

THE  
**Repository**  
 OF  
 ARTS, LITERATURE, COMMERCE,  
*Manufactures, Fashions, and Politics,*  
 For OCTOBER, 1814.

VOL. XII.

The Seventieth Number.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

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## TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

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

*As we expect a Description of the Buildings erected in the Parks for the Grand Jubilee, from the pen perhaps most competent to describe them, we have deferred the particulars respecting the Pagoda till our next Number, which will contain a View of the Temple in the Green Park.*

*The Lucubrations of Senex would not, we fear, have much attraction for the readers of the Repository.*

*We are under the necessity of rejecting, for obvious reasons, the Account of a notorious Female Impostor.*

*We wish to call the particular attention of our readers to the affecting picture of some of the distresses occasioned by the late war in the little duchy of Saxe-Weimar, from a MS. communication, replete with a variety of interest. May Britain ever distinguish herself by healing, like the good Samaritan, the wounds which unfeeling robbers have inflicted!*

*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 p. 131.)

MISS EVE. You say, that, in drawing a figure, you draw it correctly according to the vigour of the action when it was first exerted, and not as it appears when it has become in any degree languid. I suppose to do this you never make a stroke without being able to account for its truth, its anatomical accuracy according to the spirit of the original.

MISS K. I aim at this. Many who draw at academies, produce very insipid figures, by copying the appearances of the figure when it is in different degrees exhausted. Many who copy models for their pictures also fall into this error.

MISS EVE. It is related, that Vandyke, and others of the best portrait-painters also, did not copy from the sitter in an exhausted state, but only the freshness and vigour apparent in the first five minutes of sitting.

MISS K. Yes: portrait-painters  
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also should give all the beauties and virtues they can, and suppress defects.

MISS EVE. I have some drawing-books in a good style by Flaxman the sculptor, representing, as it is said, the heroes of the Iliad, but entirely naked. This gives a very imperfect idea of Achilles, Ulysses, Ajax, and the other distinguished characters of that poem. Reynolds observes, that the neglect of separating modern fashions from the habits of nature, leads to that ridiculous style which has been practised by some painters, who have given to Grecian heroes the airs and graces practised in the court of Louis XIV.—an absurdity almost as great as it would have been to have dressed them after the fashion of that court.

MISS K. Hector, Paris, and other figures, whether Trojan or Grecian, to be sure never appeared pulchely in this way. If the sculptor were

asked the reason of his representing them thus, he would plead his profession, and that he could not exhibit the beauties of the muscles if the figures were dressed. Laocoon, the priest of Neptune, and many other figures, have been thus exhibited, and even truth transgressed, as the least evil of the two. The sculptor has copied the antique with success; his works of this sort rank in the first class of drawing-books; they teach simplicity, grace, and elegance: but Homer is totally different in many particulars; he is as well coloured and shewy in ornamental dress and decorations as Paul Veronese, Tintoret, or Rubens would have wished. He coloured like Titian, and as gaily as the masters before-mentioned, and finished as highly as Vanderheyden, Vanderwerf, Van Huysum, or Denner.

Miss Eve. Will you repeat a passage from Homer that illustrates your observations?

Miss K. I will repeat the arming of Achilles:—

Full in the midst, high tow'ring o'er the rest,

His limbs in arms divine Achilles drest;  
Arms which the father of the fire bestow'd,  
Forged on th' eternal anvils of the god.  
Grief and revenge his furious heart inspire,  
His glowing eye-balls roll with living fire;  
He grinds his teeth, and, furious with delay,  
O'erlooks th' embattled host, and hopes the bloody day.

The silver cuirass first his thighs infold,  
Then o'er his breast was brac'd the hollow gold;

The brazen sword a various baldric tied,  
That, starr'd with gems, hung glittering at his side;

And like the moon, the broad refulgent shield  
Blaz'd with long rays, and gleam'd athwart the field.

Next his high head the helmet graced; behind

The sweepy crest hung floating in the wind:

Like the red star that from his flaming hair  
Shakes down diseases, pestilence, and war;  
So stream'd the golden honours from his head,  
Trembled the sparkling plumes, and the loose  
glories shed, and vanes off all.

The chief beholds himself with wondering eyes,

His arms he poises and his motions tries;  
Buoy'd by some inward force, he seems to swim,

And feels a pinion lifting every limb.

And now he shakes his great paternal spear,  
Ponderous and huge, which not a Greek could rear.

From Pelion's cloudy top an ash entire,  
Old Chiron fell'd, and shaped it for his sire;  
A spear which stern Achilles only wields,  
The death of heroes and the dread of fields.

Automedon and Alcimus prepare  
Th' immortal coursers and the radiant car;  
The silver traces sweeping at their side;  
Their fiery mouths resplendent bridles tied,  
The ivory studded reins returned behind,  
Wayed o'er their backs and to the chariot join'd.

The charioteer then whirl'd the lash around,  
And swift ascended at one active bound.  
All bright in heavenly arms, above his squire  
Achilles mounts, and sets the field on fire.

Miss Eve. I can repeat the lines describing Agamemnon arming:—

The king of men his hardy hosts inspires  
With loud command, with great example fires;  
Himself first rose, himself before the rest,  
His mighty limbs in radiant armour drest,  
And first he cased his manly legs around  
In shining greaves, with silver buckles bound:  
The beaming cuirass next adorn'd his breast,  
The same which once king Cinyras possess'd;  
The fame of Greece and her assembled host,  
Had reach'd that monarch on the Cyprian coast.

'Twas then the friendship of the chief to gain,  
This glorious gift he sent, nor sent in vain;  
Ten rows of azure steel the work infold,  
Twice ten of tin, and twelve of ductile gold;  
Three glittering dragons to the gorget rise,  
Whose imitated scales against the skies  
Reflected various light, and arching bow'd  
Like colour'd rainbows o'er a showery cloud;  
Jove's wondrous bow of three celestial dyes,  
Placed us a sign to man amid the skies.

A radiant baldric o'er his shoulder tied,  
Sustain'd the sword that glitter'd at his side;  
Gold was the hilt, a silver sheath encased  
The shining blade, and golden hangers graced.  
His buckler's mighty orb was next display'd,  
That round the warrior cast a dreadful shade;



Ten zones of brass its ample brim surround,  
 And ten bosses its bright convex crown'd;  
 Tremendous Gorgon frown'd upon its field,  
 And reeling terrors fill'd the expressive shield;  
 Within its concave hung a silver thong,  
 On which a mimic serpent creeps along;  
 His azure length in easy waves extends,  
 Till in three heads the embroider'd monster  
 Of three ends, as if his fourfold helm he placed,  
 With nodding horse-hair formidably graced;  
 And in his hands two steely javelins wields,  
 That blaze to heaven, and lighten all the  
 fields.

Reynolds calls Michael Angelo the Homer of painting; but Homer, like Michael Angelo, did not despise and omit the ornamental parts. Some say, that Michael Angelo had no infancy in the art, but burst out at once, like the sun from behind a dark cloud.

Miss K. A number of strange things are related of eminent men. Thus I met with an author who says, that Michael Angelo was suckled by a sculptor's wife, and took in the art, as it were, with his milk.

Miss Eve. This would sound more plausibly if he could have sucked the sculptor.

Miss K. Perhaps the truth was, that he was suckled by a sculptor's wife, and the husband instructed him in his art, taught him the greatness imparted by the convex line, length of lines, harmony of lines, the effect of a few great parts harmoniously arranged, and the advantage to be derived from skimming the milk or rather the cream of his predecessors, such as Masaccio, &c.

Miss Eve. Some assert, that this artist generally made the neck of his figures too short, the hair too scanty, and that he did not vary them enough.

Miss K. He is justly charged

with these and many other defects, yet he was the sublimest painter among the moderns.

Miss Eve. Homer and Milton were blind in their old age—I believe it is not known at what time Homer became so. I think persons who have a defect in their spine, like Pope, never live to be very old.

Miss K. Pope lived to the age of 56: it is uncommon to see one in his situation older than this.—Just before Pope died, he was almost certain that the awful event would soon take place; and under this impression he wrote the following letter to a lady of his acquaintance:—

“The weather is too fine for any one that loves the country to leave it at this season, when every smile of the sun, like the smile of a coy lady, is as dear as it is uncommon; and I am so much in the taste of rural pleasures, I had rather see the sun than any thing he can shew me, except yourself. I despise every thing in town, not excepting your new gown, till I see you dressed in it—which, by the bye, I don't like the better for the red. The leaves I think are very pretty.—I am growing fit, I hope, for a better world, of which the light of the sun is but a shadow; for I doubt not, but God's works here are what come nearest to his works there, and that a true relish of the beauties of nature is the most easy preparation and gentlest transition to an enjoyment of those of heaven; as, on the contrary, a true town life of hurry, confusion, noise, slander, and dissension, is a sort of apprenticeship to hell and its furies. I am endeavouring to put

my mind into as quiet a situation as I can, to be ready to receive the stroke which I believe is coming upon me, and I have fully resigned myself to yield to it. The separation of my soul and body is what I could think on with less pain, for I am very sure he that made it will take care of it, and in whatever state he pleases it shall be, that state must be right; but I cannot think without tears of being separated from my friends, when their condition is so doubtful that they may want even such assistance as mine. Sure it is more merciful to take from us after death all memory of what we loved or pursued here; for else what a torment would it be to a spirit still to love those creatures it is quite divided from, unless we suppose, that, in a more exalted life, all that we esteemed in this imperfect state will affect us no more, than what we loved in our infancy concerns us now?

"This is an odd way of writing to a lady, and I am sensible would throw me under a great deal of ridicule, were you to shew this letter among your acquaintance. But perhaps you may not yourself be quite a stranger to this way of thinking. I heartily wish your life may be so long and so happy, as never to let you think quite so far as I am now led to do; but to think a little towards it, is what will make you the happier and the easier at all times. There are no pleasures or amusements that I don't wish you; and therefore 'tis no small grief to me, that I shall for the future be less able to partake with you in them. But let Fortune do her worst, whatever she makes us lose, as long as she never makes us

lose our honesty and our independence. I despise from my heart whoever parts with the first, and I pity from my soul whoever quits the latter."

Lady Montague says,

Spirits departed are wondrous kind  
To friends and relations left behind,  
Which nobody can deny.

Miss *Eve*. It seems to have been a particular desire of Pope's to visit Italy and other countries, but he never indulged this wish.

Miss *K*. I should like, Miss *Eve*, a ramble with you to Italy; it would much improve and entertain us.

Miss *Eve*, I should like also to visit Troy, Carthage, those ancient cities now no more, likewise Jerusalem. We may truly say with Pope—

Smit with the love of sister arts we came,  
And met congenial, mingling flame with flame;  
Like friendly colours found, our minds unite,  
While each from each contracts new strength  
and light.

How oft in pleasing tasks we'll wear the day,  
While summer suns roll unperceiv'd away!  
How oft our slowly growing works impart,  
While images reflect from art to art!  
How oft review, each finding, like a friend,  
Something to blame, and something to commend!

What flatt'ring scenes my wand'ring fancy  
taught!

Rome's pompous glories rising to my thought;  
Together o'er the Alps methinks we fly,  
Fir'd with ideas of fair Italy.  
With thee on Raphael's monument I'll mourn,  
Or wait inspiring dreams at Maro's urn;  
With thee repose where Tully once was laid,  
Or seek some ruin's formidable shade;  
While fancy brings the vanish'd piles to view,  
And builds imaginary Rome's anew.  
Here thy well-studied marbles fix our eye,  
A fading fresco here demands a sigh;  
Each heavenly piece unwearied we'll compare,  
Match Raphael's grace with the lov'd Guido's  
air;  
Caracci's strength, Correggio's softer line,  
Paulo's free stroke, and Titian's warmth divine.

Jerusalem is now in the hands of



the Mahometans, whose Paradise, I think, consists of sensualities.

Miss K. Yes: and on this subject Dryden has the following simile in his *Don Sebastian*:—

— So when Mahomet  
Had long been hammering in his lonely cell  
Some dull insipid, tedious Paradise,  
A brisk Arabian girl came tripping by;  
Passing, she cast at him a sidelong glance,  
And look'd behind in hopes to be pursued:  
He took the hint, embraced the flying fair,  
And having found his heav'n, he fix'd it there.

Miss Eve. The Roman Emperor Constantine little thought, when he founded Constantinople on the ancient Byzantium, that the Mahometans would reside there so many years.

Miss K. No; he knew nothing of the Mahometans; and as little could Julius Cæsar foresee, that Rome would be governed so many years by the Pope. Men toil for riches, and build but they know not for whom. Henry I. of England expected that his son William would be William III. He little thought it would be near 600 years after his time before a prince of that name would reign in this country.

Here is a picture of the shipwreck of William Duke of Normandy, only son to King Henry I. who, with Maud his natural sister, was drowned in the passage from Normandy to England, in 1120.

Miss Eve. How dismal, how dreadfully fine, you have pictured the horrors of the foaming ocean, in the best manner of Ludolph Backhuysen!

Miss K. William had an only sister, named Matilda or Maud, who disputed the crown with Stephen, Henry's successor, and who was mother to Henry II. William and Matilda were Henry the First's children by his Queen Matilda,

daughter of Malcolm, King of Scotland.

Miss Eve. I suppose this was Malcolm III. who succeeded Macbeth, the murderer of Duncan.

Miss K. Yes.

Miss Eve. I think the unfortunate Maud who was drowned, was Countess of Perche.

Miss K. She was. The pilots, in their passage, got intoxicated with liquor, and for want of proper management, the ship struck upon the rocks near Barfleur, where she immediately foundered. When the king was informed of this unexpected catastrophe, he immediately fainted away, and was never seen to smile from that moment to the day of his death, so affectionately did he love his children.

I should have observed, that Malcolm's daughter Matilda was by a sister of Edgar Atheling, who was the real heir to the crown of this country, when it was usurped by Harold II. in 1066.

Miss Eve. How well this idea would suit in a song of two lovers! a sailor, for instance, goes to sea and is shipwrecked; his sweetheart hears the melancholy tidings of his death, and is never seen to smile again.

Miss K. Yes; this is the way many of the best poets and painters borrow, as they call it, and become renowned for genius. Cowper has borrowed this idea, and it forms the best line in his *Crazy Kate*.

Miss Eve. Will you repeat the passage?

Miss K.

There often wanders one whom better days  
Saw better clad, in cloak of satin, trimm'd  
With lace, and hat with splendid ribband  
bound.

A serving maid was she, and fell in love  
With one who left her, went to sea, and died.  
Her fancy followed him through foaming  
waves

To distant shores; and she would sit and weep  
At what a sailor suffers; fancy too,  
Delusive most where warmest wishes are,  
Would oft anticipate his glad return,  
And dream of transports she was not to know.  
She heard the doleful tidings of his death—  
And never smil'd again! and now she roams  
The dreary waste; there spends the livelong  
day,

And there, unless when charity forbids,  
The livelong night. A tatter'd apron hides,  
Worn as a cloak, and hardly hides, a gown  
More tatter'd still; and both but ill conceal  
A bosom heaved with never-ceasing sighs.  
She begs an idle pin of all she meets,  
And hoards them in her sleeve; but needful  
food,

Though press'd with hunger oft, or comelier  
clothes,

Though pinch'd with cold, asks never—Kate  
is crazed.

A poet or a painter should, when  
he borrows, endeavour to mature  
or perfect the materials which he  
works upon. Many of the best  
productions in writing and painting  
are crude beginnings thus matured.  
Here is the original of the favour-  
ite song, " 'Twas within a mile of  
Edinburgh Town," written many  
years ago, and called *The Scotch  
Haymakers*, tho' but lately brought  
to what it is.

'Twas within a furlong of Edinburgh town,  
In the rosy time o' th' year, when the grass  
was down,  
Bonny Jocky, blithe and gay, said to Jenny  
making hay,  
Let's sit a little, dear, and prattle, 'tis a sul-  
try day.

He long had courted the black-brow'd maid,  
But Jocky was a wag, and would not consent  
to wed;

Which made her pish and phoo, and cry it  
will not do,  
I canna, canna, winna, winna buckle to.

He told her, marriage was grown a mere joke,  
And that no one wedded now but scoundrel  
folk;

Yet, my dear, you shall prevail; but I know  
not what I all,

I shall dream of clogs and silly dogs, with  
bottles at their tail.

Miss Eve. I will sing this song  
in its improved state.

'Twas within a mile of Edinburgh town,  
In the rosy time of the year;

Sweet flowers had bloom'd and grass was down,  
Each shepherd wooed his dear.

Bonny Jocky, blithe and gay,  
Kiss'd sweet Jenny making hay;

The lass she blush'd, and frowning cried,  
Ah na! it will na do,

I canna, canna, winna, munna buckle to.

For Jocky was a lad that never would wed,  
Though long he follow'd the lass;

Contented was she to eat her brown bread,  
And so cheerfully turn'd up the grass.

Bonny Jocky, blithe and gay,  
Kiss'd sweet Jenny making hay;

The lass she blush'd, and frowning cried,  
Ah na! it will na do,

I canna, canna, winna, munna buckle to.

But when he told her he'd make her his bride,  
Though his flocks and herds were not few,

She gave him her hand and a kiss beside,  
And vow'd she would ever be true.

Bonny Jocky, blithe and free,  
Won her heart right merrily.

The lass no more blush'd, and frowning cried,  
Ah na! it will na do,

I canna, canna, winna, munna buckle to.

## FRAGMENTS FROM THE POCKET-BOOK OF AN AMATEUR.

(Continued from p. 134.)

ON TOO STRICT ADHERENCE TO,  
AND PEDANTIC IMITATION OF,  
CLASSIC MODELS.

ONE would almost be tempted  
to suppose, that a servile and un-

deviating adherence to precedent  
formed the pre-eminent merit of  
an architect, as, if his art was the  
only one in which all attempts at  
innovation or originality was to be



proscribed as barbarous. The remains of antiquity certainly ought to be studied with attention, yet they are not to be followed too indiscriminately or too servilely. When the artist professedly copies any celebrated piece of architecture, it behoves him to imitate his model with scrupulous fidelity. On other occasions, it is needless to impose rules which tend only to fetter him. Still I am far from wishing to become the advocate of licentiousness and caprice. Not the most enthusiastic admirer of the ruins of Pæstum and Athens, can view with greater abhorrence than myself, the liberties of many modern architects. Pediments within pediments, broken pediments, ballustrades running up pediments, disproportioned roofs, twisted columns, windows in entablatures, &c. &c. must disgust not only the critic eye of the orthodox champion of antiquity, but of him who is a great latitudinarian in his taste; for such extravagancies err not only against the practice of the ancients, but against every principle of propriety and beauty.

Surely in this, as in the sister arts, there is a happy medium, equally remote from pedantic precision on the one hand, and tasteless caprice on the other. To condemn an artist because he has attempted to be novel or original, is hardly liberal; to blame him for having violated the principles and rules of good taste, is just.

The *licentia sumpta pudenter* has always been allowable in poetry and painting; why, therefore, the same privilege should not extend to architecture, I do not see. Should a critic pretend to judge the me-

rits of our modern dramas according to the rules of Aristotle, he would deservedly be stigmatised as a pedant; for it has at length been discovered, that a strict attention to the unities is to be attained only by the sacrifice of probability; and rules arbitrary in themselves, and productive of no real utility, will be retained or defended by obstinate bigotry alone. The chorus of a Greek tragedy is wisely deemed inadmissible on a modern stage. The employment of writing modern Latin verses, interspersed with all the common-place allusions to the ancient mythology, is consigned to schoolboys. Even our poets prefer any subject to a hackneyed story drawn from the annals of Greece. Who is so deeply smitten with a passion for classic lore, as to prefer the *Epigoniad* or *Leonidas* to the *Rape of the Lock*? In architecture alone we must be inflexibly *classical*; we must forget Palladio and Chambers, and resort, for the models of our villas and palaces, not to the banks of the Brenta or the Thames, but to Girgenti, Pæstum, and Egypt. To what else than pedantry can be ascribed that indiscriminate rage for the antique, which considers nothing undeserving imitation which is sanctioned by the authority of precedent? What else than pedantry would induce an architect to make his windows narrower at the top than below, because some examples of this diminution of the aperture is to be found in ancient temples, although it has no convenience to excuse so gross a violation of beauty?

In describing the monuments of ancient architecture, most writers

expatiate on the effect produced from their being executed on a gigantic scale, and on the delicacy and beautiful workmanship of the reliefs and sculptures which ornament them. But we may ask, are these excellences to be discovered in those *classical* imitations of them which it is now the fashion to extol? Do they possess proportions equally grand? or are they any way remarkable for a peculiar excellence of execution? Or supposing that they are distinguished by these advantages, it does not, therefore, follow, that the Palladian style would not be equally beautiful, were the same attention bestowed on the execution.

