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DIEU ET MON DROIT



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OF
 ARTS, LITERATURE, FASHIONS,
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THE SECOND SERIES.

VOL. V.

JANUARY 1, 1818.

No. XXV.

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TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit Announcements of works which they may have in hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New musical publications also, if a copy be addressed to the publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and extracts from new books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, will be acceptable.

The Proprietor of the Repository begs leave to call the attention of his Subscribers to the new species of Embellishments which, with that solicitude for the gratification which their liberal encouragement demands, he has introduced into the present Number. He flatters himself that the series here commenced with the View of the Lake of Geneva, and Four Playing-Cards, will, in their progress, prove highly interesting.

The conclusion of the History of the Magic Volume—Florizour—E. M. and T. M. shall appear in our next.

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month published, may have it sent to them, free of Postage, to New-York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any part of the West Indies, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. THORNTON, of the General Post-Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-Lane; to Hamburgh, Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. SEARANT, of the General Post-Office, at No. 22, Sherborne-Lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of the East Indies, by Mr. GUY, at the East-India House. The money to be paid at the time of subscribing, for either 3, 6, 9, or 12 months.

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Nº XXV.

WE commence this new volume of the *Repository* with the first of a Series of Picturesque Views and Descriptions of the Scenery of Mount Simplan, setting off from Geneva; and have no doubt that, our readers will be gratified with the illustrations of the wild and romantic country, through which that stupendous monument of human industry, the new road over the Simplan, has been constructed. It is well known, that upwards of 40,000 men were employed in the execution of this great work.

PLATE I.—PICTURESQUE TOUR OF MOUNT SIMPLAN.

OF all the lakes which embellish Switzerland, that of Geneva most powerfully excites the admiration of strangers. Its extent, the purity of its water, the rich and varied prospects enjoyed on its shore, the beauty of the towns, the number of the villages, the elegance of the country-seats by which it is bordered, are not the only causes of its celebrity; which is partly owing to the urbanity of the inhabitants of Geneva and the principal towns of the Pays de Vaud, to their opulence, and the agreeable society to be found among them.

The traveller crossing for the first time the chain of Jura, which borders the northern part of the Lake of Geneva, is struck with an admiration not to be described, when, on reaching the summit, this beautiful basin, eighteen leagues in length and three or four in width, gradually narrowing at its extremi-

ties in the form of a crescent, suddenly bursts upon his view; and he surveys the majestic mountains, which serve as a frame to this magnificent picture. On his left he remarks the Jorat, which overlooks Lausanne, and the long chain of the Swiss mountains terminating in a rapid declivity towards the extremity of the lake; there he describes the narrow entrance of the Valais, which affords an outlet to the Rhone, whose mouth is distinguished by the whitish colour of its waters. On the right he beholds the same river issuing in a pure and limpid current from the lake, traversing Geneva, and then meandering through the fertile plain, in which it has formed for itself a deep channel, till at length it escapes beyond the Jura, and pursues its rapid course towards the Mediterranean. At his feet the Pays de Vaud spreads magnifi-

cheerful submission the trials it has fated me to bear."

"You will then act wisely, Fortunio," said a voice, in which he recognised the silver tones of his celestial friend. "And I am permitted to reward you by informing you, that few trials await you; but in your conduct under them never forget the lesson you have this day learned, and recollect, that patience and submission rob misfortune of half its sting."

At that instant the magic volume disappeared, and Fortunio returning once more his fervent thanks to the friendly Genius, resumed his usual occupations with renovated cheerfulness. In a short

time he made choice of a fair-one more calculated to render him happy than the perfidious Felicia had ever been. His affection for her was warm, but it was also rational, and she returned it with a sincerity which rendered their union happy. Nevertheless, there were moments in which he had to recall the magic volume, but in justice to him we must say, that he never forgot the lesson its contents had taught him; and as they were indelibly impressed upon his memory, he committed them to paper, and bequeathed them to his children, as a legacy of more value than the ample possessions by which they were accompanied.

THE REEDS OF THE TIBER.

By Madame DE GENLIS.

At the deplorable period when the French, friends of religion, humanity, laws, and monarchy, every where experienced a hospitable reception except in their native country, the Marquise de *** travelled in Italy; after staying three weeks at Rome, she went with an Italian lady, a friend of hers, to a nunnery, for the purpose of seeing some beautiful pictures which adorn the inner church of the convent. When she had inspected this church she descended into a vault, the door of which was open, and in which she beheld a sad and affecting object, that made the strongest impression on her imagination. It was an open coffin, surrounded with lighted tapers, in which was placed a young nun, in her usual dress, and her face uncovered. She died the preceding day, and had just

been deposited in the vault: she held a rosary of coral in her clasped hands, which were whiter than the purest alabaster; a dry reed was placed beside her in the coffin: her countenance, so far from being distorted, still displayed the most regular and perfect features. As the *marquise* admired with emotion this figure, whose beauty triumphed over death itself, Olympia (for this was the name of the lady who accompanied her) addressed her as follows: "You will feel a still greater interest for this young female when you know that she was a Frenchwoman, and that the most unfortunate passion was the cause of her death."—"Her lover doubtless was one of the victims of the revolution?"—"No, he died at Rome: but come to my house this evening, and you shall be informed

of all the particulars by Belози, whom you know, and who received them from Lorenzi, the friend of the young lovers." The *marquise* eagerly embraced this proposal, and the same evening Belози, seated between her and Olympia, spoke as follows:

The unfortunate hero of this story himself wrote down the most extraordinary circumstances of it. He had a friend named Lorenzi, to whom he gave this manuscript, which I have read. I shall, therefore, express his ideas, his grief, and his sentiments in his own words when I introduce him as speaking.

This young man, named Rozeval, was born at Paris: his father was a celebrated musician, and wishing to allow his son the liberty of one day choosing another profession, he gave him an excellent education. Rozeval possessed genius, application, a fondness for the arts and for reading: he learned several languages, and adorned his memory; at the same time he cultivated poetry, drawing, and music, and united to all these talents that of playing in a very expressive manner upon the flute. At the age of seventeen, love determined his profession: he had a cousin two years younger than himself, whose name was Urania. An orphan from her infancy, she was under the guardianship of an organist, of whom she learned to play well on the piano; she also performed on the harp, for Urania was passionately fond of music. She was destined for the profession of a musician, and was already competent occasionally to supply her tutor's place at the organ; and often in the organ-gallery of the

church of St. Paul did she delight the congregation with the harmonious sounds of her harp, accompanied by her cousin on the flute.

It was in the gallery of this church, while offering to religion the first fruits of their talents, and celebrating the greatness and goodness of the Almighty, that their love sprung up—that love which proved so constant and so pure. No profane or frivolous idea was blended with these first impressions; their very feelings were sanctified as well as their sentiments; they beheld around them within these sacred walls nothing but the august image of religious awe and faith: it was not the voluptuous odour of precious essences and amber which charmed their senses, but the mystic perfume which burned upon the altars. They heard only the solemn sound of bells and pious hymns, which expressed supreme adoration and gratitude. Their souls, soaring together towards Heaven, seemed united as they proceeded to lay at the foot of the eternal throne the same tribute of veneration, the same wishes and timid hopes.

The organist and the father of Rozeval soon perceived the mutual attachment of the young musicians, and they encouraged it: at length it was settled that Rozeval should receive the hand of Urania when she should have perfected her talents. Application now became a proof of love, and study a passion. Urania no longer quitted her piano-forte or her harp; her cousin spent every day with her: instead of forgetting the hours with him as formerly in the most agreeable conversation, Urania enter-

tained him with music as long as his visits lasted. The heart of Rozeval understood this harmonious language, and he answered it with the enchanting sounds of his flute. They both played with a feeling and expression which were admired as the surprising progress of art, and which were alone owing to love. Among other pieces of music which they every day executed together was one in particular, which they were never tired of repeating; it was a piece for the harpsichord, well known in Italy by the title of *The beautiful Sonata of Corelli*. It is, in truth, one of the most charming productions of that celebrated composer. Before they separated in an evening, the young lovers always played this sonata of Corelli, and all the notes of this pleasing melody were engraven upon their minds till the next day.

Tempests suddenly arose to disturb this innocent and peaceful passion. The revolution commenced! Rozeval was in his nineteenth year; Urania was but sixteen. The father of Rozeval some time previous to this period, had occasion to pass the autumn in London, and, notwithstanding the regret of his son, he set out with him in August. Rozeval, far from foreseeing all that was to happen, made sure of returning at the beginning of winter: nevertheless his grief was extreme; he was separated from Urania for the first time in his life. His father was so successful in the business which carried him to England, that he staid there eight months, at the end of which time he fell sick, so that Rozeval could not go back to France. As a musician, he was not

placed on the list of emigrants; but he was obliged to remain in London to take care of his father, who, for more than a year, struggled between life and death: but at length he sunk under his long illness. As soon as he had paid the last sad duties to his parent, he hastily quitted England and returned to France. He found his Urania more tender than ever, and adorned by the double charm of a fascinating person and superior talents. They again played with delight not only the sonata of Corelli, but likewise all those pieces which they had executed together before their separation: this was repeating the first conversations of their love.

It was settled that a sacred tie should for ever unite the lovers when Rozeval had left off mourning for his father. The dreadful reign of terror now commenced. The splendid mansions of the great were already converted into inns, and the churches into stables. The priests either fled or received the palm of martyrdom. Infuriated tyrants tore the veils of chastity from the virgins devoted to God, and, notwithstanding their resistance and grief, violently forced them from their asylums. This was termed in the republican language, setting them at liberty.

One day the organist, on his return home, alarmed Urania by his paleness and his wild look. He threw himself into a chair, exclaiming in a faint voice, "O the barbarians! the cannibals!"—"Good Heaven!" cried Urania, "what has happened? Have you seen any thing horrible?"—"Yes, inexpressibly horrible! O the monsters!"

—“Great God, you freeze my blood!”—“I saw—I tremble—I saw the organ of St. Paul’s sold to dealers in pewter-pots and tinkers!” These words relieved Urania of a dreadful weight, for the most fatal ideas crowded upon her imagination. She carefully concealed from him her secret satisfaction, and remained silent. The organist, continuing his discourse, “To the tinkers!” cried he—“the organ of St. Paul’s! and every organ in Paris will share the same fate*! The melting of the bells inspired me with sad presentiments, but who could have expected this last impiety? Alas! they destroy the altars! We can erect them in our own houses—but the organs!”—“The piano-forte is left us!”—“The piano!—do you compare it to the organ—to that sacred instrument, which alone is equivalent to an orchestra? Figure to yourself, Urania, this incomprehensible overthrow of religion, of talents and arts. I not only lose my situation, but I am deprived also of my talent. How can I exercise it?—it cannot be maintained on the harpsichord. You play better than I do on the piano-forte, but the organ is quite another thing; it is on the organ alone that a person can compose from inspiration, and the art of varying, of contrasting the different stops—the fugues! What is a fugue upon the piano-forte! The pedals of a piano only excite the pity of an organist who has any soul. Never speak to me of piano-fortes!—and then the long and continued sound, and the hu-

* With the exception of two, the organ of St. Sulpice and that of St. Eustace, they were all sold in like manner.

man voice—would the piano-forte express them? I despise, I hate it. No more organs! No more organists! The very idea confounds the imagination! A country without organs!—O the Vandals!”

These reflections overwhelmed the unfortunate man with such despair, that the same evening he was attacked by a fever. His physician was sent for, who administered sedatives, and recommended that he should be kept low. This physician, who was his friend, was named Burmond: he was celebrated for his skill, and was employed by the most eminent Jacobins; on this account he acquired considerable reputation, and he made a good use of it: he was obliging, humane, and tender-hearted.

Rozeval, with more disinterestedness, and as much warmth, expressed all the indignation at the destruction of the organs that was shewn by the organist: he even manifested it with such imprudence as to become suspected, that is to say, his death was resolved; and as he had lately returned from England, his enemies determined to denounce and accuse him of holding communication with Pitt and Coburg.

Fortunately the honest Burmond was informed of this ill-will (and all ill-will at that time was sure to prove fatal), and immediately apprised the organist and the young lovers of it. Having procured passports under a fictitious name for Rozeval, he strenuously exhorted him to quit Paris with an Irishman, who was to set out the same evening for London. “Do not delay,” continued Burmond; “your life is at stake.” At these words the organist exclaimed, that

this would be losing it in a glorious cause. He at length agreed that it was necessary to follow the advice of Burmond; and to profit by his offers, Urania conjured Rozeval to accept them: but the latter could not make up his mind to leave her, as he said, in the midst of those enemies to the arts, who would at last, perhaps, destroy all the pianofortes and flutes, and sacrifice all the musicians. "Be not concerned about the flutes," rejoined Burmond, "for their destruction would not produce money: they destroy the organs from the same motive that they demolish the mansions; but they respect the cottages, because they would obtain from them neither marble, bronze, lead, nor stone."—"Impiety and rapacity are the true causes of what is done at present, and under such a government shall I abandon Urania?" cried Rozeval: "no, no, never!"—"By exposing yourself to danger," said Urania, "you will kill me with grief and terror." This discussion was very long: the organist at length terminated it by pledging his word to rejoin Rozeval with Urania within eight days. "Whilst the organ of St. Paul's existed," added he, "hope chained me to Paris; but when I reflect that this organ, the finest in all France, is broken up by tinkers, nothing can any longer restrain me, and I am determined to visit England; there I shall find plenty of organs, and were it only for the pleasure of hearing and seeing them again, I would proceed thither."—"But how can you?" inquired Rozeval.—"I will undertake," replied Burmond, "to supply him with every necessary."

Rozeval at length complied, but with bitter and profound grief. That of Urania was not less severe. She was about to experience a still more violent shock.

The organist, whose melancholy reflections became more painful every day, suddenly fell into the most alarming state; a dreadful delirium left him the remembrance of one thing only—the organ of St. Paul's. He imagined that he still beheld the tinkers and tinmen disputing about the sad relics of that revered instrument. This sight, so terrible to him, exhausted his strength: the fever, which had not left him, became so violent that it carried him off in five days. To aggravate this misfortune, several persons opposed the civism of Urania. The physician, now her only protector, knowing that she would be arrested, could not favour her flight, because for several days it had been impossible to procure passports. In this extremity he fetched her to his house in the middle of the night, and concealed her in his own apartment. He next proceeded to the Committee of Public Welfare to denounce her. His declaration purported, that she had fled in order to rejoin her lover, Rozeval, an aristocrat and player on the flute, in the pay of Pitt and Coburg, and who had found means to escape to England. This pretended flight of Urania, this action so contrary to good manners, was deemed so much the more scandalous by the severe committee; as Urania was reported to have received on the death of the organist a rich bequest, chiefly in ready money, which she had taken with her. An order was immediately

issued for tracing and pursuing the fugitive. Burmond gave a description of her with many false particulars: all the republicans applauded his zeal, for denunciations are the best proofs of it in the eyes of tyrants.

