

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

For APRIL, 1815.

VOL. XIII.

The Seventy-sixth Number.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

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## TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

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

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

Mr. Hanson's Meteorological Results are received, and shall appear in our next.

The suggestion of Laura Dundas is under consideration.

We thank E. C. for his friendly sentiments, and though we must decline his present favour, we trust that this will not prevent our hearing from him again.

J. C.'s Valentines in our next Number.

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



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The Seventy-sixth Number.

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

ARMSTRONG.

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CONVERSATIONS ON THE ARTS.—By JUNIUS.

(Continued from p. 130.)

MISS EVE. What a beautiful figure is that in your portfolio, of a woman with a candle in her hand!

MISS K. That is a study which I made for a picture of Jane Shore doing penance, after the death of Edward IV. in St. Paul's cathedral. The next figure is Elizabeth, widow of Sir John Gray, afterwards Queen to Edward IV. This is a study I made for the king's first interview with that lady at Grafton, in Northamptonshire; and the figure after this represents the Countess of Salisbury, mistress of Edward III. and is drawn for a painting of the origin of the Order of the Garter. You see inscribed under it, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*.

MISS EVE. How beautifully varied is the grief of Jane Shore and Elizabeth Gray!—what a contrast to the arch merriment of the Countess of Salisbury! How miserable was the fate of Jane Shore, who,

because she befriended that unfortunate youth Edward V. the eldest son of her then late royal lover, was doomed by Richard III. to this disgrace!

MISS K. Richard is alledged to have accused her of practising against his life by witchcraft; but the goodness of her cause, and the excellent defence she made, saved her's. As he could not convict her on this charge, he ordered her to be tried for adultery, and she was sentenced to this penance at St. Paul's cathedral, in 1483. The procession to this humiliation is well described by Rowe in his tragedy of Jane Shore, first acted in 1713.

MISS EVE. I think she was born near St. Paul's?

MISS K. She is said to have been the only child of Mr. Thomas Wainstead, a mercer in Cheapside, and to have been born there about



the year 1460. When she had arrived at the age of fifteen, she was reckoned one of the greatest beauties in the city. Her charms made such an impression on Lord Hastings and some other noblemen, that to avoid their artful attempts, she was privately sent by her parents to her aunt in Northamptonshire. Here she continued about six months, and soon after her return to London, was married to Mr. Matthew Shore, an eminent goldsmith in Lombard-street. — From him, she was seduced by King Edward IV. who, as her history says, obtained admittance to her husband's house in the disguise of a merchant. Her dress at the first interview between her and the king is there described.

Miss *Eve*. Do you recollect this description?

Miss *K*. It says, that her husband, little thinking what was intended, and proud of his wife's beauty, called her down. She came dressed in a sky-coloured morning gown, flowered with gold, embroidered with pearls and spangles, her head attired with curious lace, under which her hair flowed wantonly, and her blushes made her face appear still more beautiful. The king no sooner saw her than he stepped forth to salute her soft coral lips, imprinting on them repeated kisses. Then she, by her husband's desire, sat down, and the king drank to her; she pledged him, and passed it to her husband. Much discourse ensued, in which she displayed such wit, that the monarch was completely subdued. He made her some valuable presents, and paid for his plate, which the good man would have sent

home, but his customer declined giving him the trouble, and ordered his page to carry it. As soon as the king was gone, Jane asked her husband if he knew who the gentleman was that had been so liberal to her. He replied, that he was a merchant, but he knew him not. "Ah!" said she, "I rather take him for some great lord in disguise; therefore, sweet husband, if he should come again, tell him, I am sick, or any thing you can feign to disappoint him." Mr. Shore was much pleased at her conduct; and more discourse had passed, but people coming in about business, she retired.

Miss *Eve*. How beautifully you have disbevelled her hair; twining so luxuriantly, it seems indeed, as her history says, to "flow wantonly." How bright the reflections! how glossy! Much may be learned by studying the hair.

Miss *K*. Any artist may learn much of his art by even a single hair, and an engraver his almost entirely.

Miss *Eve*. On this drawing is a hair—instruct me.

Miss *K*. This hair, from its colour, seems to have been one of Susan's. It is calculated to teach cleanness, solidity, perspective, what is called good drawing, and many other things. Its precision or smooth edge shows what is the source or means of cleanness; its equality of thickness what produces firmness or solidity; as it twists about curling, advancing, and receding, it teaches perspective; and the little square angles, as it proceeds, give that crispiness which in a great degree forms what is termed good drawing, which con-



tributes so much to make excellent engravers, but of which merit engravers, excepting Bartolozzi, Sherwin, and two or three more, are so destitute. Here is also gradation, which produces warmth, and that light, half-tint, shadow, and reflex, which make every thing so mellow, round, and pulpy. Here are length of line and convexity, those capital sources of greatness; also no hard edge, that source of softness, that makes even stroke prints (which is the hardest manner when done, and the hardest manner to do,) look at a little distance like paintings,—discrimination, reflection, the tone, sentiment. Here is also that gentle winding line which Hogarth justly styled the line of beauty, by which the ancients imparted so much grace to many of their statues, and by which merit, combined with simplicity, some artists of the present day have attained high celebrity. Heretoo is a shadow from it, which contributes so much to a bright sunny effect, such as is to be seen in many of Rubens's pictures, and in the first manner of his pupil Vandyke, when he copied his master and Titian. Here are also breadth in the mass and breadth of touch (considering its size), force, brilliancy, transparency, and a number of other desiderata. Harmony of lines cannot be expected in a single line, nor that sprinkliness or sketchiness, which tends so much to lightness, and constitutes so much of the merit of Paul Veronese, Rubens, Gainsborough, Reynolds, and other ornamental painters. This hair of Susan's is a dark brown, which colour Burke would class as belonging to the sublime.

Were it yellow, it might remind one of the rays of the setting sun, like the colouring of Titian, or of the colour of the hair of the warm females of this island in remote ages; if golden, of the colour so much admired by the ancient Greeks in their females, as Homer describes Juno when dressing to captivate Jupiter:—

Part o'er her head in shining ringlets roll'd,  
Part o'er her shoulders waved like melted gold.

Golden hair and the silver tint of Guido are capital ingredients in the composition of female beauty and delicacy, and are, on this account, selected for that purpose by the best masters.

Miss *Eve*. Yes, and by the best mistresses, according to the epigram:—

The golden hair that Galla wears  
Is her's—who would have thought it?  
She swears 'tis her's—and true she swears,  
For I know where she bought it.

As it is your constant aim to be always ideal, to keep general nature continually in view, I suppose that if you knew Jane Shore's hair was scanty, or that her head was not in the shape of an egg with the smallest end downward, you would take the liberty to give it that form, agreeably to the remark of Reynolds concerning the converted Jew, St. Paul, that though his real form was not dignified, he should not on that account be so painted; neither should Alexander the Great be represented as a little man, with a wry neck, though he actually was so.

Miss *K*. We should take great liberties with history; to make our pieces in a high degree interesting, we should be always soaring to all



imaginable heights, aim our arrows directly at the central point of possible perfection, revolve ideal nature in every department of the art; and under the influence of this sublime idea, we far surpass those who do not act under the impression of such a divine enthusiasm. Even in copying we should always endeavour to improve upon our model. Thus our Sir Christopher Wren, when he copied St. Paul's cathedral from Michael Angelo Buonarrotti's St. Peter's at Rome, endeavoured to excel his model, and accomplished this object by introducing the two turrets towards Ludgate-Hill, which balance and obviate the idea of heaviness which the noble dome at Rome, thus unassisted, is calculated to impress. Thus also Rowe, when he wrote the tragedy of *Jane Shore*, took very great liberties to render the story more interesting; though he had no authority from history—though he could not think it even credible that her husband, Matthew Shore, could live unknown as a servant in her family, and thus observe her contrition, yet he has so introduced him, under the name of Dumont, in order to affect the passions. Mrs. Blague, a woman who sold lace, who lived near Jane Shore, and was accessory to her seduction, he has raised into the character of Alicia, and made her in love with Lord Hastings, for which he had no authority; but Rowe well knew, that if he could more deeply affect and interest his audience by these and such-like arts, his play would succeed better, than if he gave such facts only as are warranted by historical information. Every effect has its cause,

and we are made to laugh and to weep, to pity and to have our other passions acted upon, as certainly and as mechanically, as a chemist by drugs can variously affect our corporeal machine. On this principle men of genius work and play with our feelings. Rowe had no authority to imagine, that Jane Shore was so repugnant to the licentious overtures of Lord Hastings after the death of Edward IV.; yet he has so represented her, to create interest, to make her respected, and her downfall the more deplored.

Miss *Eve*. You observe, that Rowe has well described Jane Shore's procession to her degrading penance: can you repeat the passage?

Miss *K*. Here is that play.—*Scene, the Street—enter Belmour, her Friend, and Dumont.*

*Dumont*. You saw her then?

*Belmour*. I met her as returning

In solemn penance from the public cross,  
Before her certain rascal officers,  
Slaves in authority, the knaves of justice,  
Proclaim'd the tyrant Gloster's cruel orders.  
On either side her march'd an ill-look'd priest,  
Who, with severe, with horrid, haggard eyes,  
Did ever and anon by turns upbraid her,  
And thunder in her trembling ear damnation.  
Around her numberless the rabble flow'd,  
Should'ring each other, crowding for a view,  
Gaping and gazing, taunting and reviling,  
Some pitying, but those, alas! how few;  
The most—such iron hearts we are, and such  
The base barbarity of human kind—  
With insolence and lewd reproach pursued her,  
Hooting and railing, and with villanous hands  
Gath'ring the filth from out the common  
ways,  
To hurl upon her head.

*Dumont*. Inhuman dogs!  
How did she bear it?

*Belmour*. With the gentlest patience;  
Submissive, sad, and lowly was her look;  
A burning taper in her hand she bore,  
And on her shoulders, carelessly confus'd  
With loose neglect, her lovely tresses hung.



Upon her cheek a faintish flush was spread;  
Feeble she seem'd, and sorely smit with pain,  
While barefoot as she trod the flinty pavement,  
Her footsteps all along were mark'd with blood.  
Yet silent still she pass'd, and unrepining,  
Her streaming eyes bent ever on the earth,  
Except when, in some bitter pang of sorrow,  
To Heav'n she seem'd in fervent zeal to raise  
    them,  
And beg that mercy man denied her here.

Here is an interesting prologue written before Rowe's tragedy was acted, and printed at the beginning of the play, in praise of old ballads, such as *Jane Shore*, *Fair Rosamond*, *Chevy Chase*, *Children in the Wood*, *George Barnwell*, &c.

Miss Eve. Will you read that prologue, Miss K?

Miss K. *Prologue to JANE SHORE.*

To-night, if you have brought your good old taste,

We'll treat you with a downright English feast,  
A tale which told long since in homely wise,  
Hath never fail'd of melting gentle eyes.

Let no nice sir despise our hapless dame,  
Because recording ballads chaunt her name:  
Those venerable ancient song-inditers  
Soar'd many a pitch above our modern writers;  
They caterwaul'd in no romantic ditty,  
Sighing for Phillis's or Chloe's pity.

Justly they drew the fair, and spoke her plain,  
And sung her by her christian name—'twas  
    Jane.

Our numbers may be more refin'd than those,  
But what we've gain'd in verse we've lost in  
    prose;

Their words no shuffling double meaning knew,  
Their speech was homely, but their hearts  
    were true.

In such an age immortal Shakspeare wrote,  
By no quaint rules or hamp'ring critics taught;  
With rough majestic force he mov'd the heart,  
And strength and nature made amends for art.

Our humble author does his steps pursue,  
He owns he had the mighty bard in view;  
And in these scenes has made it more his care,  
To rouse the passions than to charm the ear:  
Yet for those gentle beaux who love the chime,  
The ends of acts still gingle into rhyme;  
The ladies too he hopes will not complain,  
Here are some subjects for a softer strain,  
A nymph forsaken, and a perjur'd swain.

What most he fears is lest the dames should  
    frown,

The dames of wit and pleasure about town,  
To see our picture drawn unlike their own.

But lest that error should provoke to fury:

The hospitable hundreds of Old Drury,  
He bade me say, in our Jane Shore's defence,  
She doled about the charitable pence,  
Built hospitals, turn'd saint, and died long since.

For her example, whatsoever we make it,  
They have their choice to let alone or take it:  
Tho' few, as I conceive, will think it meet,  
To weep so sorely for a sin so sweet,  
Or mourn to mortify the pleasant sense,  
To rise in tragedy two ages hence.

Miss Eve. Have you the ballad?

Miss K. Yes, it is in that drawer; I will get it. It is said to be out of print; but when I paint a picture, I endeavour to obtain every information. I will read this ballad, which was probably written before the time of Shakspeare.

*The woful Lamentation of Jane Shore.*

If Rosamond that was so fair,  
Had cause her sorrows to declare,  
Then let Jane Shore with sorrow sing,  
Who was beloved by a king.  
Then, wanton wives, in time amend,  
For love and beauty will have end.  
In maiden years my beauty bright  
Was loved dear by lord and knight;  
But yet the love that they requir'd,  
It was not as my friends desir'd:

My parents they, for thirst of gain,  
A husband did for me obtain;  
And I, their pleasure to fulfil,  
Was forc'd to wed against my will.  
To Matthew Shore I was a wife,  
Till lust brought ruin to my life;  
And thus my life, so lewdly spent,  
Now makes my soul for to lament.

In Lombard-street I once did dwell,  
As many yet can witness well,  
Where many gallants did behold  
My beauty in a shop of gold.  
I spent my bloom as wantons do,  
Some sweet and secret friend to woo,  
Because a friend I could not find,  
Agreeing to my wanton mind.

At last my fame at court did ring  
Into the ears of England's king;  
Who came, and liked, and loved, desired,  
But I made coy what he desired.

Yea, Mrs. Blague, a neighbour near,  
Whose friendship I esteemed dear,  
Did say—It is a gallant thing,  
For to be loved by a king.  
By her persuasion I was led  
For to defile my marriage bed,



And wrong my loving husband Shore,  
Whom I had lov'd ten years before.  
In heart and mind I did rejoice,  
That I had made so good a choice;  
And therefore then my state resign,  
To be king Edward's concubine.  
From city then to court I went,  
To reap the pleasures of content,  
And had the joys that love could bring,  
And knew the secrets of a king.  
When I was then advanced on high,  
Commanding Edward with my eye,  
For Mrs. Blague I, in short space,  
Obtain'd a living from his grace.  
No friend I had but in short time  
Did all unto promotion climb.  
But yet for all this costly pride,  
My husband could not me abide.  
His bed, tho' wronged by a king,  
His heart with grief did vastly sting;  
From England then he goes away,  
For t' end his life upon the sea;  
He could not live to see his name  
Impaired by my wanton shame,  
Altho' a prince of peerless might  
Did take the pleasure of his right.

Long time I lived in the court,  
With lords and ladies of great sort;  
For when I smiled, all men were glad,  
But when I wept, my prince grew sad.  
But yet an honest mind I bore,  
Unto helpless people, being poor:  
I still supplied the orphan's cry,  
And saved their lives condemn'd to die;  
I still had pity on widows' tears,  
And helped babes of infant years,  
And never look'd for other gains,  
But love and thanks for all my pains.

At last my royal king did die,  
And then my days of woe drew nigh.  
When crook-back'd Richard got the crown,  
King Edward's friends were soon put down.  
I then was punish'd for my sin,  
Which I long time had lived in;  
And penance did in Lombard-street,  
In shameful manner in a sheet,  
Where many thousands did me view,  
Who late in court my value knew,  
As made the tears run down my face,  
For to think upon my foul disgrace.  
Not thus content, they took from me  
My goods, my living, and my fee,

And vow'd that none might me relieve,  
Nor any succour to me give.

Then unto Mrs. Blague I went,  
Unto whom my jewels I had lent,  
In hopes thereby to ease my want,  
When riches fail'd and love was scant;  
But she denied to me the same,  
When in my need for them I came:  
To recompense me for my love,  
Out of the doors she did me shove.  
So love did vanish with my state,  
Which now my soul repents too late.  
Therefore example take by me,  
For friendship parts in poverty;  
But yet one friend among the rest,  
Whom once I had seen in distress,  
And sav'd his life condemn'd to die,  
Did give some bread to succour me,  
For which by law it was decreed,  
That he was hanged for the deed:  
His death did grieve me so much more,  
Than I had died myself therefore.

So those to whom I had done good,  
Durst not restore me any food;  
Whereby in vain I begg'd all day,  
And all the night still secret lay.  
My gown, beset with pearl and gold,  
Is turn'd to simple garment old;  
My chains, and gems, and golden rings,  
To filthy rags and loathsome things.  
So I was scorn'd by man and wife,  
For leading such a wicked life;  
Both sucking babes and children small  
Did make a pastime of my fall.  
I could not get one bit of bread,  
Whereby my hunger might be fed;  
No drink but such as kennels yield,  
Or stinking ditches in the field.  
Thus weary of my life, at length  
I yielded up my vital strength,  
Within a ditch of loathsome scent,  
Where carrion dogs do oft frequent,  
The which now since my dying day,  
Is Shoreditch called unto this day.

You husbands, match not but for love,  
Lest you disliking after prove.  
Women, be warn'd, when ye be wives,  
Such plague attends on sinful lives.  
So, maids and wives, in time amend,  
For love and beauty will have end.

JUNINUS.



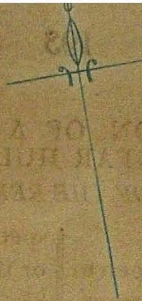


PLATE 16.—DESCRIPTION OF A MAZE OR LABYRINTH.  
FROM THE  
TO THE EDITOR OF THE REPOSITORY OF ARTS.



A LABYRINTH.



PLATE 16. — DESCRIPTION OF A MAZE OR LABYRINTH  
NEAR HULL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE REPOSITORY OF ARTS.

SIR,

As your *Repository* is open to original communications, I transmit you the annexed drawing. It is the representation of a labyrinth or mazy walk distant about four miles east of Hull, and situated at only a few yards distance from the north-east bank of the river Humber, and is commonly known by the singular appellation of the *Walls of Troy*; but whether from any resemblance to the walls of that renowned city, I leave to the decision of your classical readers. The figure is a duodecagon of 40 feet diameter to the opposite angles, and consists of twelve circumscribing grass-walks, each path being about 13 or 14 inches broad: the intervening space is dug out to the depth of about 6 inches. Having walked it, I found it to contain 320 ordinary paces. Particulars re-

specting the time of its construction, or the purport thereof, I am unable to discover; though I remember, about five years since, on observing it attentively, a passing countryman voluntarily gave me to understand, that he himself had planned and finished it; but not at that time paying regard to his veracity, I did not question him. Were it even formed only for amusement, the labour of the constructor can be but partially applauded, the lonely situation of the place precluding the frequency of visitors.

Should this drawing be approved, its insertion in your *Repository* would gratify me.

I remain, sir,

Your's respectfully,  
C. R. Jun.

HULL, March 1, 1815.

FRAGMENTS FROM THE POCKET-BOOK OF AN AMATEUR.

(Continued from p. 134.)

THE CASINO.