After all, colossal proportion will produce edifices stupendous, rather than beautiful; such as will rather astonish by their gigantic bulk, than captivate by their symmetry and elegance. It may therefore reasonably be inferred, that that style whose characteristic is a massy and uncouth majesty, will not afford the best models for domestic architecture; which, though it admits both magnificence and elegance, can hardly attain the sublime. That the stupendous, but barbarous remains of Egyptian art should attract the attention of the curious, is no more surprising than that a monster should be interesting to a naturalist. Yet, when we behold deformities, once attractive only as far as they tended to throw light on the history of a singular and celebrated people, actually serving as models to our artists, our astonishment can be equalled only by our regret. For my own part, I should as soon think of sending the young student for the

improvement of his taste to Stonehenge, as among the pyramids and temples of Egypt.

It must be confessed, that a taste for the *monstrous* is too prevalent. —In poetry, imagery the most wild and fantastic, characters the most unnatural and contradictory, and fictions the most extravagant, are preferred to the modesty of nature. For the exquisite melody of Pope and Goldsmith, is substituted a sort of verse run mad, better suited to the wildness of dithyrambic strains than to narrative poetry, while freebooters and bandits are selected for heroes. This propensity to extravagance arises partly from *l'ennui du beau*, partly from affectation.

Painting also has not been exempt from this contagion; witness the *monster-creating* Fuseli, who has reached the very acme of distortion and the very bathos of the sublime; whose females are the very ideals of disgusting indelicacy, all modelled upon one prototype, and whose figures oftentimes appear writhing in convulsions. In his draperies Fuseli is perfectly *sui generis*. His women are almost universally clothed in a sort of sack, without any waste, or at most a girdle just under the bosom; their head-dress equally elegant. The dress of his male figures is what might be fancifully styled, nude drapery; for, by some adhesive qualities which I presume the ingenious artist has discovered, their attire displays, rather than conceals, and that too in a manner oftentimes as offensive to decency as to common sense. That such a painter, delighting in all the wildness of the supernatural (or per-



haps, to speak more plainly, the unnatural), should ever have condescended to employ his powers on less dignified subjects, is indeed lamentable. I allude to the designs which disfigure, for I will not say embellish, an octavo edition of Cowper's Poems, printed for Johnson, 1808. The charming domestic scenes which the pen of Cowper had pourtrayed with equal fidelity and taste, delineated by the pencil of Fuseli, become divested of every attraction. With such a delightful picture of a winter's evening fireside before him, as that at the opening of the fourth book of the *Task*, it is astonishing that any man could conceive such an extravagantly ridiculous design as Mr. F. has done. On beholding such figures, one is almost tempted to exclaim, in the words of Macbeth,—

What are these,  
So wither'd and so wild in their attire,  
That look not like th' inhabitants o' th' earth,  
And yet are on't?

They certainly appear like beings of another sphere, yet more resembling "goblins damned," than "spirits of health." These observations apply equally to the other plates, especially those of *A Dressing-Room*, and *A Mother with her Family in the Country*. If it was the design of the artist to improve on nature by combining it as much as possible with ideal grandeur and beauty, he has failed most lamentably; for such preposterous absurdities are as remote from ideal, as from natural beauty: they betray at best but a contemptible affectation of excellencies incompatible with the subjects.

Now it appears to me, that to copy the sepulchral edifices of

Egypt, and the magnificently ponderous architecture of the Posidonian temples, in our domestic buildings, is no less pedantic, nor extravagant, nor affected, than to introduce the ideal beings of Fuseli, with their fantastic costume, into a domestic scene of the present day. To confess the truth, I do not discover in the ancient Doric that superlative beauty which calls forth the enthusiastic applause of its admirers. Strength it certainly possesses in an eminent degree; but, it may be asked, are extreme strength and durability so extremely important (especially among a people who build merely to pull down, and pull down merely to rebuild,) as to be worth the sacrifice of beauty? Perhaps I may be prepossessed in favour of modern architecture; at any rate, I consider it as better adapted for domestic purposes, susceptible of greater variety of design and embellishment, than the more severe Grecian style. I am, moreover, inclined to think, that some of our travellers who have visited Athens, &c. have been rather hyperbolic in their eulogiums on what they beheld. Perhaps a cloudless sky and pure atmosphere, together with the transporting consciousness of treading classic ground, might induce them to discover greater beauties in the objects that surrounded them, than they could possibly do if enveloped in the smoke of London; at least, I must avow, that, judging from the engravings of Stuart and Le Roy, I could never perceive that boasted superiority over modern architecture. The materials indeed may be more costly, the finish more laboured; they

may be executed on a more extensive scale, and a mild climate may have preserved the beauty of the marble unimpaired: still, as far as regards design merely, I do not find that pre-eminence which is attributed to them; certainly not that variety to be discovered in modern structures\*. The magnificent Custom-House at Dublin, Peckwater Quadrangle, Cambridge Senate-House, Greenwich Hospital, the eastern front of the Louvre, the Garde-meubles, Burlington and Somerset Houses, must delight every one who is not obstinately resolved to be blind to the beauties of modern architecture. Far be it from me to endeavour to depreciate the noble remains of ancient art, but surely we may pay due reverence to them, without affecting to speak contemptuously (as is but too prevalent a custom) of later buildings. We may venerate Homer, yet it is no disparagement to our taste to admire Pope; and if this latitude or liberality be allowable with respect to poetry, I do not perceive why the same privilege should not be extended to a sister art.

#### MONUMENTAL COLUMNS.

The practice of raising insulated columns as public monuments, although sanctioned by the authority of ancient and modern architecture, is little better than a solecism in taste. A column thus placed, has always an unstable and tottering appearance, which is offensive to the eye; nor does a Brobdigna-

gian pillar, standing by itself, indicate the purest taste. A detached column forms no more a whole than a single leg of a table; and it would hardly be more absurd to erect a tower in the form of the one than of the other. Suppose any one should design a building in the shape of an immense Corinthian capital, however ingeniously the artist might overcome the difficulty, I think that every one would be shocked at such egregious caprice. When a statue is placed on a column, if even of colossal size, still, if proportioned to the column, it will not be sufficiently large to enable the spectator to discover hardly more than its attitude and general air.

#### COLLECTORS.

Amongst the various pursuits of the present day, that of the illustrator and collector is not the least prominent. It is certainly as innocent as hunting or gaming, and as gentlemanly as barouche-driving; yet it appears to discover hardly more refinement in taste than is required for any of the above-mentioned pursuits. Prints the most hideous and vile, provided they are scarce, are admitted with pleasure into the illustrator's port-folio; nothing can be too insignificant or futile. *Nil actum reputans si quid superesset agendum*, is a motto peculiarly applicable to one of this class. Unless he possesses engravings of every stone mentioned by Pennant, every insignificant face noticed by Grainger, he is indefatigable in his researches, and considers hardly any price as too extravagant for the purchase. A collector of this sort will prefer any libellous represen-

\* In the ancient temples there is a monotony of plan and outline that is wearisome, when contrasted with the diversity of buildings erected since the restoration of the arts.



tation of the human face, any miserable old print or etching, if rare, to the most excellent engraving. He appears to contemplate with delight objects whose deformity would inspire any one else with disgust. Of a taste diametrically opposite to the *elegans spectator formarum*, he appreciates not from intrinsic beauty, but from rarity and difficulty of attainment. A Queen Anne's farthing is as precious in his estimation as a beautiful cameo. Many will perhaps ex-

claim, *De gustibus non est disputandum*; yet, if this were to be seriously admitted, why endeavour to refine the taste at all, if equal gratification is to be obtained from deformity as from beauty? since, in that case, it would be indifferent whether we placed our admiration on a Grecian Apollo, or an Egyptian mummy; the majestic simplicity of Virgil, or the *unadulterated simplicity* of Wordsworth.

(To be continued.)

## THE COGITATIONS OF SCRIBLERUS.

### No. IX.

Affliction is enamour'd of my parts,  
And I am wedded to calamity. — *Romeo and Juliet.*

IF the attainment of the several departments of the arts and sciences be the cause of females forgetting, that the chief charm of their character is the cultivation of the domestic virtues, let us be condemned to take for helpmates the mere household drudge—let us sacrifice the *tourment* of an elegant mind, to the homely qualities of a good wife and a tender mother. We are not willing to suppose, that woman can lose a single charm by the attainment of knowledge; and tho' some men may declare, that they would rather choose for a wife the domestic plodder, we cannot but suppose that they would prefer a female for their fire-side, whose companionship would be necessary to the happiness of the married state, to one whose ideas reached no further than what might enable her to

Suckle fools and chronicle small beer.

The question has long been agitated, and much ink spilt in the

controversy, “Whether the cultivation of the female mind be productive of a higher degree of happiness in the wedded state, than when only the common duties of daughter and mother stimulate its exertions?” This is not the place to vent our feeble voice, either negatively or affirmatively, on so serious a subject; but this exordium is merely to pave the way for a letter which I have received, where, contrary to all former custom of the softer sex claiming the advantages of education, one of that sex now comes forward with a complaint, that, from this cultivation of the female mind, she is rendered the most miserable of her sex.

Mr. Scriblerus,

Actuated by the interest you appear to take in what concerns our sex, I have ventured to address you, in the hope, that if you cannot impart consolation to me by your advice, I may at least have the melancholy pleasure of telling

my grief. Ten years are elapsed since I was married to a young gentleman who had long gained my affections. Alas! he has not yet lost them, or I might not be so miserable as I am. I flattered myself I was to be happier than the rest of wives, and it is only at this distance of time that I find I am mistaken. My husband possessed attainments sufficient to satisfy the most accomplished mind; and I had flattered myself, that although I did not possess those perfections which are now called accomplishments, I did possess a comprehension to value in others what I had not attained myself. Happy was at one time my Edward in displaying the effects of a liberal education for my admiration alone. Assisted by him, the mimic tulip was taught to shed a warmer glow; and aided by his superior skill, and encouraged by his smile, my voice and my harp became more animated and pleasing to him and myself.

Thus passed the first years of our wedded love; the cares of which, however, left me every year less time to cultivate those accomplishments which we once enjoyed together. But my Edward had also a literary taste. I thought his periods better rounded than those of any other author. I read his productions with greater pleasure, and wept at his tales of pity; I laughed at his coruscations of wit, and in the hours of infantile slumbers, we still snatched a little enjoyment in the cultivation of those pursuits which make life cheerful and occupation elegant. An epithalamium, or an ode on the birth of a child, made me prefer his numbers to those of Pope and Dryden; nor

did he read the works of others with less taste or feeling than he did his own.

The delicate and endearing attentions I ever received from him are engraven on my heart; remembrances dear indeed, because they are lost. Yet dare I not reproach the truant, for I am sure he is not conscious of his lost regard for me, but rather will I blame the stars which presided at my birth, at a time when a knowledge of hydrogen and oxygen were not necessary to matrimonial happiness.

On a visit last autumn to Cheltenham, we were introduced to Maria, a young widow of five and twenty. Elegant and fascinating as she was, I was overjoyed in meeting with such a friend, and delighted that my Edward could, by her attainments, be sometimes relieved from the tedium of a nursery by the debates of science. Often have I listened to arguments carried on by the lovely widow (for lovely I must call her) and my husband, and though inwardly pleased when he gained the better of his fair opponent, I was ready to admit that she was no mean advocate for the privileges of our sex. Although Maria was also a wit, and oftentimes wounded me by the splendour of it, yet I bore it with placidity, until I found she could dare, before my face, to throw out hints of her surprise, that so accomplished a man as my husband could be so fond of a wife, whose refinement of education reached no further than singing a ballad or painting a fire-screen. My friend, or rather my acquaintance, ranged through the whole circle of arts and sciences; she was a chemist, a botan-



nist, and an authoress, a painter and a musician. All her attainments in these various characters were exercised to draw my husband from his allegiance. Alas! she has too well succeeded, and I am for ever miserable. Under some pretence or other, which he thinks I see not through, he has been obliged to leave London; he is now at a place where resides the too fascinating Maria, and I have received letters from my too officious friends, informing me that—oh! freezing idea!—my husband has fluttered round her charms until he is caught in the fulness of their blaze; nay, he has owned to a friend, that he loves her, and that he regards me with pity alone—that he harbours a passion which can never be returned but with criminality—in short, that I shall never see him again, but as the estranged husband of my affections.—Cruel Maria! come here and see my anguish—view these innocent babes asking for their father—hear me also wearying Heaven to restore him to my affections! Whither, wretched as I am, shall I fly for consolation? Should I write to Maria, she will treat me with scorn? If I reproach my husband, what will that avail? Can I *compel* affection; or receive him with a divided heart? No, I will suffer in

silence. Let then his Sappho (a name by which he designates her, for they correspond,) triumph over me—she has reason for it. Time will perhaps open the eyes of my Edward, and by my patience he will be convinced, that the loss of science is not a sufficient counterbalance for the loss of a heart devoted to him as is that of

LAURA TEMPLE.

It will, perhaps, be argued by the favourers of the cultivation of the female mind, that Laura's misfortune entirely arises from the want of that which her friend Maria possesses. But can females be initiated alike into the *utile* and the *dulce*? What time does the lecturer or the teacher leave for the studies of economy and domestic arrangement?—None. The merely ornamental it appears must be given up. Which then comes more consistently from a mother's mouth, the language of the nomenclature, or the receipt of the Housekeeper's Assistant? That which is most useful. We cannot hire a wife merely to accommodate our domestic arrangements, but we can pay singing-men and singing-women for our amusement; we can subscribe to a course of lectures, but we can find no syllabus for a complete domestic system.

## ACCOUNT OF LIEUTENANT THEODORE KORNER.

(In a Letter from one of his Comrades)

Dear Friend,

You wish me to give you some account of Theodore Körner, so celebrated as a poet, but still more distinguished as the defender of

his country. I cheerfully comply with your request, as you desire not a minute and circumstantial biography, but only such particulars of my deceased friend and

comrade as my memory will furnish.

The father of Theodore Körner is Counsellor of Appeal at Dresden, whose family consisted of one son and one daughter. Happy in the love and care of his excellent parents, the affection of his sister, and in his general circumstances, he was acquainted with life only on its fairest and most agreeable side, on which he continued to view it to the very last moment, and which even the horrors of war were incapable of obscuring. This, however, was more particularly a consequence of a genuine spirit of religion and conscious virtue which imparted to his mind invariable cheerfulness and serenity. His extraordinary talents for poetry, which the more strongly commanded the admiration of all who knew him, the more his modesty sought to shun it, contributed also to produce this effect. Even his robust and active frame promoted, in a high degree, the happiness of his life, and that harmony of the whole which diffuses tranquillity and serenity around it, and which is very rarely found in persons of the greatest genius. Körner was accustomed to look at every thing on the best side; he loved every body, and was beloved and admired by all who knew him: and thus enjoyed a happiness which is not calculated to cherish and mature poetical genius.

He had scarcely finished his studies at Leipzig and Berlin, when, in his 21st year, he was invited to the situation of poetical composer to the Imperial theatre at Vienna; an offer which, from his love of the art, he immediately

accepted. In that capital also his talents acquired him the loudest applause and the highest admiration of the public; and, by his amiable disposition and manners, he secured the favour of the highest circles, and the respect of the most enlightened persons of that city. All courted the society of the youthful poet, who was as far removed from all pedantry and stiffness as from that vanity sometimes peculiar to the votaries of the Muse. The homage, public and private, that was thus daily paid him, could not fail to embellish the life of a young man who so well knew how to guard against its poison. I think also, that I could gather from many of his remarks in conversation, that if he gave a preference to any part of his life, it was to his residence of not quite two years at Vienna. So much the greater was his merit in relinquishing this enviable situation; and even a female, who, in regard to personal and mental qualities, was perfectly worthy of the affection of this excellent youth, and to whom he was shortly to be united, when he conceived that the hour for the deliverance of Germany had arrived. Accompanied by a few friends, he hastened to Breslau, to join the forces of the first German prince who declared against the tyranny of France. He entered as a private into the corps of cavalry, which Major (now lieutenant-colonel) von Lützow, previously known by Schill's expedition, and Professor Jahn, celebrated for his literary works, and his undaunted German spirit, were then raising. This corps soon became distinguished throughout Germany



by the appellation of the *Corps of Revenge*, on account of its extraordinary enthusiasm for the good cause, and the hatred which all its members had sworn against the oppressors of their country; and it will not fail to be a singular phenomenon in history, on account of the great number of young men conspicuous for talents and education, whom it numbered in its ranks. You may easily imagine that Körner was received by all with open arms, as he richly deserved to be: for if it be true that this corps displayed perseverance under fatigue, intrepidity in danger, and daring courage in action, it is equally true that these effects were principally owing to the martial and other songs by which he daily infused into us new life and spirits. I inclose some few specimens, which I happen to have by me, chiefly copied from the originals, in the hand-writing of the author; but refer you to the collection of his pieces, printed at Berlin under the title of *Lyre and Sword*. If these performances possess great intrinsic merit, particularly on account of the sweetness of the ideas, the choice selection of the images, the purity and harmony of the language, their value is infinitely enhanced by the warm feelings which gave birth to them, and by the poet's life, which was the best commentary to his productions. Körner did not sit in safety at home, when he addressed to us sentiments such as these:—

Again shall our country be happy and free,  
Or free we'll descend to the graves of our sires!  
but he set a personal example of this patriotic determination at our advanced posts in the face of nu-

merous and mighty enemies. Körner did not merely extol the felicity of sacrificing his life for his country, and excite in every bosom the wish to die the death of a hero, celebrated by him in such energetic strains; but he himself died that death twice I may say, in such a manner as ranks him with the most virtuous heroes that have ever terminated their lives in the field of battle, and afforded to us the most solemn confirmation of the sincerity of the sentiments expressed in his poems.

When in the spring of 1813, we were stationed as a corps of observation on the Elbe, and Major von Lützow set out on an expedition, in the rear of the French army, through Westphalia and Saxony into Franconia, the warrior poet, impatient to distinguish himself, solicited permission to accompany the party, which was readily granted. The armistice, however, surprised this partisan corps in the midst of its daring enterprize, and Major von Lützow proceeded peaceably through Saxony, agreeably to the route received from the French head-quarters at Dresden, and accompanied by Saxon commissaries, in order to join us again on the left bank of the Elbe. Pursuing the prescribed route, not far from Leipzig, he was suddenly attacked by the orders of Buonaparte, during the truce, by the Würtemberg General Normann, according to a plan devised by the Duke of Padua commanding in Leipzig, which I shall not term either treacherous or assassin-like, but for which I am at a loss for an appropriate epithet, as no language ever had occasion to record such a

deed. Lützow, observing the unaccountable advance of large bodies of cuirassiers, gave orders to his brave followers to dismount, determined to expose himself and them to every danger, rather than to give the enemy occasion to break the truce. This was just what those valiant cuirassiers had been waiting for. They now fell upon our comrades, who had thus voluntarily relinquished all means of defence, and butchered them with cold-blooded barbarity. Many young men of high expectations fell; many were carried wounded to Leipzig, and not treated as prisoners of war, but dragged as traitors to France, where they were thrown into dungeons, or sent to the galleys; some, among whom was the major himself, escaped under cover of a neighbouring wood; and very few found an opportunity to mount their horses, in order to sell their lives as dearly as possible. Among these last was Körner. Having received a severe sabre wound on the head, he fell from his horse, and was left for dead on the field. This was about noon. Towards evening, when all had become quiet around him, he awoke, but, as he himself was persuaded, soon to fall asleep again for ever. He was so exhausted by the loss of blood, that he was unable to stir from the spot, and thought only of awaiting death in face of the glow of evening, which, in his feeble, and at the same time inspired state, he mistook for the dawn of morning. According to his usual practice of clothing his ideas in the language of poesy, he involuntarily took out his pocket-book, and with difficulty

wrote a sonnet, in which we overlook the magic of the language and the sublimity of the ideas, in the image which he there portrays of his pure, innocent, and pious spirit.

