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ARTS, LITERATURE, FASHIONS,
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THE SECOND SERIES.

VOL. IX.

JANUARY 1, 1820.

N^o. XLIX.

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TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

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

We have received the continuation of The Generous Lover. We expect to hear further from the translator early in the next month.

Parisian Sketches are in our hands as far as No. VI. inclusive.

C. D. A.—has our thanks, but our poetical contributors are already sufficiently numerous.

Antiquarius probably in our next.

It is due to ourselves and to the public, in commencing a new Volume, to express our gratitude for the great success with which our exertions have been attended. To such as have been in the habit of reading the Repository, the mode in which we have obtained, and we may perhaps add without too great arrogance, deserved the patronage we have received, is well known; but to those who have not so constantly witnessed our labours, we may submit the following abstract of the Plates, merely, that have ornamented the two and twenty Volumes of our Old and New Series. Of themselves they will hand down to our successors a faithful representation of the customs, habits, fashions, and peculiarities of the day in which they were published.

LIST of PLATES in the Fourteen Volumes, First Series of the REPOSITORY, to the 1st Dec. 1814.

Fashions	168	Gothic Halls and Cottages	8
Exterior and Interior Views, principally in London	93	Monuments	3
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Carriages	2	Frontispieces	11
Pyne's Figures	20	Maps	9
Needle-work Patterns	40	14 Vols. contain coloured Plates	566

LIST of PLATES in the Eight Volumes, New Series of the REPOSITORY, to the 1st Dec. 1819.

Fashions	98	Cottages, Villas, and Ornamental Gardening	35
Views	34	Monuments	1
Furniture	29	Portraits	1
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Pictorial Cards	13	Frontispieces	8
Carriages	7	8 Vols. contain coloured Plates	303
Lithographic Subjects	7		
Needle-work Patterns	39		

The 22 Volumes of the Repository contain 869 Plates.

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HINTS ON ORNAMENTAL GARDENING.

(Continued from vol. VIII. p. 311.)

PLATE I.—A GARDEN-SEAT.

THIS design would furnish an elegant appendage to a flower-garden, as its parts are composed for the purpose of training foliage in a light and playful manner. The construction is very simple, consisting of oak pillars and iron rods, to form the arcades and trellises. The basket-like ornaments on the pillars might be either of light iron or of wicker-work, into which creepers could be trained, so as to fill them with a rich assemblage of natural and living flowers; or vines could be substituted, and so conducted as to appear to fill the baskets with their produce. An arcade of this kind being of considerable length, would have a good effect, either in a straight line bordering a parterre, or encompassing a circular or octagon arena of grass-plat and beds of flowers.

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As a garden-seat, perhaps the design could be improved by adding to it a light trellis roof or covering, sloping from the straight connecting rod above the arches, down to the wall or back of the recess; and this roof might be covered by foliage, thus affording protection from the sun.

In flower-gardens, it is usual to have an ornamental conservatory. If it be so placed as to permit this kind of erection on each side of it, so as to form ornamental approaches on its right and left, a beautiful perspective continuity would be afforded to the eye of the spectator; and the front view of the conservatory would also be greatly improved by it. The expense of this addition would be comparatively small, but the effect produced both striking and extensive.

B

MISCELLANIES.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE ADVISER.

Dear Mr. ADVISER,

I EXPECT every day that a young gentleman, who visits at our house, and is very attentive to me, will ask my leave to apply to papa for my hand. My friend, Miss Patty Precise, thinks so too; but she says I should act very indelicately in giving him any encouragement for some years to come at least, because no young lady who possessed a proper share of reserve ever said *Yes*, till after she had a thousand times said *No*. Now, good Mr. Adviser, this perplexes me terribly. I never could tell a fib with a good grace in my life; and as my lover knows how sincere I am, he might take me at my word, which would be terribly provoking, for I do mean to have him at last. But even if he did not, such a long time must elapse according to my friend's slow way of proceeding, that I should be quite an old maid before I was married, for I am almost sixteen now. Do pray, sir, inform me whether I may not as well tell the truth, and say *Yes* at once; and, for goodness sake! be quick in your answer, for fear he should put the question before I receive it. Your obedient servant,
HARRIET HASTY.

This is a difficult case for an old bachelor to give advice in. I, like my fair correspondent, have a great reverence for truth, and I am not sufficiently versed in female punctilios, to tell how far it may be actually necessary to violate it on

these occasions, in conformity to the rules of *etiquette*. I think that Miss Hasty had better adopt a middle course, and remain silent when her lover makes his intended application: if he has any spirit, he will ask no other reply.

TO THE ADVISER.

SIR,

I wish you would bestow a little advice upon your married readers, respecting their behaviour to each other in company. I am sure we single folks are often enough embarrassed by the extremes of fondness and ill-nature, which they are too apt to fall into. It is difficult to say which is the least supportable to the rest of the company; because, in either case, the husband and wife seem to forget that all present have a right to share in the conversation, and they generally engross the whole of it. If they belong to the discontented part of Hymen's votaries, their replies and rejoinders are of so acrimonious a nature, that no person of common good-nature can listen to them without pain; and if they happen to be turtles, Heaven bless the female part of their visitors, for they have little chance to escape being put to the blush.

These observations have occurred to me from the behaviour of two married couples whom I lately visited. An account of their conduct to each other will perhaps serve to illustrate the truth of my remarks. Mrs. Billmore was my

schoolfellow, and has been about a year married. We had not met since we were girls till a few days ago, when she invited me to dinner, to introduce me to her husband, with whom, she said, she was sure I should be charmed. When I arrived at her house, I found her in a state of considerable alarm, because it was ten minutes past their usual dinner hour, and Mr. Billmore was not come home.— Though I considered her fears rather unreasonable, I did all I could to sooth them; but as nearly half an hour passed without his arriving, she threw herself into a state of hysterical agitation, which alarmed me very much. At last a thundering knock announced the approach of the dear truant: he entered the drawing-room, accompanied by another gentleman, just as his wife was wiping away her tears; and finding they had been caused by fears for his safety, he spent a considerable time in soothing, caressing, and eulogizing her exquisite sensibility; and so fond was he of the darling theme, that he pursued it for some minutes after he was told dinner was upon the table. At last we rose to go to the dining-room, and then she recollected that she had not introduced me to her husband or his friend. The former received me with great warmth; declared, that, as the cherished object of his Harriet's affections, I must become dear to him, and very gallantly led me to the dining-table, where, as soon as he was seated, he completely forgot, that, as the master of the house, he owed some attention to his guests; for he left us to entertain ourselves as well as we could, while he occu-

pied himself wholly with his lady. There was no other company than the gentleman I have mentioned and myself. He seemed to be so excessively amused with the scene which passed during dinner, that he scarcely spoke to me; indeed he had very little opportunity, for the fond pair talked of and to one another incessantly. They sometimes appealed to me, but they never suffered me to get further than a monosyllable in reply. At last, when I was in hopes that I should have made my escape with Mrs. Billmore to the drawing-room, her husband gallantly proposed that we should adopt the French fashion of the ladies and gentlemen remaining together after dinner: his friend assented, and I was compelled to do penance till coffee was brought, when I took my leave, so surfeited with tender epithets, that I do not know when I shall be able to bear the sound of *my love* or *my dear* again.

A few days afterwards I dined with a small party at Mr. Wormwood's. The company were well-bred pleasant people, who seemed disposed to enjoy themselves, but our host and his mate, who had I suppose been pecking at one another before dinner, were no sooner seated than they began to vent their discontent. The gentleman found out that there was nothing fit for his guests to eat, which he was sorry for, but not surprised at, because at his table it was seldom otherwise. The lady immediately took fire. Some people were such complete *gourmands*, that it was almost impossible to please their palates; but as she was sure that was not the case with her friends, she

really thought they might contrive to make a dinner. Every body, of course, took her side of the question, and Mr. Wormwood was for a moment silenced; but he speedily renewed the attack. A lady near him happened to be dressed in poplin, which gave him room to descant on her good sense and good taste in wearing the manufactures of our own country, and to condemn with great bitterness those women who never fancied themselves dressed without they were loaded with foreign frippery. This speech was evidently aimed at his wife, who replied bitterly enough, that she did not see any more harm in wearing French silks than in keeping French cooks; and that a lady might dress herself in the produce of foreign looms without worrying every body to death, as those people did who could not make a dinner, because it was not dressed in exact conformity to the rules laid down in *L'Almanach Gourmand*. The gentleman answered this attack upon his ruling passion in the most provoking manner; and the altercation continued, to the serious annoyance of all the company, till the ladies rose to retire from table.

Now, Mr. Adviser, as these matrimonial duets are particularly disagreeable to single people, because they can neither sympathize with the raptures nor the vexations of their shackled acquaintance, I wish you would dedicate an Adviser to the purpose of persuading married folks to love and hate with decency; to remember the counsel of the poet,

"Secrets of marriage should be sacred held;"
and not to be perpetually obtruding their bliss or their misery upon their acquaintance; for they may rest assured, that by so doing, instead of exciting envy or pity, they are always sure to create weariness or contempt, and often disgust. I am, sir, your obedient servant,

MARIA MEDIUM.

I consider this letter quite as much to the purpose as any thing I can say upon the subject: I have, therefore, inserted it; and I do hereby authorize all my readers, whether married or single, who may chance to associate with such people as the Billmores or Wormwoods, as soon as they perceive the said Billmores or Wormwoods lose sight of propriety and good manners, either by complimenting or reproaching each other, to quit their company immediately, and without the least ceremony; or if the said Billmores or Wormwoods happen to be their guests, they must desire them to withdraw directly: And for this deviation from the usual forms of civility, my present ordinance shall be good and sufficient authority; provided always, that the parties putting it in force, if they are or have been married, shall be able to prove satisfactorily, that they have never offended in the like manner themselves.

Given under my hand, in the third year of my office as Adviser-General of the United Kingdom of Great Britain,

SOLOMON SAGEPHIZ.

PARISIAN SKETCHES.

No. III.

A CITY BALL.

Ils se cotisent entre eux pour acheter un ridicule.

“WHAT! an invitation to a ball for me?”—“Yes, sir.”—“Upon my word, Andrew, such a message appears very like a hoax.”—“And pray, sir, for what reason?”—“Why, Andrew, I do not think that my grey hairs are particularly well suited to a ball-room.”—“But, sir, now-a-days people dance at all ages, and, as the old song says, ‘You have still ear enough to keep time.’”—“You are mistaken, my good friend; old age has brought on no trifling degree of deafness.”—“Well, sir, at least it has not brought on blindness.”—“I am sometimes sorry for it. It seems to me, however, that, in a company consisting chiefly of women, there is no small pleasure in using one’s eyes. That very pleasure increases the regret of one who cannot conceal from himself that his youth is past. The sight of a pretty woman is not without danger for a man whose heart has retained all its youthful feelings. I have often been compelled to regret, that time, when multiplying the wrinkles on my forehead, had not a little dimmed my sight: it is cruelty to be forced to see at sixty with the eyes of twenty-five.”—“Well, I am glad I do not think as you do: for my part, I love every thing that makes me fancy myself young again; and, to say the truth, I had promised myself much pleasure in attending you to M. and Madame Labobinière’s.”—“Well, do not grieve, Andrew, I will go there.”—

“You will?”—“Yes; but I should not be sorry to know the reason of this attention from persons with whom I do not keep up the least acquaintance.”—“As to that matter, sir, I will satisfy your curiosity.

“M. Labobinière, who has only within these few months resided in this part of Paris, is a man who entered the world with more money than wit, and married a woman who had less fortune than vanity: chance, more than love, brought together these two persons, who have committed a thousand follies since their union. The husband has been long the prey of projectors and speculators; every mountebank has discovered the art of worming himself into his confidence; but from a remnant of honour or conscience, difficult to explain, they have respected his integrity, and instead of making him an accomplice in their frauds, have satisfied themselves with making him their dupe—a kind of honour which they have done him very frequently.

“The fortune of M. Labobinière, though large, has been unequal to support these repeated drains upon it. The failure of one scheme could not prevent him from entering blindly into another; and no experience of the treachery of his associates could put him on his guard against the roguery of new adventurers. Deaf to the remonstrances of his friends, who incessantly endeavoured to set be-

fore his eyes the gulf which was ready to open beneath his feet, he seemed determined to try all the paths that could lead to his ruin. You will find his name in almost every speculation which has failed during the last twenty years. At present, when his means no longer permit him to subscribe his money to fresh projects, he associates himself in his imagination with every establishment that is formed. He takes the greatest interest in their fortunes, calculates the chances with nicety, and seldom fails to predict their infallible success a few days previous to their bankruptcy.

"Instead of opposing the follies of her husband, the vanity of Madame Labobinière only served to encourage them: sharing his delusive hopes and his credulity, she regulated her manners according to the visionary results of his mad enterprises. Never dreaming that the event could prove contrary to her wishes, she always anticipated the favours of Fortune, and when an unexpected reverse totally overthrew the frail edifice her imagination had reared, she constantly consoled herself, by transferring her hopes to schemes more certain of success in her idea, and which sooner or later equally disappointed her expectations.

"The immense concerns in which M. Labobinière was interested, have obliged him successively to dispose of his hotel in the rue Taranne, his two farms in La Brie, his house in the fauxbourg St. Germain, and of his carriages and horses, the last privation so which his wife would consent, the only one which cost her a single

sigh. Desirous of still preserving the appearance of wealth, she has come to reside *au Marais*, where she has hired magnificent apartments, the furnishing of which she intends to complete in the spring.

"M. Labobinière has one daughter, about whose establishment he never gave himself the least concern during his prosperous days, persuaded that sons-in-law would offer themselves by dozens, and consider themselves but too fortunate in being able to gain admission into his family. Since, however, Mademoiselle Agatha has no longer been considered as an advantageous match, her parents have begun to entertain some doubts as to the facility of getting her off: to-morrow a ball is therefore intended for the twofold purpose of procuring for Monsieur and Madame Labobinière the acquaintance of some of their neighbours, of whose esteem they are desirous, and of establishing among the beaux a kind of competition, of which the hand of Mademoiselle Agatha is to be the reward."—"They then in fact give a ball to catch a son-in-law?"—"Exactly, sir, as you say, to catch: this is mamma's invention, and she reckons, as usual, confidently upon the success of her plans. They have spared no expense, they have laid under contribution—but I must hold my tongue, it is a secret. In short, however, the fête will be superb."—I had no particular wish to discover the mighty secret of which Andrew thought proper to make such a mystery, and I put an end to a conversation which I have given literally for the amusement of my readers.

