

THE
Repository

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ARTS, LITERATURE, COMMERCE,
Manufactures, Fashions, and Politics,
For FEBRUARY, 1814.

VOL. XI.

The Sixty-second Number.

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TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We earnestly solicit communications (post paid) from the professors of the arts in general, as well as 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.

We should have forwarded an answer to an Old Traveller by the channel which he suggested, had not his letter arrived too late to admit of it. We feel obliged by his communication, but fear that its subject might be considered too grave by the readers of the Repository. We doubt not, however, that the journal of so intelligent an observer would furnish many anecdotes and extracts, which would prove acceptable.

Pride, a Vision, is received, and shall have an early place.

Among the embellishments of our next Number, will be a View of the Exterior of the beautiful little Church of St. Stephen Walbrook.

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.

ERRATUM.—Number LXI. p. 8, col. i. line 5 from the bottom, for *beginning*, read *bringing*.

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

ARMSTRONG.

CONVERSATIONS ON THE ARTS.—By JUNIUS.

(Continued from p. 8.)

MISS EVE. Who was Thomas Meriton?

MISS K. He wrote *The Wandering Lover*, a tragi-comedy, 1658, and *Love of War*, a tragedy, the same year.

MISS EVE. That was the year Oliver Cromwell died.

MISS K. Yes.—These plays of Meriton's are said to have been acted at different places by the author and his friends, privately, with great applause. Langbaine says, that "he is the meanest dramatic writer England ever produced, and if he is allowed to be a poet, of all men that ever were or ever shall be, the very dullest."

MISS EVE. Did you ever read his plays?

MISS K. No; I only repeat Langbaine's words.

MISS EVE. Who was Charles Johnson?

MISS K. He wrote seventeen tragedies, comedies, and farces, dated from 1705 to 1732. Victor

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says, that he had the pleasure of Mr. Johnson's acquaintance, and that he was a modest, sensible man, very comely in his person, but too corpulent. This author was greatly hurt at finding himself introduced into Pope's *Dunciad*; as he was not conscious of having ever given the least offence to any one: but it seems he was too large an object to be missed.

MISS EVE. Thomas Morton?

MISS K. He is a dramatic writer, now living, author of *Columbus*, *The Children in the Wood*, *Zorinski*, *The Way to get Married*, *Secrets worth Knowing*, *Town and Country*, &c. Some of these have obtained great applause. I am informed that he was born at Durham, that his father died in his infancy, that he was brought up by his uncle, Mr. Maddison, the stock-broker, and educated at Dr. Barrow's school, in Soho-square, with George Holman, the actor.

MISS EVE. I think you said, that

K

Holman also was brought up by his uncle?

Miss K. Yes, by the late Mr. Holman, who was sexton to St. Giles's church, and a very excellent man.

Miss Eve. Who was Charles Hopkins?

Miss K. Son of Dr. Ezekiel H. Bishop of Londonderry. He was born in Devonshire, and died young. He was the author of two tragedies, *Pyrrhus King of Epirus*, and *Friendship Improved*. He was a promising genius, and his writings bear strong testimony, both in the ease of the thoughts and the harmony of the numbers, that he was born to be a poet.

Miss Eve. Who was Henry Higden?

Miss K. He was a member of the Middle Temple, in the reigns of James II. and William III. He wrote *The Wary Widow*, or *Sir Noisy Parrot*, a comedy. Higden was a great wit, and an agreeable, facetious companion. Indeed, his fondness for convivial and social delights seemed very apparent even in the conduct of his play; for he introduced so many drinking scenes into it, that the performers became quite inebriated before the end of the third act, and being unable to proceed with the representation, were obliged to dismiss the audience.

There are many other dramatic writers besides those in that list, who have not titles. Here is a list of some of them.

Miss Eve. This separation decreases the confusion of names.—Who was Philip Frowde?

Miss K. He was son to the Post-Master-General in the reign of Queen Anne. He wrote two tra-

gedies, *The Fall of Saguntum*, 1727, and *Philotas*, 1737. He died in Cecil-street, Strand, Dec. 13, 1738. His tragedies have more poetry than pathos; more beauties of language to please in the closet, than strokes of incident and action to surprise in the theatre. Though the elegance of his productions recommended him to the general public esteem, yet the politeness of his genius formed the least amiable part of his character; for he considered wit and learning as only the more conducive to the excitement and practice of honour and humanity: therefore, with a soul cheerful, benevolent, and virtuous, he was in conversation delightful, in friendship punctually sincere.

Miss Eve. What do you know of Charles Gildon?

Miss K. He was born at Gillingham, near Shaftesbury, Dorsetshire, in 1665. He wrote the following tragedies:—*The Roman Bride's Revenge*, 1697; *Phaeton*, or *the Fatal Divorce*, 1698; *Love's Victim*, or *the Queen of Wales*, 1701. He died Jan. 1724, aged 58. None of his plays met with any great success; and, indeed, though they are not wholly destitute of merit, yet they evince too strong an emulation of the style of Lee, of whom he was a great admirer, but without being possessed of the brilliancy of imagination, which frequently atones for the mad flights of that poet. Mr. Gildon's verse runs into a perpetual train of bombast and rant.

Miss Eve. 'Tis the same in painting.

Miss K. Yes; one is all incorrectness and furor, like a run-away horse; another all tameness and in-

sipid correctness;—one vulgarises every thing he has to do with, and copies only common nature—another, under the idea, that supreme excellence consists in high finishing, passes his life in trifling.

Miss Eve. What said Michael Angelo Buonarrotti, in his lecture to the humorous designers, when Hogarth, Bunbury, Dunthorne, and Gillray were voted the best in that department?

Miss K. He said, that most of the humorous designers mistook ugliness for character, and distortion for expression. He recommended the elegance and chastity of the antique and Raphael, and what was really sublime, when speaking of the higher provinces of the art. Two or three times, I remember, he said, “Overstep not the modesty of nature.”

Miss Eve. Who was Richard Flecknoe?

Miss K. He lived in the reign of Charles II. is said to have been originally a Jesuit, and, in consequence of that profession, to have had connection with most of the persons of distinction of the Roman Catholic persuasion in London. He was the author of many performances, both in prose and verse, more especially the latter, and has left behind him five dramatic pieces:—*Love's Dominion*, 1654; *Love's Kingdom*, a pastoral tragedy-comedy, 1664; *Erminia, or the Chaste Lady*, 1665; *Demoiselles à la Mode*, a comedy, 1667; and *The Marriage of Oceanus and Britannia*, a masque, 1667. Only one of these obtained the distinction of being acted, and that met with but indifferent success. The character given of him by Langhaine, is,

that “his acquaintance with the nobility was more intimate than with the Muses; and that he had a greater propensity for rhyming, than genius for poetry.”

Miss Eve. If I recollect right, when Dryden was deprived of the honour of being Poet Laureat for becoming a Papist, Richard Flecknoe, through interest, procured it to be conferred on himself.

Miss K. Yes; and Dryden not only disliked Flecknoe as a man, but also had much contempt for his abilities. He wrote a satire against him, entitled *Mac Flecknoe*, which is one of the severest and best written pieces of the kind in the English language. This poem furnished Pope with the hint of his *Dunciad*: the latter has been more happy in the execution of his design, as he had more leisure; but in Dryden's *Mac Flecknoe*, there are lines so extremely pungent, that they are no where exceeded in the *Dunciad*.

Miss Eve. You have already observed, that hints, and a sort of scientific parody, much contribute to the excellence, not only of the best painters, but also of the best poets and other writers.

Miss K. I have; and Pope has often taken very daring liberties in this way, and so indeed have most of the best painters and writers. Fielding used sometimes to say, that he held the public in too much contempt to feel any apprehensions respecting the detection of his plagiarisms.

Miss Eve. Will you give me a few instances of this in the best poets? Mention one by Pope.

Miss K. Take, for an example, the beginning of Elijah Fenton's epitaph:—

This modest stone, which few vain marbles
can,
May truly say—Here lies an honest man.

Crashaw, who died 38 years before
Pope was born, commences
an epitaph in this way:—

————— This plain floor,
Believe me, reader, can say more
Than many a braver marble can—
Here lies a truly honest man.

Thus, in thousands of instances,
ideas are parodied by the best
writers.

Miss *Eve*. I will sing one of
Gay's songs in the *Beggars' Opera*:
let me see if you can tell what he
parodied it from, or where he ob-
tained the hint.

Youth's the season made for joys,
Love is then our duty;
She alone who that employs
Well deserves her beauty.
Let's be gay, while we may,
Beauty's a flower despis'd in delay.

Let us drink and sport to-day,
Our's is not to-morrow;
Love with youth flies swift away,
Age is nought but sorrow.
Dance and sing, time's on the wing,
We mayn't know the return of spring.
Let us drink and sport to-day, &c.

Miss *K*. The idea of this song
might easily be derived from the
perusal of Armida's wonderful par-
rot in Fairfax's *Tasso*.

Miss *Eve*. Will you repeat those
lines?

Miss *K*.

With party-colour'd plumes and purple bill,
A wond'rous bird among the rest there flew,
That in plain speech sung love-lays loud and
shrill,
Her lesson was like human language true.
So much she talked, and with such wit and
skill,
That strange it seemed how much good she
knew;
Her feather'd fellows all stood hush to hear,
Dumb was the wind, the waters silent were.

The gentle budding rose, quoth she, behold,
That first scant peeping forth with virgin
beams,
Half open, half shut, her beauties doth unfold
In its fair leaves, and less seen fairer seems;
And after spreads them forth more broad and
bold;

Then languishes and dies in last extremes,
Nor seems the same that decked bed and bowly
Of many a lady late and paramour.

So in the passing of a day doth pass
The bud and blossom of the life of man;
Nor e'er doth flourish more, but like the grass
Cut down, becometh wither'd, pale, and
wan.

Oh! gather then the rose while time thou hast,
Short is the day, when scant begun 'tis past;
Gather the rose of love while yet thou may'st,
Loving, be lov'd, embracing, be embrac'd.

She ceas'd, and, as approving all she spoke,
The choir of birds their heav'nly tune renew;
The turtles sigh'd and sighs with kisses broke,
The fowls to shades unseen by pairs with-
drew.

It seem'd the laurel chaste, and stubborn oak,
And all the gentle trees on earth that grew;
It seem'd the land, and sea, and heav'n above,
All breath'd out fancy sweet and sigh'd out
love.

Miss *Eve*. Many of the best
writings, songs, &c. have often
been professedly parodied, and
some with a deal of humour.

Miss *K*. Yes; such as Hamlet's
Soliloquy in Shakspeare—To be or
not to be. I have seen the parodies
of To wed or not to wed—To kiss or
not to kiss—To drink or not to drink
—To smoke or not to smoke—To
write or not to write; and many
other such, which, as you observe,
display considerable humour.

Miss *Eve*. Which is the best song
you have seen thus parodied?

Miss *K*. I think—Despairing
beside the clear stream.

Miss *Eve*. Will you repeat it?

Miss *K*. I will sing it.

Despairing beside a clear stream,
A shepherd forsaken was laid,
And while a false nymph was his theme,
A willow supported his head.

The wind that blew over the plain,
To his sighs with a sigh did reply;
And the brook, in return to his pain,
Ran mournfully murmuring by.

Alas! silly swain that I was!
Thus sadly complaining he cried,
When first I beheld that fair face,
'Twere better by far I had died.
She talk'd, and I bled her dear tongue;
When she smil'd it was pleasure too great;
I listen'd, and cried when she sung,
Was nightingale ever so sweet?

How foolish was I to believe,
She could doat on so lowly a clown,
Or that her fond heart would not grieve
To forsake the fine folk of the town;
To think that a beauty so gay,
So kind, or so constant would prove,
Or go clad like our maidens in gray,
Or live in a cottage on love!

What though I have skill to complain,
Tho' the Muses my temples have crown'd;
What though, when they hear my soft strain,
The virgins sit weeping around;
Ah! Colin! thy hopes are in vain,
Thy pipe and thy laurel resign,
Thy fair one inclines to a swain
Whose music is sweeter than thine.

All you, my companions so dear,
Who sorrow to see me betray'd,
Whatever I suffer, forbear,
Forbear to accuse the false maid:
Tho' through the wide world I should range,
'Tis in vain from my fortune to fly,
'Twas her's to be false and to change,
'Tis mine to be constant and die.

If, while my hard fate I sustain,
In her breast any pity is found,
Let her come with the nymphs of the plain,
And see me laid low in the ground.
The last, humble boon that I crave,
Is to shade me with cypress and yew,
And when she looks down on my grave,
Let her own, that her shepherd was true.
Then to her new love let her go,
And deck her in golden array,
Be finest at every fine shew,
And frolic it all the long day:
While Colin, forgotten and gone,
No more shall be talk'd of or seen,
Unless when, beneath the pale moon,
His ghost shall glide over the green.

Here is the burlesque parody,
entitled,

THE SCULLION'S COMPLAINT.

By the side of a great kitchen fire,
A scullion so hungry was laid,
A pudding was all his desire,
A kettle supported his head.
The hogs that were fed by the house,
To his sighs with a grunt did reply,
And the gutter, that car'd not a louse,
Rau mournfully, maddily by.

But when it was set in a dish,
Thus sadly complaining he cried,
My mouth it does water and wish,
I think it had better been fried.
The butter around it was spread,
'Twas as great as a prince in his chair,
Oh! might I but eat it! he said,
The proof of the pudding lies there.

How foolish was I to believe,
It was made for so homely a clown;
Or that it would have a reprieve
From the dainty fine folks of the town!
Could I think that a pudding so fine,
Would ever uneaten remove?
We labour that others may dine,
And live in a kitchen on love.

What though at the fire I have wrought,
Where puddings we boil and we fry;
Though part of it hither be brought,
And none of it ever set by;
Ah! Colin! thou must not be first,
Thy knife and thy trencher resign,
There's Marg'ret will eat till she burst,
And her turn is sooner than thine.

And you, my companions so dear,
Who sorrow to see me so pale,
Whatever I suffer, forbear,
Forbear at a pudding to rail.
Though I should through all the rooms rove,
'Tis in vain from my fortune to go,
'Tis its fate to be often above,
'Tis mine still to want it below.

If while my hard fate I sustain,
In your breasts any pity be found,
Ye servants that earliest dine,
Come see how I lie on the ground.
Then hang up a pan and a pot,
And sorrow to see how I dwell,
And say, when you grieve at my lot,
Poor Colin loved pudding too well!
Then back to your meat you may go,
Which you set in your dishes so prim;
Where sauce in the middle doth flow,
And flowers are strew'd round the brim;
Whilst Colin, forgotten and gone,
By the hedges shall dismally rove,
Unless when he sees the round moon,
He thinks on a pudding above.

Miss *Eve*. Which do you think the best lines in the parody?

Miss *K*. The hog's grunting to Colin's sighs, and the gutter running mournfully, muddily by.

Miss *Eve*. I'm persuaded, that Burke would have been of the same opinion.

Miss *K*. You have a peculiar archness and sprightly taste, Miss *Eve*, in singing a humorous song, superior, in my opinion, to the manner of Mrs. Jordan herself. Will you sing me one?

Miss *Eve*. What shall I sing to please you?

Miss *K*. One in praise of a country life.

Miss *Eve*. Here is a song that I learned from one of my maidens who came from the north.

In the fields in frosts and snows,
Watching late and early,
There I keep my father's cows,
There I milk them yearly.
Booing here, booing there,
Here a boo—there a boo—every where a boo.
We defy all noise and strife,
In a charming country life.

When at home amongst the fowls,
Watching late and early,
There I tend my father's owls,
There I feed them yearly.
Wooing here, wooing there,
Here a woo—there a woo—every where a woo.
We defy, &c.

When we summer fleeces reap,
Watching late and early,
Then I shear my father's sheep,
Then I keep 'em yearly.
Baaing here, baaing there,
Here a baa—there a baa—every where a baa.
We defy, &c.

In the yard among the logs,
Watching late and early,
There they lie, my father's hogs,
There I feed them yearly.
Grunting here, grunting there,
Here a grunt—there a grunt—every where a grunt.
We defy, &c.

Round about the pleasant moats,
Watching late and early,
There I tend my father's goats,
There I water 'em yearly.
Maaiing here, maaiing there,
Here a maa—there a maa—every where a maa.
We defy, &c.

When I've fed my father's flocks,
In the morning early,
Then I cram his turkey-cocks,
There I feed 'em yearly.
Gobble here, gobble there,
Here a gobble—there a gobble—every where a gobble.
We defy, &c.

Round my father's ponds and lakes,
In the morning early,
There I find his ducks and drakes,
There I find 'em yearly.
Qua-quack here, qua-quack there,
Here a quack—there a quack—every where a quack.
We defy all care and strife,
In a charming country life.

JUNINUS.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR OF MOZART, THE GERMAN COMPOSER.

(Continued from p. 15.)

THE Emperor Joseph, not contented with the victory he had gained over the Italians, by the performance of Mozart's *L'Enlèvement du Sérail*, on the German stage, now conceived the hazardous resolution of combating the enemy on his own ground. An opera of Mo-

zart's writing was to be brought out upon the Italian stage, by Italian singers. He obeyed the imperial command with reluctance, observing to his friends, that he would much rather have entrusted his cause in a law-suit to a counsel that was his mortal foe. Beau-

marchais' celebrated piece, "*Les Noces de Figaro*," was selected for that purpose, and composed by Mozart accordingly. Those of our readers who have recently heard this opera in London, we can assure, that the representation of it at the King's Theatre, however frequent and much applauded, could convey but an imperfect idea of its excellence. It requires an aggregate of talents of a different cast, indeed of a higher order, taken in the whole, than our theatre can boast of, to do it full justice. The case was much the same on the first representation at Vienna, nay, worse! Although in the presence of the emperor, the envy and malice of the Italian performers was so paramount to every other feeling, that they visibly (and literally) did their worst to ruin the opera. Mozart, in the agony of a mother who sees her child in the act of being murdered, at the close of the first act, flew to the box of the emperor, and besought him, either to save him from the conspiratory cabal of the singers, or to stop the performance altogether. A threatening message to the green-room infused, not willing cheerfulness certainly, but at least decency into the performance of the second act.

At Prague this opera was received with the most enthusiastic applause; and Bondini, the manager, whose affairs had previously been in a very deranged state, often declared, that, but for Mozart's *Figaro*, he should have been a bankrupt.

Few Italian theatres, however, could boast of any financial advantages from Mozart's operas. The

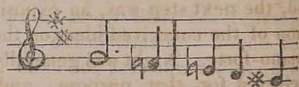
reason is plain: Mozart's music required better singers and instrumentalists than had hitherto been sufficient for a very respectable performance of any Italian opera. Only at first-rate theatres, therefore, Mozart's operas were exempt from the hazard of shipwreck. An old Italian opera manager, who, since Mozart's popularity, felt sorely the diminution in his receipts, whenever, in his dramatical repertory, he chanced to fall upon an opera of Mozart's, uttered a groan, exclaiming, "*Questo e la mia rovina*"—(This one is my ruin.)

The flattering reception his *Figaro* met with at Prague, brought Mozart, about this time, frequently to that capital. He was the favourite of the Bohemians, a nation universally musical, from the nobleman to the mechanic. It was there he composed the celebrated opera of *Don Juan* (1787), another master-piece of the solemn and serious intermixed with the comic. The strains he assigns to the ghost, are of so awful and original a harmony, that it requires not the enthusiasm of partiality to be shaken with horror at their hearing. They are, as it were, the sepulchral sounds of a supernatural being. The *finale* of the first act, in our opinion, exceeds any composition in existence of that kind. The different character of its successive movements, the skill with which they are threaded upon each other, the richness of ideas, humorous or elevated, and the fulness of the instrumental support, baffles all conception, much more description. It is, moreover, remarkable for a most original, yet very appropriate whim of the author's. The scene represents a

ball, all the performers are on the stage, all dance and sing in full glee; but every one his own way: viz. one party a minuet, another a waltz, another something else: Mozart accommodates all parties with one and the same subject; the orchestra splits itself into three distinct bands, one playing the subject cast into $\frac{3}{4}$ time, the second group exhibiting, simultaneously, the same subject in $\frac{3}{8}$, and the third in $\frac{2}{4}$ time. This exquisite piece of compositorial artifice, when well executed, produces an astonishing and totally novel effect; but it certainly requires consummate skill and attention on the part of the performers, not to end in a chaos of confusion.

