

Suppl. Royal 1817

2886



REPOSITORY

OF

Arts, Literature, Commerce,
Manufactures, FASHIONS and Politics.

VOL. XII.

THIS WORK

Already honoured by S^ss^s Approval
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To His Royal Highness



Prince Regent.

BY HIS GRATEFUL AND

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OBEDIENT SERVANT,

THE

Repository

OF

ARTS, LITERATURE, COMMERCE,

Manufactures, Fashions, and Politics,

For JULY, 1814.

VOL. XII.

The Sixty-seventh 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 are obliged to apologize to several of our correspondents for deferring their favours, on account of the length of Napoleon Agonistes, a jeu-d'esprit, composed, on the spur of the occasion, by a Lady of distinction, and the interest of which would have been diminished either by its division or delay.

X. Y.'s directions have been complied with.

The writer of the Ode on the Peace, appears to have been so intoxicated with the exhilarating subject as to have completely lost his feet.

P. P. P. is not suited to our Miscellany.

If Philharmonicus will favour us with his address, we will acquaint him with our sentiments on the subject of his communication.

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 JUNIUS.

(Continued from vol. XI. p. 318.)

Miss K. William the Conqueror lost his life by a bruise in the abdominal muscles, or some of the integuments over them.

Miss Ezz. Can you repeat the passage?

Miss K. Provoked at an inroad that had been made into Normandy by some French barons, and exasperated at Philip (King of France) for having succoured Dol, to which he had laid siege, and for his having encouraged the rebellion of his eldest son Robert; and for some jests and severe railleries Philip had thrown out against William's great belly, for he was now become very corpulent—he entered France at the head of a numerous and powerful army, and having taken Mantes, he first plundered and then set it on fire. Entering the town before the flames were extinguished, his horse happened to tread on some hot ashes, which made him

plunge with such violence, that William was thrown forward, and his belly bruised upon the pommel of the saddle to such a degree, that he was soon after seized with a fever, of which he died, Sept. 9, 1087, in the 61st year of his age, in the 21st of his reign over England, and the 52d of that over Normandy. He was interred at Caen, in St. Stephen's abbey, which he had founded in that city, and endowed with rich revenues at his death.

Miss Eve. How apparently trivial an accident often causes death!—What distressing scenes a slight defect or complaint in the lungs has often produced; when a lover, husband, parent, take a glance at that frightful sort of beauty which appears in the countenances of the consumptive as they become thinner and thinner!

Miss K. Here are some lines written by a young lady just be-

B

fore she died of a consumption. They were found soon afterwards in her pocket-book in a drawer by her husband, to whom they are addressed.

Miss *Eve*. Will you read them?

Miss *K*.

If e'er thy Emma's name was dear;
If e'er thy vows have charm'd my ravish'd ear;
If from thy lov'd embrace my heart to gain,
Proud friends have frown'd and fortune smil'd
in vain;

If it has been my sole endeavour still
To act in all obsequious to thy will,
To watch thy very smiles, thy wish to know,
Then only truly blest when thou wast so;
If I have doated with that fond excess
Nor love could add, nor fortune make it less:
If this I've done, and more—oh! then be kind
To the dear, lovely babe I leave behind!
When time my once lov'd memory shall efface,
Some happier maid may take thy Emma's
place,

With envious eyes thy partial fondness see,
And hate it for the love thou'st borne to me.
My dearest life, forgive a woman's fears!—
But one word more—I cannot bear thy tears.
Promise, and I will trust thy faithful vow—
Oft have I tried, and ever found thee true—
That to some distant spot thou wilt remove
This little pledge of hapless Emma's love,
Where safe thy blandishments it may partake,
And, oh! be tender for its mother's sake!—
I know thou wilt, and silence speaks assent,
And in that pleasing hope thy Emma dies
content.

Miss *Eve*. This is distressing indeed. It reminds me of the lines written by Mason on his wife, who also died of a consumption at Bristol Wells.

Who'er, like me, with trembling anguish brings

His heart's whole treasure to fair Bristol's springs;

Who'er, like me, to sooth disease and pain,
Shall seek those salutary springs in vain,—
Condemn'd, like me, to hear the faint reply,
To mark the fading cheek, the sinking eye,
From the chill brow to wipe the damps of death,

And watch in dumb despair the shortening breath;

If chance directs him to this artless line,

Let the sad mourner know, his griefs were mine.

Suppose we lay aside William the Conqueror for the present?

Miss *K*. I should like in a little time, Miss *Eve*, to take an excursion with you to Waltham Abbey, to see if there are yet any remains of the monument said to have been erected there to the memory of Harold.

Miss *Eve*. I took an airing one very fine day, about a month ago, in Essex. I alighted from my carriage just before I came to Waltham. The balmy gale, the fragrance of the May bushes, the lacy blossoms on some of the trees, the singing of the birds almost wild with joy and love, inclined me to walk a mile or two, and brought to my mind these lines in Thomson's *Spring*:—

And see the country far diffus'd around
One boundless blush, one white empurpled show'r

Of mingled blossoms, where the raptur'd eye
Hurries from joy to joy, and hid beneath
The fair profusion, yellow Autumn spices.

Miss *K*. To see this beautiful, fresh, fragrant season in more perfection than perhaps in any county of England, you should have been on an eminence in Herefordshire, a country noted for apple and other fruit-trees. There indeed you might have seen for many miles what that amiable poet means by "one boundless blush."

Miss *Eve*. I stood some time on the bridge that crosses the river Lee at Waltham, near the abbey, and fed some fish which were darting about, frisking, leaping, and twinkling like gold and silver in the sunshine. I had some Passover cake in my pocket, with which they seemed much delighted.

Miss *K*. The rivers of England abound with fish. Pope observes,

Our plenteous streams a various race supply :
 The bright-eyed perch, with fins of Tyrian dye ;
 The silver eel, in shining volumes roll'd ;
 The yellow carp, with scales bedropp'd with gold ;

Swift trout, diversifed with crimson stains ;
 And pikes, the tyrants of the watery plains.

Miss *Eve*. While I was at Wal-
 ham, I copied these lines from the
 almshouse there :—

Birth is a pain ; life, labour, care, toil, thrall ;
 In old age strength fails ; lastly death ends all.
 Whilst strong life lasts, let virtuous deeds be
 shown ;

Fruit of such trees are thereby seen and
 known

To have reward with lasting joys for aye,
 When vicious nations fall to sure decay.

Of wealth's o'erplus lend money, stock, or
 store,

In life therewith relieve age, needy, poor.
 Good deeds defer not till funeral rites be past,
 In life-time what's done is made more firm,
 and sure, and fast.

This inscription has been there
 probably two or three hundred
 years. It is true, that those who
 defer their gifts till after death,
 seem rather to be liberal with other
 people's property than their own.

Miss *K*. I am very fond of co-
 pying such old inscriptions. Here
 is one that I lately copied from an
 almshouse at Tottenham : it pre-
 sents a curious specimen of the
 spelling of that time :—

1600.

NOT VNTO VS, O LORD—NOT VNTO VS,
 BVT VNTO THY NAME—GIVE YE GLORIE.
 BALTHAZAR SANCHEZ, BORNEIN SPAYNE,
 IN THE CITIE OF SHEREZ, IN ESTE-
 MADVRA, IS THE FOVND R OF THESE
 EYGH T ALMES HOWSES, FOR THE RELIEF
 OF EYGH T POORE MEN & WOMEN OF
 THIS TOWNE OF TATTENHAM HIGH
 CRASSE.

Miss *Eve*. You mentioned the
 dates of some celebrated painters
 to the birth of Queen Mary in 1517 ;
 what masters of extraordinary ce-
 lebrity in the art of painting were

born during the lives of Mary and
 her renowned sister, the glorious
 Queen Elizabeth ?

Miss *K*. Antonio More was born
 in 1519 ; Barrocchio and Mutiano
 in 1528 ; Paul Veronese in 1532.

Queen Elizabeth, daughter of
 King Henry VIII. by his second
 wife, Anne Boleyn, was born Sep-
 tember 7, 1533, when her sister
 Mary was 16 years of age.

Coningsloo and the younger Gi-
 acomo Palma were born 1544.

Henry VIII. died in 1547, and
 I do not recollect any celebrated
 painter born in the reign of his suc-
 cessor, Edward VI. except Chris-
 topher Schwartz, called the Ger-
 man Raphael, in 1550.

In the reign of Queen Mary
 was born Ludovico, the first paint-
 er of the family of the Caracci, in
 1555 ; Isaac Oliver, an English
 painter, in 1556 ; and Agostino Ca-
 racci, in 1558.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth
 many celebrated painters came in-
 to existence.

Annibal Caracci, brother to Agos-
 tino, and cousin to Ludovico ; also
 Schedone and John Velvet Breu-
 ghel were born in 1560 ; Mark Gar-
 rard, afterwards painter to Queen
 Elizabeth and Ann of Denmark,
 queen of James I. 1561 ; Domini-
 co Tintoret, 1562 ; Orazio Genti-
 leschi, 1563 ; Rottenhammer, 1564 ;
 Michael Angelo Caravaggio, 1569 ;
 Viola, 1572 ; Elsheimer, 1574 ; Gui-
 do, 1575 ; Rubens, 1577 ; Albano,
 1578 ; Snyders, 1579 ; Fouquien,
 1580 ; Lanfranco and Dominichi-
 no, on the same day, 1581 ; S. Vouet
 and old David Teniers, 1582 ; Gilles
 Hondekoeter and Antonio Carac-
 ci, called Il Gobbo, the natural
 son of Agostino C. 1583 ; Frank

Hals, 1584; Polemburg, 1586; Spagnoletti, 1589; Guercino, 1590; Velasquez, Nicholas Poussin, and Js. Jordaens, 1594; Van Goyen and Pietro da Cortona, 1596; Parcellles, 1597; Van Dyke, Van Utrecht, Van Miel, Pereda, and P. Soutman, 1599; Claude, Wynants, Gaspar Poussin, Valentino, and Jas. Blanchart, in 1600; Andrea Sacchi and Peter Oliver, 1601; and Evert van Aelst in 1602.

Miss Eve. I think, among the painters whom you have just named, the Caracci are called the principals of the school of Bologna.

Miss K. They are often called so; but Guercino, Dominichino, Guido, Tibaldi Viola, old Camillo Procaccini, and his sons, Giulio Cesari and Carlo Procaccini, were also born at Bologna, and their merits eminently entitle them to participate in this distinction.

The brothers, Agostino and Annibal Caracci, were sons to a tailor at Bologna; as was Andrea del Sarto to a tailor at Florence, from which circumstance he received his surname.

Miss Eve. From the Latin, as the muscle *sartorius* is so called, because it is in strong action in tailors when they sit cross-legged at work on their shop-boards.

I think Francis Vivarez, the best landscape-engraver there has been, was bred a tailor.

Miss K. He was.

Miss Eve. Have you any prints from Guido Reni?

Miss K. I have several by Sir R. Strange, who had a peculiarly rich manner of discriminating flesh.

Miss Eve. I think you said, that J. G. Wille was very excellent in discrimination.

Miss K. Yes, in regard to bright

surfaces, such as glass, plate, satin, velvet, &c.; not in universal discrimination.

Miss Eve. From what master did Sir Robert Strange work?

Miss K. I have prints by him from Raphael, Guido, Guercino, Carlo Dolcei, Schidone, Murillo, Andrea Sacchi, Salvator Rosa, Carlo Maratti, West, &c.

Miss Eve. It is singular, that Rubens should be called the Prince of the Flemish School when he was a German.

Miss K. Yes; he was born at Cologne.

Miss Eve. I think Reynolds justly describes Rubens' figures, when he says, they have expression and act with energy, but without simplicity or dignity, and that his colouring is too tinted.

Miss K. Yes; and, as you observed, from his being an ornamental painter, these defects are not so obvious as if he had aimed at a superior style. You also justly remarked, that this ornamental style is a combination of opposites reconciled by balancing, cold greys, &c. opposed to hot vermilions, bright lights or whites to the deepest shadows, luxuriant detail to sober breadth--pellucid objects, the warm colours towards the middle, great flowing lights, bright reds in the finest flesh; the shadows from objects very apparent, &c.

When I am by myself I often walk among my pictures, and consider what qualities they possess and what they want; and from the result of these cogitations, I endeavour to free them from defects; and from a fire or enthusiasm that at this time often seizes my mind, I frequently impart to them something that surpasses my anticipations.

Miss *Eve*. From this table I understand, that Adam van Oort, Otho Venius, and Charles van Mander were Rubens' three masters; and that the sixteen names which seem to proceed from Rubens were his pupils. Those who precede Van Oort, Van Venius, and Mander, were their masters, up to Rosselli, who was born at Florence in 1416, which is 161 years before Rubens was born.

Miss *K*. Those who make sketches, if I may so call them, of the pedigrees of the greatest painters, like this of Rubens, will gain a knowledge of their dates, their masters, pupils, &c. that will prove of great advantage in the study of the art. I never saw any thing of this sort attempted. This may seem trifling, but it takes little time, and that little is well bestowed.

Miss *Eve*. I will amuse myself at times in this way with Titian, Paul Veronese, Rembrandt, Raphael, Michael Angelo, and other great names; also the Gothic masters up to Taffi.

Miss *K*. The writers on the arts place Cimabue first of these, though Taffi was born 27 years before Cimabue. The name of the latter sounds well, but Taffi like I know not what.

Miss *Eve*. Like the national appellation of the Welch.

Miss *K*. The Gothic masters, by whom the arts were revived after an interval of about 700 years, which separated them from the antique, date soon after A. D. 1200; and the first 40 run in this order:

	<i>Born</i>
1. Taffi	1218
2. Gaddi	1239
3. Cimabue	1240

	<i>Born</i>
4. Ruffalmaccio	1262
5. Cassentino	—
6. Giotto	1276
7. Cavallini	1285
8. Memmi	1285
9. Lorenzetto	1287
10. Taddeo Gaddi	} 1300
11. Berni Sanesi	
12. Florentino	1301
13. Laurati	1304
14. Ponte	1306
15. Giovanni	1307
16. Antonio Venetiano	1310
17. Agnolo Gaddi	1323
18. Giotto	1324
19. Monaco	1326
20. Aretino Spinello	1328
21. Pisano	} 1329
22. Orgagna	
23. Fabriano	1332
24. Lippo	1334
25. Uccello	1349
26. Hugo Vander Goes . . .	1350
27. Bartoli	1351
28. Sternina	1354
29. Hubert van Eyck	} 1366
30. Paris Spinello	
31. John van Eyck	1370
32. Francesci	1372
33. Bartolomeo	} 1378
34. Ghiberti	
35. Balduinetti	1380
36. Massolini	} 1381
37. Lazaro Vasari	
38. Angelico	1387
39. Bicci	1390
40. Squarcione	1394

Of these, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 10, 12, 14, 15, 17, 18, 21, 22, 24, 25, 28, 32, 34, 35, 36, 39 were born at Florence—consequently half of these Gothic masters were Florentines. Many of them were very ignorant of anatomy, of a variegated unity, of an elegant or extensive variety in the muscles. These in their works often appeared like so many

sand-bags. The 15th century gave birth to the best painters among the moderns—Da Vinci, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Julio Romano, Polydore; and also the best colourists—Giorgione and Titian, who were born in 1477, just 100 years before Rubens—also Corregio, one of the most graceful painters, and eminently remarkable for effect.

It may be observed, that the ornamental parts of the art were first introduced in the 15th century; and it has often been a subject of dispute, whether the ancients understood colouring in the degree Titian possessed it, or grouping the figures, or light and shadow, by joining light to light and shade to shade; or whether they brought the strength towards the central lights, which produces splendour. The fact is, that on all these points nothing certain is known.

Miss Eve. Do you think the borders of the picture should be in half tint as some say, or strong, to balance the strengths towards great light in the centre of vision, as others maintain?

Miss K. Strong; for the sake of force and balancing. I always consider the whole together in pictures. One grand object I aim at is, to make a universal balance of lights, shades, browns, objects, forms, colours, till I feel every thing, as it were, weigh equal.

Miss Eve. What defects generally attend beginners in drawing figures?

Miss K. They generally draw too straight, and the extremities too thick and very white: they don't attend to the little angles in the

outline. All children, when they begin to draw figures, make them up entirely of straight lines. Many, when they are considerably advanced, fall into another very great defect. Having learned that the gentle flowing line, such as Hogarth has described, confers grace, they on this account disregard just expression, and infuse into their figures what is justly called "the most hateful of all hateful qualities"—*affectation*. Several artists whom I could name, if they would but open their eyes to this defect, might from their own merits soon become R.A.s.; but this affectation, while adhered to, will keep them in the back ground for ever. They take that for grace which others know to be affectation.

Miss Eve. And some are very dry, while they think they are simple.

Miss K. These are really simple; and also meet with little encouragement.

Miss Eve. The ornamental department, though not of the highest class, obtains encouragement.

Miss K. Yes, almost all painters that have become rich by their profession, have been either ornamental or portrait-painters. An author who has written on painting, says, that those who desire titles or gold chains should pursue those branches of art. In this country, Rubens, Vandyke, Lely, Kneller, Reynolds, Beechey, have been knighted; while the historical department has produced but one person on whom that honour has been conferred, Sir James Thornhill.

FRAGMENTS FROM THE POCKET-BOOK OF AN AMATEUR.

(Concluded from vol. XI. p. 322.)

SIMPLICITY IN ARCHITECTURE.

SIMPLICITY appears often to be considered as synonymous with plainness; but in order to attain simplicity, it is not necessary to exclude decoration. This quality will, if rightly examined, be found to consist in such a just arrangement of the parts, in such attention to the general effect intended to be produced, that the eye can embrace the whole composition at once, without being distracted by too great a multiplicity of discordant or trifling details. The parts may be elaborate and rich, yet, by a skilful disposition of them, so as to preserve a due balance of repose, the simplicity of the whole may be preserved.

A peristyle of Corinthian columns possesses as much simplicity as a range of pillars without any capitals or bases, although infinitely superior in elegance and richness. They are not equally plain; but plainness and simplicity are not synonymous; if they were, a mere dead wall would be the acme of simplicity. An artist of real talent will be able to display both variety and splendour, without destroying that *unity* of effect which constitutes simplicity.

The *façade* of Somerset-House towards the Strand will serve to illustrate the truth of this position. The details of that beautiful piece of architecture are exquisitely rich; notwithstanding which, there is no confusion, and the parts are sufficiently homogeneous not to destroy the unity of the *ensemble*.—Would its simplicity have been at

all augmented, if, instead of its present windows, the architect had left the apertures entirely bare? Certainly not. That unity of character which is now imparted to the whole, would in that case not only have been weakened, but altogether destroyed. There would then have been an obvious deficiency; and wherever this happens, we may, without hesitation, pronounce, that either the architect has not been left at liberty to complete his original design, or that he has mistaken nakedness for simplicity.

Horace has delivered a precept, which ought on all occasions to be attended to by those who wish to arrive at excellence, or secure to themselves a permanent reputation:—

“Denique sit quodvis simplex dentaxat et unum.”

That is, let an air of congruity pervade the whole performance, and the subordinate features not only be beautiful themselves, but analogous to and tending to increase the general effect.

Unfortunately, this maxim is but little observed: hence that crowd of abortive productions, which disappoint rather than please; poems, which contain passages of great beauty, yet abound in striking and various defects;—paintings, of which either the execution is inadequate to the excellence of the subject, or the subject inferior to the magic of the execution, of which parts are singularly good, yet the whole defective—“*infelix quia ponere nescit totum*”;—buildings, where accurate copies of the

best examples of antiquity are affixed to a plain structure, not at all surpassing a common dwelling. Of all these the authors appear to have sacrificed lasting fame to ephemeral popularity—either too careless to bestow upon their works the attention necessary to form that happy combination from which results an harmonious whole, that polish which conveys the idea of an easy and instantaneous execution; or not possessed of abilities equal to the task imposed.

The Crescent at Bath will not be found altogether faultless in this respect: it is without doubt a noble conception, its outline most beautiful, and it presents a grand *coup d'œil*, an uniform unbroken range of building, and that too sufficiently extensive to convey ideas of magnificence. It has been allowed to be the finest Ionic screen in Europe: yet to what is this beautiful range of columns attached? Plain, unornamented houses, which, however neat, are of a character so totally distinct, as to produce a discordant and unfinished appearance. It was doubtless the intention of the architect, to exclude all minor decoration, which might detract from, rather than add to, the general effect: yet by leaving the windows quite naked, he has not rendered them less conspicuous; if dressed, they would have been more in unison with the whole, at present they are blemishes. It has been contended, that, in modern architecture, windows impart an air of littleness to the design, detracting from its simplicity: yet as windows cannot be discarded, the architect ought either to decorate them, so as to accord with the

rest of the edifice, or reject ornament altogether, reserving the application of ancient orders to churches and such public buildings where windows in front may be dispensed with. Not that there is any necessity to adhere so strictly to precedent, as to attempt to give to modern buildings the air of exact copies of ancient edifices. Somersct-House is not a piece of Grecian architecture; neither is the Banqueting-House, or St. Paul's, or, in short, any of our most celebrated buildings: yet it does not follow, that their merit is less; they are at least of a character more consonant to our habits and associations than the heathen temples. The Parthenon is better suited to the meridian of Athens than of London. The portico of Covent-Garden Theatre may be a correct imitation of a classical prototype, nevertheless it is of a character little corresponding with the destination of the building; yet the whole elevation is noble and well composed. It were to be wished that the same could be said, with equal justice, of Downing College, at Cambridge, in which the architect has shewn himself a mere copyist: where he has added to his original, he betrays a poverty of conception absolutely bordering upon meanness. Parts, however beautiful, unless skilfully combined, will not form a beautiful whole. Buildings of this description will rather afford hints to the architect upon which he may improve, than models upon which he may form a correct taste.

