THE

Repository

OF

ARTS, LITERATURE, FASHIONS,

Manufactures, &c.

THE SECOND SERIES.

VOL. IX. APRIL 1, 1820. No. LII.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

CONTENTS.

L. Harrison, Printer, 373, Strand.

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.*

C. F. W.'s *second favour is come to hand, and shall appear probably next month.*

We are glad to hear again from our friend the author of Dialogues of the Living. *His article will certainly be inserted on the first opportunity.*

One of the amusing articles sent by D. W——r *we have been obliged to postpone: the other will be found in its place.*

We have to apologize to Antiquarius; *but his communication, as may be imagined, is not of temporary interest.*

We shall be glad to see a specimen of the offered Letters under the title of Walks through London.

The continuation of the unpublished Correspondence of Lady M. W. Montagu *in our next, if possible.*

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month as 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. THORNHILL, 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. SERJEANT, 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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HINTS ON ORNAMENTAL GARDENING.

(Continued from p. 132.)

PLATE 19.—A VENETIAN TENT.

THE designs for covered seats, introduced in a former volume of the New Series of the *Repository of Arts*, having been received as useful garden embellishments in our own country, and adopted with success in the East and West Indies, the annexed design, also of a tent-like character, formed for a similar mode of construction and execution, is presented; being equally applicable to the purposes of a retreat in exposed situations, as a substitute for a pavilion in some remote spot in the midst of ornamental plantations, or as an accompaniment to the flower-garden.

The frame is lightly manufactured of iron work, in itself suited to receive decorative foliages, which might be trained to embower also the whole interior, without liability to much injury when the canvas should at any time be added as expressed in the design; and it will be obvious, that a great variety of such erections may be contrived to receive the same canvas in part or whole, so as to make many agreeable retreats; each presenting a new object to the visitor, without permitting a too great multiplication of sameness, as sameness would appear if the designs were not judiciously constructed. By sockets properly placed in the earth in varied situations, the whole erection might be moved at pleasure, and with great ease, the parts being connected by screws and nuts, and the awning canvas suspended by hooks and eyes, so as to need but half an hour's employment to take down and replace where required. The colours of the covering may of course be changed at pleasure, but orange-colour and white so well harmonize with landscape scenery, or, rather, they give such force and relief to the portion of scene in which they are thus adopted, that they cannot be changed for any other without some sacrifice of both.

MISCELLANIES.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

For the REPOSITORY.

Mr. EDITOR,

IN a former Number of your *Repository*, I perceive that you have thought proper to insert a short notice of "Queen Elizabeth and her poetry." Perhaps, as a continuation of the same subject, the following may not be unacceptable to your readers: instructive it does not pretend to be, but it may prove some source of entertainment.

The observation of Sextus V. upon our maiden queen, "Ch' era un gran cervello di principessa," is no less just than the praise of Sir John Harrington, who, in one of his letters to Mr. Robert Markham, eulogizes her in these terms: "Her mind was oft-time like the gentle air that cometh from the westerly point in a summer's morn, 'twas sweet and refreshing to all around her."

But with qualifications which would have adorned the greatest men, with talents and education which claimed admiration, and commanded respect, Elizabeth possessed one of the lowest weaknesses of a woman—an unconquerable spirit of coquetry, which, unrestrained by increasing age and infirmity, continued down to the hour of her death. Then, as it has been justly remarked, hyperbolical flattery was incense to her, and to exalt her as a paragon of virtue and wisdom beyond all characters of history, either real or fabulous, formed an essential duty with her fawning courtiers. As she drew nearer towards her grave, her intellectual powers almost totally failed her; her mind became as feeble as her body; and to supply the striking qualities of the former, she had recourse to that low cunning, and degrading artifice, which rendered her, to those who had witnessed the strength of her understanding in the vigour of life, an object of compassion, but of hatred and contempt to the less feeling portion of her subjects. It was then, at this period, that her flatterers found their advantage in paying their slavish adulation to their queen. Some of these addresses and ditties in her praise are so truly ridiculous, that you cannot refuse to laugh; yet they had their effect in the right quarter, and favour and preferment were the consequences. Edward Hakes gives her a divine origin:

> "Of flesh, the feeblest sex by kind;
> Of face, not Juno's feere;
> But mild Susanna in her looks,
> And Hester in her cheer.
> The work is thine, 'tis thine, Jehove;
> No jot begun by man:
> Thou framd'st her only for thy praise;
> By thee her days began."

And Puttenham, in his *Partheniades*, a title drawn from the fashion of the times, which applied both fable and history to "blazon forth the Brytton mayden queene," speaks of Elizabeth in these terms, endeavouring to shew "that her

majesty is the only paragon of princes in this our age:"

"Match camel's hair to satin silk,
And aloes with almond milk;
Compare perry to nectar wine,
Juniper bush to lofty pine;
There shall no less an odds be seen
In mine from every other queen."

These "Partheniades" appear to have been little adulatory pieces, not less than twenty in number, and were presented to the queen by the author as a new-year's gift. In another part he says:

"Brief both nature and nurriture have done,
With Fortune's help, what in their cunning is
To yield the earth a princely paragon.
But had she, oh! the two joys she doth miss,
A Cæsar to her husband, a king to her son,
What lack't her highness then to all earthly bliss?"

Henry Goldingham, on the reception of the queen into Norwich, wrote several ditties in praise of Elizabeth; and in one of them, Jove calls upon Diana, Ceres, Prudence, and Minerva, to leave off their

——————— "sugred strife,
In equal place I have assigned you all;
A sovereign wight there is that leaveth life,
In whose sweet heart I have inclosed you all:
Of England soil she is the sovereign queen;
Your vigours there do flourish fresh and green."

The author of "An Answer to the Untruth, published and printed in Spain, 1589," even exceeds this verbose adulation. Speaking of our queen, he says:

"The glorious deeds which the world had raised
To the highest room, when viewing thy acts,
Start back and give place, as things all amazed,
Undoing the done, and hiding their facts."

These few extracts I have given, in order to shew how low even men of education and talent would bend to obtain princely patronage. Other poets, both during the reign of Elizabeth and since, have written for a very different purpose—for the obtainment of fame, not of favour. Of the latter, we have an instance in Gray's "Long Story," in which, talking of Sir Christopher Hatton, he says:

"My grave lord keeper led the brawls;
The seal and maces danced before him;
His bushy beard, and shoe-string green,
His high-crown'd hat, and satin doublet,
Mov'd the stout heart of England's queen,
Though Pope and Spaniard could not trouble it."

It was this same "grave lord keeper" who observed, that "the queen did fish for men's souls, and had so sweet a bait, that no one could escape her net-work." This is confirmed by Harrington, who, in commenting upon this remark, says, "In truth, I am sure her speech was such, as none could refuse to take delight in, when frowardness did not stand in the way." He adds, "I have seen her smile sooth with great semblance of good-liking to all around, and cause every one to open his most inward thought to her; when, on a sudden, she would ponder in private on what had passed, write down all their opinions, draw them out as occasion required, and sometimes disprove to their faces what had been delivered a month before. Hence she knew every one's part, and by thus *fishing*, as Hatton said, she caught many poor fish, who little knew what snare was laid for them."

The question of the queen's proposed marriages with many foreign princes who offered their hands, is one of extreme delicacy, and was a source of much pain and anxiety to herself as well as the

nation: she, however, failed not to make this a principal ground of political intrigues. This was one of the nets with which she fished for poor souls; and it may be attributed to this circumstance in particular, that Elizabeth gained that ascendency over Mary Queen of Scots, her formidable rival, whom she first immured in a prison, and afterwards so barbarously sacrificed to her unjust vengeance. The treatment by the queen of the Duke of Alençon and other princes who made overtures of marriage to her, are only upon a par with her cruel behaviour to Mary. Puttenham mentions this circumstance, but of course turns it to the advantage of his incomparable mistress:

"'Twixt hope and dread, in woe and with delight,
Man's heart in hold, and eye for to detain,
Feeding the one with sight in sweet desire,
Daunting th' other by danger to aspire."

Again he adds:

"A constant mind, a courage chaste and cold,
Where love lodged not, nor love hath any powers:
Not Venus' brands, nor Cupid can take hold,
Nor speech prevail, tears, plaint, purple, or gold;
Honour, n'empire, nor youth in all his flowers:
This wot ye all full well if I do lie,
Kings and kings' peers, who have sought far and nigh,
But all in vain, to see her paramours;
Since two Capets, three Cezaimes essay'd,
And bid repulse of the Great Briton maid."

Against the marriage of the queen with the Duke of Anjou, Philip Stubbs, a staunch Puritan, published a book, to which he gave the facetious title of "The Discovery of a gaping Gulf, whereinto England is likely to be swallowed by another French marriage, if the Lord do not forbid the bans, by letting her Majesty see the sin, and punishment thereof." For this publication, Stubbs suffered severely: his book was burned by the common hangman, and he himself lost his right hand on the block. The Puritan, after the loss of his hand, made a most humble and slavish supplication to her majesty's privy council, in which he declares, that "this wound of my body, though it be great, yet is but a wound of the body; but the continuance of her majesty's high indignation pierceth deeper, and inwardly woundeth the mind in such sort, as it worketh back again on my body, and affecteth my outward wound." A letter written by Sir Philip Sidney to the queen, and printed in "Scrinia Cecilliana," is little less caustic in its contemptuous expressions towards the Duke of Anjou. "How the hearts of your people will be galled, if not aliened, when they shall see you take a husband, a Frenchman and a Papist; in whom the very common people will know this, that he is the son of a Jezabel of our age, that his brother made oblation of his own sister's marriage, the easier to make massacres of our brethren in belief. As long as he is but Monsieur in might, and a Papist in profession, he neither can, nor will, greatly shield you; and if he grows to be a king, his defence will be like Ajax' shield, which rather weighed them down, than defended those that bare it."

The courtier Puttenham, aware of the offence which the Puritan had given to the queen, has devoted two separate pieces in his "Partheniades," to the abuse of the principles of Puritanism, and par-

ticularly respecting dress and decorations of the age:

" Take from kings, courts, entertainments;
From ladies, rich habiliments;
From courtly girls, gorgeous gear;
From banquets, mirth and wanton cheer:
Pull out of cloth and comely weed,
The nak'd carcase of Adam's seed;
From worldly things, take vanity;
Sleit, semblant course, order and elegance:
Princess, it is as if one take away
Green woods from forests, and sunshine fro' the day."

In another part he speaks with much inveteracy against the sect:

" Take me from hallows, ceremony,
From sects' errors, from saints' hypocrisy,
Orders and habits, from graduates and clerks,
Penance from sin, and merit from good works;
Take pomp from prelacy, and majesty from kings;
Solemn circumstance from all these worldly things:
We walk awry, and wander without light,
Confounding all, to make a chaos quite."

I shall continue this article in a succeeding Number, if you think fit to insert what is now sent.

Yours, &c. C. F. W.

ON VANITY.

I HAVE often observed, that people in general are very fond of declaiming against vanity: it is a low paltry passion; it is mean, contemptible; in short, every body abuses it. Notwithstanding this, however, society in general is very much indebted to this vice, or failing, whichever the reader chooses to call it; for of all our faults, it is perhaps the one which appears most frequently in the guise of a virtue. How many magnanimous, charitable, and generous actions, if we could trace their sources, would be ascribed to vanity; although perhaps nine times in ten, the persons who perform them, are themselves unconscious that such is their motive.

Some time ago Dorimant, a gay young man of fashion, paid his addresses to Celeora, an amiable girl, who possessed all the domestic and feminine virtues. Dorimant was captivated by her meekness, gentleness, and simplicity; but he had not then seen the beautiful Vanessa, who piqued herself on obtaining the epithet of *irresistible*, which her attractions well deserved. Her figure was noble and commanding, her features striking rather than regular; but it was to the witchery of her manners, rather than to her personal attractions, that she owed her numerous captives: no woman better understood the art of pleasing, and the heart that could resist her must be deeply engaged indeed.

Dorimant admired as soon as he saw her, but conscious of his situation with Celeora, he kept aloof, and affected to regard her with indifference. Vanessa only smiled at a coldness, which she well knew she possessed the means of changing into the warmest passion; and she exerted her powers of captivation so effectually, that in a short time, in spite of honour and conscience, she brought him to her feet. His behaviour to Celeora had been gradually growing cooler, till by degrees he entirely estranged himself from her, and rumour did not long leave her ignorant of the cause of his defection. A gossiping acquaintance, one of those people whose delight it is to pry into every body's affairs, and

who care not how they hurt your feelings, provided they can communicate to you something which you did not know before, called on Celeora one morning, and told her, without ceremony or preface, that all the town declared, that Dorimant was dying for Vanessa.

Celeora bore the news with outward calmness, but her mother, who was present, saw clearly the effect it had upon her mind, and when the officious informant was gone, strove to persuade her that it was false. Celeora listened without contradicting her mother's arguments, but she felt too certain, that they were dictated merely by maternal love, and that Dorimant was lost to her for ever. Her mother entertained the same fear, though she was too prudent to avow it; but she determined, if possible, to prevent the wreck of her daughter's peace; and for that purpose she waited on Vanessa, into whose character and disposition she had previously inquired.

"I am come, madam," said she, with an air of confidence and frankness, "to give you an opportunity of performing a noble action: it will perhaps cost you some pain, but that pain will be amply compensated by the consciousness, that you restore to happiness an innocent and deserving woman, whom your superior attractions have deprived of a favoured lover." She then entered into the particulars of her daughter's situation, mingling her account with compliments to the charms and talents of Vanessa, who listened with attention to a detail so flattering to her self-love; and at its conclusion protested, that she would immediately see the faithless swain, load him with reproaches, and give him his dismission.

This did not suit the politic old lady's purpose. "No, dear madam," said she, "since you fulfil my expectations in interesting yourself for my daughter, you must not do your work by halves: if you dismiss Dorimant, you must do it in such a manner, as to persuade him that you resign him with perfect indifference. By deigning to reproach him, you would only give him an opportunity of endeavouring to soften your just resentment."

This did not quite accord with Vanessa's ideas; she would have been much better satisfied with an opportunity of making a little display. The good mother saw that she hesitated, and she contrived to gain her point by letting Vanessa see, that the magnanimous conduct which she recommended, was in fact no more than she fully expected from her strength of mind, and well known superiority to all the weaknesses of her sex. From mere shame of appearing less perfect than she was supposed to be, Vanessa entered into her plan. The consequence was exactly what the old lady had foreseen. Dorimant was surprised and vexed; his self-love was piqued by the supposed indifference of Vanessa. He renewed his devoirs to Celeora; they were shortly afterwards married; and Vanessa tells all her intimates, that she gave up the admired, the elegant, and fascinating Dorimant to her sense of justice, when in fact she merely sacrificed him to her vanity.

Every body talks of the noble

action lately done by Sir David Dazzleall. He was many years acquainted with a whimsical valetudinarian, who took an unaccountable disgust to all his own relations, none of whom had ever offended him, and determined to leave his fortune, which was not very considerable, to Sir David. The baronet acquiesced in this unjust decision, but as soon as his friend was dead, he assembled all his relations, and after a speech replete with sentiment and feeling, he tore the will in their presence, leaving the property to be divided as the law directed. This action made a great deal of noise; all the world talked of his generosity, and he himself believed, that the praises which they bestowed upon him, were deserved: it never occurred to him, that if vanity had not been the prime mover of the action, it might as well have been performed in secret, and without ostentation or parade.

No one ever talks of the generosity of Probus; his name is never seen in the list of subscribers to public charities; and if a contribution for the relief of private distress is proposed in his presence, his donation is always moderate. His income is very large, and it is well known that he does not live up to one fourth of it: he has acquired the reputation of being a lover of money, because his truly christian disposition prevents him from blazoning the use which he makes of it. Every charitable design deserving of encouragement, receives from Probus the most ample donations, but they are given privately. Every case of distress that reaches him, is sure to be investigated and relieved; but even those whom his bounty saves from perishing, know not the hand extended to rescue them. Probus will never have the credit of generosity; he does not wish to acquire it: but which of my readers would exchange his feelings, for all the glare that surrounds the actions of those whose popularity is bought, and whose purse-strings are drawn rather by ostentation than benevolence?

PARISIAN SKETCHES.

No. VI.

THE JOURNAL OF A MENDICANT.

Plus on est élevé, plus on a de soucis.——GILBERT, *Semiramis.*

THERE is no other city in the world like Paris; it is scarcely possible for a stranger to form any idea of the facility with which a person there, possessing the smallest share of wit, can create resources, or of the various means which may be successfully employed to escape poverty. At Paris, the most trifling industry procures respectability; the least trade leads to wealth, and wealth commands every thing.

I dined last Thursday with a rich merchant, who every year on that day celebrates the anniversary of his first arrival at Paris. He is a native of the town of Archigny, some leagues from Poictiers. Left an orphan at the age of twelve, he

quitted the province to seek his fortune elsewhere, all his wealth consisting of five crowns, of six francs each, one of which wholly disappeared even before the young adventurer passed the barriers of the capital. At first a commissionnaire at the corner of the street St. Louis, his indefatigable industry and civility attracted the notice of all the inhabitants of that district; he was always employed in preference to his fellows. A pretty chambermaid, who had frequently had occasion to praise his discretion, recommended our young Poitevin to her master, and the latter entertaining no small regard for a girl whose kindness equalled her beauty, took an interest in the fortunes of the little commissionnaire, and furnished him, by means of one of his friends, with a small packet of cheap wares, which were likely to meet with a ready sale, and insure a moderate profit. Joseph, the name by which our youthful merchant was generally known, succeeded wonderfully in his new business; his understanding developed as he advanced in age, and his gains, at first trifling, gradually increased, till he was enabled to set up a small shop near the Pont Neuf. Success inspires confidence. Joseph hazarded some speculations; they turned out very profitable. Fifteen years of industry and probity saw him in possession of an ample fortune and a spotless reputation. He demanded of his benefactor the hand of a poor but amiable relation, whose virtues rendered her deserving of this generous conduct: an amiable family has added to his felicity, and he passes his days undisturbed by the crosses of fortune or the reproaches of conscience. The pretty chambermaid, now grown old and feeble, had quitted her master's service, and was sinking into poverty, when the grateful Joseph, remembering that to her was owing the first amelioration of his fortune, hastened to receive her into his own house, and protect and comfort her age by his attention and kindness. As he had never in his life committed any action at which he had cause to blush, he took as much pains to keep in mind his humble origin, as most other people employ to erase it from their memory. Every year, on a particular day, as I have already said, he invites some friends, among whom are always included the honest tradesman who furnished him with his first packet of merchandise, and the worthy man through whose interest he procured it. Joseph has had a dress similar to the one he wore on his first arrival at Paris, made purposely for this occasion. He does the honours of his house in a coarse grey frock, wooden shoes, and a blue woollen bonnet. This custom, which he has religiously observed ever since his marriage, is principally intended to impress upon the minds of his children, that, under any circumstances of life, they should never forget, that of all the means of arriving at affluence, industry is often the most certain, and always the most honourable. Notwithstanding his prosperity, and in the midst of a luxurious magnificence, which his wealth amply justifies, Mons. Joseph —— has, however, been unable to get

rid of some of the habits of his youth, which form a striking contrast to his present situation in life; and in his conversation and manners you may still trace the effects of his early education, or rather of his total want of any. It is given to women alone to mould themselves according to their worldly prosperity. However obscure may have been their birth, and to whatever degree of elevation fate may have raised them, they are seldom found unequal to their good fortune; they seem to be endowed with a natural instinct of elegance and propriety, which has wanted only opportunity to display itself in all its graces.