The beautiful, scientific overture remains a convincing proof of the astonishing rapidity with which Mozart's best works were written. The whole of the opera itself was finished, the singers were learning their parts, the last great rehearsal took place; still no overture, although the public performance was announced for the next day. His wife, the manager, all his friends conjured him to set about the work, representing to him the ruinous consequences likely to ensue to the theatre as well as to himself, from an eventual disappointment. "I shall write it this afternoon." The afternoon came, but Mozart, instead of writing, bethought himself of riding for pleasure into the country. In the evening he returned, and spent it in merry converse over a punch-bowl and wine with some friends, who trembled at the idea of Mozart's situation. At midnight he came home, "half seas over," to use the vulgar phrase,

and began his overture, but to no purpose. Exhausted, he found it necessary to lie down, charging his wife to call him in one hour. The good creature, however, thought it a pity to disturb so sweet a slumber, and let him lie two. At two o'clock she awoke him, made punch for him, sat down by his side, and by telling him a number of humorous stories and fairy tales, set him a laughing to such a degree, that the tears trickled down his eyes. "Now is the time!" exclaimed Mozart, "now we are in trim for it!" and sat down *con amore*. Yet nature would at times exert her sway. More than once he nodded over his score, and the following particular passage seems to breathe, unequivocally, the nodding lapse towards sleeping:—



In a few hours, all was finished; at seven in the morning, a set of copiers came, and it was with difficulty they could accomplish their task before the evening. Some of the sheets were carried still wet into the theatre; and, what reflects no mean honour on the Prague orchestra, the overture, although in most parts quite original and abstruse, was so exquisitely performed, without any previous trial, that the audience encored it.

This surprising ease and celerity in composition, instead of being the consequence of wanton carelessness, was the result of mature previous deliberation. In fact, when Mozart sat down to write, it was only to record with symbols that which, by dint of intense medita-

tion, lay already arranged in beautiful order in his mind: for, when an opera was given to him, his labour consisted of three distinct stages, of which the writing was the last and the most mechanical. After reading the whole repeatedly, many days passed away in *apparent* inaction; but just then was his study the most assiduous. In his walks, on his pillow, his comprehensive fancy planned the whole structure of the edifice; and as he was capable of representing to his imagination not only the precise effect of simultaneous sounds, but of the most figured and chequered accompaniments, his unparalleled musical memory was thereby enabled to string successively all the component parts of the whole. The meditative process being completed, the next step was, an exposition of the conceived ideas on the piano-forte. Night was generally selected for that purpose; and, however unfit the absence of light may be for some human pursuits, even the intellectual ones, we may probably appeal to many of our readers for a confirmation of the assertion, that in the stillness of night, when no external object fetters our senses, when the recollection of mundane connections subsides into unruffled tranquillity,—that then only the whole soul of the feeling harmonist expands, and gives and receives impressions of a nobler cast. To hear Mozart in those magic hours of nocturnal silence, was a luxury sought by not a few. His strains would frequently collect listening crowds under his window; his neighbours, especially in summer, derived the benefit of letting their apartments without un-

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profitable intervals; indeed, some of his listeners are known to have repaid the sacrilege of Allegri's *Miserere*, by catching and spreading short songs of the German Orpheus, in an imperfect and mutilated shape, before the author had published them.

Not till the rehearsal of his ideas on the piano-forte was completed and approved of, did Mozart take up the pen. No wonder, therefore, that this last operation proved as rapid as that of mere copying. Hence, also, the extraordinary neatness of all his rough scores, if that epithet were not improper; for it is seldom that these contain an erasure, or even any correction.

In 1789, Mozart composed the opera buffa, *Così fan tutte*, for the theatre at Vienna. This opera, in spite of his Italian enemies, gained him universal admiration. In London, too, where, for the first time, it was brought on the stage only two years ago, its representation excited, on many successive nights, the most rapturous sensations. It was infinitely better performed than any other of Mozart's operas brought out in England. The *terzett*, *Soave sia il vento*, is a divine composition, never to be forgotten when once heard; and the exquisite comic humour which reigns in Don Alphonso's musical part, is truly unique.

In the spring of the same year, Mozart journeyed, by way of Dresden and Leipzig, to Berlin. His progress through Germany was a continued triumph; but at Berlin, in particular, he met with the most distinguished reception. The King of Prussia himself, Frederick Wil-

liam II. a great connoisseur in music, expressed his admiration of his genius, and gave him many proofs of royal favour.

Yet, a circumstance too common to excite wonder, with all this income offered to him by the whole German nation, its princes, kings, and emperors, Mozart still remained without any appointment or settled income. His receipts and presents, it is true, were often considerable; but their uncertainty, the many *accouchements* and severe illnesses of his wife, and, above all, his want of any economical system whatever, left him not unfrequently in indigence. Like many of the musical brotherhood, Mozart was the very worst financier. More than once when, at the very brink of absolute want, an influx of a present, or of money paid in anticipation for work to be performed, arrived unexpectedly, the sudden change from penury to extravagance was truly ludicrous. The good Austrian table-wine forthwith made room for Tokay and Champaign; country trips to Schönbrunn, Fischament, and other places of entertainment in the environs of Vienna, succeeded in alternation to dinner parties at home or in taverns. All was gaiety and joviality, till all was spent, and the *penseroso* once more succeeded the *allegro*.

Despairing of any fixed appointment on the part of any of the sovereigns, who better knew how to applaud than reward his exertions, Mozart determined to go to England, the visionary Atalantis of Continental speculation. Every thing was prepared for his departure, when an imperial patent, conveying to him the appointment of

Kammercomponist (composer to the Imperial Chamber), with a salary of 800 florins, altered his resolution. Thus the sum of £90 per annum was the price wherewith to insure possession of Mozart!! The patent likewise promised further amelioration in future; but Joseph's death and the Turkish war prevented the fulfilment of the promise.

In this period fall Mozart's new accompaniments to Handel's *Messiah*, *Acis and Galathea*, *Cecilia* and *Alexander's Feast*, which he wrote for Baron de Swieten, that great connoisseur and promoter of music, to whom we owe Haydn's beautiful oratorios of the *Creation* and the *Seasons*.

The year 1791, however, produced Mozart's finest compositions; while, alas! it terminated his earthly career. As if conscious of his fate, as if yet doubting the immortality of his works, and desirous of impressing the world with the keenest sense of the magnitude of its loss, he seems to have lavished all the fulness and the energy of his great mind on his last efforts. Within the four last months of his life, although interrupted by two journeys, haunted by disease, and by a too well founded anticipation of its result, Mozart wrote the following stupendous works:—

1. A Cantata for the Piano-Forte.
2. THE MAGIC FLUTE.
3. LA CLEMENZA DI TITO.
4. A Cantata for a full Orchestra.
5. A Concerto for the Piano-Forte.
6. THE REQUIEM*.

All this immense mass of labour
* *Requiem* (*Angl. rest*), a solemn mass praying for the peace of a departed soul sung in Catholic churches during funeral service.

and thought in a period scarcely sufficient for copying it!!!

Among the several operas which Mozart has written, it would be as hazardous and difficult to assign the pre-eminence to any one, as it would be to decide which of Raffaele's paintings is the best. The different character of each presents us with different beauties; yet, were we compelled to assent to the extermination of all the works of Mozart, with the reservation of only one, we should not hesitate to pronounce for the preservation of the *Magic Flute*. The fable itself, although indifferently and often miserably told, is unexceptionable, interesting throughout, full of moral tendency; in short, it satisfies completely the strictest æsthetical rules of the drama. With the greatest variety of character, the piece, in every stage of its progress, proceeds regularly and skilfully towards its final *denouement*. Its musical execution, too, proves, that Mozart, although no critic by school, felt the value of the drama fully worthy of the best exertions of his powers. The music exhibits master-pieces in every style of composition, abounding in incomparable effusions of the comic, of the tender, of the solemn, the awful; all the passions of the human mind are musically depicted so as to be divined without the text. If the old adage, *Vox populi vox Dei*, be applicable to harmony, the incredible rapidity with which the *Magic Flute* gained universal popularity in Germany, France, Italy, and, by piece-meal, in England, will be received as the surest test of its worth. From the Neva to the Guadalquivir, and from the

Drave to the Clyde, some of its airs are in the mouth of every child. That such an opera should not have found its way to the stage in England, remains a subject of wonder. The meritorious attempt, it is true, was made two years ago, at the benefit of Mr. Naldi, of the King's Theatre; but in a manner which, while it held out little encouragement for a repetition, required the indulgence of a British audience and the excellence of the music to endure the representation to its conclusion.

La Clemenza di Tito, Mozart's last opera, was composed for the States of Bohemia, in celebration of the coronation of Leopold II. at Prague. Mozart began the opera in the post-chaise, and after his arrival in the latter city, finished it within eighteen days. We cannot concur in the decision of some judges (however great our respect for their opinion in musical matters), that this is the most finished and valuable of all Mozart's works. The chorusses certainly are sublime, and admit of no rival, except, perhaps, in Glück's works; but there is a dearth of pieces in parts, such as quintetts and sextetts; the duets are unsatisfactorily brief, some of which, and several arias too, resemble mere musical sketches. In the accompaniments, above all, there reigns a vacuity, which visibly betrays the wane of the author's physical strength. How barren the wind-instruments, so rich in all the other dramatic works of Mozart! Its unusual simplicity of melody, and the deep melancholy tinge which distinguishes this opera from the others, bespeaks further the decline of mental energy, and the sombre

thoughts which, from disease and an inward persuasion of the slow approach of death, preyed upon the delicate and highly sensitive mind of its author. In the *Clemenza di Tito*, he was preparing for his reluctant departure on that mysterious journey from which there is no return; in the *Requiem* he took his last farewell. If it is possible for a bard to transfuse his sensations into his strains, we find an awful instance in the air of the

Clemenza: Non piu di fiori. Here Metastasio's words seem as if written for Mozart himself. The "vernal flowers were no more to bloom" for the darling of Apollo, who "beheld death stride towards him in measured pace." Hardened as flint must be the feeling of him, who, with the knowledge of circumstance, can hear those words, *Veggio la morte ver me s'avvanzar*, without sensations of the keenest sympathy.

(To be concluded in our next.)

DESCRIPTION OF THE PRESENT STATE OF THE INHABITANTS OF THE CITY OF LEIPZIG AND ITS IMMEDIATE VICINITY.

In illustration of this subject, we shall call the attention of our readers to a pamphlet just published by Mr. ACKERMANN, the whole of the profits of which will be applied in aid of a fund destined to relieve the inhabitants of the theatre of the late destructive conflicts which sealed the political downfall of the Gallic emperor. The work in question, entitled *A Narrative of the most Remarkable Events which occurred in and near Leipzig, immediately before, during, and subsequent to the sanguinary Series of Engagements between the Allied Armies and the French, from the 14th to the 19th October, 1813*;—exhibits so faithful a picture of the enormities of the latter, and is so replete with interest, that, independently of the benevolent motive of this publication, it possesses the strongest claims to general notice. The narrative itself is introduced by the following remarks:—

"After a contest of twenty years' duration, Britain, thanks to her insular position, her native ener-

gies, and the wisdom of her councils, knows scarcely any thing of the calamities of war but from report, and from the comparatively easy pecuniary sacrifices required for its prosecution. No invader's foot has polluted her shores, no hostile hand has desolated her towns and villages, neither have fire and sword transformed her smiling plains into dreary deserts. Enjoying a happy exemption from these misfortunes, she hears the storm, which is destined to fall with destructive violence upon others, pass harmlessly over her head. Meanwhile the progress of her commerce and manufactures, and her improvement in the arts, sciences, and letters, though liable, from extraordinary circumstances, to temporary obstructions, are sure and steady; the channels of her wealth are beyond the reach of foreign malignity; and, after an unparalleled struggle, her vigour and her resources seem but to increase with the urgency of the occasions that call them forth.

“Far different is the lot of other nations and of other countries. There is scarcely a region of Continental Europe but has in its turn drunk deep within these few years of the cup of horrors. Germany, the theatre of unnumbered contests—the mountains of Switzerland, which for ages had reverberated only the notes of rustic harmony—the fertile vales of the Peninsula—the fields of Austria—the sands of Prussia—the vast forests of Poland—and the boundless plains of the Russian empire—have alternately rung with the din of battle, and been drenched with human blood. To the inhabitants of several of these countries, impoverished by the events of war, the boon of British benevolence has been nobly extended; but none of these cases appeals so forcibly to the attention of the humane as that of Leipzig, and its immediate vicinity. Their innocent inhabitants have in one short year been reduced, by the infatuation of their sovereign, and by that greatest of all curses, the friendship of France, from a state of comfort to absolute beggary; and thousands of them, stripped of their all, are at this moment houseless and unprotected wanderers, exposed to the horrors of famine, cold, and disease.

“That Leipzig, undoubtedly one of the first commercial cities of Germany, and the great Exchange of the Continent, must, in common with every other town which derives its support from trade and commerce, have severely felt the effects of what Napoleon chose to nickname *the Continental System*, is too evident to need demonstration. The sentiments of its inhabitants to-

wards the author of that system could not of course be very favourable; neither were they backward in shewing the spirit by which they were animated; as the following facts will serve to evince:—When the French, on their return from their disastrous Russian expedition, had occupied Leipzig, and were beginning, as usual, to levy requisitions of every kind, an express was sent to the Russian Col. Orloff, who had pushed forward with his Cossacks to the distance of about 20 miles, entreating him to release the place from its troublesome guests. He complied with the invitation; and every Frenchman who had not been able to escape, and fancied himself secure in the houses, was driven from his hiding-place, and delivered up to the Cossacks, who were received with unbounded demonstrations of joy.

“About this time a Prussian corps began to be formed in Silesia, under the denomination of the Corps of Revenge. It was composed of volunteers, who bound themselves by an oath, not to lay down their arms till Germany had recovered her independence. On the occupation of Leipzig by the allies, this corps received a great accession of strength from that city, where it was joined by the greater number of the students at the university, and by the most respectable young men of the city and other parts of Saxony. The people of Leipzig moreover availed themselves of every opportunity to make subscriptions for the allied troops, and large sums were raised on these occasions. Their mortification was sufficiently obvious when the

French, after the battle of Lützen, again entered the city. Those who had so lately welcomed the Russians and Prussians with the loudest acclamations, now turned their backs on their pretended friends; nay, such was the general aversion, that many strove to get out of the way, that they might not see them.

“This antipathy was well known to Bonaparte by means of his spies, who were concealed in the city, and he took care to resent it. When, among others, the deputies of the city of Leipzig, M. Frege, Aulic counsellor, M. Dufour, and Dr. Gross, waited upon him after the battle of Lützen, he expressed himself in the following terms respecting the Corps of Revenge: *Je sais bien que c'est chez vous qu'on a formé ce corps de vengeance, mais qui enfin n'est qu'une policonnerie qui n'a été bon à rien.* It was on this occasion also that the deputies received from the imperial ruffian one of those insults which are so common with him, and which might indeed be naturally expected from such an upstart; for, when they assured him of the submission of the city, he dismissed them with these remarkable words: *Allez vous en!* than which nothing more contemptuous could be addressed to the meanest beggar.

“It was merely to shew his displeasure at the Anti-Gallican sentiments of the city, that Napoleon, after his entrance into Dresden, declared Leipzig in a state of siege; in consequence of which the inhabitants were obliged to furnish gratuitously all the requisitions that he thought fit to demand. In this way the town, in a very short time, was plundered of immense sums,

exclusively of the expence of the hospitals, the maintenance of which alone consumed upwards of 30,000 dollars per week. During this state of things the French, from the highest to the lowest, seemed to think themselves justified in wreaking upon the inhabitants the displeasure of their emperor; each therefore, after the example of his master, was a petty tyrant, whose licentiousness knew no bounds.

“By such means, and by the immense assemblage of troops which began to be formed about the city at the conclusion of September 1813, its resources were completely exhausted, when the series of sanguinary engagements between the 14th and the 19th of the following month reduced it to the very verge of destruction. In addition to the pathetic details of the extreme hardships endured by the devoted inhabitants of the field of battle, which extended to the distance of ten English miles around Leipzig, contained in the following sheets, I shall beg leave to introduce the following extract of a letter, written on the 22d November, by a person of great commercial eminence in that city, who, after giving a brief account of those memorable days of October, thus proceeds:—

“By this five days' conflict our city was transformed into one vast hospital, 56 edifices being devoted to that purpose alone. The number of sick and wounded amounted to 36,000. Of these a large proportion died, but their places were soon supplied by the many wounded who had been left in the adjacent villages. Crowded to excess, what could be the consequence but contagious diseases? especially as there

was such a scarcity of the necessaries of life; and unfortunately a most destructive nervous fever is at this moment making great ravages among us, so that from 150 to 180 persons commonly die in one week, in a city whose ordinary mortality was between 30 and 40. In the military hospitals there die at least 300 in a day, and frequently from 5 to 600. By this extraordinary mortality the numbers there have been reduced to from 14 to 16,000. Consider too the state of the circumjacent villages, to the distance of 10 miles round, all completely stripped; in scarcely any of them is there left a single horse, cow, sheep, hog, fowl, or corn of any kind, either hay or implements of agriculture. All the dwelling-houses have been either burned or demolished, and all the wood-work about them carried off for fuel by the troops in bivouac. The roofs have shared the same fate; the shells of the houses were converted into forts and loop-holes made in the walls, as every village individually was defended and stormed. Not a door or window is any where to be seen, as those might be removed with the greatest ease, and, together with the roofs, were all consumed. Winter is now at hand, and its rigours begin already to be felt. These poor creatures are thus prevented, not only by the season, from rebuilding their habitations, but also by the absolute want of means; they have no prospect before them but to die of hunger, for all Saxony, together with the adjacent countries, has suffered far too severely to be able to afford any relief to their miseries.

Our commercial house, God

be thanked! has not been plundered; but every thing in my private house, situated in the suburb of Grimma, was carried off or destroyed, as you may easily conceive, when I inform you that a body of French troops broke open the door on the 19th, and defended themselves in the house against the Prussians. Luckily I had a few days before removed my most valuable effects to a place of safety. I had in the house one killed and two wounded; but, some doors off, not fewer than 60 were left dead in one single house.--Almost all the houses in the suburbs have been more or less damaged by the shower of balls on the 19th.

“That these pictures of the miseries occasioned by the sanguinary conflict which sealed the emancipation of the Continent from Gallic despotism, are not overcharged, is proved by the concurrent testimony of all the other accounts which have arrived from that quarter. Among the rest, a letter received by the publisher, from the venerable Count Schönfeld, a Saxon nobleman of high character, rank, and affluence, many years ambassador both at the court of Versailles, before the revolution, and till within a few years at Vienna, is so interesting, that I am confident I shall need no excuse for introducing it entire. His extensive and flourishing estates south-east of Leipzig have been the bloody cradle of regenerated freedom. The short space of a few days has converted them into a frightful desert, reduced opulent villages into smoking ruins, and plunged his miserable tenants as well as himself into a state of extreme want, until means can be

found again to cultivate the soil and to rebuild the dwellings. He writes as follows :—

‘It is with a sensation truly peculiar and extraordinary that I take up my pen to address you, to whom I had, some years since, the pleasure of writing several times on subjects of a very different kind : but it is that very difference between those times and the present, and the most wonderful series of events which have followed each other in rapid succession, the ever-memorable occurrences of the last years and months, the astonishing success which rejoices all Europe, and has nevertheless plunged many thousands into inexpressible misery ; it is all this that has long engaged my attention, and presses itself upon me at the moment I am writing. In events like these, every individual, however distant, must take some kind of interest, either as a merchant or a man of letters, a soldier or an artist ; or, if none of these, at least as a man. How strongly the late events must interest every benevolent and humane mind, I have no need to tell you, who must more feelingly sympathize in them from the circumstance that it is your native country, where the important question, whether the Continent of Europe should continue to wear an ignominious yoke, and whether it deserved the fetters of slavery, because it was not capable of bursting them, has been decisively answered by the greatest and the most sanguinary contest that has occurred for many ages. That same Saxony, which three centuries ago released part of the world from the no less galling yoke of religious bondage ;

which, according to history, has been the theatre of fifteen great battles ; that same Saxony is now become the cradle of the political liberty of the Continent. But a power so firmly rooted could not be overthrown without the most energetic exertions ; and while millions are now raising the shouts of triumph, there are, in Saxony alone, a million of souls who are reduced to misery too severe to be capable of taking any part in the general joy, and who are now shedding the bitterest tears of abject wretchedness and want. That such is the fact is confirmed to me by the situation of my acquaintance and neighbours, by that of my suffering tenants, and finally by my own. The ever-memorable and eventful battles of the 16th to the 19th of October began exactly upon and between my two estates of Störmthal and Liebertwolkwitz. All that the oppressive imposts, contributions, and quarterings, as well as the rapacity of the yet unvanquished French, had spared, became on these tremendous days a prey to the flames, or was plundered by those who call themselves allies of our king, but whom the country itself acknowledged only through compulsion. Whoever could save his life with the clothes upon his back might boast of his good fortune ; for many, who were obliged, with broken hearts, to leave their burning houses, lost their apparel also. Out of the produce of a tolerably plentiful harvest, not a grain is left for sowing ; the little that was in the barns was consumed in *bivouac*, or, next morning, in spite of the prayers and entreaties of the owners, wantonly burned by

the laughing fiends. Not a horse, not a cow, not a sheep, is now to be seen; nay, several species of animals appear to be wholly exterminated in Saxony. I have myself lost 2000 Spanish sheep, Tyrolese and Swiss cattle, all my horses, waggons, and household utensils. The very floors of my rooms were torn up; my plate, linen, and important papers and documents, were carried away and destroyed. Not a looking-glass, not a pane in the windows, or a chair, is left. The same calamity befel my wretched tenants, over whose misfortunes I would willingly forget my own. All is desolation and despair, aggravated by the certain prospect of epidemic diseases and famine. Who can relieve such misery, unless God should be pleased to do it by means of those generous individuals, to whom, in my own inability to help, I am obliged to appeal.

