

THE
Repository
 OF
 ARTS, LITERATURE, COMMERCE,
Manufactures, Fashions, and Politics,
 For AUGUST, 1814.
 VOL. XII.

The Sixty-eighth Number.

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TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

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

We regret to find, from the Letter of our intelligent correspondent, W. H. that any thing from his pen should have failed to reach us; and that this is the case he may be assured, from the ready insertion which his favours cannot but command. The best thanks of the Publisher are also due for his valuable suggestions.

Mr. Ball's MS. shall be returned to any person authorized to receive it.

S. S. will find in our Political Retrospect, what we consider a sufficient notice of the transactions to which he alludes.

Curiosus, who wishes to know the name of the author of the spirited burlesque melo-drame of Napoleon Agonistes, inserted in our last Number, is informed, that we are only at liberty to mention, that it is from the pen of a lady of some distinction in the fashionable world.

We should gladly oblige the C—— of S***, had not the change of circumstances deprived her Narrative of all its interest.

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. 7.)

MISS EVE. You said you would make some further observations respecting anatomy.

MISS K. In easy positions, such as figures sleeping, the limbs are bent; because then both the extensor and the flexor muscles contribute towards sustaining a figure in such a position, and produce the effect of great ease. Raphael always drew sleeping figures in this way.

MISS EVE. What do the scientific say of sleep?

MISS K. Dr. Davidson of Berlin says, "Those who have a great deal of labour either of mind or body, ought to sleep much longer than those who live at their ease. The melancholy passions require long sleep; it is their only balm. Children and old men ought to sleep long. Persons who digest with difficulty are the better for sleeping after dinner, and should

take their nap half sitting, half lying towards the right side. In general, it is better to sleep on the side than on the back. When people wake in the morning, they ought to rise immediately."

MISS EVE. I think it very gratifying not to get out of bed directly when I awake, but to lie and dose; though it is true, that what is gratifying is not always proper.

The hag-ridden girl in the print entitled the *Night-mare*, by Fuseli, is in a very unhealthy position.

MISS K. Yes; you can hardly mention a design by modern artists superior to this for genius and an unostentatious display of the harmony of lines.

MISS EVE. In your design of *The Battle of Hastings*, William the Conqueror seems to be in the prime of life.

MISS K. William was born in 1026, and as this conquest was

K

achieved in 1066, he ought to seem about forty years of age, but a man is in his prime at thirty.

Miss *Eve*. This figure, though so strong, has no clumsiness, but is very elegant. Did you borrow it from an antique statue, or from some of the most graceful of the modern painters?

Miss *K*. I borrowed this figure of the Norman Conqueror from a footman as drawn by a modern writer—from Joseph Andrews, as described by Fielding in the novel with that title.

Miss *Eve*. Will you read the passage?

Miss *K*. You will observe, that I have made him older than the description; but this is the model from which I copied, with such deviations as the image I had formed in my mind of this conqueror required.

“Joseph Andrews was now in the one and twentieth year of his age; he was of the highest degree of the middle stature; his limbs were put together with great elegance, and no less strength; his legs and thighs were formed in the exactest proportion; his shoulders were broad and brawny, but yet his arms hung so easily, that he had all the symptoms of strength without the least clumsiness. His hair was of a nut-brown colour, and was displayed in wanton ringlets down his back; his forehead was high, his eyes dark, and as full of sweetness as fire; his nose a little inclined to the Roman, his teeth white and even, his lips full, red, and soft; his beard was rough only on his chin and upper lip; but his cheeks, in which his blood glowed, were overspread with a thick down; his

countenance had a tenderness joined with a sensibility inexpressible. Add to this the most perfect neatness in his dress, and an air which, to those who have seen many noblemen, would give an idea of nobility.”

Miss *Eve*. What say anatomists of the skin?

Miss *K*. That it is six times thicker than the scarf-skin, and much thicker on the sole of the foot than on the hands, face, and other parts. In summer it is softer, because the pores are wider; in winter it is harder and more compact, because the pores are closer: therefore the hair of beasts sticks faster, and furs made of their skins are better, in that season.

In some persons the skin is white, in others black or tawny, which probably arises from the different colours of the mucosity that covers the parenchyma; for the fibres of the skin are white in all, and there is little or no difference in the colour of different bloods. Blacks have an additional skin.

Miss *Eve*. How chalky are the observations of many poets, when, in describing a beautiful woman, they compare her neck and bosom to driven snow, alabaster, and the like. What defective colouring is this! like the works of bad engravers.

Miss *K*. Yes; such descriptions are frequently found among poets and others, especially novel-writers. Here is one of Voltaire's:—“As to her bosom, a rose-bud on an ivory apple, if set in competition with her spotless whiteness, would have appeared like madder upon a shrub; the spotless wool just out of the laver would seem but of a light brown hue. Her neck; her

large sparkling eyes, that, languishing, rolled with the lustre of a tender fire; her lovely cheeks glowing with white and red; her nose, which resembled the tower of Mount Lebanon; her lips, which appeared like two borders of coral inclosing two rows of the best pearls in the Arabian Sea. She displayed a soft, plump, naked arm, which for whiteness rivalled the snow."

Miss *Eve*. I like ivory. This gives me an idea of the colouring of Rubens and beautiful nature; but spotless white wool and snow are too white. If with a pen and ink we draw the figure of a face on one of our finger-nails, and push the nail backward and forward, this gives the colouring of a face, and also seems to blush. Miniature-pictures are therefore painted on ivory, because it makes such a good half tint for flesh.

In your *Battle of Hastings* I observe some of the figures are running away and others pursuing them.

Miss *K*. These are the Normans feigning to fly from the English. They had a peculiar way of fighting with long bows, and as the English were strangers to this method, they fought at a great disadvantage. Historians relate, that the main body of the English consisted of bill-men, and their army kept so close together, that no efforts of the enemy could break them, till the Normans, by pretending to fly, brought them into disorder, and by this stratagem won the battle. Some attribute the defeat of the English to other causes, and assert, that the uninterrupted peace which they had enjoyed for the preceding fifty years, after delivering them-

selves from the oppression of the Danes, had caused them to neglect the military art, and abandon themselves to luxury and idleness; that the clergy of that time were licentious, the nobility effeminate, gluttonous, and oppressive, and the common people drunken and disorderly. Others say, that it was owing very much to Harold himself, who, rendered insolent by his success at the battle of Stamford, had kept the plunder there gained, and not distributed any of it among his soldiers, which made them discontented and unruly, and greatly contributed to the loss of this battle.

Miss *Eve*. Do you think it was true, that William first established the curfew?

Miss *K*. That is uncertain.

Miss *Eve*. His character stands high as a warrior.

Miss *K*. Yes: he was laborious, seasoned to all the hardships of war, patient of heat and cold, hunger and thirst. He had a great soul, an elevated mind, and a prodigious genius, which suffered nothing to escape its researches. He delighted in war, understood it well, and was successful in it; but when he was roused to anger, it was difficult to appease him. This the English found to their cost; for though he began to rule them with much mildness, he became wearied out with their frequent insurrections, and afterwards governed them with a rigour that deserved the name of tyranny.

Miss *Eve*. The conqueror of a kingdom never yet enjoyed a peaceable reign in that kingdom. Is it not related, that William stumbled and fell on his first landing on the English coast?

Miss K. Yes; but he had the presence of mind to turn the accident into an advantageous omen, calling out aloud, that thus he took possession of the country; and a soldier, running to a neighbouring cottage, plucked from it some thatch, which, as if giving him seizin of the kingdom, he presented to his general.

Here is a finished picture of the death of William II. called Rufus, third son of William the Conqueror, who was accidentally killed in the New Forest by an arrow discharged by one of his own domestics, named Walter Tyrrell, a French knight, August 2, A. D. 1100, aged 44.

Miss Eve. Yes; there he lies, with the horrid grin of an untimely death upon his countenance. You have made him seem to sweat, as if bedewed with his death sweat. I know of no colourist of this time, besides yourself, that can produce this effect. Even the greatest of our modern artists want the science to accomplish this.

Miss K. Most of the great painters have despised colouring perhaps too much. It may seem a paradox, that some of the greatest painters could scarcely paint at all. It is observed of the greatest painter among the moderns, Michael Angelo, that his colouring, which was very bad at first, became worse afterwards, like a mixture of brick and charcoal. Raphael was never excellent either at colouring or effect; and many other great artists, such as Julio Romano, Polydore, &c. might be mentioned, who were very defective in this part. Michael Angelo is reported to have been used to say, that "colouring is an employment fit only for wo-

men and children." If this be true, I act agreeably to the character of my sex, to trifle some of my time away in this inferior department of the art.

Miss Eve. I observe you almost always place your warm colours, red and yellow, towards the great central mass of light.

Miss K. Yes. The best colourist that ever lived in this country, except Rubens and Vandyke, says, that had even Titian, or any other great colourist, pursued a contrary method, as many of the Italian masters have done, they would never have been able to produce a rich, splendid effect of colours. I always put a large mass of light toward the centre. I can make this what shape I chuse, by joining light to light; by plenty of warm colours and very deep shadows, especially if the picture is of the ornamental class, and I wish to have it very brilliant.

Miss Eve. Some of these persons seem highly gratified at the untimely death of this unfortunate king.

Miss K. It is related, that William II. was so vicious, ferocious, and tyrannical, that many thought the arrow which caused his death, and which glanced from a tree, was an instrument in the hand of God to rid the English of his oppression. Others rejoiced, and observed, that his father, William the Conqueror, had been guilty of extreme violence, in expelling the inhabitants of Hampshire from the New Forest; and that Providence, by a just retribution, had rendered that place fatal to several of his posterity, as I have already mentioned.

Miss *Eve*. How very picturesque you have made the landscape! What a noble tree is that from which the arrow is supposed to have glanced!

Miss *K*. The same principles that give greatness to a composition of figures, are equally efficacious in producing a great style in landscape; the harmony and length of lines, and the convex forms of the trees. 'Tis these, in a great degree, that render Claude's landscapes so superior to most others; 'tis these that contribute much to make St. Peter's and other works of Michael Angelò so superior to performances executed without science or selection. It should be added, that there is sentiment in all nature. The various trees, &c. produce their peculiar sensation; storms, sun-shine, gleams, wind, rain, hail, and other accidents of nature, may be employed by those who comprehend their various powers, to affect the mind in the same manner as a chemist and druggist can act upon the body by various drugs. This, in a high degree, confers that quality which is called genius; without it, the highest finishing is labour in vain; the piece will never be interesting. This made Claude Loraine's landscapes so romantic and desirable, that we almost wish to become inhabitants of the Arcadian scene.

Miss *Eve*. It is observed of some of the landscapes of Diderich, that we almost hear the water murmur, and see it tremble along the sides of the river, and of the boats upon it. In the battles of Borgognone, we are really apt to fancy that the trumpet sounds;

as the water which runs in the front of your picture seems to ripple.

Miss *K*. You may observe, that some of the persons who have uncovered William's bosom, seem to have endeavoured, by sprinkling him with cold water, to revive or refresh him.

Miss *Eve*. Of what use is that, when his spirit is fled, when his eyes are dim in death?

Miss *K*. He may be supposed to have not been so dead a few minutes ago, when this experiment commenced, as he is at present. As this event happened in August, if the scene had not been a forest, I should have introduced corn nearly ripe. Thus in spring, I endeavour to shew, according to the time, the forwardness of vegetation, the early trees perhaps in leaf, the backward ones only in bud, or not even so far advanced. I mark the character also of the time in summer; likewise in autumn, when dying vegetation produces so many red and yellow leaves, and employ those warm colours that have been used with so much success by Titian, Tintoret, Rubens, Reynolds, and some others of the best colourists, especially as revivers or balancers of the colours in the great masses.

Miss *Eve*. I think Reynolds was very fond of introducing the beech-tree in his landscapes.

Miss *K*. Yes; many painters have their favourite trees. In Mutiano's landscapes is generally to be found the chesnut, in Lotin's the oak. As our country is famous for the latter, I have, as you see, made the arrow glance from an

oak-tree. Waterloo's landscapes are generally forest scenes. In this *New Forest* I have borrowed from that excellent master. So you see I am always stealing; as Reynolds observes, "always copying, always original; and the more we copy, the more original are our productions."

Miss *Eve*. This would appear as algebra to the conception of the unscientific.

Miss *K*. Yes; but it is not the unscientific that are entitled to decide: besides, these would steal in such a crude, artless way, that their theft would be easily detected, and they would be convicted by the Spartan law, to which artists and authors alone are subject. It may be observed, that some painters have thus introduced a waterfall in their pictures, others an old fallen tree, almost always in the front of their landscapes; and other favourite peculiarities are to be found in the works of many painters.

Miss *Eve*. When did the greatest number of celebrated landscape-painters among the moderns first receive the breath of life?

Miss *K*. About 200 years ago.

Miss *Eve*. That was during the reign of James I. Will you mention the eminent painters born in his reign?

Miss *K*. Cuyp, 1605; Rembrandt, 1606; Dispenbeck and Colombini, 1607; Brouwer, 1608; Mola, 1609; Old William Vanderfelde, Young D. Teniers, and J. Both, 1610; Hobbima and Du Fresnoy, 1611; Murillo, Artois, Bamboccio, Gerard Douw, and Gysbrecht Hondekoeter, 1613; Salvator

Rosa, 1614; Sol. Ruysdaal, Old T. Wycke, Castiglione, Carlo Dolci, and Sebastian Bourdon, 1616; Waterloo, 1618; Le Brun, 1619; Wouvermanns, Swanefeld, or the Hermit of Italy, Van Huysum, and William Van Aelst, 1620; Everdingen and Pynaker, 1621; Filippo Laura and G. Brandi, 1623; Berghem, 1624; Carlo Maratti, Drilenburgh, and Paul Potter, 1625. This last artist was remarkable for chaste colouring and high finishing. He died at the early age of 29; and his pictures fetch a very high price.

Miss *Eve*. I think Gysbrecht Hondekoeter, so famous for painting fowls, was son to Gilles H.

Miss *K*. Yes, and father to Melchior. They were the three best painters in this confined department of the art (that of painting fowls and other birds) that ever existed.

Miss *Eve*. I suppose the father often takes great pains, or rather pleasure, to impart the rules by which he paints, to his children; for in many instances whole families have had great success in painting. Thus the Van Huysums were eminent for their skill in delineating flowers.

Miss *K*. Yes; no doubt this excellence arises in a great measure from their receiving the rules which their fathers had ascertained. John Van Huysum's flower-pieces are, I think, the best I have seen: they generally fetch several hundred guineas a picture.

Miss *Eve*. Among the names you have just mentioned is that of Rembrandt. This great colourist, like Rubens, had many pupils.

Miss K. Yes, he had more pupils than Rubens. The latter had 16; Rembrandt had 17.

Miss Eve. Have you made a pedigree of Rembrandt?

Miss K. Yes, here it is.

Cosimo Roselli, 1416, Florence

G. Barili and P. Cosimo, 1441, Florence

Andrea del Sarto, 1488, Florence

Lambert Lombard, 1500, Liege

Old Peter Pourbus, 1510, Gouda; and F. Floris, 1520, Antwerp

Young F. Pourbus, 1540, Bruges; and Gilles Coignot, 1530, Antwerp

Corn. von Haarlem, 1562, Haarlem

Pr. Lastman, 1581, Haarlem

Zwaanenborg

Peter Lastman

J. Pinas, 1596, Haarlem

REMBRANDT,

Son of a miller, born near Leyden, 1606

Fd. Bol
Corn. Bishop
Sir G. Kneller

Braner
Douw
Gy. Schaleken
J. P. van Slingsland

Del- Eick-
laert hout

Flink

Gelder

Hoog-
straaten

Kielhove, Sir G.
called Kneller

Bernard

Margaretta Godewyck
Moelart

Maas

Orcus Pau-
dits doel

Ver-

Willemens

Miss Eve. I see Zwaanenberg, Peter Lastman, and John Pinas were Rembrandt's masters. Cosimo Roselli of Florence, from whom you have traced him, was born 190 years before him, and it is now above 200 years since Rembrandt first drew breath. Many of Rembrandt's seventeen pupils have produced pictures of great merit.

Miss K. As I observed, about 200 years ago a great many of the best landscape-painters were born: from 1594 to 1625, which is only 31 years, above twenty of the best in this department can be mentioned.

Miss Eve. Which are these?

Miss K. N. Poussin . . . 1594

Van Goyen 1596

Claude Loraine } 1600

G. Poussin }

Wynants }

Cuyp 1605

Rembrandt 1606

Mola 1609

Young D. Teniers } 1610

John Both }

Hobbema 1611

Bamboccio } 1613

Artois }

Salvator Rosa 1614

Sol Ruysdaal } 1616

Old T. Wycke }

Waterloo 1618

Swanefeld } 1620

Wouvermanns }

Everdingen }

Berghem 1624

Paul Potter 1625

I have introduced Rembrandt's name, because, in addition to his other merits, he was very excellent at landscape. It is curious, that, with the exception of Claude and Poussin, most of these painters did not seem to comprehend select nature. Waterloo was particularly admirable in forest scenes, and is an excellent master for a landscape-painter to study.

Miss Eve. Who was Waterloo's master?

Miss K. The masters of Waterloo and Wynants are unknown. Much has been said in books respecting the merits of the above masters, and it is very improving to compare those observations with their exquisite productions.

JUNINUS.

ESSAY ON LABOUR.

From Mrs. Peck's New Novel, "Vaga; or, a View of Nature."

THE best relish of all our pleasures most undoubtedly results from honest and useful employments. It is almost proverbial, that "labour is the sweetener of rest." But it is in the highest degree unjust to imagine, that there is any thing despicable or low in labour, whether it consists in the application either of body or mind; and it is very erroneous to suppose, that people who appear to sit in a manner at ease, are therefore ex-

cused from their share of the common burden. The tailor, the watchmaker, and others, who sit at their board, sheltered from the inclemencies of the air and the weather; nay, even the merchant in his counting-house, and the scholar in his study, all contribute, in their degree, to the common stock, and frequently expend both their health and their strength by their sedentary lives. Labour does not consist merely in action, otherwise

those who spend most of their time in shooting, hunting, and fishing, might claim their share of industry, and its benefits. But, as usefulness constitutes the principal importance of the life of man, he who sweeps the highway might dispute the palm with many who move in a higher sphere. The beasts may, and do labour; but not with the advantage of knowing, like man, the utility of it. It is by the means of labour only that we enjoy all our comforts, and the advantages we possess above men living in a savage state. Labour is also the source of our riches, and very frequently of the superiority we enjoy above our neighbours, less active than ourselves. Pleasure and amusements frequently pall the senses; and it has been said, that those happy persons who may be unacquainted with that uneasiness of mind which the French call *ennui*, have nothing to do but to pass a whole week in absolute idleness.

The laborious of any description whatever, seldom want necessities: the idle either actually feel, or imagine, the loss of all. The former is honoured and esteemed, because he is useful, while the latter is despised. The idle, not being able to persevere in a course of laudable industry, and yet not capable of remaining totally inactive, fall frequently into the excesses of gaming, drinking, or debauchery. Hence uneasy reflections, vain regret, fears for the future, and numerous sensations to which the industrious are entirely strangers. But such are the prejudices and blindness of mankind in general, and particularly of those who are untaught, that they are led to suppose

a life of labour to be a calamity, rather than a blessing. They do not imagine, that a life of indolence, even connected with opulence, is little better than splendid misery. They are not aware, that our very make and form are sufficient indications that we were born to labour; and that the indulgences, equally with the necessities of mankind, ought to be looked upon as so many different claims upon his exertion. Besides, labour is the pathway to honour and dignity, without any debasement of the species. Hence promotion; and hence the rewards bestowed upon each other, as so many testimonies of gratitude, esteem, and confidence. In a word, there is something godlike in the communication of these rewards and distinctions: consequently, it is by means of these, that magistrates, kings, and princes distinguish merit, and bestow the best recompence upon the talents or the fidelity of their fellow-citizens and subjects.