ARCHITECTURAL MAGAZINE.

Almost every department of literature and science has its own

journal or magazine — theology, medicine, agriculture, botany, mechanics, the drama, and a long list of et cæteras. Even Newgate and Newmarket have their calendars; sculpture and architecture have none. Is it because they are subjects too barren to afford the *quantum sufficit* for a monthly publication? or because they are too uninteresting to excite the attention of the public? In so speculating an age as the present, when new magazines are started monthly, many hardly differing from their predecessors, except in title, it may reasonably excite some surprise, that architecture should have been overlooked or disregarded; or that, if ever contemplated, a magazine devoted to this art and that of sculpture, should not have afforded sufficient prospect of remuneration, to stimulate any one to the undertaking.

Even supposing, which I hardly can, that a monthly publication of this kind would not succeed, yet a quarterly or annual one might. Some plan like the following might be adopted: — Its first division might be appropriated to the biography of eminent men in both professions, either living or deceased.

The second department should contain original essays on whatever relates to the arts in question, either immediately or more remotely, either in theory or in practice.

The third, descriptions and criticisms of new buildings and statues. This part of the work might be embellished with plates; and as in works of this kind economy ought not to be disregarded, it

would be advisable to give graphic outlines instead of finished engravings, by which plan more subjects could be represented, which is no unimportant consideration.

The fourth division should review new publications; both those which are professional (and which are seldom, or at least but cursorily, noticed in other journals), and those which, although not directly relating to the subject, are yet connected with it; such, for instance, are tours, &c.

The fifth might be a miscellaneous section, containing anecdotes of the arts and their professors; notices of buildings, &c. about to be undertaken; queries of correspondents, &c. &c.

Such a work, well executed, would not only be acceptable to professional men, but to amateurs, and all who were engaged, or might intend to engage, in building.

It would open a ready channel to communication and discussion on many interesting subjects; and might probably tend to excite more general attention to these arts, and by influencing the public taste, repress some of those capricious absurdities which at present so frequently disgrace both the builder and his employer.

The biography would doubtless be more copious and detailed than those brief sketches inserted in other magazines, which often contain little more than dates, and which, although they may be sufficient to satisfy the curiosity of the general reader, will be found too jejune and meagre to supply the information desired by those with whom architecture is a favourite pursuit. A recent instance has oc-

carred in the notices of the late Mr. Wyatt in various diurnal and monthly publications: they rather tend to excite than satisfy curiosity. The life of an architect, ably treated, might prove a vehicle of useful criticism, as much so as that of a poet: yet it has happened (by what fatality I know not), that no biography of our architects has hitherto appeared. The Anecdotes of Walpole are too brief to deserve that appellation; they are but notes, and those sometimes very short ones. But a magazine of this kind would not only supply materials for whoever might wish to undertake the task, but it would in some measure atone for this desideratum, by collecting, as it were, into a focus, much useful information, which, when scattered about, appears trivial,—and by forming annals of the arts.

The Italians possess an interesting collection of Letters on Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture. This is still a desideratum among us. Of late years, a mania has prevailed for publishing letters, whether belonging to eminent or obscure persons, or whether on interesting or uninteresting topics; however frivolous the subject, whether an invitation to a party, or a note to a tradesman—no matter, the editor found every *morceau* too precious not to be served up to the public; and yet notwithstanding this rage for epistolary writing, no letters of our artists have appeared. A magazine therefore would be an excellent method of collecting and

preserving original letters of both professional men and amateurs on the subject of the fine arts; and it may reasonably be supposed, that those who might have any such in their possession, would be ready to gratify the public by disclosing them.

In the first volume of Pratt's *Harvest Home* are the following just observations on cottages:—"Many of the rural dwellings embosomed in this sovereign wood, are of cottage form, and if you will smile on a demi-pun, I should say are of cottage fashion, though not *fashion cottages*; with a few exceptions, which, for the the sake of good nature, I might indeed have said of *candour*, shall be nameless; for every man has as much a right to follow his own opinion in architecture as in argument, in this free country at least. Most of the habitations encircled by or bordering on the forest, exhibit more or less of that simplicity which is *in keeping*, as the painters term it, with their scite. Here and there, indeed, a non-descript building pops upon you, that so absurdly mixes town and country, that I have applied to it Pope's censure of a certain part of the fair sex, as having 'no character at all.' I have seen more than one thing of brick and mortar, clay and stone-work, most outrageously jumbling and violating all styles of architecture by mixing them together: here a patch of the Ionic, there a dash of the Doric; now a morsel of thatch, and now of tiling;" &c. &c.

THE COGITATIONS OF SCRIBLERUS.

No. VI.

In marriage are two happy things allow'd,
A wife in wedding-sheets and in a shroud.—
How can a marriage state then be accurs'd,
Since the last day's as happy as the first?

STEELE.

THAT matrimony is the goal to which all single people press for happiness, seems only to be accounted for from the idea which nature has planted within us to carry on her plans; otherwise the disappointments which are invariably felt when two persons have gained their object, would deter others from entering on the like speculation. Perhaps, however, I may be mistaken (believing, as I do, that there are many very happy couples), and am like many other *wise-acres*, who condemn what they know but little about; and take upon them to blame the effect, when the cause is the only point of animadversion. I shall therefore say no more about it, than merely to fill up a sketch that I took from nature, and lay the finishing picture before my readers.

"It's very strange," said Mrs. Fretwell to her husband, "that you will always keep the snuffers on your side of the table. Do you think I am to poke my eyes out with such a long *wick* as this?" Mr. Fretwell was reading over a provisional assignment of some hundred lines; but dropping one side of the parchment, he complied so far with the wishes of his wife as to push the instrument of decapitation near her, at the same time keeping his eye on the paper in question. To reach the instrument, however, required some exertion. Mrs. Fretwell seemed determined to quarrel

before she sat down, and her husband, duly and from habit apprised of her intention, bore the gathering storm with calmness. It continued to rumble at a distance unheeded; but meeting with no impediment, was about to subside, when Mr. Fretwell endeavoured to raise a flame, in order that he might dry his feet, which a drizzling rain had wetted. He seized the poker for the purpose, but replaced it so carelessly, that it rolled against the grate, communicated its slippery propensity to the shovel, and, with the natural but provoking sympathy of fire-irons, they all fell with a tremendous clatter over a cut steel fender. This was more than the now becalmed, but late perturbed spirit of Mrs. Fretwell could bear; she inundated her deary with all the terms of feminine abuse and lady-like eloquence, taking care to mix in her rhapsodies a few bitter ingredients, and one or two rather *strong* asseverations, the which, had any one else been present, she would have bitten her tongue in two rather than have uttered. Availing herself of the privilege of a matrimonial *tête-à-tête*, she was, on the contrary, only scrupulous to employ those epithets which might lay hold with the greatest strength upon the feelings of her helpmate, and make him feel his dependance upon her for happiness, or rather misery, in its fullest force. Mr. Fretwell had for

many years been entertained with his wife's fulminatory excesses, and he had endeavoured to bear them with christian patience. He was too indolent frequently to put himself in a passion, and he had found, that to procure any thing that even assimilated to peace, was impossible. In the war of tongues, however, he had no chance; what he had learned at Westminster Hall, at home stood him in no stead; the enemy, he knew, might capitulate for a time, but as quickly infringe any treaty. "There is nothing to be gained, sir," said he one day to his friend Sneak, "in a quarrel with a woman, all your reasoning powers here avail you nothing; nor does passion at all assist you; if you can come to a good battle, well and good. One party being subdued, all would be quiet; but women, sir, in these squabbles, are light troops, a sort of rifle corps; they hang on your rear—like a Cossack, they distress and rake your flank; they carry their point, not by an occasional skirmish, but by a continual warfare." Mr. Fretwell was, however, at this moment in a less placable humour than usual—he had been out all day; the worthy judge had cast some reflection on him in the mat-of Playfair *versus* Ferret: some *impertinent* creditors had also called to press for their right; he had four times been obliged to take his eyes off the *skin* of vellum he was perusing, and had begun once more—"And the said Peter Tomlinson doth hereby promise for himself, his heirs, executors, and administrators"—when the storm of Poker *versus* Shovel and Tongs gave rise to a revival of female ex-

postulation. He then started, and, unable to conceal his pain, exclaimed, striking his fist upon the table, "Zounds! madam, is it not enough that I must be *bored* for everlasting with your *unlimited* tongue, at bed, at board, but that my hours of privacy—of business, must be intruded on by your confounded clatter? Would to Heaven, madam, they were at the devil who brought you and me together!—would"—but it would be really too great an insult to my reader to repeat the strain of invective which followed: suffice it to say, Discord waved her sooty wings; but as the lady's lungs were more powerful than the gentleman's, and as her cause grew worse she grew louder, his only resource was in a skilful retreat. He locked up his papers from felon hands, and snatching up his hat, strode to the door, and, in the whirl of passion, forgot the provisional assignment, and pondered upon a deed of separation. He stalked unconsciously to the Pewter Platter, and entered the parlour, rarified with clouds of real Virginia, and which, as the door opened, wafted a breeze, discovering the exciseman's red nose and the churchwarden's glum visage. Dick fetched him a chair; the common compliments passed; he answered the company's enquiries, by informing them, that the night was very boisterous. He then lit his pipe in silence; his whiffs were observed to be more rapid than usual, and the fume which he emitted incorporated with the cloud raised by the vicar, the apothecary, and the overseer.

It is said, that the old gentleman with the cloven foot is always at our

elbow; and that he is ever free to volunteer his services for any precious mischief that may begin to be engendering in our hearts. Wearied with the continued ill temper of his wife, whom no pains of his had endeavoured to sooth, he congratulated himself in finding some excuse for the depravity of a plan he was about to execute. Many of our *young* readers will no doubt be surprised when we inform them, that Mr. and Mrs. Fretwell were bound in the indissoluble bonds of matrimony, from what they called LOVE. They *were once* in love with each other; I will tell my readers in what manner; they will then see that many parents, like the couple before us, are just as wise as their children, who have only lived half the time they have.

Their parents then were friends; they often talked of their darlings, and long before the latter could possibly, even in this forward age, know the meaning of husband and wife, the children, who were yet at school and had not beheld each other, were not called by their proper appellations, but Master Tommy, if he behaved well, was to see his pretty wife; and Susan was as often encouraged in the like manner, by the hope of seeing her husband. The result plainly informs us, that it matters little what children are taught to expect as a reward, so as some object be cherished as a pleasure. Surely then—excuse me for the digression—they might as easily be taught what may be profitable to them, instead of holding up retributive favour in the shape of a new pair of shoes, the encouragement for going to school, the attainment of knowledge. Can

we expect the infant mind to love what is right, when we hold out the pursuit of duty as a punishment? It is not thus that they are initiated in accomplishments; then what pleasurable ideas could they as children entertain in the associated ideas of man and wife, I know not. Had Mr. Fretwell known as much as he does now, how he would have disdained the promised reward! But to return: the time did arrive when the young people met, and those fair anticipations to which they had looked forward, as is often the case, mocked reality. They were, it is true, at first pleased with each other; the second week they quarrelled, the third they hated each other, and with this mutual feeling returned to school. The parents were silly enough to be disappointed in this, and declared to the children, if they would not agree, force should compel them. But, as I have said, they returned sulkily to school, and their fathers were too much taken up with the political events and party squabbles of the day, to remember more of their children's preconceived welfare. Many years after, they met at the house of a mutual friend. At the age of 17, the same dispositions remained, but education and dissimulation had taught them, what as children they had deemed unnecessary—to disguise their feelings. The little sulky greedy boy of nine years old was really the same; and the young lady, had she allowed herself to shew her real propensity, would have convinced him, that all the school discipline she had undergone, had not driven a spice of the virago out of her. It was so order-

ed, that the young gentleman was to see the young lady home to her father's house: they talked, as they proceeded homeward, of old times; each related their foibles as things that were gone, as the faults of all during infancy: but well has the satirist declared, that

"Men are but children of a larger growth"

The young gentleman, on taking leave, was invited by the lady's father to his house; he was a man of politeness, and could therefore do no less, though of late much coolness had subsisted between the two heads of houses. They had opposed each other at a vestry, and it was hinted, that old Mr. Fretwell had somewhat injured his fortune by a mercantile speculation. As there were few of their own age residing near the Fretwell estate, the young people became really necessary to each other; they mutually contributed to each other's pleasure, and relieved the tedium of a country village life. Frequently were they now together. Matrimony had not yet entered their heads; but their parents again continued to engender this idea for them. The young lady's mamma cautioned her daughter how to behave to her friend; told her how much, she had no doubt, she had crept into his heart; and reminded her, how jealous Mr. Henry Fretwell was of the tall apothecary, and vowed she would never give her consent to the match.

Mr. Henry Fretwell was so pleased with some verses describing a despairing lover, that he verily believed they described himself. He longed himself to be a poet, and actually attempted once to put his wishes into execution; and hearing

his father once say, he hated the whole family into which he was formerly so anxious that his son should enter, he immediately sat down and wrote to a friend, something about fathers having flinty hearts; concluding, that he must marry his dear Cleora, or die in despair. Now was the mother to assist by her ridiculous conduct, which she designed as a preventive. She enquired of Mr. Henry why he came to see her daughter so often, and declared she would never consent that her child should marry a man whose father brought him up to no business. This at once bore down every obstacle; the murder was now out; the young people cogitated together, and by dint of opposition, novels, sonnets, and confidential servants and friends, at the joint ages of five and thirty, they were MARRIED. The parents were at first vociferous in their indignation, but family pride obliged them to assist their children, and after some little squabbling, the fathers came forward, and their ingrates were settled.

Mr. and Mrs. Fretwell had no children, on whose education contradiction and opposition of plans were to be employed. They had indeed often quarrelled about their offspring, in case they should have any; finding it, however, entirely useless, as they were disappointed of these blessings, their bickerings subsided on this score after a few years of matrimony, and they left the topic for the discussion of others equally futile or violent.

It is now high time to return to the Pewter Platter, where Mr. Fretwell, after many puffs, became himself again. He now determined

to set about a plan which he had long cherished, which some few whisperings of conscience had as yet prevented, but which this last *fracas* with his wife unfortunately accelerated. He had for some time cast an evil eye upon Dorothy Wright, his wife's maid of all work. Some hints of mutual inclination had already passed between them; and his now *grand* scheme of happiness was, to persuade her to leave her mistress for private lodgings with him. Thus, while he thought of changing his situation for the better, he little dreamt of the trite adage of "Out of the frying-pan into the fire." Dolly had a point to gain; no wonder, then, that she was more submissive than his wife. She had provoked a warning from her mistress, and was discharged without the smallest suspicion of the real reason. A small house was taken, a servant hired to wait on her, a garden stocked, the window-shutters painted green, and every thing was ready for the faithless swain about to prove untrue to the wife of his bosom. He was now the luckiest dog imaginable; he had found out the philosopher's stone of contentment, and, poor, silly man! bugged himself in his iniquity, and forgot, that pleasure could never long accompany vice. He now bore the vocal abilities of his wife with the most provoking *sang froid*; but, under pretence of professional avocations, seldom slept under the same roof with her, when at length arrived the long vacation. Hitherto he had seen his Dolly not so frequently as he had wished.

Mrs. Fretwell, who never interested herself in her husband's concerns, knew not that the long va-

cation was a cessation from business; and he, under pretence of attending the western circuit, in the causes long pending of Mumford against Bumford, took his departure for his dear cottage.

"There is a divinity doth shape our ends,
Rough hew them how we will."

If youth may find excuse for want of rectitude, this could not Mr. Fretwell claim; he was near the age of fifty, had always been a good liver, I mean, a *bon vivant*. He had already proceeded half his journey, his heart beating high with joy, when a sudden and violent paralytic seized his frame. From his address found in a pocket-book, some passers-by removed him to the house of his injured wife. Mrs. Fretwell, who always attended to the decencies of grief, went immediately into hysterics;—she would have done better to have sent for a doctor. One, however, came; he was bled, or rather attempted to be bled; at this he barely opened his eyes, shut them, and breathed his last!

* * * * *

On opening his will, it was found he had left nothing to her whom he had sworn never to desert; for he had spent much in search of that comfort which he ought to have found at home; and the sagacious Dorothy had contrived, in their moments of gallantry, to get made over to her what little did remain; and when his wife found that she was left entirely destitute, she too late began to repent of her error. From these cogitations we may draw this inference, for the benefit of our fair married readers:—That man wants few excuses who has a

propensity to licentiousness: let them not, then, goad him on to vice, and make him urge, as an excuse for his dereliction, the obli-

gation of seeking abroad for those pleasures which he ought only always to meet with at home.

THE UMBRELLA.

By AUGUSTUS VON KOTZEBUE.

ON some joyful occasion or other fire-works were once exhibited in the Place des Gendarmes at Berlin. The morning had been fine; so it was too at noon; but towards evening the sky was overcast and threatened rain. The good people of Berlin, however, hoped—for they are great hopers—that the clouds would respect their pleasures, and not discharge their humid burdens till the last rocket had given them permission for so doing. Many thousands had collected with the pleasing idea—and at the same time their last for the day—that they had now nothing more to do but to gaze. Very few had thought of taking any precautions against the anger of the weather; indeed, they are sometimes omitted in cases of much greater importance.—Among those few was Assessor Pustrich, who never went abroad without an umbrella, let it be what weather it would. He employed this useful invention in all sorts of ways, against rain, sun, and wind. In boisterous weather he held the expanded umbrella horizontally before him, or behind, if the wind was on his back. In carrying it upright, he inclined it sometimes to the right, at others to the left, according as he was threatened on one side or the other by rain or sunshine. In short, he was the most expert umbrella-bearer in all

Berlin, but only in regard to his own precious person, not to the other pedestrians in the capital: for as he took up a considerable space in turning and winding this defensive weapon, he not unfrequently came in collision with people who were not at all disposed to be put out of their way. Now that the Place des Gendarmes was so full of heads that it would almost have been possible to perform the miracle of bringing several of them under one hat, he held his umbrella between his legs, and nobody even suspected its presence.

The fire-works commenced, but were scarcely half over when suddenly a pelting shower descended upon the gaping multitude, extinguished the matches, transformed the rockets into pap, the straw hats into dishclouts, and the light wool-len shawls into heavy mantles, from the corners of which the rain trickled in streams. A shriek was set up—such as was raised at the rape of the Sabines, and perhaps still more piercing, for the danger was greater. All that could, crowded close to the houses, that they might at least obtain shelter under the projecting roofs. Here, however, not more than two rows of persons could find place; the third row came just under the droppings of the eaves. Naturally enough they did not much like this situation, but rather desired

to leave a sufficient space between themselves and the second row. The fulfilment of this wish, however, was prevented by the fourth and fifth, who, pressed by those before them, forcibly kept the third in their unfortunate position. It was a truly piteous spectacle. The complaints of those who were thus exposed to this involuntary shower-bath, formed a singular contrast with the laughter of the lucky wights who stood in the dry behind them. Among the latter was Assessor Pustrich, but he was much too kind-hearted to laugh at the sufferings of others. By the light of a lamp two paces from him, he perceived a handsome young female, simply attired, in the row most exposed to the pelting of the pitiless storm, and who seemed in great perplexity. She had taken off her neat straw hat, to save it if possible, but she had no where to shelter it except under her apron, by which means it was subjected to the pressure of the fourth row, and squeezed as flat as a pancake. Her fine light hair became dishevelled, and sent forth streams that trickled down her snowy bosom. The assessor, melted into pity, could no longer bear to see her in such a dilemma. By means of a vigorous use of his elbows, he obtained sufficient room to put up his umbrella, then stretching his arm as far as possible, he held the protecting canopy over the head of the pretty damsel, not unlike a black in Batavia attending his mistress with a parasol.