Returning home, I was calling to mind the agreeable evening I had just spent, and which Mons. Joseph —— had, in the height of his gaiety, concluded by singing, in the original *patois*, one of the favourite ballads of his province, when, in crossing the rue de la Paix, I was accosted at the corner of the Boulevard by a respectable looking man, who, with all the politeness imaginable, presented his hat, and begged alms, at the same time inquiring after my health. The novelty of the whole proceeding surprised me. I looked earnestly at this gentleman beggar, who could not forbear smiling at the astonishment visible in my countenance. He was dressed in a long green frock coat, nankeen pantaloons, and a white waistcoat with blue stripes; a clean muslin neckcloth, tied in a bow, supported his double chin; his shoes were fastened with silver buckles, his hair was powdered, and in one hand he held a cane, which put me in mind of the golden-headed canes in the "Valets Maitres." I imagined at first that I was the dupe of some impertinent piece of mockery, and was just going to put myself in a passion, when my importuner again presented his beaver, entreating me to put an end to the good fortune that he had that day met with.

His tone of voice, the affected elegance of his language, and the neatness of his dress, inspired me with a strong feeling of curiosity. I put my hand slowly into my pocket to excite his confidence, and jingled some pieces of silver, whilst I asked him how he could resolve to embrace a profession so little suitable to his dress and language. Charmed with the sound of some crown-pieces, part of which, in his own mind, he already fancied in his own possession, my mendicant hesitated for a moment, and then avowed, that in so doing he had only followed his inclination and his reason. "What!" cried I, "at your age (he appeared not to be above fifty at most), when so many means of acquiring an honest and comfortable independence are open to you?"—"I have tried them all," replied he, "and never experienced so much happiness and tranquillity as I have enjoyed within these few months past. I have followed many ways of life, and been contented in none of them. Driven from one situation by intrigue, I was placed in another by favour, and again thrown on the world by the caprice of my patron. I lost my fortune in trade, my health in the army; one day rich, I was slandered and envied; the next day poor, I was despised

and pitied; obliged to flatter the self-love of the great, in dread of the perfidy of their dependents, tormented by anxiety to add to what I possessed, or by fear of losing what I had painfully acquired; compelled to affect regard for those I hated, to make use of dishonourable means to maintain my elevation, and continually occupied by cares for the future. I have spent the greater part of my life in perpetual agitation — hesitating between hopes and fears—happy one hour, miserable the next — until one blessed moment, when braving the prejudices of the world, which have no real weight but what we ourselves give them, and reckless of disgrace, which attaches not more justly to the beggar on foot than to the beggar in his carriage, I have taken up a profession more or less practised by the great mass of mankind—taken advantage of the pride and vanity of my fellow men, and laid under contribution the various passions of humanity. Free from the ceremonies imposed by society, and from the obligations due to it—without attachments or family—alone in the world, I have formed a resource for myself, by which I am no longer deprived of my independence; and exempt from the vexatious troubles which attend fortune and honours, I live without care or anxiety for the morrow."—"But may it not happen that charity" ——"I have never reckoned upon support from that alone; my calculations are much more certain: there is more to be gained by the vices of men, than by their virtues. You shall judge by the recital of my daily adventures.

"I seldom rise early: nevertheless, when that happens to be the case, I usually go and try my fortune on the Boulevards. You may well believe, that I do not accost those good honest people whose pity I could easily excite, but whose benevolence my appearance would check: nevertheless, sometimes from habit, I have chanced to address myself to a workman, who sang aloud as he pursued his way to his shop; but immediately I have recollected my mistake, and often, instead of being the beggar, have become the benefactor.

"Till nine o'clock, I spread my nets for the young girls, who by themselves, and in morning dresses, pass along with such haste, that it is easy to guess their pursuit must be pleasure. Occupied by one sole idea, they neither look to the right nor to the left. I softly follow them, and in the humblest tone solicit their charity, adding a phrase which rarely fails in its effect: 'It will bring you good luck.' Immediately, and without stopping, their little purse is untied, and a small piece of money rewards me, with thanks, expressed in an almost involuntary smile, for what they kindly consider as a prophecy.

"I return, laughing inwardly at the foppish clerk and overbearing master, who are repairing to their respective offices—observe the author composing a rhyme or pondering a sentence—the actor repeating his part to himself, yet sufficiently audible for the benefit of passers-by. I seldom interrupt these good people: last week, however, I ventured to implore relief from one of our melodramatic ac-

tors, whom the thought struck me to accost by the name of a celebrated tragedian. He elevated his head, made me repeat my supplication, and rewarded me for my pretended mistake, like a man who was more flattered than astonished at it.

"I meet in my route the lawyer, who is going coolly to plead the cause of his client, which he himself has condemned, and to employ the evasion and chicanery of the law to confound truth and support falsehood;—the bailiff, who is hastening to the lodgings of a young man of fashion, against whom he had six months ago a writ to put in force, the execution of which has been delayed from time to time in consideration of certain weighty arguments. I never yet dared solicit the charity of the latter; to succeed, it would be necessary to attack him on his weak side, which I have hitherto been unable to discover.

"About ten o'clock, you may find me near the Torton's, or the Café Anglois, where I continue my observations. I have found that it is rarely a proper time to ask charity after dinner; I am considered but as interfering with the waiter, whose eyes seem to dispute my claim to the portion of change he has reckoned on appropriating to himself, and which is flung to me with a haughtiness that at least dispenses me from any display of gratitude to the donor.

"The garden of the Thuilleries is my usual and most profitable station in fine weather. If you knew the efficacy of the words, Mons. le Chevalier—M. le Baron—M. le Comte, addressed to the untitled—of colonel, general, applied to officers without even an epaulette: the dexterous application of these appellations is invariably successful. If I meet one of those pious ladies coming out of church, whose memory is not quite retentive enough to benefit by the sermon she has just heard, I accost her, and after possibly a harsh refusal, repeat my petition, pronouncing aloud the name of my refuser: this manœuvre produces an instantaneous alteration, and the alms are increased in proportion to the importance she attaches to the good opinion of those by whom she is surrounded. Most persons want stronger incentives to be charitable, than merely the approbation of their own conscience.

"Before I finish my morning's work, I stop a few minutes at the doors of some of the gaming-houses. I salute with respect, mingled with compassion, the luckless wight who comes out with slow steps, and on whose face the disastrous state of his finances may be easily perceived; but I accost boldly, and with a smile of congratulation, the successful gambler. In prosperity they seldom want what they give away; the alms of the winner generally exceed our expectations: unfortunately, they are frequently only by way of loan—many have demanded back in the evening the half-crown they had given me in the morning, and in the hopes of a change of fortune, I never dared refuse them.

"I dine wherever I may be at the usual hour, but I now take care to be served at a separate table, ever since I was so unfortunate as to sit next one of my benefactors, who

would never afterwards give me a sous.

"In the evening, I generally stroll about the Palais Royal, the Boulevard de Coblentz, or les Champs Elysées; I have in store numerous tales of woe, which I detail according to the rank or physiognomy of the person I accost. Sometimes I have been ruined by a fire—sometimes by the Revolution—by the ingratitude of my family, or the treachery of a friend. I carefully examine my auditors, in order not to mistake my story, if they should have patience to listen to me a second time. My eloquence is usually successful, for whilst apparently addressing myself to the compassion only of my hearers, I never neglect their vanity."——"Nevertheless, you may sometimes be wrong; and you will give me leave to say, that at this moment, when you are telling me the history of your life"—— "I have taken the only method likely to succeed with you. My confession is a fresh proof of my address. I have often heard your name; I know that one of your principal amusements is to collect anecdotes of the manners of this capital. I flatter myself you will not be displeased with me, for having supplied you with materials for another paper."

I had nothing to reply to this, and I parted from my mendicant, leaving him well satisfied.

AN ORIGINAL LETTER OF THE LATE LORD CHESTERFIELD.

Any trifle respecting the celebrated individual by whom the following letter was written, is interesting. We therefore give it a place in our Miscellany without any apology, but for its brevity, which is not our fault, if it were the author's. It was probably addressed to Dr. Monsey.

Bath, Nov. 8, 1757.

Sir,—Upon my word, I think myself as much obliged to you, for your voluntary and unwearied attention to my miserable deafness, as if your prescriptions had removed or relieved it. I am now convinced, by eight years' experience, that nothing can; having tried every thing that ever was tried, and perhaps more. I have tried the urine of hares, so long and so often, that whether male, female, or hermaphrodite, I have probably had some of every gender: I have done more, I have used the galls of hares; but to as little purpose. I have tried these waters in every possible way; I have bathed my head; pumped it; introduced the stream, and sometimes drops of the water, into my ears; but all in vain. In short, I have left nothing untried, and have found nothing effectual. Your little blisters, which I still continue, have given me more relief than any thing else.

Your faculty will, I hope, pardon me, if, not having the vivacity of ladies, I have not their faith neither. I must own that they always reason right in general; but I am sorry to say at the same time, that they are commonly wrong in every particular. I stick to that middle point, which their alacrity makes them leap over.

I am persuaded that you can do

more than other people; but then give me leave to add, that I fear *that more* is not a great deal. In the famous great fog some years ago, the blind men were the best guides, having been long used to the streets; but still they only groped their way; they did not see it. You have, I am sure, too much of the skill, and too little of the craft, of your profession, to be offended with this image. I heartily wish that it was not so just a one.

Why physical ills exist at all, I do not know; and I am very sure that no doctor of divinity has ever yet given me a satisfactory reason for it: but if there be a reason, that same reason, be it what it will, must necessarily make the art of medicine precarious and imperfect; otherwise the end of the former would be defeated by the latter.

Of all the receipts for deafness, that which you mention, of the roar of cannon upon Blackheath, would be to me the most disagreeable; and whether French or English, I should be pretty indifferent. Armies of all kinds are exceedingly like one another: offensive armies may make defensive ones necessary; but they do not make them less dangerous. Those who can effectually defend, can as surely destroy; and the military spirit is not of the neutral kind, but of a most active nature. The army that defended this country against Charles the First, subdued, in truth conquered it, under Cromwell.

Our measure of distress and disgrace is now not only full, but running over. If we have any public spirit, we must feel our private ills the less by the comparison. I know that, whenever I am called off from my station here, I shall, as Cicero says of the death of Crassus, consider it as *mors donata, non vita erepta.* Till when I shall be, with truth, your faithful humble servant, CHESTERFIELD.

HAMET: AN EASTERN TALE.

AMONG the inhabitants of Bagdad, the poorest but most contented was Hamet, the ropemaker; peace dwelt in his abode, and cheerfulness lightened the toil by which he earned a scanty subsistence. Often did he share his morsel with the destitute and the stranger, and never did he behold with unmoved heart, the distress which he could not relieve.

One morning, as he passed the house of a rich merchant, he perceived its owner turning from his gate a poor dervise who begged an alms. This sight moved the indignation of Hamet, for he remembered, that, a few years before, the merchant had himself tasted of the bitter cup of poverty. "What," thought he, "does this man, whom the bounty of Alla hath raised from the lowest wretchedness, refuse to bestow upon the poor the overflowings of his wealth? Ah! had the prophet sent me riches, how differently should I use them! When did I refuse to divide my meal with the child of poverty? When did I neglect to sooth his misery with the language of consolation?"

For the first time the heart of Hamet swelled with pride, as he contrasted himself with the sordid

merchant. He regarded his lowly condition with discontent, and as he walked musing towards his home, he dared to arraign the wisdom of Providence, in bestowing its gifts upon the undeserving.

When Hamet retired to his couch, his mind was still filled with these thoughts. As he lay indulging them, the genius Umri suddenly stood before him. "How is it, Hamet," cried he, "that thou regardest the possessions of thy neighbour with envy, and thinkest thyself less favoured by Heaven, because it has not also showered riches upon thee? Hast thou considered their effects upon the human heart? and knowest thou not, that the goodness of Alla often retains them, lest they should corrupt his creatures?"

Affrighted at the splendour which surrounded the genius, whose beautiful countenance shone with dazzling lustre, while his severe and steadfast gaze seemed to search the heart of the trembling mortal whom he addressed, Hamet prostrated himself in silence; but his heart refused assent to the words of Umri, and in his secret soul he regretted that Alla had not showered upon him the gifts of fortune. "Presumptuous and ungrateful Hamet," resumed the genius sternly, "thou hast hitherto enjoyed the favour of Heaven, but thou art insensible to the blessings bestowed upon thee: take then the punishment of thy insensibility, in the gratification of thy wish."

Umri breathed upon Hamet, and disappeared. At the same moment, Hamet perceived on each side of his couch, an enormous vase; one was filled with gold, and the other with diamonds, whose lustre dazzled his eyes. The delight he felt at seeing his wish thus amply gratified, banished from his mind the terror which the last words of the genius had caused. He rose to examine his treasure, gazed with rapture upon the sparkling gems, and measured, again and again, the breadth and depth of the vases which contained them.

He hastened with the first dawn of the morning to hire a house more worthy of his wealth; he bought the most costly furniture, purchased slaves, and relieved, with unsparing hand, the wants of all who applied to him. It was soon noised abroad that Hamet had suddenly become rich; his neighbours and friends, who knew the benevolence of his heart, rejoiced in his good fortune, and hastened to partake of it with him. For a while he received them graciously, but his heart soon became puffed up with pride, and the sight of his former companions grew hateful to him, because it reminded him of the meanness of his original condition; one by one he banished them from his dwelling, and took in their places flatterers, who filled his ears with praises of his wisdom and magnificence.

By degrees his senses became debauched; mirth and revelry reigned in his habitation; his seraglio was filled with the fairest virgins of the East, and Pleasure courted him in all her various forms. For a time he fancied himself happy, but satiety and disgust speedily followed in the train of sensual enjoyment; and Hamet, disappointed of the bliss which he sought, dismissed his flatterers and

his mistresses, and resolved to seek in some new pursuit for more permanent enjoyment.

While his mind was a prey to languor, he paid a visit to his treasure, and was surprised to find it so much diminished. He now, for the first time, recollected that his riches, though great, were not inexhaustible, and he resolved to be more cautious in their use. His board, till then, had been open to all who needed, or who chose to partake of his hospitality; but he ordered that strangers should be admitted only on certain days, and that the viands prepared for them should be no more of a costly kind. He sold several of his slaves, and dismissed a number of workmen whom he had employed to embellish his gardens.

He resolved that he would frequently visit and inspect his treasure, and soon these visits became his chief delight. By degrees, the spirit of avarice took entire possession of his heart; he removed from his magnificent house to a mean hovel, buried his treasure beneath the floor of his dwelling, and giving out that he had spent all he possessed, assumed the garb and appearance of poverty.

As he was one day returning home, he was accosted at the door of his dwelling by the dervise to whom the merchant had refused an alms. "My son," said the holy man, "fatigue and sickness have exhausted my strength; this day I have not tasted bread; give me then a morsel of food, and suffer me to rest my weary limbs beneath thy roof: so shall the blessing of Heaven be upon thee, and thy little shall be multiplied."

While the dervise was speaking, Hamet had been endeavouring to unlock his gate; it resisted his efforts, and though he roughly repulsed the dervise, the poor old man took advantage of the delay to renew his entreaties. "Go," cried Hamet, "to the rich and prosperous: why dost thou solicit alms from one as poor as thyself?" —"Thou canst grant me at least a shelter for the night," said the dervise. At that moment the key turned in the lock; Hamet hastily entered; he shut the gate with quickness on the old man who was about to follow, and bade him begone. Scarcely had he uttered the words, when the dervise vanished, and in his place he beheld the genius Umri. The lightning of heaven would have appalled the soul of Hamet, less than the fire which flashed from the eyes of the genius as he regarded him with a look of indignation. "Wretch," cried he, "every way unworthy of the favour of Heaven, how bitterly didst thou revile the inhumanity of the merchant! and yet thou, possessing more than ten times his wealth, art still more inhuman, since thou dost refuse even the shelter of thy miserable roof to the servant of the prophet. Receive the punishment of thy crime."

Penetrated with terror, Hamet threw himself at the feet of the genius, uttering a loud cry, which awoke him. He found himself on his couch in his own dwelling, and he saw, by the first beams of morning, the implements of his trade scattered round. As he recalled to his mind the vision of the night, he praised the name of Alla for the instruction conveyed to him by his

dream; it sunk deep into his heart; content and peace returned to his dwelling, and he adored in humble gratitude the mysterious ways of the Most High.

ORIGIN OF " NO SONG NO SUPPER."

For the REPOSITORY.

Mr. EDITOR,

I THINK your readers will derive some amusement from the following extract from a curious old pamphlet, which lately fell into my hands among the books of a great-uncle on my mother's side. It is clearly the origin of one of the most popular, and deservedly so, entertainments at our theatres, which has kept its station in public favour for many years—" No Song no Supper." I shall not give it more preface than by saying, that " The History of the famous Friar Bacon, containing the wonderful things he did in his life," furnishes the extract I have given below. I am, &c.

D. W——r.

LONDON, Feb. 4, 1820.

How MILES, *Friar* BACON'S *Man, conjured for meat, and got some for himself and his host.*

Miles chanced one day upon some business to go about six miles from home, and being loathe to part with some company which he had, he was belated, and could get but half way home that night: to save his purse, he went to the house of an acquaintance of his master; but when he arrived, the good man of the house was not at home, and the woman refused to give him a lodging. Miles seeing such cold entertainment, wished that he had not troubled her, but being now there, he was unwilling to go any further, and therefore endeavoured to persuade her to give him a lodging for that night. She told him, she would willingly do it if her husband were at home, but he being out of town, it would not be very creditable to her to lodge any man. " You need not mistrust me," said Miles; " lock me in any place where there is a bed, and I will not trouble you till I rise to-morrow morning." The woman, fearing that her husband would be angry if she denied so trifling a request to one of his friends, consented that he should remain there, if he would be locked up: Miles was contented, and presently went to bed; when he heard the door open, upon which he rose, and peeped through a chink of the partition, and saw an old man come in: this man put down a basket which he had on his arm, and kissed the woman of the house three or four times. He then undid the basket, and pulled out of it a fat capon ready roasted, some bread, and a bottle of good old sack; these he gave to her, saying, " Sweetheart, hearing thy husband was out of town, I am come to visit thee. I am not come empty handed, but have brought something to be merry withal: lay the cloth, sweet honey, and let us banquet." She kindly thanked him, and presently did as he bid her; but they had

scarcely sat down, when her husband knocked at the door. The woman hearing this, was amazed, and knew not what to do with her old lover; but looking at her apron-strings, she immediately hit upon an expedient to extricate herself from her difficulty. She put her lover under the bed, the capon and bread she put under a tub, the bottle of wine she put under the chest, and then opened the door, and with a dissembling kiss she welcomed her husband home, asking him the reason that he returned so quickly. He told her that he had forgotten the money which he intended to have taken with him, but on the morrow betimes he would be gone. Miles saw and heard all this, and having a desire to taste the capon and wine, called to the good man. He asked his wife who that was: she told him, an acquaintance of his, who entreated a lodging there that night. He bid her open the door, which she did, and Miles came out. The husband bid him welcome, and desired his wife to put some meat upon the table: she told him that there was not any ready, but begged that he would wait till to-morrow, when she would provide them a good breakfast.

