daring of a sanguinary conflict. There is some excellent painting in the picture, and it is a bold and creditable effort of Mr. Jones.

The Day before the Wedding.—

M. W. Sharp.

A very brilliant display of colouring strikes the eye, on viewing this picture. It has also a pleasing delineation of character; there is great humour and archness in the expression of the figures, and a gaiety and liveliness that cannot be too much admired.

View on the Thames, looking towards Fauxhall.—Charles Deane.

In Calcott's style, but at a great distance from his execution. An equal degree of hardness pervades the picture, for which no brightness of colour will adequately atone.

Danger.—Wm. Willes.

"Danger, whose limbs of giant mould
What mortal eye can fix'd behold?
Who stalks his round, a hideous form,
Howling amidst the midnight storm;
Or throws him on the ridgy steep
Of some loose hanging rock, to sleep."

Collins's *Ode to Fear*.

The artist has embodied the poet's subject with forcible and excellent truth. His figure of *Danger*, flung upon the edge of the precipice, is bold and striking; the light of the flash of lightning sheds a fine illumination over the back-ground; and the colouring is so harmonious and pleasing, that it reminds us of the pencil of Mr. Jackson.

Jack Cade and his Rabble condemning the Clerk of Chatham. Henry VI. Part ii. sc. ii. — John Cawse.

The feeling for humour in this picture is a little too broad, and borders perhaps on caricature. The painting and drawing are good, and a little more attention to character would make the subject complete. Shakspeare, however familiar with the whole range of human character, never presents it with that coarseness which savours too strongly of vulgarity. His exquisite taste forbade such a feeling. The artist should have kept this in mind in his subject. The picture has, however, a good deal of merit, and is much admired.

The Visit of Sir Hudibras to the Lady.—F. G. Stephanoff.

"Madam, I do, as is my duty,
Honour the shadow of your shoe-tie."

Vide *Hudibras*, Part iii. canto i.

This is a very excellent specimen of the artist's vivid and lively colouring. All the accompaniments are complete; the antique ceiling and floor are extremely beautiful, and also the delicate expression of the lady. The grotesque appearance of *Hudibras* affords a fine contrast, which the artist has happily employed. The drawing in this picture is as perfect as the colouring is beautiful.

Idea of Titana, from the Pira Grove. Vide *Pau. Cor.* c. xi.—J. M. Gandy.

There are several other compositions of a similar description by Mr. Gandy in this Exhibition; they are all of corresponding merit. They display a fine classic feeling, guided by a pure and correct taste.

his colouring reminds us of the purity of Paul Veronese. If we mistake not, the artist has copied from an academy group. Though the artist cannot, if our conjecture be right, claim the merit of conception in the composition of this subject, he is yet entitled to praise for truth of colouring and skilful execution.

Contemplation.—C. R. Leslie.

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Macbeth.—John Martin.

[Macbeth, upon his return from the Highlands, after the defeat of Macdonald, meets the weird sisters on the blasted heath before sunset.]

Macbeth. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more,

Banquo. Whither are they vanished?

From this scene, in the noble tragedy of our immortal bard, Mr. Martin has selected his subject. In his style and execution, this artist perhaps too much resembles himself: when we see one of his pictures, we see the compass of his efforts. There is, however, an improvement in the colouring of this picture. The artist evidently soars in the region of his own imagination, and now and then opens to us sublime prospects. He has a great genius for art, but his defect is a want of the variety which nature gives. He lapses into a monstrous uniformity, that fatigues the spectator, notwithstanding the energy of the artist's pencil. This picture has many fine parts, but, to be correct, Mr. Martin must give us something more resembling the Highlands of Scotland: his hills "out-top the Andes:" his storms are also somewhat too extravagant; they must be made more to resemble those of the visible heavens. Real sublimity has its foundation in truth; and, with great deference to the fine imagination of Mr. Martin, we think this picture, notwithstanding its evident merit in many parts, wants it.

The Upas or Poison-Tree, in the Island of Java. Vide *Darwin in his Lives of the Plants.*—Francis Danby.

There is a grand and solemn tone in this picture, which partakes much of Mr. Martin's style.

It has a desolate appearance, which is characteristic: the drawing is correct.

Venus, Cupid, and the Graces.—

R. T. Bone.

A very good display of colouring, much taste and skill, and pure harmony in the combination, characterize this picture.

London, from Humpstead Heath.—

G. Samuel.

Mr. Samuel's scenes are well chosen, but want a little vigour: more brown, and less green, would improve his colouring.

L'Escomateur, or the Jugglers: a Parisian Scene.—J. J. Chalon.

This picture has the air, gaiety, and humour of French character. The artist is equally successful in his other pictures in this Exhibition.

Earthen Ware, oh!—Still Life.—

Battle, a Study.—A. Cooper, A. R. A.

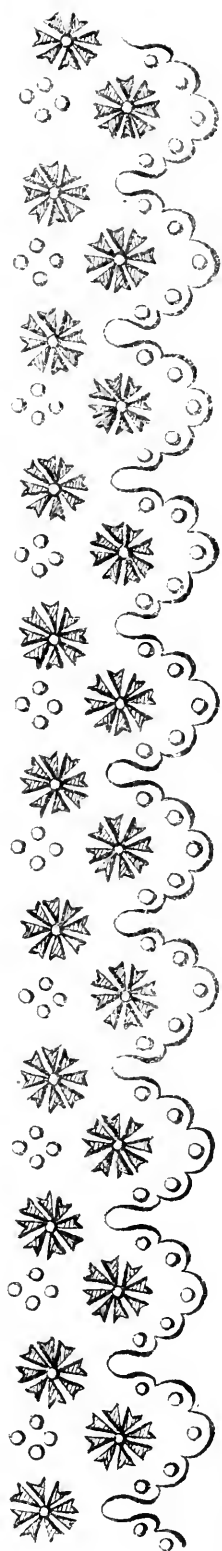
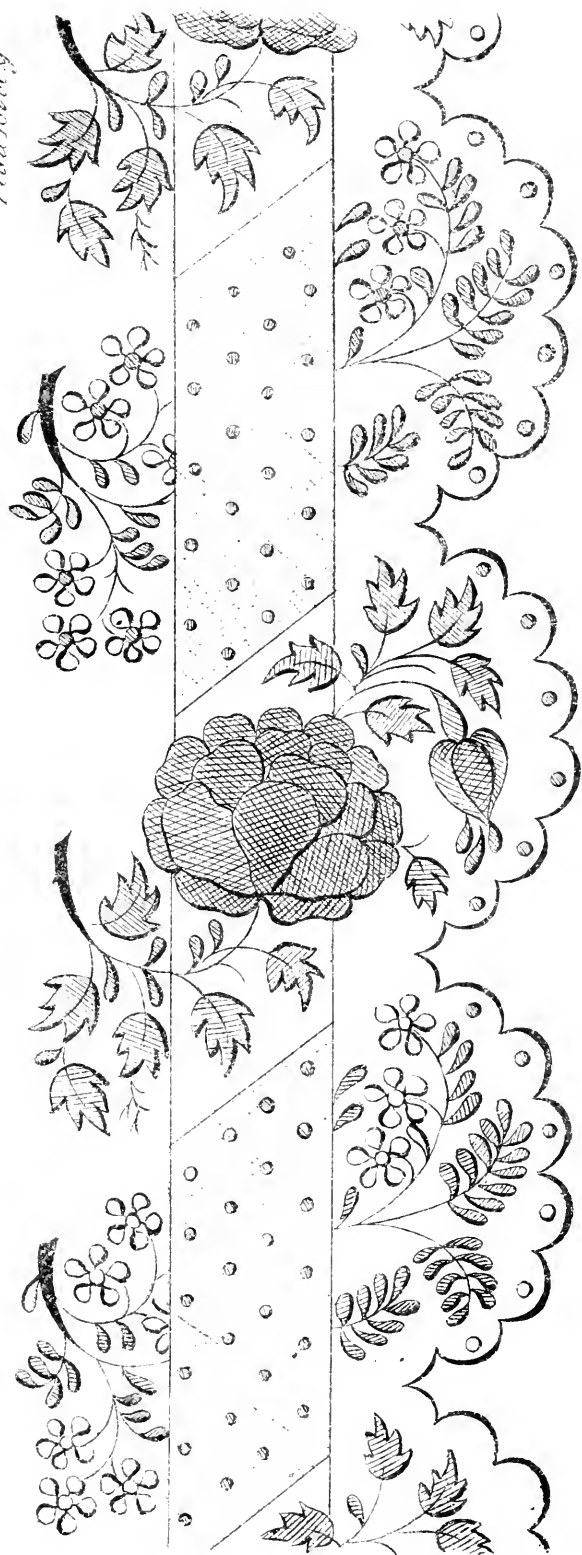
Fine productions, by a very clever artist, particularly the last, which is one of the sweetest pictures of the kind we have ever seen. The composition is full of vigour, and the execution perfect in its kind. The colouring equally corresponds.

Calandrino, a Florentine Painter, thinking he has found the Elixir (a black stone), and thereby become invisible, is pelted home by his Companions.—H. P. Biggs.

Calandrino sentendò el duolo levò alto al Piè e cominciò a soffiare.

Decamerone di G. Boccaccio, Giornata viii. Nouvell. 3.

The expression of the principal figure is excellent, and the execution is equally good. The proportions, however, do not seem uniformly correct.



Bitch and Puppies.—T. Christmas.

The eagerness of the puppies is excellent; and nothing can be better than the drawing, and execution of the whole.

View of Edinburgh, from the Calton Hill, Evening.—G. Vincent.

This artist possesses a good taste; he has a great deal of merit, but, like others, he has peculiarities, from which it would be well if he could be divested. He wants the art of concealing the means by which he produces his effect. The richness of some colours and the glare of ultramarine, are not the media by which nature charms us. The artist might improve a little in his drawing, as well as pay more attention to his local colour.

The dull Lecture.—G. Stewart Newton.

A beautifully coloured picture, with a display of delicate humour. The preacher seems full of eagerness to impress his homily on the dosing beauty. The picture is very well painted.

View of Snowdon from Mount Gwynant, Caernarvonshire.—Copley Fielding.

This picture has a strikingly classic appearance. It has more of Poussin's character, than of the scenery of this country.

Grove Scene.—J. Starke.

A very good specimen of this artist's excellent representation of nature.

Rural Breakfast.—W. M. Craig.

The subject is well handled in point of character, but it has all the appearance of a water-colour drawing.

Alpine Mastiffs re-animating a distressed Traveller.—E. Landseer.

This is truly an extraordinary picture. The sentiment it conveys is commanding and impressive. In drawing, colouring, and expression, it is complete. The artist gives dignity to a subject in a manner at once as unexpected as it is noble.

We repeat our regret at being unable to go into further details of this Exhibition, which displays the gradual yet certain growth of the fine arts of our country. Besides the works we have alluded to, there are others in the gallery well entitled to commendation. Among them, we refer the visitor to the productions of Mrs. Carpenter, Miss Gouldsmith, and the other ladies who have graced the gallery with their skill and taste. Also to the works of Mr. Northcote, R. A. Mr. Westall, A. R. A. Mr. Corbould, Mr. Hayter, Mr. Ellis, Mr. Ingaltou, Mr. Cregan, Mr. Ross, and a number of other artists.

There is nothing particularly remarkable in the sculpture, some of which is now re-exhibited, and already noticed by us in our review of last year's Exhibition at the Royal Academy.

INTELLIGENCE REGARDING WORKS OF ART.

BUSTS, in plaster, of his late Majesty, the beloved and lamented George III. are now executing by Mr. Matthew C. Wyatt, from his original model, done from life a

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short time prior to his Majesty's late illness, and executed in bronze for the Right Hon. the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury, to be placed in their board-room. For

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its faithfulness as a likeness and correct expression, it has been honoured with the particular approbation of the Royal Family; and Mr. Wyatt is about to prepare fac-similes in bronze, and busts in marble, which will as justly transmit to posterity the features of our late venerable Monarch. A specimen may be seen at the Repository of Arts, Strand.

Mr. Ackermann has nearly ready for publication, a *Picturesque Tour from Geneva, over Mount Simplon, to Milan*, in one volume imperial 8vo. This work, which cannot fail to claim the particular attention of the Continental traveller, will contain thirty-six coloured engravings of the most interesting scenery in that romantic tract, and especially the most striking points of view in the new road over the Simplon, one of those stupendous undertakings, by which alone it were to be wished that the reign of the late ambitious ruler of France had been distinguished. The engravings will be accompanied with copious historical and descriptive particu-

lars respecting every remarkable object along the route.

The same publisher has likewise in great forwardness, at his lithographic press, a Series of characteristic Portraits of the Cossacs attached to the Russian army which occupied Paris in 1815 and 16; which, with ample details of the history, manners, and customs of the different tribes to which they belonged, will also form an imperial 8vo. volume.

Mr. C. Muss, of Warren-street, Fitzroy-square, is occupied on the following works in enamel, &c.: Two large enamels, after Raphael and Leonardo da Vinci, for the Marquis of Lansdown; an enamel for the Countess of Caledon; a large enamel for Lady Stepney; a portrait, in enamel, of C. J. Fox, after Sir Joshua Reynolds, for Miss Fox; a pair of highly finished paintings for Sir Thomas Baring, Bart.; a portrait, in enamel, of Lord Byron; a large enamel, after a beautiful painting by J. Ward, R. A.; two portraits, after J. Jackson, R. A. and several minor works.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

MR. ACKERMANN proposes to publish, in six monthly parts, *Picturesque Illustrations of Buenos Ayres and Monte Video*: consisting of Views, and faithful Representations of the Costumes, Manners, &c. of the inhabitants of those cities and their environs, taken on the spot by E. E. Vidal, Esq. and accompanied with descriptive letter-press. Independently of the high interest which recent political events have attached to the im-

portant cities of Buenos Ayres and Monte Video, they possess strong claims upon the attention of the curious, from the peculiarities in the habits, manners, and customs of their inhabitants, concerning which so little is known in Europe, and of which we have not yet been furnished with any graphic illustration. The series of delineations here announced, will therefore contribute to fill the chasm which exists in our information respecting

this half civilized and half-barbarous portion of the South American continent, and, doubtless, prove an acceptable addition to those picturesque works, from which accurate notions of men and manners may be acquired, without the danger, fatigue, and expense of visiting remote regions of the globe. This work will be printed on large wove elephant vellum paper, corresponding with the Histories of Oxford, Cambridge, Colleges and Schools, Westminster Abbey, Microcosm of London, and Tour along the Rhine. The first part will be published on the 1st May next, and be succeeded by a part every month, until the whole is completed. Each part will contain four highly coloured engravings, accompanied with descriptive letter-press, printed with a new type, and hot-pressed.

In the course of this month will be published, in demy 8vo. the first part of a *History of England during the Reign of George III.* from the pen of Mr. Robert Scott. The work will be written with the strictest impartiality, and embellished with numerous portraits, and other engravings.

A Monody on the Death of his late Most Excellent Majesty King George III. with emblematic illustrations, by J. Bisset, Esq. author of the Patriotic Clarion, &c. &c. is preparing for the press.

Mr. W. Phillips will shortly publish a new and corrected edition of his *Familiar Lectures on Astronomy*, designed for the use of young persons, and those not conversant with the mathematics.

Mr. Curtis, who has made so much improvement on the hearing-trumpet, by forming it on the principle of a parabolic conoid, and on several other inventions for assisting hearing, has lately brought forward a most ingenious and well-adapted instrument, for injecting liquids into, and inflating the ear from the back part of the mouth, by the eustachian tube. The value of such an invention seems to have been little known in this country, though the original hint was given nearly a century ago by the Sieur Guyott of Versailles, who being deaf, and finding no relief, had recourse to a similar instrument, of his own construction, whereby he cured himself. He afterwards presented it to the Royal Academy of Paris, and is fully described by Gaungeot, an eminent French surgeon. Mr. Curtis, from his knowledge of anatomy, has made the original instrument more simple and easier in its application, and consequently better adapted for the purpose, which will bring it into more general use in those obstinate cases of deafness which have hitherto proved so perplexing to practitioners. For this improvement he deserves equal credit with the original inventor, as, without such an instrument, many persons would have remained irrecoverably deaf for life. Its use produces no pain, which is a great recommendation to it, and it entirely supercedes the precarious operation of puncturing the tympanum.

A STATEMENT, exhibiting at one View the WAGES OF LABOUR generally in the Town of MANCHESTER, and the other principal Seats of the COTTON-MANUFACTURE; with an Account of the PRICES of sundry Articles of PROVISIONS, and of the MONIES expended for the RELIEF OF THE POOR chargeable to the Township of MANCHESTER, during the Years 1810 to 1818, and to November 25, 1819; founded on the most accurate Information.

	1810.	1811.	1812.	1813.	1814.	1815.	1816.	1817.	1818.	1819.
PROVISIONS.	£. s. d.	£. s. d.	£. s. d.	£. s. d.	£. s. d.	£. s. d.	£. s. d.	£. s. d.	£. s. d.	£. s. d.
Flour, per doz. lbs. (good seconds) -	0 3 9	0 3 5	0 4 9	0 4 2	0 2 10	0 2 7	0 3 0	0 4 6	0 3 5	0 2 9
Meal, per ditto -	0 2 6	0 2 6	0 3 9	0 3 3	0 2 4	0 2 2	0 2 1	0 3 2	0 2 8	0 2 3
Potatoes, per score lbs. -	0 0 0	0 0 10	11d. to 22d.	9d. to 15d.	0 0 11	0 0 11	0 0 11	9d. to 17d.	0 0 8½	0 0 8
Butchers' meat, per lb. -	0 0 6	0 0 8	0 0 8	0 0 8½	0 0 9	0 0 8½	0 0 7½	0 0 7½	0 0 8	0 0 8
Ditto, ditto, coarse pieces -	0 0 6	0 0 6	0 0 6	0 0 6½	0 0 7	0 0 6½	0 0 5½	0 0 5½	0 0 6	0 0 6
Bacon, per lb. -	0 0 11	0 0 9	0 0 10	0 0 11	0 0 11	0 0 10½	0 0 8	0 0 7	0 0 10	0 0 10
Irish butter, per lb. -	0 1 1	0 1 2½	0 1 2	0 1 1½	0 1 2½	0 1 2	0 0 11	0 0 11	0 1 2	0 1 0
Cheese -	0 0 8½	0 0 8½	0 0 8½	0 0 9	0 0 8½	0 0 8½	0 0 6½	0 0 6½	0 0 8	0 0 8
SPINNING.										
Fine spinners -	2 2 6	0 18 0	1 10 0	1 7 0	1 12 0	1 12 0	1 12 0	1 12 0	1 12 0	1 12 0
Coarse ditto -	Will run from	20s. to 28s.	per week	during the	whole of the	time.				
Women ditto -	0 0 0	0 0 0	0 15 7	0 14 2	0 17 0	0 17 0	0 17 0	0 17 0	0 17 0	0 17 0
Reelers -	0 12 0	0 6 0	0 9 11	0 8 2	0 10 0	0 10 0	0 10 0	0 10 0	0 10 0	0 10 0
Stretchers -	0 13 6	0 8 5	0 13 5	0 11 8	0 14 0	0 14 0	0 14 0	0 14 0	0 14 0	0 14 0
Pickers -	0 11 3	0 5 6	0 10 1	0 8 8	0 10 0	0 10 0	0 9 0	0 9 0	0 9 0	0 9 0
WEAVING.										
Nankeens -	0 16 3	0 12 6	0 13 0	0 12 6	0 15 7	0 13 2	0 13 2	0 9 6	0 9 6	0 9 6
Best 74-7-8 calicos -	0 0 0	0 9 6	0 11 4	0 12 8	0 13 8	0 10 40	0 9 2	0 8 4	0 9 8	0 8 3
Third ditto -	0 0 0	0 0 0	0 6 8	0 6 8	0 15 3	0 11 8	0 8 1	0 6 4½	0 8 1	0 6 0
Strong 9-8 ditto -	0 13 0	0 8 9	0 9 7	0 8 9	0 11 4	0 8 9	0 7 4	0 6 1½	0 7 0	0 7 0
Velveteens -	0 12 0	0 10 10	0 9 0	0 8 5	0 10 10	0 10 4	0 7 8	0 5 7	0 6 1	0 3 9
Bolton cambric, 80 reed 6-4 -	0 16 10½	0 9 0	0 9 5	0 10 8	0 15 4	0 10 5	0 8 4	0 6 4	0 8 0	0 7 2
Manchester -	0 14 0	0 10 9	0 10 3	0 11 1	0 15 9	0 10 3	0 8 3	0 6 9	0 8 10	0 7 9
Quiltings -	0 16 5½	0 12 7	0 9 6	0 11 5	0 15 0	0 13 0	0 11 11	0 9 8	0 9 8	0 9 8
Ditto, fine -	0 17 2	0 14 9	0 14 0	0 14 0	0 18 0	0 18 3	0 15 6	0 11 1	0 11 0	0 11 3
Fancy articles -	1 1 0	0 14 8	0 14 2	0 15 6	1 0 0	0 18 3	0 12 2	0 9 5	0 11 9	0 10 3
PRINTING AND BLEACHING.										
Calico-printers -	1 6 0	1 6 0	1 6 0	1 6 0	1 6 0	1 6 0	1 6 0	1 6 0	1 6 0	1 6 0
Bleachers and finishers -	0 18 6	0 18 6	0 18 6	0 18 6	0 18 6	0 18 6	0 18 6	0 18 6	0 18 6	0 18 6
Block-cutters -	The rate of	wages has not	varied, but	their actual	earnings have	been from	22s. to 30s.	per week.		

	1809-10	1810-11	1811-12	1812-13	1813-14	1814-15	1815-16	1816-17	1817-18	1818-19
Fustian-cutters	0 14 0	0 14 0	0 14 0	0 14 0	0 14 0	0 14 0	0 14 0	0 14 0	0 14 0	0 14 0
Warpers	0 16 0	0 16 0	0 16 0	0 16 0	0 16 0	0 16 0	0 16 0	0 16 0	0 16 0	0 16 0
Dyers and dressers	0 15 0	0 15 0	0 15 0	0 15 0	0 15 0	0 15 0	0 15 0	0 15 0	0 15 0	0 15 0
Skain-dyers	0 16 0	0 16 0	0 16 0	0 16 0	0 16 0	0 16 0	0 16 0	0 16 0	0 16 0	0 16 0
Hat finishers	1 7 5	1 3 1	1 5 6	1 3 8	1 4 10	1 2 2	0 18 6	0 18 10	1 9 8	1 5 8
Tailors	0 18 6	0 18 6	0 18 6	0 18 6	0 18 6	1 1 6	1 1 6	1 1 6	0 18 6	0 18 6
Porters	0 18 0	0 18 0	0 18 0	0 18 0	0 18 0	0 18 0	0 18 0	0 18 0	0 18 0	0 18 0
Packers	1 0 0	1 0 0	1 0 0	1 0 0	1 0 0	1 0 0	1 0 0	1 0 0	1 0 0	1 0 0
Shoemakers	0 16 0	0 16 0	0 16 0	0 16 0	0 16 0	0 16 0	0 16 0	0 16 0	0 16 0	0 16 0
Iron-founders	1 11 3	1 8 0	1 7 4	1 11 6	1 12 3	1 12 1	1 14 8	1 13 8	1 15 10	1 11 6
Whitesmiths	1 5 0	1 5 0	1 5 0	1 5 0	1 5 0	1 5 0	1 5 0	1 5 0	1 5 0	1 5 0
Sawyers	1 5 0	1 5 0	1 5 0	1 5 0	1 5 0	1 5 0	1 5 0	1 5 0	1 5 0	1 10 0
Carpenters	1 5 0	1 5 0	1 5 0	1 5 0	1 5 0	1 5 0	1 5 0	1 5 0	1 5 0	1 5 0
Stonemasons (allowing for loss of time in the winter months)	1 2 0	1 2 0	1 2 0	1 2 0	1 2 0	1 2 0	1 2 0	1 2 0	1 2 0	1 2 0
Bricklayers (ditto)	1 2 6	1 2 6	1 2 6	1 2 6	1 2 6	1 2 6	1 2 6	1 2 6	1 2 6	1 2 6
Painters (ditto)	1 2 0	1 2 0	1 2 0	1 2 0	1 2 0	1 2 0	1 2 0	1 2 0	1 2 0	1 2 0
Slaters (ditto)	1 1 0	1 1 0	1 1 0	1 1 0	1 1 0	1 1 0	1 1 0	1 1 0	1 1 0	1 1 0
Plasterers (ditto)	0 19 0	0 19 0	0 19 0	0 19 0	0 19 0	0 19 0	0 19 0	0 19 0	0 19 0	0 19 0
Bricklayers and plasterers' labourers	0 15 9	0 15 9	0 15 9	0 15 9	0 15 9	0 15 9	0 15 9	0 15 9	0 15 9	0 15 9
Spademen	0 15 0	0 15 0	0 15 0	0 15 0	0 15 0	0 15 0	0 15 0	0 15 0	0 15 0	0 15 0
Money actually paid in relief of the poor, exclusive of county rates and constables' acts, in the town of Manchester	26300 17 8	25021 10 9	34123 15 2	45774 9 6	33286 14 8	21038 4 0	23961 0 6	53969 9 9	43827 4 4	31681 8 0
Deduct for money gained by the labour of the poor in the house	178 12 5	168 14 9	223 2 3	263 18 7	157 14 10	119 13 5	112 11 8	321 10 0	187 12 11	114 8 1
The average number of poor in the house throughout the year, with the average weekly expense per head	26122 5 3	24522 16 0	33900 12 11	45510 10 11	33128 19 10	20918 10 7	23848 8 10	53647 19 9	43639 11 5	31566 19 11
	385	372	485	513	445	366	408	526	462	423
for food only, for each year	0 4 2½	0 4 4	0 3 11	0 4 5¼	0 4 1¼	0 3 8¼	0 3 5¼	0 3 8¼	0 3 5¼	0 3 4

* These are the average retail prices of each year, according to the best information that could be procured.

† In the years 1811, 1812, and 1813, the earnings of a part of the spinners were reduced by a restricted allowance of work, and not by a reduced rate of wages.

‡ These are the net earnings of the weavers taken on the average of each year, after deducting two-pence halfpenny in the shilling for winding the weft, flour, &c. used in dressing the warp, and other outgoings. Of this deduction, the greater part is for winding, which is generally done in the family.

* * The principal articles of manufacture, and the earnings of men of ordinary skill working twelve hours per day, have formed the basis of this statement.

A considerable proportion of the weaving of plain goods is performed by women and children, and their earnings will be according to their strength and skill.

The present rate of wages is rather lower than the average of the whole year 1819.

Poetry.

FROM A MONODY

ON THE

DEATH OF HIS LATE MAJESTY.

By Mrs. M'CULLAN.

WHEN summer-blossom, fragrant, soft, and fair,

Yet frail as fragrant, hails the matin air,
Just blooms in sweetness, but ere day restore
The beams of gladness, all its bloom is o'er;
We scarcely mourn the flow'ret's transient date— [late.

It bloom'd unknown—and myriads share its
Not so we feel when sinks the lofty oak,
By lightning blasted, or by tempest broke;
A mournful crowd behold the ruin'd form,
Their summer shade, their shelter in the storm,
Sigh o'er the wreck, and on the Dryad's call
To weep the awful, the majestic fall.

So now Britannia binds the cypress wreath,
And wanders pensive on the lonely heath,
From princely Windsor to Devon's vales
—Where erst, 'twas said, health breath'd in
balmy gales— [knell,

Whilst sacred spires proclaim the Monarch's
Ere ceas'd for Edward the cathedral bell,
Ere ceas'd the sighs for Coburg's lovely bride,
Ere for the Queen fair Virtue's tears were
dried.

* * * * *

Model of virtue and connubial truth,
A bright example from her earliest youth,
Our valued Queen felt nature's task was done,
And died—supported by a dutious son.

Cold is that heart, to patriot love unknown,
Who feels not woe when grief assails the
throne, [appears,

Who mourns not now when death's dark hand
Arm'd with unerring, with un pitying spears;
Subdues the manly, points the destined dart,
And, still insatiate, strikes the Monarch's
heart.

* * * * *

Enshrin'd in memory, George the Third
will live,

And holiest records simple annals give:
His date protracted to the longest reign,
Mark'd by no act to give his subjects pain;
But mild and gentle, as the zephyrs glide
Along the bosom of the summer tide.
Foster'd green Erin with Britannia's smile,
And made one people of the triple isle.

His country's rights determin'd to maintain,
The British lion never rear'd in vain;
The wreaths of conquest, and the trump of
fame, [fame.

At once adorn'd and spoke the Monarch's
To the wide limits of the utmost zone,
The fleets and armies of our state were known:
Where'er the red-cross ting'd the ocean-wave,
'Twas Freedom's signal to the bleeding slave;
Whilst peace at home rewarded deeds of
arms, [charms.

And Windsor's turrets glow'd with virtue's
* * * * *

For thee, lov'd Consort of a Prince so dear,
The faithful pray'r will shrine each Briton's
tear,

In tender sympathy each heart expand,
And hail thee still a daughter of our land;
With grateful fondness on thy infant smile,
And deem the babe the blossom of our isle.
Should Heaven her destiny so high dictate,
To wield the sceptre of the British state,
Her royal father's virtues will preside,
Ere the princess, bless the widow'd bride.

* * * * *

Full many a bard will pour the plaintive
lute, [mine:
But none more faithful, more sincere than
Though lowly as the heath-bell's unsought
leaf,

I dare participate my country's grief:
Not *general* woe alone my heart-strings swell,
When thus I sigh a long, a last farewell:
Of Claremont's princess and of hope de-
priv'd, [rived;

My joys were wither'd and my soul was
When gracious Edward bade hope's cheer-
ing ray

Again return to light my widow'd way,
Vouchsafed attention to my frequent pray'r,
And taught my soul to soar above despair.
With path now darken'd, and with prospects
drear,

My feast is memory, and the boon a tear.

Ere clos'd this humble, this spontaneous
lay,

—A simple tribute gratitude would pay—
Such pray'rs as erst have reach'd the foun-
tain-head, [fed,
When prophets bless'd, and indigence was
Again may prosper, and again may bring
Joy to Britannia and her patriot King.

LONDON, Feb. 1, 1820.

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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.

C. F. W.'s second favour is come to hand, and shall appear probably next month.

We are glad to hear again from our friend the author of Dialogues of the Living. His article will certainly be inserted on the first opportunity.

One of the amusing articles sent by D. W. — r we have been obliged to postpone: the other will be found in its place.

We have to apologize to Antiquarius; but his communication, as may be imagined, is not of temporary interest.

We shall be glad to see a specimen of the offered Letters under the title of Walks through London.

The continuation of the unpublished Correspondence of Lady M. W. Montagu in our next, if possible.

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month as published, may have it sent to them, free of Postage, to New-York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any part of the West Indies, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. THORNHILL, of the General Post-Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-Lane; to Hamburgh, Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. SERJEANT, of the General Post-Office, at No. 22, Sherborne-lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of the East Indies, by Mr. GUY, at the East-India House. The money to be paid at the time of subscribing, for either 3, 6, 9, or 12 months.





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VOL. IX.

APRIL 1, 1820.

N^o. LII.

HINTS ON ORNAMENTAL GARDENING.

(Continued from p. 132.)

PLATE 19.—A VENETIAN TENT.

THE designs for covered seats, introduced in a former volume of the New Series of the *Repository of Arts*, having been received as useful garden embellishments in our own country, and adopted with success in the East and West Indies, the annexed design, also of a tent-like character, formed for a similar mode of construction and execution, is presented; being equally applicable to the purposes of a retreat in exposed situations, as a substitute for a pavilion in some remote spot in the midst of ornamental plantations, or as an accompaniment to the flower-garden.

The frame is lightly manufactured of iron work, in itself suited to receive decorative foliage, which might be trained to embower also the whole interior, without liability to much injury when the canvas should at any time be added as expressed in the design; and it will be obvious, that a great variety of such erections may be contrived to

receive the same canvas in part or whole, so as to make many agreeable retreats; each presenting a new object to the visitor, without permitting a too great multiplication of sameness, as sameness would appear if the designs were not judiciously constructed. By sockets properly placed in the earth in varied situations, the whole erection might be moved at pleasure, and with great ease, the parts being connected by screws and nuts, and the awning canvas suspended by hooks and eyes, so as to need but half an hour's employment to take down and replace where required. The colours of the covering may of course be changed at pleasure, but orange-colour and white so well harmonize with landscape scenery, or, rather, they give such force and relief to the portion of scene in which they are thus adopted, that they cannot be changed for any other without some sacrifice of both.

nation: she, however, failed not to make this a principal ground of political intrigues. This was one of the nets with which she fished for poor souls; and it may be attributed to this circumstance in particular, that Elizabeth gained that ascendancy over Mary Queen of Scots, her formidable rival, whom she first immured in a prison, and afterwards so barbarously sacrificed to her unjust vengeance. The treatment by the queen of the Duke of Alençon and other princes who made overtures of marriage to her, are only upon a par with her cruel behaviour to Mary. Puttenham mentions this circumstance, but of course turns it to the advantage of his incomparable mistress:

“Twixt hope and dread, in woe and with delight,

Man's heart in hold, and eye for to detain,
Feeding the one with sight in sweet desire,
Daunting th' other by danger to aspire.”

Again he adds:

“A constant mind, a courage chaste and cold,
Where love lodged not, nor love hath any powers:

Not Venus' brands, nor Cupid can take hold,
Nor speech prevail, tears, plaint, purple, or gold;

Honour, n'empire, nor youth in all his flowers:

This wot ye all full well if I do lie,
Kings and kings' peers, who have sought far and nigh,

But all in vain, to see her paramours;
Since two Capets, three Cezaines essay'd,
And bid repulse of the Great Briton maid.”

Against the marriage of the queen with the Duke of Anjou, Philip Stubbs, a staunch Puritan, published a book, to which he gave the facetious title of “The Discovery of a gaping Gulf, whereinto England is likely to be swallowed by another French marriage, if the Lord do not forbid the bans,

by letting her Majesty see the sin, and punishment thereof.” For this publication, Stubbs suffered severely: his book was burned by the common hangman, and he himself lost his right hand on the block. The Puritan, after the loss of his hand, made a most humble and slavish supplication to her majesty's privy council, in which he declares, that “this wound of my body, though it be great, yet is but a wound of the body; but the continuance of her majesty's high indignation pierceth deeper, and inwardly woundeth the mind in such sort, as it worketh back again on my body, and affecteth my outward wound.” A letter written by Sir Philip Sidney to the queen, and printed in “*Scrinia Ceciliana*,” is little less caustic in its contemptuous expressions towards the Duke of Anjou. “How the hearts of your people will be galled, if not aliened, when they shall see you take a husband, a Frenchman and a Papist; in whom the very common people will know this, that he is the son of a Jezabel of our age, that his brother made oblation of his own sister's marriage, the easier to make massacres of our brethren in belief. As long as he is but Monsieur in might, and a Papist in profession, he neither can, nor will, greatly shield you; and if he grows to be a king, his defence will be like Ajax' shield, which rather weighed them down, than defended those that bare it.”

The courtier Puttenham, aware of the offence which the Puritan had given to the queen, has devoted two separate pieces in his “*Partheniades*,” to the abuse of the principles of Puritanism, and par-

ticularly respecting dress and decorations of the age :

“ Take from kings, courts, entertainments ;
From ladies, rich habiliments ;
From courtly girls, gorgeous gear ;
From banquets, mirth and wanton cheer :
Pull out of cloth and comely weed,
The nak'd carcase of Adam's seed ;
From worldly things, take vanity ;
Sleit, semblant course, order and elegance :
Princess, it is as if one take away
Green woods from forests, and sunshine from
the day.”

In another part he speaks with much inveteracy against the sect :

“ Take me from hallows, ceremony,
From sects' errors, from saints' hypocrisy,
Orders and habits, from graduates and
clerks,
Penance from sin, and merit from good
works ;
Take pomp from prelacy, and majesty from
kings ;
Solemn circumstance from all these worldly
things :
We walk awry, and wander without light,
Confounding all, to make a chaos quite.”

I shall continue this article in a succeeding Number, if you think fit to insert what is now sent.

Yours, &c. C. F. W.

ON VANITY.

I HAVE often observed, that people in general are very fond of declaiming against vanity : it is a low paltry passion ; it is mean, contemptible ; in short, every body abuses it. Notwithstanding this, however, society in general is very much indebted to this vice, or failing, whichever the reader chooses to call it ; for of all our faults, it is perhaps the one which appears most frequently in the guise of a virtue. How many magnanimous, charitable, and generous actions, if we could trace their sources, would be ascribed to vanity ; although perhaps nine times in ten, the persons who perform them, are themselves unconscious that such is their motive.

Some time ago Dorimant, a gay young man of fashion, paid his addresses to Celeora, an amiable girl, who possessed all the domestic and feminine virtues. Dorimant was captivated by her meekness, gentleness, and simplicity ; but he had not then seen the beautiful Vanessa, who piqued herself on obtaining the epithet of *irresistible*, which her attractions well deserved. Her figure

was noble and commanding, her features striking rather than regular ; but it was to the witchery of her manners, rather than to her personal attractions, that she owed her numerous captives : no woman better understood the art of pleasing, and the heart that could resist her must be deeply engaged indeed.

Dorimant admired as soon as he saw her, but conscious of his situation with Celeora, he kept aloof, and affected to regard her with indifference. Vanessa only smiled at a coldness, which she well knew she possessed the means of changing into the warmest passion ; and she exerted her powers of captivation so effectually, that in a short time, in spite of honour and conscience, she brought him to her feet. His behaviour to Celeora had been gradually growing cooler, till by degrees he entirely estranged himself from her, and rumour did not long leave her ignorant of the cause of his defection. A gossiping acquaintance, one of those people whose delight it is to pry into every body's affairs, and

who care not how they hurt your feelings, provided they can communicate to you something which you did not know before, called on Celeora one morning, and told her, without ceremony or preface, that all the town declared, that Dorimant was dying for Vanessa.

Celeora bore the news with outward calmness, but her mother, who was present, saw clearly the effect it had upon her mind, and when the officious informant was gone, strove to persuade her that it was false. Celeora listened without contradicting her mother's arguments, but she felt too certain, that they were dictated merely by maternal love, and that Dorimant was lost to her for ever. Her mother entertained the same fear, though she was too prudent to avow it; but she determined, if possible, to prevent the wreck of her daughter's peace; and for that purpose she waited on Vanessa, into whose character and disposition she had previously inquired.

"I am come, madam," said she, with an air of confidence and frankness, "to give you an opportunity of performing a noble action: it will perhaps cost you some pain, but that pain will be amply compensated by the consciousness, that you restore to happiness an innocent and deserving woman, whom your superior attractions have deprived of a favoured lover." She then entered into the particulars of her daughter's situation, mingling her account with compliments to the charms and talents of Vanessa, who listened with attention to a detail so flattering to her self-love; and at its conclusion protested, that she would immedi-

ately see the faithless swain, load him with reproaches, and give him his dismissal.

This did not suit the politic old lady's purpose. "No, dear madam," said she, "since you fulfil my expectations in interesting yourself for my daughter, you must not do your work by halves: if you dismiss Dorimant, you must do it in such a manner, as to persuade him that you resign him with perfect indifference. By deigning to reproach him, you would only give him an opportunity of endeavouring to soften your just resentment."

This did not quite accord with Vanessa's ideas; she would have been much better satisfied with an opportunity of making a little display. The good mother saw that she hesitated, and she contrived to gain her point by letting Vanessa see, that the magnanimous conduct which she recommended, was in fact no more than she fully expected from her strength of mind, and well known superiority to all the weaknesses of her sex. From mere shame of appearing less perfect than she was supposed to be, Vanessa entered into her plan. The consequence was exactly what the old lady had foreseen. Dorimant was surprised and vexed; his self-love was piqued by the supposed indifference of Vanessa. He renewed his devoirs to Celeora; they were shortly afterwards married; and Vanessa tells all her intimates, that she gave up the admired, the elegant, and fascinating Dorimant to her sense of justice, when in fact she merely sacrificed him to her vanity.

Every body talks of the noble

action lately done by Sir David Dazzleall. He was many years acquainted with a whimsical valetudinarian, who took an unaccountable disgust to all his own relations, none of whom had ever offended him, and determined to leave his fortune, which was not very considerable, to Sir David. The baronet acquiesced in this unjust decision, but as soon as his friend was dead, he assembled all his relations, and after a speech replete with sentiment and feeling, he tore the will in their presence, leaving the property to be divided as the law directed. This action made a great deal of noise; all the world talked of his generosity, and he himself believed, that the praises which they bestowed upon him, were deserved: it never occurred to him, that if vanity had not been the prime mover of the action, it might as well have been performed in secret, and without ostentation or parade.

No one ever talks of the generosity of Probus; his name is never seen in the list of subscribers

to public charities; and if a contribution for the relief of private distress is proposed in his presence, his donation is always moderate. His income is very large, and it is well known that he does not live up to one fourth of it: he has acquired the reputation of being a lover of money, because his truly christian disposition prevents him from blazoning the use which he makes of it. Every charitable design deserving of encouragement, receives from Probus the most ample donations, but they are given privately. Every case of distress that reaches him, is sure to be investigated and relieved; but even those whom his bounty saves from perishing, know not the hand extended to rescue them. Probus will never have the credit of generosity; he does not wish to acquire it: but which of my readers would exchange his feelings, for all the glare that surrounds the actions of those whose popularity is bought, and whose purse-strings are drawn rather by ostentation than benevolence?

PARISIAN SKETCHES.

NO. VI.

THE JOURNAL OF A MENDICANT.

Plus on est élevé, plus on a de soucis. — GILBERT, *Semiramis*.

THERE is no other city in the world like Paris; it is scarcely possible for a stranger to form any idea of the facility with which a person there, possessing the smallest share of wit, can create resources, or of the various means which may be successfully employed to escape poverty. At Paris, the most trifling industry procures respecta-

bility; the least trade leads to wealth, and wealth commands every thing.

I dined last Thursday with a rich merchant, who every year on that day celebrates the anniversary of his first arrival at Paris. He is a native of the town of Archigny, some leagues from Poitiers. Left an orphan at the age of twelve, he

quitted the province to seek his fortune elsewhere, all his wealth consisting of five crowns, of six francs each, one of which wholly disappeared even before the young adventurer passed the barriers of the capital. At first a commissionnaire at the corner of the street St. Louis, his indefatigable industry and civility attracted the notice of all the inhabitants of that district; he was always employed in preference to his fellows. A pretty chambermaid, who had frequently had occasion to praise his discretion, recommended our young Poitevin to her master, and the latter entertaining no small regard for a girl whose kindness equalled her beauty, took an interest in the fortunes of the little commissionnaire, and furnished him, by means of one of his friends, with a small packet of cheap wares, which were likely to meet with a ready sale, and insure a moderate profit. Joseph, the name by which our youthful merchant was generally known, succeeded wonderfully in his new business; his understanding developed as he advanced in age, and his gains, at first trifling, gradually increased, till he was enabled to set up a small shop near the Pont Neuf. Success inspires confidence. Joseph hazarded some speculations; they turned out very profitable. Fifteen years of industry and probity saw him in possession of an ample fortune and a spotless reputation. He demanded of his benefactor the hand of a poor but amiable relation, whose virtues rendered her deserving of this generous conduct: an amiable family has added to his felicity, and he

passes his days undisturbed by the crosses of fortune or the reproaches of conscience. The pretty chambermaid, now grown old and feeble, had quitted her master's service, and was sinking into poverty, when the grateful Joseph, remembering that to her was owing the first amelioration of his fortune, hastened to receive her into his own house, and protect and comfort her age by his attention and kindness. As he had never in his life committed any action at which he had cause to blush, he took as much pains to keep in mind his humble origin, as most other people employ to erase it from their memory. Every year, on a particular day, as I have already said, he invites some friends, among whom are always included the honest tradesman who furnished him with his first packet of merchandise, and the worthy man through whose interest he procured it. Joseph has had a dress similar to the one he wore on his first arrival at Paris, made purposely for this occasion. He does the honours of his house in a coarse grey frock, wooden shoes, and a blue woollen bonnet. This custom, which he has religiously observed ever since his marriage, is principally intended to impress upon the minds of his children, that, under any circumstances of life, they should never forget, that of all the means of arriving at affluence, industry is often the most certain, and always the most honourable. Notwithstanding his prosperity, and in the midst of a luxurious magnificence, which his wealth amply justifies, Mons. Joseph — has, however, been unable to get

rid of some of the habits of his youth, which form a striking contrast to his present situation in life; and in his conversation and manners you may still trace the effects of his early education, or rather of his total want of any. It is given to women alone to mould themselves according to their worldly prosperity. However obscure may have been their birth, and to whatever degree of elevation fate may have raised them, they are seldom found unequal to their good fortune; they seem to be endowed with a natural instinct of elegance and propriety, which has wanted only opportunity to display itself in all its graces.

Returning home, I was calling to mind the agreeable evening I had just spent, and which Mons. Joseph — had, in the height of his gaiety, concluded by singing, in the original *patois*, one of the favourite ballads of his province, when, in crossing the rue de la Paix, I was accosted at the corner of the Boulevard by a respectable looking man, who, with all the politeness imaginable, presented his hat, and begged alms, at the same time inquiring after my health. The novelty of the whole proceeding surprised me. I looked earnestly at this gentleman beggar, who could not forbear smiling at the astonishment visible in my countenance. He was dressed in a long green frock coat, nankeen pantaloons, and a white waistcoat with blue stripes; a clean muslin neckcloth, tied in a bow, supported his double chin; his shoes were fastened with silver buckles, his hair was powdered, and in one hand he held a cane, which put me in

mind of the golden-headed canes in the "Valets Maitres." I imagined at first that I was the dupe of some impertinent piece of mockery, and was just going to put myself in a passion, when my importuner again presented his beaver, entreating me to put an end to the good fortune that he had that day met with.

His tone of voice, the affected elegance of his language, and the neatness of his dress, inspired me with a strong feeling of curiosity. I put my hand slowly into my pocket to excite his confidence, and jingled some pieces of silver, whilst I asked him how he could resolve to embrace a profession so little suitable to his dress and language. Charmed with the sound of some crown-pieces, part of which, in his own mind, he already fancied in his own possession, my mendicant hesitated for a moment, and then avowed, that in so doing he had only followed his inclination and his reason. "What!" cried I, "at your age (he appeared not to be above fifty at most), when so many means of acquiring an honest and comfortable independence are open to you?"—"I have tried them all," replied he, "and never experienced so much happiness and tranquillity as I have enjoyed within these few months past. I have followed many ways of life, and been contented in none of them. Driven from one situation by intrigue, I was placed in another by favour, and again thrown on the world by the caprice of my patron. I lost my fortune in trade, my health in the army; one day rich, I was slandered and envied; the next day poor, I was despised

and pitied; obliged to flatter the self-love of the great, in dread of the perfidy of their dependents, tormented by anxiety to add to what I possessed, or by fear of losing what I had painfully acquired; compelled to affect regard for those I hated, to make use of dishonourable means to maintain my elevation, and continually occupied by cares for the future. I have spent the greater part of my life in perpetual agitation—hesitating between hopes and fears—happy one hour, miserable the next—until one blessed moment, when braving the prejudices of the world, which have no real weight but what we ourselves give them, and reckless of disgrace, which attaches not more justly to the beggar on foot than to the beggar in his carriage, I have taken up a profession more or less practised by the great mass of mankind—taken advantage of the pride and vanity of my fellow men, and laid under contribution the various passions of humanity. Free from the ceremonies imposed by society, and from the obligations due to it—without attachments or family—alone in the world, I have formed a resource for myself, by which I am no longer deprived of my independence; and exempt from the vexatious troubles which attend fortune and honours, I live without care or anxiety for the morrow.”—“But may it not happen that charity”——“I have never reckoned upon support from that alone; my calculations are much more certain: there is more to be gained by the vices of men, than by their virtues. You shall judge by the recital of my daily adventures.

“I seldom rise early: nevertheless, when that happens to be the case, I usually go and try my fortune on the Boulevards. You may well believe, that I do not accost those good honest people whose pity I could easily excite, but whose benevolence my appearance would check: nevertheless, sometimes from habit, I have chanced to address myself to a workman, who sang aloud as he pursued his way to his shop; but immediately I have recollected my mistake, and often, instead of being the beggar, have become the benefactor.

“Till nine o’clock, I spread my nets for the young girls, who by themselves, and in morning dresses, pass along with such haste, that it is easy to guess their pursuit must be pleasure. Occupied by one sole idea, they neither look to the right nor to the left. I softly follow them, and in the humblest tone solicit their charity, adding a phrase which rarely fails in its effect: ‘It will bring you good luck.’ Immediately, and without stopping, their little purse is untied, and a small piece of money rewards me, with thanks, expressed in an almost involuntary smile, for what they kindly consider as a prophecy.

“I return, laughing inwardly at the foppish clerk and overbearing master, who are repairing to their respective offices—observe the author composing a rhyme or pondering a sentence—the actor repeating his part to himself, yet sufficiently audible for the benefit of passers-by. I seldom interrupt these good people: last week, however, I ventured to implore relief from one of our melodramatic ac-

tors, whom the thought struck me to accost by the name of a celebrated tragedian. He elevated his head, made me repeat my supplication, and rewarded me for my pretended mistake, like a man who was more flattered than astonished at it.

"I meet in my route the lawyer, who is going coolly to plead the cause of his client, which he himself has condemned, and to employ the evasion and chicanery of the law to confound truth and support falsehood;—the bailiff, who is hastening to the lodgings of a young man of fashion, against whom he had six months ago a writ to put in force, the execution of which has been delayed from time to time in consideration of certain weighty arguments. I never yet dared solicit the charity of the latter; to succeed, it would be necessary to attack him on his weak side, which I have hitherto been unable to discover.

"About ten o'clock, you may find me near the Tortoni's, or the Café Anglois, where I continue my observations. I have found that it is rarely a proper time to ask charity after dinner; I am considered but as interfering with the waiter, whose eyes seem to dispute my claim to the portion of change he has reckoned on appropriating to himself, and which is flung to me with a haughtiness that at least dispenses me from any display of gratitude to the donor.

"The garden of the Thuilleries is my usual and most profitable station in fine weather. If you knew the efficacy of the words, Mons. le Chevalier—M. le Baron—M. le Comte, addressed to the untitled—of colonel, general, ap-

plied to officers without even an epaulette: the dexterous application of these appellations is invariably successful. If I meet one of those pious ladies coming out of church, whose memory is not quite retentive enough to benefit by the sermon she has just heard, I accost her, and after possibly a harsh refusal, repeat my petition, pronouncing aloud the name of my refuser: this manœuvre produces an instantaneous alteration, and the alms are increased in proportion to the importance she attaches to the good opinion of those by whom she is surrounded. Most persons want stronger incentives to be charitable, than merely the approbation of their own conscience.

"Before I finish my morning's work, I stop a few minutes at the doors of some of the gaming-houses. I salute with respect, mingled with compassion, the luckless wight who comes out with slow steps, and on whose face the disastrous state of his finances may be easily perceived; but I accost boldly, and with a smile of congratulation, the successful gambler. In prosperity they seldom want what they give away; the alms of the winner generally exceed our expectations: unfortunately, they are frequently only by way of loan—many have demanded back in the evening the half-crown they had given me in the morning, and in the hopes of a change of fortune, I never dared refuse them.

"I dine wherever I may be at the usual hour, but I now take care to be served at a separate table, ever since I was so unfortunate as to sit next one of my benefactors, who

would never afterwards give me a sons.

"In the evening, I generally stroll about the Palais Royal, the Boulevard de Coblentz, or les Champs Elysées; I have in store numerous tales of woe, which I detail according to the rank or physiognomy of the person I accost. Sometimes I have been ruined by a fire—sometimes by the Revolution—by the ingratitude of my family, or the treachery of a friend. I carefully examine my auditors, in order not to mistake my story, if they should have patience to listen to me a second time. My eloquence is usually successful, for whilst apparently addressing myself to the compassion only of

my hearers, I never neglect their vanity."—"Nevertheless, you may sometimes be wrong; and you will give me leave to say, that at this moment, when you are telling me the history of your life"—"I have taken the only method likely to succeed with you. My confession is a fresh proof of my address. I have often heard your name; I know that one of your principal amusements is to collect anecdotes of the manners of this capital. I flatter myself you will not be displeased with me, for having supplied you with materials for another paper."

I had nothing to reply to this, and I parted from my mendicant, leaving him well satisfied.

AN ORIGINAL LETTER OF THE LATE LORD CHESTERFIELD.

ANY trifle respecting the celebrated individual by whom the following letter was written, is interesting. We therefore give it a place in our Miscellany without any apology, but for its brevity, which is not our fault, if it were the author's. It was probably addressed to Dr. Monsey.

BATH, NOV. 8, 1757.

SIR,—Upon my word, I think myself as much obliged to you, for your voluntary and unwearied attention to my miserable deafness, as if your prescriptions had removed or relieved it. I am now convinced, by eight years' experience, that nothing can; having tried every thing that ever was tried, and perhaps more. I have tried the urine of hares, so long and so often, that whether male, female, or hermaphrodite, I have probably had some of every gender: I have

done more, I have used the galls of hares; but to as little purpose. I have tried these waters in every possible way; I have bathed my head; pumped it; introduced the stream, and sometimes drops of the water, into my ears; but all in vain. In short, I have left nothing untried, and have found nothing effectual. Your little blisters, which I still continue, have given me more relief than any thing else.

Your faculty will, I hope, pardon me, if, not having the vivacity of ladies, I have not their faith neither. I must own that they always reason right in general; but I am sorry to say at the same time, that they are commonly wrong in every particular. I stick to that middle point, which their alacrity makes them leap over.

I am persuaded that you can do

more than other people; but then give me leave to add, that I fear *that more* is not a great deal. In the famous great fog some years ago, the blind men were the best guides, having been long used to the streets; but still they only groped their way; they did not see it. You have, I am sure, too much of the skill, and too little of the craft, of your profession, to be offended with this image. I heartily wish that it was not so just a one.

Why physical ills exist at all, I do not know; and I am very sure that no doctor of divinity has ever yet given me a satisfactory reason for it: but if there be a reason, that same reason, be it what it will, must necessarily make the art of medicine precarious and imperfect; otherwise the end of the former would be defeated by the latter.

Of all the receipts for deafness, that which you mention, of the roar of cannon upon Blackheath, would

be to me the most disagreeable; and whether French or English, I should be pretty indifferent. Armies of all kinds are exceedingly like one another: offensive armies may make defensive ones necessary; but they do not make them less dangerous. Those who can effectually defend, can as surely destroy; and the military spirit is not of the neutral kind, but of a most active nature. The army that defended this country against Charles the First, subdued, in truth conquered it, under Cromwell.

Our measure of distress and disgrace is now not only full, but running over. If we have any public spirit, we must feel our private ills the less by the comparison. I know that, whenever I am called off from my station here, I shall, as Cicero says of the death of Crassus, consider it as *mors donata, non vita erepta*. Till when I shall be, with truth, your faithful humble servant,
CHESTERFIELD.

HAMET: AN EASTERN TALE.

AMONG the inhabitants of Bagdad, the poorest but most contented was Hamet, the ropemaker; peace dwelt in his abode, and cheerfulness lightened the toil by which he earned a scanty subsistence. Often did he share his morsel with the destitute and the stranger, and never did he behold with unmoved heart, the distress which he could not relieve.

One morning, as he passed the house of a rich merchant, he perceived its owner turning from his gate a poor dervise who begged an alms. This sight moved the indignation of Hamet, for he remem-

bered, that, a few years before, the merchant had himself tasted of the bitter cup of poverty. "What," thought he, "does this man, whom the bounty of Alla bath raised from the lowest wretchedness, refuse to bestow upon the poor the overflowings of his wealth? Ah! had the prophet sent me riches, how differently should I use them! When did I refuse to divide my meal with the child of poverty? When did I neglect to sooth his misery with the language of consolation?"

For the first time the heart of Hamet swelled with pride, as he contrasted himself with the sordid

merchant. He regarded his lowly condition with discontent, and as he walked musing towards his home, he dared to arraign the wisdom of Providence, in bestowing its gifts upon the undeserving.

When Hamet retired to his couch, his mind was still filled with these thoughts. As he lay indulging them, the genius Umri suddenly stood before him. "How is it, Hamet," cried he, "that thou regardest the possessions of thy neighbour with envy, and thinkest thyself less favoured by Heaven, because it has not also showered riches upon thee? Hast thou considered their effects upon the human heart? and knowest thou not, that the goodness of Alla often retains them, lest they should corrupt his creatures?"

Affrighted at the splendour which surrounded the genius, whose beautiful countenance shone with dazzling lustre, while his severe and steadfast gaze seemed to search the heart of the trembling mortal whom he addressed, Hamet prostrated himself in silence; but his heart refused assent to the words of Umri, and in his secret soul he regretted that Alla had not showered upon him the gifts of fortune. "Presumptuous and ungrateful Hamet," resumed the genius sternly, "thou hast hitherto enjoyed the favour of Heaven, but thou art insensible to the blessings bestowed upon thee: take then the punishment of thy insensibility, in the gratification of thy wish."

Umri breathed upon Hamet, and disappeared. At the same moment, Hamet perceived on each side of his couch, an enormous vase; one was filled with gold, and

the other with diamonds, whose lustre dazzled his eyes. The delight he felt at seeing his wish thus amply gratified, banished from his mind the terror which the last words of the genius had caused. He rose to examine his treasure, gazed with rapture upon the sparkling gems, and measured, again and again, the breadth and depth of the vases which contained them.

He hastened with the first dawn of the morning to hire a house more worthy of his wealth; he bought the most costly furniture, purchased slaves, and relieved, with unsparing hand, the wants of all who applied to him. It was soon noised abroad that Hamet had suddenly become rich; his neighbours and friends, who knew the benevolence of his heart, rejoiced in his good fortune, and hastened to partake of it with him. For a while he received them graciously, but his heart soon became puffed up with pride, and the sight of his former companions grew hateful to him, because it reminded him of the meanness of his original condition; one by one he banished them from his dwelling, and took in their places flatterers, who filled his ears with praises of his wisdom and magnificence.

By degrees his senses became debauched; mirth and revelry reigned in his habitation; his seraglio was filled with the fairest virgins of the East, and Pleasure courted him in all her various forms. For a time he fancied himself happy, but satiety and disgust speedily followed in the train of sensual enjoyment; and Hamet, disappointed of the bliss which he sought, dismissed his flatterers and

his mistresses, and resolved to seek in some new pursuit for more permanent enjoyment.

While his mind was a prey to languor, he paid a visit to his treasure, and was surprised to find it so much diminished. He now, for the first time, recollected that his riches, though great, were not inexhaustible, and he resolved to be more cautious in their use. His board, till then, had been open to all who needed, or who chose to partake of his hospitality; but he ordered that strangers should be admitted only on certain days, and that the viands prepared for them should be no more of a costly kind. He sold several of his slaves, and dismissed a number of workmen whom he had employed to embellish his gardens.

He resolved that he would frequently visit and inspect his treasure, and soon these visits became his chief delight. By degrees, the spirit of avarice took entire possession of his heart; he removed from his magnificent house to a mean hovel, buried his treasure beneath the floor of his dwelling, and giving out that he had spent all he possessed, assumed the garb and appearance of poverty.

As he was one day returning home, he was accosted at the door of his dwelling by the dervise to whom the merchant had refused an alms. "My son," said the holy man, "fatigue and sickness have exhausted my strength; this day I have not tasted bread; give me then a morsel of food, and suffer me to rest my weary limbs beneath thy roof: so shall the blessing of Heaven be upon thee, and thy little shall be multiplied."