As soon as the fair-one remarked, that her rebaptism was suspended, she looked about to discover the cause, and soon perceived

the umbrella expanded over her, the hand which held it, and at last the officious person to whom that hand belonged. She gave him a kind and grateful look, which infused new strength into his arm, and enabled him to continue the painful exertion. But there were persons to whom this exertion was still more unpleasant than to himself; for while he sheltered the fair maiden from the torrent which descended from the eaves, he naturally let it drip on those who stood before her, and who being of opinion, that they had already received a sufficient portion of this unwelcome gift immediately from the sky, began at first to grumble, then to abuse the holder of the umbrella, and at last to threaten him in very uncourteous terms. The assessor, however, let all these effusions of their anger go in at one ear and out at the other, like waves that break over the deck of a vessel and immediately run off again. When one arm was tired, he relieved it with the other: excepting this single movement, he stood like a statue. The pretty maid, on the other hand, began to feel extremely awkward, and was soon less afraid of the dropping of the eaves, than of the violence of the well-soaked but unpolished fellows who had planted themselves before her. She therefore requested her esquire to furl the sail, and leave her to her wet fate: but no sooner did her sweet voice greet the ears of the assessor, than the muscles of his arm were reinvigorated; a friendly shake of the head was his reply, and the umbrella remained raised over her head as before. The contending parties would probably

have proceeded to manual explanations, had not the heavens themselves most seasonably interposed and shut up their windows; on which the spectators again crowded forward, and as the fire-works had been rendered unfit for service by the rain, gradually dispersed.

The assessor, however, was in no hurry to be gone, but very politely requested permission to convoy home his pretty *protégée*. For this purpose he offered her his left arm, excusing this rudeness by the confession, that the right was a little lame. He had, nevertheless, held the umbrella with this lame arm as firmly as with the sound one; an observation which his fair companion secretly made to his advantage, and, with the inward gratification of flattered vanity, tripped along by his left side. She soon perceived that he was infirm, not only in his right arm, but also in his left leg, because he beat with it a kind of time upon the pavement, which is commonly called limping.—“The place where I live,” said she, “is a great way off, and I fear you will be sadly tired.”

“O permit me!” rejoined he; “I feel as lightsome as a bird.”

To her, however, he seemed no such thing; and but for her hobbling conductor, she would certainly have been at home a full quarter of an hour earlier. She could not, however, determine to disengage herself from him, partly because he had deserved and gained her good-will, and partly because it would not be prudent to return home alone; for the servant girl who had accompanied her, had been parted from her during the shower by the crowd.

To shorten the way, they entered into conversation, the thread of which was soon broken again. They told each other who they were—he, the Assessor Pustrich, a name she had never heard—she, the daughter of a woollen-draper, who was equally a stranger to him, but with whom he secretly resolved to deal in future for all articles he should want in his line.

At length they arrived at the door of the residence of his fair companion. He knocked. The quick steps of several persons coming down stairs were heard. A whole group of mother and children had run to meet them. “Ah, Henrietta! are you here at last?” was the general cry. “We began to be frightened about you.”

Then followed a series of questions and explanations. Henrietta presented the assessor as the gentleman who had so kindly sheltered her from the rain, and now observed, by her mother’s candle, that he had but one eye. In other respects he was well made, and a certain good-nature was distinctly legible in his countenance. He was invited to walk up and rest himself a little. This invitation he accepted with pleasure; for, by the mother’s candle, which gave a much better light than the street lanterns, he had clearly perceived, that Henrietta had lost neither of her eyes, but that both of them sparkled most delightfully. Up stairs he found the old, honest father in his morning gown, smoking a pipe: he shook the assessor heartily by the lame hand, and thanked him for the kindness he had shewn to his daughter.

The acquaintance was soon form-

ed. A pipe was filled, and a glass of punch mixed for the assessor. He sat down by the old father, and while his lips conversed with the latter, his eye addressed itself to Henrietta, and his ears were divided between both. He observed, with pleasure, how the younger children crowded round Henrietta, one complaining that she had not cut it any bread and butter all day, another that she had not undressed it, and how she affectionately excused herself to them all, promising not to go abroad again for a long, long time. Such a good domestic creature he had long sought in vain in the Prussian capital, which, like most other capitals, has no superabundance of domestic qualities within its walls. It was twelve o'clock before he left the honest woollen-draper, and hobbled home upon flowers with which Hope bestrewed his way. Both

father and mother had given him a friendly invitation to call now and then. This now and then he himself changed into often; for though he called there every day, it seemed to him as if he only saw them now and then. Henrietta always received him with kindness; but he could not help observing, that the expression of her beautiful eyes could not be interpreted into any thing more. Her parents, however, beheld him with more significant looks; for they had made enquiries respecting him, and found that he was not only a man of excellent character, but in good circumstances. They therefore decyphered with no small satisfaction the language of his only eye, and had no scruple to leave him frequently alone with Henrietta.

(To be continued.)

THE MODERN SPECTATOR.

No. XL.

Deserted by the man whose lures
Led her from innocence astray,
She now her bitter bread procures,
The prostitute of every day.

Ah! whither will the wand'rer roam,
Afraid of want, and wild with care?

Repentance leads the mourner home,
To find a friend and father there.—ANON.

THE following letter treats of a subject which has often suggested itself to my mind, as it must do to every humane and reflecting inhabitant of this metropolis; and without any further preliminary observation, I shall present it to my readers.

TO THE MODERN SPECTATOR.

Sir,

I have drunk deep of the cup of affliction, and it is from

time and religion alone that I look for relief. But I am disposed, sir, to hope, that, by unfolding this sad tale to you, it may afford you an opportunity of giving advice to others who may have relatives in a state of misfortune similar to her's whose memory now pierces my heart, and, by pointing out how she might have been spared much of her sufferings, confer a benefit on social life. But it will be ne-

cessary for me to communicate some previous account of my family and myself.

At the age of fifteen, I went to Bombay with a person who promised to provide for me there. He was my godfather, and had very generously assisted in my education. My father was a reputable shopkeeper in a distant county town; but he died when I was only four years old, and, with an infant sister, was left to the care of my mother, who, in an early state of her widowhood, married her shopman, a circumstance that rendered my life completely miserable. My proposed voyage to India would, therefore, have been one of the most desirable things in the world, if the reflection, that I must part from my sister had not embittered it. Unhappy in our parents, we had confided our little afflictions to each other; and any pleasures within our reach were only enjoyed when we enjoyed them together. Our separation, therefore, was a scene of agony to us both.

I shall not trouble you with an account of my voyage, the particulars of which have nothing to do with my story. The most interesting circumstance was the kindness of my protector. Unlike those, of whom there are too many, who promise but to deceive, his word was the truth, his heart humane and benevolent, and his actions proceeded from the purest principles of honour and integrity. He lost no time on our arrival in India, in placing me in a commercial situation, where, by care and attention, I might gain a very comfortable maintenance; though without any of those golden prospects

which that country has presented to adventurers thither. In a few years my friend fell a sacrifice to the heat of the climate; but he did not forget his friendship to me at his death, as he left me a thousand pounds.

With the aid of this money and my own assiduity, but not with that ease with which wealth is generally supposed to be acquired in the Eastern world, I gained twenty thousand pounds. This accumulation of fortune, which to me was no small one, I determined to enjoy in my own country; and I indulged in the pleasing hope, that my sister, if she were alive, would share it with me; though I had my apprehensions on the subject, as several years had passed away since I had received any answers to the occasional letters which I had written to my friends in England.

My returning voyage was favourable; and during the course of it my fancy was continually amusing me with the happiness I should enjoy in my native place, when established there among my early friends and playmates in ease and independence. In this picture my sister was always the principal figure; and as I left her a delightful little girl, I had now transformed her into a charming and lovely woman.

I no sooner arrived in England, than I hastened with a sleepless eagerness to the place which had given me birth: but the nearer I approached it, my spirits lowered, and a kind of despondency, which I never felt before, prevailed, as I drew nearer to the place on which I had rested as the scene of all my future comforts. When I entered

the town, its appearance seemed to me changed, as I thought, and not for the better; and the weather, which had been fine throughout my journey, became cloudy and lowering. When I stopped at my mother's house, I was surprised to see the shop turned into that of an apothecary. As I got out of the chaise, the church clock struck twelve; and though it sounded in my ears like the voice of an old friend, it did not seem to comfort me. On enquiry, I heard that my mother was dead, and that my father-in-law had quitted the place. I begged permission to walk in the garden, where I saw the old grass-plot, the scene of my infant gambols, cut and carved into a variety of shapes, and planted with shrubs and flowers. I walked to the old elm at the bottom, where I had carved my sister Anna's and my own name. I then, in a mood as melancholy as when I left the place, proceeded to call on several of its inhabitants whom I formerly knew. Many of them were no more, some were bent with age, and others were pining with sorrow. Of the few who were in a state to recognize their old acquaintance, part looked at me with astonishment, as if I had risen from the dead; and part as one whom they were to court with a cringing respect. How different was this from the reception which my fancy had formed! and, to close the succession of my disappointments, I was told of the general belief, that my sister was dead; and that she had abandoned herself to a miserable state of prostitution in London, according to the last accounts any body had received of her in the country. The

humane will judge of my feelings on the occasion, and as I write for persons of that character, I shall not describe them.

After the repose of a few hours, I bade adieu to a place, which I have seen for the last time, and went immediately to London, where I endeavoured to forget my sorrows among the pleasures with which it abounds; and one evening, as I was passing along the Strand, I was accosted by a wretched female, in a tone so feeble that she could scarcely be heard, and who in the endeavour to stop me, by seizing my coat, fell prostrate at my feet. Compassion induced me to raise her up; as she appeared to be actually expiring, I attempted to take her into a shop which happened to be open, but met with a most severe rebuke from the woman of the house for venturing to introduce such an abominable creature into it. I, however, had the means of calming her anger, and, at length, she was persuaded to assist me in conveying her into a back room, where proper assistance was procured to restore her.

It was some time before she discovered any symptoms of life. At length she was capable of expressing her acknowledgments to those around her.—“If, sir,” said she, “you have daughters or sisters, may they reward your goodness, and never feel the horrors which I have experienced!”—At the name of sister a kind of foreboding shudder seized me. I then tried to sooth her, and enquired to whom I could send.—“Alas! sir,” said she, “I have not a friend in the world. In my early days I had a brother, and he may have forgotten

me: though, indeed, I am no longer worthy of his remembrance. It is many years since I have heard of him: he went to India, and perhaps may be in a better world: and if so, I am not in a state to meet him there; for it is my faults, more than my miseries, that oppress me now."—"What was his name?" I wildly exclaimed; when she answered, "*George Goodman*."—"O my dear Anna," I replied, "and is it thus we meet? Behold in me that brother, who still loves you, and will, if it pleases Heaven, restore you to health, to virtue, and to happiness."—She fainted on hearing my words, and I thought at the moment, that her afflicted soul had taken its flight forever. She, however, recovered; and, though so many years and so much sorrow had intervened, I could trace the features of my little Anna, and enough yet remained, to prove that she had been very beautiful. At length she said, "My dear George, how I am humbled, and to what am I reduced! But as a brother has forgiven me on earth, may I not trust in the mercy of a Father which is in heaven?" I desired her to compose herself, and to rest assured, that nothing should be left undone by me to restore her to health and happiness.

She was very weak, as might well be supposed, when it is known that a small loaf of bread and the water of the pumps in the streets had been her sole sustenance for three days. The woman of the house was now induced to give her a bed, and a physician was called in, who gave but little hope of her recovery. It appeared to him, that disease and trouble

had worn out a frame no longer able to sustain either. She remained quiet during the following day, and, appearing to be a little better in the evening, I suffered her to speak of her situation, which she seemed very anxious to do. It was occasionally interrupted by her feelings; but this was the purport of her melancholy story.

Her home growing daily more and more uncomfortable from her mother's and father-in-law's treatment of her, she determined to go to service, and received a recommendation, which she then, poor girl, thought a fortunate one, to wait on a lady of fashion in London. The late hours of the family occasioned very frequent *tête-à-têtes* with my lord's valet. He appeared to be superior to the generality of servants; and, at length, obtained her promise to marry him, as soon as he had saved sufficient to enable him to maintain her. She believed all he said, and acknowledged in return her affection for him. Of this he took the most treacherous advantage, and, by stratagem and opportunity, at length seduced her. Soon after he went abroad with his lord, where he was dismissed, and she has never since seen or even heard of him.—"But," she added, "I forgive him. He alone possessed my heart; though I hope that it is my religion, and not my love, that is his advocate."

When her lady discovered her situation, she was instantly ordered to quit the house. The whole of her savings she expended during her confinement; but fortunately the child died, and when her health was sufficiently re-established, she endeavoured to procure another

service; but a character was necessary to recommend her, and that she could not obtain. At length, the woman with whom she lodged persuaded her to receive the proposals of a gentleman; and when he left her, she got into the clutches of one of those abandoned women who live by the misery and ruin of the most unfortunate of their own sex, and common prostitution closed the scene. Death, she said, she had often prayed for, unfit as she was to meet it. But her request, she trusted, had in mercy been denied her, that her dear George might close her eyes, and calm the anguish of her departing spirit.

She lingered on for some weeks, patient, penitent, and resigned; and blamed no one for the ills that had befallen her. She said, indeed, that the heaviest of them would have been prevented, if her mother would have received her, which she might have done without imputation, as her misfortune was not then known; or if her lady, who knew her story, and rather appeared to pity her, would have condescended to give her a character. She solemnly declared her abhorrence of vice, and that many unhappy women, like herself, might be saved, if less rigour was exercised towards them on their first error. She died in my arms, and, after having blessed me for my fraternal kindness, and taken a most affecting farewell of me, she expressed her perfect confidence in the mercy of Heaven, and closed her eyes for ever. She has, however, left me the consoling reflection of having afforded her comfort in her last days;—days, though of painful remembrance, yet, I hope, they were not passed unprofitably to myself,

as, from her pious and religious conversations, I have acquired a more serious turn of mind than I ever before experienced, and the fruit of which will, I trust, prove of lasting advantage to me.

As I reflect, Mr. Spectator, on the unhappy fate of my lamented sister, I am inclined to believe, and I wish to be informed, if your sentiments coincide with mine, that the helpless young women whose minds are not naturally depraved, and few I hope are, who are drawn aside by too much sensibility or confidence in their seducers, might on their first offence, if penitent, become respectable members of society, if they were not deserted by their own family, or tortured with reproaches by those to whose kindness they apply as friends: and though they certainly ought to be made sensible of their offences, yet, surely, they should be treated with mildness, and, if they manifest a real disposition to return to a virtuous life, should be free from insult or upbraidings. Abstracted from what must be considered as a religious duty, it is sound policy to encourage any means of checking the growth of vice, and turning the offender from the error of his way.

Woman, in the language of the immortal poet, is “Heaven’s last, best work;” and, without enlarging upon the comforts which social man receives from her kindness and affection in the journey of life, it is a leading duty, first to protect her from error, and then, if she should unwillingly swerve, to lead her back to virtue. I am

Your obedient, humble servant,

GEORGE GOODMAN.

NAPOLÉON AGONISTES:

A FRAGMENT OF A MELO-DRAME.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Apollyon.	Dukes of Tarentum and Belluno.
Napoleon.	Roustan.
King of Rome.	Head Nurse to the King of Rome.
King Joseph.	Miss Platoff.
King Jerome.	Miss Patterson.
King Joachim.	Attendant Nurses, Aid-de-Camps, &c.
Mother Goose (the part kindly volunteered by Mr. James Madison).	Dance of the Conservative Senate.
First Gander, Mr. Hull.	<i>Grand Scene-Shifters</i> , Messrs. Schwartz- enberg, Blucher, and Bernadotte.
Second Gander, Mr. Wilkinson.	<i>Dressers</i> , Messrs. Wittgenstein, Von Yorck, Wrede, Kleist, Winzingerode, Wurttemberg, Thielmann, &c. and their Assistants.
Third Gander, Mr. Dearborn.	<i>Machinists</i> , Messrs. Talleyrand, Bour- nonville, Jaucour, &c.
Fourth Gander, Mr. Harrison.	
Governor of Hamburg.	
The Cardinal Primate.	
The Prince de la Moskwa.	

SCENE 1.—*Road from Moscow.*

Enter ROUSTAN, booted and spurred.

SONG.—Gallopping dreary Dun.

A MASTER I have, and I am his man,
Gallopping dreary dun;
We're running away as fast as we can,
Gallopping dreary dun.

With my gamboraily, none so gaily,
From Tchernicheff, Tchitchagoff,
Lest they should twitch us off,
Midst all the jeers and scoffs
Of all the other offs—

By Mahomet, we're both undone!

I saddled his steed as fleet as the wind,
Gallopping, &c.

He was off in a trice, without looking
behind.

Quoth I, 'Tis high time to run.
With my gamboraily, none so gaily,
There's the devil and all to pay,
Victor, Macdonald, Ney,
Marmont, and Mortier,
Scampering all away,
Après sa majesté,
Draggle-tail'd dreary dun.

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I fear all our trophies will do us no good,
Gallopping, &c.

Here we all are astray, like the babes in
the wood,

Gallopping, &c.

With my gamboraily, none so gaily,
Here's Yorck, Kleist, and Sacken
Will send us all packing;
Platoff, Winzingerode,
All are upon the road,
Muscovite, Swede, and Hun.

SCENE continued.

Enter the Prince de la MOSKWA and the
Dukes of TARENTUM and BELLUNO.

GLEE.

We be soldiers three,
Pardonnez moi, je vous en prie.

We be marshals three
(Misericorde, je vous en prie),
Running away from the north countrie,
With the devil a drummer to follow.
"Charge 'em again, boys, charge 'em
again!"

"Pardonnez nous," reply our men,

E

For our emperor has no more heart than
a hen,
And we are beaten quite hollow."

SCENE 2.—*Russia.*

Enter Miss PLATOFF from a Tent.

AIR.—Nobody coming to marry me.

Last night the dogs did bark,
I look'd from the tent to see;
And there was a brisk young spark
With the head of little N. B.
Oh! what have you caught, my love,
And oh! what is it I view?
'Tis a sweet pretty bauble I've brought,
my love,
As a wedding present for you.

My father's a fighting old Tartar,
I'm a damsel so fair and so free;
I hold myself ready to barter
For the head of little N. B.
Oh! what have you, &c.

SCENE 3.—*The Thuilleries.*

VAUDEVILLE, by a *Poissarde*.

AIR.—At the Baron of Mowbray's.

At the barrier gate was huddled in
An emperor king in a sack;
He hugg'd and he kiss'd his empress
queen,

For joy to get safe back.
His sword was bright, for he dar'd not
fight,

And he sung this merry lay:—
"How jollily lives an imperial knight,
"He brags and he runs away!"

"I own I turn'd pale, and my courage
did quail,

"When the Tartars appear'd in view;

"When the pikes advanc'd, and the sa-
bres glanc'd,

"I felt in a piteous stew.

"Stand firm as a wall, my merry men all,

"I'll return and join the fray;

"So I slipp'd aside, and off I hied,

"And left them to slash away."

The empress heard, with sore surprise,
Her recreant lord thus sing;
A flash of scorn burst forth from her eyes,
And she turn'd on her heel with a fling:
"And didst thou plight thy honour bright,
"Thy merry men to betray?
"Get out of my sight, thou loathly wight,
"Thou dastardly runaway!"

SCENE 4.—*America—Congress Cham-
ber at Washington.*

Members tumultuously assembled.

Enter MOTHER GOOSE, in deep mourn-
ing, the golden commercial Egg borne
before her, addled; her train sup-
ported by four Ganders, plucked and
basted by English Cooks.

AIR.—*Mother Goose.*

Goosy Gander.

Goosy, Goosy Gander,
Where did my wits wander?
Why did I cackle so
In the Congress chamber?

Semi-Chorus of Members.

Oh! Jemmy Madison,
Betake thee to thy prayers;
For we'll take thee by the left leg,
We'll take thee by the right leg,
We'll take thee by the both legs,
And kick thee down stairs.

AIR.—*Mother Goose.*

Goosy, Goosy Gander,
I laugh'd at right and candour;
I sold myself to Nap for pelf,
And turn'd ambitious pander:

Where now is Nap?
In Blucher's trap;

And Hetman Platoff swears,
He'll slit his ears and nose, sir,
And dress him in old clothes, sir,

To fright away the crows, sir:
This comes of boasting airs.

Chorus.

Mighty commander,
Thou art a very gander;
Thou shouldst have kept thy fools at
home,
And kept thy tongue from slander.
Oh! Jemmy Madison, &c.

SCENE 5.—*Baltimore.*

Enter the King of WESTPHALIA, in a pair of tattered trowsers; stops before the door of Miss Patterson.

Recitative.

Relent, my injur'd dear, my Yankee beauty!

Lo! Jerry Sneak returns to love and duty:

But if thy sire's relentless doors are barr'd,
Chuck me out sixpence, or 'tis very hard!

Air—The Willow Tree.

Oh! take me to your arms, my love,

For I've no where else to go!

I'm return'd from war's alarms, my love,
As bare as brother Joe.