"Since it is so, Miles," said the good man, "we must rest contented, and sleep away our hunger."

"Nay, stay," said Miles; "if you are hungry, I can find you some good meat: I am a scholar, and have some art."—"I would fain see it," said the good man.—"You shall presently," replied Miles. He then pulled a book out of his bosom, and began his conjuration in this manner:

"From the fearful lake below,
From whence spirits come and go,
Straitway come one, and attend
Friar Bacon's man and friend."

"Comes there none yet?" quoth Miles; "then I must use some other charm."

"Now the owl is flown abroad,
For I hear the croaking toad,
And the bat that shuns the day,
Through the dark doth make her way;
Now the ghosts of men do rise,
And with fearful, hideous cries
Seek revengement from the good
On their heads that spilt the blood:
Come, some spirit, quick I say,
Night's the devil's holiday:
Where'er you be, in dens or lake,
In the ivy, yew, or brake,
Quickly come, and me attend,
That am Bacon's man and friend.
But I will have you take no shape
Of a bear, a horse, or ape;
Nor will I have you terrible,
And therefore come invisible."

"Now he is come," quoth Miles, "and therefore tell me what meat you will have, mine host."—"Any thing, Miles," said the good man.—"Why then," said Miles, "what say you to a capon?"—"I love it above all meats," said the good man.—"Well then a capon you shall have, and a good one too. Bemo, my spirit that I have raised to do me service, I charge thee, seek and search about the earth, and bring me hither strait the best of capons ready roasted." Then he stood still a little, as if he had attended the coming of his spirit, and on a sudden said, "It is well done, Bemo; he hath brought me, mine host, a fat capon from the king of Tripoli's own table, and some bread with it."—"But where is it, Miles?" said the host; "I see neither capon nor spirit."—"Look under the tub," quoth Miles, "and there you will find it." He did so, and, to his wife's great grief,

brought out the capon. "But," said Miles, "we still want some comfortable good drink: I think, mine host, a bottle of Malaga sack would not be amiss. Bemo, haste thee to Malaga, and fetch me from the governor a bottle of his best sack."

The poor woman expected that he would betray her and her lover, and therefore wished that he had been hanged when he first came into her house. Having waited a short time as before, Miles said, "Well done, Bemo: look behind the great chest, mine host." He did so, and fetched out the bottle of sack. "Now then, Miles," said he, "sit down and welcome to thine own cheer. You see, wife, what a man of art can do; get a fat capon and a bottle of good wine in a quarter of an hour, and for nothing, which is the best of all: come, good wife, sit down and be merry, for all this is paid for, I thank Miles."

She sat, and could not eat one bit for anger, but wished that every morsel they ate might choke them. Her old lover, who lay under the bed all this time, expected every minute that Miles would betray him.

When they had eaten and drunk well, the good man requested Miles would let him see the spirit who had procured them this good cheer. Miles seemed unwilling to comply, alleging, that it was contrary to the laws of art, to let an illiterate man see a spirit; but yet for once he would indulge him: but in that case he must open the door, and soundly beat the spirit, or else he would be troubled with it hereafter; and because he should not fear it, he would make it assume the form of one of his neighbours.

The good man told him he need not doubt his valour, he would beat him soundly; and for that purpose he took up a good cudgel, and stood ready for him. Miles then went to the bed-side, under which the old man lay, and began to conjure him with these words:

"Bemo, quickly come, appear
Like an old man that dwells near;
Quickly rise, and in his shape
From this house make thy escape;
Quickly rise, or else I swear
I'll put thee in a worser fear."

The old man seeing no remedy but that he must come forth, put a good face on it, and rose from under the bed. "Behold my spirit," quoth Miles, "that brought me all that you have had! Now be as good as your word, and cudgel him soundly."—"I protest," said the good man, "your devil is as like goodman Stump, the tooth-drawer, as pomme-water is like an apple. Is it possible that your spirit can take other men's shapes? I'll teach this to keep his own shape." With that he beat the old man soundly, so much so, that Miles was obliged to stop him, and put the old man out of doors. After some laughing, they all went to bed; but the woman could not sleep for grief that her old lover had received such ill usage for her sake.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE ADVISER.

I AM now, sir, within a few months of my fortieth year, and, thanks to the facility with which I always took advice, I am still a spinster: contrary, however, to my own wish; for in truth the state of

single blessedness has, in my opinion, at least too many mortifications to be the voluntary choice of any woman who might be respectably settled. Nevertheless, I have refused four good offers, for no other reason than because I was afraid to trust to my own judgment. This was, I believe, principally occasioned by the manner in which I was educated: I was reared by a rigid grandmother, who always supposed that a woman could not possibly be arrived at years of discretion, till she had attained thirty at least.

I was never, in my childish days, suffered to have a will of my own, even in the most trifling matter, and I reached my eighteenth year in habits of passive obedience, which ill qualified me for the change that then devolved upon me, of acting for myself. My grandmother died, and I became heiress to a handsome property. I was left under the guardianship of a lady, a friend of my deceased relative, but whose character was the very reverse of hers: she was naturally so indolent, that she detested every thing which bore the appearance of trouble; and if I applied for her advice, the only answer I ever could get was, "Pray, child, don't ask me; act as you think best."

Many young people would have found this way of proceeding pleasant enough, but I was naturally humble and timid, and so accustomed to think meanly of my own judgment, that I did not dare to use it. Just then I had the misfortune to become acquainted with Miss Manageall, and this circumstance decided the fate of my future life. She was regarded by the generality of people with terror, on account of her prying and interfering disposition, which had, in more instances than one, been the means of doing a good deal of mischief. At that period, she was about thirty-five, but features naturally harsh and masculine made her look older, and though a candidate for matrimony, it was pretty generally believed, that she would continue to be an unsuccessful one. She was noted for the aversion which she generally expressed towards young and pretty women: she surmounted this prejudice, however, in my favour, for though I was then young and blooming, she gladly formed an intimacy with me, in the hope, I believe, which she afterwards realized, of entirely directing me.

Very soon after our acquaintance commenced, I was addressed by Mr. Probit, a good-natured, sensible, gentlemanly man, whose manners pleased me very much, and whose character was unexceptionable. My guardian declared, that there could not be a single objection made to him; and I should readily have consented to give him my hand, had not Miss Manageall advised me to have a little patience, for though things did look very fair, there was no trusting to appearances. I accordingly asked time to deliberate, and my indefatigable friend set about a secret scrutiny into Mr. Probit's character and connections. She could, however, find nothing against him; a circumstance which, instead of establishing his claims to her favour, only convinced her that he must be a consummate hy-

pocrite; because, as nobody could be without faults, a man who managed to hide his so successfully, must be the most artful of human beings.

I was too much interested in his favour to coincide in these *liberal* sentiments; but a trifling occurrence furnished her with another pretext for advising me to refuse him. He called upon me one morning, and found Miss Manageall and myself examining some purchases I had been making; among them was a hat, which in reality was of her choosing: she made me put it on, and asked whether he did not think it extremely becoming: he replied in the negative. She fired up, and abused his taste in pretty strong terms; he defended himself gaily and with good manners, but without giving up the point. He contended that the hat had an effect directly opposite to becoming, as it gave a bold look to my features. She insisted that he was wrong, and they parted mutually unconvinced.

No sooner was he gone, than she thanked Heaven he had so completely shewn his natural character; and she managed, with more ingenuity than truth, to paint him as a detestable tyrant, who would exercise such unbounded sway over me, that I should in reality be as much a slave as if I was in the Grand Seignior's seraglio. What a contradiction, Mr. Adviser, is human nature! I, who voluntarily gave up my own will every day of my life, could not endure the idea of being obliged to submit; and I accordingly sent the worthy Probit his dismission. I must digress here, to inform you that he married soon after, and as his wife chanced to be an acquaintance of mine, I had an opportunity of knowing, that a better or more complacent husband does not exist. So much for the penetration of my sage Mentor.

My next admirer was a widower; he had one child, a daughter, who was amply provided for, and as she did not reside with him, there could be no objection on her account. Miss Manageall, however, ingeniously found out, that my marriage with him must certainly turn out unfortunate. "Depend upon it," said she, "his first wife's example, if it was worth following, will be constantly placed before you: he will extol her perfections till they appear superhuman, and all your attempts to imitate them will be vain. If, on the contrary, she was not a good wife, or at least if her behaviour did not satisfy him, it will render him more difficult to please. If he passionately loved her, you may be sure he will never be strongly attached to you; and if he did not, the probability is, that he will be so wary and circumspect lest you should obtain too much influence over him, that instead of admitting you at once to his heart and his confidence, you will have to win your way to his affections by degrees, and no doubt with many painful struggles." This picture decided the matter; it frightened me out of all thoughts of accepting the widower's offer, and I gave him an immediate refusal.

As this gentleman's application was made after I became of age, and was settled in my own house, with Miss Manageall for my friend

and companion, he did not scruple to ascribe the credit of his rejection to her; and such was the general opinion of her influence over me, that, for a long time, it kept off all pretenders. At last, I was addressed by Mr. Frankly, a young gentleman of very amiable manners, but somewhat inferior to myself in fortune. This, however, would not have been an objection with me, especially as he proved his disinterestedness by offering to settle all my property on myself; but my friend's prudence took the alarm; the superiority of wealth on my side, rendered her suspicious of the reality of his attachment. She said, she had observed that he was so very prudent in money matters, that she was sure he must be naturally mercenary; and she drew a most terrific picture of the miseries which a union with a man of parsimonious habits would produce to me, who am naturally of a liberal disposition. I thought to refute all her objections by reminding her of his generous offer, to settle all my fortune on myself; but she only laughed at what she called a mere lure, and declared, upon the authority of a great lawyer, "That there never was a woman who could not be wheedled or frightened out of her settlement." I can't say that her arguments entirely convinced me, but they were so often repeated, and in such various and specious forms, that, after keeping Mr. Frankly in suspense much longer than I ought to have done, I rejected him at last.

I had nearly attained my thirtieth year before I met with another offer, when an Irish baronet laid siege to my heart, nothing dismayed, as he himself assured me, by the report, that every avenue to it was closely blocked up by Miss Manageall.

"You know, madam," said he, gaily, "it is the boast of my nation, that neither obstacle nor danger can daunt the hearts of her sons in love or war. I am told that you are difficult to please, and your friend still more so; in short, she has the credit of being the dragon who guards the golden fruit, and it is said, she has the art of spying out some fault in every pretender to your hand. I will spare her the trouble of finding out mine, by candidly telling them to you. I am a very Irishman, hasty, impetuous, not overburthened with prudence in pecuniary matters, and perhaps till now too general an admirer of your sex. For the rest, I am neither saint nor devil: my fortune is large; it is not in my power to injure it: my temper, though hasty, is placable, and my friends give me credit for some share of Milisian warmth of heart. Now, madam, you have my portrait; do you like it well enough to accept of the original?"

I was so much pleased with the natural and unaffected manner in which he gave this whimsical sketch of himself, that I could almost have found in my heart to answer "Yes," and I wish to Heaven I had; but I replied, "I would reflect upon his proposal."--"I have a wonderful aversion to reflection," replied he; "it is a thing we are not given to in Ireland. You may satisfy yourself to-day, if you please, that I have told you the truth: suppose then you marry me to-mor-

row; you can reflect you know afterwards."

I could hardly refrain from laughing at the *naïveté* with which he arranged the matter; but I insisted upon time, which he very reluctantly granted. My inquiries respecting him were so satisfactorily answered, that Miss Manageall could find nothing to urge against him but his being an Irishman. Unfortunately, however, a circumstance soon occurred, which she had the art to wrest to his disadvantage.

He was speaking one day of the beautiful scenery round his estate in Ireland, and Miss Manageall asked him if he ever resided there; he replied, that he did a considerable part of every year. She said no more, but after he was gone, she advised me in common prudence, as she said, to stipulate that we should always live in England; or at least, that I should be allowed to remain here when he went to Ireland, for fear he should whisk me over to his barbarous country, where she was certain I should be miserable. I was fool enough to follow her advice: he heard me with apparent surprise, and when I had finished, asked if I was serious. "Certainly," replied I.—"I am sorry for it," answered he, quickly: "I will never be such a rascal as to give up my country. The income I derive from the soil ought to be, at least partly, spent upon it; and while I live, please Heaven, it shall. My tenants look up to me as their father; it is my wish and hope, that my wife should consider herself as their mother; but I don't comprehend how she can fulfil her duties either to them or to me, by remaining in one country while I am in another. I have no objection to pass a few months now and then in England, but Castle Killgiffanny has long been the home of my progenitors, and it shall always be mine."

I made no reply, for I felt, in fact, that he was actuated by a right feeling; but Miss Manageall, to whom I reported our conversation, wept bitterly, and drew a picture of my future days, which I could not contemplate without shuddering. According to her account, I was going to be buried alive among savages, who were utter strangers to all the refinements of life, who would hate me for being an Englishwoman, and probably some day or other amuse themselves with piking, or shooting, or perhaps burning me alive, which she protested they were ferocious enough to do, if the least disturbance broke out. The result of the terrors which she conjured up was, that I wrote to protest I could not live in Ireland, and if he persisted in residing there, I must bid him farewell. He sent me a billet, containing only the word, "Adieu!" and in less than a week, he married a lady, who, I have since been told, declares that Ireland is the most delightful place in the world, and protests that she would not exchange Castle Killgiffanny and its neighbourhood for any part of the globe.

It is now nearly ten years since I lost my Hibernian swain, and from that time to the present, I have had no offer. I am not, however, disposed entirely to relinquish the thoughts of enlisting under the banners of the saffron-

robed deity, if I could meet with a rational and pleasant partner. There is a gentleman two or three years older than myself, who has, for some time, paid me a good deal of attention, but I believe the report of my having rejected so many lovers, seals his lips. Pray tell me, good sir, how far, under my circumstances, I may, consistently with delicacy, encourage him to speak, and you will oblige your very humble servant,

ANNA AUTUMN.

P.S. I have long since parted with Miss Manageall.

As I consider that it is rather assistance than advice which this correspondent wants, I have published her letter, because I think that if her lover really means any thing, it will be the most effectual way to make him declare himself. If this step should be deemed by a jury of spinsters a breach of etiquette, I solicit their indulgence, and request only that they will make the case their own. If they do, I am certain they must allow, *en conscience*, that when a maiden on the verge of forty is determined to enter into the holy state of matrimony, she has no time to lose in punctilios.

S. SAGEPHIZ.

PLATE 21.—THE ROYAL VAULT.

AN interesting, but at the same time a mournful plate of the Royal Vault in St. George's chapel, Windsor, forms one of the embellishments of our present Number. We know that nothing more is necessary to keep alive the feeling of deep regret, occasioned by the death of his late Majesty, than a recollection of his public and private virtues, which have produced such extensive and such lasting benefits; yet we are sure that we are not contributing to the gratification of a useless and idle curiosity, in furnishing the accompanying representation. If the anxiety for his late Majesty had ended with his mortal existence, if no interest were felt for him by his people after his decease, the engraving we have been at the pains of procuring, might have been needless; but the affection of the inhabitants of these kingdoms perished not with the exalted object that excited it, and though alleviated by a well-founded confidence in the wisdom and benevolence of his royal successor, it accompanies the King (whom a long and benign reign had endeared) even to the gloomy recesses of the tomb.

In our last Number we inserted all the most important particulars of the Life and Character of his late Majesty; but the most impressive and painful ceremony attending the royal obsequies, was so fully before our readers in so many shapes, that we thought it unnecessary to do more than refer to it in general terms, descriptive of its melancholy grandeur, and of the awful effect produced upon the immense congregation of spectators, who witnessed both the lying in state in the chapter-room of Windsor Castle, and the last distressing duties of depositing the sanctified corpse of his Majesty in

the Royal Vault. Every public journal was crowded with *minutiæ* of detail, and we were not then enabled to supply any thing of importance beyond what had been already promulgated in many different shapes. We refrained therefore from fatiguing our readers with mere repetitions, and only recur to the subject when we have it in our power to offer something at once both striking, novel, and impressive.

The vault represented in our plate, was prepared for the reception of the deceased members of the present Royal Family, under the immediate command and direction of his late Majesty: it was, we are informed, originally constructed under the orders and inspection of the celebrated Cardinal Wolsey, when in the zenith of his power, but it was left unfinished on the decline of his authority: it remained in this imperfect state until it was ordered to be completed by the late King, and was usually known by the name of "Wolsey's Tomb-House." The general effect of the whole interior is very imposing, and is well calculated to inspire sensations congenial to a receptacle for the mighty dead, and to the melancholy objects that present themselves to the eye of the spectator.

At the further extremity, five coffins are ranged, two of them surmounted by crowns, and three by coronets: the centre, covered with purple velvet, contains the mortal remains of our late beloved Monarch; to the left, reposes the body of her Majesty Queen Charlotte; and to the right, that daughter whose premature loss the late amiable King so deeply and so acutely deplored, that to it is attributed the return of that dreadful malady which has cast an awful gloom over nearly the last ten years of the reign of George III. At the two extremities of this elevation, are seen the coffins of two young princes, who died in their childhood, Alfred and Octavius. Thus at one view we are presented with two of the greatest moral lessons: that age and infancy are alike the victims of impartial death, and that monarchs themselves in time become the unresisting subjects of his kingly sway.

We turn from the contemplation of the fate of a sovereign, who expired in the fulness of virtue and of years, to a spectacle, that, even after the lapse of many months, cannot fail to excite the sympathy of every beholder. To the left of our view, on the second platform, are deposited a mother and her son: the one receiving life and death almost at the same instant; and the other parting with existence at the moment when she had a double claim to the regard of her future subjects. The coffins of the Princess Charlotte and of her infant repose above that of the late venerable sister of George III. at the head of which will be noticed the ducal coronet of Brunswick.