‘I apply, therefore, to you, sir, and request you, out of love to your wretched country, which is so inexpressibly devastated, to solicit the aid of your opulent friends and acquaintance; who, with the generosity peculiar to the whole nation, may feel for the unmerited misery of others, in behalf of my wretched tenants in Liebertwolkwitz and Störmthal. These poor and truly helpless unfortunates would, with tears, pay the tribute of their warmest gratitude to their generous benefactors, if they needed that gratitude in addition to the satisfaction resulting from so noble an action. You will not, I am sure, misunderstand my request, as it proceeds from a truly compassionate heart, but which, by its own losses, is reduced so low as to be

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unable to afford any relief to others. Should it ever be possible for me to serve you or any of your friends here, depend upon my doing all that lies within my poor ability. Meanwhile I remain, in expectation of your kind and speedy fulfilment of my request, sir, your most obedient friend and servant,

‘COUNT SCHONFELD.

‘LEIPZIG, Nov. 22, 1813.

‘To Mr. Ackermann, London.

‘P. S. I have been obliged, by the weakness of my sight, to employ another hand. I remember the friendly sentiments which you here testified for me with the liveliest gratitude. My patriotic way of thinking, which drew upon me also the hatred of the French government, occasioned me, four years since, to resign the post of ambassador, which I had held twenty-five years, and to retire from service*.’

“From documents transmitted to the publisher by friends at Leipzig,

* R. ACKERMANN would not feel himself justified in printing this letter, nor in presuming to make an appeal to the British public in behalf of the writer, were he not personally acquainted with the character of this unfortunate and patriotic nobleman, who is held in the highest veneration and respect for his benevolence to his numerous tenantry, his liberality to strangers, and his general philanthropy. To relieve the distresses which he has so pathetically described, the publisher solicits the contributions of the benevolent. A distinct book has been opened for that charitable purpose, at No. 101, Strand, in which even the smallest sums, with the names of the donors, may be entered, and to which, as well as to the original letter, reference may be made by those who feel disposed to peruse them.

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eye-witnesses of the facts here related, have been selected the particulars of this narrative. The principal object of their publication is not so much to expose the atrocities of Gallic ruffians, as to awaken the sympathies and call forth the humanity of the British nation. Like that glorious luminary, whose genial rays vivify and invigorate all nature, Britain is looked up to by the whole civilized world for support against injustice, and for solace in distress. To her liberality the really unfortunate have never yet appealed in vain; and, with this experience before his eyes, the publisher confidently anticipates in behalf of his perishing coun-

trymen the wonted exercise of that godlike quality, which

“—droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven,
And blesseth him that gives and him that
takes.”

This extract will, we trust, prove sufficient to excite in our readers a desire to peruse the work from which it is taken, and in such of them as are blessed with affluence, a disposition to extend their aid to their much afflicted fellow-creatures. With a view to the relief of their urgent necessities, the contributions of the benevolent are received (a book having been opened for that purpose) by the publisher, 101, Strand.

IMPERIAL GALLANTRY.

EVERY one who has of late years paid the least attention to passing events, must have had frequent occasion to observe, how little greatness of mind is allied to greatness of power; and how impossible it is for a thorough-bred revolutionary ruffian, though long surrounded with all the external parade of a splendid court, to forego his nature, and to imbibe any portion of that true gallantry, which is compounded of generosity of spirit and courteousness of demeanour, and which characterized what is commonly denominated *the old school*. That gallantry taught the conqueror to alleviate, by the kindest attentions, the lot of those whom fortune had placed in his power; while the revolutionary code seems, on the other hand, to command its narrow-minded adherents to aggravate the calamities of the vanquished by studied insults, calculated to wound in the tender-

est part. The truth of these remarks the following anecdote will strikingly attest:—

After the preliminaries which led to the treaty of Tilsit were adjusted, Bonaparte was attended by the King of Prussia in his own apartment, where the unfeeling conqueror received him with the greatest haughtiness.—“Let me see your wife!” said he.—“She is at Königsberg, your Majesty.”—“I must see your wife,” sternly repeated the tyrant.—“She will not come,” replied the humbled monarch; “a sense of the injuries she has lately sustained, would forbid her attending you.”—“Let me see your wife, or I will not sign a peace,” added the Corsican. The king, reduced by the most urgent necessity, sent a letter to his queen begging her attendance; but, as he expected, received a reply, that she could not submit to the interview. The king communicated this

reply to Bonaparte, who imperiously rejoined, "If you do not yourself bring your wife to my presence, our negotiations must end." Thus humbled, the painful alternative remained, to prevail upon the queen to comply, or to take the consequences of her final refusal. The king repaired to Königsberg, and his obedient queen consented to appear before the Emperor of the French. This *un-princely* prince eyed her with an attention bordering on rudeness.—"I expected," said he, addressing himself to her, "to see a fair queen, but I behold the fairest of women." Then, turning to a stand of flowers, he selected from among them a rose, and presenting it, added, "I offer the fairest of flowers to the fairest of her sex." The queen distantly replied, "Sir, we are not sufficiently acquainted for me to receive this compliment:" when the polished Bonaparte held it to her, and, with a menacing look and haughty air, replied, "Take it, madam—it is *I* who offer it to you!" The queen accepted the rose, and answered, "Sir, I receive it as a pledge of friendship to come." Apparently softened by her beauty and noble demeanour, this *gracious* emperor made an offer of his services, and enquired what favour he could grant her.—"I have nothing to ask," said the queen.—"I wish you to command my services—ask what I can give you."—"As a queen, I ask for nothing, sir," said the afflicted princess; "but, as a mother, I beg the town and citadel of Magdeburg for my sons."—"You are a very beautiful queen," replied Bonaparte, "but you know not

what you ask—Magdeburg is worth an hundred queens."

It will be recollected, that the important fortress of Magdeburg was treacherously surrendered to Bonaparte in 1806, through the cowardice and avarice of General Kleist, the governor. After the decisive battle of Jena, a messenger was sent by the French emperor to Kleist, to represent to him the futility of resistance against the whole force of the French army, which was marching to invest the place. The effect of this statement was enforced by the promise of 10,000 Napoleon-d'ors, in case of his immediate surrender. Overpowered by such weighty arguments, the general was induced to betray his sacred trust; Magdeburg was delivered up to the French; the gold was paid to the traitor, and he was ordered to depart with it immediately, and to repair to his estates, situated in Pomerania. He had proceeded to a very short distance from the city, when a party of French dragoons, who were in waiting for him, doubtless by their master's instructions, surrounded his carriage, and bore off the money in triumph. Chagrined at this mischance, Kleist arrived at his estates; where he was shunned by his equals, and pointed at even by little children, as a bungling traitor, who had not only lost his honour, but the price of it into the bargain. His situation became so irksome, and preyed upon his spirits to such a degree, that he did not long survive his disgrace. No sorrowing relatives, friends, or neighbours attended his corpse to the place of interment; but it was

followed thither by twelve carts belonging to men who, in Germany, perform the double office of public executioners and skiners of such cattle as happen to die of accidents or disease, and who are there held in such contempt and abhor-

rence as to be totally cut off from the rest of society: thus affording an awful warning to all who may feel tempted to barter their honour and the approbation of their consciences for mercenary advantages, however alluring.

BIOGRAPHICAL ACCOUNT OF MADEMOISELLE DE MONTPENSIER, COUSIN OF LOUIS XIV.

Extracted from The Lives of the Literary Ladies of France, by Mad. de GENLIS.*

As a patron of letters and as an author, Mademoiselle de Montpensier ought to be placed in the first rank of princesses who have loved and cultivated literature. She was the daughter of Gaston Duke of Orleans, brother of Louis XIII. and was born in 1627. The part she acted in the wars of La Fronde, was not that of a female, and still less that of a princess of the blood. She was at once an Amazon and a rebel. She was drawn into this faction by her admiration of the great Condé, to whom she rendered services which that prince ought to have held in constant remembrance, but which he forgot when no longer in want of them. It was, nevertheless, this same prince who wrote to Lennet (charged with negotiating his peace with the court), "Sacrifice, if it is necessary, all my interests, but give up none of my friends;" that is to say, the persons who had joined his rebellion. But these generous sentiments are rarely applied to women; ingratitude towards them is thought of little consequence.

Mademoiselle possessed a courage which is seldom found in her sex; in this war she gave many

striking proofs of it. At the city of Orleans she presented herself before the gates without any troops, and as the inhabitants refused to admit her, she ordered her attendants to make a breach in the gate, entered the gap alone, harangued the people, and took possession of the city. Several councils of war were there held, at which she assisted, and gave advice, that was generally attended to. She says on this subject, in her *Memoirs*, "I am assured, that good sense in this, as on all other occasions, regulates every thing; and when it is united to courage, there is no female who could not properly command an army." This was presuming a great deal with regard to females, but such was the opinion of all the heroines of La Fronde. They conceived that military and political talents consisted in boldness, an inclination for intrigue, and rebellion.

It has been said that Mademoiselle, by causing the cannon of the Bastille to be fired upon the king's troops, had killed her husband; because, had it not been for this action, Louis XIV. would have married her. This witticism of

* Lately published in 2 vols. 12mo. by Colburn, Conduit-street.

Voltaire is devoid of justice. The kings of France, to form useful alliances, have always preferred foreign princesses. Policy and the ties of blood had made Anne of Austria wish for some time the union of her son with the infanta of Spain. Besides, Mademoiselle was eleven years older than Louis XIV. : such a disproportionate age would alone have prevented this alliance.

Mademoiselle, handsome, sensible, virtuous, and the heiress of immense wealth, was addressed by many princes, and even by kings. Attached to France, to her family, and to her liberty, she rejected all their offers, and thus attained the age of 44. Then it was that a fatal attachment deprived her of her peace and overthrew her happiness. From the *Memoirs of Mademoiselle de Montpensier*, we see, that the Count de Lanzun behaved in the most artful and hypocritical manner towards her. Mademoiselle had never loved, and until then her dignity and the purity of her manners had kept every species of gallantry at a distance; she wanted experience in it, and this the count well knew. If he had dared to declare his sentiments, she would have banished him for ever from her presence. He studied the character of her whom he meant to enslave, and he perceived a haughtiness and a pride, the pretensions of which were unbounded. He once, for instance, saw this princess, when walking in the Cour de la Reine, treat the Countess de Fiesque with unbecoming insolence; because, being under her displeasure, she did not leave the place immediately. Mademoiselle sent

orders to her to quit the promenade*. She required the same thing when she met her in the hall of a public theatre. Had the countess been at the farthest end of the room, she ought to have withdrawn as soon as she perceived the princess. The count conceived, that the way to gain her heart was, by submission and shewing her the greatest respect. He was extremely assiduous in paying his court to her, and very soon made himself distinguished by that profound respect, which seemed to deprive him of every idea of gallantry or hope of pleasing. However, he did please; and when it was hinted to him, he did not appear to perceive it: but as she wished him to know it, it was necessary to tell him plainly. These first advances the count seemed to consider as a painful and cruel ridicule. How could she leave a man who shewed so pure and so respectful an attachment in such an error? She explained herself in a still more positive and tender manner: the count persisted in respectfully complaining of an irony which overwhelmed him; he could never have the temerity either to aspire so high, or even to suspect that he

* This harsh and strange order marked the imperious and haughty character of Mademoiselle de Montpensier; but it was founded upon a custom, of which the profound respect due to the royal family required the observance. Every person in the disgrace of a prince of the blood, ought, when meeting him, to remove immediately from his sight, at least to appearance, and not to place himself in view. This respect, diminished under the following reigns, no longer extended to public places; but it was still attended to in the palaces.

was loved. Such a sentiment merited some return : what would be his surprise, his joy, his gratitude, when he knew that her bosom glowed with an equal passion ! But to inform him of it, she must speak without disguise ; at last she determined what course to pursue. One evening, Mademoiselle told the count, she secretly admired one of the courtiers ; she confessed that she could not resolve to pronounce his name, and begged him to guess it. The count, much astonished, vainly tried to find out the name ; and Mademoiselle, seeing that respect had taken away his penetration and had veiled his eyes, told him she would write it : she arose, and, upon a glass covered with dust, traced with her finger the name of "LAUZUN." Mademoiselle relates these details with great ingenuousness ; and even at the time she wrote her *Memoirs*, believed that the count had not used any artifice in his behaviour towards her. It is almost impossible for an intelligent person to be more candid, simple, and inexperienced.

Mademoiselle threw herself at the feet of the king, informed him of her sentiments, and, with all the eloquence and earnestness that a first passion could inspire, conjured him to grant her permission to raise the count to her own rank. The king, affected by her entreaties, consented, and authorised her to declare it publicly. Mademoiselle, with the utmost joy, loudly proclaimed her happiness ; she received the compliments of the whole court : she had the marriage contract drawn up, and gave to Lauzun the whole of her fortune, estimated at twenty millions, four duchies, and the pa-

lace of Luxembourg : she reserved nothing for herself, and gave herself up to the idea of doing for the man she loved, what no sovereign of France (until then) had done for any subject. Mademoiselle de Montpensier has been blained, for having spent four or five days in preparations for this wedding ; but she felt perfectly secure, as the king's word was in her eyes the safest of pledges. Yet Louis XIV. retracted his consent, and some complaints, too well founded, escaping Lauzun, they were tyrannically punished with ten years' captivity. Never was a fall more rapid or more lamentable. In the space of a few days, Lauzun found himself raised to the rank of a prince of the blood ; and in a few days more, disgraced, stripped of every thing, deprived of the favour and friendship of his king, of the most noble alliance, an immense fortune, and his liberty. This unfortunate history ended as it began, very little to the honour of the court. Mademoiselle, at the end of ten years, could only obtain the liberty of Lauzun by the sacrifice of the sovereignty of Dombes, and the earldom of Eu, to the Duke of Maine. This princess, now at fifty-four, who ought to have considered Lauzun in no other light than as a friend, thought to find in him a lover, and was imprudent enough secretly to marry a man irritated by a detention as long as unjust. She was treated with a disdain which ambition no longer thought it necessary to dissemble. Mademoiselle, whose ideas of marriage were neither moral nor judicious, required a vehement love and respect : not finding either, she forgot the duties

of a wife, remembering only her superior birth; and one day she forbade Lauzun to appear in her presence from that moment. Thus was dissolved by anger an ill-assorted union, which had been formed by caprice.

Mademoiselle sought consolation in literature, which she had always loved and cultivated. She was on terms of intimacy with several learned men; the poet Segrain was her principal attendant for twenty-four years, and during the whole of that time, was loaded with marks of her esteem, confidence, and even of friendship. At the end of that period, Segrain gave Mademoiselle good advice against her projected union with Lauzun: but passion rarely listens to advice; it almost always produces coldness between princes and their confidants, and even between common friends, especially when the event proves the advice to have been proper; because, in general, those who have received it are peevish, and those who have given it triumph, and by these means destroy every remaining spark of friendship or attachment. Segrain quitted Mademoiselle, who retained a kind of resentment against him, which she shewed in her *Memoirs*: speaking of him, she says, he was "a kind of wit." D'Alembert, in his eulogium of Segrain, avenges the wit, by saying, that this phrase is the *jugement de princesse*, and that Mademoiselle was a weak and insolent woman. It is certainly very strange, that, under a monarchical government, an Academician, in a public chair, and in a printed discourse, should allow himself to speak thus of a princess of the

blood: such was then the philosophic style. Voltaire has done more justice to Mademoiselle; but in praising her character and greatness of mind, he invents a most ridiculous anecdote. He says, that, on the death of Cromwell, the court put on mourning, and that Mademoiselle alone had the courage to appear the same evening, in the queen's assembly, in colours. On the contrary, the princess, in her *Memoirs*, says, the court did not go into mourning on the death of Cromwell, because they already wore it for a foreign prince. She adds, that if the court had taken it for that regicide and usurper, she thinks she should have had the courage to absent herself that evening from the queen's assembly. Besides these *Memoirs*, Mademoiselle has written a *Collection of Portraits of the Persons of her Time*; two little romances, one entitled *Relation de l'Île Imaginaire*, the other, *La Princesse de Paphlagonie*. We have also *Letters* from this princess, addressed to Madame de Motteville. All these works shew understanding and exalted sentiments. The *Memoirs* are filled with interesting facts and curious anecdotes; and, like the greater part of the memoirs of that time, have the air of truth. Mademoiselle de Montpensier died in the year 1693, aged sixty-six.

Lauzun survived her many years: he went to England, to assist James II. to recover his kingdom. This monarch obtained for him from Louis XIV. the title of Duke de Lauzun. After the death of Mademoiselle, he married again; the daughter of the Marshal de Lorges was his second choice. He died, with great piety, at the convent of

Petits Augustins, at Paris, in 1723, aged ninety-one. This man, celebrated for many extraordinary adventures, has always been considered a singular character, but particularly at the time he lived. Born with much ambition, address, and cunning, having a great knowledge of the world, and a romantic turn of mind, he thought to distinguish himself by singularities which could not fail to draw and to fix upon him the attention of the world. We have seen with what art he engaged and conquered Mademoiselle de Montpensier. He endeavoured above all to please Louis XIV.; his manners were naturally cold and reserved, and he was often earnest with the king, not only in words, but in actions, to which he gave the most original turn. They were related, and laughed at; the king himself,

though in reality he was pleased with him, laughed also. Lauzun maintained this conduct and gained his point. He is, perhaps, the only courtier who has braved ridicule, or, at least, what approaches very near to it, by calculation and with success. It was thus, that after his release from Pignerol, being admitted to the king's apartment, he threw his gloves and his sword at Louis's feet, and "attempted," says Madame de la Fayette, "all those trifling things by which he had formerly pleased him." Madame de la Fayette adds, that the king *fit semblant de s'en moquer*. This expression shews us, that the king had the good taste to see through the ridiculous demonstrations, and that he had the very excusable weakness of being flattered by them.

THE MODERN SPECTATOR.

No. XXXV.

Notitiam primosque gradus vicinia fecit:
Tempore crevit amor; tædæ quo forte coissent;
Sed vetuere patres, quod non potuere vetare.
Ex æquo captis ardebant mentibus ambo.

OVID. *Met.* lib. iv.

Acquaintance grew, th' acquaintance they improve
To friendship; friendship ripen'd into love;
Love had been crown'd, but, impotently mad,
What parents could not hinder, they forbad.
For with fierce flames young Pyramus still burn'd,
And grateful Thisbe flames as fierce return'd.

IN my perambulations through the fashionable squares and streets of the west end of the town, what is called pleasure and tonish amusements, seem to me to occupy the universal attention of those I meet and see. The dashing spirit of some, and the languid lounging of others, seem to involve nearly the whole of those who move in the sphere of St. James's-street. When,

on the contrary, my peregrinations are directed to that part of the metropolis which is more generally known by the name of the city, nothing is seen but the hurrying, crowded bustle of business. The pursuit of gain animates every mind and employs every thought; while my fancy is ever disposed to place Plutus on the top of the Royal Exchange, dispensing his

influence in a thousand various directions to the multitudes who spread over the busy circuit beneath him. It is this spirit, however, that forms the commercial grandeur of our country, and is a chief support of its greatness.—But to my point. In this exterior view of the inhabitants of this enormous town, love, which has been poetically considered as the most powerful of the human passions, does not appear to exist; or, at least, is obscured by the more active, noisy, and bustling pursuits of pleasure and of wealth: while, when I look upon the contents of my writing-table, I should think that love alone occupies the human heart; for, of the nine letters which I have received this morning, eight are professedly on that subject; and the ninth, with very little straining, might be enlisted into the amoroso party. In short, I have so many amatory epistles upon my conscience, that I must discharge a couple of them to satisfy it; which I shall now present to my readers.