At the concluding words, the last remains of strength forsook him; he fancied himself borne to the realms of everlasting day, and became insensible. In this state he was found by some countrymen, who came to bury the dead. As he yet breathed, one of them lifted him into his cart, carried him to his habitation, had his wound dressed, and Körner not only came to himself again, but in a few weeks recovered so far, through the care of these good people who kept him concealed at the hazard of their lives, that he could go abroad and make himself known to some friends in the neighbourhood of Leipzig. By them he was supplied with money and clothes; and having contrived to pass through the French army without detection, he reached us again in safety on the 16th of August, 1813, when we were stationed on the Steknitz in Mecklenburg. You may conceive our joy, when we were surprised by the appearance of our beloved friend, whom we had given up for lost. This joy, alas! was not destined to be of long duration. On the 23th of August we were encamped near Webelin, in Mecklenburg. Major von Lützow had gone, early in the morning, with Körner and a squadron of our hus-sars, to intercept, if possible, an enemy's convoy coming from Hamburg. We sat, till late that evening, around our watch-fire, thinking of Körner, and singing his



songs. The watch-fire, like our hopes, was ready to expire; but above us the everlasting stars shone bright, and revived our sinking spirits. From such ideas I was roused by the rattling of carriages. It was the convoy of 40 provision-waggons taken by our hussars. "They are dearly purchased," said one of the escort to me; "we have lost our lieutenant." He repeated the name of Körner; but as I would neither believe my own ears nor what he said, he pointed to the next waggon. There indeed lay Körner; but, as far as I could perceive by the moon-light, with a countenance so serene and composed, that he seemed only to be asleep. Too soon, however, did the coldness of his face, and a shot-wound in the abdomen, convince me that this time we had lost him for ever. According to the account of the hussars, immediately on the first onset, the French *tirailleurs* had thrown themselves into a neighbouring coppice. Körner, who never thought of difficulties, but merely of what seemed necessary to be done, called out to the nearest hussars, "Whoever loves me, follow me!" With these words he sprung into the coppice, filled with the enemy's sharp-shooters. He had not reached any of them before he was struck by the fatal ball, and sunk from his horse.

To his comrades, who carried him from the coppice to the nearest waggon, he said, "It will not be of much consequence;" but when they had laid him in the waggon, he turned his head on one side, as though he had been going to sleep, and expired.

I shall say nothing of our inexpressible grief on this occasion. All Germany mourned his loss; how much more keenly, then, must it have been felt by us, who had known him, not only in the character of a poet and a hero, but also in that of the warmest of friends! Agreeably to the wish so often breathed in his compositions, we dug him a grave beneath two oaks, which stand in the middle of a field near Webelin, and cut in one of them his name and the year of his death. As we escorted him to the grave, the eyes of even the oldest warriors overflowed with tears; for all were strongly attached to him, and deeply felt the magnitude of the sacrifice offered in him to German independence.

The Duke of Mecklenburg has, I understand, ordered a monument to be erected on the spot to his memory. It is to be hoped that it will serve to remind the Germans that they still possess bards, who, like those in the days of Arminius, know how to handle both the lyre and the sword. I am, &c. A.

## EUDOXIA, CONSORT OF THE EMPEROR PETER THE GREAT.

(Continued from p. 143.)

No sooner was Peter released from the troublesome vigilance of his wife, than he indulged without restraint in the delights which he found in the undisturbed posses-

sion of the fair inhabitant of Staboda.

Love reigns with tyrannic sway; to its influence the sceptre and the pastoral crook must yield alike: its

frenzy overpowered the heart of the young czar to such a degree, that he would not have scrupled to bind himself to his mistress by matrimonial ties, had she been at all solicitous to improve the opportunities which every moment presented to her. But the possession of the diadem, which dazzles the eyes of so many mortals, had no charms whatever for Anna. She received the impetuous solicitations of the czar for her hand with so little warmth, that he ascribed it to a total want of inclination for him. He became more attentive, and his penetration soon discovered, that her caresses were bestowed only on the monarch, and not on the lover; that she liked his liberality, but cared very little for his person. They who know the human heart, will admit, that love, without reciprocity, is seldom of long duration: it was therefore but natural that the passion of the czar, who saw through Anna's sentiments, should gradually expire, till at length she became perfectly indifferent to him. His visits grew less frequent, till he entirely forsook her. This circumstance gave Anna not the smallest uneasiness; she had amassed wealth enough to confer happiness on a foreigner, named Cesarion, who thought it no disgrace to the rank of an ambassador to marry the mistress of a mighty monarch to whose court he was accredited.

Thus Peter was at first Anna's passionate admirer, and the same prince, shortly before his death, condemned the brother of his former mistress to the scaffold, because he could not clear himself from the suspicion of a criminal

familiarity with the czar's second wife, the Empress Catherine. This was nothing new: tenderness and cruelty, gaiety and firmness dwelt very near together in the same heart. His life furnishes numberless, and sometimes revolting illustrations of this assertion. It cost him no effort to cause even such persons as seemed to be dear to him to be put to death; nay, on such occasions he was not always a quiet spectator, but sometimes undertook himself the office of executioner. An instance of this kind was witnessed by Baron Prinz, ambassador of Frederic William I. King of Prussia. As his mission related to matters which would not bear delay, and he desired to be immediately presented to the emperor, he was conducted to a dock-yard on the Neva, where the czar happened to be at the top-mast head of a ship that was just finished. Peter being informed of the ambassador's arrival, called out to him to climb up the rope-ladder; but Prinz having excused himself, as being unaccustomed to that mode of mounting aloft, Peter had the condescension to go down to him. The czar gave a grand entertainment; and as the overtures of Baron Prinz were very agreeable to him, he ordered some mutinous Strelitzes to be brought, during the repast, out of prison, and, in presence of all the guests, struck off their heads with his own hand, as a proof of his gaiety and dexterity. This sight completely took away the ambassador's appetite.

Nature, however, had endowed Peter with a comprehensive genius, for whose powers no enter-



prize was too great. He brooded over the idea of metamorphosing the whole state, and creating a new people. With this view he determined to travel, and to seek in foreign countries the model of those innovations which he proposed to introduce in his own dominions. Resigning the helm to his uncle, Leo Narischkin, to Prince Boris Galliczyn, and to Bojaris Procarofski, Peter's mind, absorbed by this gigantic project, was henceforth open to no other passion than glory.

This change in his sentiments kept alive in Eudoxia's bosom the hope of better times; at least she had no reason to fear, that the peace of her seclusion would be interrupted in any unpleasant manner.

The czar, however, when at Vienna, suddenly received information of a new conspiracy at Moscow, the leaders of which intended to place the Princess Sophia on the throne. Relinquishing his plan of visiting Italy, he returned without losing a moment to his capital, and put to death the chiefs, together with their accomplices, with the most excruciating torments, under which not one of them accused the Princess Sophia. Notwithstanding her innocence, the intention of the people to crown her empress, would have cost her her life, had not Lefort opposed Peter's resolution with all his might. So much is certain, that he caused the whole corps of Strelitzes to be cut in pieces, and the bodies of the wretched victims to be strewed round the convent in which Sophia was confined, where they diffused for several days a pestilential, cadaverous smell; till her entreaties so softened him, that he deter-

mined to visit her, and became convinced of her innocence.

Lefort died soon afterwards, and the czar felt the full extent of his loss. He watered with his tears the grave of this man, who, like Peter, owed every thing to his own industry, and nothing to education; and the pomp with which he performed the funeral obsequies, proved to the astonished public how highly he esteemed this foreigner.

Alexander Menzikof, who raised himself from the humble situation of a pastry-cook's boy to the highest honours, obtained the same favour and confidence of the czar as Lefort had enjoyed. No sooner had fortune bestowed on him this important post, than he strove to establish his influence on a foundation too solid to be shaken. He determined to provide for the czar a companion who should be attached to him from gratitude, and whose charms and address should for ever fix the heart of the monarch.— A Livonian female prisoner, who had fallen into his hands, seemed to possess all the qualities requisite for this purpose. She afterwards acquired so great a name, that it may be worth while to enter into some particulars of her history.

Voltaire makes her the sister of a Livonian gentleman, named Scavronski, whom the czar acknowledged as his brother-in-law, after a Polish ambassador, on a journey, had discovered him in a village ale-house. Flattery generally gives to the lowest favourites of princes a noble genealogy and distinguished ancestors: the great herd hear and believe, without requiring proofs. But Voltaire quotes, as his authority, a manuscript trans-

mitted to him by nobody knows whom; a very treacherous method of obtaining access for flattery, but which misleads no historian who takes truth alone for his guide.

Catherine Aliexiewna was born near the lake Worsteri, in the government of Riga; her father was a peasant, and vassal to Colonel Rosen. At the age of five years she lost father and mother, upon which the minister of the parish received her out of compassion into his house. As his income was so scanty, that he could with difficulty afford to maintain her, a canon of Marienburg, named Glück, relieved him of this burden, and took the child into his family. With this benefactor Catherine continued till she grew up, and won the affection of her foster-father to such a degree, that he would have married her. A serjeant belonging to the garrison, whose age more nearly corresponded with Catherine's, at the same time courted her hand with such assiduity, that the good canon resolved to sacrifice his own happiness to that of his ward, and gave her to the serjeant. The marriage was solemnized on the very day that General Bauer took the town by storm. Catherine's husband was killed on the first assault, and thus she was, on one and the same day, a wife, a widow, and a captive. General Bauer at first took her into his service: there Menzikof saw her, and he had no great difficulty in persuading the general to transfer her to his hands. In the house of his new favourite the czar became acquainted with her, and was so struck with her beauty and wit, that he enjoined Menzikof to keep Catherine for

him. The favourite was immediately aware of the great advantages that he might derive from this new passion of the czar, which he strove by all possible means to cherish. In these endeavours he succeeded beyond his most sanguine expectations; for in a short time the girl of Marienburg became the declared favourite of the emperor.

Catherine's face was so fascinating, that she made an impression on every one who cast ever so slight a glance upon her person. Her behaviour was simple, but insinuating; her genius lively and penetrating. In a word, she united in her person all the qualifications fitted to render her the absolute mistress of a heart so averse to servitude as Peter's, whose attachment to her remained unalterable to the end of his life. She could neither read nor write, and yet became not only the wife of one of the greatest monarchs of Russia, but after his death the sovereign of the most extensive empire in the world.

Thus did Catherine raise herself from the lowest condition of life; while Eudoxia, whom birth, charms, and talents approximated to the diadem, hurled, without any of the forms of justice, from the throne, was doomed to languish in the deepest degradation under the weight of insipid monastic penances, and to regret the transitory joys of human nature in the most susceptible period of life. But this privation was not the acme of Eudoxia's misery; for more painful trials awaited the anxious heart of the mother, and the tender sensibility of the wife. Catherine's



power over Peter daily increased, and the diligence with which she studied the shades of his character, exposed to her abundant means of extending it. Her pride augmented with this conviction; and her pretensions became more aspiring: the throne was now the object of all her wishes, and she neglected no means of attaining it. She was sure of Peter's heart; she was acquainted with all his inclinations, and knew how to bend them to her purpose; but religion alone seemed to stand in the way of her plans: she therefore renounced the faith of her forefathers, the Lutheran confession, and went over to the Greek church. No sooner was this ceremony performed, than Peter, seeing no farther obstacle to the gratification of his long-cherished wishes, offered her his hand. Catherine had been privately married to the czar ever since 1707, but the formal nuptials, accompanied with the imposing pomp of majesty, did not take place till six years later; and this solemn act wiped away the disgrace of the birth of two daughters, whom Catherine had previously brought him, the eldest of whom was, in the sequel, married to the Duke of Holstein, and the youngest succeeded, by the name of Elizabeth, to the Russian sceptre.

From the period of this elevation, Catherine's ambition knew no bounds; for well was she aware that she must rule Peter's heart with the same despotic sway as he governed his dominions. She resolved to exclude Alexis Petrowitz, the son of the unfortunate Eudoxia, from the succession to the throne. This prince the czar

had united a year before his own marriage, with Christina Sophia, Princess of Wolfenbüttel, and sister-in-law to the Emperor Charles VI. though this match was contrary to the law invariably followed by his ancestors and by himself.

Catherine's object was to place the imperial crown on the head of her own children, at the expence of the legitimate heir. The ruin of the unfortunate Alexis was decreed in her heart; she availed herself of Menzikof's assistance to carry it into execution; and as neither had any scruples about the means of accomplishing their purpose, they could not fail to render the prince perfectly odious in the eyes of the czar. They began by impressing it upon his mind, that neither the manners nor the propensities of Alexis were calculated to support the increasing glory of his reign; that the prince even censured, in private, the great actions which would confer immortality on his name; that he was attached to the ancient barbarous customs of the Russian nation, with the proscription of which had commenced the era of that admiration which all Europe paid to the czar; and they soon convinced him, that if Alexis should ever mount the Russian throne, he would give back to the Swedes the provinces subjected by his father's arms to the Russian crown, acquiesce in the claims of the patriarchs, restore the clergy to its former usurped rights, reinstate the convents in their confiscated possessions, revive the fashion of wearing long Russian coats and beards, and encourage all the antiquated absurd practices which it had cost the

czar so much trouble and patience to abolish.

This was quite sufficient to touch the czar in the tenderest part ; for to him wide coats and long beards were an abomination : he employed sworn tailors to crop the former, and sworn barbers to take off the latter for his faithful subjects in the public streets. His pride, moreover, was too much flattered by the successful and indisputably beneficial changes which he had effected in his dominions, and he was too firmly persuaded ; that by reforming his nation, however little he had upon the whole reformed himself, he had paved the way to immortality, not to be most painfully affected by the mere probability of a future revolution, which should overturn this gigantic work.

Measures of this kind were adapted with great subtlety to the vehemence of his character, which precluded all dispassionate consideration, and could not fail to excite the czar's highest indignation against Alexis, whose inactivity, apparent propensity to religious devotion, and a certain repulsive manner, had long displeased his father ; for at the time when this mine was sprung, his heart retained none of that tenderness which nature has implanted in parents towards their children, in whom they fondly hope to leave behind an image of themselves.

It cannot be denied, that Alexis, whose education had been totally neglected, had, without any fault of his own, defects which furnished his enemies with arms against himself. The death of his wife, which was ascribed to vexation, occasioned by his libertinism, and his sub-

sequent conduct when he threw himself, with unbridled passion, into the arms of the Finland Euphrosyne, alienated from him many hearts which had been attached to his interest. But what had he done more than follow the example of his father ? And had he any well-meaning Mentor to make him sensible of the difference between virtue and vice, or to bring him back from the devious paths into which he had strayed ?

These circumstances accelerated the accomplishment of Catherine's purpose, as they seemed to give probability to all the accounts which every moment poured in upon the monarch. He resolved to confine his son in a convent, to compel him to take the monastic vow, and to declare him to have forfeited his right of succession to the throne, in order to transfer it to Catherine's children. He communicated his intention only to the most trusty persons of the council of state, the senate and the clergy ; and as this monarch was feared beyond all conception, not one of them ventured to remonstrate. The intelligent discovered in this step the overwhelming influence of Catherine and the favourite Menzikof ; but this very conviction induced them to acquiesce the more readily in the will of the czar, as they had every thing to apprehend from the omnipotence of the former. Peter's violence, also, was but too well known ; the slightest opposition endangered the life of the man who had the boldness to contradict him : his will was law, and woe to the unlucky mortal who durst disobey it. For this reason, all seemed to agree from convic-



tion in the opinion of the czar, though at the same time the majority abhorred the flagrant injustice of the proceeding.

Thus did Peter clothe the rigour of this unnatural treatment with the appearance of formality, and personally acquainted the prince with the unhappy fate that awaited him. This sentence so overwhelmed the wretched Alexis, that he was un-

able to utter a single word, while horror and despair were painted in his features. His father allowed him only six months to fix upon the convent in which he was to pass the remainder of his life—a melancholy privilege that, which merely leaves to the condemned the choice of the mode of death.

(*To be continued.*)

## THE MODERN SPECTATOR.

No. XLIII.

If Britons seek a foreign shore,  
They'll only love their own the more.—ANON.

I HAVE of late received various letters from persons who have been induced, by a curious spirit and a love of novelty, to visit France; and I cannot say, that I am sorry to find the general dissatisfaction which accompanies, more or less, the accounts of my travelling correspondents. One of these epistolary communications consists of a diary of fifty-six days, and there is not one of them which does not display the following expressions, as characteristic of the different places they visited in their tour; or, at least, of the treatment which they received from the inhabitants of them, with whom they had any dealings or communication:—“Imposition”—“grievous impositions”—“abominable impositions.”—“Such a set of cheats never were seen.”—“As dear as the inns on the Bath road.”—“Extraordinary impertinence.”—“Absolute insolence.”—“The French seem to have a rooted antipathy to us as English; nor does our submission to their extortions sooth them into common civility.”—

“Held a cabinet council whether we should proceed any further.”—“Went on with the hope of faring better; but, in this determination, we verified the old English proverb, of going further and faring worse.”—“Sometimes a little better—but best was bad.”—“Almost ready to kiss the ground when we landed at Dover.”

Another of these letters, which is written with uncommon sagacity and intelligence, concludes in the following manner:—

“I remember France under its ancient regime, and consequently its inhabitants as they then were; and I must own, that what I shall call a philosophical curiosity, was the principal motive to my journey: to see the change which the Revolution had wrought in the national character, and in what way the tyranny and splendour of Bonaparte’s reign had operated upon the licentious and blood-thirsty progress of Robespierre’s atrocious dominion. I had, indeed, prepared myself for something like that which I have now found. I shall

not notice the voracity which appeared after the money of English travellers; that arises from obvious circumstances, which do not require explanation, though it is carried to a height which I did not altogether expect. But the civility and obliging exterior of the fathers of the present race is so rarely to be seen, that it surprises by its occurrence, and seems to be an exception to the general and existing character of the people. Paris, as a city, has certainly received considerable improvements; and the vast accession of art from the universal robberies of the Corsican, heightens its interests as far as relates to the eye. There is also a more easy admission for strangers into the society of the superior classes, than was to be obtained under the ancient regime; but, in its present state, there is little of attraction in it. There is the old profligacy, without the winning elegance of manners, and that mixture of ease, variety, and splendour in their festivities, which formed the enchantments that are seen and felt no more. I am very well contented with my tour, because I have seen what I went to see; and my expences, though much beyond my original notion, are of little consequence to me. But I heard continued discontents among my countrymen; and of the thirteen people in the packet, I was the only one who did not, in very unreserved terms, declare their dissatisfaction, in speaking of their respective visits to France, and the pleasure they felt on their approach to Old England; while they either pitied or laughed at the folly of those who, like themselves, pass over to

France, in order to enjoy pleasures, to be gratified with varieties, and be treated with respect and civility, in a higher degree, and at a much cheaper rate, than they can possibly find such delightful things at home."

The French have certainly undergone a great change, but whether for the better or worse, is a point which I cannot pretend to determine; for what may be altogether better or worse, politically speaking, is not a subject which I have time or inclination to consider in this lucubration.

Each nation, it is true, has its particular manner of seeing and feeling, which forms its character; and in every nation character either changes on a sudden, or alters by degrees, according to the sudden or insensible alterations in the form of its government, and consequently of its public education, of which the political institution always forms a part. The gaiety of the French has become almost proverbial; nevertheless, they were not always gay; as the Emperor Julian, speaking of the Parisians, gives this remarkable account of them:—"I prefer them," says he, "because their character, like my own, is austere and serious." Now, it would not surprise me, if the bloody abominations of the early part of the Revolution, the oppressive tyranny of Bonaparte which followed, and the portion of freedom which they now enjoy, might graduate the French character into a comparative sobriety.

The characters of nations change, but it may be asked, at what period is the alteration most perceptible? It may be readily answered,



at the moment of revolution, when a people pass on a sudden from liberty to slavery. Then, from a bold and haughty people, they become a weak and pusillanimous race: but the change does not appear to be effected at once. The transition may make slaves in fact; because they are compelled to submit to power, and know that resistance would be vain: but it requires the operation of subsequent habit and education, to extinguish the freedom of thought, and to make men intellectual as well as physical slaves.

What a striking picture of change in the character of a nation does the Roman history display! What people, before the elevation of the Cæsars, discovered more energy, more virtue, and a greater love of liberty, or horror of slavery? and what people, when the throne of the Cæsars was established, discovered more weakness or depravity? Even Tiberius blushed at their degradation. Indifferent to that liberty which their ancestors purchased with rivers of blood, they absolutely refused it when Trajan offered to restore it to them. All things were then changed in Rome, and the determined and grave character which distinguished its first inhabitants, was succeeded by that light and frivolous disposition with which Juvenal, in his tenth satire, so severely reproaches them. But to advance nearer to our own feelings:—Compare the English of the present day with those under Henry VIII. Edward VI. and the Queens Mary and Elizabeth: how different were they from the British people, now so humane, indulgent, learned, free,

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and industrious; lovers of the arts, and renowned for their cultivation of philosophy and science!

In the French nation there has long been a kind of inherent principle in the individuals who compose it, which, while it maintained the horrors of the Revolution under the name of liberty, appeared to support the imperial tyranny that followed under the notion of national grandeur; and now operates in producing the hatred which betrays itself towards the principal nations of Europe, and particularly to the English, while it has thrown every obstacle which the Bourbons have found in the way of their final re-establishment.—And this is the *national vanity*, which, it must be acknowledged, has suffered a severity of mortification that is fully sufficient to trouble it, and, for a time at least, to give a new impulse to what may be called the popular humour. This subject is susceptible of extensive enlargement; but I have already prolonged it beyond my original intention, and I have scarce space to insert a letter from a correspondent, relative to a peregrination into France, which, from the whimsical circumstances it relates, may, perhaps, make some amends for the serious disquisition of the foregoing part of this paper.

TO THE MODERN SPECTATOR.

