

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

For MAY, 1814.

VOL. XI.

The Sixty-fifth 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.

W. H. will perceive, that we are complying with his suggestion. His future favours will be highly acceptable.

If An Enquirer will turn to any of the various Encyclopadias, he will find a satisfactory solution of the matter to which his letter relates.

We must decline the introduction of the Historical Narrative, on account of its excessive prolixity.

The spirit with which, according to Britannicus, the Ode transmitted by him abounds, must certainly be below proof, as we have not been able to discover any traces of it.

The newest Patterns of British Manufacture will appear in our next Number.

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

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———The 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 JUNINUS.

(Continued from p. 193.)

MISS EVE. Rich's harlequin is said to have been so excellent, that his manner of taking leave of Columbine, when he is supposed to have been separated from her for ever, filled the eyes of the audience with tears. At present the best performers in this character do not even aim at this.

I do not wonder that pantomimes draw overflowing audiences. The generality of people, as Lord Chesterfield observed of the generality of princes, "have eyes to see, but not understandings to judge." They will always be pleased with singing, dancing, fine clothes, jewels, gold, silver, feathers, machinery, fun, and brilliant lights.

MISS K. Very true. The generality of people have indeed little besides eyes to see and ears to hear; and those who can amuse the one and tickle the other will find no difficulty to lead their rea-

son captive. A judicious writer, whose book was published in 1731, treating of decorations, observes—

"It is impossible for any poet or master of a playhouse to be too expensive in the beauty and grandeur of their scenes and machines. The more just and surprising they appear, the sooner the spectator will be led insensibly to imagine every thing real, and of consequence prove the easier persuaded of the instruction intended. Besides, they are absolutely necessary in all parts of a play where the plot requires the intervention of some supernatural power, in order to conquer difficulties and solve mysteries. For what is a god, or a devil, or a conjuror, without moving clouds, blazing chariots, flying dragons, and enchanted castles? Airy spirits, terrestrial hobgoblins, and infernal demons, must, at a word, descend, rise, and vanish. These

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things, justly introduced, strike an awe upon the audience; and while they are amazed and delighted, they are instructed. This gives the stage a character with the world; and poets and actors are esteemed demi-gods. Thus when people are prepossessed in favour of their power, they dare not but embrace their doctrines. The Abbé Hedelin observes, that the ornaments of the stage so sensibly delight, by a kind of witty magic, as to raise from the dead heroes of past ages. They present, as it were, to our eyes, a new heaven and a new earth, while we are so agreeably deceived as to imagine every thing present. Even people of understanding take them for enchantments, and are pleased with the dexterity of the artists, and the neat execution of so many contrivances. For this end, the ancients bestowed the richest decorations upon their theatres. The heavens would open for their gods, to descend and converse with men; the air would be filled with thunder, lightning, and storms; the sea would shew tempests, shipwrecks, and sea-fights; the earth would produce gardens, forests, deserts, palaces, and temples. Out of its bosom would rise furies, demons, and all the prodigies of their fabulous hell; and the poets never failed to fill their plays with such incidents as required these magnificent decorations.

“The habits of the actors likewise have a prodigious influence on the minds of an audience. We see daily in the great world a vast difference shewn to the figure of a suit of clothes, and how regularly degrees of respect rise from the

gold and silver button and button-hole to lace and embroidery. How nicely are the distances between cloth, velvet, and brocade observed! Much more in the theatre should this distinction prevail, where our senses are to be touched, pleased, and taken by surprize, and where every spectator indeed is to receive an impression of the character of the person from his dress; and the first ideas are generally the most lasting. Tragedy borrows vast advantages from the additional ornaments of feathers and high heels; and it is impossible but that two feet and a half of plume and buskin must go a great length in giving an audience a just notion of a hero. That great appearance gives an air of grandeur to every thing he says or does. The best Grecian poets who brought tragedy to its perfection, first gave birth to the invention. They found it of service, and all other nations continued it. In Rome once commenced a famous dispute between two eminent tragedians, which best represented Agamemnon; he that stepped loftily and on tiptoe, or he who appeared pensive, as if concerned for the safety of his people: but the tall man carried it. These useful allies to the drama take more with the generality of people than the brightest thoughts or justest expressions. It is impossible for the best tragic bards so readily to give an audience as true an idea of a queen by the noblest sentiments and finest language, as the wardrobe-keeper can by half a dozen laced pages, and as many yards of embroidered train; and indeed there should be something particu-

larly adapted to the look and dress of every actor, which should, at first view, speak his character, before he opens his mouth; and as the frown shews the king, the stride the hero, the thoughtful air the statesman, and the silly smile the fop; so do the robe, the truncheon, the bundle of papers, and the clocked stockings.

"The appearance of a retinue suitable to every distinct character of the drama, which should make a figure on the stage, is another point of very great consequence, and ought to be principally regarded. What is a tyrant without guards, or a princess without her maids of honour, a general without a troop of officers, a first minister without a levee of spies and dependants, a lawyer without a flock of clients, or a beau without a train of attendants gives an air of dignity too, and distinguishes the proper superiority of each character. Besides, when the stage is crowded, the greatness of the show casts a mist, as it were, over the eyes of the spectator, and makes the thinnest plot appear full of business. Keep the stage filled, and you'll instil life and spirit into the dullest play; the passions will never flag, nor the action cool. I have known a tragedy succeed by the irresistible force of a squadron of Turkish turbans and scymetars, and another owe the whole of its success to the graceful procession of a mufti and a tribe of priests. A poet who fights cunningly will judiciously throw into every act a triumph, a wedding, a funeral, a christening, a feast, or some such spectacle, which must be managed

by a multitude. Thus, by a well disposed succession of crowds in every scene, he lies, as it were, safe under cover from all criticism. It may be supposed that this was the chief design of the ancients, in establishing and encouraging, at so prodigious an expence, their choros; for by these means the stage could never be empty, which proved of infinite service to their poets, and contributed vastly to the satisfaction of the people."

Miss Eve. Who was James or Thomas Moore Smyth?

Miss K. Smyth wrote *The Rival Modes*, com. 1726. The public formed great expectations of this piece, as the author was a young man of fortune and fashion, and remarkable for his intimacy with all the reigning wits of the age; but the performance of it ruined him every way. Pope attacked him in the *Dunciad* as a plagiarist, and his creditors assailed his fortune. He died soon afterwards.

I have already remarked, that the idea of Pope's *Dunciad* was borrowed from Dryden's *Mac Flecknoe*; but his *Rape of the Lock* arose from the following circumstance:—Lord Petre, presuming on an intimate acquaintance with the Hon. Mrs. Farmer, took the liberty, when they were out in company on a party of pleasure, to cut off a lock of this lady's hair. Though this piece of gallantry was intended as a compliment, it happened unfortunately to be taken in a wrong light by the lady and her family, which produced mutual animosity, and was proceeding to a great length, when the poem was presented to Mr. Farmer. It had

the happy effect of producing a cordial reconciliation between the two families.

Miss Eve. The creative power of imagination, which distinguishes true poetic genius, is displayed with more brilliancy in the *Rape of the Lock* than in all Pope's other works; and this poem has the more merit, from being formed on this most ridiculous circumstance, which, but for the happy thought of the poet, might have produced fatal consequences.

Miss Eve. I have seen some interesting pictures by Alexander Pope, the actor.

Miss K. Yes; he also draws portraits very well in crayons. He was husband to the celebrated actresses, the Mrs. Popes. I have heard that he is now married to the widow of Francis Wheatley, the painter. Alexander Pope, the poet, used also often to amuse himself by painting: one of his designs is as a frontispiece to his *Essay on Man*.

Miss Eve. Mr. Pope was very intimate with Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.

Miss K. Yes; and he has paid this lady an elegant compliment in some verses printed at the conclusion of his letters.

Miss Eve. Pope did not always compliment. I think he called Savage by a very degrading epithet.

Miss K. Yes; this is alluded to in some verses I have seen to the memory of Savage.

Miss Eve. I think he was the author of *Sir Thomas Overbury*.

Miss K. Yes; that piece was performed about thirty years after his death, with a prologue by

Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Esq. in which he calls the play,

The orphan offspring of an orphan bard,
Doom'd while he liv'd, unpitied, to sustain
More real misery than his pen could feign.

Miss Eve. Do you recollect the lines in memory of Savage?

Miss K.
From pomp in mind and meanness in estate,
From rebel passions still at war with fate,
Now macumiz'd, th' unequal strife is o'er,
Fix'd in his fate—his hopes and fears no more.
Peace to his soul—I wish and hope it too,
Since in his crimes his punishment we view;
Left to remorse by rage, to scorn by pride,
To friendship wrong'd, a martyr when he died*.

Oh! blamed yet mourn'd, despised yet honour'd
name,
No more shalt thou enjoy a chequer'd fame.
Thy faults shall perish, all thy worth shall
shine,

For Frailty's mortal, excellence divine:
O'er all the rest while dark oblivion flows,
Late times shall know thy birth, thy lays, thy
woes;

Shall read, admire, compassionate, and praise,
And with their tributary tears bedew the
bays.

Miss Eve. What are Savage's dates?

Miss K. In 1697, Anne Countess of Macclesfield became pregnant, and being desirous of obtaining a divorce from her husband, declared that the father of the expected infant was Savage Earl of Rivers. By this expedient she accomplished her purpose. The infant to which she gave birth in Jan. 1697, was Richard Savage. He was almost immediately deserted by his unnatural mother, and sent to an old woman at St. Alban's, who brought him up as her son. About 1711, he was placed with a shoemaker in Holborn, with the intention of being apprenticed to

* This alludes to Pope's having called him a scoundrel, which the unhappy Savage did not long survive.

him, but his supposed mother at St. Alban's dying about this time, he went to take possession of some trifling property which she had possessed, when he discovered some letters that unfolded to his wondering eyes the secret of his own remarkable birth. His life is very pathetically written by Dr. Samuel Johnson, in his *Lives of the Poets*. After various vicissitudes and distresses, Savage died in Newgate, Bristol, where he was confined for a debt of 8*l.* Aug. 1, 1743, in his 47th year, and was buried in the church-yard of St. Peter and St. Paul, in the same city, at the expense of the keeper.

Savage wrote *Woman's a Riddle*, from a Spanish play, 1716, to which Mr. Bullock's name is affixed; *Love in a Veil*, 1718, from a Spanish plot; *Sir Thomas Overbury*, a tragedy, part I. 1724. He was also the author of various poetical pieces, as *The Bastard*, *The Progress of a Divine*, *The Triumph of Health and Mirth*, *On the Recovery of Lady Tyrconnel*, *On Public Spirit with regard to Public Works*—Panegyrics, Epigrams, &c.

I have some other interesting particulars of Savage in the other room, which I will get presently. Suppose you mention another dramatic writer.

Miss Eve. I was all attention to the story of Mr. Savage; but since you desire it—Who was John Lacy?

Miss K. John Lacy flourished in the reign of Charles II. He was born near Doncaster, in Yorkshire, and was bred a dancing-master, but afterwards went into the army, having a lieutenant's commission and a warrant as quarter-master.

He quitted a military life to become an actor, in which profession, from the advantages of a fine person, being well shaped, of a good stature, and well proportioned, added to a sound critical judgment and a large share of comic humor, he attained such a degree of excellence, as to be universally admired; and was so highly esteemed by Charles II. that his Majesty had his picture painted in three characters; Teague in *The Committee*, Scruple in *The Cheats*, and Galliard in *The Variety*; which picture is still preserved at Windsor castle. His cast of acting was chiefly comedy, and his dramatic writings are all of that kind. His four comedies are—*The Dumb Lady*, *Old Troop*, *Savony the Scot*, and *Sir Hercules Buffoon*. The last of these was not brought on the stage till three years after the author's death, which happened Sept. 17, 1681. D'Urfy, who wrote the prologue, has, in the following lines, paid a very great, but, as it appears, a very deserved compliment, to Mr. Lacy's theatrical abilities in reference to the advantages which the piece would have received from the author's own performance of it, had he been living:—

Now that fam'd Lacy, ornament of th' stage,
That standard of true comedy in our age,

Wrote this new play;
And if it takes not—all that we can say on't
Is—we've his fiddle, not his hands to play
on't.

Miss Eve. You mentioned a set of drawings you had made from the history of England, some of which you have painted—will you shew me them, and tell me the rules by which you designed and painted. I am desirous to be your humble

pupil. You blush, Miss K. as Milton expresses it, "celestial rosy red," looking through your dark brown ringlets like a rosy angel through a dark cloud.

Miss K. I ought to blush, Miss Eve, when you desire me to be a lecturer to such a genius as yourself. If I thus feel before such an indulgent critic, what must those young actresses feel—I mean those of refined sensibility—when they first approach the tribunal composed of all sorts of judges, that is to decide upon their merits!

Miss Eve. This soon wears off by a little practice. I was in the stage-box of Drury-lane Theatre, when Miss —, the beautiful young actress, made her first appearance. When she was to go on the stage, she first peeped and blushed, and seemed so alarmed as though she would have fainted. For some time she hung upon the stage-box and leaned close to me. An experienced actress who stood by her, tried to encourage her, saying, "What are you afraid of? Do as I do. I am going this moment on the stage, and you shall see how I'll face 'em. I consider the audience with as much indifference as I would so many rows of cabbages growing in a garden."—I was in the same place about a month afterwards, and saw this same young lady walk smiling on the stage, amidst thunders of applause, with as much indifference as if she had been walking in the street unconscious of observation.

Miss K. I have made two sets of designs from the History of England—the first from the landing of Julius Cæsar to the Norman conquest. The second set in

this port-folio is from the Norman conquest till of late years. I will take out about six at a time, and thus we may the more easily consider them; and I will explain the rules by which they were composed, and by which I mean to paint them.

1. The Battle of Hastings and the Death of Harold II. 1066.

2. William II. called Rufus, from his red hair, accidentally killed by an arrow discharged by Sir Walter Tyrrell, a French knight, in the New Forest, Hampshire, 1100.

3. The Death of William Duke of Normandy, only son to Henry I. who was shipwrecked upon the rocks near Barfleur, in his passage from Normandy 1120.

4. The Empress Matilda rejecting the proposal of the Queen of Stephen, for the relief of the King, 1140.

5. Eleanor, Queen of Henry II. offering the choice of a bowl of poison, or the stroke of a dagger, to Rosamond Clifford, called Fair Rosamond of Woodstock Bower.

6. King John signing Magna Charta at Runnemead.

Miss Eve. *The Battle of Hastings.* How expressive is this of the hurry and confusion of a battle! What character, what energy! We see not with our eyes, but with our judgment. Now you have increased my judgment, you have, as I may say, opened my eyes—now many of the rules by which this striking piece is performed, have become apparent to me—now I perceive the harmony of your lines, their length, their winding, their convex forms like a blown bladder, the long lights, the gradations, the balancing, and the small number of the groups.

Miss K. I have endeavoured to seize the most important or interesting moment. I have not so much considered what probably happened in this battle, as what might have happened; I have pursued this idea through every department of the art.

Miss Eve. I understand so much, Miss K. as that you practise the poetical ideal even in your historical compositions. To be sure it is not likely, that so many figures would be so arranged as to produce a general harmony of lines, like a schoolmaster's specimen of flourishing, but, as you observe, they might. This is not at all probable, yet it is possible. This is possible perfection.

Miss K. Yes, an improbable possibility—such as that the capital prize in a lottery shall be also the first-drawn ticket. This is one of the most important rules in painting and in every art. Under the influence of this great idea of perfection, the most meritorious works in the world have been produced. This gained Julio Romano the first place in the poetry of painting; and this has placed Michael Angelo, Raphael, and a few more in the very first class of their profession.

Miss Eve. And this has made Miss K. the princess of paintresses, or rather the queen of that profession. I now see the uniformity and simplicity that produce grandeur—how the parts run from centres, like ornaments—how the hair flows away, like snakes running after each other, like flourishes or coats of arms, such as are engraved on silver plate, or the flowers painted on Birmingham tea-boards.

Miss K. I perceive you understand the system on which I compose my designs; but coats of arms and the other things you have just mentioned, show the art too much. Art should conceal art.

Miss Eve. This is very true. In dress and a variety of other things, "though all is art, yet all should artless seem." How accurately the costume is preserved, and how admirably the age and country are defined in the principal figures!—Here is the unfortunate Harold, there are his two valiant brothers, Gurth and Leofwin, and yonder the victorious William. 'Tis curious that Harold and William should thus contend for the crown of England, when neither of them had a right to it.

Miss K. Edgar Atheling, grandson to Edmund Ironside, by his youngest son Edward, was the rightful heir to the crown; but as this prince was very young at the time, and was reported to possess but mean abilities, his title was overlooked.

Miss Eve. What became of Edgar Atheling?

Miss K. He followed the fortunes of Robert Duke of Normandy, who was also cheated out of his right of inheritance.

Miss Eve. I think this Robert was eldest son of William the Conqueror.

Miss K. Yes, and William Rufus and Henry I. the third and fourth sons of William the Conqueror, usurped the crown of England.

Miss Eve. What became of the second son?

Miss K. His name was Richard: he was killed by a stag in the New

Forest, Hampshire, where his next brother was killed by an arrow, and where also a son of Robert, the eldest brother, accidentally lost his life.

Edgar Atheling was taken prisoner by Henry I. at the battle of Tenchebray, when fighting for Robert; but Henry despised his abilities too much to think him at all dangerous. He therefore gave him

his liberty and a small pension, on which Edgar lived retired in this country, totally neglected, and at last died very old and almost forgotten.

Miss *Eve*. As Henry did not fear Edgar, he did not hate him. Friends are often loved for being fools. Burke truly observes, that "love stands much nearer to contempt than is generally imagined."

THE COMMUNICATIVE POCKETS.

By AUGUSTUS VON KOTZEBUE.

(Concluded from p. 202.)

THE lady, agreeably to ancient custom, loosed the helmet of the knight with her own delicate fingers, and took it from his head; and when he had thrown his iron gauntlets on the table, she kissed his hand. She then fetched a flaggon of wine from a closet, pledged him the bowl, and a tear dropped into it. Herrmann quaffed the generous beverage, as indeed he would have done, had he been certain that the poisonous drug lay at the bottom of the bowl. He soon began to imagine that this wine was really an enchanted potion, for a liquid fire seemed to run through all his veins; but it was love, whose flames were again bursting from the ashes.

"O why is not Puttli here?" thought he: "how should I rejoice to find her innocent!" She looked at him so kindly, so tenderly—no, it was absolutely impossible she could be criminal.

He then enquired the name of the person from whom he had rescued her. "Did he not tell you himself?" replied Amalberga. "Alas! he is my brother!"

"Your brother!—how?—why?"

"Pardon me, Sir Knight, if I beg to be allowed to draw a veil over this horrid secret."

"Lady!" cried Herrmann, with a voice that betrayed his profound emotion, "the moment is arrived in which I must be made acquainted with every thing, and sink confounded at your feet, or hurry away with a heart rent by despair, to rush upon the sabres of the infidels."