DOVECOT-HOUSE, Dorsetshire.

Good Mr. Spectator,

I am so perfectly persuaded of the goodness of your heart and the benevolence of your intentions, that, without the least hesitation, I unfold my very distressing situation to you, and request your assistance. I must tell you, then, that I am most devotedly attached to a young man who is possessed of a fortune, which, though not large, is equal to both our wishes. I am the object of his warmest affection, of which he has given the

most decided proof, by refusing a match proposed to him with a lady who has four times my fortune.

My father, though he has been long acquainted with our mutual inclination for each other, obstinately continues his refusal to give his consent to our union; and, what still adds to my vexation, is, his peculiar conduct on the occasion: for, whenever I urge the excellent character of my lover as an argument in favour of his assent to my wishes, he never fails to speak of him in the highest terms of commendation; and declares, that his denial is out of pure regard to him as well as to me, being persuaded, that we could both of us do so much better for ourselves than by marrying each other. What a strange infatuation it is, that a father, so kind as he is in his disposition, and so just in his principles, should think that we can do better than make each other happy! The misfortune is, Mr. M——'s estate joins that of my father's; and if we were to marry without his consent, though my beloved Edward is willing to do it, and risk my fortune, such a circumstance might occasion a quarrel between the families, and destroy the harmony of the neighbourhood, which, I need not say, would be a great interruption to my happiness. Your opinion, and the manner in which you always so happily express your thoughts, may, perhaps, influence my father, who is a famous scholar and a professed admirer of your writings, to change his sentiments; on which depends the future comfort of your obliged, humble servant,

SOPHIA FAITHFUL.

I begin the few observations which I shall make, by declaring myself of the party of the young lady, if the state of her heart has allowed her to give me a fair statement of her situation. While it is the duty of a daughter to look up to, and be governed by, the opinion of a father, in an article of so much importance in life as that of marriage, I think it to be equally incumbent on a father to attend to the affections of his daughter, and not to suffer sordid ideas, and what is called a prosperous establishment in the world, to be the sole, or even, in certain cases, the leading principle of his conduct, when he resigns his daughter to a husband. There is a sympathy in characters, which is a more certain pledge of happiness in the nuptial state, than all the fortune with which Plutus can enrich the ceremony that forms it. A generous and constant passion in a man possessed of amiable qualities, where there is no great disparity in other circumstances, is the greatest blessing that can be possessed by the person beloved; and, if passed by in one, may never be found in another. As Miss Faithful's father is a scholar, I shall give him an instance of paternal tenderness, taken from an ancient writer, with whom I doubt not he is acquainted. It is carried, indeed, to a certain pitch of extravagance, and its circumstances are such as could not happen in the more refined and better days of Christian legislation and manners; yet the spirit of it is so tender and affectionate, as may justly reproach a harsh, interested, or worldly temper in a modern father. The story is as follows:—

Antiochus, a prince of great hopes, fell passionately in love with the young Queen Stratonice, who was his mother-in-law: the prince, finding it impossible to extinguish his passion, fell sick, and refused all manner of nourishment, being determined to put an end to that life which was become insupportable.

Erasistratus, the physician, soon found that love was his distemper; and observing the alteration in his pulse and countenance whensoever Stratonice made him a visit, was soon satisfied that he was dying for his mother-in-law. Knowing the tenderness of the old King Seleucus for his son, he told him, one morning when he anxiously enquired after his health, that the prince's distemper was love, but that it was incurable, because it was impossible for him to possess the person whom he loved. The king, surprised at his account, desired to know how his son's passion could be incurable.—“Because,” replied Erasistratus, “he is in love with the person to whom I am married. In short, sir, he is in love with my wife.”

The king immediately conjured him, by all his past favours, to save the life of his son and successor.—“Sir,” said the physician, “if your majesty would but fancy yourself in my place, you would be sensible of the unreasonableness of what you desire.”—“Heaven is my witness,” said Seleucus, “I could resign even my Stratonice to save my Antiochus;” at the same time the tears ran plentifully down his cheeks: which, when Erasistratus saw, “Sir,” said he, “if these are your real sentiments, the

prince's life is out of danger. It is Stratonice for whom he dies." Seleucus accordingly gave immediate orders for their marriage, and himself attended the solemnities of it. The historian adds, though it is not much to our purpose, that the young queen very generously exchanged the father for the son.

Omnia vincit amor, et nos fidamus amori.

OVID.

Love conquers all, and we must yield to love.

DOWNING-STREET.

Mr. Spectator,

The well-known benevolence of your character, of which I have seen so many examples, induces me to make my present situation known to you, and confident I am that you will treat my affliction with tenderness, though it arises from love; yes, from love alone, which philosophers often assume to treat with contempt, and men of the world make a subject of ridicule, but which the humane and kind-hearted will ever regard with the most tender consideration. —But to my history, and that confession which is the most mortifying part of it.

Two years have passed away since I came of age, and consequently have been in possession of my fortune. During all that time I have encouraged the addresses of a gentleman, who, I thought, loved me more than life; at least, he made me believe so. I can truly say I loved him, and must acknowledge to you, though not without some degree of confusion, that I have long thought upon nothing so much as the happy life we should lead, when the sacred rites of marriage had made us one, and the

means I should employ to render myself still dearer to him. My fortune, indeed, was very superior to his, and, as I was always in the company of my relations, who were not of a disposition to encourage what they call an inferior match, he was compelled, in order to discover his inclinations and reveal his passion, to unfold himself, by stories of other persons, affectionate looks, and other modes of attraction, which he knew but too well that I should understand. Oh! Mr. Spectator, it is impossible to convey to your sober mind and guarded heart, how industrious I have been to make him appear lovely in my thoughts. I truly made it a point of conscience to think well of him, and of no man besides: but, hard to relate, he has become possessed, very unexpectedly, of a large estate, which has been bequeathed to him by a very distant relation, with whom he maintained no communication; and the consequence is, that he now actually makes love to another lady, for no reason that I can discover, but that her fortune happens to be larger than mine. I could not, at first, bring myself to credit the report of such a conduct in him; but, about a fortnight ago, I had too much reason to be convinced of the truth of it, by his own abominable behaviour.

He came to pay the family with whom I reside a formal visit, when in the general miscellany of conversation, the discourse accidentally turned upon an unhappy young woman, known to some of the party, who was represented as precisely in those unfortunate circumstances which I myself had so much

reason to deplore; and on one of the company expressing an opinion, that the story must be a misrepresentation, as no man, who associated honour with his name, could be guilty of such base and infamous conduct, I stole a look upon him as full of anguish as my countenance was capable of expressing. He could not but observe, that my eyes were filled with tears; nevertheless, he had the cold and cruel audacity to declare, that he did not discover any falsehood or dishonour in changes of sentiments on subjects of this kind, where no solemn contracts had been made, or vows interchanged.

I am certain, sir, that so far from making a jest of my misfortune, which too many are apt to do (so few friends have love-lorn females in the world), that you will pity my situation, and avenge my wrongs, by publishing this letter, as that is the only way I have of exposing his misconduct, and making him blush for it. I am your unfortunate, humble servant,

RELICTA HEARTACH.

My fair correspondent appears to be languishing under one of the most deplorable misfortunes that can possibly befall a woman. A man who is treacherously dealt with in love, may have recourse to many consolations: he may gracefully break through all opposition to his mistress, or explain with his rival; he may urge his own constancy, or aggravate the falsehood by which it is repaid: but a woman who is ill treated, has no refuge in her griefs but in silence and in secrecy. The world is frequently so unjust, that a female heart which is once known to have surrendered to the

tender passion, is too often thought to have lost something of its value, and its public complaints are considered as breaches of female decorum. I feel very much for the fair sex on this as on many other occasions; and though I think Miss Heartach does not seem to have acted as I should have recommended, by remaining so long in love without uniting herself to the object of it, which it appears she might have done at any time previous to the acquisition of his fortune, I cannot think otherwise of him than as a very dishonourable man, who deserves the utmost vengeance that such a champion of injured woman as I profess myself to be, can let loose against him.

I have read in some book of chivalry, whose title has escaped my memory, the menace which a valorous knight uttered against a recreant brother who had deserted the lady to whose hand he had made pretensions, and whose heart he had gained:—"Give me to know," said he to the disconsolate complainant, "give me to know the abode of this dishonourable lover, and I will give him as a feast to the fowls of the air, and drag him bound before you at my horse's tail."

Now as the days of this kind of chivalry are past, I cannot pretend to wield a lance in her behalf, or to enlist a horse's tail in her service; but I am fully prepared to exercise my prowess, according to my mode and my means: and if Miss Heartach will but let me know the name of the base deceiver, and the place of his abode, I will draw forth my most potent pen, and shed the last drop of my ink in avenging her.

ON COMMERCE.

No. XXXIX.

THE woods of the island of Johanna abound with monkeys of different kinds; and here are also found the mongoo and the maccauko, which differ in some particulars from the monkey, having headsmore like the fox, though in most other features they may be, by the naturalist, classed with the former: but here are neither ferocious beasts nor venomous reptiles of any kind. There are different species of fowl, and several kinds of game; but the natives are so awkward in the use either of nets or guns, that they seldom kill any of them. The sea abounds with excellent fish of various sorts, and the islanders are very skilful in taking them: they consist of the ray, the mullet, and a flat fish, which resembles our turbot: but the most remarkable is the parroquet fish, so named, not only from its colours, but also from the resemblance of its snout to the beak of that bird: with this snout it contrives to open the shells of both muscles and oysters, upon which it feeds. It is of greenish colour, spotted with yellow; its fins are blue; its eyes, which are very lively, are of the same colour, with yellow irides; its scales are large, and it has two rows of teeth, with which, in aid of its beak, it opens the shell-fish as before mentioned: its flesh is very firm, and of an excellent flavour.

The natives of this isle are in general tall, robust, and well made:

but the women are inferior to the men in these particulars; they have all long black hair, piercing eyes, and their colour is between olive and black. The poorer class live in huts composed of twigs, interwoven with and covered by a coat of strong grass, whilst the roof is protected by a strong mat made of the leaves of the cocoa-tree: the higher orders have houses constructed of stone, cemented with tempered clay. Vegetables and milk are the principal articles of their food; instead of oil and vinegar to dress their sallads, they use the milk of the cocoa-nut when sour. Persons of condition are distinguished by the nails of their fingers, which they suffer to grow to a great length, as in China; they also stain them with the alkanna, which produces an orange colour. They in general wear large knives, slung in a belt, which is fastened round their middle; the handles of some of them are of agate, mounted in silver. The habits of the lower order consist of a piece of coarse cloth tied round their loins, with a cap made of any sort of stuff they can procure; the middle class wear a kind of shirt with large sleeves, which hangs down upon a pair of drawers, and covers a waistcoat made of a thick or slight stuff, according to the season. In addition to this, the people of the highest order wear turbans.

MERCATOR & Co.

PLATE 8.—CHURCH OF ST. CLEMENT DANES, STRAND.

RESPECTING the origin of the addition to the name of this church, our historical and topographical writers have given such various accounts, that, at this distance of time, it would be impossible to decide, with any degree of certainty, which of them approaches nearest to the truth. It is, however, agreed on all hands, that there was a church on this spot at a very remote period, even before the Danes infested this island. William of Malmsbury informs us, that those invaders burnt the church which stood here, together with the abbot and the monks, and they continued to vent their sacrilegious fury throughout the land: but at length, when they were about to re-embark for their own shores, they were, by the just judgment of God, all slain at London, in a place which has since been denominated the Church of the Danes. Fleetwood, the recorder, in the account which he gave to Lord Treasurer Burleigh, who resided in this parish, ascribes the origin of its name to this circumstance:—That when the Danes were driven out of England, the few who chose to remain, being married to English women, had a place assigned for their abode between the island of Thorney and Ludgate, where they erected a place for religious worship, which was called *Ecclesia Clementis Dacorum*. Baker tells us, that King Hardicanute, to be revenged on his deceased brother Harold, caused his corpse to be dug up and thrown into the Thames, where it remained till it was found by a fish-

erman, who buried it in the burial-ground of the Church of St. Clement, without Temple-Bar, then called the Church of the Danes.

Mr. Moser, who has bestowed great pains upon the illustration of the topography of the metropolis, gives it as his opinion, that the original church was erected by the Danes, who, from the contentions which arose between them and the Normans, seem to have been banished the city, and obliged to inhabit this suburb. The edifice itself might have been dedicated in compliment to Pope Clement II.; or, as his reign was but short, it might have been termed only the Church of the Danes, and have acquired the addition of St. Clement in the reign of Richard I.; as it is well known, that Clement III. who then filled the papal chair, not only took an active part in the Crusade, but, by means of the Knights Templars and other orders, enjoyed much greater influence in this country than any former pope had possessed. It is therefore not improbable, that he might be honoured by the dedication of this and other churches to his patronymic saint and martyr of the second century.

From an inscription under the south portico of the present edifice, and another upon a white marble stone on the north side of the chancel, it appears, that the old church being greatly decayed, was taken down in 1680, and rebuilt and finished in 1682, by means of the contributions of the parishioners and other benefactors; “ Sir



ST CLEMENT DANES.

Christopher Wren, his Majesty's surveyor, freely and generously bestowing his great care and skill towards the contriving and building of it."

Some late writers have criticised the architectural pretensions of this fabric with an asperity which some of the admirers of our great architect will, doubtless, be disposed to condemn. Malton, in his *Picturesque Tour through London*, calls it "a disgusting fabric, so obtruded upon the street as to be the cause of much inconvenience and danger to the public." He also expresses his concern, that, whilst an extensive improvement is carrying into execution, this unsightly church is to remain, and Temple-Bar to be taken away. The church, so conspicuously placed, and which will then be more conspicuous, is a disgrace to architecture; while Temple-Bar, on the contrary, has some merit as a building, and deserves to be retained, as marking the entrance into the capital of the British empire. The "inconvenience and danger" complained of by this writer, have been obviated by the late improvements in this part of the town; and his apprehensions respecting the removal of Temple-Bar, are not, and perhaps may not, for a long time to come, be verified.

The author of a *Critical Review of the Public Buildings of London*, observes, that there appears something very fantastic in the steeple, something clumsy and too heavy in the portico, and something poor and unmeaning in the whole frame.

On the opinion of these critics a late writer* judiciously remarks,

* *Hughson's London*, vol. IV. p. 156.

that it is probable Sir Christopher Wren was obliged by necessity in this, as in some of his other churches, to adopt the plan which he has followed; that it becomes us to be cautious in our animadversions on buildings designed by such an eminent judge of propriety; and that it is indeed saying too much, to call this edifice a disgrace to architecture.

From the same author we extract the following accurate description of this church:—"It is a handsome structure, entirely of stone, and of the Corinthian order. The body is lighted by two series of windows, the lower plain, but the upper well ornamented; and the termination is by an attic, whose pilasters are crowned with vases. The entrance on the south side is by a portico, to which there is an ascent of a few steps: the portico is covered with a dome, supported by six Ionic columns. On each side of the base of the steeple in the west front, is a small square tower, with a dome over the stairs to the galleries. The steeple, which was not added till 1719, and was the work of Gibbs, is carried to a great height in several stages: where it begins to diminish, the Ionic order takes place, and its entablature supports vases. The next stage is of the Corinthian order; and above that is the Composite, supporting a dome crowned with a smaller, from which rises the vane. In the tower are eight bells and chimes.

"The roof of the interior is cambered, and supported with neat wooden columns of the Corinthian order, plentifully enriched with fret-work, but especially the choir with cherubim, palm-branches, shields, &c. and six pilasters of

the Corinthian order. Here also are the arms of England in fret-work, painted.

“It is well wainscoted, and the pillars cased up to the galleries, which extend round the church, except at the east end. On the front of the south gallery are carved and painted the arms of the Duke of Norfolk, and the Earls of Arundel and Salisbury, formerly inhabitants of the parish. The pulpit is oak, carved and enriched with cherubim, anchors, palm-branches, festoons, fine veneering, &c. The body of the church is very uniform and well paved, and has three wainscot inner door-cases. The altar-piece is carved wainscot of the

Tuscan order; and the chancel is paved with marble.”

The length of this church is 96 feet, the breadth 63, and the height 48. The steeple, which consists of a tower strengthened with buttresses and a turret, is about 116 feet high.

The improvements in the neighbourhood of this church, accomplished within the last fourteen years, are, perhaps, more striking from their contrast with the former state of this spot, than any that have been carried into effect during the same period in any other parts of the metropolis: but of these we shall probably have occasion to speak hereafter.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

MR. WEST, the venerable President of the Royal Academy, has, in his 75th year, produced a picture which claims the character of being the master-piece of his pre-eminent genius, and a truly epic performance. It is on an immense scale, and all the characters are delineated rather larger than life. The subject is the *Ecce Homo*; and it is not too much to assert, that for composition, expression, masterly execution, and pathos, it is not surpassed by any picture in the world. For this sublime effort of his talents, the author is said to have refused ten thousand guineas.

A second edition of Pinkney's *Travels through the South of France, and in the Interior of the Provinces of Provence and Languedoc*, in the years 1807 and 1808, will speedily be published.

Mr. Rylance is completing his *English and Spanish Vocabulary*,

lately published, with some Rules for the Pronunciation of the English Language. He also intends to prepare a *Sequel* to the Imperial and County Annual Register of 1810, for which he wrote the Political History of Europe.

Some account of *The Life and Writings of the late Mrs. Trimmer*, with Extracts from her Journal, is printing in two 8vo. volumes.

Mr. Southey has nearly finished a poem, in one volume 4to. under the title of *Roderick, the last of the Goths*. He will speedily publish also *Inscriptions Triumphal and Sepulchral*, recording the acts of the British Army in the Peninsula.

Sir William Ouseley's *Travels* are in a state of forwardness. They will contain an account of the countries visited by him in 1810, 11, and 12, especially Persia, from which he returned about a year ago, by way of Armenia, Turkey in Asia,

Constantinople, and Smyrna. — While in Persia, he obtained, through the influence of his brother, the ambassador, permission to explore many places little known to Europeans: he traced the marches of Alexander from Persepolis and Pasagarda to the Caspian Sea; and has collected many ancient gems and medals, besides manuscripts in the Pehlvi, or dialect of the fire-worshippers. This work, which will probably extend to two quarto volumes, will be embellished with maps, views, inscriptions, and various engravings, illustrating not only antiquities, but also modern manners and customs.

The Margravine of Anspach has composed *Memoirs of her Life*, which are intended for publication.

Mr. Lodge, Lancaster Herald, is preparing for press, *Portraits of Illustrious Personages of Great Britain*, with Biographical and Historical Memoirs. The work will be comprised in 20 parts, each containing six portraits, to be published quarterly, and form when complete two folio volumes.

Sir James Mackintosh has been some time engaged upon a *History of Great Britain*, from the Revolution in 1688 to the French Revolution in 1789. It is the wish of the author to confine the work to three 4to. volumes, but it may extend to four. He has already obtained access to many important original papers, and solicits information, through his publishers, Messrs. Longman and Rees, concerning such historical collections as may be in the possession of private individuals disposed to promote the object of his undertaking.

The long-expected *Travels in*
No. LXII. Vol. XI.

South America of Messrs. Humboldt and Bonpland, translated from the French by Helen Maria Williams, are at length in the press. The work will consist of eight volumes 8vo. with a picturesque and geographical atlas. The Paris edition of the original will be published here at the same time.

The Russian Captain Lisiansky's *Voyage round the World*, which promises much new and interesting information respecting the South Sea, is now printing, and will be accompanied with plates and charts.

Madame d'Arblay's new novel, *The Wanderer, or Female Difficulties*, will speedily appear, in five vols. 12mo.

Miss Plumtre has in the press, a translation from the German of *The Essays and Letters of Professor Gillert*.

Mr. Philippart, author of *The Northern Campaigns*, and other works on military subjects, has issued proposals for publishing *The Lives of British Generals*, from the Norman conquest to the present time, on the plan of Campbell's *Lives of the Admirals*.