Nearer to the fore-ground, and still on the left hand, on a level with the Princess Charlotte, lies the late Duke of Kent; a prince of many and exalted virtues, that endeared him to all classes of the community; who owed his death, in some degree, to the amiable simplicity of his habits, and to the disregard of those forms and that

state, which it has been sometimes the custom for princes to maintain, and the non-observance of which brought him nearer to the view of the people, and enabled them to judge of his character and demeanour. He has left behind him an august widow, who, admiring the excellent qualities of her late consort, will not fail to educate their mutual offspring in strict conformity with them.

We cannot more appropriately terminate our description of this melancholy pile, the dreary palace of the dead, than by the following lines from one of our noblest poets, which might serve as an appropriate motto for the gloomy structure:

" The glories of our blood and state
Are shadows—not substantial things:
There is no armour against fate;
Death lays his icy hand on kings:
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made,
With the poor crooked scythe and spade!"

SHIRLEY.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A WOULD-BE AUTHOR.

CHAP. XII.

THE DELIGHT OF AN EDITOR—JUVENILE LITERATURE—PICTURESQUE EFFECT.

IT will be very readily seen, Mr. Editor, in my last communication, that I was as usual ardent and impetuous, while my friend Perriwinkle was cautious and apparently indifferent: is it then to be wondered that he had the best of the bargain? He had reason to congratulate himself on my extreme simplicity, and I was here a sufferer. Still he had many a doubt to satisfy, many a fear to urge: at length, however, the interview between Shylock and Antonio was over, and with joy I heard him say, that he thought he might without any apprehension apply to the proprietors of the Imperial Magazine.

I was as heedless and happy as has been many a child before me, on the gratification of viewing a scarce shell, or a bust without a nose. I have here a happy opportunity of quoting, did I think fit, that men are but children of a larger growth, but I choose rather to proceed in my detail. At one time the proprietors had agreed to his terms, but as they took a day or two to consider of them, Perriwinkle alleged that he was not bound to fulfil his agreement: he therefore dropped a few pounds more at the next meeting, until finding they had a greater rogue to deal with than themselves, they were glad to close at once.

We have all our failings, Mr. Editor, and *getting up works in style* was one of mine. I will not trouble you or your readers, by stating, how often I felt that " hope deferred" which " maketh the heart sick." Perriwinkle, cold and cautious, seemed determined not to conclude finally without getting of me a certain number of dinners and suppers, not to mention breakfasts and occasional lunches: sir, the rascal lived on me. At length, the important affair was ended, and I became a proprietor, without indeed a master to consult, but with a partner cruel in his exactions of

service as an Egyptian taskmaster. Have you, sir, seen some poor wretch, who, having expended his all upon lottery-tickets, hears that his last speculation makes him a sharer in a 20,000*l.* prize? if you have, you have some idea of my feelings. I was mad with joy at this moment on the accomplishment of my favourite plan, and Perriwinkle, had he liked it, for he dined with me on the day of sealing our agreement, might have got drunk with my unpaid-for wine: but drunkenness—I should say the pursuits of a *bon-vivant*, were not his; indeed all his *égaremens* but one were very moderate, and had not nature given him a dash of the rake in his composition, he might, as a mere quiet moral man, without a single tincture of religion, have made hundreds a prey to his selfish gratification of money.

Had you, Mr. Editor, seen the importance of my looks, while proceeding in getting out the first number of our "New Series" (for a New Series was then the fashion of the day), you would have imagined that I was at least about to divulge a secret for paying off the national debt, or that I had just discovered the perpetual motion!

I should, however, have told you, that Perriwinkle came at first very readily into all my schemes of renovation and improvement, for the price of the copyright was to be paid by instalments; I was to sign notes for the purpose. I trembled while I did sign them, and I tremble now when I think that my signature appeared with Perriwinkle's nearly to the amount of 500*l.* including the purchase of the stock in hand. Let every young man avoid a bill at "three months after date," as they would avoid the devil. But I soon became blind to all consequences, and having obtained my dear-bought bauble, was as delighted as the urchin, who having made three ineffectual jumps at the suspended cherry, finds it between his teeth.

I shall not entertain you with the many checks which I received from my amiable partner in my attempt to inoculate him with taste: as he boasted of the religion of reason, I had many a hard battle for the insertion of matter of a religious tendency; and I well remember, it was at the time that the monster Paine first made his diabolical attempts on the happiness of us poor mortals, that fancying I was called upon as reviser general of the morals of my subscribers, I opposed his sentiments. I cooked up a *jeu d'esprit*, which not a little pleased myself, but which struck my partner with dismay; but here I was determined—my matter was inserted, and I have the pleasure of saying, that it has been received in this our evil day, by some persons who have thought proper gratuitously to print my dissertation.

Our New Series, sir, was to be embellished with a beautiful coloured design; and Perriwinkle, putting in his claim as an artist, assured me that it was only the dreadful necessity of being obliged to get his daily bread which prevented his cultivating the polite art, for which he once shewed a *pretty* taste; that water-colours were his forte, and that as part-proprietor to any profit which might accrue to him, without detriment to the work, he had as good a right to be the

decorator, as I had to be the editor of the work. I was at last compelled to allow him one half of the plates, for the display of his decorative talents; the other half I gave to a friend of mine, who, allured by a prize given him long since by a society for the encouragement of *tyros* in art, had been induced to quit a respectable profession, to become a starving professor of art, without being the practiser of its qualifications. This encouragement being the first and the last he ever received, he was now condemned to paint, not original designs, but "The Peacock at Home"—"The Butterfly's Ball," and new readings of "Little Jack Horner" and "Dame Trott," to suit the tastes of the rising generation, who now seem to disdain the once beautiful volumes, "elegantly bound and gilt," of Messrs. Marshalls of Aldermanbury churchyard, price 6d. "who have many such pretty books for good boys and girls who are fond of learning." These are succeeded by the more costly volumes, but less splendid outsides, than those of the olden times, written indeed with a far greater degree of talent than their more humble predecessors; and indeed so elegantly indited, as to make them perfectly unintelligible to the youthful student, who, in the splendid colours of modern times, looks in vain for the amusement contained in "Tommy Hickathrift," or the *original* "House that Jack built."

Our letter-box for the magazine betrayed a most attractive design, given at my own expense; an expense which afforded my aforesaid friend and artist a comfortable dinner: it was not indeed equal to the *auricular slit* which some time since was placed in a window in Bond-street, which was connected with a box intended to hold literary matter for a fashionable magazine conducted by the elegant Lanchester; and, unlike the ear of Dionysius, intended to convey, not sounds of treason to be punished with ingenious cruelty, but elegant nothings, for the entertainment of her *literary* customers, whose heads she would have lined at the same time that she was adorning their persons. But I must leave Dionysius and Plutarch's Lives, to attend to my own tale.

The day of publication came, and I hurried to the depôt of my new speculation. Sir, the plates, "delicately tinted by a celebrated artist," seemed almost as inviting as those of the original and humorous *Doctor Syntax*, published at the Repository of Arts; but, alas! when I viewed the other half, the efforts of my colleague, the comparison can only be drawn by a reference to the opposition and disreputable daubs of the counterfeit *Doctor*, published in Cheapside. How shall I relate it? Five hundred copies of the work were entirely ruined by the efforts of this wretched dauber. Roses and lilies were red and white it is true, but such a red and such a white were scarcely ever exhibited in the very worst picture-shops of Longlane and Tower Hill.

In vain I expostulated; the wretch saw them only as his productions. "They are," said he, "painted with the best body colours the stationer's shop afford-

ed. But I was too nice in these matters, and they might have been engraved at half the expense." I had no redress; I endeavoured to wash some of it off, but from that day our roses and lilies drooped never to rise again, and the process had nearly blighted all my laurels: in plain English, "the beautiful illustrations of natural history" were abandoned for ever. Fortunately, our purchasers were not profound critics, and we having promised how much we should improve our miscellany, they took the will for the deed, and imagined we had performed as we had promised. But I shall no longer tire you, Mr. Editor, with these obstacles to making the Imperial Magazine the most respectable of all magazines, but propose, with your leave, to make up my next communication with the troubles I met with in dispensing, by virtue of my office, praise or discouragement to my contributors, poetical and prosaic.

A CASE FOR ADVICE.

SIR,

I HAVE taken the liberty of requesting the insertion of the following case in your excellent Magazine; with an anxious hope that I shall, through its medium, be favoured with the advice of some one of your correspondents, which I trust will not only be of service to me, but to those who may be unhappily placed in similar circumstances.

I am a young man, in my twenty-third year, in the profession of the law, of small fortune independent of my practice, but with an expectation of receiving some addition on the death of an uncle.

Before I was articled, which was about nine years since, I was, for about six months, a pupil of a clergyman, the Rev. Mr. R. who lived at a little village about six miles from my home, where I became acquainted with his daughter, a young lady in her nineteenth year, who had just left school. Mr. R. being often out on his little farm, and visiting his parishioners, and Mrs. R. labouring under very indifferent health, Louisa and I were often together, and soon formed a strong attachment to each other, for I was at that age when the young heart is usually captivated; and Louisa, although not a beauty, soon won my affections, as she possessed a kind and affectionate heart, an intelligent mind, good temper, and natural abilities, which had been improved by an excellent education.

"Thus men are often captives of a face,
They know not why, of no peculiar grace:
Some forms, tho' bright, no mortal man can bear;
Some none resist, though not exceeding fair."

But I had almost forgotten her taste for music, which, as it coincided with my own, was perhaps a point of no little weight with me, as music has ever been to me one of the most delightful amusements.

Thus, sir, I used to think it was impossible the world could produce another equal to her, and I was looking forward to that happy period when I should arrive at man's estate, and be able to realize all my sanguine hopes and wishes. Money Louisa had none, nor indeed

had any expectations; but that I never thought of, as we intended to occupy some little cottage retired from the world, which our ideas, or rather our wishes, had pictured for us; and if I recollect rightly, we were there to live upon —love! You may imagine, it was not long before Louisa became acquainted with my father's family, and after I left Mr. R.'s, she used frequently to be a visitor of my sisters; but as I, from quitting my home, saw her less frequently, time by degrees diminished that violent flame of love into friendship and esteem, which I still entertain for her. I have, ever since my leaving her father's house, received invitations, written by her at her father's request, which she has indited in such a manner as to leave no doubt in my mind, that she still remembers our "plighted troth," and entertains a conviction that I intend to make her proposals; an idea which I have no less endeavoured to prevent her possessing, than her thinking that I ever remember my boyish love.

You may suppose me conceited or mistaken in my apprehensions respecting her attachment to me: I confess it would be no crime to be conceited with the knowledge of being the object of the affections of a female of such merits as Louisa's; but I must be indeed blinded by conceit, not to be but too well aware that I am not mistaken. Now, sir, independently of our disparity of years, many insurmountable obstacles render it impossible for me to make the proposals which Louisa expects: I have, for some time past, felt great anxiety on this account, for my own feelings will not allow me willingly to wound those of her whom I once loved, and whom I still esteem; and I am fearful of adopting any course, without first making my case known to your readers, that I may have the benefit of their opinion and advice; and I shall anxiously wait the publication of your next Magazine, that I may be advised so as to ease my own mind, and not wound the delicate feelings of an amiable female. I am yours, &c. BIS.

RIDICULE OF THE ENGLISH UPON THE FRENCH STAGE.

For the REPOSITORY.

Mr. EDITOR,

I HAVE read with considerable entertainment the sketches you have from time to time given of the manners of the Parisians; but I have not yet seen any thing said by your correspondent, on the constant habit of the French to turn the English into ridicule. Even this I hold to be complimentary to my countrymen, and as long as we can free ourselves by the exertions of our army and navy from any overpowering influence on the part of France, as we did a few years ago when Buonaparte was at its head, I shall be very well contented, that this ridicule-loving nation shall revenge themselves by laughing at our supposed peculiarities.

Yet it is somewhat singular, to

see how long this feeling seems to continue. I have been in Paris three times since the peace of 1815, and I was not surprised in the first instance to see, that at almost every theatre in the capital pieces were represented, which had for object to make sport of the English visitors: it made sport for them too, as the joke was always taken in good part, and my countrymen never exhibited any degree of soreness under the infliction. For instance, at the Theatre Français, the manager got up an after-piece, called *Les Deux Postes*, which had been originally produced after the peace of Amiens, and in which the absurdities committed by the English in travelling, were made the subject of satire. At the Theatre de Variétés, I saw *Les Deux Boxeurs*, in which two French sharpers were represented as passing themselves off for English pugilists, and imposing upon the natives, by giving lessons in an art of which they had not the slightest knowledge.

In the same way at the Vaudeville Theatre, I dare say many of your readers have been amused by the versatility of *Jollie* in *Les Anglais pour rire*, where all the fancied defects of habits, dress, and language, were turned to the best account. Of this last production, I was present at the performance in 1817, on my second journey; and while I allow that the caricature had humour, I could not help thinking, that if I had been a native or an inhabitant of Paris, I should have been tired of the jest in the course of two years. However, this did not seem to be the case, for the house was always well filled; and at the Theatre de Porte St. Martin, and even at the Spectacle of Franconi (the Astley of Paris), I found that my countrymen were still sufferers, for the very clown to the horsemanship and tight-rope, was represented as an awkward, ill-dressed, stupid, blundering Englishman.

I confess, I was weary of it, and of the French capital into the bargain, very soon, and I did not remain there for more than three weeks; but, unfortunately, business compelled me to go through it again about six weeks ago; and I found, that the rage for ridiculing the English had not by any means subsided, though it was confined to one or two of the minor theatres. I did not intend to have gone to either of them, but I was overpersuaded by a friend, and I went accordingly, and I must acknowledge that the satire amused me. The main incidents did not affect the English, but the Parisians themselves, two of my countrymen playing an under-plot, as you will see presently. The piece was called *Bolivar et Morillo*, the names of two rival chieftains of South America; and it is necessary to premise, that there have for some time prevailed throughout France, among the devotees of Fashion (and who are not her worshippers throughout France, from the *décrotteur* on the Pont Neuf, to the lord in waiting at the Thuilleries?) two modes in hats, the one with a very small brim, and the other with a very large one; the first being called the *Bolivar*, and the other the *Morillo* hat. The main object of the performance was to turn the tyranny of this fashion into ridicule, and in the course of it, all

kinds of head-dresses are mentioned and criticized; and among them, the *chapeau blanc de reforme en Angleterre*, is not forgotten: indeed it forms the subject of the chorus at the conclusion of the farce, if I may so call it, and a more magnificent specimen of drab felt was never worn by Orator Hunt himself, than that exhibited on the stage of the Feydeau.

But your readers will be wondering in what way the English, or rather their representatives, were concerned; and though I have not yet mentioned them, I assure you, that they played sufficiently prominent parts. The whole scene lies in the dining-room of a *Restaurateur*, and here the dispute is carried on with much briskness, and at times the parties are nearly coming to blows, or rather to daggers drawing, to use a familiar phrase: the French seldom deal in pugilism, though some of your readers recollect, or have heard of the famous contest that once took place in England, between the champion Slack and the giant of Normandy, who was to have beaten all the world. But not to be longer without coming to the point: whilst the dispute regarding hats is at its height, and is carried on with so much vigour that the whole room is disturbed, two Englishmen, dressed in caricature, enter, and sitting down to a table, nearly at the commencement of the performance, they commence their operations upon the *potages*, the *ragouts*, the *fricandeaux*, the *omelets*, &c. &c. &c. with great voracity, and they keep up the attack without intermission until the curtain falls, not having taken the least notice of what was passing, and which excited the attention and fears of every body else.

The humour of this silent devoration, if I may be allowed the word, you will readily perceive; and what is most pleasant in it is, that there is no malignity in it. What Matthews introduced last season at the English Opera-House, of the young apprentice who only went to France for a week, and therefore, at his first breakfast, called for a bottle of Champagne, and another of Burgundy, that he might lose no time, was much in the same spirit. I have sent you these few hasty lines, that your readers may know what was passing very recently in France; and they will learn from them, that it is not a little that can make a native of that country tired even of a bad joke. Yours, &c.

PEREGRINE.

LONDON, Feb. 20, 1820.

CHARADES BY THE CELEBRATED PORSON.

Mr. EDITOR,

ALL your readers have heard of that celebrated Greek scholar Porson, and of his eccentricities: one of those eccentricities was a love for charades and rebuses; the playfulness of a great mind. The two following, to my knowledge, were made by him; and I shall be happy, in your next Number, to find a solution of them by any of your correspondents. I am, &c.

F. D. S.

LONDON, March 13, 1820.

My first from the thief tho' your house it defends,
Like a slave or a cheat you abuse or despise.
My second tho' brief, yet, alas! comprehends
All the good, all the great, all the learn'd, all the wise.
Of my third I have little or nothing to say;
Except that it marks the departure of day.

My first is the lot that is destin'd by fate,
For my second to meet with in every state;
My third is by many philosophers reckon'd,
To bring very often my first to my second.

DIFFERENT MODES OF PUNISHMENT IN FOREIGN COUNTRIES.

In China, persons guilty of murder are beheaded, except where a person kills his adversary in a duel, in which case he is strangled. Decapitation, by the laws of China, is considered the most dishonourable mode of execution.

This sort of punishment being deemed in the highest degree ignominious, is only inflicted for crimes which are regarded by the Chinese government as the most prejudicial to society, such as conspiracy, assassination, committing any offence against the person of the emperor, or attempting the life of any of the imperial family; revolting, insurrection, striking a parent, or any other unnatural crime. The malefactor who is condemned to be beheaded, is made to kneel upon the ground, the band of infamy is taken from his back, and the executioner, by a single blow of a two-handed sword, strikes off his head with great dexterity. These headsmen, and, indeed, the generality of inferior officers of justice in China, are selected from the soldiery, according to the customs of the primitive barbarians; neither is this employment considered more ignominious than the post of principal officer of executive justice in other countries. Decapitation is held by the Chinese as the most disgraceful kind of death; because the head, which is the principal part of a man, is separated from the body, and that body is not consigned to the grave as entire as he received it from his parents. If a great mandarin be convicted of any atrocious offence, he is executed in this manner like the meanest person. After the head is severed, it is frequently suspended from a tree, by the side of a public road; the body is thrown into a ditch, the law having deemed it unworthy the respect of regular funeral rites.

When a sentence is submitted to the emperor for his approbation, if the crime be of the first degree of atrocity, he orders the malefactor to be executed without delay: when it is only of an ordinary nature, he directs that the criminal shall be imprisoned till the autumn, and then executed; a particular day in that season being allotted for such ceremonies.

The Emperor of China seldom orders a subject to be executed until he has consulted with his first law officers, whether he can avoid it without infringing on the constitution of his realm. He fasts for a certain period previous to signing an order for an execution; and his imperial majesty esteems those years of his reign the most illustrious, and most fortunate, in

which he has had the least occasion to let fall upon his subjects the rigorous sword of justice.