Amalberga started, and looked timidly at him.

"Lady," continued he, "you must long since have perceived that I love you."

At these words the blood suddenly mounted into her pale cheeks.

Long since should I have solicited your hand, like an honourable man, but for certain extraordinary circumstances, for which I was unable to account. If you think it worth your while to clear up my doubts, answer my enquiries; and if you despise not this hand, conceal nothing from me."

Amalberga raised her eyes and replied, "I will conceal nothing from you."

"But ask no questions on the subject, whatever may be your astonishment, that I should be acquainted with things which you thought hidden from all the world."

"I will ask no questions," said Amalberga.

"Well, then—some time ago you had a forged bill in your pocket—"

Amalberga was thunderstruck.

"But why so confused?" added Herrmann.

"How can I help being so? How should you know it?"

"You promised to ask no questions. What was the meaning of this bill?"

"I have vowed to St. Theresa that the secret should never escape my lips; but she is a witness to our conversation, and, for the sake of my suspected innocence, she will release me from my vow. There was an opulent merchant at Nürnberg, in whose name this bill was forged, and who was fortunately an old friend of my father's. He soon discovered the culprit, my unfortunate brother, who, caught in the toils of a selfish woman, had no other means of supporting her extravagance. Out of respect for my father's memory, the merchant forbore to make the transaction public, and merely required compensation to be made in private; but his indulgence was repaid with abuse and scorn. Upon this he came to me, and complained that he should be necessitated to stigmatise the name of his deceased

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friend, and at the same time to wound my feelings. I was exceedingly alarmed. I had just then embroidered a costly robe, which it took me two years to finish, in those leisure hours which I could spare from the wheel and the loom. I intended to shew off in it at the next tournament. You know, sir knight, how vain we females are. But you may believe me when I assure you, that I hesitated not a moment to save the honour of my misguided brother, and to preserve the name and the escutcheon of my ancient family from disgrace. I showed my work to the Nürnberg, who was well pleased with it, and asked how much he thought it was worth. He valued it at scarcely half the amount of his demand; but when he heard how long I had worked upon it to procure myself a girlish pleasure, and that I was ready to sacrifice it to compromise the matter, he seemed moved, gave up the bill, and took the robe."

"He did take it?" cried Herrmann, angrily.

"He said it should be his daughter's wedding dress. I put the forged bill in my pocket, to deliver it to my uncle as soon as I should see him. This happened the next day. I never said a word about it to my brother, in order to spare his feelings. Now you know all. The merchant and my uncle will attest, that I have told you the truth."

"What!" exclaimed Herrmann, "and this brother, whose reputation you so magnanimously preserved, would have carried you off to-day by force?"

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"The same."

"I implore you, fair lady, to explain this riddle also."

"Give me your word, that you will not betray my secret."

"My word and my honour."

"Well, then, you must know, that the hypocritical bishop has long been striving to ensnare my virtue."

"The bishop?"

"He might probably imagine, that my poverty favoured his base designs. He persecuted me with proposals, which were rejected with deserved abhorrence. He sought to gain my uncle by splendid promises, but that excellent old man, though poor as myself, despised the powerful bishop. He then concealed his mortification, praised my virtue, and called me his daughter. Fool that I was, he completely deceived me. Some months since—perhaps you still remember the time when I was away for two whole weeks."

"Well do I remember it," replied Herrmann, with a sigh. "The abbess of Frauenthal had enticed me into her convent. I considered her as a woman of integrity, and had no conception that her sacred habit could cover such villany. Too soon I found that she was but the bishop's agent, and that, in the asylum of virtue, I was to be delivered up to him either by fraud or force. I was a prisoner. It was not long before he made his appearance, and had recourse to entreaties and threats. I gave myself up for lost, but my patron saint did not forsake me; I prayed to her most fervently, and she touched the heart of the portress, who opened the gate of the convent for me one very dark

night. I fled to my uncle; and as he has confidants at court, I was soon apprized, through him, how the bishop had raved when he heard of my escape, and sworn he would, nevertheless, sooner or later, accomplish his design. My uncle warned me to be upon my guard, and even advised me to remove out of the bishop's dominions."

"And why did you not follow his advice?" asked Herrmann.

"I intended," rejoined Amalberga, and a deeper glow crimsoned her cheeks—"I intended, but put it off from day to day. Must I tell you why?"

At these words she raised her downcast eyes, which made a modest confession, and then again became fixed on the ground.

"To what risks have you exposed yourself!" said Herrmann, in great agitation.

"I thought," continued Amalberga, "that the bishop would never set decency so far at defiance as to carry me by force from my own house in the midst of the town. Then again I took every possible precaution to frustrate his artifices. Against one person only I was not upon my guard, and that was my own brother. My heart rejected, with horror, the idea that he was capable of assisting in the execution of the atrocious project of his sister's dishonour. How grievously was I mistaken! Him who was always needy, the bishop has but too easily gained over, and promised him one of his nieces in marriage. Yesterday he persuaded me to pay a visit to an aged blind aunt, who lives retired not far from Bamberg. Without the least sus-

picion, I mounted behind him. The old lady received us most kindly, and entertained us in the best manner she could. When it began to be dusk, I reminded my brother, that it was time to return home. He made various excuses for delaying our departure, so that it was not till near midnight that we at length set out; but instead of taking the road to Bamberg, he galloped away, and threatened to murder me if I obstinately persisted in spurning my good fortune, as he termed it. The rest is known to you. Death would soon have been my portion, had not the hand of Providence conducted to me a generous protector."

"Worse than death!" muttered Herrmann.

"O no!" rejoined Amalberga; "for I had long provided for the worst. Since the affair in the convent, I always carried poison about me. Had every other hope failed, that should have saved me."

"For that purpose, was it?" cried Herrmann, with transport, and would have thrown himself at her feet, when he suddenly imagined that he again heard Puttli's voice, as he read the letter, the horrid contents of which drove him from Bamberg.

"Lady," stammered he, "there is but one more weight that presses upon my heart. Your frankness gives me courage. The most atrocious circumstance of all yet remains to be explained."

"The most atrocious?" repeated Amalberga with astonishment. "I have nothing more to explain."

"Have you not murdered a child?"

She shuddered. "Surely you cannot be serious?"

"Can you deny, that a few days since there was in your pocket a note without signature, doubtless from some favoured lover, who thanked you for having murdered his child, and thereby saved your reputation?"

Herrmann was not a little confounded when Amalberga suddenly burst into a loud laugh. She opened a drawer and took out a paper, which she handed to him. "Do you mean this?" said she.

"The same."

"It is from my old uncle. You are acquainted with his satirical turn. When I related to him my adventure in the convent, he was at first highly exasperated, and vowed that he would run the bishop through the body. I reminded him of our poverty and weakness, and that it would be better to say nothing about the matter, than to give scope to malicious tongues, and to draw down upon us the vengeance of a powerful enemy. I succeeded in pacifying him; but a few days afterwards he could not withstand the impulse to write a long and cutting satire on the bishop, with the intention of distributing it at court. I trembled for the consequences, and begged him to lend me the piece, as though I wanted to read or copy it, and threw it into the fire. This is what he in this note jocosely calls, murdering his child."

It is impossible for language to describe the feelings of the knight when he beheld the object of his affections standing before him pure and unimpeachable. Love and shame bent his knees, and the ve-

hemence of his passion pleaded in excuse of the odious suspicion. The following day he presented Amalberga as his wife to the bishop, who "grinned horribly a ghastly smile."—The old knight celebrated the union of his niece in a spirited epithalamium, and never did a happier pair ascend the bridal bed.

Herrmann daily discovered new attractions in his wife. She had but one fault, in common with all her sex—curiosity. She did not rest, till in a happy moment she drew from her husband in what manner he had become so intimately acquainted with the contents of her pocket. He obliged her indeed to promise with an oath, not

to reveal the secret; and she faithfully kept her vow for many years. But when her beautiful daughters grew up, Amalberga could not withstand the impulse which she felt to communicate it to them. Thus it circulated privately from one to another, till at length it was transmitted to the present age, in which the ladies may perhaps have still stronger reasons than even those of former times, for not turning their pockets inside out. But, behold! in order to prevent the danger of being betrayed by some malicious Puttli, they suddenly and unanimously came to the resolution—*of wearing in future no pockets at all.*

EXTRAORDINARY ACCOUNT OF A BLIND LADY*.

OF all those who have been deprived of sight almost from their birth, the most surprising that ever existed, or will exist, was Made-moiselle Melanie de Salignac. She was a relation of M. de Lafargue, lieutenant-general in his Majesty's service, an old man, covered with scars and loaded with honours, and daughter to Madame de Blacy, who is still alive; she never ceases to regret the loss of a child who constituted the charm of her life, and was the object of admiration to all around her. Madame de Blacy is a woman distinguished for the eminence of her moral qualities, and who will readily answer any questions relative to the truth of my narration. It is under her auspices that I have collected such

particulars of the life of Made-moiselle de Salignac as escaped my own observation during an intimacy in the family, which began in 1760, and continued, without interruption, till 1763, the year that closed the life of the lady in question.

She had an unusual fund of good sense, the utmost mildness and sweetness of disposition, an uncommon penetration in her ideas, and great simplicity of character. One of her aunts invited her mother to come and assist her in entertaining nineteen Ostrogoths, whom she had invited to dinner. "I cannot conceive what my aunt means," said the niece; "why go and entertain nineteen Ostrogoths? For my part, I only wish to entertain those I love!"

* Extracted from the translation of the truly interesting *Memoirs and Correspondence of Baron de Grimm*, recently published by Colburn, Conduit-street.

The sound of the voice produced the same effect on her as the physiognomy has upon persons that see. One of her relations, a receiver-general of the finances, behaved very ill to her family, in a way extremely unexpected, on which she remarked, "Who could have conceived this with so sweet a voice!" When she heard any one sing, she distinguished between the voice of a fair and of a dark person. When any one spoke to her, she judged of their height by the direction in which the sound came.

She had no wish to see; and one day, when I asked her the reason of this, she answered me, "I should then have nothing but my own eyes, and now I enjoy the eyes of every body. By this privation, I am an object of constant interest and commiseration. I am obliged in some way at every moment, and at every moment I am grateful. Alas! if I were to see, people would soon think of me no more." The errors of sight very much diminished its value in her ideas. "I am," she said, "at the entrance of a long avenue; at the extremity of it is some object; to one of you it appears in motion; to another it appears still; one says that it is an animal, another that it is a man, and, on approaching it, it appears to be the stump of a tree. No one knows whether the tower they perceive afar off be round or square. I brave the clouds of dust, while those around me shut their eyes, and are miserable; sometimes they even suffer a whole day, for not having shut them soon enough. An almost imperceptible atom is sufficient to torment them cruelly."

At the approach of night she used to say, "that our reign was at an end, and her's was just then beginning." It will easily be conceived, that living in constant darkness, with the habit of acting and thinking in an eternal night, lying awake, which is so tormenting to us, was scarcely felt by her.

She could not pardon me for having said, that blind people, being deprived of witnessing the exterior signs of suffering, must also necessarily be cruel. "Do you think," said she, "that you hear the accents of complaint as I do?"—"But," said I, "there are many who suffer without allowing themselves to complain."—"I should soon find them out," she said, "and only pity them the more."

She was passionately fond of hearing any body read, and still more of music. "I think," she said, "that I could never be tired of listening to people who sing or play in a superior manner. If this happiness be the only one we are to enjoy in heaven, it will be sufficient for me. You think justly when you say, that it is the most powerful of all the fine arts, without excepting either poetry or eloquence; that even Racine does not express himself with the delicacy of a harp; that his melody is heavy and monotonous, compared with that of the instrument; and that you have often desired to give your style the force and lightness of the tones of Bach. For my part, it is the finest language I know. In languages spoken, those are reckoned to pronounce the best who articulate the syllables the most distinctly; instead of which,

in the language of music, the sounds that are the most remote from each other, from the grave to the acute, from the acute to the grave, are blended together, and follow imperceptibly; 'tis, if I may say so, one long syllable, the inflexions and expressions of which vary at every moment. While melody carries this sound to my ear, harmony executes it without confusion upon a variety of different instruments, two, three, four, or five, all concurring to strengthen the expression of the first; and the parties singing are so many interpreters, which I could readily dispense with, when the symphonist is a man of genius, and knows how to give character to his performance. It is in the silence of night, more especially, that I find music expressive and delicious.

"I persuade myself," she continued, "that those who see, distracted by their sight, can neither hear nor understand as clearly as I do. Why does the eulogium of music, which I hear from others, always appear to me poor and feeble? Why could I never express myself as I feel? Why, in the midst of what I would say, am I obliged to stop, seeking in vain for words which can paint the sensations I experience? Is it that no adequate words are yet invented? I cannot compare the effect that music has upon me, but to the sort of intoxication I experience when, after a long absence, I throw myself into the arms of my mother, when my voice fails me, all my limbs tremble, tears stream down my cheeks, my knees will no longer support me, I seem dying with pleasure."

She had the most delicate sense of modesty that I ever witnessed. Asking her the reason of it, "It is," she said, "the effect of my mother's good counsels. She has said so many things to me on this subject, that I will own I could scarcely comprehend them for a long time; and perhaps, in comprehending them, I have ceased to be innocent." She died of an inward tumour, which her modesty prevented her ever mentioning. In her dress, in her linen, in her person, there reigned a neatness, which is so much the more extraordinary, as not seeing herself, she could never be sure that she had done all that was requisite to avoid disgusting people of the opposite quality. If they were pouring out drink for her, she knew from the noise of the liquor in falling when the glass was full enough; she took her food with a surprising circumspection and address. Sometimes, as a joke, she would place herself before a glass to dress, imitating all the manners of a coquette, who is arming for conquest. This mimicry was most exact, and most truly laughable. From her earliest youth, it had been the study of all about her to improve her other senses to the utmost possible degree, and it is wonderful how far they had succeeded. By feeling she could distinguish peculiarities about the person of any one which might easily be overlooked by persons who had the best eyes. Her hearing and smell were exquisite; she judged, by the impression of the air, the state of the atmosphere, whether it was cloudy or serene, whether she was in an open place or a street; and if a street,

whether it was a *cul-de-sac*; also, whether she was in the open air or in a room; and if in a room, whether it was large or small. She could calculate the size of a circumscribed space by the sound which her feet produced, or by that of her voice. When she had once gone over a house, the topography of it remained perfect in her head to such a degree, that she could warn others of any little danger they were likely to incur. "Take care, the door is too low—Do not forget that there is a step." She observed a variety in voices, of which we have no idea; and when once she had heard a person speak, she always knew the voice again.

She was little sensible to the charms of youth, or shocked at the wrinkles of old age. She said that she regarded nothing but the qualities of the heart and mind. One advantage which she always enumerated in being deprived of sight, particularly for a woman, was, that she was in no danger of having her head turned by a handsome man. She was exceedingly disposed to confide in others; it would have been no less easy than base to deceive her. It was an inexcusable cruelty to make her believe that she was alone in a room. She was not subject to any kind of panic terrors; seldom did she feel *ennui*, solitude had taught her to be every thing to herself. She had observed, that in travelling, at the close of day, the company began to grow silent. "For my part," she said, "I have no occasion to see those with whom I converse." Of all the qualities of the heart and mind, a sound judgment, mildness, and cheerfulness, were those which she prized the most.

She spoke little, and listened much: "I am like the birds," she said, "I learn to sing in darkness." In comparing things which she heard one day with those she heard another, she was shocked at the contradiction of our judgments; it seemed to her a matter of indifference whether she was praised or blamed by beings so inconsistent. She had been taught to read by means of letters cut out; she had an agreeable voice, and sung with taste; she could willingly have passed her life at the concert or the opera, nothing but noisy music was disagreeable to her. She danced delightfully, and had learned to play on the violin; from this latter talent she derived a great source of amusement to herself in drawing about her the young people of her own age, to teach them the dances that were most in fashion.

She was exceedingly beloved by all her brothers and sisters. "This," she said, "is another advantage which I derive from my infirmities. People attach themselves to me by the cares they render me, and by the efforts I make to deserve them and to be grateful for them. Added to this, my brothers and sisters are not jealous of me. If I had eyes, it would be at the expence of my heart and mind. I have so many reasons to be good—what would become of me if I were to lose the interest I inspire?"

In the reverse of fortune experienced by her parents, the loss of masters was the only one she regretted; but the masters of geometry and music had contracted so great an attachment and esteem for her, that they earnestly intreated permission to give her lessons gratuitously. "What shall I do,

Mamma?" said she, "they are not rich and have occasion for all their time."

She had been taught music by characters in relief, which were placed in raised lines upon the surface of a large table. These characters she read with her hand, then executed them upon her instrument, and after a very little study could play a part in a piece however long or complicated. She understood the elements of astronomy, algebra, and geometry. Her mother sometimes read to her the Abbé de la Caille's book, and asked her whether she understood it—"Oh perfectly," she replied. Geometry, she said, was the true science for the blind, because no assistance was wanting to carry it to perfection. "The geometriician," she said, "passes almost all his life with his eyes shut."

I have seen the maps by which she studied geography. The parallels and meridians were of brass wire; the boundaries of kingdoms and provinces were marked out by threads of silk or wool, more or less coarse; the rivers and mountains by pins' heads, some larger, others smaller; and the towns by drops of wax, according to the size of them. I one day said to her, "Mademoiselle, figure to yourself a cube."—"I see it," said she.—"Imagine a point in the centre of the cube."—"It is done."—"From this point draw lines directly to the angles, you will have divided the cube?"—"Into six equal pyramids," she answered, "having every one the same faces, the base of the cube, and the half of its height."—"That is true, but where do you see it?"—"In my head, as you do."—I will

own that I never could conceive how she formed figures in her head without colour.—Was this cube formed by remembering the sensations in touching it? was her brain become a sort of hand under which substances realized themselves? was a sort of correspondence established between two different senses? why does not the same correspondence exist in my head? and why do I see nothing in my head without colouring it?—What is the imagination of a blind person? This phenomenon is not so easy to be explained as one might suppose.

She wrote with a pin, with which she pricked a sheet of paper stretched upon a frame, on which were two movable metal rods, that left between them only the proper space between one line and another. The same mode of writing served in answer; she read it by passing her finger over the inequalities made by the pin on the reverse of the paper. She could read a book printed only on one side; Prault printed some in this manner for her use. One of her letters was inserted in the *Mercury*, of the times. She had the patience to copy with her needle the *Abrégé Historique* of M. Henault, and I have obtained from Madame Blacy this singular manuscript.

The following fact appears difficult to be believed, though attested by every one of her family, by myself, and twenty other persons still alive. In a piece of twelve or fifteen lines, if the first letter of every word was given her, with the number of letters of which each word was composed, she would find out every word, how oddly soever the composition might be put to-

gether. I made the experiment upon the *Amphigouris* of Collé. She sometimes hit upon an expression much happier than that used by the poet.