Mr. Salt's *Second Voyage to Abyssinia*, undertaken by order of the British government, is printing uniformly with Lord Valentia's *Travels*; and will be accompanied with views, several charts, and a map of the country, on an extensive scale.

Mr. Cottle is preparing for the press, a poem of some extent, entitled *Messias*.

Mr. Britton's *History and Description of Salisbury Cathedral*, is announced for publication in the course of the present year. It will be produced in five numbers, at

five different periods, viz. April 1st, June 1st, August 1st, October 1st, and December 1st. Each number will contain six engravings. A few copies will be printed with proofs and etchings; and also a very small number in folio, to class with Dugdale's *Monasticon*. The architectural drawings are all by F. Mackenzie; and the plates by J. Le Keux and H. Le Keux.

In a few days will be published, *The Rights of Literature*, or an Examination of the contested Question between certain Public Libraries and the Publishers of Great Britain; including a critical review of the opinions and arguments that have been advanced in favour of the former, by John Britton, F.S.A.

An experiment of the most important kind has recently been tried upon the pensioners of Greenwich Hospital, by direction of the Honourable Governors of that Institution, with a view to ascertain the comparative success of the different operations for cataract. The operation of extraction had been performed, it appears, upon the blind pensioners for the last twenty years, by the celebrated oculists, the late Dr. Wathen, and by his successor, Mr. Plipps, but not, it is understood, with very satisfactory terminations. The Governors having now appointed Mr. Adams to be oculist to the Hospital (where all the blind men in the navy are sent when invalidated), that gentleman has performed a series of novel operations for cataract upon a great number of patients with singular success. We have not been informed of the peculiarities in Mr. Adams's newest operations; nor have we accurate intelligence of

the results of those compared with the old methods; but those results, we have learned, are decidedly in favour of the former.

Mr. Ellis, of Mansfield, lately purchased a piece of old oak, three feet long and two square, which to all appearance was a solid, firm piece of wood: it being too large for the purpose he wanted it, he got the sawyer to cut it down the middle, and as the joiner was working one of the pieces, a small piece slipped out, upon which, on examining, there were the following figures—1054, nearly as legible as on the first day they were cut. There appears but very little doubt of their having been cut on the bark at that time; they were eight inches from the outside of the piece, so that the tree must have grown sixteen inches in diameter after the figures were cut on it: they are old-fashioned figures, about one inch and a half long. It seems probable that a branch of the tree had grown so close to the hole as to unite with it, as there is some appearance of bark: both sides are marked, one nearly as legibly as the other, that piece which slipped off having convex figures, and the other concave. Mr. Ellis has preserved the pieces of wood which have the figures on, as a curiosity.

A letter from Smyrna says—“We have received intelligence of a dreadful calamity having overtaken the largest caravan of the season, on its route from Mecca to Aleppo. The caravan consisted of 2000 souls, merchants and travellers from the Red Sea and Persian Gulph, pilgrims returning from Mecca, and a numerous train of attendants; the whole escorted

by 400 military. The march was in three columns. On the 15th of August last, they entered the great Arabian Desert, in which they journeyed seven days, and were already approaching its edge. A few hours more would have placed them beyond danger; but on the morning of the 23d, just as they had struck their tents, and commenced their march, a wind arose from the north-east, and blew with tremendous violence. They increased the rapidity of their march to escape the threatening danger; but the fatal Kamsin had set in. On a sudden dense clouds were observed, whose extremity obscured the horizon, and swept the face of the desert. They approached the columns, and obscured the line of march. Both men and beasts, struck by a sense of common danger, uttered loud cries. The next moment they fell beneath its pestiferous influence lifeless corpses. Of 2000 souls composing the caravan, not more than 20 escaped this calamity; they owed their safety to the swiftness of the dromedaries."

MUSICAL REVIEW.

A Russian Sailor's Song, as a Rondo, with an Introduction for the Piano-Forte, composed, and dedicated to Mrs. Rowland Stephenson, by Frederick Ries. Op. 50. Pr. 3s.

If this publication had come to us without a title, we could have equally pronounced it to be the superstructure reared by a great master on a most original Russian air. The prefatory andante is unique in its kind; both hands are

in continual simultaneous and equal action from beginning to end, producing at once a flow of melody and harmony of the higher order; and it is curious and gratifying to observe with what ease (the effect of profound skill and experience) the smooth progress of both hands falls into the aptest and most select harmonies. The theme of the rondo is, as we have already stated, quite original, its second part even *bizarre*. If our readers would wish for a *quantum sufficit* of scientific musical meditation, they need but resort to *p. 4*, and *p. 8*; in particular, as far as the return into the original key A, where they will find a treat of profound modulation. In *p. 6*, a fresh subject, Russian no doubt, makes its appearance. This, too, is whimsical in the extreme, and the alternate leaps from major into minor are not one of its least curious and novel features. We ought to add, by way of caution, that none but very proficient players will do justice to this excellent composition.

Pyrennean March for the Piano-Forte, composed, and dedicated to the brave Armies under Lord Wellington, by Lewis Berger, of Berlin. Pr. 1s. 6d.

We deem this march not unworthy of the brave warriors to whom Mr. B. has inscribed it; it is full of martial precision, and the bold and striking are well contrasted with the soft and melodious, particularly in the first part. The second part appears to us not sufficiently developed and completed; it is not rhythmically rounded. The trio is pleasing, and well suited to the march itself; and the harmony of the whole full and effective.

Fandango, with Variations for the Piano-Forte, composed, and dedicated to Mademoiselle Filhot, by D. Bomtempo. Pr. 3s.

The subject for these variations is an artless yet attractive minor melody of Spanish character; but in the variations we meet with the richest effusions of a fertile fancy, guided by sterling science. No. I. is distinguished by its representing the theme under chromatic passages, alternately thrown in the right and left hand. No. II. when once the intricacy of its time-measure is seized (5 semiquavers being throughout employed as equivalent to 4), produces a novel impression. No. III. with its continual octaved progress in base or treble, and No. IV. which is most skilfully treated in a fugued style, are highly meritorious. We cannot, for curiosity's sake, omit No. VI. although we do not belong to the chosen few, whose thumb and little finger can travel over octaves, while the fingers between keep trilling away. Independently of this requisite, other difficulties occur, which can only be encountered by abilities of an advanced order.

Les Folies d'Espagne, the favourite Spanish Fandango, with Variations for the Violoncello, composed, and respectfully dedicated to Mr. T. Bean, by John Peile. Pr. 2s.

Our own partiality, and the dearth of compositions for the above-named instrument, would have procured our favour to a production of much less merit than the one before us. But the present variations have given us the highest degree of satisfaction; so much so, that, not contented with a careful, ocular examination, we have

followed the author on a tenor, from inability, candidly owned, to do him justice on his own instrument. The theme itself is eminently calculated for the violoncello, and the 12 variations extracted from it are equally adapted to its character; although some will be found to require a proficient player or much practice. In the latter point of view, we particularly feel desirous of recommending them to the few amateurs on that instrument; they will derive a fund of instruction from them: but even without any reference to actual execution, Mr. P.'s labour deserves praise, as an abstract composition; the variations, with two distinct parts, particularly entitle him to our commendation.

Three Sets of Preludes, expressly written and fingered throughout the most familiar Keys, intended to facilitate the Performance of common Passages, by J. Mazzinghi. No. I. Pr. 2s. 6d. (To be continued).

Each of these three sets of preludes has a different subject, repeated, or rather transposed, in the eight most common keys on the piano-forte; so that the melody in every set is the same. We approve of this, as the principal object is to train the hands of the student, who, by that means, at the same time acquires familiarity with the nature and fingering of all the other keys into which the same passage is cast. The name of the author supersedes the necessity of any prolix testimonial as to the manner in which he has executed his task. Every thing seems devised with a view to practical utility, so that the diligent study of these few

sheets may save the pupil's purse
 many a professional lesson. In
 the 2d and 3d changes we could
 have wished for an equally active
 employment of the left hand, as is
 the case in the first.

The Miller and his Men, a Melo-
drama, in two Acts, as performed
with universal applause at the Thea-
tre Royal Covent-Garden, the
Music composed and arranged for
the Piano-Forte by Henry R.
 Bishop. Pr. 10s. 6d.

The overture, which consists of
 four movements, deserves distinct
 notice, especially the introductory
 adagio, and the succeeding allegro.
 The former, with the exception of
 the harsh bar 32, is conceived with
 much skill and pathetic feeling.

In the allegro we observe (pp. 3 and
 5) some vigorous passages of bass
 support; and in the beginning of
 page 4 occurs a very interesting
 episodic part, fancifully distri-
 buted among the clarionets, vio-
 lins, and flutes. The bugle andan-
 tino, into which some bars of Mo-
 zart's *Foi che sapete* have found their
 way (l. 4), is likewise respectable.

Of the four glees in this melo-
 drama (for songs there are none),
 the first terzett, "When the wind
 blows," is in every respect com-
 mendable; the motivo is neat, and
 the three parts, when in action, are
 thrown in proper alternations. The
 sextetto "Stay, prythe stay," exhi-
 bits equal merit, and evinces the
 author's taste and experience; its
 andantino, p. 27, possesses a smooth
 flow of tasteful melodiousness.—
 The chorus of banditti, "Now to
 the Forest we repair," beginning
 in E minor, is introduced by a spi-
 rited symphony in E major, an idea
 we cannot but approve in this in-

stance: the first part (p. 38), is un-
 commonly characteristic and strik-
 ing: we have, however, heard some-
 thing very similar in a former com-
 position of Mr. B.'s.

Of the numerous interlocutory
 instrumental periods and move-
 ments, it would be invidious not to
 speak in terms of general appro-
 bation. The knowledge of musi-
 cal stage effect which Mr. B. pos-
 sesses in an eminent degree, ren-
 ders these fragments highly inter-
 esting; but here too we meet not
 unfrequently an old friend with a
 new face: No. 11. for instance, is
 a scion from Mozart's fine sym-
 phony in E \flat ; and the latter half
 of No. 12 is borrowed from the
 opening scene of the Magic Flute.
 The introduction of the 2d act in
 five flats by the wind instruments,
 ought not to pass unnoticed; it is
 extremely well imagined.

The Borehamian Divertimento for
the Piano-Forte, composed, and
respectfully inscribed to Miss
Smith, of St. Croix, by P. W.
 Holder, Mus. Bac. Oxon. Op.
 39. Pr. 3s.

Four movements: a pastorale in
 E major, an allegretto in E minor,
 and an adagio, *con espressivo* (?),
 and rondo in E major. Of all Mr.
 H.'s numerous works we have seen,
 this, in our opinion, bears away
 the prize. It breathes a peculiar
 delicacy of taste, a correct harmo-
 nic feeling, a considerable portion
 of originality, and a modest ob-
 servance of the happy mean be-
 tween far-fetched pomp or abstruse-
 ness of expression, and insignificant
 or common-place plainness. This
 is the general character of every
 one of the four movements; al-
 though each in its turn exhibits

distinct features of merit. The pastorale will be relished on account of the connected flow of its elegant melody, and the appropriate harmonic support. In the allegretto, besides its interesting minor motivo, we meet with several very agreeable passages and transitions. The adagio, in its major part, is distinguished by a sweet subject extremely well bassed; and its minor portion, p. 6, gives a very proper intervening relief. Of the rondo we are bound to speak in terms of peculiar commendation; the *naïveté* of its subject, the succession of fresh ideas, ably linked, the inventive versatility of expression evinced in its numerous passages, all naturally growing, as it were, out of the parent trunk, its modulations and its conclusion, render this movement a very chaste and classic production.

Marche des Royalistes, dédié au Roi, par M. Mugnié, *les Paroles* par J. B. de Cruchent. Pr. 2s.

This march, which we never saw before, has been sent to us, not as a new publication, but as a loyal effusion, which, although intended for another occasion, bears in the most direct and pointed manner on the present situation of France. The composer has with great skill and judgment introduced some passages from loyal national airs, such as, *Oh! Richard, O mon Roi—Fils d'Henry Quatre, fils de ce Roi vaillant*—and the well-known air, *Vive le Roi*. There was a time when these strains were dear to every Frenchman, when their electrifying sound called forth the tears of a nation proverbially devoted to their king; and this certainly seems to be the precise moment at which the

revival of those well known and once so highly popular sounds may be expected to rouse the feelings of the French people to steps worthy of their former character. *La Marseilloise* has done wonders in mischief, in repairing which, harmony surely ought to have its retributive share. To this desirable end the present publication may pave the way; but more still were to be expected from a poetical composition written at this moment by a Frenchman of talent, and set to music by an able master. The former might easily be found among the many accomplished emigrants now in England; and the latter we fortunately should know where to lay our hands upon in the person of the author of this march.

The Deserter's Meditations, a favourite Irish Air, arranged for the Harp, by S. Dussek. Pr. 1s. 6d.

Perfectly satisfactory; the air is harmonized not only with taste, but with great correctness and knowledge of effect. The two pages of variations, too, are equally deserving of our commendation: all seems to be the natural, unsophisticated offspring of the theme; every thing is well done, and nothing over done.

An Air, with Variations for the Piano-Forcé, dedicated, by permission, to Miss Sarah Jones, by J. F. Burrowes. Pr. 2s.

Every ear of good taste will feel gratified by the performance of these variations. The author has not aimed at lofty flights of fancy, or abstruse harmony, but infused into his labour a style of easy, unassuming elegance, which, while it proves accessible to the more

numerous class of players, renders the execution an instructive, and at the same time pleasing task. The pretty theme, the good bass of the minor (var. 5), with its neat bar of solution into E b, and the tasteful adagio (var. 7), demand our sincere approbation.

Aria, "Punge la Spina," sung with the utmost applause by Mrs. Dickson at the Argyle Rooms, composed, and inscribed to Miss Aston, by Samuel Webbe, jun. Pr. 1s. 6d.

There is no question but Mr. W. has made the most of this short couplet, which, from its elegant simplicity, we suspect to be of Petrarchan origin. The music exhibits abundance of erudition; perhaps even more of modulation than ought fairly to fall to the share of such contracted limits. Although the import of the text has, almost throughout, been most scrupulously adhered to, there is yet too great a break between "amore" and "senza," p. 2, l. 2. The poet was allowed to end his line with the former; but the composer having to recite the text musically, must take into account the sense, which, in this instance, is only developed by the succeeding line. To speak of grammatical flaws to a professor of Mr. W.'s knowledge, is hazardous; yet we cannot pass over the two last bars of p. 3 without our protest—*sapienti sat*. That same page, however, contains many beautiful and some bold ideas, which shew the taste, originality, and science of the author in a very conspicuous manner.

"Let India boast her Plants," *Glee, composed, and inscribed to Thos.*

Greatorex, Esq. by Sam. Webbe, jun. Pr. 2s.

This glee (for four voices) affords another flattering specimen of Mr. W.'s skill. We have seldom seen, in so small a space, such a display of art in the structure of the parts, such cleverness of counterpoint, unsparingly administered among every one of the four voices. This is particularly obvious in the 3d and 4th pages, of which Mr. W. may take pride in being the author. *General Blücher's Grand March and Military Rondo, as performed by the Band of the 1st Regiment of Guards, composed, and arranged for the Piano-Forte, by F. J. Klose. Pr. 3s.*

Although this composition is not distinguished by that energetic originality of character which we have had abundance of opportunities of admiring in the deeds of the Prussian veteran whose name it bears, it nevertheless has a fair claim to respectability. In literature, it would be classed as agreeable, light reading. The march is neat, its four parts are turned and put together in a workmanlike manner; and its triplet-variations, together with the series of chords constituting the coda, are quite proper and as they should be. The rondo, which has an agreeable subject, is much in Pleyel's style, playful and unassuming; but the digressive portions would not be benefited by a continuation of the comparison: p. 6, we are sure cannot have cost Mr. K. much trouble, nor the preamble to the introduction of the subject (p. 7, l. 4); and here and there, as in p. 9, l. 3, bars 1 and 2, we meet with ungrammatical offences. With this qualification, we

do not hesitate to recommend the publication to players of moderate abilities: the whole is destitute of executive intricacies, the ideas are brought forward in proper and natural connection, and are of a nature to be understood and relished by a common ear.

RETROSPECT OF POLITICS.

At the close of the year 1812, the champions of the liberties of Europe, led by their august sovereign, the Emperor Alexander, passed the Vistula and entered Germany, in order to wrest that country from the grasp of Napoleon's oppression. That great task having been nobly achieved in less than a twelvemonth, the close of the year 1813 is rendered still more memorable through the crossing of the Rhine by the allied troops, their entrance into France, and their advance towards Paris.

Thus with the year 1814 a new campaign has commenced, the most important in the history of the world, whether we consider the magnitude of its object, the number of warriors and sovereigns that have taken the field, or the gigantic plan upon which it is begun. Without taking into account minor operations out of the grand line of action, France is at this moment assailed along the whole range of an immense arc, beginning in the north at Antwerp, stretching east to Cologne, thence ascending the Rhine as far as Basle, further extending to Geneva and Lyons, and (with some chiasm of as yet uninsulted French territory intervening) finally terminating on the Adour, in the vicinity of Bayonne; and, it is not a little curious, this arc is closed at both extremi-

ties by British armies, the one under Sir Thomas Graham, the other under Lord Wellington. The annals of the world present us with no parallel undertaking, since the time of the Crusades; and those even will, in more than one point of view, be found to fall short of the magnitude of the present contest. But to the events themselves.

UPPER RHINE.

The head-quarters of Prince Schwarzenberg having been removed to Freyburg, in the Brisgau (not Friedberg, as erroneously stated in our last), preparations were made for passing the Rhine simultaneously at a number of points, but especially on the Swiss frontier, between Schaffhausen and Basle. This movement alone renders it needless to add, that the act of neutrality recently passed by the Helvetic Diet was not acceded to by the allied sovereigns; on the contrary, it was plainly intimated to the Swiss, that the march of the army of Prince Schwarzenberg would be directed through their cantons; that any opposition would be overwhelmed by force; and that, in case of friendly reception, the allies would restore their lost freedom and independence.

In consequence of this resolution, the Rhine was crossed by the Austrian army, in several places between Schaffhausen and Basle,

on the 21st Dec. ; the Swiss troops retiring into the interior without firing a shot. The corps of General Wrede (who has recovered from the wound received at Hanau) passed at Basle, immediately surrounded the fortress of Huningen, and took a position in Upper Alsace ; while a detachment under General Rechberg surrounded BÉfort, the minor fort of Landscron surrendering by capitulation, and that of Blamont being taken by storm.

The advanced guard of Prince Schwarzenberg, under the orders of General Bubna, traversed Switzerland, and arrived at Berne on the 23d Dec. when immediately the members of the government voluntarily resigned their functions into the hands of the former magistracy, which was forthwith re-established, and which, by permission of the allies, took possession of the Pays de Vaud and Argovia, districts of which Berne had been deprived by the act of Mediation. This done, General Bubna prosecuted his march, and arrived before the gates of Geneva on the 30th Dec. The population being decidedly hostile to the French, turned out their prefect and the small French garrison, and delivered the keys to the Austrian commander, who, on his entrance, found, among other considerable warlike stores, 117 pieces of cannon ; and immediately detached parties to secure the passes over Mount Jura, as also the roads by the Simplon and St. Bernard. Our accounts of Count Bubna's operations go thus far ; but add, that, on his approach, insurrectionary movements had taken place against the French in Savoy.

The latest accounts from Prince

Schwarzenberg's army, report his head-quarters at Altkirch, in Alsace, on the 3d January, when he was on the point of moving by Montbelliard into Franche Comté and Lorraine, whither light parties, and particularly Cossacks, had been already detached.

General Wrede, when he had completed the second parallel before Huningen, was relieved in the siege by the arrival of the corps of Bianchi, and enabled to proceed against Colmar, which city he had entered at the date of Lord Cathcart's dispatch (Freyberg, 6th Jan.) In this service he was joined by the corps of the Prince Royal of Wirtemberg, who had likewise on the 21st Dec. crossed the Rhine below Old Breisach, and had commenced the blockade of New Breisach.

Count Wittgenstein has not been forgotten in this grand onset. His corps crossed the Rhine at the same time at Fort Louis, in Lower Alsace, and took possession of that fort. The line of his march is by Saverne into Lorraine. His right will be supported by the extreme left of General Blücher's army, and his left by General Wrede.

LOWER RHINE.