It is with titles as with wealth: he who is without them, supposes such distinctions to be truly enviable; he who has them, imagines real happiness to rest with those who possess these advantages in a higher degree than himself. Greatness, no doubt, has its benefits, because even the most empty titles obtain some respect among men, who are generally ready to flatter those above them; yet the great, to whom these distinctions are familiar, soon cease to relish them. To lose them entirely would, no doubt, be afflicting. The first time one of this description is decorated with a star, a ribband, or an epaulet, he is, no doubt, as much

pleased as a child with something new in its dress. A nobleman at length wears his star, or any other mark of distinction, with the same indifference as his shoes and stockings. As to greatness, there is no rank, no office, which is devoid of its duties. It is just, that those who share the honours conferred by the state, should bear a part in its services. Even the sovereign (in England) is bound by the laws; and there are scarcely any beneath him, however elevated they may be, who are not accountable for their conduct to their superiors. Often, while the soldier reposes in his tent, the chief of the army must exchange his sleep for toil and watching. Each of the officers is again responsible for the conduct of all committed to his charge. It is the magistrate, also, who is expected to maintain good order and tranquillity: the people have only

to enjoy the fruits of their vigilance. The common mechanic goes to his labour when he pleases, and quits it without being liable to be asked, why he does so. But his superiors, who are in office, must execute their duties at certain times appointed by others: private engagements, propensities, and habits, must frequently give way to the public service; and the higher the office, the greater is the disgrace of those persons who fail in their duties. Since, therefore, all men are dependant, and, to be happy, must engage in some useful employment or labour; he will be most so who has the art of enjoying his condition, and who, keeping religion and virtue in view, can derive the purest pleasures alternately from labour and rest, from society or from solitude, according to the situation in which he may be placed.

THE COGITATIONS OF SCRIBLERUS.

No. VII.

Where are the kings of Exad, and the kings of Arphad? Where are the kings of the cities of Sepharvaim? — CHRONICLES.

I WOULD now give half my literary reputation — yes, madam, why do you laugh? my literary reputation—to know the real opinions of the two sovereigns on their reception in this country. They have said, that they felt highly flattered: indeed they would have been highly ungrateful, had they not *said* so. But people will form happiness in their own way; pleasure will even cease to be pleasure, when it is dictated to us; and those sovereigns must have felt an odd sensation, on beholding every garlic-eating villain press into their presence,

when their peasantry are not allowed to touch the hem of their garment; in particular the Russian, who flies from the sight of his master as he would a pestilence, the custom of that country not allowing the prince and the vassal to breathe the same atmosphere.

Perhaps the density and heat of the air breathed by hundreds at an evening *fête*, may convey no remote idea of the stove-warmed apartment of the Russian noble. But that down beds and late hours can assimilate with that frame, to which the frost-hardened ground is

luxury, is strange. I am afraid we shall never get at their real opinion. No—kings will be kings—they must be courtly; and to be courtly is to compliment. My eldest son, whom, doubtless, the public must be much interested about—my eldest son, he's a 'cute lad—pretends to say, that they were not very fond of all this shew: "for," says he, "didn't they come into town quietly, while I was waiting in the cold to see them? Did they not depart as quietly?" Yes, he is right, they did. There is no man more fond of candour than I am. I shall therefore, before I proceed, warn my reader against any sly blow I may give these illustrious strangers, by preparing them by my reasons, and assure them I am not best pleased with their conduct toward such a person as Johannes Scriblerus. What, never to send for me! to leave the country without an audience of me, who, through the medium of the *Repository*, could ruin their characters at once! But now I'll act nobly; I'll not notice this rude behaviour to a man of so much consequence. Dear darling poem, on which I had devoted so much time and talent! my "Alexandriad, or the Saviour of the North," must now hang its head, and the world has lost a valuable epic of many thousand lines for ever. How have I mustered *northern pines* and *Siberian mines*! and has not one book already been put into very pretty Russ, by my friend Crackendentschoff, for nothing? The world have now, for a time, done *emperoring*—the tradesman has returned to his employment; the spruce clerk again wields his pen; and the man of

fashion once more parades the *paré* unshouldered by plebeian anxiety; and I return to my garret and my cogitations. Distracted with noise and hurry, and squeezed to a mummy, here I sit; yet is not quietness to be my doom; I am consulted about losses, and future devices for another day of illumination. Cleora begs me to recover her lost heart, which she missed at the dinner-day at Guildhall, and which she strongly suspects was stolen from her by Wild-fire of the 18th, a well known and reputed thief. Mr. Gubbins begs an impromptu from me, to adorn his transparency of the Devil flying away with Boney. Charles Dangle, Esq. also begs me to save him from hanging himself, from a fit of despair for love of a fair incognita, who mortally wounded him, through the medium of a smart-turned ancle, which slipped through a balcony on the last shew-day; and Jack Variable curses his stars, that, from a similar accident, he became acquainted with the bandy-legs of his intended, and begs me to get him off the match. One writes to me for a cardinal Virtue to complete his transparency for the next triumph; and Will Changeable, who used to drink success to Bonaparte, wishes to know if he may represent Talleyrand carrying his master to the infernal regions. But I have done with them; and let my customers know once for all, that for the future I shall cease to give advice gratis. Had they followed my counsel, many of my friends would not have disgraced themselves by the low caricatures displayed at their windows. The Fall

of Phaeton was a grand design—every body must have understood what that meant. The Sun of Peace rising over the world was an idea partaking somewhat of sublimity; but I must protest, much as I have ever hated my friend Nap, against his being personified as a little blue devil; and I must insist on all my subjects, over whom I reign with despotic sway, resorting to *artists* for designs, where grandeur of composition may supersede the efforts of the window-blind colourer. Let then the apotheosis of a Pitt, a Perceval, and those whose measures have brought about this era, preside in the embellishments of peace, and let some allusion (it will be but decent) be made in the description to those military and naval heroes who have fought and bled for us. I had some idea to have presented in my window the following motto:—"In the blessings of peace, let us not be ungrateful to those who have gained it;" or something of this complexion; but Mrs. Scriblerus objected to it; and, alas! for me, her word is law. Let us, however, trust, that wherever Alexander of Russia and Frederic of Prussia may be, when this Cogitation meets the eyes of my readers, they will acknowledge, that if Englishmen have at all failed in the object of giving them a hearty welcome, at least no pains, no expence have been spared to make them sensible how much we value their exertions in the cause for which we have all struggled. Honoured with the thousands of salutes of thousands of our fair country-women, the veteran Blücher will at least allow, that kissing is not prohibited in this country; nor will a Platoff

have reason to fear, that want of gallantry in England will oblige his daughter to a state of celibacy, though she gains not a husband in an immolator of Bonaparte.

But if Englishmen can submit to hunger, heat, and cold, for a sight of two foreign personages, how will they hail the presence of a Wellington! For my share, I was not best pleased to find his presence wanting at the proclamation of peace. I would have him enter our metropolis in triumph; a triumph worthy of ancient Rome; with this difference, that no slaves should decorate his chariot wheels—but he should be mounted in an open car, that all eyes might see the man to whom we owe the olive-branches now spreading over our heads; not surrounded by captive bands, but encompassed by all those heroes who have fought for us. Nor should the wounded, who could attend, be missing: borne also in triumph, and reposing on their laurels, they would more strongly address themselves to our hearts, and the country would immediately adopt those for her children who have been so worthy of such a parent. Such as know the fickleness of human nature, will not be surprised if their services should be soon forgotten; and the old cry of "standing army" may too soon plunge in oblivion the claims of men who have sacrificed every thing but their honour for us; and the general and the subaltern, to whom we have been beholden for every thing that is dear to us, be equally branded by some hireling of reform. That this may never be the case, is the fervent prayer of the desultory

JOHANNES SCRIBLERUS.

FRAGMENTS FROM THE POCKET-BOOK OF AN AMATEUR.

ON THE PECULIAR OBSTACLES
WHICH RETARD THE PROGRESS
OF ARCHITECTURE.

NONE of the fine arts appear to labour under greater disadvantages, or have more formidable obstacles to overcome, than architecture. In the first place, it is of all the arts the most *impracticable*, and the most *dependant*. Whatever the genius or abilities of the architect, he possesses them in vain, unless opportunities are offered of displaying them. The poet and the painter may console themselves for the neglect of their contemporaries; they may appeal from patrons to the public; and may employ their hours of solitude on some work, which shall exist a splendid monument of their powers. With the architect the case is widely different; he cannot shut himself up in his study and erect palaces. Opportunities of rearing splendid edifices do not often occur; and this very circumstance would lead one to suppose, that a design would not be adopted till after serious and mature deliberation. Does a paltry picture or contemptible poem appear? still the mischief is not great, and both the one and the other are quickly forgotten, or may be easily laid aside: but when a building is once erected, it remains perhaps for ages a public monument of good or bad taste. For want of this caution, how many buildings appear to have been erected under some pressing exigencies, where no time for selection or improvement could be allowed, but the first design that came to hand was laid hold of for the occasion.

Even the facility of making mere elevations has been injurious to the art. Every builder or surveyor, who can mechanically draw the five orders, dubs himself an architect, and dabbles in designs: no matter whether he possesses any taste for the grand and beautiful; whether he can be original without caprice, or, by a happy combination, can impart novelty to common forms; whether he understands any thing of *chiaro-scuro* and perspective, or is aware how advantageously they may be employed; in short, whether he knows any thing or nothing of all this, is but of little importance; intrigue may procure him interest, interest bestow on him *jobs*. In no wise solicitous as to the advancement of the art, to which he attaches himself solely from mercenary motives, he is on every occasion forward to comply with the caprice and vitiated taste of his employers.

It must be confessed too, that the usual method of exhibiting designs by elevations and sections, instead of perspective views, is not the best adapted for rendering the study *popular*. For this reason it is, that the architectural drawings at our exhibitions are comparatively neglected, and afterwards many a beautiful design is consigned to the port-folio of the artist, never to re-appear before the public: whereas, were designs exhibited in perspective, though they should never be executed, they might still adorn the walls of our cabinets as pictures, and, by being engraved, might acquire a publicity and reputation for the artist, which, if

not profitable, would yet be honourable. It might too be advisable, that an annual prize should be given to the architectural exhibitors at the Royal Academy, and that the best design should be engraved in perspective. In a preceding fragment, the utility of an Architectural Magazine, was hinted at. Every other study or pursuit is exhibited in the popular form of the general miscellany; the study of architecture alone is confined to ponderous and expensive works. Now it is really to be doubted, whether the confining (with a few exceptions) treatises on this science to magnificent folios, may not tend in some degree to retard its progress and diffusion. Till within these few years, we did not possess *Les Annales du Musée* and the *Historic Gallery*; each of these works forms a portable collection, containing a great variety of subjects, and, from their comparatively humble price, are within the reach of such as could never hope to attain more expensive publications. It is to be regretted, that the English work should not have proceeded beyond the seventh volume.

If architects have not attempted to bring their science before the public in a popular form, is it because it is too futile and insignificant to attract attention? or because they are unwilling to gratify our curiosity at so cheap a rate? If it originate in the former consideration, their conduct is certainly prudent; if in the latter, hardly generous. Still I must think, that the more generally architecture were understood, the better would it be both for the art and its professors. To the former it would

prove advantageous, as it would serve to form and direct the public taste; to the latter, it would be serviceable, since, if a more pure and noble taste were cultivated, they would rather be seconded in their designs by their employer, than thwarted by caprices, to which they are but too often obliged to submit; and we might often be spared the mortification of beholding buildings "curtailed of their fair proportions" and ornaments by an ill-judging and tasteless parsimony, or disfigured by a paltry style of ornament, or to speak more correctly, affectation of ornament.

Were a manual of designs, in the style and on the scale of those introduced in the *Annales du Musée*, to be published, it would methinks be both acceptable to the public and of service to the art. Neither do I apprehend, that it would hinder the sale of more costly and elaborate works, but rather ultimately promote it, by diffusing a more general knowledge of the art. It is almost impertinent to observe, that were a more general relish for architecture encouraged, its beneficial effects would be perceived even in a more correct and noble taste of street architecture, and that too sometimes at as cheap, or a cheaper, rate than deformity.

INTERIOR VIEWS OF PALACES AND SEATS.

Those who are delighted with beholding

"Whate'er adorns
The princely dome, the column, and the arch,
The breathing marble, and the sculptured
gold,"

must regret, that there are many obstacles to obstruct or diminish this gratification. Access to the

interior of splendid mansions is often not to be procured without great difficulty; and when admitted, the visitor is hurried through suites of apartments, and so confused by the multiplicity of beauties which surround him, that he is frequently as much, if not more, tantalized than gratified, his curiosity rather excited than allayed. A work, therefore, containing a series of select interior views, could not, I think, fail to remunerate those who should undertake it. In the first place, it would have novelty to recommend it, for nothing similar has yet appeared. To all artists employed in interior decoration, it would be serviceable, by presenting to them a collection of views of the most magnificent and elegant apartments in the kingdom; while those who had seen them but imperfectly before, might again view them at leisure by their own fire-sides.

The Saloon, Hall, and Library at Blenheim, Chapel at Alnwick, Hall and Statue Gallery at Holkham, with many other apartments, as at Stowe, Wilton, Keddlestone, &c. &c. are surely as well worth representation as tomb-stones, crypts, charnel-houses, and many other objects possessing too much deformity to please any but a professed antiquary or illustrator. Why, therefore, should not the admirers of elegance be as assiduous in the cause they espouse, as the indefatigable partizans of antiquarianism? No doubt can be entertained as to the suitableness of such subjects for representation, since all apprehension on that head would be instantly dispelled by turning to the beautiful interior views of

Radcliffe Library at Oxford, and of the Public Library at Cambridge, in Ackermann's Histories of those Universities. These plates display Mr. Mackenzie's superior abilities as an architectural draftsman, and are a sufficient proof, that similar subjects are neither uninteresting nor unpicturesque.

Such a collection as that here suggested would also serve to illustrate and accompany Watts's *Views*, and most of our English Tourists. Nor is there any reason to suppose, that it would be displeasing to the possessors of noble seats, to have their beauties, at present comparatively but little known, except by reputation, thus laid open and exposed, as it were, to public inspection and admiration.

CIRCULAR PORTICOS.

It appears somewhat extraordinary, that so few examples should exist of the circular portico; a feature so beautiful, as to deserve to be oftener introduced than it is into architectural composition.—Sir Wm. Chambers, among his designs for *casinos*, at the end of his *Treatise on Civil Architecture*, has given a singularly beautiful one with a portico, whose plan is a complete circle, the order Doric, and the portico rises above the other part of the building; the whole elevation exhibiting a singularly happy combination of novelty with purity of design, and simplicity with richness.

ON CHIARO-SCURO AND PICTURESQUE EFFECT IN ARCHITECTURE.

Architects do not appear to avail themselves so extensively as they might, of the advantages to be derived from effects of *chiaro-scuro*,

and arranging their edifices in masses, so as to obtain a picturesque effect. Neither do they bestow sufficient attention on the general outline of their designs, or employ seldom more than a mere flat, with but few bold projections, or any thing to break the surface of the elevation in a picturesque manner. The Observatory at Oxford is an instance of what may be produced by mere novelty of outline and mass: for this building, though captivating at first appearance and in its general form, is far from being faultless in its details. The bas-reliefs are certainly too ornamental to accord with the naked windows beneath them. The lower part of the edifice has a *prettiness* and an *affectation* of simplicity which are by no means to be commended.

Besides, it does not appear to be agreeable to correct taste, to introduce reliefs, which are merely ornamental, while windows, which are necessary parts, are left entirely plain. It is this mixture of ornament and plainness which disgusts; and buildings thus decorated may be said to resemble a female Quaker with brilliants in her ears. It would surely be more consonant to propriety to attend first to the decoration of the necessary parts of the building, before we venture to introduce merely adventitious ornaments. Were this precept more attended to, we should not be so often disgusted with those crude and motley compounds of finery and meanness which disgrace both our streets and lawns.

(To be continued.)

THE MODERN SPECTATOR.

No. XLI.

The first request
He made, was like his brothers to be dress'd;
And, as his birth requir'd, above the rest.

DRYDEN.

It is observed by Lavater, that persons who are habitually attentive to dress, display the same regularity in their domestic affairs. How far this observation may apply to the belles of Switzerland, from whom it may be presumed that he drew it, I do not pretend to determine; though it cannot be supposed, that such an observer of the human character had not a prototype in his fair country-women: but his opinion would not, I think, be supported by the fashionables of our metropolis. It may, perhaps, be owing to my ignorance of high life, but, as far as my experience has enabled me to judge,

the ladies who more particularly pique themselves upon the elegance and splendour of their dress, who are anxious to adopt and display its varieties, and derive consequence from giving their names to a mantle, a boot, or a bonnet, are not remarkable for their attention to household arrangement, or domestic economy. Whatever may have been his knowledge of, or insight into, the pericraniums of statesmen, warriors, and philosophers, Lavater by no means equals the sagacity of Addison, in the examination of those of the female form: the dissection which the latter has given of the skull of

a lady of fashion, displays a far greater portion of knowledge in every thing that relates to the intellectual anatomy of woman, than the philosopher of Zurich. He has, however, another remark on the same subject, which is less liable to objections. It is this:—"Young females who neglect their toilette, and manifest little concern about dress, indicate a disregard of order, a mind but ill adapted to economic details, a deficiency of taste, and of the qualities that inspire love; in short, they will be careless in every thing." This is the character of a stupid, idle, female sloven, and therefore fit for nothing; but it is such an one, as, I am thankful, is so rare as never to have presented itself to my attention. He proceeds, however, one step further:—"The girl of sixteen," he adds, "who strives not to please, will inevitably be a slut, and a shrew at twenty-five." This may be true, for aught I know; but I would ask, in return, where is the miss of sixteen, who, in some way or other, is free from a desire to please? The resulting corollary of these opinions is, that the love of dress is not only allowable, but essentially requisite in women; and that it indicates an amiable disposition, and a love of order and regularity. This mode of reasoning cannot be known to the attendant priestesses in the various temples of fashion in St. James's-street, Bond-street, &c. or a Lavater's head would, long since, have been presented as a sign, or given a pre-eminent title to some or other of them; an honour, however, which the amiable and pious philosopher,

No. *LXVIII.* Vol. *XII.*

whose opinions I have detailed, never thought, and would not have been very ambitious, of attaining.

But this by way; for when I took up my pen to write this essay, my mind was not occupied on the nature of dress, but on the tyranny of fashion, which, however tasteful its inventions, is frequently monstrous in the application of them. We have lately seen the Oldenburg bonnet, which was probably framed for the purpose of travelling on the Continent, or the circumstances of a sea voyage, and, at all events, is not suited to the months of May and June in this country; but no sooner does it appear on the head of the princess from whom it derives its name, than it is instantly adopted from one end of the metropolis to the other; and as soon as the mail-coaches can convey the patterns, in every part of the island. I am old enough to remember, when some lady of high rank, to whom nature had been rather parsimonious in posterior accompaniments, thought it a duty she owed herself, to supply the defect with certain elegant protuberances of cork; and so far, so good. The shape was thus improved, and those appearances provided, which Nature herself would have furnished, if she had been in a better humour than she appeared to be, when she formed the lady in question. But Fashion now stepped forward, to produce, from this sensible arrangement, the most ridiculous absurdities. For this invention having been once established, for the decoration of the more meagre forms, was equally adopted by those to whom nature had been

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most bountiful and abundant in flesh and muscle; and shapes appeared in the tonish circles which occupied at least, from their artificial circumference, twice the space which their natural superficialities would have required.

The most attractive circumstance of modern fashion is the succession of varieties. In more remote periods, the modes of public appearance would last, at least, through a long reign, but now they are the ephemera of the season. They are so changeable, that if a person, by any very afflicting accident, or prolonged illness, should be kept to his chamber and night-gown for seven or eight months, he must, if he is a fashionable man, send for his tailor to fit him out afresh, to be like other people.

Fabulous history informs us of one Epimenides, who, after a sleep of fifty years, awoke with amazement on finding himself, as it were, in a new world, from the universal change in what may be called the living appearance of it. Divesting the story, for a moment, of its incredible character, we of this day might easily conceive the effect upon the sleeper's mind, if his nap had been of a far shorter period. If we were but to put on a suit of clothes which had slumbered five or six years in the wardrobe, we should appear in a ridiculous light to ourselves, and little short of monstrous to others.