“Did not I tell you so, sir?” said Andrew to me, the next evening, as we were crossing the front court of the house of Monsieur Labobinière: “you might imagine you were entering the palace of a nobleman. These clusters of lamps at every avenue leading to the hotel—this regiment of servants, enlisted for the evening, for whom, however, they have omitted to provide a similar livery; all this is intended to give an impression of the large fortune of our neighbour!” Ascending the staircase leading to their apartments, my attention was arrested by the appearance of two beautiful orange-trees in pots, which I fancied to be old acquaintances of mine. I stopped, and was attentively examining them, to ascertain the truth of my suspicions, when Andrew, who was close behind, said in a half whisper, “What are you about, sir? Here, as well as at the opera balls, are many masks, which you must not examine too minutely.” I could not help smiling at his observation, and began to have some faint idea of the reason for the obliging invitation of my hosts.

Dancing had already commenced; Madame Labobinière, to whom I was announced after the first country dances, introduced me to her husband, then to the rest of the company, and I was obliged to endure the compliments of the greater part, who being strangers, took me for a friend of the family. Mademoiselle Agatha, a pretty little girl, and to appearance tolerably well educated, submitted with resignation to the ceremony of a respectful salute, with which I concluded some flattering speeches addressed to her mother.

The heroine of the fête was nineteen years of age, by no means deficient in understanding or elegance, although her figure a little inclining to *en-bou-point* made her otherwise short stature appear still less. Her parents, after having long nourished the hope of their fortune procuring them a noble son-in-law, had ended by persuading themselves that her talents could not fail to ensure her a young and wealthy husband. Maternal love, however, does not always form the most correct judgment.

The spacious and lofty saloons were decorated with much taste; an air of magnificence was every where discernible; the only thing to be regretted was, that the furniture did not exactly correspond with the draperies. Madame Labobinière contrived to shew off her daughter with admirable ingenuity. Two young men, whose parents, wealthy inhabitants of the *chaussée d'Antin*, had not been able to attend the fête, were more particularly the objects of her attention. Her maternal anxiety never permitted them to rest for a single moment. First they were engaged to walk a minuet; then to dance a gavotte with her daughter, whose lightness and elegance, like a good mother, she praised to the skies; and when one of these gentlemen had made choice of another partner, she placed Mademoiselle Agatha opposite, or else standing behind her whom she denominated the rival of her daughter, and within hearing of her partner, by means of comparisons, the justice of which might often have been disputed, she contrived to exalt the one by invidiously detracting from the merits of the other.

Whilst the remainder of the company were resting from their fatigues, Madame Labobinière seemed to redouble her exertions. Always active and attentive, she anticipated the wishes of every one. Teas, soups, and pastry flew about at her command, to quench the thirst or please the palates of the dancers. By that forgetfulness, which is an essential qualification for a woman of fashion, the names of Champagne and Lafleur, Martin and Labrie, were applied to the same footman, who divining the intention of his mistress, answered equally to all.

The company consisted of a crowd of people, the greater part of whom were entire strangers to each other. Monsieur Labobinière called them all his friends; a civility wholly lost upon them, for they found fault with the decorations of the rooms, criticized the character of the master, the follies of the mistress, and the affectation of the daughter, with a severity which savoured more of malice than friendship. "You here?" said a fat man who had just been overwhelming Madame Labobinière with compliments, to a little counsellor who had been expatiating in her hearing upon the "delightful evening he had spent.—"What would you have?" replied the latter: "one must go somewhere; besides, the only reason which induced me to throw away an evening here, was the hopes of meeting ——" He lowered his voice, but his glance was directed to a young lady who during the evening had been lavish of her smiles on him.

I shall pass over in silence the observations of an elderly lady,

who never ceased blaming the extravagance of Mons. Labobinière, and remarking that the supper hour was extremely late; nor will I mention the names of some of the guests who refused either to play or dance, but never failed to take their share of the refreshments handed to the company at the end of every country dance. I saw, however, with pleasure, that the greater part of the young people, ignorant or careless of the criticism of their sager parents, gave themselves up to the pleasures of the evening; it was scarcely possible to see their hilarity without feeling a desire of following their example, and more than once I surprised myself involuntarily imitating in my corner the steps they were dancing in the middle of the saloon.

At three o'clock in the morning, we adjourned to the supper-room. A table was spread for sixty persons with every luxury, both hot and cold. The ladies sat down, and some of the more favoured beaux were admitted to the honour of being placed by their side. I shared this favour, being seated close to the two youths from the *chaussée d'Antin*. A profound silence prevailed for some moments, which was broken by the noise of the fall of some pieces of plate. The mistress of the house bore the accident with perfect calmness, but one of her female friends took up the business for her, and with great warmth scolded the servant who had been guilty of such awkwardness. We laughed, drank, and sang. One of the guests, who had been particularly loud in his remarks on the folly of the

whole evening's scheme, proposed the health of the master of the house, who expressed his immense gratitude for the honour done him. Madame Labobinière, whose presence of mind never failed her in the most minute particulars, had placed her daughter opposite the two young men of fortune before mentioned. Miss Agatha, at the dessert, had an opportunity of displaying an excellent voice, but rather deficient in science: she sang "Les plaisirs du ménage," a pretty-song, but to which she evidently did not know how to give the right expression. Madame Labobinière did not lose the opportunity of noticing this inexperience.

The young people had now rested themselves, and the musicians

taken fresh courage from some bottles of foreign wine which had suddenly disappeared from the table: the latter returned to their post, and the ball recommencing, I retired unperceived. In the morning, Andrew, who had busily collected all the news of the neighbourhood, informed me, that an arm-chair spoiled, a velvet cover lost, and a china vase broken, had set Madame Labobinière and her best friends at variance: to heighten these misfortunes, this very ball, which had cost so much expense, and so much useless and unrewarded trouble, had been the means of procuring a husband for almost every young and pretty girl, except her own daughter.

LETITIA LOVEMODE'S LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

IT does not signify, Mr. Editor; flesh and blood, at least female flesh and blood, can bear your conduct no longer. Pray, sir, what business have you to be poking about the flounces of our petticoats? Can't your gravityship find employment more worthy of your wisdom, than descanting upon the profusion of our trimmings, or measuring the height of our bonnets? Is it not a most abominable thing, that our dress, from head to foot, must be under your *surveillance*? Yes, sir, I repeat, from head to foot; for I remember, a little while ago you spitefully said, that even our very shoe-strings were French. But, sir, I see your object, and you may rest assured, I will do my possible to defeat your plan. You want to introduce a radical reform in
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the empire of Fashion; and I dare say, that if you could succeed in subverting the present order of modes, anarchy and confusion would ensue; for I would lay any wager, that you have no regular, well-digested code of fashions, to present in the room of those you are in such haste to abolish.

But, sir, you may as well give your project up, for there is not the least probability that it will ever succeed. No, thank Heaven! we have still the spirit of freeborn Englishwomen, and we will rather die than yield an inch of the only privilege you male tyrants have left us—that of dressing in whatever manner we please.

I have no doubt, that if I had time to search among musty historians, I could prove, that this privilege

of ours is of much more ancient date than the boasted Magna Charta, which you make such a pother about; and that from the time when our female ancestors, the Picts, settled in full council what was to be considered most fashionable in the painted figures of suns, moons, stars, trees, ships, &c. &c. &c. with which they ornamented their fair skins, down to the present day, the ladies of Great Britain have always enjoyed it unmolested.

Nothing can be easier than to prove, that of late years we make the most moderate use imaginable of our prerogative; for pray, good Mr. Censor, what are our large bonnets, short waists, and flounced petticoats, compared to the buckram stays, immense ruffs, huge farthingales, and flaunting head-tires of Elizabeth's day? and cocked hats, or the riding-habits so completely anti-feminine, and the immense hoops, which provoked the spleen of Addison in Anne's reign? But perhaps you will say, for I know you will enter a caveat against me if you can, that we stretched our prerogative to an extreme in those days, because we were aided and abetted by the two female sovereigns I have named.

I am prepared, sir, to refute this objection; for a mere glance at our attire during the early part of his present Majesty's reign, will prove that we have gone as great length in his time, as we ever did before. Had not we fly-caps and Lunardi bonnets? Were not our handkerchiefs at one time ballooned, that is, stuck out in front more than half a yard from our bosoms; while at another time,

we dispensed with any handkerchief at all? Was not our hair dressed so as to form a superstructure of extravagant height, by the Lord knows how many tiers of curls, cemented in proper form by a mass of powder and pomatum? Were not the heels of our shoes so high, that we appeared to be mounted upon stilts? and were not our trimmings peaked, to resemble a shroud?

These, sir, are facts, the truth of which you cannot have the hardihood to deny; and after all this, are you not ashamed of yourself to decry the present fashions? I declare my indignation rises to such a height when I consider your conduct, that I could find in my heart to bring an action against you, for a libel on the good taste and good sense of the ladies of Great Britain; and I am certain, that if the jury were composed of married men whose wives had a proper spirit, you would be found guilty. I observe, indeed, that you shelter yourself under various names; but I suspect that your sly Sir James, and your P's and Q's, are one and the same person, and that that person is yourself.

But even if it be otherwise, which by the way I never will believe, I think I should still have a claw upon you, for the insertion of the libel; and I protest, if you do not in your very next number unsay all you have ever said against us, I will buy a set of law books directly, and try whether I can't find in them a precedent for prosecuting you.

Perhaps you may think that my zeal for the cause of the sex will cool, and that I shall give up the

design of punishing you; but, sir, I have private injuries as well as public wrongs to redress. My mother, a grave, reflecting, reading lady, forgetting that she herself has been, I dare say, in her youthful days, as fond of the fashions as anybody, takes your part violently against me, and has for ever in her mouth some of what she calls your sensible observations; and what is even worse than that, a gentleman whom I did intend to honour with my hand, has shewn me,

by his approbation of what he is pleased to call your well merited and elegantly expressed censures, that he is too indocile an animal to be converted into a husband.

Thus, sir, you see what cause you have given me for anger, and if you have the least candour, you must allow, that it is sufficient to rouse the spirit of patient Grizzle herself, if she could be resuscitated. Hasten then to appease my ire, or expect to feel the vengeance of

LETITIA LOVEMODE.

SINGULAR CASE OF INVOLUNTARY DANCING.

IN the seventh volume of the Transactions of the Medico-Chirurgical Society of London, there is a communication by Mr. Kinder Wood, surgeon, respecting a malady of so peculiar a nature, that a short abstract of its symptoms may be as instructing to the common as to the medical reader. It is considered as a very peculiar form of the malady *chorea Sancti Viti*, or St. Vitus's dance. It appears to me, that it may more properly be considered as a form of *tarantism*, or of that peculiar disease supposed to be occasioned by the bite of the tarantula. To the same class probably belongs the louping (leaping) disease, to which the inhabitants of the county of Forfar are liable. The phenomena of that malady are very curious, and would deserve more elucidation than they have yet obtained from medical observers.

ALICE WHITWORTH, a married woman, aged twenty-two, residing near Oldham, on the 21st of February, 1815, consulted Mr. Wood on a case of severe pains shooting

through the right side of her head. She was relieved by an opiate liniment; but on the 24th was affected by a violent agitation of the muscles, which was succeeded by involuntary motions of the right leg and arm, accompanied by beating with her feet. These movements continued for three hours, after which she became easier, and passed a quiet night. On the 25th the affection returned, and continued through the day for two hours at a time, with intervals of an hour. On the 26th the symptoms became more violent; she flew into every corner of the room, striking violently with her hand the furniture and doors, the sound of which appeared to afford her great satisfaction. On the 27th the violence of the symptoms still increased, and we shall now describe them in Mr. Wood's own words:

"She now struck the furniture more violently, and more repeatedly, kneeling on one knee; with the hands upon the back, she afterwards sprung up suddenly, and struck the top of the room with the

palm of the hand. To do this, she rose fifteen inches from the floor, so that the family were under the necessity of drawing all the nails and hooks from the ceiling. She frequently danced upon one leg, holding the other with the hand, and occasionally changing the legs. In the evening, the family observed the blows upon the furniture to be more continuous, and to assume the regular time and measure of a musical air. As a strain or series of strokes was concluded, she ended with a more violent stroke, or a more violent spring or jump. Several of her friends also at this time noticed the regular measure of the strokes, and the greater regularity the disease was assuming; the motions being regularly affected, or in some measure modified, by the strokes upon the surrounding bodies. She chiefly struck a small slender door, the top of a chest of drawers, the clock, a table, or a wooden screen placed near the door. The affection ceased about nine o'clock, when the patient went to bed.

"February 28, she arose very well at eight. At half-past nine the motions recommenced: they were now of a more pleasant nature; the involuntary actions, instead of possessing their former irregularity and violence, being changed into a measured step over the room, connected with an air or series of strokes, and the beat upon the adjacent bodies as she passed them. In the commencement of the attack, the lips moved as if words were articulated, but no sound could be distinguished at this period. It was curious indeed to observe the patient at this time

moving round the room with all the vivacity of the country dance, or the graver step of the minuet, the arms frequently carried not merely with ease, but with grace. Occasionally all the steps were so directed as to place the foot constantly where the stone flags joined to form the floor, particularly when she looked downwards. When she looked upwards, there was an irresistible impulse to spring up to touch little holes or spots in the top of the ceiling; when she looked around, she had a similar propensity to dart the fore-finger into little holes in the furniture, &c. One hole in the wooden screen received the point of the fore-finger many hundred times, which was suddenly and involuntarily darted into it with an amazing rapidity and precision. There was one particular part of the wall to which she frequently danced, and there placing herself with the back to it, stood two or three minutes. This, by the family, was called *the measuring-place*.

"In the afternoon the motions returned, and proceeded much as in the morning. At this time a person present, surprised with the manner in which she beat upon the doors, &c. and thinking he recognised the air, without further ceremony began to sing the tune: the moment this struck her ears, she suddenly turned to the man, and dancing directly up to him, continued doing so till he was out of breath. The man now ceased a short time, when, commencing again, he continued till the attack stopped. The night before this, her father had mentioned his wish to procure a drum, associating this

dance of his daughter with some ideas of music. The avidity with which she danced to the tune when sung as above stated, confirmed this wish, and accordingly a drum and fife were procured in the evening. After two hours of rest, the motions again reappeared, when the drum and fife began to play the air to which she had danced before, viz. *The Protestant Boys*, a favourite popular air in this neighbourhood. In whatever part of the room she happened to be, she immediately turned and danced up to the drum, and as close as possible to it; and there she danced till she missed the step, when the involuntary motions instantly ceased. The first time she missed the step in five minutes, but again rose and danced to the drum two minutes and a half by her father's watch, when, missing the step, the motions instantly ceased. After this the drum and fife commenced as the involuntary actions were coming on, and before she rose from her seat; and four times they completely checked the progress of the attack, so that she did not rise upon the floor to dance. At this period the affection ceased for the evening.