While the dervise was speaking, Hamet had been endeavouring to unlock his gate; it resisted his efforts, and though he roughly repulsed the dervise, the poor old man took advantage of the delay to renew his entreaties. "Go," cried Hamet, "to the rich and prosperous: why dost thou solicit alms from one as poor as thyself?"—"Thou canst grant me at least a shelter for the night," said the dervise. At that moment the key turned in the lock; Hamet hastily entered; he shut the gate with quickness on the old man who was about to follow, and bade him begone. Scarcely had he uttered the words, when the dervise vanished, and in his place he beheld the genius Umri. The lightning of heaven would have appalled the soul of Hamet, less than the fire which flashed from the eyes of the genius as he regarded him with a look of indignation. "Wretch," cried he, "every way unworthy of the favour of Heaven, how bitterly didst thou revile the inhumanity of the merchant! and yet thou, possessing more than ten times his wealth, art still more inhuman, since thou dost refuse even the shelter of thy miserable roof to the servant of the prophet. Receive the punishment of thy crime."

Penetrated with terror, Hamet threw himself at the feet of the genius, uttering a loud cry, which awoke him. He found himself on his couch in his own dwelling, and he saw, by the first beams of morning, the implements of his trade scattered round. As he recalled to his mind the vision of the night, he praised the name of Alla for the instruction conveyed to him by his

dream; it sunk deep into his heart; content and peace returned to his dwelling, and he adored in humble gratitude the mysterious ways of the Most High.

ORIGIN OF "NO SONG NO SUPPER."

For the REPOSITORY.

MR. EDITOR,

I THINK your readers will derive some amusement from the following extract from a curious old pamphlet, which lately fell into my hands among the books of a great-uncle on my mother's side. It is clearly the origin of one of the most popular, and deservedly so, entertainments at our theatres, which has kept its station in public favour for many years—"No Song no Supper." I shall not give it more preface than by saying, that "The History of the famous Friar Bacon, containing the wonderful things he did in his life," furnishes the extract I have given below. I am, &c.

D. W——r.

LONDON, Feb. 4, 1820.

How MILES, Friar BACON's Man, conjured for meat, and got some for himself and his host.

Miles chanced one day upon some business to go about six miles from home, and being loathe to part with some company which he had, he was belated, and could get but half way home that night: to save his purse, he went to the house of an acquaintance of his master; but when he arrived, the good man of the house was not at home, and the woman refused to give him a lodging. Miles seeing such cold entertainment, wished that he had not troubled her, but being now

there, he was unwilling to go any further, and therefore endeavoured to persuade her to give him a lodging for that night. She told him, she would willingly do it if her husband were at home, but he being out of town, it would not be very creditable to her to lodge any man. "You need not mistrust me," said Miles; "lock me in any place where there is a bed, and I will not trouble you till I rise to-morrow morning." The woman, fearing that her husband would be angry if she denied so trifling a request to one of his friends, consented that he should remain there, if he would be locked up: Miles was contented, and presently went to bed; when he heard the door open, upon which he rose, and peeped through a chink of the partition, and saw an old man come in: this man put down a basket which he had on his arm, and kissed the woman of the house three or four times. He then undid the basket, and pulled out of it a fat capon ready roasted, some bread, and a bottle of good old sack; these he gave to her, saying, "Sweetheart, hearing thy husband was out of town, I am come to visit thee. I am not come empty handed, but have brought something to be merry withal: lay the cloth, sweet honey, and let us banquet." She kindly thanked him, and presently did as he bid her; but they had

scarcely sat down; when her husband knocked at the door. The woman hearing this, was amazed, and knew not what to do with her old lover; but looking at her apron-strings, she immediately hit upon an expedient to extricate herself from her difficulty. She put her lover under the bed, the capon and bread she put under a tub, the bottle of wine she put under the chest, and then opened the door, and with a dissembling kiss she welcomed her husband home, asking him the reason that he returned so quickly. He told her that he had forgotten the money which he intended to have taken with him, but on the morrow betimes he would be gone. Miles saw and heard all this, and having a desire to taste the capon and wine, called to the good man. He asked his wife who that was: she told him, an acquaintance of his, who entertained a lodging there that night. He bid her open the door, which she did, and Miles came out. The husband bid him welcome, and desired his wife to put some meat upon the table: she told him that there was not any ready, but begged that he would wait till to-morrow, when she would provide them a good breakfast.

"Since it is so, Miles," said the good man, "we must rest contented, and sleep away our hunger."

"Nay, stay," said Miles; "if you are hungry, I can find you some good meat: I am a scholar, and have some art."—"I would fain see it," said the good man.—"You shall presently," replied Miles. He then pulled a book out of his bosom, and began his conjuration in this manner:

"From the fearful lake below,
From whence spirits come and go,
Straitway come one, and attend
Friar Bacon's man and friend."

"Comes there none yet?" quoth Miles; "then I must use some other charm."

"Now the owl is flown abroad,
For I hear the croaking toad,
And the bat that shuns the day,
Through the dark doth make her way;
Now the ghosts of men do rise,
And with fearful, hideous cries
Seek revengement from the good
On their heads that spilt the blood:
Come, some spirit, quick I say,
Night's the devil's holiday:
Where'er you be, in dens or lake,
In the ivy, yew, or brake,
Quickly come, and me attend,
That am Bacon's man and friend.
But I will have you take no shape
Of a bear, a horse, or ape;
Nor will I have you terrible,
And therefore come invisible."

"Now he is come," quoth Miles, "and therefore tell me what meat you will have, mine host."—"Any thing, Miles," said the good man.—"Why then," said Miles, "what say you to a capon?"—"I love it above all meats," said the good man.—"Well then a capon you shall have, and a good one too. Bemo, my spirit that I have raised to do me service, I charge thee, seek and search about the earth, and bring me hither strait the best of capons ready roasted." Then he stood still a little, as if he had attended the coming of his spirit, and on a sudden said, "It is well done, Bemo; he hath brought me, mine host, a fat capon from the king of Tripoli's own table, and some bread with it."—"But where is it, Miles?" said the host; "I see neither capon nor spirit."—"Look under the tub," quoth Miles, "and there you will find it." He did so, and, to his wife's great grief,

brought out the capon. "But," said Miles, "we still want some comfortable good drink: I think, mine host, a bottle of Malaga sack would not be amiss. Bemo, haste thee to Malaga, and fetch me from the governor a bottle of his best sack."

The poor woman expected that he would betray her and her lover, and therefore wished that he had been hanged when he first came into her house. Having waited a short time as before, Miles said, "Well done, Bemo: look behind the great chest, mine host." He did so, and fetched out the bottle of sack. "Now then, Miles," said he, "sit down and welcome to thine own cheer. You see, wife, what a man of art can do; get a fat capon and a bottle of good wine in a quarter of an hour, and for nothing, which is the best of all: come, good wife, sit down and be merry, for all this is paid for, I thank Miles."

She sat, and could not eat one bit for anger, but wished that every morsel they ate might choke them. Her old lover, who lay under the bed all this time, expected every minute that Miles would betray him.

When they had eaten and drunk well, the good man requested Miles would let him see the spirit who had procured them this good cheer. Miles seemed unwilling to comply, alleging, that it was contrary to the laws of art, to let an illiterate man see a spirit; but yet for once he would indulge him: but in that

case he must open the door, and soundly beat the spirit, or else he would be troubled with it hereafter; and because he should not fear it, he would make it assume the form of one of his neighbours.

The good man told him he need not doubt his valour, he would beat him soundly; and for that purpose he took up a good cudgel, and stood ready for him. Miles then went to the bed-side, under which the old man lay, and began to conjure him with these words:

"Bemo, quickly come, appear
Like an old man that dwells near;
Quickly rise, and in his shape
From this house make thy escape;
Quickly rise, or else I swear
I'll put thee in a worser fear."

The old man seeing no remedy but that he must come forth, put a good face on it, and rose from under the bed. "Behold my spirit," quoth Miles, "that brought me all that you have had! Now be as good as your word, and cudgel him soundly."—"I protest," said the good man, "your devil is as like goodman Stump, the tooth-drawer, as pomme-water is like an apple. Is it possible that your spirit can take other men's shapes? I'll teach this to keep his own shape." With that he beat the old man soundly, so much so, that Miles was obliged to stop him, and put the old man out of doors. After some laughing, they all went to bed; but the woman could not sleep for grief that her old lover had received such ill usage for her sake.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE ADVISER.

I AM now, sir, within a few months of my fortieth year, and, thanks to the facility with which I always took advice, I am still a spinster: contrary, however, to my own wish; for in truth the state of

single blessedness has, in my opinion, at least too many mortifications to be the voluntary choice of any woman who might be respectably settled. Nevertheless, I have refused four good offers, for no other reason than because I was afraid to trust to my own judgment. This was, I believe, principally occasioned by the manner in which I was educated: I was reared by a rigid grandmother, who always supposed that a woman could not possibly be arrived at years of discretion, till she had attained thirty at least.

I was never, in my childish days, suffered to have a will of my own, even in the most trifling matter, and I reached my eighteenth year in habits of passive obedience, which ill qualified me for the change that then devolved upon me, of acting for myself. My grandmother died, and I became heiress to a handsome property. I was left under the guardianship of a lady, a friend of my deceased relative, but whose character was the very reverse of hers: she was naturally so indolent, that she detested every thing which bore the appearance of trouble; and if I applied for her advice, the only answer I ever could get was, "Pray, child, don't ask me; act as you think best."

Many young people would have found this way of proceeding pleasant enough, but I was naturally humble and timid, and so accustomed to think meanly of my own judgment, that I did not dare to use it. Just then I had the misfortune to become acquainted with Miss Manageall, and this circumstance decided the fate of my fu-

ture life. She was regarded by the generality of people with terror, on account of her prying and interfering disposition, which had, in more instances than one, been the means of doing a good deal of mischief. At that period, she was about thirty-five, but features naturally harsh and masculine made her look older, and though a candidate for matrimony, it was pretty generally believed, that she would continue to be an unsuccessful one. She was noted for the aversion which she generally expressed towards young and pretty women: she surmounted this prejudice, however, in my favour, for though I was then young and blooming, she gladly formed an intimacy with me, in the hope, I believe, which she afterwards realized, of entirely directing me.

Very soon after our acquaintance commenced, I was addressed by Mr. Probit, a good-natured, sensible, gentlemanly man, whose manners pleased me very much, and whose character was unexceptionable. My guardian declared, that there could not be a single objection made to him; and I should readily have consented to give him my hand, had not Miss Manageall advised me to have a little patience, for though things did look very fair, there was no trusting to appearances. I accordingly asked time to deliberate, and my indefatigable friend set about a secret scrutiny into Mr. Probit's character and connections. She could, however, find nothing against him; a circumstance which, instead of establishing his claims to her favour, only convinced her that he must be a consummate hy-

pocrite; because, as nobody could be without faults, a man who managed to hide his so successfully, must be the most artful of human beings.

I was too much interested in his favour to coincide in these *liberal* sentiments; but a trifling occurrence furnished her with another pretext for advising me to refuse him. He called upon me one morning, and found Miss Manageall and myself examining some purchases I had been making; among them was a hat, which in reality was of her choosing: she made me put it on, and asked whether he did not think it extremely becoming: he replied in the negative. She fired up, and abused his taste in pretty strong terms; he defended himself gaily and with good manners, but without giving up the point. He contended that the hat had an effect directly opposite to becoming, as it gave a bold look to my features. She insisted that he was wrong, and they parted mutually unconvinced.

No sooner was he gone, than she thanked Heaven he had so completely shewn his natural character; and she managed, with more ingenuity than truth, to paint him as a detestable tyrant, who would exercise such unbounded sway over me, that I should in reality be as much a slave as if I was in the Grand Seignior's seraglio. What a contradiction, Mr. Adviser, is human nature! I, who voluntarily gave up my own will every day of my life, could not endure the idea of being obliged to submit; and I accordingly sent the worthy Probit his dismissal. I must digress here, to inform you that he mar-

ried soon after, and as his wife chanced to be an acquaintance of mine, I had an opportunity of knowing, that a better or more complacent husband does not exist. So much for the penetration of my sage Mentor.

My next admirer was a widower; he had one child, a daughter, who was amply provided for, and as she did not reside with him, there could be no objection on her account. Miss Manageall, however, ingeniously found out, that my marriage with him must certainly turn out unfortunate. "Depend upon it," said she, "his first wife's example, if it was worth following, will be constantly placed before you: he will extol her perfections till they appear superhuman, and all your attempts to imitate them will be vain. If, on the contrary, she was not a good wife, or at least if her behaviour did not satisfy him, it will render him more difficult to please. If he passionately loved her, you may be sure he will never be strongly attached to you; and if he did not, the probability is, that he will be so wary and circumspect lest you should obtain too much influence over him, that instead of admitting you at once to his heart and his confidence, you will have to win your way to his affections by degrees, and no doubt with many painful struggles." This picture decided the matter; it frightened me out of all thoughts of accepting the widower's offer, and I gave him an immediate refusal.

As this gentleman's application was made after I became of age, and was settled in my own house, with Miss Manageall for my friend

and companion, he did not scruple to ascribe the credit of his rejection to her; and such was the general opinion of her influence over me, that, for a long time, it kept off all pretenders. At last, I was addressed by Mr. Frankly, a young gentleman of very amiable manners, but somewhat inferior to myself in fortune. This, however, would not have been an objection with me, especially as he proved his disinterestedness by offering to settle all my property on myself: but my friend's prudence took the alarm; the superiority of wealth on my side, rendered her suspicious of the reality of his attachment. She said, she had observed that he was so very prudent in money matters, that she was sure he must be naturally mercenary; and she drew a most terrific picture of the miseries which a union with a man of parsimonious habits would produce to me, who am naturally of a liberal disposition. I thought to refute all her objections by reminding her of his generous offer, to settle all my fortune on myself; but she only laughed at what she called a mere lure, and declared, upon the authority of a great lawyer, "That there never was a woman who could not be wheedled or frightened out of her settlement." I can't say that her arguments entirely convinced me, but they were so often repeated, and in such various and specious forms, that, after keeping Mr. Frankly in suspense much longer than I ought to have done, I rejected him at last.

I had nearly attained my thirtieth year before I met with another offer, when an Irish baronet laid

siege to my heart, nothing dismayed, as he himself assured me, by the report, that every avenue to it was closely blocked up by Miss Manageall.

"You know, madam," said he, gaily, "it is the boast of my nation, that neither obstacle nor danger can daunt the hearts of her sons in love or war. I am told that you are difficult to please, and your friend still more so; in short, she has the credit of being the dragon who guards the golden fruit, and it is said, she has the art of spying out some fault in every pretender to your hand. I will spare her the trouble of finding out mine, by candidly telling them to you. I am a very Irishman, hasty, impetuous, not overburthened with prudence in pecuniary matters, and perhaps till now too general an admirer of your sex. For the rest, I am neither saint nor devil: my fortune is large; it is not in my power to injure it: my temper, though hasty, is placable, and my friends give me credit for some share of Milisian warmth of heart. Now, madam, you have my portrait; do you like it well enough to accept of the original?"

I was so much pleased with the natural and unaffected manner in which he gave this whimsical sketch of himself, that I could almost have found in my heart to answer "Yes," and I wish to Heaven I had; but I replied, "I would reflect upon his proposal."—"I have a wonderful aversion to reflection," replied he; "it is a thing we are not given to in Ireland. You may satisfy yourself to-day, if you please, that I have told you the truth: suppose then you marry me to-mor-

row; you can reflect you know afterwards."

I could hardly refrain from laughing at the *naïveté* with which he arranged the matter; but I insisted upon time, which he very reluctantly granted. My inquiries respecting him were so satisfactorily answered, that Miss Manageall could find nothing to urge against him but his being an Irishman. Unfortunately, however, a circumstance soon occurred, which she had the art to wrest to his disadvantage.

He was speaking one day of the beautiful scenery round his estate in Ireland, and Miss Manageall asked him if he ever resided there; he replied, that he did a considerable part of every year. She said no more, but after he was gone, she advised me in common prudence, as she said, to stipulate that we should always live in England; or at least, that I should be allowed to remain here when he went to Ireland, for fear he should whisk me over to his barbarous country, where she was certain I should be miserable. I was fool enough to follow her advice: he heard me with apparent surprise, and when I had finished, asked if I was serious. "Certainly," replied I.—"I am sorry for it," answered he, quickly: "I will never be such a rascal as to give up my country. The income I derive from the soil ought to be, at least partly, spent upon it; and while I live, please Heaven, it shall. My tenants look up to me as their father; it is my wish and hope, that my wife should consider herself as their mother; but I don't comprehend how she can fulfil her duties either

to them or to me, by remaining in one country while I am in another. I have no objection to pass a few months now and then in England, but Castle Killgiffanny has long been the home of my progenitors, and it shall always be mine."

I made no reply, for I felt, in fact, that he was actuated by a right feeling; but Miss Manageall, to whom I reported our conversation, wept bitterly, and drew a picture of my future days, which I could not contemplate without shuddering. According to her account, I was going to be buried alive among savages, who were utter strangers to all the refinements of life, who would hate me for being an Englishwoman, and probably some day or other amuse themselves with piking, or shooting, or perhaps burning me alive, which she protested they were ferocious enough to do, if the least disturbance broke out. The result of the terrors which she conjured up was, that I wrote to protest I could not live in Ireland, and if he persisted in residing there, I must bid him farewell. He sent me a billet, containing only the word, "Adieu!" and in less than a week, he married a lady, who, I have since been told, declares that Ireland is the most delightful place in the world, and protests that she would not exchange Castle Killgiffanny and its neighbourhood for any part of the globe.

It is now nearly ten years since I lost my Hibernian swain, and from that time to the present, I have had no offer. I am not, however, disposed entirely to relinquish the thoughts of enlisting under the banners of the saffron-



THE ROYAL VAULT.

View from the entrance.

The Royal Vault, Westminster Abbey, London. The vault is a large, arched structure, and the view is from the entrance, looking down the length of the vault. The vault is supported by a series of pillars, and the ceiling is high and arched. The floor is dark and polished. In the distance, a small altar or table is visible, and several figures are standing behind it.

robed deity, if I could meet with a rational and pleasant partner. There is a gentleman two or three years older than myself, who has, for some time, paid me a good deal of attention, but I believe the report of my having rejected so many lovers, seals his lips. Pray tell me, good sir, how far, under my circumstances, I may, consistently with delicacy, encourage him to speak, and you will oblige your very humble servant,

ANNA AUTUMN.

P.S. I have long since parted with Miss Manageall.

As I consider that it is rather assistance than advice which this

correspondent wants, I have published her letter, because I think that if her lover really means any thing, it will be the most effectual way to make him declare himself. If this step should be deemed by a jury of spinsters a breach of etiquette, I solicit their indulgence, and request only that they will make the case their own. If they do, I am certain they must allow, *en conscience*, that when a maiden on the verge of forty is determined to enter into the holy state of matrimony, she has no time to lose in punctilios.

S. SAGEPHIZ.

PLATE 21.—THE ROYAL VAULT.

AN interesting, but at the same time a mournful plate of the Royal Vault in St. George's chapel, Windsor, forms one of the embellishments of our present Number. We know that nothing more is necessary to keep alive the feeling of deep regret, occasioned by the death of his late Majesty, than a recollection of his public and private virtues, which have produced such extensive and such lasting benefits; yet we are sure that we are not contributing to the gratification of a useless and idle curiosity, in furnishing the accompanying representation. If the anxiety for his late Majesty had ended with his mortal existence, if no interest were felt for him by his people after his decease, the engraving we have been at the pains of procuring, might have been needless; but the affection of the inhabitants of these kingdoms perished not with the ex-

alted object that excited it, and though alleviated by a well-founded confidence in the wisdom and benevolence of his royal successor, it accompanies the King (whom a long and benign reign had endeared) even to the gloomy recesses of the tomb.

In our last Number we inserted all the most important particulars of the Life and Character of his late Majesty; but the most impressive and painful ceremony attending the royal obsequies, was so fully before our readers in so many shapes, that we thought it unnecessary to do more than refer to it in general terms, descriptive of its melancholy grandeur, and of the awful effect produced upon the immense congregation of spectators, who witnessed both the lying in state in the chapter-room of Windsor Castle, and the last distressing duties of depositing the sanctified corpse of his Majesty in

the Royal Vault. Every public journal was crowded with *mimetic* of detail, and we were not then enabled to supply any thing of importance beyond what had been already promulgated in many different shapes. We refrained therefore from fatiguing our readers with mere repetitions, and only recur to the subject when we have it in our power to offer something at once both striking, novel, and impressive.

The vault represented in our plate, was prepared for the reception of the deceased members of the present Royal Family, under the immediate command and direction of his late Majesty: it was, we are informed, originally constructed under the orders and inspection of the celebrated Cardinal Wolsey, when in the zenith of his power, but it was left unfinished on the decline of his authority: it remained in this imperfect state until it was ordered to be completed by the late King, and was usually known by the name of "Wolsey's Tomb-House." The general effect of the whole interior is very imposing, and is well calculated to inspire sensations congenial to a receptacle for the mighty dead, and to the melancholy objects that present themselves to the eye of the spectator.

At the further extremity, five coffins are ranged, two of them surmounted by crowns, and three by coronets: the centre, covered with purple velvet, contains the mortal remains of our late beloved Monarch; to the left, reposes the body of her Majesty Queen Charlotte; and to the right, that daughter whose premature loss the late ami-

able King so deeply and so acutely deplored, that to it is attributed the return of that dreadful malady which has cast an awful gloom over nearly the last ten years of the reign of George III. At the two extremities of this elevation, are seen the coffins of two young princes, who died in their childhood, Alfred and Octavius. Thus at one view we are presented with two of the greatest moral lessons: that age and infancy are alike the victims of impartial death, and that monarchs themselves in time become the unresisting subjects of his kindly sway.

We turn from the contemplation of the fate of a sovereign, who expired in the fulness of virtue and of years, to a spectacle, that, even after the lapse of many months, cannot fail to excite the sympathy of every beholder. To the left of our view, on the second platform, are deposited a mother and her son: the one receiving life and death almost at the same instant; and the other parting with existence at the moment when she had a double claim to the regard of her future subjects. The coffins of the Princess Charlotte and of her infant repose above that of the late venerable sister of George III. at the head of which will be noticed the ducal coronet of Brunswick.

Nearer to the fore-ground, and still on the left hand, on a level with the Princess Charlotte, lies the late Duke of Kent; a prince of many and exalted virtues, that endeared him to all classes of the community; who owed his death, in some degree, to the amiable simplicity of his habits, and to the disregard of those forms and that

state, which it has been sometimes the custom for princes to maintain, and the non-observance of which brought him nearer to the view of the people, and enabled them to judge of his character and demeanour. He has left behind him an august widow, who, admiring the excellent qualities of her late consort, will not fail to educate their mutual offspring in strict conformity with them.

We cannot more appropriately terminate our description of this

melancholy pile, the dreary palace of the dead, than by the following lines from one of our noblest poets, which might serve as an appropriate motto for the gloomy structure:

“ The glories of our blood and state
Are shadows—not substantial things:
There is no armour against fate;
Death lays his icy hand on kings.
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made,
With the poor crooked scythe and spade!”

SHIRLEY.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A WOULD-BE AUTHOR.

CHAP. XII.

THE DELIGHT OF AN EDITOR—JUVENILE LITERATURE—PICTURESQUE EFFECT.

It will be very readily seen, Mr. Editor, in my last communication, that I was as usual ardent and impetuous, while my friend Perriwinkle was cautious and apparently indifferent: is it then to be wondered that he had the best of the bargain? He had reason to congratulate himself on my extreme simplicity, and I was here a sufferer. Still he had many a doubt to satisfy, many a fear to urge: at length, however, the interview between Shylock and Antonio was over, and with joy I heard him say, that he thought he might without any apprehension apply to the proprietors of the Imperial Magazine.

I was as heedless and happy as has been many a child before me, on the gratification of viewing a scarce shell, or a bust without a nose. I have here a happy opportunity of quoting, did I think fit, that men are but children of a larger growth, but I choose rather to proceed in my detail. At one

time the proprietors had agreed to his terms, but as they took a day or two to consider of them, Perriwinkle alleged that he was not bound to fulfil his agreement: he therefore dropped a few pounds more at the next meeting, until finding they had a greater rogue to deal with than themselves, they were glad to close at once.

We have all our failings, Mr. Editor, and *getting up works in style* was one of mine. I will not trouble you or your readers, by stating, how often I felt that “hope deferred” which “maketh the heart sick.” Perriwinkle, cold and cautious, seemed determined not to conclude finally without getting of me a certain number of dinners and suppers, not to mention breakfasts and occasional lunches: sir, the rascal lived on me. At length, the important affair was ended, and I became a proprietor, without indeed a master to consult, but with a partner cruel in his exactions of

service as an Egyptian taskmaster. Have you, sir, seen some poor wretch, who, having expended his all upon lottery-tickets, hears that his last speculation makes him a sharer in a 20,000*l.* prize? if you have, you have some idea of my feelings. I was mad with joy at this moment on the accomplishment of my favourite plan, and Perriwinkle, had he liked it, for he dined with me on the day of sealing our agreement, might have got drunk with my unpaid-for wine: but drunkenness—I should say the pursuits of a *bon-vivant*, were not his; indeed all his *égaremens* but one were very moderate, and had not nature given him a dash of the rake in his composition, he might, as a mere quiet moral man, without a single tincture of religion, have made hundreds a prey to his selfish gratification of money.

Had you, Mr. Editor, seen the importance of my looks, while proceeding in getting out the first number of our “New Series” (for a New Series was then the fashion of the day), you would have imagined that I was at least about to divulge a secret for paying off the national debt, or that I had just discovered the perpetual motion!

I should, however, have told you, that Perriwinkle came at first very readily into all my schemes of renovation and improvement, for the price of the copyright was to be paid by instalments; I was to sign notes for the purpose. I trembled while I did sign them, and I tremble now when I think that my signature appeared with Perriwinkle’s nearly to the amount of 500*l.* including the purchase of the stock in hand. Let every young man

avoid a bill at “three months after date,” as they would avoid the devil. But I soon became blind to all consequences, and having obtained my dear-bought bauble, was as delighted as the urchin, who having made three ineffectual jumps at the suspended cherry, finds it between his teeth.

I shall not entertain you with the many checks which I received from my amiable partner in my attempt to inoculate him with taste: as he boasted of the religion of reason, I had many a hard battle for the insertion of matter of a religious tendency; and I well remember, it was at the time that the monster Paine first made his diabolical attempts on the happiness of us poor mortals, that fancying I was called upon as reviser general of the morals of my subscribers, I opposed his sentiments. I cooked up a *jeu d’esprit*, which not a little pleased myself, but which struck my partner with dismay; but here I was determined—my matter was inserted, and I have the pleasure of saying, that it has been received in this our evil day, by some persons who have thought proper gratuitously to print my dissertation.

Our New Series, sir, was to be embellished with a beautiful coloured design; and Perriwinkle, putting in his claim as an artist, assured me that it was only the dreadful necessity of being obliged to get his daily bread which prevented his cultivating the polite art, for which he once shewed a *pretty* taste; that water-colours were his forte, and that as part-proprietor to any profit which might accrue to him, without detriment to the work, he had as good a right to be the

decorator, as I had to be the editor of the work. I was at last compelled to allow him one half of the plates, for the display of his decorative talents; the other half I gave to a friend of mine, who, allured by a prize given him long since by a society for the encouragement of *tyros* in art, had been induced to quit a respectable profession, to become a starving professor of art, without being the practiser of its qualifications. This encouragement being the first and the last he ever received, he was now condemned to paint, not original designs, but "The Peacock at Home"—"The Butterfly's Ball," and new readings of "Little Jack Horner" and "Dame Trott," to suit the tastes of the rising generation, who now seem to disdain the once beautiful volumes, "elegantly bound and gilt," of Messrs. Marshall of Aldermanbury churchyard, price 6d. "who have many such pretty books for good boys and girls who are fond of learning." These are succeeded by the more costly volumes, but less splendid outsides, than those of the olden times, written indeed with a far greater degree of talent than their more humble predecessors; and indeed so elegantly indited, as to make them perfectly unintelligible to the youthful student, who, in the splendid colours of modern times, looks in vain for the amusement contained in "Tommy Hickathrift," or the *original* "House that Jack built."

Our letter-box for the magazine betrayed a most attractive design, given at my own expense; an expense which afforded my aforesaid friend and artist a com-

fortable dinner: it was not indeed equal to the *auricular slit* which some time since was placed in a window in Bond-street, which was connected with a box intended to hold literary matter for a fashionable magazine conducted by the elegant Lanchester; and, unlike the ear of Dionysius, intended to convey, not sounds of treason to be punished with ingenious cruelty, but elegant nothings, for the entertainment of her *literary* customers, whose heads she would have lined at the same time that she was adorning their persons. But I must leave Dionysius and Plutarch's Lives, to attend to my own tale.

The day of publication came, and I hurried to the dépôt of my new speculation. Sir, the plates, "delicately tinted by a celebrated artist," seemed almost as inviting as those of the original and humorous *Doctor Syntax*, published at the Repository of Arts; but, alas! when I viewed the other half, the efforts of my colleague, the comparison can only be drawn by a reference to the opposition and disreputable daubs of the counterfeit *Doctor*, published in Cheapside. How shall I relate it? Five hundred copies of the work were entirely ruined by the efforts of this wretched dauber. Roses and lilies were red and white it is true, but such a red and such a white were scarcely ever exhibited in the very worst picture-shops of Long-lane and Tower Hill.

In vain I expostulated; the wretch saw them only as his productions. "They are," said he, "painted with the best body colours the stationer's shop afford-

ed. But I was too nice in these matters, and they might have been engraved at half the expense." I had no redress; I endeavoured to wash some of it off, but from that day our roses and lilies drooped never to rise again, and the process had nearly blighted all my laurels: in plain English, "the beautiful illustrations of natural history" were abandoned for ever. Fortunately, our purchasers were not profound critics, and we having promised how much we should im-

prove our miscellany, they took the will for the deed, and imagined we had performed as we had promised. But I shall no longer tire you, Mr. Editor, with these obstacles to making the Imperial Magazine the most respectable of all magazines, but propose, with your leave, to make up my next communication with the troubles I met with in dispensing, by virtue of my office, praise or discouragement to my contributors, poetical and prosaic,

A CASE FOR ADVICE.

SIR,

I HAVE taken the liberty of requesting the insertion of the following case in your excellent Magazine; with an anxious hope that I shall, through its medium, be favoured with the advice of some one of your correspondents, which I trust will not only be of service to me, but to those who may be unhappily placed in similar circumstances.

I am a young man, in my twenty-third year, in the profession of the law, of small fortune independent of my practice, but with an expectation of receiving some addition on the death of an uncle.

Before I was articled, which was about nine years since, I was, for about six months, a pupil of a clergyman, the Rev. Mr. R. who lived at a little village about six miles from my home, where I became acquainted with his daughter, a young lady in her nineteenth year, who had just left school. Mr. R. being often out on his little farm, and visiting his parishioners, and Mrs. R. labouring under very indiffer-ent health, Louisa and I

were often together, and soon formed a strong attachment to each other, for I was at that age when the young heart is usually captivated; and Louisa, although not a beauty, soon won my affections, as she possessed a kind and affectionate heart, an intelligent mind, good temper, and natural abilities, which had been improved by an excellent education.

"Thus men are often captives of a face,
They know not why, of no peculiar grace:
Some forms, tho' bright, no mortal man can
bear;
Some none resist, though not exceeding
fair."

But I had almost forgotten her taste for music, which, as it coincided with my own, was perhaps a point of no little weight with me, as music has ever been to me one of the most delightful amusements.

Thus, sir, I used to think it was impossible the world could produce another equal to her, and I was looking forward to that happy period when I should arrive at man's estate, and be able to realize all my sanguine hopes and wishes. Money Louisa had none, nor indeed

had any expectations; but that I never thought of, as we intended to occupy some little cottage retired from the world, which our ideas, or rather our wishes, had pictured for us; and if I recollect rightly, we were there to live upon—love! You may imagine, it was not long before Louisa became acquainted with my father's family, and after I left Mr. R.'s, she used frequently to be a visitor of my sisters; but as I, from quitting my home, saw her less frequently, time by degrees diminished that violent flame of love into friendship and esteem, which I still entertain for her. I have, ever since my leaving her father's house, received invitations, written by her at her father's request, which she has indited in such a manner as to leave no doubt in my mind, that she still remembers our "plighted troth," and entertains a conviction that I intend to make her proposals; an idea which I have no less endeavoured to prevent her possessing, than her thinking that I ever remember my boyish love.

You may suppose me conceited

or mistaken in my apprehensions respecting her attachment to me: I confess it would be no crime to be conceited with the knowledge of being the object of the affections of a female of such merits as Louisa's; but I must be indeed blinded by conceit, not to be but too well aware that I am not mistaken. Now, sir, independently of our disparity of years, many insurmountable obstacles render it impossible for me to make the proposals which Louisa expects: I have, for some time past, felt great anxiety on this account, for my own feelings will not allow me willingly to wound those of her whom I once loved, and whom I still esteem; and I am fearful of adopting any course, without first making my case known to your readers, that I may have the benefit of their opinion and advice; and I shall anxiously wait the publication of your next Magazine, that I may be advised so as to ease my own mind, and not wound the delicate feelings of an amiable female. I am yours, &c. BIS.

RIDICULE OF THE ENGLISH UPON THE FRENCH STAGE.

For the REPOSITORY.

MR. EDITOR,

I HAVE read with considerable entertainment the sketches you have from time to time given of the manners of the Parisians; but I have not yet seen any thing said by your correspondent, on the constant habit of the French to turn the English into ridicule. Even this I hold to be complimentary to my countrymen, and as

long as we can free ourselves by the exertions of our army and navy from any overpowering influence on the part of France, as we did a few years ago when Buonaparte was at its head, I shall be very well contented, that this ridicule-loving nation shall revenge themselves by laughing at our supposed peculiarities.

Yet it is somewhat singular, to

see how long this feeling seems to continue. I have been in Paris three times since the peace of 1815, and I was not surprised in the first instance to see, that at almost every theatre in the capital pieces were represented, which had for object to make sport of the English visitors: it made sport for them too, as the joke was always taken in good part, and my countrymen never exhibited any degree of soreness under the infliction. For instance, at the Theatre Français, the manager got up an after-piece, called *Les Deux Postes*, which had been originally produced after the peace of Amiens, and in which the absurdities committed by the English in travelling, were made the subject of satire. At the Theatre de Variétés, I saw *Les Deux Boxeurs*, in which two French sharpers were represented as passing themselves off for English pugilists, and imposing upon the natives, by giving lessons in an art of which they had not the slightest knowledge.

In the same way at the Vaudeville Theatre, I dare say many of your readers have been amused by the versatility of *Jollie* in *Les Anglais pour rire*, where all the fancied defects of habits, dress, and language, were turned to the best account. Of this last production, I was present at the performance in 1817, on my second journey; and while I allow that the caricature had humour, I could not help thinking, that if I had been a native or an inhabitant of Paris, I should have been tired of the jest in the course of two years. However, this did not seem to be the case, for the house was always well filled; and at the Theatre de Porte

St. Martin, and even at the Spectacle of Franconi (the Astley of Paris), I found that my countrymen were still sufferers, for the very clown to the horsemanship and tight-rope, was represented as an awkward, ill-dressed, stupid, blundering Englishman.

I confess, I was weary of it, and of the French capital into the bargain, very soon, and I did not remain there for more than three weeks; but, unfortunately, business compelled me to go through it again about six weeks ago; and I found, that the rage for ridiculing the English had not by any means subsided, though it was confined to one or two of the minor theatres. I did not intend to have gone to either of them, but I was overpersuaded by a friend, and I went accordingly, and I must acknowledge that the satire amused me. The main incidents did not affect the English, but the Parisians themselves, two of my countrymen playing an under-plot, as you will see presently. The piece was called *Bolivar et Morillo*, the names of two rival chieftains of South America; and it is necessary to premise, that there have for some time prevailed throughout France, among the devotees of Fashion (and who are not her worshippers throughout France, from the *décrotteur* on the Pont Neuf, to the lord in waiting at the Thuilleries?) two modes in hats, the one with a very small brim, and the other with a very large one; the first being called the *Bolivar*, and the other the *Morillo* hat. The main object of the performance was to turn the tyranny of this fashion into ridicule, and in the course of it, all

kinds of head-dresses are mentioned and criticized; and among them, the *chapeau blanc de reforme en Angleterre*, is not forgotten: indeed it forms the subject of the chorus at the conclusion of the farce, if I may so call it, and a more magnificent specimen of drab felt was never worn by Orator Hunt himself, than that exhibited on the stage of the Feydeau.

But your readers will be wondering in what way the English, or rather their representatives, were concerned; and though I have not yet mentioned them, I assure you, that they played sufficiently prominent parts. The whole scene lies in the dining-room of a *Restaurateur*, and here the dispute is carried on with much briskness, and at times the parties are nearly coming to blows, or rather to daggers drawing, to use a familiar phrase: the French seldom deal in pugilism, though some of your readers recollect, or have heard of the famous contest that once took place in England, between the champion Slack and the giant of Normandy, who was to have beaten all the world. But not to be longer without coming to the point: whilst the dispute regarding hats is at its height, and is carried on with so much vigour that the whole room is disturbed, two Englishmen,

dressed in caricature, enter, and sitting down to a table, nearly at the commencement of the performance, they commence their operations upon the *potages*, the *ragouts*, the *fricandeaux*, the *omelets*, &c. &c. &c. with great voracity, and they keep up the attack without intermission until the curtain falls, not having taken the least notice of what was passing, and which excited the attention and fears of every body else.

The humour of this silent devotion, if I may be allowed the word, you will readily perceive; and what is most pleasant in it, that there is no malignity in it. What Matthews introduced last season at the English Opera-House, of the young apprentice who only went to France for a week, and therefore, at his first breakfast, called for a bottle of Champagne, and another of Burgundy, that he might lose no time, was much in the same spirit. I have sent you these few hasty lines, that your readers may know what was passing very recently in France; and they will learn from them, that it is not a little that can make a native of that country tired even of a bad joke. Yours, &c.

PEREGRINE.

LONDON, Feb. 20, 1820.

CHARADES BY THE CELEBRATED PORSON.

MR. EDITOR,

ALL your readers have heard of that celebrated Greek scholar Porson, and of his eccentricities: one of those eccentricities was a love for charades and rebuses; the playfulness of a great mind. The

two following, to my knowledge, were made by him; and I shall be happy, in your next Number, to find a solution of them by any of your correspondents. I am, &c.

F. D. S.

LONDON, March 13, 1820.

My first from the thief tho' your house it de-
fends,

Like a slave or a cheat you abuse or de-
spise.

My second tho' brief, yet, alas! compre-
hends

All the good, all the great, all the learn'd,
all the wise.

Of my third I have little or nothing to say;
Except that it marks the departure of day.

My first is the lot that is destin'd by fate,
For my second to meet with in every state;
My third is by many philosophers reckon'd,
To bring very often my first to my second.

DIFFERENT MODES OF PUNISHMENT IN FOREIGN COUNTRIES.

IN China, persons guilty of murder are beheaded, except where a person kills his adversary in a duel, in which case he is strangled. Decapitation, by the laws of China, is considered the most dishonourable mode of execution.

This sort of punishment being deemed in the highest degree ignominious, is only inflicted for crimes which are regarded by the Chinese government as the most prejudicial to society, such as conspiracy, assassination, committing any offence against the person of the emperor, or attempting the life of any of the imperial family; revolting, insurrection, striking a parent, or any other unnatural crime. The malefactor who is condemned to be beheaded, is made to kneel upon the ground, the band of infamy is taken from his back, and the executioner, by a single blow of a two-handed sword, strikes off his head with great dexterity. These headsmen, and, indeed, the generality of inferior officers of justice in China, are selected from the soldiery, according to the customs of the primitive barbarians; neither is this employment considered more ignominious than the post of principal officer of executive justice in other countries. Decapitation is held by the Chinese as the most disgraceful kind

of death; because the head, which is the principal part of a man, is separated from the body, and that body is not consigned to the grave as entire as he received it from his parents. If a great mandarin be convicted of any atrocious offence, he is executed in this manner like the meanest person. After the head is severed, it is frequently suspended from a tree, by the side of a public road; the body is thrown into a ditch, the law having deemed it unworthy the respect of regular funeral rites.

When a sentence is submitted to the emperor for his approbation, if the crime be of the first degree of atrocity, he orders the malefactor to be executed without delay: when it is only of an ordinary nature, he directs that the criminal shall be imprisoned till the autumn, and then executed; a particular day in that season being allotted for such ceremonies.

The Emperor of China seldom orders a subject to be executed until he has consulted with his first law officers, whether he can avoid it without infringing on the constitution of his realm. He fasts for a certain period previous to signing an order for an execution; and his imperial majesty esteems those years of his reign the most illustrious, and most fortunate, in

which he has had the least occasion to let fall upon his subjects the rigorous sword of justice.

The usual capital punishments in China are strangling and beheading. The former is more common, and is decreed against those who are found guilty of crimes, which, however capital, are only held in the second rank of atrocity: for instance, all acts of homicide, whether intentional or accidental; every species of fraud committed upon government; the seduction of a woman, whether married or single; giving abusive language to a parent; plundering or defacing a burying-place; robbing with destructive weapons; and for wearing pearls*.

In Turkey and other countries, the head is struck off with a sabre.

In England, decapitation is reckoned the most honourable punishment†, and thus our great personages formerly suffered. For high

* This extraordinary law against wearing pearls, must have been formed for the sake of preventing robberies.

Criminals are sometimes strangled with a bow-string, but on general occasions, a cord is made use of, which fastens the person to a cross, and one turn being taken round his neck, it is drawn tight by an athletic executioner.

Men of distinction are usually strangled, as the more honourable death; and where the emperor is inclined to shew an extraordinary mark of attention towards a mandarin condemned to die, he sends him a silken cord, with permission to be his own executioner.

† Lord Ferrers petitioned that the punishment of hanging should be changed to decapitation; but it was deemed proper that he should suffer like other murderers.

treason the head is severed from the body, but the offender is previously hung, though not, according to sentence, till he is quite dead; hanging in England being deemed the most ignominious punishment. Decapitation is here performed with the hatchet, the head being placed on a block of wood, with the neck bare. In France it is a common punishment, and is indeed most expeditiously performed.

In France the guillotine was originally called the Maiden, of the use and form of which, in Great Britain, Mr. Pennant gives the following account:

“It seems to have been confined to the limits of the forest of Hardwick, or the eighteen towns and hamlets within its precincts. The time when this custom took place is unknown: whether Earl Warren, lord of this forest, might have established it among the sanguinary laws then in use against the invaders of the hunting rights, or whether it might not take place after the woollen-manufactures at Halifax began to gain strength, is uncertain. The last is very probable; for the wild country around the town was inhabited by a lawless set, whose depredations on the cloth-tenters might soon stifle the efforts of infant industry. For the protection of trade, and for the greater terror of offenders by speedy execution, this custom seems to have been established, so as at last to receive the force of law, which was, ‘That if a felon be taken within the liberty of the forest of Hardwick, with goods stolen out or within the said precincts,

either hand-habend, back-berand, or confessioned, to the value of thirteen-pence halfpenny, he shall, after three market-days, within the town of Halifax, next after such his apprehension, and being condemned, be taken to the gibbet, and there have his head cut from his body.'

"The offender had always a fair trial; for as soon as he was taken, he was brought to the lord's bailiff at Halifax: he was then exposed on the three markets (which here were held thrice in a week), placed in a stocks, with the goods stolen on his back, or if the theft was of the cattle kind, they were placed by him; and this was done both to strike terror into others, and to produce new information against him. The bailiff then summoned four freeholders of each town within the forest, to form a jury. The felon and prosecutors were brought face to face; the goods, the cow or horse, or whatever was stolen, produced. If he was found guilty, he was remanded to prison, had a week allowed for preparation, and then was conveyed to this spot, where his head was struck off by this machine. I should have premised, that if the criminal, either after apprehension, or in the way to execution, could escape out of the limits of the forest (part being close to the town), the bailiff had no further power over him; but if he should be caught within the precincts at any time after, he was

immediately executed on his former sentence.

"This privilege was very freely used during the reign of Elizabeth: the records before that time were lost. Twenty-five suffered in her reign, and at least twelve from 1623 to 1650; after which, I believe, the privilege was no more exerted.

"This machine of death is now destroyed; but I saw one of the same kind in a room under the Parliament-House at Edinburgh, where it was introduced by the Regent Morton, who took a model of it as he passed through Halifax, and at length suffered by it himself. It is in form of a painter's easel, and about ten feet high: at four feet from the bottom is a cross bar, on which the felon lays his head, which is kept down by another placed above. In the inner edges of the frame are grooves; in these is placed a sharp axe with a vast weight of lead, supported at the very summit with a peg; to that peg is fastened a cord, which the executioner cutting, the axe falls, and does the affair effectually, without suffering the unhappy criminal to undergo a repetition of strokes, as has been the case in the common method. I must add, that if the sufferer is condemned for stealing a horse or a cow, the string is tied to the beast, which, on being whipped, pulls out the peg, and becomes the executioner."

THE FEMALE TATTLER.

No. LII.

*In nova fert animus. — OVID, Met.**We all love novelty.*

I HAD promised my readers that this paper should comprehend a subject very interesting to my female readers, but a circumstance has happened which induces me to defer it to another opportunity; but I hope to render this number of the *Female Tattler* not altogether without its use.

St. Paul tells the Athenians, but rather as a matter of reproach, that they are always searching after some new thing. They, as is well known, were the most polished nation in all antiquity; and were far advanced in those refinements, which are the natural consequence of an extensive intercourse with other countries, and of wealth, security, and ease, under the enjoyments of a free and well administered government.

The passion for novelty, however, as it acts on different subjects, has very different consequences. When religion or government are its objects, it is the source of most terrible evils; and the wisest men, as well as the most able politicians, have generally regarded it with alarm. When things go on tolerably well, to maintain them upon the old footing has been generally thought the safest maxim for the happiness of the community. Too great a desire of novelty, either in those who govern or those who are governed, has often disturbed the peace of kingdoms, and brought on internal confusion, which has required no small portion of public and pri-

vate sacrifices to allay, and whose effects have been felt, when those who first suggested the injurious change of system were no more.

When the love of novelty acts merely under the influence of personal vanity, or what some may denominate taste; when it proceeds no further than to govern the arrangements of dress, of equipage, of furniture, &c. no actual harm can proceed from it; nay, some good may be produced by it; as art may be encouraged, and trade may be advanced, by the whims and fancies which arise out of it. In its highest degree of excess, it can only become a subject of ridicule. The form of a hat, the cut of a coat, the colour of a pelisse, the arrangements of a bonnet, the shape of a carriage, or any other exterior display, whether of partial use or mere show, can neither affect the government of public affairs either in church or state. Indeed, as I have just observed, vanity, though ridiculous in the particular, may be useful in the general indulgence of it: by increasing the wants, it increases the connections of mankind. What employment does fashion and fanciful taste give to industry; and so long as they do not, by too great extravagance, defeat their own ends, in disabling the rich from paying the reward of that industry to the poor, they answer excellent purposes to society.

The improvements of every invention for the convenience and

ease of life, as well as those which constitute its real ornaments, are, in a great measure, indebted to the love of novelty: though this spirit may become unreasonable, and if, in its wantonness, it should very much transcend the bounds of nature and of truth, it will produce a degeneracy in that taste whose purity it has originally promoted.

The indulgence of this love of novelty has been a powerful friend to art, in all its various branches; but instances may be given, I fear, where it has overstepped those limits, to which a genuine uncorrupted taste would naturally confine it.

This may be particularly observed in many of the musical compositions of the present day. I think it is Jackson of Exeter, whom I cannot but consider as a genuine sentimental composer, and whose sounds never fail to convey the real feeling of the poet whom he clothes in musical notes, has defined modern music to have too much become the art of executing difficult passages, to the neglect of that expression which is the soul of harmony. Indeed, it must strike every one who considers the present state of musical composition, that it is too generally considered as excellent, when it impresses the audience with the idea of difficulty in the execution. Dr. Johnson's opinion on this subject is well known. A gentleman observing, with some degree of applauding wonder, respecting the difficulty in the execution of a piece of music which they had just heard, the doctor replied, "It is very true; I believe it was very difficult, so much so, that I wish it had been impossible."

It is not for me to enter into a disquisition on a new taste, which has of late been introduced by our fashionable poets, where it has always struck me, that truth and nature and simplicity, which are the features of genuine poetry, have been palpably violated. For quiet and unpretending as these terms may be, they are capable of producing all that is grand and sublime in song. May I be supposed to be going too far, and asserting too much, that modern poetry has been frequently loaded with unnatural and unconnected images, and a style embarrassed with its own pomp; that it has been vehement without strength, and ornamented without beauty; and that the native warm and winning language of the Muses has given way to the affection of pleasing in a new form?

Few men are endued with a just taste; that is, with an aptitude to discover what is proper, fit, and right; and consequently beautiful in the several objects which offer themselves to their view. Though beauty in these external objects, like beauty in the understanding, is self-evident and immutable; yet, like truth, it may be seen perversely, or not at all, because not considered. Now every one appears to be 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 mere novelty.

There is one improvement, which, if I may be allowed the expression, the love of novelty is continually improving; and that is, the modern art of laying out grounds, or, as it is more happily called,

landscape-gardening. This art, for so it may be called, is now become so extensive, as to comprehend and combine all the advantages of gardening and agriculture.

If we look back to antiquity, we shall find the gardens of Alcinous in Homer, and the descriptions of rural scenery in Virgil, hardly to correspond with the genius of the poets, or the delight they seem to have enjoyed in them. The villas of Pliny and Cicero, which they have described in a language which seems to be that of the fondest affection, do not raise the admiration of a lover of English landscape. The modern gardens of Italy are mere repositories for statues, bass-reliefs, urns, &c. the disposition of which ornaments, together with some straight walks of ever-green oaks, and here and there an artificial fountain, complete the scenery.

Sir William Temple, in his gardens of Epicurus, expatiates with great pleasure on that of More Park; yet, after he has extolled it as the pattern of a perfect garden, for use, beauty, and magnificence, he rises to nobler images, and, in a kind of prophetic spirit, points out a higher style, free and unconfined. This prediction has been verified, in some measure, in every part of the kingdom. The bound-

less imagination of Milton, in the fourth book of *Paradise Lost*, struck out a plan of a garden, which I would propose for the entertainment and instruction of my readers, as containing all the views, objects, and ambition of the modern landscape-gardeners.

It is the peculiar happiness of this age, to see these just and noble ideas brought into practice, regularity banished, prospects opened, the country called in, nature rescued and improved, and Art concealing herself under her own perfections.

Another circumstance has arisen out of the improvements in landscape nature, and that is, the study of botany; which is become so universal, and rendered so delightful, as to be considered as a female accomplishment; and not only the conservatory is become an apartment connected with fashionable elegance, but the decoration of the lady's boudoir furnishes the flowers which adorn her person. Here the love of novelty may boast of its utility and its success, and there is no amusement more delightful to the eye, or more capable of planting moral sentiments in the heart, than an attentive cultivation of this charming science.

F— T—.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

THREE ITALIAN ARIETTS, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte, composed, and dedicated to his friend J. B. Cramer, by F. Sor.
Set V. Pr. 5s.

(Continued from No. II.)

THE length of our observations on this publication, in the preced-

ing Number of the *Repository*, compelled us, reluctantly, to break off with the first of these arietts. We proceed to the second, the text of which is subjoined:

Perduta l'anima
Del viver mio,
Come poss'io

Vita bramar?
 Quei giuramenti
 Che mi sedurono,
 Col vento furono,
 Per non tornar.

Literally, "Forsaken by the soul of my existence, how can I desire to live? Those oaths that deluded me, are fled with the winds, never to return."

"Short and simple enough!" we hear some of our readers exclaim. Not the worse for it in a poetical point of view, and certainly, on that very account, the more eligible for the composer. Although our hazarding any opinion in matters of poetry, may be deemed an encroachment *ultra crepidam*, we cannot help contrasting the simplicity of these lines with the turgid word-cramming fringe-work of most of our modern bards. One of the fundamental rules of their bathos is, not to use a substantive without one or more adjectives, no matter whether or not it add to the sense, or heighten the impression; no matter whether the same epithet have been used by hundreds and hundreds of poetasters before them, so the rubbish fill the gap, make a pretty garnish, and a sounding flourish. The moon must be *pale* or *wan*; the tear *gushing* or *trickling*; hope may be either *fond* or *sweet*; fear can't help being *anxious*, *dread*, *appalling*, &c. We felt some temptation, we confess, to venture upon a translation of the above text, with all those luxuriant embellishments, *nel buon gusto moderno*; but our fear of giving umbrage, or of having the Editor's pen drawn through our labour, as likely to offend, restrained the attempt. In a musical point of view (and here we speak upon our own ground), it admits of no doubt, that the poetry which is selected

for composition, ought to possess a high degree of simplicity, both in regard to ideas and diction. This simplicity enables the composer to give, at his will, a higher colouring and effect to his poetry. But deep thoughts, refined sentiments, are in the first place difficult to be adequately melodized; and supposing the composer to have wasted his powers upon them, he will find that he has fostered an ungrateful ward. The mind of the hearer cannot at once seize what is elaborate in the text, and in the music too; the impression of one will predominate at the expense of the other. We have experienced this effect in some French compositions; in the Vaudevilles it is palpable.

Far be it from us to maintain, that a text for composition should be homely or meagre. Simplicity, in its best sense, is all we demand. A stanza may possess that merit, and be spirited, or affecting, or even sublime, at the same time.

But to our author: the melody to the above lines is, with propriety, cast into a minor key, A. The first half of the poetry is pounded in twelve bars of regular and steady progress, deeply tinged with sadness, and sustained by a very choice accompaniment in three, and at times in four parts. —The words "Come poss'io vita bramar?" beautifully as they are set, we should have preferred in ascent, instead of descent; and a high note upon "io", would have suited the required emphasis. At "Quei giuramenti," a change of key takes place (C major). A momentary recollection of happier days eminently justifies the transi-

tion. The instrumental apparatus, too, is here simplified, but it is wrought with skill. We highly applaud, in the 2d l. p. 7, the repetition of "Quei giuramenti," and the annexation of "Col vento furono:" the sense is fully told by this; but, then, we should have adopted a continued melody also, without the break in bar 2, l. 2. In other respects, the phrase "Col vento," &c. is most impressive (C, 3; C, 7 b; C ♯, 5, 6; D 3). But the third and fourth lines exhibit, for the same words, amplified passages, too florid, in our opinion, for the occasion, and certainly not indicative of the text. Perhaps the author intended them by way of relief to his subject. At the last bar of this page, our views fully coincide with those of Mr. S. The words "Per non tornar," are exquisitely rendered by a harmony of G, 3 b, 4 ♯; F ♯, 6; F ♯, 6 ♯; E, 3 ♯. The extreme sixth has here the best effect. In the 8th page, the words and the melody are resumed from the beginning, the latter with very interesting occasional changes. In the 3d line, the deviations become prominent, and quickly give way altogether to new ideas. From its last bar, on to eight or ten bars forward, a system of accompaniment is introduced, at once very peculiar and highly effective. We can better feel than express this undulation of doubtful chords; this periodical, lugubrious sobbing, intermixed through the vocal part; it is unique. This passage completed, the exclamations of the despairing lover become more quickened and more vehement; the words are repeated with great judgment; and the melody, assuming

increased agitation, draws to a close. The concluding symphony is in the best style, quite analogous to the mournful subject, and conspicuous for some well-applied harmonic contrivances.

This ariett is of too sorrowful a complexion to please *all* tastes, but it is excellent in its kind; its execution requires chaste feeling, a heart susceptible of deep emotion.

Of the third ariett, we do not give the text: its two erotic stanzas are sung to the same air, and although both adapt themselves well to it (except "Sanami" in the second), the import of the poetry is of such lightsome cast, that great stress of melodic expression would here have been out of place. But in this instance Mr. Sor, nevertheless, has had as great success as in others, where his strong powers of musical declamation have come more decidedly into play. The present ariett is a complete little cabinet picture, perfection itself in its kind. The introduction is of considerable compass: it consists of three lines of the most delicate and attractive texture, well connected, developed, and finished. The vocal part is comprised in four lines; the melody is rather low for a soprano, but it is playful and elegant in the extreme, and enhanced by an accompaniment at once tasteful and highly select, yet simple. The concluding symphony is charming: it consists of eight bars, full of life and smartness. The frame is worthy of the picture. This pretty ariett will be a favourite with every description of tastes; it reminds us very forcibly of the manner of Haydn in his canzonets.

Dramatic Airs, from English, Italian, German, and French Operas, arranged as Rondos for the Piano-forte. No. VI. Pr. 3s.

To prevent mistake, it may be necessary to mention, that *these* dramatic airs are published by the Regent's Philharmonic Institution. We have only seen two numbers, viz. No. I. by Mr. Griffin, on a theme for the Magic Flute, which does him great credit; and No. VI. now before us.

The present number is from the pen of Mr. Attwood, and consists, besides an introduction in D minor (aptly founded on the motivo of one of the following airs), of an andantino on the air "Sweet Charity," from the "Smugglers;" and an allegretto, reared on the Drummer's song, "How charming a camp is," in the operetta of "The Prisoner." On the latter subject, Mr. A. has principally bestowed his exertions; it forms a very attractive rondo: but the whole number is written with taste, and in the best style. The digressive portion of the first air is particularly entitled to this praise; it contains some very interesting passages, and two or three neat contrapuntal contrivances. In the rondo, the modulations, through a range of able evolutions (p. 7), demand especial notice; and the *minore* (p.p. 10 and 11) has also great claims on our favour.

Terzetto, "Qual Silenzio bella pace," with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte, performed at the Philharmonic Concert, inscribed to Mrs. Oom, by Thos. Attwood. Pr. 3s.

Two brief couplets of Caravita's form the text of a terzett of

considerable extent, divided into two movements in B b. The first we think rather slow in measure, and grave in melodic diction, for the import of the poetry; its accompaniment presents some touches of the picturesque in music, in correspondence with the murmurs of the poet's brook, and the babbling of its waters over the gravelly bed. The second movement, an allegretto, proceeds with spirit, contains several instances of able harmonic combination in the vocal parts, and exhibits an active and highly effective instrumental support.

This terzett is likewise published with a *double* piano-forte accompaniment, viz. for two performers on one piano-forte. Instead of B b, the key is E b, and the vocal parts are, alt, tenor, and bass: it is but seldom that we meet with an accompaniment of this kind, but considering the additional harmonic support thus obtained, the effect no doubt is good, except where essential portions are unavoidably consigned to the high additional keys, and thereby deprived of their power. This is the case with some very interesting passages in the terzett.

"*Sweet Charity, Ballad sung by Mrs. Salmon; the Words by S. Birch. Esq.; composed by T. Attwood.* Pr. 1s. 6d.

A melody of great simplicity and innocence; short and sweet.

"*Les Plaisirs du bel Age, new Quadrilles for 1820, arranged for the Piano-forte or Harp. Sets 1 and 2.* Pr. 4s. each.

Among the musical publications submitted to our consideration, dances are not the least numerous;

but they often come before us in such a crude state, with all the sins of harmony in their form and substance, that they do not deserve the name of music, and therefore obtain the indulgence of being past *sub silentio*. This is not the case with the above books, which are published by the Regent's Harmonic Institution. They contain some very interesting dances, particularly the second volume, and the harmony is set with correctness and a due attention to effect. On this ground, the present quadrilles may occasionally serve as lessons for juvenile practice. The figures of each dance are given in the usual French technical terms, and the correctness of their spelling is another proof of the laudable care that has been taken to give to the work every possible advantage.

Grand Sonata for the Piano-forte and Flute (obligato), composed, and dedicated to her Imperial Highness the Grand-Duchess Maria Paulowna, by A. E. Muller. Op. 38. Pr. 5s.