*Mr. Spectator,*

Having fallen into a very ridiculous error, and, which is worse, an expensive one into the bargain, I wish to make it public, in order to prevent others from engaging in similar undertakings, and committing similar follies.

You must know, then, that I am

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a grocer, in very respectable and advancing trade; and, having made a good hit in sugars, my wife and daughters persuaded me to exchange our usual summer's trip to Margate, for the more fashionable resort of Brighton. With this request I complied: but it was not long before the female part of my family, who saw the packets sail to, or arrive from, the coast of France, as they sat at the window, gave strong hints of the pleasure which a visit to Dieppe would afford them. My eldest girl, who is a sharp miss, and her father's own daughter, used to say, "That *would* be something to talk of." I did not appear to notice it, but, having heard that sugars were enormously dear in France, it occurred to me, that if I could take a small cargo of that article, the profits would pay the expences of the voyage to Dieppe and a short journey to Rouen, a fine and famous city in that part of Normandy. This struck me as a good speculation, and as I also had a little bit of a fancy to see, for once, some other country besides my own, I did not hesitate to order fifty sugar-loaves, of different prices, to be sent down by the waggon. In the mean time all the captains of the packets encouraged me in my undertaking. At length, with a good deal of contrivance, the sugars were all got on board, and we arrived, after a very pleasant passage, in the harbour of Dieppe. Here I was tempted to smuggle a few of the double-refined loaves on shore. My wife had a couple under her petticoats, and my daughters undertook to conceal as many more; my cloak-bag also had a

charge of sweets: but it so happened that the French custom-house officers were too sharp for us; for they not only rummaged the women in a manner too indecent to be repeated, but insisted that the attempt to smuggle a part of my cargo was a forfeiture of the whole; and all my fifty sugar-loaves were irrecoverably consigned to a place called a *Douane*, which I understand means the custom-house. But this was not all: for as my cloak-bag was found to contain a couple of these unfortunate loaves, that was also declared to be contraband; and every morsel of clothes, but those I had on my back, were taken from me. I was recommended to employ a person in negotiating my concern with the commissioner of the customs at this port; and I paid him a one-pound note, to be told that I had no other remedy than to have my case drawn out, and sent to the Duke of Wellington, the British ambassador at Paris; and that probably, in the course of a month, I might receive an answer to it. But as I pretty well know how difficult it is to get any thing out of custom-house officers' hands at home, I was not such a fool as to be adding to my losses and my folly, by waiting here any longer than the sailing of the first packet. Some stormy weather and contrary winds, however, kept us for six days: and, for my part, I found every thing dear here as well as sugar; at least, the expences at the hotel where we lodged, were such as to deprive me of all notion that I was in a cheap country or among civil people. For it is a real fact, what I am about to add, that when



I was at the custom-house, to solicit the return of my clothes, which were worth between twenty and thirty pounds, a dirty, Jew-looking fellow, with a pen in his hand, told me, that my wife was forfeited as well as my cloak-bag, as she had contraband articles about her; but that they had returned her to me, as they never seized worn-out goods.

I was not, as you may suppose, in very good spirits to enjoy myself; but as I did not wish to prevent the women from enjoying themselves, I put as good a face upon it as I could. We had rather a blustering passage back, and I was sick through the whole of it. But our mortifications did not end here; for the history of my misadventure accompanied us on our return; and our acquaintance, in one way or other, were continually rallying us upon our *sweet* voyage. My daughters were continually quizzed by the title of the *sweet* girls; and I was occasionally saluted with the distinction of *sweet* sir. If I and

my family take a walk together, we were sure to hear, There go the *sugar-loaves*; Here come the *sugar-loaves*; and, How smart the *sugar-loaves* are to-day! nay, an impertinent fellow, who thinks himself a wit, told the girls, as they were returning from bathing, that he wondered they did not melt.

In short, the annoyance became so serious, that it hastened our departure from Brighton; and we all acknowledged the renewed comforts of our own respectable home in the neighbourhood of Cannon-street. Here my daughters can talk, with some degree of importance, about their visit to France, without the apprehension of any unpleasant remark; and I, who know that trade must have its casualties, have very quietly added my French expedition to the general account of PROFIT and LOSS.

I am, sir, your obedient, humble servant,

MICHAEL MALAGA.

## ACCOUNT OF THE SUFFERINGS OF THE DUCHY OF SAXE-WEIMAR FROM THE LATE WAR.

By JOHN FALK, *Counsellor of Legation to the Duke of Saxe-Weimar.*

SINCE October last, from the battle of Leipzig to June, 1814, our little country has suffered inexpressibly. Who but has heard of Weimar, the German seat of the Muses, which has done more for the arts and sciences than the vast holy Roman empire, whose emperors and kings consigned to the care of the petty duke and sovereign of this district, and, as it were, bequeathed to him as a legacy, the immortal names of Schil-

ler, Herder, Gothe, Wieland, and many other distinguished geniuses. The proud inhabitants of England, that pearl of the ocean, have long been accustomed to estimate men and their value, not by the area in square miles which they occupy on the map; for in that case they would themselves fall very short, and a bloated political body, like several in Europe, would outweigh, in the balance of the world, that Florence, which was the nursery

of the arts, and the country of the Medicis. The English, I say, will have a different standard for Weimar. Permit me now to give you a brief, faithful, and unaffected description of the calamities which, during the storms of fortune, have befallen our country in the space of eight years.

First came the battle of Jena, bringing in its train universal conflagration and plunder, and a contribution of half a million [of rix-dollars]. In the next place, one of the finest quarters of Eisenach which belongs to us, was blown up through negligence by French powder-waggons; on which occasion hundreds of persons were crushed, mutilated, burned, and buried in the ruins. We were then compelled to send off our children to be stoned to death in the Tyrol. When this was over, our hearts' blood was again required, that it might be spilled to no purpose in the deserts and mountains of Spain. No one collected the tears of the mothers which congealed in their eyes, like their children, who, after the burning of Moscow, were left behind, frozen and petrified, in the snowy plains of Wilna and on the banks of the Berezyna: still we had not emptied the cup of misery. On Easter-day, 1813, the campaign between young Blücher and Marshal Ney opened with a bloody engagement within our walls. Blücher was forced to retire, and we were again exposed to the caprice of an enemy whose suspicions were awakened. Secret arrests of men, who were surprised at night, in the bosom of their families, and hurried to Erfurth, were at this time very common. To this must be added

the French system of extortion and contribution, which has, alas! been adopted also by the other powers of Europe, to the infinite prejudice of science and civilization, which had previously attained to such a height in this quarter of the world; and the incessant labours at the ditches and fortifications of the Petersberg at Erfurth, prosecuted by high and low, women and children, both night and day. All this reminded us involuntarily of the horrid picture of the cruel oppressions exercised in Switzerland of old by its tyrannic governors. Half-starved peasants, sent off with their tools from Altenburg to Erfurth, often sat, even at midnight, exhausted with hunger and fatigue, by the road-side, pouring forth execrations against their driver and the new Egyptian bondage which he had thus introduced in a country that did not belong to him. All ties, social and political, seemed to be dissolved. Not a day passed without some sanguinary murder. If the incessant entertainment of the soldiers of all the regions of the globe, the passage of all the soldiers of the Continent, first to Spain, then to Russia, for seven successive years, by the two military roads that led through our country, exhausted the patience and pockets of the citizen and the peasant, wore out the strength of the cattle, and reduced their owners to the brink of despair—what must be that state which commenced when, previously to the battle of Lützen, the corps of the Duke of Ragusa, who, with his murderous bands, 20,000 strong, arrived fresh from Spain; and also General Bertrand's corps, of the like



number, established their destructive bivouacs, in the true Tamerlane style, in the villages of Schwabsdorf, Wiegendorf, Umpferstedt, Isserstedt, &c. in the vicinity of Weimar and Jena.—Where the fires of such a bivouac tinge the horizon, there the troops warm themselves at the expence of houses, barns, mills, and villages. In twenty-four hours the fields round such an encampment are laid bare, the houses emptied, and the inhabitants without food or shelter. Eighty oxen for breakfast, and as many for supper, in exchange for a bit of paper from an imperial commissary—in this manner the cattle of a country are soon completely exterminated. The men want huts and shelter to screen them from the rain which begins to fall; also fuel to warm themselves and to cook their provisions. For this purpose, nurseries, fruit-trees, chairs, tables, staircases, windmills, wainscot, in a word, every thing made of wood is welcome. The smaller domestic animals, hogs, goats, are killed at once upon the dunghill. Fowls, geese, pigeons, poultry of all kinds are carried off to begin with. I saw a soldier carrying a live pig, which squeaked most pitifully, on his back to the camp; one of his comrades went behind him, and with his sabre chopped off one of the animal's hind legs, ham and all, singed the bristles at the fire, and immediately hung up this his share of the booty to roast in the general kitchen of the bivouac; and when dressed, devoured it with the keenest appetite. I heard these banditti at night strike up again their atrocious song, which, on the 14th of October,

1806, during the plundering of Weimar, when the battle of Jena terminated in our streets, shocked me to such a degree as to bring on a nervous attack, and which is nearly as follows:—

Buvons,  
Brulons,

\* \* \* \* \*

Mettons le feu à tous les maisons!

Venous à cinquante, cinq cents!

Chiens, brigands, paysans,

Ouvrez donc la porte! Panç!

At the same time they thundered against the doors with the butt-ends of their muskets, and when they were not opened, set them on fire, and thus obtained admittance. Such a miscreant I saw in the village of Wiegendorf, dragging a widow along by a rope, at night, through the streets of the place; and he would not let her go, till a sentinel, alarmed by the poor woman's shrieks, fired upon the barbarian. I saw the bivouacs of the Duke of Ragusa (Marmont), whose arm was yet in a sling, in consequence of a wound which he had received in one of his engagements with the English during the preceding year, and who had pitched his tent in a corn-field at the extremity of Schwabsdorf, where the eye overlooks an extensive plain. The Spaniards, a great number of whom accompanied him, were among the bravest of his troops. The French were accustomed to say of them, *Ils se font hacher sur les canons*; but at the same time they were notorious plunderers (*fameux pillards*), who always went in quest of gold, silver, watches, and rings; while the others, especially the Germans and Flemings, who likewise belonged to this corps, were satisfied with eatables. Here too I saw a regular

sheep-shearing held by the soldiers. Near Blankenhayn they had met with a farmer who either would not, or had it not in his power, to furnish horses for the conveyance of their baggage, and from whom they in consequence took a whole flock of Spanish sheep, his property. Spaniards, Brabanters, French, and Germans lent a hand to shear the poor animals by the watch-fires, and their wool was sold at the rate of 18 pfennigs (about 2½d. English) per pound. The industry of these depredators went still farther. They had met on the road with a Leipzig or Frankfurt carrier, with a load of sugar and coffee, of which they made prize. The horses were immediately harnessed to the cannon, but the sugar and coffee carried off in large packages for the bivouacs. A new scene, which surpassed in effect every thing of the kind that I had ever yet witnessed, now opened in the orchard of neighbour Ewald, at Schwabsdorf, whose hedges were broken down, so that the communication was perfectly open with the fields, and the innumerable French, Flemish, Spanish, and Dutch watch-fires, whose blazes ascended on all sides, and reddened the sky. Soldiers staggered along by hundreds, under the burden of willows, limes, ash-trees, poplars (the hopes of many years toil), which the husbandman had planted round his fields, and set them up before their tents in the camp, as though they had fixed their abode there, and intended to eat up all the villages in the vicinity. Others brought bundles of straw, which they strewed and trampled upon for hours together; benches, tables, chairs, kettles, pails, pots, in a

word, all the household furniture of the villagers in their hands and on their shoulders; so that the unfortunate peasant had nothing left but the bare walls, that is to say, when these were not of wood. When, however, that happened to be the case, these also, as well as the stairs and doors, were pulled down and carried off for fuel; so that it often happened, that maid-servants and children were heard in the morning crying for help to the passengers from the upper rooms or lofts of a house, the stairs of which had been pulled down and burned, so that they were deprived of all means of descending. In short, whoever has not seen with his own eyes this barbarous mode of proceeding, for the total abolition of which all the nations of Europe ought to unite, after the example of the truly noble, and in this respect likewise unrivalled Wellington, can scarcely form any idea of it. A gay and gaudy town for soldiers and suttlers, rises in a few hours, as by enchantment, out of the earth, before the eyes of the astonished spectator; the accessories are a mere bagatelle, only seven or eight adjacent villages destroyed and reduced to ashes. In those nights of horror I wore a very wide great-coat, which served as a place of safety where my poor neighbours deposited their most valuable effects, such as their purses, watches, rings, &c. which they consigned to my care with a thousand tears, and which I actually preserved for them, though my treasury at length became so heavy, that I could scarcely walk under the weight. The Spaniards, as I have already observed, were indefatigable in their search after such objects, and



it was against them that it was most necessary to be upon our guard. At Wiegendorf and Osmanstedt I succeeded, partly by fair means and partly by foul, in procuring the restoration of their cattle to the poor country people, or in preventing their beasts from being driven away: for I rode over to the French General Coehorn, who was second in command under Marshal Marmont, and boldly and warmly represented, that if such proceedings continued to be suffered, the government, notwithstanding the best intentions, would be unable to prevent an insurrection of the peasants in the rear of the grand army. The example of Spain was too recent, for such a remonstrance not to meet with attention from so intelligent a man as Gen. Coehorn really is. He gave me, in consequence, an order, in his own hand-writing, to the following effect:—

“The commanding officer of the 4th battalion of the 36th regiment of light infantry, is ordered to place at the disposal of Mr. John Falk, Counsellor of Legation to the Duke of Weimar, a company commanded by a captain, who shall, with all the means in his power, assist the Counsellor of Legation to restore good order and security in the villages of Wiegendorf and Schwabsdorf: he shall send out patrols wherever the said counsellor shall require, to obtain the same result in the environs. The company of voltigeurs shall remain for the same purpose at Schwabsdorf.

“The General commanding the 31st Brigade,  
“BARON DE COEHORN.”  
RODGESDORF, April 29, 1812.

Furnished with this document, that placed at my uncontroled command two companies, of which that stationed at Wiegendorf in particular manifested the best disposition, I succeeded in preventing many excesses during this night; and that so much the more, as I, though alone and the father of a family, am never accustomed to be afraid of death when engaged in a good cause; nay, have not, as I may say, any conception of danger. It has not unfrequently happened, that balls have struck persons near me when I have been tearing down bundles from the bayonets of the handitti, and restoring them to their owners.

When the morning's sun rose over this vast encampment, I fancied myself transported into some other country far away from Weimar, so little could I persuade myself, that it was my own home that lay before me. The tents appeared in endless rows; the green huts looked uncommonly cheerful; the fires burned briskly; the soldiers were seated around them; some were cooking, some playing, and others washing. Eighty head of cattle, which had arrived for breakfast, were just going to be killed and divided; farther off the trumpets sounded, and a division of French cavalry was exercising to their martial music. In the background was held a sale of stolen horses; but in spite of the very low price (two dollars each), there were but few purchasers; because the peasants shewed no inclination to buy horses one day which might be taken from them the next. Marmont had ordered the minister of Schwabsdorf, an elderly man, to be brought by force to his tent; but

as he excused himself on account of illness, a young man who lived at the parsonage was taken in his stead. He was formally interrogated respecting the roads to Eckartsberga, Lützen, and Leipzig, and then graciously dismissed, a good deal frightened, by the marshal. His excellency, however, might have initiated himself into all the secrets of state acquired during this conversation, by the mere inspection of any good map of the roads.

The great coffee bivouac already mentioned, for which the carriers from Leipzig or Frankfurt had supplied prodigious packages of sugar and coffee, was now in full activity in Ewald's garden. Coffee-mills and roasters had been collected from all the houses for twenty miles round. The poor countrymen—for the women had all fled, for fear of still worse treatment—sat sweating over their mills and roasters, and were obliged to roast and grind all night long. It was, I confess, a most extraordinary sight, which made such an impression upon me, that my eyes swam in tears, when morning came and I heard the littered Thuringian cows, driven together into a field of winter corn, and condemned to the slaughter, bellowing so pitifully for food in the midst of these military ruffians, and saw the Spanish, Flemish, and French suttling women, in a word, the scum of these predatory hordes, crowding around to milk the hungry animals; so that Frankfurt and Leipzig supplied them with coffee, and Thuringia with milk. He who can remain unmoved at such scenes, must have a stone in his bosom instead of a heart. I will not fa-

tigue you with any farther accounts of our sufferings, which deal as much in generals as history itself, and are therefore better suited to an extensive empire, such as Austria or France. But a little classic spot, consecrated to the Muses, which once enjoyed such happiness under the government of an excellent, humane, and enlightened prince, and now, trampled down by the barbarians and their horses, presents at every step images of horror and lamentable desolation, is an object that cannot but furnish occasion for the most serious reflections on the future fate of Europe. How, if the destruction of the whole civilized West, whose fall your great Burke fancied he heard in the fall of the first brick of the Bastille, were irrevocably decreed by an overruling Providence?—But away with these melancholy anticipations! Let me resume the thread of my narrative!

As the French in their retreat after the battle of Leipzig again passed through our country, and it seemed as though there would be no end to the plundering of the villages by the enemy, and—why, alas! must I add, by *our friends also*?—our state certainly bordered very closely on despair. At the same time all that happened was perfectly natural; for it is one of the most cruel circumstances attending the present universally prevailing mode of carrying on war, which has been borrowed from the French, that the soldier, on entering his quarters, without magazines of any kind, is absolutely necessitated to break into the farmyards, and to rob and plunder, whether he will or not. What hor-



rid scenes must be the consequences of such a system, under the eye of the best and most benevolent leader, and even in the very vicinity of the head-quarters, has been grievously experienced by the villages in the environs of the theatre of the late war, — consequences which they will not recover for many years to come. If a town, like Weimar, for instance, has been exempted from regular pillage; yet the systematic extortion and the immoderate quartering of troops must cut up, as it were, the very roots of the state. This everlasting entertainment of foreigners in exchange for scraps of paper, tho' it may be with difficulty borne in a large empire, by the transferral of the individual loss to the whole, must, on the other hand, reduce every minor state in Europe to infallible bankruptcy. No system better calculated to pave the way to universal despotism, could therefore have been devised in hell itself. Thus we reckon that, from October 1813, to July 1814, 900,000 men have been quartered in our little country, and of these 45,792 were officers and 500,000 cavalry. The entertainment of this immense number entailed upon us an expence of at least 1,900,000 rix-dollars. In this sum is not included the mischief sustained by private individuals, whose loss, through the destruction of their whole stock of cattle, often amounted, on one single farm, to 8 or 9000 dollars; or that arising from conflagration, plunder, and the demolition of villages for the sake of the materials to be used in the bivouacs. Under the disagreeable name of contribution, the French took from us,

after the battle of Jena, half a million in specie, which we were obliged to borrow, and have not yet repaid. After the battle of Leipzig, the allies demanded of our poor and completely exhausted country, one million, by the equally unpleasant denomination of military contribution. In the month of July, 24,000 dollars are to be paid, and the remainder in certain instalments. But—what a contrast! —we make collections to enable the husbandman who has been plundered of his all, to purchase at least some seed-corn. This, however, like other palliatives, cannot check the grand evil in its ruinous course. Gracious God! the contents of our useful weekly paper have chiefly consisted for a year past of official notifications respecting taxes, and advertisements of lands offered for sale; and if this continues, they will soon form a collection of several quarto volumes. To this first head must be added a second, the catalogue of deaths.—There is not a contagious and destructive disease but was introduced last year into our country by the passage of friendly and hostile troops. According to the calculations of able physicians, the mortality at Weimar and Jena was greater last winter, than it was at those times in preceding ages when it was deemed necessary to remove the university from the latter town to a distant part of the country. In many a house, as, for instance, one in my immediate vicinity, kept by an old lock-smith, not one of the inhabitants escaped—all have perished. In some villages, had not people of the neighbourhood taken compassion on the cattle and

fed them, the poor animals themselves must have been starved to death. At Osmanstedt, about six miles from Weimar, a widow named Sander, with five young children, was, during Lent, confined to her bed by this fatal disease. For five weeks she was without fire or light. The children, to allay the burning heat of the fever, sucked the icicles that hung down over the sick bed of their delirious mother. A large loaf of black barley bread, that lay half mouldy in a corner of the room, and to which the children now and then crawled to break off pieces, saved them from perishing of hunger. The mother, when she began to recover, drove nails into the wall, as she was too weak to stand, to help to support her in going from one end of the room to the other. In one of her most violent paroxysms, when her imagination dwelt upon her only cow, she sprung up and ran barefoot, through snow and ice, to the cow-house. Not a creature durst venture into her habitation. Persons attacked by the disease often turned as black as a coal, became spotted, or even had actual plague-boils. In such cases death inevitably ensued within two or three days. The fear of infection had so overpowered all minds, that a general despondency and consternation prevailed. Such was the state of things at Weimar, in the centre of the Christian world, in 1814. Such a tormentor of mankind is that odious monster, war. Scarcity of food, want of medical attendance, for most of the faculty fell victims to their profession by means of the many hospitals in the town, fright occasioned by the two hours cannonade and the engage-

ment between the cavalry within our walls, anxiety and affliction, thinned numberless families. There is scarcely one but is in mourning. May the writer, in recording the general calamity, the public distress, be permitted to make mention also of his own? A few words will suffice to describe how boundless it is. In the space of one little month, I lost, during this period of unparalleled horror, four blooming children, two sons and two daughters, by the same fatal disease, into which even the usual diseases of children, such as measles and scarlet fever, now degenerated; and with them I have buried the best part of myself. At last, when my own more robust constitution was rudely shaken by so many sudden afflictions, and I was myself attacked by the contagion, how ardently did I wish for my dissolution! When, however, after a very severe struggle, I recovered my faculties, I said to myself—

“God has spared thy life, because he knows that thou hast a heart filled with love for thy fellow-creatures; bestow it now upon those children who have lost their parents and become orphans. Their number is great, so that the ordinary institutions of our exhausted country are, under the present circumstances, totally inadequate\*. The depravity of youth during this period of horror, even under the

\* In August, 1814, the number of orphans that have applied to be received amounts to 700. These are such only whose cases are known: were all those to be reckoned who have not yet solicited admission into the orphan-house, the total number in our small territory would probably exceed 1000.



eyes of their parents, is daily increasing. The children of parents who are too poor to afford them any instruction, are artificial orphans—and how great is their number!—What is to become of these, since, for want of means, we cannot make due provision for those who, through the war, are become real orphans?—Shall the old vagabond life, which, jointly with the scourge of an oppressive feudal system, visited Germany and England so severely in ages long gone by, and was superseded by a more refined civilization, be introduced again in Europe, through our fault? Unite then, ye benevolent of all nations, all ages, and all ranks, to obviate this dreadful and almost inevitable evil! Severe as are the sacrifices which ye have made to the times, be not weary of well doing! Have you, like me, lost your children, consider that every stranger child whom you thus rescue from perdition, is a never-fading flower planted upon the grave of your departed darlings; the offering most pleasing to the Almighty that ye can bring to their manes. Let us be to these destitute children in this world, what their prematurely deceased parents and relatives perhaps are to ours in another! Let us transfer to the earthly associates of our late sons and daughters, now the companions of angels, that debt of ardent love and affection which we can no longer pay in this world to our own offspring!”