The usual capital punishments in China are strangling and beheading. The former is more common, and is decreed against those who are found guilty of crimes, which, however capital, are only held in the second rank of atrocity: for instance, all acts of homicide, whether intentional or accidental; every species of fraud committed upon government; the seduction of a woman, whether married or single; giving abusive language to a parent; plundering or defacing a burying-place; robbing with destructive weapons; and for wearing pearls*.

In Turkey and other countries, the head is struck off with a sabre.

In England, decapitation is reckoned the most honourable punishment†, and thus our great personages formerly suffered. For high treason the head is severed from the body, but the offender is previously hung, though not, according to sentence, till he is quite dead; hanging in England being deemed the most ignominious punishment. Decapitation is here performed with the hatchet, the head being placed on a block of wood, with the neck bare. In France it is a common punishment, and is indeed most expeditiously performed.

In France the guillotine was originally called the Maiden, of the use and form of which, in Great Britain, Mr. Pennant gives the following account:

"It seems to have been confined to the limits of the forest of Hardwick, or the eighteen towns and hamlets within its precincts. The time when this custom took place is unknown: whether Earl Warren, lord of this forest, might have established it among the sanguinary laws then in use against the invaders of the hunting rights, or whether it might not take place after the woollen-manufactures at Halifax began to gain strength, is uncertain. The last is very probable; for the wild country around the town was inhabited by a lawless set, whose depredations on the cloth-tenters might soon stifle the efforts of infant industry. For the protection of trade, and for the greater terror of offenders by speedy execution, this custom seems to have been established, so as at last to receive the force of law, which was, 'That if a felon be taken within the liberty of the forest of Hardwick, with goods stolen out or within the said precincts,

* This extraordinary law against wearing pearls, must have been formed for the sake of preventing robberies.

Criminals are sometimes strangled with a bow-string, but on general occasions, a cord is made use of, which fastens the person to a cross, and one turn being taken round his neck, it is drawn tight by an athletic executioner.

Men of distinction are usually strangled, as the more honourable death; and where the emperor is inclined to shew an extraordinary mark of attention towards a mandarin condemned to die, he sends him a silken cord, with permission to be his own executioner.

† Lord Ferrers petitioned that the punishment of hanging should be changed to decapitation; but it was deemed proper that he should suffer like other murderers.

either hand-habend, back-berand, or confessioned, to the value of thirteen-pence halfpenny, he shall, after three market-days, within the town of Halifax, next after such his apprehension, and being condemned, be taken to the gibbet, and there have his head cut from his body.'

"The offender had always a fair trial; for as soon as he was taken, he was brought to the lord's bailiff at Halifax: he was then exposed on the three markets (which here were held thrice in a week), placed in a stocks, with the goods stolen on his back, or if the theft was of the cattle kind, they were placed by him; and this was done both to strike terror into others, and to produce new information against him. The bailiff then summoned four freeholders of each town within the forest, to form a jury. The felon and prosecutors were brought face to face; the goods, the cow or horse, or whatever was stolen, produced. If he was found guilty, he was remanded to prison, had a week allowed for preparation, and then was conveyed to this spot, where his head was struck off by this machine. I should have premised, that if the criminal, either after apprehension, or in the way to execution, could escape out of the limits of the forest (part being close to the town), the bailiff had no further power over him; but if he should be caught within the precincts at any time after, he was immediately executed on his former sentence.

"This privilege was very freely used during the reign of Elizabeth: the records before that time were lost. Twenty-five suffered in her reign, and at least twelve from 1623 to 1650; after which, I believe, the privilege was no more exerted.

"This machine of death is now destroyed; but I saw one of the same kind in a room under the Parliament-House at Edinburgh, where it was introduced by the Regent Morton, who took a model of it as he passed through Halifax, and at length suffered by it himself. It is in form of a painter's easel, and about ten feet high: at four feet from the bottom is a cross bar, on which the felon lays his head, which is kept down by another placed above. In the inner edges of the frame are grooves; in these is placed a sharp axe with a vast weight of lead, supported at the very summit with a peg; to that peg is fastened a cord, which the executioner cutting, the axe falls, and does the affair effectually, without suffering the unhappy criminal to undergo a repetition of strokes, as has been the case in the common method. I must add, that if the sufferer is condemned for stealing a horse or a cow, the string is tied to the beast, which, on being whipped, pulls out the peg, and becomes the executioner."

THE FEMALE TATTLER.

No. LII.

In nova fert animus.——Ovid, *Met.*
We all love novelty.

I had promised my readers that this paper should comprehend a subject very interesting to my female readers, but a circumstance has happened which induces me to defer it to another opportunity; but I hope to render this number of the Female Tattler not altogether without its use.

St. Paul tells the Athenians, but rather as a matter of reproach, that they are always searching after some new thing. They, as is well known, were the most polished nation in all antiquity; and were far advanced in those refinements, which are the natural consequence of an extensive intercourse with other countries, and of wealth, security, and ease, under the enjoyments of a free and well administered government.

The passion for novelty, however, as it acts on different subjects, has very different consequences. When religion or government are its objects, it is the source of most terrible evils; and the wisest men, as well as the most able politicians, have generally regarded it with alarm. When things go on tolerably well, to maintain them upon the old footing has been generally thought the safest maxim for the happiness of the community. Too great a desire of novelty, either in those who govern or those who are governed, has often disturbed the peace of kingdoms, and brought on internal confusion, which has required no small portion of public and private sacrifices to allay, and whose effects have been felt, when those who first suggested the injurious change of system were no more.

When the love of novelty acts merely under the influence of personal vanity, or what some may denominate taste; when it proceeds no further than to govern the arrangements of dress, of equipage, of furniture, &c. no actual harm can proceed from it; nay, some good may be produced by it; as art may be encouraged, and trade may be advanced, by the whims and fancies which arise out of it. In its highest degree of excess, it can only become a subject of ridicule. The form of a hat, the cut of a coat, the colour of a pelisse, the arrangements of a bonnet, the shape of a carriage, or any other exterior display, whether of partial use or mere show, can neither affect the government of public affairs either in church or state. Indeed, as I have just observed, vanity, though ridiculous in the particular, may be useful in the general indulgence of it: by increasing the wants, it increases the connections of mankind. What employment does fashion and fanciful taste give to industry; and so long as they do not, by too great extravagance, defeat their own ends, in disabling the rich from paying the reward of that industry to the poor, they answer excellent purposes to society.

The improvements of every invention for the convenience and

ease of life, as well as those which constitute its real ornaments, are, in a great measure, indebted to the love of novelty: though this spirit may become unreasonable, and if, in its wantonness, it should very much transcend the bounds of nature and of truth, it will produce a degeneracy in that taste whose purity it has originally promoted.

The indulgence of this love of novelty has been a powerful friend to art, in all its various branches; but instances may be given, I fear, where it has overstepped those limits, to which a genuine uncorrupted taste would naturally confine it.

This may be particularly observed in many of the musical compositions of the present day. I think it is Jackson of Exeter, whom I cannot but consider as a genuine sentimental composer, and whose sounds never fail to convey the real feeling of the poet whom he clothes in musical notes, has defined modern music to have too much become the art of executing difficult passages, to the neglect of that expression which is the soul of harmony. Indeed, it must strike every one who considers the present state of musical composition, that it is too generally considered as excellent, when it impresses the audience with the idea of difficulty in the execution. Dr. Johnson's opinion on this subject is well known. A gentleman observing, with some degree of applauding wonder, respecting the difficulty in the execution of a piece of music which they had just heard, the doctor replied, "It is very true; I believe it was very difficult, so much so, that I wish it had been impossible."

It is not for me to enter into a disquisition on a new taste, which has of late been introduced by our fashionable poets, where it has always struck me, that truth and nature and simplicity, which are the features of genuine poetry, have been palpably violated. For quiet and unpretending as these terms may be, they are capable of producing all that is grand and sublime in song. May I be supposed to be going too far, and asserting too much, that modern poetry has been frequently loaded with unnatural and unconnected images, and a style embarrassed with its own pomp; that it has been vehement without strength, and ornamented without beauty; and that the native warm and winning language of the Muses has given way to the affectation of pleasing in a new form?

Few men are endued with a just taste; that is, with an aptitude to discover what is proper, fit, and right; and consequently beautiful in the several objects which offer themselves to their view. Though beauty in these external objects, like beauty in the understanding, is self-evident and immutable; yet, like truth, it may be seen perversely, or not at all, because not considered. Now every one appears to be equally struck with the novelty of an appearance; but few, after this first emotion, call in their judgment to correct the decision of their eye, and to tell them whether the pleasure they feel, has any other cause than mere novelty.

There is one improvement, which, if I may be allowed the expression, the love of novelty is continually improving; and that is, the modern art of laying out grounds, or, as it is more happily called,

landscape-gardening. This art, for so it may be called, is now become so extensive, as to comprehend and combine all the advantages of gardening and agriculture.

If we look back to antiquity, we shall find the gardens of Alcinous in Homer, and the descriptions of rural scenery in Virgil, hardly to correspond with the genius of the poets, or the delight they seem to have enjoyed in them. The villas of Pliny and Cicero, which they have described in a language which seems to be that of the fondest affection, do not raise the admiration of a lover of English landscape. The modern gardens of Italy are mere repositories for statues, bass-reliefs, urns, &c. the disposition of which ornaments, together with some straight walks of ever-green oaks, and here and there an artificial fountain, complete the scenery.

Sir William Temple, in his gardens of Epicurus, expatiates with great pleasure on that of More Park; yet, after he has extolled it as the pattern of a perfect garden, for use, beauty, and magnificence, he rises to nobler images, and, in a kind of prophetic spirit, points out a higher style, free and unconfined. This prediction has been verified, in some measure, in every part of the kingdom. The boundless imagination of Milton, in the fourth book of *Paradise Lost*, struck out a plan of a garden, which I would propose for the entertainment and instruction of my readers, as containing all the views, objects, and ambition of the modern landscape-gardeners.

It is the peculiar happiness of this age, to see these just and noble ideas brought into practice, regularity banished, prospects opened, the country called in, nature rescued and improved, and Art concealing herself under her own perfections.

Another circumstance has arisen out of the improvements in landscape nature, and that is, the study of botany; which is become so universal, and rendered so delightful, as to be considered as a female accomplishment; and not only the conservatory is become an apartment connected with fashionable elegance, but the decoration of the lady's boudoir furnishes the flowers which adorn her person. Here the love of novelty may boast of its utility and its success, and there is no amusement more delightful to the eye, or more capable of planting moral sentiments in the heart, than an attentive cultivation of this charming science.

F—— T——.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

Three Italian Arietts, with an Accompaniment for the Pianoforte, composed, and dedicated to his friend J. B. Cramer, by F. Sor. Set V. Pr. 5s.

(Continued from No. LI).

The length of our observations on this publication, in the preceding Number of the *Repository*, compelled us, reluctantly, to break off with the first of these arietts. We proceed to the second, the text of which is subjoined:

Perduta l'anima
Del viver mio,
Come poss'io

Vita bramar?
Quei giuramenti
Che mi sedurono,
Col vento furono,
Per non tornar.

Literally, "Forsaken by the soul of my existence, how can I desire to live? Those oaths that deluded me, are fled with the winds, never to return."

"Short and simple enough!" we hear some of our readers exclaim. Not the worse for it in a poetical point of view, and certainly, on that very account, the more eligible for the composer. Although our hazarding any opinion in matters of poetry, may be deemed an encroachment *ultra crepidam*, we cannot help contrasting the simplicity of these lines with the turgid word-cramming fringe-work of most of our modern bards. One of the fundamental rules of their bathos is, not to use a substantive without one or more adjectives, no matter whether or not it add to the sense, or heighten the impression; no matter whether the same epithet have been used by hundreds and hundreds of poetasters before them, so the rubbish fill the gap, make a pretty garnish, and a sounding flourish. The moon must be *pale* or *wan;* the tear *gushing* or *trickling;* hope may be either *fond* or *sweet;* fear can't help being *anxious, dread, appalling*, &c. We felt some temptation, we confess, to venture upon a translation of the above text, with all those luxuriant embellishments, *nel buon gusto moderno;* but our fear of giving umbrage, or of having the Editor's pen drawn through our labour, as likely to offend, restrained the attempt. In a musical point of view (and here we speak upon our own ground), it admits of no doubt, that the poetry which is selected for composition, ought to possess a high degree of simplicity, both in regard to ideas and diction. This simplicity enables the composer to give, at his will, a higher colouring and effect to his poetry. But deep thoughts, refined sentiments, are in the first place difficult to be adequately melodized; and supposing the composer to have wasted his powers upon them, he will find that he has fostered an ungrateful ward. The mind of the hearer cannot at once seize what is elaborate in the text, and in the music too; the impression of one will predominate at the expense of the other. We have experienced this effect in some French compositions; in the Vaudevilles it is palpable.

Far be it from us to maintain, that a text for composition should be homely or meagre. Simplicity, in its best sense, is all we demand. A stanza may possess that merit, and be spirited, or affecting, or even sublime, at the same time.

But to our author: the melody to the above lines is, with propriety, cast into a minor key, A. The first half of the poetry is propounded in twelve bars of regular and steady progress, deeply tinged with sadness, and sustained by a very choice accompaniment in three, and at times in four parts. —The words "Come poss'io vita bramar?" beautifully as they are set, we should have preferred in ascent, instead of descent; and a high note upon "io", would have suited the required emphasis. At "Quei giuramenti," a change of key takes place (C major). A momentary recollection of happier days eminently justifies the transi-

tion. The instrumental apparatus, too, is here simplified, but it is wrought with skill. We highly applaud, in the 2nd l. p. 7, the repetition of " Quei giuramenti," and the annexation of " Col vento furono :" the sense is fully told by this; but, then, we should have adopted a continued melody also, without the break in bar 2, l. 2. In other respects, the phrase " Col vento," &c. is most impressive (C, 3; C, 7 ♭; C ♯, 5, 6; D 3). But the third and fourth lines exhibit, for the same words, amplified passages, too florid, in our opinion, for the occasion, and certainly not indicative of the text. Perhaps the author intended them by way of relief to his subject. At the last bar of this page, our views fully coincide with those of Mr. S. The words " Per non tornar," are exquisitely rendered by a harmony of G, 3 ♭, 4♯; F ♯, 6; F ♮, 6 ♯; E, 3 ♯. The extreme sixth has here the best effect. In the 8th page, the words and the melody are resumed from the beginning, the latter with very interesting occasional changes. In the 3d line, the deviations become prominent, and quickly give way altogether to new ideas. From its last bar, on to eight or ten bars forward, a system of accompaniment is introduced, at once very peculiar and highly effective. We can better feel than express this undulation of doubtful chords; this periodidical, lugubrious sobbing, intermixed through the vocal part; it is unique. This passage completed, the exclamations of the despairing lover become more quickened and more vehement; the words are repeated with great judgment; and the melody, assuming increased agitation, draws to a close. The concluding symphony is in the best style, quite analagous to the mournful subject, and conspicuous for some well-applied harmonic contrivances.

This ariett is of too sorrowful a complexion to please *all* tastes, but it is excellent in its kind; its execution requires chaste feeling, a heart susceptible of deep emotion.

Of the third ariett, we do not give the text: its two erotic stanzas are sung to the same air, and although both adapt themselves well to it (except " Sanami" in the second), the import of the poetry is of such lightsome cast, that great stress of melodic expression would here have been out of place. But in this instance Mr. Sor, nevertheless, has had as great success as in others, where his strong powers of musical declamation have come more decidedly into play. The present ariett is a complete little cabinet picture, perfection itself in its kind. The introduction is of considerable compass: it consists of three lines of the most delicate and attractive texture, well connected, developed, and finished. The vocal part is comprised in four lines; the melody is rather low for a soprano, but it is playful and elegant in the extreme, and enhanced by an accompaniment at once tasteful and highly select, yet simple. The concluding symphony is charming: it consists of eight bars, full of life and smartness. The frame is worthy of the picture. This pretty ariett will be a favourite with every description of tastes; it reminds us very forcibly of the manner of Haydn in his canzonets.

Dramatic Airs, from English, Italian, German, and French Operas, arranged as Rondos for the Piano-forte. No. VI. Pr. 3s.

To prevent mistake, it may be necessary to mention, that *these* dramatic airs are published by the Regent's Philharmonic Institution. We have only seen two numbers, viz. No. I. by Mr. Griffin, on a theme for the Magic Flute, which does him great credit; and No. VI. now before us.

The present number is from the pen of Mr. Attwood, and consists, besides an introduction in D minor (aptly founded on the motivo of one of the following airs), of an andantino on the air "Sweet Charity," from the "Smugglers;" and an allegretto, reared on the Drummer's song, "How charming a camp is," in the operetta of "The Prisoner." On the latter subject, Mr. A. has principally bestowed his exertions; it forms a very attractive rondo: but the whole number is written with taste, and in the best style. The digressive portion of the first air is particularly entitled to this praise; it contains some very interesting passages, and two or three neat contrapuntal contrivances. In the rondo, the modulations, through a range of able evolutions (p. 7), demand especial notice; and the *minore* (p.p. 10 and 11) has also great claims on our favour.

Terzetto, "Qual' Silenzio bella pace," with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte, performed at the Philharmonic Concert, inscribed to Mrs. Oom, by Thos. Attwood. Pr. 3s.

Two brief couplets of Caravita's form the text of a terzett of considerable extent, divided into two movements in B ♭. The first we think rather slow in measure, and grave in melodic diction, for the import of the poetry; its accompaniment presents some touches of the picturesque in music, in correspondence with the murmurs of the poet's brook, and the babbling of its waters over the gravelly bed. The second movement, an allegretto, proceeds with spirit, contains several instances of able harmonic combination in the vocal parts, and exhibits an active and highly effective instrumental support.

This terzett is likewise published with a *double* piano-forte accompaniment, viz. for two performers on one piano-forte. Instead of B ♭, the key is E ♭, and the vocal parts are, alt, tenor, and bass: it is but seldom that we meet with an accompaniment of this kind, but considering the additional harmonic support thus obtained, the effect no doubt is good, except where essential portions are unavoidably consigned to the high additional keys, and thereby deprived of their power. This is the case with some very interesting passages in the terzett.

"*Sweet Charity,*" *Ballad sung by Mrs. Salmon; the Words by S. Birch. Esq.; composed* by T. Attwood. Pr. 1s. 6d.

A melody of great simplicity and innocence; short and sweet.

"*Les Plaisirs du bel Age,*" *new Quadrilles for* 1820, *arranged for the Piano-forte or Harp.* Sets 1 and 2. Pr. 4s. each.