This sonata consists of a short introductory adagio in C major, an allegro ($\frac{4}{4}$) in the same key, a larghetto ($\frac{6}{8}$) in C minor, and a presto ($\frac{2}{4}$) in C major. The whole is of a description to claim a place in the amateur's collection of classic compositions. Without being abstruse, it teems with thoughts of a superior and original cast; and although not calculated for the meridian of homely players, a performer of taste and some experience will, with little practice, be enabled to master every part of it to his satisfaction: all lies kindly to the hand. The larghetto is a

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composition of deep feeling, and considerable harmonic science. The presto, at the outset, ingratiates itself by a charming subject. The flute accompaniment cannot be dispensed with, and if it could, it would be a pity not to call it into action: it is highly elegant and effective.

Latour's celebrated Sonata, "Le Retour de Windsor," arranged as a Duet for two Performers on the Piano-forte, dedicated to the Misses Bartrams, by D. Bruguier. Pr. 5s.

As this sonata is so well and so favourably known, our opinion need only be given on Mr. Bruguier's arrangement of it in the present form. We are perfectly satisfied with his labour; he has made a very agreeable and a very brilliant duet of it, and performers of limited proficiency may safely attempt the execution; there are no intricacies to arrest their progress through any part of the sonata.

"The Maid with a love-beaming eye," a Ballad, composed, and inscribed to Mr. Leoni Lee, and sung by him at the Theatre Royal Birmingham, and Bath Concerts, by J. Emdin, Esq. Pr. 1s. 6d.

The name of the author of this song being less familiar to us than its style, we are tempted to consider the former as a sort of musical incognito. Be this as it may, the ballad has the merit of a pleasing tender melody. The accompaniment is good, the concluding little symphony cleverly contrived, and the introduction, too, written tastefully.

The celebrated Hungarian Air, arranged as a Duet for two Perform-

ers on one Piano-forte, and dedicated to J. Sanderson, Esq. by I. Jay, Mus. Doc. Pr. 3s.

This sweet waltz has supplied Dr. Jay with very advantageous materials for his purpose, and he has made an able use of them. His duet is a favourite with several young ladies of our acquaintance. It is not difficult, and pleases the ear, while at the same time proper occasions have been seized to infuse the interest of select harmonic treatment. Among the six variations, the character of each of which is very distinct, we will mention the third in C minor, on account of the ingenious transition to the key of A b in the second part. No. 4. somewhat *alla polacca*, is neatly managed. The march (var. 5.) is well contrived (concertante), and calculated to enforce precision in time on the part of the two players. In short, the whole duet is very satisfactory.

"The Rose that is free from a Thorn," a Ballad, written by Miss Chapman, composed and sung by Mr. Leoni Lee at the Bath Concerts. Pr. 1s. 6d.

Without pretensions to novelty in thought, this ballad will be found pleasing in its melody, and tinged with a tender feeling, suitable to the words. The metre and the length of the lines of the poetry presented difficulties to the composer which Mr. L. has fairly met, and been at pains to conquer, generally with success.

"Come, O Love, and dwell with me," Rondo, sung by Mr. Leoni Lee at the Bath Concerts (the Poetry by a Lady), composed by J. Emdin, Esq. Pr. 1s. 6d.

A pretty ballad, which has the merit of being, in point of mea-

sure and melody, a fair representative of the poetry. The air proceeds with *naïveté*; the periods are duly poised against each other; there is a suitable minore, and the accompaniment is effective.

Dramatic Airs, from English, Italian, German, and French Operas, arranged as Rondos for the Piano-forte. Nos. I. and II.

As there are similar works, bearing the same title, it may be proper to say, that these "dramatic airs" are published by the house of Preston. The first number of the above, price 2s. 6d. is by Mr. M. P. King, who has chosen Rossini's beautiful terzett, "Zitti, zitti," in the "Barbiere di Siviglia," for his subject, and has been very successful in his undertaking. The introductory andante is a graceful movement. The rondo is founded on the before-mentioned air, and represents it in all manner of keys, with very neat episodic thoughts intervening, so as to connect properly the links of the chain, and to form a whole well wrought and proportioned in all its constituent parts, not intricate for execution, and sure to please.

No. II. (price 2s.) is a rondo, by Mr. Davy, deduced from the favourite air, "Just like love," also written in good style, with very apt passages and other digressive matter, ably worked up; and a *minore* portion, which represents the air, with tasteful ingenuity, in the relative plaintive key. The whole does great credit to the composer. *"La Conversazione," a grand Duet for two Performers on the Piano-forte, composed, and dedicated to Wm. Annand, Esq. of Belmont, by John Ross of Aberdeen.* Pr. 4s. An allegro in B b major, and a

rondo in the same key, with a slow movement in G interwoven into the rondo. Both parts are, as the title implies, set concertante: their general complexion is creditable to the author, of whose works we have frequently had occasion to speak with commendation. We do not perceive in this duet any striking instances of melodic invention or harmonic combination; but the composition bears a character of respectable propriety, and affords a due degree of interest in its progress. Without being intricate, it is calculated to exhibit the pupil's abilities effectively, and to promote their further advancement.

Heather's Treatise on Piano-forte Study, comprehending the elementary principles of music, practical specimens illustrative of the improved method of fingering, with an alphabetical arrangement of the terms in general use, and a compendium of the preliminaries for a daily examination of the student; to which are added Lessons in the major and minor modes, with a prelude to each key; composed and fingered by the Author. Pr. 10s. 6d.

Music has become so universally cultivated in this country, that new elementary treatises on piano-forte playing are published in constant succession. They appear as frequently as Latin grammars, and with as little substantial variation. But with the increased number of these publications we have no right to interfere; our province consists in seeing whether their contents are such as to render them fit vehicles of instruction, and in pointing out any peculiar merits or defects which may come under our observation.

Mr. Heather sets out with a preface which, we confess, strongly biassed us in his favour. It is not only well and sensibly written, but it also shews that the author thinks and feels rightly on the subject of which he treats. We regret that our limits prevent us from giving an extract of his judicious observations in respect of perseverance, diligent and proper practice, expression, &c.; they are eminently worthy of the serious attention of of every pupil that wishes to be a proficient in the art. In the work itself, we met with many occasional remarks, which equally shewed Mr. H.'s good sense, the justness of his views, and, we may add, considerable experience in the art of instruction. This is particularly observable in the concluding section, which treats of expression, accentuation, and emphasis. The lessons appended to the work are quite as we would wish them to be. They consist of neat little tunes in the most usual major and minor keys, devised with great care, and progressive of course. The book is further accompanied by a detached sheet of questions and answers, to serve the purpose of catechising the pupil on the most essential matters contained in the treatise.

In the section on accentuation, Mr. H. appears to be under a mistake when he states, that in triple time ($\frac{3}{4}$) the first and last crotchet are accented, and the second unaccented; and also where he applies this rule to cases in which the three crotchets are represented under six quavers. In $\frac{3}{4}$ time, the first crotchet alone is accented, the other two are unaccented; and

when they are divided into quavers, the first, third, and fifth quavers have the accent; the others are unaccented. In the former case there may be a small degree of stress on the third crotchet, for expression's sake, but this is not accent, as in the concluding line of the air of "Gōd sāve thē kīng."

Rossini's Overture to Tancredi, arranged as a Duet for two Performers on the Piano-forte, and most respectfully dedicated to Miss Daniels and Miss Morris, by D. Bruguier. Pr. 3s.

Among the few dramatic overtures by Italian composers which are worth bearing, the above may fairly be numbered. Without much display of contrapuntal science, it abounds with life and spirit, and has met with great success on the Continent. Mr. Bruguier has converted the score into an interesting duet, the execution of which will not be found difficult. The tempo of the allegro, however, must be taken as quick as the fingers will admit of.

"*One rosy Smile*," a Ballad, arranged as a Duet for two treble Voices, and dedicated to the Misses Mary and Elizabeth Fitzclarence, by C. M. Sola. Pr. 2s.

A very interesting duet (in A b) of smooth and pathetic melody, with a pretty harpeggio accompaniment, and not difficult for the vocal or instrumental performers. The concluding symphony is imagined with considerable taste, and the second voice is well conducted in general. Twice or three times, however, it moves in octaves with the bass, which ought to have been avoided, as being against ear and grammar; e.g. p. 1, b. 11; p. 2, b. 3.

Anacreontic Air, with an Introduction, and Variations for the Piano-forte, by J. F. Burrowes. Pr. 3s.

The introduction consists of a $\frac{6}{8}$ movement in the pastorale style, written with great chasteness. The theme of the variations we presume to be of Mr. B.'s own composition, at least it is new to us. It is quite simple, and yet replete with tasteful melodiousness, eminently apt for the object intended. The variations are extremely good, and they lie well to the hand.

A Series of Caledonian Airs, with Variations for the Piano-forte, by Burrowes. Nos. II. and III.—Pr. 2s. 6d. each.

"The blue Bell of Scotland" is the subject of No. II. of this publication. The sweet simplicity of this tune, and its rhythmic regularity, render it eminently eligible for variation; and Mr. B.'s labour has derived due benefit from the advantageous theme. The variations are written with neatness and elegant ease, and their attraction increases as they proceed. In No. III. the Scotch air of "Auld Robin Gray" forms the theme of four variations, into which Mr. B. has infused much more interest than we should have expected from the nature of his subject. The first variation is conspicuous for its proper bass evolutions. The adagio, in the third, derives its attraction from the peculiarity of its style; and in the fourth var. we observe a range of treble passages of uncommon fluency and neatness. The introductory slow movement in D minor is stern and pathetic.

Assemblée d'Almacks: Waltzes, composed by W. Grosse, for the Piano-forte. No. I. Pr. 2s.



Most of these waltzes are above the common kind. The first we consider to be the most humble in point of pretensions. The second is lively and pleasing. No. 3. still better, with a good trio. No. 4. in G minor, possesses originality, and the changes of key and tune have an advantageous effect. The beginning of No. 5. is novel and very interesting. No. 6. we prefer to

all the preceding ones; it is very good, and the horns in the trio come in appropriately. No. 7. also has great claims to our favour. These waltzes bear the names of the fashionable patronesses of Almack's assemblies, where they have met with a reception highly flattering to the author. They are published in numbers twice a year, the subscription price being 1s.6d.

PICTURESQUE TOUR OF MOUNT SIMPLON.

PLATE 20.—GENERAL VIEW OF LAKE MAJOR.

LAKE MAJOR, one of the largest of those which water the feet of the Upper Alps on the side of Italy, is of the length of fifteen leagues from north to south. It is no where wider than two leagues and a half, and its mean width may be stated at half a league: it is 636 feet above the level of the sea. Near the middle of its western bank, it forms a profound gulf, at the entrance of which the Borromean Isles rise above its surface: at the termination of this gulf it receives the waters of the Toccia, which descends from the Simplon and the valley of Antigorio; to the north, near Lucarno, the Tesin, which, uniting with the torrents from St. Gothard, leaves the lake at Sesto on the south, and enters the Po near Pavia. The new road skirts the borders of the lake of Feriolo to Sesto, a distance of about eight leagues.

The view of Lake Major must excite the admiration of the lover of the beauties of art and nature; but it increases when he finds himself upon its shores, varied by smiling islands, after quitting the deep

valley of the Rhone and the passage of the Simplon. The lofty mountains, the bases only of which the hand of man has been able to cultivate, the dark forests of firs intersected with green pastures, the wooden cabins covered with thatch, the simply constructed temples of the Valais, are still present to the imagination; the mind still recalls the sterile plain of the Simplon, the rigour of whose climate is evidenced by the absence of vegetation; the eternal snows, whose summits are hidden in the clouds; the pointed and rugged rocks of the gloomy valley of Gondo, and the innumerable torrents which, falling from a prodigious height, unite themselves below, and traverse the savage glen with a deafening roar.

Yet while upon the borders of Lake Major, enjoying the most enchanting prospect that can be afforded, the traveller perceives mountains of a noble outline, covered with verdure to the highest pinnacle, and hills which, in shapes variously rounded, stoop to the edge of the waters, covered with

chestnut-trees, whose sombre hue harmonizes delightfully with the livelier green of the vines. These eminences are sprinkled with chapels, castles, and country houses, remarkable for the gracefulness of their architecture, the lightness of their roofs, and the variety of their forms.

A noble paved road confines the waters of the lake, and passes through the different towns which enrich its shores, and whose whiteness is reflected in the blue tint of the transparent waters. Three small islands elevate themselves in the centre of a gulf: the one ornamented with humble cottages; the others, proud of their palaces, their statues, and their groves of laurel and orange-trees. In the morning and evening, of course, the view is still more beautiful: the shades have then a more striking

effect, and the lights a spirit and a harmony, the effect of which defies all the imitative attempts of the pencil.

The merchandise of Germany and Switzerland is transported into Italy by Lake Major: the vessels having passed the Toccia, enter the Tesin, from whence they proceed by a canal to Milan: thither they bring the products of the country, coal, wood, hay, white marble of Mergozzo, and red granite of Baveno: they carry a square sail, which is set or furled in an instant. The light vessels for passengers from one side of the lake to the other, the boats of the visitors of the different islands, and those of persons engaged in fishing, contrast well with the heavily laden barks, and give life and gaiety to the whole lake.

DEATH OF BENJAMIN WEST, ESQ.

SINCE our last publication, the arts have lost one of its noblest ornaments, by the death of Benjamin West, Esq. President of the Royal Academy: he expired on the 10th March, at his house in Newman-street, which he has so long inhabited, having reached the very advanced age of eighty-two years.

It is needless for us to enter into any discussion of his merits as an artist of the first class, for they are universally acknowledged: we know, and have heard of no one who has denied the pre-eminence of his abilities; and if he were more admirable in one style than another, if the spirit and concep-

tion of his sketches were better than his more laboured execution of them, it is only what has been the case with almost every one of his predecessors in painting; for few, indeed, have been equally excellent in all departments. We shall leave it to our readers and to the public at large, to settle the precise rank in which Mr. West ought to be placed, premising only, that, as an historical painter, his talents were decidedly of the first order.

With regard to the particulars of the biography of Mr. West, the earlier events were, a few years ago, detailed by Mr. John Galt in a thin 8vo. volume, and the mate-

rials were confessedly derived partly from the information of the president himself, and partly from authentic sources, to which the ingenious and faithful author had access. As Mr. Galt's production has been for some time, we believe, out of print, we have selected from it the following interesting anecdotes.

Mr. West, the tenth child of John West and Sarah Pearson, was born near Springfield, county Chester, Pennsylvania, on the 10th of November, 1738. His family were Quakers; but on the paternal side, whether truly or not is of no consequence, claimed noble descent from Lord Delaware, of the era of Edward III. It was in 1667 that his ancestors changed their religious persuasion, and in 1669 that they emigrated to America. Mr. Galt, who has published an account of the youth of Mr. West, states, that his appearance in this busy world was accelerated by the powerful effect produced on his mother by one of the inspired preachers of the sect to which she belonged; and very oddly infers from this untoward circumstance, that the child was born for great future destinies! So absurd a proposition throws much suspicion over the other facts detailed in the work, and we repeat them without vouching for their perfect credibility. It is said, that not only without previous practice, but without having ever seen a picture or engraving, Benjamin, in his seventh year, drew the likeness of a sleeping infant, so accurately as to be readily cognizable. Encouraged by this wonderful commencement, he resolutely followed the bent of

his genius, and at school continued to make drawings with pen and ink, till some Indians, who visited Springfield, taught him the use of the red and yellow, with which they painted their ornaments; and his mother adding indigo, he ventured on a wider field with his three prismatic colours. There being no camel's-hair pencils in Pennsylvania, the young artist made for himself, and substituted an imitation from the fur of his father's favourite black cat, whose tail and back witnessed to his depredations.

When about eight years old, a friend at Philadelphia made him a present of a box of colours, and some engravings; from two of the latter he composed a piece, and, such is the partiality of our age for the exploits of our youth, the President of the Royal Academy is reported by his biographer, to have declared sixty-seven years after, that "there were inventive touches in his first and juvenile essay, which, with all his subsequent knowledge and experience, he had not been able to surpass." The next step in advance of young West, was the reading of Richardson and Tresnay. Inspired by their writings, he painted his first historical subject, *the Death of Socrates*. Pursuing his studies at Philadelphia, he made such progress, that the body to whose tenets he adhered, departed from their doctrine of hatred to what was merely ornamental and worldly, and, at a public meeting, authorized his devoting himself to the fine arts. He was at this period sixteen years of age, and for some time painted portraits at Philadelphia, at two guineas and a

half for a head, and five guineas for a half-length, saving as much money as he could for a voyage to Europe. He also resided about eleven months at New-York; till in 1760, opportunity and auspicious circumstances combining, he sailed for Italy. An artist in that day, springing from a sect inimical to the arts, and from a new country, was a curiosity, and Mr. West reaped many advantages from his situation. He was speedily patronised, and liberally assisted. On the 10th of July, in the year we have mentioned, he arrived at Rome. Mr. Robinson (afterwards Lord Grantham) took him by the hand, and he became acquainted with persons of rank in society, as well as with Gavin Hamilton, Mengs, and other painters of celebrity. It is stated that Raphael did not at first interest him, and that Michael Angelo, neither at first, nor on further study, appeared to be so great as common fame allows. He painted a picture of Cimon and Iphigenia, preparatory to taking his degree among the Roman students; and subsequently another, of Angelica and Medoro. The academies of Florence, Bologna, and Parma, elected him a member; and he set out with an increase of knowledge and reputation for England, whither he travelled through France.

It is obvious, that the subject of this brief memoir was a man of great enterprise — that quality which all great men have seldom been without — and had he not possessed it, he would not have been able to overcome the many difficul-

ties he had to surmount. After his arrival in England in 1763, his talents soon made him known to many of the chief nobility, for whom he painted pictures: not long subsequently he married a young lady of the name of Shavell, a native of Philadelphia. In 1765, a number of artists incorporated themselves, and of this society Mr. West was made a director; and in this capacity, and at the suggestion of our late venerable Sovereign, drew up a scheme of the Royal Academy, which has so long flourished, and to which the arts are so deeply indebted. The establishment of this celebrated institution under the royal auspices soon succeeded, and the first celebrated picture of Mr. West was exhibited there as early as 1769. Three years afterwards, he obtained the distinction of being appointed historical painter to his late Majesty, and was elected President of the Royal Academy in 1792, on the death of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

In 1802, Mr. West visited the Continent, and was received with that distinction which was due to his admitted talents, receiving honours from several foreign academies. It would be an absolute waste of time to speak of his numerous and celebrated productions: from his *Death of Wolfe*, to his *Christ healing the Sick*, and *Death on the Pale Horse*; they are so well known, many of them by admirable engravings, that we may well be spared the compilation of a mere catalogue of his performances.





FASHIONS.



LONDON FASHIONS.

PLATE 22.—CARRIAGE DRESS.

A ROUND dress, composed of French grey bombasine, and trimmed with black gauze: the skirt is moderately wide: the trimming, which is very deep, is formed in a singularly novel and pretty style, the gauze being disposed in rows of full plaits, which are laid on lengthwise in a bias direction, and set very close to each other; each row of plaits is edged with black satin ribbon. The body is made high: the collar stands out a little from the neck; it is peaked in the centre of the back, and slopes down so as just to meet in front. The back is tight to the figure; the waist is long; and a small jacket, which is rather full behind, has a very jaunty effect: the fronts are plain, and the dress fastens before. The long sleeve is of an easy width, except towards the bottom, where it is nearly tight to the arm: it is ornamented by three black satin rouleaus, and finished at the hand by a full fall of white crape, scalloped at the edge. The half-sleeve, of the same material as the dress, is made very full; the fulness is divided into compartments by narrow rouleaus of black satin. A very full white crape ruff is partially seen under the collar. Head-dress, a bonnet composed of grey *velours simulé*, and lined with white sarsnet: for the form, which is new, and rather peculiar, we refer to our print: the edge of the brim is finished by a full black gauze *ruche*; a bunch of black

flowers is placed on one side of the crown, and it ties under the chin with black strings. Grey kid gloves, and black kid half-boots.

PLATE 23.—EVENING DRESS.

A round dress, composed of white crape, spotted with white satin; it is worn over a white sarsnet slip: the skirt is moderately full, and is finished at the bottom by a wreath of flowers and leaves composed of black silk; the flowers, which are roses, are very small; a double row of leaves, placed thickly together, with the points downwards, is attached to them: there are two rows of this trimming placed at some distance from each other, but not so high as to be unbecoming to the figure. The *corsage* is composed of black *velours simulé*: the waist is long, and it is a little, but very little, peaked in front; a narrow pointed trimming finishes it at the bottom of the waist, and it fastens behind. The upper part of the body is composed of white crape, let-in in easy folds, and confined in the centre of the bosom by a jet clasp. This style of body is peculiarly adapted to the display of the shape. Short full sleeve; the upper part composed of *velours simulé*, edged with a narrow white crape trimming, and fastened up in the drapery style. The under sleeve is white crape; it is very full, but is drawn close to the arm at the bottom, and is finished by a pointed fall of white crape. The front hair is dressed in light ringlets; the hind hair is disposed in

different plaits, which are fastened up in bows at the back part of the head; white flowers, intermixed with pearls fancifully disposed, ornament the hair. The necklace and ear-rings are also pearl. White kid gloves and shoes.

We are indebted for both these dresses to Miss Pierpoint, inventress of the *corset à la Grecque*, No. 9, Henrietta-street, Covent-Garden.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

His Majesty has been graciously pleased, in consideration of the interests of trade, to shorten the period of mourning for his late venerable and lamented father: the first change took place on Sunday, the 19th of March; a still further change to a lighter degree of mourning, is expected to take place in April; and on the 30th of April the mourning will finally end.

The first change for the court is, from bombasine and crape, to plain black silk; the undress, French grey bombasine: the next change is to be plain black silk, with coloured ribbons or flowers; and it is expected, that white with black ornaments will likewise be worn. From the short duration of the second mourning, and the change which so rapidly takes place in it, out-door costume offers us little for comment or description. We have seen a few French grey bombasine dresses, made with cloth spencers to correspond, and trimmed with black velvet; they were appropriate and tasteful, but not distinguished by any peculiar novelty in their form.

Grey bombasine, though the most

appropriate material for undress, is not the only one in use; we have seen some pelisses composed of grey levantine, and several high dresses of poplin: the pelisses were trimmed with figured velvet, and some with plain black velvet cut in points; the high dresses, with black gauze or net. Dresses are in general worn very full trimmed; in many instances, the bottoms of gowns are literally loaded: this does very well for tall graceful women, but it makes those who are short appear still shorter; and if a diminutive *belle* happens also to be *en-bon-point*, it really spoils her figure.

Carriage bonnets are made of *velours épingle*, *velours simulé*, and *velours natté*, which is in general grey: they are still worn large; the crowns are low, but the brims are very deep; they are very fully trimmed with black gauze, and black flowers or feathers. We have seen also some black bonnets trimmed with grey; one of these particularly struck us, as being very novel and elegant: it is composed of black *gros de Naples*; the crown, which is of a moderate size, was ornamented round the top by puffs of grey gauze, each puff surrounded by grey satin: the brim is rather deep; it is nearly square across the forehead, but rounded at the ears; the edge of the brim is finished with a *ruche* of grey gauze, above which is a pointed trimming, composed of grey gauze and satin alternately: a plume of grey feathers, of different lengths, is placed on one side of the crown, and so disposed, as nearly to cover the whole front of it: a richly wrought grey silk band encircles the bottom

of the crown, and grey silk strings tie it under the chin.

Dinner dress consists of black silk, trimmed with black or white gauze. We have seen also several dresses made of grey levantine, *gros de Naples*, and corded silk. Waists are this month longer than they have yet been with us: the backs of dresses are made in general plain, and both dinner and evening gowns are cut very low all round the bust.

For evening dress, black gauze, both figured and plain, is the material most in requisition at present. The trimmings consist of white gauze or net, and, in some instances, ribbon: a mixture of white satin with the gauze is very fashionable. Trimmings made of ribbon have a good deal of variety: they are disposed in puffs, corkscrew rolls, flowers, and we have seen some twisted into points, of which there were several rows put pretty close together. This kind of trimming looks very well. We should be glad to see the consumption of ribbons generally encouraged, on account of the numerous body of people who derive their support from that branch of our manufactures.

With respect to the change of mourning which takes place in April, little can yet be decidedly said. The Lord Chamberlain's orders must, of course, be complied with by those immediately about the court; but it is supposed, that black silk, with coloured flowers and ribbons, will not be worn out of that circle. On the contrary, there is good reason to believe, that we shall adopt the fashion now preva-

lent in France, of white dresses with black ornaments. Some dresses of that description we know have been already ordered: we have given one of the most elegant of these in our print.

Low *toques*, composed either of white or black *velours simulé*, *velours natté*, or rich figured silk, are fashionable; they are always ornamented with feathers, and, in general, with pearls also. These *toques* are of an uncommonly light and pretty shape: the material is laid on plain; the top of the crown is something broader than the part which encircles the head; and if the *toque* is ornamented with pearls, there is always a row goes round the top. A plume of ostrich feathers, very rich, but not long, is placed in front: the feathers correspond always with the *toque*.

The majority of ladies appear in their hair, which is ornamented either in the style given in our print, or else with white flowers, or with pearls only. The hair is at present dressed moderately high, and altogether, in our opinion, more becomingly than it has been for some time.

White shoes and gloves are universally worn in full dress; undress shoes are black; and gloves grey, sewed with black.

The summer fashions are expected to be peculiarly novel and brilliant: we shall endeavour next month to present our readers with novelties from the dresses in preparation, which will be found worthy of their attention. It has lately been our melancholy task, to describe the mourning worn for those whose loss the nation mourned in

heart and spirit; we sincerely hope that task is now over, and that it will be long, long indeed, ere England is again deprived of any mem-

ber of the Royal House, to which she looks up with love and reverence.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, March 20.

My dear SOPHIA,

I SHOULD have written you an account last month of the mourning worn by the English for our late venerable and beloved Sovereign, but the murder of the unfortunate Duc de Berri made me delay writing, because I thought I should have an opportunity of sending you the particulars of the court mourning, which it was also expected would be general for the murdered prince. The newspapers have already informed you how very short the duration of the court mourning was, and it has never been general: this will surprise you, as it did me; it is, in fact, one of those inconsistencies for which there is no accounting, since the duke's death was most deeply regretted by all who are attached to the Bourbons; and even those who are not, looked with detestation on the horrible means taken to destroy the dynasty. You have seen in the papers accounts of the last hours of the duke; but no language can do justice to the magnanimity with which he met his fate: it may indeed be said of him, in the words of our divine bard, that

"Nothing in his life became him like the leaving it."

The duke continued, even to his very last moments, to urge the king to pardon his assassin, or, at least, to grant him his life. The grief of the duchess is beyond bounds: it was in compliance with

her desire that the duke went to the Opera: she did not wish to see the whole of it; he attended her to her carriage, and as he handed her in, said, "I shall soon be with you, Caroline." How terrible must have been her feelings, when, in a moment afterwards, she beheld him covered with blood! Her presence of mind, however, did not forsake her; she restrained her grief till all was over: but the excess of her sorrow when the duke had breathed his last, made those around her apprehensive for her reason or her life. An affecting incident heightened the sorrow of those who witnessed the duke's death: his infant daughter, whom he had sent for, that he might give her his last blessing, burst into a loud fit of crying at the moment in which he expired: this must have been accidental, for she is yet too young to be conscious of her loss, but it deeply afflicted all present. The poor Duchess d'Angouleme was denied the relief of tears. One may easily conceive the horrible recollections which this dreadful tragedy must have recalled to her mind.

On the day after the funeral of the duke, the marshals of France, and general officers, went to pay their respects to the Duchess de Berri, who had retired to St. Cloud. She expressed her regret at not being able to see them, and sent her little fatherless daughter

in her stead, whom she begged to place under their protection. The appeal was a powerful one, and it was enthusiastically answered: they put their hands to their swords, and swore to defend her to the last drop of their blood. God grant they may never have occasion to remember their oaths!

This melancholy affair has led me into a long digression, but I know it is one which you will excuse. The news of the Duke of Kent's death made many sincere mourners here; all the English of the higher class put on black immediately, out of respect to his memory; and when the intelligence of our lamented Monarch's death arrived, the garb of woe became general among the British of respectability. As the first mourning is now over, I shall not enter into any detail respecting it: it consisted of black silk, trimmed with black crape or tiffany, which latter is considered as deeper mourning here than crape. Evening dresses were composed of black crape or tiffany, over black sarsnet: the hair was ornamented with black flowers, or, in a few instances, bandeaus of jet twisted among the bows and ringlets in which the hair was disposed. Nothing could be deeper than the mourning in mourning and promenade dress, not a bit of white being visible; the bonnets were lined with black, and even the ruffs were of black crape.

The mourning altogether is expected to last three months: the second mourning consists of white, with black trimmings; and white shoes and gloves. I have particularly noticed two very elegant dresses, which, as they may per-

haps be useful for your own half mourning, I shall endeavour to describe to you.

The first is a dinner gown, composed of white *gros de Naples*, and trimmed with black tiffany. The body is cut rather low round the bust; it is tight to the shape; the waist very long. The bust is ornamented with a slight embroidery in black chenille; it is a scroll pattern, but very light: a narrow tiffany trimming, cut in points, surmounts the embroidery, and stands up round the bust. The sleeve is short, and particularly novel; the middle part is full, and the fulness is confined in bias puffs by narrow twisted rolls of tiffany and black chenille: the sleeve is finished at the bottom by one of these rolls, which confines it to the arm. The skirt is a good deal gored; it is less scanty than they were worn when I wrote last: it is trimmed very high with alternate double flounces of black tiffany, and embroidery in black chenille in a scroll pattern: there are three flounces, each doubled, but the top one a little narrower than the bottom; they are headed by black cord, and the space between each is filled up by embroidery. This trimming would look much better if there was less of it, but gowns are once more trimmed to a height unbecoming in the highest degree to the figure.

The other is an evening dress: it is composed of white crape, and is worn over a plain white sarsnet slip. The back is full; it is braided across with narrow black ribbon in the lozenge style; the points of the lozenges are placed in the middle of the back, and each point is

finished by a small black bow. The body is cut low round the bust, the upper part of which is made full, but the fulness is confined to the shape of the bosom by very small jet buttons, with which the crape is looped in different places; a narrow quilling of black crape goes all round the bust. The sleeve consists of two falls of white crape, looped in the drapery style with jet buttons: the white silk sleeve worn underneath, is something longer than the upper one, and is finished, to correspond with the back, with lozenges and small bows. The trimming of the skirt consists of a single deep flounce of white crape, edged with narrow black ribbon, and headed by a twisted roll of black ribbon; this is surmounted by a piece of crape laid on full; the fulness is formed into lozenges in the same manner as the back, only that each of the four points of the lozenge is ornamented with a bow: this dress is altogether one of the most striking and tasteful I have ever seen. I must not forget to inform you, that sashes, tied in full bows and short ends, are always worn both in evening and dinner dress.

Head-dresses of hair are still universal: belles of all ages, all at least who are not quite arrived at a matronly age, appear in them;

and the flaxen or ebony tresses often contrast oddly enough with the grey eyebrows and forehead covered with wrinkles. I thought the wish to appear young was carried pretty far in England, but I must confess the French go beyond us: our countrywomen here, however, seem determined not to be outdone; so that upon the whole, with the exception of a few great-grandmothers, there is no such thing as an old woman, either French or English, to be found. Black flowers, wreaths, and jet ornaments are now universally adopted in full dress; and white crape *cornettes*, with small ears and full narrow borders, are worn in morning costume: they are trimmed in general with narrow black ribbon, but I have seen several without trimming. Necklace and ear-rings are always of jet.

Adieu, my dear Sophia! You may expect a long description of our fashions when you get again into colours, but to send you any detail of them now, would be perfectly useless: I thought, however, that, as the style of mourning here differs in some respects from that worn with you, some particulars respecting it might be of service. Farewell, and believe me always your

EUDOCIA.

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EFFECT OF DIFFERENT KINDS OF WATERS

IN THEIR APPLICATION TO DOMESTIC ECONOMY AND THE ARTS; AND
METHODS OF ASCERTAINING THEIR PURITY.

(From *Mr. Accum's Treatise on the Adulteration of Food, and Culinary Poisons.*)

IT requires not much reflection to become convinced, that the waters which issue from the recesses of the earth, and from springs, rivers, or lakes, often differ greatly from each other in their taste and other obvious

properties. There are few people who have not observed a difference in the waters used for domestic purposes and in the arts; and the distinctions of *hard* and *soft* water are familiar to every body.

Water perfectly pure is scarcely ever met with in nature.

It must also be obvious, that the health and comfort of families, and the conveniences of domestic life, are materially affected by the supply of good and wholesome water. Hence a knowledge of the quality and salubrity of the different kinds of waters employed in the common concerns of life, on account of the abundant daily use we make of them in the preparation of food, is unquestionably an object of considerable importance, and demands our attention.

The effects produced by the foreign matters which water may contain, are more considerable, and of greater importance than at first imagined. It cannot be denied, that such waters as are *hard*, or loaded with earthy matter, have a decided effect upon some important functions of the human body. They increase the distressing symptoms under which those persons labour who are afflicted with what is commonly called gravel complaints; and many other ailments might be named, that are always aggravated by the use of waters abounding in saline and earthy substances.

The purity of the waters employed in some of the arts and manufactures, is an object of not less consequence. In the process of brewing malt liquors, soft water is preferable to hard. Every brewer knows that the largest possible quantity of the extractive matter of the malt is obtained in the least possible time,

and at the smallest cost, by means of soft water.

In the art of the dyer, hard water not only opposes the solution of several dye stuffs, but it also alters the natural tints of some delicate colours; whilst in others again it precipitates the earthy and saline matters with which it is impregnated, into the delicate fibres of the stuff, and thus impedes the softness and brilliancy of the dye.

The bleacher cannot use with advantage waters impregnated with earthy salts; and a minute portion of iron imparts to the cloth a yellowish hue.

To the manufacturer of painter's colours, water as pure as possible is absolutely essential for the successful preparation of several delicate pigments. Carmine, madder lake, ultramarine, and Indian yellow, cannot be prepared without perfectly pure water.

For the steeping or raiting of flax, soft water is absolutely necessary: in hard water the flax may be immersed for months, till its texture be injured, and still the ligneous matter will not be decomposed, and the fibres properly separated.

In the culinary art, the effects of water more or less pure are likewise obvious. Good and pure water softens the fibres of animal and vegetable matters more readily than such as is called *hard*. Every cook knows, that dry or ripe peas, and other farinaceous seeds, cannot *readily* be boiled soft in hard water; because the farina of the seed is not perfectly soluble in water loaded with earthy salts.

Green esculent vegetable substances are more tender when boiled in soft water than in hard water; although hard water imparts

to them a better colour. The effects of hard and soft water may be easily shewn in the following manner:

EXPERIMENT.

Let two separate portions of tea-leaves be macerated, by precisely the same processes, in circumstances all alike, in similarly and separate vessels, the one containing hard and the other soft water, either hot or cold; the infusion made by the soft water will have by far the strongest taste, although it possesses less colour than the infusion made with the hard water. It will strike a more intense black with a solution of sulphate of iron, and afford a more abundant precipitate, with a solution of animal jelly; which at once shews that soft water has extracted more tanning matter, and more gallic acid, from the tea-leaves, than could be obtained from them under like circumstances by means of hard water.

Many animals which are accustomed to drink soft water, refuse hard water. Horses in particular prefer the former. Pigeons refuse hard water when they have been accustomed to soft water.

CHARACTERS OF GOOD WATER.

A good criterion of the purity of water fit for domestic purposes, is its softness. This quality is at once obvious by the touch, if we only wash our hands in it with soap. Good water should be beautifully transparent: a slight opacity indicates extraneous matter. To judge of the perfect transparency of water, a quantity of it should be put into a deep glass vessel, the larger the better, so that we can look down perpendicularly into a considerable mass of the

fluid; we may then readily discover the slightest degree of muddiness much better than if the water be viewed through the glass placed between the eye and the light. It should be perfectly colourless, devoid of odour, and its taste soft and agreeable. It should send out air-bubbles when poured from one vessel into another; it should boil pulse soft, and form with soap an uniform opaline fluid, which does not separate after standing for several hours.

It is to the presence of common air and carbonic acid gas that common water owes its taste, and many of the good effects which it produces on animals and vegetables. Spring water, which contains more air, has a more lively taste than river water.

Hence the insipid or vapid taste of newly boiled water, from which these gases are expelled: fish cannot live in water deprived of those elastic fluids.

100 Cubic inches of the New River water, with which part of this metropolis is supplied, contains 2,25 of carbonic acid, and 1,25 of common air. The water of the river Thames contains rather a larger quantity of common air, and a smaller portion of carbonic acid.

If water not fully saturated with common air be agitated with this elastic fluid, a portion of the air is absorbed; but the two chief constituent gases of the atmosphere, the oxygen and nitrogen, are not equally affected, the former being absorbed in preference to the latter.

According to Mr. Dalton, in agitating water with atmospheric air, consisting of 79 of nitrogen, and

21 of oxygen, the water absorbs $\frac{1}{64}$ of $\frac{700}{1000}$ nitrogen gas = 1,234, and $\frac{1}{27}$ of $\frac{200}{1000}$ oxygen gas = 778, amounting in all to 2,012.

Water is freed from foreign matter by distillation; and for any chemical process in which accuracy is requisite, distilled water must be used.

Hard waters may, in general, be cured, in part, by dropping into them a solution of sub-carbonate of potash; or, if the hardness be owing only to the presence of super-carbonate of lime, mere boiling will greatly remedy the defect; part of the carbonic acid flies off, and a neutral carbonate of lime falls down to the bottom: it may

then be used for washing, scarcely curdling soap. But if the hardness be owing in part to sulphate of lime, boiling does not soften it at all.

When spring water is used for washing, it is advantageous to leave it for some time exposed to the open air in a reservoir with a large surface. Part of the carbonic acid becomes thus dissipated, and part of the carbonate of lime falls to the bottom. Mr Dalton* has observed, that the more any spring is drawn from, the softer the water becomes.

* Dalton, Manchester Memoirs, vol. iv. p. 55.

FINE ARTS.

INTELLIGENCE REGARDING WORKS OF ART.

MR. R. ACKERMANN proposes to publish, in twelve monthly parts, (part I. to appear on the 1st of May) *A Picturesque Tour of the English Lakes*: illustrated with forty-eight coloured views, drawn by Messrs. T. H. Fielding and J. Walton, during two years' residence in the most romantic parts of Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Lancashire, and the whole of them engraved in aquatinta by Mr. T. H. Fielding. In announcing a publication of this nature, it is unnecessary to dwell on the grandeur and beauty of the Lakes of the North of England, which have so long been the admiration of all who are alive to the charms of nature. The luxuriant and romantic vallies watered by these lakes, and by the glistening streams that

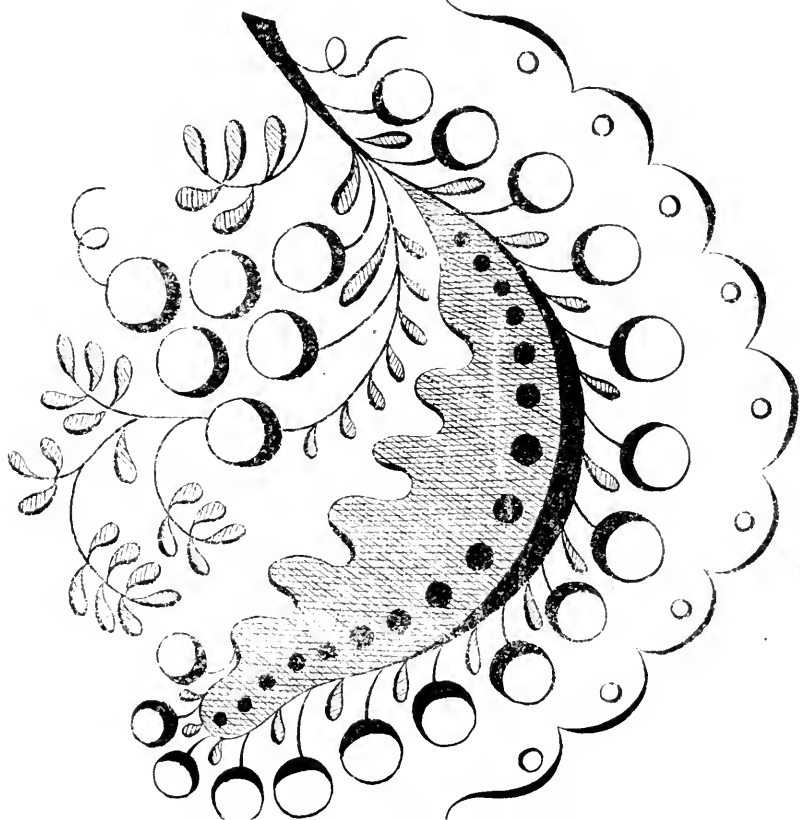
flow from them, form a singular contrast with the wild and rude magnificence of the lofty mountains among which they are deeply embosomed. In no part of this island, are so many extremes to be found in such close and fanciful union. The lakes of Scotland are spread over a large tract of country, and in general widely separated from each other; and though some of the mountains of the Highlands are higher above the level of the sea than those of the North of England, yet they are generally in the centre of extensive ranges, and considerable elevations must be ascended before they can be approached. But the mountains of Cumberland and Westmoreland rise almost abruptly to a height of more than 3000 feet; and

the singular form of these mountains, as well as their immense elevation, constitute most striking features in the romantic scenery of the North of England. The mountains of Wales, though in themselves highly picturesque, and tho' intersected by vallies of great sweetness and fertility, are without the charm of lakes. In the North of England alone has nature brought together the enchanting softness of the Italian lakes and the wild grandeur of the Alps. The description will embrace whatever is curious and interesting in the nature and appearance of the country, or in the history, manners, and customs of the people; in short, whatever is characteristic of the lakes; combining a judicious selection from the labours of former writers with much new and original information. The views, which are in the happiest style of the two well-known artists above-named, represent the most striking features of the scenery, and mostly such as have never before been presented to the public. The object of the work is, to combine novelty with beauty; and no pains or expense will be spared to render it every way worthy of the public. This work will be printed on demy quarto vellum paper. The first part will be published on the 1st of May next, and be succeeded by a part every month, until the whole is completed. Each part will contain four highly finished and coloured engravings, accompanied with descriptive letter-press, printed with a new type, and hot-pressed. Seven hundred and fifty copies only will be printed on demy 4to.; and one hundred large copies

will be taken on elephant paper, corresponding with the Histories of Oxford, Cambridge, Colleges and Schools, Westminster Abbey, Microcosm of London, and Tour along the Rhine.

Mr. R. Ackermann also proposes to publish, in six monthly parts, (part I. to appear on the 1st of May,) *Picturesque Illustrations of Buenos Ayres and Monte Video*: consisting of views, and faithful representations of the costumes, manners, &c. of the inhabitants of those cities and their environs, taken on the spot by E. E. Vidal, Esq.; and accompanied with descriptive letter-press. Independently of the high interest which recent political events have attached to the important cities of Buenos Ayres and Monte Video, they possess strong claims upon the attention of the curious, from the peculiarities in the habits, manners, and customs of their inhabitants, concerning which so little is known in Europe; and of which we have not yet been furnished with any graphic illustration. The series of delineations here announced, will therefore contribute to fill the chasm which exists in our information respecting this half-civilized and half-barbarous portion of the South American continent, and, doubtless, prove an acceptable addition to those picturesque works, from which accurate notions of men and manners may be acquired, without the danger, fatigue, and expense of visiting remote regions of the globe. This work will be printed on large wove elephant vellum paper, corresponding with the Histories of Oxford, Cambridge, Colleges and Schools, Westminster

Plate 2-129.



Abbey, Microcosm of London, and Tour along the Rhine. The first part will be published on the 1st of May next, and be succeeded by a part every month, until the whole is completed. Each part will contain four highly coloured engravings, accompanied with descriptive letter-press, printed with a new type and hot-pressed. Seven hundred and fifty copies only will be printed on elephant paper; and fifty large copies will be taken on atlas paper.

On the 1st of April next, will be published, by Baldwin, Craddock, and Joy, No. I. of the *Works of Hogarth*, from the whole of the original plates lately in the possession of Messrs. Boydell; and others engraved by eminent artists: the whole under the superintendence of James Heath, Esq. R. A.; accompanied by explanations of the various subjects, by John Nichols, Esq. F. A. S. L. E. and P. It is not within the plan of this publication to enlarge on the personal history of Hogarth or his friends; that task having already been performed in the "Biographical Anecdotes of Hogarth," in three volumes quarto, a work which has long since been favourably received. Some brief memoirs, however, will be prefixed; and an explanation of the various subjects, to accompany the several plates, will be given by Mr. Nichols. The plates purchased of Messrs. Boydell are for the most part in an excellent state; and will require only a partial attention, to restore them to their original perfection: this will be undertaken by Mr. Heath, who, fully appreciating their excellence, will on no ac-

count alter a single line as left by the pencil of Hogarth. Such of the smaller plates as are estimable rather on account of their subject than the workmanship, will be re-engraved as fac-similes of the originals. The whole work will consist of about 110 plates, containing nearly 150 subjects, with occasional sheets of letter-press: it will be divided into 21 or 22 monthly numbers.

We extract the following interesting article from the Journal of the Arts, published at Munich:

MUNICH, Jan. 6, 1820.

Yesterday was a day to be registered in letters of gold in the annals of art. The celebrated Fawn from the Barberini palace, the property of the Crown Prince, so long withheld, arrived here uninjured. After this colossal statue had safely passed the Apennines and the Tyrolese mountains, its arrival was delayed a week by a bridge which it was found impossible to pass; but all difficulties were at length overcome, and it is now safely deposited in the Hall of Sculpture. The collection of our Crown Prince includes now, besides the relics from Ægina, the two works which, together with the Torso, and the fragments of the Parthenon, attach to it most clearly and unquestionably the stamp of Grecian originality and highest excellence; namely, this Fawn and the celebrated Son of Niobe, purchased in Vienna: that these two *chef-d'œuvres* do not stand alone, is sufficiently proved by the catalogue of the contents of the two halls. We find there, besides numerous other beautiful works, the famous Medusa from the Rondanini palace,

the colossal Pallas from the villa Albani, the colossal Muse from the Barberini palace, the beautiful Venus from the Braschi palace, the well known Baccarelli, two vases of genuine Grecian workmanship, found in Athens and Rhodes; the Jason tying his sandal; the colossal hero from the Barberini palace; excellent busts of Xeno-

crates, Xenophon, Miltiades, Socrates, and the astonishing statue of Alexander, from the Rondanini palace. We hope that time and opportunity will permit the exhibition of the rest of this collection, completed with so much industry, and consisting of above 200 specimens.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

AN entertaining work is about to appear under the following title: *The Adventures of Thomas Eustace*, of Chinnor, Oxfordshire, who fled from his apprenticeship at Amersham, and was shipwrecked off the coast of America, when he hung by his hands to the side of the ship for eighteen hours, in consequence of which he lost his limbs, but was at length restored, and became the master of Amersham workhouse in 1818; by a Clergyman.

Proposals are circulated for publishing an uniform edition of the whole *Works of the Right Rev. Jeremy Taylor, D.D.*; to which will be prefixed, the Life of the Author, and a critical Examination of his Writings, by the Rev. R. Heber.

The Public and Domestic Life of his late Majesty George the Third; comprising the most eventful and important period in the annals of British history; compiled from authentic sources, and interspersed with numerous anecdotes: to which will be added, particulars of the funeral ceremonies; by Edward Holt, Esq. is in the press.

T. Williams is preparing for the press, a *Memoir* of his late Majesty

and the Duke of Kent, as a companion to those he published of the late Queen and Princess Charlotte. This work will not be a mere collection of anecdotes, but comprise a review of the late reign, political and moral, with a particular reference to the progress of knowledge, religion, and civil and religious liberty.

In the press, to be published by J. Hatchard and Son, in parts, *Royal Virtue: A Tour to Kensington, Windsor, and Claremont*; or, a contemplation of the character and virtues of George III. the Duke of Kent, and the Princess Charlotte, in the scenes where they were principally displayed.

Messrs. Rodwell and Martin have the following works in the press:

1. *The Private Correspondence of Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford*, now first collected, in four vols. 8vo.
2. *Journal of a Tour* through Part of the Snowy Range of the Himala Mountains, and to the Sources of the Rivers Jumna and Ganges; with notes on the hills at the foot of the Himala range between the rivers Sutlej and Alaknunda; by James Baillie Fraser, Esq.; with a map, in royal 4to.

3. *The Campaigns of the Left Wing of the Allied Army*, commanded by Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington, from the passage of the Bidasoa in October 1813, to the conclusion of the war in 1814: illustrated by a plan of the operations, and twenty views of the scenery in the Pyrennees and South of France; by Captain Batty, of the Grenadier Guards, in 4to.

4. *The Antiquities of the Jews*, carefully compiled from authentic sources, and their customs illustrated from modern travels; by William Brown, D. D. Minister of Eskdalemuir, in two vols. 8vo.

5. *Tales of the Genii*, a new edition, in two vols.; with illustrations from drawings by R. Westall, R.A.

Mr. Murray has the following works in the press, and nearly ready for publication:

1. *The Fall of Jerusalem*, a dramatic poem, by H. H. Milman, M. A. author of *Fazio*, 8vo.

2. *The Principles of Political Economy*, considered with a view to their practical application, by T. R. Malthus, A. M. 8vo.

3. *Travels through Holland, Germany, and Part of France*, in 1819, with particular reference to their statistics, agriculture, and manufactures, by W. Jacob, Esq. F. R. S. 4to.

4. *Journals of two Expeditions behind the Blue Mountains, and into the Interior of New South Wales*, undertaken by order of the British government, in the years 1817-18, by John Oxley, Esq. surveyor-general of the territory, and lieutenant of the royal navy; with maps and views of the interior, or newly-discovered country; 4to.

5. *The Topography of Athens*, with some remarks on its antiquities, by Lieutenant-Colonel Leake, 8vo.

6. *On the Administration of Criminal Justice in England, and on the Spirit of the British Constitution*, by M. Cottu, one of the judges of the Royal Court of Paris, 8vo.

7. *Travels, in 1816 and 1817, thro' Nubia, Palestine, and Syria*, in a series of familiar letters to his relations, written on the spot, by Captain Mangles, R. N.; 2 vols. 8vo.

8. *Journal of a Tour in Greece, Egypt, and the Holy Land*; with excursions to the river Jordan, and along the banks of the Red Sea to Mount Sinai; by William Turner, Esq. Foreign Office, 3 vols. 8vo.

9. *A System of Mechanical Philosophy*, by the late John Robison, LL. D. Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University and Secretary to the Royal Society of Edinburgh: with notes and illustrations, comprising the most recent discoveries in the physical sciences, by D. Brewster, LL. D. F. R. S. E.; in 4 vols. 8vo. with numerous plates.

10. *History of the several Italian Schools of Painting*, with observations on the present state of the art, by J. T. James, M. A. author of *Travels in Germany*; 8vo.

Mr. C. P. Whitaker, formerly of the University of Göttingen, and author of the *Modern French Grammar*, is preparing an improved edition of *Hamoniere's French and English Dictionary*, which will be comprised in a portable volume, and printed on a bold and beautiful type.

Poetry.

THE HUNTER'S SONG OF THE SOUTH.

From a volume of MS. Poems by Mr. GEORGE RATHBONE.

Scene. A well-wooded valley in the vicinity of the Andes, South America.

(Time, Morning.)

AWAKE, awake! on the cedar boughs
The gleam of day is dawning,
And the leafy hills have girt their brows
With the fairy tints of morning;
The night star on the riv'let's breast
The crystal wave is drinking,
And twilight, in the misty west,
With the waning moon is sinking:
She tips with silver the condor's wing,
As he laves his beak in the cataract's
spring;
But her wasted orb soon dies away,
Nor leaves a trace on the brow of day.

From seas beyond the guaver grove,
The ocean breeze is sweeping,
And around from cliff to cliff above,
The purple light is leaping;
The topaz's golden tints are spread
On every stream and fountain,
And the burnish'd ruby's garish red
Is fleckering on the mountain;
And bursting thro' a world of blue,
The thirsty sunbeam laps the dew;
And the grey-robed mists that roll away,
Give promise of a glorious day.

Our mettled bays are all abroad,
With curb and rein; beside them,
Our dogs are gambolling on the sward,
Or prowl for a scent to guide them:
O'er hills and dales, far, far away,
Lies our hunter's path of glory;
For the first that spears a foe this day,
His name shall live in story:
In leafy bower, at evening fall,
We'll crown him king of the hunter's hall;
Around his brow the bays we'll twine,
And pledge him deep in blood-red wine.

We care not, we, for road or bridge;
Shall hills or streams confound us?
No, we'll wind our horns on the alpine ridge,
Tho' the glaciers totter round us;
And though at bay, the growling foe
May rend each lance to shivers,
We've arms enow to bend the bow,
And spare darts in our quivers.

The boa climbs the cedar tree;
The leopard slinks to his sanctuary;
But we'll win a path thro' briar and thorn,
And rouse up the woods with the bugle-
horn.

We'll strip the eagle's snowy wing,
To deck our gallant leader,
And range our native woods, to bring
A throne of mountain cedar.
No orient gems or pearls wants he,
Or robes of silky texture;
Let a panther's skin his mantle be,
And a hunter's spear his sceptre.
Away, away! not a cloud is in view,
But the Sun shines alone in his heaven of
blue;
Our king shall be crown'd on coursing
ground,
And his subjects shall all swear fealty
round.

SORROW'S EXPOSTULATION.

Sure the heart may be sad, when the world's
bitter pow'r
Has robb'd it of all that could sooth it to
peace;
Sure affliction may then claim the sorrow-
fraught hour,
'Till her heart-rending pangs, 'till her mi-
series cease!
Then reproach me not, give not my soul to
despair,
By laughing at anguish you never have
felt;
And believe, though I sigh, yet my Heaven-
sent pray'r
Breathes no murmur, for Heaven these
sorrows has dealt.
Friends lost—love neglected—health wasting
away—
Want, aided by misery, claiming my all;
Are these to be borne, and the heart still be
gay?
Are these to be felt, and the spirits not fall?
Vain, vain is the stoical system you boast:
Thy heart never felt, as did mine, these
sad woes;
Or believe me, your smiles would have fled
from their host,
And despair's icy tear ev'ry joy must
have froze. J. M. LACEY.

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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 friend who has favoured us with a letter on the subject of the Generous Lover, is informed, that that interesting tale will be continued in our next Number.

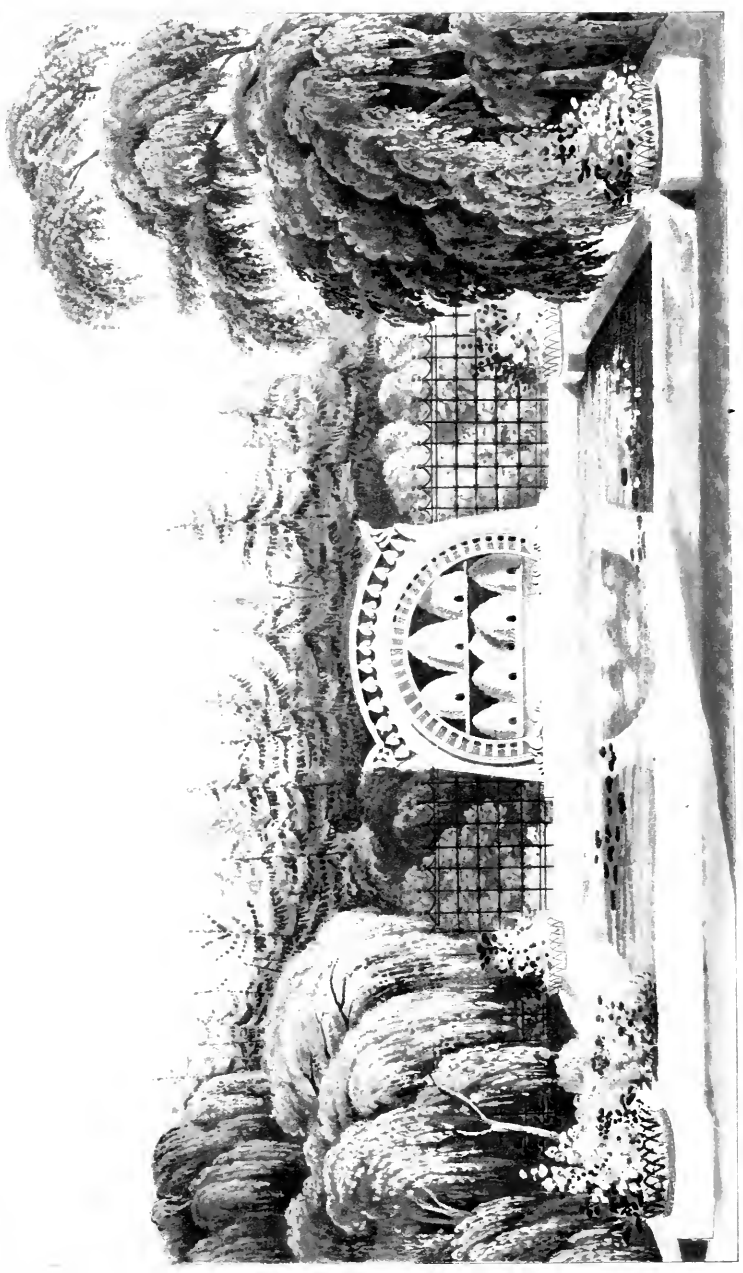
We hope to hear from Peregrine in reply to Domo, whose letter is inserted in our present Number.

A continuation of the favours of C. F. W. is requested.

We have to apologize this month to our Poetical Contributors, whose communications are unavoidably postponed by a press of temporary matter. Saccharissa's translation shall certainly appear in our next.

We are somewhat surprised not to have heard from the author of Dialogues of the Living.

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month as published, may have it sent to them, free of Postage, to New-York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any part of the West Indies, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. THORNHILL, of the General Post-Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-Lane; to Hamburgh, Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. SERJEANT, of the General Post-Office, at No. 22, Sherborne-lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of the East Indies, by Mr. GUY, at the East-India House. The money to be paid at the time of subscribing, for either 3, 6, 9, or 12 months.



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THE SECOND SERIES.

VOL. IX.

MAY 1, 1820.

N^o. LIII.

HINTS ON ORNAMENTAL GARDENING.

(Continued from p. 157.)

PLATE 25. — AN APIARY.

THE cultivation of bees as a rural amusement, gives occasion for the annexed plate, presenting a subject for garden embellishment; for few studies afford more satisfactory results to persons of leisure and reflection, than are to be obtained by contemplating the habits and conduct of these little animals, from which just lessons of prudence, industry, and social virtue, may be as perfectly acquired, as from the deep-studied instruction of the schools.

The design for an apiary is given as an ornamental reception for the hives, which are, as usual, placed on forms, and sheltered by a roofing, which encompasses them from the ground in an arched canopy covered with reeds, and lined, beneath an opening to admit a free current of air, with straw mattings, similar to the hives themselves, the more fully to screen the hives from the excessive heat which transpires from other roofings, and is injurious to their contents. The

back of this erection is supposed to be glass, through which the bees would be visible from the walk behind it; and the wire fence is placed on each side as a guard, to prevent the too near approach of persons, who would be liable to attack from their offended government, always prepared to repulse intruders. An apiary should be remote from the farm and domestic offices, and placed under the care of the gardener, near to whose labours it is best situated, and whose gardens, plantations, and orchards, afford the means for an abundant produce of wax and honey.

Bees affect warmth, and need ample shelter: their abodes should therefore present to the southward, and be protected from the north and east winds particularly, and from the driving rains of the south-west; they should be so constructed also as to be screened from the intense cold of winter, by which the honey becomes candied: thus

it will appear, that the apiary should be situated in low and sheltered spots, that a medium temperature may be more readily obtained and preserved.

Water is essential to bees, and should be near their abode: a small pool is therefore introduced in the design; and as a receptacle also for valuable aquatic plants.

MISCELLANIES.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE OF MRS. MONTAGU.