She would thread the smallest needle with great dexterity, placing the thread or silk on the index finger of her left hand, and drawing it to a very fine point, which she passed through the eye of the needle, holding it perpendicularly. There was no sort of needle-work that she could not execute; she made purses and bags, plain or with fine open work, in different patterns, and with a variety of colours; garters, bracelets, collars for the neck, with very small glass beads sown upon them in alphabetical characters. I have no doubt that she would have been an excellent compositor for the press; they who can perform the larger work, can execute the smaller.

She played perfectly well at *reversis*, at the *mediator*, and at *quadrille*. She sorted the cards herself, distinguishing each by some little mark she had formed to herself, and which she knew by the touch, though they were not perceptible either to the sight or touch of any other person. The only attention required from the rest of the party was to name the cards as they played them. If at *reversis* the *quinola* was in danger, a gentle smile spread itself over her lips, which she could not restrain, though conscious of the indiscretion.

She was a fatalist, and thought that the efforts we make to escape our destiny, only contribute to bring it on. What, it may be asked, were her religious opinions?—I cannot tell; it was a secret

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which she kept to herself, out of respect for a pious mother.

Nothing more remains but to give you her ideas upon writing, drawing, engraving, and painting. I do not believe it possible to have any nearer to the truth. You will, I hope, form the same judgment when you read the following conversation, in which I am an interlocutor. She speaks first.

“If you were to trace on my hand the figure of a nose, a mouth, a man, a woman, a tree, I certainly should not be mistaken; I should not despair, even, if the likeness were exact, of being able to name the person you had sketched: my hand would become to me a sensible mirror; but great indeed is the difference between this canvas and the organ of sight. I suppose, then, that the eye is a living canvas of infinite delicacy; the air strikes the object; from this object it is reflected towards the eye, which receives an infinite number of different impressions, according to the nature, the form, and the colour of the object, and perhaps the qualities of the air: these are unknown to me, and you do not know much more of them than myself; it is by the variety of these sensations that they are painted to you. If the skin of my hand equalled the delicacy of your eyes, I should see with my hand as you see with your eyes; and I sometimes figure to myself, that there are animals who are blind, and not the less clear sighted.”

“But the mirror?”

“If all bodies are not so many mirrors, it is by some defect in their texture, which extinguishes the reflection of the air. I adhere

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so much the more to this idea, since gold, silver, fire, polished copper, become proper for reflecting the air, and that troubled water and streaked ice lose this property. It is the variety of the sensation, and consequently the property of reflecting the air in the matter you employ, which distinguishes writing from drawing, drawing from engraving, and engraving from painting. Writing, drawing, engraving, painting, with only one colour, are so many cameos."

"But when there is only one colour, how can any other colour be discerned?"

"'Tis apparently the nature of the canvas, the thickness of the colour, and the manner of employing it, that introduces in the reflection of the air a variety corresponding with that of the forms.

For the rest, do not ask me anything more; I have gone to the utmost extent of my knowledge."

"And I should be giving myself a great deal of very useless trouble in endeavouring to teach you more."

I have not told you all respecting this interesting creature that I might have observed, if I had had more opportunities of seeing and interrogating her; and I give you my word of honour, that I have related nothing but what I witnessed myself. She died at the age of twenty. With an astonishing memory, and a penetration equal to it, what a progress might she have made in the paths of science, if Heaven had granted her a longer life! Her mother used to read history to her very much, and it was a function equally useful and agreeable to both.

THE COGITATIONS OF SCRIBLERUS.

No. IV.

"So far at present are our dreams in our power, that they are generally conformable to our waking thoughts."

BYRON.

I HAD prepared my writing paper last evening for my usual monthly essay, had nibbed my pen, and put a fresh quantity of ink into my glass, with the intention of treating my readers with a most sublime essay. I continued to turn over the last number of the *Repository*, and criticised on the lucubrations of my fellow-labourers in that journal, when I found myself become less and less qualified for the task I had undertaken. Whether this arose from the fatiguing dance I had had to my bookseller's in the city, or from taking an extra glass of "black bodied

port," I know not, but the pamphlet vanished, by degrees, before my eyes. I was no longer conscious of being in my study. I nodded, and soon fell into a profound sleep. The visions, however, of somnolency partook of my waking thoughts: methought the Magazine which I held in my hand was now upreared before me on my writing-table; the embellishments passed embodied before my sight, and at length the plate of fashions paused before me. Here methought two beautiful females in elegant costume stepped out of their envelope; they then joined hands and parad-

ed before me, in a manner in which I had seen the Lady Catherine of the galantée show promenade, to the great delight of a juvenile auditory; they then dropped a curtsey, and addressed me as follows:—"Mortal, whose province it is to cogitate for the readers of the *Repository of Arts*, attend to what we are about to say. We are deputed by the Genius of Fancy to conduct you to one of her depositories; follow then our instructions." At these words, the females vanished in the perspective, until they again fell into the leaves of the book; they then kissed hands to me, and were lost in the leaves. Suddenly, methought, a flight of literary bannings flew over my head, making a noise like the rustling of folios of paper; and as it subsided, a card fell on the ground, with the following inscription written in gold letters:—"Admit Johannes Scriblerus to our depôt," and signed, "Fancy." I was about to draw on a pair of silk stockings, preparatory to my expedition, and was trying to *coax* a small hole which appeared above my shoe, and in so doing had started a larger higher up, which no gaiter could cover; when I felt a slight tap on the shoulder, and catching my eye in my looking-glass, found my appearance so visibly changed, that, like the old woman in the song, I doubted "if it could be I." My rusty black coat was changed to a fashionable brown; my linen, which no laundress had had the temerity to wash for some weeks, except by flooding it with water, now looked beautifully white; a stiff frill, vying with that of a corporal of the guards, projected from my breast; wristbands,

of a length to cover my knuckles, nearly met two rings of diamonds; a scarlet silk under-vest gave a warm tint to my cheeks; my *culottes* were of black velvet, and my shoes were decked with latches of or-molu; nor was a *chapeau-bras*, with a *blind* cockade, wanting, to make me *au fait*.

Thus attired, I pass by "the rest of the stuff that dreams are made of," and proceeded to the scene of action. On my arrival, I passed through a pair of folding doors, formed of painted glass, and lighted by flames of gas in the shape of the mullet and lotus; when, arriving at a flight of steps, I was shewn into a large apartment or library. Its form was a parallelogram, and at its sides were arranged books, treating of works of art, of the most expensive and scarce kinds, ornamented with the most superb bindings. These rose to the *dado* of the wall. The part above was covered with works of the pencil; but in this collection no doubtful varnishings of old masters struck the sight, but those of the English school, which, perhaps, it is left to posterity duly to appreciate; and then only will the truth of a Hills, the silvery tints of a Varley, the breadth of Cristall, obtain the proper meed of applause. In a niche was a lovely figure of Psyche, rivalling marble; on chiffoniers of rose-wood stood busts of our beloved Monarch and the Prince Regent, surrounded with various ornaments of taste and virtue. From the centre of the ceiling hung an immense chandelier of bronze; library tables were placed for the convenience of reading books, at the end of which were

large urns of bronze, surmounted with ground glass lamps, which shed a tender light on all around. Over the chimney, at one end, was an inscription, the penmanship of the inimitable Tomkins.

Having for a time surveyed the inanimate inhabitants of the fairy scene, I turned my eyes to the animated part: the chairs were occupied by groups of females turning over books of pictorial embellishment. Here was a lovely brunette, darting an eye of piercing black over the Sports of India, and, in brilliancy, vying with the sparkling vision of the mimic tiger, to fascinate the unsuspecting beholder; there an eye of softest blue, viewing herself in the embellishment of a Shakspeare and a Milton, rivalling a Musidora or an Ophelia. In one place were groups of gentlemen discanting on the politics of the day; there a galaxy of females poring over modern costume. "The room you now stand in," said a gentleman in green, "is the one which was once kept by Mr. Shipley, from whose exertions emanated the Society for the Encouragement of Arts."—"It is then," said I, "classic ground."—"So far," continued my informant,

"you are right; as here a Cosway and a Mortimer first evinced those abilities which have done honour to their country. That gentleman," continued he, "who now enters the room, is the proprietor of the building; to him the public owe the national works of a *Microcosm*, a *Westminster Abbey*, and *Histories of Oxford and Cambridge*. He is fond of the society of literary men and of artists, and will always be glad to see you. But see, sir," continued he, "the party is dispersing, will you join us at the supper-table?" This, I thought, would be too familiar. I, therefore, for the present, declined it, promising, however, quickly to visit the Temple of Fancy again. Methought I was now set down at my own lodgings, and was about to pay the hackney-coachman; but, alas! the goddesses of Fancy had forgot to empty the 3s. 6d. out of my blue worsted pantaloon, and my velvet *culottes* were *sans sous*. Coachee was abusive. I was about to strike him, when my knuckles received a contusion. It awoke me, and I found myself, not in the Repository of Arts, but in the Inner Temple Chambers, preparing to rent a Cogitation.

FRAGMENTS FROM THE POCKET-BOOK OF AN AMATEUR.

PORTICOS.

OUR architects have not unfrequently been accused of impropriety, for having introduced into this country the architecture of Italy. It is urged, that the difference of climates will not admit a similar style of building; that colonnades and porticos, however

elegant, are but sacrifices of comfort to appearance in our humid atmosphere.

But if the validity of these objections against the portico be admitted, they must surely operate with double force against the viranda, which is the native of a still warmer clime. The former cer-

tainly appears better able to support the pelting of the storm, and less likely to be affected by the northern blasts, than the latter, which is formed of much more "penetrable stuff;" and surely with regard to appearance it is indisputably pre-eminent: if therefore beauty be at all worth our consideration (and in any of the fine arts it ought always to be a principal one), this alone would determine us in favour of the portico.

But admitting that the portico is only an useless appendage to a building, its extreme beauty would still plead strongly in its favour. "*Gran scusa al peccat é gran bellezza**," is a maxim which in architecture ought not to be wholly disregarded.

Can those who inveigh against the impropriety of adopting the Palladian model, survey with indifference the supreme elegance of a Chiswick, or the magnificence of a Wanstead or a Holkham? or can they contend, that any of these would be improved by a removal of the portico, the most conspicuous, perhaps not the least beautiful feature? Let it, too, be considered, that, notwithstanding the reproaches made against the ungenialness of our climate, the sun sometimes condescends to visit us. The portico has almost universally a southern aspect: in a bright day in winter, therefore, when the sun is low, it receives all its rays, and being sheltered from the north, affords an agreeable ambulatory, convenient from its proximity; to which advantages may sometimes be added the charm of interesting prospect.

* Great beauty atones for many errors.

In summer it will often be found inconveniently warm in the middle of the day, notwithstanding our English sky; yet even then the portico will afford a delightfully shaded lounge in an evening, for those who choose not to roam further.

Colonnades possess nearly similar advantages; yet as they are generally employed to connect the wings to the main building, they are more remote from the saloon or principal rooms; neither do they command so extensive a view: they form, however, a longer walk, and if of different aspects, sun or shade may be chosen, as best adapted to the temperature of the weather.

By moonlight, the portico or colonnade is not less attractive than by day. To the studious or invalid they must be very convenient: to the first, as affording a promenade at a short distance from the library, perhaps nearly contiguous; to the latter, not only as offering an opportunity of taking moderate exercise and of enjoying fresh air, but as affording a walk sheltered and perfectly dry at those times when the damp of the grass might render the lawn neither so secure nor pleasant.

The viranda does not possess equal advantages: it has not the spaciousness of the portico, nor the length of the colonnade; in beauty it has no pretensions to rival them: it may therefore be presumed, that no one would choose the former who could afford to build the latter. In street architecture the viranda has no utility, as very few, I presume, would choose to lounge in so conspicuous a situation. The portico may at least

have some appearance of utility, if only as an entrance. The colour of the viranda, which is, I believe, always green, gives it a vulgar look. Unless supported by columns, it conveys an idea of insecurity, which is no inconsiderable defect: at best, it appears to be not a part of the building to which it is attached, but an excrescence—something of a temporary erection. Yet how often does it happen, that

L'ennui du beau nous fait aimer le laid,
Et préférer le moindre au plus parfait.

WATT'S VIEWS.

This work contains some extremely beautiful subjects, beautifully executed; yet, as a collection of Views of Seats, it is very imperfect, and, as a *selection*, it exhibits a most singular capriciousness.

The views of Chiswick House, Wanstead, Houghton, Wrotham, and a few more are exquisite delineations of elegant buildings, and cannot fail to captivate every lover of architecture. *O si sic omnia!* But from these we turn to views of Harewood and Caen House (or rather prospects of the adjacent country, than views of those seats), of Hooton, Melton Constable, and Westwick: the three latter are destitute of all pretensions to beauty; nevertheless, they are admitted, while Blenheim and Castle Howard are excluded.

Yet surely Blenheim, as a national monument, ought not to have been overlooked; surely Castle Howard is not inferior either to Milton or Westwick House. Sir Joshua Reynolds did not think it unworthy to be particularised by him as one of the noblest fabrics which this country possesses.

GOthic ARCHITECTURE.

Gothic architecture has been of late years a favourite pursuit, and many scientific works have been published on the subject. The pencil of the artist has been almost unremittingly employed in delineating the noble specimens with which our island abounds; and the architect has not unfrequently copied them, and endeavoured to erect the modern villa from the remains of our abbeys and castles. It is not my intention, in this place, to discuss the comparative merits of Gothic and Grecian architecture; each style possesses beauties peculiar to itself, which are in many instances quite incompatible with the genius of the other.

The extended aisle, fretted roofs, and storied windows of the ancient cathedral, appear, from the awe and reverence which they inspire, to be peculiarly adapted to a place of devotion, to which the gloom and sombre hue of the whole adds not inconsiderably. The antiquity too of these sacred edifices, which have beheld a hundred successive generations within their walls, acts no less forcibly on the imagination. Were we to divest them of this solemn appearance of age, of their mysterious gloom and silence; in short, were we to renovate them, we should rob them of their greatest interest. At any rate, Gothic architecture does not appear well calculated for convenience of internal arrangement and domestic comfort; if characteristic, and undebased by capricious innovations, it will have a sombre air, ill according with the elegance of modern habits of living: it must, indeed, be confessed, that the Gothic

style would not be inappropriate in either the library or chapel; yet the other apartments ought not to be sacrificed to these alone.

A Gothic staircase has always proved a stumbling-block to modern architects; still, when a strict adherence is paid to beautiful models, a Gothic mansion may be tolerated: but this, from the delicacy and redundancy of its ornaments, will be attended with great expence, and, unless this is done, deformity is generally produced; plain windows and arches are hideous. If the ecclesiastic, that is, the conventual and cathedral style, is not the most eligible for a residence, the castellated is still less so.

An ancient castle, situated on a beetling cliff, or upon some bold eminence, surrounded by coeval woods and congenial wildness, whose massy walls and towers appear to bid defiance to the rage of elements, the force of war, or the power of time, is undoubtedly a highly noble, romantic, and picturesque object; yet who would select it for a dwelling? Enlarge its loopholes to modern sashes, remove the ponderous portcullis, in short, metamorphose it to a *spruce* building, with battlements, it becomes contemptible, calculated to please none but the most vicious taste. It would be as consonant to propriety, to change our houses into prisons or fortresses, as to quit the rules of Palladio for those of Vauban.

THE BEAUTIES OF ENGLAND AND WALES.

In prefixing this title to their work, it appears to have been the intention of the editors to select for its embellishment, such scenery or buildings as were most conspicu-

ous for elegance and beauty; this at least might be naturally expected: it is not, therefore, without great astonishment, that we find many subjects totally devoid of beauty, others so much misrepresented as to convey not the remotest idea of the originals. What person of common sense would expect to find the residence of the *celebrated* Dr. Solomon (certainly a snug comfortable sashed box) distinguished as one of the edifices most worthy representation? To judge by such specimens, our island must be very deficient indeed in beauty. But seriously speaking, it appears to be little less than an insult to the public, to insert such trash in any work that pretends to respectability. For instances of *misrepresentation*, let the views of Wanstead, Carlton House, and Whitehall, suffice.—“Nil fuit unquam sic dispar sibi!” Perhaps it is better to have such contemptible objects as Gilead House, executed in a corresponding style, than to behold edifices of real beauty delineated in so contemptible a manner.

These remarks are equally applicable to

THE BEAUTIES OF SCOTLAND, which exhibit, if possible, still less judgment in selection, and inferior execution. Edinburgh has supplied but two subjects; Glasgow and Aberdeen none. The two former cities contain some very elegant buildings, both public and private; although I believe they have never yet been delineated collectively in any graphic work of importance. It is, however, to be hoped, that, among the numerous splendid works daily publishing, some one will appear, which may

supply this deficiency, and enable those who have not visited our northern metropolis, to form a correct idea of its most prominent and characteristic features. Will not those artists who have given such eminent proofs of their abilities in the plates to Ackermann's *Westminster Abbey* and *Oxford*, employ them, at some not very distant period, upon subjects, which, if not equally beautiful, are, from their remoteness, less known? Such an undertaking could hardly fail of encouragement.

STATUES.

Many persons affect to consider the employing of statues as external ornaments, an absurdity. A critic of this sort will say, that, it is ridiculous to place a figure in such a situation as no living person could maintain, at least not for any length of time; nor is he able to behold them exposed to the severity of the weather, without expressing that commiseration, which perhaps he would not do for human beings in real distress.

To suppose for a moment, that any one can mistake a statue for a man, is to suppose a gross absurdity. Perfect illusion is far from being the aim of an artist: for were we to assume this as the criterion of excellence, we must allow, that the *chef d'œuvres* of Greece are inferior to wax-work. Even in the drama complete deception is not aimed at; nor would it, if attained, constitute superior excellence; else must Shakspeare be inferior to the writer of a modern farce.

Ridiculum odi, is the exclamation of those critics who pretend to reject with contempt every thing that is unnatural; not reflecting,

that, in all the imitative arts, much absurdity (or at least what according to their reasoning is absurdity,) must be admitted, or much excellence sacrificed. What is the poetic language of our best tragic poets, if estimated by this standard, but a glaring absurdity? what the polished diction of our best comic authors but an absurdity? in real life no one speaks blank verse, or maintains in conversation that true elegance which we so much admire on the stage. Every thing on the theatre is exaggeration — every passion heightened — all is less *natural* that it may be more pleasing; were it otherwise, a monstrous insipidity would be the result.

Might not those who affect to compassionate a statue exposed to the inclemencies of the seasons, as well pretend to regard with pain the representation of a storm in a picture; and with greater propriety, as the storm exhibits a picture of distress, whereas the statue discovers no signs of impatience or suffering. Statues are placed where no person could stand without being giddy: this, say they, is intolerably absurd; and is a portrait, which supposes an aperture in the wall, a less absurdity? where the ground is frequently represented, although the picture is placed at a considerable distance from the floor; consequently, were the aperture real, no pavement or floor could be seen. Might we not also quarrel with a painter for not giving motion to his figures, alledging it to be a gross defect to see figures apparently in motion, yet really stationary? If the artist had attained the highest excellence compatible with the rules and extent



ST LEONARD SHOREDITCH.

of his art, we ought not to blame him for not having performed impossibilities. What are those exquisite arabesques, reliefs, and sculptures, the pride of art, and the delight of those who have any relish for it, but absurdities, *amabilis insania*.