JULIO was from his youth passionately devoted to the fine arts, which became both the pursuit and solace of his maturer years. Had he been the inheritor of a princely fortune, he would, doubtless, have erected a palace; as it was, he determined to build for himself a small villa, on which he intended to bestow all that his circumstances would admit: for as beauty does not depend upon extent, he resolved to shew how much can be attained in a small compass. The

principal elevation, of which he himself furnished the design, exhibited a combination of simplicity, harmony, and grandeur. The parts, although singularly rich, were but few, and those not crowded. In the centre was a semicircular portico, of six fluted Corinthian columns, on each side of which was an elegant Venetian window, having, instead of columns, four caryatic figures copied from the antique. The central part of the window was 12 feet high, and level with the floor of



the room. The entablature was continued unbroken on each side of the portico, and each angle of the building had a Corinthian pilaster. In the portico was only a door, highly enriched with a medallion on the frieze, and above this a bas-relief extending the whole breadth of the portico. Here was a composition rich without being crowded, and varied without its unity of character being destroyed; novel, without caprice; the *tout-ensemble* striking; while the high finish and richness of the details would bear the minutest inspection, although they were not so obtrusive as to injure the grand effect of the design. The interior of the edifice corresponded with its external appearance, though, far from being upon an extensive scale, or containing more than a single apartment, it was fitted up in a style of the most exquisite beauty. From the portico you entered an elegant vestibule, lighted by a dome, and ornamented with stucco and reliefs, of beautiful design and workmanship. On one side of this a door opened into the eating-room, beyond which was a saloon; on the other side of the vestibule was a library, boudoir, bedchamber, &c.; and above, in the mezzanine floor, some bedchambers. The doors were of mahogany, with pannels of various specimens of rich woods, surrounded with broad borders of gold and bronze. The bedchamber was fitted up in a style of elegance almost unique; it was hung entirely with draperies of fawn-coloured broad cloth, with a Grecian border of black velvet, edged with gold twist; the cornice, of a novel design, with pendant balls, instead of modillions or dentils, the whole richly worked in bronze and gold; the draperies were in some places drawn back, and disclosed plate mirrors; the carpet, fawn-colour and black, of an elegant Grecian pattern; the bed placed in a circular alcove, half recessed and half projecting into the room; the draperies and canopy lined with light blue silk. On one side of the alcove was a beautiful statue of Silence; on the other a nymph bearing a torch, so contrived as to form a lamp. The library was fitted up in a manner equally novel; it communicated with the vestibule by folding doors opposite to the chimney. The compartments containing the books were divided by beautiful pilasters, with rich fancy capitals, their shafts empannelled, the pannels filled with a composition imitating mother of pearl; the capitals and bases highly plated, as well as the mouldings of the pannels. One of the compartments contained a door leading to the boudoir and bedchamber; but, that the uniformity of the room might not be injured, as well as to prevent the intrusion of idle curiosity, it was made to resemble shelves with books, and so perfect was the deception, that it was impossible to discover it by the eye. The whole space from the chimney-piece to the entablature was occupied by a magnificent mirror, which produced a very pleasing effect when the folding doors were thrown open, and those of the eating-room on the opposite side of the vestibule, the view being terminated by a window, through which was a prospect of a small lake and hanging wood, which being alto-



gether reflected in the mirror, was truly enchanting.

Such a building found many visitors; some admired, while others, perhaps to gratify their spleen or envy, laid hold of every opportunity of finding fault. Lady — confessed, that there was certainly some taste displayed, yet, for her part, she liked something more simple; an elegant little cottage would have been far more congenial to her taste; something too so sentimental: then, added her ladyship, at the same time adjusting the folds of a magnificent Indian shawl, "How little does all this splendour contribute to comfort or to happiness!" This sapient remark was immediately seconded with some warmth by a grave-looking gentleman with spectacles, who descanted at some length on the folly of expending money on building and furnishing a house in so costly a style. Yet this same personage had spent half his life in collecting old prints and rarities, and other *et cætera*, which were as expensive as they were hideous, and as useless as deformed. A vile wooden cut, not worth saving from the flames, containing some libellous representation of the human countenance, had more charms in his eyes than a modern print, however beautiful the subject and execution. Mrs. D —, the wife of a *nouveauriche*, who was at first extremely mortified, that the casino should be more splendid than D — House, or D — Place, I forget which, at length consoled herself by reflecting, that if the rooms at D — Place were neither so splendid nor more spacious, yet they

were more numerous; and then too there were so many windows in front, which gave it such a noble appearance, while the casino had only two. The Hon. Mrs. L — admired excessively the style in which the rooms were fitted up, and should certainly have a suite of rooms fitted up in a similar style at her house in — square, if she could afford it: yet this prudent lady had, within a few years, spent as much money on her *fêtes* and decorations as would have enabled her to erect and furnish a palace; chalked floors, transparencies, devices, &c. had swallowed up thousands. At one gala the saloon and adjoining rooms were all to be fitted up in the Asiatic style; while the vestibule, staircase, and corridors were crowded with numberless rich exotics, purchased at an extravagant price. At another *fête* every thing was transformed to Gothic, and a large ball-room was erected on the lawn adjoining to the library. Here art appeared to have done its utmost, every tongue extolled the magic splendour of the scene, while some regretted, that, amidst the bustle of so festive a crowd, they had hardly time to contemplate its beauties as they deserved. Nor was their regret diminished, when they reflected, that all this expence on the part of the mistress of the entertainment, and all the abilities and taste displayed by the artists, was but for the amusement of a single evening; and that, on the next, would perhaps be heard the hammers of workmen employed in taking down the beautiful, but evanescent erection.

D D



## REPRESENTATIONS OF THE DEITY.

If attempts to personify the Supreme Being shock persons religiously inclined, the style of these representations is as repugnant to genuine taste, as to real piety. However sublime the conception of the artist, it must still be infinitely inadequate to the immensity of the subject—:

“The living throne, the sapphire blaze,  
“Where angels tremble while they gaze,”

can never be depicted by a mortal hand. Enthusiasm may at times form some faint idea of them, but can never embody them on the canvas. Even the unrivalled Raffaello has here failed: he has represented the Eternal under the figure of an old man: the figure is certainly sublime, nay, somewhat superhuman; yet, were the painter totally exempt from censure in every respect, I should hardly pardon him for having given to the Deity the appearance of age. We certainly associate ideas of wisdom, authority, and respect with age: nevertheless, it appears to me, that, as it is a mark of decay and mortal fragility, it ought not to have been adopted as characteristic of the godhead, that Being who *is* for ever. Can He, who is the source of existence, ever weaken or diminish in his splendour? How absurd, I had almost said, how impious an idea! But it may be asked, would it have been advisable to have expressed the Deity under a youthful form. No, I should have deprecated the attempt entirely.

Artists have not been more fortunate when they represent cherubim as infant heads, with wings attached to them; an image so ab-

surd and disgusting, that, were it not so very common, we might suppose, that no one but a madman could ever have ventured to delineate it. Besides, they carry with them such an air of *fable*, as is not altogether becoming in a religious subject. If not more absurd than those figures terminating in foliage to be found in arabesques, still they are less excusable: the latter are merely decorative and playful caprices of art, which we consider in no other light than that of an elegant ornamental pattern; but the former appear in historical pieces, and being coloured, the absurdity is more palpable and gross.

## INTRODUCTION OF ORNAMENT IN ARCHITECTURE.

Architects would shew sound judgment and good taste, were they to bestow ornament on such parts as cannot be dispensed with, before they introduce such as are mere decorations. While the art was in its infancy, they laboured to render the essential parts of their fabrics the vehicle of ornament: thus the plain wooden pillar was improved by degrees to the varied and elegant column; and the roof, with its rafters, became a rich entablature. Had they proceeded on contrary principles, and lavished exuberance of ornament on other parts, yet left the column unadorned, supposing that its utility would excuse its plainness, it might have continued in its original form to the present day. Doors, windows, chimneys, &c. ought certainly to be attended to first; afterwards, should the structure not appear sufficiently rich, statues, vases, reliefs, &c. might be employed to create variety and richness, to ex-



plain the nature of the building, &c. &c. Architects, however, appear to have bestowed very little thought on the appearance of chimneys, or taken but little pains to render them pleasing to the eye, yet, in skilful hands, they might certainly be made to contribute no little to the ornament of a building. Vanbrugh did something of the kind, and the forms of his chimneys, if not elegant, are sometimes rich and picturesque. Chambers sometimes gave them the form of vases, as at Marino, or of antique altars, as at Somerset-House.

But I forget, Athens affords no prototype of chimneys, and we are too classical and too *Grecian* in our architecture at the present day, to follow any other than Grecian models. It is fortunate that St. Paul's was built a century ago; had it to be built now, I make no doubt but it would be correctly modelled after the Theseum, or some other temple at Athens; and thus its noble cupola, which forms so interesting and picturesque an object in every view of the metropolis from the adjacent country, would be sacrificed to *classical* taste.

## THE COGITATIONS OF SCRIBLERUS.

### No. XIII.

—————Speak of me as I am—  
Nothing extenuate, or set down aught in malice.——SHAKESPEARE.

IT is now two months since I, Johannes Scriblerus, have appeared to delight—yes, madam, can I entertain any other idea?—to delight the readers of the *Repository*: and yet sometimes doubts and fears will strike my imagination, as to how this absence of my lucubrations may have been received. Has any fair admirer of mine enquired, why is the name of Johannes missing? Has my absence been regretted? Has the work lost one charm since my last essay appeared? I can have no doubt, that the very spirit of the miscellany must have been lost—thousands of enquiries must have been made for me in the Strand, while the tears of as many subscribers to the *Repository* call me back again to existence. Affecting records of my talent! how I dread to hear of the chagrin which my absence has occasioned! I dare

not visit Mr. Ackermann, to ask for the numerous cards of enquiry left for me, but will console myself in the anticipation of the joy with which my present essay will be received.

Among other letters, I am bound to answer that of *Lucinda*. “Why then has the Cogitator,” says she, “ceased to write? or rather, has he not written under the concealment of a ‘Modern Spectator?’” Alas! *Lucinda*, this supposition does you more credit for your partiality to me than for your judgment on literary affairs. You might as well compare the *pot-boiling*\*

\* It may be necessary, gentle reader, to inform you what is meant by this term. The professors of the art of engraving undertake a number of works to which their abilities are superior, but as these help them to live, they are called *pot-boilers*.



composition of *The History of Bonaparte, in verse*, compiled for the renowned Thomas Tegg, and obtruded upon the world as the production of Dr. Syntax, with the real and legitimate history of that humourist. You might as well compare the wretched prints with which the aforesaid publication is meant to be adorned, with the highly humorous and spirited embellishments which accompany the narrative of the Rev. Doctor's Tour in Search of the Picturesque, designed by the inimitable Rowlandson.—No, Lucinda, I will never build my reputation on that of another man, nor take a leaf from his laurel crown to adorn my own temples. Listeners hear no good of themselves; yet should I like to know what my absence from the *Repository* has caused, and if I have been arraigned for neglect wrongfully by those perhaps who do not even know my face. But a truce to these desultory observations: I shall now tell a story.

A few months since, impelled by business of the highest importance, I threw myself into the Worcester mail, and intent on what I was about to undertake, I neither saw my fellow-passengers, for it was dark, nor did I hear a single word; my sister Amelia being as much inclined to taciturnity as myself. We thus continued in profound silence, which was interrupted only by the creaking of the vehicle, or the music of the guard's horn as we entered a town to change horses. We were, however, soon after this, disturbed from a commencing somnolency by the coach stopping to take up a lady, who informed us, that it was very dark, and also that

it was a wet night. This last hint might have been information to an old gentleman facing us, for he was too far gone into the regions of oblivion to hear the rain patter against the window; but to us it was entirely useless, particularly to my sister, who, doomed to receive into her shoe the dripping of a wet umbrella which belonged to the stranger, needed not this additional confirmation. I of course insisted on changing places with Amelia, but while this arrangement was taking place, I struck my foot against the end of the old gentleman's stick on which he was leaning. Deprived of this support, his head fell suddenly forward, and he deposited his hat and wig in Amelia's lap, and Johannes Scriblerus into that of the intruder. He very readily received my apologies, and covering his bald head and resuming his situation without a murmur, was soon as composed as before this accident. But we soon discovered, that in our new companion we had got one of those people, who, being incapable of enjoying their own thoughts, are determined that no one else shall. For her part, she said, she thought life was like a stage-coach, and the merrier we went through our journey the better. She did so, as much as was in her power. Indeed, on such occasions as a journey, her poor dear husband used to say, "Becky was the life of the party." She then ventured a joke at the expence of the old gentleman for napping in the society of ladies; related an *arrant Joe Miller* for an adventure that happened to a friend of her's; and then, turning to me, asked me to sing a song, declaring



she was sure I had a singing countenance. Had she said a surly one, she would at that moment have been much nearer the mark, but, unfortunately for her, it was too dark to be possible to see each other's visages. Disgusted at her familiarity, I answered, that in whatever merry humour I might be myself, I did not think I was authorized to indulge it to the annoyance of my fellow-travellers; besides, singing was not my *forte*. I spoke this rather tartly, in hopes to silence her, and as she did not offer to resent it, I was angry with myself for hurting her feelings. There is nothing more cutting than to be conscious you have humbled a person, particularly if the affront is passed over in silence; your pride and passion being satisfied, the arrow immediately recoils on yourself, and you no longer feel the *injured*, but the injurer. With regard, however, to *my friend*, I soon found I had no such cause of fear. Her garrulity increased, and instead of being hurt at our not answering her interrogatories more than politeness demanded, she seemed just as well pleased in having the whole conversation to herself. She had informed us, that the rain would do a *monstrous* deal of harm—that every thing would be rotted—enquired of Amelia what were the newest fashions in London; and if she really thought the Prince Regent would go to the coronation of the King of France; and filled up each pause by scolding the coachman from the window every time he stopped. Of this amusement, luckily for my sister, over whom she strode, she soon grew tired, and the last and very *stale*

expedient only remained for her to adopt, viz. "To what part of the country were we going?" I answered, "Not much farther."—"Perhaps to Northleech?"—"No."—"Probably to Cheltenham?"—"No:" and apparently piqued at my want of confidence in her, she mentioned all the places contiguous, but with no effect. She ran over all the names of families she could recollect, and at length actually stumbled on the house to which we were going. Without giving me time to answer her last interrogation, she burst out with, "Only think of that old villain!" I begged pardon, but declared I had not the honour of knowing one. "No! what not old Cranberry, brother to the Cranberrys of Dalton farm? I assure you, sir," she continued, "he keeps two women in the same house, and he is well known to be a very bad man."

The old gentleman finding, I presume, all attempts at sleep useless, now joined in the conversation, and said he had heard he was an eccentric, but never knew he was a bad man; and Amelia, who had heard his character drawn by a relative, said, she understood he was very charitable. "So far from possessing that quality," retorted the strange lady, "to my certain knowledge, but a little bit ago he turned a poor family out of a wretched hovel, because they owed him a few shillings for rent. Oh! he's a mercenary wretch, and the devil will have him one day or other." The old gentleman once more sunk into the corner of the coach, seemingly convinced of the lady's veracity; but Amelia, not altogether satisfied with this laconic



consignment of her relative, ventured a hint, that perhaps she had been misinformed.—“Lord love ye,” cried the relater, “how unbelieving you are! how strangely incredulous some people be! I am well acquainted with all the Cranberrys; there’s not one of them worth a bunch of turnips. Why, sir, they are all extortioners, millers, and monopolizers, and will vote for the corn-bill every one of them; and as for old Tommy, I know him as well as I did my poor husband.” This was conclusive: we remained thinking of these traits in relations whom we had never seen; we paused on the probability in silence; the lady from fatigue had ceased talking, and was probably contemplating the consequences of what she had been affirming in silent satisfaction. At length the coach stopped at a large house in a village; the door opened, and by the lights of the mail we perceived a servant in livery coming to receive a parcel handed to him by the old gentleman, who, while others were being taken from the side pockets, turned to the lady, and said, “You are certain, madam, you should know old Tommy Cranberry if you saw him?”—“To be sure, sir.”—“Hum! Here James,” continued he, feeling the bottom of the coach, “bring a lanthorn, and a candle in it—a large candle.”—“Have you lost any thing, sir?” said I. But the servant had obeyed his instructions. The old man placed the light between his face and the lady’s.—“What you have mentioned to me, madam,” said he, “respecting

Mr. Thomas Cranberry surprises and distresses me, for I assure you he is a man for whom I did feel the greatest esteem. We are thought to be much alike in person. Pray, madam, do you not think so? look well at my face.”—“Oh! dear no, sir, you are not at all like him—because you—you are not”—“Young lady,” said he, turning to my sister, “I am that Cranberry this woman has so wantonly traduced—any defence of my character I trust will be needless.—Were you a man,” continued he, turning to his slanderer, “I would wring your nose; but, as a woman, I can only leave you to the contempt of your fellow-travellers.” So saying, he wished us a pleasant journey, and the coach drove off before we could escape from our reflections on the woman’s malignity, and introduce ourselves as his relations.

Johannes Scriblerus feels happy in informing his readers, that the case represented in his lucubration for January, has been answered by several legal gentlemen, who have given as their opinions, that the regular publication of bans stamps a marriage with legality. Elizabeth P—— is, consequently, to all intents and purposes, the wife of John P——, although the marriage took place while he was a minor. Of course, according to this decision, our fair correspondent, Mary F——, cannot withdraw herself from those engagements from which she has such reason to desire a release.—See *Repository* for February, 1815.



## NARRATIVE OF A TOUR FROM PARIS TO NICE.

*(Concluded from p. 143.)*

FROM Marsilles to Toulon is a long day's journey: the road presents much variety. You have first to pass the little valley of Verune, where are beautiful meadows, with some poplars. You then come to Cujes, where the plantations of capers begin; and, lastly, proceed through a tremendous defile to Olioules, where you see the first orange-trees in the open air. The beautiful valley of Toulon, with its delicious verdure and mild refreshing air, now opens upon you. You pass by numberless villas, the gardens of which are full of fruit-trees of the south. Here and there you even perceive some date-palms. From the last hill there is a magnificent prospect of the city, port, environs, and sea. The new part of Toulon, near the harbour, is handsome; the old, or upper town, has but few houses of any consequence. The climate is very agreeable, and frost is seldom seen here, except in the most severe winters. The heat in summer is indeed rendered more intense by the lofty mountains, which surround the valley on three sides: a refreshing sea-breeze, however, blows morning and evening, and a number of cooling streams run through the city. The provisions are excellent, and living is here comparatively cheap. The parade, the ramparts, and the quays afford pleasant walks. The first is planted with stately trees, and bordered by excellent houses. The hills which encompass the inner road, furnish opportunity for longer excursions. Whoever chuses

to reside in this place in summer, may easily find upon them romantic shades. The villas there in particular must be uncommonly pleasant. We received great gratification from the botanic garden also, which is situated near the Porte de France. We there found the rarest plants of all the four quarters of the globe. There are several breweries at Toulon, and it is remarkable how common the practice of drinking beer is become among the French, by means of the wars in Germany. I shall only observe farther, that, among other places of amusement at Toulon, there is a theatre; and that, from the steeple of the principal church, you may overlook the whole magnificent valley, with the harbour and roadstead. Of the arsenal I shall say nothing, as I have no intention to repeat the descriptions of my predecessors.

On one of the finest May mornings we embarked for Hyeres. Close to the entrance of the harbour is the charming little village of Seyne, with a great number of beautiful villas. The road is defended by the forts of Balouquay and Vignettes, and the shores around it are exquisite. The extreme point is cape Cepé, at the foot of which is the lazaretto. When we had got out to sea, we steered along the verdant coast, where one delicious prospect succeeded another. The wind, however, soon became so violent, that it was impossible to proceed. We resolved, therefore, to land and walk to Hyeres. Our



road led us through an enchanting country, covered with plantations of olives, fig-trees, and vines, and fields of vegetables and wheat. Before us, in the distance, rose the green woody hill on the side of which Hyeres is situated, and around its luxuriant acacias, myrtles, and oleanders were animated by a thousand nightingales. Thus we reached Hyeres, or rather the suburb of the town, which lies at the foot of the hill. Here are situated the best inns and other new buildings, where lodgings are always in readiness for strangers. 'Tis, however, a pity that in wet weather the road is so dirty, and scarcely passable up to the town. The latter has a very dull appearance, and presents nothing worthy of notice, excepting a fine terrace near the church.

But it is not inanimate, architectural beauty that you must expect at Hyeres; it is the delicious landscape, that is irresistibly attractive. These lofty wooded mountains; these gently sloping hills; this rich plain, covered with all the treasures of nature; these innumerable walks; this pure, bracing, and refreshing air; and lastly, the wide glistening sea, with its emerald isles—who is there that all these would not transport? The whole may be seen to the best advantage from a tower of the *ci-devant* nunnery of St. Clara. You have another magnificent prospect from the hermitage on the mountain of Notre Dame de Hyeres, a league from the city, near the sea. The landscape-painter every where meets with a profusion of the sweetest subjects. The inhabitants of the island bear an excellent character. We went to see the gar-

dens of Messrs. Fille and Beauregard; they are the only ones here in which the orange-tree is cultivated on a large scale. The reason is, because the other proprietors have not sufficient water. The only spring that issues from the mountains is, by virtue of an ancient privilege, exclusively appropriated by those gentlemen to their own use during one fourth of the year. In regard to the oranges themselves, I have this observation to make, that the fresh picked fruit is always bitter, be it ever so ripe, and does not acquire the proper flavour till it has been kept a few days. In M. Beauregard's garden there is still preserved the female palm-tree; the male is dead, and consequently the other is unproductive. In order to the just appreciation of Hyeres, a person must not have been spoiled by the pleasures of the great world. Whoever cannot dispense with these must not come hither, except in the company of persons of similar habits and sentiments. But those whom nature, a genial sky, art, and science can delight, may be happy in this little sequestered, simple, rural town. We did not find it dear, notwithstanding the excellence of our accommodations.