WE continue our extracts from the unpublished Correspondence of Mrs. Montagu. We can present our readers with nothing more interesting or gratifying.

*Mrs. MONTAGU to Mrs. ROBINSON,
at Naples.*

HILL-STREET, Feb. 26, 1762.

*** I LONG most impatiently to hear of your safe recovery, and the health of the little one, who is to repay you for all the trouble his first stage of life will give you. Patience and good humour, which you possess in a high degree, greatly mitigate all sufferings. Those who have most self-love, by a strange blindness to their interest, have usually the least of that noble panacea, patience; which only can heal all the wounds, the rubs, and the scratches one receives in this rough world. I believe you found it an excellent fellow-traveller through Spain: it makes a smooth road where the pick-axe has never levelled the inequalities, and softens the mattress and pillow. I am under some anxiety, lest our rupture with Spain should occasion you any inconvenience.

I am so poor a politician, that, if I durst write on the subject, I should be able to give you but a lame account of the situation of

affairs here. In the House of Commons, every boy who can articulate is a speaker, to the great dispatch of business, and solidity of counsels. They sit late every night, as every young gentleman who has a handsome person, a fine coat, a well-shaped leg, or a clear voice, is to exhibit these advantages.

To this kind of beau-oratory and tea-table talk, the ladies, as is reasonable, resorted very constantly. At first they attended in such numbers as to fill the body of the house, on great political questions. Having all their lives been aiming at conquests, committing murders, and enslaving mankind, they were for most violent and bloody measures; desirous of a war with Spain and France, fond of battles on the Continent, and delighted with the prospect of victories in the East and West Indies. They wished to see the chariot of their favourite minister drawn, like that of the great Sesostris, by six captive kings!

Much glory might have accrued to Great Britain from this martial spirit in the ladies; but, whether by private contrivance, or that of a party who are inclined to pacific measures, I do not know, a ghost started up in a dirty obscure alley in the city, and diverted the atten-

tion of the female politicians, from the glory of their country, to an inquiry, why Miss Fanny —, who died of the small-pox two years ago, and suffered herself to be buried, does now appear in the shape of the sound of a hammer, and rap and scratch at the head of Miss Parson's bed, the daughter of a parish-clerk?

As I suppose you read the newspapers, you will see mention of the ghost; but without you were here upon the spot, you could never conceive, that the most bungling performance of the silliest imposture could take up the attention and conversation of all the fine world; and as the ways of the *beau-monde* are always in contradiction to the Gospel, they are determined to shew, that, though they do not believe in Moses and the prophets, they would believe if one were to come from the dead, though it was only to play tricks like a rat behind a wainscot! You must not indeed regret being absent while this farce is going on. There will be an Elizabeth Canning, or a Man in a Bottle, or some other folly, for the amusement of this frivolous generation, at all times!

But you have some reason to regret having missed the coronation, perhaps the finest spectacle in the world. As all old customs are kept up in this ceremony, there is a mixture of chivalry and popery, and many circumstances that took their rise in the barbarism of former times, and which appear now very uncouth; but, upon the whole, it is very august and magnificent.

The fine person of our young sovereign was a great addition to

the spectacle; but the peers and peeresses made the chief parade on the occasion. Almost all the nobility, whom age and infirmities did not incapacitate, walked in the procession. The jewels that were worn on the occasion, would have made you imagine, that the diamond mines were in the King of Great Britain's dominions. On the king's wedding, there appeared the greatest parade of fine clothes I ever saw.

This winter has been very gay as to amusements. Never did we see light from the sun, or a greater blaze of wax candles! The presence of the Duke of Mecklenburg, the queen's youngest brother, has given occasion to many balls and assemblies. The queen has not an evening drawing-room: they have sometimes balls at St. James's; but in general their majesties spend their time in private, or at Leicester-House, where the princess dowager hardly keeps up the air of a court. The D. of Y— makes himself amends for want of princely pastimes by very familiarly frequenting all the public diversions; and has shared in the amusements of the ghost at Cock-lane. As all are equal in the grave, a ghost may be company for the Grand Seigneur, without disparagement to human grandeur! Our young queen has a polite address, and even her civilities in the circle seem to flow from good humour. She is cheerful, easy, and artless in her manners, which greatly charms the king, who, by his situation, is surrounded by solemnity, ceremony, &c.

I had the pleasure of hearing from Mr. Pitt, that you and my

brother were in good health. You had a great loss in Mr. Pitt's* leaving Naples; he shines first amongst his young countrymen, even here. He is to dine here to-day with Mrs. Lyttelton, and the Bishop of Carlisle†, a new bishop, but who has long had every qualification to grace the Reverend Bench.

You have lately returned us from Italy a very extraordinary personage, Lady Mary Wortley. When Nature is at the trouble of making a very singular person, Time does right in respecting it. Medals are preserved, when common coin is worn out; and as great geniuses are rather matters of curiosity than use, this lady seems to be reserved for a wonder to more than one generation. She does not look older than when she went abroad; has more than the vivacity of fifteen; and a memory, which perhaps is unique. Several people visited her out of curiosity, which she did not like. I visit her, because her husband and mine were cousin-germans‡; and though she has not any foolish partiality for her husband and his relations, I was very graciously received, and, you may imagine, entertained, by one, who

* I presume, the first Lord Camelford.

† This bishop was Dr. Charles Lyttelton.

‡ Lady Mary's husband, Wortley Montagu, was son of Sidney Montagu, second son of the first Earl of Sandwich. He died 22d Jan. 1761, aged eighty. Mrs. Montagu's husband, Edward Montagu, was son of Charles Montagu, fifth son of the first Earl of Sandwich. He was of Sandleford in Berks, and Denton in Northumberland, and died 1775. His sister Jemima married Sir Sydney Meadows.

neither thinks, speaks, acts, or dresses, like any body else. Her domestic is made up of all nations; and when you get into her drawing-room, you imagine you are in the first story of the tower of Babel. An Hungarian servant takes your name at the door; he gives it to an Italian, who delivers it to a Frenchman; the Frenchman to a Swiss, and the Swiss to a Polisher; so that by the time you get to her ladyship's presence, you have changed your name five times without the expense of an act of Parliament*.

* In another letter, dated the 8th Oct. following, Mrs. Montagu writes thus: "Lady Mary W. Montagu returned to England, as it were, to finish where she began. I wish she had given us an account of the events that filled the space between. She had a terrible distemper, the most virulent cancer ever heard of, which soon carried her off. I met her at my Lady Bute's in June, and she then looked well; in three weeks after, at my return to London, I heard she was given over. The hemlock kept her drowsy and free from pain; and the physicians thought, if it had been given early, might possibly have saved her.

"She left her son one guinea. He is too much of a sage to be concerned about money, I presume. When I first knew him, a rake and a beau, I did not imagine he would addict himself at one time to Rabbinical learning; and then travel all over the East, the great itinerant *savant* of the world. One has read, that the great believers in the transmigration of souls, suppose a man who has been rapacious and cunning, does penance in the shape of a fox; another, cruel and bloody, enters the body of a wolf. But I believe my poor cousin, in his pre-existent state, having broken all moral laws, has been sentenced to suffer in all the various characters of human life. He

My father, brother Morris, and brother Charles, are in town. My brother Robinson has been in Kent most part of the winter. I made my sister a visit at Bath-Easton, just before the meeting of the Parliament in November. I had the happiness of finding her in better health than usual. Lady Bab Montagu is much recovered of late. I am surprised she did not try, what a change of climate would do in her favour.

I own I have such a spirit of rambling, I want nothing but liberty to indulge it, to carry me as far as Rome. I believe, I should make it the limit of my curiosity. Its ancient greatness, and its present splendour, make it the object most worth one's attention. I hope his Holiness would pardon a heretic for reverencing the curule, more than the papal, chair. One must, however, own, that if imperial Rome was unrivalled in greatness, papal Rome has been unparalleled in policy. I leave to heroes and statesmen to dispute, whether force or cunning is the most honourable means to establish power. One calls violence valour; the other civilly terms fraud wisdom: plain sense and plain honesty cannot reverence either.

I am very sorry that you have lost Sir Francis Eyles: an agree-

has run through them all unsuccessfully enough. His dispute with Mr. Needham has been communicated to me by a gentleman of the Museum; and I think he will gain no laurels there: but he speaks as decisively, as if he had been bred in Pharaoh's court, in all the learning of the Egyptians. He has certainly very uncommon parts, but too much of the rapidity of his mother's genius."

able friend is greatly missed in all situations; but must be particularly so in a foreign country. I envy you the opportunities you have of getting a familiar acquaintance with the Italian language. I should be much obliged to you, if you could get me all the works of Paulus Jovius in Latin; Thucydides's History, translated into Italian by Francisco di Soldo Strozzi, a quarto edition, 1563; History of Naples by Angelo di Costanza, a folio, 1582; the best translation of Demosthenes; the poetical works of Vittoria Colonna, of Carlo Marat's daughter, and La Conquista di Granada; all Cardinal Bembo's works; the History of the Incas by Garcilessa de la Vega, in Spanish. If you could any where pick up the old French romance of Perce Forest, I should be glad of it; and also L'Histoire du Port Royal. I should be glad of the Life of Vittoria Colonna, but do not know in what language it is written.

The town is now in a great uproar from an outrageous piece of gallantry, as it is called, of the young Earl of ***, who has carried off Miss *** ***, as it is said, to Holland. He wrote a letter to his wife, one of the best and most beautiful women in the world, to tell her he had quitted her for ever; that she was too good and too tender for him; and he had so violent a passion for Missy, he could not help doing as he did. It will not be long before

the maid

Will weep the fury of her love betray'd.

—His affections are as uncertain, as they are unlawful and ungenerous. Nothing more than a to-

tal want of honour and honesty, is necessary to make a man follow the dictates of a loose unbridled passion. But what could prevail on the unhappy girl to quit her parents, country, reputation, and all her future hopes in life, one cannot imagine! One should hardly imagine too, that a girl, who has flirted for some years with the pretty men in town,

Has been finest at every fine show,
And frolic'd it all the long day,

should be taken with the simple passion of some village nymph, single out her shepherd, and live under a mountain by the purling of a rill, contentedly,

"The world forgetting, by the world forgot!"

It seems Miss *** was a great lover of French novels, and much enamoured of Mr. Rousseau's Julie. How much have these writers to answer for, who make vice into a regular system, gild it with specious colours, and deceive the mind into guilt, it would have started at without the aid of art and cheat of sentiment! I have wrote the names of the delinquents very plain, as God forbid their crime should be imputed to any innocent person. There is danger of that, if one does not explain oneself.

I believe one may affirm, though it is not declared in form, that our young queen is in a way to promise us an heir to Great Britain in a few months. Lady Sarah Len-

nox is very soon to be married to Sir William Bunbury's son; and Lady Raymond, it is said, to Lord Robert Bertie. Mr. Beauclerk was to have been married to Miss Draycott; but, by a certain coldness in his manner, she fancied her lead-mines were rather the objects of his love than herself; and so, after the licence was taken out, she gave him his *congé*. Rosamond's pond was never thought of by the forsaken swain. His prudent parents thought of the transmutation of metals, and to how much gold the lead might have been changed; and rather regret the loss.

I am very glad you have the good fortune to have Sir Richard Lyttelton and the Duchess of Bridgewater at Naples. I know not any house where the sweet civilities of life are so well dispensed, as at theirs. Sir Richard adds, to elegance of manners, a most agreeable vivacity and wit in conversation. He was made for society, such as society should be. I shall be glad, when you write, to hear of the Duchess of Bridgewater's health, and the recovery of Sir Richard's legs: though he sits smilingly in his great chair with constant good humour, it is pity he should be confined to it! I wish you would present my compliments to him and my Lady Duchess.

In the way of public news, I should tell you, Lord Halifax is adored in Ireland.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

For the REPOSITORY.

MR. EDITOR,

I RESUME the subject of my communication inserted in your *Repository* of last month.

Puttenham was not the only writer of that age who employed himself in answering the invectives of the Puritans. The Earl

of Northampton, the second son of the Earl of Surry, took the side perhaps of policy, and certainly of the queen's affections, and wrote a little tract in favour of the match between herself and the Duke of Anjou, expressly in reply to the pamphlet of Stubbs's "Discovery of a gaping Gulph." It is in the Harleian MSS. under the title of "The Earl of Northampton his Defence of the French Monsieur's desiring Queen Elizabeth in Marriage." The tract was written about 1581; and in 1585, the earl, in order to ingratiate himself the more with the queen, brought forth a long and laborious work, entitled "A dutiful Defence of the lawful Regiment of Women;" with a dedication, of considerable length, to his royal mistress, couched in the most flattering language. The book is divided into three parts, and professes to be "An Answer to all the false and frivolous objections which have been most unjustly countenanced with deceitful colours." But the Puritans were not to be daunted by even such a writer as Northampton; and John Penry and John Udall, the principal authors of the pamphlets, continued to publish their libels upon the prelates,

"As if religion were intended
For nothing else but to be mended."

"In the year 1588, came out those hateful libels of Martin Mar-prelate," says Sir George Paule, in his Life of Archbishop Whitgift; "and about the same time, The Epitome, The Demonstration of Discipline, The Supplication, Martin Junior, Martin Senior, and other such bastardly pamphlets, which

might well be *nullius filii*, because no man durst father their births." These were all printed with a kind of wandering press, which was first set up at Moulsey, next at Kingston-upon-Thames, and after having travelled through various parts of the country, established itself near Manchester, where, by the means of the Earl of Derby, the press was discovered in printing "More Work for a Cooper." The printers were apprehended, and were proceeded against in the Star Chamber. Cartwright, Field, and Wilcox, also published scurrilous calumnies against the established government, and, together with their brethren, were determined to

"Compound for sins they are inclin'd to,
By damning those they have no mind to."

The strange and unaccountable ideas which Elizabeth entertained with respect to matrimony, seem not to have been confined to her own circumstances. Naturally of a tyrannical and overbearing disposition, she, on some occasions, had prevented the marriage of her courtiers and maids of honour; and on others had, though with little effect, forbidden the bans. The circumstances connected with the marriage of Sir Walter Raleigh, are remarkable for this exercise of her arbitrary power. An anecdote has been related by Sir John Harington, and preserved in the "*Nugæ Antiquæ*," which is another proof of her disinclination to matrimony.

"I will tell you more of her majesty's discretion and wonder-working to those about her, touching their minds and opinions. She did oft ask the ladies around the

chamber, if they loved to think of marriage? And the wise ones did conceal well their liking hereto, as knowing the queen's judgment in this matter. Sir Matthew Arundel's fair cousin, not knowing so deeply as her fellows, was asked one day hereof, and simply said, 'She had thought much about marriage, if her father did consent to the man she loved.'—'You seem honest, I'faith,' said the queen; 'I will sue for you to your father.' The damsel was not displeased hereat; and when Sir Robert came to court, the queen asked him hereon, and pressed his consenting, if the match was discreet. Sir Robert, much astonished at this news, said, 'He never heard that his daughter had liking to any man, and wanted to gain knowledge of her affection; but would give free consent to what was most pleasing to her highness's will and advice.'—'Then I will do the rest,' said the queen. The lady was called in, and the queen told her, her father had given his free consent. 'Then,' replied the lady, 'I shall be happy, and please your grace.'—'So thou shalt, but not to be a fool, and marry. I have his consent given to me, and I vow thou shalt never get it into thy possession: so go to thy business. I see thou art a bold one, to own thy foolishness so readily.' "

On another occasion, for some time she dissembled her anger at the marriage of Archbishop Parker, but at length she vented her spleen. "For whereas it pleased her often to come to his (the Archbishop Parker's) house, in respect of her favour to him that had been her mother's chaplain, being once

above the rest greatly feasted; at her parting from thence, the archbishop and his wife being together, she gave him very special thanks with gracious and honourable terms; and then looking on his wife, 'And you,' said she, '*madam* I may not call you, and *mistress* I am ashamed to call you, so I know not what to call you, but yet I do thank you.' " Sir John Harington, in the account he gives of Doctor John Still, after speaking of his learning, says, 'and (which the queen liked best of all) was single, and a widower. Nay, I may compare them yet further: he married also soon after he was settled, and the queen was nothing well pleased with his marriage.' He subsequently adds: "She (the queen) contented herself only to break a jest upon the name of the bishop's wife, saying to Sir Henry Berkley, 'It was a dangerous name for a bishop to match with a Horner.' The lady was daughter of Sir John Horner of Mills Park."

That Queen Elizabeth had a violent and hasty disposition, might be inferred from many well known circumstances related of her by her biographers; but no fact perhaps tends to shew the unrestrained exercise of her passion in a stronger light, than her conduct to the Earl of Essex, a proud and haughty character to his inferiors, but submissive to all above him; scrupling not to give him a sound box on the ear on one occasion, when he had given her displeasure. Other instances, however, are not wanting to shew, that her temper, particularly in latter life, was ungovernable. In one of Sir John Harington's letters to Mr. Robert

Markham, collected in the "Nugæ Antiquæ," in speaking of a journal which he had written during the march against the Irish rebels, he says, "I did not intend any eyes should have seen this discourse but my own children's: yet, alas! it happened otherwise; for the queen did so ask, and, I may say, demand my account, that I could not withhold shewing it; and I even now almost tremble to rehearse her majesty's displeasure hereat. She swore by 'God's Son, (an expression which Ritson says she had in her mouth as frequently as a fish-woman,) we were all idle knaves, and the lord deputy (Essex) worse, for wasting our time and her commands.'" Harington adds: "I marvel much to think what strange humours do conspire to patch up the natures of some minds. The elements do seem to strive which shall conquer, and rise above the other. In good sooth, our queen did unfold them altogether."

This ill temper was often carried even to a greater extent, without one effort to curb her irritation, and she used to deal out her unmerciful blows to her unhappy maids of honour. In one of the curious letters of Rowland White, he says, "The queen bath of late used fair Mrs. Bridges with words and blows of anger:" and Harington records: "Nor doth she hold them in discourse with familiar matter, but often chides them for small neglect, in such wise as to make these fair maids cry, and bewail in piteous part."

The observation of Henry IV. of France, upon the queen's coquetry with the Earl of Essex, *Vol. IX. No. LIII.*

"Que sa majesté ne laisseroit jamais son cousin d'Essex s'éloigner de son cotillon," so enraged her majesty, that she wrote four lines back to Henry with her own hand; which Harington says, "One may well believe were sharp enough, for he was near striking Sir Anthony, and drove him out of his chamber." The amours of the queen with the earl may be adduced as another instance, if required, of the vanity of her majesty; and in Nichols' *Progresses* there are innumerable examples of the same nature: but it is to be observed, that although Elizabeth, even between sixty and seventy years of age, allowed herself to be called a "paragon of beauty," and other adulatory epithets to be used, yet she was not altogether unconscious of her deformity. Walpole, in his "Royal and Noble Authors," writes thus: "Whenever the weather permitted, the queen always gave audiences in the garden, that the lines on her face might not appear so strong. Vertue, the engraver, was possessed of a pocket-book of Isaac Oliver, in which the latter had made a memorandum, that the queen would not allow him to give any shade to her features; telling him, 'that shade was an accident, and not naturally existing in a face.' Her portraits are, for this reason, generally without any shadow." Walpole has given a fac-simile of one of her broad pieces, representing her horribly old and deformed. An entire coin with this image is not known, and it is believed that the die was broken by her command.

The preceding extracts, without any further comment, I think

pretty clearly prove the ungovernable temper and vanity of Elizabeth; but we must not always look on the shady side of the picture: with all her foibles, we must not entirely forget her good qualities; and that she possessed them, not even her bitterest enemies will deny. She was gifted with a strength of understanding and soundness of judgment, which enabled her to govern with honour to herself, and satisfaction to her subjects: nor was this all; for a female mind, she was adorned with an education, which, if we may believe her tutor, Roger Ascham, surpassed all former example. Her merits indeed were not confined within the narrow boundary of her own kingdom;

But, like a ball of fire, the further thrown,
Still with a greater blaze she shone.

Although it may be said, that she

did not possess what is commonly termed genius, and that her efforts in the literary world are not to be ranked in the first or even the second class of composition, at least this merit will not be denied her: that she encouraged by her liberality those of transcendent abilities, whose literary labours have done equal honour to themselves and their country. These are the men who have instructed, amused, and delighted, their own age, the present, and will continue to enlighten ages to come.

The sacred poet first shall hear the sound,
And foremost from the tomb shall bound,
For they are cover'd with the lightest
ground;
And straight with inborn vigour on the
wing,
Like mounting larks, to the new morning
sing.

C. W. F.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE ADVISER.

A SHORT time ago, Mr. Adviser, I was a contented and even happy man upon a very narrow income; and when the sudden death of a distant relation, from whom I never had any expectations, put me in possession of 5000*l.* a year, I thought myself at the summit of human felicity: but, alas! sir, I have the misfortune to find, that the property from which I thought I should derive so much happiness, proves only a torment to me, through the alteration it has occasioned in my wife and daughters, who have rushed into dissipation with as much avidity as if they had moved in the first circles all their lives.

They have completely abandon-

ed all our old friends and old habits, and have made what they call a set of stylish acquaintance, who dispense, as my wife says, with ceremony, and I think with good manners also, by using our house as if it were an hotel. This, however, is not the worst: I can see very plainly that these new friends of ours have no small pleasure in sporting extravagant and absurd airs, in order that, by copying them, the females of my family may render themselves ridiculous.

I am sorry to say, Mr. Adviser, that they have amply succeeded: my wife, a plain rational woman, who was generally thought pleasing, because her manners were natural and void of pretension,

now affects a tone of consequence, and an air of superiority, when she is speaking to people whom she considers at all inferior or even upon a footing with herself; while she behaves, when in company with her fine associates, with a degree of humility which completely sinks her in their esteem.

My daughters seem to have no object in life but to be considered girls of fashion; and in order to obtain this enviable title, they sacrifice their natural ingenuousness, delicacy, and even good breeding; for they have made such admirable progress, that they can out-talk, out-laugh, and out-stare most veteran women of fashion. Nor are their morals less improved than their manners: while our fortunes were humble, they had always a trifle to spare for the distressed, and the tear of pity with which it was given increased the value of the gift tenfold. Now, when they have it amply in their power to be beneficent, they lavish their whole allowance upon themselves; and if I remonstrate against this unfeeling profusion, I am answered by accounts of the shameful idleness and bad conduct of the lower classes, whose distresses they gravely declare are always the result of their faults. It is in vain that I oppose facts and reason to this unfounded assertion; my wife constantly takes the same side as her daughters, and what can my single voice avail against three women, all talking at once? I am forced to quit the field, and I have not the comfort of confiding my vexation to any friend, for the fine lady airs of my wife and the girls have frightened away all my old ac-

quaintance: a few of them indeed did for some time visit us, but as they plainly saw that Mrs. B. tolerated them only that they might admire the superior style in which she now moved, and that they were expected to pay for their entertainment in compliments to their hostess, they have dropped off by degrees, and their places are supplied by stylish people, who do us the honour, while they are eating and drinking with us, to turn us into ridicule to our faces.

You will perhaps ask me, Mr. Adviser, why, if I really dislike these proceedings, I do not put an end to them: but I presume you know, we have most of us our antipathies; mine is the sight of women's tears. My wife, who is well acquainted with this unfortunate weakness of mine, always attacks it whenever she is strenuously bent upon carrying a point; and to tell you the truth, it is principally by this means that she has so long succeeded in imposing upon me the new order of things: but I begin at last to be tired of concessions to which I see there is no end, and I am determined to put a stop to my family's career of folly. If, Mr. Adviser, you would have the goodness to point out the best way in which you think this can be done, you would much oblige your very humble servant,

T. B.

I am afraid my advice will be of little use to Mr. B. since, at his age, it is not very likely that he can conquer his dislike to female tears: nevertheless, he must do it before he can take a single effectual step in the reform which he meditates. If he can overcome it sufficiently

to stand a few violent fits of crying, the business will be half done. I would next advise him to try change of scene: an excursion to the country with his family would take them out of the reach of those associates who have turned their heads, and he might, by degrees, contrive to substitute rational, or at least innocent, employments and

amusements, for the round of dissipation of which he at present complains. But I must repeat, that if he cannot conquer the milkiness of his nature, he had better stop where he is; for he may depend upon it, that if he makes an unsuccessful effort, he will soon be more completely subjugated than ever. S. SAGEPHIZ.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

MR. EDITOR,

ALTHOUGH the following article might more properly have been inserted in the *Repository* a month earlier, the curiosity of the subject will, I trust, obtain it a place in your Miscellany.

I was reading the other day Shakspeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and met with the following passage:

—St. Valentine is past:

Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?

Although the text of the author has been almost smothered in verbal criticisms, whether *than* ought to be *then*, or *this* ought to be *that*, yet it is seldom that any useful or entertaining information is found in the notes of the commentators. It occurred to me, that the observance of St. Valentine's day was a subject about which we knew little or nothing, and that some intelligence would have been acceptable; but on looking to the bottom of the page, I was only referred to an old saying, that birds couple on St. Valentine's day. I wished to know who was this St. Valentine, of whom we hear so much, particularly in our youth; what was the origin of the custom of sending amorous epistles on his anniver-

sary, the 14th of February, and how long it has existed: upon these three points I endeavoured to satisfy myself from other sources, the result of which I will communicate, for the benefit of such as think it worth while to read what follows; premising, that it will afford little instruction, and less entertainment, especially to those who look for any pretty copies of verses, to be transcribed and added to the overwhelming number of lovesick lays that load the groaning mails on the 14th of February, and, like Gabriel Harvey's pamphlets against the witty Tom Nash, require almost a waggon for their conveyance.

My first dip into the obscurity of former times was not very successful. I found that St. Valentine was a Roman bishop, supposed to have been beheaded on or about the 14th of February, during the reign of the Emperor Claudian. How can this, thought I, have any thing to do with our mode of celebrating his festival? Unless, because by love a man loses his wits, people have chosen a tutelary saint who lost his head? But then, why not fix upon any other? At my next dive, I thought I had obtain-

ed a solution; for Mr. Wheatly, in his "Observations upon the Common Prayer," says, that Valentine was a saint "remarkable for his love;" but the addition of the words, "and charity," was a grievous disappointment to me.

If I could discover no facts, I could make conjectures (which Dr. Warburton thought better things); and in an old copy of some verses by Gower, an ancient poet, whom Shakspeare has made his prologue-speaker in *Pericles*, I found that the word was printed *Valentyde*, without any title of canonization. As *tyde* in our elder writers meant time, and as the first two syllables might be derived from a Latin verb, signifying *to be well*, *Valentyde* might originally mean only *the time or season of salutation*. I imagined that it had subsequently been misprinted, and that the festival of St. Valentine falling about that period of the year, the title had been erroneously given to the mere appellation of a particular season. I pronounced this conjecture very plausible at the time, but I never could find any thing afterwards to confirm it. After much searching and braining, I at last came to the conclusion: that the name of the saint in question, was used only to denote the portion of the year when the inhabitants of the air begin to choose their mates; and when the inhabitants of the earth, by more than the mere analogy of nature, might be supposed to be inclined to select theirs. By our earliest writers, Valentine's day is always mentioned with reference, either remote or immediate, to this analogy.

"Love, whose month is ever *May*," is proverbial, and with no men more so than with our ancient authors: one of the most beautiful parts of the "Romaunt of the Rose," is a description of May as the month of love, joy, and harmony, with all the creatures of the globe. How then could the middle of the dreary month of February be chosen as a synonymous period? (if I may so say). Upon this point I soon satisfied myself, by reflecting that, from Geoffrey Chaucer's time, when Italian literature first made its way into this country, down to Sir Walter Scott's time, when it has almost departed from it, we have generally borrowed our descriptions of seasons from that country, at least where it was not absolutely necessary to paint our own. Few of our poets made any allowance for the difference of climate, and have spoken of February here as it would appear in Italy. Spenser, in many respects a close imitator of the Italians, in his "Shepherd's Calendar," has, however, not fallen into this absurdity: the second Eclogue for February begins, as it naturally ought,

Ah! for pity, will rank winter's rage,
These bitter blasts, never 'gin t'assuage?

The conclusion therefore that I drew, in the total absence of more precise information, was, that St. Valentine's day was chosen to give a name to the season of love, which season was fixed according to Italian notions and Italian climate.

We have no means of ascertaining the observance of the festival of this saint much earlier than the reign of Edward III. Richard II.

or Henry IV. when lived a constellation of great men; not to mention more than Chaucer, and his two friends, Lidgate and Gower. As with the stars of heaven, so with the stars of earth, they seldom shine in solitary splendour; but the influence and example of one great man draw round him, and stimulate, those of kindred beam, though of lesser magnitude: witness all the great eras of our literary history. Undoubtedly the practice of interchanging what are called Valentines, or copies of verses, is a comparatively modern mode of celebrating the festival, when the art of writing became more general: anciently, as appears from the old ballad quoted in the fourth act of Hamlet, and from other authorities, personal visits were usual on St. Valentine's day; and these were not confined to the sex, "whose thoughts and form are of a coarser mould."

I have before me a series of quotations upon this subject, from the earliest period of English poetry, to its decay in the reign of Charles II. shewing the gradual rise and progress of the custom. I long very much to insert a few of them, but they would perhaps be thought tedious; and the irreverence might be shewn, of passing unnoticed, extracts from some of the fairest and sweetest flowers of antiquity, to enjoy the perfume of which, no finer sense is required, than that which is ordinarily possessed: it might indeed be

tasted by all, were they led into the paths through which the fragrance streams; but, until within a few years, all have wandered almost solely in ways infected by the unwholesome breath of the multitude, far from those blooming orange-groves, to whose forms age has given grandeur, and to whose flowers antiquity has imparted sweetness*.

Of late, however, whether it arise from the comparative insipidity of the fragrance obtained from the annuals of our own day, or from any other cause, a spirit of inquiry has arisen into those productions, which delighted and instructed the ancestors from whom we derived our knowledge; and the reward has, I am confident, been equal to the labour. Under these circumstances, I shall reserve until the next Number some further remarks upon this question; and I shall then introduce a few of my quotations, which may be passed over by such of your readers as are neither actuated by curiosity nor delight. That they are few or none, is the sincere belief of

L. W.

* The orange-groves of Versailles are the grandest in Europe; some of the noble trees are known to be 4 or 500 years old, and no symptom of decay is yet visible. Their growth is extremely slow, not arriving at perfection until the lapse of several ages. It is said, that the bloom acquires additional intenseness of fragrance in proportion to the antiquity of the parent stem.

THE PINCH OF SNUFF.

IT is now many years since, a widow of about twenty, who had some business at Brussels, stopped for a short time at an hotel in that city; she dined at the *table d'hôte*, and generally spent a part of the

evening in the public room. This youthful widow, whose name was Dorval, was precisely that sort of person, whom the men all adore, and the women abuse: the former declared she was the loveliest, the most bewitching of creatures; the latter vowed she had not the smallest claim to beauty. Whatever were her claims, however, one thing is certain—the coldest hearts found her irresistible. Her slight, but finely rounded form, though too *petite* for dignity, was a model of grace; her features could not boast the cold regularity which, in the critic's eye, constitutes beauty; but the brilliancy of her complexion, the varied expression of her speaking eyes, and the bewitching archness of her smile, rendered her a dangerous object to a man of sensibility. She had been only a few days at the hotel, when an English gentleman chanced to dine at the public table; he was struck at the first glance with her charms, and not being well acquainted with foreign manners, he thought he might address himself rather freely to a lady whom he found at a *table d'hôte*: he complimented her; she replied with spirit, but with becoming reserve. The Englishman, whom we shall call Milborne, became every moment more fascinated: puzzled, however, by the apparent inconsistency in her situation and manners, he asked if she would accompany him to the theatre: she refused in a tone which shewed plainly, that she considered the proposal as an insult. "Very well," cried Milborne, pulling out an elegant snuff-box, "then you shall take a pinch of snuff."—"I never take snuff, sir," cried the widow, turning up her pretty little

nose with an air of ineffable disdain.

"So much the worse, madam; you lose one of the greatest pleasures in life. I have tried all sorts of enjoyments: one thing fatigued, another disgusted me; this pleasure brought repentance, and that satiety. At last, I determined to look out for something of which I should not tire. It suddenly struck me, that, in my fits of vexation and *ennui*, I had found occasional relief from a pinch of snuff; so I became a snuff-taker five years ago, and from that time to the present I have had no *ennui*. Come, madam, let me advise you to try my remedy for this distemper, with which we are all visited more or less."

"I have no occasion for it," replied the lady coldly: "I am not troubled with *ennui*; and if I were, I should think there are more rational means of dispelling it."

"Name them, madam, if you please."

"Reading, reflection, the offices of benevolence, the pleasures of society."

"Ah! madam, I have tried all that: reading set me to sleep; reflection made my head ache; benevolence I own is pretty well, but one cannot occupy oneself in that way from morning till night: as to the pleasures of society, I have been cheated by one half of my acquaintance, and laughed at by the other; I am therefore not very favourably disposed towards mankind. So you see, madam, I have nothing left for it but to amuse myself in this way;" and opening his snuff-box, he took a pinch, and presented it to her.

Thoroughly provoked at what

she considered unpardonable rudeness, she rose to leave the room. "Nay, madam," cried Milborne, starting up, "you must not go in anger."—"I am not angry, sir," cried the lady, trying to disengage her hand, which he had taken hold of.—"You forgive me then?"—"Yes," replied she, but not in the most placid tone in the world.—"Very well, then; to prove that you don't bear malice, take a pinch of snuff."

At these words, the widow's patience and temper both forsook her; she burst into tears. Some of the gentlemen present advanced, and one of them, Comte de S. asked Milborne, in a haughty tone, what he meant by insulting the lady. The Englishman immediately took fire; he replied in a tone of defiance, which frightened Madame Dorval. She endeavoured to stifle the dispute by protesting that she was not offended; but the gentlemen were both too hot-headed to be so easily pacified: they dissembled their resentment till the widow had left the room; but as soon as she did, the dispute was renewed. In a few minutes it rose to such a height, that a meeting was arranged for the following morning; and thus, for no greater cause than a lady's refusal to take a pinch of snuff, two men, who were not destitute either of common sense or principle, so far in their anger forgot both, as to be guilty of the folly and impiety of risking their own and seeking each other's life.

Both perhaps repented when the challenge was given and accepted, but it was then, according to the notions of false honour so preva-

lent among mankind, too late. They retired to their respective apartments: Milborne wrote two or three letters, and then began to pace his room, deeply engaged in ruminating on the probable event of the approaching meeting.

Suddenly he fancied that he smelled fire: he threw open the door of his chamber, and beheld the staircase enveloped in smoke. His first thought was for others: he ran to the different apartments, vociferating "Fire!" In a few moments every body in the house was alarmed; all hastened to escape; and Milborne, on going down stairs, found the greater part of the inmates assembled in the street before the door of the hotel. It was indeed time, for the flames were bursting out in every direction. The first person whom Milborne saw, was his antagonist. "My God!" cried the Englishman, at sight of him, "where is madame?" They looked eagerly round; she was not to be seen.

"Oh heavens!" exclaimed the landlord, "she must be lost—see, her chamber is on fire."—"A ladder, quickly," cried Milborne.—"We have not one; and if we had, it would be of no use; you would perish, without being able to save her."—"I will try, however," cried Milborne; and breaking from his antagonist, who, shocked at the certain death to which he seemed devoting himself, caught hold of his arm, he rushed back into the flames.

"He will be lost!" exclaimed the bye-standers. "No, no!" cried Comte de S.—; "Providence will not suffer him to perish:" and he hastened in search of a ladder,

which he recollected to have seen in the morning at a little distance from the hotel. He was fortunate enough to find it; in a few moments it was reared against the window at which Milborne was seen with madame in his arms.

"God be praised!" cried the Englishman fervently, as he descended with his lovely burthen, whom terror had deprived of her senses.—"God be praised!" was echoed by all present, with a feeling of mingled joy and terror, as they saw the floor of her apartment fall in with a terrible crash. Milborne had found her lying insensible on her bed: he wrapped her in a blanket, and so saved her from being burnt; but he was himself very much scorched. He delivered her to the care of the women; and it being by this time ascertained, that no lives were lost, Milborne and the comte hastened to find accommodation for her: they speedily succeeded, and returned to convey her to her new lodging. She was at that moment hardly capable of speaking, but she begged to see her preserver in the morning. The gentlemen then separated to take some repose, but not before they had shaken hands in amity.

The next morning, Milborne waited upon the widow. "Ah! my preserver," cried she, starting up as he entered, and clasping both his hands in hers, "what shall I say to you? how can I thank you? how can I ever repay?"—"Repay! Nonsense—take a pinch of snuff," cried Milborne, in a tone of affected gaiety, which ill disguised the emotion the beautiful widow's fervent gratitude had call-

ed forth. My readers will believe that this time she did not refuse. "Don't you find it excellent?" cried Milborne.—"Yes, excellent indeed," replied she, when the fit of sneezing which it occasioned had subsided.—"I thought," said Milborne, in a tone of triumph, "that you could not fail to like it, if once you could be prevailed upon to taste it: but this is nothing; I have with me samples of all the different kinds of snuff that are used, and some which I have myself introduced, and had compounded under my own direction: you shall try them all."

The widow would perhaps rather have been excused from giving this proof of her gratitude, but what could she deny to her deliverer? We do not know how far she became a connoisseur in snuff, for in a very few days Milborne found that his *penchant* for it began to be superseded by another *penchant*; in short, the widow's fine eyes caused certain uneasy sensations, which even his favourite amusement of snuff-taking could not dissipate. One day, while he was sitting with her, he suddenly fell into a fit of abstraction, and his box, which he held open in his hand, dropped upon the floor. "How unlucky! you have spilled all your snuff," cried Madame Dorval, stooping to pick up the box.—"Never mind," said Milborne, gently detaining her hand as she presented it to him: "snuff is a good thing, but it is not a panacea for every care."

"Indeed!" cried the widow archly; "and pray when did you discover that?"

"Not till to-day: I have taken

three times my usual quantity, in order to put you out of my head; but I can't. I see clearly there is only one way to manage that matter satisfactorily: I must either marry you, or run away from you. Now, my dear madame, which shall I do?"

"Run away, to be sure," cried the widow: but what signifies what a woman says when her eyes contradict her tongue? Milborne trusted to the former, and he was right: he pressed his suit with ardour; mutual explanations took place.

The Englishman was a rich, whimsical, but noble-minded being; the widow was virtuous and well born, but comparatively poor. No obstacles opposed a union which they mutually desired; in the course of two years after it had taken place, Milborne was the happy father of two lovely children, and their infantine caresses and the attentions of his beautiful wife occupied him so completely, that he no longer felt *ennui*, and we are assured that his snuff-box was discarded.

PARISIAN SKETCHES.

No. VII.

LES HONNETES HOMMES.

Il y avoit autrefois à Rome un temple dédié à l'Honneur. On ne pouvoit y entrer qu'en passant par celui de la Vertu. Leçon ingénieuse qui laissait assez entendre, que sans la vertu il n'y a point de véritable honneur. — DUCLOS.

EVERY thing becomes antiquated. The *Dictionnaire de l'Académie* contains a number of obsolete expressions and terms, the former meaning of which is totally altered, and would no longer be recognised in the present day. What has already come to pass in this respect, makes me suspect, that the time will arrive when we shall differ in opinion, as to the signification of the words *honnêtes gens*: they are indeed already so variously explained by the world, and applied to such opposite characters, that much doubt may even now exist as to their proper and definite meaning.

The *Dictionnaire* says, many qualities are requisite to form an *honnête homme*, but unfortunately does not specify what they all are: it places, however, in the first rank, probity and virtue. Society has

long agreed in this explanation, but, by degrees, has deviated much from its strict observance.

The more enlightened we become, the less severity we shew to the principles of others. *Les honnêtes gens* are manufactured nowadays much cheaper than formerly; it is a reputation acquired at small expense, and, with some, easily retained. The main requisites are, a certain portion of wit and jollity, covered over with a varnish of politeness. The surname of an *honnête homme* is now little more than a by-word, a term signifying a person whom we are glad to see, and who can and may be useful to us.

Monsieur de N——, who is pleased to reckon me among the number of his friends, though, to say the truth, I have hitherto done nothing to deserve the honour of his friendship, invited me the other day

to dine with him. "I have to-day," said he, "some *honnêtes gens* who are so good as to honour me with their friendship: allow me to hope you will add to the number." I am always happy to meet this class of people, and being disengaged, had nothing better to do than to accept his invitation. I accordingly told Mons. N—, that I would be with him without fail on Thursday, at the hour mentioned; and desirous of proving my punctuality, I arrived almost the first at the place of rendezvous.

Mons. de N. is himself *un fort honnête homme*, at least so every one says who knows him. At a period when our trade was at the worst, his fortune became involved, and he was obliged to declare himself a bankrupt. This misfortune did no injury to his reputation; for, faithful to his new arrangements, he actually paid his creditors half of what he owed them. The latter, who never expected to receive any thing at all, were agreeably surprised at receiving 50 per cent. They considered this kind of restitution as so much gain, and in their first transports of joy, praised to the skies what they termed, singularly enough, the probity of Mons. de N—. Since then he has risked some new speculations, which have succeeded beyond all expectation. His fortune is at present estimated at 35,000 francs per annum; and as he has circulated the report, that he intends to pay his old creditors as soon as he has doubled his property, every one interested in such repayment has eagerly lent his aid towards enabling him to fulfil his intentions; and this delusion has not

only given fresh activity to his business, but also new motives for the praises of his friends.

The only person who was in the parlour when I entered, was a little man in a bob wig, a grey coat, and black kerseymere trowsers; blue cotton stockings, and a coloured silk embroidered waistcoat, completed an equipment truly original. I never allow myself to be attracted or repelled by the external habiliments of any one: a showy outside cannot command my respect; and a plain, nay even a singular dress, nowise diminishes my esteem for the wearer. I felt myself, at first sight, prejudiced in favour of this little man: his physiognomy was pleasing, and wit sparkled in his eyes. Two or three observations which he made, increased my prepossession. I had never before seen him at Mons. N—'s, with whose family, however, he seemed to be perfectly well acquainted.

Cards, inscribed with the names of each of the guests, were placed on the mantel-piece, and a feeling of curiosity induced me to look over them. The little man perceiving me thus occupied, inquired with a smile, if those gentlemen were known to me. "I have heard their names more than once," replied I, "but I have not yet had the pleasure of meeting them. I only know them to be *fort honnêtes gens*."—At these words the little man shook his head significantly; and presuming, no doubt, that, by this mode of replying, he had awakened my curiosity, took up the cards, and reading aloud the names, added:

"M. Eugene de G— is one

of our first merchants. His credit has never been called in question; he fulfils all his engagements with the most scrupulous exactness, and though he has two or three times sustained very serious losses, not one of his creditors has ever had cause for complaint: it is impossible for any one to be more regular in his business, more strictly honest in all his transactions; and if M. G—— were a bachelor, I should with pleasure add my tribute to the praises daily heaped upon him. But he is married, and this honest merchant is a very bad husband. Formerly a clerk in one of the principal banking-houses of this capital, he married Mademoiselle C. the daughter of his patron, with whom he received a hundred thousand crowns in dowry. In thus marrying, she complied with the wishes of her parents and the dictates of her own heart; but she adores a husband whose fortune she has raised, yet who seems wholly forgetful of all his obligations to her. M. de G——, whose gallantries have become proverbial, is unmindful even of the common respect due to his consort; every where he may be seen with one or the other of his numerous mistresses, but never in the company of his wife. The former, magnificently attired by his prodigality, display throughout Paris their splendid disgrace; whilst the other, banished to her apartments, spends in solitude and tears the hours which she had hoped to pass in happiness and gaiety. Every one pities Madame de G——, but no one visits her. The friends of her family, who rail in her presence at the conduct of her hus-

band, never refuse to make one in the parties of pleasure given by the latter; and as Mons. de G—— merely intends to let his wife die of grief, no one has thought of disputing his title of *un honnête homme*."

"If this title, however," said I, "were to be given to good husbands, you would not surely dispute the claim of M. Duplan, whose name I see on the card you are now holding in your hand. I have spent some time in his neighbourhood, where he is cited as the model for husbands."—"That may be," replied the little man, "but the world does not see into the recesses of the heart. Duplan was a young lawyer, without fortune or practice. A rich merchant died a short time after having vested a considerable sum of money in his hands, with which transaction his family were unacquainted. Duplan informed them of the circumstance, and paid over to them the property. This action soon became the general topic of conversation; at Clermont nothing was talked of but the integrity of M. Duplan. One evening, the story was told in a company where the old Marquise de Jondeuil was present: it interested her deeply. The next day, she invented an excuse to call on Duplan. His personal endowments, and the favourable result of her inquiries into his character, determined her. At the age of sixty, and with a fortune of 18,000 livres a year, Madame de Jondeuil offered her hand and wealth to M. Duplan, which he accepted with gratitude, and reckoning beforehand on his good fortune, ordered wedding and

mourning suits at the same time. Events do not always turn out according to our expectations. The vigorous constitution of the marquise threatened to carry her through a century; every day seemed to renovate her strength; and the delicate attentions of her husband strewed the downhill of her life with the flowers which love had scattered over her younger days. This union, which at first had been so severely censured, which had been celebrated in epigrams, and satirized in rhyme of all kinds, was now the theme of universal admiration. Duplan alone, though perfectly satisfied with his condition, thought it promised to last too long: he remembered that the marquise had formerly been a noted coquette; the pains she bestowed on her toilette, proved that she had not yet quite abandoned her pretensions to please; and instead of pointing out this absurdity, Duplan resolved to confirm her in it. He persuaded Madame de Jondeuil, that time had but slightly impaired her charms; he bespoke more youthful dresses for her, and plunged her into all the gaieties of Clermont: a gallant husband, he was always at her side, and even carried his complaisance so far as to dance with her. His earnest endeavours to afford her pleasure, completely veiled his real designs, and all the ladies of Clermont envied the attentions lavished on Madame de Jondeuil. You may easily imagine this course of life soon made inroads on her health; each fête shortened the term of her mortal career, and in less than three months, her husband conducted her to the grave by the path of pleasure.

"A less artful person would then have thrown off the mask, but the wily Duplan supported his part to admiration: he feigned excessive grief. She was his benefactress, his wife: how could he ever sufficiently lament his irreparable loss? For some days, he shut himself up in his house, to arrange his affairs: this was placed to the account of his affliction; and as soon as he re-appeared in the world, all the mothers in the province were anxious to intrust the happiness of their daughters to the keeping of so excellent a man. Hitherto he has not decided in favour of any of the fair ladies who are courting his smiles, but he doubtless soon will.

"M. le Baron de D. whose title is blazoned at full length on his card, would not allow himself to commit the least dishonourable action: he carries his delicacy to an excess; but this man of honour is in debt to every one who is foolish enough to trust him, and pays nobody: he gives a Louis d'or to the beggar who implores his compassionate relief, and refuses six francs to the workman whom he has employed: his creditors curse him; the poor applaud his generosity. This is being what is now called *un bon garçon*: formerly, at least, no one would have thought of calling such a man as this *un honnête homme*.

"On this card is the name of a celebrated lawyer. Twenty anecdotes honourable to his character might be mentioned; he passes with the world for a truly worthy man. Many clients have endeavoured to bribe his conscience, but all have failed. Nevertheless, he has refused justice to a poor wo-

man, who, for the last ten years, has been almost daily expecting the termination of her mortal sorrows. 'She is in the right,' says he; 'what she demands is lawfully due to her: but this woman is old, diseased, accustomed to misery; in a few years she will be no more; and in order to solace the two or three years which remain of her existence, shall we dishonour a powerful man, who is perhaps guilty, but who enjoys the esteem and respect of the world at large?' I do not know whether his sentiments have prevailed, but I believe that might has hitherto overcome right. M. R—— unites to a lively disposition, great abilities and tried courage; he is a good son, a true friend, but an inordinate love of pleasure tarnishes the lustre of these excellent qualities. I have seen him risk his life for the husband, whose wife he had just before seduced; yet, in society, M. R—— has always had the character of *un homme homme*.

"A similar reputation is enjoyed by the Baron de B——, who affects the most exquisite sensibility. This gentleman was one of the jury on an important trial. An accusation of treason was brought against some persons of consideration, who had incurred the jealousy of the government, and whose removal was determined upon. When the jury retired to consider their verdict, the baron, who was desirous of reconciling his conscience and his interest, unwilling to contribute towards the condemnation of the accused, of whose guilt he was in nowise convinced; and, on the other hand, not daring to displease the go-

vernment, from whom he was then soliciting an employment, contrived to give his opinion last; and, as out of twelve jurymen, nine had already pronounced sentence of death, he made no difficulty in ranging himself on the side of the majority. His opinion being thus superfluous, he found means to satisfy his conscience without thwarting his interest."

My informer was proceeding in his review, when the servant announced the greater part of the persons he had just been describing. The master of the house soon made his appearance, and the remainder of the guests having arrived, we sat down to table. Honour, virtue, and probity were the topics of conversation. The warmth with which all the parties espoused the cause of morality, made me doubt for a moment the truth of what my little friend had been relating. As to him, he contented himself with smiling ironically now and then aside, and throwing a significant glance across the table at me. His behaviour embarrassed me. Placed at the side of our host, I begged he would tell me who that person was. "He is an original," replied he, in an under voice, "whose mania is finding fault: he misemploys his natural talents in circulating numerous anecdotes."—"Part of which he doubtless invents?"—"No, I believe a lie has never passed his lips; and but for this rage for publishing all he knows, I should look upon him as *un homme homme*."—This remark appeared singular. M. de N. saw the disgrace and evil only in its publicity: I must confess, however, this appears to me

the prevailing opinion in the capital, where every one is agreed, in designating those who are suffi-

ciently adroit to avoid open dishonour, as *honnêtes gens*.

SECOND TOUR OF THE CELEBRATED DR. SYNTAX.

So many of our readers have been delighted with the first "Tour of Dr. Syntax in Search of the Picturesque," that, instead of apologizing for now inserting so long an extract from his second excursion, we feel, in some sort, bound to make an excuse for not having introduced a part of the amusing narrative earlier into our pages. On one account, however, this delay has been attended with advantage; for though it may have occasioned a slight disappointment, the pleasure will be the greater, especially as the Doctor has now quite recovered from the sentimental air that was necessarily given to him in the outset of his new undertaking, by the recent death of "the darling partner of his wedded days."

The extreme popularity of the first Tour, has given rise to a number of spurious and unprincipled imitations: of some of these our readers may have heard, but, for their own sakes, we hope they have seen none of them; for the only resemblance between the two is the fraudulent adoption of the title, without a spark of the humour, character, or originality of the real Dr. Syntax. Without further preface, we quote the following from the fourth Number of the New Tour, published this month by Mr. Ackermann: it relates to the courtship of a second wife by the Doctor, who had waited upon the

widow in company with Squire Hearty.

The 'Squire had popp'd behind the screen,
To hear what pass'd, and not be seen.
"I see," she said, "that Hearty's gone,
And means to leave us here alone:
I love him well, he is my friend;
But much I wish that he would mend
His antic tricks, which he calls fun,
Which men of sterling sense would shun.
On gen'ral conduct we agree,
Though his wit is not wit for me.
But we must let, in life's short day,
Those whom we value have their way:
The best are to some failings prone,
And we should try to mend our own."

Syntax.

"Madam, I came, as 'twas my duty,
To pay my homage to your beauty:
But from the sentiments you deal in,
You wake in me superior feeling.
Than what's inspired by the rose
Which on the cheek of beauty blows;
And I must other thoughts infer,
To praise the fair philosopher.
Philosophy, in various ways,
Asks of the wise the highest praise.
I mean not that whose study pries
Into those dark obscurities
Of doubtful science, where the eye
Is dimm'd by its uncertainty;
But that whose search does not prolong,
Beyond what's right and what is wrong,
What you will think is well defin'd,
The moral structure of the mind.
Him I pronounce a perfect sage,
Of any clime, of any age,
Above all learning he may shew
Who does this high-wrought science
know;
Who, to all common int'rests blind,
Instructs the conscience of mankind.

But when we see, though rare the sight,
This happy science beaming bright
Beneath the warmth of beauty's ray,
Beaming around the moral day,
Thus giving to fair Virtue's laws,
Those smiles which best support her
cause;

It is a vision sweet to view,
And such as I behold in you."
The widow simper'd, smil'd, and sigh'd,
And bending forward, thus replied:
" Doctor, you clothe your manly sense
With a most winning eloquence.
With ease and energy it flows,
And bears conviction as it goes.
To your whole reas'ning I incline,
So pray, sir, take a glass of wine,
And, with this wish, I'll take its brother:
May we know more, sir, of each other."

With his right hand upon his breast,
The Doctor then the dame address'd:
" Madam, I swear your charms are such,
Of you I could not know too much."
" Oh!" she exclaim'd, " I'm all con-
fusion,

You compliment in such profusion.
Pray cool your palate with the fruit;
In the mean time I'll try my lute,
And sing a philosophic air,
'Twill suit your doctrine to a hair.
It was but yesterday I bought it,
And I could almost think you wrote it.
I cannot say that I approve
The songs which tell of nought but love;
Where love is here, and love is there,
In short, where love is every where;
Which, in soft language, teach our misses
To warble sighs, and long for kisses.
To leave it altogether out,
Might be an affectation thought;
But love should not, I do contend,
Begin and go on to the end:
Which, for I speak, sir, as I feel,
And for its truth I now appeal
To every husband, ev'ry wife,
Is so unlike the real life.—
My voice is slender, and I play
But in a very common way:
Though well I know, that to the sky
You'll praise my wretched melody;

And though in ev'ry note I fail,
You'll call me sweetest nightingale."

SONG.

Beauty's a fair but short-liv'd flower,
That scarce survives a summer hour.
Is not this true? for you must know:
If it is not, O tell me so,

O tell me so!

But may not graces deck the fair,
When beauty is no longer there?
Is not this true? &c.

But when the graces too are fled,
O may not virtue charm instead?
Is not this true? &c.

And should not virtue's power prove
The cord that binds in lasting love?
Is not this true? &c.

For beauty's fatal to the fair,
If virtue does not triumph there.
Is not this true? &c.

Lovers would seldom suffer pain,
If they knew how to weave the chain.
Is not this true? &c.

Virtue alone can shield the heart
From passion's flaming, fiery dart.
Is not this true? &c.

And passion's flame departs so soon,
It scarce will last the honey-moon.
Is not this true? for you must know:
If it is not, O tell me so,

O tell me so!

Syntax with enraptur'd air
Exclaim'd, as he rose from his chair,
" The song's a sermon I avow;
Love I have felt, I feel it now,
And still I'm of that feeling proud!"
—Here 'Squire Hearty laugh'd aloud,
And in endeavouring to escape,
Or get away in any shape,
He by chance fell, and bang'd the door,
And kick'd the screen down on the floor.
The Doctor on the downfall gaz'd,
Staring, astonish'd and amaz'd:
While madam, sinking with alarms,
Fell screaming in his outstretch'd arms;
And while those arms did thus enfold her,
She struggled so, he scarce could hold
her.

To keep her still, he was not able;
She kick'd him, and o'erturn'd the table;

The bottles, plates, and glasses clatter:
 And now to see what was the matter
 The servants enter'd, to whose care
 Syntax resign'd the furious fair,
 Who, with fierce eyes, the Doctor view'd,
 Said he was ugly, brutal, rude;
 And loudly ask'd him, how he dare
 Take such bold liberties with her?
 Then added: "Such a shape as thine
 Must doubtless be inflam'd with wine,
 Thus to disturb my virtue's quiet
 With your love's wild licentious riot:
 For had you sprung from all the Graces,
 I'd spurn such impudent embraces."

—The 'Squire now op'd the door, to say,
 "Move off, my friend, and quit the fray;
 For much I fear, we've lost the day."

Syntax, who had no wish to stay,
 Made haste the summons to obey;
 And, in a very ruffled state,
 Sought, with the 'Squire, the mansion
 gate.

In vulgar terms, he'd had his licking,
 Not with ma'am's cuffs, but by her
 kicking.

—The eyes of beauty furnish arms,
 Which have fill'd heroes with alarms;
 Nay, that the brave dare not resist
 The vengeance of a female fist;
 And when an angry dame assails
 With darting fingers and their nails,
 The rude intruder oft has stood,
 With cheeks all scratch'd and red with
 blood;

Is sometimes known amidst the strife
 Attendant on domestic life.
 But in the journal of those jars
 That wait on love's intestine wars,
 It seldom has been thought discreet
 For fair-ones to employ their feet;
 And our fair dame's the first we know
 Who thus employ'd a vengeful toe.
 —By what offensive skill in trade
 Her slippers or her shoes were made,
 To cause the woundings that befell
 The Doctor's shins, we cannot tell;
 And we must leave to keener eye
 To make this grand discovery:—
 Whether sharp point or well-arm'd heel
 Made his slim shanks or ancles feel,

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And, which is absolutely shocking,
 Gave a dire rent to either stocking.
 Suffice it, with the 'Squire he went,
 All speechless from astonishment,
 With batter'd legs and stockings rent.
 —As they retir'd, we must relate
 That Patrick shar'd his master's fate.

Syntax, who with fond hopes grown
 warm,

To give the visit all due form,
 And that appearance might befriend
 him,

Had order'd Patrick to attend him.

The obedient valet now was seen
 Walking behind with smiling mien;
 Then in due time, he stepp'd before,
 And having gain'd the widow's door,
 His rap was such, would not disgrace
 St. James's-square or Portland-place.

—The lady, who had kept her eye,
 Quicken'd by curiosity,
 The curtain's drapery between,
 Where she might see, herself unseen,
 Where she might view with anxious
 glance

Th' expected visitor advance,
 In long perspective tow'rd's her gate;
 Nor long she sat in peeping state,
 When as she saw the party coming,
 And heard the door's re-echoed drum-
 ming,

She instant summon'd to her aid
 Lucy, her confidential maid,
 And thus her secret wish betray'd:

"Invite the valet down below,
 And ev'ry kind attention shew;
 With all he seems to wish for treat him,
 And with a smiling welcome greet him:
 Nay, ev'ry cunning art apply,
 To get his master's history:
 What is his age, use all your power,
 To learn that to the very hour;
 His temper, and his mode of life,
 And how he us'd his former wife.
 Now manage this commission well,
 Get all out of him he can tell,
 And then, good Lucy, you shall see,
 How very grateful I can be."
 The handmaid promis'd to obey,
 And nodding shily, slid away.

O O

Now Lucy had a blooming cheek,
And the black locks adorn'd her neck;
Nor had she been five years on duty,
To aid the toilette of a beauty,
Without attaining, in her way,
The arts by which she could display
Such charms as render'd her bewitching
To liv'ried gentry in the kitchen.
She ask'd, if he again would dine;
Which he preferr'd, or ale or wine.
To such kind offers nothing lothe,
He chose to take a sup of both.
Then on the board sweet cakes were
plac'd,

And all he ask'd the table grac'd.
Things thus arrang'd, it was not long
Ere Lucy prov'd she had a tongue,
Which like an aspen-leaf was hung:
But neither wine nor her gay funning,
Robb'd honest Patrick of his cunning;
And the first question she let out,
Told him what Lucy was about.
Thus Pat, who lov'd his master well,
Was quite prepar'd what tale to tell.
Says she, in her familiar chat,
"Pray is the Doctor's living fat?"

Pat. "Aye faith it is, my dearest dear,
And weighs a thousand pounds a year."

Lucy. "Have you in many places
been?"

P. "In service, I suppose you mean:
Only two masters I have serv'd,
And from my duty never swerv'd.
I've serv'd the king, may Heaven bless
him,

As, when he dies, it will possess him.
At his command, a gallant rover,
I've travell'd half this wide world over:
I've drawn my sword, and aye, by dozens,
Have cut down Frenchmen and their
cousins.

For many an hour I have trod
The field, my ancles deep in blood.
Oh, these were sights enough to make
A heart like pretty Lucy's ache!"