But to attempt to criticise the productions of art and imagination by the same rules that we apply to realities, must be confessed to be, of all absurdities, the greatest.

(*To be continued.*)

PLATE 28.—ST. LEONARD'S CHURCH, SHOREDITCH.

SHOREDITCH, the north-eastern avenue to the British metropolis, did not receive its name, according to the idle story, from the beautiful, but ill-fated Jane Shore, the mistress of Edward IV. who is said to have expired of want in a ditch. It is certain that this manor, formerly termed Sordich, some centuries before that period gave name to a distinguished family, of which Sir John de Sordich, a person eminently skilled in the laws, was sent by Edward III. to Pope Clement VI. to remonstrate against the right claimed by his holiness to present to English livings, which he filled with foreigners, who never resided on their cures, and thus drained the kingdom of its wealth. It is somewhat remarkable, that the pronunciation of the lower classes of the Londoners at present exactly corresponds with the ancient mode of writing this name.

In the time of Henry VIII. Shoreditch acquired much fame from Barlo, an inhabitant, and an expert archer, who, in a shooting-match at Windsor, gained the favourable notice of the king, who named him on the spot Duke of Shoreditch. This title the captain of the London archers retained for many years. The first duke gave a splendid match, though at the
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expence of the city, to his associates of the bow. On this occasion he summoned all his officers, with their train of archers, to accompany him to Smithfield. In compliance with this requisition, appeared the *Marquisses* of Clerkenwell, Islington, Hoxton, Pancras, Shacklewell, &c. marching in fantastical habits, characteristic of their mock nobility, and followed by hunters who wound their horns. Near a thousand of this gallant train had gold chains, and the rest were richly dressed. The archers, with their attendants, amounted to 4000 men, and after performing their evolutions, they shot at the target for glory.

At the northern extremity of Shoreditch, and facing the end of Old-street-road, stands the church of St. Leonard. Upon this spot there was, at a very early period, a religious edifice dedicated to the same saint; and there exist records relative to a dispute concerning it in the reign of Henry II. About the beginning of the last century, the old church, built of chalk and rubble, was so much out of repair, that on Sunday, Dec. 23, 1716, during divine service, the walls cracked with a frightful noise, and occasioned the fall of a considerable quantity of mortar, which so

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alarmed the congregation, that they fled on all sides to the doors, where many were severely injured in their efforts to escape. The surveyors reported, that the walls were utterly decayed, the pavement eight feet lower than the street, and the ceiling very low. The edifice was accordingly taken down, and the present church, erected in its stead, was finished about 1735.

It is a handsome stone building, to which there is an ascent by a double flight of plain steps, leading to a portico composed of four Doric columns, bearing an angular pediment. The body of the church is plain, but well lighted; and the steeple lofty, light, and elegant. The tower, at a proper height, has a series of Ionic columns, on the entablature of which are scrolls supporting as many Corinthian columns on pedestals. These again support a dome, from whose crown rises a series of columns of the Composite order: on their entablature rests the spire, with its vane, upon four balls, which give it an air of additional lightness. The tower contains a good ring of ten bells.

The interior is handsomely decorated. At the east end is a window of painted glass, one compartment of which represents the Last Supper. It was bought and set up in the old church, at the expence of certain of the parishioners, and seems to have formed one of the subjects of complaint urged by the puritanical reformers in 1642, against the Rev. Mr. Squire, the then vicar. Dr. Walker, in his *History of the Sufferings of the Clergy*, relates, that the tenth article exhibited against that divine

was, "allowing the picture of the Virgin Mary, and our Saviour and his twelve Apostles at his Last Supper, in glass."—"In return to which (continues the same writer), it must be known, that there was no picture of the Virgin Mary in his church; of our Saviour and his Apostles there was indeed. The parishioners would have had these taken down, and a crucifix erected in the room of them, but this Mr. Squire opposed. The figure taken for that of the Virgin was intended for St. John, whose face is represented as very effeminate."

On one side of this painting is another, which was in the east window of the third aisle of the old church. The subject of one compartment is the Reconciliation of Jacob and Esau. The second light is the Vision of Jacob; and the third represents that patriarch on his knees, with a scroll, bearing the words of Genesis xxxii. 10, in Latin, issuing from his mouth. Over these, in smaller lights, are the evangelists, with their proper symbols. On one side are the arms of the Clothworkers' Company, and on the other those of Mr. Austin, who, according to an inscription underneath, gave these embellishments in 1634. This part of the window is said, by the late Earl of Orford, in his *Anecdotes of Painting*, to have been executed by Baptista Sutton.

On each side of the altar are pictures of Aaron and Moses, given in 1740 by Mr. Thomas Page.

This church was repaired in 1766, and again in 1792. Its length is 130 feet; breadth, 72; height from the pavement of the portico, 192.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

MR. ACKERMANN has in the press, a *Common Prayer-Book*, in royal 8vo. with twelve beautiful engravings, from designs by Burney and Thurston.

Speedily will be published, *Historical Sketches of Russia*, by Mr. PAUL SVININE, the gentleman who brought the late General Moreau from America, and in whose arms he expired. It will comprehend particulars never before published, and twelve engravings, consisting of picturesque views, and portraits of the Emperor Alexander and the Empress, from paintings lately executed by himself; that of his Majesty being done not a month since, at his head-quarters in France.

Shortly will be published, in foolscap 8vo. *Tears of the Novel Writers*, or *Fiction's Urn*, a satirical poem: to which will be added, Epistles to the most celebrated Authors of the nineteenth century.

The Rev. John Townsend, of Bermondsey, has announced, by subscription, in two vols. 8vo. dedicated by permission to his Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester, a new edition of *A Defence of the Reformation*, by the learned and Rev. John Claude.

Mr. Roche, of Sudbury, is finishing for the press a poem, in quarto, to be entitled "*France*."

Mr. Alexander Walker has in the press the following works:—

1. *A Critical Analysis of Lord Bacon's Philosophy*, preceded by a historical sketch of the progress of science from the fall of the Roman empire till the time of Bacon; a biographical account of that philo-

sopher; a critical view of his writings in general; and a delineation of their influence over philosophy down even to the present times, two vols. 8vo.—2. *Outlines of a Natural System of Universal Science*, preceded by a preliminary discourse, exhibiting a view of the Natural System, and followed by refutations of all the prevalent hypotheses in philosophy, three vols. 8vo.—3. *A Natural System of the History, Anatomy, Physiology, and Pathology of Man*, adapted not only to the use of the professional student, but to that of the general reader, the amateur, and the artist; illustrated by numerous plates and synoptic tables, four vols. 8vo. and one folio.—These three works form one systematic series. The first is chiefly meant to deliver the great principles of modern science; the second, to combine its scattered facts under one theory, and to reduce them to one original, simple, and impressive system; and the third, to detail those particular portions of science which, of all, the author deems the most interesting.

Speedily will be published, *The Churchman armed against the Errors of the Times*, by the Society for the Distribution of Tracts in Defence of the Established Church. This work is on the plan, and a companion to *The Scholar Armed*, and will, like that, form two large vols. 8vo.

A work is announced by subscription, entitled *Roman Costume*, from the latter period of the Republic to the close of the Empire of the East, by a Graduate of the University of Oxford and F. S. A.

The valuable discovery of paintings and bronzes, by the excavations at Herculaneum, affords authentic originals for the dress at the beginning of the empire. The column of Trajan presents many specimens in the commencement of the following century, as does that of Antonine for the middle of it. The arch of Severus begins the succeeding one; that of Constantine the next; and the column of Theodosius the middle of the following one. Other pieces of sculpture, diptycs, and coins, fill up the intermediate times, and extend it to the end of the Empire of the West. That assiduous collector, Du Cange, and others, lend their able assistance towards the pursuit of costume in the Eastern Empire; and its latter periods have survived the ravages of time in illuminations on vellum, illustrating the literary productions of the age. The correct colours of the Roman dress are to be found, not only by a reference to the notices of their authors, but in the Herculaneum paintings, tessellated pavements, and Greek manuscripts.

The Origin of the Constitution, or the Identity of the Church and State in Great Britain, will appear in a few days, in a small octavo volume.

Major Landmann's *Historical, Military, and Picturesque Observations on Portugal*, illustrated by numerous coloured views; and authentic plans of all the sieges and battles fought in the Peninsula during the present war, will form two elegant volumes: the first comprising the military and political account of that country, from the

earliest period down to the time of publication; and the second volume, containing the author's Military Reconnoissances, the Local History and Picturesque Observations, embellished with views selected for the purpose of conveying as much military information as possible. The engravings, about seventy in number, will be accurately coloured, from the original drawings of the author; and the whole will be comprised in twelve or fourteen parts, published monthly, price one guinea each.

The Princess Elizabeth, whose literary and inventive powers have often been displayed through her pen and pencil, and which have always done so much credit to her exalted rank, has, we are informed, been long engaged in a series of biographical sketches, which, to a future age, are likely to constitute the secret memoirs of a considerable part of her father's eventful reign. Many beautiful drawings and engravings, after exquisite designs by this illustrious lady, already adorn the collections and libraries of the nobility. We understand, however, that she has latterly been engaged chiefly in painting subjects of natural history, a branch of art which she now prefers to works of mere imagination.

We learn also, that her Majesty has evinced royal munificence in her rich collection of illustrated books, in her newly formed and splendid library at Frogmore. Her Majesty's select library at the Castle evinces her taste and acumen in matters of general literature; but her library at Frogmore is an

example worthy of being followed by crowned heads and persons of high rank throughout Europe.

Early in the present month, a meeting took place at the London Tavern, for the purpose of effecting a reform or change in the treatment of insanity. Hitherto the insane have been subject to a severe and harsh treatment; and the strong principle of fear, sternly and indiscriminately applied, has been almost the only means adopted of correcting the wanderings of reason, or the diseased ebullitions of passion. It has, however, been ascertained, by an experiment made in a lunatic asylum, called *The Retreat*, at York, that better effects have resulted from a system, the prevailing feature of which is kindness, and even certain degrees of indulgence; and a laudable desire to extend the same system to the metropolis, led to this meeting at the London Tavern. The institution there proposed, and the design of which was zealously adopted by the meeting, is intended to be founded near London, for the accommodation of 400 patients of every class, upon terms suited to the poor as well as the rich. A space of not less than forty acres is to be allotted to the building, for garden ground and other purposes, either of pleasure or profit; the expences to be defrayed by a subscription of one thousand shareholders, at 100*l.* each. It was stated at the meeting, that an intelligent physician estimates the number of insane persons, in and near London, at six thousand; and that nearly half the number of patients admitted into the hospitals are every year dismissed incurable. In

the Retreat, at York, where the mild treatment has been acted upon for many years, the ratio is sixteen out of eighty-two old or hopeless cases, which have been discharged cured; in St. Luke's but eighteen out of three hundred and twenty-three; and in Bethlem but one out of seventy-eight. These facts are unerring proofs of the public duty of supporting the new system.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

A Selection from the Melodies of different Nations, including a few popular Airs, by celebrated Authors, united to original English Verses, never before published, with new Symphonies and Accompaniments for the Piano-Forte, by Muzio Clementi; the Poetry by David Thomson. Vol. I. Pr. 15s.

No one will deny, that a work of the above description, if conducted with judicious selection, by a combination of musical and poetical talent, must prove one of the greatest treats the cultivated amateur and even the professor can wish for; and we are free to add, these requisites appear to us to have had their full share of co-operation in the production of the publication before us. Of its poetical merit it would not become us to pronounce critically; but as far as our individual opinion, given without any pretension, may be accepted, we think Mr. T. has done much more than merely finding metre and rhyme for the various melodies contained in this volume; and, generally speaking, the fidelity of the translation is vouched by even the music itself, to which, in most cases, we were compelled

to resort for evidence, from our ignorance of the original texts; which, by the bye, we should have been glad to have found added to the Spanish, Italian, and German songs. In the case of the German air, however ("Cupid in London"), we must own, the melody feels the liberties that have been taken with the original text.

With regard to the musical arrangement, the name of Mr. Clementi, of which it boasts, will be sufficient to impart to the whole work classical distinction; and his share in the undertaking is the more precious and welcome, at a time when his unrivalled Muse seemed to have bid farewell to her lyre. In hearing the symphonies and the accompaniments to these melodies, we feel afresh, and with increased keenness, the loss we sustain by the veteran's repose from an active, long, and brilliant professional career.

As to the choice of the airs themselves, whether of Spanish, Italian, German, Russian, Gaelic, Irish, Scotch, English, or Persian growth, we perceive throughout the collection the discrimination of a refined taste and a matured judgment. The typographical execution of the work does the publishers great credit; its beauty may challenge competition with any musical publication in this country.

A Trio for the Piano-Forte, Flute, and Violoncello, in which is introduced the popular Air, "When War's Alarms," composed, and dedicated to Miss Littlejohn, by T. Haigh. Pr. 2s. 6d.

A composition of real merit. The character of the air upon which it is founded, has infused into the

whole a tinge of the steady old style; which, however, is so much in its place, and exhibited with so much skill, as to become attractive even to a modern ear of taste. Indeed, the science Mr. H. has displayed in the arrangement of his parts, his basses, the clever counterpoints, and fugued passages, places him very high in our estimation. Among the many individual portions of this publication, we content ourselves with noticing the coda, *p. 6*, the regular progress of which, by a range of syncopated chords upon a bass of successive fourths, has afforded us true gratification. The introductory prelude too is chastely conceived, proceeding with regular activity to the pause, which prepares for the *andante*. All is good.

Air from the Opera of Castor and Pollux, composed by Winter, with Variations for the Piano-Forte, by Gelinek. Pr. 2s. 6d.

From a most charming theme, the Rev. Mr. Gelinek has in this publication deduced six variations and a coda of exquisite workmanship, and of which it would not be easy to select any portion as deserving of preference over the remainder. The whole is a masterly performance, eminently entitled to our warmest commendation. It requires, however, considerable proficiency to do justice to it, as many of the passages are of somewhat a novel character, and as the left hand has its full share of active employment.

"Lison dormoit," a celebrated French Air, with Variations, composed by J. Mugnié. Pr. 2s. 6d.

Few subjects have been so often varied as this well known French

air; in which there is a *naïveté* and simplicity of melody, eminently susceptible of every kind of embellishment. Mozart himself has honoured it with his pen in the same manner as Mr. Mugnié, and, in our opinion, the labour of the latter is by no means obscured by a comparison with the variations of the great German Orpheus. What we peculiarly approve in the publication before us, is, the effective employment of the left hand. In the second variation, the two hands are in constant alternate play; in the third, the bass has an active triplet accompaniment, interspersed with crossed-hand touches; and, in the fourth, the passages of the bass are numerous and appropriate. The *adagio* (var. 5,) is a fanciful and really elegant production; but somewhat intricate, on account of the diversity of time in the notes that represent the melody.

Vittoria, Field Marshal Wellington's Grand Victory, a Military Bravura for the Piano-Forte, composed by M. Holst. Pr. 3s.

A military *bravura* for the bayonet, unquestionably; but less so for the piano-forte. This we mention for the author's advantage, lest such an appellation might unnecessarily deter modest merit from venturing upon the performance of his composition, which appears to us by no means of difficult execution; on the contrary, every thing lies well under the hand; nor is there any display of profound or even uncommon harmony, which might startle the perception of a common musical ear. The two movements, a march and a waltz, in three flats, proceed with regular propriety, through their several

component phrases, in a smooth and agreeable manner, and, what is now-a-days of no small merit, with constant attention to the requisites of correct harmony.

A second Air, with Variations, for the Piano-Forte, composed, and inscribed to Miss Marshall, by J. F. Burrowes. Pr. 2s.

On a very simple theme, Mr. B. has engrafted six or seven variations, in the conception of which we observe less novelty of ideas, than agreeable ease and volubility. We think the 4th var. entitled to preferable commendation; its delicate semitonal shades render it peculiarly graceful and select: the minore (var. 6.) is likewise respectable; and the coda, with its repetitive bass manœuvres, is neatly imagined. The whole being free from executive intricacy, will be found a proper exercise for players of rising ability.

Instructions for the Piano-Forte, consisting of 32 progressive Lessons; fingered, prefaced, and interspersed with various necessary Observations; to which is added, a short Prelude in the seven principal Keys: the whole composed, selected, and arranged by F. I. Klose. Pr. 5s.

As a compendium to be used under the direction of a master, this elementary work appears to us very eligible: it is perspicuous and concise indeed, the whole of the preparatory instruction being contained in three pages. That such contracted limits must have left it to the master to supply by oral instruction many things generally included in such treatises, is natural. The chapter of the scales of the different keys, for instance,

is omitted, although the keys themselves are regularly introduced in the lessons which follow the didactic part, and occupy the principal portion of the publication. These lessons, indeed, constitute its great merit: the author's care to render them scrupulously progressive, and the judgment with which he guides his pupil from step to step, initiating him, *en passant*, as it were, in a variety of essential points, not only deserve great praise, but impress us with a high opinion of Mr. K.'s qualifications as a teacher.

Cherubini's Overture to Anacreon, arranged for the Piano-Forte, Flute, Violoncello, and an (ad libitum) Accompaniment for the Harp, inscribed to H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge, by J. Mazzinghi. Pr. single, 2s. 6d.; with Accompaniments, 4s.

The applause with which this fine overture has recently been publicly performed, will no doubt render its publication in the present form very acceptable to the amateur of true taste and matured ability. The latter requisite we think indispensable; for it is not a common player that will do justice to the music of Cherubini; a master, whose compositions aim at originality, whose harmonies are devised with art, and whose bold effects surprize at every step. This is the character, too, of the overture before us; and that character is not only well preserved by Mr. Mazzinghi's arrangement, but his judgment in compressing and properly distributing the aggregate work of a full orchestra among so few hands, is eminently conspicuous.

No. XVI. *Dr. Haydn's celebrated military Air, with Variations for the Piano-Forte, Harp, Flute, and*

Violoncello, composed, and inscribed to Miss Graham, of Netherby, Cumberland, by J. Mazzinghi. Pr. 5s.; single, 3s.

Often as we have heard this military air of Haydn's (the most popular piece perhaps of any he has composed), we have again heard it with delight in the dress which Mr Mazzinghi has given it. He has truly seized the spirit of his author, without disfiguring the chasteness of the melody by overloaded embellishments; and as the manner in which it is published, renders the piano-forte part complete without the other instruments, and as the passages are devised with due attention to digital convenience, we cannot but recommend Mr. M.'s labour to the favour of our musical readers.

Le Retour à Bath, a Divertimento for the Piano-Forte, with (ad libitum) Accompaniments for the Harp and German Flute, composed by G. Kiallmark. Pr. 5s.; single, 4s.