I've lost my throne, my honour's blown,
My queen has jilted me;

I've nought to do but sponge on you,
Or go again to sea.

(Miss PATTERSON looks out of the garret window.)

Recitative, con furia.

I chuck thee sixpence? I will see thee
d—d first,

Wretch! that could'st dub thy lawful
child a bastard!

Faithless, ungrateful reprobate! degraded,
Pitiful outcast!

(Shuts the window.)

BALLAD.

JEROME.—*The Cabin-Boy.*

I learn'd to row, and reef, and steer,

On board a country hoy;

And thus commenc'd my high career,

An awkward cabin-boy.

Promoted to a queen and throne,

I jump'd for very joy;

And left at Baltimore to moan,

My wedded wife and boy.

But, ah! that throne is now no more,

I'm out of all employ;

I am but what I was before,

A dirty cabin-boy.

SCENE 6.—*Paris—the Imperial Nursery.*

King of ROME asleep under a canopy supported by trophies.—Head Nurse and Assistants.

Air, NURSE.—*Lullaby, Baby.*

Lullaby, King of Rome,

Sleep like a top;

Dad says he's coming home,

Platoff to stop.

But should the Hetman

Get first to our wall,

Down tumbles baby,

Kingdom, and all.

King of ROME, disturbed in his sleep, shrieks out—

"Oh! dear! oh! dear! papa's tumbled from his hobby-horse and broken his neck,"—Wakes, and grasps violently at his crown and rattle.

Recitative—Nurse.

Prophetic visions daunt the royal boy!

Haste, sisters, haste, and tune his soul
to joy!

In dreams of glory steep his every sense,
And sing the heav'nly powers of eloquence!

GLEE.—*When Arthur first.*

When first the King of Rome began

To leave off hanging sleeves,

His guards of honour he review'd,

And most of them were thieves.

Arm'd cap-a-pie, appeared he,

At his window that fac'd the street;

And the curtain hid the leading strings

That held him up on his feet.

Shoulder your arms! the serjeants cry;

Loud roll'd the signal drums;

And the band struck up right gallantly,

"See the conqu'ring hero comes!"

The captains all they louted low

Before the state balcony;

The royal babe for joy 'gan crow,

And threw them diavoloni.

Largesse! proclaim the heralds loud,

And shouts of joy forth break;

Then silence aw'd the list'ning crowd,

As the king essay'd to speak.

He laid his hand on his wooden sword,

And shook his silver rattle;

And told them a story of cock-horses' glory,

Sugar-candy, drums, trumpets, and battle.

"My pretty mamma shall coax papa,
 "To buy me a new tin gun;
 "And I'll go and surprise those naughty
 allies,
 "And shoot them every one."
 "Thou Mars of the age," quoth each
 leader sage;
 All stood in mute amaze;
 The people admir'd, the cannon fir'd,
 And Paris seem'd all in a blaze.
 King is gradually composed to sleep;
 the crown and rattle drop from his hand,
 and are broken.

SCENE 7.—*Hamburg.*

Enter the GOVERNOR.

BALLAD,

Sung by the Governor of Hamburg,
Accompanied by STERNE's musical Starling.
—See Tristram Shandy.

AIR.—My Harp alone, from Rohetz.

My master is a connoisseur
 At any butcher work,
 And I a cut-throat staunch and sure
 As Moor, Malay, or Turk.
 His foresight passeth all compare,
 I cannot doubt;
 But wish he had not plac'd me where
 I can't get out.
 Great Satan! we, to humour thee,
 Have burnt full many a church;
 Yet, Satan dear, I've cause to fear
 Thou'st left us in the lurch.
 My master's credit's grown but small,
 His troops in rout,
 He cannot get within *his* wall;
 I can't get out.
 Against me came, with soul of flame,
 The stout Prince Bernadotte;
 And Sir Thomas the Græme of knightly
 fame,
 With many a stalwart Scot.
 I hardly knew my foes from friends,
 Though erst so stout;
 For my valour and arts at my fingers
 ends
 Were oozing out.
 But courage! quoth I; my master's
 nigh,
 And he'll be here ere long:

And I grew more bold; for though
 rough and old,
 I saw that the walls were strong.
 How then mean time to fill my skin,
 I cast about;
 For corn no longer could get in,
 Nor I get out.
 Now the bourgeois is a reptile low,
 For conqueror's uses born;
 His proper calling is to grow,
 Not gormandize his corn.
 Was it my duty to maintain
 Each greedy lout?
 How then to act? The way was plain—
 Why, turn 'em out!
 I sat like my master on a throne,
 And ap'd his gracious smile;
 And I made 'em a speech just like his
 own
 In substance and in style.
 "Burghers! prove worthy of your sires;
 "Be bold and stout!
 "Your emperor's destiny requires
 "We should hold out."
 "The emperor's genius, all sublime,
 "Hath deem'd this measure best;
 "Six days I grant ye ample time
 "To do this small behest.
 "Provide good cheer for half a year,
 "Smok'd beef and krout;
 "Else, lest ye breed a famine here,
 "Burghers! get out!"
 Out then and spake an aged wight,
 As he knelt upon his knee,
 And well one might aread his plight
 By the tear-drop in his e'e.
 "I have no more than six weeks' store,
 Or thereabout;
 So ere I'm shot at my own door
 I'd best get out.
 "But, for that household stuff is dear,
 And, to buy, would break my heart,
 Oh! grant me, to transport my gear,
 One little market cart."
 "My commissaire will play thee fair,
 I make no doubt;
 So leave the chattels to his care,
 And get thee out."
 "Well, sith it must be so," quoth he,
 I dare no more gainsay;

Yet grant to me small rations three,
To feed me on my way."

I heard with rage and high disdain
Th' audacious flout ;
Scarce could my angry toe refrain
To spurn him out.

" *Traître au Grand Napoleon !*
Peste ! dar'st thou caw for meat ?
Art yet to learn his men alone
Possess the right to eat ?
Allez vous en ! with brats and wives,
Ye rabble rout !
Imperial mercy spares your lives—
'Sblood, get ye out !"

" Yet now, ye bantlings, with your sires,
Depriv'd of bread and home ;
Ye matrons, from your kitchen fires
Compell'd abroad to roam ;
Ye maids, adrift, some with one shift,
And some without ;
I'd pawn my plate to buy your fate,
I can't get out !"

SCENE 8.—*Paris.*

Enter King JOSEPH and VALET.

Val. My duty, please your highness,
bids me speak ;

And sooth to say, so sudden a departure
May give licentious scope to jeering
tongues.

Jos. Long service, and that same ple-
beian gift

Which men call honesty, hath giv'n,
methinks,

A marvellous scope to thine. Go to,
Sir Valet,

And know thy duty better ; know be-
sides,

Firm as Olympus' base our purpose
stands :

Know better, too, our motives, which
t'impart

Is matchless condescension ; and as such
Should be receiv'd by thee in humblest
silence.

Thinks't thou, poor fool, that fear can
weigh with us,

Sole conqueror of the mighty Welling-
ton ?

'Tis that our dignity brooks ill the
thought

To wait, and be like kitchen-pilfering cur
Kick'd ignominious hence ; nay, worse,
perhaps,

To kick our royal heels aloft in air
Like pendent cut-throat ; for this soul
forebodes

Such are the dev'lish schemes of Alex-
ander.

Was it for this on red Vittoria's plain—
Val. My liege, I was not there.

Jos. We know thou wast not ;
We left thee at Bayonne. But hadst
thou seen

How on that day with this dread single
arm

We turn'd the heady current of the
fight,

And drove whole thousands headlong to
the sea,

Thou wouldst have better weigh'd those
potent motives

Which actuate a hero's soul. Go, then,
And let the trusty vehicle await us

Within an hour ; select from all our
stud

The fleetest steeds, and from our royal
cellar

Twelve bottles of our choicest *vin Bar-*
sac.

But mark me well ! on thy allegiance,
fellow,

Bruit not my purpose to the simple mob :
Their well-meant zeal might else escort
us hence

With tears and plaudits ; and thereby
distress us.

Our kingly moderation liketh not
These pageants of brief popularity.

Val. My liege—

Jos. Speak boldly, man : I think thee
faithful.

Val. Counts then your majesty as nought
Our veteran garrison ? Brave, disci-
plin'd—

Jos. Tut, tut ! the relics of the Moscow
frost,

With half a nose a piece ; and some with
none ;

And not one set of toes and fingers perfect.

Val. What of our thirty thousand lads of Paris?

A force as yet unbroken?

Jos. Raw recruits.

Val. But ev'n these raw recruits, led to the charge

By that dread single arm which at Vittoria——

Jos. Death! hell! and furies! dost thou mock me, rascal?

Val. Dread sovereign, I presum'd but to repeat

Your majesty's own words.

Jos. Infernal traitor,

I'll thrust them down thy throat——

[Draws, and in pursuing the Valet meets the Cook coming in.]

My Friandean!

'Tis ever thus. In anger or in sorrow,
Thy shining kitchen face, thy snow-white apron,

And goodly bill of fare, have still the pow'r

To cheer these eyes, and to my clouded soul

Bring back the sunshine of complacency.

Cook. An't please your highness, shall I dress to-day,

With sauce piquante, that quarter of house lamb,

To match the turkey-poults?

Jos. (Starting). Oh! woe is me!

Cook. Princess Zenaide was wont to love it thus.

Jos. Her plump and rosy looks bear testimony

To thy unceasing care; yet—oh! my heart!——

Cook. Your majesty seems indispos'd at stomach;

If so, a quail, or some such lighter dish, Might better——

Jos. Turkey I, nor luscious quail Shall touch on this sad morn. Oh! good my Cook,

I go a sudden, but a long, long journey:
Cook! we must part; and at that saddening thought

A gushing flood of tenderness unmans me:

For thou alone, my faithful, humble friend,

Hast still to me been kind and comfortable,
No busy blustering aid du camp art thou,
Clamorous for orders; no ill-omen'd courier,

Palsying my senses with his long blank face,

And bugbear tales of Cossacks, Calmucks, Croats.

The cares of empire and disastrous war
Have failed as yet to crush my soul, upheld

By thy sweet unobtrusive ministry,
Which, constant still on each revolving day,

With balmy influence gave me second life,

"And screw'd my courage to the sticking place."

There's gold for thee—be prudent. Thou mayst thrive

A plump *restaurateur*; whilst I, alas!——
But truce to tears. There is a time for all things.

One service more I ask: bear to my chaise
That monument of thy unrival'd art,
The pye of Perigord; bear with it too
The ham of Westphaly.

Cook. The last of those
King Jerome sent unto your majesty!

There's but one left. *Jos.* The same.
Now fare thee well!

[Exit COOK.]

Yes, dear memorial of a brother's love,
An exil'd brother. I'll not leave thee here,
Bath'd with my parting tears, to be engulf'd,

All unresisting, in some Tartar's maw.
No, I'll obey the donor's will, and eat thee,
Though retrospections sad mar every morsel.

Alas, poor Jerome! unsuspecting he
Corded that hamper with his royal hands,
Which bore thy luscious freight. In ten short hours

The spoilers came, and drove him trembling forth,

A houseless wanderer, as I soon must be.

SONG.—King JOSEPH.

Oh! had I been by fate decreed
Some thriving British swain,
To shear my sheep, my calves to feed
On Lincoln's fenny plain;

I might have rear'd the fattest geese
In all the country round,
Have eaten my roast beef in peace,
And every night slept sound.

My only speeches then had been
At vestry to my neighbours;
Squabbles 'bout game and petty tithes,
My only hostile labours.

O Sancho! I can feel for thee,
When Rezeo's magic wand
Made each tid bit successive quit
Thy eager, grasping hand.

For Wellesley he, without a fee,
Provided for my health;
Each bit I eat, in my retreat,
Was gobbled down in stealth.

When in my city of Madrid,
At breakfast I was seated,
With butter'd rolls, and chocolate
Just nicely froth'd and heated,

A revel rout of roaring blades
Came dashing through the town,
Ere I had time to cool my cup,
Or gulp one mouthful down.

No ollas rich, no kid well fed,
Regaled my hungry maw,
But mouldy ammunition bread,
Chick peas, and onions raw.

No Xeres wine, or sweetmeats fine,
My drooping heart to raise,
But Wyndham's leaden sugar-plums
Came whistling thro' my chaise.

No siesta he allowed to me
In Buen Retiro's bowers,
He said that wholesome exercise
Would brace my stomach's powers.

I would I'd acted on the plan
Of Lucien, happy dog!
The only man among our clan
Who's sure of constant prog.

Oh! were I near his country seat,
His pity might prevail,
To grant me now and then a treat
Of British beef and ale.

But hark! I hear alarms near,
Like rolling thunder's peal,
Perhaps I may not live to eat
Another quiet meal.

Enter an AID DU CAMP.

SONG and DIALOGUE.—The Campbells are coming.

Aid du Camp. The Austrians are cross-
ing at Meaux, at Meaux,
The Austrians are crossing at Meaux,
Their loud rub-a-dubbing
Betokens a drubbing,
Be quick with your orders, King Joe!

Enter a 2d AID DU CAMP.

2d Aid du Camp. The Prussians are
coming, King Joe, King Joe!
With Blucher, your brother's old foe:
The emp'ror's not partial
We know to the marshal,
He makes but a word and a blow.

Enter a crowd of POISSARDES.

Poissardes. The Russians are coming,
King Joe, King Joe!
To pay off the scores of Moscow,
They'll burn without pity
Our beautiful city,
And smoke us like hornets, King Joe!

Enter several CITIZENS.

Citizens. The Cossacks are coming,
oh, woe! oh, woe!
The Cossacks are coming, oh, woe!
They'll roast us a straddle
Betwixt horse and saddle—
Arm, arm, and protect us, King Joe!

Enter a COURIER.

Courier. The English are coming!
King Joseph. Oddso! oddso!
Courier. Red hot with the grape of
Bordeaux.

Poissardes. Ball, sober or mellow,
Is a desperate fellow,
He'll toss us and gore us, King Joe!

All. Oh, stay and defend us! *King Joseph.* Oh, no! oh, no!
My fix'd resolution's to go;
I've no inclination
To keep my high station,
And wait to be shot like a crow.

SCENE 9.—*Fontainebleau.*

Enter APOLLYON, reading Napoleon's Abdication.

Apollyon. When first thou took'st possession of thy throne,
Folks said, that thou hadst my luck and thy own *;
Nay, there were doctors who appear'd to know,
That thou wast nothing less than my bye-blow.
Our names not much unlike; the same our natures;
And some ev'n traced resemblance in our features.—
I heard thee without shame proclaim'd my heir,
While thou and thine gay bold-fac'd villains were,
And kept the world in constant fear and motion—
At least, I did not contradict the notion.
But since in some poor nook, thou dastard elf,
Thou'lt live on alms, and hoard up sordid pelf,
Let brother Mammon own thee, if he will:
Thou rule an empire!—rather rob a till!
I must confess I never found thee shy,
When braver men were to be risk'd to die;
But now the rod's in pickle for *thy* back,
No ass so tame, no dunghill bird so slack.
Yet after all, to do the fellow right,
He serv'd me well both morning, noon, and night:
And since with us a settlement he's gain'd,
And from our rates henceforth must be maintain'd,
And since the rogue will stick to his old sport,
And, ev'n in h—ll, will be for holding court,

* See the old proverb applicable to gentlemen whose good fortune exceeds their honesty.

We'll e'en provide a mansion large and new,
Spacious enough to harbour the whole crew.
Mean time, as I must keep him in my eye,
I'll look him out some snug abode hard by.
Let's see—there's Elba has a pleasant air;
I often call to trade for sulphur there†;
'Tis near my principal Sicilian shop;
We overlook it from the chimney-top:
And when in state I visit his abode,
My imps can take the Ætna turnpike-road;
Or if, incog, I tilburize it from below,
I'll take the short cross-country cut by Strombolo.
But here he comes—I'll not betray my hull:
Poor lad! he surely seems chop-fall'n enough.

Enter NAPOLEON.

Nap. Here's a pretty come down,
From my sceptre and crown!

Ap. But, sirrah! 'twas I sav'd your bacon:

So trust your old crony,

My dear little Boney,

And depend on't, you'll not be mistaken.

Nap. Oh! those bull-dogs that live in the island!

That curs'd little termagant island!

Ap. Come, my dear fellow, come,

You shall ne'er want a home,

As you often have done upon dry land,
While I have an inch left in *my* land.

Think, when you sneak'd off

From the bold Kutusoff;

Who sweated and slav'd as your carrier;

While Platoff behind,

As fleet as the wind,

Stuck close to your brush like a terrier.

Remember who brought you to dry land,

When you fled from the tars of the island,

When you skulk'd from the Nile

In that glorious style—

Nap. I confess, 'twas reviving to spy land.

† One of its principal productions.

Ap. But, egal, I must go
 To prepare things below,
 For you'll take the best rooms in our city :
 Now let's think of a place,
 Since you can't shew your face—
 I have it ! I'm sure it will fit ye.
 'Tis Elba, that sweet little island,
 Within hail of your own native island ;
 'Tis a snug little place
 To conceal your disgrace ;
 You'll be better off there than on dry
 land.

As in spite of your boast,
 You have found to your cost,
 No place is so safe as an island—
 Quick, be off ! make your peace,
 And get Elba on lease,
 Till I've furnish'd your chambers in my
 land.
 Come, come, 'tis a snug little island,
 You'll be better off there than on dry
 land ;

'Tis a rare skulking-place
 To conceal your disgrace ;
 You may live like a king in your island.
 Now your lion-skin's slit,
 And there's not left a bit
 To conceal your true ass's complexion,
 You may graze at your ease,
 As long as you please,
 They'll not make the smallest objection ;
 In clover you'll live in your island,
 There's choice both of moist and of dry
 land.

'Tis a rare skulking-place, &c.
 And do not despair
 Of amusement when there ;
 For tho' you've no men to destroy, sir,
 You may ring your own hogs,
 And cross your own dogs,
 These are pastimes that never can cloy,
 sir.
 You may kill all the calves in your island,
 Or whip all the boys in the island,
 Impale all the frogs you can find in the
 bogs,
 And live the Jack Ketch of the island.

For less active delights,
 For the long winter nights,
 No. LXVII. Vol. XII.

A choice set of books shall be there, sir :
 God's revenge against murder,
 My own life, and further,
 The works of my fav'rite Voltaire, sir :
 You'll have time to grow wise in your
 island,

'Tis a quiet retir'd little island,
 'Tis a place very charming
 For reading and farming,
 Abounding with lowland and highland.
 But should these joys grow flat,
 Don't despair for all that,
 You've still choice of employment at
 home :

There's your consort to kick,
 And your servants to lick,
 And to flagellate poor little Rome.
 You may kick up a dust in your island,
 As you often have done upon dry land ;
 And when you have made it a hell upon
 earth,
 You'll be still the more welcome to my
 land.

NAPOLEON SOLUS.

"For me and for my family,"
 As the poet well doth say,
 "I've claim'd their hearing patiently"
 Thro' Caulaincourt and Ney.
 I'm glad I've got within my nest,
 The Austrian eagle's egg ;
 For I'm grown too lazy now to work,
 And far too proud to beg.
 As a princess cannot feed on scraps,
 Or be lighted with candles' ends,
 I may get a decent sum perhaps
 Through the interest of her friends.
 Tho' Ney has promised for the rest
 A handsome word to speak,
 I don't expect they'll get at best
 'Bove half-a-crown a week.
 I must help them out with cheese and
 bread :—

'Tis a woeful tumble down,
 From a golden crown on every head,
 To live on half a crown.

Ourself will fill a good arm-chair,
 As becometh well our station ;
 For sooth to say, imperial fare
 Hath giv'n us a corporation.

F

From thence we still can rule the roast,
 Despotic as a Turk,
 And see that each is at his post,
 And takes his share of work.

But Letty will be past her work,
 So she is out of the question,
 The parish may take care of her—
 Faith! that's a bright suggestion.

For as to duty and parents' claims,
 They 're only old wives' themes;
 My friends must work if they would eat:
 So now for other schemes.

My sisters have had a famous rest
 For the last eleven year,
 But they can't have forgot to boil the pot,
 Or brew the table-beer.

Louis was always apt to shirk,
 He is but a sniveling chap,
 Yet he'll let alone what's not his own,
 So I'll give him the key of the tap.

My brother Joe can cook I know,
 And that would save some pelf;
 But then he's such a guttling hound,
 He'll clear the dish himself.

The gardens of my friend Borghese
 Have famous been of old,
 So he may raise the cabbages,
 And trench the garden mould.

A little scrub we must maintain
 To clean the knives and shoes,
 Ay! Jerry's my man for a dirty job,
 I know he'll not refuse.

I can't be secure with Caulaincourt,
 My business no more needs him,
 He's a savage dog, and must wear a clog,
 Or he'll bite the hand that feeds him:

But since his secret practices
 Procur'd me much enjoyment,
 And as he'll be hang'd if home he hies,
 I'll find him some employment.