Thus did I think and feel; and behold God prospered and blessed my design. I was joined by the Rev. Mr. Horn, minister of the church of St. Peter and St. Paul in this town, a divine universally

esteemed for his integrity, benevolence, and talents. We founded an association under the name of *The Society of Friends in need*, the officers of which perform their duty gratuitously. It found favour with the enlightened, and soon obtained the support of the good both high and low. We lent money without interest; we purchased seed-corn for the poor; we paid for the schooling of destitute boys, or found them places with tradesmen and artisans. The duke himself, the duchess, the grand-duchess, and her illustrious consort, generously applied considerable sums to second our endeavours. But the distress is too great in comparison with the means of relief, and as we are thoroughly convinced, that much is irrecoverably lost, we direct our attention, though our hearts bleed day and night, rather to the poor orphan children in whose souls the depravity of the present merciless times has already taken root, than to the parents themselves.

We wish to cheat the house of correction and the gallows of many, very many of their candidates—a praise-worthy, honourable, and pious fraud! Generous English, who shine so resplendent by word and deed among the Christian nations of Europe, we earnestly intreat you, if our sentiments are approved by your magnanimous hearts; if you believe, like us, that the only genuine benevolence in this world consists in enabling our fellow-creatures to provide for themselves, and, by the acquisition of a useful trade, to dispense with farther assistance, contribute your aid in support of our neglected

youth, of those unfortunate children who have lost their parents, or whose parents have lost their all by the late war, and who are already in the way to become vagabonds! The beginning is made, and has met with the best success. We put out these children to useful trades, for which they themselves manifest an inclination, send them to school, and procure them places; but all beginnings are the most difficult. Lend us a helping hand, if you can! Our association is liberal, disinterested, founded on the death and distresses of our fellow-creatures, animated by ardent brotherly and Christian love; and I know, too, ye generous English, that nothing noble, nothing great, is brought to bear in Europe or the world, but is begun and completed by some Englishman. Such is your national character. Yes, ye are of our blood, generous, magnanimous people, and we of yours. I address you from my little country, which is justly denominated the German Athens, where the names of Shakspeare, Milton, Pope, Thomson, are upon every tongue; where it belongs to a refined education, nay, forms one of its principal points, to instil into the youthful mind unaffected veneration and love for the resplendent geniuses of your literature. Be assured, generous English, that so long as we are pervaded by this spirit, of whose influence Weimar, through the silent operation of a Göthe and a Schiller, who have so successfully emulated your Shakspeare, has given such striking demonstrations, so long shall we retain our attachment to you, though seas interpose between us. I have

given you a brief and faithful delineation of our sufferings. For more than seven years past, barbarous soldiers have inundated us, and have taken away the bread from the altar of the Muses. It must be obvious to the meanest capacity, that if four or six millions of persons have to pay a shilling or a guinea a piece, the burthen may be borne; but that if the total of their contributions be demanded of four or six individuals, inevitable ruin must be the consequence. Now all the smaller states of Germany are nothing more than such private individuals: how can they be expected, without the most flagrant injustice, not only to defray the disgraceful expence of a military road, which concerns the welfare of all Europe; or, in other words, according to the present mode of carrying on war, the cost of providing for the soldiers of half a hemisphere, *but to furnish military contributions in specie, into the bargain?* It is doubly revolting, when such impositions oppress a country which has for many years distinguished itself in a manner wholly disproportionate with its abilities as an asylum of the Muses and of science, and, in this particular, put to shame and left behind far more extensive states and empires. To treat Weimar thus, is to outrage the memory of a Herder, a Schiller, a Wieland—to profane their tombs; and if it be done by Germans, to return the everlasting benefits conferred by those great men and popular instructors of our nation with insensibility and ingratitude: *will you*

Perhaps some liberal-minded person might be found who would



take the trouble to translate this letter into English, and some bookseller, who would get it printed, and appropriate the produce to the benefit of the fatherless and motherless children in our little impoverished German Athens: such would not only deserve the thanks of posterity, but we might assert with justice, and without the least flattery, that never was the press put to a nobler use. What, indeed, can be more honourable and praise-worthy, so long as it is not thought that men were made principally for the purpose of eating and propagating their species, than to patronize, in such distressing times as these, the nurseries of the arts and sciences, among which Weimar occupies one of the most distinguished places? By devoting ourselves in the midst of war to the cultivation of the arts of peace, we shew, that, as men of superior minds, we are exalted above the terrible time of blind despotism, in which, alas! it is our lot to have fallen; that we look forward to a better and happier period; and that we are capable of preparing it for our descendants, though not permitted to enjoy it ourselves. Let us now adhere more closely than ever to that by which Europe is Europe, and by which our towns are distinguished from the dens of bears and the tents of roving hordes. As for thee, Old England, who art pre-eminently the cradle of genuine liberty, arts, sciences, and industry, it is to thee that our eyes are more particularly directed! Thou wilt not leave to itself the first country in Germany for manufactures, commerce, and science; thou wilt not

forget poor, oppressed Saxony, where rose the light of the Reformation, whose genial rays thou too hast so long shared: thou wilt not forsake it at the present crisis, but, by the blessing of Providence, assist it with counsel and support!

There are many other things which at this moment create uneasiness and anxiety in the minds of the well-disposed in this country; respecting which, however, it is better to be silent, and to await, with patience, what Providence shall be pleased to decree. Should the times, however, retain, in their course, the same violent character as hitherto, so that the same proceedings shall be sanctioned only under a different name—O then, ye English, deceive not yourselves, ye too will then be unable to avoid your destiny! The iron arm of Fate will first crush us, and then—which Heaven forbid! it will descend upon you. Those, therefore, are egregiously mistaken, who conceive that Europe is now threatened with danger and destruction from one side only. *The real danger lies in the mischievous principles which we borrow from our enemies, not in this or the other individual.* Will this atrocious system of pillage, artifice, and violence, never have an end? Woe be to the Pharisees, either among the people or upon the throne! To tear from their faces, without mercy, the fair mask, under cover of which they employ such smooth and insinuating words to seduce mankind, is now the duty of every man of honour and of every Christian. *For, God forbid, that after we have exiled the conqueror to the island of*

*Elba, we should turn round in his spirit to make conquests, not in France, but of one another—of our poor, grievously oppressed and suffering brethren in Germany!* We should thereby clearly evince, that though we have borne the cross in our caps, we had not carried love and compassion in our hearts. People are puzzling their brains at this moment to devise means for rendering Germany the bulwark of Europe, not merely strong for the time to come, but invincible. And yet what can be more easy? Was it not the union, the concord of the different branches of our nation, which last winter gave us such strength? Well then, ought you not to collect, from this single circumstance, that you should not, by discord and disharmony, erect new fortresses for the enemy in the heart of Germany? Do you not perceive how, upon the mere propagation of vague and alarming rumours, the noblest hearts are already abandoning the good cause, growing lukewarm towards it, and are, as it were, involuntarily compelled to doubt the honesty of your intentions? Why shall we be so infatuated as to believe that Germany and Europe will be secure enough, if a line of frontier fortresses were erected along the Rhine from Basle, where the country is yet unprotected? As if history did not at this moment proclaim, with a trump powerful as that of the last judgment, to all the nations of the earth—“Rely on no other fortresses, ye kings and rulers of the earth, than those

which ye have acquired through attachment and confidence in the bosoms of your subjects.” *Whoever divides countries, whoever oppresses nations, strengthens his enemies, and writes manifestoes for them against himself.* Have ye not seen how, within one short year, European armies have given law to Moscow, and Asiatic armies to Paris? Such has been the fortune of modern warfare: and what availed the formidable dictator of Europe, his heaps of bricks, his fortresses, and têtes-du-pont on the Vistula, the Elbe, and the Oder? Of what avail were Danzig, and Magdeburg, and Glogau, notwithstanding their obstinate defence, even after the empire on the Seine was overthrown and lay in ruins? How infinitely more useful would hearts have been, than all these inanimate masses of stone and artificial defences! But whither am I digressing? I intended only to raise my voice in favour of the poor destitute orphan children of my ruined country, and to intercede with you in their behalf; and behold my suffering country itself stops my mouth, and threatens me with everlasting silence and contempt, if I make mention of the children without advocating its cause also. I have therefore poured forth my feelings on both subjects, and may the Almighty give wings to these words, that they may find the way across the seas to hearts willing to interest themselves for both in due season, and not more ready to alleviate past misfortunes than to prevent future calamities!



PLATE 17.—THE PAGODA IN ST. JAMES'S PARK.

WE here present the reader with an engraving of this elegant structure, as it appeared previously to the celebration of the Grand Jubilee: but as it is our intention to

give next month a View of the Temple in the Green Park, we shall defer the description of both till our ensuing Number.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

AN interesting *Memoir*, detailing the operations of the expedition employed in the conquest of Java, with maps and views taken on the spot, will appear in the course of a few months, under the patronage of the Commander in Chief. This is the only authentic survey of that important island, over which Dutch jealousy kept a constant guard, that has ever appeared.

Dr. Spurzheim will publish, early in the ensuing winter, his *Anatomical and Physiological Examination of the Brain, as indicative of the Faculties of the Mind*. The work is the substance of lectures lately given to a few of the nobility and professional men, but which it is proposed to deliver publicly next season.

The Rev. Wm. Anderson has in the press, *A Sketch of the History of the House of Romanoff, the reigning Family of Russia*; with a brief Account of the present State of the Empire.

The Baroness de Lamoignon Fouqué has published a *Refutation* of Madame de Stael's work, *De l'Allemagne*.

Dr. Benjamin Heyne, who has been for several years in the confidential service of the East India Company, is about to publish a work, entitled *Tracts, Statistical*

and Historical, on India. The author's situation enabled him to explore many sources of interesting and important information, from which he would otherwise have been excluded.

Sir John Malcolm is engaged upon *The History of Persia, from the earliest Ages to 1810*: with an Account of the present State of that Empire; and Remarks on the Religion, Government, Sciences, Manners, and Usages of its ancient and modern Inhabitants. It will form two 4to. volumes, and be illustrated with twenty engravings. The author has been upon three missions to Persia, and had the chief conduct of the intercourse between that nation and the British government in India for thirteen years; during the whole of which period his attention has been directed to the object of rendering this work complete in all its parts.

*Picturesque Representations of the Dress and Manners of Russia, Austria, China, England, and Turkey*, illustrated by 274 coloured engravings, with descriptions, are in the press, and will form five royal octavo volumes.

The Rev. W. Shepherd has nearly ready for publication, *Paris in 1802 and 1814*, in one volume 8vo.

Mr. J. H. Leigh Hunt has in the

press, *The Descent of Liberty*, a mask, in allusion to the close of the war.

The Rev. J. Grant will shortly publish the second volume of *The History of the English Church and Sects*, including an Account of the deluded Followers of Joanna Southcott.

Dr. Trotter, of Newcastle, is preparing for the press, *Reflections upon the Diseases of the Poor for the last ten Years*, being a Summary of the Cases of upwards of three Thousand Patients who have received gratuitous advice.

Mr. John Greig will soon publish, in 4to. *A Brief Survey of Holy Island, the Farn Islands, and the adjacent Coast of Northumberland*, illustrated by engravings.

The Rev. William Butcher, of Ropsley, has nearly ready for publication, a volume of *Discourses on the leading Doctrines of Christianity*, calculated for family reading.

The Rev. Mr. Polehampton's *Gallery of Nature and Art, or A Tour through Creation and Science*, in six volumes, with a great number of plates, is just completed.

Dr. Jamieson, well known by his Scottish Etymological Dictionary, and various other works, is preparing a new edition, in two volumes 4to. of *The Life of King Robert Bruce*, by John Barbour, Archdeacon of Aberdeen; and of the *Acts and Deeds of William Wallace*, by Henry the Minstrel, commonly called Blind Harry; with biographical sketches and a glossary.

Mr. I. Nathan has announced, by subscription, *A Selection of Hebrew Melodies*, twelve of which are arranged as songs, and others har-

monized for two or more voices. Each melody will have notes, descriptive of the days on which they are sung; and, in addition to the poetry that will be expressly written for this work by an improved modern author, the ancient Hebrew characters, with the English translation, will be given. Some of the melodies are upwards of two thousand years old, supposed to have been sung by the Hebrews before the destruction of the Temple of Jerusalem, and are still sung at the synagogue on particular days. The whole are selected and arranged as songs, duets, glees, &c. with symphonies and accompaniments for the piano-forte.

Mr. Britton has completed his *Architectural Antiquities of Great Britain* with the fortieth number. The whole work now embraces a comprehensive illustration of the ancient Architecture of England; and consists of 278 engravings of Plans, Views, Section, and descriptions of various Churches, Castles, Chapels, and old Mansions. He has also published two numbers of the *Cathedral Antiquities of England*, of which the first five numbers will be devoted to the history and illustration of Salisbury cathedral, and will consist of 30 engravings, with an ample history and description of that grand edifice. Drawings and preparations are making of Norwich cathedral to succeed that of Salisbury; also of Peterborough, Wells, Oxford, York, Canterbury, &c.

In the course of the present year will be published, in one volume 4to. *Ancient Scottish Poems*, selected from a voluminous miscellany, compiled by George Bannatyne,



in 1568, and edited by the celebrated Lord Hailes. At the head of this collection stands the name of William Dunbar, one of the greatest geniuses that Scotland has produced, whose brilliancy of colouring, minuteness of description, and knowledge of life and human nature, is little inferior to Chaucer. To the poems of Dunbar succeed several by Robert Henrysone, of which the pastoral ballad of Robene and Makyne is the most interesting. Several poems follow by Stewart, Patrick Johnstone, Kennedy, and others, and the ballads of Alexander Scott. This reprint will be limited to two hundred copies.

In the first part of *The Philosophical Transactions* for 1814, just published, is a paper by Mr. Anthony Carlisle, giving the following account of a family having hands and feet with supernumerary fingers and toes:—

“Zerah Colburn, a native of the township of Cabot, in the province of Vermont, in North America, has been lately brought to London, and publicly exhibited for his extraordinary powers in arithmetical computations from memory. This boy has a supernumerary little finger growing from the outside of the metacarpus of each hand, and a supernumerary little toe upon the outside of the metacarpus of each foot. These extra fingers and extra toes are all completely formed, having each of them three perfect phalanges, with the ordinary joints, and well shaped nails.

“Abiah Colburn, the father of Zerah, has five fingers and a thumb upon each hand, and six toes on each foot; he has also five meta-

carpal bones in each hand, and six metatarsal bones in each foot. The extra limbs have distinct flexor and extensor tendons. The wife of Abiah Colburn has no peculiarity in her limbs. During the existing marriage she has born eight children, six sons and two daughters. Four of these sons inherit the peculiarity of their father more or less complete, while the two daughters are free from the family mark, as well as two of the sons, namely, the fourth in succession, who was a twin, and the eighth. The eldest son of these parents, named Green Colburn, has only five toes on one of his feet, but the other foot, and both his hands, possess the extra limb. The second child, Betsy Colburn, is naturally formed. The third, Zebina Colburn, has five fingers and a thumb upon each hand, and six toes upon each foot. The fourth and fifth were twin brothers, and named David and Jonathan. David, who is dead, had nothing of the father's mark, but Jonathan has the peculiarity complete. The sixth, Zerah Colburn, the extraordinary calculating boy, is marked like his father, as before described. The seventh, Mary Colburn, is naturally formed. The eighth and last child, Enas Colburn, is also exempt from the father's peculiarity. Besides the persons I have mentioned, this hereditary redundancy of limbs has been attached to the little fingers and to the little toes of several of the ancestors of the family. The mother of Abiah Colburn brought the peculiarity into his family. Her maiden name was Abigail Green: she, however, had not the extra finger on one of her

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hands; the other hand and her feet were similarly marked with those of her son Abiah. David Colburn, the father of Abiah, had no peculiarity. By his marriage with Abigail Green he had three sons and one daughter. Two of these sons and the daughter were fully marked in all the limbs; the other son had one hand and one foot naturally formed. Abigail Green inherited these supernumerary limbs from her mother, whose maiden name was ——— Kendall, and she had five fingers and a thumb upon each hand, and six toes on each foot. The marriage of ——— Kendall with Mr. ——— Green produced eleven children, whom Abiah Colburn's mother, who was one of the eleven, reports to have all been completely marked; but the present family are unacquainted with the history of the other ten branches, and they do not possess any knowledge of their ancestors beyond ——— Kendall, the great-grandmother of Zerah Colburn.

"Numerous examples of the hereditary propagation of peculiarities have been recorded; all family resemblances, indeed, however trifling they may appear to a common observer, are interesting to the physiologist, and equally curious; though not so rare as those described in the preceding history. In every department of animal nature, accumulation of facts must always be desirable, that more reasonable inductions may be established concerning the laws which direct this interesting part of creation: and it might be attended with the most important consequences, if discovery could be made of the relative influence of the

male and female sex in the propagation of peculiarities, and the course and extent of hereditary character could be ascertained, both as it affects the human race in their moral and physical capacities, and as it governs the creatures which are subdued for civilized uses. Nor is it altogether vain to expect that more profound views and more applicable facts await the researches of men, who have as yet only begun to explore this branch of natural history, by subjecting it to physical rules.

"Though the causes which govern the production of organic monstrosities, or which direct the hereditary continuance of them, may for ever remain unknown, it still seems desirable to ascertain the variety of these deviations, and to mark the course they take, where they branch out anew, and where they terminate. There is doubtless a general system in even the errors of nature, as is abundantly evinced by the regular series of monstrosity exhibited both in animals and vegetables.

"It has happened in my professional capacity, that I have had to extirpate supernumerary thumbs from each of the hands of two girls, who were both idiots, though the families to whom they belonged were unknown to each other. I have seen many instances of supernumerary fingers in persons to whom the singularity was not hereditary, and I have read of many others; but whether of my own experience, or of authentic record, the redundancy has been on the outer side of the thumb, never on the back or inside of the hand, or on the sides of the intermediate fingers; and in similar cases as to the



toes, the rule has been invariably the same. In the Sacred Writings an example of this kind is given, 2 Samuel xxi. 20, "And there was yet a battle in Gath, where was a man of great stature, that had on every hand six fingers, and on every foot six toes, four-and-twenty in number; and he also was born to the giant." The same account is repeated in 1 Chronicles xx. 6.

"In the *Elementa Physiologia* of Baron Haller, numerous examples of this deformity are cited from various authors, with some instances of their hereditary descent, and others of a cutaneous junction between the extra limbs and the next adjoining.