"March 1, she arose very well at half-past seven. Upon my visit this morning, the circumstances of the preceding afternoon being stated, it appeared clear to me that the attacks had been shortened.

"As I wished to see the effect of the instrument over the disease, I was sent for at noon, when I found her dancing to the drum, which she continued to do for half an hour without missing the step, owing to the slowness of the movement. As

I sat counting the pulse, which I found to be 120 in the short interval of an attack, I noticed motions of the lips previous to the commencement of the dance, and placing my ear near the mouth, I distinguished a tune. After the attack, of which this was the beginning, she informed me, in answer to my inquiry, that there was always a tune dwelling upon her mind, which at times becoming more pressing, irresistibly impelled her to commence the involuntary motions. The motion ceased at four o'clock.

"At half-past seven the motions commenced again, when I was sent for. There were two drummers present, and an unbraced drum was beaten till the other was braced. She danced regularly to the unbraced drum, but the moment the other commenced she instantly ceased. As missing the time stopped the affections, I wished the measure to be changed during the dance; which stopped the attack. It also ceased upon increasing the rapidity of the beat, till she could no longer keep time; and it was truly surprising to see the rapidity and violence of the muscular exertion, in order to keep time with the increasing movement of the instrument. Five times I saw her sit down the same evening at the instant that she was unable to keep the measure; and in consequence of this, I desired the drummers to beat one continued roll, instead of a regular movement. She arose, and danced five minutes, when both drums beat a continued roll: the motions instantly stopped, and the patient sat down. In a few minutes, the motions commencing

again, she was suffered to dance five minutes, when the drums again began to roll, the effect of which was instantaneous: the motions ceased, and the patient sat down. In a few minutes the same was repeated, with the same effect. It appeared certain that the attacks could now be stopped in an instant, and I was desirous of arresting them entirely, and breaking the chain of irregular associations which constituted the disease. As the motions at this period always commenced in the fingers, and propagated themselves along the upper extremities to the trunk, I desired the drummers, when the patient arose to dance, to watch the commencement of the attack, and roll the drums before she arose from the chair. Six times successively the patient was hindered from rising, by attending to the commencement of the affection; and before leaving the house, I desired the family to attend to the commencement of the attacks, and use the drum early.

“March 2, she arose at seven o'clock, and the motions commenced at ten. She danced twice before the drummer was prepared, after which she attempted to dance again four several times, but one roll of a well-braced drum hindered the patient from leaving her seat, after which the attacks did not recur. She was left weakly and fatigued by the disease, but with a good appetite. In the evening of this day an eruption appeared, particularly about the elbows, in diffused patches of a bright red colour, which went off on the third day.

“This woman, previously to her

complaint, could never dance even a country dance, and yet I saw her execute steps which could not be taught without difficulty. At times she would rise upon her toes, and move forwards alternately each heel into the hollow of the opposite foot; at other times poising the body upon one foot, with the heel raised, she would beat time with the toe and heel of the other.

“In this case there was no wandering of the intellect, either during the paroxysm or in its absence. The perception and judgment were accurate and just, and all questions were answered correctly. During the intermission she did many household affairs, nursed her child, &c. &c. although the troublesome curiosity of her numberless visitors undoubtedly disturbed her ease. There was a constant wish to recover, a just knowledge of her situation, and of the advantage she received from the agency of the instrument, with an anxious desire to continue its use.

“This disease appears to have consisted in a highly irritable state of the mind, with which the organs of voluntary motion became associated; and the cure was effected by interrupting this irregular association. It is probable, that the noise of the instrument in a room scarcely six yards square was very advantageous, by interrupting the chain of musical ideas impressed upon the highly excited mind, and re-establishing the ordinary relation of the mental operations with external things. The voluntary muscles also early associated themselves with the instrument, as was shewn by the instant cessation of their unnatural actions

when the time could no longer be kept."

She continued free from any attack for six weeks, but in April began to be affected with agitations in the muscles of the face, particularly the eyes and eyelids. She recovered, however; but in May was repeatedly seized with affec-

tions similar to those which occurred in the first attack. They were always removed by the drum, which she at length began to beat herself. After some repetitions of attacks, on the 2d of August she recovered entirely, and has continued perfectly well ever since.

THE NARRATIVE OF DE COURCI.

Mr. EDITOR,

As I was sitting the other day with an old friend, who was arranging some papers, I observed a packet labelled "De Courci's Narrative." As the name happened to be that of a family with whom I am acquainted, I inquired if the papers related to them.—"No," replied my friend; "they contain a singular story, which fell into my hands by accident more than thirty years ago. If you like, you may peruse them." The narrative appeared to me interesting. I have prefaced it by my friend's account of the manner in which he became possessed of it; and if, Mr. Editor, you have a spare corner in your elegant Miscellany, and think the tale worthy of insertion, you will, by giving it a place, oblige your very humble servant,

H.

INTRODUCTION.

BUSINESS carried me to France at the latter end of the year 1788, and a heavy fall of snow obliged me to stop at an obscure village in my way to Paris. "Have you any company in the house?" said I to the landlord of the little inn where I put up.—"Only one gentleman, sir," replied he, "who has been

detained here by illness for the last ten days." I inquired whether he was a Frenchman, and what was his complaint. To the first question my host replied in the affirmative, but he was ignorant of the nature of the stranger's disorder: all he knew was, that monsieur seemed very ill, never quitted his room, and seldom his bed; he had no medical advice, and the woman who nursed him thought he could not live many days longer. It was evident from this account, that the situation of the poor invalid was a forlorn one indeed: it was true, the host said he had money, but how little could that compensate for the want of the soothing attentions of friendship! "Possibly," thought I, "I may be able to be of some service to him;" and the next morning I sent to inform him, that an English traveller, who was proceeding to Paris, begged to know if he could do any thing for him in that city. The servant returned with the stranger's thanks, and a request to see me. I went immediately to his apartment, and no sooner had I cast my eyes upon him, than my compassion was heightened into the liveliest interest. He received me sitting up in his bed: he appeared to be but little

past the middle of life, and his features were still fine; but the deep and hopeless dejection of his aspect, the lustreless appearance of his dark eye, and the grey hairs which prematurely mingled with his ebon locks, shewed that sorrow, rather than disease, was rapidly conducting him to the tomb.

He addressed me in English, and thanked me with the graceful courtesy of his nation for my offered services. "I would wish, sir," continued he, "to have a letter conveyed to a person in England after my decease; and if you will favour me with your address, this letter can be forwarded to you in Paris. Will you promise me to inclose it to him in a few lines from yourself, for I wish to spare him the shock of knowing too suddenly what has happened?"

I readily promised to comply with his desire, if it should become necessary. "But, my dear sir," continued I, "hope is not yet lost; medical aid may still save you."

"No," replied he, calmly, "I am past all human aid: well is it for me that I am, for life would to me be a punishment indeed." I tried to answer, to say something consolatory, but in spite of myself the words stuck in my throat. He saw my emotion. "Good and feeling youth," cried he, "I distress you; but I am not worthy of your sympathy." His tremulous tone shewed how much he was affected; and fearing to increase his illness, I quitted him with a promise to see him again before I departed.

The interest which the stranger excited was so strong, that I resolved to remain with him for a few days; and in the evening I re-

turned to his apartment, to announce my determination. His countenance assumed for a moment an appearance of pleasure, and he replied, "I owe already many obligations to those of your nation." I remained with him some hours: we conversed on various subjects; I found him full of information, liberal in his ideas, and of manners so bland and amiable, that the interest I felt for him hourly increased. In short, I determined to remain with him to the last, and by the end of the week it was evident that he had not many days to live. One evening, as I sat by his bedside, he drew from under his pillow a small packet, which he presented to me. "Read this, my dear friend," said he, "when I am no more; it is a narrative of my crimes and my misfortunes: may Heaven forbid that you should ever have need of the lesson it contains!" Two days afterwards he breathed his last in my arms. I saw his remains committed to the earth; and while my tears fell for his untimely fate, I trusted in the mercy of Heaven, that his deep and sincere repentance was accepted as an atonement for his faults.

THE NARRATIVE.

I entered into life with fortunate prospects; my birth was noble; I was moderately rich, and I possessed some advantages both of person and talents; but I was naturally proud and self-willed. A good education might have corrected these defects, but the dotting fondness of my parents suffered them to become so rooted, that, even at an early age, opposition to my purpose only served to sti-

mate me in the pursuit of it. I lost both my parents before I had attained my twenty-first year. An uncle, who knew the defects of my temper, thought to prevent the bad consequences which might ensue from my being left at so early a period my own master, by uniting me to an amiable girl something younger than myself. He knew my temper too well to propose the union, but he brought us together. I soon became captivated with her charms. She was an orphan, and under my uncle's guardianship, so that I obtained her hand without difficulty: we were married, and during some time I enjoyed a felicity equally pure and transcendent.

The first interruption to my happiness arose from an acquaintance having imprudently magnified to my wife a slight loss which I had sustained at play. She spoke to me about it, and endeavoured, but with the utmost gentleness, to dissuade me from a pursuit, which might one day prove fatal. This remonstrance appeared in my eyes an insult. I replied haughtily, that I did not want instructions for my conduct; and from mere opposition I continued to play, till what was at first an amusement, which I could have relinquished without pain, became, from habit, a passion. I was seldom at home, paid my wife very little attention, and grew at last indifferent to every pursuit but that of gaming.

My poor Hortense saw this change with anguish, but afraid to remonstrate, she confined her sorrow to her own breast, till an event took place, which gave her, as she hoped, a prospect of regaining my

affections. This was her pregnancy, which happened in the second year of our marriage. When she first communicated the intelligence to me, my heart was filled with rapture; I reproached myself for my neglect of her, and resolved to atone for it by unremitting tenderness in future. But, alas! the habit of gaming had now taken such a hold of my heart, that I struggled in vain to shake it off. I restrained myself, however, in some degree till the birth of my child; but as Hortense resolved to suckle it herself, I seized the opportunity which this gave me to absent myself from home, and I returned with redoubled avidity to the gaming-table.

For more than five years after the birth of my child, I played with various success; at the end of that time Fortune declared against me, and, after several vicissitudes, I was completely ruined. For some time prior to this event, I had avoided the society of my wife as much as possible. Love for her child had given her courage to renew her remonstrances, and though I treated them with contempt, I was too sensible of their truth to expose myself to hear them. Now, however, I determined to see her, to bid her an eternal farewell, and to fly from France for ever.

A few days before the consummation of my ruin, a friend of Hortense's had left in her care a casket of valuable jewels. My wife deposited them in a cabinet in her chamber, and I happened to be present at the time. When I returned home, I went into her apartment; the first thing that caught my eye was the cabinet which contained the jewels: at that

moment the dreadful idea struck me, that, by possessing myself of them, I might yet retrieve my losses; and with the quickness of a maniac, I broke the lock of the cabinet, seized the casket, and instantly hastened back to the gaming-table. A single throw decided my fate; the jewels were lost, and my honour for ever forfeited. All the horrors of my situation rushed upon me in that dreadful moment. One way only presented itself to avoid public ignominy, and that was suicide. I quitted the gaming-house with the intention of putting an immediate end to my existence, but as I descended the steps, my arm was grasped by a female so muffled up, that but for her voice I should not have recognised my wife. "For the love of Heaven!" said she, in a tone of agony, "have mercy on me and on yourself! give me back the jewels."—A groan was my only reply.—"Gracious Providence," cried Hortense, "my fears were then too just! you have lost them." At these words I struggled to burst from her, but love endued her with supernatural strength; she firmly kept her hold, nor quitted me till she had extorted a solemn oath, that I would make no attempt upon my life.

"All," cried this angel of peace and forgiveness, "all may yet be retrieved. Your uncle possesses the means of saving your honour: no doubt he will do it at any sacrifice. Fly then to England, where I will join you the moment this unhappy affair is settled; and, oh! be careful of your safety, for my sake, and that of our poor boy."

The mention of our child soft-

ened in some degree the violence of my distraction; tears gushed from my eyes, and I gave my wife the promise she required. She forced upon me her purse and her watch. It was settled between us that I should proceed straight to London, and there remain under a borrowed name till I heard from her; and to prevent the possibility of my being traced, her letter was to be addressed to the General Post-Office.

I reached London in safety. For two months I remained in a state of torturing suspense, for no letter arrived from my wife; at the end of that time I received one, but I shuddered when I saw the direction was in my uncle's hand: my horror was prophetic, for it brought me the news of Hortense's death. After reproaching me in the bitterest manner for the indelible stain which I had brought upon my family, he informed me that my wife and child were no more. The anguish of Hortense's mind had thrown her into a violent fever; her infant caught the disease from her, and both perished. "When the sacrificed angel," continued he, "found herself dying, she revealed to me the place where you had fled, and besought me to render her last moments easy, by promising to preserve you from the horrors of want, to which I had threatened to abandon you when I made reparation for the robbery you committed. I could not refuse her request, but the sum which I send you I bestow as an alms; for from henceforth you are an alien to my blood, and should you presume to return to France, I will take effectual means to prevent

your adding to the ignominy with which you have already overwhelmed your family."

Formonthsafterthisletterreached me, I remained in a statè of melancholy stupor, bordering upon insanity. The people with whom I lodged were uncommonly humane; they procured me medical advice; and the skill of my physician, aided by their unremitting care, restored me at length to health and reason.

My uncle need not have interdicted my return to France, for worlds would not have bribed me to revisit it. The image of my murdered wife haunted my mind incessantly. Wherever I went, her soft eyes seemed bent upon me, with that look of mingled tenderness and agony, with which she had bade me farewell. Sleep brought me no relief, for in my slumbers, her form, in the agonies of death, was still before me. At that period I became acquainted with a young Englishman of noble family; our acquaintance soon ripened into friendship; he invited, indeed almost forced me, to his house, and by the most delicate and incessant attentions, strove to render life supportable in my eyes.

On my arrival in England, I had assumed a feigned name, and for many reasons continued it. Years passed away, my tranquillity did not return, but I strove, by mixing in the bustle of the world, to silence the voice of remorse. The house and table of Lord S—— continued to be mine; the interest of the sum which my uncle had sent me, enabled me to make the appearance of a gentleman, and the principal remained untouched.—

The only intelligence I ever obtained from France was, that my uncle had adopted a boy, the orphan of a deceased friend; he gave the child his name, and meant to leave him all his property.