Whilst the patriotism of Burmond was extolled, this honest man consoled himself for these ignominious eulogies by attending in person upon the miserable Urania, and by bestowing on her all the care of the most affectionate father.

One thing only rendered Burmond uneasy—it was the indiscreet character of Rozeval. He could not trust such a secret in a letter; and even if he were to run that risk, he was certain that the anxiety of Rozeval would hurry him to Paris, in hopes of concealing himself there also, or merely with the romantic idea of sharing the dangers of Urania. It was easy by a strange hand to write to him that Urania was safe; but he was certain that when she did not arrive, Rozeval would, in defiance of every danger, come to seek her: then by sacrificing his own life, he would also expose that of Urania and her deliverer. On being arrested he would say, without intending it, a thousand things to implicate Burmond, for he would not fail to speak of his friendship for him: he would then no longer be able to evade suspicion. The point, therefore, was, to find means to prevent Rozeval from harbouring any wish not only to return to France, but also to write or take any steps whatever in this respect. After a thousand reflections, Burmond could devise but one way—to inspire him with a belief that Urania was dead. This

was a cruel expedient, but Burmond resolved to resort to it, on reflecting that he should preserve Rozeval from inevitable destruction, and that perhaps he should thereby save Urania's life and his own.

About this period Burmond attended the wife of a Swedish merchant, whose husband was in London upon business. This lady, reduced on the fourth day to the point of death by an inflammation of the lungs, expired on the seventh. Burmond now wrote the following letter:

“Arm yourself with all the fortitude, with all the courage which a man ought to possess to support the most severe blow:—she has ceased to exist, notwithstanding all my exertions, and all the succour of art. I have sat up seven nights with her; she heaved her last sigh in my arms, requesting me to tell you, that she enjoined you to live, not to neglect those talents which you have acquired, and which you cultivated together with her, and to travel: she desired that you would spend two or three years in Italy, but without passing through France. She commanded me expressly to direct you not to return thither, even for a moment. Such were her last wishes. You will hold them sacred if you loved her, as I have every reason to suppose.”

After writing this letter, Burmond folded it up and put it in a cover, on which he wrote the address of the Swedish merchant.

The physician had a pupil on whose attachment he could rely: this young man was going to England as a mineralogist, and was to travel over that country, Scotland,

and Ireland; and as it was his intention to stay some time in London, Burmond gave him his letter, letting him at the same time a little into his secret. He encouraged him in the belief that Urania had escaped, and that he was ignorant of her retreat; that he merely knew she was concealed a few leagues from Paris; and to prevent the fatal imprudence of Rozeval, it was necessary to persuade him she no longer existed. "I am aware," continued he, "of the cruelty of this stratagem, but it will save his life as well as that of his mistress,

who is believed to be out of France, and who is no longer pursued. I, therefore, request you to take charge of this letter. If on your way through France any inquiry should be made for your papers, shew it; it is not sealed, and being addressed to the Swedish gentleman whose wife has so recently died, the contents will appear very simple, and it cannot compromise you; but on your arrival in England, you will put it under cover, addressed to Rozeval, to whom you will give it."

(To be continued.)

FLORICOUR, OR NATIONAL PREJUDICES.

I WENT once to the theatre, and I saw a comedy which put me to sleep; this was succeeded by a farce, at which the audience laughed heartily. "Pray," said I to a gentleman on my left hand, "in what does the joke consist? for I can see neither wit nor humour."—"Wit and humour!" repeated he contemptuously. "How can any one look at that man," pointing to one of the actors, "without being ready to die with laughing? Observe how devilishly well he mimics the dress and manners of a stage-coachman. 'Pon my soul! I think his slang is superior to that of Tom Belcher himself."

All that I understood of this speech was, that I ought to be ready to die with laughing: but I could not laugh, so I returned home; where I hear always of the price of stocks, the fluctuations which may take place in them the next day, and the effects of the weather on my host. This is sometimes followed by a dead silence, sometimes

by a copious detail of the skill by which he gained his last game of chess. His wife remains silent, occupied with her work. His eldest daughter is occupied with herself; and his youngest, who is writing a treatise on the government of temper, seldom takes her eye off her desk, except to look up at me, and tell me in an angry tone, that the weariness of which I am afraid I give too evident signs, proceeds from sheer idleness.

If visitors come in, they talk politics, digress occasionally to the price of provisions, seldom notice me, or if they do address any particular conversation to me, they either inquire whether I am not transported with Shakspeare, delighted with the cleanliness and regularity with which London is built, or happy in an opportunity of seeing the first commercial city in the world. My replies unfortunately do not conciliate their good opinion, consequently they seldom trouble themselves to ad-

dress me a second time. I cannot walk, because the people laugh at my little French hat; and I am resolved not to disfigure myself by wearing one of their frightful English ones. I once attempted to ride, but my horse threw me. The weather during the last few days affords only an alternation of fog and rain: this depresses my spirits so much that I cannot employ myself, and I have no resources to render idleness amusing; not even a pretty *fille de chambre* to ogle from my windows, for my opposite neighbours are a gouty old man and a virgin in her grand climacteric. In a word, there is only one thing which supports my spirits in this detestable exile from all that can render life desirable, and that is, the thought that in twelve months I shall return to Paris.

* * * * *

The above is an extract from the first letter written by Floricour, a young Frenchman who had recently arrived in England, to his confidential friend in Paris. "Prejudiced, impertinent coxcomb!" cries my English reader on perusing it. "Ah! poor Floricour, how much thou art to be pitied!" would a Frenchman say.

The Englishman would be right, and the Frenchman not wrong. Floricour was a prejudiced coxcomb, and yet he was an object of pity, as much as a man can be who is unhappy without any actual cause to be so.

The father of Floricour was a merchant of eminence; he was passionately attached to our hero, who was his only child: but though parental love placed the virtues of Louis in the fairest point of view,

it did not blind Monsieur Floricour to his foibles; which were those that we generally ascribe to his nation. He was impetuous, fickle, self-sufficient, and always getting into scrapes through his extravagant devotion to the ladies. A little affair of the heart, as Louis termed an intrigue with a *grisette*, had both alarmed and displeased his father; he found means indeed to break the connection, but fearful of its renewal, he sent Louis to England, ostensibly to acquire some notion of commerce, but really to put all notion of the *petite bourgeoisie* out of his head.

Louis had heard much of the English, and was rather prejudiced against them: nevertheless, he concluded that they were a good stupid sort of people, with whom he could yawn away a few months without being very uncomfortable. He even generously resolved, in case they proved as docile as he expected, to take some pains to polish them. His trip from Paris was a very pleasant one, and he arrived at the house of his father's correspondent in the city in health and spirits.

M. Floricour, senior, had written to this gentleman, whose name was Methodic, to settle his son in the house of a respectable and pleasing English family; signifying at the same time, that the terms for his accommodation would be no object. Mr. Methodic did not want a boarder, but out of respect to his correspondent, he determined to accommodate the young man himself.

Louis' letter has already given the reader some idea of the family with whom he was domesticated.

Methodic, a plain sober citizen, who had made his way in the world solely by his own industry, had his whole thoughts absorbed in the concerns of his counting-house and kitchen. As long as trade went well, and his dinner was properly dressed, he was the happiest man in the world. A short time before the arrival of Louis, an additional source of felicity was opened to him, by his acquiring some knowledge of chess, which he soon became passionately fond of.

Mrs. Methodic was what is generally termed a good sort of woman: she, like her husband, had risen from nothing, and having very little intellect, and no taste for dissipation, she was always employed at her needle or with her family concerns. She piqued herself upon being a good manager, and the best maker of tea in England; to which her husband cordially assented. Miss Methodic was a pretty insipid girl, who devoted the chief part of her time to the perusal of romances, and was when in company always too intent on exhibiting her person in every interesting attitude she could think of. Sophia, the second daughter, possessed some talent, and was not ill-natured; but she was fond of literary pursuits, and she devoted so much of her time to them, that she had little to spare for conversation with Floricour.

If the family of Mr. Methodic did not make a very favourable impression on our young Frenchman, he certainly made a still less advantageous one upon them.—Mrs. Methodic was prejudiced against him on the very evening of his arrival, because he begged for

a double portion of sugar and a little water in his tea. Miss Methodic soon saw that he was very stupid, for he wholly overlooked all her efforts to appear interesting. Sophia was rather pleased with him till he had the hardihood to prefer Racine to Shakspeare. She laughed at his vanity for presuming to form a judgment of the merits of our immortal bard, before he had acquired a knowledge of our language. Floricour found her railery very bitter, and as deference to the fair sex forms no part of a modern Frenchman's creed, he replied very petulantly. Sophia's temper was warm; she used some expressions which produced a quarrel between them, and this disagreement brought on a settled coolness.

Mr. Methodic, who knew that Louis' father was a good man in the commercial acceptance of the word, preserved some respect for the son, till he found that he was so complete a dunce at chess, that after several lessons he was scarcely conscious of the difference in value between a queen and a pawn. The contempt for poor Louis which this discovery produced in the mind of Mr. Methodic, was heightened excessively by his finding the young Frenchman one day in his kitchen, busily engaged in teaching the cook how to compose an onion-soup; a mess which Mr. Methodic declared was only fit for the dogs, and a man must be a fool indeed to think of eating it, in a house where he could have every dainty.

Thus Louis was set down by the father, mother, and daughters, as a stupid, ill-mannered, insensible blockhead, whose conduct present-

ed such an unfavourable sample of his countrymen's manners, that they heartily hoped never to have another French inmate; while their behaviour, on the other hand, strengthened his prejudices so much, that he had no wish so ardent as that of bidding adieu to England and all its inhabitants for ever.

M. Floricour had given his son letters of introduction to several families; but as they were chiefly gentlemen engaged in commercial concerns, Louis supposed that he should see only such people as visited at Mr. Methodic's, and he felt no desire to form similar acquaintance.

The fogs and rain of November had given place to clear frosty weather, when one day, as Louis was crossing Bloomsbury-square, a gentleman's foot slipped just as he was passing him, and but for Louis he would have fallen; as it was, he sprained his ankle a little, and our hero, who saw that he walked in pain, offered him the support of his arm. The gentleman thanked him in very good French; and Louis, enchanted at finding a person who spoke to him in his native tongue, for French was prohibited at Mr. Methodic's, in order to oblige him to learn English, entered into conversation with the stranger, and found that he was a Mr. Stanhope, to whom he had a letter of introduction. On his mentioning this circumstance, Mr. Stanhope pressed him so earnestly to go home and dine with him, promising if he would to send a servant to Mr. Methodic's to apologize, that Louis consented.

On arriving at Mr. Stanhope's house Louis was shewn into the

drawing-room, where he remained for a few minutes alone. Presently he heard a light step, the door was thrown open, and a young lady entered the room, exclaiming, "My dear papa, what—" She stopped on perceiving Louis, blushed, courtiesied, and immediately disappeared. Louis thought that she was very pretty, he even fancied that there was something French in her air; and he was beginning to congratulate himself on the prospect of meeting with a countrywoman, when Mr. Stanhope entered the room, leading an elegant woman of middle age, and followed by the fair object of Louis' curiosity. Mr. Stanhope introduced the ladies as his wife and daughter. In a few minutes afterwards dinner was announced, and they were joined by a young man nearly our hero's age, and two younger lads, whom Stanhope presented as his sons.

Young Floricour enjoyed this day for the first time an English family dinner. At the table of Mr. Methodic eating appeared a momentous business; the first part of the meal generally passed in total silence, the remainder in culinary discussions. At Mr. Stanhope's, cheerful conversation enlivened the repast from beginning to end. Mr. Methodic, who was frugal in the midst of his riches, and who consulted only his own palate, generally dispensed with a dessert, because he cared little for fruit or sweetmeats. Louis, who was fond of, and had always been accustomed to them, felt this as a deprivation, but did not choose to complain; but he partook with the greater relish of Mr. Stanhope's dessert. Julia Stanhope helped

him to some dried fruit, and told him, with a smile, she hoped he would like them, for they were French; and he found them delicious.

The evening passed with the greatest rapidity. Louis could scarce believe it was so late when he heard the watchman call past eleven; and when he tore himself from his hospitable new friends, he promised with great sincerity to visit them often.

On reaching home he hastened immediately to bed, that he might have leisure to congratulate himself on the treasure he had just discovered. "These people are really charming," said he to himself; "they deserve to be French." Reader, if you have formed a just idea of our Louis, you will allow that this was no slight eulogium. Yet though his prejudices were shaken they were not conquered, and he began to scrutinize the behaviour of each of the party, in hopes of finding something purely English in it.

Not a single trait of prejudice or illiberality, however, could he discover. He was forced to allow, that the good sense of Mr. Stanhope, his easy pleasing manners, and frank hospitality, would do honour to any country. As to Mrs. Stanhope and Julia, they were characters quite new to him; but he was compelled to acknowledge, that the gentleness of the mother was void of insipidity, that if she did not shine in conversation, she always pleased; and in spite of his favourable recollection of the imposing air and decided tone which generally distinguish ladies of a certain age in France, he was obli-

ged to confess, that the soft reserve which shaded, without concealing, the talents of Mrs. Stanhope, was peculiarly and elegantly feminine.

As to Julia, she seemed to be a compound of every thing that was best in the two nations. She had all the easy grace for which Frenchwomen are celebrated; she seemed, too, to have a considerable portion of their vivacity: but though the arch expression of her eye, when she uttered a *bon mot*, was French, the rising blush, which shewed that the sally was unintentional, was English. Her deference to her parents, the attention with which she listened to them, and the pleasure which sparkled in her eyes when either made an observation more than commonly striking, were new to Floricour. We do not mean to say that our neighbours are devoid of filial regard, but certainly those who have travelled in France within the last few years will admit, that it is not a striking trait in the manners of the young people of the present day; and it rendered Julia infinitely interesting to Floricour.

The brothers were lively, interesting young men, who expressed with much *naïveté* their wonder at Floricour's having been so long in London without seeing those things most worthy of notice; and they offered to take him to view them with a cordial good-will, which prepossessed them in his favour. He went to sleep thinking of them all, and dreamed that he was walking with Julia in the gardens of the Thuilleries.

A summons to the breakfast-table robbed him of this blissful vision. The moment the repast was over, he dressed and went to Mr.

Stanhope's. That gentleman was engaged in his business, but he found Julia and her mother at home, and the eldest of the brothers with them. They seemed much pleased to see him, and the young man said he was just going to call upon him, for the purpose of taking him to view some of our public buildings. Floricour would rather have remained to view Julia, but as that could not be, he accepted his young friend's offer with a good grace, and the morning was devoted to seeing part of what was most worthy of attention in the metropolis.

Floricour was obliged to dine at home this day, because he had given no intimation that he should dine out, but he joined his new friends in the evening. They had a small party, and he saw with surprise that an English party was not the sombre assembly which he expected. The people were gay, unreserved, even amusing. "Am I really in London?" said Floricour mentally, and he rubbed his eyes to be convinced that he was actually awake.