In pursuing our route to Nice, we resolved to go by land to St. Tropez, and there embark for the place of our destination. After leaving Hyeres, and traversing part of the highly cultivated plain, we began to ascend the range of hills by which it is encompassed. The prospects are extremely picturesque; the mineralogical and botanical curiosities are well worthy of attention. Here and there you



meet with strata of glimmer a foot thick, and the most stately species of oaks appear, in the dwarfish dimensions of southern latitudes, by the side of the strawberry-tree. Such is the country through which you travel a whole day, till at length you again enter the plain near Cogolin, and proceed along the coast to St. Tropez. This little town lies in a barren country, but the air is very salubrious. The principal occupations of the inhabitants are ship-building, cork-cutting, the trade in wood and cork, and the fisheries. The most profitable is the tunny fishery; though, indeed, it is attended with considerable expence, as, besides the cost of the nets, which are dear, a considerable sum must be paid to the government for the privilege. The tunny is sold in the neighbourhood fresh, and sent to more distant parts salted or pickled. In time of war the fishery is much less productive, because, as it is conjectured, the fish are scared from the coast by the sound of cannon.

We now hired a bark and crossed the gulph distinguished in the maps by the name of Golfe de Grimaud. The passage takes but a quarter of an hour, whereas the circuit by land is not less than three leagues. We then doubled the Pointe des Yssamboes, and were quickly wafted by a most favourable breeze over the gulph of Frejus. As we were desirous of seeing the town, we determined to come to an anchor at St. Rapheau, or Raphael, the proper landing-place. The once celebrated harbour of Frejus has been, since the conclusion of the eighth century, choked with sand,

and now forms an extensive plain, which you cross in going to the town by land. The whole appearance of the place bespeaks poverty and dejection. The pestilential vapours from the morass which now occupies the site of the harbour, produce malignant fevers, which are very dangerous, especially in the month of August. The trade in wine, figs, and other productions, the pilchard fishery, and the cultivation of the bulrush (*Arundo donax*, L.), are the principal resources of the inhabitants. The bulrush grows in the marshes hereabout in such profusion as to produce from 40 to 50,000 livres per annum. It is worked up into flower-sticks, poles for nets, fishing-rods, window-blinds, shingles for roofs, a great quantity of platted articles, and numberless other things. But this very useful reed is also the cause of the many morasses that are suffered to exist in the vicinity of Frejus. Two thirds of them were long since drained, when the concern was transferred into the hands of new proprietors, who find it more profitable to sell the reeds that grow upon them, and thus the pestilential fevers continue their ravages. Frejus is a place of considerable interest to the antiquary, and is therefore still frequently visited by strangers. Whoever abstains from the marshy water, and drinks his wine either pure or mixed with spring water from the vicinity, will certainly escape the attacks of the fever, if he makes but a short stay in this place.

So much was told us concerning the beauties of Mount l'Esterel, that we determined to proceed a little farther by land. We were in



fact rewarded by the most magnificent prospects, and met with a profusion of southern mountain plants. When we had advanced four leagues, we came to the inn known by the same name. It stands in a very picturesque situation, embosomed in trees, and is provided with an excellent well. Nothing can be more beautiful than this mountain pass. Round about are the most romantic landscapes; while, on the other hand, the glistening azure deep and the Cerinian islands reflect the magic sun-beams. Thus we at length descended to Cannes, which makes a handsome appearance. On the opposite shore of the gulph lies the village of Napoulo, which is still more unhealthy than Frejus. "The very fowls," according to a Provencal proverb, "have the fever at Napoulo." The inhabitants raise a great number of orange-trees for the sake of the blossoms. Great quantities of them used to be sent to the perfumers of Grosse and Nice. We continued our journey through an enchanting country, till we reached Antibes, a place of no great importance, though it has a very fine harbour, and is in great repute on account of its fishery. About three o'clock in the afternoon we once more embarked, and arrived about six in the harbour of Nice. The prospects of the majestic amphitheatre of hills and the verdant coast were enchantingly beautiful.

Nice is situated in a highly romantic country, at the foot of the Montalban, a lofty hill. The whole forms a triangle, and is about a league in circumference. The upper or old town is execrable; the

streets are narrow and crooked, and every part is most disgustingly filthy. The lower or new town forms a striking contrast: there the streets are as straight as a line, handsome and spacious, and the houses elegant. All this part, which is likewise tolerably clean, winds along the side of the sea, which appears more beautiful here than elsewhere. On the side towards Antibes, on the Paglion, there is also a kind of suburb, which is extremely elegant. It consists of two neat rows of houses, to each of which belongs a pretty garden. The whole is known by the name of the *Faubourg de la Croix*, and particularly adapted for the residence of strangers. Besides a beautiful terrace, which overlooks the harbour, there is another fine promenade, planted with palm-trees, in the city. But the charming environs afford the most delicious walks. It is one vast garden, covered with plantations of every kind, and the most luxuriant vegetation that can possibly be conceived. On the heights there are exquisite points of view for the landscape-painter, especially on the terrace of the *ci-devant* convent of Cimiez, and at a villa called Piol. Here you may see how the magnificent amphitheatre of hills gradually lowers from north to south, and lovingly embraces the rich and blooming country.

The climate of Nice is perhaps the most delicious in Europe—but then the swarms of insects! These are particularly troublesome in summer, though, on account of the sea-breeze, the heat of that season is by no means intense. Fortunately, however, the hills are



free from this plague. Many strangers are therefore accustomed to pass the winter in the city, and the summer months among the mountains. By nets, fumigations, and other means, you may protect yourself during the former season against these tormentors. If none of the primary organs be attacked, the invalid speedily recovers from the severest illness in this charming climate. Hypochondriacs reduced to skeletons have been seen to gather flesh in an astonishing manner in the course of a few months. To these effects the excellence of the provisions contributes not a little. Beef, fowls, turkeys, game, vege-

tables, fruit, wine, are all good and in profusion. The bread and the water might be a little better. Turtle-soup is sold by the apothecaries here, and at a very moderate price. Upon the whole, living is not dear at Nice, but a person must know how to bargain. The inhabitants are a mild, cheerful race, but without much mental cultivation. The place has, nevertheless, a theatre, several circulating and private libraries, and even a town library. It has neither trade nor manufactures of any importance. Agriculture and the productions of the soil are the principal sources of subsistence.

### THE GERMAN HEROINES;

ANECDOTES ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE PATRIOTISM OF THE WOMEN OF GERMANY.

*In a Letter from a Member of Lutzow's Corps of Volunteers.*

Dear Friend,

THE anxiety which prevails in my native country, especially in Saxony and on the left bank of the Rhine, is great, and whether the wished-for termination of the Congress of Vienna will fulfil the hopes with which the German nation looks up to it, and will really pacify the minds of the people ardently desirous of repose, seems at least not so certain as at the opening of that assembly. Whatever hopes the evident interposition of Providence in favour of Germany may authorize; nay, however we may be encouraged to persevere in our belief, that all difficulties will be happily removed by the result of the French campaign, which far surpassed our most sanguine expectations, so that it

might almost be deemed a sin to doubt the possible completion of a work, the beginning of which, though apparently impossible, lies accomplished before our eyes; still the present moment is pregnant with much that is calculated to excite solicitude, and affords us not the repose, the security, and the confirmation of the political hopes in which we rejoiced amidst the horrors and calamities of the late war.

The more painful the contemplation of the present, the more cheerfully we revert to the pleasing appearances of the past. But what German can do so without first and foremost paying the tribute due to the generous females of his country? With your leave, I shall in this letter communicate some par-



ticulars illustrative of the high and patriotic spirit by which our women were animated during the late gigantic struggle. Respecting the sacrifices which they made on occasion of the arming the people, in providing for the wounded soldiers, and again in healing the wounds inflicted on their native land, I shall say nothing, as I take it for granted that they are already sufficiently known to you. And who is there that has not heard of the aid afforded them in the work of humanity by the benevolent females of your happy country? Let me rather commence my panegyric with recording the answer given me in those times to which I have been alluding by a young German lady, in a small Prussian town, when I asked her, if they had not balls there sometimes. "O no!" replied she, "all our young men have joined the army."—"They are surely not all gone; there must be some left behind."—"No, none," said she again; "and if any of them had staid at home, depend upon it we should not have taken them for our partners."—Others went still farther, and engaged not only never to marry any who had not served in this war, but not to refuse the suit of such a man however crippled and mutilated. Nay, I know for certain, that many of the most accomplished females, in their patriotic enthusiasm, ardently wished to obtain cripples, returned from the army, for their husbands, that, by their attention to them, they might prove the warmth of their love to their native land.

But the heroic females who fought undiscovered in the ranks of their countrymen have a still stronger

claim to our admiration. I shall not contradict those who are inclined to consider their conduct as a deviation from the path marked out by nature for the sex; it certainly is so, but a venial, nay praiseworthy deviation, justified by the enthusiasm in which it originated. Among our volunteer jägers, we all knew a mild modest young man named Augustus Renz. In our convivial and social songs, he always sung in the highest voice—a circumstance that might have excited our suspicion. When, however, we said to him in jest, "But, Renz, how very much your voice is like a woman's!"—he would always reply—"It is not the voice that makes the man: wait till we come into the presence of the enemy—that is the test of manhood." This reply never failed to stop every mouth; and all doubts were removed when we beheld Renz exhibit the most unequivocal proofs of courage and resolution. These he particularly displayed during and subsequent to an obstinate contest of three days near Lauenburg between our corps and a much stronger hostile detachment. We had retreated on the third day over the only bridge across the Stecknitz, which was of wood, and which we hastily set on fire to prevent the pursuit of the enemy. We perceived when it was too late that Renz was still on the opposite side. He sought other means of passing the river, but in vain, and at last had no other alternative than captivity or the burning bridge. He chose the latter, and rejoined us dreadfully scorched. Who could have imagined after this that our comrade was a female? It was not



long; however, before we learned, from a fatal accident, that such was really the fact. It was at the battle of the Gördel, where our jägers attacked a hill defended by artillery and infantry. Renz, notwithstanding a previous wound, was among the foremost. One of his comrades fell by his side, and he was endeavouring to remove him from the throng to a place of safety, when his own leg was shattered by a cannon-ball. His serjeant, an old teacher at girls' schools at Berlin, found him weltering in blood, and made preparations for conveying him away. To this man Renz disclosed the secret of his real sex. It required our utmost efforts to gain the summit of the hill, when the report was spread from man to man, and from rank to rank, that Renz had fallen, and was a female. This intelligence inspired us with renewed ardour, and the hill was stormed. Renz was conveyed with the greatest care to Danneberg, and placed in a private house. I went next day, accompanied by a friend, to see her. She lay composed and cheerful in her bed, and told us, that mortification had taken place, and that in all probability she should not recover. Our accounts of the advantageous results of the victory of the preceding day, and of the progress of the good cause in general, seemed not merely to give her pleasure, but to cheer her up under the prospect of her approaching dissolution. The following day, being the third after she was wounded, she expired, and was solemnly interred with all due military honours, attended by all the troops and many of the ladies of the town. The King of

Prussia afterwards ordered a monument to be erected to her memory. Her real name was Leonora Prochaska, and she was the daughter of a music-master at Potsdam. Two of her letters written from the field to her brother have since been made public; they attest the culture and elevation of her mind, as well as the delicacy of her feelings and the purity of her morals. They are, therefore, well worth transcribing here.

GROSS BARNIZ, July 30, 1813.

*Dear Brother,*

I have something quite new to tell you, but you must first promise me not to be angry. For these four weeks past I have been a soldier! Be not surprised, but do not scold me either. You know that ever since the commencement of the war, this idea has wholly possessed my soul. Already had I received two letters from persons unknown, reproaching me with cowardice, whilst all around me were determined to take part in this honourable conflict\*. My resolution was in consequence irrevocably fixed. I was convinced in the bottom of my soul, that I was not doing any thing improper or culpable: for consider only how the women behaved in Spain and in Tyrol! I therefore sold my things, that I might first buy a decent suit of man's clothes to wear till I should receive my uniform. I then purchased a musket and a dagger, and enrolled myself among the riflemen. You may rely upon my discretion, and be assured that

\* From this passage we may infer, that several other females, inspired by the like enthusiasm, joined the ranks of their countrymen in arms.



I shall not be discovered. At Havelberg, where I joined the corps, I met with Gross, the hautboy-player, and though he is so well acquainted with us, still he did not know me again.

I have now the important favour to ask of you, that you will represent the matter to my father in as favourable a light for me as possible. He will not be very angry, I hope; for he himself used to relate to us so many stories concerning the Spaniards, on which occasions he might always have distinctly read my resolution in my face. By way of precaution, I have changed my name. When you write to me, address me as your brother, for it is impossible to tell into what hands one's letters may fall.

We are busily engaged in exercising, manœuvring, and firing, in which I take great delight. I can already hit a mark at the distance of a hundred paces.

Farewell, best of brothers! I shall return to you with honour, or not at all. Salute my father and Caroline a thousand times; tell them, assure them, that my soul shall ever remain pure and virtuous; that neither time, fortune, nor opportunity, shall ever seduce me into vice; and that my heart shall never cease to beat with tenderness and affection for you all.

Your ever loving brother,

AUGUSTUS RENZ,

L. P.

SCHWERIN, August 9, 1813.

*Beloved Brother,*

We are informed that in three days we shall meet the enemy. This may then, perhaps, be the last time I shall address you,

my dear, good brother. I am, to be sure, much fatigued; we have made forced marches for five successive days, and at two o'clock to-morrow morning we must be off again: but in spite of fatigue I will devote this evening exclusively to the objects of my affection.

You once told me not to soften your heart into that of a woman, but rather endeavour to infuse into you as much courage as possible. Such, now, dearest brother, are my thoughts respecting you; and with the fullest conviction, that you, and father, and Caroline, are not angry with me, I go full of courage and resolution to the conflict. Should I return from it in safety, my joy will be inexpressible. Should I not return, I bid you in this letter the last adieu. O dearest, best of brothers. Farewell, farewell! I can say no more than that even in death itself I shall be your ever faithful and ever loving brother,

AUGUSTUS RENZ.

Her presentiment was realized. Let us hope that she is enjoying above the reward which she earned here below by her generous sentiments and her noble zeal; but let us also bestow due praise upon the age which is distinguished by such phenomena.

This circumstance, as you may naturally suppose, roused our curiosity, and caused us to examine the ranks of our comrades with a scrutinizing eye. It soon began to be whispered, that in this or the other company there was a female in disguise; but these were mere suspicions, which there was no ground for fixing upon any particular individual. I have, ne-



vertheless, just learned from the public papers, that another girl of seventeen, named Anna Lübring, the daughter of a builder at Bremen, contrived to elude our observation. She assumed, as it appears, the name of Edward Kruse, and was in the second squadron of our volunteer hussars, composed entirely of youths of respectable families. As I was often and for a considerable time together stationed with this squadron, and thus learned to know all the young men belonging to it, I recollect Kruse perfectly well. If his figure, which for a man was small and slender, and his delicate features, might have excited suspicions; yet, on the other hand, the boldness and fire of his eye, his cool intrepidity in presence of an enemy, his discreet behaviour in the society of his comrades, and his skill in riding, were calculated to remove them completely. Miss Lühring, since the conclusion of the campaign, when she gave up her male attire, has been treated with great distinction at Berlin, and is now returned to her parents at Bremen.

Thus then these are two females who are known to have served in our little corps, and it is probable enough that others may have made the campaign with us undiscovered. Neither were such instances confined to us. Thus in passing lately through Chemnitz, a town of Saxony, I was informed, that a female resident in a respectable family

there, had served in this war, together with her three brothers, among the Prussian volunteers. After losing two of her brothers in previous actions, she was deprived of the third in the battle of Leipzig. He fell by her side, and as she stooped to assist him, a ball grazed her shoulder; her sex was in consequence discovered, and this unfortunate sister was conveyed to the hospital at Chemnitz. Here several families soon interested themselves in her behalf, and now that her wounds are healed, they endeavour to sooth and console her for her loss.—Let us too temper our judgment of these patriotic daughters of their country with indulgence, though we cannot recommend their example to the general imitation of their sex. It was the ardour of their enthusiasm alone which impelled them to quit their proper sphere; yet they preserved that modesty, which is an essential female ornament, in every situation, and in the moments of death itself.

Let honour then and praise be given to our women! So far from following us, it was they who led the way in the emancipation of our country; and may Germany never forget what women it has to boast of, and how much it is indebted to them! But methinks you smile at my warmth; I shall therefore conclude with the assurance that I am, &c. &c.

A.

## A GOOD HEART MAKES AMENDS FOR OCCASIONAL INDISCRETIONS.

(Concluded from p. 147.)

THE distress of his friend banished from Charlemont's mind all thoughts of his own situation; but Verney had not long left him be-



fore Messrs. Shark and Blood-sucker, true to their appointment, entered the room, followed at a humble distance by Signor Galoni, the tailor. Their appearance, though expected, was most unwelcome to our hero. "Gentlemen," said he, with evident embarrassment, addressing his kind-hearted visitors, "I requested you to call for the purpose of receiving your money."—"Yes, sir," rejoined Mr. Shark, "our money."—"But—but—this time you must take the good-will for the deed."—"Will! will!" cried Bloodsucker, "that is a coin we know nothing about."—"For the moment I have no other."—"We are much obliged to you for your good-will, but we beg to have our money."—"To-morrow you shall have it."—"But we want it to-day. It is strange behaviour to send for respectable men, who have their hands full of business besides, only to make game of them."—"I give you my word you shall be paid to-morrow."—"Mere excuses! we insist on being paid to-day."—"You shall have your money to-morrow, I pledge my word of honour."—"A slippery security."—"What, scoundrels, do you doubt my word of honour?"—"We doubt every thing, but what we can lay hold of."—"Now take yourselves off, the sooner the better."—"Not so fast, young gentleman, we cannot go without our money."—"To-morrow, I will settle with you—now be off—here is the door."—"And here's the window," added John. "Humph!" cried the usurers. "Yes, yes, the door, or the window," rejoined Charlemont; "take your choice."—"If you will follow my advice,"

said John, "you will chuse the door, as the most convenient."—After some farther altercation the honest gentlemen retired by the usual way, threatening bitterly to arrest Charlemont, as they would not be put off any longer.

Charlemont had quite forgotten the poor tailor, who had stood all this time obsequiously in a corner. "Ah, ha! Galoni," said he, "what are you there yet? I am very sorry I cannot give you your money to-day, but it is absolutely impossible. "Ah, Signor," replied the tailor in his half Italian and half English medley, "I come not *per tormentare la vostra Signoria*. But *la mia povera moglie* is *molto* sick. I have *quattro* little childrens, which *morire de fame*. I not can *pagar de rent della mia casa*, and we all be *obligato* to sleep *questa notte* in de street."—"What say you? your wife...."—"*E molto ammalata*."—"And your children."—"Not have *solamente* one bit *di pane*."—"Poor Galoni, that's dreadful indeed!..... How much is your bill?"—"Cinquanta pound, *signore*."—"Look you, here is my watch; it is worth at least twice the amount of your demand; take it and sell it."—"Sir," said John, when Galoni had left the room, "excuse me if I cannot help telling you, that you are very benevolent, but rather too easy of belief."—"How so?"—"That artful Italian has deceived you."—"Surely not!"—"I am certain of it."—"Did you not hear him say his wife and children...."—"They're as well as you and I."—"So much the better, I am heartily glad of it."—"His distress was all a sham."—"Then he is the best actor I ever



saw, and I have paid him for the display of his talent. But hark! is not that my uncle's voice?"—"It is indeed," said John, running to the door. The old gentleman entered with Miss Sophia.—Charlemont, in an ecstasy of joy, rose to meet them, and threw himself into the hands of his uncle, who pressed him tenderly to his bosom. "Ah! dear uncle!" cried he, "how rejoiced I am to see you and my beloved Sophy! Happy moment! now I shall receive the reward of my constancy. Shan't I, my love?"—"I am much pleased," said his uncle, "to find that out of an arrant rattle-brain, you are become a solid, prudent, young man. Indeed it is such a change as I never could have expected in you."—"What is there that love cannot accomplish?"—"But supposing I should extend the period of probation—what say you to that?"—"Oh, father!" cried Sophia, in a tone of dissuasion, while Charlemont warmly protested against it as a violation of the agreement. "You have paid your debts, I suppose," resumed the uncle."—"I—I—no, they are not paid yet."—"But how happens that?"—"It is . . . . why, when my creditors came . . . . all the money was gone."—"All gone! what the thousand pounds?"—"Yes, I applied it to another purpose."—"But how is it possible to spend a thousand pounds in eight days without leaving one's room?"—"It does not seem likely to be sure, but is possible enough for all that."—"Then tell us how . . . ."—"It is a secret which I must not betray."—"But why conceal it from us?" said Sophia."—"I dare not reveal it."