I did not hear this intelligence unmoved: time had deadened my remorse; I regretted the loss of my uncle's possessions, and forgetting the cause he had to be exasperated against me, regarded his leaving them to a stranger as an act of tyranny and injustice.

When I had been about fifteen years in England, Lord S—— married. This event made no change in his attachment to me, but it was soon evident that Lady S—— disliked me. When my friend was present, she treated me with politeness, but the haughty coldness of her manner towards me in his absence, was too grating to my pride to be long borne. My attachment to him prevented my rendering him unhappy by disclosing her behaviour, but in a few months after their marriage I quitted his house.

My intention was to retire into the country, but day after day passed without my putting it into execution. I had no resources for solitude; long habit had rendered the mode of life I then followed necessary to enable me to support existence; and though I was aware of the impossibility of continuing it long, I deferred from day to day putting any scheme of retrenchment in practice, till I had seriously injured my little property.

I still continued to visit Lord S——, and to associate with his friends; at the house of one of the latter, I was introduced to a young

Frenchman, whose name was the same as my uncle's. I eagerly inquired to what family the youth belonged; and I learned that he was the adopted son of my uncle, whose death, a few months before, had put him in possession of considerable property. The young man seemed delighted with the sight of a countryman: he accosted me with all the frankness of his age, but my distant and haughty replies quickly repulsed him; he addressed himself to others, and I remained gloomily silent. The sight of him roused all the bad passions of my nature; I viewed him with envy and dislike, as one who had robbed me of my natural right. These feelings were heightened by perceiving the interest and admiration with which he inspired the rest of the company. His manners, indeed, were so singularly graceful and prepossessing, that only a heart like mine, under the dominion of all the baneful passions, could be shut against him.

As I met him frequently in company, I could not but perceive that he tried to conciliate me, but his endeavours were always vain: my dislike to him rather increased than abated; and when I was compelled to notice him, I did it with an air of haughty indifference, which I saw sensibly piqued his pride.

One evening we met at the house of a lady, who it was well known encouraged deep play. When I recovered my senses, after the loss of my wife, I made a resolution, which I religiously kept, not to return to gaming; but I sometimes looked on while others

played. That evening I stationed myself by him, and in some difficulty which arose about the game, he appealed to me to decide it. Influenced more by pique than justice, I gave it against him, and he haughtily appealed from my decision. This roused all my ire: I answered him in a manner which no gentleman could brook; he signified, in a low tone, his wish to speak to me in private; we quitted the room together, and repaired to a neighbouring tavern.

As soon as we reached it, he insisted, with haughty vehemence, upon instant satisfaction for the insult I had offered him. I was, alas! but too ready to comply with his desire. We drew our swords, and in a few minutes I received a wound in the side. I staggered, and should have fallen, had not my antagonist sprung to assist me. As he supported me in his arms, a small miniature fell from his bosom: it caught my eyes; I hastily snatched it, and gazed upon it in almost breathless astonishment, for it was a portrait of Hortense. "Gracious Heaven!" cried I, "how did you become possessed of this?"—"It is the picture of my mother." I heard no more; my senses sunk under this cruel, this overwhelming blow, and so long did my insensibility continue, that those about me thought I was gone for ever.

My poor boy, unconscious of the dreadful cause of my fainting, refused to seek his safety in flight, and remained watching over me. When I regained my senses, I requested to be left alone with him. I communicated, in a few words, the discovery I had made, and be-

sought him to escape to France. How can I paint the despair, the horror of the wretched youth, when he learned, that his hand had been lifted against a father's life! Yet he positively refused to leave me; and this resolution would have driven me to despair, but for the assurances of the surgeon, that my wound, though dangerous, might be cured, if I could be kept from fever. Alas! the agitation I suffered, rendered that impossible; a violent fever and delirium seized me, and for twenty days my recovery was always doubtful, and often despaired of.

During the whole time, my son never quitted my bedside. He was the first object I saw when I recovered my senses; but, oh Heavens, how changed! he was scarcely the shadow of the healthful, animated youth I last beheld. Alas! remorse and sorrow, united to incessant fatigue and want of nourishment, had preyed upon his frame, and I was scarcely pronounced out of danger, when he gave every symptom of a rapid decline. One hope alone remained—his native air might save him; and I hastened with him to France, wearying Heaven with prayers to spare me the guilt of being his destroyer.

When we were permitted to converse, I learned, that, till the moment in which he discovered me to be his father, he was ignorant of my existence. My uncle had revealed to him the secret of his birth, assuring him, at the same time, that I was dead. He practised this deception, no doubt, from a fear lest my son should seek me out; for as he himself never for-

gave the crime I had committed, he wished to prevent all possibility of my appearing again in the world.

Nature had spoken to the heart of my poor boy at our first interview; he felt himself attracted towards me, till repelled by the ungraciousness of my manner; and never did son manifest a fonder attachment to a parent, than he shewed during the short period in which it pleased Heaven to spare him. He endeavoured incessantly to console me for his approaching death; and to drive from my mind, the dreadful idea that I had caused it. I strove to conceal from him the deep and incurable anguish of my soul; I even bore with outward calmness the sight of his almost hourly decay. I should not perhaps have been able to do so, if I had not felt assured, that I should not long survive him. The change in my appearance did not escape his eye; he conjured me with his last breath to hasten to England, and seek for consolation in the friendship of Lord S—. I promised him, that when the last sad duties were paid to his remains, I would set out for England; but I felt then, that I should never reach it alive. That conviction was just: my illness increased so rapidly, that I was obliged to stop where I now am; and had not Heaven sent you, my dear B—, to render me the last offices, my eyes must have been closed by hirelings. Oh! with what bitter and unavailing regret do I now look back upon my past life! Had I, even after my first crime, sought for peace and pardon in the consolations of religion, the last dreadful blow would have

been spared: but, alas! penitence never touched my heart; I grieved for the consequences of my crime, but not for the crime itself. The hand of Heaven has at length fallen heavily on me: I humbly hope

its justice will be appeased by my sufferings here, and that, in the world to which I am hastening, I shall be permitted to receive the forgiveness of my murdered wife and son.

QUEEN ELIZABETH AND HER POETRY.

FOR THE REPOSITORY.

Mr. EDITOR,

I HAVE here collected a few pieces of poetry, or rather of rhythm, attributed to the pen of Elizabeth. The poetical effusions of this "English Diana, the Great Britain Maid," as she is called by her courtier Puttenham, are, I believe, as little read as they are admired: they deserve notice, more from their curiosity or rarity, than from any peculiar excellence in their composition. It has indeed been acknowledged pretty nearly on all hands, that her majesty was patronised by the Muses as much as she was favoured by the Graces; and yet perhaps no rhymers ever existed, however great his talents, upon whom so many fulsome panegyrics have been lavished. The name of Elizabeth is rather to be respected as a patroness of literature, and as the liberal supporter of those great and illustrious poets who flourished under her auspices. It has been remarked by a celebrated historian, that she delighted "more in shining by her own learning, than in encouraging men of genius by her liberality:" but this observation was dictated perhaps by too acrimonious a spirit; and when it is considered, that, in all probability, without her support, the wit of a Harington, and the sweetness of a Spenser, might have

been totally lost in the ignorance of the age, it is not too much to give her the praise of having afforded her assistance in such a cause.

To the reign of Elizabeth, no less than seventy-four poets are assigned in Phillips's *Theatrum Poetarum*; and Puttenham, in one of his addresses to her majesty, praising her for her liberality, says, "By your princely purse-favours and countenance, making in a manner what ye list: the poor man rich, the lewd well learned, the coward courageous, and vile both noble and valiant."

Elizabeth, in the early part of her life, when, as Camden says, Edward "was wont to call her his *sweet sister Temperance*," applied herself much to literary pursuits, and made great progress in both the Greek and Roman languages, under the tuition of Henry Saville, and afterwards of Roger Ascham. Her knowledge of these languages, if we are to believe what Ascham tells us, was by no means contemptible; and indeed his assertions are in a great measure confirmed by historical facts, and minute incidents, which have since been related. Ascham, speaking of the learning of the age, says, "It is your shame (I speak to you, young gentlemen of England), that

one maid should go beyond you all in excellence of learning and knowledge of divers tongues:" and he goes on to observe, "yet I believe, that beside her perfect readiness in Latin, Italian, French, and Spanish, she readeth here now at Windsor more Greek every day, than some prebendary of this church doth read Latin in a whole week." As a confirmation of this observation, the extempore reply of Elizabeth to Philip's prohibition might be cited.

Another proof of the quickness of her capacity, is her celebrated reply to the question, as to which she preferred, the learning of Buchanan, or that of Walter Haddon: "Buchananum omnibus antepono; Haddonum nemini postpono."

The panegyrists upon the queen are almost as numerous as the poets who lived in her reign. Every paltry rhymers, who could muster wit enough to make a verse, was sure to pay adoration to this second Diana; the more necessitous in their circumstances, the more loud were they in her praises. Even some of the most esteemed poets of the age have condescended to pay to her the most slavish adulation. Sir John Davis and George Peele represent her as Astræa; and Judith, Deborah, and Esther are introduced as her ordinary handmaids. Breton and Bolton vie with each other in their lavish praises. Lodowyk Lloyd, one of her majesty's sergeants at arms, in his "Ditty to the Queen," followed the custom of the age in the laboured exaltation of his mistress. Sir Walter Raleigh does not scruple to call her "lovely Venus" and

"chaste Diana," after she had passed her sixtieth year.

Puttenham goes so far as to declare, that "her learned, delicate, noble Muse surmounteth all the rest that have written before her time or since, for sense, sweetness, and subtlety, be it in ode, elegy, epigram, or any other kind of poem." Even when Elizabeth stood on the very brink of the grave, these "courtly comfits" were still scattered round the throne. In a collection of madrigals, called *The Triumphs of Oceana*, published as late as 1601, she is represented as a virgin queen surrounded by a thousand Graces.

The following lines by Queen Elizabeth are preserved by Hentzer, in that part of his travels which has been reprinted at Strawberry Hill. In the original edition of Hentzer they were much corrupted, and are here given as amended by the editor:

"Oh Fortune! how thy restless wavering state

Hath fraught with cares my troubled wit!
Witness this present prison, whither fate
Could bear me, and the joys I quit.

Thou caus'd'st the guilty to be loosed
From bands wherein are innocents inclos'd;
Causing the guiltless to be straight reserv'd,
And freeing those that death hath well deserv'd:

But by her envy can be nothing wrought,
So God send to my foes all they have thought."

A. D. MDLV.

ELIZABETH, Prisoner.

The above lines were written while the queen was prisoner at Woodstock, with charcoal, on a shutter. In Puttenham's *Art of English Poesy* is preserved the following sonnet by Queen Elizabeth:

The doubt of future foes exiles my present
joy,
And wit me warns to shun such snares as
threaten mine annoy;
For falsehood now doth flow, and subject
faith doth ebb,
Which would not be if reason rul'd, or wis-
dom weav'd the web.
But clouds of toys untried do cloak aspiring
minds,
Which turn to reign of late repent by course
of changed winds.
The top of hope supposed, the root of ruth
will be,
And fruitless all their grafted guiles, as short-
ly we shall see.
Then dazzled eyes with pride, which great
ambition blinds,
Shall be unseal'd by worthy wights, whose
foresight falsehood finds.
The daughter of debate, that eke discord
doth sow,
Shall reap no gain where former rule hath
taught still peace to grow.
No foreign banish'd wight shall anchor in this
port:
Our realm it brooks no stranger force; let
them elsewhere resort.
Our rusty sword with zest shall first his edge
employ,
To poll their tops that seek such change, and
gape for joy.

The following epitaph, made by
Elizabeth on the death of the Prin-
cess of Espinoy, is inserted among
the poems of Soothern, printed in
her time. It certainly does not
shew much poetical genius in her
majesty. Ritson calls it, justly, an
"abominable composition."

When the warrior Phœbus goeth to make his
round,

With a painful course, to t'other hemi-
sphere,

A dark shadow, a great horror, and a fear,
In I know not what clouds environ the
ground:

And even so for Pinoy, that fair virtuous lady,
(Although Jupiter have in this horizon

Made a star of her, by the Ariadnean
crown),

Mourns, dolour, and grief accompany our
body.

O Atropos! thou hast done a work pervers'd;
And as a bird that hath lost both young and
nest,

About the place where it was makes many a
turn:

Even so doth Cupid, that infant god of
amour,

Fly about the tomb where she lies all in do-
lour,

Weeping for her eyes, wherein he made so-
journ.

With respect to the genuineness
of the following lines some doubt
exists. They were discovered in MS.
in the Ashmolean Museum, and are
supposed to have been written by
Elizabeth on the departure of the
Duke of Alençon, between whom
and the queen marriage articles
were drawn up, and are preserved
in Camden's *Annals*, p. 372. Others,
perhaps with less reason, have sup-
posed the verses to have been writ-
ten upon the quarrel of the queen
with her favourite the Earl of Essex.

I grieve, and dare not shew my discontent;

I love, and yet am forc'd to seem to hate;

I do, yet dare not say I ever meant;

I seem stark mute, but inwardly do prate:

I am, and not; I freeze, and yet am burn'd,
Since from myself my other self I turn'd.

My care is like my shadow in the sun,

Follows me flying; flies when I pursue it;
Stands and lies by me; does what I have
done:

This too familiar care does make me rue it;
No means I find to rid him from my breast,
Till by the end of things it be suppress'd.

Some guilty passions slide into my mind,

For I am soft, and made of melting snow:
Or be more cruel, love, and so be kind;

Let me or float or sink, be high or low;
Or let me live with some more sweet content,
Or die, and so forget what love e'er meant.

(Signed,)

"*Finis, ELIZA Regina, upon
Mount Zeur's departure.*"

Besides the preceding pieces of
poetry, there are several little
scraps of verses, registered only for
their curiosity. The following two
lines "were written," says Patten-
ham, "in defiance of Fortune."

Never think you Fortune can bear the Savoy,
Where virtue's force can cause her to obey.

Rebuses, it seems, were not beneath the dignity of her majesty. The following is a tolerable one upon Mr. Noel :

The word of denial, and letter of fifty,
Is that gentleman's name that will never be thrifty.

In the subsequent distich, her majesty has given the characters of four knights of Nottinghamshire:

Gervase the gentle, Stanhope the stout,
Markham the lion, and Sutton the lout.