Some of the old people talked, others played at cards, and his host sat down with another gentleman to chess. Julia approached the table. "Do you not think chess a delightful game?" said she to Floricour.—"Delightful, certainly!" replied he, without thinking of what he said, for in fact his eyes were fixed upon her face.

"I wish you would play a game or two with me then," said Julia: "I am very fond of chess, but I know so little of it that I can seldom get any one to have patience with me. Now you look so good-

natured, that I think you will bear with my blunders."

"I can scarcely believe that you will make any."—"Very well, we will begin, and you shall see."

They played a couple of games. Our young Frenchman knew more of chess than Mr. Methodic suspected, but he never could have believed that he would play at it with pleasure: such, however, was the case. His lovely opponent seemed to take such an interest in the game, was so grateful for his instructions, and rallied her own blunders with so much good-humour, that the hour spent at the chess-table seemed but a moment.

"There, there," cried she, sweeping all the pieces off the board towards the end of the second game, "I see you are too generous to checkmate me abruptly, but you might have done it half an hour ago. I will plague you no longer; let us have a little music. They went into the next room, where some young ladies were playing and singing. Julia sang a little French air, as a reward, she said, for the patience of M. Floricour, who listened to her with a rapture which music had never excited even in France.

Louis passed some happy months, during which he was only nominally the boarder of Mr. Methodic, for nearly the whole of his time was, with the entire consent of his father, given to the Stanhopes. He visited the theatre with them, and they took care to choose pieces calculated to raise the drama and the actors of England in his estimation.

Louis' whole time, however, was not given to pleasure. Mr. Stan-

hope initiated him in the mysteries of commerce; and by perusing our best authors with Julia and her mother, he acquired a knowledge of, and a taste for, English literature. During this time Julia had been gradually gaining upon his affections; every day discovered some new trait in her disposition which endeared her still more to him, or some accomplishment which he did not know that she possessed.

For the first time in his life he really loved, and his passion aided his natural good sense in clearing away the mists of vanity and prejudice; he did noble justice to the virtues and talents of the English: but his attachment to his own country was not less warm, though far more rational, than it had been before his acquaintance with the Stanhopes.

It was some time before Stanhope suspected that his daughter had made a serious impression upon the heart of Louis, but he lost not a moment in informing his father of it.

"Your son will be rich," said he, "my daughter comparatively poor. His attachment to her will probably be displeasing to you, and in that case I advise you to recall him immediately to France."

Floricour wrote in answer, "What do you tell me of Julia's being poor? I say she possesses a dowry for a prince. We shall be too hap-

py to transplant so lovely a lily to our fine country. My friend, marry these children as soon as you can. I have for some time taken measures to retire from trade, and I shall join you in a couple of months. Let your lawyer draw up the marriage articles directly; only remember, that if my daughter Julia survives Louis, she inherits twenty thousand livres a year. There will be enough for the children besides, let Providence send as many as it pleases."

And what said Julia and Floricour to the old gentleman's arrangement? asks my reader. Why, they expressed their acquiescence in the manner of their respective countries. Julia threw herself, blushing and in silence, on the bosom of her mother. Floricour hugged Stanhope, then caught his intended brothers-in-law in his arms, and almost smothered them with the fervour of his embraces; cut capers round the room, and clasping Julia to his heart, burst into tears, and sobbed out that he was the happiest fellow in existence.

Two years have elapsed since he became a Benedict, and he is as fond of Madame Floricour as he was of *la belle Julie*. He is a *rare avis* for a Frenchman, says my English reader. Granted, but Julia would be thought the paragon of wives in any country in Europe.

THE STROLLER'S TALE: SKETCHED FROM NATURE.

(Continued from p. 23.)

ON my return to the town with my brother buskin, he laid open to me the life he had led: he had been

an artist, a novelist, and a politician; he had danced attendance at a minister's levee with bows and

manuscripts, and had built many a mighty castle in the air, which had vanished, and

Like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Left not a wreck behind.

At our approach to the Red Lion we were attentively viewed by two of the sable tribe, not parsons—but sweeps. A little wretch, bending under a weight of soot, with which he could scarcely crawl, called aloud to a big fellow, who, with hand unoccupied, walked listlessly whistling before, and when he came up with him, exclaimed, “Master, master, there be the actor-men!” —“Hold your tongue, you young rascal,” retorted the fellow, “you don’t know what you may come to yourself.” Thus you see how mistaken we are in bestowing our compassion: this little wretch had just before claimed our pity, and his tyrant our detestation. The promised dinner was as good as mutton-chops and a glass of grog between us could make it, and to do my friend justice, he seemed perfectly satisfied with the treat. He repaid my hospitality by many hints with respect to my professional life, which were of the greatest service to me hereafter. “With regard,” said he, “to your benefit-night, which is now approaching, and towards which you have done nothing—alas! my dear fellow, if you don’t push, it won’t cover the expenses. *You must make a bill.* Where are your tickets? Have you got a bespeak? Is a young lady to recite Collins’s *Ode on the Passions*, or a young gentleman only ten years of age to play a solo between the acts, or yourself to dance a hornpipe? If you do not stir in this you can’t expect a house: how-

ever, the manager must be consulted.—Order some more ale, will you?” This we drank, and parted

Each to his several business.

On the following day it was agreed that *Venice Preserved* should be enacted for my benefit. A very different man was the manager I was now with from him I had left, so tenacious of playing all the principal characters. At the theatre at which I now performed, Mr. Daggerwood cared not who played the tyrant, or who enacted the lover; pecuniary emolument was dearer to him than the *vox populi*: in fact, he informed me he should prefer that character which would prove most advantageous to the house. Not a disciple of Plutus on the Royal Exchange could be more industrious than he was, or could labour harder at his vocation. Alas! degenerate son of Shakspeare, thou lovedst thy wages better than the applause of thy profession! Often indeed he did thank his stars he was no genius. No shopman could be more at home in reckoning up a bill than he was, and no counter youth more indefatigable in shewing his pattern-book. He painted scenes, fitted up boxes, made lamps, and altered dresses; and if the lamps went out, and the unfastened seat brought its unwary visitors to the ground, the creature was at his dirty work again, for he literally looked more like a blacksmith than an *arbitrator elegantiarum*. The wife of his bosom printed the bills, which their papas and mammas, the Romios and Juliets of former times, distributed; and even their youngest child became an angel or a devil for the public good. In every thing, however, the manager was

steady, perfect, and diligent. His Hotspur, Iago, Falstaff, or Slender, was correct by the book; his Harlequin, Clown, Macbeth, or Young Meadows, was played with equal attention; he had a quick study: he sung, though without a voice, if the part required it, and danced without knowing a step. What a strange freak of Fortune to throw a cold phlegmatic calculating Cocker into the track of a theatrical player! Had he been brought up a cordwainer, he must, in spite of himself, have become lord mayor. He promised to exert himself to get me a house, for his demand was half of the profits: he offered me his wife and children to do with as I would, and even allowed me to take off his papa by poison, or his mamma by the blow of the dagger. I might have strangled his dear spouse as Desdemona; and for profit, he would have given up his babes once more to be strangled in the Tower by the hands of a Tyrrell. I might have ruined his mamma as Calista, without her becoming a Fair Penitent: so I engaged to take all his little ones "at one fell swoop." He set to work to manufacture candlesticks on the following night, after playing Lear and Jeremy Diddler; added a pennyworth of red-lead to the box decorations; robbed a pig-sty to mend the orchestra; while his deary mended a slit in Belvidera's gown, washed a pair of trowsers for the gay deceiving Renault, and I retired to study the part of Jaffier, learn "London's like the Devil," "The beautiful Maid," and the recitation of Monsieur Tonson; to draw up a bill and box-book, and sign all my tickets for fear of counterfeits.

Busied in preparing for my benefit, and my thoughts completely occupied, I became for a time comparatively happy; in spite of the trouble it caused me to prevail on the performers to accept those parts which I allotted them, and the fear that obtruded on my mind lest my expenses might not "be twice told," or my remuneration insufficient to satisfy the harpies who were hovering round me, and whose only hope of being satisfied, rested on my thus raising the wind. My *ci-devant* military friend introduced me to a milliner's shop, from whose occupants I received the most polite attention, and from whom I gained the loan of a mock diamond ring to enact Jaffier, and while it glittered on my finger, to "thank God I was not worth a ducat."

On my first visit to Mrs. Wireman and her daughters, she thanked my friend for making them acquainted with such a *star* as Mr. Sydney, and declared how happy they should be in my acquaintance. How could I requite this politeness! I ordered a sword-knot, which from that day to this was never paid for, although it came but to 4½d. On my first appearance at the milliner's, I had an order for two in my pocket, with which I presented them in my best manner, and they in return promised to place my bill in a conspicuous part of their window, and to get rid of as many tickets as was in their power.

Here quite a new scene opened to me. It was now more than five months since my vision had been gladdened by the smiles of a female, except of those in *our* company, and they, alas! were of faded splendour. I brushed up the few smart

things which adversity had still left me, and decking my face with smiles, often accompanied my friend to the tea-table of Mrs. Wireman and her two daughters. Though for a time my histrionic brother gave me little chance of succeeding in their affections, he soon left me in full possession of the field, and as he was once more seated in affluence on the death of a relation, I never heard of him more.

My new friends I found were all bitten by the theatrical mania. Circumstances of a pecuniary nature had alone kept this passion dormant; but now in the possession of the common necessities of life, it again burst forth like a repressed conflagration. They were more delighted with my spouting than all my friends, and both sisters would I really believe have followed me "over the hills and far away," in exercise of the sock and the buskin, which reign paramount over bonnets, caps, and pèlisses. Here Miss Philippina-Gondiberta Wireman was my favourite, nor was Laurentina-Matilda indifferent to me. Philippina-Gondiberta Wireman was about eighteen; she possessed a good *petite* figure; her face was pure red and white; she had a little nose cocked up in the air, white teeth, and a well-turned ankle: she was blessed with an unbounded flow of spirits, called herself a mad girl—and it were well it was no worse. Laurentina-Matilda was much older; six and thirty years had seen her bewailing her

singleness: she was tall but round, and the ruby red which sat on her nose's tip was barely subdued by the rouge which amply covered her cheeks; while every action of her body or article of dress seemed to sing or say,

Willow! willow! willow!

Their father had been a man of some property, but he lost it all through mismanagement in the haberdashery line. "My papa," Gondiberta would say, "had always *genteel ideas*." He had also contrived to give his children a *genteel* education; they could write almost well enough to be read, and by carefully avoiding hard words, spelt tolerably well, particularly when they had a dictionary by them.

That there may not be the smallest doubt as to the acquirements of my friends, I must say that they were devoted to novels and dress; they could play many such compositions of Mr. Hook's as "Catch me if you can," and "I'll not be married yet," without *much* discord; gabble bad French, draw shells, cut up gold paper for chimney-ornaments without taste; in fact, they could do every thing but attend to domestic concerns: these were degrading pursuits, and so exactly did these ideas then correspond with my own, that I have often since deplored those comforts I then affected to despise, but which I found too late, that experience alone could purchase.

(To be continued.)

DANGEROUS EFFECTS OF CONJUGAL CONCEALMENT.

MR. MARGROVE, whose attention to his wife's welfare was ever the principal object of his thoughts,

about the year 1802, during the short interval of peace, proposed a journey to the south of France for

the benefit of Mrs. Margrove's health. Finding the change of climate salutary, they prolonged their stay; and though they lived as retired as possible, yet they could not avoid contracting an acquaintance with some whom they were in the habit of visiting.

On one of these visits they were informed, that an English lady of an elegant appearance, and whose lodgings were near their own, appeared to be overwhelmed with affliction and distress. The nature of her sorrows was utterly unknown, as was her name. From an excess of grief her health was daily impaired, and so sincere was their compassion for the fair unknown, that they ardently wished to offer her every possible consolation. With this humane view, Mrs. Margrove addressed the following note to the afflicted stranger:

"Mrs. Margrove is not stimulated by any idle curiosity, when she begs permission to visit her countrywoman. She feels a sympathising concern for her illness, and would be happy to render her any service."

The lady returned for answer, that Mrs. Margrove's compassion for an unfortunate stranger claimed her thanks; and that though her sorrows were beyond the reach of human pity to remove, yet she should thankfully accept the promised visit.

Mrs. Margrove went, and found the lovely mourner reclined on a couch. She made an effort to rise at her visitant's approach, who hastily prevented her, and took a seat beside the invalid. Tears were their only language for some time, yet Mrs. Margrove endeavoured to

suppress the concern the stranger's very emaciated appearance could not fail to excite. Her face retained the traces of beauty, though the ravages of grief were painted in every feature. Her eyes streamed with tears, and her whole manner bespoke unutterable woe. Mrs. Margrove begged her to be comforted, and to look on her as a friend.

"Generous stranger!" replied the invalid, "forbear to mention comfort to a wretch like me. I am not worthy of your friendship; but I have a reason, a most powerful reason, for imploring your pity and compassion. Shocking as the recital may be, yet to you I will unbosom my afflictions, which are but too justly my due reward. On your next visit to this apartment of misery, I will endeavour to give you my sad story."

Mrs. Margrove repeated every assurance of friendship, and gave the stranger some little account of her connections and situation, adding every thing she could to gain her confidence, and to convince her that it would not be unworthily placed. They then parted with mutual regret, and Mrs. Margrove gave a particular account of her visit to her husband. He became greatly interested, and said that every thing which depended on his exertions, should be afforded to alleviate the stranger's misfortunes. Mrs. Margrove did not delay her promise of attending the lady again, who, though evidently extremely weak and languid, summoned all her strength to relate her promised story, beginning as follows:

"I will begin, madam, with telling you, that my father was a gen-

man of fortune, and my mother justly respected for her estimable virtues. As I was their only child, their indulgence was unbounded. This led them into an error; for they never permitted me to be contradicted, and their partiality would not suffer them to think that I could act wrong. The great attention I received at home made me expect the same from my acquaintance, from whom I could not brook the least opposition to my wishes. I mention this, madam, as an error in my education, which too much cherished a disposition that led to my present misfortunes; otherwise my education was virtuous and proper.

"Among the gentlemen who honoured me with their addresses was one whose character was universally admired. His name was Beville. My heart declared in his favour, and my parents rejoiced at my giving Mr. Beville the preference. Our union met with the approbation of all my friends, and I soon became the wife of the generous, the truly noble-minded Beville.

"The death of my affectionate parents interrupted our felicity, for I had the misfortune to lose them both the first year of our marriage. Mr. Beville combated my affliction with the arguments of reason, and the birth of a son called for my maternal care and attention. Never could any joy exceed that which Beville expressed. The dear boy perfectly resembled his father's features; may he imitate his virtues! Two happy years passed away in innocence and peace—halcyon days of virtue never to return! Never must my son receive again the caresses of his father; never

more be the means of lighting up the countenance of his parent with joy—no! he is now a forlorn stranger in a foreign land."