"That local resemblances, such as those of external parts, the hands, the feet, the nose, the ears, and the eyebrows, are hereditary, is well known; and it is almost equally evident, that some parts of the internal structure are in like manner transmitted by propagation. We frequently see a family form of the legs and joints, which gives a peculiar gait, and a family character of the shoulders, both of which are derived from an hereditary similarity in the skeletons. Family voices are also very common, and are ascribable to a similar cause. Apparently, many of our English surnames have been taken from the hereditary peculiarities of families; and the same practice existed among the Romans. Pliny, in his eleventh book, ch. xliii. relates an instance of a Roman poet, named Volcatius, who had six fingers on each hand, and received the surname of Sedigitus in consequence. He also states, that two daughters of a noble Roman, named M. Cu-

riatus, had each six fingers, and that they took the surname of Sedigitæ. Persons who had the surname of Flaccus were so called from their pendulous ears; and numerous other instances are recorded by classic writers, of surnames being derived from family marks.

"Anatomical researches have not been so generally extended as to determine the prevalence of internal peculiarities, and perhaps they do not reach to the sanguineous system. I have known two instances, in two different families, of the high division of the brachial arteries having the ulnar branch placed above the facia muscle at the inner bend of the elbows; and yet the father, the mother, the brothers, and the sisters of these two were not so formed. Those marks, called *navi materni*, which are derangements of the sanguineous vessels, are not hereditary, whilst less remarkable changes in the ordinary skin are often so. I have lately seen a man, and who is now living, who has a small pendulous fold attached to the skin of his upper eyelid; and the same peculiarity has been transmitted to his four children. It would have been interesting to know, whether any similarity of structure existed in the families of the two rare examples of a total transposition of the abdominal and thoracic viscera.

"In particular breeds of animals, the characteristic signs are generally continued, whether they belong to the horns of kine, the fleeces of sheep, the proportions of horses, the extensive varieties of dogs, or the ears of swine. In China, the varieties of gold or silver

fishes are carefully propagated; and with us what are vulgarly called "fancy pigeons," are bred into most whimsical deviations from their parent stock.

"As wild animals and plants are not liable to the same variations, and as all the variations seem to increase with the degree of artificial restraint imposed, and as certain animals become adapted by extraordinary changes to extraordinary conditions, it may still be expected, that some leading fact will eventually furnish a clue by which organic varieties may be better explained. A few generations of wild rabbits, or of pheasants, under the influences of confinement, break their natural colours, and leave the fur and feathers of their future progeny uncertainly variegated. The very remarkable changes of the colour of the fur of the hare, and the feathers of the partridge, in high northern latitudes, during the prevalence of the snow, and the adaptation of that change of colour to their better security, are coincidences out of the course of chance, and not easily explained by our present state of physical knowledge."

On the evidence of Richard Payne Knight, Esquire, a trustee of the British Museum; Taylor Combe, Esq. keeper of the medals and antiquities in the Museum; Mr. Richard Miles, a dealer in coins and medals; and Mr. Aniolo Bonelli, a gentleman conversant in the value of articles of antiquity, Parliament has purchased Mr. Townley's collection of antiquities for the British Museum for 8,200*l*. It appeared that the medals and coins, of which it partly consists,

would supply many existing deficiencies in the collection of those articles now in the Museum; but many of the smaller articles among the antiquities are illustrative of the marbles formerly belonging to the late Charles Townley, Esq. now in the Museum.

Thomas Andrew Knight, Esq. President of the Historical Society of London, suggests, that hot-beds ought to be made on an inclined plane of earth, elevated about 15 degrees, making the surface of the dung and mould parallel with it, and adapting the form of the frame to the surface of the bed, by which means the plants and the mould of the bed become more exposed to the influence of the sun.

Dr. Beckmann, who died at Hamburg about the end of June last, has left a rare and truly valuable collection of works of art, which was pronounced by the late Sir William Hamilton, when he visited that city in 1800, to be worthy of a place in the finest cabinets of Europe. It was left him by his uncle, formerly chief officer of the Dutch East India Company in China, where he himself collected these curiosities, at Canton. They consist of numerous oil-paintings, chiefly landscapes by Chinese masters; of which the colouring is beautiful, the perspective correct, and the keeping good. From their composition, these, and many others of those pieces, are, at the same time, illustrative of the public and private life of the Chinese. This cabinet also contains numerous models of buildings, carved with infinite pains, and expressive figures and groups, in ivory, enamel, porcelain, terra cotta, and other ma-



terials; and, lastly, an admirable collection of crystals and precious stones, both rough and cut, which formerly belonged to the late naturalist, Dr. E. C. Schütz, of Hamburg.

Mr. David Brown, a native of Baltimore, has lately exhibited near that place, a newly invented mode of setting fire to a ship of war. In the centre of a circle was erected a mast about 90 feet in height, on which 37 barrels were arranged, two abreast, at equal distances from each other, the whole length of the beam. The combustible substance was then discharged from an ordinary fire-engine at the distance of 90 feet from the mast. A lighted match was applied, when the combustible matter was thrown from the spout, and a tremendous sheet of liquid fire, wrapped in clouds of pitchy smoke, issued from the orifice. The barrels were all consumed, and the sudden involution of light and darkness added much to the grandeur of the spectacle. The Americans, as it appears, design to employ this new engine of destruction against our shipping. One of their torpedo-boats was lately wrecked in Boston harbour, and while ashore burnt by our seamen.

#### MUSICAL REVIEW.

*A Grand Theatrical Overture, composed for the Piano-Forte, by W. Russell. Pr. 2s.*

THIS overture, although one of the lighter productions of a master whose premature death the musical public in England has real cause to lament, is eminently calculated for the practice of the pupil. The

composition is good, void of affectation, highly spirited, and very agreeable. Some select bass passages afford sufficient exercise for the left hand; several interesting imitations are introduced, p. 4, together with suitable modulations; and, in the 6th page, the transitions to E b and A b, impart relief to the whole. All is as it should be.

*Le Souvenir, a second favourite Duet for two Performers on one Piano-Forte, composed, and inscribed (by permission) to the Miss Daniels, by W. R. Callender. Pr. 4s.*

"Le Souvenir" is an agreeable exercise, of a light and easy nature, for two performers of moderate proficiency. Its three movements are in the key of C major. The first, probably an allegro moderato (for its time or character is not stated), proceeds with regularity and propriety, and in good connection, through its successive periods, duly coloured by appropriate digressive matter. The second movement consists of Mr. Braham's favourite air in *Narensky*, "Forget me not," without any addition from the pen of Mr. C.; and the duet concludes with a lively and attractive rondo, in which we meet with some apposite modulation, and a sufficient share of quick passages, well linked and adapted to the hand. The parts allotted to the two performers are generally *concertante*, so that the second has no reason to complain of being a mere train-bearer to the first.

No. II. *Naderman's celebrated Nocturne for the Harp, the Accompaniments for the Piano-Forte and Violin, composed, and inscribed to*

*Miss Jane Lloyd*, by J. Mazzin-ghi. Pr. 5s.; single, 3s. 6d.

The harp of course bears the principal part in this *Notturmo*, which consists of a slow movement in C minor; an allegro, rondo, and march in C major. Naderman's compositions for the harp are so well known and valued, that an expression of our favourable opinion on the work before us might scarcely be necessary. It is in every respect a superior performance, and has the additional advantage of executive ease. Of the several movements which, by their diversity of character and conciseness, cannot but keep attention constantly alive, the rondo is particularly beautiful: it is a pastorage of exquisite delicacy, and, besides its attractive subject, contains a rich display of modulation and digressive matter, conceived with science and great taste.

*Father William, a favourite Song*, sung by Mr. Bellamy, with the most distinguished approbation, composed, and most respectfully inscribed, with permission, to Miss Ashton, by William Hawes, of his Majesty's Chapels Royal and St. Paul's Cathedral. Pr. 2s.

Mr. Southey is the author of the poetry of this song, which does Mr. H. great credit. His symphonies are distinguished by a smooth and well connected flow of fanciful ideas; the melody is extremely well, although not servilely, adapted to the different features of the text; and the accompaniments, set

with great taste and judgment, are duly diversified, and either proceed with great independence of the melody, or serve to fill up appropriately the occasional pauses in it.

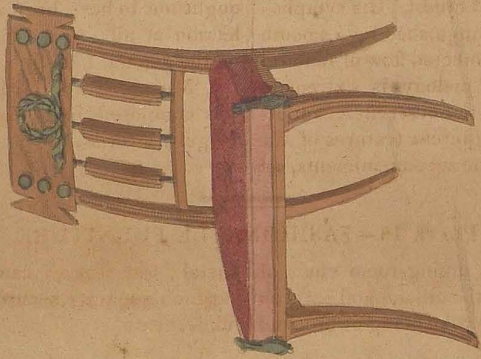
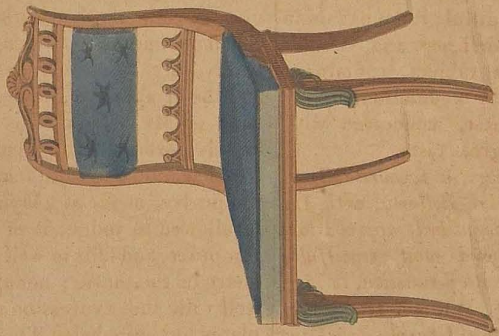
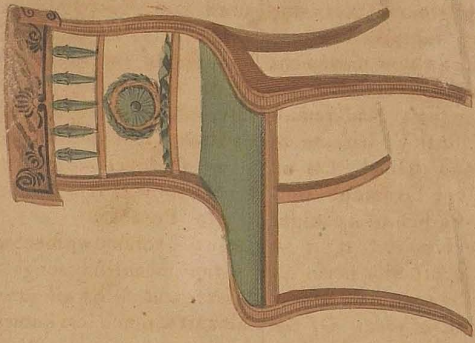
*Mozart's vocal Works, with English Poetry, selected and arranged, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-Forte*, by Muzio Clementi. Vol. II. Pr. 15s.

In this volume we meet with three or four beautiful songs from the *Enlèvement du Serail* (an opera of Mozart's, much less known in England than it deserves); some airs from the *Magic Flute*, *Don Juan*, and *Così fan' tutte*, and several single songs taken from the German edition of M.'s works. The accompaniments, we need scarcely say, are admirably contrived; and the symphonies, wherever the hand of Mr. Clementi is visible, largely partake of his great talent. The selection also is judicious; and the poetry, as far as a layman may be allowed to judge, is of a superior order, and falls in well with the metre of the music; not always so well with the expression contemplated by the melody. This, among others, is the case with *Life let us cherish*, which has been strangely metamorphosed here. Indeed, it ought not to have been in the collection at all; for, whatever may be the general belief in this country, Mozart is not the author. It was composed, in 1794, by a Mr. Nägeli, a Swiss.

#### PLATE 18.—FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

No. 1. A dining-room chair of mahogany, the ornamental parts on the splat or yoke being of bronzed metal; the seat of cane, and the cushion, separate, secured by straps underneath.





PARLOUR CHAIRS.

No. 2. A chair of Grecian form, the whole of mahogany, except the ornament on the knees of the front legs, which are of bronzed metal; the back and feet are loose, and stuffed on frames made to screw in.

No. 3. A Grecian parlour chair, otherwise called Trafalgar, after the

late Lord Nelson; the yoke inlaid with ebony; the ornamental parts in bronzed metal; and the wreath and patera in the back are laid on a solid mahogany ground. This seat is loose, stuffed on a frame, secured in its place with screws under the rails.

## AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE weather through nearly the whole of last month has been remarkably calm, serene, and clear, forming a finer harvest season than is common in this fickle climate; in consequence of which the products of the earth have been secured in the best and most husbandman-like manner. The hovels bend under their weighty loads, and the barns and stack-yards abound to an overflow. The produce of this harvest is of the bulky kind, and will in some instances produce more than an average crop.

Wheat is affected in some districts with the blight and mildew; in some fields so much as to be scarcely worth the harvesting and threshing; in others more partially, the sample appearing of two distinct kinds, that is, head and tail.

Letters patent have been granted in the last month for machinery for more effectually separating mildewed wheat from the straw and chaff. We wish it may be successful, as, unfortunately, this malady is attended with not only a defi-

ciency of the farina, but an increased difficulty of separating the grain from the straw and chaff.

Barley is a full crop upon those soils properly called barley lands; of fine quality, but not large in the grain; consequently the acreable produce will not be so large as might have been expected from a more distant view of the crop.

Oats are a partial crop, and well harvested; the quality fine. The late dry weather has made them so hard and sound, as to bring them into competition with old corn for provender.

Beans are a full crop: the weather has had a similar effect on the pulse kind, and given them a similar competition, if dryness forms the criterion of value.

Vetches, and all the leguminous tribe, are not only prolific in pod, but of the finest quality.

The fine weather, which has had such bountiful effects upon the corn harvest, has been unfavourable to the turnip crop and all the brassica species.

## RETROSPECT OF POLITICS.

### FRANCE.

THE attention of the French government is laudably directed to the improvement of its dilapidated

finances and internal administration. Among the measures recently brought forward for accomplishing this desirable object, those which



principally deserve our notice, are, two projects of laws relative to the property of emigrants and the exportation of corn. In the preamble to the first, the king refers to the engagement which he has already contracted, and which he here renews, to maintain the sales of national property. The law therefore confirms all sales, transfers, and judgments that took place previously to the promulgation of the charter: but it proposes, that all possessions confiscated on account of emigration, which have not been sold or appropriated to the sinking fund, and form part of the domains of the state, shall be restored to the proprietors, their heirs, or assigns.

The attention recently claimed by the corn laws of our own country, must render the regulations adopted by foreign states on that important subject of considerable interest. The clauses of the project for definitively authorizing the exportation of grain from France, provisionally permitted by the ordinance of the 26th of July, are as follow:—The frontier departments of France shall be divided into three classes. The first shall include the departments in which grain is usually dearer than in the rest of the kingdom; the second, those where it keeps at a medium price; and the third, those in which it is generally lowest. The corn, flour, and pulse, on their exportation from France, shall be subject only to a duty of balance, while wheat shall be below 21 francs the hectolitre in the departments of the first class; below 19 francs in those of the second class; and 17 francs in those of the third class.

When wheat shall have attained in each of those respective classes of departments the price of 21, 19, or 17 francs, it shall pay, on exportation, a duty of 1 franc 50 centimes per metrical quintal. Rye, barley, oats, maize, and other inferior grain and pulse, shall pay only half the duty fixed for wheat, and flour of all kinds a mere duty of balance. The produce of the duties levied on the exportation of grain shall be expended in premiums and useful works for the improvement of agriculture. The exportation shall be suspended in every frontier department when the price of wheat shall have risen to twenty-three francs the hectolitre for the first class, twenty-one francs for the second, and nineteen for the third. The suspension shall not be taken off till the price shall have fallen below the limits above-mentioned.

The second French expedition sailed from Brest to take possession of the restored West India colonies on the 8th of September, and a third was expected to follow immediately. The valuable and extensive island of St. Domingo is naturally an object of much speculation, and various contradictory reports are circulated with equal confidence respecting it. The French, influenced no doubt by their wishes, assert, that Petion, one of the rival rulers of the empire of Haiti, has declared in favour of the new government, and signified his readiness to resign his authority to the king; while the English accounts maintain, that the appearance of a French force would be the signal for a reconciliation between that chief and his sable antagonist. The probability cer-

tainly is, that, after the struggles which the people of that island have made for independence, they will not be very easily brought to submit their necks again to a foreign yoke. So much is certain, that the state of the island has been pressed upon the consideration of the representatives of the nation, in petitions from several planters of St. Domingo, stating their wants, recommending certain measures to be pursued, and particularly that an expedition should be sent out from France, in the beginning of November; which petitions were referred to a committee in the Chamber of Deputies. On the 16th the subject was brought under discussion in the chamber, by M. Desfournaux, who admitted, that the recent intelligence from St. Domingo was by no means authentic; and concluded with stating, as the report of the committee, that an humble address be presented to his majesty, requesting him to propose a law for regulating the internal regime of St. Domingo, as to the state of the Blacks already there, or who may be hereafter imported; a second, fixing the civil and political rights to be granted to men of all colours, proprietors in the colony; a third, fixing the period for the payment of all sums due by proprietors prior to the 1st of April, 1814; and, fourthly, that his majesty be requested to order the necessary dispositions for the expedition, and the sending to St. Domingo of colonists, and such military and naval forces as he may judge necessary to the success of an operation so eminently interesting to the prosperity of France, and the happy result of

which may restore commerce to its former splendour. This report was agreed to, ordered to be printed, and referred to the committees.

On the 25th of August the Duke of Wellington was formally introduced to Louis XVIII. as ambassador extraordinary of his Britannic Majesty. The ceremony displayed all the pomp of which it is capable, and an evident anxiety to pay to his excellency and his country all due honour. On his introduction to Monsieur, the latter addressed him in these words:—  
“The king and all the royal family receive the highest pleasure from the choice which the Prince Regent has made of a hero worthy to be his representative. It is our desire and hope to see a durable peace established between two nations made rather to esteem than to wage war with one another.”

These, we have no doubt, are the real sentiments of every member of that illustrious family; but that there are still in France some perturbed spirits, who would, if possible, rekindle the flames of discord among the powers of Europe, the papers of that country daily afford abundant evidence. We allude to different articles which carry on the face of them the stamp of fabrications, designed to excite jealousies among the great powers by whom the pride of the French has been lately humbled, and their inordinate self-love so cruelly wounded. Their hatred of England is as unequivocally manifested; and we are convinced, that it will require as much address as firmness in the sovereign, to prevent the dangerous ebullition of these furious and degrading passions.



Monsieur left Paris on the 8th of September, on a tour through the western and southern departments of the kingdom; and Talleyrand, Minister for Foreign Affairs, quitted the capital on the 15th, to attend the congress at Vienna.

#### NETHERLANDS.

Strong reinforcements of troops have been sent, during the past month, into the Belgian provinces, both from England and Hanover; and these, together with the Dutch force in that quarter, will form a total of upwards of 50,000 men. It will, doubtless, be politic to maintain an imposing attitude on this side, till the congress of Vienna shall have finally confirmed the Prince Sovereign in these new possessions. Lord Lynedock has resigned the chief command of the British troops to the Hereditary Prince of Orange. Expeditions are equipping to take possession of the colonies that are to be ceded by England. It is understood, that Java in the East, and Surinam, Curagoa, and St. Eustatia in the West, will be restored to Holland; but that we shall retain Demerara, Issequibo, Berbice, and the Cape of Good Hope.

#### GERMANY.

The fate of Saxony is a subject of deep interest to the various German powers. Notwithstanding the positive statements, that the Prussian troops were to take possession of this unfortunate country, and that Frederic William III. would assume the title of King of Saxony in addition to Prussia, we cannot bring ourselves to believe that such measures will be adopted previously to the congress. Whether any, and what provision is intended

for the monarch who has been precipitated from that throne, we are not informed.

Great preparations are making for the approaching congress of Vienna, which is expected to open in the last days of September, or beginning of October. Such an assemblage of crowned heads, statesmen, and distinguished persons, as will be there collected, was perhaps never witnessed. The Emperors of Russia and Austria, the Kings of Prussia, Denmark, Sardinia, Wirtemberg, and Bavaria; the Crown Prince of Sweden, and, according to report, the Pope, Murat, and the King of Saxony, besides all the minor German princes, will personally attend to their respective interests; while Viscount Castlereagh and Talleyrand will appear as the representatives of England and France. Spain also will have her minister at Vienna; and it has even been asserted, that an ambassador would be sent thither by the Ottoman Porte. The foreign prints assert, that the Archduke Charles is about to receive the hand of the Duchess of Oldenburg, and hint that other marriages of illustrious persons are expected to take place during the session of the congress.

#### SWITZERLAND.

In consequence of the disputes between the cantons of Berne, Argovia, and Vaud, a note was addressed by the ministers of England, Russia, and Austria, to the government of those cantons, threatening them, in case they could not adjust their differences, with an armed mediation on the part of their respective countries. This menace seems to have produced

the desired effect. Berne has renounced its claims, on condition of the payment of a certain sum of money by instalments.

## ITALY.

The Pope has issued two decrees, which have excited considerable sensation. By the first, he re-establishes the order of the Jesuits, a measure which, as he says, "the Catholic world demands with one unanimous voice;" and, by the second, all secret associations, and particularly those called Freemasons, are forbidden under severe penalties. The latter have likewise been suppressed in the Italian states of the Emperor of Austria.