Queen Anne, consort of Richard II. who first set the fashion of riding on side-saddles, introduced a high head attire, piked with horns, to which a kind of streamer was fastened, that hung down in a long

flow behind, and turning up again, was tied to the girdle. This princess seems to have had a tasteful fancy, as she also introduced gowns with long trains. Henry IV. wore long hair, whiskers, and a double-pointed beard; and in his time the long pocketed sleeve was much in fashion. Henry V. wore the same; and Camden, speaking of the shoes *à la mode* in this reign, has this expression:—"Not many years after it was proclaimed, that no man should have his shoes broader at the toes than six inches." Women also, at this time, trimmed themselves with foxes' tails under their garments. Henry VI. Edward IV. Richard III. and Henry VII. wore their hair moderately long, without beard or whiskers. Henry VIII. had short cropped hair, large whiskers, and a short curled beard; his gown furred, the upper part of his sleeves bowed out with whalebone, and open from his shoulders to his wrists, and there buttoned with diamonds; about his neck and wrists he wore short ruffles. So many portraits of this monarch have survived, that his figure and habiliments are in a great measure as well known to our age, as they were to his own.

Queen Mary wore a close head-dress, with a broad, flat, long end or train hanging down behind; strait sleeves down to her wrists, on which and on her neck was a narrow ruffle. On the 27th of May, 1555, 2d Queen Mary, Sir William Cecil, being then at Calais, bought, as appears by his MS. Diary, three hats for his children. These are the first hats of which I know any account, and, for some time, they

appeared to be but rarely adopted by men.

Queen Elizabeth wore no head-dress, but her own or false hair in great abundance, extravagantly frizzled and curled; a bob or jewel dropt on her forehead; a huge laced double ruff, long piked stays, a hoop petticoat, extended like a go-cart; her petticoats very full; her sleeves barreled and hooped from the shoulders to the elbows, and again from the elbows to the wrists. In one picture of her she is painted according to the above description, with five bobs, one on her forehead, one above each ear, and one at each ear. This queen is said to have been the first person in her own kingdom who wore stockings: before her time, both men and women wore hose, that is, breeches, or drawers and stockings all of one piece of cloth. Sir Philip Sidney, a distinguished attendant on her court, wore a huge, high collar, stiffened with whalebone; a very broad stiff laced ruff; his doublet, barreled and slashed all over, with small oblong buttons, and a loose, long cloak.

In the reign of James I. the great tub farthingal was much worn. The famous Countess of Essex is pictured in a monstrous hoop of this sort. In conformity to the ladies of that age, the gentlemen fell into the ridiculous fashion of trunk hose; which was carried to such an excess, as to have received the title of the farthingal small-clothes.

Charles I. wore long hair, particularly one lock, longer than the rest, hanging on the left side, large whiskers, a piked beard, a ruff, shoe-roses, and a falling band. His

queen wore a ruff standing on each side and behind, with her bosom open.

The history of dress, both male and female, might be continued, with some degree of interest and curiosity, through the successive reigns, if the space allotted me would allow it. The pleasurable and gallant court of Charles II. with the beauties that adorned it, might be made to enliven the subject with the improved taste and graces of that period. The collections of Windsor and Hampton Court, as well as the family galleries of our nobility, furnish precise representations of the modes of dress of the last two centuries; and a scale might be formed of successive fashions, with all their whims, vagaries, and fancies throughout that length of years, down to the present moment, and the continuation of them, which this *Repository*, and this number of it, displays in its elegant and correct representation of the fashionable morning and evening dresses of persons in the higher ranks of life.

It would be a curious contrast, to take the elegant designs of beauty and fashion which this Number affords, and compare them with the figures that are seen to attend Queen Elizabeth in the characters of dames and maids of honour, in her various progresses, as represented in the curious and well known work published by Mr. J. Nicholls. Such a comparison would awaken the same emotions of ridicule and merriment, as is excited by the two figures of the antique Antinous, that beautiful example of Grecian sculpture, and a French

dancing-master, which are placed together, in order to illustrate one of the principles of Hogarth on the subject of grace, in his *Analysis of Beauty*.

I conclude with a stanza from an old ballad:—

What is the state
Of this great nation,—
The great live by the state,
And the state lives by fashion.

THE UMBRELLA.

By AUGUSTUS VON KOTZBUE.

(Concluded from p. 20.)

IT was a considerable time before the assessor had the courage to avail himself of the opportunities afforded him by his interviews with Henrietta. He was always deterred by the consideration of his infirmities. "How," thought he, "can I, who have the use of only one eye, one arm, one leg, hope to make any impression upon a young female with two such sparkling eyes, two such delicately white arms, two such handsome feet!" One day, however, when he entered, during a heavy shower, with his faithful umbrella under his arm, and found Henrietta sitting at the window, he could no longer repress the wishes of his heart.—"I must e'en venture," thought he, "for this state of uncertainty I can endure no longer. Has not our president too charged me with being more and more negligent of the duties of my office?" Being now seated with her at the window, leaning his lame arm on his dripping umbrella, he mustered courage, and thus began:—"Will you permit me, my dear miss, to relate my history to you?"

"I shall hear it with pleasure."

"It is rather singular, for umbrellas are involved in all the principal transactions of my life."

Henrietta smiled. The assessor thus proceeded:—

"When I was a little boy, my father once came home on a very wet day, just like this, and left his umbrella expanded in the next room to that in which he usually sat, that it might dry. It grew dark, and I, in running through the room, fell over the umbrella, the ferrilled point of which ran into one of my eyes, and deprived me of the sight of it.

"I was scarcely twenty, when I was one day looking at a rope-dancer in the Park. The sun shone very hot, but I had my umbrella with me as usual, and put it up. Among the crowd of spectators, there was not far from me an officer with a young lady, who had no other shelter from the intense solar rays than a little paltry fan. The officer very politely requested me to lend my umbrella for the lady; I had the incivility to refuse him; he naturally became uncivil too, and at length so rude that I was obliged to challenge him. He gave me a thrust in the arm, which has left a lameness in it ever since.

"Neither have the umbrellas of others brought me better luck than my own. I was once riding on a trained horse, that is, a horse which had learned more than myself. He capered and pranced when I did not want him, probably because

I tightened the curb, or pressed with my knee, when I should not have done so. One day he began his capers just at the moment when I was passing the stall of an apple-woman, who had a very large oil-skin umbrella spread over the baskets of fruit and herself. I know not to this moment whether it was owing to any mistake of mine in the management of the beast, or whether he took fright at the great umbrella. He reared, and pranced, and kicked, till, in spite of all my exertions, he ran foul of the umbrella, knocked down the woman, upset her baskets upon her, and threw me on the top of them all, and that with such violence as to break my leg, which was not healed without great difficulty. Such is the cause of my present lameness."

Henrietta could scarcely forbear laughing, but pity predominated, and she cheered the narrator by the feeling expression of her sympathy.

"Ah!" said the assessor, "but that is not all by a great deal. Through my whole life I have been persecuted by umbrellas. The first place that I applied for, I lost, because I had the misfortune to knock off the hat of a fool of quality, against whom I ran in the street with my umbrella, and to disorder his hair. I was disappointed of the second, because a lady of extremely delicate nerves, who desired to speak to me, fainted away at the smell of my new oil-skin umbrella, and in consequence took a violent dislike to me. The third I lost, because I made an enemy of a secretary whom I used to meet at a club, and who one night, at his departure, took away my new um-

brella with him, instead of his old one, and was highly affronted when I requested him to exchange it again.

"But I was most unlucky when I was soliciting the fourth place, which the president had positively promised me. I was invited to an evening party at his house, and unfortunately took it into my head to retire before the rest of the company. I looked about for my umbrella in the anti-room, and could not find it. The servants, thought I, have most likely carried it into some other apartment; and therefore opened the next door without knowing that it was the bed-chamber of the president's lady. She was just at this moment in very familiar conversation with an officer, and angrily asked, 'What do you want?' I was frightened, and excused my intrusion as well as I could with the truth, namely, that I was seeking my umbrella: on which she very heartily wished both me and my umbrella at the devil. In a few days the place was given to another.

"It was not long before I met with a new patron, who had it in his power to make ample amends for all my disappointments. He too gave me his word to provide for me on the first opportunity. Whilst I was waiting for this opportunity, I saw him one evening at dusk, slipping, without any attendant, into a house which did not bear the best reputation. He was wrapped up in a great cloak, but nevertheless I knew him. As it just began to rain very fast, I thought to do a civility, which would be taken in good part, if I watched in the street till my patron came out again, and

then offered him my umbrella. I had to wait a whole hour. At length he came, and God knows I meant no harm, when I said to him, 'Please your excellency, here is my umbrella.' He paused, seemed doubtful whether to reply or not; and indeed I had rather he had given me no answer at all; for he was pleased to say nothing more than, 'Go to the devil with your umbrella!' Next morning I went to pay my respects, but his door was shut against me, and I have never since been able to obtain admittance.

"However, if we will but have patience, things will at last come round. Fortunately my parents left me a very pretty property, so that I could wait, and got a place too at last: but many a scurvy trick was I still played by my umbrella.

"I had once partly engaged myself to a pretty young woman, and had also partly repented it, for she could make a great many words about trifles. Thought I to myself, if she behaves thus as a bride, what have I to expect from her as a wife. She particularly took me to task about my umbrella, because I, for sufficient reasons, never stir abroad without it. I did not mind her, and merely smiled; this she took highly amiss, observing, that I ought not to smile when she was vexed.

"Once, however, at the play, matters were carried rather too far. I had taken a box for six persons. She, her aunt, and sisters filled it, so that there was but a very small space for me, and scarcely any for my umbrella. I put it first in one corner. 'Pray take this nasty

umbrella away,' was soon the cry. I moved it to another, and the same injunction was repeated. I laid it under the bench, and then it was in the way of their feet; so that I had no alternative left but to hold it in my hand, which I did very contentedly. My fair companions, with my bride at their head, now thought fit to rally me on account of my umbrella. One remarked that I looked like one of the wild men in some coats of arms, with clubs in their hands; another, that I resembled a talapoin of the kingdom of Siam, who is represented with an umbrella; the third, that I should look admirably upon an elephant. My bride thought all these allusions extremely witty, and laughed ready to kill herself. Weary at last of being the object of their ridicule, I left the box, and never returned.

"In the pit I fared, if any thing, still worse. The play was, *Misanthropy and Repentance*. The audience was dissolved in tears. I had not long before read in a French newspaper, that, during the performance of the same piece at Paris, a wag had all at once put up his umbrella, lest he should get wet through from the copious shower of tears that fell from the boxes; on which the whole house burst in to a loud laugh. I thought that I too would be witty for once, if not original, and therefore hoisted my umbrella at the end of the third act. Unfortunately, the Germans did not understand the joke. Those who were behind me, grumbled because I interrupted the view, and at length began to overwhelm me with abuse. I turned coolly round, and told them it was a practical

joke; but this only enraged them still the more. At length the police interfered, and I was glad to reach the door, after receiving many a punch in the ribs by the way.

"I went towards the Park, to and from which the people were pouring in crowds. The comers and goers formed but one mass, one half moving one way, and the other half the other. Many of them had umbrellas, for it began to spit a little. I suffered myself quietly to be carried along by the torrent, and secretly rejoiced in the shelter which I possessed. All at once a man, who likewise carried an umbrella, and was probably in great haste, for his arms were like a couple of battering-rams, that knocked down all before him, ran against me. Our umbrellas got entangled, and his forcibly pulled mine out of my hand. It was impossible for it to fall to the ground, the people were much too close for that; so it tumbled for twenty yards together, from one head to another, knocking off, in its progress, hats, spectacles, bonnets, and caps; in short, spreading havoc and consternation wherever it went. At length it was seized and torn into a thousand pieces. Luckily the good folks knew not to whom it belonged, otherwise the poor owner might perhaps have been doomed to a similar fate.

"I should never have finished, my dear miss, were I to attempt to relate to you all the mischances in which my umbrella has involved me."

"Indeed, sir, I pity you," said Henrietta; "but why not give up using an umbrella at all, as it seems

to have been invented for the purpose of making you unhappy?"

"Oh! by no means," rejoined the assessor; "we must only have patience; the malignity of fortune will be exhausted some time or other, and I still live in the pleasing hope of owing all my future felicity to my umbrella. It is but a few months since, to my inexpressible satisfaction, a child fell from a window plump upon my umbrella. The violence of the shock, to be sure, knocked me down, and I cut my head in two or three places, but then the force of the fall was broken, and the child escaped without injury. If you had but seen how the parents loaded me with the most affecting caresses, you would have thought, as I did myself, that I was amply indemnified for all my previous sufferings."

So saying, he looked so unspeakably happy, that Henrietta could not help eyeing him with a look of peculiar kindness.

"Ho, ho! thought I to myself," he continued, "the era of misfortune is over, and henceforward my umbrella will bring me nothing but comfort and happiness. This notion it is, my dearest miss, that has given me the courage to speak to you to-day. There stands my umbrella before me—to it I am indebted for your acquaintance, and it depends upon you alone to make it the author of my temporal felicity. I have only one eye, but as long as it is open it will rest with ardent love upon you. My right arm is lame, but yet it has strength enough to press you to an honest heart. I have but one sound leg, yet I would give that too with plea-

sure, if I might be permitted to hobble through life upon crutches by your side."

Henrietta blushed. It was not love that attached her to him, but

she felt, that with so good-hearted a creature she could not fail to be happy. She gave him her hand, and never had reason to repent her compliance.

ACCOUNT OF A FEMALE FOUND ON THE HIGH MOUNTAINS OF THE CANTON OF VIEDESSOS, IN THE PYRENEES.

At some leagues from the hamlet of Suc, at the foot of Mount Calm, which has an elevation of more than 1700 fathoms, and is crowned with eternal ice and snow—a dark and silent valley presents one of those imposing scenes which arrest and strike the mind of the observer in the vast amphitheatre of the Pyrenees. This valley is confined within those mountains, naked and frightfully torn asunder, whose bases, disfigured by enormous masses, seem to expect every moment a fresh accession of the same kind, loosened from the surrounding summits, which are darkened all over, and rent by the deepest fissures. Numerous waterfalls, discharged from a lake on the heights, hurry down the side of the mountain, and are precipitated in murmuring cataracts into the midst of this dreadful chaos. A scanty vegetation, which marks the traces of their uncertain course, is the only sign of vegetable life which Nature has suffered to exist within those bounds which she appears to have consigned to eternal sterility.

Some intrepid hunters having extended their search even into this formidable inclosure, were seized with astonishment on seeing on an opposite cliff a female figure,

entirely naked. This female appeared tall, her complexion dark,—a long head of hair, her only covering, was scattered over her shoulders; she stood erect on a jutting rock, which seemed suspended over precipices, the immense height of which this rock surmounted.

The hunters ran towards her; but seeing them, the female took to flight, setting up, at the same time, the most frightful cries. Carried away by her terrors, she hurried down the declivity of the mountain, and soon escaped from the pursuit of the hunters, who would not venture on the dangers which that unsteady and almost perpendicular route presented to their sight. The news of this wonderful discovery was carried to the hamlet of Suc. On the morrow, in the morning, a great number of the shepherds advanced to the mountain, and concealing themselves behind the rocks, waited for the woman, and coming upon her by surprise, they seized her person. Clothes were immediately presented to her, which she rejected, and even tore with the greatest violence: it was not till they had succeeded in tying her hands, that they could accomplish the clothing of her. She was conducted to the

hamlet. This female, seeing herself clothed with garments hateful to her, and forced from that dark recess, the gloomy melancholy of which seemed to give her pleasure, was seized with the most outrageous madness: her eyes, sparkling with fire, appeared to start from their orbits; her struggles became strong and convulsive; finally, she broke silence for the purpose of discharging against those who surrounded her, threats pronounced with a strong voice, and in the supernatural tone of inspiration and enthusiasm.

When she arrived at the parsonage of Sue, her fury still continued. The rector, who is a clergyman much beloved, kind, and persuasive, presented himself to her, offering her the words of peace and consolation. At once, by one of those quick transitions so common in disorders of the mind, the sinking of melancholy succeeded the explosion of frenzy. Her countenance became sad and silent; she spoke no more, nor did she appear to see or hear any thing; one thought alone, which absorbed all her attention, made her indifferent to every surrounding object. That thought must, of course, be of a most sorrowful nature; involuntary tears and sighs, escaping from her oppressed heart, betrayed her anguish. At length she stopped, and fixed her looks, which for some time had been wandering, steadily on her garments; her limbs quivered, she fell on her knees, and in a voice interrupted by sighs, exclaimed, "Good God! what will my unfortunate husband say?"

These words were followed by secret prayers, and by a long re-

verie. The tears, which she shed in abundance, gave her some relief—she became more calm, but remained indifferent to every thing. Victuals were offered to no purpose; questions repeated without receiving any answer: it might be said, that she was seized with an absolute insensibility.

She spoke in the French language alone; her accent was pure; the manner in which she expressed herself during the access of her frenzy, announced that her mind had been cultivated: her figure, though lank and livid, appeared to have been once handsome, and still bore the impression of a noble rank and dignity.

It was by no means difficult for the good pastor to perceive that this woman was a stranger, that she did not belong to the class of common people, and that the melancholy in which she was sunk originated from no other cause than the weight of misfortunes. He conceived for the unhappy woman the most lively interest, and lavished on her the most affectionate cares, which he had the mortification to see that she rejected.

Having placed her in the chamber where she was to repose for the night, he took the necessary precautions to prevent her escape. Those precautions were inefficient—on the morrow she had disappeared; the clothes which she wore were found not far from the place, torn to tatters.

She re-appeared some days afterwards on the summit of a rock, hitherto supposed inaccessible, except to eagles and to the chamois. Attempts to take her once more were repeated, but were constantly

unsuccessful; it was useless also to endeavour to discover her name and her country.

It was, however, generally believed, and some expressions, which had escaped from the unfortunate woman, strengthened that opinion, that she had married a Frenchman, whom revolutionary events had driven into Spain; she followed him into his exile; that this couple having determined to return to their country, arrived at the foot of the Pyrennees; there they met with those dangers which they were endeavouring to shun. Robbers attacked them, plundered them of every thing, to their very garments, and even raised their murderous hands against the husband's life. He perished; the unfortunate wife being obliged to witness the horror of that bloody scene, it destroyed her reason, which sunk under the weight of her affliction: she penetrated beyond Port Auzat, wandered along the wild summits of the Pyrennees, and, with a heart broken and a brain disordered, arrived at the formidable inclosure which stopped the wanderer's course. Occupied in those places with the most sorrowful images, she was there detained by the conformity which she discovered between the disorder of nature and that of her own soul; there she resolved to consign herself, without reserve, to inconsolable affliction, to suffer and to die alone and unknown in the bosom of Nature, in the midst of that gloom which has she diffused through these parts.

She was sometimes observed to tear up wild plants, to plunge into the lake, or descend into the tor-

rent to seize the fish; but was generally seen in the attitude of reflection and of grief, and resembling a statue as immoveable as the rock upon which she stood.

The winter, nevertheless, was approaching; the snow which occupies the summits of the mountains was advancing, and forcing into shelter the flocks and the shepherds—the heights were abandoned. The inhabitants and the pastor deplored the lot of the unfortunate unknown. "Ah! without doubt," said they, "she will be torn in pieces by beasts of prey; or if she could escape their murderous teeth, her frozen body, after yielding to the horrors of hunger, will be buried under heaps of snow."

What was their wonder when they saw her again, on the return of the spring, still naked, running along the accustomed heights!—They looked upon this species of resurrection as a prodigy, the mystery of which they could not explain, and which they were eager to publish to the neighbouring districts.

Mr. Vorgnies, justice of the peace of Viedessos, was informed of it; this magistrate went to the place. Through his care the unfortunate woman was again caught. He caused her to be clothed; he endeavoured to gain her confidence, made her take some crude undressed victuals, and endeavoured to draw from her the secret of her misfortunes. For a long time she opposed the most obstinate silence to those questions put to her in the mildest, but most earnest manner. At length, when he asked her how it happened that the

bears did not devour her, "The bears!" she replied; "they are my best friends—they kept me warm."

The bear of the Pyrenees is of a gentle nature; he spares the weak, and is terrible only to those who dare to provoke him. He retires at the approach of winter into a rugged cavern, and passes some months buried in a kind of lethargic slumber.

Might it not be possible that this woman, impelled by cold to enter into their frightful habitation, kept herself warm during the rigour of winter, by sharing the beds of the bears, which she, to all appearance, never quitted, but for the purpose of catching fish in the torrents, or gathering the fruit of the pine-tree in the neighbouring forest?