Fuller, in his *Worthies*, relates that Sir W. Raleigh, having written on a window obvious to the queen's eye,

Fain would I climb, yet fear I to fall:
the queen wrote under it,

If thy heart fail thee, climb not at all.

In Fox's *Acts and Monuments* it is recorded, that Elizabeth wrote the following lines upon the win-

dow of Woodstock, where she was confined :

Much suspected by me,
Nothing proved can be.

Quod ELIZABETH the Prisoner.

I have now, I believe, noticed nearly all the poetic effusions of Queen Elizabeth, at least those which have come to my hands, and I shall conclude with the following laughable epitaph written upon her: although a little extravagant, it may not be the worst.

The queen was brought by water to White-hall:

At every stroke the oars did tears let fall;
More clung about the barge; fish under water
Wept out their eyes of pearl, and swam
blind after.

I think the bargemen might with easier thighs
Have row'd her thither in the people's eyes;
For howsoe'er thus much my thoughts have
scann'd,

Sh'ad come by water, had she come by land.

C. F. W.

LONDON, Dec. 3.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A WOULD-BE AUTHOR.

CHAP. IX.

THE WANDERINGS OF LOVE AND LITERATURE—THE AUTHOR AND A POETICAL MISTRESS.

THE two ladies whom I put up in my last were not averse to my attentions; indeed each strove who should most deserve them. They were sufficiently well dressed to assure me, that they were in that sort of genteel life which owes no assistance to trade; and their conversation, and the time of day in which they were enjoying themselves, convinced me they could neither be mantua, I mean dress-makers, flower-manufacturers, nor venders of straw bonnets. Their language, too, was not incorrect; but as it consisted of remarks on the opera, the theatre, and the fashions, I soon

became convinced that their lives had been spent in too ornamental a manner to be useful either to themselves or their friends: besides, their hands and fingers were too white and too long ever to have been used in any thing but the decoration of their persons.

The easy yet pert way in which they affected to disavow every shopkeeper, and every plan with which those who are properly brought up in a family ought to be acquainted, gave me at first a very high idea of my new acquaintances, whom I treated with the most profound respect; nor did this re-

spect vanish when we ascended a dark pair of stairs near St. Luke's church, where I was ushered into a room that betrayed all the elegant confusion of a professor of the arts and sciences.

I was introduced to papa as a gentleman who had rescued the young ladies from a mad bull which had attempted to toss them: and this introduction came just in time to revive me; for, between ourselves, Mr. Editor, I was beginning to be alarmed for an excuse in thus intruding, when the *poetical licence* of the bull, uttered by these young ladies, relieved me from my trouble. The gentleman waved his hand for me to sit, and assuring me that he would attend to me in the turn of a paria, left me (while the young ladies went to change their dress), to wander with my eyes over the apartment.

I sat near an old spinnet, which was open, and on which was a piece of music, entitled "Lovers' Sighs," presented by the author: the top of the instrument was covered with ladies' apparel. On the ground lay an odd shoe; books were tumbled in one corner; an old sofa was occupied by a pug-bitch with a litter of puppies; here lay an opera-hat, there a broken foil; near the fire-place reposed a spaniel, and on a lady's work-table was a proof-sheet of some publication. In the corner of the room sat the father of these young ladies, supported almost in his chair by newspapers and publications. His face was cadaverous and pale, his linen not very clean, and as he stared at me and scribbled, scribbled and stared again, had I not been a little acquainted with the manners

of the initiated in literature, I should probably have run down stairs, apprehending that I was closeted with a maniac.

He at length finished with a "There! the rascal may have it when he pleases. I have to beg you ten thousand pardons, my good sir," said he, smiling, as he approached to shake hands: "you have the misfortune, sir, to visit a man of genius, as we are called. You, who probably condemn an author over a review, or damn him from the pit of a theatre, little think of the trouble, the labour, and care he feels to build a structure, which you in a moment destroy." I stammered out something about respect for literary talents; I said, that the pleasure of reforming or entertaining the age in which we lived, was to be sure a great reward; but I hinted, that the literary man was not adequately paid for his exertions.

"It is very true, sir," said he; "but I have no reason to complain. My room, as you perceive, does not exhibit the study of a man of learned leisure: yet I do very well; I report for two newspapers; I edit three magazines; I also write theatrical critiques; and that my hands may be quite full, I am *doing* also a biographical work of no small magnitude: but then, sir, I have allies. My wife is a tolerable hand at juvenile books; and since Little Jack Horner was out of date, we drive a tolerable trade. One of my daughters translates from the French; another assists me in critiques on all the new novels; while a third writes ethical essays for a lady's magazine. 'Tis true, I am up by

five every morning, and that I have not for ten years seen a green tree; yet I have my recreations: I have admissions for the Opera; and when I have leisure to read as I like, I unbend my mind by working Euclid, or the *doctrine* of conic sections."

Here he was interrupted by my new friends, the young ladies, attended by their mamma and a junior daughter: the former soon left us, as she said, for the devil, who was waiting; while Cassandra, Sappho, and Agrippina, in rather soiled undresses, drove Chloe from the fire, who sculked growling under his master. The conversation now took a very lively turn, on the young ladies being informed, that papa had let me into all the "secrets of his prison-house."

I left them, promising to call again, but not before the versatile author had slipped proposals into my hand for a volume of poems, to be published by subscription, with a head of the fair author, Sappho Laura Blinkinsop. At these lodgings I became nearly a fixture.

Perhaps there is no situation so dangerous for a young man as being introduced to a family just well bred enough to offer every civility, and well enough dressed, but in debt all over the town. Here was no awful respect to keep me at a distance, but good temper and good humour led me into the greatest temptation of forming an imprudent connection. Such was my situation with this family, and if I were inclined to fill up the outline of a novel, to be entitled "Delicate Distress," I might have taken this family for a study. My pocket suffered severely. Where

is the man who can resist being the saviour of a family, especially of pretty girls? I could barely resist it, but I was stopped just in time, by reading a letter which Cassandra Blinkinsop had dropped from her ridicule, the price of which article might have purchased them a dinner, from which I learned, that I was only received as a lover to assist their papa, while they in fact doted upon a young aspirant for dramatic fame, who had promised to marry one of them if his new play succeeded. Sappho, however, died of a cold caught at a ball, the price of which and a new robe had been borrowed of me; and Agrippina got a situation as teacher in a Russian family; and I contrived to absent myself entirely from the house at the price of 3*l.* 16*s.* 9½*d.* a nearly new great-coat, and an umbrella. Blinkinsop is, I understand, writing a pamphlet on the Policy of Riot; but his Philippics on Liberty must emanate from the walls of the King's Bench.

I now wrote a Farewell to Love, which was to be banished for ever; but at the end of the week I wrote a "Recall to Cupid," and I determined for the future not to adopt his chains so hastily. The fact is, that I was now grown older, but it will not appear that I had become less romantic, when I picture the kind of person I had in my mind selected for Mrs. Gilliflower. Her form was to be tall and elegant; I had even settled her style of dress, which was to be plain white, confined round the waist with a black ribbon; her eyes were to be dark and large; her raven locks parted on the forehead, which was to dis-

play the most dazzling whiteness; her lips were to be coral, her teeth of ivory; but no rude health was to paint her cheeks, which were to exhibit the most interesting paleness: she was to *touch* the piano, and *sweep* the strings of the harp. The mimic landscape was to *grow* under her hand, the rose to blush and perfume by her pencil; she was never to laugh, but the sweetest tears of susceptibility were *ever* to fill her eyes, which were to glisten also at every tale *I* wrote or recited. Alas! little did I think of the present time, when I was about to marry a fat doll of four feet nothing, with a ruddy round face, a good-natured smile, and no accomplishments, save to play *Drops of Brandy* on her harpsichord to please her children; and no literary attainments whatever, but what were gained under the tuition of an old aunt, who taught her the English and French grammars; to recite, "Now stood Eliza o'er the wood-crown'd height;" to make puddings, and dance *Sir David Hunter Blair* at an assize-ball.

Long was I in search of an interesting goddess, when, at length, as I was one day passing Tower-hill, such a female, with a tender hesitating air, accosted me. I discovered by her pronunciation that

she was from the country: to this she assented, and that she had been with some friends to see the lions, and while gazing on the yeomen of the guard, she had lost them, and besought me, as a gentleman, to escort her home.— "Maid of the sylvan scene," I said, "brought up where vice has no lurking-place, you may depend on me;" and calling a coach, she timidly took my proffered arm.— "Form of ethereal mould," I exclaimed mentally, as the most beautiful angle in the world was placed on the step of the hack, "what a portion of happiness must that man hold who calls thee wife!" Busied in composing the first line for an ode "On wedded Love," I heard not the direction she gave the coachman; and after treating her with the greatest respect, what was my surprise at her stopping at a notorious house of ill fame! My eyes swam; I was all confusion; when the lovely interesting creature asked me what the *devil* ailed me. "Where," said I, "are you taking me?" and I jumped first out of the vehicle, while her voice, conveyed by vagrant echo, denouncing vengeance on me for not paying the coach-hire, still tingled in my ears.

AGREED AT LAST, OR THE AUNT'S STRATAGEM:

A TALE.

MISS HARLEY, a young heiress, who was richer in the gifts of fortune than those of nature, chanced to dance at a race-ball with Lieutenant Clermont, a younger son of good family, whose situation was precisely the reverse of

her own, for nature had been as lavish, as fortune was niggardly to him. Miss Harley was charmed with her partner; they soon became acquainted, and as she was not overburthened with maidenly reserve, she suffered her preference

to be very visible. The lieutenant, however, shewed no disposition to avail himself of his good fortune; and the lady, finding he was deaf to all her hints, though, to say the truth, they were pretty intelligible, got a mutual friend to signify her willingness to bestow upon him her hand and property.

Fortunately for the interests of Miss Harley's passion, this proposal was made to the lieutenant in a few hours after he had received intimation from several of his tradespeople, that his name would be speedily coupled with those of John Doe and Richard Roe, if he did not pay their bills, which amounted to a large sum. As our poor son of Mars had not a guinea, he thought, if he must lose his liberty, the fetters of Hymen would be at least more supportable than the bondage of the law; and accordingly, in a very short time, he led Miss Harley to the altar.

Poor Clermont had soon reason to believe, that he might have been more comfortable in a snug little room in the King's Bench, than in the magnificent mansion of which, by his marriage, he became possessor. Mrs. Clermont's temper was bad, and the violence of her affection for her husband was shewn in a manner that rather resembled hatred than love. She could not bear to have him a moment absent from her sight; she worried him incessantly by her great anxiety about his health; and if she found, or fancied she found, the smallest abatement in his attention to herself, she overwhelmed him with tears, fits, and reproaches.

Fortunately for Clermont, he

possessed a very placid temper; he was also honourable, and conscientious enough to think, that he ought to make up to his wife by kindness and attention, for the motives which had induced him to marry her; and he behaved in such a manner, that every body but Mrs. Clermont thought he was one of the best husbands in the world.

When they had been married about twelve months, a sudden illness carried him off, just as Mrs. Clermont was recovering from lying-in. Every precaution was taken to keep the fatal news from her till she was able to bear it, but when she was at last informed of it, her grief exceeded all bounds. Conscience had perhaps some share in her loud lamentations, for she could not be ignorant, that she had often and unnecessarily embittered the life of him, to whose virtues she now did a tardy justice. It is probable, that she would have sunk under her grief, had not her child, a fine boy, consoled her in some degree. For his sake, she determined to try to live, that she might make up to him the loss of his father.

No woman on earth could be less qualified for this task than Mrs. Clermont. In her opinion, maternal tenderness consisted in a blind indulgence, equally ruinous to the health and temper of her son. Fortunately for him, he was naturally of exceedingly robust constitution, and as he very early discovered, that he was not to be thwarted, he availed himself of this knowledge to scamper about as much as he pleased: by this means he defeated, in some degree, the effects of his mother's excessive

care; and as he had naturally brilliant talents, he contrived to acquire a decent portion of classical knowledge, in spite of her incessant exhortations to his tutor, not to suffer him to fatigue himself with study.

Mrs. Clermont died shortly after her son became of age, and Clermont, who was naturally extravagant, soon involved his property so much, that in a very few years it must have come to the hammer, had not an uncle of his deceased mother come to his assistance, and released it from the gripe of his creditors, on the express condition, that he should marry and settle.

As it was the first time in our hero's life that any body had ever presumed to prescribe what he was to do, he submitted with a very bad grace, even though the choice of the lady was left to himself—with only one restriction, that she should be a woman of birth. After altering his mind half a score times at least, he at last fixed upon Miss Stapleton, a handsome and accomplished young woman. Her consent was obtained without much difficulty, and the nuptials were speedily solemnized.

The young couple came together with precisely the same view—each intended to govern the other; and it never occurred to either, that any difficulty could possibly arise about the matter. The lady had never been contradicted, the gentleman had never been controuled. She was repeatedly told by a doting grandmother, that any man whom she might marry, could never do enough to merit the happiness of possessing so lovely a

creature; and he was taught by his mother, to believe that his alliance would do honour to the first woman in the kingdom.

With such sentiments on both sides, it was no wonder that, even in the honeymoon, clouds and storms arose, which threatened a speedy termination to their matrimonial felicity. The first thing which they seriously disagreed about, was the name which should be given to a beautiful little spaniel which Clermont bought to present to his wife. He wished her to call it Fidele, and she chose that it should be named Pompey. Had the point in question been of the greatest importance, each could not have argued more strenuously. Clermont declared, that no woman of the least taste could think of calling her lap-dog Pompey: there was something vulgar, and even unfeminine in the sound; it was fit only for butchers and tripe-sellers.

Mrs. Clermont congratulated him ironically on the refinement of his taste. She observed, that, for her part, she was not blessed with such an exquisite perception of what was most beautiful and harmonious in the names of animals; and as she detested every thing that looked like an affectation of sentiment, she certainly should prefer the sound of Pompey, vulgar as it was, to the missish appellation of Fidele.

Clermont replied to this sarcastic speech with considerable heat; his lady retorted with equal acrimony; from abusing each other's taste, they descended to personal invective, and the dispute ended by the gentleman's flying out of

the house in a rage, and the lady's falling into an hysteric fit.

One would be almost tempted to suppose, that the goddess Discordia had entered the mansion of Mr. Clermont in the shape of Pompey, for, from that time, our young couple had a regular succession of disputes, which, though they were generally of a frivolous nature, served, in a short time, wholly to alienate them from each other. While things were in this state, a maiden aunt of Mrs. Clermont's came up from the country to pay a visit to her niece. Had Clermont been apprised of her intention, he would, in all probability, have refused to receive her; but as Mrs. Clermont suspected that that might be the case, she gave him no intimation of it till she presented her aunt to him.