Mrs. Beville became so much affected that Mrs. Margrove was obliged to ring the bell. A servant entered, leading the most lovely child that ever was beheld. His mother pressed him to her bosom, while her tears streamed over his innocent cheeks. Mrs. Beville continued so much agitated, that Mrs. Margrove would have wished her to discontinue her narrative, but she persisted, saying, that in her uncertain state of health, delay was more than commonly unsafe.

"Mr. Beville had in his youth contracted a most intimate acquaintance with two gentlemen, one of whom he expected to pay him a visit. He came, and was received in the most cordial manner by his friend. He was gay and volatile, and seemed to be of an open, generous disposition. As he was the friend of my husband, I behaved to him with attention: he often congratulated Beville on his happy choice of a partner. To be approved of by the friends of my husband was my ambition, and I imagined it very justifiable, since on the good opinion of my husband my happiness must depend. The sincerity of his friendship gave me every reason to hope that his affection for me would be the more permanent, and our time passed in blissful serenity. In this sunshine of prosperity, how could I foresee the storms which were gathering over my head? how could I anticipate an approaching tempest, which was to root up my peace and happiness?

"One fatal day was the prelude to all my misfortunes. Beville received a letter, when, contrary to his usual custom, he immediately began to prepare for a journey, without saying whither he was going, or on what account. On his return he seemed full of solicitude and anxiety, and in a short time again left home. In vain did I endeavour, by all the influence I was mistress of, to draw from him the secret. I was alarmed. A thousand apprehensions crowded on my mind. My servant, in whom I placed much confidence, saw my tears, and inquired with respectful accents the source of my vexation. She soon became acquainted that I was hurt at Beville's silence as to the reasons of his journeys. She pitied me, she seemed confused, and dropped hints which alarmed me still more. I insisted on an explanation, promised her the most inviolable secrecy, and, in a word, said every thing I could to extort from her a confession. She at length told me, that she had every reason to think I had a rival. Mr. Beville's servant had confided to her such intelligence. His master in the private meeting had observed much caution. My informer again begged my promise of remaining silent, which I again repeated, and earnestly charged her to use every method to obtain all the information she could on the heart-wounding subject. My peace was now invaded. Jealousy began to work in my afflicted heart. Mr. Bromly (for that was the name of Beville's friend) took notice of my apparent dejection. He inquired, with seeming concern and affection, if any thing untoward had happened to

his friend; if so, his fortune, his interest should all be used to render us happy. Ah! madam, soothed by the voice of friendship, I incautiously confessed the reason of my sorrows.

" 'O sir,' said I, 'Beville no longer loves the unfortunate Clara; a rival has torn him from his wife, who loves him with the utmost tenderness, and from a son, who must no longer be doated on by his perfidious father! I am distracted with the thought of what woes my dear boy will experience, since his father can no longer love us.'

" 'Ah! madam,' said Bromly, 'I conjure you beware of jealousy; harbour not a thought injurious to my friend. Tell me, I beseech you, from whence arises your suspicion?'

" 'I related all I had been informed of. He listened with attention, and when I had ended, remained some time silent. At length he said, 'Really, madam, appearances seem very much against my friend; yet I beg you will compose your mind, and not suffer Mr. Beville to perceive your anxiety. The matter does not yet amount to a certainty; when that is the case, I cannot but say, that you will have every reason to think my friend cruel, ungrateful, and blind to your merit.'

" 'Sir,' said I, 'my heart cannot harbour a thought which could give him a moment's disquietude; nor could I bear the least slight or contempt from a friend, dearest to me in the world. How then shall I sustain this heart-wounding event?'

" 'Be pacified,' returned Bromly; 'my friend Beville is too generous, and too sensible of the shining

worth of his amiable Clara. I am a friend both to you and Beville; and I, therefore, again entreat that you will not let him perceive your disquiet." (To be concluded in our next.)

THE FEMALE TATTLER.

No. XXVI.

Hard is the doubt, and difficult to deem,
When all three kinds of love together meet,
And do dispart the heart with power extreme,
Whether shall weigh the balance down; to wit,
The dear affection unto kindred sweet,
Or raging fire of love to womankind,
Or zeal of friends combin'd by virtue meet:
But of them all, the band of virtuous mind
Methinks the gentle heart should most assured bind.

For natural affection soon doth cease,
And quenched is with Cupid's greater flame;
But faithful friendship doth them both suppress,
And them with mastering discipline doth tame,
Through thoughts aspiring to eternal fame.
For as the soul doth rule the earthly mass,
And all the service of the body frame:
So love of soul doth love of body pass,
No less than perfect gold surmounts the meanest brass.

SPENSER'S *Fairy Queen*.

I SHALL not perplex my female readers, to whom these papers are more particularly devoted, with a metaphysical account of love, which has nothing to do with its experimental happiness and pure enjoyments; nor shall I attempt to amuse them with its mythological history, and thus give the most delightful source of human joy the air of a fable, by stories about Cupid, and the powers which poetry and fancy have attributed, under a variety of what have so long been commonplace descriptions. I shall call their attention to the only seat and consummation of its felicity, by the bonds of marriage; an institution which, when obeyed by the united influence of reason and affection, promises the happiest situation which social life is capable of attaining. Two persons who have chosen each other for their reciprocal comfort and pleasure, have consequently bound themselves to be

good-humoured, affable, discreet, forgiving, patient, and joyful, with respect to each other's frailties and perfections, to the end of their lives. When such a union is formed and duly maintained, things the most indifferent in themselves administer delight; in short, it becomes a source of continual gratification in a state of prosperity, and amid the changes and chances of time, and the unavoidable sorrows of our nature, a certain and a sure refuge. How great the comfort, when a man can with an assured confidence say to himself, "If the whole world should be cold towards me, there is one who will receive me with real joy!"

But happiness in the marriage state, though some have considered matrimony as a lottery, is not to be left to chance. Like every other blessing in life, it must, in a great measure, if not altogether, depend upon previous consideration and a

well weighed choice. When the persons whom we prefer can bear a scrutinizing examination, when they improve upon our acquaintance with them, and new beauties are discovered in proportion as we search into their characters, love will naturally increase as their perfections are developed.

Two of the principal ingredients of matrimonial happiness are constancy and cheerfulness. A cheerful temper, joined with innocence, will render beauty attractive, knowledge delightful, and wit good-natured. It will alleviate sickness, poverty, and affliction; convert ignorance into an amiable simplicity; and create an interest in those to whom nature has not given beauty.

Constancy is natural to those who possess even tempers and uniform dispositions; and may, as it ought to, be acquired by those whose temper is even subject to fickleness, violence, and irritation, if they do but seriously consider the terms of the hymeneal union, the mutual interest in which man and wife are engaged, with all the motives that ought to incite their tenderness and compassion towards each other, embarked as they are for life in the same state of happiness or misery. Constancy, when it grows in the mind from such serious and important considerations, becomes a moral virtue of the first order; a kind of fixed principle, that is not subject to any change of health, age, fortune, or any of those human contingencies which are so apt to unsettle the best dispositions, if they are founded rather in our constitution than our reason. Without constancy, the most inflamed passion may deviate, or ra-

ther sink, into coolness and indifference; and the most melting tenderness degenerate into coldness, and, as I fear it has sometimes been known to do, into absolute aversion.

But passion, as such, is no promoter of matrimonial happiness, for this convincing reason, that it is too short-lived to produce it. The lasting principle that animates, warms, and endures, is affection. An example of its effects on married life I read the other day in an author whose works, sorry am I to say it, are seldom mentioned, and which is so much to my purpose, that I shall offer it to the attention of my readers, and indeed to the imitation of such of them as are in a situation to profit by it. His description of a married pair is as follows:

"Clarinda is handsome, elegant, possesses a well informed mind, is very accomplished, and has a certain tenderness of disposition, which creates an interest in every thing she does or says. She is most fortunately married to Cleanthes, who has inherited a considerable fortune, and, which fortune cannot purchase, is governed by an undeviating principle of rectitude, that is enlivened and adorned by knowledge, elegance, and taste. Such is his character in the world, arising from the admirable manner in which he conducts himself, that she seldom or never visits the circles of her friends and acquaintance, without enjoying the real delight of hearing the eulogiums of others respecting him. So far from thinking marriage an excuse for negligence, carelessness, or inattention, since Cleanthes has been united to

his Clarinda, he is more than ever attentive to the decoration of his person; and in all companies he manifests as much complaisant attention to his *cara sposa* as to any other lady; and if she should chance to let fall her *ridicule*, presents it to her with all the gallantry of a lover. In their walks or their rides he takes every opportunity to improve her thoughts, direct her inquiries, and enlarge the compass of her knowledge. She is at once grateful and delighted at having new sources of improvement opened to her; while such conduct not only causes her to increase in fondness for him, but to be more satisfied with herself. He finds good sense or beauty in all the expressions of her thoughts, and she is thus insensibly led to discover, that she possesses qualifications which she did not suspect were such estimable parts of her character. He contrives, by the most delicate art, to give her the credit of all those undefinable circumstances which add a lustre to domestic happiness. Such a delightful union as makes Cleanthes and Clarinda the admiration of those who know them, might be attained by all, if the same previous examination into character, sentiments, and habits of life which preceded the marriage of this happy pair, was a general practice among those who accompany each other to the altar of Hymen."

It has been among my dreams respecting the married state, of which I have had some experience, as I have buried two husbands, that a court might be erected, which should possess the power of determining, from a minute examination of temper, character, and fortune

in parties proposing to enter into the married state, whether they were so suited to each other as to promise a life of domestic happiness; and that no marriage should be permitted without licence, first had and obtained, from the deliberate judgment and investigating powers of the proposed judicature. Should the government be at any time inspired with so much wisdom as to adopt a plan so formed for the increase and enlarged distribution of social happiness, I should propose a very heavy tax to be levied on all bachelors after a certain age, who did not enter into a state which, under such auspices, would secure, as far as human judgment and the wisest precautions could do, the reasonable enjoyments and comforts of matrimonial life.

I shall explain myself further by the conduct of the imperial Augustus, when he wielded the power of the Roman empire. The historian of that splendid period thus relates the policy of the emperor respecting marriage.

On the return of this renowned sovereign to Rome at the conclusion of a war, he is said to have encouraged every communication that might tend to advance the arts of peace, and the political welfare of the Roman people. Among the various memorials which were offered to him for the correction of evil, or the promotion of good, it was represented to his paternal attention, that a very considerable number of the Roman young men of rank remained unmarried, and even manifested a reluctance to enter into the married state. The emperor therefore, in consequence of this information, ordered the

whole of the equestrian order to be assembled, and having separated those who were married from such as were single, addressed the former in terms of the highest eulogium, and then delivered his sentiments to the latter with looks and words that denoted his extreme displeasure. He told the bachelors, that their lives and actions were of such a cast, that he knew not by what expressions to designate them. He could not, he said, call them men, for they performed nothing that was manly; nor by that of citizens, as the city might perish, at least as far as depended upon them; nor by that of Romans, for it seemed as if by their conduct they were careless of continuing the Roman name. After enlarging upon his own tender care and ardent affection for the Roman people, he further told them, that their course of life, by which he wished to be understood their aversion to matrimony, was such, that all other crimes put together could not equalize theirs: for that he considered them as actually guilty of murder, in not suffering those to be born which should and ought to proceed from them; that they merited the accusation of impiety, in causing the names and honours of their ancestors to cease; and he brought the charge of sacrilege against them, in preventing the multiplication of their kind, which proceed from the immortal gods, as well as from human nature itself, which is so immediately and primarily consecrated to them. That, in this respect, their conduct had not only an obvious but direct tendency to dissolve the government, by disobeying its laws, betraying their coun-

try, rendering it barren and waste, and demolishing the city by depriving it of inhabitants. The emperor concluded his address, by telling them in terms of the most bitter reproach, that their aversion to marriage did not proceed from any principle of virtue or religious abstinence, but from a looseness of life, wantonness of habit, and unchaste, profligate inclinations, which not only ought never to be encouraged in any civil government, but should be visited by its severest and most exemplary punishments.

Such was the judgment which the emperor Augustus, one of the most enlightened monarchs whose character has been transmitted to us by the annals of former times:—but here the historian concludes with an unpardonable negligence, nor informs us of the good effect which the wise and truly politic conduct of the emperor produced on the bachelors of Rome in the Augustan age. All circumstances considered, we have a right to presume, that the equestrian bachelors hastened to relieve themselves from the stigma which the imperial voice had cast upon the unmarried state, and that the temple of Hymen beame a place of fashionable resort.

I have but one additional observation to make. He has very imperfect notions of vice and virtue, who will not allow that life, without the rules of morality, is a wayward, uneasy being, with snatches only of pleasure; but under the regulation of virtue, a rational and uniform habit of enjoyment: and how much it may be heightened by marriage, when, disdaining sordid

interests and transitory passion, it is founded on real affection, cannot be necessary for me to endeavour to prove; I shall not insult my readers by making the attempt.

O Marriage, happiest, easiest, safest state!
Let debauchees and drunkards scorn thy rites,
Who, in their nauseous draughts and lusts,
profane
Both thee and Heaven, by whom thou wert
ordain'd.

How can the savage call it loss of freedom,
Thus to converse with, thus to gaze at
A beauteous, faithful friend!

Blush not, my fair-one, that thy love applauds
thee;

Nor be it painful to my wedded wife,
That my full heart o'erflows in praise of thee.
Thou art by law, by interest, passion mine—
Passion and Reason join in love of thee.
Thus through a world of calumny and fraud,
We pass both unreprouch'd, both undeceiv'd;
While in each other's interest and happiness,
We without art all faculties employ,
And all our senses without guilt enjoy.

These lines are from an old comedy, whose title I do not recollect.

F— T—.

THE DOMESTIC COMMONPLACE-BOOK;

Containing authentic Receipts and miscellaneous Information in every Branch of Domestic Economy, and of general Utility.

IMPROVEMENT OF FRUIT-TREES.

THE last portion of the *Transactions of the Horticultural Society of London*, lately published, contains the following account of an easy, simple, and infallible method to force every fruit-tree to blossom and to bear fruit; translated from the German of the Rev. George Charles Lewis Hempel, secretary to the Pomological Society of Altenburg in Saxony, by Dr. Noehden.

In my early years I saw my father, who was fond of pomology and skilled in that science, cutting a ring on several branches of trees which already were in blossom, for the purpose of producing, by that means, larger fruit than usual. This was not his own invention, but, as far as I recollect, derived from a French journal. Thirty years ago, when I was a boy, I practised this operation, in imitation of him, and hereby obtained large pears and plums. In repeating this operation of ringing the branches, which I did merely for the purpose of getting larger fruit,

I observed that the branches so operated upon always bore the next year. By this reiterated appearance I was led to the idea, that perhaps this mode of ringing the bark might be a means of compelling every unproductive branch to yield fruit. With this view, I cut rings upon a considerable number of branches, which as yet shewed no blossom; and found, by repeating the experiment, the truth of my supposition indisputably confirmed by experience.