An attorney I know in Ajaccio,
 Tho' I long since cut the connection,
 I remember when I stole a hen,
 He say'd me from detection.

To him my friend I'll recommend,
 And strain a point to wheedle,

His parts and face would aptly grace
 The post of bridewell beadle.

He might help it out by little jobs
 In his usual cut-throat way,
 Train fighting cocks, knock down an ox,
 Or carry a butcher's tray.

And since in all my bloody works
 I've found him a bully rock,
 From my privy purse I'll enough disburse
 To buy him a new blue frock.

But hold! the lawyer ten to one,
 If I play my cards with sense,
 May help to do for Louis too,
 And save me his expence.

When I chose him my grand constable,
 He made but a sorry figure,
 But if chosen as a petty one,
 He may act with greater vigour.

We can make a shift without him,
 Till Rome is older grown,
 The boy will soon be sharp enough,
 To draw the beer alone.

I shall not be surpris'd, if my present
 spouse
 To follow should not chuse;
 And 'tis very well known, I can't sleep
 alone,
 For fear of the bugaboos.

So if she cuts, old Josephine
 Must join the family party:
 Tho' not in the bloom of sweet eighteen,
 She still is stout and hearty.

Habit is strong, and perhaps ere long
 I may come to words with my sweeting,
 And I've often tried my former bride,
 And know she can stand a beating.

So after all, the tough old dame
 May suit my purpose better;
 If I box the ears of my present flame,
 She may write her papa a letter:

And should my weekly allowance stop,
 I shall be in a glorious hobble,
 I must fain set up a huckster's shop,
 Or take in shoes to cobble.

SCENE 10.—*Naples—the Palace.*

King JOACHIM.

I'm taught to fear, by my gazetteer,
 That my name's in no good savour,
 Since I fac'd about, when Nap fell out
 Of fickle Fortune's favour.
 So I'll now unfold, like a monarch bold,
 My private wrongs and reasons,
 Lest by plain folks I should be told,
 I'm a server of times and seasons.
 I'm free to own, he gave me a crown,
 But faith! 'twas no sinecure place;
 For he tack'd to the cargo a precious
 embargo
 Of discomfiture and disgrace,
 Yet still I was but a man of straw,
 Though seated on a throne;
 For every one saw Nap's will was my law,
 And my soul was not my own.
 Of souls I make but small account,
 'Tis the fashion of the day;
 But 'tis a hard thing for a crowned king
 Never to have his way.
 At Portici I had plann'd a stye,
 And thought my pigs to kill,
 And roast my mutton royally
 On red Vesuvio's hill.
 But like many a man who lays a plan,
 I found myself mistaken;
 And had plenty to do, in the hurly-baloo,
 To save my own poor bacon.
 For scarcely was I snug in bed,
 When to Moscow we must go;
 Where the cold nights froze my royal
 nose,
 And chilblain'd every toe.
 In the fam'd retreat I dress'd my meat,
 And clean'd my horse—no matter;
 For I knew from a boy the stable employ,
 And could scrape a dirty platter.
 No flesh and blood can e'er conceive
 The life we marshals led;
 We were kick'd and cuff'd, and rated
 and huff'd,
 And glad to sleep three in a bed.
 But this was a *Moscow* luxury;
 For, when our backs we turn'd,

We bivouack'd in the open sky,
 And for fuel our bedsteads burn'd.
 So finding the game was nearly up,
 And nothing more to be got,
 I thought it no harm to take the alarm,
 Lest *I* too should go to pot.
 So home I went, with a full intent,
 (Let who that would cry, "fye on!")
 To stroke the mane and lick the foot
 Of the royal British lion.
 Yet I linger'd long, and my doubts were
 strong,
 Whether Europe united could beat us,
 Till the Leipsic mishap, dear brother Nap,
 Decidedly made your quietus.
 Pity has given what justice denied,
 And a rare allowance you've got,
 Enough to warm your snug fire-side,
 And keep the oven hot.
 Yet though indeed you can give a feed,
 Your guests will not be plenty;
 And therefore I'd fain, since it gives
 me no pain,
 Do something to content ye
 I'm just in the mind to return in kind
 One half of the obligation;
 So the difference I'll split, and my queen
 I'll quit,
 And stick to my royal station.
 Like Shakspeare's queen, when with lan-
 guage keen
 Her hair-brain'd son arraign'd her;
 "I'll throw away the worsen half,"
 And thrive on the remainder.
 So Caroline, my spouse divine,
 Shall make way for a younger sample;
 You cannot blame, for you did the same,
 And set me the example.
 As it would not be right to cut you quite,
 Be sure, for old sake's sake,
 On each Twelfth-day, come what come
 may,
 I'll send you a bouncing cake.
 Then you may renew with Caroline
 The joys that once have been;
 And, with Joey and Jerry, may make
 yourselves merry,
 By drawing *King* and *Queen*.

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Thuilleries fitted up for an Auction.*

Enter the CARDINAL PRIMATE, in close conversation with an ABBE.

Card. In disguise? and within half a mile of Paris? Run this instant, for Heaven's sake, to the Prince de Benevento, and tell him to put a padlock on the crown jewels, or there's no knowing what may happen.—(*Ex. Ab.*) Such trinkets are more portable than the Brandenburg gateway, or the Farnese Hercules, and may, for ought I know, have shared their fate ere this. In the mean time, I'll divert myself with the inventory, out of which I may possibly secure something cheap by private contract, according to my old system of *Chacun pour soi-même*.

SONG.

AIR.—I'll still be Vicar of Bray, sir.
Sage Machiavel, I like thee well,
I con thee twice a day, sir;
One may drive by thy aid a thriving trade,
Like me, the Vicar of Bray, sir.
When gowus and cassocks went to pot,
I toss'd my own away, sir;
And there was not a stauncher *sans-culottes*,

Than the sturdy Vicar of Bray, sir:
But the weather grew colder, and I grew older,

And 'twas not the way to riches;
So I bow'd at the throne of Napoleon,
And mounted a pair of breeches.
When the sun shines bright, it seems but right,

That men should make their hay, sir;
So none could be more loyal than me,
The courtly Vicar of Bray, sir.
Like a patriot stout, I fac'd about,
When all was at rack and manger;
For I thought it but fair to secure my share,

And keep my old bones from danger.
I love to have two strings to my bow,
'Tis far the safest way, sir;
And thus, however politics go,
I'll still be Vicar of Bray, sir.

Now then let's see what will fit me among this lumber.—(*Reads the catalogue.*)—"To be sold, the whole live and dead stock of Napoleon Buonaparte, run away from his creditors in consequence of the failure of *extensive speculations* and the loss of his *capital*."

"Lot 1. Don Carlos, a thorough bred Castilian gennet, aged ——"—"Aye, and foundered too, and past his work, to my knowledge."

"Lot 2. Ferdinand, by the former."—"And a fine metuled colt he was, when first turned out to grass here; but I suspect that his five years' run has not mended his soundness."

"Lot 3. Reyna, dam of the above, aged ——"—"I am glad to find that they have the modesty not to warrant that spavin'd old jade (who did her best to kick her own colt's brains out) free from *vice*."

"Lot 4. Josepho, a strong useful cart-horse, quiet, and in good condition."—"What a pity that horse was ever sold as a charger! If the late possessor had not been blind to the faults of a colt bred by himself, he might have perceived the moral impossibility of breaking him to stand fire; and instead of sending him abroad on an idle speculation, to be only returned on his hands, would have sold him to a scavenger in the first instance."

"Lot 5. Viceroy, a noted fast hunter."—"Rather too fast a horse, if report does justice to his runaway tricks in the Smolensko hunt. I believe him after all to be hardly a better charger than the last."

"Lot 6. A few couples of old blood-hounds from the St. Domingo kennel."—"Staunch dogs, I warrant them; but their old worrying propensities will make it hardly prudent to let them run loose."

"Lot 7. Of old iron—the crown of Lombardy."

"Lot 8. Sundry broken chains, worn formerly by the free Cisalpine, Batavian, and Swiss republics."

"See the account of this worthy old lady's attempt to prove the illegitimacy of the P— of A—, in the Journals of 1808."

"Lot 9. The sword and balance of Justice; the former somewhat rusty for want of use, the latter wanting one scale."

—By St. Denis, an honest and fair description of the thing!—Some honest blacksmith will probably get the three last lots cheap, to forge into hobnails; as the future tenant will have no occasion for the two former, and intends, I hear, to have the latter made new on the improved English construction.

"Lot 10. Standards taken at Leipzig."

—I'll mark this lot as worth the attention of Blucher, with whom it may not be amiss to curry some favour, as the times go; and indeed I can recommend them as perfectly new, having in person superintended their manufacture against our late public thanksgiving. 'Twere pity to let such excellent imitations of German stuff go a begging; though, on second thoughts, the sturdy veteran may prefer returning to Berlin with his old-fashioned tattered demotions, riddled as they are with bullet-holes, like a Dublin gentleman's old pistol-target.

"Lot 11. The star of Napoleon set in mud."

"Lot 12. Napoleon's own choice edition, bound in *Russia*, and printed on imperial paper, of the Campaigns of the Grand Army, up to the end of the year 1814, containing a full and circumstantial account of the burning of Munich and Vienna. Bound up with complimentary odes and manuscript addresses from certain patriotic English papers."—Faith! I'll buy the book in compliment to my old friend, and rebind it with the Adventures of Jack the Giant-killer.

"Lot 13. The lives of Attila, Nero, and Nadir Shah: a very curious, scarce book, with manuscript annotations by N. for his son's use."

"Lot 14. The whole decorations of a splendid puppet-shew, got up by Napoleon, but which failed in the representation; consisting of imperial mantles, crosses of the Legion of Honour, cordons, eagles, &c."—'Tis ten to one but

I find something here to supply the place of my old purple coat, which, to say the truth, has been twice turned, and, will hardly be splendid enough, even with white facings and the new fleur-de-lis button, for our approaching coronation; so I'll e'en go and have a look at the concern. [Exit.

SCENE 12.—*The National Gallery at Paris.*

Apollo Belvedere, Venus de Medicis, Farnese Hercules, the Torso, and Laocoon, discovered.

AIR.—Could you to Battle march away.

Venus to Apollo. Shall we to Florence march away,

And leave the French complaining?

They can't expect us here to stay,

Now Nap has done campaigning.

Apollo. Ah! si, si, si, cara Medici,

We'll return and live in clover—

Ah! si, si, si, I'll be your cicisbee,

And follow you all the world over.

Apollo to Hercules. But before we go I should like to know,

If you, sir, will join the party?

Hercules. You cannot doubt, I'd fain get out,

And follow you, my hearty.

Ap. Ven. and Her. Marchons! marchons!

Ah! pauvre Napoleon,

The reign of thieves is over—

Allons! allons!

Adieu, fanfaron!

We'll return and live in clover.

Hercules to the Torso. But, poor Torso, would not you like to go?

Come, stir your lazy stumps, sir!

Torso. I'd soon be off, i' legs!

But I've neither arms nor legs,

So here I must stay in the dumps, sir.

Chorus. Marchons! marchons! &c.

Hercules. Why 'twould but be unkind

To leave you behind,

So I'll take you pick a pack, man,

And tho' you're plaguy large,

And a deuced heavy charge,

I'll have you to Rome in a crack, man.

Chorus. Marchons! marchons! &c.

Her. Venus, Ap. and Torso. Thence since
we're all agreed

Directly to proceed,

We'll claim Alexander's protection.

Apollo to Laocoon. So, Mr. Laocoon,
We are off this afternoon.

Laocoon. I can't have the smallest objection,

All. Marchons! marchons! &c.

SCENE 13.—*The Barrier-Gate of Paris.*

MARCH.—Over the Hills and far away.

Way cleared by the two Gladiators
mounted on the horses from Venice,
and bearing a banner.

"The Doge shall have his mares again,
And all will yet be well."

APOLLO handing *VENUS*, with his lyre
under his arm.

LAOCOON and Sons.

HERCULES wheeling off the Papal chair
on castors, and carrying the *Torso* on
his back.

The rear brought up by the Branden-
burgh gateway; the hat of Frederic the
Great on its head, and his sword by its
side.

SCENE 14.—*A grand Square—Paris.*

Dance by the Conservative Senate.

Air—Battle of Austerlitz.

Hands all round the statue of the Em-
peror.

Alarm of drums and trumpets.

Air—The Fall of Paris.

Tous balancent.

*Air—Sauve qui sauve peut, or the Devil
take the hindmost.*

Cross over, change sides, which brings
them all back to their places.

Air and Dance—La Cosaque.

Promenade off in triumph, dragging
the statue of the Emperor after them,
crying, "A bas le Tyran! Vive le Roi!"

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

It has been suggested, that the
approaching Thanksgiving-day for
the return of the blessings of peace,
might be converted into an excel-
lent opportunity for alleviating
some portion of the misery occa-
sioned by the unparalleled ravages
of the late destructive war; and
that the produce of a general col-
lection, made throughout the Bri-
tish dominions, after divine service
on that day, cannot be more legi-
timately applied than to the relief
of the suffering Germans, whose
distresses baffle all description, and
whose misfortunes paved the way
to the deliverance of Europe and
the repose of the world.

Proposals have been issued for
furnishing busts, in marble and

plaster, of the Emperor of Russia
and Marshal Blücher. The model
for the former is executed by M.
Houdon, one of the most eminent
sculptors in Europe, member of
the Ancient Academy of the Fine
Arts, and who is particularly dis-
tinguished for giving truth and an
air of life to his portraits. These
busts he engages to deliver to the
subscribers in marble, in about six
months, at the rate of fifty guineas,
and in plaster immediately, at four
guineas. The model for the bust
of Blücher, which is a perfect re-
semblance, was executed by M.
Bosio, a celebrated sculptor of
Paris. The latter will be furnished
at forty guineas in marble, and two
guineas in plaster. Subscriptions

for both are received by Mr. Ackermann.

Mr. Bird, of Bristol, historical painter to the Princess Charlotte of Wales, through the permission of the Duke of Clarence and Lord Melville, enjoyed the opportunity of witnessing the embarkation of the King of France and the Duchess of Angoulême, in order that he might execute a grand historical picture of that event for an exalted personage. He afterwards accompanied the royal family across the Channel, and remained three days at Calais, to take their portraits and those of the persons of their suite. The other royal personages who were present, have sat for their portraits; and as Mr. Warren is engaged as the engraver, it is expected that the prints will reflect credit on the arts in this country.

Mr. West, the worthy President of the Royal Academy, has furnished Mr. Galt with materials for a History of his Life, comprising a great number of original anecdotes of the most celebrated characters of Europe and America during the last sixty years. It will be interesting to artists and students for the development of the principles which the president has followed in his career, and for his critical opinions on the remains of ancient sculpture, and the great paintings of France and Italy. Mr. Galt having himself visited many of the finest collections, will also interweave in the narrative the observations of ingenious men with whom he has been acquainted in his travels. No work, equally comprehensive respecting the present state of the fine arts, has yet ap-

peared, and it will be as minute in its biographical details as though it had been executed by Mr. West himself.

The Rev. G. S. Faber, so well known in the literary world by his various works on the prophecies, has nearly finished for the press, *The Origin of Pagan Idolatry*, ascertained from historical testimony and circumstantial evidence. It is announced by subscription, and will form three 4to volumes.

The Rev. John Owen, gratuitous secretary to the British and Foreign Bible Society, proposes to publish, by subscription, in two 8vo. volumes, *The History of the Origin, Progress, and Present State of that Institution*.

A pair of *Celestial Hemispheres*, projected by Mr. T. Heming, of Magdalen Hall, Oxford, on a plan which combines accuracy with elegance, and science with simplicity, are engraving by Mr. Lowry, and will be accompanied with an explanatory treatise, intended together to facilitate the acquirements of astronomy.

Mr. Sharon Turner is printing the first volume of *The History of England*, which will extend from the Roman conquest to the reign of Edward III.; and comprise also the literary history of England during the same period. It is composed, like his History of the Anglo-Saxons, from authentic documents, and will be published in December.

Dr. Holland is preparing for the press, *A Narrative of his Travels in the South of Turkey*, during the latter part of 1812 and the spring of the following year. It will be the principal object of this work

to afford sketches of the scenery, population, natural history, and antiquities of those parts of Greece which have hitherto been but partially known or described. The narrative, therefore, will chiefly regard the author's journies in the Ionian Isles, Albania, Thessaly, and some parts of Macedonia; together with an account of his residence at Joannina, the capital and court of Ali Pasha; with a more cursory sketch of his route through Attica, the Morea, &c. This work will probably be ready for publication towards the end of the present year.

The Rev. Mr. Card has in the press, *An Essay on the Holy Eucharist, or a Refutation of the Hoadlyan Scheme of it.*

Mr. Stevenson, of Norwich, is preparing *A Supplement to Bentham's History and Antiquities of Ely Cathedral*; to be embellished with beautiful engravings, and printed uniformly with the new edition of that celebrated work. It will be put to press as soon as a sufficient number of subscribers to cover the expence are obtained.

Mr. Chambers, of London-street, has been preparing, for the last seven years, a *Biographical Dictionary of Artists who have practised in England*, including painters, engravers, statuaries, architects, &c.: compiled from documents original and collected, in his own possession, and partly contributed by artists themselves and their relatives. He proposes to illustrate it with portraits from original pictures; for which purpose he has had prepared drawings of more than 200 portraits, which have never yet been engraved; but has not determined

in what manner the work shall be published.

Mr. William Linley, late in the civil service of the East India Company, has in the press, *Sonnets, Odes, and other Poems*, by the late Charles Leftley, together with a short account of his life and writings.

Mr. John Busby, of Dundrum, in the north of Ireland, civil engineer, will shortly publish, by subscription, an account of a method discovered by him for sinking through quicksand and clay, which promises to be of great utility in sinking coal and other mines, and wells. It will also be of general service in cleaning out the foundations for bridges and piers under water. An experiment of the efficacy of this process has been made at the new vitriol-works at Belfast, where a well, 25 feet deep and $4\frac{1}{2}$ in diameter, was sunk through quicksands and clay, with the well full of water. The method of working will be illustrated by engravings.

Mr. Richard Knight, of Clapton, has communicated to Dr. Thomson, editor of *The Annals of Philosophy*, a method of destroying the aphids on apple-trees, which he has practised for some years with complete success. As soon as the insect makes its appearance, which is in general early in the spring, by exuding a white cotton-like substance upon such of the rough knotty surfaces of the bark as have afforded it shelter during the winter, he cuts away with the pruning knife all the dead bark from the parts affected, and covers the wounds, by means of a brush, with a composition of oil of tar and yellow ochre, of the consistence of cream.

Such is the pungency and penetrating property of the oil of tar, that it effectually destroys both insect and ova in the most secret recesses, without injury to the tree, and for some months secures the parts from future attack. The application may be used at all seasons; and, by the addition of lamp-black, may be made to correspond in colour with the bark of the tree.

M. Millin, the learned editor of the *Magazin Encyclopedique*, is at present engaged in a tour through Greece. He has recently transmitted to Paris an interesting account of the travels in Greece of two Danish gentlemen, Messrs. Koes and Bronsted. They were at one period the fellow-travellers of our countryman, Mr. Cockerill. M. Bronsted undertook, in 1812, to dig into the ruins of Cathaia, in the island of Zea, near Attica. He obtained three female torsos, one of which is of most singular beauty; a torso of a colossal statue of Apollo Musagetes; the trunk of a horse; and several interesting inscriptions, which were engraved on the pilasters of the temple. These inscriptions contain treaties of peace or alliance, written in the Doric language, with the Ætolians of Naupactos, the Athenians, and the Carysthians of Eubœa. These fine inscriptions, which furnish some novel ideas upon the sites of the four ancient cities of the island, are the property of M. Bronsted, who is well qualified to decypher them.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

Les Regrets, Duo pour Harpe et Piano-Forte, dédié aux Manes de J. L. Dussek, et composé par son
No. LXVII. Vol. XII.

Ani F. J. Naderman. Op. 30.
Pr. 7s. 6d.

THIS is one of those finished, solid, and classical compositions, which the frivolous taste for ephemeral trifles, so general at the present day, has almost banished from the musical press; it is an offering to the memory of the great Dussek well worthy of his name. The work, comprehensive as it is, consists of an andante in G minor, an allegro in the same key, a minuet in B major, with a trio followed by the subject of the minuet, arranged as a canon, an andante in the style of an invocation, in E B major, and, finally, a rondo in G minor; the whole comprised, for the harp part, in nineteen closely printed pages. With such a mass of matter before us, and of matter so rich in every thing that is good in harmony, it is totally beyond the compass of our limits to enter into any thing like a critical detail; and our readers must take our word, pledged on our credit with them, as to the transcendent merits of this valuable performance: science, feeling, skill, elegance of expression, and inexhaustible richness of ideas; in short, all that constitutes musical worth, is here happily combined: and a trial by two able performers (absolutely requisite in this instance) will, we are sure, convince every ear of refined taste, that we have not said one word too much in praise of this grand duet.