In our further descent along the Rhine, we arrive at the passage of that river by General Blücher. It is distinguished by the energy and success inseparable from the exploits of that gallant veteran and his matchless Silesian army, who have given him the flattering, but characteristic nickname of *Marshal Forward*. This movement was planned and carried into effect, on an extensive scale, on the 1st and 2d January. The centre, composed of the corps of Von York

and Langeron, passed the river at and about Caub, with little resistance: they assailed and took the strong post of Bingen, put Mentz under blockade, and entered Kreuznach on the 4th January; their line of operation being directed towards the river Saar.

The left wing, under General Sacken, crossed near Manheim; and, after securing the towns of Frankenthal and Worms, entered the interior of the Palatinate, in order to march by Kayserslautern upon Deuxpouts; and the right wing, under General St. Priest, made good its passage close to Coblenz, which city it took after a slight resistance. It will ascend the Moselle.

Lower down, to continue our exposition of this admirably grand plan of the campaign, we meet the corps of Generals Winzingerode and Czernicheff in the neighbourhood of Dusseldorf: still, however, on the right bank, as far at least as our accounts reach. They had only broken up from Bremen and the north of Westphalia (where they formed part of the Prince Royal of Sweden's army), a day or two before Christmas; yet on the 4th and 5th January we find these indefatigable troops at Dusseldorf; and we make no doubt they are long before this on the opposite bank. Report states, that the Crown Prince of Sweden will follow with his army, as soon as he shall have settled matters with Denmark. Meanwhile we conceive the corps of Winzingerode sufficiently strong to penetrate towards the Maese and enter Brabant, in order to support the operations of the Prussian corps under General Bu-

low in Holland; the events in which latter country, not to break the link of the grand chain, we think fittest to insert in this place.

HOLLAND.

After the gallant assault of Arnheim, related in our last, the several divisions of General Bulow's corps, under Generals Borstel and Lotum, pursued their successful invasion of the enemy's usurped territory. The strong district of the Bommeler Waard, including the forts of Crevecœur and St. Andries, being next reduced, the Prussians advanced towards Breda, in order to come into junction with the British corps under General Graham. This British expedition had landed at Williamstadt, where it made its preparations to enter upon active service. Gen. Graham's headquarters removed first to Klundert, and afterwards to Zevenbergen; while Major-General Gibbs, with three regiments, was sent in advance to Breda, in order to secure that city from a *coup de main* on the part of the French, who a few days previously had detached from their camp at West-Wezel a considerable corps to surprize the town, but found the small garrison and the burghers so well prepared, that, after a slight bombardment, they thought it prudent to retrace their steps. It appears, by the most recent accounts (the official reports being still out-standing), that a combined movement being determined upon between Sir Thomas Graham and General Bulow, the latter arrived with his corps at Breda on the 8th of January, and, after concerting operations with Sir Thomas, marched against the

enemy in the night 10-11th Jan. (with 10,000 Prussians forming the centre), upon Groot Zundert. On his arrival there in the morning, the British troops, forming the right wing, and who attacked from the side of Rosendaal, were already hotly engaged with the enemy, and the same was the case with the Prussian left wing at Hoogstraaten. The enemy, who is stated to have been commanded by General Decaen (brought thither from Barcelona), made a most obstinate resistance, especially on both wings, but was ultimately overcome, and forced to retire upon Antwerp, whither the Anglo-Prussian army pursued him, its head-quarters being reported at Donck on the 13th, within a few miles of Antwerp.—The losses on both sides are as yet unknown: the allies, however, have taken some cannon and prisoners. In this battle the Hereditary Prince of Orange was present; his highness had landed from England on the 19th December, and had previously joined General Bulow.

Of the Dutch fortresses, Nimeguen and Gertruydenberg have been evacuated; Naarden, Deventer, Gorcum, Bois le Duc, and probably Bergen op Zoom are still in the possession of the enemy: nor has Admiral Verheuil come to any terms of the surrender for himself and fleet; he still defies his lawful sovereign, in the strong fort of La Salle, at the Helder, under the guns of which the Dutch fleet is placed.

LOWER ELBE.

The Prince Royal of Sweden, after having passed his army to the right bank of the Elbe at Boitzenburg, began his active operations against the French and Danish

forces in Holstein with the month of December. While Count Woronzow manœuvred on the left flank, and took Bergedorff by assault, the Swedish army and General Walmoden's corps made good their passage across the Stekenitz on the 2d and 3d of that month. They next moved by their right upon Lubeck, which city they were prevented from storming by Gen. Lallemand's offer to capitulate. According to the terms granted him, he evacuated the town at ten at night on the 5th December, not to be pursued till day-break. General Lallemand made the best haste to gain Segeberg and the Danish army under the Prince of Hesse; but his rear being overtaken by Generals Walmoden and Skioldebrandt, he lost a considerable number in killed, wounded, and prisoners the next day. Lubeck was immediately reinstated in its former liberties as a free Hanse-town.

Davoust, by separating from the Danes, and shutting himself up in Hamburg, left the right flank of his allies uncovered, an advantage of which the Prince Royal of Sweden did not fail to profit instantly. General Tettenborn, manœuvring on the left flank, subdued all the western part of Holstein, crossed the Eyder, took possession of Toningen and Husum, blockaded the fort of Vollerwyck (which afterwards surrendered), and detached parties upon Schleswig and Flensburg. On the right, the skilfully devised operations of Generals Skioldebrandt and Walmoden succeeded in cutting off the Danish army from the fortress of Rendsborg, after a series of more or less

important, yet uniformly well-contested combats. The Danish army having been forced upon Kiel, dispositions were made for surrounding and capturing it. With that view, a great part of Walmoden's corps was pushed across the Eyder, to intercept the road into Schleswig by Eckernförde, by which it was presumed the Danes would endeavour to penetrate. But the Prince of Hesse, by a skilful manœuvre, crossed the canal at Kiel, and proceeded by the opposite bank towards Rendsborg. At Osterode he met a few battalions, which, under General Walmoden himself, protected the bridge over the Eyder: these he cut his way through, causing the allies a loss of 600 men; and thus effected the escape of the Danish army into Rendsborg; where, however, he found himself so surrounded as to render his flight into the peninsula of Jutland impracticable. Under these circumstances, the Prince of Hesse proposed an armistice, which, in the hope of its leading to a definitive treaty of peace, and the surrender of the kingdom of Norway (not lost sight of by Sweden), the Crown Prince granted, on the 15th Dec. to last to the 29th, but subsequently extended to the 6th of January. By this truce, the Danish army was to remain shut up in Rendsborg, but to receive its daily rations from Denmark. The fortresses of Fredericksort and Gluckstadt remained exempted from its stipulations, and subject to be hostily proceeded against. The former, on the 19th Dec. surrendered its garrison to be prisoners of war, together with 101 pieces of cannon; and Gluckstadt, after being

bombarded for five or six days by British batteries, erected and served by the crews of Captain Farquhar's squadron, was allowed a capitulation (5th January), according to which, its garrison is not to serve for one year and one day against the allies. Report states, that a treaty of peace has actually been concluded, ceding Norway to Sweden, against Swedish Pomerania, and obliging Denmark to furnish 12,000 men towards the reduction of Hamburg.

That devoted city is, through the barbarities of Davoust, brought to the brink of ruin. Determined to defend himself to the last extremity, although certain that no efforts of his can save him, and that relief from France is out of the question, he has not contented himself with burning the beautiful suburbs of Hamburg to the ground, but has, in the depth of this severe winter, turned more than 30,000 inhabitants out of the gates, because they had not the means of complying with his order to lay in a stock of provisions for six months. This act of inhumanity has touched the manly heart of the Prince Royal of Sweden. By a decree, dated Kiel, 24th Nov. he has taken these unfortunate exiles into his immediate protection; has granted them the sum of 40,000 rix-dollars, and has made dispositions for alleviating their wretched condition, by assigning them temporary refuge in the surrounding towns and villages. Bremen, Lubeck, Kiel, and Altona have received numbers of them with open arms, and even British generosity is exerted in their behalf. The importance of preserving Hamburg from ruin,

both to Germany and to England, would, in our opinion, have long ago warranted an offer to Davoust to evacuate it with all his troops unmolested, and to proceed with arms and baggage whithersoever he might chuse to go.

In regard to the enemy's other garrisons in the rear, we have to note the following data, in addition to our last report:—

General Rapp, on being informed, that the capitulation he had entered into with the Prince of Wurtemberg, could not be sanctioned, replied, that he should, nevertheless, as had been agreed upon, surrender Dantzic on the 1st of January, 1814, leaving his own fate and that of his troops to the generosity of the Emperor Alexander.

The Polish fortresses of Modlin and Zamosc capitulated on the 1st Dec. to the Russians. Of the garrisons, the French troops, including General Daendels, remain prisoners of war, the Poles and Germans return to their own country.

Torgau surrendered on the 24th Dec. the remains of the garrison, dreadfully thinned by a pestilential fever, to be prisoners of war.

Erfurth was to surrender its town on the 26th Dec. and its citadel on the 5th Jan. to the corps of General Kleist.

The garrison of Stettin, which laid down its arms on the 5th Dec. consisted of 533 officers and 7100 privates; and 351 pieces of cannon were found in the place.

But the loss Bonaparte sustained through the capitulation of Dresden, is so immense and memorable as to warrant the following detail

of the French prisoners the allies derived from it, over and above 237 pieces of ordnance.

Marshal Gouvion St. Cyr.

Thirteen generals of division, viz. Lobau (Mouton), Durosnel, Dumas, Bonnet, Claparede, Duvernet, Berthezene, Razout, Dumonceau, Girard, Cassagne, Teste, and Freyre.

Twenty generals of brigade, viz. Borelli, Schramm, Parvoletti, Couture, Bertrand, Godard, Goguet, Le Tellier, D'Estleyin, Stedman, Jacquet, Fezensac, Doucet, Chartraud, Gobrecht, Weissenhof, Poskosky, Baldus, O'Meara, and Bernard.

Superior and inferior officers and privates, viz.

	Officers.	Privates.
1st Corps d'Armée (Vandamme's)	452	6507
14th Corps	947	17429
Garrison of Dresden	360	4078
In the Hospitals	—	6034
	1759	33745

An army of itself, unnecessarily left, like that of Davoust, on the forlorn hope, by the blunders and infatuation of the great hero of the age!

If true greatness manifest itself most conspicuously in a state of adversity, the present situation of Bonaparte gave his admirers a right to look for an extraordinary display of intellectual powers and heroic firmness. They have been disappointed. On perusing the official articles in the *Moniteur*, and the sententious replies of Bonaparte to the desponding addresses of his creatures, we look in vain for that thundering laughtiness which not two years ago shook thrones and appalled nations. Fear and alarm

have seized the tyrant's breast; he seems to anticipate the issue of the contest, from a consciousness of the insufficiency of his means to avert the stroke. "Peace" is now the watchword of the humbled boaster, and of his obsequious satellites; peace on any terms: for, as he very truly observes, "the question is now no more to recover the conquests we have made." His only and avowed object is, to force the allies to make peace on the basis which they themselves held out to him, viz. *the independence of all the European states, politically known before the Revolution.* This basis Bonaparte, as he tells us, accepted as soon as it was offered to him, through his Saxon ambassador, Mr. St. Aignan, who, being taken in Dresden, was admitted to an interview with the allied ministers: but the allies, instead of entering upon negotiations in consequence of his acquiescence, in their famous declaration of the 1st of December, exchanged the olive-branch for the sword, and entered France on all points. If one could depend on the truth of Bonaparte's statement, there certainly would appear something inexplicable in the conduct of the allied sovereigns. According to their declaration, they are now fighting to compel *Bonaparte* to terms of a solid peace, which would leave *him* an extent of territory unknown to the kings of France. Does that declaration, perhaps, mean more than it literally avows? Are the coalesced powers unwilling to proclaim openly the doom they have awarded to Bonaparte? Or is there a difference of opinion among them as to this point, which difference they

perhaps think of adjusting *chemin faisant*?

We should have supposed the latter to be the case, were it not for a recent declaration of the Emperor Francis, spread with the assurance of authenticity, *that on his part no objection would be offered to the restoration of a Bourbon prince to the throne of France, provided it was done with the will of the French nation.* That the fate of Bonaparte is a matter of discussion among the Continental cabinets, is more than probable; and in all likelihood, it was either that question itself, or interests connected with it, that determined the British government suddenly to dispatch so high a personage as the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, to the head-quarters of the allied sovereigns. On the 27th of December Lord Castlereagh, accompanied by a numerous diplomatic retinue, left London for the Continent; and we know of his having passed through Amsterdam in his progress to the Upper Rhine.

Be this as it may, we do not think the means left to Bonaparte will enable him to make any effectual resistance to the immense forces now entering France from all sides. Thus far their advance has not only met with scarcely any opposition, but it does not even appear that they have encountered any embodied army any where, or that such an army exists at all between them and Paris. It seems as if Bonaparte intended to assemble the aggregate of his disposable force in the vicinity of his capital, and, as at Leipzig, dispute the possession of that city, and the title of his usurpation, by one great combat,

on which he will stake his all, providing, perhaps, a fast-sailing frigate at Brest, in case of the worst, to take him to America. To accelerate the levies in the departments, he has had recourse to a very hazardous measure. By a decree of the 26th of December, twenty-six commissioners have been appointed and sent into the provinces. To these Bonaparte has delegated, in retail, his sovereign power; their sway, while it may last, is as absolute as that of the deputies whom the National Convention, in the reign of terror, attached to the armies on the frontier. It is hardly credible, that all of them, in the hour of personal danger, will remain true to their principal. By another decree, moreover (8th of January), the national guard of Paris has been armed, called out, and put under the command in chief of Bonaparte himself. Thus, if there is a spark of character left in the French nation, the means of cutting the Gordian knot are put in their own hands. Unfortunately, the declaration of the allies, and the proclamations of their generals, leave the French in doubt, whether, by forsaking their tyrant, or disposing of him, they might not draw upon themselves the vengeance of his enemies!!

SOUTH OF FRANCE AND SPAIN.

A series of sanguinary engagements of five days duration, counting from the 9th of December, has brought Lord Wellington to the banks of the Adour, and close to Bayonne.

After the enemy had been driven from the Nivelles, he occupied a very strong entrenched camp, con-

nected with the fortress of Bayonne. General Paris's division was at Jean Pied de Port, and there were strong bodies between the Nive and the Adour. On the 9th December, Lord Wellington caused the right wing, under Sir Rowland Hill, to cross the Nive at Cambo; and the 6th division passed the same river at Ustaritz, in order to favour that operation. Both these movements were attended with complete success. On the same day, the left wing, under Sir John Hope, reconnoitred the right of the enemy's entrenched camp, while the light division reconnoitred the front; they drove in the enemy's posts, and in the evening returned to their respective positions.

On the morning of the 10th, the whole of the enemy's army moved out of their camp, and attacked with great fury the left wing under Sir John Hope, and the light division under General Charles Alten; but both attacks were gallantly repulsed, with the gain of about 500 prisoners: and thus Marshal Soult's intention of obliging Lord Wellington to withdraw his right wing, in consequence of the vigorous pressure on the left, was completely frustrated.

After this day's action, the German regiments of Nassau and Francfort came over in a body from the French, to join their brethren on the Rhine.

In the course of the 11th and 12th the French repeated their attacks (though more feebly) on the advance of the British left wing; but were invariably repulsed.

The enemy now withdrew nearly his whole force from his right, and on the morning of the 13th com-

menced a desperate attack upon Sir Rowland Hill, who had taken a position between the Adour and the Nive. In the anticipation of this attempt, Lord Wellington had ordered the 4th and 6th divisions and part of the 3d to reinforce Sir R. Hill; but the latter had succeeded in defeating the enemy with immense loss before these troops joined him. The French army being thus worsted at all points, retreated into their entrenchments. The total number of British and Portuguese that have been killed in these several actions is 572, and the wounded about 3400.

According to the last dispatches from Lord Wellington, Soult has withdrawn the main body of his army from Bayonne, where he left a strong garrison, has ascended the Adour, and, after several fruitless manœuvres to intimidate Sir Rowland Hill's rear, has taken a position behind the Gave, his left resting upon Peyrehorade. It is expected, that Lord Wellington will forthwith make a forward movement, to favour the operations of Prince Schwarzenberg's army in the east of France; at least, such is supposed to be the purport of the special mission to his lordship of Colonel Bunbury, one of the Under Secretaries of State for the Foreign Department, who left London on the 12th January. Our army in Catalonia is stated to have broken up to join Lord Wellington's forces, as the greater part of Suchet's troops, together with himself, have been recalled into France, to make head in a quarter of more pressing danger.

The Spanish Cortes, on the 29th Nov. suspended their sittings in

the Isla, to be resumed on the 15th Jan. at Madrid, whither the regency and all the branches of government set out on the 19th December.

ITALY AND MEDITERRANEAN.

The war in the Venetian territory seems quite at a stand; at least we have no intelligence of any interest from that quarter. General Bellegarde is appointed commander in chief of the Austrian army in Italy. In Dalmatia the fortress of Zara surrendered on the 6th of December to the combined Austrian and British besieging corps, after a siege of thirteen days, in which the exertions of the British sailors under Captain Cadogan were very conspicuous.

The French papers have surprised us by announcing the landing and re-embarkation of a British expedition near Leghorn, on the 10th Dec. A *coup de main* on that town appears to have failed; but, until British official advices arrive, it would be premature to enter the details on our record.

The Continental journals are unanimous in the assertion of a secret negotiation being on foot between Murat, and Austria as well as Lord William Bentinck. That King Joachim is not more at ease on *his* throne than his imperial brother-in-law, will be readily imagined; but why it should be thought expedient to listen to any overtures from him, may be a question of more difficulty. His capital has been plunged into great consternation by a tremendous eruption of Vesuvius on Christmas-day.

The plague at Malta has ceased, and the island is on the eve of being declared healthy: This has

been already done at Gibraltar, by proclamation, dated 22d Dec. Of 15,600 inhabitants in the latter place, 889 had died in all, and of 5500 garrison, 441 fell a sacrifice to the fever.

UNITED STATES.

The American government, not discouraged by the defeats of their armies sustained in the course of the year 1813, resolved to terminate the campaign by a decisive effort. Great part of the forces being withdrawn from Fort George, the American disposable troops were divided into three armies, of about 8 to 10,000 men each. One, under Major-General Harrison, was to profit by the command recently gained over Lake Erie, to invade Upper Canada, while the lower part of the province was to be entered by two other armies in different directions, and every effort made to reach Montreal.

General Harrison's expedition alone succeeded: Major-General Proctor, having only about 450 soldiers and 1200 Indians with him, at Sandwich, on learning that so overwhelming a force was proceeding against him from Sandusky by Lake Erie, dismantled the forts of Detroit and Amherstburg, and, on the 24th of September, began a speedy retreat towards Burlington heights, at the head of Lake Ontario, where Major-General Vincent was blockading the remains of the American army, in Fort St. George. After having proceeded about eighty miles, General Proctor was overtaken at the Moravian village. Opposition being in vain, he ordered his small force to disperse and rendezvous one hundred miles further at An-

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castre, where a few days after he collected nearly one half of his men, with which he succeeded in joining General Vincent. General Harrison retraced his steps to Sandwich, on which march he was greatly annoyed by our Indian allies. Of the two armies which were to possess themselves of Montreal, one was commanded by General Wilkinson, and the other by General Hampton. The latter entered the province, near the Chateaugay, which river he followed, till arrested by a small body of Canadian militia, not exceeding 400 men, under Colonel De Salaberry. Favoured by an excellent position, and an *abattis* in front, this little band of heroes repelled every attack of a force almost twenty times its strength (26th October), and the American general found it prudent to give up the contest, and retire to the quarter from which he had come.

General Wilkinson's operations were equally defeated in the outset. He descended along the St. Lawrence towards Montreal. On the 11th of November, a division of his army, under General Boyd, consisting of from 3 to 4000 men, was attacked at a place called Christler's farm (about twenty miles above Cornwall), by Colonel Morrison, who, with 800 men, totally defeated the Americans, their loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners, amounting to nearly 1000 men, besides one cannon. Upon this the enemy forthwith commenced his retreat, precipitately crossed the St. Lawrence at St. Regis, and proceeded to the Salmon river, where it is probable their boats will be frozen in, and the troops be

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compelled to march across the country to Plattsburg. For this season, therefore, we may hope that Lower Canada will be safe from further insult.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Under this head, we have merely room to notice the adjournment of Parliament to the 1st of March next, which took place on the 20th of December last.

MISCELLANEOUS FRAGMENTS AND ANECDOTES.