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"A pretty kind of improvement truly! No, no, Charlemont; if this be your conduct, Sophia cannot be your's."—"But, dear father, you have no proof yet that he has done any thing improper."—"I thank you, my beloved Sophia; suspend your judgment till you have heard me."—"Speak then, and let us hear what you have done with the money."—"I have done a good action."—"Of what kind?"—"I have paid . . . ."—"What?"—"A sacred debt."—"What! a debt that I did not know of?"—"Yes, a—a—play debt."—"Ho, ho! the young gentleman has been gambling, and that he calls being discreet."—"O Adolphus!" cried the agitated Sophia, "why have you acted thus?"—"I never played in my life."—"But yet you have paid a play debt?"—"Still it is true that I never played; by my beloved Sophia, I protest that I never did."—"That is incomprehensible."—"And yet not impossible, father," rejoined Sophia, with deep interest."—"Be my advocate, dear girl, with your father. You shall some day know all. So far from spending my time in play, I was engaged with you, and you alone. I have painted your portrait, and flatter myself it is not unlike you; but you shall see it, and then you can form your own judgment." At these words, thinking only of his justification, he threw open the door of the cabinet, into which he led his uncle and Sophia, and showed them the picture. "There, there," said he, "I am sure you will think it a likeness."—"Heavens!" exclaimed the uncle, "what do I see!—a young woman in the cabinet!"—

F F



Charlemont started back, striking his forehead and crying, "I am undone! Fool that I am not to have thought of that!" Both father and daughter retreated from the cabinet with looks of evident displeasure. Charlemont followed them, and throwing himself at the feet of Sophia, "Appearances," said he, "are indeed against me, but I am innocent, perfectly innocent."—"Dissolute fellow," rejoined the uncle, "could nothing serve you but we must be witnesses of your . . . ."—"Stop, pray hear me!"—"Come, my dear, we shall get no credit by staying in such a place as this any longer."

At that moment Cunningham entered the room. "Thank God, I am saved!" cried Charlemont the moment he saw his friend.—"That you are, my dear boy. But look once more at your uncle; don't you perceive that it is all a trick?" Upon this he stepped into the cabinet, and returned with the charming Angelica. She made a low curtsy, threw back her veil, and the astounded Charlemont recognized in her the roguish Betty, the maid of his beloved Sophia. Verney too now appeared, to bear a part in the joyous scene. He shook his friend cordially by the hand, and returned the thousand pounds which he had borrowed, and for which he had fortunately had no occasion. Charlemont could scarcely believe himself to be awake, and with comic surprise, alternately eyed his mistress, his

uncle, and his friends. "Shall I rouse him completely out of his dream?" said Cunningham. The uncle nodded assent, and his friend thus addressed Charlemont:—

"Don't you perceive, then, that we have been acting a little bit of a comedy with you? Verney and I happened to be at your uncle's when your letter arrived. He acquainted us with his plan of putting the philosopher to the test, and we undertook with great pleasure the parts assigned us in the play we have just been performing, in which you have yourself acted the principal character to admiration."—"What, and it was all . . . ."

"All a farce," continued the uncle. "Call it the *Mousetrap*, if you will, as Hamlet did his, for you have been fairly caught in it. You have come badly off from the trial: I cannot possibly adjudge the prize to you; and if I even were disposed to do so, my daughter, who is a sensible girl, will never be prevailed upon to give her hand to such a thoughtless fellow."—"Ah, dear father, I am not so sensible as all that!"—"Indeed! Well then please yourself."—"Very right," said Cunningham, joining the hands of the lovers, "too much sense is not requisite for a farce."—"Then, dear Sophia, you are not under any apprehension on account of my levity?"—"I know your heart, Adolphus."—"Excellent!" cried Cunningham, "now let the curtain fall."



## THE MODERN SPECTATOR.

No. XLIX.

Iterumque iterumque monebunt.——VIRG.

On ev'ry day, nay, ev'ry hour,  
My partial friends their favours shower.

I CERTAINLY ought to be flattered by the numerous attentions which I receive from my readers, and the many marks of regard with which my lucubrations are favoured. Indeed I find myself obliged to repeat an observation which I have more than once made, in answer to the impatience of my correspondents, that I am not a daily, or even weekly, but a *monthly* personage; or, at least, my public days are confined to that period. It is, therefore, impossible for me to pay that attention to the whole of my correspondents which their general merits may have a right to claim, and to whose flattering kindness my grateful inclinations are devoted. I have been obliged to employ on the present occasion that mode which I have adopted on former ones, which is, to avoid particular selection, and to take such papers from my port-folio as chance at the moment presents to me. Nor in this kind of literary lottery have I the least apprehension that my readers will accuse me of having drawn blanks.

TO THE MODERN SPECTATOR.

Sir,

I am about to advance an opinion, whose reiterations have been made without ceasing from the beginning of time, and will be made to the end of it; to which all have assented, do assent, and will acknowledge while men continue to be men, and the world continues to be the world. It is no-

thing more nor less than this, that all human enjoyments are imperfect; and that such a being as man is, so evidently qualified to win his way to another, a better, and more perfect state of existence hereafter, should weigh well the nature of that regard which is required to the transitory world where he is destined to pass the few hasty years of a chequered and uncertain life. The principal circumstances of my career will illustrate my object in having repeated the foregoing observations.

I have, my dear Mr. Spectator, advanced far in the journey of life. In short, I am sixty-five years of age, and when I look back on the various occurrences in which I have been involved, and recollect the objects which have principally attracted my attention, from my boyish days to the present hour, I cannot help exclaiming with the poet—

A phantom of pleasure like happiness drest,  
From the cradle we're taught to pursue;  
Yet our hope is but vanity, take it at best,  
And our wisdom but vanity too.

When I was about ten years of age, my utmost happiness consisted in the treasure, not of my books, but of my implements of pastime. My bat and balls, my kite, marbles, and skipping-rope, composed the sum of my felicity; and how often has my envy been excited, when I have seen a ragged boy playing in freedom, when I, with my books in a satchel, was hastening to the



rigid and uncontroled power of the master of the school to whose care I was destined, and whose stripes I had so often suffered. I was indeed what was considered as a boy of spirit, and as I grew up, my great delight was in every kind of unluckiness. Many a time have I been delighted by fastening a rope across the street in which my father lived, in a dark night, to tumble the unsuspecting passengers into the dirt; and many a cat have I tied to the knocker of a street-door, to throw the first servant-maid into fits by whom it might be opened on the occasion; nor do I forget how many pots of scalding apples have been blown up from the stalls of poor women in the streets, by conveying pieces of charcoal, artfully filled with gun-powder, under them.

As I grew up, however, my disposition took another and a worse turn; in short, I became a rake, and found as much pleasure in profligate pursuits and indulgences, as I had done in my former but more innocent pranks. This part of my life I wish to pass over without any particular description. I shall merely confess, that several years of my life at this period would serve only to disgust those minds which, however disposed to pardon human frailty, cannot contemplate the depravity of the passions without disgust and abhorrence.

My father, who was ever too indulgent to me, and mistook my vivacity for a superiority of talent, died just at the convenient time of my attaining the age of twenty-one; and left me a sum of money, on the income of which I might

have maintained a situation similar to that in which he had lived and been respected. But I had the means of being, at least for some time, a dashing man of pleasure. But the inroads that character made upon my constitution and my fortune, the scurvy tricks I was played, the fallacy of friends, and the satiety which never fails to follow a life of dissipation, determined me, while I was yet in a situation to maintain the gentility of my appearance, to obtain, if possible, the comforts of a settled life. In this respect fortune favoured me beyond my deserts, and I married a lady who, though her person was not of the most attractive cast, possessed a fortune fully equal to the attainment of that plan of life which I now meditated.

I accordingly hired a handsome house in the country, and procured all the apparatus of horses, dogs, and other accompaniments of provincial pleasure and society. During the first year the novelty of my situation pleased; during the second it began to be tiresome; in the third it was quite so; and the two last years, as I had made my arrangements for five, I became intolerable to myself, and not very pleasant to all around me.

Thus I proceeded from one place to another, and through a variety of situations, but satisfied and contented with none. Politics held me longest, but I found, after all, that I could have no reliance on the friendship of statesmen, or the professions of patriots. At the age, therefore, of sixty, after having been for a short time a philosopher, I began seriously to think where all my changes would end;



when one of my most intimate friends, a *bon-vivant*, was unexpectedly seized with an apoplexy as I was at dinner with him, and died in his chair. This circumstance gave a new turn to all my thoughts and actions; and, from a survey of my past life, I have determined to give a new colour and character to the time that remains; and my only hope now is, that I may live long enough to repair my former errors; which I trust will be the case, as, by attending to the dictates of reason, performing, in a calm, becoming manner, the duties of religion, and forming, under such influences, a just estimate of life, I have obtained a degree of satisfaction and comfort of which I had no idea in all the transformations, for so I shall call them, of my former years. I have been too negligent in cultivating the knowledge I acquired in my youth, but I still remember an old Latin proverb, with which I shall conclude this letter, *Finis coronat opus*.

I am your obedient, humble servant,

THOMAS CHANGEABLE.

TO THE MODERN SPECTATOR.

Sir,  
As happiness is the universal object of pursuit among mankind, or, in the language of Pope, "Our being's end and aim," it is not a little surprising, that so few attain that which is acknowledged to be the general desire of all. The principal reason why so many are disappointed in this great desideratum of life, is not difficult, I fear, to be ascertained; as it may be readily traced to the too frequent

infatuation of deriving our satisfaction from objects which are either weak or vicious in themselves, and must excite contempt or disgust when subject to serious and considerate examination. The man whose utmost wishes are centered in a luxurious table, must be miserable the moment he is incapable, from a gorged appetite, of emptying another plate; he who has no other comfort in life than his bottle, must be robbed of his principal joy when he is stretched in a state of senseless intemperance on the floor; and he whose desires are absorbed in still greater sensualities, must be equally unhappy the moment those desires have been indulged. The intervals between such gratifications must be a state of insipidity and discontent.

Were we, however, to make reason the guide of our actions, instead of being eternally under the impulse of inclination, our enjoyments would always be certain, and recollection would afford us the most perfect satisfaction, instead of filling us with mortification and disgust; for, if we reflect for a moment, it will appear beyond all contradiction, that no object can afford us the solid hope of felicity, which is repugnant to the sentiments of virtue. It is from a rectitude of conduct that we are justified in looking for happiness; and surely, when we yield to the depravities of inclination, it is something worse than folly to expect the self-approving testimony of our own heart to those actions which our reason, if properly consulted, must necessarily condemn.

The pomp, and glitter, and pleasures of the world, may for a time



lull the power of reflection, but cannot finally set it to rest. There are moments when, in spite of all our endeavours, we are compelled to pass judgment upon ourselves; and when we are forced to that office, it is generally found to be performed with a just and painful severity.

I am frequently surprised, abstracted from every consideration of future happiness, that the mere dictate of self-concern for the felicity of the present, does not generally induce us to follow such pursuits as fully promise us a real satisfaction, are a source of honourable reputation, and the foundation of lasting contentment.—Were the libertine, instead of squandering thousands to purchase in all their refinement the sensual pleasures of the world, to employ but a small part of such a sum in relieving distress, in some or other of the many forms in which it every day appears in the world, what

a fabric of happiness would he be erecting for himself by such applications of his superabundant wealth, while the violence of his pursuit after pleasure baffles any rational possession of it. Were the miser, instead of hoarding up useless riches to gratify an unfeeling and inhuman passion, to expend a portion in relieving the orphan and widow, the sick and the aged, such actions would be their own reward; and he would then acknowledge, that happiness was to be purchased at a very cheap rate. In short, if mankind would consider that virtue creates its own heaven even on this side of the grave, they would then look with confidence to that which is beyond it, and experience in this world those feelings which may be considered as a foretaste of heaven and an insight into glory.

I am, sir, your faithful humble servant,

STEPHEN SOLID.

### ADVANTAGE OF LEGAL FORMS.

IN a small town of Saxony lived three young men, whom we will call George, Ernest, and Lewis, and who from their infancy were strongly attached to one another. George and Ernest were merchants; Lewis studied the law, and practised in his native place.

One summer's day Ernest and George set out on horseback for a town about 30 miles off, where they had business to transact. Ernest was weak enough to be fond of discoursing with his friend on religious subjects, on which they were of different opinions, and had often had warm disputes, though George

was as irritable and passionate, as he himself was obstinate in maintaining his notions. During the journey Ernest led the conversation to this unlucky topic. They fell as usual into an altercation, which was kept up till they reached the inn where they had agreed to dine. The dispute was continued over a bottle of wine, but with temper on both sides; and the travellers pursued their journey. Ernest renewed the subject of their former conversation, and both being rather elevated with the wine they had taken, the dispute became more and more violent as they pro-



ceeded; so that by the time they had entered a wood through which their road led, it had degenerated into downright personality and abuse. George's passion knew no bounds; unconscious of what he did, he pulled out a pistol, and presented it at his companion. The pistol went off, and Ernest fell from his horse, which, frightened by the report and relieved from his rider, scampered away into the wood.

George, pale as death, immediately alighted to assist his friend, who was weltering in his blood; the paroxysm of passion was over, and had given place to the bitterest repentance. He stooped trembling to Ernest, who just then breathed his last sigh. Overwhelmed with despair and anguish, he tore his hair, and afterwards galloped back to the village, to surrender himself into the hands of justice as the murderer of his friend, that he might put a speedy end to a life, which was now the most oppressive burden to him. The officer to whom he delivered himself up, sent him under a guard to the town where the friends resided. The body of Ernest, whose pockets were found rifled, was also conveyed thither and interred.

The legal proceedings against George commenced. He repeated his confession before the judges, and implored a speedy death. His examination was closed, and he was informed that he was at liberty to chuse an advocate to defend him, as the law requires; but he declined to avail himself of this privilege, and with tears besought the court to hasten his execution.

Being, however, again urged to

appoint an advocate to conduct his defence, he named his friend Lewis. "At the same time," said he still, "there needs no defence: I wish only for death; but I submit to the required formality. My friend may undertake the bootless task, and thus show his attachment to me for the last time."

With profound emotion, Lewis entered upon the most painful duty that had ever fallen to his lot in his whole professional career. Though he despaired of being able to save his unhappy friend, he determined, of course, to make every possible effort to accomplish this end.

With this view he objected, that Ernest's body had been committed to the earth without any previous judicial examination and dissection. The judges replied, that this ceremony seemed unnecessary and superfluous, as the murderer had voluntarily confessed the deed; but if he (the advocate) insisted on the examination of the body, it should be taken up. By the desire of Lewis, this was accordingly done. The town surgeon attended, and declared, that as the ball had passed right through the heart, death must naturally ensue. Lewis wished to know if the ball were still in the body; the surgeon sought for and found it; upon which the advocate sent for the pistol with which the deed had been perpetrated, and tried to drop the ball into the barrel. It seemed too large—he accordingly tried it in all possible ways—still it would not go in. That this ball could not be fired by that pistol was evident to every observer: the judges looked at one another and shook



their heads. There was not a person but had completely made up his mind respecting the guilt of the prisoner; but this circumstance quite confounded them all. The confession of the prisoner, made without the employment of the slightest fear or force, was corroborated by every circumstance that had previously come to light; the ball alone seemed to proclaim his innocence.

Lewis began to conceive the strongest hopes, and was nearly overpowered with the excess of his joy: he did not, however, suffer it to get the better of his judgment. He proposed that the proceedings, together with the ball and pistol, should be sent to the supreme tribunal, that it might decide in this extraordinary affair. This proposal was the more readily accepted, as the local court was puzzled how to act, and absolutely unable to pronounce any judgment whatever.

While the papers were in the hands of the supreme tribunal in the metropolis, a highwayman, who had shot and robbed a traveller on the road not far from the birthplace of the friends, was brought to that town. Convicted by sufficient evidence, he acknowledged his crime: but this was not all; he confessed, on a further examination, that two months before, he had murdered another man on the same road. This circumstance excited suspicion, and being still further questioned, he related the following particulars:—

“About that time, I happened to be in a village public-house. Two men on horseback came in after me; I remarked, that one of them had a heavy girdle filled with

money fastened round his body underneath his waistcoat. I began to consider whether it was not possible to possess myself of this rich booty; but then, how was this to be done, as he had a companion? However, thought I to myself, I have a brace of good pistols. If I shoot one, the other will probably run away in a fright, and before he can give the alarm and fetch witnesses to the spot, my fleet horse will have carried me far enough out of their reach: if, contrary to expectation, the survivor should stop by his companion, what hinders me from giving him the other ball? Such was my determination, which I immediately resolved to execute. I had overheard them talking of the way they should take, rode off before, and having tied my horse to a tree, concealed myself in a thicket by the road-side. No sooner had I taken my station, than the travellers approached. They were quarrelling violently. I had already taken aim at the man with the girdle, when the other pulled out a pistol and discharged it at his companion. I fired at the same moment. My man fell just as the other's ball whizzed past my ear; he then sprung from his horse, was engaged for a short time with his dying fellow-traveller, and at the instant when I was going to fire at him, he mounted again, and galloped away. I had now time to rifle the pockets of the deceased, and having done this, I rode off as fast as I could.”

He described the time, the place, and the two travellers so minutely, that there remained not the slightest doubt of his having actually



committed the murder of which George accused himself. The latter, trembling with rage, had fired at random, and was innocent of the death of his friend.

The local tribunal transmitted all these particulars to the supreme court; the proceedings, with the accompaniments, were returned, and the ball exactly fitted the pistols which were found upon the murderer at the time of his apprehension.

Let the sympathizing reader now endeavour to form some conception of the transport of Lewis on having saved his friend! Let him figure to himself the joy of George, when the painful consciousness of an atrocious crime was thus removed from his bosom! He

was unanimously declared innocent of the murder: his passion cost him two months' imprisonment; and it was long before his tears ceased to flow for his departed friend. Lewis begged the ball, the instrument of George's deliverance, as a memorial of this extraordinary event.

The forms of legal proceedings may often seem troublesome or useless, but let them not be arraigned on that account. Now and then, indeed, a criminal may through their means escape the punishment due to his guilt; but if, in the course of a century, they save the life of only one innocent person, the wisdom of the legislator ought to command our gratitude.

## PROPOSALS FOR ADDING BARRELS TO THE PIANO-FORTE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE REPOSITORY.

SIR,

OBSERVING in a late number of your publication, the description of certain instruments tending to facilitate the progress of beginners in acquiring the art of playing upon the piano-forte, I am induced to submit to you an addition, which I think might safely, and with much advantage, be made to this instrument. I mean, a barrel similar to those employed in hand-organs. This may at first view appear difficult, but, if we consider it a little, there cannot remain a doubt, both of its being easily accomplished and of its use.

To any one who has examined the interior of a piano-forte, and has remarked the manner in which the wires are struck, it must appear

evident that they could be struck by means of this barrel, in the same manner and perhaps with equal delicacy as with the hand. The instrument, notwithstanding the addition above proposed, might still be used in the ordinary way, without even removing the barrel; and although hitherto only useful in the hands of a skilful performer, might become a source of amusement to those utterly unacquainted with music.

I am aware, sir, that those who have been accustomed to consider the piano solely as a finger instrument, may be surprised at the novelty of an attempt to introduce a barrel into it. The novelty of an invention, however, although it may surprise us, ought not to deter us from carrying it into execution;

G G



and I am persuaded, were an organist to attempt the one mentioned in the present instance, he would find himself amply recompensed.

I have thus stated to you what has occurred to me on the subject; should it seem proper to you to in-

sert this in your *Repository*, I trust it will fall into the hands of some one who may carry the design into execution.