Murat has raised his army to the full complement of 55,000 men. The principal division, we are told, is to occupy the countries contested with the Pope, "as during the late war." We have long been convinced, that all is not right in this quarter; conspiracies are now talked of: Murat has even denounced, in the official journal, the attempt of a Prince Moliterno to excite insurrection in the marquissate of Ancona and the Abruzzos. The insignificance of the preparations is ridiculed; but the acknowledgment, that Prince Moliterno has found an asylum at Rome, where he arranges his measures, gives him rank either as an agent of the Pope or of the King of Sicily, sufficiently above common disaffection, to render him worthy of all the attention of the last potentate of the Buonaparte family.

Savoy has been completely evacuated by the Austrian force which occupied the different provinces.

The Queen of Sicily died sud-

denly at Vienna in the night of September 8th, in her 63d year.

## SPAIN.

A treaty of peace with France has been signed at Paris by Don Pedro Gomez Labrador and Talleyrand, Prince of Benevento. The treaty itself is exactly the same as that concluded by the different allied powers with France, and is accompanied with two additional articles, to the following effect:—That the property, of what nature soever it may be, possessed by Spaniards in France, and by Frenchmen in Spain, shall be respectively restored to them in the state in which it was at the moment of sequestration or confiscation; that a treaty of commerce shall be concluded as soon as possible between the two powers; and that, until it can be carried into effect, the commercial relations between the two countries shall be re-established on the footing on which they were in 1792. The ratification took place at Madrid on the 2d, and at Paris on the 9th of August.

How far this treaty may tend to abate that inveterate animosity which the Spanish nation in general still manifests against the French, we cannot pretend to determine. A striking instance of this feeling is said to have lately occurred at Madrid, where a respectable female, in passing a church, was torn in pieces by the congregation of a monk who had been delivering a furious sermon against the fashions of France.

Recent advices from Spanish America announce the complete reduction of the province of Venezuela by the royalists, after a



sanguinary engagement on the 17th of June, in which several thousands of the insurgents perished. Those who were left in possession of Carraccas precipitately quitted that city, which was entered on the 7th of July by the royalists, who were masters also of La Guira and the other principal places.

#### POLAND.

Most of the accounts from abroad agree, that Poland is to resume her rank as an independent kingdom. On the other hand, it is positively affirmed, that the Emperor Alexander is to be her king, and the Archduke Constantine his viceroy. That such an arrangement would be highly flattering to the ambition of Russia, cannot be doubted; but whether it would prove equally satisfactory either to the Poles themselves, or to the two potentates who must, in this case, relinquish their portion of the spoil to aggrandize their already overgrown colleague, may be questioned. We shrewdly suspect, that this will be one of the most difficult points to be settled at the approaching congress.

#### SWEDEN AND NORWAY.

The successes of the Swedish army under Bernadotte have brought the northern war to a speedy termination. According to the Swedish bulletins, the second corps d'armée, near 20,000 strong, under Field-Marshal Count Essen, crossed the frontiers on the 30th July, while a smaller body of troops, under Major-General Gahn, entered Norway in a different quarter. This last corps, in its advance, was severely harassed by the Norwegians. On the 4th of August, Frederickstadt capitulated, as it is said, without firing a shot, and the same day

the Swedish troops entered that place and Kongstein. After several actions, the issue of which is represented, by the Swedes, to have been uniformly in their favour, the Crown Prince, on the 14th, made preparations to surround the army of Prince Christian in his position between Moss, Isebro, and Kjolbergsbro, with an overwhelming force; on which the latter accepted proposals for an armistice. A convention was the same day concluded at Moss, stipulating that Prince Christian should resign his authority, that the diet should be convoked as early as possible at Christiania, and that the King of Sweden should communicate directly with that body. His majesty promises to accept the constitution framed by the diet, and to propose such changes only as are necessary for the union of the two kingdoms. By a military convention concluded at the same time, it was agreed, that hostilities should cease till fifteen days after the opening of the diet, with eight days notice beyond that time; that the blockade of the Norwegian ports should be raised; that the fortress of Frederickstein should be surrendered to the Swedes, who, with the exception of two divisions, should return to their own country; that the troops of both nations should confine themselves within certain lines of demarcation, and that neither should approach within a certain distance of the place where the diet should hold its sittings. A proclamation issued by Prince Christian on the 16th of August, summons the diet to meet at Christiania on the 5th of October. A serious tumult has since taken place in that city, and

the popular fury was particularly directed against General Haxthausen, the governor, who is accused of having suffered the Norwegian army to be three days without provisions.

The latest accounts represent Prince Christian as very much indisposed from chagrin at the unfavourable issue of affairs, and the desertion of those on whom he had depended: they add, that he was daily expected at Copenhagen.

Among the instances of public spirit displayed in this short contest, we remark the formation of a corps of female volunteers under the daughter of a clergyman named Pihl; but we regret to learn, that these modern Amazons were nearly all killed or wounded in one of the engagements with the enemy.

#### AMERICA.

On the 25th of July, a severe action was fought at Landy's Lane, near the falls of Niagara, where the division of the British army under Major-General Riall was posted. The Americans, apprized of the advance of Lieut.-General Drummond's division, planned a combined attack upon the former, in the hope of annihilating his force before the junction should be effected. The naval part, however, under Commodore Chauncey, did not sail till a week after the action, and the army was thus left to its own unaided operations. With the latter, about 5000 in number, General Brown, on the 25th July, attacked the far inferior force of General Riall. The same morning General Drummond pushed on to the falls to his support, but instead of finding his whole division occupying that position, as he ex-

pected, he met his advance in full retreat. The enemy had almost gained the position, his columns being close at hand, and the surrounding woods filled with his troops. To form an army under such circumstances, required no ordinary promptitude; and this was scarcely effected before the whole British front was warmly and closely engaged. The principal efforts of the enemy were directed against the left and centre. After repeated attacks, the former was partially driven back, and Major-General Riall was wounded and taken prisoner. The centre, however, was uniformly successful, and the enemy was constantly repulsed with heavy loss. The action commenced at six in the evening and continued till nine; when there was a short intermission, the Americans being employed in bringing up the whole of their reserve.— They soon renewed the attack with their whole force, but were every where repulsed with equal gallantry and success. The conflict lasted till midnight, when the enemy retreated in great disorder towards his camp beyond Chipewa. Next day he abandoned his camp, threw the greatest part of his baggage, camp equipage, and provisions into the Rapids, and, harassed by our light troops, continued his retreat towards Fort Erie. In this severe action our force, for the first three hours, was only 1600 men, and did not, with reinforcements, at any time exceed 2800. The loss sustained by the enemy is estimated at 1500, of whom several hundreds are prisoners, and their two commanding generals, Brown and Scott, were wounded. Of the



British, 84 were killed and 559 wounded; 193 are missing, and 42 taken prisoners: total 878. As the second and third divisions of the British army from Bourdeaux, amounting to 10 or 12,000 men, were expected to arrive at Quebec early in August, we may reasonably hope, that this will be the last time our gallant soldiers will have to encounter such disproportionate odds.

By the latest advices, which come down to the 4th of August, the Americans were then strongly entrenched at Fort Erie, expecting an attack from the British army lying before it. The fleet on Lake Ontario, it was supposed, would have engaged in some enterprize; but, on the 11th of August, it was off Kingston, at the opposite end of the lake from the Niagara line, without attempting any thing. General Drummond states, in his dispatches relative to the battle of Lundy's Lane, that the enemy, in their retreat to Fort Erie, set fire to Street's mills, and destroyed the bridge at Chippewa. For this, and the atrocities previously committed by them at Long Point, Queens-ton, and St. David's, Admiral Cochrane has resolved to retaliate, and has given the necessary orders for that purpose.

On the 9th of August an attack was made by the British on the town of Stonington, 14 miles from New London; but it was supposed to be only preparatory to a more serious attempt upon the latter place, where the Macedonian and United States frigates, and the Hornet sloop, are lying. These our gallant seamen are determined to take or destroy.

A detachment of British troops

has also landed and taken possession of Montauk Point, the eastern extremity of Long Island. In short, all the assailable points of the coast are in a state of alarm, and in momentary expectation of a visit.

#### DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The occurrences of the past month scarcely afford matter for record or observation under this head. It must indeed be sufficiently obvious, that during the parliamentary vacation, in time of peace, no domestic events, of much political consequence, can possibly present themselves to the pen of the historian. Considerable embarkations of troops have taken place at Portsmouth and Plymouth. Their ultimate destination is not avowed; but it can scarcely be doubted that they are bound for America. Large quantities of clothing and arms have likewise been shipped.

The depredations committed upon our coasts by American privateers, in spite of our immense navy, have caused general dissatisfaction in the commercial world. It is certainly a lamentable consideration, that, after we have annihilated the fleets of all the maritime powers of Europe, a few petty marauders should be suffered to cross the Atlantic, and to make daily captures of our most valuable merchantmen, almost within our very ports. The remonstrances on this subject, that have already been transmitted to the Admiralty, demand the serious attention of that board, and loudly call for a more judicious distribution of that part of our naval force best adapted to repress the insolence of our puny enemies, whose very in-

significance only serves to render our losses the more provoking.

The Avon sloop, of 18 guns, commanded by the Hon. James Arbuthnot, sunk, after a desperate battle with the American sloop Wasp of 22 guns, in the night of Sept. 1, near Kinsale. The Castilian sloop came up during the action, and was about to take part in the engagement, but discovering a signal of distress from the Avon, bore away to the assistance of that ship, and had scarcely time to take out the crew, before she went to

the bottom. The Wasp received so much damage, that she is supposed to have shared the same fate. The killed and wounded of the Avon amounted to 21: among the former was her first lieutenant; and among the latter, the captain and second lieutenant.

The marriage of his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland to the Princess Dowager of Solms, by birth a Princess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, and widow of Prince Louis of Prussia, has been solemnized at Strelitz.

# MEDICAL REPORT.

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

*Acute diseases.*—Catarrh, 6—Fever, 10—Scarlet fever and sore-throat, 12—Small-pox, 5—Thrush, 3—Inflammatory sore-throat, 4—Cholera, 4—Erysipelas, 2—Peripneumony, 2—Gout, 2—Acute diseases of infants, 13.

*Chronic Diseases.*—Asthma, 14—Cough and dyspnœa, 16—Pleurodyne, 7—Rheumatism, 14—Dropsy, 4—Gastrodynia, 6—Bilious vomiting, 2—Colic, 5—Ophthalmia, 3—Sore-throat, 6—Head-ach, 8—Vertigo, 5—Palsy, 2—Jaundice, 4—Diarrœha, 9—Scurvy, 1—Tic douloureux, 1—Dysentery, 3—Hæmoptoe, 4—Menorrhœa, 2—Leucorrhœa, 6—Worms, 4—Dyspepsia, 7—Scabies, 4—Psoriasis, 2—Pulmonary consumption, 6—Hypochondriasis, 3—Asthma, 3—Syphilis, 4.

Fever has occurred with some degree of frequency during the summer months. The cases, how-

ever, which I have met with, have yielded to the usual remedies, and were not of a malignant kind. Many children have been affected with scarlet-fever and sore-throat. If the surface of the body is kept cool with sponges wet with vinegar and water, or water alone, and suitable purgatives are given, the patient will in general get through the complaint very well.

At a large charitable institution for girls, in the neighbourhood of London, several of the children who had been vaccinated, and, according to report, had gone through the disease in the regular form, scars remaining on the arms where the cow-pock matter had been inserted, were seized with small-pox. There was no question as to the nature of the complaint, but it affected the children very slightly; and as they received the infection casually, without any preparation, it is probable that they would have suffered much more severely had they not been previously vaccina-



ted. Thus another strong proof of the folly of making positive assertions, respecting the certainty of cow-pox preventing the small-pox from affecting the patient at any subsequent period, is afforded.—The fact is now clearly demonstrated, that although cow-pox and small-pox inoculation will, in general, succeed in securing a person from any future attack of small-pox, it now and then happens, that a person has it a second time, after having been inoculated. But the secondary disease is invariably milder than it would otherwise have been, so that the practice of inocu-

lation cannot be condemned; and as it is not proved, that vaccination is less certain as a preventive than small-pox inoculation, the advantages are decidedly in favour of cow-pox; because it is always safe, mild, and not contagious, requiring no medicine and little care. Where untoward appearances have occurred, they have invariably been found to originate in improper treatment, or in some constitutional peculiarity, where the smallest scratch with a pin, or abrasion of the skin, would have been attended with consequences equally unpleasant.

### FASHIONS FOR LADIES.

#### PLATE 19.—PROMENADE DRESS.

A CELESTIAL blue, or French grey silk skirt, buttoned, and trimmed down the front with a full border of lace, gathered on a plain heading, terminating at the bottom with a deep flounce of the same; high-drawn body, made either of sarsnet or India muslin; long full sleeve, confined at the wrist by a bracelet of blue satin bead and emerald clasp. Lace ruff round the neck. A net handkerchief crossed over the bosom and tied in bows behind. Full-bordered lace cap, ornamented with a small wreath of flowers on one side. A French straw bonnet, lined with white sarsnet, and trimmed round the edge with a narrow quilling of net lace; a small plume of ostrich feathers in

the centre of the crown. Sandals of blue kid. Gloves, York tan or Limerick.

#### PLATE 20.—WALKING DRESS.

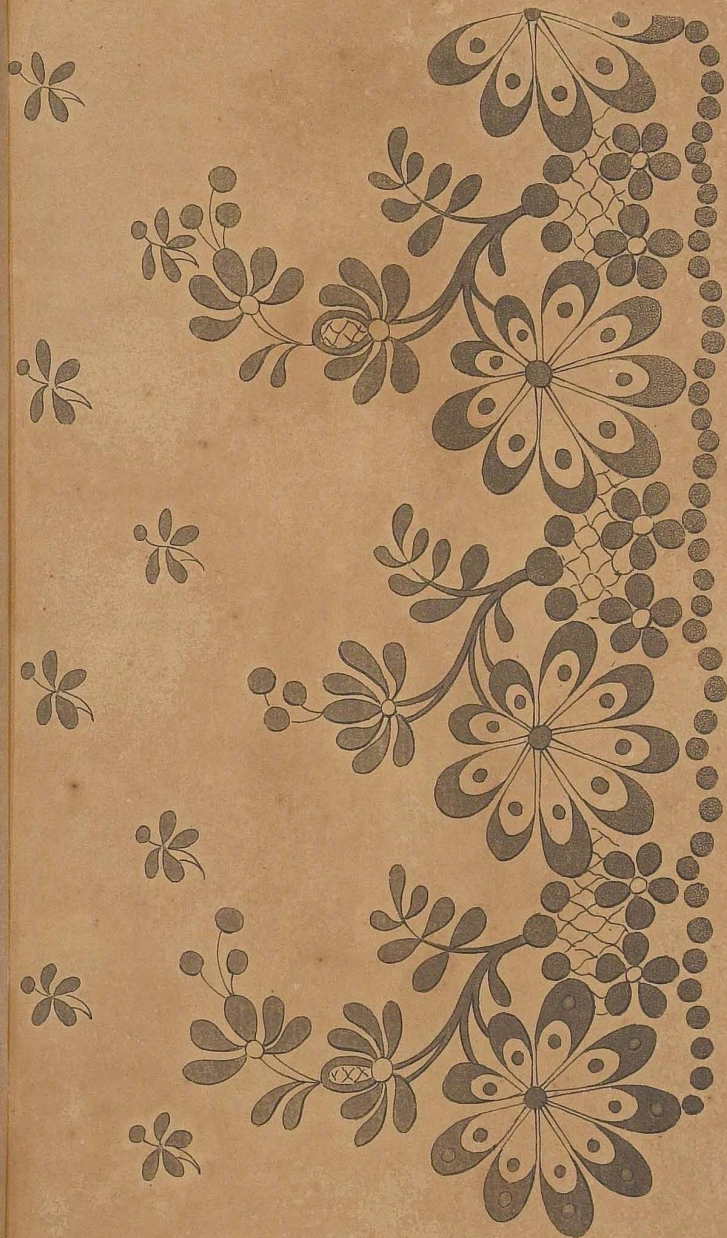
An evening primrose-coloured French sarsnet petticoat, trimmed round the bottom with a double border of clear muslin, drawn full with narrow ribband of corresponding colour to the petticoat; high body of jaconot muslin, with reversed drawings; long sleeve, drawn to correspond. A silk ruff. A silk net handkerchief-sash, tied in streamers and small bows behind. A Shipton straw bonnet, tied under the chin with a net handkerchief crossing the crown, and trimmed with a band of the same silk net. Sandals of evening primrose-coloured kid. Gloves to correspond.







NEEDLEWORK PATTERN.





## Poetry.

## THE DAYS OF INFANCY.

Oh! happy days, for ever fled!  
 Days of delight so quickly sped,  
 Ere sorrow bow'd the drooping head,  
     The days of infancy.

Then was the heart from anguish free,  
 And swift-wing'd hours of gamesome glee  
 Were ended ere we wist they be,  
     Gay hours of infancy.

No cares could then our minds annoy,  
 No doubts disturb our present joy,  
 No cruel fears our peace destroy,  
     In days of infancy.

Our little griefs were quickly o'er,  
 When past, we thought of them no more,  
 Nor dreamt of future ills in store,  
     In days of infancy.

And if our wand'ring thoughts would stray,  
 The distant future to pourtray,  
 They pictur'd still the prospect gay,  
     In days of infancy.

No strong emotions in the breast,  
 No wishes which must be suppress,  
 Nor vain, false hopes—oh! ye were blest,  
     Ye days of infancy!

Seal'd were those springs whence sorrows  
     flow,  
 To mix our future years with woe;  
 We shar'd the purest bliss below,  
     In days of infancy.

Thine is the unsuspecting heart,  
 Where dark distrust ne'er shares a part,  
 That knows not, and that fears no art,  
     Oh! happy infancy!

Thine confidence yet undeceiv'd,  
 Trusting to all, by all believ'd,  
 Not yet by faithless friendship griev'd,  
     Blest age of infancy.

'Tis thine to wander pleasure's round,  
 And pluck each flower of that fair bound,  
 Nor find a lurking thorn to wound,  
     Pure joys of infancy.

But when arriv'd youth's ardent morn,  
 When love of fame or wealth is born,  
 Beneath the rose then springs a thorn,  
     Unknown to infancy.

Then, when th' affections of the mind  
 Are all unlock'd, and pleasure join'd  
 With pain, to be thro' life combin'd,  
     Farewell the peace of infancy!

J. LICKBARROW.

No. LXX. Vol. XII.

## VERSES

WRITTEN ON HEARING OF THE DEATH OF  
 THE DUCHESS OF BUCCLEUCH AND  
 QUEENSEERRY\*,

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

And art thou gone, thou fairest flower  
 That grac'd old Scotland's topmost  
     tree?

And do I see thy honour'd place  
 A waste and woeful vacancy?

Yes, thou art fallen! and o'er thy dust  
 This tear falls to thy memory;  
 Beshrew my heart if e'er I wept  
 For any Scot on earth but thee!

A form so fair, a face so sweet,  
 So gentle, lingers not behind;  
 But these a slight proportion bore  
 To the beauties of thy heart and mind.

Oh! I have seen that placid mien,  
 And watch'd that calm benignant eye,  
 When all unconscious thou wert moved,  
 Nor knew'st thou that thy bard was  
     nigh.

If ever worth appeared on earth,  
 I weened I saw that worth in thee;  
 I saw what meet benevolence was,  
 What parent, and what friend should be.

Woe to the bard, whate'er his fame,  
 Who flatters power for pelf or meed,  
 Yet will not spare one parting strain  
 In memory of the honour'd dead!

\* The premature death of the Duchess of Buccleuch must be regarded by all who had any knowledge of her virtues as a public calamity. By one of those mysterious dispensations which confound the wisdom, and disappoint the presumptuous calculations of man, this illustrious female has been arrested by Providence, amidst a career of varied and extensive usefulness, which entitled her more, perhaps, than any other individual of the same station, to be ranked among the benefactors of her species. Though the uncommon loveliness of her grace's person, which excited the admiration of all who approached her, united to the captivating sweetness and benignity of her manners, exposed her constantly to the poison of adulation; and though the splendour of the exalted circle in which

Farewell, thou dear, thou holy shade!  
 Calm be thy rest till time is o'er!  
 Hadst thou been sister, lover, child,  
 This heart could not regret thee more.

Above thy tomb, with emblems blent,  
 Will glare the sculptor's herald art;  
 But thou hast left a monument  
 In every kindred virtuous heart.

There's not a cot in Yarrow dale,  
 Nor in the wilds of Etrick green,  
 Where will not rise the funeral wail,  
 Where weeds of woe will not be seen.

she was destined to move, would have dazzled and bewildered almost any mind but her own, there never was, we believe, an individual, in any rank of life, more completely divested of the taint of vanity, or better exercised in that soberness of thinking with regard to her own attainments, which is the characteristic of a superior mind. In domestic life, she formed the delight of her family and friends, and her conduct as a wife, a mother, and a sister, rendered her conspicuous even in the noble house of Buccleuch, whose hereditary virtues are proverbial.