Among the musical publications submitted to our consideration, dances are not the least numerous;

but they often come before us in such a crude state, with all the sins of harmony in their form and substance, that they do not deserve the name of music, and therefore obtain the indulgence of being past *sub silentio*. This is not the case with the above books, which are published by the Regent's Harmonic Institution. They contain some very interesting dances, particularly the second volume, and the harmony is set with correctness and a due attention to effect. On this ground, the present quadrilles may occasionally serve as lessons for juvenile practice. The figures of each dance are given in the usual French technical terms, and the correctness of their spelling is another proof of the laudable care that has been taken to give to the work every possible advantage.

Grand Sonata for the Piano-forte and Flute (obligato), composed, and dedicated to her Imperial Highness the Grand-Duchess Maria Paulowna, by A. E. Muller. Op. 38. Pr. 5s.

This sonata consists of a short introductory adagio in C major, an allegro ($\frac{4}{4}$) in the same key, a larghetto ($\frac{6}{8}$) in C minor, and a presto ($\frac{2}{4}$) in C major. The whole is of a description to claim a place in the amateur's collection of classic compositions. Without being abstruse, it teems with thoughts of a superior and original cast; and although not calculated for the meridian of homely players, a performer of taste and some experience will, with little practice, be enabled to master every part of it to his satisfaction: all lies kindly to the hand. The larghetto is a composition of deep feeling, and considerable harmonic science. The presto, at the outset, ingratiates itself by a charming subject. The flute accompaniment cannot be dispensed with, and if it could, it would be a pity not to call it into action: it is highly elegant and effective.

Latour's celebrated Sonata, "Le Retour de Windsor," arranged as a Duet for two Performers on the Piano-forte, dedicated to the Misses Bartrums, by D. Bruguier. Pr. 5s.

As this sonata is so well and so favourably known, our opinion need only be given on Mr. Bruguier's arrangement of it in the present form. We are perfectly satisfied with his labour; he has made a very agreeable and a very brilliant duet of it, and performers of limited proficiency may safely attempt the execution; there are no intricacies to arrest their progress through any part of the sonata.

"The Maid with a love-beaming eye," a Ballad, composed, and inscribed to Mr. Leoni Lee, and sung by him at the Theatre Royal Birmingham, and Bath Concerts, by J. Emdin, Esq. Pr. 1s. 6d.

The name of the author of this song being less familiar to us than its style, we are tempted to consider the former as a sort of musical incognito. Be this as it may, the ballad has the merit of a pleasing tender melody. The accompaniment is good, the concluding little symphony cleverly contrived, and the introduction, too, written tastefully.

The celebrated Hungarian Air, arranged as a Duet for two Perform-

ers on one Piano-forte, and dedicated to J. Sanderson, Esq. by I. Jay, Mus. Doc. Pr. 3s.

This sweet waltz has supplied Dr. Jay with very advantageous materials for his purpose, and he has made an able use of them. His duet is a favourite with several young ladies of our acquaintance. It is not difficult, and pleases the ear, while at the same time proper occasions have been seized to infuse the interest of select harmonic treatment. Among the six variations, the character of each of which is very distinct, we will mention the third in C minor, on account of the ingenious transition to the key of A ♭ in the second part. No. 4. somewhat *alla polacca*, is neatly managed. The march (var. 5.) is well contrived (concertante), and calculated to enforce precision in time on the part of the two players. In short, the whole duet is very satisfactory.

" *The Rose that is free from a Thorn*," *a Ballad, written by Miss Chapman, composed and sung* by Mr. Leoni Lee at the Bath Concerts. Pr. 1s. 6d.

Without pretensions to novelty in thought, this ballad will be found pleasing in its melody, and tinctured with a tender feeling, suitable to the words. The metre and the length of the lines of the poetry presented difficulties to the composer which Mr. L. has fairly met, and been at pains to conquer, generally with success.

" *Come, O Love, and dwell with me*," *Rondo, sung by Mr. Leoni Lee at the Bath Concerts (the Poetry by a Lady), composed* by J. Emdin, Esq. Pr. 1s. 6d.

A pretty ballad, which has the merit of being, in point of measure and melody, a fair representative of the poetry. The air proceeds with *naïveté*; the periods are duly poised against each other; there is a suitable minore, and the accompaniment is effective.

Dramatic Airs, from English, Italian, German, and French Operas, arranged as Rondos for the Piano-forte. Nos. I. and II.

As there are similar works, bearing the same title, it may be proper to say, that these " dramatic airs" are published by the house of Preston. The first number of the above, price 2s. 6d. is by Mr. M. P. King, who has chosen Rossini's beautiful terzett, " Zitti, zitti," in the " Barbiere di Siviglia," for his subject, and has been very successful in his undertaking. The introductory andante is a graceful movement. The rondo is founded on the before-mentioned air, and represents it in all manner of keys, with very neat episodical thoughts intervening, so as to connect properly the links of the chain, and to form a whole well wrought and proportioned in all its constituent parts, not intricate for execution, and sure to please.

No. II. (price 2s.) is a rondo, by Mr. Davy, deduced from the favourite air, " Just like love," also written in good style, with very apt passages and other digressive matter, ably worked up; and a *minore* portion, which represents the air, with tasteful ingenuity, in the relative plaintive key. The whole does great credit to the composer.

" *La Conversazione*," *a grand Duet for two Performers on the Piano-forte, composed, and dedicated to Wm. Annand, Esq. of Belmont*, by John Ross of Aberdeen. Pr. 4s.

An allegro in B ♭ major, and a

rondo in the same key, with a slow movement in G interwoven into the rondo. Both parts are, as the title implies, set concertante: their general complexion is creditable to the author, of whose works we have frequently had occasion to speak with commendation. We do not perceive in this duet any striking instances of melodic invention or harmonic combination; but the composition bears a character of respectable propriety, and affords a due degree of interest in its progress. Without being intricate, it is calculated to exhibit the pupil's abilities effectively, and to promote their further advancement.

Heather's Treatise on Piano-forte Study, comprehending the elementary principles of music, practical specimens illustrative of the improved method of fingering, with an alphabetical arrangement of the terms in general use, and a compendium of the preliminaries for a daily examination of the student; to which are added Lessons in the major and minor modes, with a prelude to each key; composed and fingered by the Author. Pr. 10s. 6d.

Music has become so universally cultivated in this country, that new elementary treatises on piano-forte playing are published in constant succession. They appear as frequently as Latin grammars, and with as little substantial variation. But with the increased number of these publications we have no right to interfere; our province consists in seeing whether their contents are such as to render them fit vehicles of instruction, and in pointing out any peculiar merits or defects which may come under our observation.

Mr. Heather sets out with a preface which, we confess, strongly biassed us in his favour. It is not only well and sensibly written, but it also shews that the author thinks and feels rightly on the subject of which he treats. We regret that our limits prevent us from giving an extract of his judicious observations in respect of perseverance, diligent and proper practice, expression, &c.; they are eminently worthy of the serious attention of of every pupil that wishes to be a proficient in the art. In the work itself, we met with many occasional remarks, which equally shewed Mr. H.'s good sense, the justness of his views, and, we may add, considerable experience in the art of instruction. This is particularly observable in the concluding section, which treats of expression, accentuation, and emphasis. The lessons appended to the work are quite as we would wish them to be. They consist of neat little tunes in the most usual major and minor keys, devised with great care, and progressive of course. The book is further accompanied by a detached sheet of questions and answers, to serve the purpose of catechising the pupil on the most essential matters contained in the treatise.

In the section on accentuation, Mr. H. appears to be under a mistake when he states, that in triple time ($\frac{3}{2}$) the first and last crotchet are accented, and the second unaccented; and also where he applies this rule to cases in which the three crotchets are represented under six quavers. In $\frac{3}{4}$ time, the first crotchet alone is accented, the other two are unaccented; and

when they are divided into quavers, the first, third, and fifth quavers have the accent; the others are unaccented. In the former case there may be a small degree of stress on the third crotchet, for expression's sake, but this is not accent, as in the concluding line of the air of "God save the king."

Rossini's Overture to Tancredi, arranged as a Duet for two Performers on the Piano-forte, and most respectfully dedicated to Miss Daniels and Miss Morris, by D. Bruguier. Pr. 3s.

Among the few dramatic overtures by Italian composers which are worth hearing, the above may fairly be numbered. Without much display of contrapuntal science, it abounds with life and spirit, and has met with great success on the Continent. Mr. Bruguier has converted the score into an interesting duet, the execution of which will not be found difficult. The tempo of the allegro, however, must be taken as quick as the fingers will admit of.

"*One rosy Smile,*" *a Ballad, arranged as a Duet for two treble Voices, and dedicated to the Misses Mary and Elizabeth Fitzclarence,* by C. M. Sola. Pr. 2s.

A very interesting duet (in A b) of smooth and pathetic melody, with a pretty harpeggio accompaniment, and not difficult for the vocal or instrumental performers. The concluding symphony is imagined with considerable taste, and the second voice is well conducted in general. Twice or three times, however, it moves in octaves with the bass, which ought to have been avoided, as being against ear and grammar; *e.g.* p. 1, b. 11; p. 2, b. 3.

Anacreontic Air, with an Introduction, and Variations for the Piano-forte, by J. F. Burrowes. Pr. 3s.

The introduction consists of a $\frac{6}{8}$ movement in the pastorale style, written with great chasteness. The theme of the variations we presume to be of Mr. B.'s own composition, at least it is new to us. It is quite simple, and yet replete with tasteful melodiousness, eminently apt for the object intended. The variations are extremely good, and they lie well to the hand.

A Series of Caledonian Airs, with Variations for the Piano-forte, by Burrowes. Nos. II. and III.—Pr. 2s. 6d. each.

"The blue Bell of Scotland" is the subject of No. II. of this publication. The sweet simplicity of this tune, and its rhythmic regularity, render it eminently eligible for variation; and Mr. B.'s labour has derived due benefit from the advantageous theme. The variations are written with neatness and elegant ease, and their attraction increases as they proceed. In No. III. the Scotch air of "Auld Robin Gray" forms the theme of four variations, into which Mr. B. has infused much more interest than we should have expected from the nature of his subject. The first variation is conspicuous for its proper bass evolutions. The adagio, in the third, derives its attraction from the peculiarity of its style; and in the fourth var. we observe a range of treble passages of uncommon fluency and neatness. The introductory slow movement in D minor is stern and pathetic.

Assemblée d'Almacks: Waltzes, composed by W. Grosse, *for the Piano-forte.* No. I. Pr. 2s.

Most of these waltzes are above the common kind. The first we consider to be the most humble in point of pretensions. The second is lively and pleasing. No. 3. still better, with a good trio. No. 4. in G minor, possesses originality, and the changes of key and tune have an advantageous effect. The beginning of No. 5. is novel and very interesting. No. 6. we prefer to all the preceding ones; it is very good, and the horns in the trio come in appropriately. No. 7. also has great claims to our favour. These waltzes bear the names of the fashionable patronesses of Almack's assemblies, where they have met with a reception highly flattering to the author. They are published in numbers twice a year, the subscription price being 1s. 6d.

PICTURESQUE TOUR OF MOUNT SIMPLON.

PLATE 20.—GENERAL VIEW OF LAKE MAJOR.

LAKE MAJOR, one of the largest of those which water the feet of the Upper Alps on the side of Italy, is of the length of fifteen leagues from north to south. It is no where wider than two leagues and a half, and its mean width may be stated at half a league: it is 636 feet above the level of the sea. Near the middle of its western bank, it forms a profound gulf, at the entrance of which the Borromean Isles rise above its surface: at the termination of this gulf it receives the waters of the Toccia, which descends from the Simplon and the valley of Antigorio; to the north, near Lucarno, the Tesin, which, uniting with the torrents from St. Gothard, leaves the lake at Sesto on the south, and enters the Po near Pavia. The new road skirts the borders of the lake of Feriolo to Sesto, a distance of about eight leagues.

The view of Lake Major must excite the admiration of the lover of the beauties of art and nature; but it increases when he finds himself upon its shores, varied by smiling islands, after quitting the deep valley of the Rhone and the passage of the Simplon. The lofty mountains, the bases only of which the hand of man has been able to cultivate, the dark forests of firs intersected with green pastures, the wooden cabins covered with thatch, the simply constructed temples of the Valais, are still present to the imagination; the mind still recalls the sterile plain of the Simplon, the rigour of whose climate is evidenced by the absence of vegetation; the eternal snows, whose summits are hidden in the clouds; the pointed and rugged rocks of the gloomy valley of Gondo, and the innumerable torrents which, falling from a prodigious height, unite themselves below, and traverse the savage glen with a deafening roar.

Yet while upon the borders of Lake Major, enjoying the most enchanting prospect that can be afforded, the traveller perceives mountains of a noble outline, covered with verdure to the highest pinnacle, and hills which, in shapes variously rounded, stoop to the edge of the waters, covered with

chesnut-trees, whose sombre hue harmonizes delightfully with the livelier green of the vines. These eminences are sprinkled with chapels, castles, and country houses, remarkable for the gracefulness of their architecture, the lightness of their roofs, and the variety of their forms.

A noble paved road confines the waters of the lake, and passes through the different towns which enrich its shores, and whose whiteness is reflected in the blue tint of the transparent waters. Three small islands elevate themselves in the centre of a gulf: the one ornamented with humble cottages; the others, proud of their palaces, their statues, and their groves of laurel and orange-trees. In the morning and evening, of course, the view is still more beautiful: the shades have then a more striking effect, and the lights a spirit and a harmony, the effect of which defies all the imitative attempts of the pencil.

The merchandise of Germany and Switzerland is transported into Italy by Lake Major: the vessels having passed the Toccia, enter the Tesin, from whence they proceed by a canal to Milan: thither they bring the products of the country, coal, wood, hay, white marble of Mergozzo, and red granite of Baveno: they carry a square sail, which is set or furled in an instant. The light vessels for passengers from one side of the lake to the other, the boats of the visitors of the different islands, and those of persons engaged in fishing, contrast well with the heavily laden barks, and give life and gaiety to the whole lake.

DEATH OF BENJAMIN WEST, ESQ.

SINCE our last publication, the arts have lost one of its noblest ornaments, by the death of Benjamin West, Esq. President of the Royal Academy: he expired on the 10th March, at his house in Newman-street, which he has so long inhabited, having reached the very advanced age of eighty-two years.

It is needless for us to enter into any discussion of his merits as an artist of the first class, for they are universally acknowledged: we know, and have heard of no one who has denied the pre-eminence of his abilities; and if he were more admirable in one style than another, if the spirit and conception of his sketches were better than his more laboured execution of them, it is only what has been the case with almost every one of his predecessors in painting; for few, indeed, have been equally excellent in all departments. We shall leave it to our readers and to the public at large, to settle the precise rank in which Mr. West ought to be placed, premising only, that, as an historical painter, his talents were decidedly of the first order.

With regard to the particulars of the biography of Mr. West, the earlier events were, a few years ago, detailed by Mr. John Galt in a thin 8vo. volume, and the mate-

rials were confessedly derived partly from the information of the president himself, and partly from authentic sources, to which the ingenious and faithful author had access. As Mr. Galt's production has been for some time, we believe, out of print, we have selected from it the following interesting anecdotes.

Mr. West, the tenth child of John West and Sarah Pearson, was born near Springfield, county Chester, Pennsylvania, on the 10th of November, 1738. His family were Quakers; but on the paternal side, whether truly or not is of no consequence, claimed noble descent from Lord Delawarre, of the era of Edward III. It was in 1667 that his ancestors changed their religious persuasion, and in 1669 that they emigrated to America. Mr. Galt, who has published an account of the youth of Mr. West, states, that his appearance in this busy world was accelerated by the powerful effect produced on his mother by one of the inspired preachers of the sect to which she belonged; and very oddly infers from this untoward circumstance, that the child was born for great future destinies! So absurd a proposition throws much suspicion over the other facts detailed in the work, and we repeat them without vouching for their perfect credibility. It is said, that not only without previous practice, but without having ever seen a picture or engraving, Benjamin, in his seventh year, drew the likeness of a sleeping infant, so accurately as to be readily cognizable. Encouraged by this wonderful commencement, he resolutely followed the bent of his genius, and at school continued to make drawings with pen and ink, till some Indians, who visited Springfield, taught him the use of the red and yellow, with which they painted their ornaments; and his mother adding indigo, he ventured on a wider field with his three prismatic colours. There being no camel's-hair pencils in Pennsylvania, the young artist made for himself, and substituted an imitation from the fur of his father's favourite black cat, whose tail and back witnessed to his depredations.

When about eight years old, a friend at Philadelphia made him a present of a box of colours, and some engravings; from two of the latter he composed a piece, and, such is the partiality of our age for the exploits of our youth, the President of the Royal Academy is reported by his biographer, to have declared sixty-seven years after, that "there were inventive touches in his first and juvenile essay, which, with all his subsequent knowledge and experience, he had not been able to surpass." The next step in advance of young West, was the reading of Richardson and Tresnay. Inspired by their writings, he painted his first historical subject, *the Death of Socrates*. Pursuing his studies at Philadelphia, he made such progress, that the body to whose tenets he adhered, departed from their doctrine of hatred to what was merely ornamental and worldly, and, at a public meeting, authorized his devoting himself to the fine arts. He was at this period sixteen years of age, and for some time painted portraits at Philadelphia, at two guineas and a

half for a head, and five guineas for a half-length, saving as much money as he could for a voyage to Europe. He also resided about eleven months at New-York; till in 1760, opportunity and auspicious circumstances combining, he sailed for Italy. An artist in that day, springing from a sect inimical to the arts, and from a new country, was a curiosity, and Mr. West reaped many advantages from his situation. He was speedily patronised, and liberally assisted. On the 10th of July, in the year we have mentioned, he arrived at Rome. Mr. Robinson (afterwards Lord Grantham) took him by the hand, and he became acquainted with persons of rank in society, as well as with Gavin Hamilton, Mengs, and other painters of celebrity. It is stated that Raphael did not at first interest him, and that Michael Angelo, neither at first, nor on further study, appeared to be so great as common fame allows. He painted a picture of Cimon and Iphigenia, preparatory to taking his degree among the Roman students; and subsequently another, of Angelica and Medoro. The académies of Florence, Bologna, and Parma, elected him a member; and he set out with an increase of knowledge and reputation for England, whither he travelled through France.

It is obvious, that the subject of this brief memoir was a man of great enterprise — that quality which all great men have seldom been without—and had he not possessed it, he would not have been able to overcome the many difficulties he had to surmount. After his arrival in England in 1763, his talents soon made him known to many of the chief nobility, for whom he painted pictures: not long subsequently he married a young lady of the name of Shavell, a native of Philadelphia. In 1765, a number of artists incorporated themselves, and of this society Mr. West was made a director; and in this capacity, and at the suggestion of our late venerable Sovereign, drew up a scheme of the Royal Academy, which has so long flourished, and to which the arts are so deeply indebted. The establishment of this celebrated institution under the royal auspices soon succeeded, and the first celebrated picture of Mr. West was exhibited there as early as 1769. Three years afterwards, he obtained the distinction of being appointed historical painter to his late Majesty, and was elected President of the Royal Academy in 1792, on the death of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

In 1802, Mr. West visited the Continent, and was received with that distinction which was due to his admitted talents, receiving honours from several foreign academies. It would be an absolute waste of time to speak of his numerous and celebrated productions: from his *Death of Wolfe*, to his *Christ healing the Sick*, and *Death on the Pale Horse*; they are so well known, many of them by admirable engravings, that we may well be spared the compilation of a mere catalogue of his performances.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

PLATE 22.—CARRIAGE DRESS.