Nevertheless, torments still more piercing than any she had yet endured, were reserved for this unfortunate female. She was conducted to Foix, that she might enjoy in that place such assistance as the public compassion might supply. It is very possible that, if she had been placed in a situation suitably chosen, and entrusted to the care of a person of feeling and good sense, the gloomy vapours of melancholy, which obscured her reason, might have been dissipated. But this unfortunate creature was pursued by her sad destiny. At first she was disposed of in the hospital, from which she was, after a few days, withdrawn, on the pretence, that she disturbed the order of the place, and was conducted to an old strong castle, which at present is used as a prison. This habitation, built on an enormous rock, detached from the other

mountains, and which, rising rapidly from the bottom of a valley, elevated three large Gothic towers to an immense height, is well adapted to excite ideas of fright and terror. As soon as the wretched creature saw herself shut up in this place, dark despair took possession of her; the access of her madness returned again, and she never ceased to make the walls of her prison re-echo her miserable lamentations.

A hard-hearted gaoler, upon whom the unfortunate had no stronger claim of right than the criminal, for the purpose of getting rid of the uneasiness which her cries excited, conceived and executed the project of causing her to descend into another prison, humid and dark, formed by an excavation of the rock directly under one of the towers before mentioned. He placed some water and coarse food before her, and no longer paid her any other attention.

Returning, after some days, to her prison, or (to speak more correctly) to that grave in which he had the barbarity to bury her alive—her, whose misfortunes the more compassionate bears had respected, he found her lifeless.

Such was the tragical end of this unhappy female. We know in part only the long affliction which she underwent; but the tomb still conceals the secret of her name and birth, and the mournful causes of that deep and obstinate chagrin, the violent concussions of which overturned her reason. Let us deplore her mournful catastrophe, and honour—at least with a tear—the memory of this wonderful victim of conjugal affection.

PLATE 7.—HOUSE OF CORRECTION, COLD BATH FIELDS.

THIS prison, which stands in a healthy situation in Cold Bath Fields, is built on the plan proposed by the late Mr. Howard, and may be considered, both in construction and discipline, as a real experiment of his severe principles on convicted felons and hardened offenders.

The edifice, which is of brick, stands within a large area, encompassed by a strong buttressed wall, of moderate height. The gate is of Portland stone, contrived in a massy style, and sculptured with fetters, the hateful but necessary appendages of guilt. After passing the first gate, you have the governor's house, which stands in the middle of a large green yard, on the right; and on the left are the work-shops where the prisoners are employed, and where the visitor is reminded of the character of this place, which, differing from the other prisons of London, is likewise a house of industry. Farther on is the office where the business of the prison is transacted, a committee-room, and in the centre of the building a spacious octagon chapel.

The prison is divided into two sides, for males and females. On the former are five day-rooms for convicts, two rooms for vagrants who are sent thither for seven days previously to being passed to their respective parishes, one separate apartment for debtors, an infirmary, a foul ward, and an apartment for the clerks. On the female side are six day-rooms, a wash-house, two store-rooms, an infirmary, a foul ward, and an apartment for

the children of the convicts, who are kept separate from their parents, and are taught to read, say their catechism, &c. There are 233 cells, in which the convicts are locked up separately at night, and more commodious apartments for such prisoners as can afford to pay half-a-guinea a week for the indulgence.

The prisoners are severally employed in useful labour: the men in picking oakum, knotting yarn, making spun yarn and rope, making and repairing the prisoners' clothes, whitewashing and painting the prison, attending the county carpenter, bricklayer, mason, and plumber as labourers, and others as gardeners, or carpenters in making wheelbarrows and other utensils for the garden; the women in spinning thread, making, repairing, and washing the bedding, linen, and clothes of the prisoners, picking oakum, &c.

The county allowance to the convicts is a pint of gruel and a pound of bread each per day for breakfast, and a quart of broth of rice and oatmeal, and six ounces of meat, alternately, for dinner. All sick persons have wine, or whatever indulgence the medical attendant may order.

The architect who began this building was Sir Robert Taylor, on whose death it was continued by Sir William Chambers, and after the decease of the latter, it was completed by Mr. Rogers, the county surveyor. It cost the county of Middlesex between 70 and 80,000*l.* and was opened in November 1793. The present yearly ex-



COLD BATH FIELDS PRISON.

pence of the establishment is about 7000*l*. It is considered as a strong proof of the healthiness of this prison, that, in the space of twenty-four years, out of 19,862 persons confined in it, only 91 had died.

In the early part of the political career of an opposition baronet, this prison served as a stalking-horse, by which he contrived to gain considerable popularity. Justice, however, demands the admission, that his interference was productive of benefit; for when in 1800 a committee of the House of Commons was appointed to enquire into its government, the individuals

composing that committee, declared, in their report, that some abuses did exist. Sir Richard Phillips, during his sheriffalty, attempted to revive the popular discontents on the subject of this prison, but the charges brought forward by him were proved to be groundless and frivolous.

The salary of the gaoler is 300*l*. per annum; but he receives no fees, nor what is termed garnish. The chaplain, who reads prayers twice a week and preaches on Sundays, has 50*l*. and the surgeon 100*l*. a year.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

An elegant work of art will shortly appear, under the title of *Picturesque Views of Public Edifices in Paris*, with appropriate letter-press; drawn by Messrs. Testard and Segard, and engraved by Mr. Rosenberg. The size to be medium quarto, and the work to consist of about twenty exquisite views, which may be had plain or coloured.

An *Analysis* of Madame de Stael's work on Germany, pointing out several striking and incongruous passages, with some historical notices on that country, by a German, is in the press.

Messrs. Smith and Son, of Glasgow, have published a *Catalogue of Books*, which includes many rare, curious, and valuable articles.

Parliament, on the suggestion of the trustees of the British Museum, have agreed to purchase the remainder of the collections of the late Mr. Townley, including his coins, medals, gems, cameos, &c.

&c. scarcely less curious than his famous marbles.

The Rev. Robert Morrison, Protestant missionary at Canton, and who for a few years acted as a Chinese translator to the East India Company's factory, has ready to print, *A Chinese Grammar*, to which is added, a volume of Dialogues, Chinese and English. Mr. Morrison has also in preparation, *A Dictionary of the Chinese Language*, in three parts.—Part 1. The Chinese and English, arranged according to the Chinese keys, founded on the Imperial Dictionary of Kang-he.—2. The Chinese arranged alphabetically, with a definition in English.—3. English and Chinese, to form three or four volumes in folio. The Grammar and Dialogues exhibit the pronunciation of the Chinese characters in the Mandarin dialect, according to the powers of the Roman alphabet in the English language. They have also both a free and a verbal rendering of

every phrase, sentence, and example that is employed in illustration.

A work is preparing for publication, under the title of *Illustrations of Ireland; or a Topographical, Antiquarian, and Philosophical Survey of that Island*. It will comprise a general view of the superficial features, geology, mineralogy, botany, agriculture, commerce, manufactures, civil and ecclesiastical government, honorial distinctions, history, and antiquities of each county; and a succinct account of every city, town, cathedral, castle, abbey, architectural or other relic of antiquity, principal seats, villages, lakes, natural and artificial curiosities, &c.; with biographical notices of eminent natives, genealogical sketches of distinguished families, and remarks on the picturesque scenery of the country, and on the moral condition, manners, and customs of the inhabitants. It will be illustrated by 150 engravings, from drawings by eminent artists.

A work called *The Stranger's Guide to Paris*, is in the press, containing notices of every thing in the French capital that can be interesting to strangers; together with a Gazetteer of France, a concise history of the kingdom, its population, &c. embellished with a correct map of France on a large scale; a map of the environs of Paris, and a plan of the city, by Edward Planta, Esq.

M. Stephano Egidio Petroni, an Italian professor of Belles Lettres, has made a journey to London, for the purpose of publishing a poem in Italian, descriptive of the Naval Engagements of the English Monarchy, from the days of Alfred

the Great, down to the present time; to be accompanied by arguments, and notes and observations, critical, historical, and philosophical by M. Joseph La Vallée. It will be published in sixteen deliveries, and will form two quarto volumes, to be completed in four months. The subscription, for each delivery, one guinea.

A method has been discovered by Mr. Turner, near Vauxhall, of fabricating very elegant and splendid embellishments for ball-rooms, supper-rooms, pillars, temples, &c. by a composition; to which the Society for the Encouragement of Arts have attached the name of *Imitative Scenite Granite*. It is capable of being applied either in wainscoting or bare walls, or in walls already papered; and while it may be made to resemble the most beautiful marble or granite, particularly when assisted by lights, its charge does not exceed that of other ornamental paintings or papering.

Mr. Young, the truly meritorious Secretary to the Board of Agriculture, writes, in answer to a correspondent, that he has been employed during the last forty years in the production of a General Treatise on Husbandry. "Thirty years ago," says he, "I mentioned having been thus employed in one of the numbers of the Annals of Agriculture; and a bookseller offered me 2000*l.* for the MS. in 1805: but as I had felt the disadvantage of too rapid a publication early in life, I was determined that this last of my humble efforts should not pass from my hands till I had sufficiently reconsidered every article in it again and again, and introduced,

from a great multitude of modern publications, such facts as appeared really to merit attention. If it pleases the Almighty to spare my life a very few years longer, I shall offer it to the public; but if that shall not be the divine pleasure, the papers will be left in such a state as to admit publication without difficulty by those who follow me."

Canova, the celebrated sculptor, is at present engaged upon a model of a colossal statue representing the Christian Religion, to be executed in marble, to be placed in the cathedral of the Vatican, opposite to the bronze statue of St. Peter, to commemorate the return of Pius VII. to Rome.

The Petersburg Court Gazette has given the following interesting particulars relative to the Tschuktsches, a tribe inhabiting the north-eastern part of Asiatic Russia.—These people were in a state of continual war and irreconcilable enmity with the Korakes; on which account the latter, a wandering tribe on the coast of the sea of Ochotsk, resolved to submit to the Russians, in order to obtain their aid and protection against the former, who were not less brave than savage. Notwithstanding the success of the Russian arms against the Tschuktsches, their mountainous country, and the distance of their habitations from one another, prevented their reduction, and the death of Lieutenant-Colonel Pauluzky, governor of Jakutsk, changed the military operations into a merely defensive war. The tranquillity which then prevailed on the frontiers, and the efforts of the late Commissioner Banner, induced the

Tschuktsches to repair annually to the circle of Nischneikolyma, to barter their furs for iron, tobacco, and other articles. The establishment of this traffic rendered the whole frontier of Kolyma safe from their incursions, and encouraged the hope that they might in time be led to unite spontaneously with Russia. On the death of Banner this pleasing hope entirely vanished, and great apprehensions were entertained of fresh incursions, till at length the judicious measures adopted in 1811, to re-establish a traffic and good understanding with them, dispelled those alarms, and even induced them to submit to the Russian government. On the 9th of March, 1813, they sent seventy of their people to the fort of Angara, situated 350 wersts from Nischneikolyma, on the great river Anui. They were received by the Commissioner Sachacow, who was directed to renew the commercial intercourse with them. The negotiations were so successful, that, three days afterwards, fifty-five Tschuktsches took the oath of fidelity to the Emperor of Russia, with the following ceremony:—The deputation was invited to dinner in the court-yard of the fort, in which was placed a table with a crucifix. The interpreters read to them, in their native language, the form of the oath, which the deputies repeated, word by word, with evident demonstrations of satisfaction. Such of them as were baptized, kissed the Bible and the cross; the others knelt before the cypher of his imperial majesty, engraved upon the silver hunting-knives sent as presents for the three chiefs. Five more of the most distinguish-

ed persons received medals, after which tobacco was distributed among the rest of the deputation. The following day, ten of them applied to be baptized, and the rite was performed by the priest of the place. The chiefs engaged to pay annually for each baptized person a fox skin, by way of tribute, and they gave for the first year 27 of the best red fox skins. The traffic with them has continued ever since, in a manner extremely beneficial to both parties. Iron, tobacco, coral, sea-horse teeth, and other articles of that kind, are bartered with them for peltry and furs of all sorts. There is reason to hope, that the correspondence between Russia and these people will become more and more brisk and profitable; and that the Russians, by advancing over land to Behring's Straits, may in time establish a direct trade with the people of America resident along those straits, who abound in sea-horse teeth and furs of the greatest value.

We beg leave to call the attention of our readers to the following address, which has appeared in the public papers, and shall feel happy if its insertion here contributes in the smallest degree to promote the laudable object of providing for the distressed family of an artist, whose excellence reflects honour on the country which gave him birth:—"It is painful to consider, that the singular industry and irreproachable character of that pre-eminent engraver, Woollett, has not been able to secure his family from indigence; and that whilst the civilized world resounds with his praises, the respectable widow and amiable daughters of this ex-

cellent man are absolutely destitute of the means of subsistence. Mr. Woollett died in 1785, leaving an inconsiderable property to his family; this, gradually impaired by misfortunes, is now exhausted, and the personal exertions of his aged widow and her two daughters can no longer supply the deficiency. This fact, it is hoped, need only be stated to a British public, ever grateful to its ingenious citizens:—a subscription is, therefore, opened for their immediate relief, and with a view also to the purchase of an annuity for their future support."—The respectable names of the Earls of Ashburnham and Mulgrave, Sirs George Beaumont and Thomas Bernard, and Benj. West and J. J. Angerstein, Esquires, as trustees, are a sufficient pledge for the success of this benevolent plan, and the due application of the money that shall be raised.

A letter from St. Michael's, one of the Azores, dated April 3, 1814, gives the following curious particulars:—"Since the alarming eruption in 1810, which shook the mountain to its base, we enjoyed perfect tranquillity, with the hope of its long continuance, till last week, when our fears returned with increasing force, occasioned by an unusual heaving of the sea, without a breath of wind. This was immediately followed by a rumbling noise, not unlike the report of cannon, and a strong suffocating smell of sulphur. This happened at five P. M. In about a quarter of an hour the whole island appeared to be in motion; several vessels, riding at anchor a short distance from the shore, were dashed to pieces in an instant, and the

earth opening, not a vestige of them was to be seen. On the opposite side of the island, near the village called Sylva Arbor, the ground opened at three several places, and vast discharges of water issued forth from the largest aperture, the discharges continuing till midnight, when they entirely ceased. On examining the spot next morning with a friend, we found a considerable quantity of wood, partly burnt, bones of animals, and heads of fishes. Whilst we were examining these objects, a friar came up, and having saluted us, told us that he had examined the spot, and had found, to his great surprise, a wax cloth containing a fragment of what appeared to have been a chart, but which was so much injured by the water, that it was impossible to decypher it; but on showing it to us at his house, the word *Colon* was still legible. As it is known by historical record, that Christopher Columbus, having been overtaken by a storm which threatened the destruction of himself and his ship, committed the account of his voyage to the deep, in the distant hope of its reaching some habitable shore; it is conjectured here among the learned, that the wax cloth discovered by the friar is the same that Columbus is said to have put into a cask, and thrown overboard, when he and his crew were every moment expecting to perish."

MUSICAL REVIEW.

The Overture, Songs, Marches, and a Selection of the favourite Airs in the Grand Asiatic Spectacle, called Sadac and Kalasrade, or the Waters of Oblivion, performed

No. LXVIII. Vol. XII.

with the utmost applause at the Theatre Royal, Covent-Garden, composed by Henry R. Bishop. Pr. 7s. 6d.

The allegro of the overture to this melodrame has given us much real satisfaction; it is full of spirit, exhibits a well linked succession of various appropriate ideas, both in the sweet and the serious style, and goes into the more distant keys with boldness and skill; so that its general effect cannot be otherwise than striking and dramatic. A slow movement, which follows, has been made the vehicle of introducing Mozart's "*O Cara Armonia*," executed on the newly-invented keyed harmonica. After Mr. Broadhurst's air, "*The tears of Urad*" (the only song in this publication), a considerable number of more or less extended movements succeeds, expressive of the scenes and the action of the melodrame. In these we observe that well combined diversity of dramatic character which we have so often had occasion to commend in similar works of Mr. B.'s; and several of them, without reference to their purpose, possess decided merits as general musical pieces. Among those we number the clever andantino (p. 14); the andantino (p. 19), with the elegant violin-solo; and also the fine larghetto (p. 20). As we cannot enter into greater detail, we shall content ourselves with having thus presented our readers with an idea of the principal features of this publication, a more close investigation of which, we make no doubt, will afford much entertainment to the lovers of this description of dramatic music.

The Emperor of Russia's Welcome to England, Introduction and Rondo for the Piano-Forte, composed by D. Steibelt. Price 2s. 6d.

Without attempting to solve the riddle, how Mr. Steibelt, whom we conceived at St. Petersburg, should have contrived to write a piece in commemoration of an event, the news of which, if our information were correct, could hardly have reached him at this moment; we shall state, that, independently of the respectability of the publishers, Messrs. Goulding and Co. the authenticity of the composition is warranted by intrinsic evidence. It required a Steibelt to produce such music. A very short introduction leads to the main piece, an allegretto in two flats. This allegretto, it is true, has no claim in point of originality of subject; for it is a most close imitation of Fisher's famous minuet; but the manner in which the subject is treated, the endless variety in expression and deductions, the choice harmonies brought forward, the elegance of the quick passages, especially for the left hand; in short, the *tout-ensemble* bespeaks the hand of an adept in composition. To advanced performers these few sheets offer a real treasure for practice.

The favourite Overture (to?) La Vestale, performed at the King's Theatre, composed by Signor Pucitta, arranged, as a Duet for the Harp and Piano-Forte, dedicated to Miss Fitzgerald, by H. Seine. Pr. 3s. 6d.

We derived peculiar gratification from the introductory largo of this overture. Its strains are so solemn and original, well calculated

to raise expectation. In the outset especially, we have to commend the sudden transition from D b into A (3 sharps). The allegro is likewise a very meritorious composition, full of spirit and brilliancy, and, from the extract before us, we can anticipate the active employment of the several instruments, especially the wind-instruments. As to the arrangement into the present duet, it claims unqualified approbation. Both instruments have had their share of action dealt out to them with judgment, and much has been done to make the general effect complete; an aim, it is true, which could not be accomplished without rendering the performance frequently difficult.

The celebrated Air, "Vive Henry Quatre," with Variations for the Piano-Forte, composed by J. von Durwollt, of Gorcum. Pr. 1s. 6d.

By an unfortunate (we suppose typographical) error, a whole bar (i. e. the sixth) is left out in the second part of the very theme. The defect, however, is to be supplied by repeating the fifth bar a whole tone higher. The variations are very respectable altogether. In the second we observe some passages of very easy flow; several neat imitations are introduced in var. 3; the play with crossed hands, var. 6, is agreeable; and the little coda appended to it, appropriately conceived.

A Sonata for the Piano-Forte, with an Accompaniment for the Violin; after which is introduced the favourite Air of "Pray, Goody," composed, and dedicated to Miss Pearson, by J. Jay, Mus. Doc. Op. XX. Pr. 4s. 6d. The Air of Pray Goody may be had single, pr. 2s. 6d.

A cursory view of the allegro of this sonata, which is set in three sharps, affords conviction, that taste, skill, and sedulous care have had their due share in its production. The subject is in the style of a pastorale, with sustained tonic, and has that peculiarity, highly recommendable, that it soon merges into a short phrase, which the author, with much art, has contrived to sprinkle profusely throughout his work, whether bass, treble, or violin, in a variety of ways, and under some very good responsive sentences. In his modulations, too, Mr. J. has aimed at selectness. Of those we could cite a great number, but shall content ourselves with noticing the elegant transitions, *ll. 4 and 5, p. 2; and p. 7.* The able outset of the second part, likewise, demands special distinction. The conclusion, *p. 11,* appears to us to be rather defective in rhythm, notwithstanding the pains which evidently have been taken to steer clear of that objection: reckoning from the 3d bar of *l. 3,* where the violin sets out with the melody, there are *nine* bars to the end; an unevenness in number which, in this instance, is peculiarly striking, as the period and its repetition divides itself into *five* and *four* bars: if the violin-bar, above alluded to, could possibly be considered as not belonging to the melody, and the melody as only beginning with the piano-forte parts in the 4th bar of *l. 3,* all would be square.