Of the four successive movements (*invariably* in F major), constituting this divertimento, the first, a moderato, is, in our opinion, by far the most interesting; its ideas are pleasing, and strung together in easy connection, so as to form a pertinent *tout ensemble*. In the theme of the military movement (p. 4), Mr. K. has been less successful; it is ordinary; the variations, although certainly free from blame, do not rise beyond the common level of that species of composition; and the kind of coda appended rather abruptly to the last variation, does certainly add nothing to its value. As the third movement is, bar for bar, a copy of Mr. Braham's "Though love is

warm awhile," we have no critical vocation towards it. The *vivace* which follows it, is a variation upon the before-mentioned air, devised with propriety; and the coda, which terminates it, is of a nature to give satisfaction. Although this divertimento contains much active employment for the fingers, the passages yet lie sufficiently under the hand to be mastered by moderate players, for whose practice the whole appears to us very proper.

The much admired Overture for the Piano-Forte, with an Accompaniment for the Flute or Violin (ad lib.) to the new Pantomime, called Harlequin and the Swans, or the Bath of Beauty, as performed at the Theatre Royal Covent-Garden, composed by W. H. Ware. Pr. 2s. 6d.

The slow movement by which this overture is ushered in, has given us much satisfaction. Short as it is, it has been constructed with feeling and chaste simplicity; the successive portions in F major, F minor, A b major, and the close in C, are natural and aptly linked. The second movement, a waltz, is likewise neat and proper; the third is the air of Crazy Jane adapted for the bugle; and the fourth and last movement, formed upon a Scotch subject, although the least interesting, may possess sufficient attraction in the judgment of a mixed pantomime audience.

"*The Oyster crossed in Love*," the popular Duet sung by Messrs. Duruset and Grimaldi in the new Pantomime of Harlequin and the Swans, composed and adapted for the Piano-Forte by W. H. Ware. Pr. 1s. 6d.

There is a good deal of tasteful No. LXV. Vol. XI.

melody in this curious duet; and the humorous idea of making a lovesick oyster tell his woes to Grimaldi, is much assisted by the affecting strains which the composer has assigned to the disconsolate naïve. The effect, however, can only be judged from witnessing the scene itself; it required strong muscles to preserve seriousness at seeing the oyster's *shake* represented by a quivering motion of the two shells, in waggish imitation, perhaps, of a celebrated female singer, whose under jaw frequently acts a very similar part in passages of executive difficulty.

"*The smart little Mid*," a favourite Ballad sung by Master Williams in the Pantomime of Harlequin and the Swans, by W. H. Ware. Pr. 1s. 6d.

As it would be preposterous to look for great originality or superlative excellence in a little ballad merely intended to introduce the infant vocal powers of Master Williams, we are not disposed to exert strict criticism on the trifle before us. It has the negative merit of not being liable to particular objection, except that of leaving the hearer in doubt whether he had not heard it before.

Two Solos for the Flute, composed by M. P. Corri. Op. 5. Pr. 1s. 6d.

Although solos, they are by no means bravuras for the flute; but rather exercises of an easy nature, so as to come within the sphere of middling players, who will derive instruction and entertainment from their study.

Hodsoll's Collection of Duets for two Performers on one Piano-Forte. No. XXXIV. Pr. 1s. 6d.

Mr. M. P. Corri has, in the pre-

sent number, arranged the well known dance *Juliana*, and appended a minor part to it, in a manner which we should deem rather too plain and common, did we not think his aim to have been to produce something within the reach of almost incipient players.

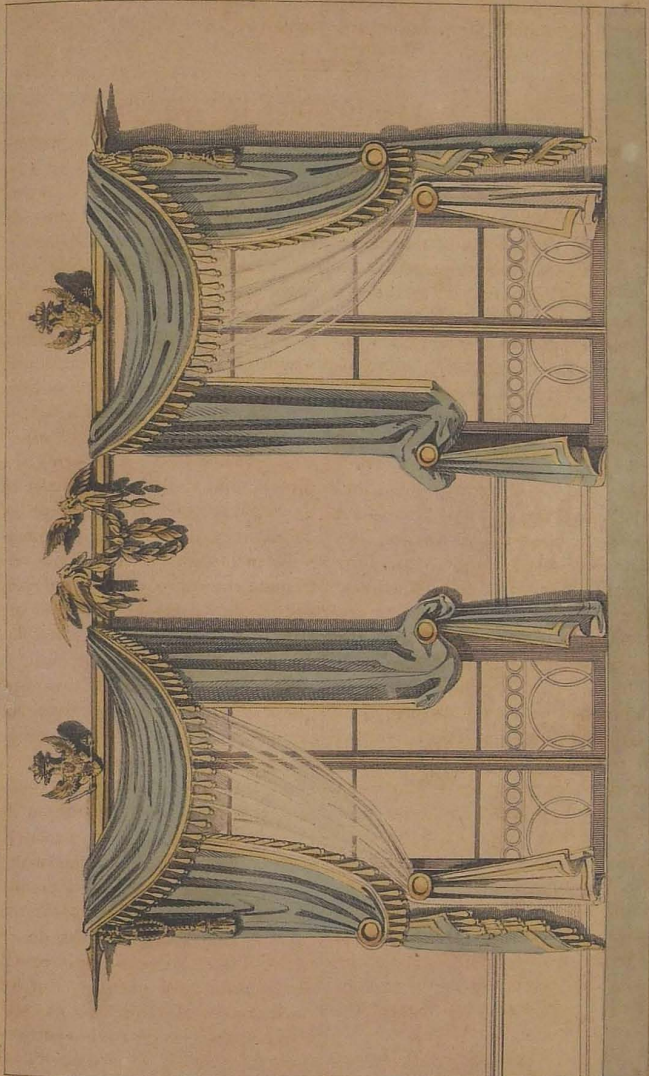
PLATE 29.—FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

AMONG the variety of advantages derived from the fine arts, perhaps the most prominent is, the faculty of commemorating passing events. The efforts of the pencil produce indelible impressions on the mind. Painting is to the eye what poetry is to the ear. An event related in harmonious verse warms the imagination and acquires additional interest; but the painter collects in his design scattered and collateral occurrences, the eye comprehends at one view each particular circumstance, and the mind, wrapt up in the object before it, suffers no distraction: we are insensibly transported amid the group delineated on the canvas; we cease to be mere spectators, we actually participate for the moment in the scene before us.—The memory being more strongly impressed with what we see, than with that which is only a subject of narration, produces this superiority of painting over the sister art. The sight of an object possessing any allusion to a past event, seldom fails to excite all those feelings of which the circumstance itself was capable. The wish to obtain this gratification is natural and honourable, and he who exercises his talent in the promotion of this feeling, promotes the best interests of society.

We generally delight to cherish the recollection of a memorable

event by reference to surrounding objects. In a minor class of productions of this nature, our domestic furniture is well calculated to produce this effect, when so contrived as to be sufficiently conspicuous, without being obtrusive. Many articles of furniture have lately been offered to the public, which combine purity of invention with much elegance and utility: for this we are indebted to the improved taste of the age, which sees the necessity of inviting the professional ability of the artist in the appropriate arrangement of domiciliary decoration. The manufacturer finds it necessary to anticipate the wants of his employer, and to call for the assistance of the arts, to furnish him with such designs as the season and circumstances may require: this frequent application to professional talent for correct design, induces artists of the higher order to bend themselves to it, and submit the luxuriant production of their imaginations to the practical experience of the manufacturing tradesman. This is highly creditable to both parties; it marks the taste of the latter, and the desire of the former to render his pencil more diffusively useful. But we must refer all this to its real source—the munificent encouragement afforded by the higher classes.

The late glorious events which



DESIGN FOR WINDOW CURTAINS.

have so thickly crowded on us, give a new spur to such exertions. The design for a suit of drapery window-curtains, represented in our present plate, is produced under the inspection of Morgan and Sanders, of Catherine-street, Strand, who so constantly distinguish themselves as indefatigable caterers for the public taste. The whole design and colouring of the drapery are correct and appropriate. The azure and white, which may be sprinkled with lilies, are the colours of the legitimate dynasty of France, and are beautifully correspondent with the opening season. The eagle of Russia surmounts the whole, in allusion both to the superiority she has obtained

in arms, and in just compliment to her magnanimous forbearance, and her noble and respectful conduct towards the French capital, as a seat of the fine arts. The doves sporting with laurel, the insignia of victory, are emblematical of confidence, and of the security and repose of peace, to whom the ensigns of war are no longer terrible. Indeed to the fertile imagination, this design, though not incumbered with ornament, will appear replete with the most delicate conceits and comprehensive allusions; and will probably lay the ground-work of happier efforts in emblematical and splendid furniture, than have yet been produced.

EXHIBITION OF PAINTERS IN OIL AND WATER COLOURS,
At the Great Room, Spring-Gardens.

PROUD as we feel of the honour which the country has derived from the ingenuity of its artists in the discovery of Painting in Water Colours, we cannot but feel great satisfaction in offering to our readers some observations upon certain of the works that appear this year upon the walls of their Exhibition. We earnestly hope, that such a display of talent, that such an intellectual feast as is there offered to the lovers of works of taste, will be honoured by numerous guests, and by many whose munificence and patriotic feelings will lead them to cherish that genius, which has proved England to be no less celebrated for her arts, than for her extensive commerce and her prowess in arms.

4. *The Isle of Elba*.—J. Smith.

This little drawing will excite some interest, from its being a faithful representation of the place destined to receive the deposed Corsican tyrant, the wretch so justly execrated by the whole civilized world. The town, which lies toward the sea, is surmounted by a lofty rock, upon which stands an extensive castle, commanding the shore for a considerable distance. The island appears to be very romantic, and the town of some extent. Mr. Smith has two drawings of this island in this Exhibition, from which engravings will shortly be published.

41. *Windsor Castle—Morning*.—W. Hunt. Painted in oil.

The cheerfulness of a bright
P P 2

summer's morning is described in this cabinet picture with much truth. On a rich meadow, herds of cattle are grazing: the grass is of vivid green, softening into a dewy atmosphere; and the grand continuity of the royal castle is naturally represented in that vapour which the time of day so frequently produces, and which forms so grand a feature for a picture.

50. *Cottage in Hyde Park.*—Miss Goldsmith. Picture in oil.

This fair artist has represented the subject of her imitation with her usual fidelity, both as to form, effect, and colour. Of the many views of this rural building, with its accompanying scenery--the Serpentine river, the woody grounds, and other picturesque appendages, we do not remember one that has formed so complete and satisfactory a cabinet picture.

51. *Scene near Montgomery, South Wales.*—J. Glover. Painted in oil.

The taste displayed by Mr. Glover in the choice of his subjects, has often been spoken of with praise by the admirers of English landscape scenery. All that is romantic and picturesque, is frequently combined in his pictures with a pleasingness of effect that renders his landscapes cheerful to the utmost degree. This scene, which is richly clothed with trees, is cool and fresh in colour, from so great a portion being under shadow; whilst a ray of light from the declining evening sun, appears through an opening, and rests, with magical brilliancy, upon a broken sandy bank, covered with sheep. There are great clearness of colouring, harmony of effect, and

spirited execution in this performance, which is a perfect imitation of nature in its most enchanting garb.

65. *Solomon's wise Judgment.*—Haydon.

Sacred history has perhaps not furnished a subject that has been more frequently chosen by the painter than the Judgment of Solomon. It has been represented by most of the celebrated historical painters of the Italian, Bolognese, Flemish, and other schools, with various success. In this work of Mr. Haydon's, we perceive the nearest approach to the moment so beautifully described in the sacred book. The royal Jewish dispenser of justice is seated on his throne, richly clad, and has a countenance truly characteristic of the great and the wise Solomon. The two women, mothers of the children, possess the feelings by which we could almost discover the story without the aid of the historian. The mother of the dead child has a countenance which shews at once that she is an impostor; it is fraught with unfeelingness, cunning, and exultation at the terrible order of the judge, anxious for its execution; whilst the mother of the living infant is all emotion, lest the soldier should put it in force; her countenance describes the agony of her soul. There is a fine episode in the composition. A mother, who is a spectator in the court, on hearing the determination of the judge, is seizing her two children, and, in terror, is rushing from the spot. The children too partake of her fears. The other figures are well conceived and full of character. We can easily assi-

mitate them to this distant period of Jewish history. As an epic picture, we may rank this with similar works of any age; the story is told with great pathos; and, as a piece of colouring, we hesitate not to say, it is equal to any production of the British school.

61. *Windsor Castle*.—W. Turner.—Painted in oil.

The variety of views which have been made of this ancient royal castle, from the time of Paul Sandby to the present day, have yet left ample scope for the display of the talents of the topographical painter; indeed, it offers so many fine forms, from the various points of view, such variety of parts, and such majestic grandeur when regarded as a whole; added to which, the constant change of effect which its vast extent admits of from the varieties of clouds, sun, and atmosphere, that no two representations, if painted with attention to the real view, can be alike.

The small picture by Mr. Hunt, represents the effect of morning; this, by Mr. Turner, is painted under the influence of the blazing light of noon, when every part of the building is seen in the full splendour of light, shadow, and colour. The grand combination of the castle towering above the town, and the river, with its rushy margin, reflecting the surrounding objects, composes a fine scene. This picture is rich and harmonious, is painted with great vigour, and is a faithful imitation of nature.

122. *Farm-Yard—Twilight*.—

R. Hills.

That period of the day when the landscape is every moment becoming less visible, has ever

been a subject on which the poet has delighted to dwell: greater scope is given to his fancy, and less limited are his means than those of the painter; yet we have occasionally seen pictures that describe this point of time with an effect that charms the mind, and excites all those pleasing reflections that twilight is wont to produce. The poet, as well as the painter, has generally chosen imagery of a classic order, to adorn his descriptions of the moment of departing day. In this picture the artist has drawn his imagery from an humbler source. The scene is a farm-yard, wherein is represented the team returning from the field, and the cows ruminating before they go to rest. The blazing hearth is illuminating the windows of the farmhouse, and tells us of the busy housewife's care in providing the comfortable repast for the industrious husbandman, whose daily toils are over. The sweet serenity which pervades this picture, reminds us of the evening of a genial summer's day; the colouring and effect are strictly conformable to nature; the cattle are admirably grouped; and the scene is truly characteristic of that comfort which is to be found in the British farm.

258. *Cattle—Scene on the Lake of Ullswater*.—R. Hills.

Truth of drawing, variety in grouping, with natural and brilliant colouring, are manifested in this composition. The woods which grow upon the banks of the lake, form a rich fore-ground; the cattle are finely relieved upon the pure grey tint of the water. They are executed with scrupulous attention to their respective characters, are

well grouped and highly finished ; the trees are touched with lightness, and are grand in form and finely coloured. The effect of the whole is bright and cheerful, and describes the evening of an autumnal day.

268. *Farm-Yard*.—R. Hills.

Every class of painting, every subject, whether the creation of the mind, or the portraiture of any particular place or person, when treated by the hand of a master, will delight the true connoisseur. A collection of paintings, like a library of books, should contain variety, to make it pleasing. The peculiar study of this artist has been, the portraying of picturesque domestic animals, accompanied by such scenery and circumstances as are fitted to their habits. By perseverance in this walk, all the pictures of Mr. H. are faithful transcripts of nature, and never fail to make a due impression upon the admirers of art. This rural picture is composed entirely of circumstances which would occur in the rural scene. The barn is rudely built, the cattle are such as accord with the place; the occupation of the women and the other figures are domestic. The colouring has locality and truth. These requisites combined, produce in this, as in all other of Mr. H.'s works, pictures that every one can comprehend, and all must wish to possess.

285. *Forest Horses*.—R. Hills.

The same attentive observance of nature is manifest in this cabinet drawing of forest horses. They look all wildness and agility, and are placed upon precipitous banks, as is usual with these hardy animals,

where they seek the weeds that grow in the crevices of rocks, &c. The white mare looking round upon her foals, with her profuse mane flying in the wind, is most exquisitely painted.

304. *Fallow Deer*.—R. Hills.

A beautiful cabinet drawing. These innocent inhabitants of the forest are represented in their favourite haunts. In a sequestered spot, they seek at noon the cooling stream. All the rich varieties of their dappled skins are here most faithfully copied: the action, look, and character of the fallow deer are truly portrayed.

155. *Choir of Christ-Church Cathedral, Oxford*.—F. Mackenzie.

Were it not so generally known and acknowledged, that the art of painting in water colours had attained an excellence in this country unknown to any former age or nation, we should fear to speak with such unqualified praise of many works that have appeared in this and former Exhibitions, not only of the Painters in Water Colours at Spring Gardens, Bond-street, &c. but also of the Royal Academy—works that have nearly approached the perfection of art.

Of the merit of this drawing, the Choir of Christ Church, it is perhaps not saying too much, that it is the finest specimen of architectural drawing that has ever met the public eye. Indeed we did not conceive, that the power of painting in this style could extend so far. It is the opinion of many respectable connoisseurs, as well as painters and architects, that no artist has ever produced so true an imitation of an interior of a Gothic building. The most scrupulous

attention to the details of this beautiful and magnificent structure, is united with the most powerful effect of light and shade. Every part of the building, the roof, windows, pillars, floor, and the stalls, with their rich carvings, is defined with the utmost boldness of effect and richness of colour; and yet the whole has an union, a breadth, and an air of grandeur and solemnity that words cannot express. Never did painter more completely prove, than by this extraordinary production, the truth of the axiom, "That correct drawing and attention to parts are not incompatible with the production of a grand whole."

176. *The Theatre, Oxford, at the Annual Commemoration; with the Ceremony of conferring the Degree of Doctor in Civil Law.*—T. Uwins.

The doctor presented is passing up the steps to take his seat; the vice-chancellor, who occupies the centre chair, rises to receive him. On the right hand of the vice-chancellor is the high steward, on the left the regius professor of divinity; below, with their caps on, sit the proctors; noblemen, heads of houses, and doctors in the several faculties, fill up the semicircle. On the floor other doctors in their scarlet gowns wait to be presented, and behind them noblemen, about to take their master's degree, accompanied by the deans of their respective colleges. At each extremity of the semicircle sit the curators of the theatre, and over them are the seats of the regius professors of physic and law. The rostrum on the left of the picture is that from which the successful candidates for the prizes recite

their compositions; and that on the right is occupied by the poetry professor, or public orator, whose business on this occasion is to make a Latin speech, in commemoration of the founders and benefactors of the university.

This theatre was built by Sir Christopher Wren, and was designed to receive a splendid auditory, such as is represented in the drawing. Few persons can judge of the merit of the architect's design, unless the building be seen thus crowded: the figures in combination with the architecture alone finish the effect. This picture of the theatre is decidedly the finest representation of a crowded assembly that we have seen. The splendour of the academic dresses, the fine arrangement of the figures, the brilliant light and shadow, render it one of the most distinguished works in the whole collection. It is a truly interesting historical picture.