The application of this experiment, whereby upon every bough or branch fruit may artificially be produced, is very simple and easy, and the mode of proceeding as follows:

With a sharp knife make a cut in the bark of the branch which you mean to force to bear, and not far from the place where it is connected with the stem; or if it be a small branch, or shoot, near to where it is joined to the larger bough: the cut is to go round the branch, or to encircle it, and to pe-

netrate to the wood. A quarter of an inch from this cut, you make a second cut, like the first, round the branch, so that by both encircling the branch, you have marked a ring upon the branch, a quarter of an inch broad, between the two cuts. The bark between these two cuts you take clean away with a knife, down to the wood, removing even the fine inner bark, which immediately lies upon the wood; so that no connection whatever remains between the two parts of the bark, but the bare and naked wood appears white and smooth. But this bark-ring, which is to compel the tree to bear, must be made at the right time, that is, when in all nature the buds are strongly swelling, or are breaking out into blossom. In the same year a callus is formed at the edges of the ring, on both sides, and the connection of the bark, that had been interrupted, is restored again without any detriment to the tree, or the branch operated upon, in which the artificial wound soon again grows over.

By this simple though artificial means of forcing every fruit-tree, with certainty, to bear, you obtain the following important advantages:

1. You may compel every young tree of which you do not know the sort, to shew its fruit, and decide sooner, whether, being of a good quality, it may remain in its first state, or requires to be grafted.

2. You may, thereby, with certainty get fruit of every good sort, of which you wish to see the produce, in the next year.

3. This method may probably serve to increase considerably the quantity of fruit in the country.

The branches so operated upon are hung full of fruit, while the others that are not ringed, often have nothing, or very little on them. This effect is to be explained from the theory of the motion of the sap: for when the sap moves slowly in a tree, it produces fruit-buds, which is the case in old trees; when it moves vigorously, the tree forms wood, or runs into shoots, as happens with young trees.

Though I arrived at this discovery myself, in consequence of trying the same process with a different view, namely, to increase only the size of the fruit, but not to force barren branches, that were furnished with only leaf-buds, to bear, this latter application being before quite unknown to me; I will, on that account, by no means give myself out for the first inventor of this operation: but I was ignorant of the effects to be produced by this method, and only discovered them by repeated experiments of my own, which I made for the promotion of pomology. Frequent experience of the completest success has confirmed the truth of my observations. Nor do I think that this method is generally known; at least to all those to whom I shewed the experiment, the effect produced appeared new and surprising. At all events, that method, supposing it even to be an invention of older date, has, as far as I know, not yet been fully described by any one, and published in print.

METHOD OF KEEPING POTATOES.

A French agriculturist, for the potatoes that he intends to keep for the spring consumption, adopts this method: He immerses them

once or twice in boiling water, to destroy the vegetable life; dries them in a cool oven, and puts them in sacks, which he keeps in a dry place: by this means he keeps without difficulty and loss this precious root until new potatoes come in.

REMEDY FOR SCALDS AND BURNS.

A correspondent (E. M.) communicates the following simple and efficacious remedy for scalds or burns: Immerse the part affected in cold water for half an hour, which will entirely remove all tendency to blistering, and take out all the heat occasioned by the burn.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

"Le Regret," for the Piano-Forte, composed in Memory of H. R. H. the Princess Charlotte of Saxe-Coburg, and dedicated to Miss North of Lisson-street, New-road, by P. A. Kreusser. Pr. 3s.

THE title of this publication applies to it both directly and in a sense certainly not intended by the author. The appearance of such a performance must excite deep regret, to see the pen that produced it in a state of inactivity for successive years. If we are not mistaken, Mr. K. has written nothing since 1812, when he presented the musical public with three sonatas (opp. 25, 26, and 27), the excellence of which places them in the *first* rank of piano-forte compositions. We have heard these sonatas so frequently, that, in case of total loss, we might nearly engage to reindite them from memory; and still their beauty, at every recurrent performance, appears before us in all the bloom and freshness of primitive enjoyment. This we anticipate will be the case with the publication under present consideration, in which the author has endeavoured, without the aid of any but musical language, and by means of several successive movements,

to awake sensations analogous to the feelings excited by the loss of our dear Princess. The attempt was arduous. Not to mention the danger of falling into monotonous sameness, the solemnity of the subject required a correspondingly severe style, which, with so little scope for contrast as to *tempo*, would, without the utmost exercise of care and judgment, easily degenerate into tedious and languid dolefulness. These difficulties Mr. K. has ably conquered by variety of movements, of time, of key, and, above all, by the diversity of style and character in the ideas themselves. We have as much pleasure in this assertion as we derived in the perception of these merits; for in the contemplation of works of art and taste, the mind of the spectator is filled with delight, somewhat tinged with proud self-complacency, on divining and tracing the effect and the operations of the mind and judgment of the artist.

It is rather curious to observe, that almost all the compositions on this occasion have been set in the key of F. In Mr. Kreusser's "*Le Regret*" this is likewise the master-key; the signatures of the five movements being either F major or

F minor, or the relative minor of the former. In this respect we are inclined to think, that, if one of the movements had been in a key not absolutely belonging to the above family, the effect of contrast would have been decidedly advantageous. But this may be matter of opinion, and the numerous interior modulations might probably be alleged in reply.

Of the five movements, a detailed analysis would exceed our limits, which leave scarcely room for a superficial notice of their general nature. The first, a largo of two lines, in $\frac{2}{4}$ time, may be considered as the harbinger of the sad tidings; its object, indeed, is evident. In the succeeding lento ($\frac{3}{4}$), the author enlarges upon the subject in a serious and pathetic strain of harmony, generally in four parts, finely blended into each other, and rendered additionally attractive and solemn by frequent passages of crossed hands admirably contrived. The third movement is a slow march, somewhat (and very properly so) in the more severe style of our great ancient masters; rich in fine contrapuntal contrivance, of well-measured rhythmical symmetry; original in its ideas; stern in character, yet without eccentricity. The fourth movement, the most considerable as to extent, admitted of greater scope in the treatment and developement of its constituent parts. The two first bars announce mainly the subject upon which the whole piece hinges. It is the parent theme which, under great diversity of forms, has insinuated itself into the whole structure; thus combining the two essential requisites of the beautiful in the

fine arts—unity and variety, a combination, to the magic of which the compositions of Haydn are so largely indebted. The score of this movement is, upon the whole, more open and less contrapuntal than is the case in the preceding march and largo, but its attractions are not the less forcible. Towards its conclusion (*p. 7*) it assumes a character of elaborate internal colouring; the parts fuse into each other with the utmost mellowness, and produce a richness of harmony, undulating without a break towards a climax of excellence, which reminds us of the manner of Mozart and Beethoven, such as we find it in their best works. The concluding movement is a short allegro (*poco presto*) in $\frac{2}{4}$ time, terminating in an adagio of one line. It would perhaps be difficult to assign to this allegro a share in the recital of the subject to which “Le Regret” professes to refer, especially in its place at the conclusion. But, on the other hand, the author may have been desirous of parting with his hearers, so as to leave them in a mood somewhat recovered from the sombre impressions which his four preceding pieces cannot fail to inspire; and we must add, that he has attained this end without destroying the effect of his previous labour, in as much as the allegro in question is neither light nor gay, but rather of a serious character.

In taking our leave of this able and meritorious composition, we will only add, that its execution, at least the mechanical part of it, is not very difficult; but inward feeling and good style are indispensably necessary to infuse the requi-

site expression into the performance.

On an Autumn Violet, the 6th of November, 1817: the Poetry by C. D.; set to Music, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-Forte, by Ferd. Ries. Pr. 2s.

This being the first lyric publication of Mr. R.'s that has come under our observation, its appearance naturally excited our curiosity. We do not say, that the high value which we set upon the instrumental compositions of this gentleman led us to expect equal excellence in the vocal department, a walk in itself so distinct from the other, and, as far as we know, so little trodden by him; and we felt, moreover, sensible of the disadvantage of a *debüt* in English vocal composition by means of an elegiac subject, which is liable to peculiar difficulties.

On an attentive examination of the song before us, we find considerable originality in some of the ideas, good taste and skilful treatment in the harmonic arrangement, and several instances of highly judicious musical expression of the text. The air itself, however, without being liable to objection on special grounds, seems to us to fall short of that sweet melodiousness, that fascinating flow of natural simplicity, which form the charm of compositions of this description, and which distinguish more particularly the good productions of the Italian school, and are equally abundant in the lyric works of many of the German masters, such as Himmel, Hurka, Schultze, and, above all, Mozart. In short, the general character of the melody seems to us to be somewhat too

stern and severe. The poem consists of six stanzas, the four first of which significantly describe the beauty of a lonely violet found blooming in autumn. Thus far not the slightest hint of our recent calamity exists. This is reserved for the fifth and sixth stanzas, which relate and bewail the destruction of the "Queen flow'ret" by a treacherous blast; and here even the allusion is so delicate, that it might escape a reader of any other country—a happy and beautiful allegory, by the way! From what has been said, it will be obvious that the four first stanzas were susceptible, and perhaps demanded, a melodic character of the same or nearly the same cast, and that it would have been advantageous to defer any striking change to the fifth and sixth stanzas. Mr. R.'s arrangement, however, assigns to the first stanza a very serious melody in G minor, preceded by two introductory bars of singular originality, but of deep melancholic import. In the second stanza the subject of the first is exhibited in the major key, which enlivens the air, but still leaves much more plainiveness than the text demands; and this impression is strongly increased by the harmony and the concluding symphony. In this manner, and to these two melodies, all the succeeding stanzas are set, major and minor alternately, with some occasional diversity of expression, very judiciously employed, such as at "unshaded," "unsheltered," (fifth stanza,) and at the final close, which very appropriately merges into the minor key.

Select Melodies, with Variations for the Flute and Piano-Forte, com-

posed by C. Nicholson and J. F. Burrowes. No. III. Pr. 3s.

The two preceding numbers of this work have been recommended to the favour of our readers on a former occasion. The one before us equally claims their attention. The theme is Mr. Bishop's air, "And has she then failed in her truth," one of that gentleman's happiest vocal labours. Among the variations, which are all good, we will notice No. 3. an impressive adagio, and, above all, No. 1. which amplifies the melody into semiquavers, the piano-forte acting as second (in thirds and sixths generally) to the flute, which has the lead. This is a very able and elegant variation. Both instruments, of course, act *obbligato* parts.

Mozart's favourite Air, "*Ah perdona al primo affetto*," with Variations, and an Introduction for the Harp, composed, and dedicated to Miss Sharp, by N. C. Bochsa. Pr. 4s.

After a very brilliant and imposing introductory movement, Mr. B. exhibits the above-mentioned air in the most effective harmonic dress. In its full extent, as here given, we think the air too long for a theme of variations; and, for the sake of simplicity, could have dispensed with some decorative additions which appear in the theme itself. The variations are deserving of the highest commendation. Without adverting to all, we shall select one or two. No. 1. is conceived in a most elegant style; the melody in semiquavers flows in tasteful and natural connection from beginning to end, and some fine bass passages are happily applied. No. 2. represents the air in C mi-

nor: it is devised with uncommon taste, and in the best style; the harmony is classic, and the portion in the key of E♭ major truly interesting. The polacca (var. 4.) is also cleverly deduced from the subject, and by various good modulations made to lead to a satisfactory conclusion.

"*The Flower of Love*," a Song from *Melincourt: the Music composed by G. Kiallmark*. Pr. 2s.

A modest title like this, unseasoned by "the much admired"—"with unbounded applause," and other self-encomiastic *façons de parler*, has great weight with us, and we have seldom been disappointed in the expectations which such unassuming meekness excited. In the present instance we derive additional confirmation of this experience. Mr. Kiallmark's "Flower of love" is a sweet little song, as unaffected as its title: the agreeable melody is supported by a pretty accompaniment, which, in the repetition of the verses, is neatly diversified. All is as it should be.

"*Can Language paint the Lover's bliss?*" a favourite Song sung by Mr. Horn; composed by Thomas Attwood; the Words by R. Hamilton, Esq. Pr. 4s. 6d.

This song was set for the musical drama of Elfi Bey, which failed on the boards of Drury-lane about ten months ago. Some of the music we then thought deserving of a better fate, and the present song is among that number, although not quite free from critical objection. The symphony is very neatly imagined; but we should have liked four bars of the subject instead of two, before the digressive passages set in, and, in that case, have ended

with the second bar of the second line. This would have produced greater rhythmical symmetry. The subject of the song is one of tasteful simplicity; but here the author again digresses and modulates too soon, and among the various ideas which follow in quick succession, however separately interesting, there appears to us to be a want of connection and of rhythmical balancing. In the whole page we do not meet with a perfect cadence on the tonic for the mind to repose on. On the score of harmony some remarks too offer themselves. We shall select one or two: *P. 3, bb. 1 and 2*, the leading note *F* on "that" is incompatible with the chord of *D* major immediately succeeding, and the progress of the voice through the scale of *G* minor to the word "yes" (*b. 2*) agrees as little with the chord of *G* major, which is assigned to that word.

No. XXXII. *Button, Whitaker, and Co.'s Selection of Dances, Reels, and Waltzes for the Piano-Forte, Harp, Violin, or Flute, with double and single Figures to each Dance*, by Mr. Wilson. Pr. 1s.

The five tunes in this collection are all waltzes, and bear internal evidence of foreign extraction. Good taste prevails in all of them, and one or two are of rather curious and certainly original structure. Mr. Wilson has put to each a set of figures for country dances and for waltzing. In our opinion waltzing, in the *bon genre*, is best without figures; but *ne sutor ultra crepidam*, will Mr. W. say. As the staves are uncommonly crowded, and as the music is really good in the main, and well calculated for mere practice, the price of one

shilling must be deemed extremely moderate.

"*The cold Wind has blighted the Flowers of May*," sung by Miss Tunstall at Sadler's Wells Theatre, in the grand Melo-drame entitled "*The Terrible Peak*;" composed and arranged for the Piano-Forte by John Whitaker. Pr. 1s. 6d.

A pleasing little ballad of natural melodic expression, and well supported by proper accompaniment. We are not aware of Mr. W.'s motive for adding to some of his vocal compositions the full score for all the instruments of the orchestra; but we have certainly no right to object to such a plan, in as much as the price of the publication does not appear to have been heightened on that account; and although nine out of ten purchasers may not care for the full score, it may be acceptable to a few occasionally.

Favourite Melodies of various Nations, for the German Flute, with Accompaniments for the Piano-Forte, selected from the Compositions of celebrated Authors, and dedicated, by permission, to Lord Churchill, by W. Wheatstone.—Nos. II. and III. Pr. 3s. each.