T. S.

GLASGOW, March 11, 1815.

## EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM A GENTLEMAN AT NAPLES,

*Dated December, 1814.*

I AM in a country every step of which is classic ground; the birth-place of Cicero, of Tasso, the tomb of Virgil. The tomb of this immortal poet is situated to the westward of the city. The road is cut through a hill, which is composed of stone, and on the roof of this tunnel, surrounded by vineyards, is Virgil's tomb. I was walking that way one morning, and knowing I was near this holy ground, was looking anxiously about to discover the exact spot, when a peasant, who saw I was a stranger, asked me, "If I was looking for Virgil's tomb?" and at the same time pointed it out by the road-side. At a small distance from the tomb, a stone is raised, upon which are detailed the medicinal virtues of the neighbouring baths of Baia, Puzzuoli, &c.; and at the bottom notices the antiquity of Virgil's remains:—

Mantua me genuit, Calabri rapuere, tenet nunc  
Parthenope. Cecini pascua, rura, duces.  
Ecce meos cineres tumulantia saxa coronat  
Laurus, rara solo virida Pausilipi.  
Si tumulus ruat æternum hic monumenta  
Maronis,  
Servabunt laurum lauriferi cineres.

"Mantua gave me birth, Calabria snatched me away, Parthenope holds now my remains. I sung the meadows, the fields, and the heroes.

Lo! the stones that cover my ashes are crowned by the laurel which seldom grows on the ground of Pausilipum. Should my tomb crumble away, the laurel that will ever spring from my ashes will be an eternal monument of Maro's fame."

A description has been published here, by an abbé, of the discoveries and progress that have been made in rescuing Herculaneum and Pompeii from the lava or ashes with which they are covered. This is a clever book, and the author has done more than the Herculaneum Society in determining several difficult questions. He has clearly pointed out Cicero's villa, which is quite uncovered.—The city of Naples is very inferior to Florence in architectural decoration; the churches are large, but the interior only is worthy of note; they are full of very fine pictures. In the church of the Jeronimites is a copy, which is considered equal to the original, of Correggio's famous picture of *St. Jerome in the Wilderness*, which is considered the best picture in the world. It was in Parma, of which city or duchy Correggio was a native; but the French took it to Paris, and the Parmesans regret it more than they regret a year's cheese. In the museum there



is a fine Hercules in marble, and numerous other valuable specimens of the fine arts. But far superior to all these are the various beauties which nature has bestowed on Naples with a lavish hand; the fertile soil, the heavenly climate, the luxuriant yet bold landscape, fill the mind with wonder and admiration. Through the whole of Italy to the very extremity of Calabria, run the Appennines, a continuation of the Alps, which produce all that variety of landscape for which Italy is unique. The tops of these mountains are now covered with snow, yet in the plain we have the mildness of a fine May-day in England. Much of the city has been clear-

ed, but the operations now languish. There are now only about 50 labourers employed, the greater part of whom are clearing the amphitheatre. I measured the circumference of the upper circle, and found it 1070 English feet, and from other dimensions which I took, I calculate, that it would have contained 12,000 persons, allowing two feet to each. There is a Frenchman publishing at Rome a very circumstantial account of this subject, with elegant plates, but some time will elapse before his work is ready, and it will be a very expensive one.

SOMERSET, —.

## INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

MR. Robert Johnston has put to press his *Travels through Part of the Russian Empire and Poland*, &c. along the southern shores of the Baltic, the memorable track of Bonaparte's campaigns of 1812-13. They are illustrated by 30 coloured plates from drawings which the author took on the spot.

M. de Levis is preparing for publication, in English and French, in two octavo volumes, *England at the Beginning of the Nineteenth Century*, after the manner of Madame de Stael.

Mr. Edmund Boyce will shortly publish an interesting work, under the title of *The Belgian Traveller, or a Guide through the Kingdom of the United Netherlands*; containing an account of its history, character, customs, natural productions, and commerce; a correct description of every principal town, and

the time and mode of conveyance from place to place; containing all that can interest the merchant or the traveller: to which is prefixed, a large and correct map, containing the post-roads, cross-roads, and every post-station.

Miss Prickett is about to publish an historical novel, entitled *Warwick Castle*.

Mr. Gamble, author of *Sarsfield*, *Characteristic Sketches of Ireland*, &c. has in the press a new novel, entitled *Howard*.

*Parliamentary Portraits*, or *Sketches of the Public Character of some of the most distinguished Speakers of the House of Commons*, originally printed in the *Examiner*, are printing separately.

The *Theological Works* of James Arminius, D.D. Professor of Divinity in the University of Leyden, are in the press.



*Miscellaneous Poems*, by John Byrom, M. A. F.R.S. with some account of his life, will shortly appear.

*Memoirs of Lady Hamilton* will be published in a few days, said to be drawn from authentic sources, and comprising many anecdotes of various distinguished personages, among whom are the King and Queen of Sicily, Sir William Hamilton, the late Lord and the present Earl Nelson, the Earl of Bristol, the Duke of Queensberry, &c. &c.

*An Authentic Narrative of the Invasion of France by the Confederates in 1814*, including the History of the Restoration, will shortly appear from the pen of M. de Beauchamp, author of the History of the War in La Vendée.

Mr. Peter Coxe has circulated proposals for publishing, by subscription, a poem, entitled *The Social Day*, in four cantos. The subject embraces a circle of social intercourse, commencing at the hour of breakfast, extending until midnight, and interspersed with occurrences and remarks drawn from society at large. The work will be printed in royal 8vo. and embellished with twenty-five plates, designed and engraved by the most eminent artists in their respective departments. We must not omit mentioning, that all these embellishments are spontaneously and gratuitously contributed; a token of regard that reflects the highest credit upon the liberality of the artists, and strikingly evinces the sense they entertain of the talents and worth of the amiable author. Most of the members of the royal family appear at the head of the

numerous and truly respectable list of subscribers.

The Rev. Mr. Cobbin will shortly put to press, *The French Preacher*, consisting of valuable Discourses, translated from the most eminent Catholic and Protestant Divines, with biographical notes, in one volume 8vo.

The Rev. Mr. Eustace is now in Italy, collecting materials for a third volume of his *Classical Tour* in that country.

Mr. Robert Thompson has in the press, a rapid *Sketch of the French Revolution*, including the eventful period from 1789 to the downfall of Bonaparte, with many interesting anecdotes. The author was himself an eye-witness of the principal facts here related.

Mr. C. Blunt, optician, of Tavistock-street, Covent-Garden, is preparing for the press, *A Descriptive Essay on the Instrument vulgarly termed the Magic Lantern*, with many plates and wood-cuts, which will contain complete instructions for the more perfect management and the more extensive and rational use of this most curious instrument in its present improved state, and an account of the various instruments and contrivances for exhibiting optical deceptions; a description of various simple and amusing combinations to be made with the magic lantern, and distinct instructions for the choice and management of the colours, &c. used in painting the slides (according to a new and more simple process discovered and practised by the author), which enables persons who can draw in water-colours to paint very superior slides themselves; directions for fitting



up portable theatres of optical amusement at a small expence, and the mode of construction and contrivances necessary to render improved optical instruments of this nature very powerful auxiliaries in public theatres; dissertations on the probability of optical deceptions having been used during the dark ages to overawe the ignorant, and the eligibility of now employing the same means to promote and simplify the objects of general education.

Mr. Accum has in the press, *A Treatise on Gas-Light*, exhibiting a summary description of the apparatus and machinery best calculated for illuminating streets, houses, and public edifices, with carburetted hydrogen, or coal gas; together with remarks on the utility, safety, and general nature of this new branch of civil economy. This work will be illustrated with geometrical and perspective designs, shewing the structure of the larger gas-light apparatus now successfully employed for lighting the streets and houses of this metropolis, as well as the smaller apparatus used for lighting manufactories and private establishments.

Mr. Britton proposes to publish three engravings of the *Bust of Shakspeare*, from a cast of the bust on his monument at Stratford-upon-Avon, made by Mr. George Bullock. The prints will represent a full face, a three-quarter face, and a profile, and be engraved by the most eminent artists, from pictures by Phillips and Richter. They will be accompanied by a Memoir, in 4to. in which some new traits of character in the life and person of the bard will be elucidated, and the

memoirs of preceding biographers analyzed. It is also intended to publish a few casts of the bust. Mr. Britton has on this occasion announced his intention of giving at some future time a particular account of the Bust at Stratford, which Langbaine pronounced to be "the true effigies of Shakspeare;" to inquire into its style, character, and claims to originality; endeavour to point out the reasons why it has hitherto been neglected; and also to allude to the various prints or pictures that have been considered or named as portraits of our great dramatist.

Speedily will be published, in 4to. *An Inquiry into the Origin and early History of Engraving on Copper and in Wood*, with an account of the most ancient engravers and their works, from the earliest period to the middle of the sixteenth century; comprising observations on some of the first books ornamented with wood-cuts, by William Young Ottley, F. A. S. The work will be illustrated by numerous fac-similes of scarce and interesting specimens of the art, and will be farther enriched by impressions taken from some of the original blocks engraved by Albert Durer. Fifty copies, with proof impressions of the plates, are printing, of the same size as the larger copies of Dibdin's edition of Ames's and Herbert's *Typographical Antiquities*.

A new edition of Mr. Taylor's *Ghosts* will appear in the course of the present month, with the addition of many new and very curious stories.

A singular work on *Occult Philosophy* will be published in the



course of a few weeks. It will include the Lives of all the ancient Alchemistical Philosophers, a critical Catalogue of their Writings, and a selection of the most celebrated Treatises on the Theory and Practice of the Hermetic Art.

Speedily will be published, in two volumes 12mo. *Paris Chit-Chat*, or a View of the Society, Manners, Customs, Literature, and Amusements of the Parisians, being a translation of "Guillaume le Franc Parleur," and a sequel to "L'Hermite de la Chaussée d'Antin." This new series of Essays, from the pen of that acute and lively writer, M. Jouy, marks the most important and interesting era of French history, the restoration of the legitimate family to the throne of France. These volumes will perform the office of an intelligent cicerone to such English as are visiting the most interesting metropolis of Europe: so perfect are the delineations of character, manners, and *délassements* of this lively people, that no production of a similar nature has enjoyed such undisputed estimation from those who are best enabled to appreciate its value, the Parisians themselves.

Mr. Upcott, of the London Institution, has in the press, a volume in 8vo. of considerable interest to collectors of British topography. It consists of a Bibliographical Description of the principal works on the Topography of England and Wales, alphabetically arranged, together with a list of plates and pedigrees.

The following interesting works are nearly ready for publication:—

*Travels in Europe and Africa*, by Colonel Keatinge. This work will

be illustrated with numerous engravings of antiquities, scenery, and costume, from drawings taken on the spot.

*Memoirs of thirty Years of the Life of the late Empress Josephine.*

*Private Education, or the Studies of Young Ladies considered*, by Elizabeth Appleton, late governess in the family of the Earl of Leven and Melville.

The Count de la Bontaye has announced, that he has discovered the means of dyeing unalterable colours, the composition of which is perfect; viz. blue upon wool and silk; green, yellow, violet, and nine other colours; to wit, a yellow upon wool, as strong and more brilliant than the former; two greens, one of which will resist the action of fire itself; two fine blacks, one without copperas, which can neither burn nor harden silk any more than wool; and another, which resists sulphuric acid, potash in a state of ebullition, as well as the action of the sun and air; an unalterable puce colour; a crimson on silk, much cheaper and more durable than cochineal; and, lastly, a pure pink, completely unalterable through all the shades of flesh colour. "Add to these twelve new colours," says he, "which may be obtained pure in all their shades, a very beautiful white, never liable to turn yellow, which I have succeeded in giving to wool as well as silk, and which spreads much more than their natural white. If we only add to this, the fastest colour of the ancient dye, or the fine red yielded by Alkermes, to fill the palette, and the problem will be solved. Of these twelve unchangeable colours, eight have



been subjected to the action of the sun under glass, during the four latter months of last summer (1813), without undergoing the least alteration. Fire has no effect upon the ninth colour, and the three last are the fruits of my industry through the preceding winter."

Professor Lampadius, of Freyberg, has recommended the following composition as an effectual preservative of iron against rust:—One ounce of jet (*Kohlblende*) rubbed down to the finest powder; to which are then to be added, four ounces of vitriol of lead, and one ounce of vitriol of zinc; afterwards mix the whole in a pound of linseed-oil varnish, and stirring it up carefully, keep it over a slow fire till it has attained a boiling heat.

Mr. Matthew Michl claims the honour of an invention for travelling under water, on a more extensive scale than that of the French artist, M. Melville, lately announced, whose method he declares to be in contradiction to theory. He proposes, on the other hand, a very simple vessel, constructed on a plan perfectly according with theory, which is distinguished by its cheapness and its lightness from all other contrivances of the kind. He fills it with compressed air, and thus obviates the inconveniences to which all preceding diving vessels have been exposed. The projected invasions of the French gave occasion for his idea. He has not the least doubt of the possibility of the existence of sub-marine voyagers in compressed air. He announces two vessels, one for military expeditions, being so simply and lightly

constructed, and procured without difficulty in such numbers, that whole corps may be thus conveyed under the surface of the water into an enemy's port; the other for scientific expeditions, by which we shall be enabled to explore depths which cannot be examined by any other means. The inventor offers to execute his plan, which would not be attended with any considerable expence.

The celebrated Saxon University of Wittenberg seems to have suffered more than any other literary institution of the Continent from late events. Most of its professors reside together in the village of Schmiedeberg, where they are encouraged by hopes from Dresden, and by such succours as circumstances permit. The faculty of jurisprudence is most active at Schmiedeberg, and several of the students are assiduously preparing there for the approaching examination. The professors of Wittenberg were deeply affected by the donation of 300*l.* from the University of Cambridge, procured for them by the interference of Dr. Herbert Marsh, Professor of Divinity in that University, and well known in the literary world as a political and theological writer. The present Rector of the University, Dr. Nitsche, has conscientiously superintended the distribution, and letters of thanks have been transmitted to Cambridge.

The most magnificent dessert service of cut glass perhaps ever seen, has been recently prepared by Mr. Blades, late sheriff of London, from the designs of Mr. F. Jones. It reflects the highest credit on the manufacture of the country. It is



formed entirely from the purest specimens of the antique, and the glass is mounted with *or-molu*; the whole consists of between 3 and 4000 pieces. The exquisite elegance of the figures of the different vessels is particularly gratifying to the classical eye; and the taste of the artist is not less displayed in the variety, than in the grace of the workmanship. No sovereign in Europe possesses a service in any degree equal to this, which, for the honour of commerce, has been executed for M. Bondeira, an opulent merchant of Lisbon. In the same superb repository are to be seen four large gold candelabras mounted in glass, with an immense lustre, for the rich Persee merchant, Homajee Bomajee, of Lowjee Castle, Bombay.

#### MUSICAL REVIEW.

*The Overture, Songs, Duets, Trios, and Choruses in the highly popular Entertainment, called BROTHER AND SISTER, as performed at the Theatre Royal Covent-Garden, composed and arranged for the Piano-Forte by W. Reeve and Henry R. Bishop. Pr. 12s.*

THE author of the overture is not mentioned. It consists of a variety of movements, among which we perceive a Scotch andante, a German waltz, and a Polish Rondo; and the whole partakes but little of the character of a dramatic overture: that it is not from Mr. Bishop's pen, the general style, we think, warrants us in believing.

Among the songs, &c. we shall briefly notice the following:—"Taste, oh! taste this spicy wine" (by Mr. Bishop), consists of a sweet

andantino in D major, to which is appended an agreeable minor part, terminating by means of an extreme sixth in the dominant; and this andantino is followed by a sprightly quick movement, analogous to the former, wherein we notice with approbation the momentary transit of the harmony through C sharp (*p. 14. l. 1*). The *Echo Song* by Miss Stephens (Bishop) is introduced by an apt symphony of the wind instruments. Then comes the largo, in which the voice, acting a part rather recitative, is skilfully supported by the wind instruments likewise. The quick movement which follows next is in every respect highly impressive; and we especially admire the happy effect of the unisono passages, "Is't fairy ground," &c. which is neatly made to merge into a varied representation of the subject under the key of G.—Of the most beautiful canon for three voices, "Chaste Diana," &c. from Martini's opera "The Tree of Diana," it is not our province to say more, than that Mr. Bishop could not have made a happier choice, if want of time rendered foreign auxiliaries necessary. Mr. Duruset's rondo, "Lovely, but unloving creature," is a pleasing trifle, with a very tasteful subject, the recurrence of which is well set off by the intervening portions. The finale to the first act, like the overture, lacks an owner, or perhaps the child had too many owners to be in justice assigned to one individual parent. Notwithstanding some awkward harmonies, we discover in it a considerable stock of erotic excellence.—"Lovely youth, if I surrender" (by Mr. Bishop), is



a clever trio, in which the composer has fully seized and followed the spirit of the dramatic author. The subject of the first movement is very attractive, and its style that of well marked precision. In its subsequent repetition proper ornamental variation has been employed, and the words "No, no," &c. are expressed with much truth, although, by the bye, "ēvēr" (p. 53) is scanned, as if pronounced by a Frenchman, "ēvēr".--The part of Don Christoval (p. 56) comes in with great effect under the sudden change of key to A b; and the concluding presto is strongly supported by a good instrumental accompaniment. The finale, like that of the 1st act, is anonymous; but in this respect alone is there any resemblance: it will do to put on shawls, gloves, &c. and find the way out of the house.

*Songs, Duets, &c. from THE LORD OF THE ISLES.*

Mr. Walter Scott's new poem of *The Lord of the Isles*, like his *Rokeby*, seems to have inspired our composers with uncommon ardour and emulation to harmonize whatever portions appeared susceptible of musical illustration. We have a considerable number of these efforts before us, from the pens of different masters, some of which being on the same text, afford an opportunity for curious comparison. The greater part bears evident marks of haste, as if the prize of the task was to be adjudged according to the degree of dispatch used in its accomplishment. Some of these compositions we shall briefly notice in our present Number, reserving the remainder, from want of room, to our next catalogue.

No. LXXVI. Vol. XIII.

"*The Maid of Lorn*," Duetto from the celebrated Poem *THE LORD OF THE ISLES*, composed by W. J. Parke.

Mr. Parke's duet above-named is agreeable; it aims rather at simplicity of expression than elevation or originality of thought. The text has been divided into two movements, the last of which, of a sprightlier cast, is occasionally supported by an active accompaniment.

"*Wake, Edith, wake*," (from the same poem) composed by J. Mazzinghi. Pr. 1s. 6d.

Here we have the same text as in the preceding article, arranged as a song. The introductory symphony is interesting; and the melody of the air itself proceeds in a style of unaffected ingenuousness, which is rendered the more attractive by a florid appropriate accompaniment.

"*Wake, Maid of Lorn*," (from the same poem) composed by Dr. John Clarke. Pr. 2s.

Again in the same text; but of the three specimens before us, we think Dr. Clarke has had the greatest success in seizing the spirit of his author. The call, "*Wake, Maid of Lorn*," is emphatic, and neatly varied on its repetition; indeed the melody throughout bears the stamp of impressive selectness, and the instrumental support is devised with judgment and taste, and proves very effective. This is peculiarly the case in the latter half of p. 8. The introduction, too, is elegant and apposite.

"*Merrily, merrily goes the Bark*," (from the same poem) sung by Mr. Incedon, composed by W. J. Parke. Pr. 1s. 6d.



The above song is conceived in a lively rapid style of melody, quite adapted to the words. This is more particularly the case with the subject at the outset, from which an appropriate symphony has been deduced. The whole is of a lightsome, facile cast, well calculated for singers of moderate proficiency.

"*Merrily, merrily goes the Bark,*" (from the same poem) composed by J. Mazzinghi. Pr. 1s. 6d.

The same in regard to text as the preceding:—Mr. Mazzinghi has been eminently happy in the invention of this melody, which is full of ingenuous gaiety, and proceeds spiritedly from beginning to end, always in concert with the words. There is likewise every desirable variety of ideas, and they seem to flow out of each other in the most unlaboured and natural manner. The accompaniments, especially in the two last pages, are very busy, and impart a peculiar interest to the voice. The whole of this song cannot fail to ingratiate itself with every lover of vocal music.

"*Wake, Maid of Lorn,*" (from the same poem) composed by J. Mazzinghi. Pr. 2s. 6d.