L. "And did you e'er receive a
wound?"

P. "Aye faith; I've lain upon the
ground

For half a day, when death and life
Were quarrelling, like man and wife,

Which should possess itself of Pat;
But in Heaven's mercy, for all that
I'm here all well, and stout to view,
And ready to make love to you.

I'mnought but scars, as you would know,
If I could dare my form to shew—
"Tis hack'd and hew'd from top to toe."

L. "Dear Mr. Pat, you melt my heart;
What cut and slash'd in ev'ry part?"

P. "The trunk, 'tis true, has suffer'd
sore,

Nor could it, beauty, suffer more.
But for the branches of the tree,
'They're all just as they ought to be:
As for my wounds, I have a plaster
In having got so kind a master."

L. "What children has the Doctor,
pray?"

And may I ask, what age are they?"

P. "Children indeed, why he had five;
But none of them are now alive:
And his sweet wife, our country's pride,
Three months ago in childbed died.

Her death made many a bosom ache
Upon the banks of Keswick lake.
She thought not, as fine ladies do,
Of dresses smart, all pink and blue,
Who strive to catch the wand'ring eye
Of any fool that's passing by:

Where'er she mov'd, so nice, so fair,
All view'd the well-bred lady there.
But more, who did my mistress see,
Saw the mild form of Charity.

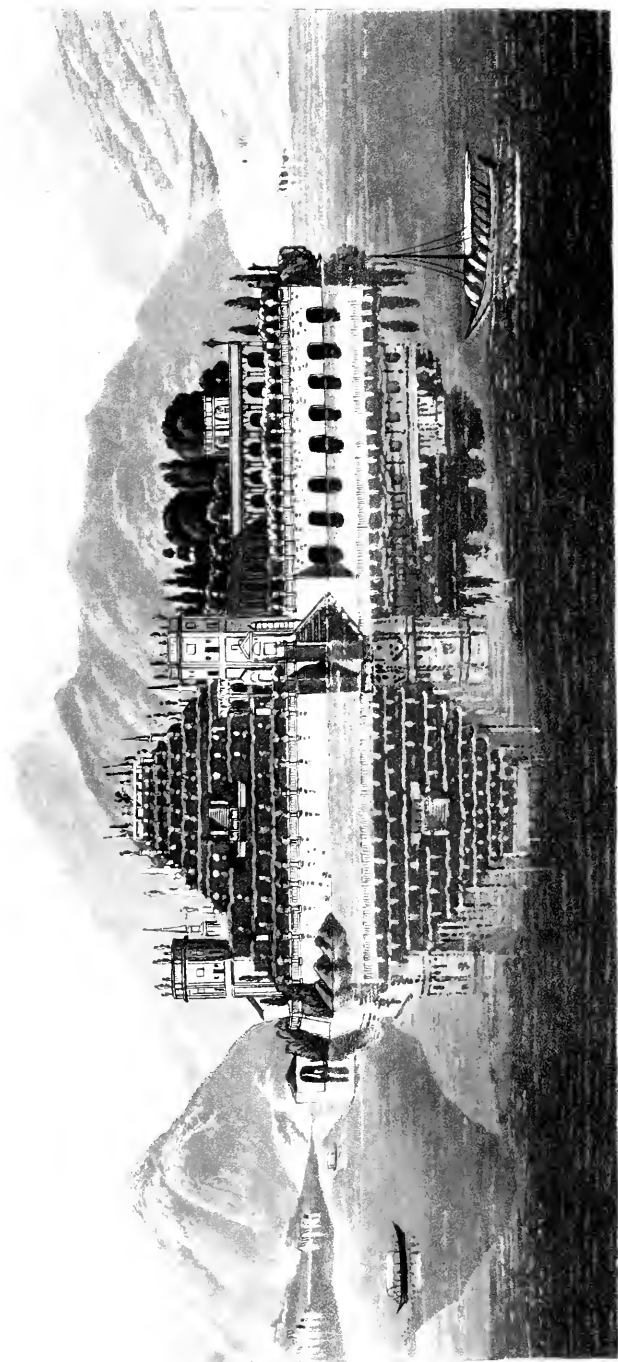
—As for my master, he can shew
More learning than e'en bishops know.
What knowledge lies beneath his hat,
And the fine wig that's comb'd by Pat!
No, your great church does not contain
The treasure lock'd within his brain."

L. "But what of that, it will not do,
If here your master comes to woo.
Learning, I'm sure, will never thrive
In widows' hearts of thirty-five."

P. "Pooh, nonsense! this is all your
sporting;

My master comes not here a-courting.
O Heaven forbid," says honest Pat,

"That he should play a prank like that:
For worse or better should he take
Your mistress, many a heart would break,
Of dame or damsel round our lake.



Besides, there is a widow dear,
With full twelve hundred pounds a year:
And what I tell you, faith, is true;
For to speak lies I could not do
To such a pretty girl as you.
Should he not lead her to the altar,
She'd cure her love-fit with a halter."

What other powers of Pat's invention,
It might have been our lot to mention,
If nought had stopp'd his tongue's career,
Or clos'd poor Lucy's curious ear,
This John-Trot verse does not profess
To tell, or e'en presume to guess:
But here the upstairs noise and riot
Disturb'd at once the kitchen's quiet.
The damsels flew, and sought the scene
Where madam, Syntax, and the screen,
The curious medley there display'd,
Which has been either sung or said.
Pat, who knew nought of what above
Had happen'd or in hate or love,
Thought that whate'er should come to pass,
He might fill up another glass.
The wine was sweet, the ale was good,
And jug in hand he list'ning stood.
Thus, while attentive to the roat,
He heard a voice cry, "Turn him out;
Shew the base daring wretch the door,
And never let him enter more."
He heard, when, with a face all flame,
Down stairs in haste the cook-maid came;
And while, with staring eyes, amaz'd,
He on the angry vision gaz'd,
Mutt'ring strange words of dire intent,
Of base design and ravishment,
She seiz'd at once, then plung'd the mop
Into a pail of dirty slop,
And with a scullion's strong-arm'd grace,
She drove it full in Patrick's face;
Nor fail'd she with repeated blow,
And deep-ton'd tongue, to bid him go.
He at a loss the rage to shun
Of this fierce kitchen Amazon,

Struggled as well as he was able
By way of shield to seize the table,
And, in this strange bespatter'd state,
With hasty footsteps sought the gate.

But now 'tis needful to inquire
The fate of Syntax and the 'Squire,
And just to settle the arrears
Of blasted hopes and rising fears.

If e'er a pair of fine blue eyes
Were seen expressive of surprise;
If e'er surprise chang'd to alarm,
Display'd a face, now pale, now warm,
As these two feelings might impart
Their various impulse to the heart;
'Twas when his hostess did explore
The Doctor as he op'd the door;
And with unusual length of chin,
He faintly bow'd, and enter'd in.
But e'er the lady found her tongue,
For she saw something had been wrong,
He in a rather humble tone,
Thus made his serious frolic known:
"To the fair widow I have been,
Of course the blessed dame I've seen.
You must perceive I'm in a ruffle,
For, to speak truth, we've had a scuffle:
Nay, I have somewhat more to say—
I've been ill-treated in the fray!"
He then ran through his whole disaster;
Declar'd his wounds, and ask'd a plaster.
—Madam now cast a curious eye,
To see if she must laugh or cry,
And as a smile from Hearty broke,
She turn'd the scuffle to a joke.
"No harm, I trust," she said, "is done;
'Twas but a piece of Cupid's fun:
That urchin is a very Pickle,
And sometimes does his fancy tickle,
'Mong lovers thus to make a pother,
To amuse himself, and please his mother:
But these vagaries, when they're o'er,
Are laugh'd at, and disturb no more."

PICTURESQUE TOUR OF MOUNT SIMPLON.

PLATE 26.—VIEW OF LAKE MAJOR AND THE BORROMEAN ISLANDS.

FROM the summit of the hills between Baveno and Stresa, a wide and magnificent prospect is displayed, the details of which are gradually developed as the traveller approaches the shore: the vari-

ous branches of Lake Major spreading themselves on the side of Locarno, Sesto, and Feriolo, unite themselves at his feet; and in the centre of this great basin, over whose surface innumerable vessels dart in different directions, leaving behind them dazzling traces of liquid light, are seated the Borromean Isles, which form a most picturesque group.

The upper, or Fisherman's Island, which, by the simplicity of its buildings, and the poverty of those who live in them, seems placed there to heighten the magnificence of *Isola Bella*, its neighbour, is only a walk of ten minutes in circumference; yet it is filled by not less than two hundred inhabitants, the greater number employed in fishing.

The Mother Island, which is also called St. Victor, is in the centre of the lake: from hence is caught a partial view of the town of Palanza. On the southern side, it is ornamented by four terraces, planted with orange and citron trees, which rise in an amphitheatre, and are overlooked by a vast erection, of simple architecture, not yet completed: it belongs to the family of Borromée. A long balustrade, shaded by vines and forming a green portico, serves as the entrance to the island. This preserves a rural appearance, not found in *Isola Bella*, the buildings and gardens of which are much more ornamented. Aloes, and the shrubs of warm climates, are crowded together on *Isola Madre*, or Mother Island. Birds of the south,

and especially *pintados*, fly about here, at perfect liberty, in woods of laurel, cypress, or gigantic pines. The peacefulness, the freshness of the shades, the scent of the flowers, the murmur of the waters against the shores of the island, and the beauty of the objects around, render this a residence of perfect enchantment. Further still is *Isolino*, or the Isle of St. John, the nearest to Palanza: it is also distinguished by a fine mansion and pleasant gardens; but it is the smallest of the group.

The most remarkable, presenting an aspect perfectly scenic, is *Isola Bella*, or the Beautiful Island: it is seen to the north-west, occupied by a palace and some fishermen's huts. Terraces and gardens cover the whole surface of the island besides.

The palace, in which the Princes of the house of Borromée pass some weeks of the year, consists of enormous structures, but without order or external beauty: one part of it indeed, which never was finished, is falling to decay. The chapel, and the greater number of the apartments, are splendid: polished marble, gilding, and mirrors glitter in profusion; and a gallery is filled with a collection of pictures of the celebrated masters of the Italian schools. The ground-floor is particularly remarkable: it consists of a suite of saloons fitted up like grottos, the walls of which are of polished flints, skilfully arranged in compartments. Statues are placed in various situations, and fountains keep up an agreeable freshness.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A WOULD-BE AUTHOR.

CHAP. XIII.

A PEEP BEHIND THE CURTAIN—CONTRIBUTORS—AND THE DELUSIONS OF SELF-LOVE.

I CONTINUED my exertions as editor of the Imperial Magazine, New Series, for about three months, without any thing occurring worth committing to paper. I bore my honours as meekly as possible. In my notices to correspondents, I informed them, "that it was the design of the proprietors of this work, to conduct themselves in as gentlemanly a way as possible;" and I endeavoured to keep my word. I was indulgent to young beginners, particularly to those who really seemed to doubt of the strength of their claims to notice; saving the whole severity of my editorial wit for those old offenders, who, poaching upon other people's grounds, vaunted the originality of their genius. Indeed I had to contend chiefly with tyros in composition: older offenders are not content with the vehicle of a magazine, in which having at first expended all their small shot, they come forth as midwives of original poems, of which, as they have often to pay their printer, this circumstance operates most marvellously to clip the wings of their Muse; and if they are not sufficiently fortunate, like myself, to gain the editorship of some obscure magazine, they become—very useful shopmen, or clerks to attornies, &c. To the unfortunate son of genius who begged me to consider his lines, and the wants of a large family, I trust I was not unfeeling; and though Perriwinkle often hinted, that I threw away the

money of the concern upon paupers, he never had to suffer for my compassion. But again I get prosing. If I were guilty of any crime, it was to those elderly spinsters, ancient as the Muses themselves, who besought my compassion for sonnets on a wild flower, on a child sleeping, or on a blue bell; and I was too much a Spenserian myself, to reject the "whiloms," the "ersts," and the "nathlesses" of Sunday pawnbrokers' clerks, who, after taking checks in the morning, vented these aspirations of their Muse in odes to pity, or rhymes about a dead hare, who, as examiners of nature, never reached farther than Hampstead or Highgate. What a medley of elegies and ballads tumbled into our correspondents' box! Such sheets full of stanzas of all sorts; such haberdashery ware from Oscars and Edgars; such strains from Agnes, Laura, and Sappho, that my pockets, borne down with their weight, groaned with their delivered labours. Alas! the age has grown so prolific in authors, that the regular bred ones can scarce get a living, from the crowd of amateurs all striving for the same goal.

Such was the anxiety of some to see their productions printed under the sanction of an editor like myself, that I was bribed with, "dear Mr. Editor," "sweet Mr. Editor,"—and "Allow me to become a correspondent in your well-arranged magazine"—"your interest-

ing magazine"—“ your polite miscellany.” But “soft words butter no parsnips:” the elegance of the quotation tempts me to use it. Yet I had greater encouragement to insert the productions of one gentleman and two ladies: they offered to be at any expense in printing their lucubrations. I indignantly refused this, to the dismay of Perriwinkle; and when I answered them, that “ Philander, &c. will find a note for them at our publisher’s,” they were more disappointed at finding their labours returned, than they would have been had they been inserted, and a bill to pay of the expenses.

My ire was sometimes raised. I had old stories sent me from old magazines as originals; but when Maria sent me, as an original poem by a young lady only thirteen, “ Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,” verily I was truly indignant.

All my correspondents wrote in stilt, and the prose department (advertised by Perriwinkle, unknown to me until after it was printed, as undertaken by a gentleman every way qualified to furnish an elegant mental treat; *i. e.* your humble servant,) came to my lot. This puff direct he thought would pay me for the great fag of furnishing matter. Had I been acquainted with his intention, I should have been very angry at this compliment, or at least must have pretended to be so, for such an insult offered to such extreme modesty as mine. In vain I requested prose of my “ valuable correspondents,” “ my amiable correspondents,” or “ my erudite correspondents,” “ who, I was well aware, were perfectly capa-

ble of much in this way.” At length an Essay on Duelling, or some such *original* subject, and as originally written, was proffered; but as we did not pay correspondents, thanks to the cultivation of literature in the present day, “the gentleman every way qualified to conduct such a work” was obliged to contribute his materials for a whole magazine every month: an article of biography, three *nouvellettes*, a criticism of the arts, &c. &c.; this, with other matter, was no small affair for a mere dabbler in literature, and indeed wanted the pen of one of those gentlemen who write with ease. I did not: I required much cogitation to compose a paper; I loved my bottle, and was long in composing. It ill becomes me, Mr. Editor, to say how my part was done: I can only say, that one department of my inditing was just as well written as the other, and for—I will once more quote—“ for tragedy, comedy, history pastoral, pastoral comical, historical pastoral, scene undividable, or poem unlimited, Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light.” Perriwinkle had only to print the matter, and get it out in time. He was no courtier: he therefore very seldom sweetened my labours with any praise; and as if fully determined not to spoil me with flattery, he surlily criticised my faults, but more especially hinted at the enormous sum of 30*l.* per annum which I *was* to have for editing the work.

When Worlidge the engraver was employed by that *eminent patron*, Horace Walpole, to engrave the gems at ten guineas a plate, finding the artist completed one

in a day, the noble lover of *vertu*, struck at what he thought such a redundancy of talent, which could earn so much per diem, declared off his bargain: so Perriwinkle, finding I earned my money so easily, wished to cancel his agreement. We had a long altercation on this subject, in which he suffered me to be victor, and left me, until it would better suit his purpose to provoke me to leave him. The total contempt in which I hold every pecuniary concern, gave him every advantage over me, and deservedly exposed me to the pains and penalties of ignorance.

He had embarked in a general printing concern; of course wanted a stock of paper, and as a man of very small fortune cannot be supposed to find money for every thing, he now and then, when bills became due, requested, as a *slight* favour of me, that I would advance the whole of the needful, and the next time he would be even with me. The next time came not, for him at least, and he was more than even with me: but in the mean time I every month experienced less opposition as the conductor of the Imperial Magazine. Astonished by his complaisance, a quality I had never before discovered,

"Doubtless, Signior Gilliflower," I exclaimed to myself, "this partner of thine is at length satisfied, that such talents as the editor possesses are not to be thwarted; and thou hast the additional glory, of convincing even a Perriwinkle, that thou possessest abilities of the first order."—" 'Tis true," said Perriwinkle, as he one day quaffed my Falernian to the success of the Imperial Magazine, "you have, Mr. Editor, much improved in your writing of late: yet it is still unequal; sometimes you are trite and vulgar, at others you really rise to sublimity."

"Nay, Perriwinkle," I exclaimed, "this is indeed too much!" But sinking "trite and vulgar," and suffering the unction of "sublimity" to sink deep in my heart, I almost caught his hand, and exclaiming, "My dear fellow," an expression I was much used to on overstepping my pint of wine—"My dear fellow," I continued, "you are beginning to get polite." But Perriwinkle having exhausted his little stock of flattery, of which indeed he kept but little by him, sunk into nonentity; while I, soon after he left me, fell asleep, and dreamt of my newly offered incense.

RIDICULE OF THE FRENCH UPON THE ENGLISH STAGE.

For the REPOSITORY.

I DO not think, Mr. Editor, that *Peregrine*, in your last Number, has much reason to complain on the score to which he refers; for, as far as I can judge on a comparison of the two, the French are quite as much made the objects of ridicule on the English stage, as the Eng-

lish on the French stage; nor am I of opinion that there is any real ill-nature, or, as it is commonly termed, bad blood, on either side in these supposed attacks.

I am sure I need not call to your recollection, and to that of your readers, the innumerable plays and

farces in which French manners are descriptively brought before the audience for the purpose of direct contrast and censure; I need not revive the repeated flattery of John Bull in catch-claps against what was once considered a rival nation; nor indeed can it be required of me, that I should enumerate one tenth of the plays where French characters are introduced, both male and female, that the galleries, aye and the pit and boxes too, might have a self-satisfied laugh at imaginary peculiarities and fancied absurdities. It is a very old saying of a very old philosopher, I believe, that laughter is the result of some conscious superiority; or, in other words, that the person who indulges in it does so because he thinks that he is superior to the thing or the person laughed at: and sure I am, that many of the peals re-echoed in our theatres, have their origin in this feeling, and none more so than the laughter which a blundering Frenchman usually excites on the stage.

Besides, the practice has prevailed from the earliest times, from Shakspeare's ridicule of "French inconstancy," to Goldsmith's "I hate the French, for they are all slaves and wear wooden shoes." At no time has it been more frequent than during the period mentioned by your correspondent *Peregrine*; viz. since the peace of 1815: though I shall not follow his example, by entering into any exact detail of the various pieces produced at Covent-garden, Drury-lane, the Haymarket, or the English Opera-House (exclusive of what are usually known by the name of the mi-

nor theatres), which have more or less contributed to make an English audience well contented with their own state, condition, and manners, compared with those of their neighbours across the channel. If I were to do so, I need only mention the very modern farce of "Too late for Dinner," by Mr. Jones, brought out within these few weeks; or the revived pantomimic performance of "Harlequin versus Shakspeare," now performing with so much success at Drury-lane. In both, one of the principal and most entertaining characters is a Frenchman; in the first a blunderer, and in the last a bully.

However, setting these aside, what will your correspondent say of Mr. Matthews and his imitations, for the three last seasons, in what he calls his "At Homes?" No ridicule of the French was ever so popular, or so well deserved to be popular, as far as the excellence of the performance goes. Last year, we saw a whole after-piece, if we may so call it, played by himself, which was nothing but a tissue of French and English blundering. In the present season it is repeated, though not exactly in the same form; and it is but fair to allow, that the ridicule here also extended to our countrymen. But let your readers observe in what way the laughter is excited. A Monsieur de Tourville is represented as arriving in this country, for the purpose of gaining all the information he can collect about the towns and country, laws, habits, customs, and manners of the English: he accordingly makes notes of all he sees and hears; and in his peregrinations to different places, he is

accompanied by Matthews, who takes the opportunity, in the words of the old proverb, of "killing two birds with the same stone;" and at the same time "shews the lions" to some of his country cousins. Now a great deal of the humour of Matthews's narrative depends upon the mistakes committed by the party, and especially by Mons. de Tourville, who meditates (like the celebrated General Pillet) the publication of his remarks and collections when he returns to his own country.

I should first mention, that this foreign gentleman is first introduced to the audience under no very favourable circumstances, as the writer of a letter in French-English—that is to say, in French phrases literally translated into English, or English phrases converted into French: thus, "taking up his quarters in Leadenhall-street," he calls *picking up his legs and arms*; and a beautiful *coup d'œil*

he translates *a lick* in the eye. These are only a few of the laughable absurdities committed by this sagacious tourist in his letter, where he tells his friend that he will be surprised that he writes such good English!

As for the other droll errors, I will not pretend to enter into them, nor to diminish the force of them upon the risible muscles of the audience by entering into them; for I have, I apprehend, fully established what was the object of my letter; viz. to shew that the English have all along fully retaliated upon their mirth-loving neighbours, for introducing blundering John Bulls and Mrs. Bulls upon their theatres; and though our ridicule of the French has been of a different kind, it has not been less severe, or I dare say less keenly felt. I am yours, &c.

DOMO.

LONDON, April 7, 1820.

THE BETROTHMENT.

THE ringing of bells and the roaring of cannon announced to the inhabitants of Venice the magnificent festival of the marriage of the Doge to the Adriatic, on the morning of the Ascension. Young and old crowded to the canal of St. Mark, whose surface was covered in a few hours by an innumerable multitude of black gondolas and ornamented barks. Among the numbers whom curiosity had attracted to this place, was the Count Solldingen, a young German nobleman, who had made the tour of Italy, and on his return to his native country, visited Venice

to witness the imposing spectacle which was about to take place.

Towards noon, the doge, richly habited, and surrounded by a brilliant assemblage of senators and foreign ambassadors, ascended the throne which had been prepared for him on board the Bucentaur, which was sumptuously adorned. The anchor was weighed, and the procession slowly and majestically advanced, saluted by the two rows of ships of war and merchant vessels with cannon and music, and accompanied by an immense crowd of gaily decorated gondolas. Near the Island of St. Helena, the pa-

triarch, with his holy train, advanced in a gilded barge to meet the vessel of the doge. When they had reached it, he threw a consecrated vessel of water into the sea, for the purpose, as is commonly believed, of propitiating the waves. The vessel then, welcomed by the cannon of the haven of St. Nicholas, steered towards the open sea; and shortly returning, the doge, stepping upon a gallery erected behind the throne, amidst the thunder of artillery, the prayers of the religious, and the acclamations of multitudes, threw into the sea a ring, repeating the words, "Desponsamus te, marce, in signum perpetui domini." The bark steered for the Island of Lido, where the doge, accompanied by all the nobility, landed, to celebrate high mass in the church of St. Nicholas.

The Count Solldingen also landed from his gondola, and endeavoured in vain to force his way with the crowd into the overflowing cathedral: on a sudden he heard some one behind him exclaim, "It is he!" The sound of his native language fell sweetly on his ear, and his heart responded to the accents. He turned hastily towards the speaker, and beheld a lovely female face. Blue eyes and flaxen ringlets betrayed the Celtic origin of the beautiful unknown, whilst the innocent blush which suffused her countenance as her eyes met his, and the earnest look with which her companion, an elderly man, regarded him, were sufficient to convince him, that the unexpected sight of him had occasioned the exclamation he had heard. He was unable to conjecture in what way he could possibly

be known to the charming girl, and as her general appearance and manner indicated the superior rank both of her companion and herself, he had not courage to address her, under the dread of a probable mistake. Whether the singularity of the affair, or the beauty of the young lady, attracted him, the count, who had hitherto been no friend to adventures of gallantry, burnt with curiosity to find out who the charming unknown could be. He forgot the splendour of the scene which surrounded him; firmly resolved to follow her home, and by that means to discover her name and condition, he remained near her, taking care to keep her and her companion always in his sight. He remarked with pleasure, that she still observed him, although her looks were instantly averted whenever they met his, with a conscious blush, as if caught in some transgression. This interchange of looks would have been by no means disagreeable to the count, if it had not, by its long duration, only contributed to inflame his curiosity. He thanked Heaven when the mass was at length ended, and the procession began to be arranged for its return. He strove with all his endeavours not to lose sight of the unknown, who had turned her steps towards the shore, whither he anxiously pressed through the crowd; but here, in spite of his efforts, amidst the confusion of gondolas, and the pressure of the populace, he was at length separated from her. In vain he used every means to find her again; in vain he remained on the island till the last gondola left the shore; in vain he

offered a large reward to the gondoliers to overtake the procession, which was now far distant—the lady was lost, and could not be found.

The gaily adorned booths and shops of St. Mark's - place, the crowds of sprightly masks, and the race in the evening on the canal of Giudecca, equally failed to attract Solldingen's attention. The gaily decked gondolas, the various attitudes of the gondoliers, and the dexterity with which they steered their barks in the race, with incredible swiftness, through the surrounding throng, all passed unobserved by him. The fair unknown was the only object which his eyes incessantly sought, but sought in vain.

Wearied with the fruitless search, he returned discontentedly home. The brightness of the night drew him to the window: as he stood gazing at the moon, lost in admiration and thankfulness, the sound of a guitar roused him from his reverie. It appeared to proceed from an open window of the adjoining house. What were his feelings, when he heard a sweet female voice sing, with indescribable expression, the never-to-be-forgotten German song, "*Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt.*" The beauty of the composition, and the sensibility of the words, seized with full force on his already excited mind. A crowd of sensations, by turns delightful or oppressive, rushed through his heart; and a ray of hope illumined the chaos of feelings which assailed him, that the singer was the charming unknown, so long sought in vain, and now by favourable chance brought so near to him; and while he blessed the

lucky accident, he cursed the intervention of night, which prevented him from pursuing his discovery.

The following morning gave him the wished-for opportunity. He learned that his beautiful neighbour was the young Baroness Espern, who had arrived two days before with her uncle. After having been rowed twenty times backwards and forwards on the canal before the house, in the hope that she would appear at the window, his patience failed him, and he formed the resolution to send his servant to the old uncle, in his own name, to welcome his countryman to Venice, and to beg permission to wait upon him personally. The servant returned with the anxiously expected answer: "The Count Solldingen would always be a welcome visitor to Baron Espern." The count, overjoyed, did not fail to avail himself of the invitation within an hour.

The baron, a cheerful-looking man of fifty, received him with the most flattering politeness, but—alone! The more agreeable he found the civilities and courtesy of the uncle, the more he lamented the absence of the niece. He prolonged his visit beyond the ordinary limits, every minute watching the door, in expectation of her appearance; but the cruel baroness came not, and he at length found himself compelled to take his leave, regretting that his departure was marked by as much disappointment, as his arrival had been with hope and delight; when the baron exclaimed, "But I had almost forgotten, count, to introduce you to my niece!" The music of the

spheres seemed to burst upon him as the friendly baron pursued: "But she shall make my excuses; I will go and fetch her."

He left the apartment, and Solldingen remained agitated with joy and fear, with embarrassment and hope, in a state of mind, in short, which he could compare to nothing he had ever experienced before. As night disappears at the approach of morn, so the approach of the lovely baroness dissipated the embarrassment of the count. If he had before been struck by her beauty, he was now still more fascinated by the charms of mind, combined with the most innocent and unpretending artlessness, which she displayed. He gladly accepted the office of being their conductor to every thing worthy of notice in the city. Hours fled like moments in the company of the baroness; every minute discovered in her new accomplishments, which she seemed to take pleasure in displaying to him: his vanity was flattered, and he separated from her with the consciousness, that, like a powerful fairy, she had for ever bound him in the magic circle of her charms.

At every succeeding visit it became too evident to him, that he

loved her; loved her with an ardour of which he had not till now imagined himself capable. This conviction, tho' sufficiently agreeable to him on the one hand, decomposed him not a little on the other. The fact was—he was already betrothed.

Count Solldingen, the father of Edward, had been, from his earliest youth, united in bonds of the strictest friendship with the Count Hochfels. Similarity of character, of rank in life, and of fortune, all combined to render their intimacy the more firm and lasting. The two fathers earnestly desired that the happiness which they had experienced in this union, might be perpetuated in their children; and therefore formed the resolution to unite Solldingen's son, Edward, with the young Emily, the only daughter of Count Hochfels. Some years after, when the latter was sent as ambassador to the English court, and was obliged to take up residence with his family in London, the friends determined to give to their purpose the sanction of the law; and young Edward, at ten years of age, was solemnly affianced to Emily, who was two years younger.

(*To be continued.*)

SOLUTION OF THE TWO CHARADES OF PORSON.

SIR,

BELOW I offer you a very humble poetical solution of the two charades inserted in your last, said to be (and I do not doubt they were) written by the late Professor Porson. I am, &c.

J. M. LACEY.

CHARADE I.

Your *cur* will bark in dreary night,
If thieves approach your door;
And *few* would like to risk his bite,
When the *curfew* hour is o'er.

II.

If *woe* falls on *man*, as, alas! it will do,
Oh! say not that *woman*, fair creature,
Occasion'd his sorrow: the censure's untrue;
'Tis denied by each beautiful feature!

THE FEMALE TATTLER.

No. LIII.

Then, like the Sibyl's leaves,
O scatter them abroad! ——— DRYDEN.

IT is the opinion of Mr. Locke, that great advantage must be derived from selecting the thoughts of able men, as they appear in their works, committing them to writing, and, as it may be, to the memory; by which means a treasure of wisdom may be collected, for the direction of our conduct and the guidance of life. A correspondent of mine, who signs herself a *Female of Nineteen*, has, it seems, pursued this practice, and favoured me with an example of it, which I shall offer to my readers; and I particularly recommend the juvenile part of them, to adopt the same mode in the course of their reading, as it will thereby furnish them with rules to assist them in those difficulties which all must necessarily experience, and where no suspicion can be entertained of the wisdom and sincerity of those counsels to which they apply.

The subject of the present selection relates principally to that state of life which more particularly determines the happiness or misery of women; and to their conduct in it, their views should be directed, and their minds prepared. Their change is so great when compared with the other sex, that they cannot give too much preparatory consideration to it, previous to their entrance into such a solemn and indissoluble an engagement as marriage. But this is not all: when the contract of the altar is completed, the vows declared, and the rites solemnized, then the princi-

ples of domestic conduct which have been learned, are to be put in practice; and I cannot offer a more friendly wish to any of my sex, than that the rules which this paper will be found to contain, may govern their lives, as they seem to me to comprise, as far as they go, unerring guides to matrimonial happiness. From whence they were taken I cannot determine, but the *young Lady of Nineteen*, who presents them to me, undoubtedly manifests an uncommon prematurity of judgment, which I hope will be confirmed by her own practical adoption of them.

F — T —.

Habituate yourself to that way of life most agreeable to the person to whom you are united; be content in retirement or with society, with the town or the country.

If he should prefer the country during your earlier years, a period when diversions are most attractive, it may at first be painful; you may be sensible of the privation: but your chance for durable happiness is infinitely greater there, than where each side is beset with continual dangers to domestic tranquillity.

Make choice of such amusements as will attach him to your company. Study such occupations as will render you of consequence to him; such as the management of his fortune, and the conduct of his house, yet without assuming a superiority unbecoming your sex.

If his turn of mind leads him to the inspection and care of his estate, avoid to interfere with a branch of government not properly your sphere.

Should he be neglectful of his family interests, supply his place with redoubled attention.

If public employment demands frequent absences from home, make his supposed intentions there to be as much respected as if he were present, by your own deference to them.

If the contagion of example gain too strong an empire over him, if he should be misled by pleasures, or hurried by passion, let not your impatience prevent his return to reason.

Let an early examination of his temper prepare you to bear with inequalities, to which all are more or less subject.

Do not attempt to destroy his innocent pleasures by pretexts of economy; retrench rather your own expenses, to promote them.

Should he sometimes delight in trivial occupations, treat such with complaisance, as few but the idle have leisure to be very ill-tempered.

Disturb not the hours he may have allotted for amusement, with the recital of domestic grievances.

Watch for, and profit of, such moments of his leisure as will allow him, without pain or chagrin, to redress them.

Let your attentions be continued, and not accompanied by any affectation; yet so easy, as may prove they flow from the heart.

The least appearance of flattery, mingled with assiduity, conveys a suspicion of interest.

If absolute necessity, or free

choice, call him often from home (suppose it to be too often), when he shall revisit that home, make it so agreeable, that it shall finally acquire the preference.

Shew the greatest respect to his near relations; observe a constant civility towards the more distant: let there be no marked distinction between those, on either side, in your own breast; though natural affection may, nay indeed ought, to prevail.

Should you be so unfortunate as to be connected with a family divided by dissensions, or of various tempers; by studying them early, you will distinguish such among them as merit cultivation, and are open to friendship: you will consequently be acquitted by the world, for want of success with that part to whom kindness would prove ineffectual.

During the education of men in schools, colleges, and academies, friendships are formed, perhaps too early sometimes to be judicious, but equally hard to dissolve: if, in consequence, you behold such with pain, do not attempt to break them with precipitation.

When a person shall see his friends coolly received in his own house, he will naturally seek occasions to meet them abroad: maintain therefore your interest with him, by a polite behaviour to those he so prefers, though you may not.

From the moment you shall have formed an indissoluble engagement, avoid every path which leads to jealousy; harbour not the dangerous guest with you, and by every prudent caution suffer it not to fix near you.

Unbounded demonstrations of

tenderness, though authorized by sacred ties, are often as productive of inconveniences, as the most unwarrantable aversions.

Should you have too just cause for suspicion of a change of affection, and its diversion to another object, let a ready and obliging indulgence attempt the work of reformation: it promises better success than discontent and clamorous grief.

Jealousy is oft ideal; it is capricious, its dictates inconsiderate, its suggestions fatal to mutual repose.

The allowed superiority of the other sex, the liberties of their education, demand abundance of allowances from ours, if we aspire at esteem and influence.

It would be equally mean to dissemble in a manner that could increase the contempt of those who are the cruel cause of your sufferings; or by hurting your fortune, or by bereaving you of a friend.

If you discover, on the other side, a disposition to this unhappy passion, treat the phantom as if it were a reality; try to remove the apparent cause, by every sacrifice in your power, were it even to appear ridiculous in the eyes of the world.

The most dangerous position for a young person to be thrown into, is for the world to be apprized of her harsh treatment; it exposes her to every mode of seduction that interested pity can devise, and requires infinite virtue and fortitude to guard her against its insinuations.

The delicate but firm counsels of a friend, religion, and, if possible, a speedy retreat for a while,

are the safest remedies against the artful but soothing attentions of real or seeming admirers, at moments that the mind is irritated by reproach, or the severities inflicted by unjust suspicions.

If a rooted aversion shall appear to be directed to any one object, abandon the connection with decency and good-breeding, in order that it may escape observation; and, at the same time, exert all your endeavours to erase that object from your own memory.

Should your union be attended with greater felicity than is the usual lot of our sex, govern your just affections, to preserve it; for by too much anxiety, you may ultimately destroy it.

It is natural, in our uncertain state, to dread the changes to which it is liable; but our apprehensions should be seldom repeated: as to easy natures, it is painful; to a harsher turn, importunate.

Sufficient are the real difficulties we have each to encounter in the course of our lives; take care, therefore, to create none: use your reason in combating the former; and be silent if the weakness of your frame prevents an entire suppression of fictitious ones.

If afflicted with bad health, avoid complaint: it is an increasing habit, affording no essential relief to the sufferer, and too apt to make the lives of others as irksome as your own.

You will contract indelicacy by description of your infirmities: you may excite compassion from a humane disposition, but you risk a diminution of affection.

The satisfaction of those on whom you depend, requires now and then

some degree of self-denial in you : amongst the happiest connections, there will be diversity of opinions; and it has of old been decreed, that those of the female part of the creation should give way to their superiors.

A FEMALE OF NINETEEN.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

Portraits of eminent foreign Composers, accompanied with biographical Notices. No. I. Pr. 7s. (Boosey and Co. Holles-street.)

THE above is the commencement of a splendid periodical work, a number of which is to be published on the 1st of every month, by Messrs. Boosey and Co. containing the portrait of some celebrated composer, accompanied by a short biography.

The series begins, as it ought, with the likeness of the greatest composer now living—the stern colossus of harmony, the sombre, mystic poet of sounds, the profound, the eccentric *Lewis van Beethoven*. If we had not been assured that the likeness is striking, we should still have thought it such, from the intrinsic evidence it affords. Had the print been mixed with those of twenty other composers, all unnamed, we should have said, “This austere, energetic, deeply thoughtful countenance; these features, in which a smile must be as transient as a sunny gleam through an awful storm cloud—as short and fleeting as a sweetly melodious motivo in the *Rasumowsky* quartetts—these cannot be the lineaments of any other being than *Beethoven*.” Physiognomy is the index of the mind, and the mind of man is reflected in his productions in general. This is more particularly the case in works of art, and above all in mu-

sic; because music is a medium the least clogged by positive material forms, and therefore the least liable to warp the emanations of our mind and feelings. The works of *Händel*, *Gluck*, *Haydn*, *Päesiello*, *Mozart*, *Pleyel*, &c. display their respective characters and being; but none more conspicuously than the compositions of *Beethoven*.

It would lead us too far away, to enumerate all the characteristic features in the style of this great composer. It is evident, that in point of melody he falls short of *Mozart*, at least as to proportional quantity. On the other hand, when *Beethoven* chooses to be melodious—and such paroxysms are neither frequent, nor of long duration—we think his subjects are of a higher order, more original, more deeply fetched, more deeply affecting, more genial, more fervid, we had almost said, more superhuman—than the strains of any other composer. They work more powerfully upon our sympathies; we feel something like the sensation produced by an odour never smelt before. Such his melodies appear to us: his harmonies are equally peculiar. That a genius, like him, should have ventured further than any other upon the rugged domain of Dissonance, is not surprising; but even in the treatment and combination of his parts, he stands single. Disregarding the

convenience of the performer, he disdains the fetters of established forms of accompaniment, crowds zig zag notes into the subservient parts, not so much from whim, as for the sake of particular effect. Hence the comparative difficulty of Beethoven's music, the danger for even the experienced player to trust to the forebodings of the ear, the necessity of the eye being for ever on the watch, and the impossibility of executing many of his works at sight, however great the reward of perseverance in mastering these obstacles.

The short biography which accompanies this print cursorily adverts to a few of the most material occurrences in Beethoven's life. The career of a composer seldom furnishes many striking incidents: that of Beethoven less than any other, his residence having been stationary, at Vienna, for nearly thirty years. An annuity of 4000 florins has been settled upon him by some Austrian noblemen, on the condition of his not leaving the Austrian dominions without their consent. Beethoven was born in the year 1772, at Bonn in Germany, where his father served as tenor-singer in the chapel of the late Elector of Cologne. He is a pupil of Haydn and of Albrechtsberger, one of the greatest German theorists.

It would be difficult to speak in too high terms of the value and the typographical execution of this publication. The print is engraved in the most finished style, and the accessory part of the work is devised in a manner highly tasteful and elegant. The second number, containing a portrait of Mo-

zart, is announced as being in the press.

Life of John Sebastian Bach, with a critical View of his Compositions, by J. N. Forkel, translated from the German. Pr. 4s. (Boosey and Co. Holles-street)

During six consecutive generations, the family of the Bachs has produced a succession of men distinguished by innate musical talent. The history of the art numbers upwards of a dozen Bachs, more or less celebrated in their profession. Of all these, *John Sebastian Bach* stands foremost. He was born at Eisenach in Saxony, 21st March, 1685; and died at Leipzig, 30th July, 1750. No man, before or since his time, wielded the organ, and other keyed instruments, with equal mastery; no man, to this day, has penetrated so far into the maze of harmonic combinations, or possessed the whole artifice and tactics of compositorial evolutions in an equal degree. In all these respects, he stands far above Händel, his contemporary. No composer, since the time of Sebastian Bach, has arrived at excellence without the aid of his works; and we may safely venture to add, none will reach first-rate eminence without he studies so transcendent a model. Without Sebastian Bach for a pilot, the young artist will be in the situation of a mariner, who has the presumption to sail over distant seas, unassisted by the experience of those that have navigated them before him.

"But," say some of our fashionable professors (the dandies of the art), "the style of Bach is antiquated, void of melody; he ex-

celled in fugues, which are out of date, except with the remnants of the old school." Upon persons of this stamp, a serious answer is next to being thrown away: the grapes are sour, because they are out of reach. The fact is, the classic works of Sebastian Bach (those of the last twenty years of his life) are full of the most beautiful melodies; generally, it is true, of rather a serious, or at least thoughtful cast, but so fresh, so elegant, that a stranger to them might be deceived into a belief of their being recently written. And as to Bach's fugues, whoever has heard them well executed, will find few others to his taste. Fugues are nowadays as much over-depreciated as they were over-idolized in former times. Their construction, we allow, requires less musical genius, than cool positive contrivance and elaborate art; but a musical genius, untutored in this artifice, is like a painter unacquainted with perspective: not to mention that on certain occasions, the introduction of the fugue is one of the highest triumphs of compositorial art.—What is there (to adduce a modern instance) more perfect, more wonderful, more admired by both the profane and the initiated, than the fugue which ushers in the opera of the "Magic Flute?"

But to revert to the book before us: it is written by the late Forkel, the author of the History of Music, which, to the regret of every lover of the art, he did not live to complete. The portion which contains the few incidents of Bach's unchequered career, is comparatively small. By far the greatest part of the book is devoted to critical re-

marks on his works, and on his method and system of playing. It is to Bach we owe our present system of fingering. Before him, it may be said, no system at all existed; the thumb (now of all the five fingers the most essential agent) was then excluded from the keyboard. Mr. Forkel's criticisms will be read with the highest interest, and the remarks he offers on various branches of the art, cannot fail to be of infinite use to the student, and indeed to the composer himself: their value is the greater, as it is but seldom that criticisms of this description come before the public. A catalogue *raisonné* of Bach's compositions, with the themes of many of them, is introduced in due course.

The English translation evidently proceeds from a professional and highly competent pen; it does credit to the anonymous author.

L'ELISE, a new Waltz, composed for the Piano-forte. Pr. 1s. 6d. (R. Harmon. Institution.)

It is but a waltz; about a dozen lines: but these we would not exchange against all the music, one or two pieces excepted, which forms this month's review. We never heard it before; but the author appears to us to lurk in the style. Two to one, it is written by Beethoven. *Ex ungue leonem!* If we were fortunately mistaken in our guess, if British talent should happily have produced this little gem, and modestly have declined owning it, how happy, how proud should we feel in having missed the mark! Such of our readers as can master an easy sonata of Dussek or Clementi, will be able to

play, or at least to learn, this waltz, and ought to lose no time in adding it to their stock. But let them study it well, a little at a time. Every expression is marked out for them: let *none* of these escape their attention; let their own feeling warm them into additional infusions of colouring: mind your pianos and fortes; don't miss one tie; fingers off where there are rests (they are not dead letters); subdue the close of your periods. In short, don't rattle through the piece, as a charity boy would chatter off his collect.

We ought, perhaps, to ask pardon for thus being schoolmaster instead of critic. A sameness of weapon—But enough! The advancement of the art, practically or theoretically, is our well-meant motive; and a few hints, we thought, might contribute to establish more generally the justice of our recommendation of this waltz.

“*The Waves retreating from the Shore,*” a Duet, composed by T. Attwood. Pr. 2s. (R. Harmonic Institution).

A neat pleasing duet of small extent and great simplicity. Both vocal parts are quite easy, the second moving either in thirds or sixths: the accompaniment, too, presents no intricacy of any kind.

“*Tears that exhale,*” Song, composed by T. Attwood. Pr. 1s. 6d. (R. Harmonic Institution).

On a text of rather unmusical diction, metre, and perhaps import, Mr. A. has succeeded in inventing an air of considerable attraction. The song proceeds in a simple, natural, melodious course; its constituent periods are well ordered, connected, and proportion-

ed, and their varied expression accords with the purport of the poetry. This latter merit attaches conspicuously to the *minore* portion. The vocal part and the accompaniment are free from the slightest executive difficulties.

The Salzburg Waltz, inscribed to Miss Elliot of Pimlico Lodge, composed by Thomas Attwood.—Pr. 1s. 6d. (R. Harmonic Institution.)

A waltz in C major, with a trio in A minor, and another in F major. The beginning, with a running bass in ascent, followed by a descending treble, with the melody below, is clever enough in point of contrivance; but we think the idea, at the outset, liable to this observation: that it creates too much bustle and dissonance (by passing notes in the bass), where the key ought to be strongly told. The *minore* portion is rather dull; but the whole of the part with one flat makes amends for it: it is in very good style, very pleasing, and in some instances truly elegant.

A Turkish March, from Mozart's Opera, “L'Enlèvement du Sérail,” arranged as a Duet for two Performers on the Piano-forte, with an Accompaniment for the Harp (ad lib.) by T. Attwood. Pr. 4s. (R. Harmonic Institution).

This opera of Mozart's contains some beautiful pieces, which are little known in England. The above march derives its interest, independently of the fulness of the harmony, from its energetic wild character, and from the great originality of the $\frac{3}{4}$ movement, the subject of which is said to be authentically Turkish. The military music of the Ottoman troops, such

as we have often heard it at the head of their columns, certainly is not unlike some portions of the piece in question, the harmonic substructure excepted; for, save a few occasional, and rather random sounds of accompaniment, mostly octaves and fifths (and famously consecutive too), we never could make out their harmony at all, not even in the Capudan Pacha's band, who were deemed professors; but rather the very reverse. Nay, although the men marched very briskly to the sound, we seldom succeeded in guessing even the tempo.

In this $\frac{2}{4}$ movement a similar intricacy of time forms an additional feature of probable authenticity. It is a sort of *tempo d'imbroglia*, which may exercise incipient performers. Mr. Attwood has made an effective arrangement from the score: the second, however, appears to be confined to the business of accompaniment. Neither of the parts will be found difficult, when once the matter of time has been rightly understood.

A Funeral Hymn and Chorus, for the Obsequies of our late pious Sovereign George III. composed by J. F. Danneley. Pr. 2s. 6d.—(Preston, Strand.)

Although music, in this country, is greatly indebted to the fostering protection of our late monarch, this is almost the only tribute which the art has offered to his memory; and this we owe to a provincial town, Ipswich, where the present hymn formed part of the mournful function occasioned by the demise of our venerable king. The text is by Mrs. J. Cobbold; its solemn simplicity, and the pious and loyal

fervour which it breathes, must have come from the heart, and must have reached the hearts of a population untainted with the venom of discontent and sedition. Mr. Danneley's composition, although probably the work of a very limited space of time, presents some features of decided merit. The andante (solo) is written with due pathos; and in the finale, consisting of soprano, alt, tenor, and bass, we observe various contrapuntal contrivances highly creditable to his talent.

Dramatic Airs, from English, Italian, German, and French Operas, arranged as Rondos for the Pianoforte. Nos. 3 and 4. Pr. 2s. each. (Preston, Strand.)

In the third number of this periodical publication, the air "L'Uccellatore," from the Magic Flute, forms the principal subject. The rondo, however, commences with another motivo, of a cantabile and very pleasing melody, to which the operatic air, in three sharps, succeeds in a natural and connected manner. An episodical portion in D major, in good style, and written with fluency, claims favourable mention; and a variation on the air (p. 7) is equally entitled to commendation. The author is Mr. W. Sherrington, and his performance—the first of his composition we recollect to have seen—does him credit.

No. 4. is a rondo by Mr. T. Haigh, founded on a well-known Irish dance, with the claim of which to "operatic" rank we are unacquainted. These sorts of tunes are not very eligible for such a purpose; they are too common, and the imperfection and oddity in their

terminating cadences are such, that it may be said, they end no where. But tastes are various. What may appear to us an objection, is perhaps a merit with many others, especially when we add, that the manner in which Mr. H. has handled his Hibernian subject, bespeaks matured talent and classic taste. To be sure he has often taken leave of his theme, and whenever he has played truant, he has succeeded best. His digressive portions are in the best style, his passages are terse and fanciful, and his modulations extremely select. The composition altogether is one of great merit.

The Grand Overture to the Opera "Le Nozze di Figaro," as performed at the King's Theatre, composed by Mozart, arranged for two Performers on one Piano-forte by M. P. King. Pr. 3s. (Preston, Strand.)

Notwithstanding the various adaptations of this overture that have from time to time been noticed in our monthly reviews, we owe it to Mr. K. to say, that his labour possesses eminent claims to our commendation. The passages in which a peculiar contrapuntal interlacement predominates, are ably transferred to the piano-forte; and, in general, the substance and spirit of the original are as faithfully preserved as four hands can be presumed to be capable of executing with convenience. We regret the tempo has not been metronomically indicated, because this overture is frequently spoilt by being taken too slow.

"Dear Kate, thy charms were like the rose," Song, written by Mr. J. Cole, composed by J. Monro.

Pr. 1s. 6d. (J. Monro, Skinner-street.)

A rustic love-song: the swain expresses his affection in accents by no means languishing; on the contrary, his strains are of a bold character, resembling a march-motivo: this sort of spirit and energy, upon the whole, has no detrimental result in the melody, and will no doubt have met with applause at the Covent-Garden and Surrey Theatres, where the composition has been sung, as the title states. In p. 2, the word "any" has too much accent; and the exact transposition of phrases from one scale to another, successively, as in the bottom line, however common in former times, has now become so obsolete, that, in some books on composition, the practice has obtained the nickname "Rosalia," from a song which furnishes the most abundant examples of this description.

"Cupid's Garland," or "Female Perfection," Song, composed by J. Monro. Pr. 1s. 6d. (J. Monro, Skinner-street.)

The words of this song are stated to be written by the author of "Ellen Aureen," and Master Hyde is mentioned as having sung it with applause at the London concerts. The melody (B b, $\frac{4}{4}$) is pleasing, not unlike a song of Bishop's, "Love has eyes;" the periods are in good keeping, and the accompaniment is quite satisfactory. For the two last lines in each stanza, a lively melodic burden in $\frac{6}{8}$ time has been devised, which resembles, however, too closely the motivo of the $\frac{4}{4}$ part. The little episodic instrumental solos generally repeat or imitate the vocal phrases; a

practice which ought to be sparingly resorted to, to avoid sameness.

"*Because it looks like you*," a *Bal-lad*, by Mrs. Catherine Ward, as sung by Miss Stephens at the Theatre Royal Covent-Garden; the *Music* by Dr. Jay. Pr. 2s. (Phillips and Co. Old Bond-street.)

Although we do not pretend to be quite *au fait* in regard to the import of some of the phrases of this text, we must say, there is that musical euphony in the words which suit lyric compositions. Of all languages, the English requires the nicest selection, when it is to be set to music. One half of our words, if not more, are useless to the composer; or, if he venture among them, they act as breakers on his reputation. The abundance of harsh consonants, the galloping accentuation, the snappish monosyllables, incapable of a lengthened musical sound, and many more such drawbacks, impede the labour of the tasteful lyric poet. We know none that steered more clear of these difficulties than Mr. T. Moore. His texts, whether composed by him or by others, are absolutely cantable, if we may be allowed the expression.

This song, and others of Dr. Jay's composition which have lately come under our notice, convince us that he has discovered the

right point of his musical capabilities. His talent for lyric composition is obvious. The air of "Because it looks like you" is of cheerfully tender expression; the style elegant, simple, innocent; there is a certain inviting freshness in the whole, and the melody tallies extremely well with the text. This is particularly observable in the burden, "Yes, ah yes! it looks like you," which it would be difficult to conceive more aptly set. In this portion, however, a more active system of accompaniment would, in our opinion, have been of great advantage in itself, and have formed, moreover, a desirable change from the form of instrumental support adopted in the whole of the preceding part. The symphony is very pretty.

"*Journal des Dames*," a *Collection of National Airs, Waltzes, &c.* arranged for the Spanish Guitar, and dedicated to Miss Gifford, by C. M. Sola. Pr. 2s. (Falkner, Old Bond-street.)

Eight or nine short pieces of diversified character, progressive in difficulty, written with taste, and occasionally with considerable harmonic combination. Some of the movements, such as Nos. 4. and 6. appear to us highly attractive, and particularly effective on the guitar, so far as a limited knowledge of the instrument enables us to judge.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

PLATE 28.—WALKING DRESS.

A CAMBRIC muslin high dress: the body is laced behind; the back

is plain, and moderately wide: the front is ornamented with lace lozenges; there are two rows let





in on each side, which forms the front in the stomacher style: the waist is very long. Long sleeves, made rather tight, and finished at the hand with lace: the epaulette, which is very full, is formed into lozenge puffs by narrow tucked bands of cambric muslin. There is no collar, but a full fall of lace goes round the dress at the throat. A single flounce of very rich work ornaments the bottom of the skirt. The pelisse worn with this dress is composed of the beautiful new silk called *zephyreene*; the colour is a peculiar shade of lavender: it is made tight to the shape, long in the waist, ornamented with rosettes on the hips, and has a high collar rounded in front: the sleeve is moderately wide; it is finished at the hand by three narrow rouleaus of *gros de Naples*, each at a little distance from the other. The half-sleeve is composed of alternate folds of *gros de Naples* and *zephyreene*, which are crossed in front of the arm. The skirt is of an easy fulness, and is trimmed at bottom only with a fulness of lavender-coloured gauze, intermixed with satin to correspond. We refer to our plate for the form of this trimming. Head-dress, a bonnet composed of white *gros de Naples*: the crown is low; the brim large, but extremely becoming, formed something in the capuchin style, but to stand out a good deal from the face; the edge of the brim is finished with blond, and a bouquet, composed of a full-blown rose, surrounded with buds and leaves, is placed in front: strings, to correspond with the pelisse, tie it under the chin. Lavender-coloured kid boots, and Limeric gloves.

PLATE 29.—EVENING DRESS.

A low dress, composed of *Urlings'* lace, figured in a leaf pattern: it is worn over a white satin slip; the waist is rather long; the back plain, and the front formed exactly to the shape of the bosom. The dress is cut much lower in front of the bust than behind. A wreath of leaves, composed of lace, and edged with pink *gros de Naples*, goes round the bust. The sleeve is a mixture of pink *gros de Naples* and rich lace: the former in full bias folds, the latter quilled between the folds; these folds are so disposed, as to form a finish to the bottom of the sleeve, which is also ornamented by two small bunches of leaves, one attached to each of the folds. The skirt is fancifully trimmed with pink *gros de Naples*, laid on plain in separate pieces; the top of each is something in the lozenge style: a rich and uncommonly good imitation of Valenciennes lace is quilled round this trimming, and a deep flounce of lace to correspond finishes it at the bottom: the effect is novel and strikingly elegant. The front hair is dressed in loose curls, which fall low at the sides of the face; it is less parted on the forehead than we have lately seen it: the hind hair is negligently fastened up by a pearl comb; a few ringlets descend from the crown of the head to the throat, but are not suffered to fall into the neck. Head-dress, artificial flowers tastefully intermixed with the hair. Pearl neck-lace and ear-rings. White kid gloves, and white silk shoes.

We are indebted to Miss Pierpoint, inventress of the *corset à la*

Grecque, No. 9, Henrietta-street, Covent - Garden, for both these dresses.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON
FASHION AND DRESS.

We have endeavoured to procure the most correct information respecting the summer fashions, and have seen various novelties which were to appear as soon as the mourning was at an end: we shall lay the result of our researches before our fair readers; at the same time we must observe, that, owing to the fondness which many leaders of the modes display for the French fashions, we may expect that, in the course of May, many changes will take place.

For promenade dress, we have as yet seen nothing prepared but pelisses and spencers: they are of silk, which is in general of the most substantial texture, and are lined with white sarsnet: the form most fashionable for pelisses, is similar to the one given in our print. There is as yet little variety in trimmings; they are principally composed of an intermixture of satin and gauze, or else satin and the same silk as the pelisse.

Spencers are made in general with a small jacket, which comes no further than the bust, and is rounded off at the sides: they are made to sit very full behind, and being short, have a jaunty air. The collars are high, and in general plain; but the epaulettes are very full: they are also made of a mixture of silk and satin.

Leghorn and silk bonnets seem likely to be equally in estimation for the promenade: we have seen several of the latter made to cor-

respond with the pelisse or spencer with which they were to be worn, and a few also in white; but those latter seem likely to be principally confined to carriage costume. Both promenade and carriage bonnets are ornamented with artificial flowers: we have seen some very profusely trimmed at the edge of the brim in the French style; or rather we should say they are trimmed, under the edge of the brim, with gauze or blond intermixed with white satin *coques*, or small wreaths of flowers. There does not appear any likelihood at present that bonnets will decrease in size.

Among the novelties in preparation for carriage dress, one of the most elegant is a pelisse composed of French white *gros de Naples*: there is nothing remarkable in the form of the pelisse; but the epaulettes and trimming are very novel and tasteful: the latter is composed of a mixture of pink satin and white transparent gauze; the latter is laid on full in a scroll pattern, and intersected with very narrow ronleaus of satin: the trimming is finished at each side with a narrow edging of pink satin. The epaulette is extremely full; it forms a large puff in front of the arm; this puff is filled with an intermixture of folds of gauze and satin placed bias. We should observe, that the trimming goes all round, and the collar and cuffs correspond with it.

Cambric and jaconot muslin are the only materials which we have seen prepared for morning dress. Gowns are made plain in the back, long in the waist, and in general to fasten behind; they are mostly

laced, but we have seen a few buttoned. Sleeves are rather tight, but the epaulettes are in general very full. As yet we have not seen any morning dresses trimmed very high, nor is there any great variety in the trimming of those few already made up; worked flounces laid on plain or in waves, and headed with a fulness of muslin, or else rich work let-in in waves, with flounces between, are the only trimmings that we have as yet seen in fashionable houses.

Very few dinner dresses have as yet been made in muslin, but we have seen a good many in silk, and of a texture which we consider infinitely too substantial for the season; in fact, our levantines, *gros de Naples*, *reps*, and queen's silk, are almost as stout as the brocades, tissues, and damasks of our grand-mamas. Some additions have been made to our stock of silks: one of these is the material called zephyreene, of which the pelisse given in our print is composed; another is the *soie de Londres*, an extremely beautiful silk; it resembles levantine in substance, and satining glossiness of texture. Those dinner gowns that we have seen, are cut low; and both morning and dinner dress is now made in a style much more advantageous to the shape, than it was a few months ago: the backs of gowns are narrower, and much more sloped than they were; and the sleeve is set in so as to give a breadth to the chest, without falling too much off the shoulder. White and coloured gauze, satin, and blond, are the materials at present used for trimmings. We have just seen one of the most novel in form that has

been introduced for some time: the dress is a pale lilac levantine; the trimming is of white transparent gauze; it is laid on in a wave which is slightly puckered, and each edge of the wave is finished with a very narrow lilac gauze *ruche*; between each wave is placed a bunch of leaves composed of white gauze, and edged with lilac levantine: this trimming is very broad, and it has really an uncommonly striking and elegant effect.

White silks, satin, and lace, seem likely to be most in favour in full dress; a mixture of coloured silk in trimmings is a novelty which appears likely to become fashionable. Among the trimmings which we have noticed, one of the most novel and pretty is a chain composed of coloured ribbon, laid on in a zig-zag pattern, and intermixed with white blond lace; a deep flounce of blond terminates this trimming.

Full-dress gowns are all cut low, but by no means indelicately so round the bust. The sleeves are very short and full; the most novel is the style given in our print. Where the dress is of silk, the sleeve is very frequently composed wholly of lace. British blond is very much in favour, but we have seen also imitations of Valenciennes, Mechlin, &c. used to trim several dresses.

There is very little novelty in millinery: artificial flowers seem likely to be more worn for the head than any thing else. It is not easy yet to decide what colours will be most fashionable; but among the dresses that we have seen, azure, levantine, pink, and lilac, were most prevalent.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, April 18.