Of the variations to "Pray Goody," we can equally speak in terms of general approbation. As to the artificial harmonic contrivance, however, of *l. 4, p. 2,* which

the author seems to have been so partial to, as to engrave it (like Archimedes his problem) on the title-page, we must say, it looks a great deal prettier than it sounds. Among the several variations, our favour preferably inclines to No. 2, which, with the addition of the flute, produces a continued flow of agreeable melody. In the adagio, we perceive a considerable display of compositorial skill and good taste; and much cleverness in arrangement is conspicuous in var. 7, which bears the name of polacca, although it has but a slight tinge of the character of that species of movement.

Three Romanzas for the Piano-Forte,
composed by J. Field. Pr. 4s.

We rather think this to be the first composition of Mr. Field's that has been noticed in the *Repository*. If so, his *début* among our pages is highly satisfactory. Mr. F.'s *genre* is somewhat peculiar, not a little ornamental, but every idea of his is brought forth under the most delicate and tasteful garb; so that the music before us might fitly be compared to a beautiful nosegay. But to pluck this nosegay, nimble hands and long fingers are absolutely necessary: the whole is not only difficult, but ninths and even tenths occur frequently, to grasp which is not in every body's power. This is particularly the case in the first romanza, whose theme is distinguished by a most charming sweetness, and in whose progress some delightful passages introduce themselves. The 2d romanza is equally fine, and altogether much in the same style; its exquisite pastoral melody is throughout supported by a match-

less accompaniment in triplets. The idea at the bottom of *p. 6*, merits great praise. The 3d romance (in C minor) is conceived in a style less pleasing, probably, to the common ear; it is more serious and learned than the others; and upon the whole there is rather a sameness in its progress; but it presents, nevertheless, a sufficient stock of sterling worth to render it interesting to the accomplished player.

Minuet, with Variations, for the Piano-Forte or Harp, composed and respectfully inscribed to Muzio Clementi, Esq. by his pupil, Joseph Major. Pr. 2s.

If the theme of these variations is original, and we know nothing to the contrary, we have to compliment Mr. M. on its production: its steady, pleasing melody is well suited to variations. But there is one objection, in our ear at least. The 3d bar of the minuet (and generally of the variations likewise) exhibits an awkward progression of harmony. The chord of C minor is followed by that of B major; in fact, there are plain successive fifths, viz. the first G in the treble with the first C in the bass—and the first F in the treble with the first B in the bass. In other respects, we have every reason to speak favourably of this publication. The 2d variation in B minor merits unqualified approbation. Equal praise is due to No. 3, on account of its

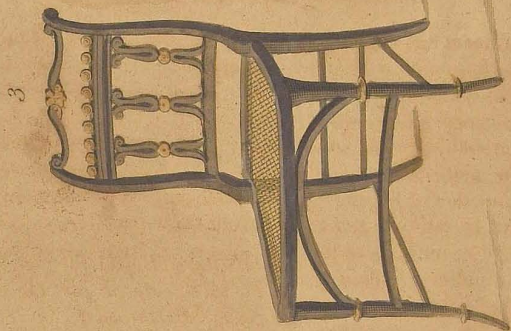
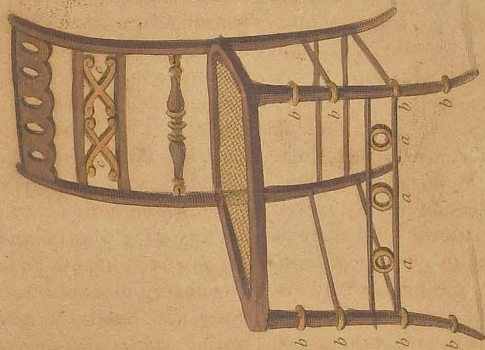
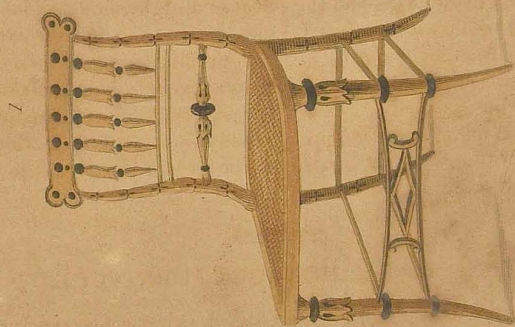
very good bass passages, quite in the right style. No. 5, consisting throughout of broken chords, has not cost much labour to the author. Upon the whole, this performance is of the kind which pupils cannot but use with entertainment and profit in their practice.

A Military Rondo for the Piano-Forte, calculated for the Use of young Performers, by Samuel Webbe, jun. Pr. 2s.

It betrays an exercise of judgment, when authors of Mr. W.'s learning, in writing for the sphere of beginners, abstain not only from executive intricacies, but also from harmonic speculations of the higher cast. This is precisely the case here, and the result has been a very pleasing, and yet by no means trifling production. The introductory adagio, with its horn-passages and elegant cadence, will give every possible satisfaction; the rondo boasts of a very interesting subject, conceived in the best taste; and the digressive matter is derived from it, and threaded together in a natural and workman-like flow. The passages (*p. 3*) are neat and lightsome. The part in one flat (*p. 4*), a minor parody of the previous one in two sharps, merits every commendation; and the last page is successfully devoted to a shewy termination. This is the right sort of music for the learner's practice.

PLATE 8.—FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

THE annexed plate exhibits three designs for light chairs intended for best bed-chambers, for secondary drawing-rooms, and occasionally to serve for routs. These chairs may be stained black, or, as



the present taste is, veined with vitriol, stained with logwood, and polished to imitate rose-wood; the seats caned.

No. 1. should be japanned, to imitate bamboo. The ornaments on the yoke and other parts black.

No. 2. may be black or rose-wood colour; the ornamental parts metal or gilt. The circular ornament

on the yoke should be cut through the edges, moulded, and gilt.

No. 3. is proposed to be finished in a similar style; the balls metal: the splats in the back are cut through at their base, to give lightness to their effect.—These patterns, as drawn, are not meant to have cushions.

CONJUGAL AFFECTION.

AMONG the many striking examples of female tenderness, affection, and constancy, which modern times have furnished, the following is worthy of record:—Mr. Weiss, who was town-surgeon of Neumarkt, prompted by that ardent patriotism which inflamed the bosoms of the Prussians of all ranks, at the commencement of the late decisive conflict, exchanged that situation for the post of surgeon to the Neumarkt Landwehr. This corps formed part of the force employed in the siege of Glogau. In the faithful execution of the duties of his office, he caught the epidemic nervous fever. In spite of all the medical attendance that could be procured, he grew worse and worse, and as he was naturally of a weak constitution, there was little prospect of his recovery. No sooner did his wife receive the alarming account of his hopeless situation, than she immediately hastened to him from Neumarkt, though the inconveniencies of the journey alone would have been sufficient to deter many a female, far advanced like her in pregnancy. She found her husband, in the height of a typhus and insensible, in a cottage at Nosswitz, near Glogau. Scarcely had she undertaken the office of

nurse, when a sortie made (on the 10th November, 1813,) by the garrison of Glogau threw the whole neighbourhood, and that village in particular, into the utmost consternation. All its inhabitants betook themselves to flight. She alone was left, with her apparently expiring husband, in the cottage, against which the hottest fire of the enemy's artillery was directed, probably because it was distinguished from the other houses by a tiled roof. Several grenades breaking through the roof, set the floor on fire. Having carefully covered up her patient, and as it were buried him in the bed-clothes, she ran out for a pail of water, extinguished the fire, and again directed her attention to the beloved object of her principal anxiety. She found him, to her great joy, in a profuse perspiration; but the incessant shower of balls rendered her abode more and more dangerous. A twelve-pounder fell close to the bed of her husband, but without doing him the slightest injury. Resolved to die with him, she lay down by his side, and thus awaited their common fate. Noon arrived, and by this time the valour of the Prussians had driven back the enemy into the fortress. She was earnestly intreated to pro-

vide for her safety, as it was impossible to tell whether the enemy might not attempt a fresh sortie. She, however, scorned every idea of removing to a place of security herself, unless she could save her husband also; and though none of the persons present gave her the smallest hopes, that this might be accomplished, and the removal of the patient, who was completely exhausted by the abundant perspiration, was deemed impracticable, she nevertheless determined upon this hazardous but only way of ensuring his safety. Having tied his hands and legs, to prevent him from moving and taking cold, she laid him, closely wrapped up with bed and bedding, in a cart covered with boards, in which she took her stand, and looked at him every minute. She slowly pursued her course towards Schmarsau, but scarcely had she left Nosswitz, when the besieged began to fire from the fortress in that direction. The balls flew thickly about the cart, and the affrighted lad who drove, took shelter, sometimes under it, and sometimes under the horses. She was fortunate enough to escape this danger also without injury, and arrived with her patient at Schmarsau, which was already thronged with wounded, and applied for a lodging at the first cottage. The mistress of the house, whose husband had died of a nervous fever, fell upon her like a fury, turned the horses' heads, and protested, with many bitter execrations, that she should not cross her threshold. In this desperate situation our heroine had recourse to a decisive expedient. Almost beside herself, she drew her husband's sword, and

pointing it to the woman's breast, declared, that she would run it through her heart, unless she immediately admitted her husband. Terrified at this unexpected menace, the other complied with her demand, and the patient was carried into the house, which previously contained fifteen wounded. His wife, however, perceived with horror, that her beloved charge manifested not the least sign of life. The bystanders advised her to give herself no farther trouble about him, and offered to lay him out for dead upon straw. To this she positively refused to agree, but laying him in the bed, she incessantly rubbed his stiffened body, and with a tea-spoon administered some wine, the only medicine within her reach. With the following morning, the expiring spark began to revive, and her joy was unbounded. She continued her attentions, and in a few days had the inexpressible satisfaction to see him out of danger. She now obtained a distinct apartment of her landlady, who began to behave to her with more kindness than at first. When her husband was sufficiently convalescent, she returned with him to Neumarkt, to complete his recovery. Unfortunately, during her absence, one of their two children, a fine boy, was taken ill, and him her maternal care was unable to save. With patient resignation she made this sacrifice to the will of that Providence which had spared the life of her husband, and to whose protection she fervently recommended him, when, in the beginning of February, he again returned to resume his perilous duty with his battalion before Glogau.

MEDICAL REPORT.

AN account of the practice of a physician from the 15th of June to the 15th of July, 1814.

Acute Diseases.—Measles, 8.... Scarlet fever, 3....Hooping-cough, 9....Sore-throat, 2....Catarrh, 4.... Enteritis, 2....Small-pox, 3....Acute diseases of infants, 6.

Chronic Diseases.—Asthenia, 12....Palsy, 2....Head-ach, 3....Vertigo, 2....Cough, 15....Pleurodyne, 8.... Consumption, 5....Marasmus, 1.... Rheumatism, 6....Palpitation, 2.... Dyspepsia, 5....Dysure, 2....Enterodynia, 2....Gastrodynia, 3....Hæmorrhage, 4....Dropsy, 3....Hæmatemesis, 2....Diarrhœa, 4....Diseases of the skin, 6....Female complaints, 5.

The pulmonary affections, induced by a severe winter, and continued through a spring far from mild, at length have nearly disappeared. Measles, hooping-cough, scarlet fever, and small-pox have lately prevailed; children, of course, are the principal subjects of these complaints, although some adults have been affected with scarlet fever. Some bilious and bowel complaints have occurred, but, on the whole, the general state of the season is healthy.

In one of the cases of head-ach, which was also accompanied with occasional vertigo, the patient, a man aged nearly eighty years, imagined that live beetles within the cranium occasioned his complaint. He said he felt them move, and distinctly heard them make a chirping sort of noise. It is needless to observe, that in such a case no medicines could be of use, unless it were possible to deceive the patient into a belief, that the insects were destroyed by them. But in

this instance the complaint was not ideal, although the cause assigned for it was not very probable. From the patient's general appearance and feeling, a strong disposition to apoplexy or paralysis was denoted; and it is not unlikely, that ossification of a portion of one of the membranes of the brain, occasioned the troublesome feelings which the patient experienced. At the same time, it must be conceded, that, in the collection of Bonetus, several cases are recorded, in which insects, worms, and even scorpions have been found alive within the cranium.

The existence of worms in the stomach and intestines, is daily noticed; the liver also is occasionally preyed upon by them, and they have been found in the human bladder. Now it is not more difficult to conceive, that the brain may be liable to the generation of living insects than any other internal organ of the body. If it be objected, that the germ of worms may be conveyed by the food into the alimentary canal; how is it that some of them, as the tape-worm, are not recognized in nature, except in the intestines of animals? And how is it, that, if received with the food, they escape the process of digestion which the food undergoes? They seem to be adapted by nature for the medium in which they are placed, and often exist for years without occasioning much inconvenience. In those instances that have been recorded, where worms were found in the cranium, the symptoms produced were, excruciating pain, delirium, and death.

RETROSPECT OF POLITICS.

EUROPE is gradually approaching that ordinary state of tranquillity which, while it affords matter of congratulation for the philanthropist, furnishes the historian with few incidents worthy of commemoration. Our Retrospects, therefore, which hitherto had engrossed a considerable portion of the *Repository*, will, in future, be reduced both in extent and in interest.

SPAIN.

In Spain the measures of the new government have assumed a character somewhat more congenial to British feelings. Ferdinand has publicly declared his intention to assemble a meeting of Cortes, and to give to the country a constitution. With that view a commission has been appointed, in order to arrange the preliminary steps, and to frame the constitution. By another edict, dated the 4th instant, he has confirmed the decree of exile passed by the Cortes against all those officers, civil and military, who had acted under the pretended authority of the usurper Joseph. This decree is, however, accompanied with some proper exceptions, such as, of all minors, persons under the rank of captain, and of many other descriptions of men, who may be presumed to have acted under the authority of their superiors. The three members of the regency have been banished, the Cardinal de Bourbon to Rome, Agar to Carthage, and Ciscar to a north-eastern fortress. General Elio, too, has been sent to prison; and, if report is to be credited, the editors of the two journals, the

Redactor and *Conciso*, sent to the galleys.

FRANCE.

Louis XVIII. continues to give daily proofs of a head and heart worthy to govern. All his numerous decrees breathe wisdom and goodness, and evince his eager desire to extricate France from the abyss of misery into which the folly and wickedness of Bonaparte have plunged her. The bill for regulating the press, which his Majesty has proposed to the Chamber of Deputies, does not, it is true, give the same free scope to that mighty engine of public liberty which is enjoyed in England, but probably goes as far in that respect as the state of the country at this time, and the character of the nation perhaps at any time, may permit with safety.

But of all the acts which have hitherto emanated from the French government, the picture of the situation of France which the Minister of the Interior, the Abbé Montesquieu, laid before the Legislative Body on the 12th July, claims the most profound attention. When, after the dreadful campaign of 1812, Bonaparte published his *Exposé* of the state of the empire, we freely gave it as our opinion, that that would be the last *Exposé* of his making. It proved so; and the present *Exposé* of the legitimate sovereign, while it depicts the desperate state of the country, affords ample demonstration, if any had been wanting, of the headstrong folly and abandoned barbarity of the Napoleon reign, from

which almost all the present miseries of France have their origin. One million three hundred thousand men have been levied since January 1813, namely, in about 15 months, not one half of which now exist; 43 sail of the line, 82 frigates, &c. have been lost during the last 15 years; 150 millions of livres have been madly wasted in the construction and equipment of the flotilla which was to have invaded England; the finances, the arsenals, the public studs, in short, all that constitutes the property and fortune of a nation, are completely dilapidated. The king, while he shares the grief of every patriotic Frenchman at this cheerless picture, does not give way to despair; he cherishes the hopes of his subjects, calls upon them to assist him in the great but difficult task of restoration, and points to the means for healing the deep wounds which he himself has not inflicted.

Among a great variety of decrees, that which changes the insignia of the Legion of Honour to a fleur de lis, another which disembodyes the various corps d'armée, and a third which assigns to the marshals and other generals of rank the superintendence of the several military divisions of France, deserve preferable notice.

AMERICA.

The intelligence of our Transatlantic warfare is not of great importance. Scarcely any hostile encounters have occurred by land. Some trifling advantages were gained by us in March on Lake Champlain; and a British expedition on Lake Ontario succeeded in effecting a landing at Oswego, an Ame-

rican fort, which was sacked and dismantled, and its naval and military stores brought off or destroyed. At sea, the fortune of war, as usual, has been checkered. Two of our sloops of war, the *Reindeer* and *L'Epervier* have been taken by the American sloops the *Wasp* and *Peacock*. On the other hand, the *Essex*, U. S. frigate, was captured by the *Phœbe* frigate and *Cherub* brig on the coast of Lima. In all these actions the most obstinate valour has been displayed on both sides, and much blood spilt. In the course of last winter, two new British ships have been built on Lake Ontario, one of which is a *sixty-four*. By these and other reinforcements from home, we have at present a decided superiority on that immense inland sea.

Messrs. Bayard, Adams, Russel, Clay, and Gallatin, the American ministers, are arrived at Ghent, where the English commissioners, Lord Gambier, Messrs. Cockburn and Adams, are to join them, in order to enter upon negotiations for peace between the two countries.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

On the 22d June, our illustrious guests, the Emperor Alexander and the King of Prussia, together with all the renowned military and diplomatic characters in their train, bade farewell to the British metropolis and set out for Portsmouth, whither his Royal Highness the Prince Regent accompanied them. At this grand naval arsenal, a spectacle awaited them which England alone could produce, and which even in England had not before been beheld. A naval review, on the grandest scale,

was displayed before these monarchs, in which not less than fifty ships of war (an unemployed fleet, almost equal to all the navies the other states of Europe now can boast of,) exhibited a variety of evolutions and manœuvres, in imitation of actual engagements. One great character was yet wanting to give this scene all the splendour desirable, the great British captain, the Duke of Wellington. By a peculiar good fortune, he joined our august visitors at Portsmouth on the 25th. His grace had set foot again on his native soil at Dover on the 23d June, having crossed the Channel from Calais in the *Rosario* sloop. The Russian and Prussian monarchs tarried a few days at Portsmouth, where they inspected with minute attention all the naval establishments; then proceeding by Brighton along the coast, they arrived at Dover on the 26th, and the day following took leave of the British shores; Alexander to proceed by Antwerp, Amsterdam, &c. to Vienna; and Frederic-William to return to Germany by the way of Paris. Marshal Prince Blücher and the Hetman Prince Platoff once more revisited London, which the former only finally left, and we believe with regret, on the 10th July.

The Duke of Wellington, on his return from Portsmouth, attended personally in both Houses of Parliament, to receive, through the medium of the Lord Chancellor and the Speaker, the thanks of the British Senate for his distinguished military services in the Spanish Peninsula and in France; and other public bodies have vied with each other in testifying to his

grace the sense which the whole nation entertains of his gallant achievements. Splendid fêtes have successively been given to his grace, by the city of London, by the Company of Merchant Taylors, and by a special club of British General Officers. His Royal Highness the Prince Regent, moreover, has, in addition to the honours already conferred upon the duke, nominated him ambassador to the court of France.

We have not hitherto adverted to the extraordinary and audacious fraud, by which, on the 21st of February last, the public funds experienced a great but momentary rise. On the night preceding that day, a person, calling himself Colonel De Bourg, appeared at Dover, as if just arrived from France, in the character of an official messenger, to announce a great victory over Bonaparte, in which he stated him to have been killed by the Cossacks. With this intelligence he hastened to town; while other accomplices, by way of an under-plot, came by the way of Northfleet, also spreading the same news, and likewise proceeding to London in a conspicuous manner. The deception was soon discovered, and suspicion fell, among others, upon Lord Cochrane and Mr. Cochrane Johnstone, two members of Parliament, the former being a representative of the city of Westminster. The pretended Colonel De Bourg was ascertained to be a person of the name of Berenger, who was traced and arrested at Edinburgh; and, after his being brought up to town, a bill of indictment was preferred against him, Lord Cochrane, Mr. Coch-

rane Johnstone, a Mr. Butt, and several of their supposed accomplices, in which they were charged with conspiracy. Lord Cochrane strenuously asserted his innocence, but Mr. Johnstone and another fled the country. The grand jury finding a true bill, they were tried in the court of King's Bench, and found guilty. On the 21st June, Lord Ellenborough pronounced the sentence of the court upon them, which in substance was as follows:—

Lord Cochrane and Butt to pay a fine of £1000 each; Holloway £500.