Surely it will not be the fault of our composers, if this sleeping beauty be not roused from her slumber, called up as she is by so many hands, and in such a variety of ways. In the present case three voices at once, joined in harmonious glee, do their best to awaken the drowsy Maid of Lorn. The main subject of the first movements of this trio is so very pretty, that one feels sorry at its being so soon exchanged for other matter; we could have wished it employed as the

ground-work of the whole glee. The second movement, however, exhibits several pleasing ideas too; and in the general construction, Mr. M.'s skill and experience are sufficiently perceptible.

"*Edith of Lorn,*" (from the same poem) composed, and respectfully inscribed to Miss Joanna Baillie, by Dr. John Clarke. Pr. 2s. 6d.

One more appeal to the fair Edith, set to the same text as the preceding, and treated in the same manner, viz. as a glee for three voices. Although there is little novelty in the conception of the melody, the different ideas of which it is formed are in unison with the sense of the words, and the arrangement of the parts is respectable. The instrumental aid is likewise devised with judgment, and towards the end falls in with much activity and effect.

*The Christmas Carol, varied as a Rondo for the Piano-Forte,* by S. Wesley. Pr. 1s. 6d.

Mr. S. Wesley has done more than mere justice to this ancient melody, the rhythmical irregularity of whose second part would perhaps have deterred inferior abilities from handling the subject in the manner of a rondo. It may, however, be fair to apprise the lovers of *light reading* in music, that this rondo is not proper food for their tender stomachs; its digestion appertains to the vigorous organs of an elect proficient. To such we could wish to recommend Mr. W.'s labour, as a profitable study in point of theory as well as practice. It is an elaborate performance of the higher order, replete with grammatical skill and ingenious contrivance. The counterpoints,



the excellent bass-work, the fugal windings, and the masterly middle parts, may boldly challenge competition. The manner in which the subject is handled under its major key is perfectly original, and the same praise is due to its treatment in G major, and, by means of a skilful transition, in A minor. In short, every line offers new matter of gratification to those who feel a relish for productions of sterling science, of which there is a greater display in the few pages before us, than in any publication of equal volume that has come under our notice for many years past.

*Italian Monfrina, with Variations for the Piano-Forte, and an Accompaniment for the Flute, composed, and dedicated to Miss Reeves, by J. Jay, Mus. Doc. Pr. 3s.*

The aspect alone of this publication impressed us with a belief that it is the work of sedulous application; and a subsequent trial not only confirmed that first impression, but proved, moreover, that the author's pains had not been bestowed in vain. The Italian Monfrina, under the present treatment, is an elaborate, skilful, and pleasing composition. Even in the theme (which perhaps exhibits some premature ornamental diversifications) several touches of select harmonizations occur (e.g. l. 4). In the variations themselves, we observe throughout a great number of clever contrivances and *conceitti*, and abundance of neat responses and imitations, in which the flute acts a very effective part. Where, however, that instrument is oblige, judicious provision has been made in case of its absence; the flute variations being transferred

to the piano-forte, and thus given in a double shape. Without entering into the merits of every individual variation, we shall merely advert to the delicate manner in which the subject is handled under its minor key. Nor can we in justice omit mentioning the march var. 6. not only on account of the ingenuity with which the theme has been moulded into that form, but also on the score of the able responses introduced therein. The coda reminds us of the saying, "All's well that ends well." It does Dr. Jay great credit, but requires steadiness in the performers, especially for the flute part, in which the subdivisions of time are apportioned with much nicety.

*A Medley Divertimento for the Piano-Forte, Harp, and Flute, in which is introduced the popular Air "Vive Henrie (Henry?) Quatre," composed in commemoration of the Peace of Europe, 1814, by J. Purkis. Pr. 5s.; single, 3s. 6d.*

That Mr. P.'s commemoration divertimento should not have come under our notice until the peace of Europe had vanished like a dream, and the air of "Vive Henry Quatre" had become treason in France, is a source of deep regret to us. But we must repress the agonies of political feelings excited at this time by the title of this publication, lest they paralyze our critical functions. According to the said title, Mr. P. here presents us with a variety of movements in succession, more or less allusive of the *happy* (?) era. A neat larghetto forms the introduction, after which follow, "See the conquering Hero comes" —



Vive Henry Quatre, very properly harmonized—An original and very attractive Russian air—"O lovely peace!" (lovely peace with a vengeance)—Another Russian air—A French air of very tasteful melody, and last of all, "God save the King." All these movements are well harmonized; and the accompaniments of the flute and harp, particularly the latter, are full and effective. The whole, therefore, of this melody cannot fail to afford ample entertainment; and we must do Mr. P. the justice to say, that he has completed *his* task in a much more satisfactory manner than the magnanimous allies, whose labour he commemorates.

*Two favourite Movements, composed by Dr. Haydn, viz. the Surprise, and the Military Movement, arranged as Duets for the Harp and Piano-Forte (with an Accompaniment for a Flute ad lib.), and dedicated to Mrs. D'Esanges and Miss Kuse, by N. B. Chaloner. Op. 28. Pr. 5s.*

The two pieces contained in this publication are so universally

known and admired, that we need say nothing of the propriety of Mr. C.'s choice in the present instance. But a careful perusal and comparison of the two parts, together with an imperfect trial of their effect, enables us to declare; that of the many adaptations of the self-same movements, we have met with none, for so few as only two instruments (for the flute part is not essential) maintain so completely the character and spirit of the originals, as is the case with the arrangement before us, with which Haydn himself, were he alive, would have every reason to be highly satisfied. This is the more meritorious, as the peculiarity of that character and spirit was by no means easy to be extracted and compressed, as it were, from a full score to the sphere of only two instruments.

\*\*\* Mr. Mott's *Il Momento fortunato*, and some other pieces, which were obliged to give way to prior communications, will be noticed in our next.

## RETROSPECT OF POLITICS.

### FRANCE.

FRANCE, the box of Pandora, that inexhaustible crater of all the miseries which have desolated Europe for these twenty-five years, unfortunately claims again an accursed priority of notice in our monthly Retrospect. Still agitated in body and mind by the calamitous event, the intelligence of which burst upon us like a clap of thunder, our feelings of anguish, we had almost said of despair and delirium, are ill calculated for the

sober historical recital of the tale of woe we have to record.

Our readers know too well that we allude to the invasion of France by Bonaparte. It is not a twelve-month ago that the tiger was hunted down in his den, and taken by the combined and heroic efforts of all Europe. His life ought to have paid the forfeit of his crimes; by the magnanimity of the allies it was spared: a dungeon, then, ought to have rendered that life harmless; by the magnanimity of



the allies, the full range of the island of Elba was granted to him: a strong garrison, then, of allied troops ought to have rendered his residence there harmless; by the magnanimity of the allies, he was permitted to have an armed force of desperadoes, and was acknowledged as the sovereign of the island, with the title of Emperor! We were told, it is true, that ships of war watched the Elbese coasts, and that commissioners observed his motions on shore; but neither ships of war nor commissioners were near, when, on the 26th of Feb. this desperate adventurer embarked in a brig and four small vessels himself, Generals Drouet and Bertrand, 700 men of the old French guards, 300 Corsicans, and 140 foreigners of several nations, with 4 field-pieces. In the afternoon of the 1st of March, this little squadron appeared off Cannes, a small town in Provence, between Frejus and Antibes. The troops were landed the same day, without the slightest resistance; but an attempt to obtain Antibes by stratagem or treachery failed.—Next day this handful of men, with Bonaparte at their head, set out on their march towards the interior. Passing by Grasse, which they did not enter, they arrived on the 4th at Digne, where they bivouacked. Proceeding, with more than his usual rapidity, Bonaparte arrived at Gap the day following, and near Grenoble on the 8th. This important fortress, commanded by Lieutenant-General Le Marchand, refused to open its gates; but the loyalty of the governor was of no avail against the treason of his soldiers; they rose upon him, killed

or severely wounded him, and surrendered themselves and the place to the cause of the rebel. Equipped with the artillery, the ammunition, and the military stores of every kind which Grenoble presented to him in abundance, Bonaparte pursued his march without losing a moment, and on the 10th entered Lyons.

During this march of upwards of 200 miles into the very heart of France, he does not appear to have met with the least opposition. Indeed we have not seen mention made of a single shot having been fired to arrest his progress. Not that the French government, taken by surprise as it was, did not instantly adopt every means *in its power* to meet and resist the invader; but those means were almost in every instance rendered nugatory, and indeed destructive, by the treachery of the troops, who went over to the rebel as fast as they were brought into the field.

It appears that the first intelligence of Bonaparte's landing reached Paris on the 5th. It was kept secret until the 7th, when the king issued two proclamations, dated the 6th. In the first he convoked the two Chambers to meet in an extraordinary session; and the other declared Bonaparte a traitor and a rebel, calling upon every Frenchman to pursue and secure him, in order to his undergoing the punishment fixed by law, as soon as his person shall have been identified. Monsieur and the Duke of Orleans, accompanied by Marshals Macdonald and Gouvion St. Cyr, had left Paris early on the 6th for Lyons, where it was intended to assemble what force could be hast-



ily collected from the neighbourhood. They arrived there the next day, and found the citizens well disposed, but the troops, however small in number, inclining to the cause of the rebel; there was likewise a total want of artillery and ammunition. In short, from what cause and in what manner we know not, the princes found it necessary to evacuate Lyons almost immediately, some accounts state on the 8th, others on the 10th.

Indeed, all the intelligence which we receive from the seat and under the controul of the government in France, and no other is allowed to go abroad, comes, as may be supposed, under circumstances of such alarm, delicacy, and confusion, so extremely defective, garbled, and visionary, that no absolute dependance can be placed upon it, were it even less destitute of positive facts than is actually the case. Of course, not a syllable of Bonaparte's proclamations is suffered to transpire; but some Englishmen who have seen them, state that they accuse Louis XVIII. of "having broken the engagement by which he was to pay 6,000,000 of livres to the Corsican and his family; of having consented to strip France of her conquests; of having insulted the army," &c. Besides these and other inflammatory writings, emissaries have been sent by Bonaparte, before and since his landing, in all directions to seduce the troops. But with the exception of the defections that happened on the line of his march, only one or two further instances of insurrection have come to our knowledge.

Count D'Erlon, the governor of

Lisle, has been arrested in that fortress, by order of Marshal Mortier, as head of a conspiracy in the north, which was to second Bonaparte's movements in the south. The operations of the former were to begin by seizing the great depôt of artillery at La Fere, near Laons, after which a movement upon Paris was in contemplation. General Lefebvre Desnouettes, he that broke his parole while prisoner of war in England, set out accordingly on the 8th from Cambray, with the regiment of royal horse chasseurs, of which he is the colonel. He arrived at La Fere the next day; but his attempt to take the place by surprise failed, through the firmness of General D'Aboville, who shut the gates and refused entrance. It would appear that the troops were all this time ignorant of their destination, or if they knew it, they had repented of the step they had taken: for after this failure the officers, with Major Lions at the head, demanded an explanation of their chief, declaring that they would not proceed otherwise; upon which Lefebvre separated from them, and the troops were led back to Cambray by their major, who, in the name of the regiment, conveyed to the king an assurance of their loyalty.

A second attempt was made immediately after upon the same place by Generals Lallemand (two brothers). Provided with false passports, they entered the town of La Fere at the head of 1000 men; but the arsenal and gates having been secured by General D'Aboville and Major Pion, and the garrison drawn up on the esplanade, they were unable to carry their



design into execution. They at length demanded permission to retire, which was granted, the garrison not being strong enough to detain them. It appears, that the two Lallemands and Lefebvre, deserted by their troops, were wandering about in the neighbourhood of La Ferté Milon, when a brigade of gendarmes surprised them and took the two former, Lefebvre making his escape. Some accounts state, that the two Lallemands and Count D'Erlon have already been executed.

Marshal Soult, whether from a suspicion of his having been a party to those movements, as well as having stocked Grenoble purposely to serve as a *dépôt* of equipment for Bonaparte, or from motives not yet avowed, has been deprived of the important office of Minister of War; some accounts say he was cashiered by a court-martial. His successor is the Duke of Feltre (General Clarke).

With the exception of Soult, whose case, however, is still involved in mystery, and of perhaps Davoust, all the marshals appear to have thus far remained staunch in the royal cause.

Marshal Mortier has given proofs of his loyalty by the prompt measures he took in suppressing the conspiracy at Lisle and in the northern departments.

Marshal Oudinot, who commands the old guard at Metz, is stated to have answered for the fidelity of that imposing body, which he put to the test by declaring, that he would give passports to any one that was inclined to join the rebel; an offer which they unanimously spurned with indignation. The

king therefore raised the privates to the rank of non-commissioned officers, and the non-commissioned officers to that of lieutenants; and directed the whole corps to be led to the protection of the capital.

Marshal Victor is stated to have moved a considerable body of troops upon Langres, with a view to oppose the further progress of Bonaparte.

Marshal Ney is stated to have collected at Besançon 6000 troops of the line and a numerous body of the national guards of Franche Comté, and to have arrived with them on the 11th at Lons le Saulnier, about 50 miles from Lyons.

Marshal Suchet, who was in all haste dispatched from Paris to Strasburg, the seat of his government, arrived there on the 10th, and was on the point of moving towards Lyons.

Marshal Massena is stated to have given the first intelligence of Bonaparte's appearance, from his government at Toulon, and to have sent General Miollis with two regiments to overtake the usurper; but the regiments deserted the royal cause. The flotilla which brought Bonaparte and his men, is stated to have been taken by a frigate sent round from Toulon.

Marshals Marmont and Angereau are the more depended upon, from the circumstance of Bonaparte's having set a price on their heads.

Marshal Mardonald, who accompanied the princes to Lyons, and returned with them to Paris on the 13th, has set out again for the army.

General Dupont, who commanded at Tours, has set out with a corps for Montargis, to co-operate in the protection of Paris.



It is probable, that Ney's corps, if it be not seduced, will first come in contact with Bonaparte's troops; and French accounts of the 17th, the latest we can avail ourselves of in our Retrospect, state, that on the 15th Bonaparte left Lyons to meet Ney, and that his advanced guard had pushed to the vicinity of Maçon: but the same accounts give us likewise the distressing intelligence of insurrections having broken out at Maçon, Tournus, Chalons sur Marne, and Dijon, so as to compel the public functionaries to betake themselves to flight. These commotions are the more dangerous, as their scene lies on the immediate flank and rear of Ney. This marshal is further stated to have, out of his private purse, set a price of three millions of livres upon Bonaparte being brought to him alive or dead. Two millions of livres are offered in like manner by the city of Marseilles, whose loyalty is particularly conspicuous, its national guards having set out, under General Duvernet, to act in the rear of Bonaparte.

The capital, upon which so much depends, has, according to the official accounts at least, manifested hitherto not only a firm attachment, but even great enthusiasm in the royal cause. Hardly an attempt at disturbance has occurred; the national guards have come forward with great alacrity, and youths of all classes are offering their services for the defence of their country and sovereign. The king, in this trying crisis, shews the serenity and fortitude of a virtuous mind. On the 16th, he proceeded in state to the Chamber of Deputies, whither the Chamber of Peers

had been invited, and delivered an address, which breathed the purest sentiments of patriotism, and was received by both houses with the loudest acclamations.

Thus far we are enabled to bring down the history of the first few eventful days of this new shock which the fiend of the human race has given to the repose of the world. It is painful to us, to be under the necessity of thus breaking off our narrative at a stage of the contest, which, scarcely admitting an anticipation of futurity, allows neither any sanguine hopes nor despondent fears. As far as we are enabled to judge from the past, we own we do not look with great confidence to Bonaparte's discomfiture by *French* means; although we feel persuaded, whichever way the issue turn, the struggle between French and French will be so short, that its termination *thus far* will probably be the theme of our next Retrospect. But supposing Bonaparte to succeed in this attempt on the crown of France, that crown, however undisputed on the part of the French, will not be left on his head by the power of united Europe, which so recently deprived him of it. The allied monarchs, even were they not, as is the case, by treaty bound, to resent any fresh interruption of the peace of Europe, would, from a sense of their own interest, again unite in crushing this restless adventurer. There has scarcely been time sufficient to allow of our knowing the impression this event produced at Vienna; but no doubt can exist, but the sovereigns on the spot will instantly concert the most energetic mea-



asures. Indeed these measures may be said to be already in a train of execution, since it is known that the Prussian armies are in motion on all sides towards France.

As far as Great Britain is concerned, a considerable force from hence is forthwith to strengthen our army in the Netherlands, and orders have been dispatched to the Duke of Wellington, who has been appointed generalissimo over all the troops there, to repair immediately to Brussels. So little do we fall in with the short-sighted policy of those who deprecate any interference of England on this occasion, that we regret, some of the nearest troops at hand were not ordered across the Channel the very instant the first news of the rebellion reached us. A few thousand men, to be depended upon, would have been a host at the outset; such an unequivocal demonstration of British interference would have cheered up the hopes of the loyal in France, would have retained on the right path the vacillating, and would have deterred the disaffected. Much might still be done with little, even at this time, while perhaps a few weeks hence little will be effected by even great efforts. We look with anxiety to a proclamation on the part of the allies.

#### ITALY.

Alarming rumours with respect to Italy have been in currency a few days ago. It was said, that Murat had openly declared in favour of Bonaparte; that the proclamation of the latter, promising liberty, &c. to the Italians, had set all Italy in a blaze of insurrection, and that

in the Milanese, Veronese, and Genoese the people had risen simultaneously and massacred the Austrian and English garrisons. Aware as we are of the spirit of discontent in those quarters, we yet doubt the authenticity of this intelligence. And as to Murat, we give him credit for more penetration and prudence than thus to commit himself irretrievably. It is far more probable, that he will temporize, as he did a twelve-month ago, and endeavour, by threatening demonstrations, to set a price upon either his co-operation, which we never thought worth the purchase, or at least upon his neutrality.

#### CONGRESS AT VIENNA.

The deliberations at Vienna are stated to have substantially arrived at a conclusion. If we knew their result, the events in France would deprive them of their importance, or certainly at least render them conditional. But nothing positive has yet transpired, except as far as relates to Belgium, the destiny of which had not before been doubtful. The Sovereign Prince has officially announced the fate of Belgium, as regulated by the Congress, in the following terms:—“All those parts of Belgium which formerly belonged to Austria, have been placed under my sovereignty, except some portions of the territory of Limburg and Luxemburg, and under some modifications in respect to these two duchies. We retain on the right bank of the Meuse a slip of territory sufficient to ensure to us the entire enjoyment and the free navigation of that river; and the ancient bishop-



ric of Liege is among the countries which will compose the new monarchy of the Low Countries."

Great and unremitting efforts have also, we learn, been made by Lord Castlereagh to effect a total abolition of the slave trade; in which laudable undertaking, however, great difficulties have been encountered with several of the sovereigns of Europe. Some further step appears, nevertheless, to have been gained in the cause, and his lordship's expected communication to Parliament may probably enable us, in our next, to state the degree of success his exertions have attained.

#### UNITED STATES.

The Ghent treaty of peace was ratified by the President of the United States on the 17th of February. As we have already given its leading features, and as we have no room to insert it at length, we subjoin now merely the substance of its eleven articles.

Art. 1. Restores peace, and stipulates the restitution of all territories taken during the war by either party, excepting the Passamaquaddy Islands, the possession of which is to be decided according to the 4th article.

Art. 2. Regulates the cessation of hostilities in different quarters of the globe within fixed periods.

Art. 3. Restores all prisoners on both sides.

Art. 4. Provides for the appointment of a commissioner on each side, to decide on the title each party pretends to have to the Passamaquaddy Islands, in consequence of the equivocal stipulations of the 2d article of the treaty of peace of 1783.

Art. 5. Provides for the appointment of another commissioner on each side, to ascertain and settle the boundary line between the United States and Canada.

Art. 6. Provides for the appointment of a further commissioner on each side, to ascertain which is the middle of the river Iroquois, and to whom belong the islands in it.

Art. 7. Stipulates that the commissioners to be appointed under article 6, are to fix that part of the boundary between the dominions of the two powers, which extends from the the water-communication between Lake Huron and Lake Superior to the western part of the Lake of the Woods. The decisions of the several sets of commissioners under articles 4, 5, 6, and 7 to be binding on both powers, if the commissioners agree; but if they differ upon any of the questions they are to decide, the matter is to be referred to a friendly sovereign, whose determination is to be final.