293. *Hall of Christ Church, Oxford.*
—A. Pugin.

At no period has so general a taste for topographical pictures existed, as at the present. Perhaps no species of painting possesses so many admirers; for the associations united with faithful portraits of ancient buildings, convey more interesting recollections, and more affecting ideas of the affairs of mankind, in times past, than any other monuments. The mind, when in viewing these magnificent works of our forefathers, naturally embraces the pleasing thought, that, within these walls, lived and acted those great characters of whom history delights to speak. In this very hall, how oft had its illustrious

founder sat at the table, surrounded by the learned men whose genius had been called forth by his munificence! Here too the unfortunate Charles held his councils, when the loyal University of Oxford armed in defence of his injured person; and here, for many months, he and his queen were held in safety, although the place was surrounded by hosts of foes, thirsting for his blood. Mr. Pugin has in this picture given such identity of parts and such

general effect, that you are actually within the hall. The correctness of the perspective, the truth of light and shade, the beauty of details, and the purity of colouring, are so happily united in this magnificent subject, that we are astonished at the power of an art, that can thus, on so small a space, produce an imitation so illusive as to make the spectator feel, that he is contemplating the real fabric.

(*To be continued.*)

RETROSPECT OF POLITICS.

"THE ALLIED POWERS HAVING PROCLAIMED, THAT THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON WAS THE ONLY OBSTACLE TO THE RE-ESTABLISHMENT OF THE PEACE OF EUROPE, THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON, FAITHFUL TO HIS OATH, DECLARES, THAT HE RENOUNCES FOR HIMSELF AND HIS HEIRS THE THRONES OF FRANCE AND ITALY; AND THAT THERE IS NO PERSONAL SACRIFICE, EVEN THAT OF LIFE, WHICH HE IS NOT READY TO MAKE TO THE INTEREST OF FRANCE.

*"Done at Fontainebleau,
the 6th of April, 1814."*

(Signed) "NAPOLEON."

THE Almighty Disposer of events has heard the prayers of the human race. Here, at last, is the charter of the reviving happiness of the world, the golden fleece, which the champions in the holy cause, at the head of their nations from the Wolga, the Neva, the Spree, the Danube, the Rhine, the Tejo, the Thames, the Baltic; in short, the legions of leagued Europe, have, with the valour of their sword, extorted from the execrated tyrant in his very den.

Although by thus prefixing to

our present portion of monthly annals the hypocritical act of Napoleon's abdication, we have given at once the sum total of their intended contents, still the recital of the events themselves which led to this unexpected, wonderful, nay, miraculous catastrophe, not only retain their full importance, but by their very result acquire heightened interest. We confess, however, that the task is beyond our powers, humble in themselves, but at this time scarcely sobered from the marvel, the stupor, the intoxicating delight into which the intelligence so recently plunged our senses. Under such circumstances it is not cant to ask for indulgence.

In our last Retrospect we expressed some anxiety as to the issue of the great political drama. The negotiations at Chatillon, incessantly pursued, *only* aimed at a reduction of Bonaparte's usurped empire; the quantum of its extent was the only question of disagreement, not its legitimacy: we saw the surprising efforts of Napoleon

muster the remains of his decrepid means into an effective force, with which, aided by his almost superhuman activity and by his military talent, he had for some time alternately made head against the vastly superior armies of Blücher and Schwarzenberg, and even obtained considerable advantages; and although experience had created full confidence in the skill of the allied chiefs and in the valour of their soldiers, the events of the whole of the month of February and of the first half of March were not calculated to impress a conviction of a cordiality and sincerity in the co-operation of all the sovereigns acting a part in the great struggle.

Even Blücher's victory at Laon, in which General Kleist again added new lustre to a name already immortal, was productive of no decisive result. Bonaparte, finding the judicious position of Blücher impregnable, abandoned the idea of pursuing his intended plan against the Prussian veteran, and resolved on a more to face Schwarzenberg. After his retreat from Laon he filed off to the right towards Rheims, which General St. Priest had taken by storm on the 12th. Two days after it (14th) Napoleon approached the city with a considerable part of his army. St. Priest, who awaited his arrival in a position before the walls, was attacked by a very great superiority of numbers, himself mortally wounded, and his corps defeated with the loss of at least 2000 men, the remainder making good their retreat upon Blücher's army, which they joined on the 16th. On the same day Bonaparte broke up from

Rheims, directing the bulk of his army (except the corps of Marmont and Mortier, which were left to observe Blücher's movements,) by Chalons, Eprenay, and Fere Champenoise, towards the Aube.

Meanwhile Prince Schwarzenberg's army had again moved towards Paris, crossed the Seine, and advanced as far as Provins and Villenoxe; but as soon as Bonaparte's approach was ascertained, the watchful Austrian generalissimo drew in his troops, to put himself in the enemy's way; and with that view placed his army on the left bank of the Aube, between Pongy and Arcis, which latter town was already occupied by the French army, the centre and left extending along the right bank of the river. On the 20th March, Bonaparte, by manœuvres and reconnoissances, tried the position of his opponent; but although by the possession of Arcis, he was perfectly master of the passage of the Aube, he found the countenance of his adversary too imposing to deem the crossing of the river, in the face of the allies, advisable.

Bonaparte now resolved upon a new plan of operation, in the adoption of which, it is possible, he may have been influenced by the receipt of the intelligence of the rupture of the negociations at Chatillon; which took place on the 18th. On the 21st, the bulk of the French army suddenly left the Aube, and filed off eastward. However surprised by this unexpected movement, Prince Schwarzenberg did not remain an idle spectator; the French rear-guard at Arcis was immediately attacked by the Prince Royal of Wurtemberg, com-

pletely defeated, Arcis retaken, and part of the Austrian army passed to the right bank of the Aube, the remainder crossing on the 22d.

Here we have arrived at that most memorable epoch, which proved decisive of the issue of the campaign, of the fortunes of Napoleon, of the destinies of France, of the fate of Europe. The direction of Bonaparte's mysterious movement remained not long in doubt, although its object could scarcely be divined by any person of even ordinary military talent. It evidently appeared, that Napoleon had adopted the inconceivable, the desperate resolution of passing with his army, between that of Blücher and the forces under Schwarzenberg, into Lorraine, and to operate upon the rear of the grand army; leaving Champagne (hitherto so well contested by him), and even Paris, to their own fate. It is probable, that, by this daring manœuvre, he hoped at least so far to alarm Prince Schwarzenberg, as to induce him to fall back into Lorraine likewise, by which means the grand army would have been thrown out of the reach of a junction with that of Blücher. This manœuvre might have been attended with the expected result had Bonaparte's army been 100,000 men, instead of 50 or 60,000, or had the awe of his "profound" military genius been the same as it was a few years ago; and above all, had he had to deal with an opponent of less sagacity and resolution than Prince Schwarzenberg. In his present circumstances, it was the height of infatuation to think of such a step.

The German generalissimo, with the eye of a true military genius, instantly perceived, not only his enemy's blunder, but the glorious opportunity which it offered, to terminate the war with one blow, by marching at once to Paris. He not only suffered the great Napoleon to run unmolested into his own ruin, to cross the Marne near Vitry, and march absolutely out of the way to St. Dizier; but even so far humoured and deceived his devoted opponent, as to proceed with the allied army to Vitry (23d), as if he intended to follow the traces of the French army. Bonaparte's whole army now was completely behind the curtain, with the exception of the two corps of Marmont and Mortier, the only regular troops still between the Marne and Paris; and Blücher's army having come down from the Aisne, and its left wing being put in communication with the right wing of Prince Schwarzenberg, these two great armies, full 180,000 men strong, proceeded by forced marches upon Paris (24th); the former advancing by Etoges and Montmirail, and the latter by Fere Champenoise, Sezanne, and Coulomiers, equally upon Meaux. The two corps of Marmont and Mortier had also been ordered to join Bonaparte on his wild-goose chase, but, to their great surprise, they found the road blocked by the advancing army of Prince Schwarzenberg, and it was not without difficulty and great loss that they fell back upon the capital. Another corps of 5000 men, chiefly conscripts, which escorted a great convoy of provisions destined for Bonaparte's army, after falling in with Blücher's cavalry, and retiring before

it, fell into the very midst of Prince Schwarzenberg's troops, and, after a brave resistance, was forced to surrender (26th). In this affair the aide-de-camp of General Moreau, Col. Rapatel, was killed.

On the 27th the Silesian army reached Meaux, and on the 28th it repulsed the enemy in a severe action at Claye.

On the 29th the grand army likewise crossed the Marne at Meaux, and drove the enemy as far as Pantin, in the environs of Paris, the north side of which was now surrounded by the combined allied armies, stretching from Bondi towards Montmartre.

In this critical state of affairs, Joseph Bonaparte made a shew of assuming the chief direction of the defence of the capital, the national guard of which, together with other detached bodies, was added to the two corps of Marmont and Mortier, and the whole placed in positions well defended by redoubts and batteries, from Montmartre to Belleville. But Joseph, in imitation of his brother's frequent example, bethought himself of his personal safety, and fled from Paris. A flag of truce, which the Emperor Alexander and the King of Prussia had sent on the 29th, to offer terms to the city of Paris, was not admitted; dispositions were therefore made for bringing up the troops for the attack of the French positions on the next day. Accordingly, on the 30th, about noon, the assault took place. After a most obstinate struggle, the heights of Belleville were carried, and the right wing of the Parisian army driven within the gates of the capital. Marshal Marmont now

requested an armistice, which was granted, on condition that the French positions at Montmartre should also be given up; and in the night, or rather at two o'clock in the morning of the 31st, the capitulation of Paris was signed, in consequence of which the two corps of Marmont and Mortier had to evacuate the city at seven o'clock A. M. not to be pursued till two hours after; and thus Paris, with all its magazines, was ceded to the valour of the allied arms.

To revert to the operations of Bonaparte, we shall here briefly state, that when he found how completely he had been duped, or rather had duped himself, he faced about, and, by forced marches, dragged his army from St. Dizier, by Troyes, Nogent, and Sens, to Fontainebleau, where it arrived on the 31st of March (but one day too late to dispute the possession of the capital), and was joined by the two corps of Marmont and Mortier.

On the same day the German heroes, Prince Schwarzenberg and Marshal Blücher, together with the Russian and Prussian monarchs, made their triumphant entry into Paris at the head of their victorious warriors, who defiled along the Boulevards, and were passed in review in the Champs Elisées. The inhabitants, who had, by the Corsican's lying bulletins, been made to expect the most horrid scenes of devastation from such an event, but who, to their astonishment, beheld the foreign armies traversing their capital not only in the most disciplined array, but with the most

friendly disposition, hailed them as their deliverers from the iron sceptre of the tyrant. Their wishes were soon fulfilled by a proclamation, signed by Alexander, which declared a determination no longer to treat with Bonaparte, guaranteed the integrity of France, and without imposing on her, or even advising, any form of government, called upon the French nation to form their own constitution under the protection of the allied sovereigns. In the evening of this same eventful day (31st), Caulaincourt came deputed from Bonaparte to Alexander, offering to accede to the terms that had been rejected at Chatillon; but received for answer, that the time was past for treating with Napoleon as sovereign of France.

On the 1st of April the French Senate was convoked by Talleyrand, Prince of Benevento, in his capacity of Vice-Grand Elector and President. Its first cares were directed to form a provisional government of five of its members, with Talleyrand at their head, and to appoint a commission for drawing up the plan of a constitution. In its sitting on the next day a decree was passed, excluding Bonaparte and his family from the throne of France; and in an audience which the Emperor Alexander gave to the Senate, he restored to France all the French prisoners in his dominions. Among other early decrees of the provisional government, we notice those which restore the Pope and the Infant Don Carlos to their liberty, and which disband the conscripts.

As soon as the Senate had passed the decree of forfeiture against

Bonaparte, the civil and religious authorities, and the French marshals and generals, who, it may be observed, had, from principles of honour, remained faithful to him to the last, to a man, sent in successively their declaration of adherence to the new order of things. Marshal Marmont, with the whole of his corps, was the first to embrace the good cause; and to the glory of having saved Paris by an opportune capitulation, he added another trait no less honourable to him. He passed over within the lines of the allies on the express condition, that Bonaparte's life and liberty should be guaranteed, and that he should be permitted a retreat on a piece of territory at the choice of the allies; all which was granted.

Meanwhile, Marshals Ney, MacDonald, and Caulaincourt had prevailed on Bonaparte, who had remained at Fontainebleau, to resign the crown *in favour of his son*. With this intelligence they repaired to the Emperor Alexander; but their intercessions were fruitless, the abdication was to be without such reserve. Returning again to Fontainebleau, they had to urge new persuasions, and, as is reported, threats, to procure his unconditional resignation. This they obtained on the 6th of April: it is the canting document prefixed to our Retrospect, and must be considered as bearing that date, although no date is given in the copy officially published by the British government.

The island of Elba, between Corsica and Tuscany, has been fixed upon for Bonaparte's exile for life. His retired allowance has

been variously stated at 6,000,000, and at 600,000 livres a year; it is probably the latter sum, which would amount to about 25,000*l*. He had not left Fontainebleau so late as the 15th of April, being detained, as it is stated, by a violent cutaneous disorder; and, if we are to believe other accounts, likewise by mental disease. His unfortunate consort, Maria Louisa, who, at the approach of the allies, had fled with the ex-king of Rome to Blois, and has since returned to Rambouillet, will not accompany him, but will be provided for in Italy, where she is to have a sovereignty, either Guastalla or Parma and Piacenza. The fate of the ex-king of Spain, Joseph, of the ex-king of Westphalia, Jerome, and of the ex-king of Holland, Louis, is as yet undecided.

To return to the thread of our history: the constitutional charter, or bill of rights, framed by the committee of the Senate, was accepted unanimously by that body on the 5th, and by the Legislative Body on the 6th of April. It consists of twenty-nine articles, and greatly resembles the constitution of England. The dynasty of the Bourbons is hereditarily acknowledged, and Louis Stanislaus Xavier is proclaimed King of the French, as Louis XVIII. The executive authority rests with the monarch, the legislative with a parliament composed of two houses, viz. the Legislative Body, which, like our House of Commons, is chosen by election from the different departments; and a Senate, which does not, like our House of Lords, consist of all the peers of the realm, but the members of which are

named by the king, with this restriction, that their number is not to exceed 200, nor to fall short of 150; and that the actual senators retain their seats for themselves and their heirs, and enjoy the revenues hitherto allotted to that body, exclusively. The ancient nobility is reinstated, and the new nobility maintained in their titles.

This constitutional charter has been transmitted to Louis XVIII. in England; and it remains to be seen, whether he will unconditionally accept it here, or whether its acceptance will be postponed till his arrival in France; an event which will not be delayed, inasmuch as his Majesty has already left Hartwell House, and made his public entry into London (20th April), accompanied by the British Regent. His Majesty's brother, Monsieur, who had followed the allied armies, and had been invited by the loyal inhabitants of Nancy to their city, entered Paris on the 12th April, amidst the acclamations of its population, was, on the 14th, by a decree of the Senate, proclaimed lieutenant-general of the kingdom, and the provisional government consigned to him until the arrival of the king. The Duke de Berri, too, set foot on his native soil on the 12th of April, being landed at Cherbourg by a British man of war from Jersey.

The Emperor of Germany, who, on the advance of the allied armies, had staid behind, under the protection of a corps commanded by General Ducca, and had, not to fall into the hands of Bonaparte, been obliged to retreat as far as Dijon, likewise made his public entry into Paris on the 15th April.

To this assemblage of august personages the most recent advices have further added the Crown Prince of Sweden, in regard to whom we otherwise should not have had it in our power to say where he actually was; although it is quite certain, that, for what reasons we cannot state, his Royal Highness, as well as his Swedish troops, which are still somewhere about the Low Countries, kept perfectly without the range of the great events that have sealed the liberties of France and of the universe; so that the immortal glory of the great deed remains to be shared exclusively by the two German captains, Prince Schwarzenberg and Field-Marshal Blücher. They have nobly avenged their injured country by hurling its oppressor into his primitive obscurity. It is thus, that, for a second time, German valour has rescued the freedom of France, under circumstances not dissimilar to those when Clovis, at the head of the Franks, crushed the tyranny of the Romans by the battle of Soissons. While thus, however, we behold in Schwarzenberg and Blücher the immediate agents of the momentous achievement, the magnanimous aid of the Russian monarch will hand his name to the latest posterity: the same posterity will no less acknowledge her debt to that insular power, the cradle and depository of real freedom; which, while in this long and arduous struggle it alone stood with undaunted and persevering firmness, has dispensed benevolent succours to the distressed; has held her valiant arm to every nation that solicited her aid; has clothed, armed, and subsidized all Europe in the

contest against the tyrant; and now, at the successful termination of the struggle, gives to the emancipated nations the model of her own glorious constitution, and sends back to them their monarchs, who, during the raging storm, found in England alone a safe and hospitable asylum. What more could we give?

Although the miraculous events on the Seine have terminated all at one single blow, it is not to be doubted, but the final issue of the campaign would, somewhat later, have been attended with a fortunate result! The allied arms were simultaneously successful in the rest of France. At any other time the occurrences on the Soane and Garonne would have afforded us matter of considerable detail and exultation; at present, diminished as they have become in interest, we can only touch upon them superficially.

After the defeat of Augereau at Maçon, on the Seine, by General Bianchi, 12th March, Count Bubna resumed the offensive from the side of Geneva, and entered the city of Lyons on the 22d of the same month.

Had, therefore, the war continued, the Austrian army in the east of France would probably, ere now, have been in communication with the victorious troops under the command of the British hero in the south; for Lord Wellington's operations in that quarter have been attended with the most successful results; which, however (although as brilliant as any of his former career), we are compelled to compress into the mere form of an abstract. After the arduous undertaking of crossing the Adour

below, and in sight of Bayonne, achieved in the close of February, by his lordship's left wing under Sir John Hope, who immediately invested that fortress, the commander in chief continued his advance with the centre and right wing. In this no material obstruction occurred until the army arrived near Orthes. Here Marshal Soult had chosen a strong position, in which he awaited his opponent. The attack took place on the 27th February, and the issue was for some time doubtful. British valour, however, prevailed over every resistance. The enemy fled in great disorder, abandoned Mont Marsan, was driven from Aire, where he lost all his principal magazines on the 2d March, and finally retreated to the eastward, leaving the road to Bourdeaux entirely open. Lord Wellington, in consequence, detached thither a corps under Marshal Beresford, which entered Bourdeaux on the 12th March, not only without resistance, but was hailed by the inhabitants and the magistrates as its deliverers. This city boasts the honour of having been the first in France to declare in favour of its legitimate king; the Duc d'Angouleme, who had remained with the British army, was immediately invited within its walls, made his public entry forthwith, and assumed the government in the name of Louis XVIII.