Lord Cochrane, Butt, Holloway, Sandom, Light, and De Berenger to be severally imprisoned for twelve calendar months.

Lord Cochrane, Butt, and De Berenger to stand one hour in the pillory before the Royal Exchange, during the period of their imprisonment.

Against the judgment of the court of King's Bench, Lord Cochrane protested in vain, in court. He next addressed the Speaker of the House of Commons on the same subject, equally asserting his innocence; in consequence of which, Mr. Holmes made a motion in the House of Commons, proposing an enquiry into the judgment; which, however, was negatived: and, on the 5th of July, the House, after hearing Lord Cochrane's defence, which he addressed to them in person, voted his expulsion, and that of Mr. Johnstone, by a majority of 140 to 41. An election for Westminster has in consequence taken place, at which Lord Cochrane has been re-elected a representative for that city. Since that, Lord Castlereagh

has stated in Parliament, that the punishment of the pillory has been remitted as to Lord Cochrane and the two other persons included in the same sentence.

At the proposal of ministers, the allowance to her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, which hitherto had in all amounted to £22,000 per annum, was intended by Parliament to be raised to £50,000; but her Royal Highness has declined accepting more than £35,000.

The intended marriage of the Princess Charlotte of Wales to the Prince of Orange, has suddenly and unexpectedly been broken off. The grounds, as far as the same have unofficially transpired, are understood to have been, in the first instance, her Royal Highness's reluctance to accompany her illustrious bridegroom on a temporary visit to Holland; and, in the next place, as report adds, her demand that, after the marriage, she should, by act of Parliament, be prohibited from leaving England.

Disturbances to an alarming extent have broken out in Ireland. They are said not to be of a political nature, but to have arisen rather from a general dissatisfaction of the tenants against their landlords. Illegal associations infest the country, under the appellation of "Carders," committing the most inhuman excesses. To repress the evil in time, ministers have brought in a bill, by which several counties have been placed under a species of martial law, and the inhabitants prohibited from leaving their homes between sun-set and sun-rise.

In addition to about £100,000

raised by private subscription, for the relief of the distresses suffered in Germany by the last campaign, the Prince Regent has, by message to Parliament, proposed a public grant of the same amount.

On the 7th July, a public thanksgiving took place in England, on the occasion of the happy termination of the war, when the Prince Regent proceeded in state to St. Paul's. And to celebrate, in the most striking and public manner, the event of general pacification, a grand jubilee is announced to take place in a few days; for which purpose, preparations, on the grandest scale, have been for some time going on in St. James's Park, the Green Park, and Hyde Park.

The following is an abstract, officially laid before Parliament, of

ordnance and stores supplied by Great Britain to her allies, from the year 1808 to 1813 inclusive:—

	Flints.	Picc. of Am.	Rounds for Ord.	Barls. of Powder.	Rounds of Musket Cartridg.
Russia	117870	143	243122	800	7035600
Prussia	1417870	103	34800	12000	17435600
Sweden	66000	—	—	4000	9950000
Spain	7512000	545	471606	40000	90130000
Portgl.	1380000	14	2396	7317	19000000
N. of					
Germ.	1390000	29	13800	13200	18500000

Total 12477740 834 765724 77317 162051200

Furnish-
ed in

1813, 6242000 320 291901 20500 48324070

There have been issued from the ordnance armories, for the service of the allies and the British army, since 1808, 2,132,079 stands of arms; 125,576 pistols: of which there were issued in 1813, 344,763 stands of arms; in 1814, 198,186 stands of arms.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

From the appearance of the crops, harvest must be late, as but little corn, even in the most forward counties, will be ready for the sickle this month.

Wheat has blossomed kindly, and is a full crop, except upon a few light soils, that are in a bad state of cultivation. The straw on the clays and rich loams is very large, and will be thrown down, unless the weather continues dry.

Barley upon the turnip lands is a great crop, and much laid; but upon the clays very indifferent, particularly towards the furrows, where it will not get out of the hose.

Oats are but a very poor crop, except upon light soils, in a high state of cultivation.

Beans are a very large crop, with much halm, and well podded.

Peas prove very productive, and free from the fly; but too large on the halm to be gathered green for market, without waste. Vetches, and the whole of the leguminous tribe, are a very prolific crop.

The weather, through the whole of the last month, has been favourable for the hay harvest, which has turned out considerably heavier than was expected. The clover crop is large, and well got up, with a very few exceptions.

Turnips have partially suffered from the fly, but in general they are a promising crop, particularly those that were sown a few days after Midsummer.

Hops and apples are a partial crop.

MISCELLANEOUS FRAGMENTS AND ANECDOTES.

EXTRACT FROM THE PORT-FOLIO
OF A PUNSTER.

I HAPPENED to mention to my friend Simplex, that I knew an old man, who, at the age of sixty, had cut a complete new set of teeth, and he immediately wrote an essay of fourteen sheets upon the subject, which he read with infinite applause at the Royal Society. It was an erudite production, beginning with those who were born with all their teeth; quoting cases of those who had only one continued tooth, reaching the whole length of the jaw; noticing instances of a new set of teeth being cut at the ages of 80 and 110; and embracing all the opinions that had been expressed upon the subject. I omitted, at the time, to mention one circumstance, which might have saved Simplex a deal of trouble, and the Society a deal of time. The man to whom I alluded was a *comb-cutter*.

NEW-YEAR'S GIFTS.

On the 16th of December, 1756, Dr. Milles, the Dean of Exeter, afterwards Bishop of Carlisle, shewed the Society of Antiquaries a large parchment roll, containing a list of new-year's gifts presented to Queen Elizabeth on the 1st of January, 1584-5, signed by the queen, and countersigned by John Astley, Esq. master and treasurer of the jewels. By this it appeared, that the greater part, if not all, of the peers and peeresses of the realm, all the bishops, the chief officers of state, and several of the queen's household servants, from her apothecary, even down to her master-cook and serjeant of the

pastry, gave new-year's gifts to her Majesty. The enumeration of them was very curious. Money was the most general gift. The Archbishop of Canterbury gave 40*l*. the other bishops 30*l*. 20*l*. or 10*l*. The largest sum, given by any of the temporal lords, was 20*l*. Most of the peeresses gave rich gowns, petticoats, kirtles, doublets, or mantles, some embroidered with pearls and garnets; others gave bracelets, caskets studded with precious stones, or toys. Several of the peers made similar gifts. The queen's physician presents her with a box of foreign sweetmeats; another with two pots, one of green ginger, one of orange flowers. Her apothecary gives a box of lozenges and a pot of conserves; her master-cook "a *fyre marchepayne*" (a sort of large macaroon); her serjeant of the pastry "a *fyre pyc oringed*." The sum total of the money amounted to 827*l*. 7*s*. The other articles were not valued. On the back of the roll was a list of the new-year's gifts presented by the queen in return, the whole consisting of gilt plate. The Earl of Leicester had 132 ounces; the Earl of Warwick 102; the other earls 30 or 20. The Duchess of Somerset, the only duchess, 25 ounces; the countesses 50, 40, or 20. The Archbishop of Canterbury had 45 ounces; the other prelates 35, 30, 20, or 15. The baronesses had from 15 to 52 ounces. To Sir Christopher Hatton, then vice-chamberlain, she gave 400 ounces; to all the maids of honour and the gentlemen of her household, from 2 to 20 ounces; to Mrs. Thompson,

the dwarf, 2 ounces; to the physicians 13 ounces each, the apothecary 7, and the cook and serjeant of the pastry 5 ounces each. The same roll contains a list of gifts made by the queen at christenings and weddings. At the christening of the Earl of Cumberland's child, 140 ounces; of Mr. Southwell's child, 43 ounces; of lord Talbot's, 27. At the marriage of Sir Henry Nevill's son with Mr. Henry Killigrew's daughter, she gave a gilt cup with a cover, weighing 26 ounces. The roll adds *Quod nota bene.*

SLAVE TRADE.

At a late meeting at the Guildhall, Bristol, respecting the slave trade, the Rev. W. Thorp made a most animated address, in which he introduced a letter written by a gentleman of the name of Welsh, Captain of an East Indiaman, of which the following is an extract:—

"In the year 1806, I was wrecked or left my ship in so shattered a state at Pedang, on the Sumatra coast, as obliged me to abandon her to the underwriters, and take my passage in a vessel which was trading there. In proceeding to the northward, we touched at an island called Pulo Dua (or two islands), when I went on shore to take a plan of the roads, and in the afternoon went a shooting. In crossing to the centre of this small island, my attention was drawn to a small round fenced place, which I supposed contained stock of turtle; but what was my astonishment on approaching it, to find three young children (the eldest of which I have now brought home with me) cooking rice, and an old woman who had charge of them! I spoke to the children in the Malay lan-

guage, but found they did not understand me. I then addressed the keeper, who informed me that the children were natives of Pulo Nyas, and brought there by pirates, who made continual excursions to that island for the purpose of stealing young children, and selling them either to those who wish to purchase them as slaves, or to the cannibals of Sumatra, who buy them to satisfy their hunger. I made a bargain for these children, and after paying the sum of 164 dollars, was gratified by seeing them on board the ship. I was also informed by the keeper, that two unfortunate children had fallen sacrifices to the cannibals the day before my arrival. I have much more to relate, &c. I am, sir, your most obedient servant,

"J. WELSH."

After reading the above document, the speaker proceeded:—

"I am the father of a large family, three of them are little ones, very little ones. Many a time and oft have I looked upon them, sometimes with tears of grief, sometimes with tears of joy. While perusing this document, my imagination placed them in the situation of the little natives of Pulo Nyas, torn from their country, hemmed in and fattening for the slaughter. I saw, or thought I saw, a delivering angel, in the form of an English captain, overlooking their inclosure, enquiring into their condition, paying the price of their ransom, and bearing them away to the land of freedom. And I will now honestly tell you what were my feelings in the contemplation of such a scene. May the God of mercy (I involuntarily exclaimed) pour down the choicest blessings on the head of this honest and benevolent captain; may

He long preserve his valuable life, as an ornament to his country, and a blessing to mankind; and after a prosperous voyage over a tempestuous world, may He receive him, and the little innocents whom he rescued from the teeth of cannibals, into the harbour of eternal rest! May the day speedily arrive, when every vessel that sails upon the bosom of the ocean, shall be commanded by a man cast in the same mould, and formed after the similitude of Captain Welsh!"—An involuntary burst of tears from great part of the audience attested the impression made by this pathetic address.

LITTLE-COTE HOUSE, WILTSHIRE.

In the notes to Mr. Walter Scott's poem, entitled *Rokeby*, is the following account of this place, and a remarkable tradition connected with it:—Little-Cote House stands in a low and lonely situation. On three sides it is surrounded by a park that spreads over the adjoining hill; on the fourth, by meadows that are watered by the river Kennet. Close on one side of the house is a thick grove of lofty trees, along the verge of which runs one of the principal avenues to it through the park. Many circumstances in the interior seem appropriate to feudal times. The hall is very spacious, floored with stones, and lighted by large transform windows, that are closed by casements. Its walls are hung with old military accoutrements, that have long been left a prey to rust. At one end of the hall is a range of coats of mail and helmets, and there is on every side abundance of old-fashioned pistols and guns, many of them with match-locks. Imme-

diately below the cornice hangs a row of leathern jerkins, made in the form of a shirt, supposed to have been worn as armour by the vassals. A large oak table, reaching nearly from one end of the room to the other, might have feasted the whole neighbourhood; and an appendage to one end of it made to answer at other times for the old game of shuffleboard. The rest of the furniture is in a suitable style, particularly an arm-chair of cumbrous workmanship, constructed of wood, curiously turned, with a high back and triangular seat, said to have been used by Judge Popham in the reign of Elizabeth. The entrance into the hall is at one end by a low door, communicating with a passage that leads from the outer door in the front of the house to a quadrangle within; at the other it opens upon a gloomy staircase, by which you ascend to a first floor, and passing the doors of some bed-chambers, enter a narrow gallery, which extends along the back front of the house from one end to the other of it, and looks upon an old garden. The gallery is hung with portraits, chiefly in the Spanish dresses of the sixteenth century. In one of the bed-chambers, which you pass in going towards the gallery, is a bedstead with blue furniture, which time has made dingy and threadbare; and in the bottom of one of the bed-curtains you are shewn a place where a small piece has been cut out and sown in again, a circumstance which serves to identify the following story:—It was a dark rainy night in the month of November, that an old midwife sat musing by her cottage fire-side,

when on a sudden she was startled by a loud knocking at the door. On opening it she found a horse-man, who told her that her assistance was required immediately by a person of rank, and that she should be handsomely rewarded, but that there were reasons for keeping the affair a strict secret, and therefore she must submit to be blindfolded, and to be conducted in that condition to the bed-chamber of the lady. With some hesitation, the midwife consented; the horse-man bound her eyes, and placed her on a pillion behind him. After proceeding in silence for many miles through rough and dirty lanes, they stopped, and the midwife was led into a house, which, from the length of her walk through the apartments, as well as the sounds about her, she discovered to be the seat of wealth and power. When the bandage was removed from her eyes, she found herself in a bed-chamber, in which were the lady on whose account she had been sent for, and a man of a haughty and ferocious aspect. The lady was delivered of a fine boy. Immediately the man commanded the midwife to give him the child, and, catching it from her, he hurried across the room, and threw it on the back of the fire that was blazing in the chimney. The child, however, was strong, and by its struggling rolled itself off upon the hearth, when the ruffian again seized it with fury, and, in spite of the intercession of the midwife, and the more piteous entreaties of the mother, thrust it under the grate, and, raking the live coals upon it, soon put an end to its life. The midwife, after spend-

ing some time in affording all the relief in her power to the wretched mother, was told she must be gone. Her former conductor appeared, who again bound her eyes, and conveyed her behind him to her own home; he paid her handsomely, and departed. The midwife was strongly agitated by the horrors of the preceding night; and she immediately made a deposition of the fact before a magistrate. Two circumstances afforded hopes of detecting the house in which the crime had been committed; one was, that the midwife, as she sate by the bed-side, had, with a view to discover the place, cut out a piece of the bed-curtain, and sown it in again; the other was, that as she had descended the staircase, she had counted the steps. Some suspicions fell upon Darrell, at that time the proprietor of Little-Cote House, and the domain around it. The house was examined, and identified by the midwife, and Darrell was tried at Salisbury for the murder. By corrupting his judge, he escaped the sentence of the law; but broke his neck by a fall from his horse in hunting, a few months after. The place where this happened is still known by the name of Darrell's Stile, a spot to be dreaded by the peasant whom the shades of evening have overtaken on his way.—Little-Cote House is two miles from Hungerford, in Wiltshire, through which the Bath road passes. The fact occurred in the reign of Elizabeth.

THE BITTER BITTEN.

The extortion of the innkeepers at Portsmouth, on persons arriving at that port, has long been pro-

verbial: in a recent instance, however, an attempt of this nature was completely foiled—A gentleman with his family landed there, from the West Indies, and intending to remain a short time until he could hear from his friends in London, applied to the landlord of the inn, to which he had been conducted, for accommodation; but was told, that three bed-rooms could not be provided for his family unless he would engage them for a week certain, and that the lowest charge would be a guinea per day for the use of them. To this exorbitant demand the gentleman, after some expostulation, acceded. Soon afterwards, on going to the post-office, he found letters lying there for him, from his friends in London, requiring his immediate departure for that place, as soon as he should arrive. On his return to the inn, he informed the landlord of the circumstance, and hoped payment would not be insisted on for the rooms, which he had scarcely occupied; but to this Boniface would by no means consent, and high words arose between the parties. Captain L. of the royal navy, who was well known to the landlord, happening to be in the house at the time, enquired into the circumstance, and discovering the imposition intended to be practised, offered to take the bargain off the gentleman's hands, which was cheerfully assented to by both parties; and the latter immediately departed with his family, after thanking the captain for his interposition. Immediate directions were given for the beds to be prepared, as Captain L. said it was his

intention to sleep on shore that night: "What, all three?" enquired the waiter.—"To be sure! am not I to pay for them?" was the reply. In the evening the captain returned, bringing with him his boatswain and cabin-boy, to whom he gave directions to occupy two of the beds; "and recollect, my lads," said he, "watch and watch, every three hours *pipe all hands* for a general muster." Those orders were strictly complied with, to the great annoyance of every other guest in the house. In the morning the landlord complained heavily of the disturbance, and hoped the captain would discontinue it; but the latter said, "it was his way at sea, and did he not pay for the rooms?" *Piping all hands* was repeated on the second night, which produced fresh remonstrances from the landlord, who declared, "that if such practices were continued, it would be the ruin of his house, and he should be perfectly satisfied if the captain would pay for the two nights' occupation of the rooms, and discontinue his nocturnal alarms." Captain L. declared, "that sleeping on shore he found congenial to his health, and combining sea customs with land conveniences afforded him an ample fund of amusement." The third night produced a repetition of the alarm; but, in the morning, Boniface waited upon the disturber of his house, and, with many bows and cringes, informed him, "that he was extremely willing to forego any charge for the three nights' lodging, if the captain would consent to sleep on board his ship, where he might *pipe all hands* as

frequently as he pleased:" to which offer, Captain L. with apparent reluctance, acceded.

INSCRIPTION ON A MONUMENT IN
HORSLEY CHURCH, CUMBERLAND.

Here lie the bodies
Of Thomas Bond and Mary his wife.
She was temperate, chaste, and
charitable;

BUT,

She was proud, peevish, and pas-
sionate.

She was an affectionate wife, and a
tender mother;

BUT,

Her husband and child, whom she
loved,

Seldom saw her countenance with-
out a disgusting frown,

Whilst she received visitors, whom
she despised,

With an endearing smile.

Her behaviour was discreet towards
strangers;

BUT,

Imprudent in her family.

Abroad, her conduct was influenced
by good breeding;

BUT,

At home, by ill temper.

She was a professed enemy to flat-
tery,

And was seldom known to praise
or commend;

BUT,

The talents in which she princi-
pally excelled,

Were, difference in opinion, and
discovering flaws and imperfections.

She was an admirable economist,

And, without prodigality,

Dispensed plenty to every person in
her family;

BUT,

Would sacrifice their eyes to a
farthing candle.

She sometimes made her husband

happy with her good qualities;

BUT,

Much more frequently miserable
—with her many failings,

Insomuch, that, in thirty years co-
habitation, he often

Lamented, that, maugre all her
virtues,

He had not, in the whole, enjoyed
two years of matrimonial comfort.

AT LENGTH,

Finding she had lost the affections
of her husband,

As well as the regard of her neigh-
bours;

Family disputes having been di-
vulged by servants,

She died, of vexation, July 20, 1768,
Aged 48 years.

Her worn-out husband survived her
four months and two days,

And departed this life Nov. 28, 1768,
In the 54th year of his age.

William Bond, brother to the de-
ceased, erected this stone,

As a weekly monitor to the surviv-
ing wives of this parish,

That they may avoid the infamy
Of having their memories handed

down to posterity

With a patch-work character.

TEA.

A folio sheet of the time of
Charles II. entitled, "An exact
description of the growth, quality,
and virtues of the leaf tea, by
Thomas Garway, in Exchange-
alley, near the Royal Exchange, in
London, tobaccoist, and seller
and retailer of tea and coffee," in-
forms us, that "in England it hath
been sold in the leaf for six pounds,
and sometimes for ten pounds the
pound weight; and in respect of
its former scarceness and dear-
ness, it hath been only used as a regalia
in high treatments and entertain-

ments, and presents made thereof to princes and grandees, till the year 1657. The said Thomas Garway did purchase a quantity thereof, and first publicly sold the said tea in leaf and drink, made according to the directions of the most knowing merchants and travellers into those Eastern countries: and upon knowledge and experience of the said Garway's continued care and industry in obtaining the best tea, and making drink thereof, very many noblemen, physicians, merchants, and gentlemen of quality, have ever since sent to him for the said leaf, and daily resort to his house in Exchange-alley, to drink the drink thereof."

THE USE OF TOBACCO SINFUL!