A ROUND dress, composed of French grey bombasine, and trimmed with black gauze: the skirt is moderately wide: the trimming, which is very deep, is formed in a singularly novel and pretty style, the gauze being disposed in rows of full plaits, which are laid on lengthwise in a bias direction, and set very close to each other; each row of plaits is edged with black satin ribbon. The body is made high: the collar stands out a little from the neck; it is peaked in the centre of the back, and slopes down so as just to meet in front. The back is tight to the figure; the waist is long; and a small jacket, which is rather full behind, has a very jaunty effect: the fronts are plain, and the dress fastens before. The long sleeve is of an easy width, except towards the bottom, where it is nearly tight to the arm: it is ornamented by three black satin rouleaus, and finished at the hand by a full fall of white crape, scolloped at the edge. The half-sleeve, of the same material as the dress, is made very full; the fulness is divided into compartments by narrow rouleaus of black satin. A very full white crape ruff is partially seen under the collar. Head-dress, a bonnet composed of grey *velours simulé*, and lined with white sarsnet: for the form, which is new, and rather peculiar, we refer to our print: the edge of the brim is finished by a full black gauze *ruche;* a bunch of black flowers is placed on one side of the crown, and it ties under the chin with black strings. Grey kid gloves, and black kid half-boots.

PLATE 23.—EVENING DRESS.

A round dress, composed of white crape, spotted with white satin; it is worn over a white sarsnet slip: the skirt is moderately full, and is finished at the bottom by a wreath of flowers and leaves composed of black silk; the flowers, which are roses, are very small; a double row of leaves, placed thickly together, with the points downwards, is attached to them: there are two rows of this trimming placed at some distance from each other, but not so high as to be unbecoming to the figure. The *corsage* is composed of black *velours simulé:* the waist is long, and it is a little, but very little, peaked in front; a narrow pointed trimming finishes it at the bottom of the waist, and it fastens behind. The upper part of the body is composed of white crape, let-in in easy folds, and confined in the centre of the bosom by a jet clasp. This style of body is peculiarly adapted to the display of the shape. Short full sleeve; the upper part composed of *velours simulé*, edged with a narrow white crape trimming, and fastened up in the drapery style. The under sleeve is white crape; it is very full, but is drawn close to the arm at the bottom, and is finished by a pointed fall of white crape. The front hair is dressed in light ringlets; the hind hair is disposed in

different plaits, which are fastened up in bows at the back part of the head; white flowers, intermixed with pearls fancifully disposed, ornament the hair. The necklace and ear-rings are also pearl. White kid gloves and shoes.

We are indebted for both these dresses to Miss Pierpoint, inventress of the *corset à la Grecque*, No. 9, Henrietta-street, Covent-Garden.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

His Majesty has been graciously pleased, in consideration of the interests of trade, to shorten the period of mourning for his late venerable and lamented father: the first change took place on Sunday, the 19th of March; a still further change to a lighter degree of mourning, is expected to take place in April; and on the 30th of April the mourning will finally end.

The first change for the court is, from bombasine and crape, to plain black silk; the undress, French grey bombasine: the next change is to be plain black silk, with coloured ribbons or flowers; and it is expected, that white with black ornaments will likewise be worn. From the short duration of the second mourning, and the change which so rapidly takes place in it, out-door costume offers us little for comment or description. We have seen a few French grey bombasine dresses, made with cloth spencers to correspond, and trimmed with black velvet; they were appropriate and tasteful, but not distinguished by any peculiar novelty in their form.

Grey bombasine, though the most appropriate material for undress, is not the only one in use; we have seen some pelisses composed of grey levantine, and several high dresses of poplin: the pelisses were trimmed with figured velvet, and some with plain black velvet cut in points; the high dresses, with black gauze or net. Dresses are in general worn very full trimmed; in many instances, the bottoms of gowns are literally loaded: this does very well for tall graceful women, but it makes those who are short appear still shorter; and if a diminutive *belle* happens also to be *en-bon-point*, it really spoils her figure.

Carriage bonnets are made of *velours épingle*, *velours simulé*, and *velours natté*, which is in general grey: they are still worn large; the crowns are low, but the brims are very deep; they are very fully trimmed with black gauze, and black flowers or feathers. We have seen also some black bonnets trimmed with grey; one of these particularly struck us, as being very novel and elegant: it is composed of black *gros de Naples;* the crown, which is of a moderate size, was ornamented round the top by puffs of grey gauze, each puff surrounded by grey satin: the brim is rather deep; it is nearly square across the forehead, but rounded at the ears; the edge of the brim is finished with a *ruche* of grey gauze, above which is a pointed trimming, composed of grey gauze and satin alternately: a plume of grey feathers, of different lengths, is placed on one side of the crown, and so disposed, as nearly to cover the whole front of it: a richly wrought grey silk band encircles the bottom

of the crown, and grey silk strings tie it under the chin.

Dinner dress consists of black silk, trimmed with black or white gauze. We have seen also several dresses made of grey levantine, *gros de Naples*, and corded silk. Waists are this month longer than they have yet been with us: the backs of dresses are made in general plain, and both dinner and evening gowns are cut very low all round the bust.

For evening dress, black gauze, both figured and plain, is the material most in requisition at present. The trimmings consist of white gauze or net, and, in some instances, ribbon: a mixture of white satin with the gauze is very fashionable. Trimmings made of ribbon have a good deal of variety: they are disposed in puffs, corkscrew rolls, flowers, and we have seen some twisted into points, of which there were several rows put pretty close together. This kind of trimming looks very well. We should be glad to see the consumption of ribbons generally encouraged, on account of the numerous body of people who derive their support from that branch of our manufactures.

With respect to the change of mourning which takes place in April, little can yet be decidedly said. The Lord Chamberlain's orders must, of course, be complied with by those immediately about the court; but it is supposed, that black silk, with coloured flowers and ribbons, will not be worn out of that circle. On the contrary, there is good reason to believe, that we shall adopt the fashion now prevalent in France, of white dresses with black ornaments. Some dresses of that description we know have been already ordered: we have given one of the most elegant of these in our print.

Low *toques*, composed either of white or black *velours simulé*, *velours natté*, or rich figured silk, are fashionable; they are always ornamented with feathers, and, in general, with pearls also. These *toques* are of an uncommonly light and pretty shape: the material is laid on plain; the top of the crown is something broader than the part which encircles the head; and if the *toque* is ornamented with pearls, there is always a row goes round the top. A plume of ostrich feathers, very rich, but not long, is placed in front: the feathers correspond always with the *toque*.

The majority of ladies appear in their hair, which is ornamented either in the style given in our print, or else with white flowers, or with pearls only. The hair is at present dressed moderately high, and altogether, in our opinion, more becomingly than it has been for some time.

White shoes and gloves are universally worn in full dress; undress shoes are black; and gloves grey, sewed with black.

The summer fashions are expected to be peculiarly novel and brilliant: we shall endeavour next month to present our readers with novelties from the dresses in preparation, which will be found worthy of their attention. It has lately been our melancholy task, to describe the mourning worn for those whose loss the nation mourned in

heart and spirit; we sincerely hope that task is now over, and that it will be long, long indeed, ere England is again deprived of any member of the Royal House, to which she looks up with love and reverence.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, March 20.

My dear SOPHIA,

I SHOULD have written you an account last month of the mourning worn by the English for our late venerable and beloved Sovereign, but the murder of the unfortunate Duc de Berri made me delay writing, because I thought I should have an opportunity of sending you the particulars of the court mourning, which it was also expected would be general for the murdered prince. The newspapers have already informed you how very short the duration of the court mourning was, and it has never been general: this will surprise you, as it did me; it is, in fact, one of those inconsistencies for which there is no accounting, since the duke's death was most deeply regretted by all who are attached to the Bourbons; and even those who are not, looked with detestation on the horrible means taken to destroy the dynasty. You have seen in the papers accounts of the last hours of the duke; but no language can do justice to the magnanimity with which he met his fate: it may indeed be said of him, in the words of our divine bard, that

"Nothing in his life became him like the leaving it."

The duke continued, even to his very last moments, to urge the king to pardon his assassin, or, at least, to grant him his life. The grief of the duchess is beyond bounds: it was in compliance with her desire that the duke went to the Opera: she did not wish to see the whole of it; he attended her to her carriage, and as he handed her in, said, "I shall soon be with you, Caroline." How terrible must have been her feelings, when, in a moment afterwards, she beheld him covered with blood! Her presence of mind, however, did not forsake her; she restrained her grief till all was over: but the excess of her sorrow when the duke had breathed his last, made those around her apprehensive for her reason or her life. An affecting incident heightened the sorrow of those who witnessed the duke's death: his infant daughter, whom he had sent for, that he might give her his last blessing, burst into a loud fit of crying at the moment in which he expired: this must have been accidental, for she is yet too young to be conscious of her loss, but it deeply afflicted all present. The poor Duchess d'Angouleme was denied the relief of tears. One may easily conceive the horrible recollections which this dreadful tragedy must have recalled to her mind.

On the day after the funeral of the duke, the marshals of France, and general officers, went to pay their respects to the Duchess de Berri, who had retired to St. Cloud. She expressed her regret at not being able to see them, and sent her little fatherless daughter

in her stead, whom she begged to place under their protection. The appeal was a powerful one, and it was enthusiastically answered: they put their hands to their swords, and swore to defend her to the last drop of their blood. God grant they may never have occasion to remember their oaths!

This melancholy affair has led me into a long digression, but I know it is one which you will excuse. The news of the Duke of Kent's death made many sincere mourners here; all the English of the higher class put on black immediately, out of respect to his memory; and when the intelligence of our lamented Monarch's death arrived, the garb of woe became general among the British of respectability. As the first mourning is now over, I shall not enter into any detail respecting it: it consisted of black silk, trimmed with black crape or tiffany, which latter is considered as deeper mourning here than crape. Evening dresses were composed of black crape or tiffany, over black sarsnet: the hair was ornamented with black flowers, or, in a few instances, bandeaus of jet twisted among the bows and ringlets in which the hair was disposed. Nothing could be deeper than the mourning in morning and promenade dress, not a bit of white being visible; the bonnets were lined with black, and even the ruffs were of black crape.

The mourning altogether is expected to last three months: the second mourning consists of white, with black trimmings; and white shoes and gloves. I have particularly noticed two very elegant dresses, which, as they may perhaps be useful for your own half mourning, I shall endeavour to describe to you.

The first is a dinner gown, composed of white *gros de Naples*, and trimmed with black tiffany. The body is cut rather low round the bust; it is tight to the shape; the waist very long. The bust is ornamented with a slight embroidery in black chenille; it is a scroll pattern, but very light: a narrow tiffany trimming, cut in points, surmounts the embroidery, and stands up round the bust. The sleeve is short, and particularly novel; the middle part is full, and the fulness is confined in bias puffs by narrow twisted rolls of tiffany and black chenille: the sleeve is finished at the bottom by one of these rolls, which confines it to the arm. The skirt is a good deal gored; it is less scanty than they were worn when I wrote last: it is trimmed very high with alternate double flounces of black tiffany, and embroidery in black chenille in a scroll pattern: there are three flounces, each doubled, but the top one a little narrower than the bottom; they are headed by black cord, and the space between each is filled up by embroidery. This trimming would look much better if there was less of it, but gowns are once more trimmed to a height unbecoming in the highest degree to the figure.

The other is an evening dress: it is composed of white crape, and is worn over a plain white sarsnet slip. The back is full; it is braided across with narrow black ribbon in the lozenge style; the points of the lozenges are placed in the middle of the back, and each point is

finished by a small black bow. The body is cut low round the bust, the upper part of which is made full, but the fulness is confined to the shape of the bosom by very small jet buttons, with which the crape is looped in different places; a narrow quilling of black crape goes all round the bust. The sleeve consists of two falls of white crape, looped in the drapery style with jet buttons: the white silk sleeve worn underneath, is something longer than the upper one, and is finished, to correspond with the back, with lozenges and small bows. The trimming of the skirt consists of a single deep flounce of white crape, edged with narrow black ribbon, and headed by a twisted roll of black ribbon; this is surmounted by a piece of crape laid on full; the fulness is formed into lozenges in the same manner as the back, only that each of the four points of the lozenge is ornamented with a bow: this dress is altogether one of the most striking and tasteful I have ever seen. I must not forget to inform you, that sashes, tied in full bows and short ends, are always worn both in evening and dinner dress.

Head-dresses of hair are still universal: belles of all ages, all at least who are not quite arrived at a matronly age, appear in them; and the flaxen or ebon tresses often contrast oddly enough with the grey eyebrows and forehead covered with wrinkles. I thought the wish to appear young was carried pretty far in England, but I must confess the French go beyond us: our countrywomen here, however, seem determined not to be outdone; so that upon the whole, with the exception of a few great-grandmothers, there is no such thing as an old woman, either French or English, to be found. Black flowers, wreaths, and jet ornaments are now universally adopted in full dress; and white crape *cornettes*, with small ears and full narrow borders, are worn in morning costume: they are trimmed in general with narrow black ribbon, but I have seen several without trimming. Necklace and ear-rings are always of jet.

Adieu, my dear Sophia! You may expect a long description of our fashions when you get again into colours, but to send you any detail of them now, would be perfectly useless: I thought, however, that, as the style of mourning here differs in some respects from that worn with you, some particulars respecting it might be of service. Farewell, and believe me always your EUDOCIA.

THE SELECTOR:

Consisting of interesting Extracts from new popular Publications.

EFFECT OF DIFFERENT KINDS OF WATERS

IN THEIR APPLICATION TO DOMESTIC ECONOMY AND THE ARTS; AND METHODS OF ASCERTAINING THEIR PURITY.

(From *Mr.* ACCUM'S *Treatise on the Adulteration of Food, and Culinary Poisons.*)

IT requires not much reflection to become convinced, that the waters which issue from the recesses of the earth, and from springs, rivers, or lakes, often differ greatly from each other in their taste and other obvious

properties. There are few people who have not observed a difference in the waters used for domestic purposes and in the arts; and the distinctions of *hard* and *soft* water are familiar to every body.

Water perfectly pure is scarcely ever met with in nature.

It must also be obvious, that the health and comfort of families, and the conveniences of domestic life, are materially affected by the supply of good and wholesome water. Hence a knowledge of the quality and salubrity of the different kinds of waters employed in the common concerns of life, on account of the abundant daily use we make of them in the preparation of food, is unquestionably an object of considerable importance, and demands our attention.

The effects produced by the foreign matters which water may contain, are more considerable, and of greater importance than at first imagined. It cannot be denied, that such waters as are *hard*, or loaded with earthy matter, have a decided effect upon some important functions of the human body. They increase the distressing symptoms under which those persons labour who are afflicted with what is commonly called gravel complaints; and many other ailments might be named, that are always aggravated by the use of warers abounding in saline and earthy substances.

The purity of the waters employed in some of the arts and manufactures, is an object of not less consequence. In the process of brewing malt liquors, soft water is preferable to hard. Every brewer knows that the largest possible quantity of the extractive matter of the malt is obtained in the least possible time, and at the smallest cost, by means of soft water.

In the art of the dyer, hard water not only opposes the solution of several dye stuffs, but it also alters the natural tints of some delicate colours; whilst in others again it precipitates the earthy and saline matters with which it is impregnated, into the delicate fibres of the stuff, and thus impedes the softness and brilliancy of the dye.

The bleacher cannot use with advantage waters impregnated with earthy salts; and a minute portion of iron imparts to the cloth a yellowish hue.

To the manufacturer of painter's colours, water as pure as possible is absolutely essential for the successful preparation of several delicate pigments. Carmine, madder lake, ultramarine, and Indian yellow, cannot be prepared without perfectly pure water.

For the steeping or raiting of flax, soft water is absolutely necessary: in hard water the flax may be immersed for months, till its texture be injured, and still the ligneous matter will not be decomposed, and the fibres properly separated.

In the culinary art, the effects of water more or less pure are likewise obvious. Good and pure water softens the fibres of animal and vegetable matters more readily than such as is called *hard*. Every cook knows, that dry or ripe peas, and other farinaceous seeds, cannot *readily* be boiled soft in hard water; because the farina of the seed is not perfectly soluble in water loaded with earthy salts.

Green esculent vegetable substances are more tender when boiled in soft water than in hard water; although hard water imparts

to them a better colour. The effects of hard and soft water may be easily shewn in the following manner:

EXPERIMENT.

Let two separate portions of tea-leaves be macerated, by precisely the same processes, in circumstances all alike, in similarly and separate vessels, the one containing hard and the other soft water, either hot or cold; the infusion made by the soft water will have by far the strongest taste, although it possesses less colour than the infusion made with the hard water. It will strike a more intense black with a solution of sulphate of iron, and afford a more abundant precipitate, with a solution of animal jelly; which at once shews that soft water has extracted more tanning matter, and more gallic acid, from the tea-leaves, than could be obtained from them under like circumstances by means of hard water.

Many animals which are accustomed to drink soft water, refuse hard water. Horses in particular prefer the former. Pigeons refuse hard water when they have been accustomed to soft water.

CHARACTERS OF GOOD WATER.

A good criterion of the purity of water fit for domestic purposes, is its softness. This quality is at once obvious by the touch, if we only wash our hands in it with soap. Good water should be beautifully transparent: a slight opacity indicates extraneous matter. To judge of the perfect transparency of water, a quantity of it should be put into a deep glass vessel, the larger the better, so that we can look down perpendicularly into a considerable mass of the fluid; we may then readily discover the slightest degree of muddiness much better than if the water be viewed through the glass placed between the eye and the light. It should be perfectly colourless, devoid of odour, and its taste soft and agreeable. It should send out air-bubbles when poured from one vessel into another; it should boil pulse soft, and form with soap an uniform opaline fluid, which does not separate after standing for several hours.

It is to the presence of common air and carbonic acid gas that common water owes its taste, and many of the good effects which it produces on animals and vegetables. Spring water, which contains more air, has a more lively taste than river water.