For a moment our hero's brow was clouded, but he was too good-natured, and too well-bred, not to behave civilly to a lady under his own roof; and the pleasing manners of Mrs. Martha Graham soon changed civility into a feeling of cordial liking. She soon saw, however, that it would be impossible to remain in the house, without taking part in the perpetual disputes between him and her niece: as she considered them equally to blame, she resolved not to interfere, and for that reason took a lodging.

She parted with them, however, on the best terms, and continued to be visited by both. Each complained to her in their turn; she listened attentively, tried to conciliate matters, and when she found that she could not do so, changed the subject. One day, Clermont

came to her in a violent rage at some new freak of his wife's. "Never," cried he, as he ended his philippic on her conduct, "never was there so vexatious a woman! She has not once, I believe, agreed with me in opinion since we were married; and though I know she detests me, yet I really believe, that, if I were to propose a separation, she would not agree to it, though it would be as great a relief to herself as to me; for I am convinced, that she would rather live miserably, than yield to any wish of mine."

A thought at that moment struck Mrs. Martha. "I am afraid you are right," cried she, "for I own my niece is very obstinate. However, as you live so very unhappily, I should be sincerely glad if you could agree upon a separation, and I think, with a little management, it might be effected."

"How, my dear madam?" cried Clermont eagerly.

"I will tell you. Clara, notwithstanding her perverse temper, is very good-natured, and extremely accessible to kindness: now, as as she must feel that she has used you very ill——?"

"Oh! there can be no doubt of that!" interrupted Clermont.

"She would," continued Mrs. Martha, "be doubly sensible to any little attention which you might pay her. If, therefore, without minding her petulance, you would behave with cordiality, and good-naturedly pass over the flat contradictions which I know she too often gives to your opinions, I could lay my life, that, in a very few days, you would bring her into such admirable temper, that your

plan of parting could soon be arranged to your mutual satisfaction."

Clermont was delighted with the suggestion of the good aunt, whom he thanked a thousand times. He then went home, resolved to play the "perfect amiable;" and scarcely had he departed, when Mrs. Clermont came, boiling with indignation against him, to give Mrs. Martha her account of the recent quarrel.

"My dear child," said the aunt with a sympathizing air, "your case is a very hard one; there really is no living with such a man as you describe your husband to be. I wish to Heaven you were parted!"

"An excellent thought," cried Mrs. Clermont with vivacity; "I will go home directly and propose it to him."

"Softly, my dear: have you forgotten, that he invariably refuses every proposal you make?"

"O Heavens, that is too true! How then shall I manage to break my chains, for break them I am determined I will?"

"And so you shall, if you will only follow my advice. Put on a cheerful air, speak to him in an obliging manner; above all, do not contradict him: he possesses a very good understanding, and if you can once get him into a good humour, and talk the matter over rationally, I have no sort of doubt he will soon agree, since you cannot live comfortably together, to part."

Mrs. Clermont was quite enchanted with this scheme of her good aunt, whom she embraced and loaded with thanks. She then returned home, fully resolved to put the plan in practice immediately.

It happened that some company who were to dine with Mr. Clermont sent excuses, and he sat down to dinner *tête-à-tête* with his wife. For some time each preserved an awkward silence, for both were employed in ruminating upon the manner in which they should begin. At last, Mrs. Clermont ventured to observe, that it was very cold. "I think it is, my dear," replied her husband: "draw the window-curtains closer, and stir the fire, John." Mrs. Clermont looked at him with surprise, but being determined not to be outdone in politeness, she assented in a few minutes afterwards to his opinion, that the fish-sauce was excellent. The dinner passed in perfect harmony, and they separated to their respective evening engagements without a single contradiction on either side, each rejoicing on having already made some progress, and congratulating themselves on managing matters so admirably.

At breakfast, the same harmony prevailed. Clermont had caught a cold, which obliged him to remain at home during the rest of the day. Mrs. Clermont passed an hour with him in the morning. She gave him a lively account of a new comedy which she saw the night before, and Clermont listened to her with a degree of pleasure at which he afterwards felt surprised. "That woman," said he to himself when she quitted the room, "could really be very rational and companionable, if she were not so abominably fond of contradiction."

The same day, Mrs. Clermont dined out; she came home early. Clermont was just about to retire as she entered the drawing-room,

but he stopped a moment to speak to her, and to complain of *ennui*. She challenged him to dissipate it by a game at chess; he accepted the offer, and in a few minutes their newly acquired harmony was on the point of being broken, for the lady won the game. This was more than Clermont could bear; he was upon the point of giving vent to his vexation in a sarcastic speech, when the fair conqueror exclaimed, "Oh! Mr. Clermont, how could you make such a blunder? If you had not given me your queen for nothing, I should have lost the game." There are cases in which a reproach may be construed into a compliment: chess-players will easily conceive, that Clermont was not displeased with this mode of accounting for his lady's victory; he complimented her on the quickness with which she had taken advantage of his oversight, and they parted in the most amicable manner.

The next morning, Mrs. Clermont paid an early visit to Mrs. Martha. "Good news, good news, dear aunt!" cried she: "I believe our plan bids fair to succeed." She then related what we have told, and, at the conclusion, inquired whether Mrs. Martha did not think it high time to speak of the separation. "By no means," replied the good aunt; "if you do, you will spoil all: wait a little longer; if you are too precipitate, it is ten to one that he refuses."

Clermont had the same thing in his head. "I must take advantage," thought he, "of my wife's present fit of good-humour; I dare say it wont last long; so I had better take an opportunity of breaking

the matter to her when she returns home this morning." Just at that moment she did return, and went into his dressing-room to inquire after his health. He was in that state which the ladies call neither well nor ill, and for which lively conversation and little soothing attentions are the best medicines. He said he had a violent head-ache; and as his looks testified the truth of his complaint, Mrs. Clermont, who was really good-natured, prescribed for it very successfully. She sat with him for a considerable time, and it was not till after she was gone, that he recollected what an excellent opportunity he had lost.

He comforted himself for this disappointment by the hope that another would soon occur; and so it did, but he again forgot to take advantage of it. In short, a week passed, and during that time our young couple made the discovery, that each could be very agreeable when he or she pleased, and that it was a thousand pities so many good qualities should be spoiled by the single fault of temper. Next followed a wish that this defect could be cured, and this wish very speedily led to a belief that it might.

This was the point which the discreet aunt had laboured to bring them to, and no sooner was she assured of both their sentiments, than she unfolded to each in private, the innocent stratagem she had made use of. Both had the good sense to perceive, that they had been to blame, and to decide upon making every reasonable concession to each other in future. How far they kept this resolution,

I have not been able exactly to ascertain; but there is one circumstance which inclines me to think that they probably might have kept it; that is, that each wished to leave to the other the choice of a baptismal appellation for their son and heir, who was born in less than twelve months after their reconciliation.

THE FEMALE TATTLER.

No. XLIX.

Quò fugit Venus? heu! quòve color? decens
 Quo motus? Quid habes illius, illius
 Quæ spirabat amores,
 Quæ me surpuerat mihi.

Hon. Lib. iv. Od. 13.

Ah! whither is thy beauty fled?
 That bloom, by nature's cunning spread?
 That every graceful art?
 Of her, of her, what now remains,
 Who breath'd the loves, who charm'd the swains,
 And seiz'd upon my heart?

(Continued from vol. VIII. p. 350.)

THOUGH *grace* may be so difficult to describe with a precise definition, yet there are two qualities which cannot be detached from it, and form essential parts of it. The first is, motion either of the whole body or of some limb, or, at least, of some feature: hence Lord Bacon calls *grace* by the name of decent motion, just as if they were equivalent terms. "In beauty," says the noble philosopher, "that of favour is more than that of colour; and that of gracious and decent motion, more than that of favour."

Virgil represents the majesty of Juno, and the graceful air of Apollo, by describing them in mere simple acts of motion; and I should rather think he means no more, when he makes the motion of Venus the principal thing, from its superior grace, by which Æneas discovers her under all her disguise; though there are commentators, who, with their usual superabundant sagacity, have endeavoured to find out mysterious meanings for it,

which never entered into the imagination of the poet.

Thus having said, she turn'd, and made appear
 Her neck refulgent, and dishevell'd hair,
 Which, flowing from her shoulders, reach'd the ground,
 And widely spread ambrosial sweets around;
 In length of train descends her sweeping gown,
 And by her graceful walk the queen of love is known.

ÆN. I. 406.

The Apollo Belvidere, which claims the first place in the remaining sculptures of the Athenian school, has an appearance of motion, and when faced at a certain distance, almost appears to be moving towards the spectator. The heads even of the portraits of the best painters are in motion. Those of Guido, in particular, are all either casting their looks up towards heaven, or down towards the ground, or sidewise as regarding some object. A head flung flat upon the canvas, like faces on medals, so far from having grace, will not appear to have any life in it.

The second observation is, that

grace cannot be connected with impropriety; as nothing can be graceful that is not adapted to the characters of the person. The graces of an animated little beauty would become ungraceful in a character where majesty is an essential part; as the noble airs of a woman of the first rank would destroy the prettiness that fascinates in the juvenile coquette of less dignified situation. The vivacity that adds a grace to beauty in youth would give an additional deformity to old age; and the same airs which would be charming on some occasions, may be quite shocking when very much mistimed, or very much misplaced. Grace is well known to be undefinable, as to a precise definition of its constituent parts; perhaps, it may be in itself a whole, and, like poetry, to be born with a person, and never wholly to be acquired by art.

Grace has nothing to do with the inferior part of beauty, which is colour; not very much with shape; but a great deal with the passions, for it is that quality which gives them their highest zest. All the other parts of beauty are pleasing in some degree, but grace is pleasingness itself. The Greeks, as well as the Romans, must have been of this opinion, when, in settling their mythology, they made the *Graces* the constant attendants of Venus, or the cause of love; and, in fact, there is nothing causes love so generally and so irresistibly as *grace*. It is like the *cestus* of the same goddess, which was supposed to comprehend every thing that was winning and engaging in it; and besides, to oblige the heart to love, by a secret and inexplicable

force, like that of some magic charm.

She said: with awe divine the queen of love
Obey'd the sister and the wife of Jove;
And from her fragrant breast the zone un-
brac'd,

With various skill and high embroid'ry grac'd.
In this was ev'ry art, and ev'ry charm,
To win the wisest, and the coldest warm:
Fond love, the gentle vow, the pure desire,
The kind deceit, the still reviving fire,
Persuasive speech, and more persuasive sighs;
Silence that spoke, and eloquence of eyes:
This on her hand the Cyprian goddess laid;
Take this, and with it all thy wish, she said.
With smiles she took the charm; and smiling,
prest

The powerful cestus to her snowy breast.

ILIAD xiv. 256.

It has been observed by some writers, that there is naturally a great deal of propriety in pleasure; or in other words, that pleasure is annexed by nature to such things as are proper for our preservation, and pain to such as would be destructive to us. Thus pleasure, for example, is annexed to food and exercise; and pain, to such degrees of abstinence and indolence as would be hurtful. The same may be observed in the different sorts of pleasures adapted to each stage of human life. Thus, in infancy, when growth is as necessary as support, we have more frequent returns of appetite, and more pleasure in taking food; and as frequent application to food requires more exercise, the chief pleasure of that age consists in the love of motion, and in a series of sportive exercises. The same is carried on in other pleasures, equally adapted to the middle and latter stages of life, so far, that wherever Nature has affixed a pleasure, she seems to lead and conduct us towards some duty or other.

There is a great deal of the

same propriety to be observed in the dispensation of beauty and deformity. The good passions are all pleasing, and the bad disagreeable. Virtue is naturally the most beautiful and lovely thing in the world, and vice the most odious and deformed.

There is also a propriety in the timing of beauty. Thus, a peach or a pine-apple are in their highest beauty at the time that they should be eat. This idea might be carried further, but perhaps it is fully sufficient to answer my view as I have stated it.

As to the quantity of beauty in particular persons, an ingenious friend of mine has formed a scale, by which may be judged the comparative proportions of beauty in different women, who have a decided claim to that possession. In this scale he sets the highest excellence in *colour* at *ten*; in *shape*, at *twenty*; in *expression*, at *thirty*; and in *grace*, at *forty*: so that the greatest excellence of beauty, at the highest reckoning in each part of it, would amount in all to *one hundred*. There is probably no instance of the highest excellence in all these particulars in any one person. They who run very high in some articles, are often as deficient in others. I think Mrs. C— may be eight for *colour*, ten for *shape*, twenty-five for *expression*, and twenty for *grace*; which reaches very short of a hundred. But, after all, there is so much in fancy, so much in partiality, and withal such variety of tastes, that, though something may be done towards attaining correct notions by this

mode of calculation, I do not myself think it a mode of proceeding that will justify a solid reliance. Besides, there are a great many cases which are apt to mislead the generality of people in their judgments of beauty.

If the affection is entirely engaged by any one object, the lover is apt to allow all perfections in that person, and very little in comparison to any body besides; or if they ever commend others highly, it is for some circumstance in which they bear a resemblance to the favourite object.

People are very often misled in their judgment, by a similitude either of their own temper or person in others. Hence it is, that a person of a mild temper is more apt to be pleased with the gentler passions in the character of her whom he admires; while one of a very lively turn, would choose her to have more spirit and vivacity. This may be called, in some measure, falling in love with ourselves, and self-love (whatever other love may be) is sometimes so false-sighted, that it may make the most plain, and even the most disagreeable, things seem pleasing and beautiful.

(To be concluded in our next.)

In answer to Miss Higginbottom, I beg leave to acknowledge, that I have received her very sensible and obliging communication. I shall not attempt any change in its language or sentiments. I only recommend her to take the first fair and promising opportunity of *changing her name*.

PICTURESQUE TOUR OF MOUNT SIMPLON.

(Continued from vol. VIII. p. 341.)

PLATE 2.—VIEW OF THE BRIDGE OF CREVOLA AND OF THE VALLEY OF DOMO D'OSSOLA.

THE plate which will accompany our next number, will more exclusively be devoted to the striking object of the bridge of Crevola, which, in our present view, although an important object, is rendered less so by the situation in which it is placed, and the interesting nature of the whole valley. The road to the right passes over the bridge, and the traveller proceeds onward down a gentle declivity, until he reaches the bottom of the vale of Domo d'Ossola.