Lord Wellington, in following the retreat of Soult, who had been joined by 10,000 men from Suchet's army, arrived before the town of Tarbes on the 20th March, which he carried on the same day, after considerable resistance. The French

marshal now directed his retreat upon Thoulouse, where he arrived on the 24th March, and whither he was followed by Lord Wellington, as soon as the state of the weather would permit. The last accounts from his lordship, dated 1st of April, report his arrival before Thoulouse, the suburbs of which they represent as having been so strongly fortified by the enemy, that his lordship had determined to cross the Garonne in another place, and thus turn the city the first moment that the waters of the river, swelled by rain and the melting of the snow, would render the passage practicable. We, however, anxiously hope, that the knowledge of the revolution in Paris will reach one or the other commander soon enough to prevent any further hostility and effusion of blood in that quarter.

We shall add to the narrative of Wellington's achievements what we have to report from Spain, the nursery of his laurels. Ferdinand VII. set at liberty by Bonaparte, is arrived on Spanish soil. After having informed the regency of his intended departure from Valency, the place of his former residence, or rather confinement, he arrived at Gerona, in Catalonia, on his way to Madrid, the 24th March, and was there received with due honours by General Copons. The latter province is now likewise free from French troops, excepting Tortosa and Barcelona; for Olot, Puycerda, and Gerona were voluntarily abandoned; and Llerida, Mesquinenza, and Monson were recovered, and the garrisons captured, by a stratagem of General

D'Eroles, who, through a forged order of Suchet's, induced the garrisons to evacuate those fortresses.

In Italy, Eugene Beauharnois has to the last continued to give proofs of military talents of the first order. He has maintained his post far better than his adopted father, Bonaparte. Our last accounts find him still on the Mincio, and the Austrian General Bellegarde even under the necessity to fall back to Verona. Had, however, the war continued, Eugene's position would now be endangered by the operations of King Murat on his flank, and by the landing of a British force from Sicily at Leghorn, under the command of Lord William Bentinck. On the 6th March, the former attacked General Severoli near Reggio, defeated him, carried that city and pushed on towards the Po; and the British army, after landing at Leghorn early in March, had on the 13th set out for Lucca, in order to join Murat. As the case now stands, therefore, this British force will probably have to pay the last honours to Bonaparte on his journey for Elba, and a British frigate most likely will have to set him down in his future insular exile.

The only intelligence we have to communicate from Holland is, the extraordinary assembly of the Notables at Amsterdam on the 28th March last. After an address from the Prince Sovereign, the constitutional code was laid before the deputies, who accepted it almost unanimously the next day. The ceremony of installation and taking the oath followed on the 30th. The proposed marriage of the He-

reditary Prince with the Princess Charlotte of Wales, has been publicly announced, and is to take place in July next.

Norway is in a state of anarchy. The nation has openly proclaimed its determination to resist the entrance of the Swedish troops; and Prince Christian Frederick, the Danish regent, has identified himself with the wishes of the people; so that the unfortunate annexation of the country to the Swedish crown is likely to produce bloodshed before it can be accomplished.

To the naval captures mentioned in our last, we have to add the following:—

The *Terpsichore* French frigate was taken by his Majesty's ship *Majestic*, on the 3d of February; *La Sultane* frigate by his Majesty's ship *Hannibal*, on the 26th of March; her companion, *L'Etoile* frigate, on the 27th of March, by the *Hebrus*; and the *Uranie* frigate, to escape capture, was set on fire by her commander on the 3d of February, in Brindisi harbour. The latter fate befel also the *Regulus* French line of battle ship; she was burnt by the French commander in the Gironde, which river was entered by a British squadron under Admiral Penrose, after the capture of Bourdeaux, in order to clear the passage up the channel to that city.

Great reinforcements of troops, ships, and extensive naval equipments, left England for North America in the beginning of April. But we hope the tidings of the events in France will operate a



G. L. VON BLÜCHER.

Field Marshal of the Prussian Forces.

from an Original Drawing by Her Royal Highness's Princess Wilhelmine of Prussia

moderation in the pretensions of the American government that will render the employment of coercive means, now amply at our command, unnecessary; and that the negotiations, which are to commence forthwith at Gothenburg (where the American commissioners have already arrived), will soon complete the peaceful relations of Great Britain with the whole world.

The British Parliament met on the 21st of March. The documents relating to the rupture of the negotiations at Chatillon, which were proposed to be laid before the legislature, were rendered

unnecessary by the events which immediately succeeded, and which spread a degree of joy and exultation over the British empire scarcely ever equalled. The illuminations, which blazed over the whole of the metropolis during the 11th, 12th, and 13th of April, were as grand as the occasion which produced them.

Her Imperial Highness the Duchess of Oldenburg, sister to the Emperor Alexander, arrived in London on the 1st of April, and still honours the British capital with her presence. Report assigns her hand to his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence.

PLATE 27.—FIELD-MARSHAL BLUCHER.

AMONG the names of those who have acted the most distinguished parts in the great events that have recently taken place in Europe, history will not fail to enrol that of the brave commander-in-chief of the Prussian army, who, in an advanced period of life, manifests all the ardour, promptitude, and decision of youth, combined with military talents, which, had they been earlier called into action, would probably have surpassed the fame of the most successful captains of the present age.

Marshal Blücher was born in 1742, at his father's mansion in Pomerania, and entered into the service of his country in his 15th year. He commenced his military career in the Seven Years war, under the patronage of the enterprising General Zieten, a friend and favourite of the Great Frederic. Being naturally of an ardent temper, he preferred the cavalry, and

entered into the regiment of Red hussars, which peculiarly distinguished itself on various occasions, especially in the defeat of the French at the memorable battle of Rosbach. In this regiment he continued near twenty years, when, disgusted at the promotion of a junior officer over his head, he demanded and received his dismissal. He now passed some years in retirement, devoting his attention to the cultivation of his paternal estates; and such was the stern and unforgiving disposition of Frederic II. that all the attempts of Blücher's friends to procure his restoration to his rank in the army, proved unavailing. He, nevertheless, regularly attended the great annual reviews, and at one of these he was noticed by Frederic William II. soon after his accession. To that monarch belongs the honour of having again introduced into the Prussian army a man who was des-

tioned to raise its fame, after a short eclipse, to a higher pitch than it had ever before attained. From this period his promotion was rapid. He obtained a squadron in his old regiment of hussars, and not long afterwards the vacant colonelcy. This regiment formed part of the force, which, under the command of the Duke of Brunswick, entered France in 1792, and was engaged in the campaigns of the succeeding years against that country, till, in 1795, her government found means to prevail upon the Prussian monarch to withdraw from the ranks of her enemies.

From this time Prussia enjoyed a considerable interval of repose, and the leaders of her armies had consequently no opportunities of acquiring military renown, till she was again suddenly embroiled with France in 1806. We shall not stop here to investigate the causes of that war, or to enquire how it happened, that an army so numerous and so well appointed as the Prussian, could have been annihilated at one stroke, as if by magic. Suffice it for our present purpose to state, that Blücher, with the rank of lieutenant-general, had the command of a division in the decisive battle of Jena, and that his admirable retreat, after that disastrous engagement, was little less glorious for him than the most brilliant victory. He first hastened with the troops under his command towards the Oder, for the purpose of effecting a junction with the corps of the Prince of Hohenlohe, who had taken that direction. Learning, on his march, that the prince had been obliged to capitulate at Prentzlau to a far

superior force, he, with extraordinary presence of mind and resolution, adopted a new plan, which would never have occurred to a less enterprising commander.—With a view to draw off the French from the Oder, and to remove them from the heart of the Prussian monarchy, that time might be gained for provisioning the fortresses, for the assembling of the dispersed Prussian corps, and for the advance of the Russian auxiliaries, he turned aside with his little army, of about 10,000 men, into the duchy of Mecklenburg, where he was unexpectedly joined by a corps which had been commanded by the Duke of Saxe Weimar. He then continued his progress through Mecklenburg to the Elbe.

Bonaparte, indignant at his escape, had detached a force several times as numerous as his own, to intercept him. During this memorable retreat, he had to contend with three divisions of the French army, Murat being on his left flank, Soult on his right, and Bernadotte in front. In this critical situation, Blücher threw himself into Lübeck, where, supported by the Trave, he conceived that he should be able to defend himself at least for a short time. The following day, however, the French forced the gates, and, after a most sanguinary conflict, stormed the city. The brave Blücher, convinced that farther resistance would tend only to a useless sacrifice of the lives of his brave followers, now reduced to 9,500 men, who, after fourteen days incessant fighting, were destitute of provisions, ammunition, and every necessary, reluctantly capitulated to the over-

whelming force by which he was surrounded. The general was conducted by the French as a prisoner of war to Hamburg.

It is easy to conceive the mortification which must have been felt by a man of his ardent mind and patriotic spirit, on finding himself reduced to this situation. Fortunately he was not doomed long to endure it, having been exchanged for General Victor. He immediately repaired to Königsberg, and was soon afterwards sent by sea, at the head of a division, to Swedish Pomerania, to assist in its defence; but the peace of Tilsit intervened, and suspended his operations. On this event he once more retired to his native province.

The annihilation of the French army in Russia, at the conclusion of 1812, operated as a signal to Prussia to liberate herself from the galling yoke of Bonaparte. Her whole population, as if animated with one soul, flew to arms, and the heroic veteran, who is the subject of this brief memoir, was summoned to lead her patriotic bands to the field of glory. What consummate talents and what wonderful energy he has displayed at the head of the brave army of Silesia, as the Prussian army has been denominated, from the first theatre of its operations, is abundantly attested by the pages of our Political Retrospect, the greatest part of which, for the last year, we should be obliged to transcribe, were we to attempt to recapitulate all his services during that period. His achievements at Lützen, Bautzen, the Katzbach, and Leipzig, will transmit his name to the latest posterity: but it is the unparalleled general-

ship displayed in his operations ever since his entrance on the territory of France, that binds his brows with the fairest wreath. While his detestable opponent, implacable, cruel, desperate, and despising every other right than that of force, has exhibited only the spirit of an exasperated gladiator; Blücher has shewn throughout his whole career the coolest valour, the most splendid ability, and the purest patriotism. He has driven the self-styled *Hero of the Age* before him, from the Oder to the Seine, and, like Cæsar, wherever he has appeared, has come only to see and to conquer.

Blücher is not distinguished merely by the qualities which command admiration; the following trait proves that he has others which endear the possessor. On the storming of Leipzig by the allied troops, the Prussian general, with that humanity which has ever been observed to accompany genuine valour, was heard to declare, that it was the most gratifying spectacle he had ever witnessed, to behold his troops making themselves masters of the city, without committing the slightest violence upon the innocent inhabitants. Immediately after that event, his sovereign, in a letter written with his own hand, acknowledged his inability to keep pace with his extraordinary deserts, and announced his promotion to the rank of field-marshal.

The public prints have lately asserted, that this distinguished soldier, after having witnessed the complete success of his glorious exertions, has, on account of ill health, resigned his command: but, though now seventy-two years of

age, it is to be hoped, that he will long enjoy the sweets of repose in the shade of the laurels which he has so honourably won.

The accompanying portrait of the venerable hero is remarkable, not only as it presents an accurate

and spirited likeness of this great military character, but as being engraved from a painting executed by the amiable consort of Prince Wilhelm, brother to his Prussian Majesty.

DISTRESSES IN GERMANY.

THE following is translated from the Dresden Newspaper.

Generous Women of Germany!

In the course of a few months more than 500 children have been deprived of their parents, and become forlorn and helpless orphans, in the Upper District of the Circle of Meissen alone, by war, and by diseases, those insidious and murderous attendants on war.

We are sensible how deeply this information must affect every humane heart, how in particular it must harrow up the feelings of such of you as are mothers. We behold *those* mothers who had raised their hands to heaven, as if to implore the restoration of their own infants snatched from their embraces, now stretching them forth to press to their bosoms fatherless and motherless innocents, to replace those sainted infants, who have now found a Father in Heaven.

To you, dear countrywomen, on whom God has preferably bestowed the gift of children, and to whom He has delegated the task of bringing them up, to you we first address ourselves. O withdraw not your compassionate attention, without either receiving one of those poor forsaken infants under your maternal care, or resolving to contribute to their relief!

Let the sun of your affection and charity expand the germs of virtue in their little hearts, bring them into flower, and foster them to maturity. They shall call you by the endearing name of mother, and you may share with us the care over them; in a word, they shall be your own.

And you, kind-hearted, but less opulent females, whose circumstances forbid you to appropriate to yourselves one of these orphans—recede not bashfully from the honourable mark set before you. By small means much may be accomplished—none is so poor as not to be able to spare something. The value of one frock less in a year for *your* children, may procure you a rich reward; for the Kingdom of Heaven, through Jesus Christ, belongs to little children. The grain of corn, which is committed this day to the ground, and produces next harvest but a single ear, will in a few years yield sufficient to sow whole fields. The child which shall be brought up, through your aid, to the honour of God, resembles this grain of corn; posterity will inherit its virtues, and incalculable are the benefits which they may produce.

Of what avail are the hopes of better times, unless we educate

our children for them? Are we not therefore bound conscientiously to fulfil the only part which the Almighty hath so expressly allotted to us in the bringing up of children? O ye mothers, wives, maidens,—pursue your most important calling, that when the Saviour of the world shall appear, ye may be able to meet him with joy, and say, “Lord, here are we and the children whom thou hast given us,” or entrusted to our care!

Act individually, or form associations, that your pious intentions may be completely carried into execution. All your exertions, your sacrifices, your contributions, of whatever kind they may be, will be acceptable. We will return speedy and explicit answers to your letters; we will advise you in what manner your benevolence may be most beneficially exercised, and spare no pains to lighten your cares: only consider, that “the cheerful giver, whom God loveth,” gives twofold by giving without delay.

Two institutions, one for boys, another for girls, in which they are to be educated till they have attained their 16th or 17th year, are already forming; and a specific monthly contribution would at present be most acceptable, as affording the best and most prompt means of relieving the necessities of the poor orphans.

Finally, we request your full confidence, that we and our worthy co-adjutors in this great undertaking, shall justify ourselves by a conscientious management of what may be intrusted to our care, by a faithful account of its expenditure, and by the education of the children themselves, to the glory of the Almighty.

The Central Committee and Association for the Support of the Orphan Children in the *Upper District of the Circle of Meissen*.
DRESDEN, March 21, 1814.

VON ZEJSCHWITZ,
VON RÖMER,
D. WEBER,
ZAHN,
GRAHL.

The representation here made, and the necessity of speedy assistance in procuring the execution of the benevolent plan proposed, is strongly corroborated by the following extract of a letter from Leipzig:

LEIPZIG, April 2, 1814.

Amidst all our difficulties, the greatest is indisputably, how we shall support about 2000 children of the poor in the country, who have lost their parents by the war, or the diseases attendant upon it. The Association at Leipzig does all that lies in its power in this district; but as these poor children must be maintained for several years, we are seriously concerned about their future subsistence. You will see from the above, how matters stand in this particular in one part of the circle of Meissen only. Would to God we could obtain some assistance!

(Signed) FREGE & Co.

The above pathetic address to the ladies of Germany cannot fail most powerfully to interest the feelings of the ladies of Great Britain; and as the present unexampled miseries on the Continent have called forth unusual energies among the female part of the community, who have equalled, if not exceeded the promptitude and diligence with which men of influence and charitable dispositions have pleaded the cause of the dis-

tressed, the Committee trusts, and earnestly hopes, that the ladies of our highly favoured country will be excited to second these generous and amiable efforts, by their exertions, perhaps by forming similar associations throughout Great Britain, for the purpose of

making collections to aid this work of charity. Sums thus collected may be remitted to the Committees for the affairs of the suffering Germans; or to their treasurers, Messrs. Hammersley and Co. or Messrs. Down, Thornton, and Co. London.

FASHIONS FOR LADIES.

PLATE 30.—OPERA DRESS.

A WHITE sarsnet or worked muslin worn over a white satin half-train frock, the fleur de lis embroidered round the bottom of the dress; long sleeve, loose and unconfined, the cuff ornamented to correspond with the bottom of the dress; a plain back, to fit the shape, and the fulness of the train extended round the waist, rather beyond the back; the front raised to a point in the centre of the bosom, and in similar form meets a narrow shoulder-strap, headed with a double quilling of lace, which terminates at the corner of the bosom. A shell lace tippet, open in front and tied with a rich military cordon of silk, with bullion tassels. White velvet belt, edged with corresponding embroidery, and clasped in front with a pearl or diamond ornament. The hair, combed smoothly over and carried down low to the back of the head, is loosely twisted, and falls in careless curls over the neck, separated on the centre of the forehead by a pearl ornament or the fleur de lis: it is worn much over the face, in dropping curls, extending below the ear. Stockings with lace clocks. Slippers of white velvet or satin, with silver ornaments. White kid or

Limerick gloves. Pearl or diamond necklace and bracelets: ear-rings to correspond. An occasional shawl of India silk.

PLATE 31.—WALKING DRESS.

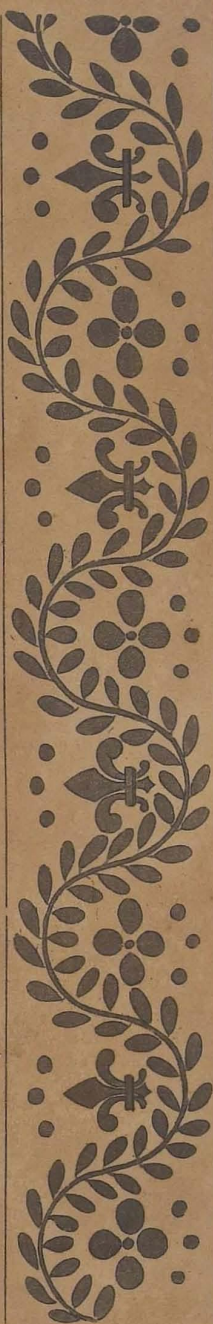
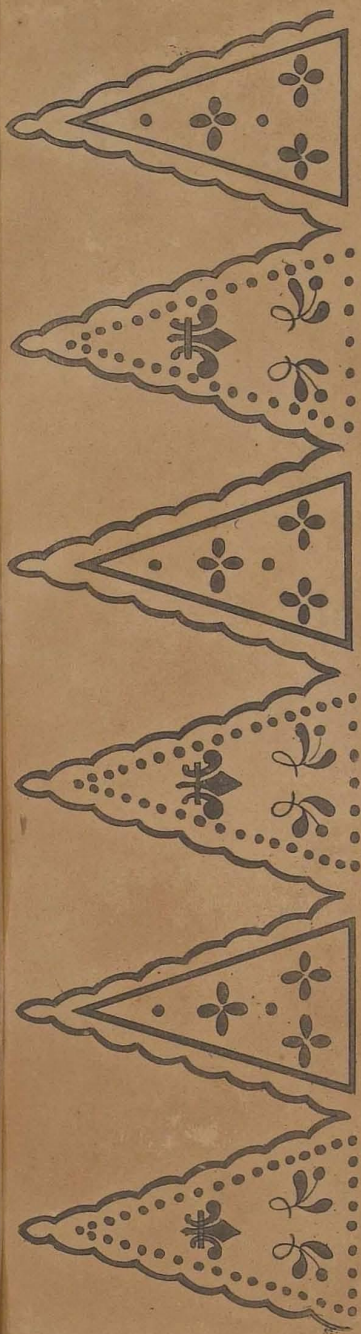
A high dress, of short walking length, composed of French cambric or mull muslin, plain buttons, and unornamented in the front; a military collar, with an edging of embroidery; a full fan frill of lace, or a single fluted ruff of the same; the bottom of the dress ornamented with a full flounce, confined by two borders of embroidery corresponding with the collar; plain long sleeve, with a military worked cuff. White silk shawl handkerchief, the corners richly embossed with the fleur de lis, tied carelessly over the bosom with a bow of satin ribband. The hair worn much over the face in loose curls. The Blücher, something resembling the Spanish hat, has a square and low crown, is formed of sea-green satin, lined with white velvet, and trimmed with richly cut velvet ribband: it is ornamented in front with a drooping plume of ostrich feathers. The scarf mantle, corresponding in colour with the Blücher, is composed either of velvet or satin, has neither cape nor hood; it is rounded at one end, and



OPERA DRESS.