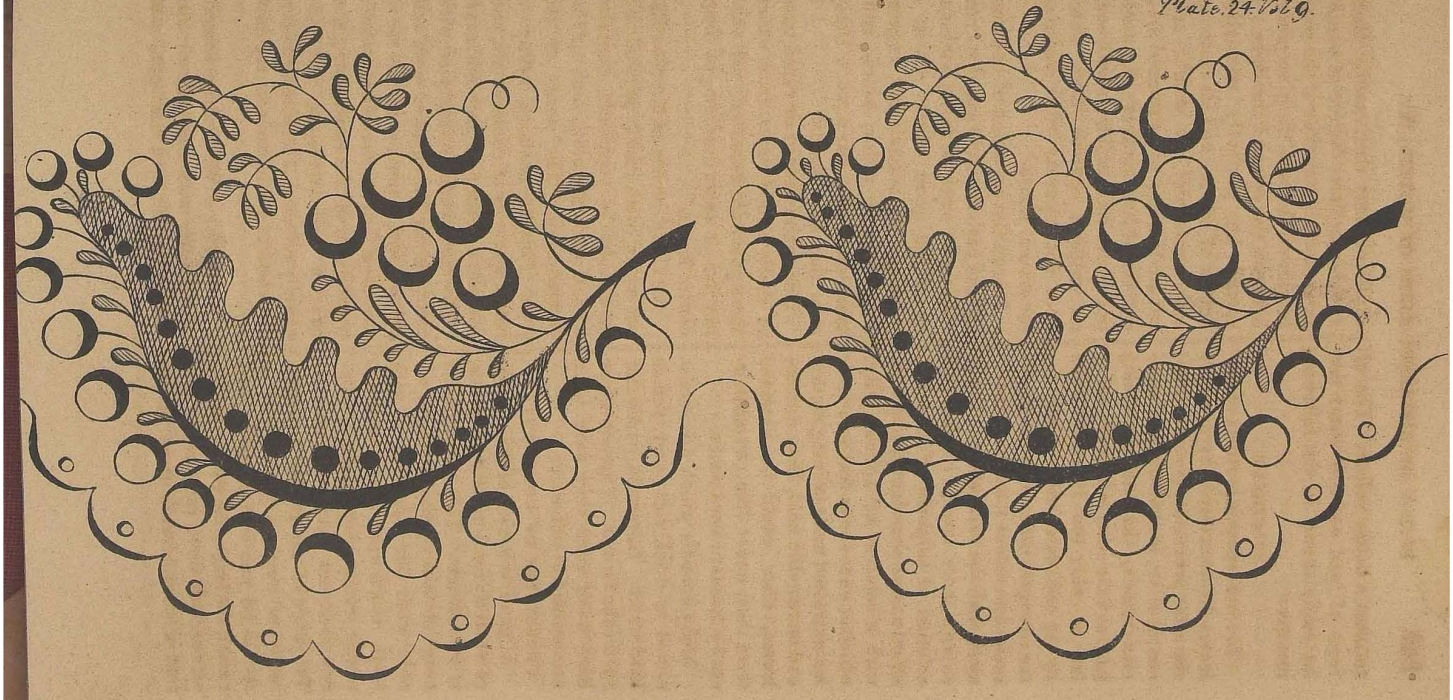
Hence the insipid or vapid taste of newly boiled water, from which these gases are expelled: fish cannot live in water deprived of those elastic fluids.

100 Cubic inches of the New River water, with which part of this metropolis is supplied, contains 2,25 of carbonic acid, and 1,25 of common air. The water of the river Thames contains rather a larger quantity of common air, and a smaller portion of carbonic acid.

If water not fully saturated with common air be agitated with this elastic fluid, a portion of the air is absorbed; but the two chief constituent gases of the atmosphere, the oxygen and nitrogen, are not equally affected, the former being absorbed in preference to the latter.

According to Mr. Dalton, in agitating water with atmospheric air, consisting of 79 of nitrogen, and

Plate. 24. Vol 9.



MUSLIN PATTERN.

21 of oxygen, the water absorbs $\frac{1}{64}$ of $\frac{79}{100}$ nitrogen gas = 1,234, and $\frac{1}{27}$ of $\frac{21}{100}$ oxygen gas = 778, amounting in all to 2,012.

Water is freed from foreign matter by distillation; and for any chemical process in which accuracy is requisite, distilled water must be used.

Hard waters may, in general, be cured, in part, by dropping into them a solution of sub-carbonate of potash; or, if the hardness be owing only to the presence of super-carbonate of lime, mere boiling will greatly remedy the defect; part of the carbonic acid flies off, and a neutral carbonate of lime falls down to the bottom: it may then be used for washing, scarcely curdling soap. But if the hardness be owing in part to sulphate of lime, boiling does not soften it at all.

When spring water is used for washing, it is advantageous to leave it for some time exposed to the open air in a reservoir with a large surface. Part of the carbonic acid becomes thus dissipated, and part of the carbonate of lime falls to the bottom. Mr. Dalton* has observed, that the more any spring is drawn from, the softer the water becomes.

* Dalton, Manchester Memoirs, vol. iv. p. 55.

FINE ARTS.

INTELLIGENCE REGARDING WORKS OF ART.

Mr. R. Ackermann proposes to publish, in twelve monthly parts, (part I. to appear on the 1st of May) *A Picturesque Tour of the English Lakes:* illustrated with forty-eight coloured views, drawn by Messrs. T. H. Fielding and J. Walton, during two years' residence in the most romantic parts of Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Lancashire, and the whole of them engraved in aquatinta by Mr. T. H. Fielding. In announcing a publication of this nature, it is unnecessary to dwell on the grandeur and beauty of the Lakes of the North of England, which have so long been the admiration of all who are alive to the charms of nature. The luxuriant and romantic vallies watered by these lakes, and by the glistening streams that flow from them, form a singular contrast with the wild and rude magnificence of the lofty mountains among which they are deeply embosomed. In no part of this island, are so many extremes to be found in such close and fanciful union. The lakes of Scotland are spread over a large tract of country, and in general widely separated from each other; and though some of the mountains of the Highlands are higher above the level of the sea than those of the North of England, yet they are generally in the centre of extensive ranges, and considerable elevations must be ascended before they can be approached. But the mountains of Cumberland and Westmoreland rise almost abruptly to a height of more than 3000 feet; and

the singular form of these mountains, as well as their immense elevation, constitute most striking features in the romantic scenery of the North of England. The mountains of Wales, though in themselves highly picturesque, and tho' intersected by vallies of great sweetness and fertility, are without the charm of lakes. In the North of England alone has nature brought together the enchanting softness of the Italian lakes and the wild grandeur of the Alps. The description will embrace whatever is curious and interesting in the nature and appearance of the country, or in the history, manners, and customs of the people; in short, whatever is characteristic of the lakes; combining a judicious selection from the labours of former writers with much new and original information. The views, which are in the happiest style of the two well-known artists above-named, represent the most striking features of the scenery, and mostly such as have never before been presented to the public. The object of the work is, to combine novelty with beauty; and no pains or expense will be spared to render it every way worthy of the public. This work will be printed on demy quarto vellum paper. The first part will be published on the 1st of May next, and be succeeded by a part every month, until the whole is completed. Each part will contain four highly finished and coloured engravings, accompanied with descriptive letter-press, printed with a new type, and hot-pressed. Seven hundred and fifty copies only will be printed on demy 4to.; and one hundred large copies will be taken on elephant paper, corresponding with the Histories of Oxford, Cambridge, Colleges and Schools, Westminster Abbey, Microcosm of London, and Tour along the Rhine.

Mr. R. Ackermann also proposes to publish, in six monthly parts, (part I. to appear on the 1st of May,) *Picturesque Illustrations of Buenos Ayres and Monte Video:* consisting of views, and faithful representations of the costumes, manners, &c. of the inhabitants of those cities and their environs, taken on the spot by E. E. Vidal, Esq.; and accompanied with descriptive letter-press. Independently of the high interest which recent political events have attached to the important cities of Buenos Ayres and Monte Video, they possess strong claims upon the attention of the curious, from the peculiarities in the habits, manners, and customs of their inhabitants, concerning which so little is known in Europe, and of which we have not yet been furnished with any graphic illustration. The series of delineations here announced, will therefore contribute to fill the chasm which exists in our information respecting this half-civilized and half-barbarous portion of the South American continent, and, doubtless, prove an acceptable addition to those picturesque works, from which accurate notions of men and manners may be acquired, without the danger, fatigue, and expense of visiting remote regions of the globe. This work will be printed on large wove elephant vellum paper, corresponding with the Histories of Oxford, Cambridge, Colleges and Schools, Westminster

Abbey, Microcosm of London, and Tour along the Rhine. The first part will be published on the 1st of May next, and be succeeded by a part every month, until the whole is completed. Each part will contain four highly coloured engravings, accompanied with descriptive letter-press, printed with a new type and hot-pressed. Seven hundred and fifty copies only will be printed on elephant paper; and fifty large copies will be taken on atlas paper.

On the 1st of April next, will be published, by Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy, No. I. of the *Works of Hogarth*, from the whole of the original plates lately in the possession of Messrs. Boydell; and others engraved by eminent artists: the whole under the superintendence of James Heath, Esq. R. A.; accompanied by explanations of the various subjects, by John Nichols, Esq. F. A. S. L. E. and P. It is not within the plan of this publication to enlarge on the personal history of Hogarth or his friends; that task having already been performed in the "Biographical Anecdotes of Hogarth," in three volumes quarto, a work which has long since been favourably received. Some brief memoirs, however, will be prefixed; and an explanation of the various subjects, to accompany the several plates, will be given by Mr. Nichols. The plates purchased of Messrs. Boydell are for the most part in an excellent state; and will require only a partial attention, to restore them to their original perfection: this will be undertaken by Mr. Heath, who, fully appreciating their excellence, will on no account alter a single line as left by the pencil of Hogarth. Such of the smaller plates as are estimable rather on account of their subject than the workmanship, will be re-engraved as fac-similes of the originals. The whole work will consist of about 110 plates, containing nearly 150 subjects, with occasional sheets of letter-press: it will be divided into 21 or 22 monthly numbers.

We extract the following interesting article from the Journal of the Arts, published at Munich:

MUNICH, Jan. 6, 1820.

Yesterday was a day to be registered in letters of gold in the annals of art. The celebrated Fawn from the Barberini palace, the property of the Crown Prince, so long withheld, arrived here uninjured. After this colossal statue had safely passed the Apennines and the Tyrolese mountains, its arrival was delayed a week by a bridge which it was found impossible to pass; but all difficulties were at length overcome, and it is now safely deposited in the Hall of Sculpture. The collection of our Crown Prince includes now, besides the relics from Ægina, the two works which, together with the Torso, and the fragments of the Parthenon, attach to it most clearly and unquestionably the stamp of Grecian originality and highest excellence; namely, this Fawn and the celebrated Son of Niobe, purchased in Vienna: that these two *chef-d'œuvres* do not stand alone, is sufficiently proved by the catalogue of the contents of the two halls. We find there, besides numerous other beautiful works, the famous Medusa from the Rondanini palace,

the colossal Pallas from the villa Albani, the colossal Muse from the Barberini palace, the beautiful Venus from the Braschi palace, the well known Baccarelli, two vases of genuine Grecian workmanship, found in Athens and Rhodes; the Jason tying his sandal; the colossal hero from the Barberini palace; excellent busts of Xenocrates, Xenophon, Miltiades, Socrates, and the astonishing statue of Alexander, from the Rondanini palace. We hope that time and opportunity will permit the exhibition of the rest of this collection, completed with so much industry, and consisting of above 200 specimens.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

An entertaining work is about to appear under the following title: *The Adventures of Thomas Eustace*, of Chinnor, Oxfordshire, who fled from his apprenticeship at Amersham, and was shipwrecked off the coast of America, when he hung by his hands to the side of the ship for eighteen hours, in consequence of which he lost his limbs, but was at length restored, and became the master of Amersham workhouse in 1818; by a Clergyman.

Proposals are circulated for publishing an uniform edition of the whole *Works of the Right Rev. Jeremy Taylor, D. D.*; to which will be prefixed, the Life of the Author, and a critical Examination of his Writings, by the Rev. R. Heber.

The Public and Domestic Life of his late Majesty George the Third; comprising the most eventful and important period in the annals of British history; compiled from authentic sources, and interspersed with numerous anecdotes: to which will be added, particulars of the funeral ceremonies; by Edward Holt, Esq. is in the press.

T. Williams is preparing for the press, a *Memoir* of his late Majesty and the Duke of Kent, as a companion to those he published of the late Queen and Princess Charlotte. This work will not be a mere collection of anecdotes, but comprise a review of the late reign, political and moral, with a particular reference to the progress of knowledge, religion, and civil and religious liberty.

In the press, to be published by J. Hatchard and Son, in parts, *Royal Virtue:* A Tour to Kensington, Windsor, and Claremont; or, a contemplation of the character and virtues of George III. the Duke of Kent, and the Princess Charlotte, in the scenes where they were principally displayed.

Messrs. Rodwell and Martin have the following works in the press:

1. *The Private Correspondence of Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford*, now first collected, in four vols. 8vo.

2. *Journal of a Tour* through Part of the Snowy Range of the Himala Mountains, and to the Sources of the Rivers Jumna and Ganges; with notes on the hills at the foot of the Himala range between the rivers Sutlej and Alaknunda; by James Baillie Fraser, Esq.; with a map, in royal 4to.

3. *The Campaigns of the Left Wing of the Allied Army*, commanded by Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington, from the passage of the Bidasoa in October 1813, to the conclusion of the war in 1814: illustrated by a plan of the operations, and twenty views of the scenery in the Pyrennees and South of France; by Captain Batty, of the Grenadier Guards, in 4to.

4. *The Antiquities of the Jews*, carefully compiled from authentic sources, and their customs illustrated from modern travels; by William Brown, D. D. Minister of Eskdalemuir, in two vols. 8vo.

5. *Tales of the Genii*, a new edition, in two vols.; with illustrations from drawings by R. Westall, R.A.

Mr. Murray has the following works in the press, and nearly ready for publication:

1. *The Fall of Jerusalem*, a dramatic poem, by H. H. Milman, M. A. author of Fazio, 8vo.

2. *The Principles of Political Economy*, considered with a view to their practical application, by T. R. Malthus, A. M. 8vo.

3. *Travels through Holland, Germany, and Part of France*, in 1819, with particular reference to their statistics, agriculture, and manufactures, by W. Jacob, Esq. F. R. S. 4to.

4. *Journals of two Expeditions behind the Blue Mountains, and into the Interior of New South Wales*, undertaken by order of the British government, in the years 1817-18, by John Oxley, Esq. surveyor-general of the territory, and lieutenant of the royal navy; with maps and views of the interior, or newly-discovered country, 4to.

5. *The Topography of Athens*, with some remarks on its antiquities, by Lieutenant-Colonel Leake, 8vo.

6. *On the Administration of Criminal Justice in England, and on the Spirit of the British Constitution*, by M. Cottu, one of the judges of the Royal Court of Paris, 8vo.

7. *Travels*, in 1816 and 1817, *thro' Nubia, Palestine, and Syria*, in a series of familiar letters to his relations, written on the spot, by Captain Mangles, R. N.; 2 vols. 8vo.

8. *Journal of a Tour in Greece, Egypt, and the Holy Land;* with excursions to the river Jordan, and along the banks of the Red Sea to Mount Sinai; by William Turner, Esq. Foreign Office, 3 vols. 8vo.

9. *A System of Mechanical Philosophy*, by the late John Robison, LL. D. Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University and Secretary to the Royal Society of Edinburgh: with notes and illustrations, comprising the most recent discoveries in the physical sciences, by D. Brewster, LL. D. F. R. S. E.; in 4 vols. 8vo. with numerous plates.

10. *History of the several Italian Schools of Painting*, with observations on the present state of the art, by J. T. James, M. A. author of Travels in Germany; 8vo.

Mr. C. P. Whitaker, formerly of the University of Göttingen, and author of the Modern French Grammar, is preparing an improved edition of Hamoniere's *French and English Dictionary*, which will be comprised in a portable volume, and printed on a bold and beautiful type.

Poetry.

THE HUNTER'S SONG OF THE SOUTH.

From a volume of MS. Poems by Mr. GEORGE RATHBONE.

Scene. A well-wooded valley in the vicinity of the Andes, South America.

(Time, *Morning.*)

AWAKE, awake! on the cedar boughs
The gleam of day is dawning,
And the leafy hills have girt their brows
With the fairy tints of morning;
The night star on the riv'let's breast
The crystal wave is drinking,
And twilight, in the misty west,
With the waning moon is sinking:
She tips with silver the condor's wing,
As he laves his beak in the cataract's spring;
But her wasted orb soon dies away,
Nor leaves a trace on the brow of day.

From seas beyond the guaver grove,
The ocean breeze is sweeping,
And around from cliff to cliff above,
The purply light is leaping;
The topaz's golden tints are spread
On every stream and fountain,
And the burnish'd ruby's garish red
Is fleckering on the mountain;
And bursting thro' a world of blue,
The thirsty sunbeam laps the dew;
And the grey-robed mists that roll away,
Give promise of a glorious day.

Our mettled bays are all abroad,
With curb and rein; beside them,
Our dogs are gambolling on the sward,
Or prowl for a scent to guide them:
O'er hills and dales, far, far away,
Lies our hunter's path of glory;
For the first that spears a foe this day,
His name shall live in story:
In leafy bower, at evening fall,
We'll crown him king of the hunter's hall;
Around his brow the bays we'll twine,
And pledge him deep in blood-red wine.

We care not, we, for road or bridge;
Shall hills or streams confound us?
No, we'll wind our horns on the alpine ridge,
Tho' the glaciers totter round us;
And though at bay, the growling foe
May rend each lance to shivers,
We've arms enow to bend the bow,
And spare darts in our quivers.
The boa climbs the cedar tree;
The leopard slinks to his sanctuary;
But we'll win a path thro' briar and thorn,
And rouse up the woods with the bugle-horn.

We'll strip the eagle's snowy wing,
To deck our gallant leader,
And range our native woods, to bring
A throne of mountain cedar.
No orient gems or pearls wants he,
Or robes of silky texture;
Let a panther's skin his mantle be,
And a hunter's spear his sceptre.
Away, away! not a cloud is in view,
But the Sun shines alone in his heaven of blue;
Our king shall be crown'd on coursing ground,
And his subjects shall all swear fealty round.

SORROW'S EXPOSTULATION.

Sure the heart may be sad, when the world's bitter pow'r
Has robb'd it of all that could sooth it to peace;
Sure affliction may then claim the sorrow-fraught hour,
'Till her heart-rending pangs, 'till her miseries cease!

Then reproach me not, give not my soul to despair,
By laughing at anguish you never have felt;
And believe, though I sigh, yet my Heaven-sent pray'r
Breathes no murmur, for Heaven these sorrows has dealt.

Friends lost—love neglected—health wasting away—
Want, aided by misery, claiming my all;
Are these to be borne, and the heart still be gay?
Are these to be felt, and the spirits not fall?

Vain, vain is the stoical system you boast:
Thy heart never felt, as did mine, these sad woes;
Or believe me, your smiles would have fled from their host,
And despair's icy tear ev'ry joy must have froze.

J. M. LACEY.

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