No. 1. (of) *Three Sonatas for the Piano-Forte, composed, and dedicated to Mrs. Stephenson, by J. Woelfl. Pr. 3s. 6d. Op. 58.*

The whole of this sonata is worthy of the memory of its author.
G

and some of its portions are of a nature to reflect additional lustre on his great name. It consists of a short adagio, an allegro, and an andante with variations: the adagio, in $\frac{3}{4}$ time, is conceived with exquisite feeling; and the allegro, of precisely the same subject, in $\frac{6}{8}$ time, replete with the most select ideas, strung together and combined with masterly contrivance, especially in the numerous imitative and responsive touches; and in the very original modulations of the second part, pp. 4 and 5. A beautiful simplicity distinguishes the theme of the andante, particularly as to the 1st part; the 2d part deviating, in some degree, from that noble simplicity. Of its several variations it would be difficult to speak in terms of too great praise; they exhibit, among other merits, a model of powerful and excellent bass support: but the last variation, a presto in $\frac{3}{4}$ time, appears to us so superlatively great, that, were we to speak from feelings of individual taste, we should be tempted to call some of its strains truly divine; in our opinion, the last page stands almost unrivalled. From what has been stated it is perhaps needless to add, that none but advanced performers can do full justice to this composition.

Twenty-eight familiar Aires and two easy Duets for the Piano-Forte, with Preludes in major and minor Keys, composed, and arranged in a Manner calculated to facilitate the Progress of young Performers, by T. Haigh. Pr. 6s.

After the pupil has been familiarized with the scales of the different keys, and with the knowledge of time, rests, &c. this book

may immediately be adopted as the guide of his further progress. It is not only unexceptionable, but we may venture to say, we know of no other we could preferably recommend. The selection of the lessons from good modern music shows as great judgment and taste, as the accompaniments evince a correct feeling of harmony. The pieces augment, as the work proceeds, in length and difficulty; and some of the last, such as Nos. 25, 27, 28, are really of a stamp to please the most cultivated and matured ear. Of the two duets at the end, one of which consists of a portion from the overture to *Lodoiska*, we can speak in terms equally favourable; in short, this is precisely the kind of book we should wish for, if employed in the tuition of first beginners.

Overture to the Opera of Don Giovanni, composed by Mozart, newly adapted for the Piano-Forte, with the Coda as performed at the Philharmonic Concert, by M. Clementi. Pr. 2s. 6d.

Often as we have seen this master-piece of operatic introduction arranged for the piano-forte, we are bound to declare, we never met with any arrangement which conveyed so completely the essence of the full score, as is the case in this instance. Of skill we will not speak; that was to be expected from a veteran like Mr. C.; but the care, the judgment employed in concentrating and apportioning every essential component feature of the whole, is eminently conspicuous. The new coda, rendered necessary by detaching this overture from the opera, merits distinct mention. It is so skilfully

Reduced from the strains of the overture itself—so merged into and blended with its texture, that without referring to the original score, it is difficult to trace the beginning of the new addition. Mozart himself could not have devised a conclusion more in the spirit of his conception.

The Barrier of Paris, Rondo for the Piano-Forte, composed, and dedicated to the brave Marshal Blücher, by W. H. Cutler, B. M.
Pr. 2s.

Exercising that degree of indulgence which trifles of this kind, launched on the occasion of the moment, may claim, we have reason to be satisfied with the general complexion of this rondo. Its subject, although not quite new to us, is very agreeable; the portion in G (p. 3) creditable, and the minor, p. 3, appropriate; although in the 5th page the entry into B minor (l. 2), and the preparation to return from it into the original key (l. 3), is not such as we could have wished it to be. The whole is easy and fit for the practice of rising abilities.

A Voluntary for the Organ, in a familiar Style, suited to Church Service, composed and selected by S. F. Rimbault (No. I.). Op. 5.
Pr. 1s. 6d.

Although the two pieces constituting this publication, a Siciliana and an allegro, are neither absolutely of a description to be classed

with what we conceive to be *voluntaries*, nor of a sacred character, we are warranted in speaking favourably of them. The Siciliana is a neat and tasteful movement; and the allegro, which we deem fitter for the field of battle than the church, is spirited and striking. In its arrangement too, especially the alternations between both hands (p. 4), we observe a respectable portion of skilful contrivance; and the harmonies are throughout appropriate and correct.

The Crown-Prince of Sweden's Military Divertimento for the Piano-Forte, composed by S. T. Rimbault. Pr. 2s. 6d.

This divertimento consists of two movements, a "solemn march" and a "military air," in E b. The march proceeds in a style of grave precision and a fulness of score calculated to produce a striking effect. The allegro is throughout pleasing; well varied in its digressive portions by a proper succession of ideas, a pertinent change of keys, and occasional active passages; a decent minor is introduced, p. 6; and the end is brought about with suitable brilliancy. All is respectable in this composition, and as no peculiar difficulties obstruct the exertion, it ought to be recommended to performers of even moderate proficiency, as a useful and entertaining aid towards further improvements.

RETROSPECT OF POLITICS.

BONAPARTE.

THE treaty entered into at Paris, on the 11th April last, with the dethroned Emperor Napoleon, by

Austrian, Russian, and Prussian plenipotentiaries, has been made public. Of its twenty-one articles, the principal stipulations are

in substance as follows:—Bonaparte renounces his right of sovereignty over all countries previously possessed by him, excepting the Isle of Elba, which he is to hold in full property and sovereignty during his life; he retains the title of emperor, and his brothers and relations are to retain the titles of princes of his family, and their private property as individuals. The government of France is to make good the following annual pensions:—

	Francs.
Napoleon	2,000,000
(1,000,000 of which shall be in reversion to the Empress Louisa)	
Madame Mere	300,000
King Joseph and his queen	500,000
King Louis	200,000
Queen Hortensia and her children	400,000
K. Jerome and his queen	500,000
Princess Eliza	300,000
Princess Paulina	300,000
Empress Josephine	1,000,000

Annual total 5,500,000
equal to about £230,000: besides which France is to pay gratifications to the extent of 2,000,000 of francs (about £83,000), to such persons as Bonaparte shall include in a list to be prepared by him; Maria Louisa to receive the duchies of Parma, Piacenza, and Guastalla in full sovereignty, with succession to her son and descendants.—The British government, however, is no party to this treaty, Lord Castlereagh having declined his signature to any of its stipulations, except the articles which give Elba to Bonaparte and the Italian duchies to Maria Louisa,

Without entering upon the question of the expediency of so liberal a provision for the Napoleon family, we shall merely add, that it is already diminished in one of its members. The Empress Josephine died at Paris on the 29th May, after a very short illness, in the arms of her children, Eugene and Fanny Beauharnois.

On the 3d May, in the evening, the Undaunted British frigate arrived in the roads of Porto Ferrajo, with Bonaparte on board. Some preparations being made in the night for the reception of the future Elbese sovereign, on the 4th, in the morning, a flag was sent by him to be hoisted on the castle. This flag had a white ground interspersed with bees, and in the centre appeared the arms of Bonaparte and those of the isle, united by a rose-coloured stripe. Some time after, he landed, amid a salute from the forts and the frigate, and, preceded by three fiddlers and two fifers, made his *solemn* entry. Having arrived at the house of the mayor, he gave audiences to the authorities of the island, and after some repose, inspected the fortifications. Of the further proceedings of this extraordinary character we have no intelligence. Gen. Bertrand, who accompanied him to Elba, is returned to France; and he, as well as letters received from the island, are stated to concur in representing his mental faculties as completely disordered.

FRANCE. *the two abled*

On the 30th of May the grand treaty of peace between the allies (Austria, England, Russia, and Prussia,) and the King of France, was signed at Paris. The basis of

this act of general pacification is the treaty between Austria (for herself and the allies) and France, which consists of thirty-three, and one additional, articles; the other powers having signed separate treaties with France, of the same date and tenor, with some additional articles relating to their individual interests. As this charter of the independence of Europe, conquered on our part by an arduous struggle of twenty years, is to secure our future repose, we hope for many years, it becomes necessary to abstract its principal stipulations.

The 2d article generally fixes the frontier of France such as it was on the 1st of January, 1792, commencing from the North Sea between Dunkirk and Nieuport, and ending at the Mediterranean between Nice and Cagnes; with some augmentations. The 3d article defines these augmentations, which are of no great extent, and may be considered rather as arrangements of convenience. The canton of Saarbruck, the principality of Montbeliard, the subprefecture of Chambery, and the Contats d'Avignon and Venaissin, form the principal additions; the Spanish frontier remains as before. In the 4th article a free communication is insured between Geneva and the Swiss cantons, to which that city reverts. By article 5 the navigation of the Rhine is free, subject to duties to be agreed upon. The 6th article holds out an accession of territory to Holland, but prohibits its sovereign from wearing any other crown. The independence of Germany under a federative league is also proclaimed; and Italy, with the ex-

ception of what reverts to Austria, is to be composed of sovereign states. Article 7 gives Malta and its dependencies to England. In the 8th article Great Britain restores to France all colonial conquests, except Tobago, St. Lucia, and the Isle of France, with its dependencies, viz. Rodrigue and the Sechelles, which she retains. In article 9 Sweden consents that Guadaloupe be restored to France; and in the 10th French Guyana is restored to her by Portugal. The 11th, 12th, 13th, and 14th, relate to the time and manner of making the colonial restitutions, and provide that France shall erect no fortresses in the East Indies. The 15th and 16th restore to France two thirds of the shipping in the harbours given up beyond her frontier, principally referring to Flushing and Antwerp. The articles from 17 to 31 contain the usual stipulations for the protection of all property and interests which may be affected by the territorial changes. Article 32 provides that, within two months, the contracting powers shall send deputies to a congress to be held at Vienna, in order to regulate the arrangements necessary for completing the dispositions of the present treaty. Of the additional articles affecting the allied powers individually, that, entered into with England, respecting the abolition of the slave trade, is of the chief importance. France recognizes the justice and expediency, promises her co-operation in prevailing upon other powers to abolish the slave trade universally, and as to herself engages to discontinue it in five years.—The ratifications of the above treaty were exchanged

at London on the 17th June; where the peace with France was proclaimed, with the usual solemnities, on the 20th following.

This treaty, as generously favourable to France as the one before mentioned is to Bonaparte, is on the face of it conclusive as to France only. Her future extent at home and abroad is definitively settled. Not so the possessions and limits of the other powers. The fate of the Cape of Good Hope, of the Ionian Islands, of Belgium, of Poland, of Northern Italy, of Saxony, and of Germany, remains to be decided, or at least is not officially known. Much therefore remains to be done for the impending congress at Vienna.

Meanwhile the internal concerns of the French monarchy are gradually approaching from its chaos of tyranny towards a system of order and regularity. The young reign of Louis XVIII. has already distinguished itself by numerous dispositions which evince the wisdom and good intentions of that monarch, whose situation must be admitted to be one of unexampled difficulty. His first cares were directed to the army, whose state of turbulence and dissatisfaction at the new order of things, seemed to threaten serious re-actions. Its leaders, the marshals, being in the first instance conciliated and attached to the new government, commissioners were appointed for reorganizing the whole military force, and reducing it to a peace establishment, rather considerable, of 201,240 men of all arms; a measure which thus far has proceeded without opposition. The military order of St. Louis was distributed

to almost all the marshals and to many inferior officers of merit; and pensions, or retired allowances, were granted to a great number of veteran officers. But the most important of all measures was the new constitution which Louis had promised when he rejected the charter framed by the senate. The 4th of June is the memorable day on which the king opened the sittings of the legislative body. His speech to the deputies was dignified and highly eloquent: the peace just concluded with the allied potentates is justly dwelt upon as a boon France owes to her monarch; and much stress is laid upon the retention of the master-pieces of art, which, although plundered by the *sans-culottes* from Italy and other countries, the allied sovereigns were generous enough to permit to remain in France. Louis knows the nation he governs; he is aware that the Parisians would almost rather have parted with a department, or a West India island, than the Venus de Medicis. After the speech, the chancellor read the new constitution; the last we hope of the nine or ten that have succeeded each other since the Revolution. Its preamble is remarkable, because it represents the constitution as a voluntary gift conferred by the king on the nation, not as a matter of right which the people could claim. As we cannot give even an abstract of it, it may be sufficient to state, that it is framed upon the model of our own, deviating from it chiefly in the greater power it leaves to the monarch. The nation is represented in a parliament of two houses, the Chamber of Peers and the Chamber of Deputies of Depart-

ments. But the peers are nominated by the king without any limit as to number, either for life or hereditary, and their discussions are secret. The deputies of the lower house must be forty years of age, and pay direct taxes to the amount of 1000 francs. They are chosen for five years (one fifth to go out and be replaced annually), by the electoral colleges, whose president the king appoints; and the electors themselves must pay 300 francs in direct taxes. The king alone has the right of proposing a law; but either of the chambers may request the king to propose any law, and this request must previously have been discussed in a secret committee.

This constitution, as far as our information goes, has given almost universal satisfaction; the king has received the thanks of the legislative body for having granted it to France; and the gratifying epithet of the "wished-for" (*Louis le désiré*) has been officially given to him by that body. In consequence of the powers thereby secured to him, he has since nominated the peers that are to compose the upper chamber. Among the 154 members thus selected, we observe 102 of the new nobility, especially of military rank. Almost all Bonaparte's marshals are included; but we do not find Massena, Davoust, or Soult in the list. Forty-six more peers are expected to be created at the king's coronation, which is reported to be fixed for the day of St. Louis (26th August), when the king is expected to swear to the constitution.

The allied armies have entirely evacuated Paris, and, in a great

measure, France itself. The British army has likewise retired from Toulouse, and the greatest part of our cavalry are traversing France to return across the Channel.

SPAIN.

The affairs of Spain have taken a sudden and very unexpected turn. King Ferdinand, previously to leaving Valencia for Madrid, issued a most important proclamation on the 4th of May. In this extraordinary document he accuses the Cortes of having inroached upon the royal prerogative, and of having, in their constitution of 1812, had in view to give Spain a democratical government, founded upon the revolutionary principles of the French school, a government in which the power of the king would be a mere shadow. To cut the matter short, Ferdinand, with a stroke of the pen, annuls not only this constitution, but all the acts of the present and preceding Cortes, dissolves their assembly altogether, and declares every one a traitor that should disobey this royal decree, or obstruct its execution. The Cortes, although they had augured no good from the king's reluctance to enter Madrid, and his silence to two or three respectful entreaties they had addressed to him to hasten his arrival, were thunderstruck at the appearance of this decree; but they were still more astonished, when, almost immediately after its promulgation in Madrid, a column of troops, under General Eguia, entered the capital, and, in the name of the king, arrested and conveyed to prison Senors Agar and Ciscar, two members of the Regency; and all the members of the Cortes, not in the in-

terest of the king, that had not prudently sought their safety in previous flight: and even those were pursued by royal mandates into the provinces, and arrested wherever they could be traced. On the 11th May, Madrid is *stated* to have declared in favour of the king; and, on the 14th, he made his public entry, accompanied by the Duke of Infantado, Generals Elio, Copons, O'Donnell, Zayas, and other well known military commanders. As our intelligence goes no further than the 25th, we are informed of but few further proceedings of Ferdinand's new government. All we know of it is, that, to the latest date, the arrests of the Cortes and of other persons of note, suspected of democratic principles, were incessantly continued; that, by a royal decree, all suppressed convents were restored, and replaced in possession of their sequestered property; and that, by another order, the tribunal of the Inquisition was re-established.

As far as we are informed, these vigorous and rigorous proceedings have hitherto met with no manner of obstruction. The time has been too short, and our intelligence too scanty and partial to enable us to form an opinion, whether, as the court party boast of, the general mass of the people feel satisfied with it. The army, we rather think, are on the side of the king; since, without their support, he could not have acted as he did. The soldier, trained up to implicit submission, is in all countries favourable to absolute power, were it even downright despotism. Bonaparte's army has recently proved the truth of this; and the conduct of the French

army, at the *beginning* of the revolution, does hardly disprove it. It was ready to defend its king, and would have asserted his rights, had he chosen to accept of its devotion. With Ferdinand's summary mode of proceeding, Louis XVI. might have reigned at this moment, and the world been spared twenty-five years of misery and bloodshed. Not that we will stand up the advocate of the former's measures. Supposing much of the charges against the Cortes to be well founded, the conduct of a brother Bourbon, of Louis XVIII. afforded a praiseworthy example for altering any thing objectionable in a conciliatory manner; and some consideration, on the score of gratitude, was due to a body of men, who, under six years of unexampled difficulties and struggle, preserved to their absent, imprisoned sovereign his country and a throne, which foreign usurpation had compelled him to sign away by treaty, and which, but for their efforts, he would never have ascended again.

The Duke of Wellington arrived at Madrid on the 24th May, and is coolly said to have been graciously received. But from the total silence in the official articles from Madrid, in regard to the services he, his brave army, and his generous country have rendered to Spain, we imagine those services will be considered as having rather been devoted to the dispersed Cortes, and that consequently less weight will be attached to them. We have, therefore, not heard of any effect the presence of his grace has produced; and we know he is on his return to England, where his arrival is anxiously expected by

every Briton, who justly feels proud in being the countryman of such a hero.

ITALY.

Our former statement of the arrival of the Pope in Rome was premature. His holiness made his public entry into that capital on the 21th May, attended by the aged ex-king of Spain, his consort, Godoy, the ex-prince of Peace; the Queen of Etruria, the King of Sardinia, and other distinguished personages. One of his first acts was to interdict Cardinal Maury from his functions, and to summon him to Rome. He has also sent Cardinal Gonsalvi to England, with a letter of congratulation to the Prince Regent.

Lord William Bentinck has returned from Genoa to Sicily, preparatory to the evacuation of the island by our troops. The court of Palermo has formally protested against the cession of Naples to King Murat; and the Duke of Orleans has arrived in England to appeal against it on behalf of the king, his father-in-law; who is, however, to receive an indemnity, some say the Ionian islands, for the loss of his dear Naples.

Some further cases of the plague have occurred in the island of Gozo, close to Malta, and rendered a renewal of strict quarantine necessary.

GERMANY.

We will not enter into the reports circulated, and the speculations on foot, regarding the definitive settlement of the affairs of Germany, and the territorial changes and exchanges it is to undergo. The congress at Vienna, which is stated to be fixed for the 16th July, will, we

trust, give permanent repose and happiness to the princes and the brave people of a country that have recently contributed so much to the emancipation of Europe.

Hamburgh is once more free. The senate resumed its functions on the 26th May, after the French garrison of nearly 20,000 men had evacuated the city. Davoust had previously set off in a private manner. A detailed account of the losses suffered by the city during the last twelvemonth, by requisitions, contributions, demolitions, &c. amounts to nearly four millions sterling.

SWITZERLAND.

Geneva has been received into the confederacy of the Swiss cantons. Much discontent, however, prevails in some of the cantons respecting certain articles in their new constitution; and the animosities have broken out in bloodshed. On the 7th June, the city of Soleure was taken by storm by 250 armed peasants! and the burghers, in their resistance, experienced a loss of four killed and twenty wounded.

SWEDEN AND NORWAY.

A Swedish army is assembling on the frontiers of Norway; but no acts of open hostility have as yet taken place; probably from a wish to await the effect of a deputation of Russian, Prussian, and English commissioners that has been sent to prevail upon the Norwegians to submit to their fate, and upon Prince Christian, who, on the 19th of May, was proclaimed their king, to desist from further opposition to the will of the allied sovereigns.

Meanwhile Sweden, which was to have exchanged Pomerania against Norway, has published its intention

of keeping possession of the former country, until it shall have actually obtained the sovereignty of the latter.

AMERICA.

On the 30th March a part of General Wilkinson's army made an attack upon our outposts, but was, by the alertness of our troops, repulsed without difficulty. The whole of the ports on the coast of the United States have been placed under strict blockade by Admiral Cochrane. Our expedition against America has not yet sailed from Bourdeaux, its place of equipment; and Lord Hill, who is to command it, remains still at London.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

On the 7th of June arrived in London their Majesties the Emperor of Russia and King of Prussia; Field-Marshal Blücher, Count Platoff, Princes Metternich and Litchenstein, Count Hardenberg, Generals Barclay de Tolly, von Sacken, von York, von Bulow, von Winzingerode; Counts Woronzow and Tolstoy; and many others of the great captains and statesmen whose labours during the last two years have been the theme of admiration to every patriotic breast, whose names have become the property of history.

The first act of the King of Prussia, on reaching Dover, was to create Marshal Blücher a prince, by the title of Prince de Wagstadt; General von York, Count de Warthenburg; General von Bulow, Count de Dennewitz; General von Kleist, Count de Culm; and Count Hardenberg, Prince de Hardenberg.