But the admirable qualities of her grace's heart were not confined in their influence to the circle of her own family. She felt that she was called on to walk a more extensive round of beneficence, and she obeyed the call with alacrity and zeal. The bounties of Providence were, in her hands, employed in promoting the legitimate end for which they were bestowed; and a thousand voices will be raised to attest, from their own joyful experience, that she was "eyes to the blind, and feet to the lame; that the blessing of him who was ready to perish came upon her, and she caused the widow's heart to sing for joy." The education of the poor was no less an object in which her grace displayed a benevolent interest, than the supply of their bodily wants. She founded and personally superintended several establishments for the education of the poor in different parts of the country, within the sphere of her influence; and assisted, in a more indirect manner, many other institutions of a similar kind. The first wish of her heart indeed was to do good, and that wish an

And I will rear one little cairn,  
 Above thy bow'r on Yarrow side;  
 For worth departed I can mourn,  
 But never cringe to living pride.

And aye on one returning day,  
 I'll seek that place when none shall see,  
 And pour one simple, holy lay,  
 Memorial, beauteous saint, of thee.

When circling years have come and gone,  
 Some early hind may there espy  
 A minstrel on his old grey stone,  
 With the white hairs waving o'er his eye.

active and intelligent mind enabled her, in no common degree, to perform. She was not satisfied with making others the almoners of her charity—she visited, in person, the abodes of want and wretchedness—she administered with her own hands to the necessities of the poor, and subjected herself to no trifling privations that she might promote the comfort and happiness of her dependants. Those who have been so fortunate as to meet with her on such errands of love, will never forget the sunshine of gratified benevolence which shone on her countenance, and added so unspeakable a charm to the graces of her person. There was something, indeed, in every part of her character, so very far surpassing the common standard of humanity, that it is impossible to dwell on the remembrance of it without a sacred and solemn feeling, approaching to veneration. It is inexpressibly exhilarating to know, that such characters are occasionally sent to adorn and dignify our nature; and a sentiment of tender exultation is not perhaps altogether inconsistent with the universal sorrow caused by her removal from this earthly scene. There cannot assuredly be an object better calculated to elevate and enlarge the mind, to give it just views of the dignity of religion and virtue, and to teach it to know its own value, than the contemplation of a human being approaching, on earth, so near to the perfection of celestial natures; and, amidst the allurements and vanities of time, steadily pursuing the path which leads to the joys of eternity.



# LONDON MARKETS.

Return of Wheat from Aug. 29 to Sep. 3.  
 TOTAL 7,999 quarters.—Average, 79s. 8½d. per quarter;  
 or 6s. 4½d. per quarter lower than last return.

## Return of Flour from Sep. 3 to 9.

TOTAL, 19,370 sacks.—Average, 74s. 0½d. per sack, or  
 3½d. per sack lower than last return.

## Average of England and Wales, Sep. 10.

	s.	d.	s.	d.	Beans
Wheat	79	0	Barley	37	0
Rye	44	8	Oats	28	1

## CORN, SEEDS, &c.

	s.	s.	Tares, per bushel	s.	s.
Wheat white, per quarter	54	84	Turnip	18	22
—red—	50	78	Mustard,		
—foreign—	50	66	—brown—	13	18
Rye	36	40	—white—	11	19
Barley, English	28	35	Canary, per qr.	12	147
Malt	60	76	Hempseed	70	82
Oats Feed	17	27	Linseed	65	100
—Friesland—	18	30	—red—	45	90
—Poland—	25	35	—white—	75	112
Potatoes	44	48	—foreign—		
Beans, Pigeon	—	—	—red—	54	95
Pease, Boiling	50	64	—white—	80	113
—Grey—	42	48	Trefoil	12	34
Flour per sack	70	73	Caraway	8	96
—Seconds—	60	65	Coriander	18	22
—Scotch—	50	60			

American Flour — s — s per barrel of 19½ lbs.  
 Rapeseed, per last — £30 a £35 a £—.  
 Oil Cakes, per thousand, £12. 0s. to £20 0s.

## SUGAR, &c. per Cwt.

	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.
Muscovade, fine	112	a	120		
—good—	106	a	110		
—ordinary—	95	a	105		
East India white	85	a	105		
—yellow—	75	a	84		
—brown—	65	a	74		

## MOLASSES 40s. od. a s.—d.

	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.
Double Leaves	210	a	220		
Hambro' ditto	168	a	170		
Powder ditto	164	a	170		
Single ditto	162	a	168		
Canary Lump	158	a	162		
Large ditto	150	a	154		
Bastards, whole	109	a	104		
—fines—	104	a	108		
—middles—	98	a	102		
—tips—	90	a	94		

## GINGER.

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

## RICE, Bonded.

Carolina	24	a	26
Brazil	26	a	28

## COCOA, Bonded.

Plantation	65	a	80
Spices and Pepper, per lb.	18	a	24
Nutmegs	10	a	10
Cinnamon	10	a	11
—black—	30	a	42
Pepp. white	5	a	4
—black—	2	a	5
—Pimento—	2	a	0

Average price of Raw Sugar, exclusive of duty, 72s 6½d.

We have less doing in both raw and refined sugars this month, but the prices are tolerably well supported

## HOPS in the Borough.

	£	s.	£	s.	£	s.
Bags	—	5	0	7	7	0
Kent	—	5	0	7	7	0
Sussex	—	4	15	a	6	15
Essex	—	0	0	0	0	0

## CORN, &c. per Quarter.

	Sept.	Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Beans.
Newcastle	—	—	—	—	—
Northampton	—	—	—	—	—
Canterbury	—	—	—	—	—
Lewes	17	76	a	84	a
Chichester	10	69	a	85	a
Ashborne	10	84	a	92	a
Grantham	17	72	a	80	a
Guthorpe	14	62	a	75	a
Louth	14	57	a	86	a
Huntingdon	10	80	a	86	a
Newark	12	70	a	80	a
Spilby	—	—	—	—	—
Rygate	—	—	—	—	—
Devizes	—	—	—	—	—
Reading	17	50	a	97	a
Swansea	14	74	a	30	a
Haverly	15	60	a	95	a
Waldenhead	—	—	—	—	—
Salisbury	13	64	a	70	a
Peart	13	75	a	32	a
Hull	—	—	—	—	—
Basingstoke	14	60	a	90	a
Walsley	10	50	a	74	a
Audover	—	—	—	—	—
Wimster	17	66	a	96	a

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

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

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR AUGUST, 1814.

Conducted, at Manchester, by THOMAS HANSON, Esq.

1814.	Wind.	Pressure.			Temperature.			Weather.	Evap.	Rain.
		Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.			
AUG.										
1	SW 1	30.08	30.06	30.070	70.0°	58.0°	64.50°	cloudy	.086	—
2	SW 1	30.08	30.06	30.070	71.0	55.0	63.00	cloudy	.074	—
3	NW 1	30.10	30.06	30.080	70.0	61.0	65.50	fine	.116	—
4	NW 2	30.10	30.02	30.060	71.0	56.0	63.50	brilliant	.076	.080
5	NW 2	30.00	29.66	29.830	69.0	61.0	65.00	showery	.124	—
6	NW 4	30.04	29.68	29.860	64.0	55.0	59.50	showery	.110	.310
7	SW 3	30.02	29.78	29.900	62.0	53.0	57.50	rainy	.070	—
8	SW 3	29.78	29.72	29.750	64.0	52.0	58.00	rainy	.050	.670
9	NW 2	30.06	29.72	29.890	62.0	51.0	56.50	showery	.002	—
10	NW 2	30.18	30.06	30.120	64.0	52.0	58.00	showery	.050	.490
11	W 1	30.20	30.18	30.190	63.0	54.0	58.50	showery	.068	—
12	SW 1	30.18	30.06	30.120	67.0	56.0	61.50	gloomy	.040	—
13	SW 1	30.06	29.88	29.970	66.0	52.0	59.00	gloomy	.100	.240
14	W 1	29.94	29.88	29.910	53.0	46.0	49.50	fine	.090	—
15	W 1	29.94	29.92	29.930	62.0	50.0	56.00	cloudy	.070	—
16	W 2	29.92	29.82	29.870	60.0	50.0	55.00	rainy	.064	—
17	W 1	29.98	29.90	29.970	61.0	50.0	55.50	rainy	.056	.280
18	W 1	30.18	29.98	30.080	62.0	56.0	59.00	fine	.054	—
19	NW 2	30.18	29.98	30.080	60.0	58.0	59.00	rainy	.040	—
20	W 1	30.18	30.02	30.100	62.0	53.0	57.50	fine	.060	—
21	SW 1	30.02	29.88	29.950	63.0	52.0	58.50	rainy	.086	—
22	SW 1	29.92	29.88	29.900	67.0	52.0	59.50	rainy	.044	1.390
23	S 1	29.88	29.70	29.790	68.0	56.0	62.00	rainy	.040	—
24	SW 1	29.70	29.68	29.690	68.0	53.0	60.50	gloomy	.020	.120
25	SW 1	29.82	29.68	29.750	63.0	56.0	61.00	gloomy	.070	—
26	W 2	30.04	29.82	29.930	63.0	52.0	58.50	brilliant	.080	.190
27	W 2	30.10	30.04	30.070	64.0	48.0	56.00	fine	.106	—
28	W 1	30.18	30.10	30.140	63.0	47.0	55.00	fine	.060	—
29	W 1	30.26	30.18	30.220	63.0	52.0	60.00	cloudy	.054	—
30	W 1	30.38	30.26	30.320	71.0	58.0	64.50	gloomy	.054	—
31	SW 1	30.48	30.38	30.430	70.0	58.0	64.00	fine	.070	.090
		Mean		30.001	Mean		59.37			3.700

## RESULTS.

Mean pressure, 30.001—Maximum, 30.48, wind S. W. 1.—Minimum, 29.66, wind N. W. 2.—Range, .82 inch.

The greatest variation of pressure in 24 hours, is .36 inch, which was on the 6th.

Spaces described by the curve, formed from the mean daily pressure, 2.65 inches.—Number of changes, 9.

Mean temperature, 59.37.—Max. 71°, wind W. 1.—Min. 46°, wind W. 1.—Range 25.

The greatest variation of temperature in 24 hours is 16°, which was on the 28th.

Water evaporated (from a surface of water exposed to the effects of winds and the sun, but not to its direct rays), 2.938 inches.

Fall of rain, 3.700 inches—rainy days, 22—snowy, 0—hail, 0.

## WIND.

N 0 NE 0 E 0 SE 0 S 1 SW 11 W 12 NW 7 Variable. 0 Calm.

Brisk winds 2—Boisterous ones 1.



## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR AUGUST, 1814.

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

1814. AUG.	Wind.	Pressure.			Temperature.			Weather.	Evap.	Rain.
		Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.			
1	N W	30,10	29,98	30,040	80°	59°	69,5°	fine	—	—
2	N W	30,10	30,05	30,075	76	64	70,0	fine	—	—
3	S W	30,14	30,05	30,095	79	55	67,0	fine	—	—
4	S W	30,14	29,98	30,060	77	62	69,5	fine	.73	—
5	S W	29,98	29,86	29,920	76	58	67,0	showers	—	—
6	W	30,05	29,98	30,015	69	57	63,0	showers	.37	.14
7	S W	29,98	29,80	29,890	70	60	65,0	showers	—	—
8	S W	29,97	29,80	29,885	69	57	63,0	showers	—	.19
9	N W	30,07	29,97	30,020	65	60	62,5	cloudy	—	—
10	W	30,15	30,07	30,110	66	60	63,0	showers	—	—
11	N W	30,16	30,15	30,155	66	59	62,5	cloudy	.87	—
12	S W	30,16	30,00	30,080	71	61	66,0	cloudy	—	—
13	S W	30,00	29,95	29,975	74	58	66,0	fine	.27	—
14	N W	29,97	29,95	29,960	68	55	61,5	fine	—	—
15	S W	29,95	29,90	29,925	65	56	60,5	fine	—	.18
16	S W	29,97	29,90	29,935	62	52	57,0	rainy	—	.23
17	W	30,05	29,97	30,010	66	62	64,0	cloudy	.58	—
18	W	30,07	30,05	30,060	68	56	62,0	cloudy	—	—
19	N W	30,04	30,00	30,020	60	51	55,5	fine	—	—
20	N W	30,04	29,98	30,010	66	61	63,5	fine	.34	—
21	S W	29,98	29,96	29,970	68	57	62,5	fine	—	—
22	N W	29,96	29,84	29,900	73	59	66,0	fine	—	.15
23	S	29,77	29,75	29,760	77	56	66,5	clouds	—	—
24	N W	29,70	29,40	29,595	64	53	61,0	rainy	.39	1.54
25	N W	29,86	29,70	29,780	70	56	63,0	showery	—	.11
26	N W	29,98	29,86	29,920	65	53	59,0	fine	—	—
27	N W	30,14	29,98	30,010	62	48	55,0	fine	—	—
28	N E	30,17	30,04	30,105	64	39	51,5	fine	.55	—
29	Var.	30,29	30,17	30,185	68	59	59,0	fine	—	—
30	Calin	30,27	30,20	30,235	73	57	65,0	cloudy	—	—
31	N W	30,34	30,27	30,305	71	58	64,5	fine	.30	.01
		Mean			Mean			Total	4,40in.	2,55in.

RESULTS. — Prevailing winds, westerly — Mean height of barometer, 30,006 inches; highest observation, 30,34 inches; lowest, 29,49 inches. — Mean height of thermometer, 62,9°; — highest observation, 80° — lowest, 39° — Total of evaporation, 4,40 inches. — Total of rain, 2,55 inches. — Total in another gauge, 2,07 inches.

Notes. — 3d. A few slight showers in the evening. — 7th. A strong wind from the S.W. all day. — 8th. Squally. — 16th. Rainy morning — fine evening. — 23d. A heavy shower of rain early this morning. — 24th. Very rainy day — squally night. — 25th. A thunder storm between five and six o'clock P. M. — 29th and 30th. Foggy mornings. — 31st. A shower of rain this evening.

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

Birmingham Fire Office	£200	pr sh	Monmouthshire Canal	£160	pr. sh
Eagle Ditto	2 28	do.	Regent's Ditto	23	dis.
Globe Ditto	112	do.	Swansea Ditto	175	pr sh.
Hope Ditto	2 55.	do.	Commercial Dock (New)	15	pm.
Imperial Ditto	18 10s.	do.	East Country Ditto	45	pr sh.
Royal Exchange	265 10s.	do.	London Ditto	97	do.
East London Water-Works	70	do.	West India Ditto	155	do.
Chelsea Ditto	12 5s.	do.	Strand Bridge	20	do.
Grand Junction Ditto	35	do.	— Annuities	£10 a 11. 10s.	pm.
Kent Ditto (Old)	52 10s.	do.	Highgate Archway	10	pr sh.
Portsmouth & Faringdon Do.	21	do.	Russell Institution	18. 18	do.
Birmingham Canal	650	do.	Surrey Ditto	14. 14s.	do.
Andover Ditto	83 a 85	do.	Auction Mart	29 a 30	do.
Chesterfield Ditto	100	do.	London Com. Sale-Rooms	52 10s.	do.
Coventry Canal	809	do.	Flour Company	5	do.
Erewash Ditto	800	do.	Gas Light & Coke Com.	20	do.
Grand Union	92	do.	Drury-Lane Theatre, 500l Sh. 190 a 200	do.	
Grand Western	54	dis.	Irish Tontine, £100 Deben-		
Leeds and Liverpool	208	pr. sh.	ture, 3d Class, 1775	58. 2s	do.

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

## PRICES OF STOCKS.

Date.	Bank Stock.	3 Pr. Ct. Consols.	3 pr. ct. 4 Red.	4 pr. ct. Cons.	5 pr. ct. Navy	Long Ann.	2d Om. for 1814.	Impl. 3 pr. ct.	Impl. Ann.	Irish 3 pr. ct.	S. Sea Ann.	S. Sea Stock.	India Stock.	India Bonds.	Exchgr. Bills 3d.	St. Loty Tickets	Cons. Aug 25
Aug 22	257	65 a 1/2	66 1/2	83	95 1/2	16 1/2	1 1/2 Dis.	—	—	—	—	—	193 1/2	16 Pm.	5 Pm.	£19, 198	66 a 1/2
23	257	66 1/2 a 67	67 1/2	84 1/2	97	16 1/2	0 1/2 Dis.	—	—	97	—	—	—	16 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	66 1/2 a 67
24	257	66 1/2 a 67	67	—	—	16 1/2	1 1/2 Dis.	—	—	—	—	—	—	15 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	66 1/2 a 67
25	257	66 1/2 a 67	67 1/2	83 1/2	96 1/2	16 1/2	1 1/2 Dis.	—	—	—	—	—	194	13 Pm.	5 Pm.	Oct. 13	66 1/2 a 67
26	257	66 1/2 a 67	67 1/2	83 1/2	96 1/2	16 1/2	1 1/2 Dis.	64 1/2	—	—	65 1/2	69	194	15 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	66 1/2 a 67
27	—	65 a 1/2	66 1/2	82 1/2	95 1/2	16 1/2	2 1/2 Dis.	—	—	—	—	—	—	14 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	65 1/2 a 66
28	—	65 a 1/2	66 1/2	82 1/2	95 1/2	16 1/2	2 1/2 Dis.	—	—	—	—	—	—	14 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	65 1/2 a 66
29	256 1/2	65 1/2 a 66	66	82 1/2	95 1/2	16 1/2	2 1/2 Dis.	64 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	14 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	65 1/2 a 66
30	255 1/2	65 1/2 a 66	65 1/2	82 1/2	95 1/2	16 1/2	2 1/2 Dis.	64 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	14 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	65 1/2 a 66
31	255	65 1/2 a 66	65 1/2	82 1/2	95 1/2	16 1/2	2 1/2 Dis.	—	—	—	—	—	—	13 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	65 1/2 a 66
Sept. 1	254	65 1/2 a 66	65 1/2	83	95 1/2	16 1/2	2 1/2 Dis.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	65 1/2 a 66
2	Hol.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
3	Shut	64 1/2 a 65	65 1/2	83 1/2	95 1/2	16 1/2	2 1/2 Dis.	—	—	—	—	69	—	13 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	65 1/2 a 66
4	—	65 1/2 a 66	65 1/2	83 1/2	95 1/2	16 1/2	2 1/2 Dis.	—	—	—	—	—	—	13 Pm.	5 Pm.	21. 198	65 1/2 a 66
5	—	65 1/2 a 66	66 1/2	84	96 1/2	—	2 1/2 Dis.	—	—	96 1/2	—	—	—	13 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	66 1/2 a 67
6	—	65 1/2 a 66	Shut	Shut	97	—	2 1/2 Dis.	64 1/2	—	Shut	Shut	—	—	13 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	66 1/2 a 67
7	—	65 1/2 a 66	—	—	98 1/2	—	1 1/2 Dis.	64 1/2	—	—	—	—	192	12 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	66 1/2 a 67
8	—	65 1/2 a 66	—	—	98 1/2	—	1 1/2 Dis.	64 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	12 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	66 1/2 a 67
9	—	65 1/2 a 66	66 1/2	—	99 1/2	—	1 1/2 Dis.	—	—	—	—	—	—	13 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	66 1/2 a 67
10	—	65 1/2 a 66	Shut	—	99 1/2	—	2 1/2 Dis.	64 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	13 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	66 1/2 a 67
11	—	65 1/2 a 66	66 1/2	83 1/2	99 1/2	—	2 1/2 Dis.	64 1/2	—	—	—	68 1/2	—	13 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	66 1/2 a 67
12	—	65 1/2 a 66	66 1/2	Shut	99 1/2	—	2 1/2 Dis.	64 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	13 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	66 1/2 a 67
13	—	65 1/2 a 66	—	—	99 1/2	—	2 1/2 Dis.	64 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	13 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	66 1/2 a 67
14	—	65 1/2 a 66	—	—	99 1/2	—	2 1/2 Dis.	64 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	13 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	66 1/2 a 67
15	—	65 1/2 a 66	—	—	99 1/2	—	2 1/2 Dis.	64 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	13 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	66 1/2 a 67
16	—	65 1/2 a 66	65 1/2	—	99 1/2	—	3 1/2 Dis.	63 1/2	—	—	—	68	—	13 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	66 1/2 a 67
17	—	65 1/2 a 66	65 1/2	—	99 1/2	—	3 1/2 Dis.	63 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	13 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	66 1/2 a 67
18	—	65 1/2 a 66	65 1/2	—	99 1/2	—	3 1/2 Dis.	63 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	13 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	66 1/2 a 67
19	—	65 1/2 a 66	65 1/2	—	99 1/2	—	3 1/2 Dis.	63 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	13 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	66 1/2 a 67
20	—	65 1/2 a 66	65 1/2	—	99 1/2	—	3 1/2 Dis.	63 1/2	—	—	—	67	—	13 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	66 1/2 a 67

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