In the sixteenth number of the *Repository* we noticed with approbation the first number of this collection of flute melodies, and said a few words explanatory of its nature. We shall, therefore, content ourselves on this occasion with stating, that the two numbers now before us are formed precisely on the same plan; their typographical execution is equally elegant, and their intrinsic value, both as to judicious selection and adequate arrangement, not less satisfactory.

The first number, we are pleased to find, has arrived at a second edition, in which two airs from *Il Don Giovanni* have been substituted for others, and an error noticed in our former critique amended.

An Anthem for three Voices, with an Accompaniment for the Organ or Piano-Forte, on the mournful Event of the Death of H. R. H. the Princess Charlotte of Wales, &c. &c.; the Music composed by L. Jansen. Pr. 2s.

As this composition has been reviewed by us about seven years ago, we refer the possessors of the *Repository* (First Series) to our critique in vol. iv. p. 361, where full justice has been done to Mr. Jansen's meritorious labour. It required, unfortunately, but too few alterations in words, as well as in notes, to adapt it from an anthem on the death of Princess Amelia, to the melancholy catastrophe to which it has now been applied; and we devoutly hope no fresh calamity of a similar nature will give occasion for a third edition.

Second Edition of SPAGNOLETTI's celebrated Polacca for the Violin, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-Forte, dedicated to Urban Sartoris, Esq. by the Author.—Pr. 3s. 6d.

Those violin-players who are not yet acquainted with this polacca, and are arrived at a stage of proficiency to master the performance, have a treat in store. The whole composition, introductory andante as well as polacca, presents a combination of delicacy and elegance which we have seldom witnessed in writings for the violin; and the piano-forte accompaniment is conceived with a taste and in a style

corresponding with the excellence of the violin part. It is perhaps from a want of compositions of such a description, that the practice of the violin becomes daily more confined to the professors on that instrument.

"Mary, the Maid of the Green," an admired Ballad, sung by Mr. Coggon at Vauxhall Gardens, &c.; written by Mr. J. Cole, composed by J. Monro. Pr. 1s. 6d.

The merit of this ballad is more negative than positive. It affords no cause for decided encomium, but, on the other hand, gives no imaginable offence. The melody is very proper and regular, but offers no feature of originality.

"Sweet Friendship," a Canzonet, written, composed, and affectionately inscribed to Mr. and Mrs. Kenney, by Fanny Holcroft. Pr. 1s. 6d.

There is no striking novelty in this song, but its melody and accompaniment evince good taste and a respectable share of musical knowledge. The ideas are pleasing, their succession is natural, and there is proper rhythmical keeping in the periods.

"Lost in all a Lover's madness," translated from the admired "Boscureccia" in the Opera of Jocande, adapted to the original Music of Nicolo by W. Ball. Pr. 2s.

Many of the ideas in this composition are highly original and interesting, but, upon the whole, it does not satisfy the expectations which the name of Nicolo warranted us in forming. The music is too much in the French style, and has not gained by being put to an English text. Of the three strains, the allegretto in E major is the

most attractive. In the succeeding minor we meet with some neat thoughts, but its general complexion differs inconsiderably from the common run of minor melodies.

"Sally," a favourite Ballad, with an Accompaniment for the Harp or Piano-Forte: the Words by R. Priestley, Esq.; the Music by Joseph Coggins. Pr. 1s. 6d.

Four stanzas, two of which are composed. The subject of the first stanza, barring a little defect in harmony in bar 3, is of such sweet simplicity, and in such good taste, that we must regret it has not been more pursued and developed, so as to throw the two stanzas into one continued melody, rather than assign to the beginning of the second stanza (after a complete interruption of three bars passage-work), a minor harmony in itself singular, and here out of character.

"The Cottager's Welcome," a favourite Rondo for the Piano-Forte or Harp, in which is introduced the much-admired Air of "Adieu! good Night!" sung by Mr. Duruset at the Theatre Royal Haymarket; composed, with an Accompaniment for the Flute, and respectfully inscribed to Mr. W. Wilson, by Charles Henry Forrester. Pr. 2s.

As Mr. Forrester's name appears for the first time in our musical critique, it affords us pleasure to pronounce the *début* to be a favourable one. His introductory slow movement evinces taste; the air "Adieu! good night!" is satisfactorily exhibited and amplified; and the rondo conceived in a pleasing and animated style. Nothing very highly seasoned is attempted, but the fare

actually given is wholesome and palatable.

Favourite Airs, selected from Mozart's celebrated Opera "Il Don Giovanni," arranged as a Diver-timento for the Piano-Forte, with an Accompaniment for the Flute, *ad lib.* by John Purkis. Pr. 3s.

Mr. Purkis, who for some time past has delighted the musical public by his performance on the Apollonicon, has satisfactorily exerted his talents on the present publication. The airs he has selected for his subjects are "Vedrai carino," and "Batti, batti," besides one which Mozart introduces in his Don Giovanni from Martini's "Cosa rara." Among these a considerable quantum of digressive matter is interwoven in good order and taste, so that the several portions blend into an agreeable and effective whole.

"Flow, flow, Cubana," sung by Mr. Pearman in "The Persian Hunters, or the Rose of Gurgistan," as performed at the Theatre Royal English Opera: the Words by T. Noble, Esq.; the Music by C. F. Horn. Pr. 1s. 6d.

A soft, chaste melody, supported by an accompaniment in good style, would, in this instance, have commanded a high degree of our critical favour, were these advantages not alloyed by very uncreditable impurities in harmony. To mention one or two: The second bar of the symphony contains, 1st. a very ugly octave in the first quaver; and the c in the second quaver is not less objectionable. The instrumental link in the fourth bar of the second page is uncouth. In the eleventh bar, p. 3, another strange harmony

presents itself in the accompaniment. With all these and other imperfections, however, the song possesses attractions which must recommend it to the amateur: the

ideas are good, their connection is natural, and they are ranged and unfolded in proper rhythmical order.

FINE ARTS.

PICTORIAL CARDS.

PLATE 9.—FOUR PLAYING-CARDS.

THE EIGHT OF CLUBS is designed to represent a lady walking in a gallery: the chief ornament is the shamroc, and the card seems to have some allusion to the beauties of Hibernia; her parasol is ornamented with this device, as are the pillars, the railing of the gallery, and the base of it. The combination is very elegant.

THE SEVEN OF SPADES. This card forms a continuance of the *Fracas*, the subject of which is illustrated by the annexed story. Here the spade is made to form a birdcage, a bodice, a ridicule, an aperture in the wall, a wig, a coffee-bigin, and an architectural ornament. This card is arranged with great taste and considerable effect.

THE THREE OF HEARTS is very sweetly designed, with much of the character and spirit of the celebrated Albert Durer, a painter whose works have been very successfully studied by the artist who composed these cards. It seems to represent the parting of lovers, the young knight being summoned to the field of battle: they are about to enter a terrace from the castle, the porch of which composes the back-ground. The heart is transformed into the arms of the family, and carved

above the arch—into her bodice, and also into a border of the lady's dress.

THE FIVE OF DIAMONDS is a very beautiful composition, representing a tournament of knights on horseback in complete armour; to which the sovereign is a spectator, attended by ladies of the court. The knight in black armour is on the point of being dismounted. The diamond forms armorial bearings, an ornament in the tapestry, and the shields of the contending knights. The architecture and perspective of this card are very beautiful, and the whole is well designed and ably executed.

BEATRICE, OR THE FRACAS.

(Continued from p. 49.)

It was a dark stormy night, the wind blew with fearful violence, and the rain descended in floods, as they burst forth from the door of the hotel; the elements seemed to take part in the affray, and splashed and howled in unison with the uproar made by the linguist and the painter. Awful would be this combination of ill sounds!—and so it was to a tall thin brother of the order of St. Francis, who, closely wrapped in his mantle and cowl, was calmly pacing homeward,

meditating on the blissful passage to a better world, to which he had just forwarded a pious contributor to his abbey. He was somewhat in advance of the contending parties as they passed down the street, and he heard them and the storm gathering upon him, with a dismay only to be equalled by his resignation to the fearful consequences. There was but just time to make one pious ejaculation (for he thought that surely evil spirits were abroad), when the linguist, still proceeding with his *mélange* of execrations, came furiously against him—Monsieur Le Pallet passed on. Now it happened that the linguist, although of prodigious spirit, was short in stature, and his forehead coming in contact with the elbow of the pious father, as his hands were crossed upon his breast, he fell to the ground, senseless and silent as the stones on which he lay. “Holy St. Francis!” said the father, “it is a human being!” and he called to the linguist and bade him rise:—but all was silent now, except the wind and the rain; for the sound of the retreating footsteps of the painter was speedily lost in the unceasing patter of the shower.—“Holy St. Francis!” said he again, for his heart palpitated with anxiety and alarm as he stooped to assist the prostrate being that lay before him, and who, from the darkness of the night, might be felt, but not seen—“Holy St. Francis!” said the good father, “the man is dead!”

Beatrice and Teresa sat long in expectation that one, at least, of the combatants would return to them, but in this they were disappointed; and when their friend the

musician was about to depart, the storm was so violent that he shuddered to encounter it, and begged that, in any way, the ladies would afford him shelter for the night. So they manufactured for him a sort of truckle-bed, in a dark closet behind the parlour, in which the cornchandler's samples had been formerly deposited, and which was yet visited nightly by a horde of half-starved mice and rats, that had long been disappointed of their accustomed supplies.

How securely does the honest man sleep! How peaceful are the slumbers of him whose bosom is not torn by the bitter recollections of past errors, and who has devoutly appropriated “that solemn hour not lent to labour or repose!”—provided there are no rats to disturb him: but it is to be feared that honesty or piety avail little towards a comfortable night's rest, if two or three score of these famished vermin happen to be out on a foraging party during four hours of it, in a small bedchamber six feet by nine.

Before the musician retired to this humble accommodation for the night, he fortunately hung his periwig and cloak upon the gilded ornament, in the parlour, which Mrs. Seltstoff had prepared long before as a similar convenience to her husband: without the precaution, this the musician's chief pride, in all human probability, had been devoured for the sake of the *pommade divine* that it contained in its sacred composition. The loss, or even the injury, it must have sustained by the half-famished troop, would have been a great mortification to him, for this wig was the result of much painstaking and study, it be-

ing formed upon a union of the principles of those of Mozart, Bach, and the celebrated Gluck; and this his own he conceived was peculiarly Gluckish, combining all the crisp independence of the Bach, with the rich, harmonious, and ample contour of the great Mozart.

As daylight appeared, the fatigued and terrified musician was left by them to repose; he then fell into a sound sleep, from which he did not awake until near mid-day; when a low whispering, and his own name frequently repeated, engaged his attention. Creeping softly from his bed, and peeping through a hole in the partition, he beheld Monsieur Le Pallet hanging fondly over the shoulder of Teresa, and vaunting his overthrow of the master of languages; ridiculing his own the musician's gravity, and making love with all the affected adroitness of a true *charlatan d'amour*.

At this moment the valet of the linguist, in great agitation, came to inquire for his master: he had not returned to his lodgings, and the poor fellow was really in distress, assuring them that something serious must have happened, to have kept so steady and so devout a gentleman from his home until so late

an hour in the morning. It was unfortunate for the painter that he had indulged in the heroics; for Teresa, with all the *piquantes* shrewdness of coquetish wit, retailed the whole again to the astonished servant, who, not doubting the truth of one word, swore that his master was murdered, and that he would give instant notice of it to the minister of police. "You will do right, my child," said the musician, who read the whole score at once, and perceived that this discord would give effect to the harmony of his own arrangements—"you will do right, my child," said he; and turning to the painter, who stood aghast at this new appearance of affairs, he began a solemn lecture on the sinfulness of "colouring too highly," and on the atrocity of murder: which, however, Le Pallet was not disposed to hear; but following the impulse which the panic had occasioned, his mind picturing nothing but prisons and post-horses, he sallied forth to the nearest post-house, and was speedily out of the dominions of the emperor.

"Heavens!" cried Teresa, "what can have happened to our friend the master of languages?"

(To be continued.)

THE SELECTOR :

Consisting of INTERESTING EXTRACTS from NEW POPULAR PUBLICATIONS.

DISAPPOINTED LOVE.

(From *The Soldiers of Venezuela*.)

I HAVE some apprehensions, but your spirits, that even brotherly I trust they are groundless, that attachment is not permitted to you suffer an anxiety to prey on share. Deem me neither curious

nor inquisitive. I would not inquire the cause of a disquietude that you may not consider proper to communicate; but yet I would entreat leave to caution you against the effects of hidden anguish. It preys on the vitals, consumes the very essence of life, produces premature imbecility, and unfits the body for activity; while it unnerves the mind for every noble design. I have not gleaned my opinion on this matter from the academies of the learned, nor have I accepted them as a boon from the miserable. Experience has taught me what I impart to you, and time cannot eradicate her lessons. You will, perhaps, learn hereafter, that the sword of a warrior never ventures to violate the delicate ties that are elicited by the heart's early attachments; nor can the shield of a cuirassier render the breast invulnerable to the arrows of love.

My father, having no daughters, received into his house the female orphan of his sister. Her age was very junior to mine, and I climbed the cowan-tree for a bunch of its berries to amuse her, as often as I taught my brother, who was about Adela's age, how to mould his toys from the acorns his playful industry had collected. When I quitted home for the army, my cousin had just gone to school; and on my first visit, after an absence of four years in the West Indies, Adela was among the happy group assembled to welcome me. The satisfaction that I shared with my family to witness her improvement, grew into a peculiar feeling of delight. My senses became her slaves, and I loved her with all the ardour of devotion, ere I dreamt of

the thousand obstacles that disqualified me from marrying. My leave of absence expired; I rejoined my regiment, preserving the strictest silence on the sentiments that absorbed me, lest the consequences might be productive of unhappiness to her. I did not propose to include her in my list of correspondents—I did not intimate that she was dearer to me than her consanguinity justified; for I was then a soldier whose only fortune was his sword, and I knew I was not at liberty to make decided proposals of marriage. Hope encouraged me to anticipate another return, when all my blissful visions would be realized; but possibility whispered, that I might return no more. In either case, it appeared my only proper course was concealment of my feelings; and, apparently, I parted from Adela as I did from my other relations.

Words would fail to convince you how deeply her image was engraven on my soul: Adela was the talismanic word that seemed to turn aside the messengers of death—Adela was my morning vision and my evening solace; the moonbeams were not softer than my fancy pictured would be her smile, and I knew the cloudless atmosphere was not purer than her heart. I blessed the setting sun, because the last beams lingered on the west—the evening star seemed to bring tidings from Adela—her voice breathed in the zephyrs that received my earliest adoration—in crowds my thoughts would steal to her—the solitary night-watch was a luxury of meditation. The excess of my attachment increased by absence, and with the swiftness

of a lover's fancy, I obtained permission to revisit home.

On returning to England from a three years' campaign on the Continent, I did not wait to apprize my father of my approach to that spot where every hope of bliss was centred. The sounds of mirth saluted my ear before I reached the door—the old piper was tuning a strathspey—the young and the aged were rejoicing—Adela was that day married to my brother!