Well may we exclaim, "How complicate, how wonderful is man!" If we smile at the ignorance of Sir W. Raleigh's servant, who threw a bottle of water into his master's face, on seeing smoke issue from his mouth, what must we we think of the following account given by Hermann in his description of Russia?—"At the close of the seventeenth century, the smoking of tobacco was considered as *sinf*ul; and the priesthood were not a little scandalized when Peter the Great, in 1698, granted to the Marquis of Carmarthen and Co. the monopoly of importing tobacco." But, mark the change of ideas. Fifty years afterwards, government distributed seed and offered premiums for the best culture; and in 1793 tobacco was imported at Petersburg to the amount of 47,000 roubles.—We recommend this decision to the most serious attention of the reverend clergy, to whom smoking of tobacco was an-

other word for enjoyment of life. Many and many an orthodox man has indulged himself in pipe after pipe in his study—and pipe after pipe after dinner—then in the evening pipe after pipe, by way of preparation for the night's repose. Nay, we have seen a clergyman who could not forbear his pipe while walking along the most public ways of the metropolis. Whether this was "being a slave to it," we leave to the decision of conscience. It was said of Staines, lord mayor of London, by his acquaintance, that they were sure he could not forego his pipe long enough to be sworn into office without a whiff; and a print was published, representing his lordship in procession, smoking in his state carriage—the sword-bearer smoking—the mace-bearer smoking—the coachman smoking—the footmen smoking—the postillions smoking; and, to crown the whole, all the six horses smoking also!!—What a dreadful series of crimes, if smoking tobacco were *sinf*ul!

DESCRIPTION OF THE SCOTCH IN THE YEAR 1598, BY FYNES MORISON.

[From his *ITINERARY*, printed at London, 1617, folio.]

Touching their diet, they eate much red colewort and cabbage, but little fresh meate, vsing to salt their mutton and geese, which made me more wonder, that they vsed to eate beefe without salting. The gentlemen reckon their reuenewes, not by rents of monie, but by chauldrons of victuals, and keepe many people in their families, yet liuing most on corne and rootes, not spending any great quantity of flesh.

Myself was at a knight's house

who had many seruants to attend him, that brought in his meate with their heads couered with blew caps, the table being more than halfe furnished with great platters of porredge, each hauing a little peece of sodden meate; and when the table was serued, the seruants did sit down with vs, but the upper messe, in steede of porredge, had a pullet with some prunes in the broth, and I obserued no art of cookery, or furniture of houshold stuffe, but rather rude neglect of both, though myselfe and my companion, sent from the gouernour of Barwicke about bordering affaires, were entertained after their best manner. The Scots liuing then in factions, vsed to keepe many followers, and so consumed their reuenew of victuals, liuing in some want of money.

They vulgarly eate harth-cakes of oates, but in cities have also wheaten bread, which for the most part was bought by courtiers, gentlemen, and the best sort of citizens. When I liued at Barwicke, the Scots weckely, vpon the market-day, obtained leaue in writing of the gouernour, to buy pease and beanes, whereof, as also of wheate, their merchants at this day send great quantity from London into Scotland.

They drinke pure wines, not with sugar as the English*, yet at feasts

* It was a common custome among the English to put a considerable quantity of sugar in their wine. Paul Hentzner, who visited England in Queen Elizabeth's reign, speaks with astonishment of the inhabitants, who, he says, mix sugar with their drink; and various allusions to it will be found in Shakspeare, particularly in *Henry the Fourth*, where, our readers must remember, sack and sugar was a very favourite beverage with Falstaff.

they put comfits in the wine, after the French manner, but they had not our vinteners' fraud to mixe their wines. I did neuer see nor heare, that they haue any publike innes with signes hanging out, but the better sort of citizens brew ale, their vsual drinke (which will distemper a stranger's bodie), and the same citizens will entertaine passengers vpon acquaintance or entreaty.

Their bedsteads were then like cubbards in the wall, with doores to be opened and shut at pleasure, so as we climbed vp to our beds. They vsed but one sheete, open at the sides and top, but close at the feete, and so doubled.

Passengers did seeke a stable for their horses in some other place, and did there buy horse-meat, and if perhaps the same house yielded a stable, yet the payment for the horse did not make them haue beds free as in England.

When passengers goe to bed, their custome was to present them with a sleeping cuppe of wine at parting. The cuntry people and merchants vsed to drinke largely, the gentlemen somewhat more sparingly; yet the very courtiers, at feasts, by night meetings, and entertaining any stranger, vsed to drinke healths not without excesse, and (to speake truth without offence) the excesse of drinking was then far greater in generall among the Scots than the English. Myselfe being at the court inuited by some gentlemen to supper, and being forewarned to feare this excesse, would not promise to sup with them, but upon condition, that my inuiter would be my protection from large drinking, which I was



WALKING DRESS.



EVENING DRESS.



many times forced to inuoke, being courteously entertained, and much prouoked to garaussing*, and so for that time auoided any great intemperance. Remembering this,

* Carousing, making merry. Johnson derives the former word from *gar ausz*, all out, German; so that it seems, our ancestors used the word much nearer to its original orthography than we do at present.

and hauing since obserued in my conuersation at the English court with the Scots of the better sort, that they spend great part of the night in drinking, not onely wine, but euen beere, as myselfe will not accuse them of great intemperance, so I cannot altogether free them from the imputation of excesse, wherewith the popular voice chargeth them.

FASHIONS FOR LADIES.

PL. 9.—WALKING DRESS.

A LILAC sarsnet petticoat, full flounce round the bottom, confined by plaits or tufts of ribband of corresponding colour, and headed with a double border of the same; high plain body, made of white sarsnet, or jaconot muslin, buttoned behind; long full sleeve, confined at the wrist, and trimmed with a lace ruffe. Full lace ruff. Lilac scarf sash, worn in braces, and tied behind in bows and ends. A Russian bonnet, composed either of lilac and straw-coloured sarsnet, or of fine split straw, ornamented on the crown with treble bows of ribband or large clusters of flowers. Ribbed stockings, with lace clocks. Sandals of lilac kid; gloves to correspond.

PL. 10.—EVENING DRESS.

A plain blond lace frock over a slip of white satin, the bottom of the dress drawn up in festoons above the ankle, and confined alternately

with roses and bows of white satin ribband; full drawn back, headed with a quilling of blond lace, continued over the shoulder, and brought to a point at the bottom of the waist in front, forming a stomacher, ornamented and crossed with the satin bead or pearl, and roses fancifully intermixed; a rich pearl shell ornament in the centre of the bosom; short full sleeve, trimmed and festooned to correspond. The hair, brought smoothly up behind, terminates upon the crown of the head in a full cluster of curls; a pearl tiara separates it from the front, which falls in ringlets. Necklace of pearl; ear-drops; and bracelets to correspond; ribbed stockings; slippers of white satin trimmed with silver; white gloves of French kid, falling below the elbow; and fan of carved ivory, richly wrought in Russian characters.

Poetry.

ODE

*To His Royal Highness the PRINCE
REGENT.*

BY R. SOUTHEY, ESQ. POET LAUREAT.

I.

PRINCE of the mighty Isle!
Proud day for thee and for thy kingdoms
this,

When Britain round her spear
The olive garland twines, by Victory
won.

II.

Rightly may'st thou rejoice,
For in a day of darkness and of storms,
An evil day, a day of woe,
To thee the sceptre fell.
The Continent was leagu'd,
Her numbers wielded by one will,
Against the mighty Isle;
All shores were hostile to the Red-Cross
flag,

All ports against her closed;
Save where, behind their ramparts driven,
The Spaniard, and the faithful Portugal,
Each, on the utmost limits of his land,
Invincible of heart,
Stood firm, and put their trust
In their good cause and thee.
Such perils menaced from abroad,
At home worse dangers compass'd thee,
Where shallow counsellors,
A weak but clamorous crew,
Pester'd the land, and with their withering
breath
Poison'd the public ear.
For peace, the feeble raised their factious
cry:

Oh! madness, to resist
The Invincible in arms!
Seek the peace-garland from his dreadful
hand!

And at the Tyrant's feet
They would have knelt, to take
The wreath of Aconite for Britain's brow.
Prince of the mighty Isle!
Rightly may'st thou rejoice,
For in the day of danger thou didst turn

From their vile counsels thine indignant
heart;

Rightly may'st thou rejoice,
When Britain round her spear
The olive-garland twines, by Victory
won.

III.

Rejoice, thou mighty Isle!
Queen of the seas, rejoice!
Ring round, ye merry bells,
Till every steeple rock,
And the wide air grow giddy with your
joy!

Flow, streamers, to the breeze,
And ye victorious banners, to the sea
Unroll the proud Red-Cross:
Now let the anvil rest;
Shut up the loom; and open the school-
doors,
That young and old may with festivities
Hallow for memory through all after years
This memorable time;
This memorable time,
When Peace, long absent, long deplored,
returns:

Not as base faction would have brought
her home,
Her countenance for shame abased,
In servile weeds array'd,
Submission leading her,
Fear, Sorrow, and Repentance, follow-
ing close.

Honour, in his right hand,
Doth lead her like a bride;
And Victory goes before;
Hope, Safety, and Prosperity, and
Strength,

Come in her joyful train.
Now let the churches ring
With high thanksgiving songs,
And the full organ pour
Its swelling peals to Heaven,
The while the grateful nation bless in
prayers

Their Warriors, and their Statesmen, and
their Prince,

Whose will, whose mind, whose arm
Hath thus with happy end their efforts
crown'd.

Prince of the mighty Isle!
 Rightly may'st thou rejoice,
 When Britain round her spear
 The olive garland twines, by Victory
 won.

IV.

Enjoy thy triumph now,
 Prince of the mighty Isle!
 Enjoy the rich reward, so rightly due,
 When rescued nations, with one heart
 and voice,

Thy counsels bless and thee.
 Thou on thine own firm Island seest the
 while,

As if the tales of old romance
 Were but to typify these splendid days,
 Princes and Potentates,

And Chiefs renown'd in arms,
 From their great enterprize achieved,
 In friendship and in joy collected here.
 Rejoice, thou mighty Isle!

Queen of the seas, rejoice!
 For ne'er in elder nor in later times
 Have such illustrious guests
 Honour'd thy silver shores.
 No such assemblage shone in Edward's
 hall,

Nor brighter triumphs graced his glo-
 rious reign.

Prince of the mighty Isle!
 Proud day for thee and for thy king-
 doms this!

Rightly may'st thou rejoice,
 When Britain round her spear
 The olive garland twines, by Victory won.

V.

Yet in the pomp of these festivities,
 One mournful thought will rise within
 my mind,

The thought of Him who sits
 In mental as in visual darkness lost.

How had his heart been fill'd
 With deepest gratitude to Heaven,
 Had he beheld this day!

O King of Kings, and Lord of Lords,
 Thou who hast visited thus heavily
 The anointed head,

Oh! for one little interval,

One precious hour,
 Remove the blindness from his soul,

That he may know it all,
 And bless thee ere he die.

VI.

Thou also should'st have seen
 This harvest of thy hopes,
 Thou, whom the guilty act
 Of a great spirit overthrown,
 Sent to thine early grave in evil hour!
 Forget not him, my Country, in thy joy!

But let thy grateful hand
 With laurel garlands hang
 The tomb of Perceval.

Virtuous, and firm, and wise,
 The ark of Britain in her darkest day
 He steer'd through stormy seas—
 And long shall Britain hold his memory
 dear,

And faithful History give
 His meed of lasting praise.

VII.

That earthly meed shall his compeers
 enjoy,

Britain's true counsellors,
 Who see with just success their counsels
 crown'd.

They have their triumph now, to him
 denied;

Proud day for them is this,

Prince of the mighty Isle!

Proud day for them and thee,

When Britain round her spear
 The olive garland twines, by Victory
 won.

THE ROSE-BUD.

By J. M. LACEY.

The morning saw the rose-bud fair,
 First ope its eye of bloom;
 Bright was the hour, and soft the air,
 Without one cloud of gloom.

The blossom shed its odour round;
 And seem'd, to Fancy's eye,
 Like infancy, with pleasure crown'd,
 Unknowing sorrow's sigh!

At noon's delicious, warmer hour,
 Its op'ning leaves were seen,
 Expanding to the sun-beam's pow'r
 Their loveliness of mien!

But ev'ning's hour all cloudy came;
No star of peace was there;
The lightning pour'd its forked flame,
And horror fill'd the air.

The bitter tempest swept the earth,
The flow'ret felt its breath;
Morn mark'd the beauty of its birth,
Night mourn'd its early death.

LINES ADDRESSED TO THE AU- THOR OF SYNTAX'S TOUR.

By MRS. HUGHES.

Illustrious bard, whom for my theme I
chuse,

Forgive th' effusions of an unlearn'd
Muse,

Her weak attempt to render thanks and
praise,

The homage due for your enchanting
lays!

Tho' weak her pow'rs, almost unknown
her name,

May she not hope some notice to obtain?
Though Time has shed his snows upon
her head,

And youth and gaiety at once are fled;
Though eloquence is not at her com-
mand,

Her artless Muse once pleased a Cum-
berland;

His much-lov'd offspring condescends
to praise,

And Opie, the tenth Muse, endures her
lays.

Oft has she sooth'd my hours of mental
pain,

And oft restor'd tranquillity again.

Regard her not with supercilious eye,

Reject her not with harsh severity.

While Syntax charms the wise, the gay,
the sage,

And genius glows in each delightful page,
Why shrinks the noble author from our
view?

O! why reject applause so much his
due?

And, like his father, by the Delphic
shrine

Conceal'd, promulgate oracles divine.

Then let your lovely Muse her offspring
own,

Altho' the favour'd sire remain unknown;
Envelop'd in the foldings of her veil,
Seek not (we pray) *her* beauties to con-
ceal;

Her sister lyre let her resume again,
And charm the world with her bewitch-
ing strain.

When sentiment and harmony unite,
We read enraptur'd with supreme de-
light!

When characters are drawn with art
divine;

When genius, learning, taste, and wit
combine,

The Bard's own virtues in *his* pages
shine.

TUMULI, or BARROWS.

Sir Richard Hoare, in his splendid work, "The Ancient History of South Wiltshire," relates, that in his researches into *barrows*, or depositories of the dead, some which he examined were of so remote an antiquity, as to exhibit no other appearances of weapons, than the remains of arrows, whose heads were of flint, axes of sharpened stone, and the like; which must therefore have belonged to a period anterior to the knowledge and use of iron. Such were the arms found with a skeleton of large dimensions, in a remarkable barrow on the verge of Wiltshire, by the road leading from Salisbury to Blandford. While this investigation was going on, the antiquaries were surprised by a tremendous storm of thunder and lightning:—

"Our only place of refuge," says Sir Richard, "was the barrow, which had been excavated to a considerable depth; the lightning flashed upon our spades and iron instruments, and the large flints poured down upon us from the summit of the barrow so abundantly and so forcibly, that we were obliged to quit our hiding-place, and abide the pelting of the pitiless storm upon the bleak and unprotected down."

It happened that the enquirers had just then a poet of their party, the Rev. Wm. Lisle Bowles, who the next morning sent to Sir Richard the following beautiful poem:—

"Let me, let me sleep again!"
Thus methought, in feeble strain,

Plain'd from its disturbed bed
The spirit of the mighty dead.

"O'er my mould'ring ashes cold,
Many a century slow hath roll'd;
Many a race hath disappear'd
Since my giant form I rear'd;
Since my flinted* arrows flew;
Since my battle-horn I blew;
Since my brazen dagger's pride
Glitter'd on my warlike side,
Which, transported o'er the wave,
Kings of distant ocean gav't;
Ne'er hath glared the eye of day,
My death-bed secrets to betray,
Since, with mutter'd Celtic rhyme,
The white-hair'd Druid-bard sublime,
'Mid the stilness of the night,
Wak'd the sad and solemn rite,
The rite of death, and o'er my bones
Were piled the monumental stones.
Passing near the hallow'd ground,
The Roman gaz'd upon the mound;
And murmur'd, with a secret sigh,
'There in dust the mighty lie.'
Ev'n while his heart with conquest glow'd,
While the high-rai's'd flinty road†
Echoed to the prancing hoof,
And golden eagles flam'd aloof,
And, flashing to the orient light,
His banner'd legions glitter'd bright,
The victor of the world confess'd
A dark awe shivering at his breast.
Shall the sons of distant days
Unpunish'd on my relics gaze?
Hark! Hesus rushes from on high,
Vindictive thunder rocks the sky:
See Taranis‡ descends to save
His hero's violated grave,

* The heads of the arrows are formed of flint.

† A large knife, of a metal resembling brass, was the only implement of a metallic nature discovered in the barrow; it might therefore be supposed to have been a present to the British chief from the "princely merchants" of Phœnicia.

‡ The Roman road, raised on flints, goes close to the barrow, and deviates from the straight line on purpose to avoid it. A proof of the antiquity of the barrow, and the veneration of the Romans.

§ Hesus and Taranis, Celtic deities, of the character of Woden and Thor in the Saxon.

No. LXVIII. Vol. XII.

And shakes, beneath the lightning's glare,
The sulphur from his blazing hair.
Hence! yet though my grave ye spoil,
Dark oblivion mocks your toil:
Deep the clouds of ages roll,
History drops her mould'ring scroll,
And never shall reveal the name
Of him who scorns her transient fame."

ELEGY,

In Imitation of HAMMOND.

Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
Misprising what they look on.

SHAKESPEARE.

When first I caught, dear Mary, from
afar

A mad'ning glance at thy bright-
beaming eye,

The ray was like the vivid meteor's glare,
Whose streaming glories shoot along
the sky:

Yet not alike in transiency of date,

For still I feel it trembling through
each vein;

It thrills my soul, sweet arbitress of my
fate,

A source at once of pleasure and of
pain!

When, big with awe, two black clouds
threat'ning lower,

Charg'd with electric fluid, breathing
fire,

The mutual sphere of their attractive
power,

Draws forth the lightning's undistin-
guish'd ire:

In contact thus, sweet girl, thy love-
charg'd son

Diffuses round the rays of amorous
fire;

Such thrilling fancies o'er my senses run,
My eye responsive, gleams with keen
desire.

But whither will my glowing fancy lead?

No sweet response of love flows from
thine eye;

But scorn, a noxious, overwhelming
weed,

Usurps the soil of Cupid's matchless
joy,

R

Ah! why doth cruel scorn dart from
those eyes,

So capable of eloquence in love;
Where all the melting grace of Venus
lies,

And where illumin'd sits the gentle
dove?

Oh! Scorn, obdurate, of the Furies born!
Thou'rt sent on earth to deal destruc-
tion fell;

E'en Cerberus' self hath not such hi-
deous form,

Who, triple-headed, guards the gates
of Hell!

Wing'd from the shafts of malice and
despite,

Thou issued'st from the gloomy cave
of spleen:

At sight of thee gay Venus takes her
flight,

Foe to the fair, and enemy to men.

Ah! why presumptuous darest thou
to invade,

And haunt the blissful mansions of the
breast

Of lovely Mary, oh! angelic maid!

And break the hallow'd softness of
her rest?

Expel the monster from so sweet an
helm,

A pilot so unworthy thee to steer:—

Oh! drive him down to Pluto's dreary
realm,

To bear the torture he inflicted here.

Alas! I fear my admonition's vain!

All, all with me is "unavailing moan;"

The day in pity lists as I complain,

And night's dark soul I move by many
a groan.

Ah! I have naught to tender but the
truth

And purity of love, which warm my
breast:

One radiant smile on me, unhappy youth!

Would lull my doubts to roseate bowers
of rest;

Coward fear would flee, and joy's o'er-
whelming tide

Rush in, impell'd by gales of ecstasy;
My buoyant hopes on wings of winds
would ride,

And breezes whisper love's soft me-
lody.

But, oh! my Muse, restrain thine ardent
flight;

'Tis all illusion, all a witching dream:
My hapless love descends Parnassus'
height,

And dips his wings in Desperation's
stream.

Then go, proud nymph, and triumph in
thy scorn,

And in thy pride exultingly delight;
While I indignant now will cease to
mourn,

Nor vainly think to win thee, though
I write.

No more on Hope's bright pinions will
I soar;

No more shall moaning gales repeat
my sighs;

This cruel maid rejoices but the more,

"Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in
her eyes."

AMATOR.

LONDON MARKETS.

Return of Wheat from June 27 to July 2.

TOTAL 5,297 quarters.—Average, 70s. 1½d. per quarter.
 or 2s 0½d. per quarter higher than last return.