COLARDEAU AND BARTHE.

A FRENCH writer, named Barthe, had been on terms of friendship with Colardeau, but towards the conclusion of the life of the latter, they had seldom met. Hearing that Colardeau was given over by the physicians, he flew to his house, and finding him yet sensible, "I am shocked," said he, "to see you so ill, and yet I have a favour to ask; it is to hear me read my *Selfish Man*." This was a play which he had just written.—"Consider, my friend," replied Colardeau, "that I have only a few hours to live."—"Alas! yes; but that is the very reason which makes me anxious to know your opinion of my piece." He pressed the subject so strongly, that the dying man was compelled to consent; and after hearing it through without interruption, "Your character," said Colardeau, with a smile, "is deficient in one point only."—"What is that?" enquired the other.—"It only wants the power," rejoined Colardeau, "of forcing a dying man to attend to the reading of a comedy in five acts."

It is probable that, on this occasion, Barthe desired no more of his friend than he would himself have done under similar circumstances; for, when the Marquis de Villeville went to see him the day

before he died, he said to him, with great composure, "My physicians tell me that I am better; I feel but too sensibly, from the acuteness of my sufferings, that I can never recover: but a truce to this subject, let me enjoy the pleasure of your company, and tell me something about the Opera." Regardless of his sufferings, he talked of nothing but *Iphigenie*, and of the success of Mademoiselle Dozon, whose talents in that part had strongly interested him.

TRAGIC FATE OF THE CHEVALIER DE LA BARRE.

In 1766, Madame Feydeau de Brou, daughter of a keeper of the Privy Seal of France, and abbess of the convent of Villancourt, at Abbeville, sent for her nephew, the Chevalier de la Barre, a young officer whose father had squandered away his property. She procured him a lodging not far from the convent. One Belleval, who held a civil office in the town, and was in love with the abbess, under the idea that her conduct proceeded from her having conceived a tender attachment for her nephew, immediately endeavoured to devise some method of destroying the chevalier. He knew that this young officer and a Sieur Etallonde, who was scarcely eighteen years of age, had passed the host without taking

off their hats, and that some persons unknown had damaged a wooden crucifix placed on the bridge of Abbeville; and he resolved to avail himself of these circumstances to destroy his supposed rival. The Bishop of Amiens, whom he acquainted with these facts, published admonitory addresses, and ordered a solemn procession in honour of the mutilated crucifix, which did not fail to inflame the minds of the people of his diocese. Belleval, the accuser, assembled at his house footmen, servant-maids, and labouring men, to prevail upon them to bear witness against the youths: but in spite of all his machinations, the only crime of which they were duly convicted, was, that they had sung some immoral songs, and spoken too favourably of Voltaire's *Philosophical Dictionary*. The judges of Abbeville, nevertheless, conceived it their duty to sentence them to have their tongues and hands cut off, and to be burned in a slow fire. This punishment Etallonde escaped by flight; but as for the chevalier, who was already in custody, the parliament of Paris confirmed his sentence, in opposition to all the proofs of his innocence, adduced by ten of the most celebrated advocates. It only diminished, in some respect, the severity of his punishment, by allowing him to be beheaded before he was thrown into the flames. Out of twenty-five judges, fifteen voted, for a considerable time, for the acquittal of the young man; and at last they only acceded to the opinion of the ten others in consequence of the observation, that, at a time when the parliament was attacking

the Jesuits, it was of the first importance to the bishops to prove themselves the zealous supporters of a religion, whose ministers they found themselves compelled to arraign.

BUFFON.

"The style of the President de Montesquieu!" once exclaimed M. de Buffon in a tone of sovereign contempt. "But has Montesquieu a style?"—"It is true," replied the person to whom this question was addressed, "Montesquieu has only the style of genius; and you, sir, have the genius of style."

IMPUDENCE OF A VENETIAN
CONJUROR.

A conjuror of Venice, who boasted that he was able to perform the greatest of miracles, that of recalling the dead to life, had the audacity to pretend to exercise this wonderful power on a corpse which was passing at the moment when he was haranguing the populace. He repeatedly summoned the deceased in the most urgent manner to arise and walk home; but as all he said still produced no effect, he at length turned to his auditory, and, with the most imposing impudence, exclaimed—"Never did I see so obstinate a corpse."

THE MISER AND HIS IRON CHEST.

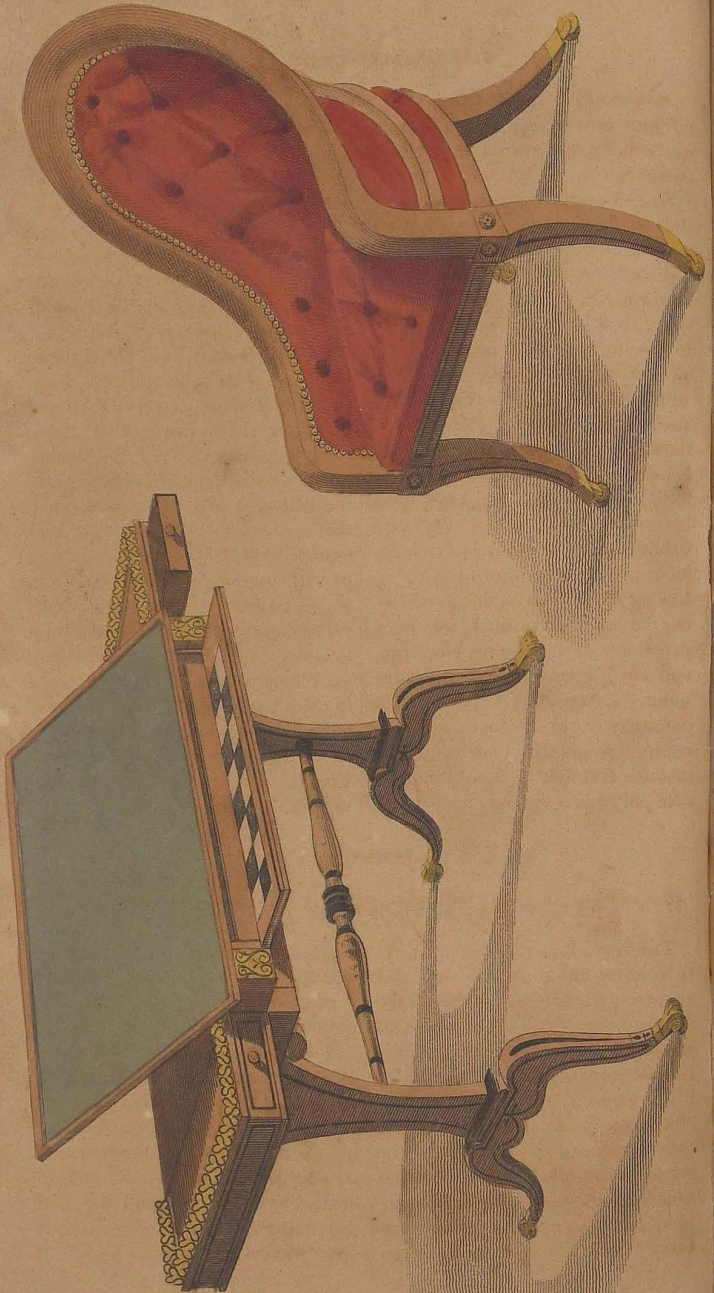
A miser, who was not less attached to his pleasures than to his money, had some difficulty to reconcile two inclinations which were so much at variance. The method which he took to adjust matters was as follows:—He made it a rule never to expend more than a certain sum annually. When some fancy tempted him to violate this law, he first debated the matter

with himself, and then falling upon his knees before his iron chest, he stated to it, in the most pathetic manner, his great want of some extraordinary assistance, begging the loan of the sum that he wanted. But as a security for returning the money, he always deposited in the chest a diamond ring which he wore upon his finger; and he never took it back till, by economy in his other expences, or by some new speculation, he was enabled to repay the full sum for which it was pledged.

JEAN JAQUES ROUSSEAU.

M. Cerutti relates the following curious anecdote respecting Rousseau, in the words of Baron Holbach, by whom it was communicated to him.—“It would be difficult to form a conception of the scene which terminated in our rupture. Rousseau was dining with me in company with several other literary men, as Diderot, Saint Lambert, Marmontel, Raynal, and a vicar, who, after dinner, read us a tragedy of his own writing. It was prefaced by a discourse on theatrical compositions, the substance of which was the following:—He drew this distinction between comedy and tragedy:—‘In comedy,’ said he, ‘the plot turns on marriage; in tragedy, it turns on murder.’ The whole intrigue in both turns on this grand event:—Will they marry? will they not marry?—Will they murder? will they not murder? There will be a marriage; there will be a murder. This forms the first act. There will not be a marriage; there will not be a murder—and this gives birth to the second act. A new mode of marrying and mur-

dering is presented for the third act. A fresh difficulty impedes the marriage or the murder, which the fourth act discusses. At last the marriage and the murder are accomplished for the benefit of the last act.’ We thought this system of poetics so original, that it was impossible to answer seriously the questions of the author. I will even confess, that, half in jest and half in earnest, I ridiculed the poor vicar. Jean Jaques, who had neither uttered a word, nor smiled, nor moved from his arm-chair, on a sudden leaped up like a madman, and falling foul of the vicar, snatched the manuscript from his hands, and dashed it on the floor, saying to the terrified author, ‘Your piece is good for nothing; your preface is the wildest extravagance. See how all these gentlemen are laughing at you! go, get you gone, return and vicarize it in your own village.’ The vicar now rose in equal fury, and poured forth a volley of abuse against his too sincere critic; and from abuse they would have proceeded to blows and tragic murder, had not the company interposed. Rousseau went away in a rage, which I thought momentary, but which has ever since been increasing. Diderot, Grimm, and myself tried, to no purpose, to bring him back; he ran too fast for us. Hence arose all those misfortunes, in which we took no share, except to lament them. He considered our concern as affected, and his misfortunes as our contrivance. He took it into his head, that we were arming against him the Parliament, Versailles, Geneva, Switzerland, England, all Europe.”



A SERIOUS CHALLENGE.

The following serious challenge was sent by one friend at Paris to another:—

Sir,—To-morrow at noon, in the Bois de Boulogne, you will give me satisfaction for the look which you cast on me yesterday. To-morrow, sir, that is to say, when delay shall have given you leisure to repent, and me time to be appeased, and shall leave neither of us the excuse of a first transport of passion, we will cut each other's throats, if you please, in cold blood. I believe you to be too brave to testify regret for the fault you have committed; and on my side I think much too nobly not to wash it out in your blood, or in my own. You must be aware, that in shewing me such disrespect, you have given me a right over your life, and have acquired a right over mine. I should be far from pardoning you, even if you were to confess to me that you had acted inconsiderately; I should in that case only add contempt to resent-

ment. But if you should have the luck to kill me, I esteem you the more for it beforehand, and forgive not only your offence, but my death; for, to tell the truth, I feel for you neither hatred nor disdain, and would not confer on many others the honour that I bestow on you. Our fathers have instructed us, that there are a thousand occasions in life in which we cannot dispense with killing our best friend. I hope you will believe them on their word, and that, though we have no hatred for each other, we shall, nevertheless, enjoy the pleasure of cutting one another's throats. To plunge the sword into the bosom of an enemy to our country, is a low and vulgar action; to this we have the strongest inducements: but to kill a fellow-citizen, a friend, for the slightest offence—this, this, according to the feudal code of the Germans, our worthy ancestors, is the height of grandeur and magnanimity.—You know the place and hour—be punctual.

 PLATE 9.—FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

THE very elegant and tasteful article represented in the annexed engraving, is intended to serve the double purpose of usefulness and pleasure. In the first, it is convenient as a breakfast or as a sofa-table; it also forms a convenient writing or drawing-table, with drawers for paper, colours, pencil, &c. For the second, a sliding board for the games of chess, drafts, backgammon, &c. which slides under the desk. It is very light, goes upon

castors, and is particularly pleasant to sit before, as there is sufficient accommodation for the knees by its projecting top.

The chair is contrived for study or repose. Its sweeping form is calculated to afford rest to the invalid; and the arms are sufficiently low to allow it to be used at the writing or reading-desk. It is lighter than its form would indicate, and it is easily moved, being placed upon traversing castors.

FASHIONS FOR LADIES.

PLATE 11.—EVENING OR DANCING DRESS.

A WHITE crape petticoat, worn over gossamer satin, ornamented at the feet with rows of puckered net, with a centre border of blue satin, or velvet, in puffs. A bodice of blue satin, with short full sleeves, and cuffs to correspond with the bottom of the dress. A full puckered border of net, or crape, round the bosom. Stomacher and belt of white satin, with pearl or diamond clasp. Hair in dishevelled curls, divided in front of the forehead, and ornamented with clusters of small variegated flowers; a large transparent Mechlin veil, thrown occasionally over the head, shading the bosom in front, and falling in graceful drapery beneath. Earrings, necklace, and bracelets of Oriental pearl, or white cornelian. Slippers of white satin, with blue rosettes. White kid gloves; and

fan of spangled crape and blue foil.

PLATE 12.—PROMENADE OR CARRIAGE COSTUME.

A round high robe, with long full sleeves, of fine cambric; a high collar, and deep border of needlework round the bottom. A Russian mantle of pale salmon-coloured cloth, with spencer bodice, lined throughout with white sarsnet, and ornamented with a border of morone velvet and white silk cord: the spencer seamed to correspond, and the mantle confined in front of the bosom with a broach. A small helmet bonnet, composed of the same material as the mantle, lined with morone velvet, and edged with white silk cord, ornamented with a double curled ostrich-feather. Half-boots of pale salmon-coloured kid, edged and laced with morone cord. Gloves of lemon-coloured kid.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE past month commenced with the heaviest mist and thickest fog ever remembered in this country, and which lasted a longer time than fogs or mist are accustomed to hover over the British islands. Being accompanied with a gentle frost and a calm atmosphere, it produced the thickest and most beautiful hoar frost that ever decorated the branches and tendrils of Britain's vegetation: never was a winter scene of the northern climes more inimitably displayed than by our landscapes at the commencement of the year. To the weather

which produced these beautiful objects for the pallet and pencil, succeeded the most severe and intense frost, and prodigious fall of snow, ever recollected, which have impeded the pursuits of agriculture through nearly the whole of last month. The farmer has never been more completely excluded from field employ by the extremes of weather, the snow lying too deep to admit of the accustomed winter improvements of the soil. It has also locked up from consumption the green products of the earth, and caused large draughts to be d



ISABELLA MOREAU.



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made upon the dry food in the farm-yard. These urgent demands have directed the farmer's attention more to his barn employ than any preceding season. The threshing-machine, with all its imperfections, has been set to work to supply the cattle with food. The great variety of the implements, with the wear, tear, and breakage to which they are so perpetually liable, render it an object of the first importance,

that some one simple and effectual mode should be invented, to separate corn and seeds from their straw and chaff. Every farmer, who already uses or has employed machinery for this purpose, can easily appreciate the value of such an invention.

The depth of snow prevents any observation on the crops or appearance of the country.

PLATE 10.—MADEMOISELLE MOREAU.

IT is impossible to contemplate the portrait of this interesting young female, without feelings of the deepest regret for the fate of her brave, accomplished, and excellent father, just at a moment when his services were likely to be most beneficial in the sacred cause which has leagued all the potentates of Europe against him who has, for fourteen years, been the general disturber of its repose. On such events, however, which baffle all human hopes and calculations, it is the duty of man to submit with resignation to the high behests of Providence, and to believe that they are permitted by the Almighty Ruler of the universe for wise purposes, though our limited understandings are unable to fathom them.

General Moreau, the most popular, and in every point of view the most meritorious of those persons whom the French Revolution raised to the highest distinction, on resigning the command of the armies of his country, married Mademoiselle Hulot, now his much afflicted widow, and buried himself in retirement at Gros Bois, a man-

sion and estate which he had purchased of Barras. At this place, we presume, Mademoiselle Moreau was born, and passed the first years of her life, till the apprehension and trial of her father, who was accused of having implicated himself in the plans of Pichegru and Georges for overturning the government of Bonaparte. The proceedings on this occasion are notorious to the world, but the unmanly methods pursued, for the purpose of wounding the imprisoned general in the tenderest part, are not so well known. Bonaparte had given orders to his agents not to suffer him to have any communication with his wife, without being most vigilantly watched. When that afflicted female, with her infant in her arms, applied for admission at the Temple, she was forced to wait in the open air, in the cold and rain, till the gaoler thought fit to open the gate. Sometimes she passed whole hours thus exposed to the inclemency of the weather, unless the compassion of the centinels prompted them to offer her the shelter of a watch-box.

Thus at a very early age this young lady began to experience the persecutions of fortune, though her tender infancy rendered her unconscious of their severity. On the exile of Moreau, he carried his wife and daughter with him to America; whence they returned in 1812 to France, for the sake of their health. About the same time that the General quitted America to

join the armies of the allies, Madame Moreau and her daughter repaired to England, and are still resident in this country, where the talents and virtues of the husband and father, and the recollection of the cause for which he died, have endeared these objects of his affection to every generous and patriotic mind.

Poetry.

A TRIBUTE OF RESPECT,

ADDRESSED TO HIS FRIEND, MR. JAMES
REDIT, ON HIS BIRTH-DAY, MAY 18,
1813.

By Mr. J. M. LACY.

To thee, my honour'd father's friend and
mine,

That father sleeping now within the
tomb!

Redit! to thee I consecrate my line,
And hail thy natal day's returning
bloom.

You knew me ere I lisp'd or pray'r or
praise;

Have known me since thro' ev'ry va-
ried hour;

And well can estimate my votive lays,
A humble wreath from Truth's im-
mortal bow'r.

Revolving round the wheel of Time,
this day

With much of serious consequence is
fraught;

Past, present, future, all assert their
sway,

And claim the lively, or the tender
thought!

To thee, although the retrospective
glance

May picture long-past hours of grief
and pain,

Yet joys remember'd glide in airy dance,
And drive from mem'ry pleasure's
bitter bane.

Founder of thine own fortune thou hast
been;

Pleasure ne'er won, when business
claim'd thy care;

Honour thy close companion still was
seen—

Honour! in our degen'rate days how
rare!

Fair Competence, her blest attendant
came,

And Comfort follow'd her on seraph
wing;

All deign'd to smile, and linger round
thy name,

A trio bright and beaming as the
spring!

The present sees them thine! This day
thy board

Shall prove the poet's bold assertion
true;

There let his wish be heard, be thrice
encor'd,—

“Long, very long, may they attend
on you!”

My friends shall join the bard with glad
acclaim;

My mind's eye sees them raise the
goblet high;

I hear the shout that celebrates thy
name—

I will not say, it rends the vaulted
sky.

Yet, ah! it sinks upon thy heart, my friend,
 Like night-dew on the fair, but fainting flow'r;
 'Twill to thy breast another pleasure lend,
 Proclaiming, as it does, true friendship's pow'r.
 Be all thy future hours the hours of peace;
 And while life lasts, oh! be thy portion Health!
 Alas! when her diviner moments cease,
 Vain are the splendid toys of pride or wealth!
 Nor only thine be Health; may her sweet rose
 Still shed on them you love its dearest balm:
 The wife your first and fond affections chose,
 The daughter who has blest with filial charm.
 Thus life's last hour shall lose each fearful gloom,
 Shall gently close, no throb of terror giv'n;
 And thou shalt only deem thine earthly tomb
 The passage to eternal bliss in heav'n!

SONG.

The Ethereals, one day, in the court of high Jove,
 Of this earth and her sons held converse,
 And each nam'd the country he deign'd to approve,
 And his right to it 'gan to rehearse.
 Cytherea and Mars to France laid their claim,
 And boasted their murders and fair;
 And Anarchy, soon as he heard the fell name,
 Exultingly yell'd for his share.
 But Britain, bless'd Britain! what candidate rose,
 When thy name in heav'n's palace was heard?

No. LXII. Vol. XI.

For Minerva and Neptune that day were seen foes,
 As their heads o'er the rest they up-rear'd.

Then thus spoke the stern, puissant lord of the sea,

"By this my dread trident I swear,
 That bright queen of the waves belongs but to me,—

Let the godhead deny it, who dare.

"Who gave her great Nelson, her glory and pride?

And what gift with him shall compare?
 In Aboukir's red fight, I stood by his side,

And I taught him to win Trafalgar."

Calm Pallas replied, "All Heaven does allow,

Thy Nelson the boast of the sea!

But to Wellington's worth e'en great Bronte must bow,

And, Britain, I gave him to thee!"