The various features of the landscape are all imposing, and the lofty barrenness of the mountains is admirably contrasted with the cultivated richness of the greater part of the valley, which, in different situations, is diversified by buildings, that, by their forms, not by any means unpicturesque, add much to the spirit and liveliness of the scene.

Domo d'Ossola is a town within the boundary of Italy, to the south of the Simplon, and at the foot of Mount Domo, in the upper valley of Ossola, and is situated 942 feet above the level of the sea. It was formerly called Domo d'Oscella, and the name Domo, in all proba-

bility, is the fact that this was the first place in the whole valley where a church was erected. The upper valley extends to the north as far as Pommat or Formazza, a town situated at the foot of the glacier of Gries, and seven leagues from Domo d'Ossola. In this glacier rises the river Toccia or Tosa, which waters the whole valley. From the principal town, the lower valley of Ossola is continued for five leagues to the eastward, as far as Lac Majeur, into which the Toccia empties itself. To the west is the dreary valley of Dovedro, through which the traveller has already passed, amid the roaring of the turbulent stream of the Doveria.

On the south side, at the distance of a league and a half from Domo d'Ossola, at *Piè di Mulera*, he arrives at the entrance of the wild vale of Anzasca, celebrated for its gold-mines; and out of the centre of which rises Mount Rosa, the proud rival of Mont Blanc. The inhabitants are of the Italian race, with the exception of those that live in the higher villages on the side of the glacier of Gries, and they are Germans.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE OF MRS. MONTAGU.

THE following is a second letter from this celebrated lady, which will merit a place in our Miscellany, in addition to that which we supplied last month.

Mrs. MONTAGU to Mrs. WILLIAM ROBINSON.

HILL-STREET, NOV. 19, 1770.

Your kind letter met me in Hill-street on Thursday: it welcomed

me to London in a very agreeable manner. I should, however, have felt a painful consciousness, how little I deserved such a favour, if my long omission of correspondence had not been owing to want of health. I felt ill on my journey to Denton; or rather indeed began the journey indisposed; and only aggravated my complaints by travelling.

Sickness and bad weather deprived me of the pleasure of seeing the beauties of Derbyshire. However, I got a sight of the stately palace of Lord Scarsdale; where the arts of ancient Greece, and the delicate pomp of modern ages, unite to make a most magnificent habitation. It is the best worth seeing of any house I suppose in England; but I know not how it is, that one receives but moderate pleasure in the works of art. There is a littleness in every work of man. The operations of nature are vast and noble; and I found much greater pleasure in the contemplation of Lord Breadalbane's mountains, rocks, and lakes, than in all the efforts of human art at Lord Scarsdale's.

I continued, after my arrival at Denton, in a very poor state of health, which suited ill with continual business, and made me unable to write letters in the hours of recess and quiet. Dr. Gregory came from Edinburgh to make me a visit, and persuaded me to go back with him. The scheme promised much pleasure, and I flattered myself, might be conducive to health; as the doctor, of whose medical skill I have the highest opinion, would have time to observe and consider my various complaints. I

was glad also to have an opportunity of amusing my friend Mrs. Chapone, whom I carried with me into the North.

We had a pleasant journey to Edinburgh, where we were most agreeably entertained in Dr. Gregory's house; all the literati, and the polite company at Edinburgh, paying me all kinds of attentions; and, by the doctor's regimen, my health greatly improved, so that I was prevailed upon to indulge my love of prospects by another trip to the Highlands; my good friend and physician still attending me.

The first day's journey was to Lord Barjarg's*, brother to Mr. Charles Erskine, who was the intimate companion and friendly competitor of my poor brother Tom†. Each of them was qualified for the

* James Erskine, a judge of the Supreme Civil Court of Scotland, first by the title of Lord Barjarg, which he afterwards changed for that of Lord Alva. His father, Charles, also a judge by the title of Lord Tinwald, was third son of Sir Charles, fourth son of John, seventh Earl of Mar. From Lord Tinwald's elder brother is descended James, now Earl of Rosslyn. Lord Alva was born 1722, and died 13th May, 1796, the oldest judge in Britain. Charles was his elder brother; he was born 21st Oct. 1716; was M. P. and barrister at law; and dying in his father's life-time, was buried in the chapel of Lincoln's Inn.

† Thomas Robinson, second brother of Mrs. Montagu, was a young barrister, of eminent and rising talents; he was author of a most useful treatise, entitled "The Common Law of Kent, or the Customs of Gavelkind: with an Appendix concerning Borough-English. By Thos. Robinson of Lincoln's Inn, Esq." 8vo. which having become scarce, was reprinted in 1788. He died 29th Dec. 1747.

highest honours of his profession, which they would certainly have attained, had it pleased God to have granted longer life.

Lord Barjarg had received great civilities at Horton*, when he was pursuing his law studies in England; so he came to visit me as soon as I got to Edinburgh, and in the most friendly manner pressed my passing some days at his house in Perthshire. I got there by an easy day's journey, after having also walked a long time about the castle of Stirling, which commands a very beautiful prospect.

Lord Barjarg's place is very fine, and in a very singular style. His house looks to the south, over a very rich valley, rendered more fertile, as well as more beautiful, by the meanderings of the river Forth. Behind his house rise great hills covered with wood; and over them, stupendous rocks. The goats look down with an air of philosophic pride and gravity on the folks in the valley. One, in particular, seemed to me capable of addressing the famous beast of Gervaudun, if he had been there, with as much disdain as Diogenes did the great conqueror of the East.

Here I passed two days, and then his lordship and my doctor attended me to my old friend Lord Kinnoul's†. You may imagine my visit there gave me a great deal of pleasure, besides what arose from seeing a fine place. I was delighted to find an old friend enjoying that heartfelt happiness, which

* Horton, near Hythe, in Kent, the seat of the Robinsons.

† Uncle to the late earl. He died 1787, aged 77.

attends a life of virtue. Lord Kinnoul is continually employed in encouraging agriculture and manufactures; protecting the weak from injury, assisting the distressed, and animating the young people to whatever, in their various stations, is most fit and proper. He appears more happy in this situation, than when he was whirled about in the vortex of the Duke of Newcastle.

The situation of a Scottish nobleman of fortune is enough to fill the ambition of a reasonable man; for they have power to do a great deal of good.

From Dupplin we went to Lord Bredalbane's at Taymouth. Here quite the sublime and beautiful. The house is situated in a valley, where the verdure is the finest imaginable; and noble beeches adorn it, and beautiful cascades fall down the midst of it. Through this valley you are led to a vast lake: on one side the lake there is a fine country; on the other mountains lift their heads, and hide them in the clouds. In some places ranges of rocks look like vast fortified citadels. I passed two days in this fine place, where I was entertained with the greatest politeness and kindest attentions; Lord Bredalbane seeming to take the greatest pleasure in making every thing easy, agreeable, and convenient.

My next excursion was to Lord Kames's; and then I returned to Edinburgh. With Lord Kames and his lady I have had a correspondence ever since I was first in Scotland; so I was there received with most cordial friendship. I must do the justice to the Scottish

nation to say, they are the most politely hospitable of any people in the world. I had innumerable invitations, of which I could not avail myself, having made as long a holiday from my business in Northumberland, as I could afford.

I am very glad to find by letters received from my brother Robinson*, that he thinks himself better for the waters of Aix.

The newspapers will inform you of the death of Mr. George Grenville. I think he is a great loss to the public; and though in these days of ribaldry and abuse, he was often much calumniated, I believe time will vindicate his character as a public man. As a private one, he was quite unblemished. I regret the loss to myself: I was always pleased and informed by his conversation. He had read a vast deal, and had an amazing memory. He had been versed in business from his youth, so that he had a very rich fund of conversation; and he was good-natured and very friendly.

The king's speech has a warlike tone; but still we flatter ourselves that the French king's aversion to war may prevent our being again engaged in one. It is reported that Mr. De Grey† is to be lord keeper. Lord Chatham was to have spoken in the House of Lords to-day, if poor Mr. Grenville's death, which happened at seven this morning, had not hindered his appearing in public. I do not

* Matthew Robinson of Horton, Esq. afterwards second Lord Rokeby, who died 22d Nov. 1800, æt. 88.

† Afterwards Lord Walsingham.

find that any change of ministry is expected.

My father* and brother are very well. My sister has got the headache to day. She was so good as to come to me, and will stay till Mr. Montagu arrives in town. He did not leave Denton till almost a week after I came away, and he was stopped at Durham by waters being out; but I had the pleasure of hearing yesterday, that he got safe to Darlington, where he was to pass a few days with a famous mathematician†. But I expect him in town the end of this week.

My nephew Morris‡ has got great credit at Eton already. My sister§ has in general her health extremely well. I have got much better than I was in the summer. My doctors order me to forbear writing; but this letter does not shew my obedience to them. I wish I could enliven it with more news.

The celebrated *coterie* will go on in spite of all remonstrances; and there is to be an assembly thrice a week for the subscribers to the opera into the subscription: so little impression do rumours of wars, and apprehensions of the plague, make on the fine world!

* Matthew Robinson of West-Layton, in Yorkshire, Esq. who died 1778, aged 84. He married the heiress of the Morris's of Horton, whose mother remarried Dr. Conyers Middleton.

† This was William Emerson, whose mathematical works are well known; and whose eccentricities were very prominent. He was born 1701, and died 26th May, 1782.—See *Biogr. Dict.* V. 341.

‡ Now Lord Rokeby. § Mrs. Scott

MUSICAL REVIEW.

The favourite Overture, Songs, Duets, &c. in Mozart's celebrated Opera "Il Flauto Magico," or "Zauberflöte," for the Piano-forte, Harp, Flute, and Violoncello, arranged, and inscribed to her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, by J. Mazzinghi.

IN our preceding Monthly Review we noticed Mr. Mazzinghi's arrangement of this opera for the piano-forte, flute, and violoncello, as also his intention to adapt all the operas of Mozart, not only for these three instruments, but likewise in four parts, viz. piano-forte, harp, flute, and violoncello. The whole of the "Magic Flute," arranged in the last-mentioned way, is now at our side; and we have the satisfaction of seeing the opinion we gave on a portion of Mr. M.'s labour, fully confirmed by the inspection of the entire work before us: we shall, therefore, abstain from entering into any further comments on the able execution of this part of his laborious undertaking. It may, however, prove desirable to our readers to be informed of the comparative strength of the four parts; and, under this impression, we think it right to state, that the piano-forte bears the main burden of the score, the harp part has few difficulties to overcome, and the flute and violoncello are even more leniently dealt with. This, no doubt, has been done with a view to adapt the publication to the powers of the generality of amateurs, and thus to render it more universally accessible. The recruits for the required

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quartett may easily be raised within the circle of musical friends, and we can confidently promise them a sufficiency of delightful occupation for a long winter's evening.

"*The Orphan Maid,*" Canzonet from "a Legend of Montrose," in the "Tales of my Landlord" (Third Series); the Music composed by Henry R. Bishop. Pr. 2s.

The melody of this canzonet, an andantino, A \flat , $\frac{3}{4}$, is somewhat in the German style of lyric composition; it reminds us of some of Zumsteg's songs. There is the same vein of plaintive expression, the same striking manner of transition from major to minor. Few as the lines are in number, the musical diction is full of point, and highly pathetic. The conclusion, in particular, "Relieve an orphan's woe," appears to us extremely affecting; the voice drooping most aptly from F to F \flat on the word "woe." The second and third stanzas are given at full length, with occasional variations, chiefly in the conclusion of each.

"*Him I love,*" Canzonet from "a Legend of Montrose," &c. (Third Series); the Music composed by H. R. Bishop. Pr. 2s.

Larghetto cantabile, F major, $\frac{6}{8}$. The symphony, founded on the motivo, presents features of considerable interest, and is altogether in good keeping. Although the motivo of the air itself is not absolutely original, it leads to a period which struck us as very impressive, not only in regard to melody, but also on account of the charming

G

accompaniment that bears the voice on its hands, if we might be allowed the phrase. We allude to p. 3, l. 2, at "but parted by severe decree." The passage is masterly. In the last line of the same page the melody and accompaniment once more take a very attractive turn.

"Look not thou on Beauty's charming," Canzonet from "the Bride of Lammermoor," in the "Tales of my Landlord" (Third Series); the Music composed by Henry R. Bishop. Pr. 1s. 6d.

This short stanza of eight lines appears to us to have received much more of high musical colouring, both as to melody and harmony, than we conceive its text to demand. The modulations traverse key after key, and some are very unexpected. This plan has given scope for a display of compositorial science; and, in so far, Mr. B. has shewn conspicuously his familiarity with the mysteries of the art. But we think the text would have gained by a treatment of greater simplicity. Its substance and moral are contained in the last line, "Easy live, and quiet die;" and a light style of *naïveté* surely would have been appropriate to convey such advice. This remark aside, and we are free to own, that the canzonet exhibits some very fine ideas, and several instances of clever harmonic management.

"The Forester's Roundelay," from "the Bride of Lammermoor," &c. (Third Series); the Music composed, as an accompanied Glee for three Voices, by Henry R. Bishop. Pr. 3s.

An allegro of considerable extent, in E \flat $\frac{3}{4}$, and a larghetto, in the same key, $\frac{6}{8}$, constitute the

movements in this glee, in which the piano-forte accompaniment is essential. The allegro contains some energetic and characteristic solos for the bass-voice, and the two upper voices play a good deal upon a triplet motivo, in thirds; occasionally in alternation with the piano-forte. The style is brisk, and in the manner of hunting-songs. The second movement employs three pages, exclusively, upon the sentence, "But a lily-white doe in the garden goes, she's fairly worth them a'," the latter part of which, the soprano alone repeats nearly twenty times. In the 8th page some neat imitations occur between the vocal parts; and in p. 9, they are mainly aided by an active and very effective accompaniment. In page 1, l. 5, the G cleff has, by mistake, been prefixed to the staff for the bass-voice.

"Oh! place me in some lovely shed!"
Air sung by Mr. Durusett in the Melodrama of "Fortunatus and his Sons," at the Theatre Royal Covent-Garden; composed by H. R. Bishop. Pr. 1s. 6d.

The motivo of this air, not unlike "He was famed for deeds of arms," breathes a degree of fervour in expression which at once awakens sympathy. The remainder of the periods being conceived upon the rhythmic measure of the subject, the whole derives a pleasing feature of unity, which, together with the attractive simplicity of the melody and harmony, is likely to procure to this song the favour of vocal amateurs, more particularly as the execution, as well as the accompaniment, is free from any intricacy.

"Oh! come while the pale Moon is
laving," a favourite Song; the
Words by Miss Eliza Stewart; the
Music composed, and arranged for
the Piano-forte, by Joseph John
Harris. Pr. 2s.