WALKING DRESS.



NEEDLEWORK PATTERNS.

brought to a point at the other, with a deep long slope in the neck, and is trimmed all round with a broad white lace. Slippers of green kid: gloves to correspond, or Limerick.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

For evening dress white is of course the predominant colour, and evinces its prevalence not only in dresses, but in every article of dress; and is constantly attended with the fleur delis whenever it can be introduced. The lilac and sea-green are, notwithstanding, occasionally visible, ornamented with the same emblematic flower, embroidered round the bottom of the dress without exception. The sleeves loose and generally carried down to the wrist, some of them continuing to be drawn four or five times down the arm, and each drawing fastened with a small bow of white satin ribband. The bosoms of the dresses are cut less square than they were, and the work down

the front is not so universally worn as it is round the bottom. Some ladies wear their dresses festooned, and frequently trimmed with blond lace. Long hair is fast gaining an ascendancy over the short head-dress, and is worn very low in the neck behind. Drooping ostrich feathers are much worn. The Blücher and elegant scarf mantle are spoken of in terms of high approbation, and are expected to meet with general encouragement through the spring season. Silver sprigged and spotted muslins appear in higher estimation for the approaching summer, than silks or gossamers. Flounces to the dress are generally single, and much let in between a narrow trimming of needle-work or embroidery. White silk shawls and scarfs, richly embroidered at the corners and ends with fleur delis, have an elegant and novel appearance, and are much in vogue.

MEDICAL REPORT.

REPORT of diseases in the practice of a physician, from the 15th of March to the 15th April, 1814.

Acute Diseases.—Fever, 2.... Catarrh, 6.... Pleurisy, 1.... Scarlet fever and sore-throat, 3.... Urticaria, 2.... Hooping-cough, 3.... Acute rheumatism, 2.... Gout, 1.... Acute diseases of infants, 6.

Chronic Diseases.—Cough and dyspnœa, 34.... Pulmonary consumption, 3.... Scrofula, 1.... Asthma, 2.... Asthenia, 8.... Dropsy, 7.... Palsy, 2.... Dyspepsia, 4.... Head-ach, 5.... Vertigo, 2.... Worms, 3.... Hysteria, 2.... Tic douloureux, 1.... Chronic rheumatism, 6.... Gravel,

2.... Cutaneous eruptions, 4.... Gastrodynia, 3.... Female complaints, 7.

Since the 20th of March, we have experienced the mild influence of spring, always grateful to the feelings and salutary to the constitution of man, but especially so, after a winter seldom equalled in this country, in duration, intensity, or unpleasantness.

The change, though highly favourable to health in general, has, in some particular instances of pulmonary disease, proved less beneficial than might have been anticipated, and, in a few individuals, has brought on catarrh.

Cases of head-ach are frequently recorded in these reports. They are not those trifling affections which, in many persons, occur upon the slightest occasions, and cause only momentary inconvenience, but serious complaints, demanding considerable attention. In general, pain in the head is merely symptomatic of disorder in some other organ, and can only be removed by directing the curative means to the original seat of disease. A young gentleman was for some years subject to violent pain in the fore part of the head, which deprived him of sleep, rendered any kind of exertion unpleasant, and occasioned great fretfulness and peevishness, though his natural temper was placid. His appetite was much impaired, and the face flushed after eating; the extremities were cold, and the fingers had

a bluish hue, mingled with white, somewhat resembling the hands of a washerwoman after long immersion in hot water. The pulse was remarkably slow, from forty to fifty pulsations of the heart in a minute. The case was at first treated as an organic affection of the head.—Bleeding, blistering, cupping, and purging, had from time to time been freely employed, but without benefit. This plan of treatment, which had been pursued by several practitioners whom he had successively consulted, was changed; a less watery diet was directed, the defective action of the stomach was assisted with tonic medicines, and the patient was recommended to try change of air, and use a warm sea-water bath every other day. He has persevered in these means, and is recovering under their combined operation.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE sudden transition from winter to summer, so uncommon to the climate of Britain, has been apparent in the course of last month; at the beginning of which the young verdant shoot had scarcely appeared through the opening bud; but before the end the branches were profusely decorated with leaves and blossoms. The cloudless hot days, without a green leaf to repel the vivifying ray, produced sensations rarely experienced in the month of April. A more sudden and exuberant burst of vegetation cannot be recollected.

The wheat has made such rapid progress in growth as to outstrip

the injurious effects of the worm, which had commenced his depredations upon some soils. Those breadths that had the appearance of thin crops, are now filled up with a mat of dark-coloured luxuriant flags, and indicate a large and early produce.

The season has been most congenial for spring sowing. The barley upon tenacious soils has gone in kindly, and the seasonable showers that fell about the middle of last month produced a quick vegetation, so that a very small portion of the barley crop will be of two growths.

Oats are got into the ground in the most husbandman-like state.

Beans and peas of every kind have a strong and clear plant, not at all injured by the slug or fly.

The soiling crops of every species have come forward in a luxuriant state. The early ones are

nearly fit for the scythe. The brassica tribe have run to blossom in proportion to the season; and the pastures and meadows abound more with grass at May-day than can be recollected.

FRAGMENTS AND ANECDOTES.

PREDICTION OF THE BISHOP OF ARLES, IN THE YEAR 1610.

THIS prediction was extracted in 1775, by Dr. Jones, late Bishop of Kildare, from a book deposited in the royal library at Paris, and in the possession of two respectable gentlemen of Dublin upwards of twenty years, one of whom received it from Dr. Jones.

"The administrators of this kingdom (France) shall be so blinded with vice, that they will leave it without defenders. The hand of God shall extend itself over them—over all the rich. There shall be two husbands, the one true and the other adulterous (1): the legitimate husband shall be destroyed (2). A division (3) shall spring up in the house of God. There shall be a great carnage, and as great effusion of blood as in the times of the Gentiles. The Universal Church and the whole world shall deplore the ruin and destruction of a most celebrated city (4), the capital of a great nation. The altars and temples shall be destroyed (5); the holy virgins outraged and driven from their monasteries; the church pastors shall be driven from their seats, and the whole church shall be stripped of its temporal goods (6): but at length the black eagle (7) and the lion (8) shall appear hovering over far countries. Misery

to thee, O city of opulence! thou shalt at first rejoice, but thy cry shall come. Misery to thee, O city of philosophy! (9) thou shalt be subjected, and captive kings (10), humbled to confusion, shall be released, receive their crown, and shall destroy the children of Brutus (11).

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. Napoleon. | 9. Paris. |
| 2. Louis XVI. | 10. Of Spain. |
| 3. Constitutional Clergy of France. | 11. Napoleon assumed the title of Brutus Bonaparte, at the recapture of Toulon.—(See his dispatches in the <i>Moniteur</i> at that period.) |
| 4. Moscow. | |
| 5. France, Portugal, and Spain. | |
| 6. By the junction of Rome and the French empire. | |
| 7. Russia. | |
| 8. Great Britain. | |

MINUTE WRITING.

The *Iliad* of Homer in a nutshell, which Pliny says Cicero once saw, it is contended, might have been a fact, however to some it may appear impossible. Ælian notices an artist who wrote a dispatch in letters of gold, which he inclosed in the rind of a grain of corn. Antiquity and modern times record many such penmen, whose glory consisted in writing in so small a hand, that the writing could not be legible to the naked eye. One wrote a verse of Homer on a grain of millet; and another, more indefatigably trifling, transcribed the whole *Iliad* in so very confined a space, that it could be inclosed even in a nutshell. Menage men-

tions, that he saw whole sentences which were not perceptible to the eye without the microscope, and pictures and portraits which appeared at first to be lines and scratches thrown down at random; one of them formed the face of the Dauphiness, with a pleasing delicacy and correct resemblance. He read an Italian poem in praise of this princess, containing some thousand verses, written by an officer in the space of a foot and a half. This species of curious idleness had not been lost in our own country—about a century ago this minute writing was a fashionable curiosity. A drawing of the head of Charles I. is in the library of St. John's College, Oxford. It is wholly composed of minute written characters, which, at a small distance, resemble the lines of engraving. The lines of the head and the ruff are said to contain the Book of Psalms, the Creed, and the Lord's Prayer.

EXTRAORDINARY FIDELITY OF THE GENTOO BOYS.

Lieutenant-Colonel Sir J. Malcolm, in his important evidence recently given to the select committee of the House of Commons, on the affairs of India, states, that he has known *innumerable instances of honour* in our native subjects (chiefly among the military tribes), which would, in England, be considered more fit for the page of romance than of history. There is (he observes) a large class of menials, such as the *Gentoo Palanquin-boys*, at Madras, who amount to 20 or 30,000, and a great proportion of whom are employed by the English government or the individuals serving it, who, as a body, are remarkable for their industry

and fidelity.—“During a period of nearly thirty years, I cannot call to mind *one instance* being proved of *theft*, in any one of this class of men, whose average wages are from three to eight rupees a month, or from 7s. 6d. to 1*l*. I remember hearing of one instance of extraordinary fidelity; where an officer died at the distance of nearly 300 miles from the settlement of Fort St. George, with a sum of between 2 and 3000*l*. in his palanquin. These honest men, alarmed at even suspicion attaching to them, salted him, brought him 300 miles to Madras, and lodged him in the town-major's office, *with all the money sealed in bags.*”

POWER OF MUSIC.

When Yaniewicz, the musician, first came into this country, he lived at the west end of the town. One day, after paying several visits, he found himself a little out of his latitude, and called a hackney coach, when this dialogue ensued:

COACHMAN. (Shutting the door.) Where to, sir?

YAN. Home—*mon ami*—you go me home.

COACHMAN. Home, sir, but where?

YAN. By gar, I know no—de name of de dam street has *echape*—has escaped out of my memory—I have forgot him. Vat I shall do?

COACHMAN. (Grins.)

YAN. Ah! you are gay—come now—you understand de musique—Eh!

COACHMAN. Music—what's that to do with the street?

YAN. Ah! *vous verrez*—you shall see (hums a tune)—Vat is dat?

COACHMAN. Malbrook.

YAN. Ah! by gar—dat his him—Marlborough-street—now you drive a me home—Eh!

This is a fact. We have often heard, that “music hath charms” to do many clever things, but this is, we believe, the first time of its instructing a hackney-coachman where he was to set down.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR MARCH, 1814.

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

1814		Pressure.			Temperature.			Weather.	Evap.	Rain.
MAR.	Wind.	Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.			
1	Var.	29,07	29,05	29,060	45°	31°	38,0°	rainy	—	—
2	S W	29,05	28,97	29,010	45	31	38,0	rain	—	—
3	E	29,28	29,05	29,165	42	30	36,0	cloudy	—	—
4	N E	29,59	29,28	29,435	35	31	33,0	cloudy	—	—
5	N E	29,88	29,59	29,735	34	28	31,0	snow	—	—
6	N E	29,88	29,77	29,825	34	28	31,0	cloudy	—	—
7	E	29,85	29,77	29,810	32	21	26,5	snow	—	—
8	N E	29,85	29,76	29,805	33	26	29,5	snow	—	—
9	N E	29,76	29,66	29,710	34	27	30,5	snow	—	—
10	N W	29,66	29,58	29,620	35	29	32,0	snowy	—	—
11	N E	29,76	29,58	29,670	36	28	32,0	snow	—	—
12	N E	30,00	29,76	29,880	35	22	28,5	snowy	—	—
13	N E	30,18	30,00	30,090	39	30	34,5	cloudy	—	—
14	N E	30,30	30,18	30,240	36	30	33,0	cloudy	—	—
15	N E	30,37	30,30	30,335	37	31	34,0	cloudy	—	—
16	N E	30,38	30,28	30,330	37	33	35,0	cloudy	—	—
17	N E	30,28	30,24	30,260	37	28	32,5	cloudy	—	—
18	N E	30,24	30,06	30,150	37	29	33,0	gloomy	—	—
19	N E	30,06	29,88	29,970	35	30	32,5	gloomy	—	—
20	S E	29,88	29,77	29,825	46	35	40,5	fine	—	—
21	S E	29,77	29,70	29,735	47	42	44,5	rain	—	—
22	S W	29,80	29,70	29,750	55	35	45,0	fine	.38	—
23	S W	29,83	29,80	29,815	52	42	47,0	fine	—	—
24	S W	29,80	29,75	29,775	52	41	46,5	gloomy	—	—
25	W	29,75	29,70	29,725	52	38	45,0	showers	—	—
26	S W	29,88	29,70	29,790	57	40	48,5	cloudy	—	—
27	W	29,90	29,88	29,890	56	38	47,0	cloudy	—	—
28	W	29,88	29,65	29,765	59	39	49,0	cloudy	—	—
29	S E	29,80	29,65	29,725	51	37	44,0	cloudy	—	—
30	S W	29,97	29,80	29,885	62	36	49,0	cloudy	—	—
31	S E	29,97	29,78	29,875	56	47	51,5	rain	.43	1.38
			Mean	29,795		Mean	38,0	Total	.81in.	1.38in.

RESULTS. — Prevailing wind, north-east — Mean height of barometer, 29,795 inches; highest observation, 30,38 inches; lowest, 28,97 inches. — Mean height of thermometer, 38°; — highest observation, 62° — lowest, 21° — Total of evaporation, .81 inch. — Total of rain and snow, 1.38 inch.

Notes. — 1st. Wind variable, chiefly N. W. — rainy — some sleet in the afternoon. — 2d. Rain and sleet at intervals. — 3d. A little snow in the morning. — 4th. Snowy morning. — 6th. Some snow in the evening. — 7th to 13th inclusive. Ground covered with snow; a considerable quantity fell in the nights of the 9th, 10th, and 11th — the 12th a very snowy day. — 20th. Fine day. — 21st. A little rain in the evening. — 30th. Foggy morning.

PRICES OF STOCKS.

Date.	Bank Stock.	3 Pr. Ct. Consols.	3 pr. ct. Red.	4 pr. ct. Cons.	5 pr. ct. Navy.	Long Ann.	Quantum	Impt. pr. ct.	Impt. Ann.	Irish 5 S. Sea Stock.	5 S. Sea Ann.	India Stock.	India Bonds.	Exch. & St. Lof. Bils. & d.	Tickets.	Cons. for ac. Apr 6
Mar. 21	Shut	71½ a 76½	71½	Shut	97½	Shut	96½ Pm.	—	—	—	Shut	Shut	10 Pm.	3 Pm.	£28. 3s.	71½ 76½
22	—	72½ a 77½	71½	—	97½	—	97 Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	9 Pm.	6 Pm.	—	71½ 76½
23	—	70½ a 75½	70½	86½	97½	—	96½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	10 Pm.	6 Pm.	—	71½ 76½
24	—	70½ a 75½	70½	Shut	97½	—	26½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	9 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	70½ 75½
25	—	69½ a 74½	69½	—	97½	—	28½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	9 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	70½ 75½
26	—	68½ a 73½	68½	—	96½	—	22½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	8 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	68½ 73½
28	—	66½ a 71½	67	83½	95	—	19 Pm.	65	—	—	—	—	9 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	65½ 70½
29	—	66½ a 71½	66½	—	94½	—	18½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	6 Pm.	4 Pm.	—	65½ 70½
30	—	65½ a 70½	65½	—	93½	—	15½ Pm.	64½	—	—	—	—	4 Pm.	4 Pm.	—	65½ 70½
31	—	64½ a 69½	64½	—	92½	—	11½ Pm.	61½	—	—	—	—	Par.	1 Pm.	—	64½ 69½
Apr. 1	—	63½ a 68½	63½	—	91½	—	12½ Pm.	61½	4½	—	—	—	1 Dis.	2 Dis.	—	63½ 68½
2	—	63½ a 68½	63½	—	91½	—	12½ Pm.	61½	—	—	—	—	1 Pm.	1 Pm.	—	63½ 68½
3	—	63½ a 68½	63½	78½	91½	—	14½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	1 Pm.	1 Pm.	—	63½ 68½
4	—	63½ a 68½	63½	—	98½	—	14½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	1 Pm.	1 Pm.	—	63½ 68½
5	—	63½ a 68½	63½	82	97½	—	24½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	1 Pm.	2 Pm.	—	63½ 68½
6	—	63½ a 68½	63½	83	98½	—	25½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	10 Pm.	7 Pm.	—	63½ 68½
7	—	63½ a 68½	63½	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	63½ 68½
8	Hol.	70½ a 75½	70½	84½	—	17½	38 Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	10 Pm.	9 Pm.	—	70½ 75½
9	—	72½ a 77½	72½	—	98	—	33½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	15 Pm.	7 Pm.	—	72½ 77½
11	—	71½ a 76½	71½	82½	97½	—	23½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	10 Pm.	6 Pm.	—	71½ 76½
12	—	68½ a 73½	68½	82½	96½	—	22½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	12 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	68½ 73½
13	—	68½ a 73½	68½	82½	97½	—	24 Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	16 Pm.	6 Pm.	—	68½ 73½
14	259	68½ a 73½	68½	82½	97½	—	24 Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	14 Pm.	6 Pm.	—	68½ 73½
15	—	68½ a 73½	68½	81½	97	—	25½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	14 Pm.	6 Pm.	—	68½ 73½
16	—	68½ a 73½	68½	81½	96½	—	19½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	14 Pm.	6 Pm.	—	68½ 73½
17	—	68½ a 73½	68½	80½	95½	—	16 Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	14 Pm.	6 Pm.	—	68½ 73½
18	—	68½ a 73½	68½	81½	95½	—	19 Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	14 Pm.	6 Pm.	—	68½ 73½
19	257½	68½ a 73½	68½	80½	95½	—	19 Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	14 Pm.	6 Pm.	—	68½ 73½
20	259	68½ a 73½	68½	80	95½	—	17½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	14 Pm.	6 Pm.	—	68½ 73½
																67½ 72½

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