Imagine the horrible effect this intelligence had on a mind naturally sanguine, and wrought up to the very acme of promised felicity. I had, throughout, assured myself that Adela had divined my attachment to her, had entered into the recesses of my heart, and seen her name indelibly written in its core. Too late I became sensible that reality had not kept pace with my ardent imagination. I had arrived to behold a perfection of human happiness in which I could not participate—to sit in solitary sadness, or to sink a prey to despair! No description can convey to you the dreadful hostility of my feelings: I viewed myself as the resemblance of another Cain, jealous of a brother's bliss; or like the rebel angel, waiting to blast the Eden of the first pair with the consuming fire of dissension! Oh! no—shade of the gentle Adela, and Ronald brother of my heart, ever dearly and faithfully remembered, every vein of mine should have bled to

have preserved your happiness from interruption! I would have died the victim of mistaken propriety; but never should the cause of my sighs have disturbed your serenity—your tears might have bedewed my ashes, but never reproached my conduct.

Overwhelmed by the extreme agony of my mind, I sank under an attack of fever and delirium. Fortunately the cause of my illness was still undiscovered; and the first glimpse of returning reason presented to my view Adela and my brother zealously watching and anxiously praying for my recovery. Soon as it was accomplished, I hastened my departure from Scotland, and rushing into the thickest ranks of war, sought that oblivion of remembrance which life did not promise to bestow. But I was still doomed to mourn, though from a different cause.

Hitherto my grief had been selfish, despicable, and degrading; it became social, brotherly, and communicable; and time has restored me, to speak calmly of my errors, and patiently of my sufferings.

In one of those furious gales that occasionally descend from the mountains to agitate the lakes into commotion, a boat, in which my brother and his wife were passengers, was lost by the unskilfulness of the pilot. They were deposited in the "narrow house" of their ancestors; and my sorrowing father quickly followed to the grave.

FASHIONS.

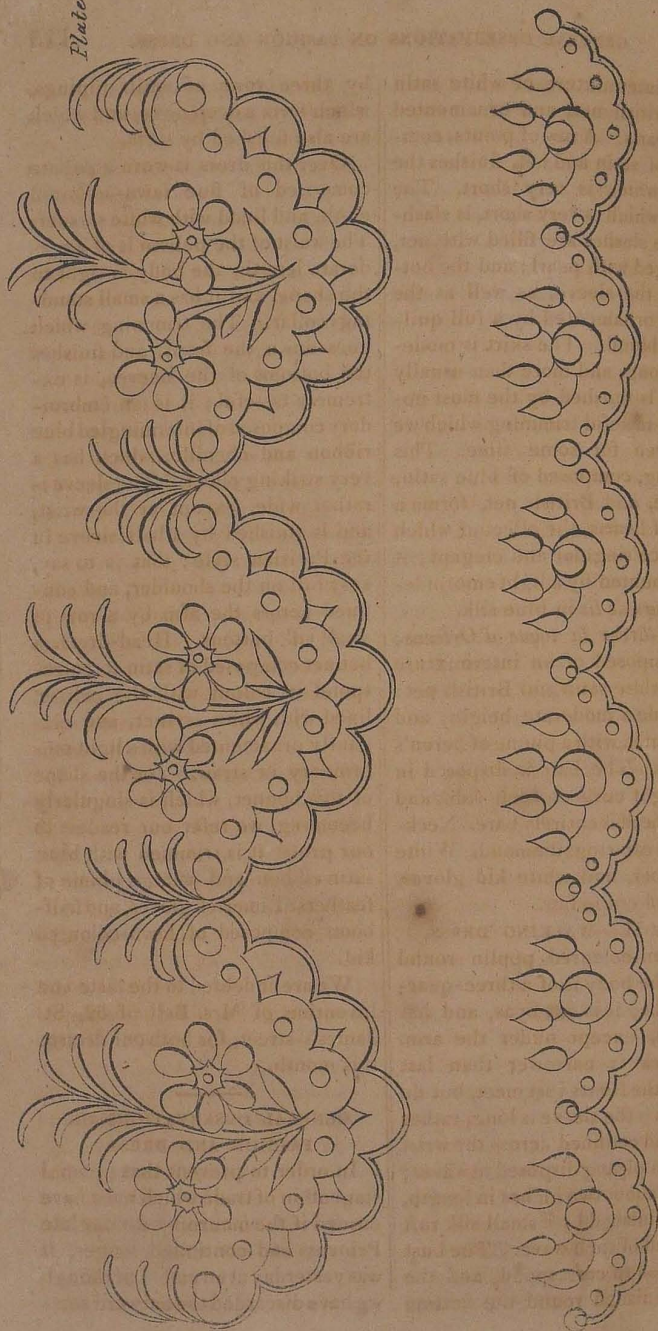


LONDON FASHIONS.

PLATE 10.—EVENING DRESS.

A FROCK composed of British net, and worn over a white satin

slip: the body, which is somewhat in the Spanish style, is called the *corsage à l'Infante*; it is composed



MUSLIN PATTERNS

of an intermixture of white satin and British net, and ornamented with pearls. A row of points, composed of satin and net, finishes the waist, which is very short. The sleeve, which is very short, is slashed; the slashes are filled with net, and edged with pearl; and the bottom of the sleeve, as well as the bust, is ornamented by a full quilting of blond. The skirt is moderately long, and more than usually full; it is finished by the most novel and tasteful trimming which we have seen for some time. This trimming, composed of blue satin, chenille, and British net, forms a chain of hearts, the effect of which is at once singular and elegant; it is surmounted by a light embroidery of *fleurs de lis* in blue silk.

Head-dress *la toque d'Orleans*: it is composed of an intermixture of soft white satin and British net: it is made a moderate height, and ornamented with a plume of heron's feathers. The hair is disposed in a few light curls at each side, and the forehead is entirely bare. Neck-lace and ear-rings diamond. White satin shoes, and white kid gloves. Spangled crape fan.

PLATE II.—WALKING DRESS.

A fawn-coloured poplin round dress: the body is of a three-quarter height; it is cut byas, and has no seam, except under the arm. The back is narrower than last month; the fronts just meet, but do not cross; the sleeve is long, rather loose, and confined across the wrist by a satin piping disposed in waves; they are about two inches in length, and are finished by a small silk tuft at the end of each wave. The bust is trimmed to correspond, and the skirt is finished round the bottom

by three rows of satin pipings, which form a deep wave, and which are also finished by tufts.

Over this dress is worn a pelisse composed of fine fawn-coloured cloth, and lined with white sarsnet. The waist of the pelisse is of a moderate length, the body is tight to the shape, and it has a small standing collar. The trimming which goes down the front, and finishes the bottoms of the sleeves, is extremely tasteful; it is an embroidery composed of intermingled blue ribbon and chenille, which has a very striking effect. The sleeve is rather wide, except at the wrist, and is finished by a half sleeve in the Parisian style; that is to say, very full on the shoulder, and confined across the arm by a row of small silk buttons. Head-dress, a bonnet composed of satin to correspond in colour with the pelisse, lined with white sarsnet, and elegantly ornamented with a light embroidery in straw. For the shape of this bonnet, which is singularly becoming, we refer our readers to our print: it is trimmed with blue satin ribbon and a large plume of feathers. Limerick gloves, and half-boots composed of fawn-coloured kid.

We are indebted to the taste and invention of Mrs. Bell of 52, St. James's-street, for both our dresses this month.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

In order to prevent that general stagnation of trade which must have ensued if the mourning for our late Princess had continued longer, it was yesterday at an end: but though we have discarded the outward sem-

blance of woe, her memory will be long and tenderly cherished by the people of the united kingdoms, who so lately exulted in her virtues and talents.

Light colours appear this winter likely to be more in estimation than they have been for some time. Pelisses are most in favour for the promenade, though cloaks are also in request, and spencers are partially worn; but the latter seem in a great measure confined to carriage dress.

The article most in favour for pelisses is the Russian hair-cloth, which is of the softest texture, exquisitely fine, and sufficiently light to be used for bonnets or home dresses. This cloth was manufactured, we understand, under the inspection of the lady who furnished our dresses, and can be had only from her. The pelisse which we have given in our print is composed of it.

Cloaks are not considered very tonish, and the few that are worn are composed of grey mixture cloth; they are made in the comfortable style of the one given in our last number, and lined with light-coloured sarsnet. The most elegant are edged with swansdown; but in general they are simply bound with a ribbon to correspond with the lining.

For carriage costume, velvet spencers, and cloth shawls richly embroidered in coloured silks, are in the highest estimation. The favourite article for spencers is a newly invented fancy velvet: it is corded; the cord is extremely narrow, and it has a light and elegant appearance.

We have seen a spencer made of

this velvet, the form of which struck us as very novel; it was made tight to the shape, short in the waist, and the back was ornamented with a row of slight embroidery in chenille on each side. The sleeve was finished at the bottom by a piece of white satin laid on full, and fancifully interspersed with chenille; it had likewise a small *épaulette* composed of the same material as the spencer, which was edged with a fulness of white satin interspersed with chenille. A small collar, which is cut something in the form of a pelerine, and is lined with white satin, comes as far as the shoulder in front, and falls over. The fronts are finished by lappels, lined with white satin. This is the most elegant spencer we have seen for a considerable time, and no *corsage* can be better calculated to display a fine shape to advantage.

Cloth shawls are of different colours, but those composed of the Russian hair-cloth are most fashionable, and they are always of a delicate fawn-colour; they are worn large, and are richly embroidered in a mixture of silk and chenille. We have seen some worked in lamb's wool, which had a very tasteful and striking effect, because the embroidery was so well raised.

For the walking costume, bonnets composed of velvet or beaver are in the highest estimation. The most fashionable are those which correspond in colour with the dress. Feathers form the favourite ornament for beaver bonnets: some, however, are lined and trimmed with satin. Velvet bonnets are ornamented with feathers only. There is nothing novel in the form of walking bonnets.

The style of head-dress generally adopted in the carriage dress is extremely tasteful. Bonnets are fashionable, and the one most in request is that which we give in our print; it was in fact made for a dress promenade bonnet, which is the same thing as a carriage head-dress. Velvet *togues* are also in favour. We have seen some of which the upper part was composed of velvet only; the lower, that is to say the part next to the face, was a mixture of velvet and satin. These *togues* are ornamented sometimes with feathers, sometimes with bunches of winter flowers. We have also to notice the introduction of hats composed of a new material, which is at once novel, light, and elegant. These hats are of various shapes and differently ornamented; the most fashionable are the gipsy shape, one of which we hope to present to our readers next month.

The materials for dinner dress are various. Sarsnets, striped, plain, and twilled, are all in request. Fancy silks are also worn, and poplins are in high estimation. There is not that variety in trimmings which we expected; but, in fact, the invention of our dress-makers seems to have been turned almost wholly to out-door costume and full dress. Satin and blond are in the highest estimation for the trimming of dinner gowns. We have seen also some broad trimmings, composed of chenille and velvet; they were wreaths of velvet leaves inserted in a net-work of chenille: this net-work was finished at each edge by a row of narrow velvet points. We have seen also some sarsnet dresses trimmed round the

bottom of the skirt with three rows of satin scollops, which were edged with velvet. The effect of this trimming was rich, but heavy.

The most novel dinner dress is the one we have described as worn under the *pelisse* given in our print. Low dresses, however, are in greater estimation than three-quarter high ones for dinner parties. Waists continue as short as they have been worn, but backs are narrower and sleeves wider than we remember them for some time past; long sleeves also continue in estimation. Full bodies are wholly out of favour. We see with real pleasure, that lace *fichus* are adopted by several *élégantes* of acknowledged taste; they are at once delicate and becoming, and certainly very appropriate to dinner dress: some of them are made up to the throat with a small lace pelerine, which falls over. The *fichu* wraps considerably to one side, and is trimmed either with blond or fine narrow lace. Others, and these we think are likely to be the most fashionable, are finished by a queen Elizabeth ruff of broad lace, which stands up round the neck.

The full dress we have given in our print is deservedly, from its elegance and lightness, the first in estimation. British net, the material of which it is composed, is also considered most fashionable; but white *tulle* and gauze are also worn. Coloured satins are likewise partially adopted; and gossamer gauze, an article which looks extremely well, although it is not expensive, has just been introduced; how far it may become fashionable we cannot at present say, as we have noticed very few dresses

made of it. We have seen some trimmings of lamb's wool worked upon net in large flowers for evening dress; the effect was pretty, and they are likely to become fashionable.

We have just seen a white satin dress, which we consider highly worthy of the attention of our fair subscribers. The bottom of the skirt is finished by a single fall of blond lace set on very full; this is surmounted by an embroidery of peach-blossoms formed of satin and chenille. The body is composed of British net, made tight to the shape; the back is plain, but the front is formed, something in the style of a stomacher, by white satin pipings interspersed with letting-in lace. A trimming formed of small rosettes, composed of net, with floss silk hearts, goes round the bust. The sleeves are very short and full; the fulness is divided into compartments by satin pipings. The net is puckered about an inch in breadth at the bottom of the sleeve, and finished by two rows of pipings.

Half-dress caps do not seem likely to be in such very great favour as they have been for some time past: they are still, however, considered genteel. Small round caps, with low crowns profusely trimmed with lace, and ornamented with large bows of satin ribbon placed to the side, are in great favour for dishabille; but for half dress, small lace handkerchiefs carelessly twisted through the hair, and ornamented with a flower placed on one side, seem to us more likely to be fashionable than caps. Many *élégantes*, particularly young ladies, appear in their hair only.

Toques are likely to be universally worn in full dress by all but very juvenile *belles*. They are variously ornamented; ostrich feathers, heron's feathers, and artificial flowers, are all worn. These head-dresses are composed either of white satin and net mixed, or else of tissue gauze, spangled crape, or net lightly embroidered in silver.

For very young ladies, flowers it is thought will be most in favour, or else their hair dressed either without ornament or only with a single peak comb.

We have seen some very elegant ornaments in half-dress jewellery, composed of gold partly dead and partly finished; they consisted of a neck-chain, bracelets, and earrings. The drops of the latter were of uncommon length, and most exquisitely finished.

We have not noticed any thing novel in full-dress jewellery.

Dress shoes are again composed of white satin, white spotted silk, and white levantine. They are still made exceedingly and unbecomingly high over the instep, and are generally finished with a rich embroidery.

Fashionable colours are, fawn-colour, azure, wild rose-colour, Clarence blue, purple, slate-colour, and damask rose-colour.

A correspondent wishes to know why we so seldom mention stays. The reason is, because we do not recommend any but those likely to improve the shape, without injuring the health; and we have not seen any new stay of that description since the one we mentioned under the title of the improved *corset des Grâces*.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, Jan. 22.