My dear SOPHIA,

OUR promenade dresses at present exhibit more variety in material than they have done for some time past: French cachemire, various kinds of silk, cambric muslin, and Merino cloth, of a slight but very beautiful description, are all worn for the promenade. Until within the last few days, there was as much variety in the form as in the materials of our dress, but now we are all attired *en Amazone*. This fashion, which is neither generally becoming nor appropriate to the season, made its appearance at Longchamp. I believe I once before mentioned to you, that Longchamp was always the rage for a short time after Easter: it is there that those belles who lead the modes, go to display their own inventions, or those of their *marchandes de modes*; and many a father and husband pettishly consigns this fashionable promenade to the devil, when he hears his wife or daughter protest that she must absolutely have such and such articles of dress, because nothing else is seen at Longchamp. I shall not, however, confine myself to our Amazonian costume, because it will most probably not last a week more; I shall therefore endeavour to give you a general idea of what has been fashionable during the last month.

First, I must observe, that cambric muslin dresses are much less trimmed than they were last year: two worked flounces, with a letting-in of lace, tulle, or work be-

tween, is a very fashionable style of trimming; another equally in favour, consists of three rouleaus laid on slightly in waves, and put near each other. Waists are worn still longer than when I wrote last; sleeves are made almost tight to the arm; and gowns, whether made high or low, always fasten behind; some are laced, and others button.

Spencers are of two descriptions: some are made to fasten in front with a very high collar; they have no trimming, but are worn with a broad sash of the same material, which is rounded at the ends, and tied at the side in two small bows and long ends. The other style of spencer, which is, in my opinion, the most becoming to the figure, is buttoned behind, and is ornamented in front of the bust with braiding disposed in a wave pattern, each wave finished by Brandenbourgs. Long straight sleeve, finished with an epaulette cut out in tabs; each of these tabs is ornamented with a Brandenbourg. A plain turned-up cuff, a little pointed in front of the arm, and a single Brandenbourg affixed to the point. The collar is very shallow; it is open in front of the throat, but fastens behind. Spencers are of *gras de Naples*, *velours épingle*, and various other substantial silks.

High dresses are made remarkably plain; they are tight to the figure, moderately wide in the back, and very long in the waist: the trimming consists either of rouleaus, or else a single plain band at the bottom of the dress:

sometimes the band or rouleaus correspond, but they are very frequently of a different colour.

Those gowns made in the habit style, are rather narrower in the back than the others, particularly at the bottom of the waist; they are always made with a jacket, and the fronts are very much trimmed with braiding. There is also a half-sleeve; it is square, but is cut up a little in front of the arm, and the ends turned back, and fastened with buttons on each side; it is ornamented with two Brandenbours, one on the shoulder, and another in the middle of the half-sleeve: the collar is always very high behind, but sloped down in front. I must observe, that all collars stand out considerably from the throat; and that large ruffs, which are worn withinside the collar, form an indispensable part of promenade dress.

Now for our bonnets, or, as we call them, *chapeaux*: they are still worn large, and are of various materials—plaid taffety, white straw, *puille-colon*, china, and French crape of different colours, and a mixture of crape and satin, or gauze and satin. The brims of some hats are bent very much over the face, and they are very wide at the sides; others have a brim of more moderate size, rounded at the sides, and very deep in front. The crowns are of different forms, but all low; some are round, others set in like the caul of a cap; and several in the form of a *calotte*, which is an exact resemblance of a skull-cap. The crowns of bonnets are variously ornamented: some with a bouquet of flowers in front; others have a wreath of lilies

round the crown, and a bunch of the same placed in front; those that are made in gauze, are frequently ornamented with gauze only. All bonnets are lined: those of straw, cotton-straw, and coloured silk, are usually lined with white; but those made of plaid gauze, are generally lined with some very glaring colour, as deep rose, or citron-colour. The edges of the brims are variously ornamented; many are turned up, and finished with a rouleau of the same material as the bonnet. Some of those made in silk, have a band of the same material inside the edge of the brim; many are worn plain, and a still greater number are loaded with ornaments, in a style which I shall try to describe to you, if I can make my meaning intelligible.

The brim itself is edged either with a *ruche*, or a wreath of shells formed of ribbon; immediately under this is placed a row of puffs in white or coloured gauze, to correspond with the ribbon; a row of shells is laid close to that, and then a second row of puffs: sometimes gauze *bouilloné* is substituted for puffs.

And now let us come to home dress, for I fancy you will think I have kept you out of doors long enough. Our present breakfast costume is neat and appropriate, but I can't say I think it very becoming: it consists of a short bed-gown (excuse the word, for I protest I can find no other,) and petticoat of cambric muslin; the latter is made very long, and is finished with two flounces of jaconot muslin put close together: the dress is loose in the body, but has very little fulness, and is fastened

round the waist by a sash of the same material: the bottom of the sleeve is trimmed with two flounces to correspond. A single flounce goes round the bottom and up each of the fronts of the dress, and a deep muslin frill, one half of which stands up round the throat, and the other falls in the neck, is substituted for a collar. I must observe, that the frill and the flounces are plaited extremely small, which has a neat but rather formal appearance. The head-dress is a cambric muslin cap, made exactly like an infant's, and drawn in the same manner; the border is of worked muslin put very full over the forehead, and plain at the sides; it is tied with a coloured ribbon under the chin.

Many ladies who do not choose to adopt this style of dishabille, wear cambric muslin high gowns, with long aprons of the same material; the apron comes rather far back, and is flounced all round with jaconot muslin: a single flounce of the same material finishes the bottom of the dress; it is sewed on very full, and is disposed in deep plaits.

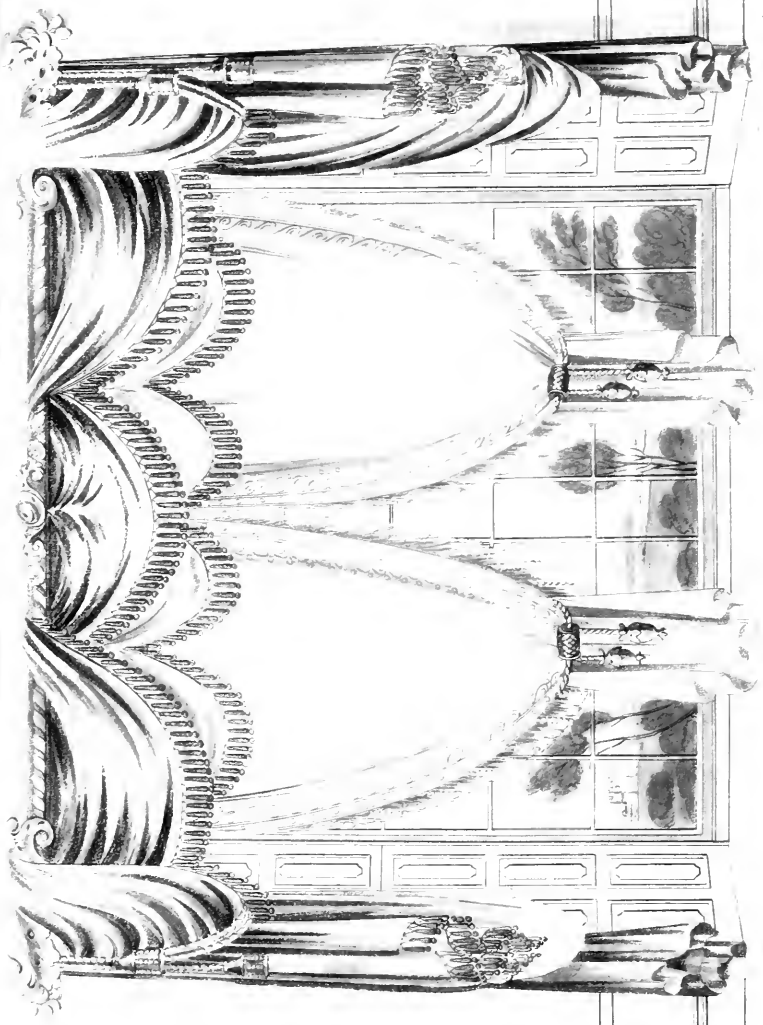
The materials for dinner dress are the same as for the promenade: high gowns are very much worn for home costume, and even for social parties: low dresses are, however, rather more prevalent, but they are always cut so as to shield the bust in a very delicate style. The skirts of gowns are now of a moderate fulness: some of our *belles* complain that they are of a prudish and even inconvenient length, for you can hardly distinguish the colour of the slipper, as it peeps from beneath them. A-

propos to slippers: I had forgotten, in speaking of the promenade costume, to observe to you, that those worn for walking are always either black, or else to correspond in colour with the dress: they are of kid leather. Half-boots are still fashionable for walking, but shoes are rather more predominant.

But to return to the dinner gowns: the skirts are still very full behind, but they are not drawn so tight round the form in front of the figure. Waists are very long, and the bodies are as tight as possible to the form. The busts of *percale* dresses are usually trimmed with tulle; those made in silk have the trimming to correspond with the skirt; and the epaulettes are generally finished in the same manner as the skirt, whether the dress be of silk or muslin.

Gauze, tulle, crape, and satin, are all worn for full dress: gowns are cut in general very low round the bust, and the sleeves are much shorter than they were a few months back, but they are still a decorous length: they are usually very full, some formed of bias folds, others surmounted by an epaulette, to correspond with the trimming of the skirt. Full rouleaus looped with flowers, bias quillings of plaid gauze ribbons, and rows of Spanish puffs let-in at irregular distances, with bows of ribbon or flowers between, are all worn to trim gowns in full dress.

We have at present a perfect mania for flowers; nothing else is to be seen in grand costume. The hair is dressed in too studied a style, but not unbecomingly: it is a good deal parted on the forehead, and is disposed in a full cluster of ring-



lets on each side, but does not fall low: the hind hair is braided, and the braids formed into bows; the flowers are tastefully disposed, partly among the braids, and partly among the curls in front. Till lately, jewels were mingled with the flowers, but now this fashion is very much on the decline, and is principally confined to those *parvenues* who are unwilling to lose any opportunity of displaying their diamonds. I have always myself considered the fashion as an absurd one; it is in fact a mixture of court and cottage dress: we are, however, easily reconciled to those absurdities which fashion sanctions; witness the mixture of feathers and flowers in the hair, which you borrowed from us previous to the late mourning.

I must once more return to the promenade costume. I have just seen a new hat most whimsically decorated with a wreath of Marabout feathers mingled with flowers; there was a flower and a feather alternately.

Fashionable colours are, rose,

ponceau, jonquil, citron, sky-blue, lilac, and green; and the flowers most in request are, violets, hyacinths, hearts-ease, blue-bells, roses, particularly those of Provence, and exotics. I must not forget to mention, that a most appropriate and lady-like wrapping-cloak has just been introduced: it is intended to serve as an envelope for full-dressed *belles* to go to dress-parties, the opera, &c.; and is so contrived, that no part of the dress can be deranged by it: it is a long silk mantle, which reaches almost to the feet; is always of a dark colour, and is lined with pink or blue sarsnet: a large hood, which is similar in form to your *chapeau bras*, is affixed to it. The lady who first introduced this cloak, had it made in a colour which I cannot better describe, than by telling you it resembles coffee boiled in milk: it is a good winter colour, but not at all appropriate to the present season, and by no means a becoming hue to the generality of French *belles*. Adieu! Truly your

EUDOCIA.

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

PLATE 27.—DRAPERIES FOR A DRAWING-ROOM WINDOW.

A PALADIAN window of three divisions is here proposed to be decorated by curtains of blue and lilac silk and taffeta: as these colours have affinity to each other, the lilac being a mixture of blue and red, they need contrast and harmonizing by some other colour: thus, for this purpose gilt carved supports, gold-coloured lines, tassels, fringes, and trimmings, are liberally introduced, being alike

harmonious with the lilac and the blue.

The white transparent curtains are suspended in plain masses, for the purpose of general relief, rendering the whole brilliantly effective, by such means as painters employ when they introduce the three primitive colours and white in combination, to obtain a high degree of splendour by simple arrangements.

The leading drapery is properly the blue, which displays large festoons; whilst the lilac takes a subordinate part in lesser swags and folds; these are again relieved by the broad forms of the sub-curtains, whose texture secures them from a heavy appearance.

This design is well imagined, and in execution is particularly effective. Mr. Stafford of Bath has permitted its publication, to whose taste we are already much indebted for several designs of fashionable furniture.

THE SELECTOR :

Consisting of interesting Extracts from new popular Publications.

HISTORY OF CAPTAIN CLUTTERBUCK.

(From *The Monastery*, by the Author of "Waverly.")

YOU shall have my history, sir (it will not reach to three volumes), before that of my manuscript; and as you usually throw out a few lines of verse (by way of skirmishers, I suppose,) at the head of each division of prose, I have had the luck to light upon a stanza in the school-master's copy of Burns, which describes me exactly. I love it the better, because it was originally designed for Captain Grose, an excellent antiquary, though, like yourself, somewhat too apt to treat with levity his own pursuits.

'Tis said he was a soldier bred,
And one wad rather fa'an than fled;
But now he has quit the spurtle blade,
And dog-skin wallet,
And ta'en the—antiquarian trade,
I think they call it.

I never could conceive what influenced me, when a boy, in the choice of a profession. Military zeal and ardour it was not, which made me stand out for a commission in the Scots Fusileers, when my tutors and curators wished to bind me apprentice to old David Stiles, clerk to his Majesty's signet. I say, military zeal it was *not*; for I was no fighting boy in my own person, and

cared not a penny to read the history of the heroes who turned the world upside down in former ages. As for courage, I had, as I have since discovered, just as much of it as served my turn, and not one grain of surplus. I soon found out, indeed, that in action there was more danger in running away than in standing; and besides, I could not afford to lose my commission, which was my chief means of support. But as for that overboiling valour which I have heard many of *ours* talk of, though I seldom observed that it influenced them in the actual affairs—that exuberant zeal which courts danger as a bride, truly my courage was of a complexion much less ecstasical.

The love of a red coat, which, in default of all other aptitudes to the profession, has made many a bad soldier, and some good ones, was an utter stranger to my disposition. I cared not a "bodle" for the company of the misses: nay, though there was a boarding-school in the village, and though we used to meet with its fair inmates at Simon Lightfoot's weekly, practising,

I cannot recollect any strong emotions being excited on those occasions, excepting the infinite regret with which I went through the polite ceremonial of presenting my partner with an orange, thrust into my pocket by my aunt for this special purpose, but which, had I dared, I certainly would have secreted for my own personal use. As for vanity, or love of finery itself, I was such a stranger to it, that the difficulty was great to make me brush my coat, and appear in proper trim upon parade. I shall never forget the rebuke of my old colonel, on a morning when the king reviewed a brigade of which we made a part: "I am no friend to extravagance, Ensign Clutterbuck," said he; "but, on the day when we are to pass before the sovereign of the kingdom, in the name of God, I would have at least shewn him an inch of clean linen."

Thus a stranger to all the ordinary motives which lead young men to make the army their choice, and without the least desire to become either a hero or a dandy, I really do not know what determined my thoughts that way, unless it were the happy state of half-pay indolence enjoyed by Captain Doolittle, who had set up his staff of rest in my native village. Every other person had, or seemed to have, something to do, less or more. They did not indeed precisely go to school and learn tasks, that last of evils in my estimation; but it did not escape my boyish observation, that they were all bothered with something or other like duty or labour—all but the happy Captain Doolittle. The minister had his parish to visit, and his preaching to prepare, though perhaps he

made more fuss than he needed about both. The laird had his farming and improving operations to superintend; and besides, he had to attend trustee-meetings, and lieutenant-meetings, and head-courts, and meetings of justices and what not—was as early up (that I always detested), and as much in the open air, wet and dry, as his own grieve. The shopkeeper (the village boasted but one of eminence) stood indeed partly much at his ease behind his counter, for his custom was by no means overburthensome; but still he enjoyed his *status*, as the bailie calls it, upon condition of tumbling all the wares in his booth over and over, when any one chose to want a yard of muslin, a mouse-trap, an ounce of carraways, a paper of pins, the Sermons of Mr. Pedin, or the Life of Jack the Giant-queller (not killer, as usually erroneously written and pronounced. —See my essay on the true history of this worthy, where real facts have in a peculiar degree been obscured by fable). In short, all in the village were under the necessity of doing something which they would rather have left undone, excepting Captain Doolittle, who walked every morning in the open street, which formed the high mall of our village, in a blue coat with a red neck, and played at whist the whole evening when he could make up a party. This happy vacuity of all employment appeared to me so delicious, that it became the primary hint, which, according to the system of Helvetius, as the minister says, determined my infant talents towards the profession I was destined to illustrate.

(To be continued.)

FINE ARTS.

CENOTAPH TO THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

WE congratulate the admirers of art, as well as the numerous subscribers to the fund devoted to this purpose, upon the completion, by Mr. Wyatt, of the monumental group commemorative of the late Princess Charlotte: when we say, that it is completed, we ought to make an exception of the Infant, who is to be borne in the arms of one of the Angels accompanying the spiritual form of the Princess.

As a whole, it is most striking and impressive, while the beauty of the separate parts will bear the strictest examination. It is divided (as far as there can be said to be division in a performance where the unity of effect is so perfect) into two parts, celestial and earthly: the first consists of the disembodied spirit of the Princess, in an attitude calculated for the display of all the graces of person, and the beauty of countenance, attended by kindred angelic forms, on its progress to its native regions; while below, the mortal remains are represented as reposing, cold and lifeless, on a

bier. It is surrounded by four figures, quite enveloped in solemn drapery, expressive of the deep lamentation of the inhabitants of all quarters of the globe. Our readers will readily perceive a great propriety in the latter part of this arrangement: the folds of the drapery do not interfere with the needful display of form; and to have given to the figures the personal appearance of inhabitants of the four quarters of the globe, would not only have been a vulgarism unworthy of the high talents and refined taste of Mr. Wyatt, but the awful impression produced upon the mind could never have been so great by the representation of features, however expressive of grief, agony, or despair.

On this subject, our readers will soon have an opportunity of deciding for themselves, as the Cenotaph will shortly be thrown open to public inspection, and an engraving of it will at the same time be published by the accomplished sculptor.

SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE'S PORTRAITS.

THE portraits of eminent personages upon which Sir Thomas Lawrence, now President of the Royal Academy, has been so long engaged for the collection of his Majesty, have deservedly excited strong interest, from the artist's acknowledged superiority of talent in the treatment of these subjects. It was expected that the public curiosity

would have been gratified by the display of these performances in the approaching Exhibition at Somerset-House. As we learn, however, that they will not there be submitted to public view, we shall endeavour to compensate our readers in some measure for the delay, by presenting them with a few remarks upon these portraits, penned by a

German critic, during Sir Thomas's residence in the Austrian capital.

Sir Thomas Lawrence was sent, as is well known, to the Continent by his present Majesty, to paint the portraits of the allied monarchs, and of the generals and statesmen who have acted the most prominent parts in the glorious events of our times, for the purpose of being placed in Carlton-House, and serving as memorials of the merits of those distinguished personages. With this view, the artist repaired from Aix-la-Chapelle to Vienna, where the superiority of his talents excited universal admiration. His portraits breathe together, with the most surprising truth, a life that a rich fancy alone could have thus called forth from colours; they possess a certain poetic character, like the spirited portraits of a drama, and in their faithful representation, the artist exhibits himself as a poetic painter. In this expression, which sets before us every face in the most brilliant moments, and in all its individuality, the most eminent of modern portrait-painters are, in our opinion, left far behind by Sir Thomas Lawrence; for, to say nothing of Germans, not even Gerard, with all his well-earned reputation, can be placed in competition with him. As, however, according to the observation of Pope,

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall
be :

so, in the present instance, we are compelled to admit, that, with all their excellencies, the works of the English artist present some slight defects, which we shall briefly notice. His pieces, partly fi-

nished and partly unfinished, exhibited at Vienna, were the following:

The Emperor of Austria, the size of life. Strenuously as the enthusiasm and ingenuity of native and foreign artists have exerted themselves to place the image of the beloved father of his country before the eyes of his people, yet in none of their productions is that serene repose and cheerful dignity which pervade his countenance, so correctly expressed as in this picture. As, however, the monarch is represented seated in an arm-chair, the eye is for this very reason the more struck with various defects in the proportions of the body, as in the thigh for example.

His present Majesty the King of Great Britain, standing, in the decorations of the order of the Garter. The effect of this large figure, remarkable for manly beauty, is greatly heightened by the antique costume; and for keeping and careful execution, it is perhaps the best of these pieces.

His Imperial Highness the Archduke Charles; the head only finished, and treated with equal genius and truth. The features possess in the highest degree all their striking individuality.

Her Imperial Highness the Archduchess Charles. The artist has here shewn that grace and delicacy are equally at the command of his pencil, and has produced an uncommonly attractive picture. While the rose at the bosom may serve as a symbol of those qualities, the unaffected attitude and gentle movement of the arms combine loveliness and dignity.

Prince Schwarzenberg. It is a difficult task to represent generals of modern times in a satisfactory manner in their full dignity; either truth or beauty suffers, and this discordance is always injurious to art. The British painter seems to have felt, but not to have entirely overcome this difficulty. The prince, in his general's uniform, with one foot advanced, is looking to the right; he holds the truncheon in his extended right hand, while the mantle falls over it in folds, and expands in the background. So accurate a resemblance has never yet been attained in any picture, not excepting the performances of even Gerard of Paris. The artist has, with originality, and the most careful study, combined the cool judgment and decisive resolution of the warrior, with the expression of intelligence, which plays upon the eloquent mouth and in the animated eye. The attitude of the upper part of the body is noble, but the whole figure is not sufficiently imposing.

Prince Metternich, a three-quarters figure. Exquisite fidelity in the delineation of the features, and delicacy of execution, leave nothing to be desired.

Prince Blücher of Wahlstatt, as large as life. Striking as is the resemblance of this face, still in none of his figures has the painter been less happy; for, in the incli-

ned body, and the faintly extended right arm, we see only the old man, not the bold advancing warrior, of whom the left hand, resting on the hilt of the sword, but feebly reminds us.

We proceed the more willingly to the portrait of Princess Clementine Metternich, daughter of the minister, which has extorted undivided applause. The lovely face resembles in its regular beauty the ideal of an angel. The blendings of the colours and the soft splendour diffused over the whole cannot be sufficiently admired. The artist has in this performance afforded a triumphant proof, how far he has penetrated into the inmost sanctuary of the art; how well, in his ideal excursions, he can avoid overstepping the faint boundary line; and how ably he can transfer the very form and features of the original to his heightened delineations.

Among the other portraits, we shall mention that of the Duke of Wellington, which is an astonishing likeness; and those of Lord Stewart, Generals Czernitscheff and Uwaroff, and Count Capo d'Istria. We cannot forbear referring also to those of Canova, the sculptor, and an old English nobleman, because both attest extraordinary skill in the adaptation of colours, and the latter in particular, the most studious attention to the finer lines of age.

MR. HAYDON'S PICTURE.

MR. HAYDON'S picture is at length finished; it is now exhibiting at Mr. Bullock's Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly. Like all works which have been much and very unneces-

sarily talked of by anticipation, Mr. Haydon's picture has to contend with extreme opinions: his friends extol the work with enthusiasm; while there are others who,

expecting impossibilities, see little in the picture either to justify the time it has cost the artist, or to sustain the sanguine promises of his admirers, which were held out to so unqualified an extent.

The verses from which the subject of this picture is more immediately taken, are from St. Luke, chap. xix. and from St. John, chap. xii. v. 15. Fear not, daughter of Zion; behold the King cometh, sitting on an ass's colt.

St. Luke, chap. xix. v. 36. And as he went, they spread their clothes in the way.—37. And when he was come nigh, even now at the descent of the Mount of Olives, the whole multitude of the disciples began to rejoice and praise God with a loud voice, for all the mighty works that they had seen:—38. Saying, blessed be the King that cometh in the name of the Lord, peace in heaven, and glory in the highest.—39. And some of the Pharisees from among the multitude, said unto him, Master, rebuke thy disciples.—40. And he answered and said unto them, I tell you, that if these should hold their peace, the stones would immediately cry out.

In the whole range of sacred history, there cannot be found a more sublime subject than that described by these verses, or one more calculated to call forth the development of great powers from an artist, and impress the mind of a spectator with more reverence and awe. Our Saviour is represented entering the city of Jerusalem, dispensing miraculous blessings to those around him in his passage, and led on in triumph by crowds who spread their garments on the ground before

him, praising God for all the wonderful works which they had seen. The artist, in handling this subject, has mingled episodes on each side of the principal figure, consonant with the spirit of Christianity, and introduced some of the most prominent characters of the Gospel: many of them are extremely interesting, and arranged with great skill and effect. Mr. Haydon has, in his Catalogue, given a very elaborate description of his picture, and of every character and form of expression which he meant by his figures to convey. What were his intentions, he has clearly described himself; and left, with justice and propriety, to those who survey his picture, to estimate the degree of success that has attended his efforts. The figure of our Saviour is imposing and grand, and his divine features are represented in a new and different manner from the other representations of them given by the old masters. Perhaps it is the novelty of this aspect, so different from that which we have long been accustomed to admire, that prevents us from being struck with that awful grandeur of sentiment, which Raphael and Leonardo da Vinci do not fail to infuse in their representations of the divine object of a Christian's reverence. Mr. Haydon observes in his Catalogue:

"What every one must feel is, that this is a new and different aspect for his character from any other; and it is the moment that follows his triumphant approach, and precedes his pathetic lamentation over the city, that it is wished to develop by his air and appearance. If it be totally differ-

ent from other representations of his divinity, let not those who are the judges, decide it is wrong because it is different; let them think a little before they decide, as the painter thought a little before it was painted; and as his life will be devoted principally to Christian subjects, there is yet opportunity to paint all the various feelings in which his divine nature displayed itself. He will endeavour to shew in future pictures his moments of love and agony, as well as those of elevated and prophetic deity. How does he feel the miserable incompetency of his own imagination, who struggles to see that face, in which all that is visible of the Deity is reflected!"

We are glad to hear that Mr. Haydon, who has already devoted so much of his time to the study of historic painting, is determined to pursue the noble example of the late venerable President of the Royal Academy, and devote his talents to subjects so well calculated to improve the moral and religious feelings of his country. The arts are a noble engine for upholding the dignity of christian sentiment; and nothing can be more gratifying, than to see that, in this country at least, our artists ca-

gerly lend their aid to promote so wise and beneficent a purpose. Mr. Haydon's picture must be seen before it can be adequately described, and we have not room, if it were essential, to go into an elaborate detail of its parts. We hail its production as being most flattering to the rising school of our country; and though, upon some parts of it, opinions are divided, and principally respecting the expression of the chief figure, and the introduction of the portraits in the manner they are here introduced; yet, still it has an undoubted and high claim upon our favour, from the natural arrangement of the grouping, the depth and tone of the back-ground, the fine colouring, and equally forcible expression, which are diffused over so large a space of the canvas, and the abundance of affecting character which the artist has portrayed in the delineation of this grand and sublime subject. Many of Mr. Haydon's earlier pictures are also in this Exhibition, and we earnestly hope that the interest which has been taken in his new picture, will stimulate him to further efforts, and render us more familiar with the labours of his pencil.

EXHIBITION IN OIL AND WATER COLOURS.

THE sixteenth annual Exhibition of the Society of Painters in Oil and Water Colours opened at the close of last month; we are therefore precluded from devoting that attention to it in the present month which its character and merits deserve. The present Exhibition is rather more numerous

than the last, and it is not only an equally creditable specimen of the combined talents of this society, but developes a greater scope of the rising genius of some of our young artists, than we remember to have seen in the Spring Gardens Gallery on former occasions. The principal works are, as usual, land-

scapes, sketches, and some poetical subjects; with a number of those light, airy, decorative touches of the pencil, which, though they are not generally classed very high as works of art, in public exhibitions of pictures; yet, when looked into, are often found deserving of greater praise than they generally receive, and containing many of the requisite perfections which we eagerly seek in the wide range of graphic skill.

There are 382 pictures, &c. in this year's Exhibition; and we again regret, that the day or two left to us before the month's publication, precludes the possibility of our doing more than enumerating the works in an Exhibition well calculated to sustain the character of this society. Mr. Copley Fielding, the worthy secretary, is as usual a large contributor; he has no less than forty-three specimens of his powers as an artist in the Exhibition: many of them, as might be expected, are the hasty effusions of his pencil, but the great proportion reflect high credit upon his industry, and shew the strength as well as versatility of his powers. Mr. Barrett, Mr. Cox, Mr. Cristall, Mr. Prout, Messrs. C. and J. Varley, Mr. Robson, Mr. Linnell, Mr. Turner (of Oxford), Mr. Holmes,

Mr. Smith, and last, not least, Mr. Stephanoff, have several pictures in their respective styles, which are well worth the attention of the public, or at least that part of it happily forming a wider circle every day, which considers the growth of the fine arts as nearly, if not inseparably, connected with the prosperity of the commerce and manufactures of this great country. Besides the gentlemen we have mentioned, the fair votaries of the fine arts have largely contributed to make this Exhibition attractive. Among them, we find Mrs. Fielding, Miss Gouldsmith, Miss Jones, Miss Kendrick, Miss Baker, Miss Byrne, Miss Collins, and a number of other ladies, whose talents are devoted to these useful and elegant studies. The exhibitors, exclusive of the regular members of the society, are this year very numerous, and comprise the names of many young artists of considerable promise. We regret that we cannot advert more particularly to their names and works in this number. The subject will, however, keep until our next number, when perhaps we may have space to make some observations on the general merits of the Exhibition.

INTELLIGENCE REGARDING WORKS OF ART.

MISS WALSH has exhibited to the public during the past month, some of the most extensive specimens of painting on velvet yet produced in this country. These pieces, highly creditable to the talents and ingenuity of the fair artist, were ordered by the Persian

ambassador, on the recommendation of the late Duke of Kent and other distinguished persons. They are intended as ornaments for Oriental couches, and are therefore appropriate to the sentiments and religion of the country; representing the sun, the primitive ob-

ject of the Persian worship; the lion, the representative of Mahomet; and flowers, the offspring of the sun, and the poetic emblem of Persian passions. The whole is executed with such exquisite taste and skill, that it is doubtful in which of these figures Miss Walsh has been most successful.

M. Isabey, the celebrated painter, frequently called the French Cosway, has arrived in London, for the purpose of exhibiting a collection of his own performances,

The Directors of the British Institution, with that zeal for the arts which has always distinguished them, and has induced them to make so many efforts for the en-

couragement and advancement of painting especially, intend to form a Collection of English Historical Portraits; and we can scarcely imagine a more interesting exhibition. A great number of fine pictures are, we understand, already collected for the purpose; but we are not yet informed when it will be sufficiently complete to be opened to the public.

Wednesday, the 12th of April, was the anniversary of the Artists' General Benevolent Fund, when the Duke of Sussex presided over a very handsome entertainment. The subscriptions were most liberal, exceeding 400*l.* in the room.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

R. ACKERMANN proposes to publish this month, the first number of *Picturesque Illustrations of Buenos Ayres and Monte Video*, consisting of views, and faithful representations of the costumes, manners, &c. of the inhabitants of those cities and their environs, taken on the spot by E. E. Vidal, Esq.; accompanied with descriptive letter-press.

The first number of a *Picturesque Tour of the English Lakes*, will also appear at the same time. This work will be illustrated by 48 coloured views by Fielding and Walton, and accompanied with copious letter-press.

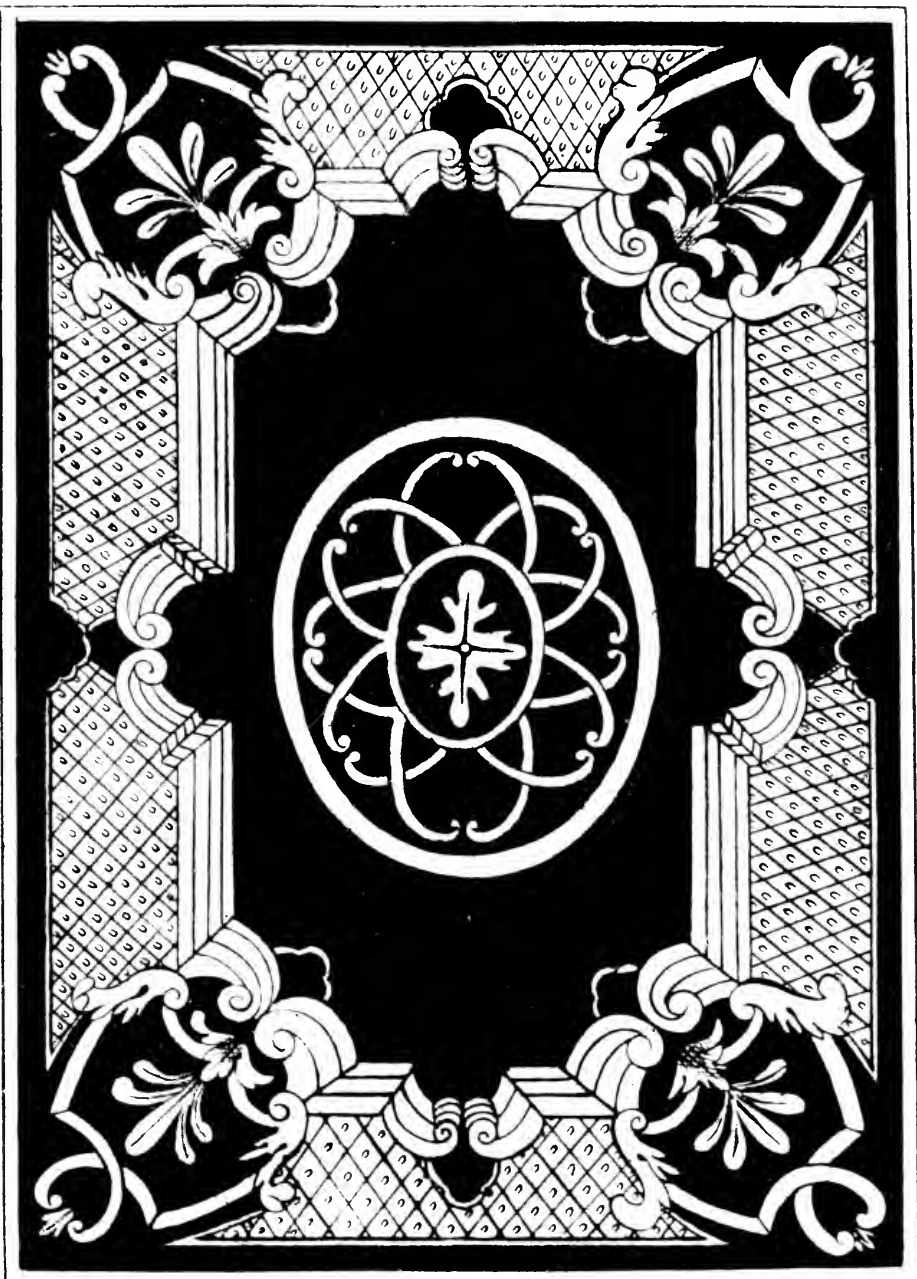
The Travels in England, Wales, and Scotland, in the year 1816, of Dr. Speker, librarian to his Majesty the King of Prussia, have been translated from the German, and will be published next month.

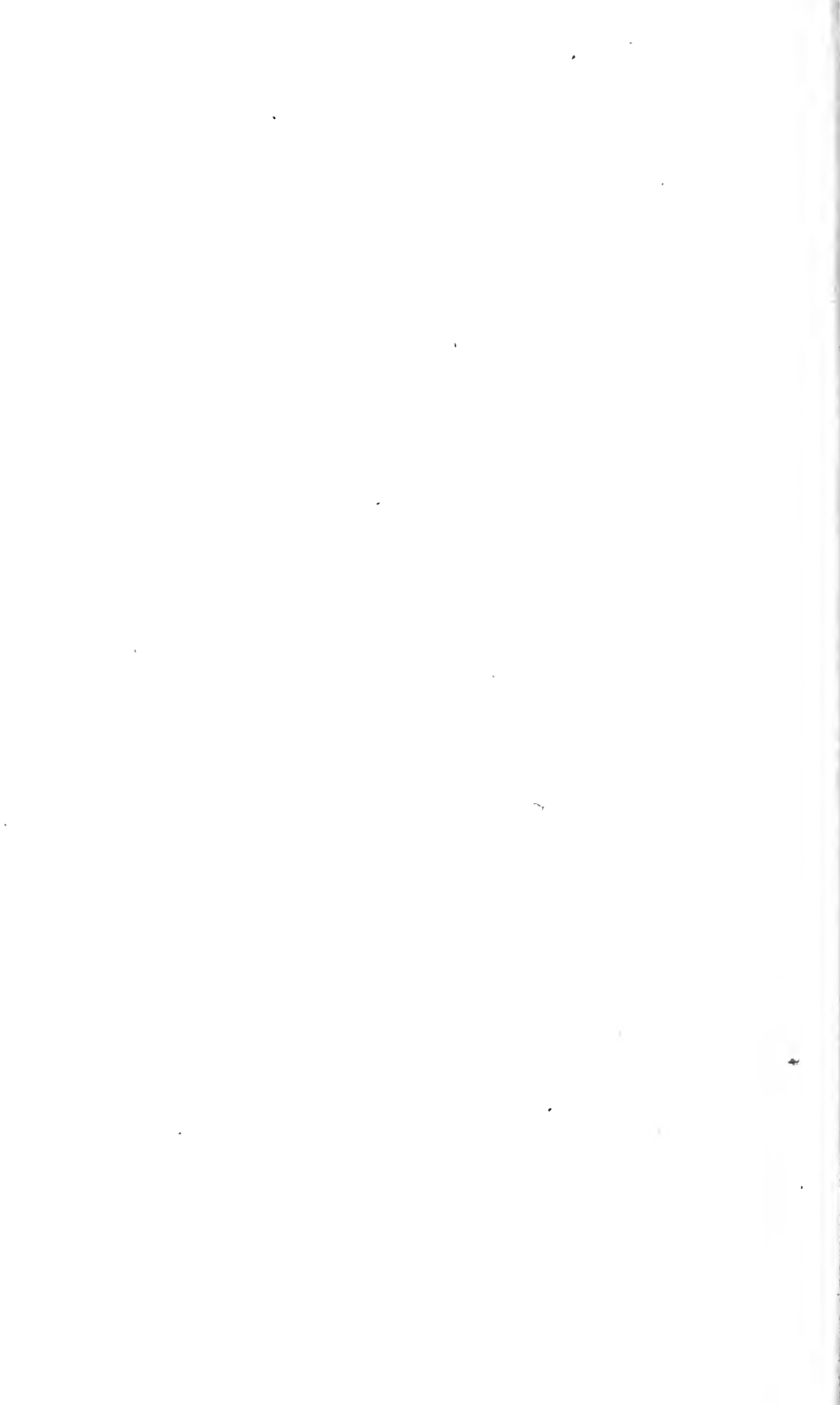
The Rev. John Davies, A. M.

curate of Kew, is preparing a work, entitled *Historical Prologues*, or a versified Chronology of Events from the Conquest to the death of George III. The object of this work is to facilitate an acquaintance with the leading outline of the annals of our own country.

Mr. Curtis will commence his next Course of Lectures on the Anatomy, Physiology, and Pathology of the Ear, early this month, at the Royal Dispensary for Diseases of the Ear.

An ingenious mechanical invention has lately been completed by Mr. J. Purkis, which offers a new and inexhaustible source of information to those who are afflicted by the privation of sight. It is called a *duplex typograph*, and enables the blind to receive and communicate ideas by means of letters, upon a principle adapted to the sense of feeling.





THE Repository

OF

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Manufactures, &c.

THE SECOND SERIES.

VOL. IX.

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TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

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

We have to express our obligations to the writer of the article on Spanish Literature: a continuance of his favours will much contribute to the leading objects of our Miscellany.

We lament that we are under the necessity of refusing the liberal offer of A. Q.

We have been under the necessity of postponing the continuation of the Adventures of a Would-be Author.

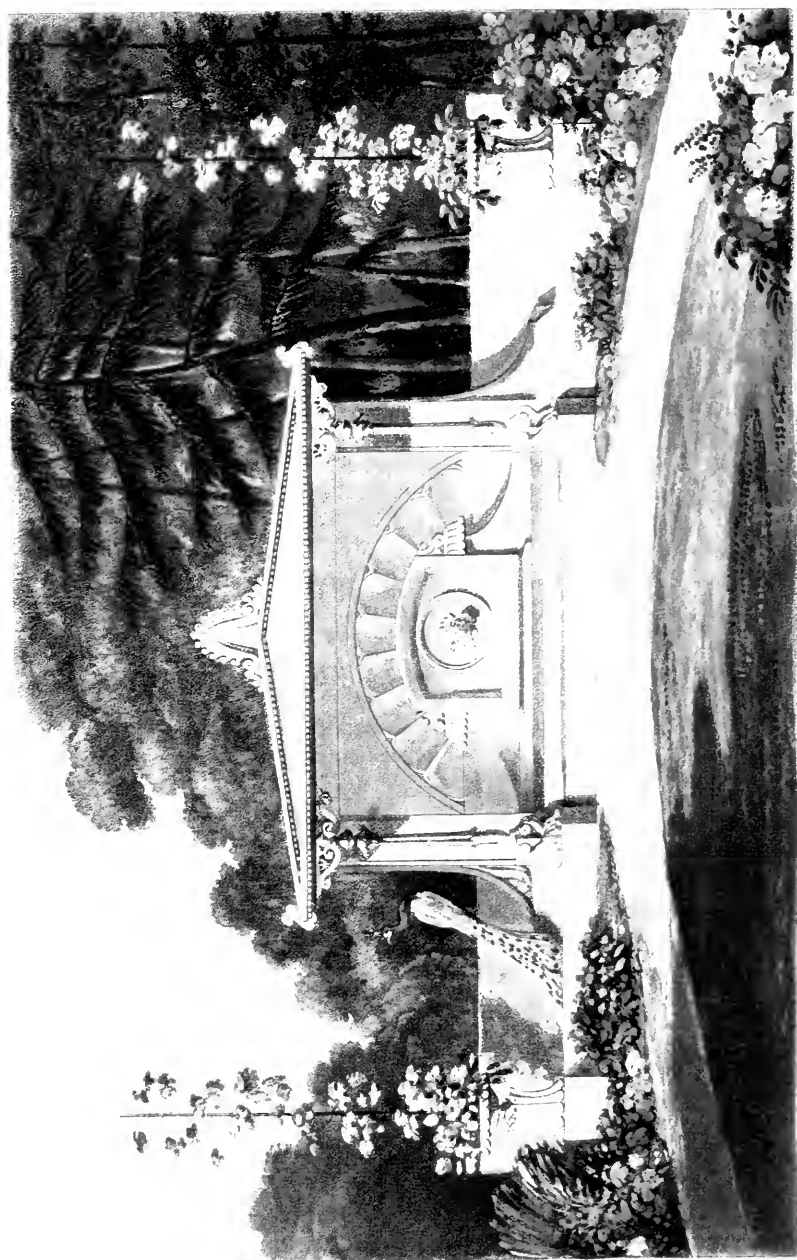
Charles H. shall appear in our next.

The lines of Maria and T. D. C. are inadmissible, from their subject: we never insert personalities.

D. W——r will find in our next, that he is not forgotten.

Antiquarius seems to have forgotten us.

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. 250.)

PLATE 31.—A GARDEN-SEAT.

THIS design is adapted to a flower-garden, or such parts of a plantation as are much decorated; it is a low sheltered seat, in which proportion and embellishment have been studied, for the purpose of introducing more valuable materials and workmanship than are usually applied to similar works. The pillars are intended to be of bronze; marble would be introduced, and sculptured to form the back, and also for the pedestals and plinths. The covering, composed of reeds, would be rendered water-proof by a suitable composition-cement. The underside, forming an arched ceiling, might be ornamented by small enriched compartments and central

flowers, delicately coloured, and relieved in gold; and several portions of the other ornamental decorations are intended to be lightly gilded also.

The vases at the extremities would be of marble, and contrived to receive pots of flowers, from the centre of which, a copper rod is placed to support a valuable climbing plant, that would realize the effect represented in the design.

It is presumed, that this seat would be particularly rich and novel so executed; but if merely in the usual manner, it is evident, that it must be very pleasing, and afford an efficient shelter from sun and rain.

MISCELLANIES.



CORRESPONDENCE OF THE ADVISER.

MR. ADVISER,

I DO not apply to you either for advice or assistance; I am actuated by a desire of affording myself the only comfort I have left, that of complaining of my fate; a fate which is not the less severe for being the fruit of my own mistaken judgment. While I was yet very young, I formed an opinion, that men of distinguished talents generally make arbitrary or negligent husbands. My own family, unfortunately, furnished proofs that this opinion, illiberal as it may be in general, is not always unfounded: my father was a philosopher, and my uncle a wit. The first was so wrapt up in speculations for the general good, that he had no time to attend to his own family; my poor mother, the mildest and most affectionate of beings, died, I really believe, of a broken heart, in consequence of the apathy with which he treated her and her children.

My uncle's disposition was different; he was a man of strong feelings, and of a naturally kind temper; but yet he made every one around him miserable. The delicacy of his taste, and the brilliancy of his imagination, rendered common life insupportable to him; and he was incessantly offended or disgusted by things which the generality of people would not have noticed. An ill-turned phrase, a commonplace remark, or a coarse idea, expressed by any one with

whom he associated, never failed to put him out of humour. The consequence was, that his presence operated as a perpetual restraint upon his family.

I believe that the misery which I saw my mother and my aunt endure, was the first cause of my prejudice against men of talents; this prejudice strengthened as I increased in years, and I determined, that if ever I married, my husband should be at least upon a level with myself in point of understanding; or at all events, that the superiority, if there were any, should not be on his side.

As I was rich, and not disagreeable in my person, you may be sure I did not want admirers; among them was Mr. Medium, a gentleman whom I can only describe by saying, that he seemed to have no marked qualities, but he contrived nevertheless to be well spoken of by every body. All his acquaintance declared, that he was a good fellow, an honest fellow, the best sort of fellow in the world. I saw enough to convince me that he had no shining qualities, such as I dreaded to meet with in a husband, and I persuaded myself, that a person of whom every body spoke well, must be pleasant and easy to live with; in short, I married him, with the expectation that my future life, though it might be untinctured with the vivid colouring of romance, would at least be free from disap-

pointment or vexation. You shall judge, Mr. Adviser, how far these expectations have been fulfilled.

We had not been long married, when I found the tastes and pursuits of my husband were perfectly opposite to mine; and he looked upon it as a matter of course, that I must conform my will to his. My favourite amusements are of a domestic kind; I love reading, drawing, and music. I am fond of diversifying my employments as much as I can, and do not like to be long confined to any one thing. Mr. Medium, on the contrary, has such a passion for uniformity, that we move like clockwork: every morning by nine we sit down to breakfast, which is no sooner despatched than he proceeds to examine the contents of the different morning papers, all which he reads aloud, and I am compelled to attend to him till they are concluded. This is in itself a severe penance to me, for I have not the least relish for politics; but it is perhaps only the beginning of my mortification for the day, as, if no morning visitors arrive, I am obliged to sit down with him to cards, draughts, or chess, and if he gets tired of play, I must read to him till dinner-time. A pamphlet, a new play, or perhaps a treatise on some of the fashionable games, are the only works he will attend to; if I attempt to introduce any thing else, he hears me with evident weariness, or tells me to lay aside the book, and we will chat.

If, Mr. Adviser, you can conceive what it is for a person of lively imagination to be forced into conversation with a man who has absolutely no ideas, you may form some notion of the *ennui* which I suffer

on these occasions. Suffice it to say, that I am compelled to yawn away the time till dinner, after which, if we have company, there is always cards; if we have not, I must play at some of his favourite games, or sometimes, perhaps, by way of variety, amuse him with a few common tunes on the piano, or else *chat*, as he calls it, till bedtime.

From the general report of Mr. Medium's good-nature, I expected to have found him heartily disposed to assist me in dispensing worthily the overplus of our wealth; but in this respect also I have been deceived: he declares, in the most peremptory manner, that no person in health need be poor if they will work; and as to those whom sickness or age incapacitates from getting their living, the parish, he says, provides very handsomely for them: he considers, therefore, that he does all that humanity requires, when he pays the poor-rates; and he has taken up so strongly the opinion, that assisting distress is only encouraging idleness, that I am forced to conceal a benevolent action as carefully from him as I should a criminal one.

From the unvarying good-humour with which he always behaved before marriage, I was in hopes, that when he was once convinced that I could not be happy his way, he would suffer me to be so my own; but I soon found that people of common minds can be quite as despotic as those of superior talents. Mr. Medium could not conceive how any body could be dissatisfied with a quiet, regular, comfortable life like ours. As to cultivating my talents, that was all nonsense;

there was no occasion for it, I was not to live by them. The idea of benefiting others was romantic and absurd; I need only study my own amusement, and he was sure I might find that in playing, chatting, and visiting.

I have endured this life, or rather this living death, for nearly two years, disappointed in all my ex-

pectations, thwarted in all my pursuits, and incessantly regretting, that in the most important particular of my whole life, I was weak enough to be decided by the opinion of others, instead of exercising my own judgment. I am, sir, your obedient servant,

MELINDA MEDIUM.

GENEROSITY OF PAUL JONES.

ALL our readers must have heard of this daring naval adventurer, and a few of them are old enough to recollect the alarm and terror which the name of Paul Jones spread along our coast during the war with America. This distinguished person was the son of a small farmer a few miles from Dumfries, and, impelled by that love of enterprise which is so frequently to be met with among the peasantry of Scotland, he seems to have eagerly embarked in the cause of the colonies against the mother country. Whether he was actuated, in any degree, by a sense of the injustice of Britain towards America at the outset of his career, or merely availing himself of the opportunities in which revolutionary warfare so greatly abounds, to rise from his original obscurity, it is now, perhaps, impossible to determine, and unnecessary to inquire. But it will be seen, from the letters we are going to lay before our readers, that in the progress of his adventurous life, he well knew how to employ the language of men inspired with the love of liberty, and that he was honoured by some of its warmest friends in both hemispheres. It is

far from our intention to offer any thing in justification of the very conspicuous part he acted against this his native country; yet it is impossible not to admire the gentle and kindly feelings which directed his conduct towards Lady Selkirk, so opposite to the character of a pirate, as he was represented to be, and the very handsome manner in which he repaired the injury, which policy, perhaps, compelled him to inflict. There are probably few instances, especially among adventurers who have risen from the condition in which Paul Jones was originally placed—of more enlarged views—more generous feelings—and a more disinterested conduct, than the following letters exhibit, combined as these are with sentiments of relentless hostility towards the claims of his native country. Such a picture, of which the view is at all times refreshing, ought to be held up to the eyes of those who are now engaged in similar struggles in another quarter of the world. Good policy, in the absence of higher motives, may induce those who direct and regulate the movements of revolutionary warfare, as well as those who are impelled by the storm, to atone,

in some measure, by acts of forbearance and generosity, for the injuries to which the helpless and the innocent are peculiarly exposed in the infuriate contests between a people and their rulers.

In the progress of the revolutionary war, Paul Jones obtained the command of a squadron, with which, in 1778, he undertook to annoy the coasts of Great Britain. On the 2d of December, 1777, he arrived at Nantes, and in January he repaired to Paris, with the view of making arrangements with the American ministers and the French government. In February he conveyed some American vessels to the bay of Quiberon, and on his return to Brest, communicated his plan to Admiral D'Aruilliers, who afforded him every means of forwarding it. He accordingly left Brest, and sailed through the Bristol channel, without giving any alarm. Early in the morning of the 23d of April, he made an attack on the harbour of Whitehaven, in which there were about four hundred sail. He succeeded in setting fire to several vessels, but was not able to effect any thing decisive before daylight, when he was obliged to retire.

The next exploit, which took place on the same day, was the plunder of Lord Selkirk's house in St. Mary's Isle, near the town of Kirkcudbright. The particulars of this event, and of the action which succeeded, as well as the motives upon which Jones acted, are well given in the following letter, which he addressed to Lady Selkirk, and which has not before been printed:

RANGER, BREST, 8th May, 1778.

MADAM,—It cannot be too much lamented, that in the profession of arms, the officer of fine feeling, and of real sensibility, should be under the necessity of winking at any action of persons under his command which his heart cannot approve; but the reflection is doubly severe, when he finds himself obliged, in appearance, to countenance such action by his authority.

This hard case was mine, when, on the 23d of April last, I landed on St. Mary's Isle. Knowing Lord Selkirk's interest with his king, and esteeming, as I do, his private character, I wished to make him the happy instrument of alleviating the horrors of hopeless captivity, when the brave are overpowered and made prisoners of war. It was, perhaps, fortunate for you, madam, that he was from home, for it was my intention to have taken him on board the *Ranger*, and to have detained him, until, through his means, a general and fair exchange of prisoners, as well in Europe as in America, had been effected.

When I was informed by some men whom I met at landing, that his lordship was absent, I walked back to my boat, determined to leave the island. By the way, however, some officers who were with me, could not forbear expressing their discontent, observing, that in America no delicacy was shewn by the English, who took away all sorts of moveable property, setting fire not only to towns and to the houses of the rich without distinction, but not even sparing the

wretched hamlets and milch-cows of the poor and helpless, at the approach of an inclement winter. That party had been with me as volunteers the same morning at Whitehaven; some complaisance, therefore, was their due. I had but a moment to think how I might gratify them, and, at the same time, do your ladyship the least injury. I charged the two officers to permit none of the seamen to enter the house, or to hurt any thing about it; to treat you, madam, with the utmost respect; to accept of the plate which was offered; and to come away without making a search, or demanding any thing else. I am induced to believe that I was punctually obeyed, since I am informed, that the plate which they brought away is far short of the quantity expressed in the inventory which accompanied it. I have gratified my men, and when the plate is sold I shall become the purchaser, and will *gratify my own feelings*, by restoring it to you by such conveyance as you shall please to direct.

Had the earl been on board the following evening, he would have seen the awful pomp and dreadful carnage of a sea engagement, both affording ample subject for the pencil, as well as melancholy reflection for the contemplative mind. Humanity starts back at such scenes of horror, and cannot but execrate the vile promoters of this detested war:

For *they*, 'twas *they*, unsheathed the ruthless blade,
And Heaven shall ask the havock it has made.

The British ship of war Drake, mounting 20 guns, with more than

her full complement of officers and men, besides a number of volunteers, came out from Carrickfergus, in order to attack and take the Continental ship of war Ranger of 18 guns, and short of her complement of officers and men; the ships met, and the advantage was disputed with great fortitude on each side for an hour and five minutes, when the gallant commander of the Drake fell, and victory declared in favour of the Ranger. His amiable lieutenant lay mortally wounded, besides near forty of the inferior officers and crew killed and wounded.

A melancholy demonstration of the uncertainty of human prospects—I buried them in a spacious grave, with the honours due to the memory of the brave.

Though I have drawn my sword in the present generous struggle for the rights of men, yet I am not in arms merely as an American, nor am I in pursuit of riches. My fortune is liberal enough, having no wife nor family, and having lived long enough to know, that riches cannot ensure happiness. I profess myself a citizen of the world, totally unfettered by the little mean distinctions of climate or of country, which diminish the benevolence of the heart, and set bounds to philanthropy. Before this war began, I had, at an early time of life, withdrawn from the sea-service, in favour of “calm contemplation and poetic ease.” I have sacrificed, not only my favourite scheme of life, *but the softer affections of the heart*, and my prospects of domestic happiness; and I am ready to sacrifice my life also with cheerfulness, if that for-

feiture would restore peace and good-will among mankind.

As the feelings of your gentle bosom cannot, in that respect, but be congenial with mine, let me entreat you, madam, to use your soft persuasive arts with your husband, to endeavour to stop this cruel and destructive war, in which Britain never can succeed. Heaven can never countermand the barbarous and unmanly practices of the Britons in America, which savages would blush at, and which, if not discontinued, will soon be retaliated in Britain by a justly enraged people. Should you fail in this (for I am persuaded you will attempt it—and who can resist the power of such an advocate?) your endeavours to effect a general exchange of prisoners will be an act of humanity, which will afford you golden feelings on a deathbed.

I hope this cruel contest will soon be closed; but should it continue, I wage no war with the fair! I acknowledge their power, and

bend before it with profound submission! Let not therefore the amiable Countess of Selkirk regard me as an enemy; I am ambitious of her esteem and friendship, and would do any thing consistent with my duty to merit it.

The honour of a line from your hand, in answer to this, will lay me under a very singular obligation; and if I can render you any acceptable service in France, or elsewhere, I hope you see into my character so far, as to command me without the least grain of reserve. I wish to know exactly the behaviour of my people, as I determine to punish them if they have exceeded their liberty.

I have the honour to be, with much esteem, and with profound respect, madam, your most obedient and most humble servant,

(Signed,) PAUL JONES.

To the Right Hon. the Countess
of SELKIRK, St. Mary's Isle,
Scotland.

VICISSITUDES.

THE heroine of our tale was reckoned many years ago the prettiest and most elegant girl in the town of N—, in which she resided; every one allowed that she was the *belle* both of it and the neighbourhood, and as good as she was pretty. But though Nature had been thus lavish, Fortune was a niggard to Sophia: her father died while she was yet a child, and the small property he left, was barely sufficient to support her mother and herself in a respectable style. Mrs. Davenant, the mother of Sophia, though in other respects an

excellent woman, was not free from the vanity of wishing to appear in a manner above her circumstances; and as her daughter grew up, admired by every body, she often sighed at the thought, that so fair a flower would perhaps be blighted by the chilling hand of poverty.

Mr. Neville, the next door neighbour of Mrs. Davenant, had a son three years older than Sophia; he was a fine spirited boy, who had only one great fault, that was, a violence of temper, which could neither be subdued by rewards nor punishments: one means alone

could curb it—the threat that he should not be suffered to see Sophia; this terrible denunciation never failed to bring him to reason and submission. Sophia, on her part, had no greater joy than the company of Edward; he was at once her champion, her playfellow, and her instructor; and, in her opinion at least, he was certainly the very best boy in the world.

Though the parents on both sides observed the childish attachment, it never struck them that it might ripen into a serious passion, and the young people continued to associate till Edward had attained his seventeenth, and Sophia her fourteenth year. At that period, a brother of Mr. Neville's, a merchant in Germany, sent for his nephew, whom he intended to bring up to his own profession; and the grief which both the young people discovered on parting, convinced the parents on both sides, that it was time they should be separated.

Though an extremely fond parent, Mrs. Davenant was nevertheless a very strict one: Sophia was brought up to passive obedience; her mother's will was her law, but it had always been her pleasure to obey it, till the arrival in N—— of Mr. Compton. This gentleman, who was young, rich, and handsome, was caught at the first sight by the charms of Sophia, who had then just attained her seventeenth year. He proposed for her immediately, and Mrs. Davenant, dazzled by the splendour of his offers, made no scruple of promising him the hand of her lovely daughter.

Sophia, for the first time in her life, found courage to resist her

mother's will. She dared not urge her partiality for Edward; in fact, she scarcely dared to whisper it to her own heart; but she modestly, though firmly, refused her consent, on the ground that Mr. Compton's principles and habits did not promise much domestic happiness.

The objection was too just to be refuted, and Mrs. Davenant, who was in reality a conscientious woman, would have probably allowed it its full weight, had not a sister of the deceased Mr. Davenant, to whom his widow and daughter had never before been indebted for any thing, generously bestowed upon them on this occasion—her advice. She ridiculed Sophia's Methodistical notions, extenuated Compton's prodigal excesses till they appeared mere venial faults, and, in short, worked so successfully upon the mind of Mrs. Davenant, that she positively commanded her daughter to receive his addresses.

Sophia thought she had still one resource in an appeal to Compton himself; but she did not know the person she had to deal with. While faltering, and almost sinking with confusion, she besought him to resign his claim to her hand, because it must be unaccompanied by her heart, he thought that he had never seen her look so lovely; and he replied to her pathetic appeal, only by an assurance that nothing on earth would induce him to resign the hope of calling her his. Sophia's heart swelled almost to bursting, but she did not trust herself to reply, for she considered her mother as the arbiter of her destiny, and she accompanied Compton to the altar with a resolution to fulfil her duty, and perhaps a se-

cret hope that the anguish she then felt would speedily remove her from ties which she abhorred.