Art. 8. Regulates the mode of proceeding of the boards of all these commissioners.

Art. 9. Provides for the cessation of hostilities, on both sides, with the Indians, who are to be restored to all the rights and privileges they enjoyed in 1811.

Art. 10. Acknowledges the inhumanity and injustice of the slave trade, the abolition of which both parties engage to use their best endeavours to accomplish.

Art. 11. Relates to the ratification already exchanged.

Under the present aspect of affairs in France, the intelligence of the ratification of this treaty, although it settles nothing, came sea-



sonably welcome. But as, from a confidence in the repose of Europe, the great questions of maritime rights have been entirely passed over in this instrument of pacification, and as in the event of Bonaparte's success these questions will probably again come under agitation, we look upon it as a mere truce contingent upon the issue of the civil war in France.

As this peace would have rendered nugatory the most splendid success of our army on the banks of the Mississippi, our grief at the entire failure of the enterprize, with an immense loss of lives, is the more poignant. The operations, from beginning to end, were briefly as follows:—

The expedition sailed from Negril Bay, Jamaica, on the 29th November, and arrived off the coast of West Florida on the 9th December. The enemy had previously abandoned a position near Mobile Point. The shipping then proceeded to Pines Bay; and on the 13th December anchored off the Isles of Candelaria, near the mouths of the Mississippi. The enemy had assembled a flotilla, consisting of six gun-boats, which it became necessary to capture or destroy before the troops could be landed. The naval part of the operations was commenced by an attack with the boats on the ship *Louisiana*, a floating battery carrying 30 guns, and an American flotilla consisting of five gun-boats and two schooners; all of which were either captured or destroyed, after an obstinate resistance, in which we sustained a loss of 90 men killed and wounded. Part of the troops, under the command of Major-General Keane,

to the amount of 2000 men, were then landed about 10 miles from New-Orleans. In the night of the 22d of December a schooner of 16 guns dropped down the river, and commenced a heavy fire upon our men, and in the morning the enemy attacked our force of 2000 with his 7000, but after a sharp action, in which we lost 250 men and some officers, was repulsed in all directions. After this success some guns were landed, which in a short time destroyed the schooner with red-hot shot.

On the morning of the 25th, Sir Edward Pakenham arrived, and assumed the chief command of the army. On the 27th, at daylight, the troops moved forward, driving the enemy's pickets to within six miles of the town, when the main body was discovered strongly posted behind a breast-work extending about 1000 yards, with the right resting on the Mississippi, and the left on a thick wood.

The interval between the 27th Dec. and 8th Jan. was employed in preparation for an attack on the enemy's lines. The attack, which was intended to have been made on the night of the 7th, did not take place till early on the morning of the 8th, owing to the difficulties experienced in the passage of the Mississippi, by a corps under Lieutenant-Colonel Thornton, which was destined to co-operate on the right bank of that river, and to take a strong redoubt that protected the enemy's lines on the left bank. The divisions to which the storming of these lines was assigned, moved therefore to the attack later than had been originally intended; and being too soon discovered by the ene-



my, was received by a galling and destructive fire from all the parts of their lines. Major-General Sir Edward Pakenham, who had placed himself at the head of the troops, was unfortunately killed on the crest of the glacis, and Generals Gibbs and Keane were nearly at the same moment borne off wounded; the former mortally. This caused a hesitation in the advance of the troops, and though order was restored by the advance of the reserve under Major-General Lambert, on whom the command had devolved; and although Colonel Thornton had succeeded in his share of the general operation, and had taken the redoubt on the right bank, yet General Lambert, upon the consideration of the difficulties still to be overcome, directed the main attack to be discontinued. The troops therefore retired to the position which they had held before the assault, and thus remained till the 18th Jan. when the whole of the wounded, the field artillery, and all the stores being embarked, the army withdrew and re-embarked without molestation.

The total loss sustained in this conflict is officially given as follows:—

Killed . . .	386
Wounded . .	1516
Missing . .	552
<hr/>	
Total . . .	2454
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#### DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

On the 20th Feb. the Chancellor of the Exchequer laid before the House of Commons his new plan of finance, to supply in part the deficiency resulting from abandoning or rather not renewing the property tax. Our limits not admitting of

even a sketch, we shall merely state its purport to be the raising of five millions sterling by new or increased duties and customs, excise licences, wines, &c. and by a considerable augmentation of all the assessed taxes.

Lord Castlereagh arrived in London on the 4th of March, and although his lordship's talents as a statesman and orator have on several occasions since his return shone forth with fresh lustre in the British senate, his promised exposition of the proceedings of the Vienna Congress has not yet been given to Parliament.

The corn-bill has passed the Commons, and been twice read in the House of Lords, without any substantial alterations from the original provisions as noticed in our last Retrospect. Not only have numberless petitions against it from all parts of the country and the city of London been presented to both houses, but the peace of the capital for some days has been seriously disturbed by riots, in the course of which much damage has been done to the houses of several members of Parliament and of great public characters, some of whom, in their way to Parliament, met with personal ill treatment from the mob. By the assemblage, however, of great bodies of cavalry from the country, and their incessant patrols through the streets of London, peace has been restored and hitherto maintained. Some lives, however, were unfortunately lost in the defence of Mr. Robinson's house in Old Burlington-street, on which occasion the coroner's inquest pronounced verdicts of *Wilful murder*.



# PLATE 17.—FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

## FRENCH SOFA.

THE character of simplicity which belongs to this piece of furniture, and the materials of which it is composed, render it suitable for the library or morning-room. The outline of the seat and back are described by equal radii, and are intersected by small circles, that combine with them and form a long ellipse or oval: the width of the seat, however, separating the line of the back from the front, an intricacy is produced, which gives the sofa a peculiarly agreeable effect, and by this arrangement the

back almost seems to be reflected in water: and indeed in furniture, a certain degree of uniformity is necessary to its composition, both on account of its being to assimilate with architecture, which is severe in this particular, and because a portion of this severity is essential to the character of beauty, dignity, and greatness. The frame may be composed of any of the variegated woods, and the seat and back of morocco, it being so in the original. A candelabrum, or reading-lamp, and a receptacle for flowers, form a portion of this plate.

## MEDICAL REPORT.

AN account of the practice of a physician from the 15th of February to the 15th of March, 1815.

*Acute diseases.*—Catarrh, 12.... Fever, 2.... Peripneumony, 2.... Hooping-cough, 4.... Sore-throat, 3.... Erysipelas, 2.... Acute diseases of infants, 6.

*Chronic diseases.*—Cough, 15.... Hæmoptoe, 3.... Consumption, 7.... Pleurodyne, 2.... Asthma, 2.... Asthenia, 8.... Palsy, 2.... Melancholia, 1.... Head-ach, 4.... Dyspepsia, 5.... Bilious vomiting, 2.... Diarrhœa, 3.... Cholic, 1.... Gastrodynia, 2.... Scrofula, 2.... Dropsy, 1.... Water in the head, 2.... Rheumatism, 6.... Worms, 2.... Abortis, 1.... Amenorrhœa, 4.... Menorrhœa, 1.... Leucorrhœa, 2.... Cutaneous eruption, 5.

The winter has been mild, yet pulmonary diseases have been of frequent occurrence. This probably is owing to the humidity of the at-

mosphere and the changeableness of the weather. The common cough, with its various modifications of difficulty in breathing, has indeed been much less observed this season than in some former ones; but pulmonary consumption has occurred in the reporter's practice with as much or more fatality than ever. It should never be forgotten, that, whatever interested persons may advance to the contrary, this disease is only capable of being cured in its commencement: we may at any period of it mitigate suffering, but medical art knows no remedy when the complaint has established itself in the system. The same remark will apply to water in the head, of which two cases are inserted in the present list. The little sufferer (for children from one to three years old are the most liable to it) is usually placed under the physician's care



when past recovery; and is then too often subjected to all the torture of blistering, and mercurial and other strong medicines, when there is no chance of success: but the regular course must be pursued; because patients have been cured by it, and whilst there is life there is hope. This, however, is very fallacious reasoning, and too frequently leads to vexation and disappointment. It is as much the duty of the physician to know, from the symptom of the disorder, whether it is too far advanced for his art to interfere with advantage, as

it is for him to be acquainted with the remedies which the case requires. Medicine will accomplish a great deal, but not every thing. What may be beneficial in the morning, may prove highly injurious at night: hence the necessity of constant watchfulness and observation. This is strongly exemplified in puerperal fever, where, in the beginning, abstracting blood saves, later on in the disease, it destroys the patient; and so rapid is the progress of the complaint, that little time is afforded for hesitation or delay.

#### PLATE 20.—PORTLAND-PLACE.

PORTLAND-PLACE, a view of which is herewith given, is the most spacious and regular street in the British metropolis, and one of the most magnificent in the world. It is one hundred and twenty-five feet wide, terminated at one end by Foley-House, and till lately at the north end by an open railing, which separated it from a field extending to the New-road. The formation of the Regent's Park beyond that road, has led to the continuation of Portland-Place on this side by means of a superb crescent, which now occupies the site of the above-mentioned field. The ample width of the foot-pavement, the airiness of this street, and the prospect of the rich and elevated villages of Hampstead and Highgate, which it enjoys towards the north, are certainly advantages which no other part of London possesses in an equal degree, and which make it a most agreeable promenade.

The public is indebted for this

fine street to the ingenuity of the celebrated architect, Robert Adam, and a restrictive clause in the agreement between the Portland family and the ancestor of Lord Foley. When the latter determined to build a house in the fields near Cavendish-square, he stipulated, that no other building should be erected upon the same estate to the north. This stipulation had undoubtedly no other object than to prevent any accidental nuisance to Foley-House: but when the riches which flowed into the country after the peace of 1763, had excited a rage for building, and houses rose like exhalations in the parish of Mary-le-bone, both parties discovered its importance. The ancestor of Lord Foley then saw the cheerfulness of his mansion preserved by the force of this clause, and the Duke of Portland found his projected improvements checked by the same means. Mr. Adam contrived, in some measure, to re-



PORTLAND PLACE.

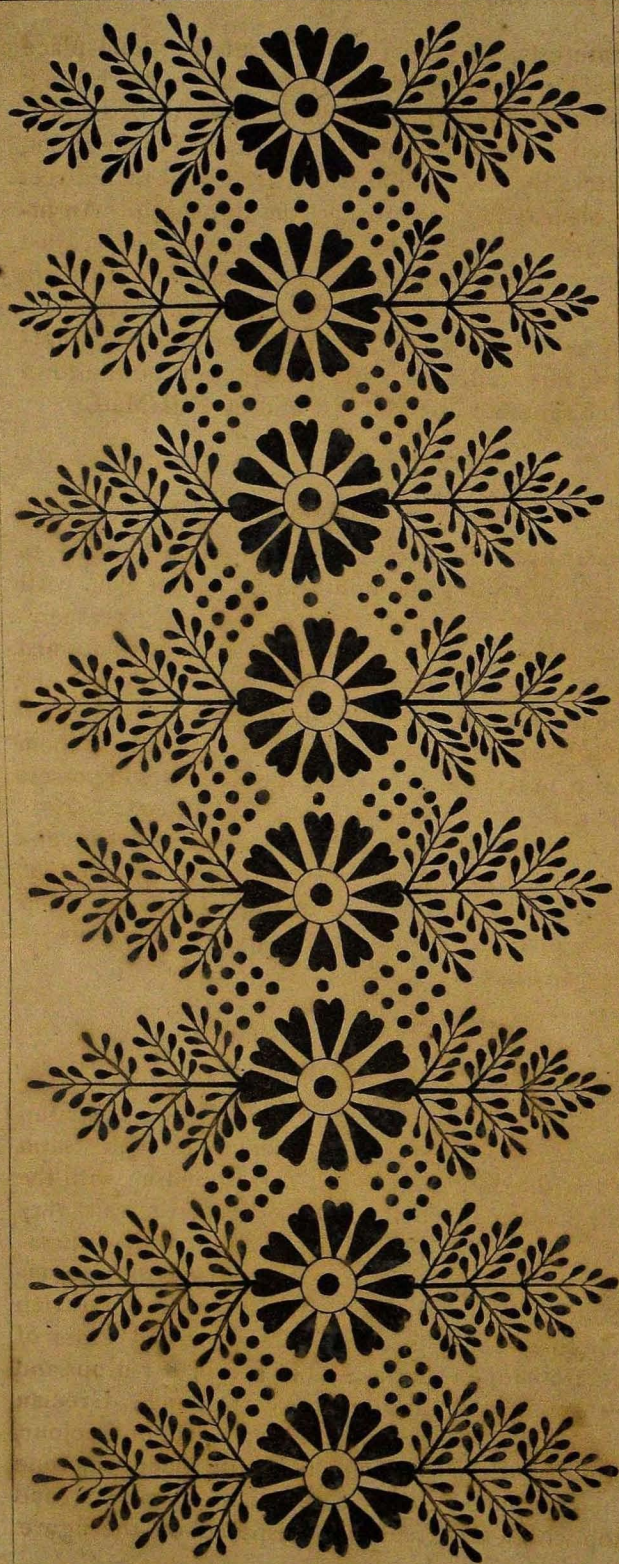






MORNING DRESS.







concile these jarring interests, by constructing a street equal in width to the whole extent of Foley-House; thus conforming to the letter of the covenant, without materially affecting the prospect or obstructing the ardour for speculation.

Foley-House possesses an enviable situation, and would scarcely be rivalled by any house in London, were it a little more elevated, and were the wall which separates

the garden from Portland-place exchanged for an open railing. This situation, however, is a considerable inconvenience to the street, which is deprived by it of a direct approach from the south. An indirect avenue has, however, just been made on this side through Edward-street, which will connect with the grand line now constructing from this quarter of the town to the east end of Pall-Mall.

### AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE mild and open weather of the present spring has brought forth a burst of vegetation rarely seen at this early period. The rain has rather impeded the progress of the plough upon tenacious soils, but upon all those lands where the sub-soil admits of a free percolation, the seed is principally sown in a most husbandmanlike state.

The young wheats upon every kind of soil have the most promising and luxuriant appearance.

The early sown peas and beans

have shot forth proportionably to the mildness of the season. All they seem to want is dry weather.

The young clovers have formed a good plant. The whole of the soiling tribe are in the most forward state, and as great breadths of them were sown, the country will possess abundance of spring feed.

Every species of brassica is running to flower; and the swell of blossom bursting forth upon the fruit-bearing tree is prodigious.

### FASHIONS FOR LADIES.

#### PLATE 18.—EVENING DRESS.

WHITE satin petticoat, richly ornamented at the feet with white satin trimming; a deep flounce of blond lace, gathered full into a narrow heading of corresponding trimming, and tastefully laid on in festoons above the lower border; body white satin; plain fronts open to a point in the centre of the waist; the back to correspond, very narrow on the shoulder, and the neck exposed; the body trimmed entirely round the top with a full

plaiting of blond lace; short full sleeves, ornamented with satin trimming, corresponding with the bottom of the dress; the waist very short. Hat composed of white satin; narrow turban front, ornamented with a full plume of ostrich feathers. Necklace and cross of satin bead or pearl; ear-drops and armlets to correspond. Grecian scarf, or shawl, a pale buff colour, embroidered with shaded morone silk, in Grecian characters, and fancifully disposed on the figure.



Plain silk stockings, with laced clocks. Slippers of buff satin or kid, trimmed with silver. White gloves of French kid, drawn over the elbow. Fan of carved ivory or sandal wood.

PLATE 19.—MORNING DRESS.

A loose robe of fine cambric or worked jaconot muslin, over a petticoat of the same, flounced with French trimming; long full sleeve, confined at the wrist with treble drawings, and ornamented with corresponding trimming. The robe, or

*négligé*, of demi-length, is confined at the top by a narrow collar, or gathered into a Vandyke ruff, and is worn with a coloured silk handkerchief, tied carelessly round the neck, and is fastened down the front with bows and tassels. A mob cap, composed of net and Brussels lace, decorated with a cluster of flowers, and bows of satin ribbon. Hair curled in the neck. Slippers or sandals of pale tan-coloured kid. Gloves *en suite*.

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REMARKS ON FEMALE FASHIONS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE REPOSITORY.

Mr. Editor,

WERE I to consult my own feelings, I should remain silent on the subject of your correspondent's letter; in truth, it is a subject on which I am sick at heart. When I formerly addressed you in the character of *Arbiter Elegantiarum*, I was foolish enough to imagine, that women were reasonable beings, and that English women were superior beings; but after what we have lately witnessed, who will be hardy enough to maintain such a position? If the dress and external appearance be indeed an index of the mind, if the character and feelings be in the smallest degree determinable by outward and visible signs, what must we conclude from the present mad adoption of the fashions and follies of the French people? I do not know what Drs. Gall and Spurzheim would say to the brain of our ladies of fashion, but I very much fear, were their craniums exposed to observation, instead of the va-

ried organization for which these grave doctors contend, we should find the whole space occupied by one immense organ of weakness and folly.

That the French women should delight in every thing that is monstrous, is not surprising; that that people who can one day swear allegiance to their lawful sovereign, and the next embrace with open arms the most bloody-minded usurper that ever marred God's fair creation; that that people who can willingly exchange the mild and beneficent reign of the most generous and amiable of monarchs for the iron-handed tyranny of a wretch who should be called, by way of pre-eminence over his brother-murderers, the *Man-destroyer*: that a nation, with minds so distorted, and hearts so abandoned, should love to revel in ugliness and delight in deformity, does not excite our astonishment; but that English women, beings with whom we have been accustomed to associate every



thing that is lovely, every thing that is virtuous, every thing that is of good report, that they should, in evil hour, have been led into an imitation of their miserable and infatuated neighbours, is a circumstance never to be sufficiently wondered at or deplored.

The silence of your *Arbiter* on this subject has not arisen from his not having seen, felt, and deplored these aberrations from the path of good taste, but he has felt at the same time an entire despair of being able to produce any reform in a disease so deeply seated. He has watched the progress of the mania from the first bite to the confirmed delirium; from the coalscuttle bonnet of the little garrulous Duchess of Oldenburg, to the complete chimney-pot of the genuine Parisian; from the red and green striped gown with which our nerves were first startled, to the thunder and lightning handkerchief which is now suffered, with impunity, to sear our eyeballs and confound our visual faculties.

But what can be done in so desperate a case by *Arbiter Elegantiarum*? To appeal to the good taste of our fellow-countrywomen, is to prefer a cause before a court which does not exist; good taste they cannot possess who can do such things. Should I appeal to their good sense, here I shall find myself equally at fault. Where can be the good sense of those who will blindly and stupidly adopt the dress of a people whose manners we ought to execrate, and

whose feelings we abhor? But there is one point on which I hope the ladies may still be addressed with some prospect of success. I mean, their passion for admiration; and I can assure them, upon my honour, that I have never yet met with any Englishman who has not felt a disgust bordering on horror, at the attempts our ladies are now making to render themselves all that is ugly, monstrous, and deformed.

If we admit, that the proportions of nature are beautiful, what must be the effect of that dress which makes the head, instead of being the seventh part of the whole height, not quite a third? If the form of the female figure is beautiful, should a woman be tied up in a sack, and made to look like a doll in a fair? And if the colour of nature is beyond every thing delightful, should the face be surrounded with stripes of the most opposite and clashing hues, and trimmings selected in the very spirit of contrast? But I must desist; to quiet the raging of the sea in a storm, or to oppose a barrier to the violence of the hurricane, would be quite as hopeful as to attempt to stop, by reason or representations of any kind, the full tide of female folly.

When the rage has a little subsided, a place may be found for a voice as feeble as that of, sir, your humble servant,

*Arbiter Elegantiarum.*

AYLESBURY, Bucks,  
March 24, 1815.



## Poetry.

## FORGET ME NOT!

FROM THE GERMAN.

FORGET me not, my absent dear,  
For your return I pray sincere,  
These mournful accents ever hear,  
Forget me not!

When in the joyful train you join,  
And love shall wreaths of honour twine,  
Then whisper, whisper, voice divine,  
Forget me not!

Or should some melting accents move  
Your heart to pity and approve,  
Oh! then, I pray you, by my love,  
Forget me not!

If cruel Fortune e'er demand,  
That from my love I distant stand,  
And waste my years in foreign land,  
Forget me not!

My hour-glass broke, the sand run o'er,  
And life by hope is fed no more,  
With my last breath I would implore,  
Forget me not!