The Thunderer now spoke—"Ye Gods, give an ear,

To this our impartial decree:

Ye who both have just claims to that island so dear,

Her joint guardians henceforward shall be." F. C. S.

ANSWER TO THE BROKEN HEART*.

To remedy a broken heart,
 In vain the doctor tries his art;
 Trust me, my friend, his drafts and pills
 Will never mitigate your ills.
 But in a trice to cure your woe,
 A sovereign specific I know;
 'Twill soon make you a happy dog,
 And this same stuff is call'd grog.
 'Tis a safe and pleasant physic,
 Cures the colic and the phthisic;
 Mild in all its operations,
 Frees the mind from all vexations:
 Grog will make you feel quite jolly,
 And dispel your melancholy;
 Make it strong, and I'll assure you,
 It will never fail to cure you.

JACK.

* See Repository, vol. X. p. 306.

STANZAS.

TO * * * * *

Behold the bosom of the deep ;
 No breeze disturbs its hallow'd rest ;
 The azure-curtain'd night-winds sleep,
 And ruthless storm sinks down unblest.

Yet soon, alas ! the light-wing'd morn
 Awakes the winds, and bids them rise :
 The rising waves on waves are borne,
 And dashing billows climb the skies.

Thus, Sarah, was my bosom's peace
 Unruffled once by deep-flush'd ire :
 No jealous pangs affrighted ease—
 It knew not love and warm desire.

But when a ray from thy bright eye,
 Like lightning's flash, sought its recess,

I rag'd with madd'ning agony—
 I spurn'd at smiling happiness.

Since then thou smit'st my heart with fire,
 And 'reav'st of sense my fever'd brain ;
 Forgive ('tis just) my jealous ire,
 Or give me back my peace again !

ELEGY,

IN IMITATION OF HAMMOND.

Farewell that liberty our fathers gave ;
 In vain they gave, their sons receiv'd in vain :

I saw Neera, and her instant slave,
 Though born a Briton, hugg'd the servile chain.

HAMMOND.

I saw thee, Mary, and thine "instant slave,"

By rosy fetters bound, I felt the flame ;
 No more the flag of liberty I wave ;
 No more a Briton's privilege I claim.

That I adore thee with a love sincere,
 Full well thou know'st by my enraptur'd eye,—

Yes, silent anguish and affection's tear,
 Are sad companions of my bosom's sigh.

Let those, who feel, declare the aching pain

Of tender passion lurking in the heart ;
 They, they alone, bewail the hapless swain,

Whose faltering tongue daren't own
 the cruel smart.

Love, thus conceal'd, is like the javelin's point,

Which rankles latent in the warrior's breast ;

Whilst glowing tortures pierce through ev'ry joint,

Snug lies the mischief-making elf at rest.

Thus, Love, thine influence perforates each pore,

Kindles around inflammatory strife ;

Ah ! take thy flight, and madden me no more,

Nor murder thus the comfort of my life.

Yet thou must not abandon me :—no—stay ;

I said it, but with thee I cannot part ;
 And to my bos'm I'll hug thee night and day,

Whilst Mary's charms electrify my heart.

AMATOR.

LONDON MARKETS.

Return of *Wheat* from Jan. 5 to 8.

TOTAL, 6,121 quarters.—Average, 75s. 9d. per quarter; or 1s. 3d. per quarter higher than last return.

Return of *Flour* from Jan. 9 to 14.

TOTAL, 10,276 sacks.—Average, 71s. 4½d. per sack, or 3s. 7d. per sack higher than last return.

Average of *England and Wales*, Jan. 15.

	s	d	s	d	Beans	Peas
Wheat	78	6	41	0	—	—
Rye	64	9	26	10	—	—

CORN, SEEDS, &c.

	s	s	Tares, per bushel	s	s
Wheat white, per quarter	50	84	—	10	12
— red	48	78	—	15	19
— foreign	40	70	—	—	—
Mustard, brown	36	40	—	18	24
— white	13	18	—	—	—
Barley, English	30	44	—	90	108
Malt	50	75	—	64	70
Oats Feed	14	24	—	80	115
— Friesland	16	32	—	75	96
— Poland	25	34	—	90	115
Potato	44	50	—	—	—
Beans, Pigeon	25	34	—	—	—
Horse	50	75	—	—	—
Pence, Bolling	50	75	—	—	—
— Grey	46	52	—	—	—
Flour per sack	65	60	—	—	—
— Seconds	50	60	—	—	—
— Scotch	45	55	—	—	—

American Flour — s — per barrel of 100lbs.
 Rapeseed, per last — £ 38 s £ 42 s £ 46.
 Oil Cakes, per thousand, £ 18. 0s 10 £ 0 0s.

SUGAR, &c. per Cwt.

COFFEE, Bonded.

	s	d	s	d
Muscovade, fine	119	122	—	—
— good	115	118	—	—
— ordinary	109	114	—	—
East India, white	130	131	—	—
— Ordinary	120	129	—	—
— Yellow	119	119	—	—
— brown	112	119	—	—

MOLASSES 54s. od. a cwt.

REFINED SUGAR.

	s	d	s	d
Double Loaves	194	226	—	—
Hambro' ditto	173	186	—	—
Powder ditto	172	176	—	—
Single ditto	169	175	—	—
Canary Lumps	165	170	—	—
Large ditto	160	164	—	—
Bastards, whole	108	112	—	—
— faces	114	116	—	—
— middles	110	113	—	—
— tips	104	108	—	—

COCOA, Bonded.

	s	d	s	d
Trinidad and	90	0	100	0
Caracas	65	0	80	0
Plantation	65	0	80	0

SPICES and PREPARED, per lb.

	s	d	s	d
Nutmegs	18	0	24	0
Cloves	10	0	10	0
Cinnamon	10	6	11	6
Mace	36	0	42	0
Pepp. white	5	3	5	2
— black	2	5	2	0
Pimento	2	0	2	0

GINGER.

	s	d	s	d
Jamaica, white	82	200	—	—
Barbadoes, ditto	75	80	—	—
— black	70	75	—	—

RICE, Bonded.

	s	d	s	d
Carolina	24	26	—	—
Brazil	20	28	—	—

Average price of Raw Sugar, exclusive of duty, 77s. 10½d.
 Sugars have been in brisk demand this month, at an advance of 5s per cwt. on last month's prices

HOOPS in the Borough.

	£	s	£	s
— Kent	5	10	9	6
— Sussex	5	5	8	10
— Essex	0	0	0	0

CORN, &c. per Quarter.

Wheat, Barley, Oats, Beans.

	s	s	s	s	s	s
Newcastle	50	a	76	86	a	42
Northampton	—	a	—	—	—	—
Canterbury	—	a	—	—	—	—
Lewes	—	a	—	—	—	—
Chesterfield	68	a	85	40	a	50
Ashborne	68	a	85	28	a	34
Guildford	—	a	—	—	—	—
Glosborne	72	a	84	40	a	25
Louth	70	a	80	35	a	40
Huntingdon	—	a	—	—	—	—
Newark	75	a	80	38	a	42
Spilsby	56	a	63	38	a	42
Ryegrass	—	a	—	—	—	—
Deveres	70	a	84	35	a	47
Reading	60	a	83	27	a	39
Swansea	—	a	—	—	—	—
Healey	50	a	80	28	a	39
Wandenberg	—	a	—	—	—	—
Salisbury	62	a	72	36	a	40
Penrith	79	a	—	—	—	—
Hull	—	a	—	—	—	—
Basingstoke	56	a	80	30	a	36
Wakefield	—	a	—	—	—	—
Andover	—	a	—	—	—	—
Warrminster	72	a	84	40	a	43

SPIRITS, per Gallon (exclusive of duty).

	s	d	s	d	s	d
Brandy, Cognac	9	9	6	—	—	—
— Spanish	5	0	5	2	—	—
Holland's Gin	8	0	8	0	—	—
Rum, Jamaica	4	6	6	9	—	—
— Lev. Isl.	3	8	4	6	—	—
Spirits of Wine	2	4	0	0	—	—
Mol. Spirits, British	13	10	14	0	—	—
— Irish	0	0	0	0	—	—
— Scotch	0	0	0	0	—	—

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR DECEMBER, 1815.

Conducted, at Manchester, by THOMAS HANSON, Esq.

1815.	DEC.	Wind.	Pressure.			Temperature.			Weather.	Evap.	Rain.
			Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.			
	1	S E 3	29,67	29,65	29,660	35,0°	34,0°	34,50°	gloomy	—	—
	2	E 5	29,65	29,14	29,395	34,0	28,0	31,00	gloomy	—	—
	3	S E 2	29,32	29,14	29,330	42,0	33,0	37,50	gloomy	—	—
	4	Var. 1	29,50	29,32	29,410	42,0	38,0	35,00	gloomy	—	—
	5	N W 1	29,70	29,50	29,600	42,0	34,0	38,00	gloomy	—	—
	6	N W 2	29,97	29,71	29,840	45,0	36,0	40,50	gloomy	.092	.050
	7	N E 3	30,30	29,97	30,135	44,0	37,0	40,50	gloomy	—	—
	8	N E 2	30,19	29,99	30,090	43,0	39,0	43,50	gloomy	—	—
	9	N E 2	30,27	30,19	30,230	43,0	38,0	40,50	cloudy	.098	—
	10	N E 2	30,56	30,27	30,415	42,0	34,0	38,00	cloudy	—	—
	11	S E 1	30,54	30,45	30,495	40,0	34,0	37,00	cloudy	—	—
	12	S E 1	30,46	30,19	30,285	39,0	32,0	34,00	cloudy	—	—
	13	S E 1	30,12	30,10	30,110	38,0	27,0	32,50	cloudy	—	—
	14	S E 1	30,14	30,04	30,090	34,0	25,0	29,50	cloudy	—	—
	15	S W 1	29,76	30,04	29,850	39,0	30,0	34,50	cloudy	—	—
	16	S 1	29,70	29,15	29,455	42,0	29,0	35,50	rainy	.140	—
	17	S E 1	29,16	28,84	29,000	50,0	40,0	45,00	rainy	.022	—
	18	S 1	28,86	28,84	28,850	51,0	46,0	48,50	rainy	—	—
	19	W 1	29,00	28,80	28,930	49,0	42,0	45,50	gloomy	.062	.055
	20	S W 1	29,50	29,00	29,250	46,0	39,0	42,50	rainy	—	—
	21	S W 1	29,50	29,18	29,340	44,0	34,0	39,00	rainy	.040	—
	22	S W 1	29,50	29,18	29,340	46,0	38,0	42,00	cloudy	—	—
	23	S W 2	29,85	29,50	29,675	42,0	34,0	38,00	cloudy	.036	—
	24	S W 1	30,10	29,85	29,975	50,0	40,0	45,00	cloudy	—	—
	25	W 1	30,39	30,10	30,245	49,0	40,0	44,50	cloudy	.046	—
	26	S W 1	30,75	30,39	30,570	43,0	34,0	38,50	fine	—	—
	27	Var. 1	30,75	30,73	30,740	38,0	27,0	32,50	fine	—	—
	28	N 1	30,73	30,66	30,665	32,0	24,0	28,00	foggy	—	—
	29	N 1	30,62	30,60	30,610	35,0	24,0	30,00	foggy	—	—
	30	N 1	30,62	30,52	30,620	38,0	24,0	31,00	foggy	—	—
	31	N 1	30,62	30,50	30,560	42,0	25,0	33,50	foggy	.110	.300
			Mean		29,892		Mean	37,60		.646	1,005

RESULTS.

Mean barometrical pressure, 29,892—maximum, 30,75, wind S. W. 1.—Minimum, 28,84, wind S. E. 1.—Range, 1,91 inch.

The greatest variation of pressure in 24 hours, is .61 inch, which was on the 16th.

Mean temperature, 37°.60.—Maximum, 51°, wind S. 1.—Min. 24°, wind N. 1. Range 27.

The greatest variation of temperature in 24 hours is 17°, which was on the 31st.

Spaces described by the barometer, 10,04 inches.—Number of changes, 7.

Total quantity of water evaporated, .646 of an inch.

Rain, &c this month, 1,005 inch.—Number of wet days, 9.—Total rain this year, 34,930 inches.

WIND.

N	NE	E	SE	S	SW	W	NW	Variable.	Calm.
4	1	7	3	7	1	2		2	0

Brisk winds 2—Boisterous ones 0.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR DECEMBER, 1813.

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

1813 DEC.	Wind.	Pressure.			Temperature.			Weather.	Evap.	Rain.
		Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.			
1	E	29,58	29,57	29,575	35°	31°	33,0	bleak	—	—
2	S E	29,57	29,25	29,410	39	34	36,5	cloudy	—	—
3	S E	29,40	29,27	29,335	42	38	40,0	drizzly	—	—
4	N E	29,56	29,40	29,480	42	36	39,0	rain	—	—
5	N	29,80	29,56	29,680	43	32	37,5	cloudy	—	—
6	N	29,80	29,79	29,795	43	33	38,0	cloudy	—	—
7	N E	29,80	29,78	29,790	42	37	39,0	cloudy	—	—
8	N E	29,90	29,80	29,850	44	38	41,0	cloudy	—	—
9	N E	30,07	29,90	29,985	43	37	40,0	cloudy	—	—
10	N E	30,17	30,07	30,120	41	35	38,0	fair	—	—
11	N E	30,17	30,19	30,135	40	35	37,5	fine	—	—
12	S E	30,10	29,88	29,990	37	28	33,5	fine	—	—
13	N W	29,96	29,88	29,920	34	23	28,5	fair	—	—
14	N W	29,90	29,88	29,890	31	21	26,0	fair	—	—
15	N W	29,90	29,60	29,750	35	25	30,0	cloudy	—	—
16	S W	29,60	29,48	29,540	45	36	40,5	cloudy	—	—
17	S	29,48	29,34	29,410	53	47	50,0	drizzly	—	—
18	S W	29,34	29,34	29,340	57	44	50,5	cloudy	.19	.52
19	S W	29,40	29,34	29,370	49	33	41,0	cloudy	—	—
20	W	29,67	29,40	29,535	41	26	33,5	cloudy	—	—
21	N E	29,57	29,55	29,560	46	32	39,0	variable	—	—
22	S W	29,80	29,57	29,685	46	34	40,0	cloudy	—	—
23	S W	29,96	29,80	29,880	47	38	42,5	cloudy	—	—
24	S W	30,05	29,96	30,005	51	44	47,5	cloudy	—	—
25	S W	30,27	30,05	30,160	50	39	44,5	cloudy	—	—
26	N W	30,45	30,27	30,360	44	28	36,0	fine	—	—
27	Calm.	30,45	30,35	30,400	31	25	28,0	foggy	—	—
28	Calm.	30,35	30,30	30,325	30	24	27,0	foggy	—	—
29	Calm.	30,35	30,34	30,345	30	19	24,5	foggy	—	—
30	Calm.	30,34	30,30	30,320	32	22	27,0	foggy	—	—
31	Calm.	30,30	30,20	30,250	35	22	28,5	foggy	.10	.29
			Mean	29,344		Mean	36,6	Total	.29in.	.81in.

RESULTS.—Prevailing winds, northerly.—Mean height of barometer, 29,844 inches; highest observation, 30,45 inches; lowest, 29,25 inches.—Mean height of thermometer, 36,6°.—highest observation, 57°—lowest, 19°.—Total of evaporation, .29 inch.—Rain, .81 inch.

Notes.—1st. Lunar halo.—14th and 15th. Hoar frost.—16th. Drizzly day.—20th. Very foggy morning.—21st. Hoar frost with fog in the morning—noon fine—evening rainy.—22nd. Fine morning.—26th Very fine day.—27th to 31st. An unusually thick fog the whole of these days—the trees beautifully covered with rime.

Prices of Fire-Office, Mine, Dock, Canal, Water-Works, Brewery, and Public Institution Shares, &c. &c. for JANUARY, 1814.

Albion Fire and Life Assurance	£42 per sh.	Huddersfield Canal	£12 5s. pr. sh.
Globe Ditto	103 do.	Croydon Ditto	17 10 a 18 do.
Imperial Ditto	42 10 do.	Oxford Ditto	550 do.
East India Dock Stock	£112 per cent.	Wills and Berks Ditto	19 10s do.
Commercial Ditto	137 do.	Warwick & Birmingham Do.	285 do.
Grand Junction Waterworks	40 pr. sh.	Coventry Ditto	800 do.
East London Ditto	69 10s do.	London Institution	43 do.
West Middlesex Ditto	28 do.	Surry Ditto	13 10s do.
Kent Ditto	56 10s do.	Drury-Lane Theatre, Old	190 do.
Colchester Ditto	12 5s do.	Ditto Ditto, New	355 do.
Kennett and Avon Canal	20 15s p. sh.	Gas Light and Coke Co.	5 5s do.
Ellesmere Ditto	72 do.		

WOLFE & Co. 9, Change-Alley, Cornhill, & FORTUNE & Co. 13, Cornhill.

PRICES OF STOCKS.

Date.	Bank Stock.	3 Pr. Cl. Consols.	3 pr. cl. Red.	4 pr. cl. Cons.	Navy 5 pr. cl.	Long Ann.	Onium	Impl. 3 pr. cl. Ann.	Impl. 5 pr. cl. Ann.	S. S. Stock.	India Stock.	India Bonds.	Exchgr. Bills 3rd.	St. Lotty. Tickets	Cons. for a/c.
Dec. 21	Hol.	Shut	62	77½	Shut	15½	12 Pm.	60½	—	Shut	Shut	2 Dis. Par.	5 Pm.	—	03½ 464
22	239	—	65	79½	—	16	17½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	5 Pm.	—	02½ 407
23	—	—	65½	80	—	16½	17 Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	5 Pm.	—	07½ 44½
24	244	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
25	Hol.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
26	—	—	63½	79½	97½	15½	15 Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	6 Pm.	—	63½ 35½
27	—	—	63	78½	97	15½	14½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	6 Pm.	—	65 504½
28	—	—	63½	78½	96½	15½	14 Pm.	—	—	63	—	—	6 Pm.	—	64½ 45½
29	242	—	63½	79½	96½	15½	13½ Pm.	61½	—	—	—	—	6 Pm.	—	65 504½
30	241½	—	63	79	Shut	15½	13 Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	5 Pm.	—	64½ 43½
31	237	—	62½	78	96	15½	12½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	5 Pm.	—	63½ 41½
Jan. 1	—	—	62½	77½	95½	15½	12 Pm.	61½	—	61½	—	—	5 Pm.	—	62½ 41½
2	—	—	62½	77½	96	15½	12 Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	5 Pm.	—	62½ 41½
3	—	—	63	78½	96	15½	13 Pm.	—	—	6½	—	—	5 Pm.	—	63½ 40½
4	235½	—	63	78½	96½	15½	13 Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	6 Pm.	—	63½ 40½
5	230	—	64	79½	97½	15½	13 Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	6 Pm.	—	64½ 40½
6	—	—	—	80	95½	15½	12½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	6 Pm.	—	64½ 40½
7	240½	64½ a 4½	65	80	95½	15½	12½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	6 Pm.	—	64½ 40½
8	245	65½ a 4½	65½	80½	95½	15½	12½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	6 Pm.	—	64½ 40½
9	245½	65½ a 4½	65	80½	95½	15½	12½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	6 Pm.	—	64½ 40½
10	245½	65½ a 4½	65½	80½	95½	15½	12½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	6 Pm.	—	64½ 40½
11	246	65½ a 4½	65½	80½	95½	15½	12½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	6 Pm.	—	64½ 40½
12	247	65½ a 4½	65½	81	95½	15½	12½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	6 Pm.	—	64½ 40½
13	Hol.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	6 Pm.	—	64½ 40½
14	248	64½ a 5½	65½	81½	95½	15½	12½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	6 Pm.	—	64½ 40½
15	252	65½ a 6½	66½	82½	95½	15½	12½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	6 Pm.	—	64½ 40½
16	253	65½ a 6½	66½	82½	95½	15½	12½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	6 Pm.	—	64½ 40½
17	253	65½ a 6½	66½	82½	95½	15½	12½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	6 Pm.	—	64½ 40½
18	—	65½ a 5½	66½	83	95½	15½	12½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	6 Pm.	—	64½ 40½
19	—	65½ a 5½	66½	83	95½	15½	12½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	6 Pm.	—	64½ 40½
20	—	65½ a 4½	67	82½	95½	15½	12½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	6 Pm.	—	64½ 40½
21	—	65½ a 4½	67	82½	95½	15½	12½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	6 Pm.	—	64½ 40½

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