All that wealth and fondness could lavish upon a beloved object, Compton bestowed upon his young and lovely bride; her dresses, diamonds, house, and equipage, were the wonder and envy of all the *belles* of N—. Compton seemed to live but in her sight; and Sophia, whose heart was equally sensible and feeling, tried to forget the selfish perseverance with which he had sought her hand, and to teach duty to wear the mask of affection.

Shortly after her marriage, they removed to London; and, contrary to her hopes and expectations, without any invitation to her mother to accompany them. By degrees, the profligacy of her husband's character became, in spite of her endeavours to conceal it from herself, visible to Mrs. Compton; while her person pleased him, he threw the veil of decency over his depraved habits, but the sentiment which he called love, though it merited a much coarser title, lasted only a few months, and with it vanished all consideration for the happiness, or even the peace, of his wife. He dissipated his fortune, openly, in every species of prodigal extravagance, neglected Mrs. Compton for the lowest courtesans, and in little more than five years after his marriage, the property to which poor Sophia had been sacrificed, was entirely destroyed.

An execution was put into his house, every thing was seized, and Sophia was obliged to remove to a shabby lodging. "Thank God," said she mentally, "my dear mo-

ther did not live to witness this!" and forgetting her own distress, she thought only of the means to afford consolation to her unfortunate husband, whose heart, hard as it was, melted at the angelic sweetness with which she endeavoured to soften the misfortunes which he had brought upon them both. She needed not indeed the contrast which the behaviour of those he called his friends, afforded to shew her virtues in the strongest light; they were unanimous in their neglect of him: but his creditors, touched by the exemplary conduct of Mrs. Compton, and moved by her supplications in his behalf, gave up a small part of their demands, and the few hundreds which their bounty left, were all that remained of his once splendid fortune.

We were then at war with America, and Compton determined to expend this sum in the purchase of a lieutenant's commission. Mrs. Bruce, the lady who had persuaded Sophia's mother into the match, offered her a temporary asylum; but she refused to accept it: she was determined, she said, to accompany Compton abroad. Her aunt took no trouble to combat a resolution which ridded her of a burthen: she descanted indeed largely upon her folly, obstinacy, and romance, in persisting to follow a man whom she had never loved, and who always behaved ill to her; but she took no blame to herself for having forced her to unite her fate with his; she felt not the magnanimity which thus induced her to brave every peril and every hardship in the performance of her duty.

Almost on their landing, Compton was ordered into action: his heroic partner, forgetting the delicacy of her sex and habits, followed him to the field, and hovered round it till she saw him return in safety; a second and a third time he returned unhurt; but after the fourth engagement, he was missing. Unaided, save by him who fortified her gentle and feminine spirit, Sophia explored the field of battle for some time, in a fruitless search after him. While she was thus engaged, she heard a low moan, and turning her eyes to see from whence it proceeded, she beheld with horror one of those wretched women who follow the camp, and who visit the field to strip the unfortunate deceased, stand with a knife in her hand, and an expression of savage ferocity in her countenance, over the body of a man who was almost covered with blood.

Sophia darted forward with the quickness of lightning; she reached the fury at the very moment in which she had raised her hand to strike her destined prey. "Hold, I conjure you!" exclaimed Sophia, seizing her extended arm; "add not murder to theft!"

A conflict of passions the most diabolical was for a moment visible in the face of the virago; she muttered an execration between her teeth, and Sophia's life would probably have paid the forfeit of her noble daring, had not some British soldiers at that moment appeared in sight. The monster in female shape turned hastily away, and the men approached Mrs. Compton, who, stooping to try if the unfortunate sufferer yet breathed, recognised the features of her husband.

Horror-struck as she was, her fortitude did not forsake her; she tore a part of her dress to bandage his wound, and with the assistance of the soldiers, had him removed to the British camp, where his wound was dressed, and pronounced not mortal. Sophia attended him with unremitting assiduity, but his recovery was long doubtful, and his behaviour added to the misery which poverty, anxiety, and fatigue, occasioned his unhappy wife.

But though the path of duty was thus painfully strewn with thorns, Sophia trod it unshrinkingly; no murmur betrayed what she suffered; no word, or even glance, reproached her ungrateful and unfeeling husband: but his conduct preyed upon her mind, her strength gave way to fatigue and sorrow, and Compton was scarcely pronounced convalescent, when she was seized with a nervous fever.

Her disorder was at its height, and little hope entertained of her recovery, when Compton fell mortally wounded in an engagement with the Americans. By this event Sophia was left wholly destitute, but Providence did not forsake her: her nurse was the widow of a soldier who had been killed in the engagement in which Compton received his first wound; the poor woman was at that period near becoming a mother, and the shock which her husband's death gave her, threw her into premature labour. Overwhelmed as Mrs. Compton was with her own sufferings, she had a heart to feel for those of the poor widow, whom she soothed and relieved as far as she could. The gratitude of this woman was unbounded, and when Sophia took

to her bed, she placed herself by the side of it, and avowed a determination to remain with her benefactress to the last.

In twelve hours after the death of her husband, Mrs. Compton's disorder took a favourable turn; her faithful nurse applied to the officers of the corps to which Compton had belonged, and they raised a sum by subscription, which proved sufficient to defray her expenses during her illness, and to pay her passage to England.

As soon as she was able to bear the voyage, she set out with a heavy heart upon her return to her native country, where, alas! no comfortable home, no kind friends, awaited her arrival. The state of her finances rendered it impossible for her to make her faithful servant the companion of her voyage, or even to reward in any degree her zeal and attachment; the poor woman parted from her with many tears, and Sophia had need of all her fortitude to repress the pangs she felt when she bade her farewell.

On her arrival in London, she took an obscure lodging, and wrote immediately to her aunt Bruce, with whom she hoped to find, at least for a short time, an asylum. An answer soon came—a cold, cruel answer. “You have thought proper,” wrote this humane relation, “to shew yourself wholly regardless of my advice and opinion; I cannot after that think of receiving you into my family. As the widow of an officer, you will receive a small pittance from government, and until you can determine upon some plan for the future, you may no doubt find a tempo-

rary home with some of your former acquaintance. You might have found a permanent and happy one with me, had you not preferred the indulgence of your own romantic whim to my advice.”

The hectic of a moment crossed the cheek of Sophia as she read this insulting letter, and remembered that it was in compliance with the advice of its unfeeling writer, that her mother had sacrificed her. But resentment was a guest which never dwelt long in her bosom; she raised her heart to him who had been her friend and protector under circumstances the most painful and trying, and she trusted that his mercy would afford her the means of subsistence.

She had been fond of drawing in her girlish days; she possessed considerable taste for the art, and after her marriage it had often been a solace to her cares. In pondering on the means to raise a small supply of money, it struck her that she might dispose of a few drawings; and she accordingly sketched a few landscapes from memory: they were principally scenes near her native town. One of them, with which she had taken the most pains, represented a rustic hamlet; in a road approaching to it were three figures: an old man, whose dress denoted extreme poverty, was leaning on the arm of a youth, who seemed to regard him with an air of interest and compassion: a girl, who appeared about twelve or thirteen, was approaching them from the hamlet; she held a little basket, in which were some bread and cherries, in one hand; the other was extended to the old man and his young companion.

Sophia took this drawing, and two or three rustic views, to a shop in the neighbourhood; the master of it was not at home, but the shopman said, he had very little doubt they would be approved, and desired her to call the next day. Soon after she was gone, a gentleman entered to purchase something; he hastily snatched up the drawing we have described, and inquired the name of the artist: the shopman replied he did not know it, but he could perhaps learn it the next day, from the lady who had left them for sale. The gentleman was very inquisitive about the person of the lady, and the time at which the shopman expected her; at last, after he had tired the man with questions, he went away.

The following morning it snowed fast, but the finances of poor Sophia would not allow her to wait a change in the weather, and though little able to brave its severity, she hastened to learn the fate of her drawings. But the first object which she beheld on entering the shop, left her no power to inquire concerning them; for the features of Edward Neville, those features which neither time nor change could efface from her memory, met her view. A sight so unexpected, so un hoped for, nearly overcame her, and had he not rushed forward to support her, she would have fallen.

Need we say, that the joy of the recognition was mutual? Edward's boyish attachment had been proof to time; his young heart was too devoted to Sophia to make another choice. He was ignorant of the ruin which Compton had brought upon her, till after their departure

for America; nor had he since been able to learn any particulars of her situation, till the sight of her drawing, which represented a scene he well remembered, led to their meeting.

About a year before he quitted N——, Sophia was despatched one morning by her mother to visit a poor sick woman in the hamlet. On her return, Edward joined her, and as they were walking home together, they met a poor old man, who seemed sinking with fatigue and weakness. He was going to the hamlet, but appeared scarcely able to walk.

"Take hold of my arm," said Edward; "don't spare it, I am very strong;" at the same time he slipped a shilling into his hand. Sophia's slender purse had been emptied in her charitable visit, but when she heard the poor old man declare that he was sinking for want of food, she ran back to Dame Miller, the poor woman whom she had relieved, to try and get him some. Edward well remembered with what pleasure she presented him the bread and cherries. He was certain at the moment he saw the drawing, that it was the work of Sophia, but his heart was torn at finding her reduced to owe a precarious and scanty subsistence to her talents. Only hearts fond and faithful as his own can conceive the transport he felt when he saw her once more free, and read in her expressive countenance, that he was still as dear to her as ever.

From that moment her trials were at an end; she soon became the wife of Edward, and her second marriage proved as happy as

her first had been unfortunate. Mrs. Bruce was mean enough to make overtures of reconciliation, which Sophia did not reject; but as she was too sincere to affect sentiments she did not feel, their intercourse was never cordial. The faithful nurse, to whose assiduous cares Sophia always thought she owed her life, found a happy home beneath

her roof. Blest in the affections of her husband, and in a numerous and lovely family, to whom she was the most tender and exemplary of mothers, Sophia lived beloved and respected, in the continual exercise of that benevolence, which had in fact led to the felicity she enjoyed.

SPANISH LITERATURE.

MR. EDITOR,

THE study of the Spanish language and literature has always been to me a source of amusement; and from the late political events which have happened in the south of Europe, the subject has acquired an additional interest. The glorious struggle of a few independent and high-minded patriots, has achieved a revolution both in the state and in the minds of the people; and I conceived, that a few observations relative to the poetry of a country, whose very existence, excepting in a political point of view, has been nearly forgotten, might not be unacceptable to some of your readers.

It has been remarked by Swift, that "the most accomplished way of using books, is to serve them as some do lords; learn their titles, and then brag of their acquaintance." This is an accomplishment which I fear is much too general even among that class which has received the polite appellation of *literati*; but if this satire is just with respect to the literature of our own country, how much more true is it with regard to that of Spain! Even by men of education, the names of Lope de Vega, Cer-

vantes, Quevedo, and Calderon, are now only recollected, and their works seldom, if ever, read. Why then have these, the most celebrated poets and prose-writers of which Spain has ever boasted, been so much neglected? Why are their volumes suffered to moulder on the shelves, and to become the undisturbed prey of moths and book-worms? Is it because their poetry does not aspire either to creative power, to sublimity of thought, or variety of imagery, that the names of Estevan de Villegas, the Anacreon of Spain, Louis de Gongora the "Admirable," and rival of Cervantes, Vincente Espinell, and Jaurequi, are suffered to be buried in oblivion? Are we so much attached to the literature of our own country, as to contemplate it as the only theatre of true poetic genius? The contrary is proved by our devotion to the Italian writers; and it may be said with little exaggeration, that the meanest Italian rhymers that ever wrote, has received more notice in this country, than the greatest poet Spain ever produced.

Many circumstances have tended to give the English reader a distaste for Spanish literature. Al-

though the fruit when obtained, has exceeded in richness the expectations of the laborious student, yet the difficulty of acquiring it has induced many to give up the search in despair. The cumbrousness of the volumes to be waded through, the badness of the orthography, and the scarcity of editions, have all had their individual influence: many of the original editions of the best Spanish poets are so incorrect, that no one, who is not intimately acquainted with the language, could pretend to read them. Some who have written upon Spanish literature, have dealt much in invective against the present generation of Spaniards on this account, and have accused it of want of true genius, and of indolence. This opinion has become general, because it has been so frequently maintained; but a little reflection upon the impediments which have been thrown in the way of the Spaniard, will, I think, shew in some degree the fallacy of the assertion. The impediments to which I allude, are chiefly two: The want of liberty of the press, and the pernicious influence of the Spanish Inquisition. These are obstructions which are wholly unknown to an Englishman, and he is inclined to attribute to internal mental imbecility that which is actually the effect of external causes. With respect then to the freedom of the press: Before a new work could be printed, it was to be examined at least by three censors; and having escaped this ordeal, it was suffered to make its appearance. The book which is not fortunate enough to escape through their hands, is im-

mediately stamped "*Auctor damnatus*," in large characters on the titlepage; and to such an extent is this power carried, that the greater part of the ancient classics have been thus condemned. There is indeed no termination to this unlimited exercise of censorship; and it is a fact, that the library of the Dominicans, which is one of the best and most extensive in Spain, is exclusively devoted to the productions of these "*Auctori damnati*." It has been justly remarked by a spirited and enthusiastic critic, that "in exact proportion with the liberality of mind and strength of intellect of a writer, was the malice of this fraternity towards him; and every expedient was to be resorted to, to suppress the generous emotions of his heart, and to prevent the contagion of his talents." Thus the human mind was oppressed and degraded, all the noble affections were checked, every thing bold and manly in thought was discouraged; and Spain, which once held the highest rank amongst the polished and enlightened countries of Europe, since the establishment of the Inquisition, has descended into obscurity and humiliation." It is indeed impossible to describe adequately the powerful effect of such an institution as the Inquisition, in palsyng and congealing the faculties of the mind. The illustrious historian Mariana, a monk and a Jesuit, was immured in a dungeon for the freedom with which he avowed his opinions. To such a pitch of atrocity had the iniquitous tribunal at last arrived, that if its victims were not sacrificed on the scaffold, or starved in prison, it was

employed in excluding that light, by which its infamy would be exposed, and preserving that darkness, in which it could alone be maintained.

The recollection of these circumstances may perhaps vindicate, in some measure, the Spaniards of the present day, from the aspersions which have so unjustly been thrown out : but while we are canvassing the faults of other nations, may it not be as well to look at home, and to ascertain whether this country has not, as well as France, by its conduct towards Spain, tended, in a great measure, to degrade the Spanish character ? It is a trite, but no less true remark, that the frivolous whims and fanciful dictates of fashion, have more effect upon the mind, and enforce their commands with more irresistible sway, than all the precepts and admonitions of prudence or wisdom. May it not then be fairly questioned, whether, with respect to Spanish literature, fashion has not had its influence ? It might have been hoped, and expected, that Fashion would have contented herself with arranging the tasty fabric of a lady's head-dress, or the cut of a beau's coat ; with deciding the exact hour when it should be genteel for the gay world to feel hungry ; with regulating the length of a shoe-string, or any other important article of a similar nature. But the goddess, wishing to exert her authority, has extended her influence over the regions of literature and taste ; she has invaded the sacred retreats of Helicon ; and in short, the literature of all countries has long been as entirely subject to the laws of fashion as a ball-dress,

and will probably continue so to be to the end of time. To prove the truth of this assertion, one out of many instances may be mentioned. When Charles V. filled the Spanish throne, the language was rendered familiar to almost every European court ; and at the period of the marriage of Louis XIII. with the daughter of Philip III. it was so fashionable in Paris, that it was thought as disgraceful not to be acquainted with the language, as it is in this metropolis not to know the French dialect. Such indeed was the general taste for Spanish poetry, that many of the French writers borrowed largely from it ; and Voltaire himself admits, that " all the tender and generous sentiments of the French productions are to be found in *El Honrador de su Padre*, or the *Cid* of De Castro." It is a remarkable fact, that the ardour for the study of Italian poetry is now as fashionable in this country, as the Spanish language and literature were in France when Charles V. flourished. It is an unfair because an unjust imputation, that the Spanish writers are devoid of poetic genius ; and those who make this assertion, will do more towards proving their own incompetence to judge, than to shew the absence of wit and brilliancy in the authors of Spain.

The language which prevailed in all the south of Europe after the destruction of the Roman empire, was a barbarous mixture of Latin with the different languages of the northern invaders. It was in the fifth century that the savage Goths overran the dominions of Spain, and ignorance and superstition

reigned for three hundred years. In the eighth century, the Saracens invaded Spain, and a revolution was produced in the Spanish government. The arts and sciences of the Arabs introduced a new train of imagery to enliven the fancy of the poet, and from hence may be traced the first dawn of Castilian poetry. The dominion of the Arabs continued for nearly eight hundred years, and the Arabic Muse furnished a long list of poets, whose names are recorded in the *Bibliotheca Hispana* of Don Nicolas Antonio.

The Spaniards boast of their Troubadours as high as the twelfth or thirteenth century, but the Provençal poetry does not seem to have produced any one great or lasting work. The writers of this early period did not appear to have aimed at immortality, but chiefly may be considered as ornamental appendages to the courts: "their genius never appeared to have received that high and powerful impulse, which makes the unrestrained developement of their own powers their ruling passion, and looks to future ages for reward. The pulse of passion might have beaten as high, but the depths and soundings of the human heart were not so well understood a thousand years ago, as at the present time. The face of nature shone as brightly then as it has ever done; but it is the light reflected by true genius on art, which marks out the path before it, and sheds a glory round the Muses' feet, like that which

———"circled Una's angel face,
And made a sunshine in the shady place."

The Marquis of Villena is one

of the most distinguished characters in the early history of Spain, both in point of rank and poetic genius. This illustrious nobleman distinguished himself early in poetry and astrology; and so much was he attached to this last science, that he generally passed in those illiterate times for a necromancer. The achievements of his pen are by no means few or contemptible. Besides the translation of Dante, he versified the *Æneid*; but his most famous production is his work on the *Gaya Sciencia*, which is a complete system of poetry, rhetoric, and oratory. He died in 1434, and his fine library was burnt, under the notion of his knowledge of magic. The Bishop of Cuenca, confessor to the king, who was charged with this commission, is said to have reserved most of the books for himself. The life and writings of this distinguished marquis are the more deserving of notice, as Chaucer, the father of English poetry, was his cotemporary, and as there is a great similarity in their characters and conduct. Both were considered as the fathers of the poetry of their own country, both experienced the fickleness of royal favour, and both equally preferred retirement and study to the noise of a bustling court. The comparison might be drawn farther, and it would form a curious, and not uninteresting, task to the student, to investigate this question more narrowly. The names of both bards have been jointly handed down with veneration by a grateful posterity, and if their verse wanted melody, it was owing to the inaccuracy of measure and imperfection of language at that

time, when the English and Castilians seem more to have courted Mars than Apollo; for while the Castilians were daily encroaching on the Moors, the victorious banners of England were triumphant

in Paris, where our Henry VI. was crowned King of France.

If this short notice should meet your approbation, the subject may probably be continued in the next publication. C. P. R.

PARISIAN SKETCHES.

No. VIII.

LA MAISON ST. LAZARE.

Ducit labor ad virtutem.

LIKE my predecessor, the Hermit de la Chaussée d'Antin, with whom I wish I possessed more points of resemblance, I frequently leave the subject of my papers to chance; and this my tutelary deity *pro tempore*, guided me the other day to the fauxbourg St. Denis, and inspired me with the whim of taking my station in la Maison St. Lazare.

The Parisians, amongst whose vices we cannot reckon that of too great curiosity, are, for the most part, pretty well acquainted with the public promenades and the environs of the capital; yet I should not be surprised, if the greater portion of them were ignorant, even by name, of la Maison St. Lazare, originally a convent, but which has latterly been converted into a prison.

When suspicion was equivalent to guilt, at that terrible period when to be accused was to be condemned, a barbarous precaution exiled humanity from the precincts of the prison. Charity could enter only under the auspices of religion. Innocence, which shuddered even at the appearance of guilt, languished alone in these dungeons, without hope or consolation; while

the criminal, abandoned to himself, suffered in solitude the bitter pangs of remorse. A trial long expected, and often vainly solicited, if at length obtained, added nothing to the terrible situation of the guilty, and only restored the innocent to their families, after having compelled them to expiate, by a long and painful captivity, crimes which they had never committed. In Portugal, prisoners are often detained for many years previously to being brought to trial; and it not unfrequently happens, that a person condemned to death, awaits for six years the execution of his sentence. Happily, persons under such circumstances are seldom impatient of delay.

More enlightened legislators, wisely considering that no one can be exempted from calumny or misfortune, and adopting the humane axiom, that every man should be considered innocent until he is proved guilty, have abolished the previous application of the torture; and afterwards extending their philanthropy, even to the poor wretches under condemnation, have admitted into their prisons labour and hope, those tutelary

divinities, who alone can mitigate the horrors of the present, by offering to the view of the miserable, resources for the future. On such principles la Maison St. Lazare is founded.

A man whose only employment was to open and shut the outward gate, and who performed this duty with all the phlegm requisite in his situation, having been so civil as to shew me the apartment of the gaoler, I introduced myself to the latter, who was just about to go his rounds. He ordered a servant to shew me the dormitory, which he had visited a minute before. From the profound silence which prevailed in this part of the building, I could scarcely have believed it was inhabited by nearly eight hundred and sixty women, whom vicious habits and strong passions had goaded on to the perpetration of crime, and who were expiating by a confinement proportioned to their misdeeds, the evils of a bad education, or the results of idleness and profligacy.

I found in the gaoler of la Maison St. Lazare, that politeness which is but too often wanting in persons of rank and wealth. This is another proof, that nothing can spoil a naturally good disposition, and that Monsieur Boissel has remained uncontaminated by the atmosphere with which he is surrounded.

Howard has said much in praise of the prisons in Holland. I do not doubt but they may deserve his eulogium; yet I can hardly believe they would bear a comparison with those of Paris, as to the manner in which they are conducted. Whilst observing the good order

and cleanliness which prevail in St. Lazare, the industry of those who were working, the mildness of their masters, the gaiety of the manufacturers, and the care which is taken of them, I was often induced to forget I was visiting a prison.

Theft is the most common crime of these unfortunate women, for whom poverty may sometimes plead in excuse; and certainly it was a noble idea to direct the punishment of crime to the benefit of the criminal. These poor beings, whom their misconduct sequesters for a certain time from society, will one day re-enter the world, possessed of the knowledge of some trade they will have been taught, and of the savings they have accumulated. The profit of their work is divided into three equal parts: one belongs to the administration of the prison; another is paid to the individual, and the third is put by until she quits the prison, when she receives the amount in full.

A young peasant girl was condemned to six years' imprisonment: when she entered the house she knew nothing; one of the shawl-embroiderers took a fancy to instruct her; in a short time the scholar surpassed her mistress; she applied closely to her work, took a pleasure in it, deprived herself of the time allowed for recreation, in order to augment her gains, and left the prison at the end of the six years with a little fortune of nine hundred and twenty-three francs, which has enabled her to commence business on her own account in the country, where her good conduct has procured her

universal esteem and encouragement. At least so M. Boissel informed me; who added, moreover, that the poor girl had edified them all by the sincerity of her repentance; and since her departure, had eagerly embraced every opportunity of testifying her gratitude to him, for the indulgence and kindness she had experienced.

The workshops of the manufacturers of shawls, of embroidery, millinery, &c. were all filled with their busy inhabitants as I passed by, and whilst surveying them, I was struck by the beauty of many. We form such a frightful picture of guilt in our own minds, that it is with difficulty we can credit its existence under a lovely countenance. In one of the millinery-shops, I remarked a young woman, whose elegant form and beautiful features received additional lustre from their contrast with the singularity of her dress; her hair was hidden by a cloth cap. As soon as she saw us, she turned hastily away, as if to conceal herself from observation. The delicacy and whiteness of her hands proved her but little accustomed to labour, and I fancied for a moment, that I recognised in her the lovely creature who was acquitted by a jury, of the crime of poisoning her husband some months since; but M. Boissel undeceived me. "The young widow you are speaking of," said he, "escaped from this place some time ago, and it is even reported that she has married again." This information made me shudder involuntarily. I approached a little nearer to the pretty prisoner. Her obstinacy in concealing her face roused my curiosity. The gaoler

called her by her name; it was unknown to me, but the moment she turned her head round, I recognised a young creature who had nearly driven over me last winter in the phaeton of Lord K.

At that time, living with the young lord above-mentioned, she was supported by his extravagance; jewels and diamonds shone on her dress, numerous servants waited her orders, and scarcely sufficed to fulfil her capricious whims; a splendid equipage conveyed her through the streets of Paris; crowds collected to gaze on her, and the numerous friends of *milord* contended for the honour of promoting her pleasures. What a change? Too anxious to establish a community of goods between herself and her protector, Mademoiselle Elise (the name by which the gaoler knew her) was condemned to five years' imprisonment; to which she submitted with a resignation bordering on indifference. She was not the only pretty woman I had formerly seen in the gay world of the capital, whom I now met with again here.

Part of the prisoners were amusing themselves in the principal court, with dancing country dances and quadrilles in the highest mirth and gaiety of spirits: a bricklayer, who was at work on the top of the wall, and joining in their songs, suddenly lost his balance, fell down, and dislocated his shoulder. A piercing shriek resounded throughout the prison; dancing and work were alike interrupted; every one hastened to the spot, and endeavoured to be of some use to the poor man: one raised, another supported him; others disputed the

care of conveying him to the infirmary. He was carried into it. The surgeon, whom one of the women had already summoned, replaced his shoulder, and declared, that though not dangerous, the accident would prevent him from using any exertion for some days. Immediately the most alert of the bystanders snatched up the poor man's hat, and hastened to solicit the charity of her companions; and at the end of a quarter of an hour returned to bring the bricklayer the produce of her collection. It amounted to 77 francs 35 cents. Where else would he have met with such sympathy?

Passing through one of the galleries, I observed, in the midst of a crowd of prisoners, an elderly man, who listened to their requests with that kindness and attention which is so highly gratifying to the unhappy. He consoled those whom he was compelled to refuse; undertook to plead the cause of others with the higher powers; and announced to one of them, that she would be set at liberty the ensuing week. "Ah!" exclaimed she, dancing with joy, "I was sure of that; I read it in the cards this morning." This eager desire of discovering the future, forms a principal part of the amusements of the prisoners. They accompanied with their blessings the gentleman who had been speaking to them. At his departure, I saw him frequently put his hand into his pocket, and draw it out again, to the great satisfaction of those who had been imploring his compassion more earnestly than the others: apparently, he did not confine himself to merely giving advice. The

gaoler informed me, that this humane being was the inspector general of prisons; and I heard those who had surrounded him, shout, as he left the prison, "*Que Dieu nous le conserve long temps!*"

As we were returning, the notes of a piano-forte struck my ear. I thought I was mistaken, and stopped to listen. The sound of the instrument awakened the most melancholy train of ideas. It evinced in the possessor an education above the common; and yet that education had been unavailing to protect her against the fatality which drags us on to the commission of crimes. Suddenly a clear and sonorous voice resounded through the rooms, mingling its notes with those of the piano: by the weakness of the touch and the power of the voice, I guessed that a mother was accompanying her daughter. I made the observation to M. Boissel, who informed me, I was correct in my supposition: that these unfortunate ladies had been many years in the prison; that, unable to support the loss of their fortune, they had attempted by a bold stratagem to defraud the person into whose possession it had passed; but that their plan having been discovered, they were arrested at the moment of putting it in execution. "Good," I replied; "I recollect the circumstances well; and I also remember, that many persons at the time seemed to regret that justice had been so precipitate."

A moment afterwards, the young performer made her appearance. I would not look at her for fear of afflicting her. Whilst I turned aside, she approached the gaoler,

and in a voice sweet, yet scarcely audible, thanked him for some kindness her mother had received from him the day before. This attention pleased me : filial piety is a virtue which covereth a multitude of sins.

"I am sorry you were not here yesterday," said M. Boissel; "you would have heard the lessons of our worthy pastor M. de V. His pious zeal and indulgent charity have brought many unfortunate young creatures back to the path of virtue, who had been seduced by the attractions of pleasure, or the force of example. Some of them, instructed by his care, are about to receive the sacrament for the first time next Sunday."

I regretted with M. Boissel my having been a day too late, and took my leave of him with many thanks for his obliging attention. Whilst quitting the prison, however, I was a witness of the arrival of one prisoner, and release of

another: the tears of the former, the gaiety of the latter; the melancholy of the unfortunate girl who entered, the burlesque consolations of the happier one who was going away, and who affirmed, that the house was so agreeable that it would not be long before she should return; the interest the prisoners seemed to take in their new companion, whom they stunned with questions; the little voluntary contribution of wine, sugar, and snuff, levied upon all for her use; the ridiculous commissions given to their old companion, who, at passing the gate, gaily cried out, "*Au revoir!*" this strange *mélange* of kindness and carelessness, forgetting their own misfortunes in interest for those of another, formed a scene truly original and singularly affecting, which it is scarcely possible for any but an actual spectator to figure to their imagination.

GRETNA GREEN.

SINCE February last, no less than three marriages, performed at the celebrated scene of hymeneal triumph, called Gretna Green, have been made public: the names of the parties, and some other particulars, were given in the newspapers. We now lay before our readers the copy of a letter from a gentleman at present on a tour in Scotland, on the same subject, containing a satisfactory account of the place and its ceremonies, by an eyewitness, with other curious particulars hitherto not made public. We have been promised an article by a gentleman who was married at

Gretna Green some years ago, but it has not yet come to hand.

"I promised to give you an account of Gretna Green, and I now take up my pen to perform my engagement.

"T—— and I arrived at Gretna Green the day before yesterday, in a postchaise and humble pair; but it did not prevent some of the inhabitants from coming out to meet us, expecting that we were a party upon a matrimonial expedition. Though they saw that we were both dressed like the male sex, they followed to the inn, per-

haps thinking that T—— (who has a fair complexion, and as yet has only the promise of a beard, the down being given as a security,) was my intended bride, who, for greater convenience, had disguised herself. As we passed through the straggling village, the women, hearing the rattling of wheels, put their heads out of the low doorways, and waited our approach, that they might see who and what we were. This constant excitement and gratification of curiosity must make Gretna Green a very pleasant residence for the female part of the population.

“The inn where we put up was called Gretna Hall, and formerly had been the residence of a private family; but for the last twenty years it has been converted into the principal inn by Lord Hopetoun, to whom it belongs, as well, I believe, as most of the property in this neighbourhood. Sir W. Maxwell of Springkell, however, owns a considerable estate, and has a pretty seat, not far from Gretna. I am told, that under the orders of Lord Hopetoun, great improvements have been made of late years: it must have been bad indeed before, for even now the village appears one of the most poverty-struck places I ever saw, most of the houses being wretchedly built, and many of them falling to decay.

“There are other signs of poverty, such as the number of small pot-houses. I counted several of the lowest description myself as we passed along; and the inhabitants of the parish, which is large I believe, do not much exceed fifteen hundred, men, women, and chil-

dren. It is said, in an account of the place written by the clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Morgan, that there are only twelve female domestic servants in the whole parish; and the income of the most of the independent farmers does not exceed 50*l.* a year: these and the fishermen are the chief inhabitants. When the season for fishing is gone by, these persons are not idle; for it is said, that smuggling is carried on to a considerable extent, and the openness of the coast along Solway Firth much favours such adventurers. There is a sort of free school at Gretna, the master of which receives less than 20*l.* a year, and is employed in his magisterial duties from morning to night, so that it cannot be said that he is overpaid.

“Gretna Green, it is said, takes its name from a hill called Great Know, or Knowl, just behind the place, which rises more than 200 feet above the level of the sea; not far distant from which are the remains of a druidical temple. It is not easy to ascertain its exact shape, but it seems to have been oval; some of the stones forming it are very large, one weighing, as is ascertained from the measurement, more than 20 ton. We did not go to see them, but in different parts of this district are several old ruinous square towers or forts: if they be square, I suppose they were built by the Romans, as the Danes were chiefly on the other side of the island, and usually built their intrenchments of a circular form; at least those I have seen in Devon and Cornwall, where they are numerous, particularly near the coast, are of that shape.

"The church, which is rather a pretty one, though small, was newly built in 1788, and the parsonage repaired at the same time. It would look much better were there a few trees near it, but the greatest scantiness of them all over the parish gives a barrenness to the scene that is very unpromising. Close to Greytna Hall there is a plantation of firs, seen from a considerable distance; and here and there small clumps of young trees have been placed, that will improve the appearance of the place very much in a few years. In the church-yard is a tombstone erected to two brothers, who lived to the great ages of 110 and 111: indeed, if we may believe what is said, the place is famous for the longevity of its inhabitants. In 1791, a woman died aged more than a hundred; and I am told that other persons are now to be found in the parish who have passed a century.

"The inhabitants of the village of Greytna being notoriously addicted to sprits, this fact seems to support Sir John Sinclair's assertions in his somniferous book on longevity.

"I have detained you so long in describing the place, about which people have hitherto said so little, that I fear you will despair of hearing any thing regarding that most interesting topic always coupled with the name of Greytna Green. Here I am afraid I shall disappoint you, as I was able to gather but little upon the subject, and that rather of a vague nature. Several persons have been pointed out to me as the *soi-disant* *clergymen* employed in marrying runaway lovers; two blacksmiths, a fisherman, and

a man who professes no other trade than that of matrimony: they are all in various degrees of practice, but the latter is most frequently employed by persons of consequence; he never performs the ceremony under ten guineas, though some of his rivals do not refuse a much smaller fee. There are a great many matches made here that are not heard of by any persons but the immediate relations of the parties; but it is in vain to make any calculation of their numbers. In the summer the *mock parsons* are in fullest practice; and, unfortunately, a day or two before we arrived, two lovesick pairs had been united. It is complained, I understand, that business in this line has been very slack of late years. There are several forms of certificates of marriage in use among these *reverend gentlemen*, copies of two of which I obtained at the expense of half-a-crown. I subjoin them in their original orthography, for the satisfaction of young feminine curiosity.

"Certificate, No. 1.

"I, Alex. M——, hereby do certify, that John S——, of the parish of Upper Lee, in the county of Bedford, and Frances W——, of the parish of St. John, in the city of London, having declared themselves to be single persons, and of full power and liberty to chuse for themselves whether they would enter into the state of matrimony, did come before me, and were married according to the form of the kirk, as provided by law. Witness my hand, this 15th day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifteen,

"ALEX. M——."

“*Certificate*, No. 2.

“This is to certify all persons that may be concerned therein, that Thos. D——, from the parish of ——, in the county of ——, and Mary N——, of the parish of ——, in the county of ——, comes before me to be marryed, and were marryed accordingly by the form of the kirk of Scotland, and agreeable to the church of England, the said Thos. D—— and Mary N—— haveing duly declared them-

selves to be single, and of full power and liberty to marry, as by law required. Given under my hand, on the 5th June, 1815,

“JAMES B——.”

“This is all I have been able to collect about the place, the persons, or the ceremonies; and, considering I was at Gretna Green only a day, I think you will have no right to complain of a want of industry.

“Yours very sincerely.”

THE GENEROUS LOVER:

A Tale, from the Spanish of CERVANTES.

(Continued from p. 149.)

“HE requests this delay,” added the artful Leonisa, “because he has bound himself by a vow, which he dare not break, and which must be accomplished during that time.” Halima appeared at first satisfied with this excuse; but suddenly demanded, “What can be the object of this vow? Has he acquainted you with it?”—“Doubtless it is for the recovery of his liberty,” replied Leonisa.—“In that case,” said Halima, “it is needless: he is free from this moment. All that I possess is at his disposal; let him ransom himself from the *cadi* instantly, and no longer delay our mutual happiness.”

The *cadi* was still at the mosque, when Richard parted from his beloved, and consulting Mahomet, they agreed to report that they had found the lovely slave inflexible, and that she had declared, that being the destined bride of the sultan, she would never consent to bestow her affections on any man of less rank; and they accordingly,

on the *cadi*'s return, assured him, that the haughty Leonisa, proud of her charms, and already imagining herself the favourite sultana of her sovereign, had rejected all the proposals of Marius, and scarcely deigned to listen to them. They advised him therefore, as the only means of obtaining possession of her, to hire a vessel, under the cloak of conducting her in person to the sultan; to pretend, during the voyage, that she was dangerously ill; in a short time to give out that she had expired, and to throw her body into the sea, all which might easily be counterfeited. “Rely upon us,” added Mahomet; “we will answer for the success of our plan: the sultan will never think of claiming a slave of whom death has deprived him, and as all the crew will be witnesses of the whole of the transaction, it will be easy to prove the fact of her illness and death to his satisfaction. You will thus get her whom you love beyond all the world into your own

power, and once freed from the sultan's claims, we shall easily be able to devise some means of ensuring her compliance with your wishes." The credulous *cadi*, blinded by his passion, fell into the snare. He thought the scheme excellent, as it really was, had the slaves been sincere in their professions; but they had their own views widely different from his: their design was to make themselves masters of the vessel, by setting at liberty the Christian slaves by whom it would be rowed, and to massacre their Turkish tyrants. "There is one difficulty, however, against which we have not provided," said the *cadi*. "Halima will never consent to my going to Constantinople without her: but let her go along with us; at all events we shall find means to get rid of her." He accordingly communicated his intention to his wife that very evening: that he had resolved to present the Christian slave to the sultan in person, in hopes of obtaining the favour of his sovereign by such a mark of attention, and of being rewarded by an elevation to a higher rank in the empire. Halima approved entirely of his determination, believing that he would leave Richard behind; but no sooner did she learn that he, as well as Mahomet, were to attend the *cadi* in his journey, than she signified her desire to accompany her husband. "With pleasure," replied the *cadi*; "you know I can refuse you nothing: but you must hold yourself in readiness; we shall depart as soon as possible. I have only a few trifling arrangements to make for the performance

of my functions during my absence."

Meanwhile, Azan Bashaw had incessantly importuned the *cadi* to resign the beautiful slave into his hands. He offered him immense bribes, and had already made him a present of Richard, whom he valued above all his other slaves. He represented to him, that he might comply with his request, without any dread of evil consequences accruing to himself; for what could be more easy than to impose on the sultan by a feigned story of her death? Into matters such as these, little investigation was likely to be made; and even if there were, it would not be difficult for them who possessed the chief authority in the island, to stifle any inquiries that might be set on foot. All these offers and representations of the bashaw only served to augment the passion of the *cadi*, by raising the object of his attachment in his eyes, and to induce him to hasten his departure; so that urged on the one hand by his own desires, and on the other by the importunity of Azan, and even by his wife, who was forming schemes of her own, he equipped a brigantine in less than twenty days, manning it with Moorish mariners and Christian galley-slaves. In this vessel he embarked the whole of his treasures. Halima did the same, not leaving in Cyprus any thing of value. She even obtained permission from the *cadi* for her father and mother to accompany her, pretending a great desire in them to visit Constantinople. Halima's real design was to induce Richard and Mahomet to enter into

a plot similar to what they had already concerted without her knowledge, with the object of making themselves masters of the brigantine; but she would not impart this plan to them till after they should all be embarked. She then intended to sail to Sicily, abjure Mahometanism, and marry Richard; arguing to herself, that he whom she imagined to be 'already the captive to her charms, would never think of refusing her hand and fortune, when the difference of their religion no longer presented any obstacle.

Whilst the brigantine was preparing for sea, Richard had another interview with Leonisa, whom he acquainted with their intended voyage and conspiracy. She in her turn informed him of the resolution Halima had taken to accompany them; and having thus shared each other's confidence, and promised the most inviolable secrecy, they waited in anxious expectation for the eventful period, which they trusted would deliver them from slavery, and restore them to their country and to their friends. The day fixed for their departure arrived. Azan, under pretence of doing honour to the *cadi*, accompanied him with a guard to the seaside, nor quitted the shore till he was certain that the object of his passion had really left the island in the vessel. The amorous bashaw, despairing of gaining the *cadi's* consent to deliver Leonisa into his hands, and having received early information of the design of conveying her to Constantinople, had secretly, and at another port, prepared a fast-sailing vessel, manned by fifty of the choicest sol-

diers of his body guard, and such as he knew to be entirely devoted to him. No sooner had the brigantine set sail, than he despatched a messenger, ordering them to put to sea without delay, to pursue the vessel of the *cadi*, to attack it, and put to the sword without mercy every soul on board, excepting Leonisa. "I demand no other share of the booty," added he, "but this captive; the rest shall be your own." No further instigation was necessary; animated by the hope of plunder, they hastened to use every exertion to overtake the object of their pursuit, fully resolved to obey the orders of their master, the execution of which would not be very difficult, as the brigantine was but ill armed, the *cadi* not having the least suspicion of so daring and venturous an attempt being made upon him.

The brigantine had already been two days at sea, which appeared to the anxious *cadi* as many ages, so anxious was he to carry his schemes into effect. His two slaves represented to him, that it was expedient to save appearances, and that time must be allowed for the feigned sickness of Leonisa, which ought to be prolonged for at least three or four days. This advice was not over-grateful to the *cadi*: he desired that some plan should be devised capable of more speedy execution, so anxious was he to get rid of his wife, and possess the lovely slave; but the remonstrances and persuasions of Mahomet at last induced him to adhere to his former intention. Halima had already disclosed her schemes to Richard and his friend, and every preparation had been made

to put them in execution as soon as they should have passed Alexandria, and were off the coast of Natolia. The *cadi*, however, on his side, at length urged them so strongly, that they were obliged, in order to appease him, to promise obedience to his wishes with as little delay as possible. "It is now six days," said he, "since we left Cyprus; all the crew of the brigantine believe that Leonisa is dangerously ill, with little hope of recovery. Surely sufficient precautions have been taken, and I see no obstacle to the immediate fulfilment of our intentions, and the gratification of my passion." He said this so positively, that they could no longer avoid arranging measures for accomplishing his cruel intention the next day, by throwing Halima into the sea, and giving out that she was the dead body of the slave they were conveying to the Grand Seignior. As they quitted the cabin from holding this consultation, they were informed by the captain of the vessel, that a ship was in sight gaining rapidly upon them, and that, according to all appearances, it was a Christian corsair. The alarm of the Moors trembling for their lives or liberty, could only be equalled by the joy of Mahomet and Richard, who trusted that the hour of their deliverance was approaching: they were not, however, wholly without dread of the insolence of the pirates; for these kind of people, bred up to war, and reckless alike of country and religion, pay little regard to any thing beyond their own interest, and are capable of sacrificing all other feelings to their insatiable

avarice. Meanwhile the crew had put the vessel in as good a state of defence as possible, at the same time redoubling their exertions at the oars; but the hostile vessel gained upon them so fast, that in less than an hour it came within cannon-shot. Despairing of escape, they furled the sails, laid down their oars, and flew to arms, resolved to die sooner than yield; when the *cadi* suddenly exclaimed, that the ship was a Turkish one, not an enemy; and commanded that they should immediately hoist a white flag in token of peace, which was done. Whilst this was passing, Mahomet perceived a vessel on the opposite quarter, approaching with every sail set. He pointed it out to the *cadi* and to the other Moors, who assured him it was a Christian one. Fear and terror again seized them all. The *cadi* knew not what course to take, for his vessel was, as before stated, almost defenceless, and the Christian ship appeared to be of the first class. He did not, however, wholly despair, for he made no doubt but that the Turkish vessel which they had at first seen, and which was now almost close, had used every exertion only with the object of sooner arriving to his assistance. But he was soon undeceived. Those who were on board the Turkish galley, without paying the least respect to the white flag, or to the Mahometan religion, ran against the brigantine with such a shock, that they had nearly sunk it. Nothing could exceed the astonishment of the unfortunate *cadi*: at this, he instantly perceived, that those who thus attacked him were soldiers from Nicosia, and

guessing their object, gave himself up for lost. All resistance was useless, and if the soldiers had not hastened in search of plunder, not one of the defenders of the brigantine would have escaped alive; but as they were more eager to seize the rich prey before their eyes, than to fulfil their master's

directions by the massacre of the *cadi* and his crew, little blood was shed. They were already actively employed in securing their booty, when the cry of "To arms! to arms! Soldiers, yonder is a Christian vessel," was heard from all quarters.

(*To be continued.*)

PICTURESQUE TOUR OF MOUNT SIMPLON.

PLATE 32.—VIEW OF ARONA.

THIS view gives an idea of the southern part of Lake Major, and the works which have been rendered necessary for the road on its banks.

Amongst the castles which rise on several of the hills, that of Arona, originally built above the town, and destroyed during the latter wars of Italy, recalls interesting recollections. In this castle was born, in 1538, St. Charles Borromeo, Cardinal and Archbishop of Milan. This virtuous prelate consecrated his life and riches to the foundation of charitable establishments; he was distinguished by his generous devotedness at the time of the plague which ravaged Milan.

The statue of St. Charles, placed on the summit, is a monument of the gratitude and veneration of

his family and the inhabitants of the surrounding country, at whose expense it was elevated in 1697. This colossal statue, which is well executed, is 112 feet high, including the pedestal, which is 46 feet: it is of beaten copper; the head and the hands alone are cast; the interior, which is rendered solid by stone, contains a staircase which leads into the head of the statue. St. Charles appears to be in the act of bestowing his benediction on the inhabitants of his native town, and of a country on which he showered his benefits.

Arona contains some fine buildings, and a spacious port: commerce flourishes here, in consequence of the passage of merchandise from the Mediterranean and Italy towards Germany and Switzerland.

THE FEMALE TATTLER.

No. LIV.

Then, like the Sibyl's leaves,
O scatter them abroad! ——— DRYDEN.

I CONTINUE the favours of the young *Lady of Nineteen*, with an increased impression in favour of her understanding, if the follow-

ing maxims are her own original thoughts; and of her judgment, if they are selected from others. But whatever their origin may be,



they will be equally useful as rules for the conduct of others.

Whatever dissensions may arise, how much soever your conduct and understanding may justify the part you take in them, suffer the interference of no third person, especially if you suppose their partiality would lead them to decide in your favour.

Do not permit your nearest intimates to disturb your peace at home by oblique insinuations; check their first approaches with severity, or fright them by silence.

Female friendships are but too frequently bars to domestic peace; they are more formed by the communication of mutual errors, than the desire of amending them.

Endeavour to obtain a clear insight into the character of those persons of your sex whose exterior may incline you to wish to be connected with them, before you engage in unlimited confidence.

In making a just estimation of the extreme value and extensive duties the sacred name of friendship demands, you will not too precipitately embark in such an engagement.

The friendships between two very young women early produced in the theatre of the great world, and both equally engaged in all the frivolities of fashion, are usually slightly cemented, and they are as briefly dissolved.

In the choice of a friend, prefer a person less young than yourself: her experience will supply your ignorance, and a single word of seasonable advice screen you from the blame of multitudes.

If your friendship can hold good against the superiority of beauty and talents, that friendship will deserve its name.

Suffer not any, unauthorized by affinity, to be frequently repeating the criticisms of the world on your conduct: on trifling occasions it is seldom corrective, but it never fails to sour the temper.

There are but too many who seek rather to gratify their own malignity, under the cloak of friendship, by the circulation of sarcasm, than to operate your reformation.

Be on your side as little liberal of your counsels as you are patient in receiving them; but if convinced, that to impart your opinion is to save your friend, set complaisance, interest, and policy aside: your impartiality will ensure success.

Unbounded confidences are, in general, better avoided; but if you be intrusted with important secrets, endure every reproach, even the world's censure, rather than reveal them.

Various are the artifices employed for the gratification of curiosity against the young and unguarded, according to their dispositions: the pride of some, the generosity of others, are worked on; and sometimes the desire of convincing the seemingly incredulous, produces the wished effect.

Listen neither to suggestions of pleasure nor interest where the felicity or security of a friend is concerned.

There are favourable moments that active friendship may seize, which present themselves in the

course of almost every one's life, never to be recovered if once lost sight of.

Half the worthy intentions flowing from a good but inexperienced heart, are rendered ineffectual by procrastination, or the interposition of alluring trifles.

Do not say to yourself, I will write to-morrow; I will even supplicate the next week in behalf of a friend; if you can actually and usefully employ the present hour in the same service.

If from your position in life, you are destined to pass it among those who are called fashionable, *bon-ton*, &c. arm yourself with a strong preparation of reason and resolution. Adopt as few as possible of the modish follies this state will expose you to. Endeavour, however, to avoid incurring the epithets of severe, of prude, or of envious, by arrogant censure; by your conduct alone mark your disapprobation.

Let no indirect adulation involve you in any singularity of dress, manners, or opinions: the first who would thus mislead, will be the first to ridicule you in future. It is almost impossible to escape the influence of some prejudices, from the continual adherence to the same society; such have a mutual interest in defending mutual failings: it were therefore safer to

be diffusive, perhaps to be less pleased, but certainly less calumniated.

It is more advantageous to live with our superiors or equals, than with those of an inferior class; it being less the interest of such to flatter our foibles.

Let no such expression fall from your lips, as *low company*, *nobody*, because your rank in life may separate you in general from society of lower degree, but perhaps possessing superior merit to that you are connected with.

Be extremely cautious in the choice of those who are to be your attendants. Let none in your service be permitted a levity or licentiousness of behaviour, however insinuating in speech.

Shut your ears against every prejudice which the long services of persons about you may encourage them to attempt inspiring you with.

Do not suffer your partiality to one domestic to occasion a harsh treatment of the rest: we daily experience, that the want of education among those even in our own sphere, is productive of numberless errors.

It will of course be our own fault, if we delegate too much power to such as have not judgment to use it.

F—T—.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

Three pleasing and brilliant Rondos for the Piano-forte, composed, and dedicated to the English Ladies, by Francis Lauska. Op. 44. Pr. 5s. (Boosey & Co. Holles-street.)

EXPERIENCE has taught us to lower our anticipations in propor-

tion to the promises held out by a musical title-page. But here we were agreeably surprised to meet with an instance, which not only forms an exception to the rule, but would admit of a title far more encomiastic.

These rondos are really excellent; they are quite delightful. One of their prominent features of attraction is, the luxuriant flow of fine melody which prevails in every one of them; melody so chaste, so replete with fine feeling, so delicately imagined, so natural, that the oftener we hear it, the more beauties we discover. Where this is the case, we may be sure of the sterling worth of a composition. We dwell more particularly on the interest which these rondos derive from the charm of melody, as this is a merit of rather unfrequent occurrence in the works of living masters, at least so far as originality is concerned.

But, besides this very distinctive recommendation in Mr. Lauska's rondos before us, they possess, in an eminent degree, every other requisite of classic compositions: regularity of plan, elegance of diction, the utmost variety of fanciful ideas, passages of the most select description, and an harmonic structure which at once proclaims the purest taste, united to matured skill in the art.

Our author is stated to be a pupil of Mozart, a name which, in many instances, serves the office of the lion's skin in the fable; but in the case of Mr. Lauska, the master is honoured in the disciple: Mozart has not produced any thing superior in the particular style in which these rondos are written. Whether the pupil may have been equally successful in the more important branches of piano-forte composition, in which his instructor has left us models of perfection, remains a question which we shall feel some curiosity to investigate,

when further works of Mr. L. may come under our cognizance.

As the title of these rondos may induce a belief that they are accessible to performers of slender abilities, we deem it proper to add, that, although certainly not intricate, they cannot be classed with what is commonly called easy music.

Hibernian Air, arranged as a Rondo for the Piano-forte, with an Introduction, composed by Ferd. Ries. Op. 81. No. 3. Pr. 3s. (Goulding and Co.)

In this production we recognise that energetic range of thought, and elaborate harmonic arrangement, which form the peculiar characteristics of Mr. Ries's Muse. The introduction, in D major, is formed upon the subject of the Irish air, and exhibits in its progress a succession of very free modulations up to F \sharp , from which the return to the key is managed with peculiar neatness. The name of the Irish tune we cannot at this moment recollect; its melody is conspicuous for softness and natural connection. After a fanciful digression of some extent, the bass takes up the air (p. 5); a minore portion of considerable interest follows in p. 6; the subject next appears in A b; and in the seventh page, we observe some combinations of a very superior order. The termination, p. 9, is truly beautiful.

Operatic Airs, the Subjects taken from the most approved Operas, Italian, English, &c. and arranged for the Piano-forte, with an introductory Movement to each, by the most eminent Authors. Nos. I. and II. Pr. 3s. each. (Gould-

ing and Co., Clementi and Co., and Chappell and Co.)

Among the professors engaged for this work, the title-page mentions Messrs. Clementi, Kalkbrenner, Latour, and Mazzinghi; and the two first, accordingly, appear as the authors of the numbers now before us.

No. I. is from the pen of Mr. Kalkbrenner. It contains the air of "Rule Britannia," with seven variations, preceded by an introduction of some extent in the manner of a march, replete with impressive energy and rich harmonic combination. The variations are written in a style of considerable brilliancy, and fulness as to score, and many of the thoughts to which the subject has given birth, are of a novel description. The second variation is of excellent construction; the imitations between the bass and treble, amidst superior contrapuntal devices, claim special notice. Var. 5, in C minor, is conceived in a style of deep emotion, and, together with its coda and cadence, may be pronounced masterly. In the sixth variation, we observe a range of very effective bass evolutions; which, however, come into occasional discordance with the treble, as in the diverging passage bar 5. The seventh variation winds up all with uncommon vigour and *éclat*.

The second number of this collection will be valued as a treasure: it boasts of no less an author than the great, the venerable MUZIO CLEMENTI. This is a treat indeed! Mozart's air "Batti, batti," forms the subject, or rather is here represented from beginning to end, with little variation or amplifica-

tion, just in its legitimate purity. Such an adaptation from a full score to the piano-forte, it has seldom, if ever, been our good fortune to behold: the obligato violoncello part, the flute, the voice, in short, every thing, is here concentrated under the grasp of two hands, in a manner the most effective, the most wonderful. This is perfection itself—a model for imitation. The second $\frac{6}{8}$ movement, "pace, pace," &c. is furnished with a coda of Mr. C.'s invention, so completely and exclusively founded on the theme, so elegantly wrought, that it absolutely seems to be an integral part of the whole. Mozart, one is apt to think, could not have helped to write the very same notes, if he had wanted a conclusion of this description.

We had nearly passed over the introduction, an andante in F, also tinged with the subject of the air. This movement, of course, is Mr. Clementi's likewise. Indeed it bears intrinsic evidence of his classic style, and of the undiminished vigour of that genius, the productions of which have so eminently promoted the advancement of the art.

The Maid of Devon, a favourite Song, written by Miss M. Leman Rede, arranged with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte or Harp. Pr. 1s. 6d. (Clementi and Co.)

If we knew the air to be original, a circumstance which the title warrants us in doubting, we should testify our approbation of its general complexion, as affording decisive indications of feeling and lyric talent. In the accompani-

ment, the strictest purity and propriety have not at all times been consulted; at the same time, it is sufficiently respectable not to offer any gross violations of first principles.

"For thee," an *Ariette*, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte, by J. F. Burrowes. Pr. 2s. (Chappell and Co.)

Many of our columns have from time to time been devoted to Mr. B.'s instrumental productions, and the favourable opinion which these almost invariably excited with us, naturally created a considerable degree of curiosity, when with this ariette we took up the first vocal composition from his pen that ever had met our eye. It is with these two kinds of music much the same as with prose and poetry: we may excel in one, and scarcely attain mediocrity in the other; nay, to excel in both at the same time is rather unusual.

In the present instance, our curiosity has not met with disappointment. The ariette "For thee" (F major), although it contains perhaps but few melodic ideas with the fresh bloom of novelty upon them, possesses great claims on our favour. The plan, and the arrangement of the text, are extremely appropriate; the air itself presents a continued succession of select thoughts, peculiarly graceful, and replete with unaffected *naïveté*. The accompaniment might have admitted of less arpeggios: it is, however, not only highly effective, but, in some instances, contrived with great neatness, particularly towards the conclusion. The part beginning with "The day is past," sets out in a strain

as original as it is attractive and well placed; but where it bursts into the very distant scale of D \flat , and unisono too, we are of opinion, that however striking the idea may be, so decisive a change of colouring was not called for by the text. The effect, we must admit, is of such interest, that one almost regrets not to find a parallel text under the phrase.

Taking all in all, we feel no hesitation in saying, that this ariette has given us more satisfaction and real pleasure, than any of the innumerable English songs that have for many months come under our notice. This may perhaps be deemed no great mark of distinction; we will add, therefore, that of all the compositions of this description, there is none to which it can be more justly compared than Haydn's canzonets, upon whose style it appears to us to have been formed.

"Love in Winter," a *Ballad*, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte, by J. F. Burrowes. Pr. 1s. 6d. (Chappell and Co.)

A symphony, of rather singular appearance, forms the introduction, intended perhaps to pourtray the dribbling flakes of the snow storm, with which the poet envelops the loving pair at the outset, and which comes down more heavily and chromatically in the middle of the song. The ballad, although of short compass, presents several interesting ideas, expressions of pathetic emotion, and a very apt harmonic support. The few minor bars are particularly well devised. Upon the whole, however, "Love in Winter" appears to us less attractive than the

above ariette. It may be fancy, but we are inclined to attribute the cause to the difference of the subjects. In painting, a winter scene, be it ever so well executed, seldom excites great interest: music, possibly, may partake of this difficulty.

A Voluntary for the Organ, composed

by S. Wesley. Op. 6. No. 12.

Pr. 2s. (Hodsoll, High Holborn).

Most of the former numbers of this collection of voluntaries have formed articles in our monthly reviews, and received at our hands the tribute of praise justly due to the abundant display of the author's science and experience. In the present number, which, for ought we know, closes the series, Mr. W.'s uncommon facility in contrapuntal contrivance is more particularly conspicuous. In this style he stands unrivalled among the composers of this country, and approaches very nearly the grand models of Sebastian Bach, which he evidently appears to have chosen for his guides. Among the three pieces before us, the middle movement exhibits a fugue of the most able construction, and a select combination of harmonies, which shews the master in his art. As studies both for the practical and theoretical student, Mr. Wesley's voluntaries are of the highest value.

Twelve Canons for two or three Flutes, composed by Mr. Hook.

Pr. 1s. 6d. (Hodsoll, High Holborn).

We devote a few lines to this little publication, conceiving that it may interest some of our readers, were it only in the way of curiosity; for in our days canonizing has pretty well fallen into

disuse. Mr. Hook has exerted all the requisites of mechanical contrivance in the construction of these pieces, and duly varied their nature. Some are close canons, others open; some in unison, one in the fourth, &c. In playing these, and indeed all canons, we recommend that the first voice should play its part quite through *solo*, until, on repeating, it reaches the mark where the second part commences; here the second falls in, and both go on to the end, without the intervention of the third part, which is only to fall in at its proper mark, after the second repetition. This method will be found to be most effective, and to exhibit the nature of the composition more conspicuously.

Hodsoll's Collection of Duets for two Performers on one Piano-forte.

No. 44. Pr. 3s. (Hodsoll, High Holborn).

Contains Mozart's overture to the Magic Flute, set as a duet by Mr. Rimbault. The nature of this unique master-piece of compositorial art renders it more particularly calculated for a piano-forte duet. The continual imitations among the parts, which constitute the principal charm of this overture, are almost too much to be allotted to one piano-forte. On two, the means of representing this fugued interlacement become more adequate. Mr. R. has felt this, and he has employed his means and his talent very effectively in this instance. The arrangement has been contrived with laudable care and skill, and with evident attention to executive practicability. We have seen this overture as a duet much more difficult than it appears

here, without being more effective.

Alexander's complete Preceptor for the Flute, entirely on a new Principle, by which the Art of playing the Flute is rendered so easy as to be obtained by the Learner independent of any other assistance, for a one, four, or six-keyed Flute, &c. Books I. and II. Pr. 5s. each. (J. Alexander, Leadenhall-st.)