My dear SOPHIA,

PELISSES are with us at present the order of the day; one sees scarcely any thing else in our promenades: but the extraordinary variety both in the form and colour of head-dresses, prevents the tiresome uniformity which would otherwise result from the general adoption of this fashion.

Pelisses, or, as we call them, *carriicks*, continue to be made as I described them in my last letter. The materials of which they are composed are fine Merino cloth, levantine, and sometimes velvet: the latter, however, is but partially worn. Rose-colour, azure, and drab are the favourite colours. The trimmings most in estimation are Brandenburgs of steel and swansdown. The former are considered most fashionable; they are placed at regular distances down the front of the pelisse; the bottom, sleeves, and collar of which are ornamented only with a single rouleau of satin.

Pelisses trimmed with Brandenburgs are always close in front, but when swansdown is used, they are open and trimmed all round; the trimming is also very broad, and the brim of the *chapeau* worn with it has a light edging of swansdown.

Now for the head, the adornment of which is always the first object with the French *belles*, who take incredible pains to adapt their head-dresses to their style of features and complexion. There are some people who think they succeed, but, for my own part, I am of a contrary opinion. They do not under-

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stand the grand secret, which is the proper and becoming mixture of colours; and they use too many ornaments. But let me have done with digression, which I am too apt to fall into, and describe to you as well as I can the fashionable *chapeaux* and *toques*.

Silk plush, velvet, and satin are the materials used for *chapeaux*, which have varied considerably in form since I wrote last. The brims now are not near so large as they have been worn, and instead of coming close round the face, they stand out at a considerable distance from it. The crowns are round and much broader at the top than the bottom. The edges are sometimes finished by a row of *tulle* plaited in the middle very full; at others a striped watered ribbon is sewed on either flat or slightly puckered. Velvet flowers and long flat feathers are the ornaments used for these hats. Marabouts are now never worn, except when the pelisse is trimmed with swansdown; then the *chapeau* has, as I before observed, a slight edging of swansdown, and four or five Marabout feathers are placed upright in front.

Another hat, and one which is in very great favour, is shaped like a man's hat; the brim comes down before and behind, and is rather large, but is narrow at the sides. The crowns of these hats are sometimes ornamented with two bands of broad satin ribbon, which are fastened by oblong yellow metal buckles. Sometimes, instead of these two buckles, the *chapeau* is ornamented with a large knot of

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the material it is composed of, or a cockade, which is also of the same material, placed at one side.

A small cap, composed of *tulle*, is always worn with these hats, which are put on so as partially to display it before and behind. These caps are of a small round shape, with a full border of narrow lace. They are ornamented in general with a byas piece of *tulle*, which is nearly a quarter of a yard in breadth, and pointed at one end: it is plaited full across the crown; it is edged with narrow lace, and finished in front by a bow of ribbon or a lace rosette: the end, which is about half a quarter in length, falls into the neck.

As to the colours of *chapeaux*, rose-colour and white are considered as most fashionable; but azure, fawn-colour, and coral red are partially adopted by the most tonish *élégantes*.

For dinner dress levantine appears to be in greater favour than Merino cloth, and *percale* is almost as generally worn as either. Dinner gowns are now made rather more full than they were, and I think waists are a very little longer. Short sleeves begin to be seen in dinner dress. Gowns are cut much higher round the bust in front, but the backs are still very low.

Embroidery continues to be the favourite trimming for Merino dresses. Those made of levantine are frequently trimmed with swansdown. A trimming now very fashionable, is composed of *tulle*, velvet, and satin. There are three falls of *tulle*, each of which is cut in points at one side; these points are edged with satin pipings cut byas, and headed by a wreath of velvet

leaves. The effect of this trimming is extremely pretty; it is light, and as the falls are not very deep, it has not the effect of overloading the dress.

Perkale gowns are generally trimmed with three narrow flounces of clear muslin, put on very close at the bottom, and surmounted by a row of rich work: this work is generally a wreath of leaves worked in white; the middle of each leaf is formed of lace. Over this are sometimes a few small tucks, but this is seldom the case.

Three rouleaus of clear crimped muslin, to each of which is attached a very narrow flounce of clear muslin small-plaited, are also used to decorate the bottoms of dinner gowns: a corkscrew roll of satin of two different colours is sometimes run through these rouleaus, and has a very pretty effect.

The busts and sleeves of dinner dresses are trimmed either with blond or *tulle*, except when the bottom is trimmed with swansdown, and then the bosom and sleeves are finished to correspond. Narrow lace, quilled very full, is generally used for *percale*; but I have seen some of these dresses ornamented with full puffings of clear muslin round the sleeves and bosom; a small bow of narrow ribbon was placed between each puffing. This kind of trimming had a neat and simple effect.

The favourite materials for full dress at present are *tulle* over white satin, or white satin only. Gauze and crape have disappeared. One sees, however, on some *élégantes* dresses of rich white lace over white satin; but these dresses are rare, very probably because they are

extremely costly. They are worn with a bodice of white satin made exactly to the shape, cut very low round the bust, and finished at the waist by *tabs*.

If, my dear Sophia, you do not know what a *tab* is, your grandmother will probably be able to shew you some at the bottom of her stays. These *tabs* are something less than an inch in breadth; they are edged with narrow silk trimming or lace. The sleeves are very short; they are composed of white lace, and generally finished by a satin band edged with pearl. A lace pelerine ornaments the bust, and a single flounce of very broad lace goes round the bottom. These dresses please me very much; there is an elegant simplicity in them which one rarely meets with here.

The *costume de bal* has not altered since I wrote last; and the very elegant dancing dress which I then described to you, is still in as much estimation as ever.

Coral is in very great estimation, though not quite so much the rage as it was last year: it is sometimes mixed with gold. Coral sprigs, for instance, have a gold stalk. Sprigs, flowers, bunches of wild berries and of raspberries, composed of it, are all fashionable as ornaments for the hair.

The hair is now dressed lighter on the temples than it has been for some time. The hind hair still continues to be divided into bands, which are platted and intermixed with pearl; these bands, instead of being brought up to the crown of the head, are now brought over to the front, and arranged so as to form a very full tuft. For balls, the hair is always ornamented with a

wreath of roses, either white or red, or sometimes a mixture of both; this wreath is placed very forward on the forehead.

Toques continue to be worn in full dress; they are higher in the crown than when I wrote last, but they are not so fashionable as turbans. The favourite materials for these latter are India muslin, crape, and cachemire. India muslin is generally embroidered in gold and mixed with crape; and when the turban is of cachemire, the crown is almost always of satin.

The forms of these turbans defy description, they are so varied by the manner in which the materials are disposed. I shall endeavour to send you one of the newest by the first opportunity.

It is some time since I have spoken of promenade or dress shoes. The former are generally composed of coloured kid. When the weather is clear and frosty, they are lined and trimmed with fur. Sandals are very little worn. Slippers are made to come high over the instep, but not unbecomingly so. Dress slippers are always composed of white silk, except when the trimming of the dress is coloured, and then they correspond.

Roses are at present the only flower in request for full dress. One sometimes sees indeed those ladies who are outrageous partisans either of the revolutionary or the royalist cause, adorned with lilies or violets; but this is rarely the case, for there seems to be a tacit agreement on both sides, to avoid the badges of party. You have heard, I suppose, of the king and the members of the royal family wearing the violet, from a wish to

abolish all party distinctions: but I am sorry to say that it has had no effect, for the spirit of rancour and ill-will, which party feuds always generate, is as violent as ever. But if I begin upon politics, I am sure

you will say that it is high time for me to conclude my letter. So adieu, my dear Sophia! Believe me always your

EUDOCIA.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

The History and Antiquities of the Cathedral of Winchester, by Mr. Britton, with thirty engravings, is nearly completed. It comprises an original investigation into the early establishment and progress of Christianity in the south-western part of the island, *i. e.* among the West Saxons; an essay on the origin and architectural styles of the present cathedral, and a description of that edifice; an account of its various and splendid monuments; biographical anecdotes of the bishops, &c.; with ample graphic illustrations of the architecture and sculpture of the church. The latter are chiefly engraved by J. and H. Le Keux, from drawings by Edward Blore. The volume is dedicated, by permission, to the late Princess Charlotte, whose character and loss are noticed in the preface. In its historical and architectural relations, the cathedral of Winchester presents more attraction than any other edifice in England; and the author appears to have taken much pains to elucidate the one and illustrate the other.

Mr. Britton's first number of *Illustrations of York Cathedral* is also just ready; with six engravings by the two Le Keux, Scott, &c. from drawings by Mackenzie and Blore.

Mr. Donald Mackay has in the press, and will shortly publish, in

one volume 12mo. *The Lady's Encyclopadia*, being an introduction to those branches of science essential in the education of young females; comprehending Chronology, Ancient History, Geography, Drawing, Music, Dancing, &c.; from the French of Madame de la Mimardiére.

In the press, and speedily will be published, in one volume, *A Week's Holidays at Home*, or *The Townly Family*, being a collection of original stories, for the amusement and instruction of youth; containing also a Morning and Evening Hymn for every day in the week.

Shortly will be published, 12mo. a third edition, with additions, of *The Pleasures of Religion*, in letters, from Joseph Felton to his son Charles.

Early in February will be published, *Tales of my Landlady*, in three volumes.

Early in February will be published, *Sir James the Ross*, a border story, in one volume 12mo.

Shortly will be published, *Rhododaphne*, or *The Thessalian Spell*, a poem, in foolscap.

Mr. Egerton has in the press a new work, *The Soldiers of Venezuela*, which it is expected will excite much interest.

In the press, *A Journey to Rome and Naples*, performed in the summer of 1817, by way of Paris, Ly-

ons, Mount Cenis, Turin, Genoa, (by sea to) Leghorn, Pisa, Rome, Naples; including visits to Portici, Herculaneum, Pompeii, Vesuvius (which was ascended during the time of an eruption), and the classic ground of Pozzuoli and Baiæ; returning by the Adriatic, Bologna, Venice, Vicenza, Verona, Milan, the Simplon, and Geneva: giving some account of the present state of society in Italy, with a short description of the several cities and countries passed through, and a sketch of their ancient and poetic history: containing also a dissertation on the fine arts, with observations on the present schools of England, France, and Italy; together with a relation of the various accidents met with by the author in travelling, the robberies and assassinations he was witness of, with such other information as may be thought useful to future travellers in Italy, or interesting to readers at home: by Henry Sass, student of the Royal Academy of Arts.

A Collection, made by Dr. May at Augsburg, of 1676 *Tracts on the Reformation*, published between the years 1518 and 1559 by Luther and his cotemporaries, partly in Latin, partly in German, is offered for sale. Twelve or fifteen of these tracts have manuscript notes in Luther's own hand-writing. Of some of them, there are five or six different editions of the same year. The collection is chronologically arranged, and a systematic catalogue raisonné in two small folio volumes will be delivered with it. A fine manuscript of Luther's Explanation of the Penitentiary Psalms, written on vellum in or about the year 1524, ornamented with gold and coloured letters, belongs likewise

to the collection. This collection of *Autographa Lutheri et Reformationum* is as complete as the famous collection made by Panzer and Schwarz. The price demanded for it is 150 guineas.

Mr. Heaphy intends to publish early in February next, the first number of his *British Characters*, being studies from nature during the time he was with his Grace the Duke of Wellington in Spain. Each number will consist of four portraits of brave men who have fought the battles of their country, with an account of the engagements in which they have respectively been. This work will be printed from stone, and published, for Mr. Heaphy, by R. Ackermann.

Mrs. Peck, with whose literary character the world is already well acquainted, is about to give a new proof of her imagination and taste by the publication of a national tale, founded on some extraordinary facts in the history of Ireland during the seventh century.

Letters, written during a tour through Ireland, by John C. Curwen, Esq. M. P. are printing in two volumes 8vo.

Zelix Alvarez, or Manners in Spain, interspersed with poetry, by Alex. R. C. Dallas, Esq. will shortly appear in three volumes 12mo.

Mr. Carlisle's *Account of the Endowed Grammar Schools in England and Wales*, is nearly ready for publication.

Mr. C. W. Rördanez is about to publish *The Mercantile Guide*, being an account of the trade of the principal commercial places on the Continent of Europe; of their monies, exchanges, weights and measures, charges, duties, &c. in one volume 8vo.

An Account of the Life, Ministry, and Writings of the Rev. John Fawcett, D. D. fifty years minister of the Gospel at Halifax, will be shortly published by his son.

On the 1st of February will be published, in one volume 8vo. *An Historical and Explanatory Dissertation on Steam-Engines and Steam-Packets*; with the evidence in full, given by the most eminent engineers, mechanists, and manufacturers, to the select committees of the House of Commons: together with the Committees' Reports, distinguishing and defining safe and unsafe steam-engines, and their proper management: comprising particulars of the fatal explosions of boilers at Norwich, Northumberland, Wells-street, and in America: concluding with a Narrative, by Isaac Weld, Esq. of the interesting voyage of the Thames steam-yacht from Glasgow in Scotland, to Dublin and London, by Geo. Dodd, civil engineer: illustrated by two ele-

gant engravings of steam-yachts. This work embraces much practical and scientific information on this novel and interesting subject.

Mr. Bakewell will commence his Series of Lessons on Geology at the Argyle Rooms early in March, to be elucidated by a magnificent suite of rock specimens recently collected by himself, and by a great variety of new and original drawings, sections, and models.

At a meeting of the governors of the Royal Dispensary for the Diseases of the Ear, a vote of thanks was unanimously given to John Sims, M. D. F. R. S. the consulting physician; also to J. H. Curtis, Esq. surgeon to the institution. Since its establishment upwards of 340 patients have been received, a great number of whom have been cured or relieved; among them a boy, seven years of age, born deaf and dumb, has been restored to the use of hearing and speech.

Poetry.

VALENTINE, for Miss RACHEL D—.

RAISE shall for thee the Muse her votive lay,

And wake her lyre thy merits to display.
Charming thy form is! oh! what peerless grace!

Heav'n seldom has produced a lovelier face;

Each winning way is thine that charms the heart;

Love's in thy smile, and transport does impart;

Delight attends where'er thou deign'st to dwell;

Unrival'd wit, in sense who can excel?
Now for a wreath to bind thy temples round,

Let roses, rose-buds, hyacinths be found:
Oh! then let music loftiest pæans raise,
Proclaim unto the world thy matchless praise.

J. C.

GLASGOW.

VALENTINE, for Miss HELEN B—.

The lovely smile on Helen's cheek
Delights me more than tongue can speak;
The heav'nly glance of those bright eyes,
So well the want of words supplies,
Each heart must feel their power divine;
'Tis then no wonder they've pierced mine.

Is she not gay as blooming May,
Nice as the peach pluck'd from the spray,
Delicious as the mellow pine,
Enchanting as the Muses nine?
Is she not as the lily fair,
A rose-bud of such beauty rare,
That sigh must many a gallant swain
Her love and favour to obtain?
Oh! may that happiness be mine!
Thrice blest shall hence be

VALENTINE.

GLASGOW.