The enthusiasm with which the British nation has received these

exalted monarchs and the other great personages in their train, not only upon the road, but, above all, in the metropolis, baffles all description, and is as honourable to the British character, as it must appear flattering to them. Blücher, above all, seems to be the man whom his conduct and his glorious deeds have endeared to every Briton. To catch a glimpse of the hero is a boon so much envied by high and low, that the court-yard before his apartment in St. James's palace is incessantly thronged with spectators, whom he good-humouredly gratifies by appearing at intervals in the window; his carriage is drawn by the people, and he cannot venture out on foot without risking suffocation, from an excess of the public admiration and curiosity. The Hetman Platoff shares these demonstrations of the public sentiments, although not in the same extraordinary degree.

Immediately after the arrival of these august visitors, the illuminations for the peace commenced in London, and continued during three nights with unprecedented splendour; and ever since, the town has been in an uninterrupted state of joyful bustle, kept up by a succession of festivities and pompous solemnities. The 9th of June will be remembered as a remarkable day in our annals. Three great monarchs (Russian, Prussian, English) held courts in London: the Prince Regent received, through the hands of Prince Metternich and Count Meerveldt, the ancient Austrian order of the Golden Fleece, never before bestowed on a Protestant sovereign; as also the order of the Black Eagle from the King of

Prussia: and his Royal Highness, in return, created the Austrian and Prussian monarchs Knights of the Garter; an honour which Lords Liverpool and Castlereagh shared at the same time.

It will not be expected that we should give a diary of the various excursions and occupations of our crowned visitors, and of the display of royal magnificence with which the taste of the Prince Regent studied to accompany all their movements. Of the many objects among us which their active curiosity honoured with notice, we cannot omit Oxford, where the two sovereigns received the degree of LL. D. At Woolwich Warren, they attended an exhibition of the dreadful effect of the Congreve rockets. On the 17th of June, the whole royal party honoured Merchant-Taylors' Hall with their presence to dinner; and on the day following, the two monarchs, as well as the Prince Regent, went in grand pageant to partake of a splendid banquet which the city of London had the honour of giving them. Never before did the city of London entertain such an assemblage of illustrious guests; it is a matter of historical interest to record the most distinguished of them in our Retrospect. Besides the Prince Regent, the Emperor of Russia, and the King of Prussia, there were the Duchess of Oldenburg; the Princes of Bavaria,

Wurtemberg, Oldenburg, and Coburg; the Prince Royal of Prussia, Prince William, the king's second son; Princes Frederick, Henry, William, and Augustus of Prussia; Prince Charles of Mecklenburg; the Prince of Orange, and the Dukes of Orleans and Saxe Weimar; Princes Radzivil, Hardenberg, Blücher, Metternich, Lichtenstein, Gagarin, Tcherbatoff, Czartoriski; Prince and Princess Volkowsky; Generals Platoff, Tolstoy, Czernicheff, Woronzow, Barclay de Tolly, Potemkin, von York, von Bulow; all the foreign ministers and the British officers of state, ministers, judges, and many of our most distinguished generals, such as Lords Hill, Beresford, Combermere, Lynedoch, &c. It wanted but the great Wellington to leave nothing great to be wished for.

On the occasion of the signing of the general peace, a great string of promotions in our navy and army has just taken place: the half-pay of our brave naval officers, throughout every rank, has received a considerable augmentation; and the same reward for past services is expected to be given to the army by their grateful country.

A further loan of 24 millions has been contracted by the Chancellor of the Exchequer for the service of the current year.

PLATE I.—LONDON BRIDGE.

HISTORIANS inform us, that, for some centuries after the Christian æra, the only communication between the two banks of the Thames,

at London, was by means of a ferry at the spot where it is now crossed by London Bridge. As the city increased in importance, the ferry

became proportionably lucrative. The last ferryman, who acquired considerable wealth, left the property of it to his daughter, who built a nunnery near the site of St. Mary Overy's church; and at her death bequeathed the ferry to that institution. The nuns were some time afterwards displaced, and their house converted into a college of priests; who, becoming opulent by the profits of the ferry, erected the first bridge, which was of timber. The exact date of its construction is not recorded, but it must have been before the end of the tenth century; since William of Malmsbury informs us, that, in the year 994, Sweyn, King of Denmark, who attacked London, was so valiantly opposed by Ethelred II. and the citizens, that many of his troops were drowned in the river, because they took no heed of the bridge. This structure, which is said to have crossed the river from Botolph's wharf, was consumed by fire in 1136, but again repaired so as to be fit for use. In 1176, the first bridge of stone was begun on the present site by Peter of Colechurch, and finished in 1209. A very short time after its completion, this bridge became the scene of a most tragical catastrophe. On the 10th July, 1213, a great fire broke out in Southwark, and the flames were communicated by means of a strong wind, to St. Mary Overy's church and the south end of the bridge. The citizens hastened from the opposite side in crowds to extinguish the fire, but were unable to force a passage to the Surrey side; and when the bridge was thronged with people, the north end, by some unaccountable acci-

dent, likewise took fire. The people were thus prevented from advancing or receding; and notwithstanding all the assistance that could be afforded, upwards of 3000 persons were either drowned or burned to death.

The arches of this edifice, nineteen in number, were of unequal dimensions, and greatly deformed by the sterlings. On the centre the master mason erected and endowed a chapel at his own expence, and other buildings were afterwards added, till at length a regular street with posterns was formed, and continued till the middle of the last century. These houses, on each side, overhung and leaned in a terrific manner, in most places hiding the arches, so that no part of the bridge but the rude piers could be discovered. In the middle was anciently a draw-bridge, at the north end of which was, in 1426, erected a tower, that served to repel the bastard Falconbridge, when he assaulted the city in 1441, under pretence of rescuing the unfortunate Henry VI. then confined in the Tower: sixty houses were burned on the bridge upon this occasion. It also served to check and ultimately frustrate the ill conducted attempt of Sir Thomas Wyatt against Queen Mary. The top of this tower used in turbulent times to be shambles of human flesh, and covered with heads or quarters of unfortunate partisans. In 1598, Hentzner, the German traveller, counted on it above thirty heads; and the old map of the city, drawn in 1597, represents them in a most horrible cluster.

It was from a house on this bridge that Edward Osborne, the founder of the present ducal house of Leeds,

then apprentice to a cloth-worker, leaped out of a window to save his master's daughter, who had accidentally fallen into the river. He was fortunate enough to preserve her life; and the father, in gratitude for this service, rejected many splendid offers that were made him for his daughter's hand, declaring, that "Osborne had won her, and he alone should wear her." They were accordingly married; and, in her right, he became possessed of a large fortune, and was afterwards sheriff and mayor of London between 1574 and 1582.

The state of the bridge, at the beginning of 1632, is thus recorded by Burton:—"This bridge, with a chapel on the east side, and a gate on the south end, was built all of stone, and houses of timber over the stone piers, and arches on both sides thereof; yet there were and still are in the whole length of the bridge three vacancies, with stone walls and iron grates over them, on either side opposite to each other; through which grates people, as they pass over the bridge, may take a view of the river, both east and west; and also may go aside more to each side, out of the way of carts and coaches, the passage being but narrow, and not only troublesome, but dangerous. These three vacancies are over three of the middle arches; for all the piers are not of a like thickness, nor stand at equal distances one from the other; for those under these three vacancies are much wider than the rest, and are called Navigable Locks, because vessels of considerable burthen may pass through them. One of these is near unto the gate, and is called

the Rock Lock; the second is under the second vacancy, where the draw-bridge anciently was, and is called the Draw-bridge Lock; and the third is near the chapel, and is called St. Mary's Lock. There is a fourth, between St. Magnus' church and the first vacancy, and is called the King's Lock; for that the king, in his passage through this bridge, in his barge, goes through this lock."

On the 13th of February, in the last-mentioned year, a tremendous conflagration broke out, through the carelessness of a female servant, who placed a tub of hot ashes under the stairs of a house at the north end. By the next morning, forty-two houses from that end to the first vacancy, were consumed. The Thames was frozen over, and owing to the scarcity of water, the fire continued burning in the vaults and cellars upwards of a week. From this time the bridge remained in a desolate state till 1646, when the houses were rebuilt of timber, in what was then considered a very substantial and beautiful manner. The south end did not partake of these improvements, but appeared a heterogeneous mass of awkward structures, the street being there not above fourteen feet wide, in some places, indeed, not more than twelve, whilst at the opposite extremity it was twenty feet broad. The great conflagration of 1666 again desolated the north end, while the old buildings, erected in the reign of King John, again escaped destruction. The damage sustained by the structure on this occasion, rendered the repair of the stonework absolutely necessary, and arrangements were adopted for re-

building and repairing the whole street upon one uniform plan.

This street, even thus improved, is described by Mr. Pennant, who well recollected it, as narrow, dark-some, and dangerous to passengers, from the multitude of carriages. Frequent arches of strong timber crossed the street from the tops of the houses, to keep them together and from falling into the river. Nothing but use could have allowed repose to the inmates, who soon grew deaf to the noise of the falling waters, the clamours of watermen, or the frequent shrieks of drowning wretches. Most of the houses were tenanted by pin or needle-makers, and economical ladies were accustomed to drive from the west end of the town to make cheap purchases.

It was at length discovered, that, besides its great inconvenience, this street had become a losing concern, insomuch that ten houses erected at the cost of the city paid no more than two per cent. for the money. It was therefore proposed to take down the whole; and an act of parliament was obtained for the purpose in 1756. A temporary bridge was erected for the accommodation of passengers while these improvements were going on, which was wholly consumed by fire on the 11th April, 1759.

The work was in consequence prosecuted with the utmost diligence, and the bridge very soon finished, in its present improved form, at an expence of nearly £100,000. Eighty houses out of 105 of which the parish of St. Magnus had previously consisted, were demolished, for the purpose of opening the avenues.

London Bridge is 915 feet long, 45 broad, and 60 high at its centre, having on each side a spacious foot-pavement and a massy stone balustrade. It is supported by 19 arches, no two of which are alike. The centre arch, 72 feet in diameter, is semicircular, and was built in 1756, by throwing two into one. The others are of different forms, and run from 8 to 20 feet wide. Mr. Gwynne, near 50 years ago, demonstrated the impolicy of repairing the old structure, instead of taking the whole down and building a new bridge. "The space occupied by the piers and sterlings of London Bridge," says that writer, "is considerably greater than that allowed for the passage of the water; consequently more than half the breadth of the river is in that place entirely stopped; and it is needless to mention the effects of this obstruction, since the most melancholy instances are too frequently experienced to need a repetition. The truth is, this wretched bridge ought to have been entirely demolished ages ago, and a greater mistake never was committed than that of making the late repairs, and endeavouring to improve so intolerable a nuisance, the execution of which has manifestly proved its absurdity, since the main design of those improvements (which was to lessen the fall at the ebbing of the tide) has been entirely defeated. Indeed, at the time when it was become necessary to add sterlings, to preserve the foundation of the piers and prevent the superstructure from falling, at that very time the whole bridge should have been demolished, and rebuilt in an elegant and commodious manner."

The free passage of the water is not only obstructed by the wretched contrivance of the bridge itself, but experiences a farther impediment from the water-works, which occupy four of the arches. Those on the north-west side, which supply a considerable part of the metropolis with water for domestic purposes, were first established in 1582, at which time a horse-wheel set the works in motion, and threw the water into a reservoir constructed on the top of a tower built of timber, 120 feet in height, whence it descended by pipes into the several mains that run through every street. This tower was burned down in 1779, when an apparatus was erected, by which the water is thrown 150 feet high, generally by the mere force and action of five large water-wheels turned by the tide, but with the occasional assistance of a steam-engine. There is also one water-wheel on the same side, but at the south end of the

bridge, for the supply of the borough of Southwark.

Such is the danger attending navigation from the causes alluded to above, and so heavy the fall of water at this bridge, that, according to evidence submitted to Parliament, between 20 and 30 lives, and property to the amount of between £30,000 and £40,000, are annually lost in the vortex created by this unscientific edifice. Its demolition has been for some time contemplated, and it is to be hoped, that it will not long be suffered to remain as a reproach to the present enlightened æra and the most opulent city in the universe.

The intercourse carried on by means of this bridge, is truly prodigious. By an account taken from actual observation in July, 1811, it appears, that, in the space of 24 hours, it was passed by 89,640 foot-passengers, 1240 coaches, 485 gigs and taxed carts, 769 waggons, 2924 carts and drays, and 764 horses.

MEDICAL REPORT.

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

Acute Diseases.—Catarrh, 8... Measles, 10... Hooping-cough, 4... Erysipelas, 1... Tic douloureux, 1... Acute rheumatism, 3... Fever, 2... Inflammation of the bowels, 1... Acute diseases of infants, 8.

Chronic Diseases.—Asthenia, 6... Head-ach and giddiness, 4... Palsy, 2... Dropsy, 3... Colic, 2... Diarrhœa, 3... Dysure, 1... Lumbago, 2... Chronic Rheumatism, 4... Pleurodyne, 3... Cough and dyspnœa, 19... Hæmorrhage, 3... Pulmonary consump-

tion, 2... Dyspepsia, 6... Gastrodynia, 3... Enterodynia, 2... Cutaneous eruption, 4... Female complaints, 5.

Measles have of late been unusually frequent and severe. The fatal cases which I have noticed, however, have rather been from debility, fever and cough continuing after the disease had terminated, than during the period of the eruption. The reason of this seems to be, that, in general, the disease is mild, and runs its course without much danger, or necessity for medical interference. But there is great tenderness in the lungs; and

improper diet and exposure to cold often excite pulmonic inflammation, of which children frequently die. The occasional coolness and changes of the weather, considering the advanced season of the year, may in some degree account for this. If possible, children, both during the eruption of measles, and the cough consequent upon it, should keep in chambers of the temperature of 60°.

The term head-ach and giddiness, in these reports, often includes severer cases than the name might imply. They not unfrequently are symptomatic of serious disorder in the system, and though sometimes so slight as to require little medicine, occasionally portend great mischief. A gentleman, above eighty years of age, who had been actively engaged in business, and was accustomed to much society, became afflicted with head-ach, giddiness, and pain in the stomach, loss of appetite, great

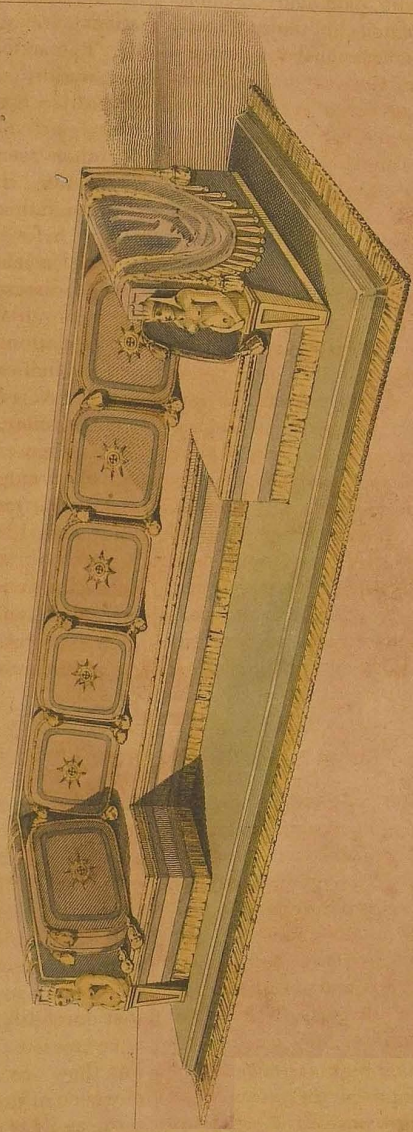
debility, and confusion of thought. His nights were restless, and when rational, he was extremely irritable. The action of the heart, however, was little impaired; there was evidently a breaking up of power in one part of the system, whilst the other seemed calculated for longer life. He had continued in this way, rather declining, for two months, before I saw him, and was regarded as labouring under an incurable disease in the head, the means to relieve which had failed. By strict attention to diet and suitable medicines, however, the patient recovered gradually, and is now convalescent, although it is likely he must suffer some diminution of strength. The plan was, to give nutriment in small quantities, assist the flagging action of the stomach, sooth and gently stimulate the nervous system, without exciting inflammatory action, and induce natural sleep, without having recourse to opiates.

PLATE 2.—FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

THE present plate of splendid furniture is the design of an artist for an Ottoman couch or sofa.—This article, although susceptible of great diversity of form and arrangement, and an unbounded variety of decoration, is yet so simple in its general figure, and so easily understood in all its parts, from a judicious drawing, that our present plate requires no explanation.

We may here, however, be allowed to repeat, what we have already so frequently alluded to, that taste in matters of decoration, in whatever mode of application, or

to whatever subject, is only to be acquired by, or expected from, that general and miscellaneous knowledge, which it is the avowed and constant object of our publication to recommend and promote. Our manufactures must now have, not merely that strength of fabric and that durability of texture, in which once consisted their highest praise; but they are required to possess elegance of design, novelty of pattern, and beauty of finishing: to effect these, all the aid of improved and refined art is essentially necessary.



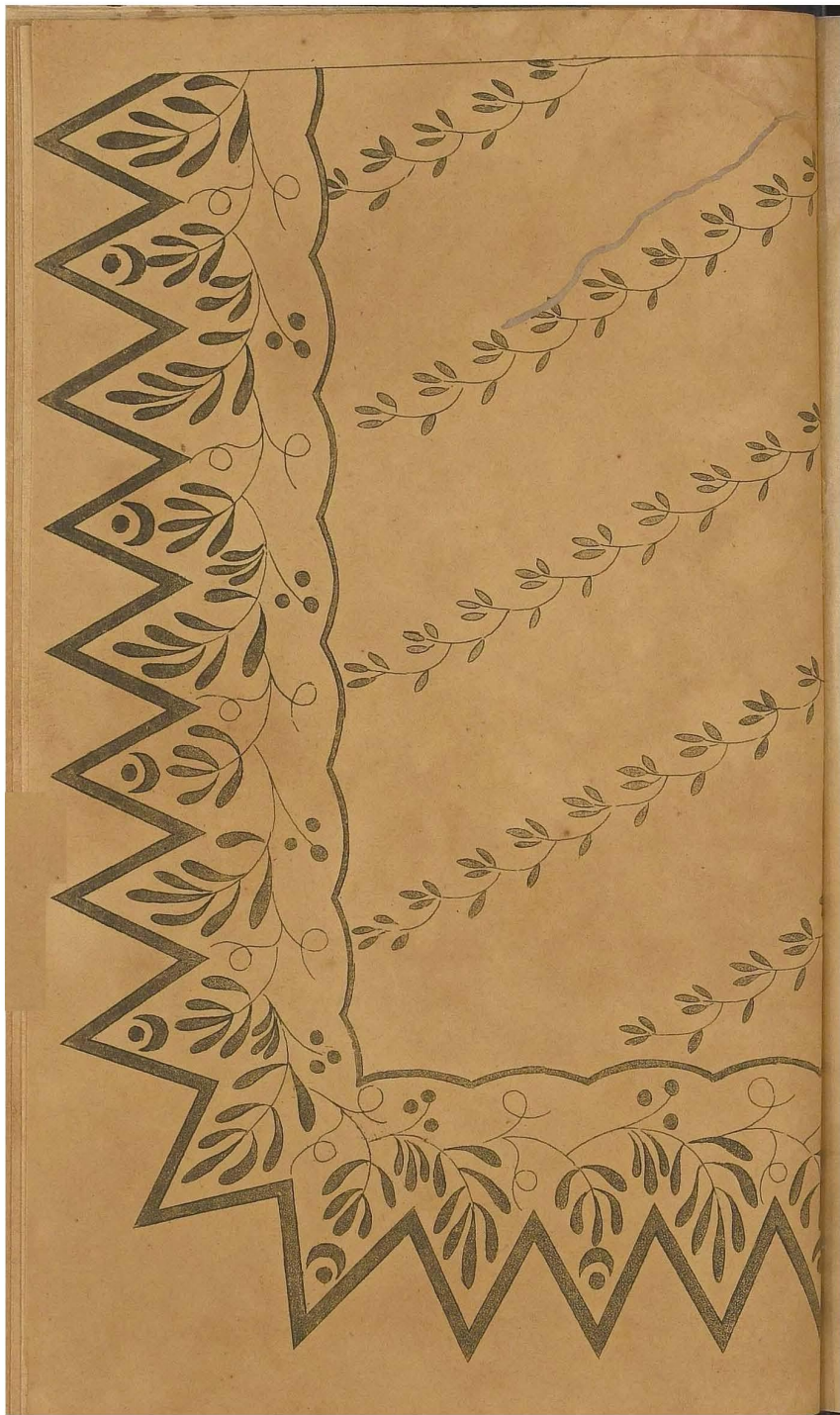
DESIGN FOR AN OTTOMANE COUCH.



EVENING DRESS.



MORNING DRESS.





AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE growing weather through the whole of last month, has produced a particular and very interesting appearance in the corn crops of this island, and that at a time when the public mind was much agitated by some proposed alterations in the laws relating to the commerce of corn; the difficulties attending which would vanish, were the arable lands of this country drained of their injurious bottom water, and the whole corn produce economically preserved, and perfectly separated from the straw and chaff. All those soils where the water percolates freely from the surface, are clothed with the most luxuriant vegetation; but those situations, even in the same furlong, where there has been no difference of cultivation for many years, but which retain too much bottom water, are partially covered with a poor sickly yellow diminutive plant, which will hardly produce the quantity of the seed sown. The diffi-

culty and waste attending its separation from the straw and chaff, are known to every observing farmer.

Wheat, with the above exceptions, is a full crop, the ear large and strong, but its produce cannot yet be ascertained.

Barley, with the above exceptions, a full crop, a large ear, with a great bulk of straw, and much down.

Oats, with the above exceptions, a very heavy crop, the straw like reeds, and the bell prolific.

Beans, peas, and all the leguminous species, a large and promising crop, with long halm and abundant blossom.

The soiling crops have been greatly productive, and the weather has been highly favourable for the whole of the brassica tribe.—The young turnips are a strong plant, and not much injured by the fly.

Hops are promising; but the apples are a partial crop.

FASHIONS FOR LADIES.

PLATE 3.—MORNING DRESS.

A ROUND robe of fine cambric or jaconot muslin, buttoned down the front and trimmed at the bottom with Vandyke lace, or needle-work, headed with a double border of cotton ball fringe; full body, inlet with lace or needle-work, confined by several drawings to fit the shape; falling collar, principally composed of lace or needle-work, terminating at the edge with Vandyke trimming; long sleeves of considerable fulness, confined

four or five times down the arm by ball fringe, and at the wrist by a border of broad lace, vandyked to correspond. The Orange cap, composed of plain net, trimmed with a full quilling of narrow lace, and ornamented in front with bows of lace, applied with edging. Slippers of primrose-coloured kid; gloves *en suite*.

PLATE 4.—EVENING DRESS.

A blond lace train, richly embroidered in silver lama, with a superb border of the same, over a

petticoat of pink or salmon-coloured satin ; a silver body, trimmed round the top with a quilling of blond, edged with silver ; a short full sleeve of blond lace, the fullness drawn in and confined at the bottom by an embossed silver ornament ; rich silver cord, and large bullion tassels, tied on the side

in long loops and streamers. The hair, worn less over the face, continues to be divided on the forehead by a cluster of flowers, and appears in full short curls upon the crown of the head. Diamond necklace and ear-rings ; armlets and bracelets to correspond. Gloves and slippers of white kid.

MISCELLANEOUS FRAGMENTS AND ANECDOTES.

LUDICROUS MISTAKE.

IN a work, entitled *A General History of Connecticut*, we meet with the following droll anecdote :—The author, speaking of the town of Windham, says, “ One night in July, 1758, the frogs of an artificial pond, three miles square, and about five from Windham, finding the water dried up, left the place in a body, and marched, or rather hopped, towards Winnomantic river. They were under the necessity of taking the road, and going through the town, which they entered about midnight. The bullfrogs were the leaders, and the pipers followed without number. They filled a road forty yards wide by four miles in length, and were for several hours passing through the town, unusually clamorous.—The inhabitants were equally perplexed and frightened : some expected to find an army of French and Indians ; others feared an earthquake and dissolution of nature.

The consternation was universal. Old and young, male and female, fled naked from their beds, with worse shriekings than those of the frogs. The men, after a flight of above a mile, finding no enemies in pursuit of them, made a halt, and summoned resolution enough to venture back to their wives and children ; when they distinctly heard, from the enemy's camp, these words :—*Weigh, helderken, dier tété*. This last they thought meant *treaty* ; and, plucking up courage, they sent a triumvirate to capitulate with the supposed French and Indians. These three men approached in their shirts, and begged to speak with the general ; but it being dark, and no answer given, they were sorely agitated for some time betwixt hope and fear : at length, however, they discovered, that the dreaded hostile army, was an army of thirsty frogs going to the river for a little water.”

LONDON MARKETS.

Return of Wheat from May 30 to June 4.

TOTAL 7,382 quarters.—Average, 71s. 1½d. per quarter, or 1s. 8d. per quarter lower than last return.

Return of Flour from June 4 to 10.

TOTAL, 12,699 sacks.—Average, 63s. 11½d. per sack, or 0s. 1½d. per sack lower than last return.

Average of England and Wales, June 11.

Wheat	s	d	Barley	s	d	Beans	s	d	
	70	7		36	2		44	5	
Rye	42	6	Oats	-	25	5	Pease	47	2

CORN, SEEDS, &c.

	s.	s.	Tares, per bushel	s.	s.
Wheat white, per quarter	45	78	Turnip	-	18 24
red -	42	73	Mustard,	-	-
foreign -	40	66	white	-	-
Rye -	30	33	Canary, per qr.	12	20
Barley, English	28	36	Linseed	62	72
Malt -	50	75	Clowry, red,	80	126
Oats Feed -	14	22	white	40	80
Friesland -	15	27	foreign	70	105
Poland -	24	30	red	50	84
Potatoes	24	30	white	72	108
Beans, Pigeon	42	45	Trefoil -	10	34
Horse -	46	60	Caraway -	95	102
Pease, Bolling	40	43	Coriander -	14	21
Grey -	40	43	white	50	84
Flour per sack	60	65	red	72	108
Seconds	50	55	-	-	-
Scotch	45	50	-	-	-

 American Flour - s - s - per barrel of 196lbs.
Rapesced, per last - £32 a £36 a £40.
Oil Cakes, per thousand, £12. 0s to £19. 0s.

American Flour - s - s - s per barrel of 160lbs.
Rapeseed, per last - £32 a £36 a £40.
Oil Cakes, per thousand, £12. 0s to £20 0s.

SUGAR, &c. per Cwt.

	s	s	s	s
Muscovade, fine	100	a	110	-
good -	90	a	99	-
ordinary -	84	a	91	-
East India white	106	a	110	-
yellow -	90	a	99	-
brown -	84	a	99	-

MOLASSES 44s. 0d. a - s - d.

	s	s	s	s
REFINED SUGAR.	-	-	-	-
Double Loaves	200	a	226	-
Hambro' ditto	156	a	158	-
Powder ditto	145	a	150	-
Single ditto	140	a	144	-
Canary Lump	135	a	140	-
Large ditto	124	a	132	-
Bastards, whole	99	a	96	-
faces	93	a	98	-
middle	88	a	92	-
tips	82	a	85	-

COCOA, Bonded.

	s	s	s	s
GINGER.	-	-	-	-
Jamaica, white	82	a	203	-
Barbadoes, ditto	75	a	80	-
black	70	a	75	-

RICE, Bonded.

	s	s	s	s
Carolina	24	a	26	-
Brazil	26	a	28	-

Average price of Raw Sugar, exclusive of duty, 63s. 1½d.

The arrival of the Leward Island fleet has put a stop to all business in our market. Refined goods are almost equally dull.

HOPS in the Borough.

	£	s	£	s
Bags	6	6	9	0
Kent	5	12	8	10
Sussex	5	12	8	10
Essex	6	0	0	0

CORN, &c. per Quarter.

	s	s	s	s
Wheat	56	a	71	30
Barley	35	a	26	a
Oats	28	a	24	a

	s	s	s	s
Beane.	-	-	-	-
June	11	-	-	-
Newcastle	11	-	-	-
Northampton	11	-	-	-
Canterbury	11	-	-	-
Lewes	11	-	-	-
Chesterfield	11	-	-	-
Ashborne	11	-	-	-
Guildford	11	-	-	-
Gainsboro'	11	-	-	-
Louth	11	-	-	-
Huntingdon	11	-	-	-
Newark	11	-	-	-
Spisbury	11	-	-	-
Ryegate	11	-	-	-
Devizes	11	-	-	-
Reading	11	-	-	-
Swansea	11	-	-	-
Banley	11	-	-	-
Maidenhead	11	-	-	-
Salisbury	11	-	-	-
Penrith	11	-	-	-
Hull	11	-	-	-
Basingstoke	11	-	-	-
Wakefield	11	-	-	-
Andover	11	-	-	-
Warrminster	11	-	-	-

SPIRITS, per Gallon (exclusive of duty).

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

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR MAY, 1814.

Conducted, at Manchester, by THOMAS HANSON, Esq.

1814. MAY	Wind.	Pressure.			Temperature.			Weather.	Evap.	Rain.
		Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.			
1	S W 1	30,40	30,22	30,310	59,0°	49,0°	54,00°	cloudy	—	—
2	S 1	30,40	30,40	30,400	61,0	42,0	55,50	brilliant	.100	—
3	S W 2	30,41	30,17	30,290	61,0	38,0	49,50	fine	—	—
4	E 2	30,17	29,90	30,035	53,0	40,0	46,50	cloudy	.146	.090
5	E 3	29,90	29,45	29,675	50,0	34,0	42,00	cloudy	—	—
6	E 2	29,60	29,30	29,450	46,0	34,0	40,00	cloudy	—	—
7	Var. 2	30,10	29,60	29,850	60,0	40,0	50,00	cloudy	—	—
8	S W 1	30,30	30,10	30,200	59,0	46,0	52,50	fine	.158	—
9	N E 1	30,62	30,53	30,575	57,0	40,0	48,50	fine	—	—
10	E 3	30,85	30,60	30,725	52,0	36,0	44,00	fine	—	—
11	N E 2	30,85	30,83	30,840	56,0	54,0	45,00	fine	—	.115
12	N E 2	30,85	30,65	30,750	56,0	36,0	46,00	fine	.366	—
13	N E 2	30,39	30,36	30,375	56,0	42,0	49,00	fine	—	—
14	N E 1	30,36	30,26	30,310	54,0	41,0	47,50	brilliant	—	—
15	S W 1	30,26	30,10	30,180	60,0	37,0	48,50	brilliant	.280	—
16	W 1	30,19	30,10	30,145	63,0	44,0	53,50	gloomy	—	—
17	W 1	30,42	30,19	30,305	62,0	50,0	56,00	gloomy	—	—
18	E 2	30,43	30,42	30,425	66,0	48,0	57,00	brilliant	.240	—
19	E 2	30,26	30,22	30,240	66,0	42,0	54,00	brilliant	—	—
20	E 2	30,32	30,22	30,160	68,0	44,0	56,00	brilliant	—	—
21	E 2	30,10	30,10	30,050	58,0	40,0	49,00	brilliant	.460	—
22	N E 3	30,00	30,00	29,970	54,0	40,0	47,00	brilliant	—	—
23	Var. 2	29,94	29,94	29,830	55,0	40,0	47,50	variable	—	—
24	N E 2	29,84	29,72	29,780	52,0	40,0	46,00	cloudy	—	—
25	N E 2	29,98	29,72	29,860	57,0	43,0	50,00	cloudy	—	—
26	Var. 2	30,02	29,74	30,000	59,0	42,0	50,50	cloudy	.500	—
27	S 1	29,98	29,98	29,900	64,0	44,0	54,00	cloudy	—	—
28	S 2	29,82	29,74	29,780	64,0	49,0	56,50	brilliant	—	.345
29	S W 2	30,04	29,74	29,890	62,0	40,0	51,00	cloudy	—	—
30	S W 1	30,22	30,04	30,130	65,0	48,0	56,50	brilliant	—	—
31	N E 3	30,18	30,24	30,210	63,0	44,0	53,50	cloudy	.520	—
Mean				30,140			50,08		.2770	.550

RESULTS.

Mean pressure, 30,149—maximum, 30,85, wind N. E. 2.—Minimum, 29,30, wind E. 2.—Range, 1,55 inch.

The greatest variation of pressure in 24 hours, is .50 inch, which was on the 7th.

Spaces described by the curve, formed from the mean daily pressure, 5,5 inches.—Number of changes, 13.

Mean temperature, 50,0°s.—Maximum, 68°, wind E. 2.—Min. 34°, wind E. 2.—Range 34.

The greatest variation of temperature in 24 hours is 28°, which was on the 20th.

Water evaporated (from a surface of water exposed to the effects of winds and the sun, but not to its direct rays), 2,770 inches.

Fall of rain, .550 of an inch—rainy days, 5—snowy, 1—hail, 1.

WIND.

N	NE	E	SE	S	SW	W	NW	Variable.	Calm.
0	9	8	0	3	6	2	0	3	0

Brisk winds 4—Boisterous ones 0.

Notes.—5th. Rain in the evening; during the day the pressure lost .45 of an inch.—7th. Continued easterly wind till this forenoon, when it changed to the opposite point; in consequence, the temperature was much augmented, and there was drizzly rain the most of the day. Slight fall of snow yesterday morning.—8th. A nimbus cloud appeared in the north-east, which very much darkened one half of the sky, and the gentle breeze subsided to a complete calm; there was every indication of a heavy storm; in the course of half an hour the wind rose and blew very strong, but it again subsided, and the thick clouds dispersed without the least fall of rain.—9th. A fine clear starry evening, wind N. E. and chilly.—23d. Wind shifted from east by north to west; about noon there were slight showers of snow, hail, and rain; but in the evening the latter fell in heavy showers. Temperature much increased in consequence of the west wind.—31st. Although the sun has great power, the strong north-east and east winds are extremely cold, particularly in the evenings.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR MAY, 1814.

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

1814	Wind.	Pressure.			Temperature.			Weather.	Evap.	Rain.
MAY.		Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.			
1	S W	30,19	30,19	30,190	71°	50°	60,5°	fine	—	—
2	E	30,19	30,08	30,135	60	44	52,0	cloudy	—	—
3	E	30,08	29,97	30,025	64	42	53,0	fine	—	—
4	N E	29,97	29,70	29,935	51	39	45,0	bleak	—	—
5	N E	29,70	29,47	29,585	55	42	48,5	stormy	—	—
6	S W	29,85	29,49	29,670	63	41	52,0	showers	—	—
7	N E	30,04	29,85	29,945	62	49	55,5	cloudy	.77	.65
8	N W	30,19	30,04	30,115	64	43	53,5	cloudy	—	—
9	N E	30,30	30,19	30,245	55	35	45,0	cloudy	—	—
10	N E	30,44	30,30	30,370	55	35	45,0	cloudy	—	—
11	N E	30,44	30,36	30,400	57	35	46,0	cloudy	—	—
12	N E	30,36	30,16	30,260	56	39	47,5	cloudy	—	—
13	N E	30,16	30,06	30,110	50	40	45,0	rainy	—	.26
14	N E	30,06	30,05	30,055	50	42	46,0	cloudy	.61	—
15	N E	30,00	29,95	29,975	57	34	45,5	cloudy	—	—
16	E	30,10	30,00	30,050	59	39	49,0	cloudy	—	—
17	E	30,16	30,10	30,130	72	42	57,0	fine	—	—
18	E	30,16	30,10	30,130	71	40	55,5	fine	—	—
19	S E	30,10	30,05	30,075	69	38	53,5	fine	.56	—
20	S E	30,05	29,99	30,020	72	39	55,5	fine	—	—
21	S E	29,99	29,87	29,930	61	43	52,0	fine	—	—
22	S E	29,87	29,75	29,810	52	39	45,5	cloudy	—	—
23	N W	29,75	29,67	29,710	54	41	47,5	cloudy	—	—
24	N W	29,70	29,66	29,680	46	40	43,0	rainy	—	.2,17
25	N W	29,06	29,70	29,830	52	33	42,5	fine	.65	—
26	N E	29,96	29,94	29,950	60	33	46,5	fine	—	—
27	N E	29,94	29,78	29,860	65	37	51,0	fine	—	—
28	N E	29,97	29,76	29,775	68	51	59,5	fine	.34	—
29	N W	30,06	29,79	29,925	65	51	58,0	fine	—	—
30	N W	30,09	30,06	30,075	63	49	56,0	fine	—	—
31	S W	30,08	30,06	30,070	67	47	57,0	cloudy	.42	—
		Mean		29,997	Mean		50,6	Total	3.35in.	3.08in.

RESULTS. — Prevailing winds, easterly — Mean height of barometer, 29,997 inches; highest observation, 30,44 inches; lowest, 29,47 inches.—Mean height of thermometer, 50° 6; —highest observation, 72° —lowest, 33°.—Total of evaporation, 3,35 inches.—Total of rain, 3,08 inch.

Notes.—5th. A very cold strong wind from the N. E.—a shower of hail about 11 o'clock A. M.—rainy day.—6th. Fine morning.—17th. Foggy morning.—24th. Rainy day.—25th. A stratus on the marshes at night.

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

London Dock Stock	£103	pr.sh.	Erewash Canal	£800	pr.sh.
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Eagle Ditto	2 28 do.		London Institution	37 16s. pr.sh.	
Globe Ditto	110 a 111 do.		Surrey Ditto	12 12s. do.	
Hope Ditto	£2 3s. a 2 5s. do.		Russell Ditto	18 18s. do.	
London Ditto	21 do.		London Commercial Sale Rooms	53 do.	
Birmingham Canal	650 do.		Flour Company	5 do.	
Chesterfield Ditto	100 do.		Drury-Lane Theatre, £500 Shs.	192 a 200 do.	

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May 21	—	67 1/2	82 1/2	97 1/2	16 1/2	21 Pm.	—	96	—	196 1/2	9 Pm.	5 Pm.	223.11s.	67 1/2 a 1/2
23	—	67 1/2	82 1/2	97 1/2	16 1/2	20 1/2 Pm.	—	—	—	—	9 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	67 1/2 a 1/2
24	250 1/2	67 1/2	82 1/2	97 1/2	16 1/2	21 1/2 Pm.	—	—	—	196	9 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	67 1/2 a 1/2
25	250 1/2	67 1/2	82 1/2	97 1/2	16 1/2	21 1/2 Pm.	65	—	—	195	10 Pm.	5 Pm.	July 19	68 1/2 a 1/2
26	250 1/2	67 1/2	82 1/2	97 1/2	16 1/2	20 1/2 Pm.	—	—	—	195	11 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	68 1/2 a 1/2
27	250	67 1/2	82 1/2	97 1/2	16 1/2	20 1/2 Pm.	64 1/2	—	—	195	11 Pm.	6 Pm.	—	68 1/2 a 1/2
28	249 1/2	67 1/2	82	Shut	16 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	11 Pm.	6 Pm.	—	68 1/2 a 1/2
30	Hol.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
31	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
June 1	249	67 1/2	82 1/2	98 1/2	16 1/2	21 1/2 Pm.	—	—	70 1/2	194 1/2	10 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	68 1/2 a 1/2
2	—	67 1/2	82 1/2	98 1/2	16 1/2	20 1/2 Pm.	—	—	Shut	194	10 Pm.	5 Dis.	—	68 1/2 a 1/2
3	—	67 1/2	82 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	Shut	10 Pm.	6 Pm.	—	68 1/2 a 1/2
4	Hol.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
6	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
7	248	66 1/2	81 1/2	98 1/2	16 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	9 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	67 1/2 a 1/2
8	248	66 1/2	82 1/2	Shut	16 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	7 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	68 1/2 a 1/2
9	—	69	85 1/2	98 1/2	10 1/2	20 1/2 Pm.	64 1/2	—	—	—	6 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	68 1/2 a 1/2
10	250 1/2	69 1/2	85 1/2	100	16 1/2	—	67 1/2	—	—	—	4 Pm.	4 Pm.	—	69 1/2 a 1/2
11	—	70	85 1/2	100	17	26 Pm.	—	—	—	—	3 Pm.	2 Pm.	—	70 1/2 a 1/2
12	—	70 1/2	86 1/2	101	17 1/2	2d Om.	—	—	—	—	4 Pm.	2 Pm.	—	71 1/2 a 1/2
13	—	70 1/2	86 1/2	100 1/2	17	5 1/2 Pm.	—	—	—	—	5 Pm.	1 Pm.	—	73 1/2 a 1/2
14	—	69 1/2	85 1/2	100	17	4 1/2 Pm.	—	—	—	—	3 Pm.	1 Pm.	—	71 1/2 a 1/2
15	257	69 1/2	85 1/2	100 1/2	16 1/2	4 1/2 Pm.	—	—	—	—	10 Pm.	3 Pm.	—	71 1/2 a 1/2
16	—	69 1/2	85	Shut	16 1/2	4 1/2 Pm.	—	—	—	—	10 Pm.	3 Pm.	—	71 1/2 a 1/2
17	258	69 1/2	85	—	16 1/2	4 1/2 Pm.	—	—	—	—	10 Pm.	3 Pm.	—	71 1/2 a 1/2
18	258	69 1/2	85	—	16 1/2	4 1/2 Pm.	—	—	—	—	10 Pm.	3 Pm.	—	71 1/2 a 1/2
20	—	69 1/2	85	100 1/2	16 1/2	4 1/2 Pm.	—	—	—	—	9 Pm.	3 Pm.	—	71 1/2 a 1/2

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