To copy the whole title of this work, would nearly engross the space we can afford for its notice. The author has promised a good deal, and we think he has made good his pledge. The two books before us contain a mass of matter, which we could scarcely have expected at so reasonable a price; but as the quantity alone would not decide the value of the performance, we owe it to Mr. A. to add our opinion as to the intrinsic merit of his labour. The arrangement throughout appears to us very methodical: in the rudiments, the most essential parts of tuition are clearly and concisely explained; and, what we cannot but applaud as highly judicious, the learner is not overwhelmed with matters which at the outset can be of no use to him, but must impede his progress and disgust him. The more difficult branches of the science are reserved for a more advanced stage of proficiency, and much is illustrated, as occasion presents itself, by means of copious notes. In this manner, the benefit of which must be obvious, the work has been made to embrace a complete code of instruction for the flute. The number of lessons is very extensive, and they possess the additional advantage of being

all arranged as duets, and some with even more than two parts. The scales in all the major and minor keys, and abundance of corresponding preludes likewise, fill their due space; graphic specimens are given for fingering a great variety of difficult passages, and proper examples for double-tongue execution.

"The Soldier's Orphan," a pathetic Ballad, sung by Miss Harris at the London Concerts; composed, with an Accompaniment for the Harp or Piano-forte, by J. Monro. Pr. 1s. 6d. (Monro, Skinner-st.)

A pleasing ballad; the melody, without being sombre, is affecting and tender, quite in correspondence with the text; and the accompaniment is written in good style. Of the symphony, too, we have to speak very favourably: the sequences of 4-6ths in the penultimate bar, in the tasteful way in which they are handled, have an effect peculiarly fascinating.

Henry Kirke White's admired Ballad, "The wandering Boy," sung by Master Hyde at the London Concerts, &c.; composed, with an Accompaniment for the Harp or Piano-forte, by J. Monro. Pr. 1s. 6d. (J. Monro, Skinner-street.)

Quite equal, if not higher, commendation is due to this composition of Mr. M.'s. Independently of the tasteful melody, we observe some very select contrivances in the harmony, such as p. 2, l. 4, and p. 3, l. 1; the latter passage, in particular, is introduced and treated very appropriately. In the former (p. 2, l. 4,) it would have been better at bar 2 to omit, in the tenor part (right hand), the B and A which form the second and fifth quavers,

to avoid octaves with the voice, more especially as the same notes occur in the bass too. The symphony in this song is likewise conspicuous for its neat conclusion.

"*Les Quadrilles du Parterre*," composed and arranged for the *Piano-forte* by Miss Christie. Pr. 4s. (R. Harm. Institution).

Without presuming to account for the peculiar title prefixed to these quadrilles, we are free to say, that, as productions of a female—and perhaps an amateur pen—we

consider them very creditable to the talents of the fair composer. The tunes are light and agreeable; the ideas follow each other in suitable order and connection; and the accompaniments, although plain, are in general appropriate. The quadrilles "*Le Narcisse*" and "*Le Pavot*" appear to us to be the best. Now we have it! The flowery names of the quadrilles, no doubt, have given rise to their collective title, which at first puzzled our dull faculties.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

PLATE 34.—WALKING DRESS.

A HIGH robe, composed of jacot muslin: the body is plain; the waist long, and finished by a jacket, which terminates in three points; the jacket is edged with rich work; the body is made up to the throat, but without a collar; the fronts fold across, and are trimmed with puffs of net; a row of rich work surrounds the puffs on the side next to the shoulder, and a row of narrow lace edges them on that next to the bust. The skirt, which is open, is trimmed up the sides and round the bottom to correspond with the bust. The half-sleeves are of a similar description, but upon a larger scale; the long sleeve, which is of an easy fulness, is ornamented at the bottom to correspond with the trimming. The pelisse worn over this dress, is composed of lemon-coloured and white figured sarsnet, and lined with white sarsnet; the skirt is a good deal gored, and mo-

derately full; the body is tight to the shape; the waist long, and ornamented by rosettes on the hips; the collar is of a new form, high, but not pointed behind, and very shallow towards the front; the sleeve is rather tight to the arm, and falls very far over the hand. The trimming goes entirely round the pelisse; it consists of a wreath, which we cannot call leaves, but which resemble them a little in form: the outside of each is composed of plain *gros de Naples*; the middle is filled up by a satin puff. This trimming has a singular but tasteful effect. Head-dress, a bonnet composed of white crape over net: the crown is low; the brim very large, and stands out a good deal from the face; it is edged with blond; the crown is ornamented with roses: a rich ribbon passes under the chin, and ties in a full bow on one side. Limeric gloves. Pale lemon-coloured kid half-boots.







PLATE 35.—EVENING DRESS.

A round dress, composed of white figured lace over a white satin slip; the *corsage* is long in the waist, has a little fulness at the bottom of the back, and is cut moderately low round the bust, which is ornamented with a falling lace tucker. Short sleeves, composed of alternate puffings of pink *gros de Naples* and white lace; the puffings are placed crosswise, and there are three of each. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed with two rows of white satin leaves placed perpendicularly; they are headed by a wreath of field-flowers. The hair is dressed in very full curls in front, drawn up behind in a full tuft on the crown of the head, and fastened with a jewelled comb. A plume of feathers, of a beautiful and novel description, is placed on one side of the head; they are ostrich, but the middle of each is covered with down: one feather is of uncommon length; the two others are shorter. Necklace and ear-rings, diamonds. White kid gloves, and white satin shoes.

We are indebted to Miss Pierpoint, inventress of the *corset à la Grecque*, of No. 9, Henrietta-street, Covent-garden, for both these dresses.

 GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON
FASHION AND DRESS.

Promenade costume has not been for several seasons more gay, more striking, nor, as far as respects the materials, more varied than at present. Rich silk pelisses, worn over cambric muslin or sarsnet dresses, and made in a very plain style, are much in favour for what may be

termed plain walking dress; as are also sarsnet high dresses made in the habit style: these last are sometimes worn with a light silk scarf, sometimes without. The trimmings of these dresses are of satin or braiding, but they afford no novelty worth describing.

Leghorn bonnets, trimmed with ribbons only, are very generally worn in this plain style of promenade dress; these bonnets, and indeed all other fashionable ones, are very large: the only alteration we perceive in their shape is, that the crowns are something lower; but then, as if to make amends for this little reduction in height, the brims are in general a little deeper than they have been for the last two months. All fashionable ribbons now are very broad and extremely rich; those that are figured seem most in favour.

Silk pelisses are also a great deal worn in the dress promenade and carriage costume; they are made in a very tasteful style, and much trimmed. We have presented our readers with one of the most fashionable in our print. There is no variety in the form of pelisses; they are all made in one style, but there is a good deal of difference in the manner in which they are trimmed. Many are ornamented with very narrow white satin rouleaus, disposed in waves; there are sometimes five or six of these rouleaus in number: others are trimmed with an intermixture of satin and gauze, to correspond in colour with the pelisse; and we have seen a few ornamented with a trimming of a shell pattern, formed of satin to correspond with the pelisse, but of various shades:

this last trimming is usually made very broad, and has a striking effect. We observe that pelisses are in general trimmed all round; and the collar, cuffs, and epaulettes, usually correspond.

Clear muslin and British net pelisses, lined with coloured sarsnet, begin to be a good deal worn: these pelisses are trimmed with lace in general. We noticed one the other day, of a novel and tasteful description: the trimming consisted of a single fall of broad lace, disposed in a zig-zag manner round the bottom of the pelisse; this flounce was headed by a corkscrew roll of satin, and between each of the waves formed by the zig-zag, was a letting-in of lace, in the shape of a large leaf. A lace pelerine, with long ends, which crossed in front, and fastened in the middle of the back with a large bow of ribbon, almost concealed the body of the pelisse; and as it was very full trimmed with lace, and fell a little over the shoulders, it formed a substitute for half-sleeves. The long sleeve, which was rather wide, was terminated by three falls of narrow lace, each headed by a corkscrew roll of ribbon. The pelisse was of clear muslin; the lining pale rose-colour, and the ribbon to correspond.

Spencers are worn, but less generally than they have been, and we observe no novelty in their form.

Transparent and half-transparent (if we may be allowed the expression) bonnets are very much in favour. The first are made in white lace, British net, and different sorts of gauze; they are made,

as we before observed, with low crowns, large brims, and to stand out a good deal from the face: those made in gauze are finished by a *ruche* of the same material round the edge of the brim; the others are ornamented either with blond or thread lace. Flowers, which are worn either in wreaths or bunches, always ornament the crowns. These bonnets have a very elegant appearance: we have noticed, that this season they are introduced unusually early.

The half-transparent bonnets are of the same materials as the one given in our print: they are light, appropriate to the season, and perhaps better suited to our climate than those of a thinner texture; they are likewise always adorned with flowers.

Muslin is the only thing worn in dishabille: jaconot is rather more in favour than cambric muslin, but the latter is fashionable. Robes and round dresses are equally in request; the latter are very moderately trimmed. Robes are made in a more tasteful style: the one described as the under-dress worn with the pelisse in our print, is by much the most elegant novelty that we have seen for some time.

Muslin now begins to be a great deal worn in dinner dress, but it is not yet so generally adopted as silk. Muslin dresses are in general trimmed with lace; and we observe with pleasure, that there is also a good deal of ribbon mixed with it: the encouragement of this branch of our manufactures is particularly desirable, from the number of hands to which it gives employment. One of the most tasteful dinner dresses that we have

seen this month, is a frock, the body of which is of a decorous height; the back is composed of strips of muslin let in full and bias between letting-in lace; the front is a little full on each breast, but plain in the middle, which is formed of a demi-lozenge of letting-in lace, with the point downwards. Very short full sleeve, surmounted by three points, which hang loose, and are edged with lace. We should have observed, that the *corsage* is square round the bust, and ornamented by a narrow lace tucker, which stands up. The skirt is rather wide, and very much gored; the fulness is principally thrown behind: the trimming of the skirt consists of muslin edged with narrow satin ribbon, and quilled in those large hollow plaits which the French call *wolves' mouths*; the muslin is scalloped at the edge, and the trimming is laid on bias in rows, which are put pretty close to each other. This trimming is the broadest of the kind we have ever seen, being nearly three half-quarters deep: the effect is singular and exceeding pretty. A broad satin sash, disposed in folds round the waist, and fastened behind in a bow and short ends, which are fringed, completes the dress.

Rich silks are now but partially worn in full dress, the favourite materials being white British lace, and white or coloured gauzes. We have seen in a few instances coloured satins made up for very matronly ladies. Several *belles*

have adopted the peaked stomacher so fashionable at present in France: it is extremely unbecoming to the figure. Trimmings vary a good deal: flowers, blond, lace, satin mixed either with lace or gauze, and ribbon disposed in various ways, are all in favour: the pretty chain trimming mentioned in our last Number, is very much worn.

We have nothing novel to describe in millinery; in fact, no ladies, except those very far advanced in life, cover their heads in full dress. The hair is dressed moderately high, and in various forms, but always in such a way as to display its luxuriance as much as possible: the front hair is disposed in very full curls on the temples. The head is ornamented either with feathers or flowers: pearls or diamonds are a good deal worn with the former; but we observe, that when the head-dress consists of flowers, there is now seldom any mixture of jewels. Wreaths and bunches of flowers are equally fashionable: the former are placed very far back on the head, and rather to one side; the latter are too large; they resemble the gardeners' nosegays worn in France, and when, as is often the case, they consist of a mixture of flowers badly contrasted, the effect is very inelegant. Exotics, fancy flowers, and all those of the season, are fashionable. Rose-colour, lilac, lavender, lemon-colour, green, and azure, are all in estimation.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, May 18.

My dear SOPHIA,

SINCE I wrote last, cambric muslin dresses have become more generally fashionable for the promenade than those of any other material: silk and French cachemire are, however, still fashionable; but they are more worn in dinner or evening, than in promenade dress. Promenade gowns have not altered much in the form; waists are still very long, sleeves are very tight to the arm, and the skirts of dresses are, I think, more scanty than they have recently been. Dresses are once more trimmed almost to the knee: there is very little variety in the style of trimming, flounces or deep tucks being the only ornaments of dresses: if the former, they are narrow, and are placed three together, and almost close to one another at the bottom of the skirt: this triple flounce is surmounted by two or three deep tucks, and another flounce to correspond, and over that are tucks and a third flounce. If the dress is ornamented with tucks only, there are sometimes eighteen or twenty of them. Sometimes the bottom of the dress is ornamented with a single deep flounce, over which tucks on tucks arise half way at least up the skirt. This ridiculous fashion has been, as you know, several times revived within the last few years, but I do not think it ever was carried to such an excess as at present.

The bodies of gowns are in general made tight to the shape: I have observed, however, within the

last few days, several high gowns with tucked bodies, and others in which the *corsage* had a little fullness; but I will speak of them presently, because, though worn for the promenade, they also form the morning dress. Out-door covering is now light, and appropriate to the season; spencers, *sautoirs*, and *canezoux* being all equally fashionable. This last part of out-door dress will surprise you, because I dare say you will recollect, that formerly we gave that appellation to little silk bodies which were worn in full dress; now we give it to what you, I think, would call a spenceret; that is, a silk body made partially high, and with short sleeves, which are very full, and are composed in general of a mixture of satin and blond: it laces behind, and is usually finished by a deep fall of blond at the bottom of the waist.

Sautoirs are composed either of French cachemire or net silk. Plaid gauze cravats with satin stripes, which are rather long, and are tied coquettishly on one side, are worn by some *belles* instead of *sautoirs*; but the latter are upon the whole more fashionable.

The only alteration in the form of spencers is, that they now begin to be peaked before; in other respects, they are made and trimmed as I described to you last month.

We still continue to wear large bonnets for the promenade. White straw, or white *paille-coton*, is at present more fashionable than any thing else; but gauze and crape are still worn; and *gros de Naples*,

finished at the edge of the brim with straw intermixed with artificial flowers, is beginning to come very much into favour. I think bonnets are a little smaller than they were last month, but the difference in that respect is very trifling. Some bonnets are now bent a little on one side, in such a manner as that one part of the brim may sit rather close to the face, while the other part stands out very much from it. There is something so whimsically coquettish in this fashion, that one could think it was first introduced for the sake of displaying a pretty side-face. This kind of brim is confined to straw or *paille-coton chapeaux*; those made of other materials have the brim closer to the face than last month.

Chapeaux are so variously ornamented, that one would be puzzled to tell what style of trimming is most fashionable. The crowns, which are high, and either round or of a dome shape, are decorated either with flowers or feathers: in some instances, with a mixture of both; in others, with flowers and ribbons. Some have a large bunch of flowers placed in front, or a little on one side of the crown; the stalks of the flowers are inserted in a band composed of *coques* of ribbon: others have a bunch of flowers placed in such a manner as partly to stand up in front of the crown, and partly to droop over the brim. Half-wreaths, composed of various grasses mingled with heath-flowers, are also disposed in this way. Those that are adorned with feathers and flowers, have a plume of Marabouts, to the middle of each of which is attached a bunch of lilac. Many are orna-

mented only with a bunch of different kinds of wheat, fastened by a knot of satin, in such a manner that one half of the bunch stands up in front of the crown, and the other half falls on one side of the brim. A good many hats have a wreath of Provence roses, mingled with wild flowers and ears of wheat; and others have a garland composed of different kinds of flowers, so large that it nearly covers the whole front of the crown.

So much for *chapeaux*, methinks I hear you say. Softly, my dear Sophia, we have but half done yet: we must now speak of the decorations of the brims, a matter of no small consequence, I assure you, in the opinion of the fair Parisian fashionable. Besides the quantity of trimming which I described to you in my last, and which still continues to be worn by some *élégantes*, there are three or four other trimmings in favour, which I will endeavour to describe to you as well as I can.

The most fashionable is, a fullness of gauze interspersed with loops of ribbon: each loop is ornamented with two ends; one stands up on the edge of the brim, the other hangs over the edge: next to this in favour is a plaiting of spotted, shaded, or mosaic gauze ribbon; this is formed in large hollow plaits, and there are often three rows one over the other; this triple plaiting is also worn in plain gauze, and in blond. Satin rouleaux, with rows of blond between, are also partially in estimation, as are also plain broad bands of satin.

I was interrupted by a visit from the three Misses S—, each of whom had on a bonnet differing

from any that I have seen, and very well worth your attention. Miss S——'s was of white gauze; there was nothing peculiar in the shape, but the brim was covered with a white gauze drapery, disposed in deep folds; this drapery was edged with three very narrow rouleaus of lilac satin, and between each of the folds a bunch of lilac was partially visible. The crown was oval; the top of it was decorated with three satin rouleaus, to correspond with the brim; a full bunch of lilacs was placed on one side of the crown; a band of ribbon, to correspond, encircled the bottom of it, and a broad lilac ribbon passed under the chin, and tied in a bow at the left side.

Charlotte S. the second sister, had a bonnet composed of white crape over white satin; the crown was low, and of a dome shape; it was adorned round the top by two rows of white satin *coquings*; a twisted roll of lilacs and white satin surrounded the bottom of the crown, and also ornamented the edge of the brim; it was finished by white strings, which tied in a full bow under the chin. I am certain you would like this bonnet; it is, in my opinion, the most tastefully simple head-dress that I have seen for a length of time.

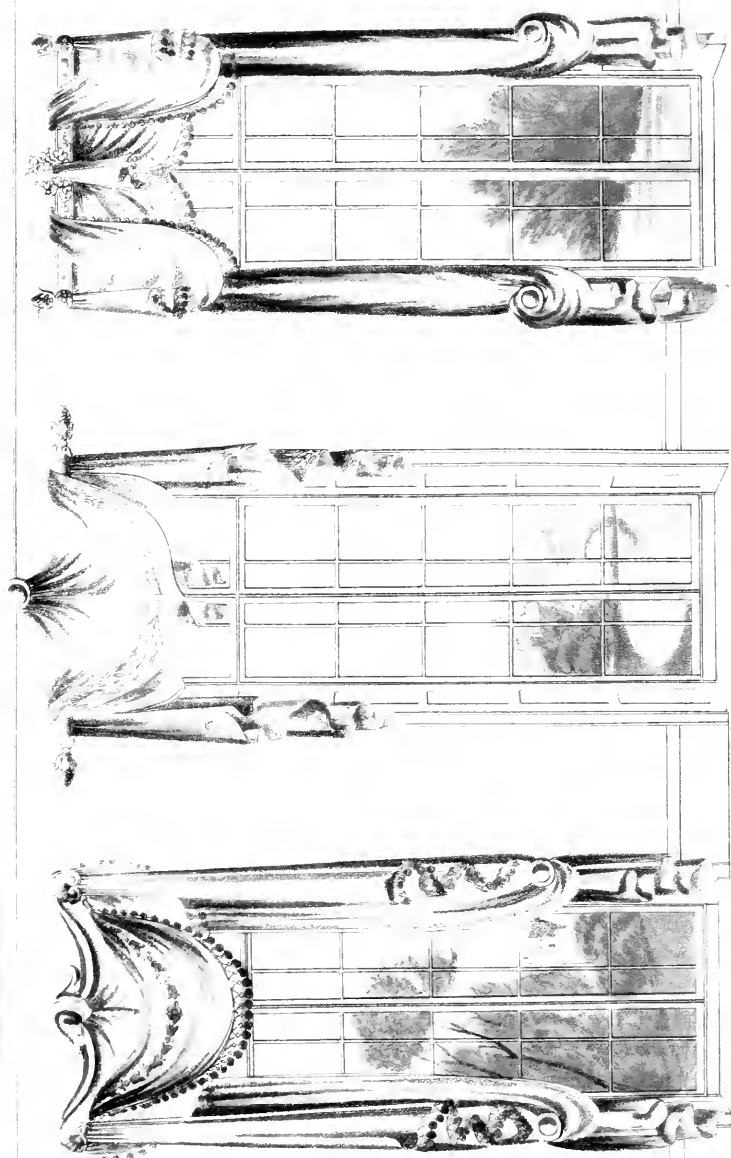
The youngest of the sisters had a *chapeau* of white *gros de Naples*; the crown of a dome form, but high, and rather raised in the top; the middle of the crown was decorated with straw points, edged with satin; they were placed perpendicularly, and a bunch of rose-buds was partially seen between each point; the edge of the brim was finished to correspond with the crown, except the hind part, which

was deep and square, and ornamented only with a rouleau of satin. I should have observed to you, that the satin which edges the points is pink; this rouleau corresponds: rich white strings tie it under the chin.

Morning dress is always composed of cambric muslin; in some instances, the body is entirely covered with tucks, which are either large or small according to the fancy of the wearer: the tucks are run straight and lengthwise; the sleeves are tucked across. Dresses are now made without collars; their place is supplied by ruffs, which are open in front, or *sautoirs*, tied carelessly in such a manner as to display a little of the throat. Aprons continue to be worn, but only partially. I have no occasion to speak to you of trimmings, as I have already mentioned them in the promenade costume.

Dinner gowns are now in general cut low; we see a good many in perkale, but a greater number in silk or French cachemire. White is considered most fashionable; rose-colour is next in estimation. We see sometimes a few lilac and citron dresses; but in general our tonish *élégantes* confine themselves to white or rose-colour.

Many dinner, and almost all full-dress gowns, are now peaked in front: this fashion, preposterous and unbecoming as it formerly was, when the waist of the dress was made to the length of the natural waist, is now ten times more so, because the body of the gown being still something shorter than the natural waist, it absolutely destroys the symmetry of the figure. The robes à la *Sévigné* which I recollect to have formerly descri-



bed to you, and those made *en cœur*, are most fashionable both in dinner and full dress. The robe *en cœur* is pretty, and when worn without a peak, is very becoming to the shape. The back of the *corsage* is tight to the figure; the front slopes down gradually on each side of a stomacher in the shape of a heart; the stomacher is let in full to the dress, but the fulness is confined in the middle by a band consisting of three narrow folds, of the same material as the dress, which, I should mention, laces behind. A very broad sash, with short bows and ends, which reach below the knee, ties at one side. The sleeves are very short and full; they are confined to the arm by a narrow band of the same material as the dress, beneath which is in general a very full roll of white satin.

Gauze and white satin are very fashionable in full dress; and flowers are a good deal used for trimmings, not more so, however, than flounces or tucks: the former are principally employed to decorate satin dressess, and are either of blond, lace, or gauze; they are put on in a similar style to those I described to you in speaking of promenade dress; the tucks are always of white satin.

Our mania for flowers has abated a little; some, even youthful *belles*,

are now seen in *toques* and dress hats; the former are composed of gauze with a mixture of satin, or satin and blond; they have, what we call, a good deal of drapery; that is, the materials of which they are composed are set on very full: they are low, and are ornamented either with down feathers or flowers; if the former, the band which encircles the bottom of the *toque*, is usually mixed with pearl; if the latter, it is plain or wrought silk.

Dress hats are made with very small brims, in the Mary of Scotland style; they are composed of gauze, tulle, or white satin, and always adorned with down feathers.

Fashionable colours are the same as last month, with the exception of *ponceau*, which is not worn. Flowers also continue the same, but we have added to them the rhododendron, the snuff-flower, and the lilac; the last is particularly fashionable.

I meant to begin my letter by scolding you for being so idle: your letters are so short, that you really do not deserve the pains I take in recording for you, with scrupulous accuracy, the changes of the fickle deity Fashion. Remember, I give you notice, that if you do not mend, you will lose the services of your

EUDOCIA.

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

PLATE 33.—WINDOW-DRAPERIES.

THE three designs for window-draperies in the annexed plate, are suited to small apartments. The first is composed of a single

festoon, supported by an ornamented and gilt bow, in a simple yet elegant manner. The last design is more varied, and consists of a

double festoon, with rich devices and fringes, supported by a rich cornice. The middle design presents only draperies on a carved pole: here the festoon is formed by the junction of half-swags, and has a novel effect. The colours introduced are light blue and deli-

cate fawn, relieved by white muslin sub-curtains, of large pattern.

It will be perceived, that, by a little contrivance, these curtains will assist in the formation of other designs, by an interchange of their positions; and for this purpose they are presented together.

THE SELECTOR :

Consisting of interesting Extracts from new popular Publications.

HISTORY OF CAPTAIN CLUTTERBUCK.

(From *The Monastery*, by the Author of "Waverly.")

(Continued from p. 303.)

BUT who, alas! can form a just estimate of their future prospects in this deceitful world? I was not long engaged in my own profession, before I discovered, that if the independent indolence of half-pay was a paradise, the officer must pass through the purgatory of duty and service in order to gain admission to it. Captain Doolittle might brush his blue coat with the red neck, or leave it unbrushed, at his pleasure; but Ensign Clutterbuck had no such option. Captain Doolittle might go to bed at ten o'clock if he had a mind, but the ensign must make the rounds in his turn. What was worse, the captain might repose under the tester of his tent-bed until noon, if he was so pleased; but the ensign, God help him, had to appear upon parade at peep of day. As for duty, I made that as easy as I could, had the sergeant to whisper to me the words of command, and hustled through as other folks did. Of service I saw enough for an indolent man; was buffeted up and

down the world, and visited both the East and West Indies, Egypt, and other distant places, which my youth had scarce dreamed of. The French I saw and felt too; witness two fingers of my right hand, which one of their cursed hussars took off with his sabre as neatly as an hospital surgeon. At length the death of my old aunt, who left me some fifteen hundred pounds, snugly vested in the three per cents. gave me the long-wished-for opportunity of retiring, with the prospect of enjoying a clean shirt and a guinea four times a week.

For the purpose of commencing my new way of life, I selected for my residence the village of Ken-naquhair, in the south of Scotland, celebrated for the ruins of its magnificent monastery, intending there to lead my future life in the *otium cum dignitate* of half-pay and annuity. I was not long, however, in making the grand discovery, that, in order to enjoy leisure, it is absolutely necessary it should be pre-

ceded by occupation. For some time, it was delightful to wake at daybreak, dreaming of the *reveil*; then to recollect my happy emancipation from the slavery that doomed me to start at a piece of clattering parchment, turn on my other side, damn the parade, and go to sleep again. But even this enjoyment had its termination; and time, when it became a stock entirely at my own disposal, began to hang heavy on my hands.

I angled for two days, during which time I lost twenty hooks, and several scores of yard of gut and line, and caught not even a minnow. Hunting was out of the question, for the stomach of a horse by no means agrees with the half-pay establishment. When I shot, the shepherds and ploughmen, and my very dog, quizzed me every time that I missed, which was, generally speaking, every time I fired. Besides, the country gentlemen in this quarter liked their game, and began to talk of prosecutions and interdicts. I did not give up fighting the French to commence a domestic war with the "pleasant men of Teviotdale," as the song calls them; so I e'en spent three days (very pleasantly) in cleaning my gun, and disposing it upon two hooks over my chimney-piece.

The success of this accidental experiment set me on trying my skill in the mechanical arts. Accordingly I took down and cleaned my landlady's cuckoo-clock, and in so doing, silenced that companion of the spring for ever and a day. I mounted a turning lathe, and, in attempting to use it, I very nearly cribbed off, with an inch-

and-half former, one of the fingers which the hussar had left me.

Books I tried, both those of the little circulating library, and of the more rational subscription collection maintained by this intellectual people; but neither the light reading of the one, nor the heavy artillery of the other, suited my purpose. I always fell asleep at the fourth or fifth page of history or disquisition; and it took me a month's hard reading to wade through a half-bound trashy novel, during which I was pestered with applications to return the volumes by every half-bred milliner's miss about town. In short, during the hours when all the town besides had something to do, I had nothing for it, but to walk in the churchyard and whistle till it was dinner-time.

During these promenades, the ruins necessarily forced themselves on my attention, and by degrees I found myself engaged in studying the more minute ornaments, and at length the general plan, of this noble structure. The old sexton aided my labours, and gave me his portion of traditional lore. Every day added something to my stock of knowledge respecting the ancient state of the building; and at length I made discoveries concerning the purposes of several detached and very ruinous portions of the building, the use of which had hitherto been unknown altogether, or erroneously explained.

The knowledge which I thus acquired I had frequent opportunities of retailing to those visitors whom the progress of a Scottish tour brought to visit this celebra-

ted spot. Without encroaching on the privilege of my friend the sexton, I became gradually an assistant Cicerone in the task of description and explanation, and often (seeing a fresh party of visitors arrive) has he turned over to me those to whom he had told half his story, with the flattering observation, "What needs I say ony mair about it? There's the captain kens mair anent it than I do, or any man in the town." Then would I salute the strangers courteously, and expatiate to their astonished minds upon crypts and chancels, and naves, arches, Gothic and Saxon architraves, mullions, and flying buttresses. It not unfrequently happened that an acquaintance which commenced in the abbey, concluded in the inn, which served to relieve the solitude as well as the monotony of my landlady's shoulder of mutton, whether hot, cold, or hashed.

By degrees my mind became enlarged: I found a book or two which enlightened me on the subject of Gothic architecture, and I now read with pleasure, because I was interested in what I read about. Even my character began to dilate and expand. I spoke with more authority at the club, and was listened to with deference, be-

cause on one subject at least I possessed more information than any of its members. Indeed I found that even my stories about Egypt, which, to say the truth, were somewhat threadbare, were now listened to with more respect than formerly. "The captain," they said, "had something in him after a'; few folk ken'd sae miccle about the abbey."

With this general approbation waxed my own sense of self-importance, and my feelings of general comfort. I ate with more appetite, and digested with more ease; I lay down at night with joy, and slept soundly till morning, when I arose with a sense of busy importance, and hied me to measure, to examine, and to compare the various parts of this interesting structure. I lost all sense and consciousness of certain unpleasant sensations of a non-descript nature about my head and stomach, to which I had been in the habit of attending, more for the benefit of the village apothecary than my own, for the pure want of something else to think about. I had found out an occupation unwittingly, and was happy because I had something to do. In a word, I had commenced local antiquary, and was not unworthy of the name.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

WE always turn with great satisfaction to the annual Exhibitions of the Royal Academy, because they concentrate to our view the aggregate character which our fine

arts are entitled to hold; they present to us the best productions of our artists, with whom they bring us into a pleasing association, as well as with a great and intelligent

mass of the public. From the whispers of the former, we collect what the artist intended in his work; and from the free observations of the latter, we see how far the public eye has caught the idea, and appreciated the execution. Both are benefited by this periodical communion of sentiment. We are not unaware, that the crowded state of these annual Exhibitions, which, on the first entrance of the spectator, flings upon his eye, before his attention is riveted on some particular object, a chaotic mass of colouring, is very unfavourable on many occasions to the well-founded claims of a number of artists to public encouragement. Works of delicacy and sentiment are often overlooked in the thronged heap, and the very crowd of visitors which fill the rooms, obstruct, in a great degree, that view of the pictures which is essential to a consideration of their merits. We therefore always feel bound in candour and justice to premise, that in our brief sketch of the Exhibition, we are compelled to overlook a number of pictures, which we are sure are well entitled to notice, and which, if examined, would shew a considerable proficiency among our rising artists.

The present Exhibition is composed of 1072 works, in the several departments of art. There are 452 oil paintings, 428 miniatures and water-colour drawings of various kinds, 223 architectural designs and drawings, and 69 works in sculpture. On a comparison of this number with that of former Exhibitions, it will be seen at least that our artists have not relaxed in industry. We come now to their works.

Though portraits, as we too often find to be the case, do not predominate, yet still they form a very conspicuous part of the Exhibition. Sir Thomas Lawrence, the new President, holds his usual sway, and is the unrivalled master of this department of art. In our last Number, we described his celebrated portraits executed on the Continent; none of them are in this Exhibition. His principal portrait here is that of

The Right Hon. Sir W. Grant, late Master of the Rolls; painted for the Gentlemen of the Chancery Bar attending the Rolls Court.—Sir T. Lawrence, P. R. A.

This is a remarkably fine portrait; the robes are broad and flowing, and the likeness correct.

Portrait of Earl Grey.—T. Phillips, R. A.

An admirable representation, not only of the features of this distinguished peer, but of the dignity and elegance of his air and manner. The artist has many other portraits in the room, but we think this his best.

Portrait of the Duke of Athol.—W. Owen, R. A.

This artist has several portraits, in his usual style of excellence, in the Exhibition, but that of the Duke of Athol is most admired for its fine breadth and colouring. The likeness is excellent. Mr. Owen has also a fine poetical subject in the Royal Academy, from the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, a *Cupid*, the design and expression of which cannot be too highly praised.

Portrait of Canova.—J. Jackson, R. A.

This portrait possesses every excellence that is required in art:

it has character, colour, and drawing. Mr. Jackson is equally successful in his other works.

Portrait of the Bishop of Norwich.

—M. A. Shee, R. A.

A very good likeness; it has the venerable bishop's vivacity and agreeable expression.

Portrait of H. R. H. the Duke of Kent.—Sir W. Beechey, R. A.

This portrait represents, in a striking manner, the manly form and features of the much-lamented duke.

Portrait of the Right Hon. N. Vansittart, Chancellor of the Exchequer.—G. F. Joseph, A.

This is a capital likeness, and well-painted portrait.

Mr. Northcote has also some excellent portraits.

The Portrait of a Gentleman by Mr. Ross is very cleverly painted; as well as two others by Miss Janet Ross, and one by Mr. Uwins. Mr. Oliver has also a good portrait.

There are a number of other portraits in the Exhibition by a variety of artists, but we regret our limits will not enable us to go more at large into this department of the arts.

Christ raising from Death the Daughter of Jairus.—H. Thomson, R. A.

ST. MATT chap. ix. 18, 19, 23, 24, 25.

This picture at first sight has nothing striking to catch the eye; the colours are much broken and subdued, and we think a little more depth would materially assist the nature of the subject: yet it is a picture of considerable merit. The daughter, still folded in her robe, and decked with a chaplet of flowers, her eye just gleaming with life, has a tone of more touching sentiment than we have often

seen given to this subject. The Saviour is more mild and benignant, than commanding and imposing. The expression of the mother and father is beautiful. All the hands are drawn with great care and neatness.

The Reading of a Will.—D. Wilkie, R. A.

“ Mr. Protocol, accordingly, having required silence, began to read the settlement aloud, in a slow, steady, business-like tone. The group around, in whose eyes hopes alternately awakened and faded, were straining their apprehensions to get at the drift of the testator's meaning through the mist of technical language in which the conveyance had involved it.”

Author of *Waverly*.

This is, in many respects, Mr. Wilkie's best picture. The general effect is as like daylight as possible. The colour of some of the heads is, however, very black; and much as we admire the artist's compositions, which so often approach, if not reach, the highest degree of perfection; yet we think it some defect, that all the figures should face the spectator. The disappointed lady flouncing out of the room with her footboy, the deaf man, the attorney and his client taking notes, the reader of the will, are quite complete. What is the stupid-looking boy doing near the fire-place? This is on the whole a capital picture.

Fox-Hunting—Calling the Hounds out of Cover—Portraits of Ralph Lambton, Esq. his Horse Undertaker, and Hounds.—J. Ward, R. A.

This is a capital representation of a sporting scene. The hounds are admirably drawn and painted, and the horse is executed with all the truth of nature which characterizes Mr. Ward's pencil. A

sportsman must be enraptured with this picture.

A dead Calm on the Medway, with small Craft dropping down on the turn of the tide; Sheerness in the distance.—A. W. Calcott, R. A.

This is indeed a dead calm; the water, the distance, are in the very best style of painting; and the sail of the sloop, which occupies the principal place in the picture, is considered admirable. The style of execution is a perfect and unaffected model in its way. We need not say that the picture is universally admired.

Skirmish.—The Combat between Sergeant Bothwell and Balfour of Burley.—A. Cooper, R. A.

These two excellent pictures do the artist much honour; in drawing and beauty of execution, they are equal to any of Wouvermans, while they greatly surpass that artist in expression. The Academy has justly appreciated the talents of Mr. Cooper, and elected him a member of their body.

Rome, from the Vatican. Raffaele, accompanied by La Fornarina, preparing his Pictures for the decoration of the Loggia.—M. W. Turner, R. A.

This is a strange, but wonderful picture. It has much of the unfinished breadth of a sketch, though the centre is full of truth and splendour; but the crossing and recrossing of reflected lights about the gallery, give it the artificial look of an illumination from several lights. We are free to admit, that this may be true in nature, but it appears to us here to be indefinitely and imperfectly expressed, and hurts the general character of the picture. The figures are not

the best we have seen from Mr. Turner's pencil, nor indeed the perspective of the fore-ground near them. The distance is very fine, and the richness and splendour of the colouring cannot fail to be admired.

Capstan at work drawing up Fish-Boats.—River Scene, Cottage-Girl buying Fish.—W. Collins, R. A.

The daylight and silvery tone of the latter is extremely beautiful; and the cool morning freshness of the former cannot be exceeded, nor the neatness and smartness of the execution, which admirably suits this artist's small subjects. We regret to see Mr. Collins's abilities confined to sea-coast views, as we remember with pleasure his inland scenery, and are anxious to see it oftener.

Londoners Gipsying.—C. R. Leslie.

This picture is full of interest and delicate incident. The different familiar scenes, transported for the day into the rural shade of the woods, are both interesting and amusing. There is, however, a want of force and effect in some of the figures, which deprives the picture of much of that interest which the artist's *Sir Roger de Coverley* had in the last Exhibition. *Venus in Search of Cupid.*—W. Hilton, R. A.

This beautiful subject, from the third book of Spenser's *Faerie Queen*, is finely handled by Mr. Hilton; as a composition, it is in many parts an excellent picture. We admire the delicacy with which the artist has portrayed on his canvas the exquisite sentiment of the poet. The colouring is fine, and particularly that of the figures in the shade. But there is a look

of common nature in the landscape; it seems not that salubrious spot on which the poet's eye would like to dwell: it is not in fact classic ground. The water is not sufficiently transparent: the figures are, however, truly poetical.

Venus, supported by Iris, complaining to Mars, and shewing the wound she has received from Diomed in her attempt to rescue Æneas.—G. Hayter.

Mr. Hayter is an artist of promise, and capable of works of higher merit than this, which at the same time we do not mean to depreciate. When we see the sublime poetry of the *Iliad* made the subject of the artist's pencil, we are entitled to expect that the work will call up a classic feeling in our breasts: otherwise, of all subjects, poetical ones are the most devoid of interest, unless they awaken the same recollections we experience when reading them. Without they inspire this feeling, gods and goddesses lose their spell: the canvas wants a Prometheus. An unseemly brown predominates in the colouring of Mr. Hayter's pictures; and his drawing in this work, though no where positively imperfect, is yet without any striking excellencies. Mr. Hayter is capable of making greater exertions as an artist than he has here disclosed. We have no doubt we shall see better pictures from him.

Le Ruban retrouvé. La Comtesse, Suzanne, Cherubin.—A. E. Chalon, R. A.

"SUZANNE. Ah! je suis bien aise que madame s'en aperçoive. Je lui avais dit que je vous le dirois: je le lui aurais bien repris, si monseigneur n'étoit pas venu; car je suis presqu' aussi forte que lui."

Beaumarchais, *Mariage de Figaro*,

Acte ii. scene 4.

This is a beautiful and playful picture, though the execution is rather hard, and the figures perhaps too large in proportion to the size of the canvas. The expression is excellent.

The last Scene in Massenger's Play of "A new Way to pay old Debts," with Portraits.—G. Clint.

This is a clever picture, and chiefly remarkable for likenesses of some of our present performers on the metropolitan stage. The portraits of Kean and Munden are at once recognised.

The Wolf and the Lamb.—R. Mulready, R. A.

The only thing bad about this picture is its place.

The Coral-Finder: Venus and her youthful Satellites arriving at the Isle of Paphos.—W. Etty.

This artist has an exquisite eye for the Venetian tone of colouring, which gives such brilliancy to poetical subjects. In parts of this picture the colouring looks as if it were broken into patches, like a damaged work.

The Dance.—Vide *Decameron* of Boccace.—T. Stothard, R. A.

Mr. Stothard has several works in this Exhibition, which do the greatest credit to the brilliancy of his imagination and classic purity of his taste: they are in their way exquisite.

Landscape, Scene from the Palace of Ægisthus, from the Electra of Sophocles. Orestes, reported to be killed, presents his supposed ashes to his sister Electra, before he discloses himself.—W. Willes.

This picture has considerable merit. To the charms of fine architectural scenery, it adds the fascination of poetical incident. The figures are well drawn, the

distance well managed, and the back-ground full of that pleasing variety which cannot fail to produce interest. The composition displays considerable taste and skill, and the colouring is most harmonious.

Una and the Red-Cross Knight in the Cave of Despair. This picture obtained the gold medal in the Royal Academy last year.—J. Severn.

Another subject from that inexhaustible source of all that is exquisite in poetry, Spenser's *Fairie Queen*. It is a fine picture, and well merited the tribute it received.

There are several other pictures, among which are Mr. Fuseli's, well entitled to notice, if, as we set out with saying, our limits enabled us to embrace the whole scope of the Exhibition.

Some of the architectural drawings are beautiful, and the miniatures pretty. Of Mr. Bone's enamels it is impossible to speak without admiration; and those by Mr. Muss are justly and universally praised.

THE SCULPTURE.

Here again we must premise, that we do not profess to go into details. We have hardly time or space to take a bird's-eye view of the sculpture, and must necessarily omit works, which, if our limits permitted, we should notice with no small degree of pleasure.

Eve at the Fountain.—E. H. Baily, A.

As I bent down to look, just opposite
A shape within the wat'ry gleam appear'd,
Bending to look on me: I started back,
It started back; but pleas'd, I soon return'd;
Pleas'd, it return'd as soon with answering
looks

Of sympathy and love.

Vide MILTON'S *Paradise Lost*, b. iv.

This is one of the finest modern works we have seen at the Royal Academy, for grace, design, form, and, above all, for nature. It ranks the artist in the very first walk of his profession. There is a purity of taste and correctness of judgment in this figure, which we have rarely had the pleasure of witnessing. To the perfect symmetry of a fine form, the artist has united the most angelic expression of features. If there be any defect in this work, perhaps it is, that the hand on the ground is rather heavy.

A sleeping Child.—F. Chantrey, R. A.

This is full of nature, and beautifully composed and executed. It conveys to the eye a happy union of placid innocence and infantine beauty. Mr. Chantrey has as usual a crowd of busts, and they are admirable. The bust of Lady Nugent is, we had nearly said, a triumphant attempt of art to rival the beauty of Nature in her loveliest form, and in all the elegant expression of her charms. The design, which is after the antique, is very happy: the bust appears rising from a sun-flower. Any body who glances at the bust of "honest Jack Fuller" will at once perceive, that Mr. Chantrey is as successful in conveying the broad and good-humoured expression of a social Englishman, as he is in the more delicate traces of soft and most fascinating beauty.

A Nymph playing with Cupid.—J. Hefferman.

This is beautifully designed, and full of playfulness in the action of the figures. The composition displays much taste and feeling. A little more plumpness in the limbs

of the Cupid would prevent the wrists and ankles from having the appearance of a lumpy heaviness.

Mr. Flaxman, Mr. Bacon, Mr. Rossi, Mr. Westmacott, Mr. Garrard, Mr. Behnes, and several other artists whose names will be a sufficient passport for the excellence of their works, have also exhibited. The Sculpture-Room, like the

Painting-Room, indicates a progressive improvement in this admirable department of the arts.

This is the fifty-second Exhibition of the Royal Academy. The motto for this year is:

————— “L'affettuosa Fantasia,
Che l'Arte ci fa Idolo, e Monarca,
Conosciam ben quanto sia d'error carca.”
Sonetto di MICHELAGNOLO BUONARROTI.

MR. GLOVER'S EXHIBITION OF OIL AND WATER COLOUR PAINTINGS.

AMONG the public Exhibitions of the Fine Arts during the last month, we observed that Mr. Glover put in his claim for general patronage. He has opened a spacious suite of apartments in Old Bond-street, and his industry has enabled him to fill them with above one hundred of his best pictures. As must be expected where a single artist throws open the whole of his private collection to public view, there are several pictures in this Exhibition which have been already seen at the Spring-Garden Rooms, and at the Royal Academy: the novelty is so far diminished, though the interest is still kept up by the addition of a number of new works in Mr. Glover's best style. We have so often adverted to those already exhibited by this artist, which we now see again with undiminished pleasure, that we are absolved from the necessity of repeating the gratification they gave us; and many of the new works being declared by the artist in an unfinished state, it would not be candid to make them the subject of premature observation. There are, however, a considerable number of the pictures that will be very

generally admired for their truth of nature, the correctness of their aerial perspective, and a calm and happy tone of colour, all conspiring to produce the most pleasing effect. Among these we were particularly struck with No. 81. a composition, *Sunset*; with No. 87. *Tivoli, with the Campagna di Roma, St. Peter's in the distance*, which is a charming view of this rich and romantic situation; with No. 61. *the Fair on the Alps, on the road to Mount Cenis*, a picture full of character and lively interest; with No. 5. *Blacklock*, a celebrated racer, the property of Richard Wall, Esq. Bishop-Barton, and many other of Mr. Glover's recent productions, which we recommend to the notice of the public. The artist has much improved during his late tour in Italy. His taste is chastened, and his eye more clear. He appears to have studied nature with more of feeling, than he was wont to do in his earlier productions. His foliage is particularly improved; there is less of dotting in his trees, and not that sameness of character in his compositions, which, in some degree, diminished their value. We are glad to find our artists en-

tering singly into the field, instead of enduring an annual pilgrimage to the shrine of our larger Exhibitions, in which their works are often overlooked in the chaotic mass. There is another advantage too. When an artist has collected together his own works, he is only compared with himself, if we may use the expression; whilst in gene-

ral Exhibitions, he is too often exposed, and under unfair, as well as unfavourable circumstances, to a direct comparison with others, whose style perhaps he neither admired, nor ever sought to imitate. On the whole, we think Mr. Glover's Exhibition very creditable to his talents.

CHEVALIER ISABEY'S EXHIBITION.

AT the close of the last month, the Chevalier Isabey, a distinguished French artist, opened an Exhibition of his works in Pall-Mall. The fine arts being the arts of peace, always flourish in a higher degree of perfection when nations are no longer agitated by contentions, and when the rivalry of arms gives way to the more amiable rivalry of calmer intellectual attainments. An interchange of the works of each nation is the consequence of this state of mutual amity, and the whole social community of every government derives, as it were reciprocally, the advantage of the improvements made in each. Since the peace with France, we have had many importations of the works of the French school, several of which were highly creditable to its artists, and all of them met with a candid, we may indeed add, a generous reception. We have admired the historical pencil of Le Thiere, and our Continental allies have been enraptured with the powers of Sir Thomas Lawrence. Perhaps some of our rising artists caught the value of the manner in which Le Thiere handled some of his details, without

deteriorating the feeling that ought to predominate in such a subject; and we know the demand which pressed upon the pencil of Lawrence on the Continent, the homage which was paid to his unrivalled effect, and the noble specimens of nature set off by the incidental air of fashion, with which he furnished the collections of the allied sovereigns. The improvements produced by this interchange of national talent, the amiable feelings that a closer knowledge of each other is calculated to excite among cultivated and intelligent minds, cannot fail to be productive of the most beneficial consequences. Monsieur Isabey, whose works are the subject of this brief article, is an artist long known in the Parisian circles; he was much employed by the Buonaparte family, and has latterly been engaged, somewhat as Sir Thomas Lawrence was, in attending the meetings of Congress in Germany, under the patronage of some of the illustrious personages who were there importantly engaged; and he is the author of those tasteful and elegantly executed portraits of "the Congress of Vienna," which have lately attracted so much

attention. His style resembles that of Cosway, light, elegant, and ornamental; it sparkles to the eye, and rather invites us more by its prettiness than grandeur of effect. Monsieur Isabey has, however, more of effect than we generally find in the works of his countrymen; he has also the same variety, but arranged with more taste, and less of local character; and we have no doubt his works cannot fail to be admired in this country.

Monsieur Isabey has upwards of one hundred works in his gallery. The subjects are miscellaneous; there are a number of miniatures of the Buonaparte family, of the allied sovereigns, and of distinguished military characters both British and Foreign. Several of the works are historical, some architectural, and others landscape sketches, of a very pleasing and agreeable nature.

No. 1. *The Congress of Vienna*: a drawing in sepia.

The period chosen for the picture is that when the ministers are speaking among themselves, after the conference. Twenty-one plenipotentiaries and two secretaries are represented. The most remarkable part of this work is the admirable representation it gives of the distinguished personages who were engaged in the Congress at Vienna; but an artist will easily perceive, that it has other merits well entitled to notice: the drawing of the figures; the air and elegance of some of the attitudes; the happy arrangement of the different objects, which, though composing a crowded room, are yet distributed with so much judgment, that each person seems in

his proper place; and to all there is imparted an active interest, which strikingly indicates the necessary attention required by the business in which they are engaged.

No. 2. *Staircase of the Museum at Paris*: in water colour.

The figures in this picture are not portraits. It represents the entrance into the exhibition-room of modern artists. The picture is painted on copper, by M. Isabey, which, he says, gives to the style of painting the effect of ivory, with regard to its finish, and that of oils, with respect to vigour and solidity. It is impossible to admire this picture too much for the uncommon delicacy of its execution, and the brilliant tints of colouring it displays. The light which enters at the window, and sparkles on the marble pillars and floor, is beautiful in the extreme, and equals any thing we have ever seen in a work of art. The figure in the Asiatic costume is full of Oriental richness; the blue mantle round the neck is perhaps coloured a little too hard for the soft and delicate aerial blue which the window admits over it. But the female figure in the green shawl is full of delicacy and elegance; the grace of the shape, the softness of the colouring, the tasteful folds of the dress, produce the most agreeable and natural effect. The artist displays uncommon skill in the entire composition of this picture.

No. 7. *The Parade*.

This picture represents the review of the Guards in the court of the Thuilleries, by Buonaparte when first consul. The time selected is when the cavalry defile under the command of Generals

Lasnes, Bessiere, Cafarelli, and Eugene Beauharnois. The first consul is in the centre, the Thuilleries on the left. There are in this picture a great number of portraits of French generals, in addition to those already named; they are in full uniform, and mounted on horses elegantly caparisoned. The horses are drawn by Charles Ver-net. The grouping is excellent, and we believe all the likenesses correct; but the architectural beauties of this picture are beyond all praise. The view of the Thuilleries is full of grandeur, and the perspective inimitable.

Besides the works we have al-

ready mentioned, there are a number of portraits and sketches well worthy of observation. Some of the landscapes, though more in the French style than we think agreeable to correct taste, and a true delineation of the effect of nature, are yet entitled to the attention of the amateur of the fine arts, from the peculiar neatness of their execution. On the whole, we think the Exhibition highly creditable to the taste and talent of the Chevalier Isabey, and we trust he will meet that flattering reception here, which was paid him at Vienna, and the other principal cities on the Continent.

LORD GROSVENOR'S GALLERY.

THIS distinguished patron of the fine arts has opened his noble collection of pictures at Grosvenor-House, on stated days, for those who have been presented with tickets. A collection like this, which is enriched by some of the standard works of the old masters, and by many of the finest of the modern school, cannot fail to be appreciated by all the lovers of the fine arts. The periodical exhibitions of such admirable collections as Lord Grosvenor's, in the very few instances in which they are to be found in this country, are well calculated to keep alive that interest which has so lately dawned upon the arts, and direct it to the cultivation of those pursuits, which are so essential to the

best interests of society. Were we to enter upon any detail of the merits of Lord Grosvenor's collection, we should have to repeat the praises of the most distinguished artists who have figured in Europe during the last three centuries. An elaborate catalogue of the Grosvenor Collection has just been published by Mr. Young, engraver in mezzotinto to his Majesty, and keeper of the British Institution. The catalogue is embellished with well-finished etchings of all the pictures, and is on the whole a most interesting addition to the records of our fine arts. Mr. Young has been very successful in his etchings from this splendid collection of pictures, and we recommend his work with confidence to the public.

MR. FAWKES'S GALLERY.

MR. WALTER FAWKES has also re-opened his Gallery in Grosvenor-place, but has limited the pri-

vilege of admission to his particular friends. When we see so beautiful a collection of drawings only

accessible to the favoured few, we are almost indecorous enough to complain of a man's own right to arrange the economy of his own house as he pleases. The drawings are really so beautiful, and placed with so much taste, that we should like, though perhaps we overlook the inconvenience of such an extension, to have them more generally seen by the lovers of the fine arts.

Some additions have been made by Mr. Fawkes to his collection since we visited the Gallery last year. Mr. Nicholson, and one or two other artists, have enlarged it with their works. Turner's draw-

ings are the prominent attraction. Robson's, Smith's, Atkinson's, Varley's, Hill's, Dewinte's, Prout's, Gilpin's, Heaphy's, Fielding's, and Smith's, though many of them are admirably executed, are seen with comparative disadvantage, after the fine effect of Turner's. We hardly ever remember to have seen so many fine drawings in any single collection. It is most gratifying to find the country gentlemen of England setting the laudable and patriotic example of cultivating the growth of the fine arts, and bringing them within the vortex of the circle of fashion.

FINE ENAMEL-PAINTING.

MR. ACKERMANN has just been honoured with a valuable present from the Archduke John of Austria: it is a beautiful enamel-painting, executed by the German artist Nigg; the size about 15 inches by 12. This present derives great value from the rank of the illustrious personage from whom it comes, whose able and persevering efforts to promote the encouragement of the arts and sciences were so remarkable during his stay in England some time ago. As a work of art, this enamel-painting, which represents a fancy subject, is extremely interesting; the design is elegant, and the execution complete; the whole of the dangerous process of laying on and finishing the colours, has been performed without the slightest injury to the surface, which, considering the size of the painting, and that it is executed upon china, adds consi-

derably to the value of the work. The very great chemical improvements in the art of preparing colours, lately made in the celebrated china-manufactory at Vienna, are remarkably apparent in this work. The cobalt blue, which produces without vitrification finer and decidedly more permanent tints than ultramarine, was first discovered at Vienna. In the present enamel-painting, there is another new and interesting application of colouring, which has been attended with eminent success: a fine green and brown of exquisite tint have been produced in the enamel from crome. We have had yellows from it, but the production of the green and brown, and in the manner in which they are displayed in this enamel-painting, cannot fail to reflect the highest credit upon the German artists.



BLACK AND WHITE PATTERNS.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

SHORTLY will be published, *Voyage Pittoresque de Constantinople et des Rives du Bosphore*, after the designs of M. Melling, painter and architect to the Sultana Hadidgé, sister to Selim III. Published in Paris and London, by Treuttel and Würtz. This work consists of two volumes in atlas folio, of which one contains the descriptive letter-press, and the other the plates, to the number of fifty-two, of the very largest dimensions. The descriptive part of the work has been drawn up by M. Charles Lacretelle (author of the History of France, &c.) to the east and west of the Thebaid, and in Nubia; drawn up from his journal.

Part V. of *Illustrations of Hudibras*, will be speedily produced. It consists of a series of portraits of celebrated political and literary characters, impostors, and enthusiasts, alluded to by Butler in his *Hudibras*; containing Paracelsus, Alexander Ross, Dr. Thomas Goodwin, General Lambert, Thomas White, and Sir William Davenant. It will be completed in ten parts, each part containing six portraits, engraved by Mr. Robert Cooper.

Mr. Barry Cornwall has in the press, in one vol. 8vo. a new poem, in three parts, called *Marcian Colonna*; with dramatic sketches and other poems.

The Retreat, or Sketches from Nature, Vol. IX. No. LIV.

ture, 2 vols. by the author of "Affection's Gift," is in the press.

Mr. John Luccock is preparing for publication, *Notes on Rio de Janeiro and the Southern Parts of Brazil*, taken during a residence of ten years in various parts of that country; describing its agriculture, commerce, and mines; with anecdotes illustrative of the character, manners, and customs of the inhabitants.

A Journey to the Oasis of Thebes, and in the Deserts situated to the East and West of the Thebaid, made during the years 1815, 16, 17, and 18, by Frederick Cailliaud of Nantes. It is published, under the auspices of his Excellency the Minister of the Interior, by M. Jombard, Member of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres. To which are added, *Researches upon the Oasis, upon the Emerald-Mines, and the ancient commercial Road between the Nile and the Red Sea*; with a collection of inscriptions. It is in two volumes large folio, one consisting of text, and the other of fifty engravings; to be published in two parts.

Since the establishment of the Royal Dispensary for Diseases of the Ear, upwards of 2150 patients have been admitted, the greater number of whom have been cured or relieved. At a late meeting of the governors, a vote of thanks was unanimously voted to Mr. Curtis, the surgeon to the institution.

Poetry.

ON THE ATTACK ON ALGIERS.

Lo! the Moslem banners streaming
 O'er the deep in proud array;
 Lo! the sabres, deadly gleaming,
 Glitter in the rising day;
 Lo! the glowing Moorish crescent
 Frowns contempt on every foe,
 And the trumpet's clang incessant
 Pierces to the shades below!
 High the painim chieftain rearing
 His turban'd crest in lofty pride,
 With outstretch'd arm his legions cheering,
 Scatters terror far and wide.
 Well I know thee, Algezira;
 Well I know thy dungeon's gloom,
 When my fond, my drooping Mira
 Thought me buried in the tomb;
 Well I know thee, haughty city;
 Well I know thy haughtier dey;
 Many a captive's mournful ditty
 Echoes o'er thy castled bay.
 But not in vain shall British thunder
 O'er the boundless deep resound;
 Soon thy ramparts reft asunder,
 Shall tell the slave his chain's unbound.
 Phrenzy black, and red-ey'd Slaughter,
 Pallid Fear, and blank Despair,
 And Confusion, Fury's daughter,
 With her snake-entwined hair,
 Fann'd by fierce Scilocco's* breezes,
 Stalk thy crumbling walls around;
 Each heart in Moorish bosom freezes†,
 Many a Reis‡ bites the ground.
 Tides of crimson carnage gushing,
 Swell thy harbour's tainted wave;
 Murky Ruin, rudely rushing,
 Wildly wields his furious glaive.
 Many a dark-ey'd Moorish maiden,
 Beauteous as the rising morn,

* Scilocco, or sirocco; nome di vente tia levante e mezzodi.—Vide BARETTI'S *Dictionary*.

† In this line I have ventured to preserve the idiom of the original: "Inpetto Moresco ogni cuor congela."

‡ Reis.—The corsairs of Algiers form every one a separate kind of republic, of which the Reis, or captain, is the supreme Bashaw.—*Modern Universal History*, vol. vii. p. 212, fol. edit.

Oppress'd with grief, with sorrow laden,
 Within the haram all forlorn,
 Now laments her bleeding lover,
 Buried 'neath the countless slain;
 Her castan's rifted folds discover
 All her grief, and all her pain.
 Bold Pellew, thy well-earn'd glory
 Shall, in future ages known,
 Ever live in British story,
 Grav'd on thy sepulchral stone.
 Now the suppliant unbeliever
 Doffs his turban, bends his knee,
 Lowers his crest, the haughty Reaver,
 Albion! lowers his crest to thee.
 Comely Commerce o'er the billows
 Swells her white impurpled sail;
 Rest we safe upon our pillows:
 Here we end the glorious tale.

TO A LADY ON HER MARRIAGE.

By Mrs. M'MULLAN.

When Chaos yielded to Creation's plan,
 And Eden welcom'd earth's primeval man;
 When choral off'rings breathing zephyrs
 brought,
 And echo charm'd unseen, but not unsought,
 Each glad perfection did not crown the
 whole,
 Till woman woke to warm the kindred soul.
 If even Paradise could only prove
 A lonely wilderness, unblest by love,
 How dear, how welcome *now* the virtuous
 wife,
 In days so pervious to the ills of life!
 And, oh! if struggling on affliction's wave,
 What heart can cherish, and what hand can
 save,
 If woman know not that endearing tie,
 Which soothes her sadness, and dispels her
 sigh?
 If gaily mingling in the gay career,
 Bliss in her smile, and pleasure in her sphere,
 Then the best blessing that her stars can lend,
 Shine in one gem—the husband and the
 friend.

Long may that sacred union form your bliss,
 And future years confirm the prayer of this!
 Accept the verse as kindly as 'twas sung,
 Although it says you are no longer *Young*.*

* The lady's former name.

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