Return of Flour from July 2 to 8.

TOTAL, 16,331 sacks.—Average, 68s. 1½d. per sack, or
 0s. 0½d. per sack lower than last return.

Average of England and Wales, July 9.

	s	d	s	d
Wheat	67	4	Barley	34 3
Rye	41	10	Oats	25 1
			Peas	44
				47

CORN, SEEDS, &c.

	s.	s.	Tares, per bushel	s.	s.
Wheat white, per quarter	46	80	Turnip	7	9
red	44	75	Mustard	18	24
foreign	40	66	Canary, white	12	20
Barley, English	34	38	per qt.	16	14
Malt	28	30	Hempseed	62	63
Oats Feed	56	72	Linseed	70	115
	14	23	Clover, red	30	89
Trizeland	15	27	white	70	105
Poland	21	29	foreign	red	56 84
Potatoes	42	45		white	72 108
Beans, Pigeon	55	72		Caraway	10 34
Pease, Boiling	40	40		Coriander	7 85
Grey	60	65			15 91
Flour per sack	50	55			
Seconds	45	50			
Scotch					

American Flour — s — s per barrel of 190lbs.
 Rapeseed, per last — — £30 a £34 a £40.
 Oil Cakes, per thousand, £12. 0s to £20 0s.

SUGAR, &c. per Cwt.

	s	s	COFFEE, Bonted.	s	d
Muscovade, fine	90	95	Dominica, &c.	75	0
good	84	89	Fine	70	0
ordinary	74	83	Good	67	0
East India white	90	100	Ordinary	60	0
yellow	82	89	Triage	30	0
brown	80	84			

MOLASSES 36s. 0d. a s.—d.

	s	s	Jamaica.	s	d
REFINED SUGAR.					
Double Loaves	170	a	Fine	73	0
Hambro' ditto	146	a	Good	60	0
Powder ditto	138	a	Ordinary	40	0
Single ditto	134	a	Triage	20	0
Canary Lump	128	a	Mocha	300	0
Large ditto	120	a	St. Domingo	50	0
Bastards, whole	82	a	Java	90	0
faces	84	a	COCOA, Bonted.		
middles	78	a	Trinidad and	90	0
tips	72	a	Plantation	65	0

GINGER.

	s	s	Spices and Pepper, per lb.	s	d
Jamaica, white	82	a	Nutmegs	18	0
Barbadoes, ditto	75	a	Cloves	10	0
black	70	a	Cinnamon	10	6
			Wace	30	0

RICE, Bonted.

Brazil	-	-	26 a 28	Pimento	2	0	a
Average price of Raw Sugar, exclusive of duty, 54s. 1½d.							

Average price of Raw Sugar, exclusive of duty, 54s. 1½d.
 Our raw market has been brisk this month, the sales amounting to 4 or 5,000 casks. Refined goods are also more in demand, at rather improving prices.

HOPS in the Borough.

	£	s	£	s	£
Kent	6	0	7 15	15	6
Sussex	5	10	7 16	16	8
Essex	0	0	0	0	0

CORN, &c. per Quarter.

	Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Beans.	P.
	s	s	s	s	s
July	54	67	34	20	a 59
Newcastle	9	—	—	—	—
Northampton	—	—	—	—	—
Canterbury	16	64	72	32	a 33
Lewes	9	69	77	—	a 33
Chichester	9	73	80	—	a 33
Ashborne	16	—	—	—	a 32
Guildford	12	62	68	34	a 32
Gatshoro	13	50	63	35	a 27
South	9	48	70	36	a 39
Huntingdon	13	66	72	—	a 23
Newark	11	54	60	34	a 38
Spishy	—	—	—	—	a 22
Ryegate	14	56	73	22	a 35
Devizes	13	70	—	—	a 24
Reading	12	53	61	34	a 28
Henley	12	68	—	—	a 24
Maidenhead	12	58	—	—	a 24
Salisbury	12	58	—	—	a 24
Perth	13	58	82	30	a 34
Hull	14	50	72	35	a 37
Basingstoke	16	56	70	27	a 32
Wokingfield	—	—	—	—	a 32
Andover	—	—	—	—	a 32
Warrminster	—	—	—	—	a 32

SPIRITS, per Gallon (exclusive of duty).

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

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR JUNE, 1814.

Conducted, at Manchester, by THOMAS HANSON, Esq.

1814. JUNE	Wind.	Pressure.			Temperature.			Weather.	Evap.	Rain.
		Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.			
1	E 2	30,18	30,04	30,110	58,0°	41,0°	49,50°	cloudy	—	—
2	Var. 1	30,04	29,98	30,010	58,0	42,0	50,00	drizzly	—	.040
3	NE 2	29,98	29,90	29,940	54,0	45,0	49,50	rainy	—	—
4	NE 2	30,06	29,90	29,980	50,0	43,0	46,50	cloudy	—	—
5	NE 2	30,24	30,06	30,150	58,0	42,0	50,00	fine	—	—
6	E 1	30,24	30,24	30,240	55,0	39,0	47,00	cloudy	.400	—
7	NE 2	30,24	30,22	30,230	54,0	42,0	48,00	cloudy	.110	—
8	E 1	30,22	30,18	30,200	58,0	42,0	50,00	cloudy	.110	—
9	S 1	30,22	30,18	30,200	67,0	39,0	53,00	cloudy	.126	—
10	SE 1	30,21	30,18	30,195	68,0	43,0	55,50	brilliant	.140	—
11	SE 1	30,21	30,06	30,135	70,0	43,0	56,50	brilliant	.182	—
12	SE 1	30,08	29,94	30,010	56,0	46,0	51,00	rainy	.082	—
13	SE 1	30,12	29,94	30,030	59,0	46,0	52,50	rainy	.040	—
14	SW 1	30,12	30,06	30,090	73,0	58,0	65,50	gloomy	.060	—
15	S 2	30,06	29,94	30,000	75,0	62,0	68,50	fine	.110	1,100
16	SW 4	30,10	29,94	30,020	65,0	52,0	58,50	variable	.094	—
17	W 3	30,22	30,10	30,160	63,0	51,0	57,00	cloudy	.086	—
18	W 1	30,22	30,14	30,180	61,0	52,0	56,50	cloudy	—	—
19	W 4	30,14	29,94	30,040	62,0	50,0	56,00	cloudy	—	—
20	W 3	29,94	29,78	29,860	60,0	46,0	53,00	cloudy	.184	—
21	NW 3	30,02	29,78	29,900	61,0	49,0	55,00	cloudy	.174	—
22	W 2	30,20	30,02	30,110	58,0	49,0	53,50	cloudy	.062	—
23	SW 1	30,40	30,20	30,300	60,0	47,0	53,50	cloudy	.040	—
24	SW 1	30,48	30,40	30,440	64,0	51,0	57,50	cloudy	.084	—
25	S 1	30,48	30,38	30,430	67,0	54,0	60,50	brilliant	.126	—
26	SW 2	30,38	30,22	30,300	66,0	54,0	60,00	cloudy	.090	.510
27	SW 1	30,22	30,18	30,200	68,0	54,0	61,00	brilliant	.090	.120
28	SW 1	30,18	30,06	30,120	71,0	56,0	63,50	gloomy	.068	—
29	SW 1	30,06	30,02	30,040	74,0	56,0	65,00	cloudy	.048	—
30	SW 1	30,02	30,00	30,010	67,0	56,0	61,50	cloudy	.124	.100
		Mean	30,121		Mean	55,50			2,550	1,875

RESULTS.

Mean pressure, 30,121—maximum, 30,48, wind N. W. 1.—Minimum, 29,78, wind W. 3.—Range, .70 inch.

The greatest variation of pressure in 24 hours, is .20 inch, which was on the 19th and 23d. Spaces described by the curve, formed from the mean daily pressure, 2,4 inches.—Number of changes, 9.

Mean temperature, 55°.5.—Maximum, 75°.5.—Min. 39°, wind S. 1.—Range 36.

The greatest variation of temperature in 24 hours is 28°, which was on the 9th. Water evaporated (from a surface of water exposed to the effects of winds and the sun, but not to its direct rays), 2,530 inches.

Fall of rain, 1,875 of an inch—rainy days, 13—snowy, 0—hail, 1.

WIND.								Variable.	Calm.
N	NE	E	SE	S	SW	W	NW		
0	4	3	4	3	8	5	2	1	0

Brisk winds 3—Boisterous ones 2.

Notes.—2d. Some seasonable showers of rain during last night, cloudy to-day with occasional drizzly rain.—4th. Very cold piercing day, in the evening slight fall of rain.—9th. To-day's minimum temperature, which occurred during last night, was only seven degrees above freezing; but in the course of the day the wind changed from east to south, when there was a quick increase of temperature, but no indication of rain.—17th. Rain at intervals since the 12th, with increased temperature.—22d. Much honey-dew upon currant-trees, and upon vegetables overshadowed by them.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR JUNE, 1814.

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

1814.	Wind.	Pressure.			Temperature.			Weather.	Evap.	Rain.
		Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.			
JUNE										
1	S E	30.06	29.90	29.980	56°	43°	52.0°	cloudy	—	—
2	E	29.90	29.87	29.885	58	51	54.5	cloudy	—	—
3	E	29.87	29.84	29.855	55	50	52.5	rainy	—	.61
4	N E	30.00	29.84	29.920	52	48	50.0	rain	—	.05
5	N E	30.15	30.00	30.075	53	45	49.0	cloudy	—	—
6	N E	30.15	30.08	30.115	53	44	48.5	cloudy	—	—
7	N E	30.08	29.99	30.035	53	38	45.5	cloudy	.27	—
8	N E	30.06	29.99	30.025	64	40	52.0	fine	—	—
9	N E	30.10	30.06	30.080	70	36	53.0	fine	—	—
10	E	30.10	30.06	30.080	67	40	53.5	fine	—	—
11	E	30.06	29.87	29.965	69	50	59.5	fine	.54	—
12	E	30.05	29.87	29.960	70	48	59.0	fine	—	—
13	E	30.10	30.05	30.075	67	55	61.0	cloudy	—	—
14	W	30.10	29.96	30.030	82	61	72.0	sultry	—	.89
15	S	30.00	29.90	29.950	79	52	65.5	showery	—	—
16	N W	30.09	30.00	30.045	66	47	56.5	showers	—	—
17	N W	30.16	30.09	30.125	62	52	57.0	showers	—	—
18	N W	30.15	30.09	30.120	61	56	58.5	showers	—	—
19	N W	30.09	29.89	29.990	66	44	55.0	showers	.83	.49
20	N W	29.80	29.77	29.785	58	48	53.0	cloudy	—	—
21	N W	29.95	29.85	29.900	59	49	54.0	cloudy	—	—
22	N W	30.10	29.95	30.025	54	48	51.0	showery	—	—
23	N W	30.25	30.10	30.175	57	47	52.0	cloudy	—	—
24	N E	30.29	30.25	30.270	56	43	49.5	cloudy	—	—
25	N W	30.29	30.13	30.210	59	49	54.0	cloudy	.48	.08
26	N W	30.13	30.08	30.165	57	49	53.0	cloudy	—	—
27	N W	30.08	30.04	30.060	60	49	54.5	cloudy	—	—
28	N W	30.04	29.97	30.005	67	47	57.0	cloudy	—	—
29	S	29.99	29.96	29.975	71	56	63.5	fine	—	.05
30	N W	29.99	29.97	29.980	70	46	58.0	fine	.34	—
		Mean	30.026		Mean	55.1		Total	2.46in.	2.17in

RESULTS. — Prevailing winds, northerly — Mean height of barometer, 30.026 inches; highest observation, 30.29 inches; lowest, 29.77 inches. — Mean height of thermometer, 55.1°; — highest observation, 71° — lowest, 36° — Total of evaporation, 2.46 inches. — Total of rain, 2.17 inches. — Total in another gauge, 2.09 inches.

Notes. — 12th. A shower in the morning. — 13th. A shower in the evening. — 14th. Some lightning in the evening. — 15th. A tremendous storm of thunder, lightning, rain, and wind commenced about 2 o'clock this morning; was most violent between 3 and 4 o'clock — the thunder and lightning unusually loud and vivid. — 19th. Rainy morning. — 30th. A stratus on the marshes at night.

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

West India Dock	£155 10s.	pr.sh.	Coventry Canal	£810	pr.sh.
Commercial Ditto	146	do.	Dudley Ditto	45 a 46	do.
Chelsea Water-Works	12	do.	Erewash Ditto	800	do.
East London Ditto	70	do.	Grand Junction Ditto	230	do.
Grand Junction Ditto	40	do.	Grand Union	95 a 97	do.
West Middlesex Ditto	30 10s.	do.	Grand Western	54	dis.
Rock Life Assurance	2 15s.	do.	Leeds and Liverpool	208	pr.sh.
Kent Ditto	10	do.	Monmouthshire Ditto	157	do.
Birmingham Fire Ditto	200	do.	Swansea Ditto	175	do.
Imperial Ditto	48	do.	Grand Trunk Ditto	1220	do.
Albion Fire and Life	1045	do.	Butspil Mine	20	pm.
Eagle Ditto	2 2s.	do.	Highgate Archway	12 12s.	pr.sh.
Hope Ditto	2 4s.	do.	Strand Bridge	28	do.
London Ditto	21	do.	Vauxhall	34	do.
Ashton and Oldham Canal	182 a 85	do.	London Com. Sale-Rooms	53	do.
Birmingham Ditto	650	do.	Flour Company	5	do.
Chelmer and Blackwater	89	do.	Drury-Lane Theatre, 500l. Sh. 190 a 200 do.		
Chesterfield Ditto	100	do.			

PRICES OF STOCKS.

Date.	Bank Stock.	3 Pr. Ct. Consols.	3 pr. Ct. Red.	4 pr. Ct. Cons.	Navy 5 pr. Ct.	Long Ann.	3d Om. for 1814.	Impl. 3 pr. Ct.	Impl. Ann.	Irish 5 pr. Ct.	S. Sea Stock.	S. Sea Ann.	India Stock.	India Bonds.	Exchgr. Bills 3 d.	St. Lot. Tickets.	Cons. July 19.
June 21	256	Shut	69 $\frac{1}{2}$	84 $\frac{1}{2}$	100 $\frac{1}{2}$	10 $\frac{1}{2}$	4 $\frac{1}{2}$ Pm.	—	—	—	Shut	—	Shut	9 Pm.	3 Pm.	£19.19s.	71 $\frac{1}{2}$ 70 $\frac{1}{2}$
22	254	—	69 $\frac{1}{2}$	84 $\frac{1}{2}$	97 $\frac{1}{2}$	10 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 $\frac{1}{2}$ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	—	7 Pm.	2 Pm.	—	70 a 1
23	—	—	68 $\frac{1}{2}$	84 $\frac{1}{2}$	99 $\frac{1}{2}$	10 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 $\frac{1}{2}$ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	—	6 Pm.	3 Pm.	—	70 a 1
24	Hol.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	6s	—	7 Pm.	—	—	70 a 1
25	257	—	69 $\frac{1}{2}$	84 $\frac{1}{2}$	99 $\frac{1}{2}$	10 $\frac{1}{2}$	4 Pm.	—	—	—	—	6s $\frac{1}{2}$	—	7 Pm.	3 Pm.	—	70 a 1
27	257	—	69 $\frac{1}{2}$	84 $\frac{1}{2}$	100	10 $\frac{1}{2}$	4 $\frac{1}{2}$ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	—	6 Pm.	3 Pm.	—	71 a 1
28	256	—	69 $\frac{1}{2}$	84 $\frac{1}{2}$	Shut	10 $\frac{1}{2}$	4 $\frac{1}{2}$ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	—	6 Pm.	2 Pm.	—	71 a 1
29	258	—	69 $\frac{1}{2}$	84 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	10 $\frac{1}{2}$	4 Pm.	—	—	97 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	—	6 Pm.	Par.	—	71 $\frac{1}{2}$ 70 $\frac{1}{2}$
30	—	—	69 $\frac{1}{2}$	84 $\frac{1}{2}$	99 $\frac{1}{2}$	10 $\frac{1}{2}$	4 Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	—	11 Pm.	3 Pm.	—	71 $\frac{1}{2}$ 70 $\frac{1}{2}$
July 1	259	—	69 $\frac{1}{2}$	84 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	10 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 $\frac{1}{2}$ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	—	13 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	70 a 1
2	—	—	69 $\frac{1}{2}$	84 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	10 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 $\frac{1}{2}$ Pm.	—	—	—	—	69	—	16 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	70 a 1
3	—	—	69 $\frac{1}{2}$	84 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	10 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 $\frac{1}{2}$ Pm.	67 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	—	69	—	15 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	71 $\frac{1}{2}$ 70 $\frac{1}{2}$
4	259 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	69 $\frac{1}{2}$	84 $\frac{1}{2}$	97 $\frac{1}{2}$	10 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	16 Pm.	—	—	70 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 1
5	259 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	69 $\frac{1}{2}$	84 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	10 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 $\frac{1}{2}$ Pm.	—	—	—	—	69	—	17 Pm.	6 Pm.	—	70 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 1
6	259 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	69 $\frac{1}{2}$	84 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	10 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 $\frac{1}{2}$ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	—	17 Pm.	6 Pm.	—	70 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 1
7	Hol.	—	69 $\frac{1}{2}$	84 $\frac{1}{2}$	97 $\frac{1}{2}$	10 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 $\frac{1}{2}$ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	—	16 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	70 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 1
8	259 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	69 $\frac{1}{2}$	84 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	10 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 $\frac{1}{2}$ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	—	17 Pm.	6 Pm.	—	70 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 1
9	259	69 a 1	69 $\frac{1}{2}$	84 $\frac{1}{2}$	97 $\frac{1}{2}$	10 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 $\frac{1}{2}$ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	—	17 Pm.	6 Pm.	—	70 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 1
11	259 $\frac{1}{2}$	69 a 1	69 $\frac{1}{2}$	84 $\frac{1}{2}$	97 $\frac{1}{2}$	10 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 $\frac{1}{2}$ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	—	17 Pm.	6 Pm.	—	70 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 1
12	260	69 a 1	69 $\frac{1}{2}$	84 $\frac{1}{2}$	97 $\frac{1}{2}$	10 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 Pm.	67 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	72 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	16 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	70 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 1
13	259 $\frac{1}{2}$	68 $\frac{1}{2}$	69 $\frac{1}{2}$	84 $\frac{1}{2}$	97 $\frac{1}{2}$	10 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 Pm.	67 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	—	—	15 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	69 $\frac{1}{2}$ 70 $\frac{1}{2}$
14	259 $\frac{1}{2}$	68 $\frac{1}{2}$	69 $\frac{1}{2}$	84 $\frac{1}{2}$	97 $\frac{1}{2}$	10 $\frac{1}{2}$	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	—	15 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	69 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 1
15	258 $\frac{1}{2}$	68 $\frac{1}{2}$	69 $\frac{1}{2}$	84 $\frac{1}{2}$	97 $\frac{1}{2}$	10 $\frac{1}{2}$	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ Pm.	—	—	9 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	68 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	14 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	69 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 1
16	258 $\frac{1}{2}$	67 $\frac{1}{2}$	69 $\frac{1}{2}$	84 $\frac{1}{2}$	97 $\frac{1}{2}$	10 $\frac{1}{2}$	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	—	14 Pm.	6 Pm.	—	69 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 1
18	259	68 a 1	69 $\frac{1}{2}$	84 $\frac{1}{2}$	97 $\frac{1}{2}$	10 $\frac{1}{2}$	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ Pm.	—	—	—	—	68 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	14 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	69 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 1
19	259	68 a 1	69 $\frac{1}{2}$	84 $\frac{1}{2}$	97 $\frac{1}{2}$	10 $\frac{1}{2}$	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ Pm.	—	—	—	—	68 $\frac{1}{2}$	19 $\frac{1}{2}$	14 Pm.	5 Pm.	Aug 25	69 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 1
20	259	68 a 1	69 $\frac{1}{2}$	84 $\frac{1}{2}$	97 $\frac{1}{2}$	10 $\frac{1}{2}$	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	19 $\frac{1}{2}$	13 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	69 a 1
21	259	68 a 1	69 $\frac{1}{2}$	84 $\frac{1}{2}$	97 $\frac{1}{2}$	10 $\frac{1}{2}$	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	19 $\frac{1}{2}$	13 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	69 a 1

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