And should our spirits wing their way  
To realms of bliss and endless day,  
Oh! then, oh! then, I dare not pray,  
Forget me not!

SOMERSET.

## LINES

Supposed to be inscribed on the tomb of Major-General the Right Hon. ARCHIBALD Lord MONTGOMERIE, son and heir of Hugh Earl of Eglinton, &c. &c. His lordship acted for some time as British Minister and Commander-in-Chief at Palermo. He died at Alicant on the 4th of January, 1814, aged 41; and on the 10th September following

was interred in the Convent chapel of Gibraltar, with military honours.

Of Caledonia's land the grace,  
Chief scion of an ancient race,  
Of Eglinton the hope and boast,  
Beloved, admired, and early lost;  
From life and all its blessings torn,  
And here by weeping strangers borne,  
Montgomerie, model for the brave,  
Was destined to this foreign grave!  
Sternly refused the wished-for blow  
By cruel Death, invidious foe,  
He fell by slow disease and pain;  
Oh! why not on the battle plain?  
Why, why denied his ardent claim,  
To die the soldier's death of fame?  
Yet life sustained a noble pause,  
Surrender'd in his country's cause.

With Honour's banner o'er him laid,  
He sleeps beneath that holy shade;  
With Honour's sword upon his heart,  
Devoted friends, too dear to part,  
He rests among the warriors round,  
In Glory's consecrated ground:—  
Murmurs, be hush'd!—he shares the fate  
Of many a gallant chief and great;  
But, soldier, thou may'st shed a tear,  
Thy leader and thy friend lies here.

If thus a soldier's tear may seek  
The war-worn furrow in his cheek,  
And strangers feel the mournful gloom  
That wraps Montgomerie's timeless tomb,  
Who shall prohibit Friendship's sigh,  
Or blame Affection's melting eye?  
The grief of kindred hearts controul,  
And chide the sorrows of the soul?  
Nature still triumphs in the breast,  
And every sigh she breathes is blest!

Port-Glasgow.

J. DUNLOP.



# LONDON MARKETS.

Return of Wheat from Feb. 27 to March 4.

TOTAL 8,787 quarters. — Average, 67s. 9d. per quarter, or 18.2½d. per quarter lower than last return.

Return of Flour from March 4 to 10.

TOTAL, 8,284 sacks. — Average, 64s. 0½d. per sack, or 1s. 1d. per sack higher than last return.

Average of England and Wales, March 11.

	s	d	s	d
Wheat	67	9	Barley	29 7
Rye	37	4	Oats	22 10
			Pease	41 2

## CORN, SEEDS, &c.

	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.
Wheat white, per quarter	50	75	Tares, per bushel	6	8	
— red	40	70	Turnip	20	24	
— foreign	42	63	Mustard	12	18	
Rye	28	32	— brown	7	14	
Barley, English	24	30	— white	9	10	
Malt	160	70	Canary, per qr.	56	63	
Oats Feed	16	24	Hempseed	56	63	
— Friesland	17	27	Linseed	60	95	
— Poland	22	30	Clover, red,	57	86	
Potatoes	28	32	— white,	60	112	
Beans, Pigeon	35	46	per cwt	57	86	
— Horse	30	35	foreign,	55	96	
Pease, Boiling	60	65	red	63	115	
Flour per sack	50	60	— white	63	115	
— Seconds	50	60	Caraway	63	76	
— Scotch	50	58	Coriander	10	15	

American Flour — s — s per barrel of 160lbs.  
Rapaesed, per last — £32 a £34 a £—.  
Oil Cakes, per thousand, £14. — s. to £0 0s.

## SUGAR, &c. per Cwt.

### COFFEE, Bonded.

Muscovade, fine good	98 a 105	s	97	Dominica, Surinam, &c.	s	d
— ordinary	80 a 89	s	89	— Fine	75	0 a 85
East India white	100 a 110	s	110	— Good	70	0 a 74
— yellow	94 a 99	s	99	— Ordinary	67	0 a 69
— brown	75 a 82	s	82	— Triage	30	0 a 50
MOLASSES 34s. 0d. a s. — d.				Jamaica.		
REFINED SUGAR.				— Fine	75	0 a 85
Double Loaves	165 a 180	s	180	— Good	60	0 a 74
Hambro' ditto	138 a 150	s	150	— Ordinary	40	0 a 50
Powder ditto	130 a 135	s	135	— Triage	20	0 a 39
Single ditto	128 a 132	s	132	— Mocha	300	0 a 600
Canary Lumps	126 a 130	s	130	— Bourbon	90	0 a 120
Large ditto	124 a 126	s	126	— St. Domingo	60	0 a 70
Bastards, whole	75 a 85	s	85	— Java	90	0 a 100
— faces	88 a 95	s	95	COCOA, Bonded.		
— middles	75 a 82	s	82	Trinidad and		
— tips	70 a 74	s	74	Caraccas	90	0 a 100

### GINGER.

Jamaica, white	82 a 200	s	200	Spices and Pepper, per lb.		
Barbadoes, ditto	75 a 80	s	80	Nutmegs	18	0 a 24
— black	70 a 75	s	75	Cloves	10	0 a 10
				Cinnamon	10	6 a 11
				Mace	35	0 a 42
RICE, Bonded.				Pepp. white	5	3 a 2
Carolina	24 a 26	s	26	— black	2	5 a 2
Brazil	26 a 28	s	28	Pimento	2	0 a —

Average price of Raw Sugar, exclusive of duty, 56s. 2½d.  
Sugars have been in considerable demand this month. The raw market supports very full prices, and the refined brings an advance of 5s. to 5s. per cwt.

### HOPS in the Borough.

Bags	£	s	£	s	£	s
Kent	5	0	7	6	12	8
Sussex	4	4	6	16	10	7
Essex	0	0	0	0	10	0

## CORN, &c. per Quarter.

	Mar.	Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Beans.	Peas.
Newcastle	—	—	—	—	—	—
Northampton	—	—	—	—	—	—
Canterbury	—	—	—	—	—	—
Lewes	18	64 a 72	25 a 29	20 a 26	32 a 38	32 a 40
Chesham	11	64 a 84	35 a 38	24 a 30	—	40 a 46
Ashborne	11	54 a 88	30 a 36	24 a 30	40 a 46	—
Guildford	14	—	27 a 29	24 a 33	36 a 44	36 a 46
Gainsboro'	14	60 a 68	26 a 28	17 a 22	32 a 34	—
Louth	15	60 a 65	18 a 22	14 a 19	29 a 30	—
Huntingdon	11	48 a 70	28 a 31	18 a 23	27 a 33	—
Newark	15	70 a 80	29 a 32	20 a 30	32 a 42	—
Spishy	—	—	—	—	—	—
Rygate	—	—	—	—	—	—
Devizes	16	44 a 82	22 a 31	28 a 30	35 a 46	—
Reading	18	44 a 89	22 a 31	21 a 27	30 a 36	40 a 46
Swansea	15	67 a 76	—	—	—	—
Henley	16	35 a 70	16 a 30	10 a 30	26 a 44	36 a 46
Maidenhead	—	—	—	—	—	—
Salisbury	14	50 a 64	22 a 27	20 a 28	38 a 54	—
Penrith	14	68 a 71	—	—	—	—
Hull	—	—	—	—	—	—
Basingstoke	15	31 a 80	23 a 29	30 a 28	30 a 38	—
Wakefield	17	54 a 70	27 a 28	21 a 24	35 a 38	38 a 40
Andover	—	—	—	—	—	—
Warrminster	18	50 a 80	25 a 30	24 a 28	36 a 50	—

## STIRITS, per Gallon (exclusive of duty).

	s	d	s	d	s	d
Brandy, Cog.	8	9	a	9	6	
— Spanish	5	0	a	5	2	
Holland Gin	8	0	a	8	12	
Rum, Jamaica	4	6	a	6	9	
— Lew. Isl.	3	8	a	4	6	
Spirits of Wine	24	0	a	24	0	
Mol. Spirits,	13	10	a	14		
British	—	—	a	—	—	
Irish	—	—	a	—	—	
Scotch	—	—	a	—	—	
Spirits of Wine	24	0	a	24	0	



## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR FEBRUARY, 1815.

Conducted at Manchester by THOMAS HANSON, Esq.

1815.	Wind.			Pressure.			Temperature.			Weather.	Evap.	Rain.
FEB				Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.			
1	N	2		29,54	29,54	29,540	40,0°	32,0°	36,00°	cloudy	—	—
2	N E	2		29,76	29,54	29,650	42,0	34,0	38,00	cloudy	—	—
3	S E	1		29,76	29,48	29,620	42,0	34,0	38,00	cloudy	—	—
4	S	1		29,66	29,48	29,570	48,0	40,0	44,00	fine	—	—
5	S W	1		29,98	29,66	29,820	48,0	40,0	44,00	fine	—	—
6	Var.	2		29,98	29,66	29,820	49,0	41,0	45,00	fine	—	—
7	S W	2		29,80	29,66	29,730	48,0	40,0	44,00	fine	—	—
8	S	1		29,66	29,54	29,600	49,0	38,0	43,50	fine	—	—
9	S	1		29,80	29,66	29,730	48,0	38,0	43,00	fine	—	—
10	S	2		29,80	29,70	29,750	44,0	36,0	40,00	fine	—	—
11	S	1		29,70	29,38	29,540	49,0	38,0	43,50	cloudy	—	—
12	S W	2		29,48	29,38	29,430	50,0	38,0	44,00	rainy	.175	—
13	W	2		29,65	29,48	29,565	49,0	38,0	43,50	cloudy	—	—
14	W	2		29,65	29,65	29,650	45,0	34,0	39,50	cloudy	—	—
15	S W	1		29,68	29,65	29,665	43,0	34,0	38,50	rainy	.026	—
16	S E	1		29,65	29,56	29,605	44,0	34,0	39,00	cloudy	.014	—
17	N W	2		30,24	29,65	29,945	47,0	36,0	41,50	cloudy	—	—
18	N W	1		30,24	30,24	30,240	45,0	32,0	38,50	fine	.040	—
19	S W	1		30,26	29,92	30,090	48,0	42,0	45,00	fine	.012	—
20	S W	4		29,92	29,32	29,870	47,0	41,0	44,00	rainy	.050	—
21	W	2		30,16	29,82	29,990	50,0	41,0	45,50	rainy	.020	—
22	S W	2		30,18	30,16	30,170	53,0	44,0	48,50	fine	.016	—
23	S W	2		30,18	30,15	30,165	53,0	44,0	48,50	fine	.020	—
24	S W	2		30,15	30,04	30,095	51,0	42,0	46,50	cloudy	.034	—
25	S W	2		30,04	29,90	29,970	53,0	44,0	48,50	fine	.038	1.380
26	N W	2		30,30	29,90	30,100	49,0	36,0	42,50	fine	.058	—
27	W	2		30,56	30,30	30,430	49,0	34,0	41,50	fine	.018	—
28	S E	2		30,56	30,40	30,480	48,0	30,0	39,00	fine	.040	.100
				Mean		29,851		Mean	42,60		.561	1.480

## RESULTS.

Mean pressure, 29,851—Maximum, 30,56, wind W. 2.—Minimum, 29,38, wind S. 1.—Range, 1.18 of an inch.

The greatest variation of pressure in 24 hours, is .59 of an inch, which was on the 17th.  
Spaces described by the curve, formed from the mean daily pressure, 3,7 inches.—Number of changes, 13.

Mean temperature, 42,60°.—Max. 53°, wind S. W. 2.—Min. 30°, wind S. E. 2.—Range 23°.

The greatest variation of temperature in 24 hours is 18°, which was on the 28th.

Water evaporated (from a surface of water exposed to the effects of winds and the sun, but not to its direct rays), .561 of an inch.

Fall of rain, 1.480 of an inch—rainy days, 15—snowy, 0—hail, 1.

## WIND.

N	N E	E	S E	S	S W	W	N W	Variable.	Calm.
1	1	0	3	5	10	4	3	1	0

Brisk winds 0—Boisterous ones 1.

Notes.—20th. Much rain in the morning; wind gentle from the south till noon, when the rain ceased; wind in the afternoon shifted to west, and blew a heavy gale.—21st. Mild to-day, maximum temperature at bedtime.—22d. Fine day, with occasional drizzly rain and gleams of sunshine.—26th. Early in the morning rain, wind veered from south-west to north-west by west—the weather has been mild for the season till to-day.



## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR FEBRUARY, 1815.

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

1815.	Wind.	Pressure.			Temperature.			Weather.	Evap.	Rain.
FEB.		Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.			
1	E	29,58	29,48	29,530	49°	40°	44,5°	rain	—	—
2	N E	29,69	29,58	29,635	47	38	42,5	cloudy	—	—
3	E	29,58	29,54	29,560	50	40	45,0	cloudy	—	—
4	S W	29,39	29,58	29,735	53	41	47,0	cloudy	—	—
5	N W	30,04	29,86	29,950	49	41	45,0	fine	—	—
6	S E	29,86	29,68	29,770	47	44	45,5	cloudy	—	—
7	S W	29,80	29,68	29,740	51	40	45,5	cloudy	—	—
8	S W	29,75	29,67	29,710	54	40	47,0	cloudy	—	—
9	W	29,76	29,74	29,750	44	37	40,5	foggy	—	—
10	E	29,74	29,59	29,665	46	40	43,0	cloudy	—	—
11	E	29,54	29,47	29,505	52	43	47,5	cloudy	.28	.43
12	S W	29,59	29,55	29,570	50	48	49,0	squally	—	.32
13	S W	29,66	29,60	29,630	50	37	43,5	fine	—	—
14	E	29,75	29,58	29,665	49	40	44,5	fine	—	—
15	S W	29,75	29,63	29,715	53	43	48,0	cloudy	—	—
16	S W	29,64	29,59	29,615	54	40	47,0	cloudy	—	.14
17	S W	30,27	29,64	29,955	49	36	42,5	fine	—	—
18	N W	30,27	30,24	30,255	46	37	41,5	cloudy	—	—
19	S W	30,24	29,77	30,005	50	46	48,0	cloudy	—	—
20	S W	29,89	29,69	29,790	53	45	49,0	cloudy	—	—
21	S W	30,18	29,89	30,035	58	48	53,0	cloudy	—	—
22	N W	30,24	30,18	30,210	53	43	48,0	fine	—	—
23	N W	30,18	30,09	30,135	55	44	49,5	fine	—	—
24	S W	30,07	30,05	30,060	52	46	49,0	fine	—	—
25	S W	30,05	30,00	30,025	54	46	50,0	fine	—	—
26	N W	30,39	30,05	30,220	52	34	43,0	rain	—	.30
27	S W	30,47	30,46	30,465	47	26	36,5	fine	—	—
28	N W	30,46	30,24	30,350	48	29	38,5	fine	1.39	—
			Mean	29,866		Mean	45,4	Total	1.67 in.	1.19 in.

RESULTS. — Prevailing winds, westerly. — Mean height of barometer, 29,866 inches; highest observation, 30,47 inches; lowest, 29,47 inches. — Mean height of thermometer, 45,4°.; highest observation, 58° — lowest, 26°. — Total of evaporation, 1,67 inch. — Total of rain, 1,19 inch — in another gauge, .93 inches.

Notes. — 8th. Rainy evening. — 9th. Very foggy morning. — 12th. Stormy — some hail about 4 o'clock P. M. — 18th. Foggy morning — 20th. Gloomy morning — wind boisterous. — 26th. Morning fine — afternoon rainy. — 27th. Very fine morning — white frost. — 28th. Hoar frost.

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

Eagle Fire Office	£2 2s. pr. sh.	Birmingham Canal	£690 a 695 pr. sh.
Globe Ditto	110 do.	Dudley Ditto	46 do.
Hope Ditto	2 5s.	East India Dock	137 a 139 do.
Royal Exchange	257 a 259 do.	London Ditto	96 do.
East London Water-Works	64 a 66 do.	Highgate Archway	10 10 do.
Chelsea Ditto	12 a 13 do.	Russell Institution	18 do.
Grand Junction Canal	35 do.	Surry Ditto	13 do.
Chesterfield Ditto	99 a 100 do.	Gas Light	15 a 20 do.
Shropshire Ditto	78 a 79 do.		

WOLFE &amp; Co. 9, 'Change-Alley, Cornhill,

FORTUNE &amp; Co. 13, Cornhill,



# PRICES OF STOCKS.

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Date.	Bank Stock.	3 Pr. Ct. Consols.	Red.	4 pr. ct. Cons.	Navy 5 pr. ct.	Long Ann.	Omnium.	Impl. 3 pr. ct.	Impl. Ann.	Irish 5 pr. ct.	S. Sea Stock.	S. Sea Anns.	India Stock.	India Bonds.	Exchqr. Bills 3d.	St. Lotty. Tickets.	Cons. Feb. 28.
Feb. 21	258	64½	65½	81½	94½	16½	9½ Dis.	—	—	—	—	—	192½	11 Pm.	4 Pm.	£22. 7s.	65a6½
22	257½	64½	64½	81½	93½	16½	3 Dis.	62½	—	—	69	—	192	10 Pm.	2 Pm.	—	64a½
23	—	64½	64½	81½	93½	16½	2½ Dis.	—	—	—	—	—	192	8 Pm.	2 Pm.	—	64½
24	Hol.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
25	—	64½	64½	81½	93½	16½	27 Dis.	—	—	—	70½	—	192	8 Pm.	3 Pm.	—	64½
26	—	64½	64½	81½	93½	16½	3½ Dis.	62½	3½	94	—	—	192½	8 Pm.	2 Pm.	—	64½
27	—	64½	64½	81½	93½	16½	3½ Dis.	62½	3½	—	—	—	192½	8 Pm.	2 Pm.	—	64½
28	258	64½	64½	81½	93½	16½	4 Dis.	62½	—	—	—	—	191½	7 Pm.	2 Pm.	April 12	64a½
29	257	63½	63½	81½	93½	16½	3 Dis.	62½	3½	—	—	—	Shut	6 Pm.	1 Pm.	—	64a½
30	257	63½	64	81½	93½	16½	3 Dis.	62½	—	—	—	—	Shut	7 Pm.	4 Pm.	—	64a½
31	257	63½	64	81½	93½	16½	3 Dis.	62½	—	—	—	—	Shut	7 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	64a½
1	Shut	63½	Shut	Shut	94	Shut	3 Dis.	—	—	—	—	—	—	8 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	64a½
2	—	63½	64½	—	94	—	3 Dis.	62½	—	—	—	—	—	7 Pm.	4 Pm.	—	64a½
3	—	63½	64½	—	94	—	3 Dis.	—	—	—	—	—	—	6 Pm.	4 Pm.	—	64a½
4	—	63½	64½	—	94	—	3 Dis.	—	—	—	—	—	—	5 Pm.	4 Pm.	—	64a½
5	—	63½	64½	—	94	—	3 Dis.	—	—	—	—	—	—	4 Pm.	4 Pm.	—	64a½
6	—	63½	64½	—	94	—	3 Dis.	—	—	—	—	—	—	3 Pm.	4 Pm.	—	64a½
7	—	63½	64½	—	94	—	3 Dis.	—	—	—	—	—	—	2 Pm.	4 Pm.	—	64a½
8	—	63½	64½	—	94	—	3 Dis.	—	—	—	—	—	—	1 Pm.	4 Pm.	—	64a½
9	—	63½	64½	—	94	—	3 Dis.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	2 Pm.	—	64a½
10	—	63½	64½	—	94	—	3 Dis.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	2 Pm.	—	64a½
11	—	63½	64½	—	94	—	3 Dis.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	2 Pm.	—	64a½
12	—	63½	64½	—	94	—	3 Dis.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	2 Pm.	—	64a½
13	—	63½	64½	—	94	—	3 Dis.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	2 Pm.	—	64a½
14	—	63½	64½	—	94	—	3 Dis.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	2 Pm.	—	64a½
15	—	63½	64½	—	94	—	3 Dis.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	2 Pm.	—	64a½
16	—	63½	64½	—	94	—	3 Dis.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	2 Pm.	—	64a½
17	—	63½	64½	—	94	—	3 Dis.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	2 Pm.	—	64a½
18	—	63½	64½	—	94	—	3 Dis.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	2 Pm.	—	64a½
19	—	63½	64½	—	94	—	3 Dis.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	2 Pm.	—	64a½
20	—	63½	64½	—	94	—	3 Dis.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	2 Pm.	—	64a½

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