This song is published, for the
author, by the "Regent's Harmonic
Institution;" and it is but justice
to say, that the typographical
execution and the paper are of the
best kind. Of the composition we
can state, that it merits upon the
whole a favourable reception. It
does not, in any material degree,
deviate from the well-known style
of most of our English ballads, and
exhibits no novelty of melodic

conception; but the general con-
text is agreeable, and occasionally
impressive. There are two move-
ments in A b; one in $\frac{3}{4}$, and the
other in $\frac{6}{8}$ time. The latter treads
closely upon the motivo of the first,
and more so on the theme of "Nel
cor piu non mi sento," the subject
of which Mr. H.'s piano-forte part
would serve to accompany entirely.
The accompaniment, in general, is
effective; but not in all cases
strictly as it should be, and it lies
sometimes very inconveniently for
the two hands: indeed, in two or
three bars, the two staves run into
each other, or come into too close
contact.

PLATE 3.—A FASHIONABLE BAROUCHE WITH ACKER-
MANN'S PATENT MOVEABLE AXLES.

THE annexed plate represents a
fashionable barouche with Ackerm-
ann's Patent Moveable Axles,
built by Mr. Dodd of Crawford-
street, Montagu-square, for the
late Colonel Harvey. It was the
second carriage that that gentle-
man had had constructed by Mr.
Dodd on the same principle: the
first was a chariot, and it gave so
much satisfaction as to the utility
of the new axles, that Colonel
Harvey declaring, that he would
never use any other carriage in fu-
ture, gave a distinct proof of his
conviction by ordering the bar-
rouche in question. Such facts
ought to convince the short-sight-
ed coach-makers, who still, in a
great degree, persist in their hos-
tility to so important an improve-
ment in the construction of carri-
ages, that their opposition must
ultimately be fruitless. In spite of
their efforts, about forty four-

wheeled vehicles upon the new
construction have now been built
in Great Britain; and no doubt,
in time, their good qualities will be
as fully apprehended here as on
the Continent, where they are
gaining ground every day. Most
of the sovereigns of Europe have
given them their sanction by adopt-
ing them, and one is at this mo-
ment in a forward state of prepa-
ration for his Majesty the King of
Prussia. His Imperial Majesty the
Emperor of Russia has not only
given his support by adopting them
at his own court, but has lately
presented his Royal Highness the
Prince Regent with a *droschki**

(*From the Times.)

IMPERIAL PRESENT.

His Royal Highness the Prince Regent
has lately received from the Emperor of
Russia, a very curious four-wheel sum-
mer-carriage, called a *droschki*. It
consists of a front and a side seat, con-

built on a similar principle. All this speaks volumes in their favour, which mistaken self-interest and illiberality cannot successfully counteract.

Safety, durability, economy, and convenience, are the leading features of this invention; and we re-

trived in a new but very commodious manner, for two persons: it possesses the Moveable Axles, which are now generally adopted throughout the Continent.

fer our readers again to those pages of the *Repository* where we have more largely treated on their merits; viz. pages 163 and 234, vol. V. New Series—page 125, vol. VII.—pages 16 and 292, vol. VIII.

Since writing what precedes, it gives us the utmost satisfaction to learn, that the Grand-Duke of Baden has already introduced the Patent Moveable Axles into his train of artillery, by which a saving of two horses in six is attained.

THE SELECTOR :

Consisting of INTERESTING EXTRACTS from NEW POPULAR PUBLICATIONS.

OF THE STRUCTURE AND USES OF THE DIFFERENT PARTS OF THE EAR.

(From Mr. CURTIS'S *Treatise on the Physiology and Diseases of the Ear*).

A HOLLOW cavern seems the general structure of the organ of hearing, as best fitted for receiving and reflecting sound.

So necessary is this cavernous shape of the external ear to the reception of sound, that we are told the celebrated tyrant of Syracuse, Dionysius, caused a cavern to be formed in a rock, corresponding to the shape of the human ear, where he used to confine his state prisoners; and from the strong vibration and echoes of the sound, he was enabled to learn the secret conversations they held, and thus condemn or acquit them accordingly.

In the different tribes of animals, it is liable to considerable varieties in the appearance and manner of its formation, and in its appendages.

In man it is more perfect in its structure, than in any other animal; and it is, also, of more importance to him than to any other of the creation.

All animals, as far as we know, possess this sense: it was formerly doubted with respect to fishes. The organ of hearing in fishes was first discovered by the late Mr. John Hunter, and is prosecuted at considerable length in his work on the organ of hearing in fishes, by the late Professor Monro of Edinburgh. Thus the modern researches and discoveries in comparative anatomy, have sufficiently established their possession of this sense, as well as the other classes.

The impressions the organ of hearing receives, are conveyed through the medium of air, which acquires from the action of the bo-

dy communicating sound, a tremulous motion or vibration; and as these motions or vibrations succeed each other, sound is impressed or directed to the thin membrane stretched obliquely across the auditory passage, named the tympanum, where it produces a similar motion, which latter motion, carried on, excites a corresponding feeling in the mind.

That sound can only be conveyed through the medium of air, is fully confirmed by the experiments of the diving-bell; for if a sonorous body is placed in it, as a bell for example, in consequence of its being exhausted of air, no sound is produced, nor can the ringing of the bell be heard.

Though *hearing* is more perfect in man than in any other animal, it is not so at the period of birth: an infant hears at first very imperfectly, and only strong sounds; but this arises, in part, from the passage, or meatus externus, being covered with a viscid mucus, or discharge from the ceruminous glands of the ear, in a similar manner as the meconium fills up the intestines: on the removal of this layer or deposition, the sense soon appears perfect, but not so strong as at an after period of life. Indeed, as we find the meconium, with some children at birth, possesses a morbid viscidness; so in the same manner the secretion most analogous to it will partake of a similar state; and may, therefore, be suspected where congenital deafness occurs by examining the state of the first passages, or *prima via*.

In all animals, the ear is divided into an external and internal part, and the difference in the structure

of the organ of hearing is greater in the external ear than in the internal.

In quadrupeds this difference of structure is more conspicuous than in the rest; and this difference or variety seems intended to adapt the animal the better for its particular circumstances or mode of life.

On examining the external ear in quadrupeds, it is found to resemble the oblique section of a cone, from near the apex to the base. Hares, and other animals exposed to danger, and liable to be attacked by man or beasts of prey, have large ears, and they are particularly directed backwards; while their eyes at the same time, full and prominent, warn them of any danger in front. Rapacious animals, on the contrary, have their ears placed directly forwards, as is observable in the lion, the tiger, the cat, and others. Where the peculiar nature of animals is such as to require that sound be distinctly heard from a low situation, as, for instance, slow hounds and others, they will be found to have either large pendulous ears, or to have them flexible, since they move their heads with more difficulty than man.

Much advantage may be taken of this circumstance in the construction of mechanical contrivances for assisting hearing: some animals keep their head to the ground, as if impressing the sound more strongly on the organ; and in the case of deaf persons, such contrivances should be made nearly of a length to touch the ground, which would give ample compass for the reception and retention of sound.

ON LOCAL DISEASES OF THE EAR.

(From the same).

THE general symptoms by which this species of deafness is distinguished, are, various kinds of noises affecting the head, and communicated from the seat of the organ.

At times, these noises seem somewhat to resemble the murmuring of water; at other times, they may be compared to the hissing of a tea-kettle as it boils over; on other occasions, they are represented by the patient as like the rustling of leaves, the blowing of wind, &c.: all these noises are to be considered as false perceptions in the organ, not arising in the nerve itself, but in the condition of the parts about it.

There is a particular species of this deafness which represents a beating noise, like a pulse; this noise is much increased by any bodily exertion occasioning an increased action of the heart. The cause of this species clearly depends on an irritation of the arterial system; but whether depending on the small arteries of the labyrinth, or on the internal carotid artery, which passes close beneath the cochlea, is uncertain; but whichever of these may be the cause, it gives rise to the same false perceptions as in the other species.

All species then of nervous deafness may be considered as peculiar modifications of constitutional disease, affecting the nervous system in general, and connected with that state which constitutes the hypochondriac and hysterical habit. The general morbid disposition is

here extended to a particular sense, and by viewing it in this light, the change of the constitutional affection must form the basis of the cure. It is by considering it in this just point of view, that proper principles of treatment can only be adopted, and that much may be done to remove this species of the complaint. The hysterical spasm of the throat and *primæ viæ* becomes naturally, from the connection and sympathy of nerves, communicated to those of the ear, and deafness in most cases is a never-failing symptom with hysterical patients; in the same manner that torpor of the stomach and *primæ viæ*, so characteristic of hypochondriasis, occasions a dull sensation and torpor of the auditory nerve, and produces that noise and confused impression so often complained of in hypochondriasis.

A wide field, therefore, opens here for new principles of treatment, by attacking the constitutional cause; and that much relief may be obtained by the application of constitutional means, experience daily evinces. It is from not keeping that analogy in view, that nervous deafness is so formidable to most surgeons.

In all cases of this nervous deafness, when it affects one ear, I may observe, it is in general rendered worse by the conduct of the patient himself; for when the organ of one side is injured, we hear so much better with the other, that we only attend to the sensation conveyed by it, and neglect the duller sensation. The effect of this is, that

the diseased ear becomes worse, and the same consequence arises as that which takes place in the eyes by squinting.

In attending to the treatment of nervous deafness, if the practitioner is early applied to, and the disease is still in its first stage, it may be considered in general as curable; and even cases of long standing, when properly treated, admit of considerable relief.

In entering upon the treatment of nervous deafness, it is essential to observe, that a great similarity exists between it and that species which arises from a syphilitic cause. In nervous deafness, therefore, it is proper to inquire minutely into the history of the case, and to ascertain from what source the disease originates.

Several cases of nervous deafness, proceeding from the latter cause, have come under my care, which yielded to a regular course of mercury, and the function of the organ was in all completely restored.

Again, where the connection of the disease with the above cause is not so clear, instead of the treatment prescribed, a strict antiphlogistic course, if the patient be able to bear it, will often prove successful; namely, powerful saline cathartics, of which the best is the vitriolated magnesia: the doses should be repeated as often as the strength of the patient will admit; and in the intermediate time small doses of the submuriate of mercury are to be administered, to promote absorption, by taking off any thickening of the parts, which is apt to impede the due performance of the functions of the organ.

This practice will in incipient cases succeed; and, if not completely, will at least palliate the predominant symptom; and in all cases it ought to have a fair trial, for deafness should never *à priori* be considered as incurable.

At the same time, it must be confessed, that the diseases of the internal ear are involved in much obscurity. Dissections have proved, that a total deafness may exist without any apparent defect in the mechanism, either of the external or internal ear.

This has been shewn by the dissection of several cases of persons who had been deaf during life. On examination of these cases, every part appeared perfect; even the nerve and its expansion shewed no trace of morbid change; and the alteration, whatever it was, was too minute for either the knife or the eye to detect: it consisted, perhaps, in an original want of power in the nerve to receive impressions. This is equally another proof of its connection with hysteria and hypochondriasis, where the nervous system is in part affected, as is too often observable.

But though I have stated that nervous deafness in its first stage is generally curable, much will depend on the time the treatment is continued, and on the perseverance of the patient and the practitioner.

In some instances, a cure has been accomplished in a very short period; in others, I have found it necessary to persevere for a considerable time, and recovery has at last taken place.

With respect to the application of topical remedies to the ear,

gentle stimulants, in form of liniment, as a portion of the essential oils mixed with the oil of almonds, may be beneficially introduced into the ear, where, being retained, they will serve as a substitute for the natural secretion, and at the same time increase the sensibility of the passage.

All the advertised nostrums are preparations of this kind; and, so far as they supply the secretion, and gently stimulate the passage, in some cases they may be useful: but as to the notion, that they are to remove an organic affection of

the part, the various species of which I have described, it only shews the complete ignorance of those who expect success from such inadequate means of relief.

As I have stated, that there is so little to be done by medicine in confirmed cases of deafness of long standing, arising from imperfect organization of the ear, I have, with much pains, collected a variety of contrivances to assist hearing, many of which I have obtained from the Continent, in order to give all possible relief in such distressing cases.

A LOVE-ADVENTURE.

(From *Letters from Buenos Ayres and Chili*).

THE willows here grow to a surprising height and size, as does the myrtle, with which the willows are intermixed. Thus I paced along, not a little irritated to think I could not unravel the mystery: that there was one, I was well persuaded, else why that silence, or why was I shunned both by man and woman? or is it all a fairy dream, a waking vision, or has the moon rolled over my brain, and cracked it? All these and a thousand more vagaries entered my head before I had well reached the end of the walk. I had advanced, without being conscious of it, much further than I had ever been before; and should still have continued going on, had not a voice arrested my attention: it was soft and plaintive, and in the Indian tongue, which I knew not. I paused, and looked round to see from whence it came, but I could see no one. The voice ceased, and, after a short pause, I heard a man say in very

good Tuscan, "It will do, Clara; it will, it will, it must. You know very well, that if Don Francisco arrives before your brother, every hope will then be gone: therefore, let me entreat you to take advantage of the only moments that can ever possibly offer. We can be at Valpariso much sooner than they can, and we shall be able to get on board without the least suspicion; and, once there, nothing further can be feared or wished, for I have secured all; so that we shall not have the least occasion for delay, and the master has undertaken to sail within an hour after we are on board. You will have nothing to fear; keep up your spirits, and thus support the character you appear in, for you cannot want to be assured of the delightful welcome you will receive at Lima. My mother could think or talk of nothing else; my sisters too, you know their hearts, and what kind and tender girls they are; all will be

in raptures at your arrival, for the future happiness of the best of mothers, as well as my own, depends upon it: do not, then, I implore you, any longer hesitate, but come this moment with me; you will drive me to distraction if you deny; and I here most solemnly swear by the Holy Virgin, I will not survive your refusal: therefore come, I pray you."

The lady spake again in the same language, and, by the tone of her voice, I concluded she was weeping. "It is no use, Clara; you have gone too far to recede now, and go you must, unless you prefer seeing me dead at your feet: you know my resolution, and what, at all times, I dare; you, therefore, cannot suppose that, in this momentous crisis of my life, I will act with less resolution than I have hitherto done. The mules are but a short distance, under the garden-wall of St. Dominic, and one of the fathers will accompany us for a few leagues: he is one in whom I can confide, and will take care that you are not missed before the bell for dinner." The lady spoke again, her voice less tremulous than before; when the gentleman said, "Come then, my angel, for by the time we get yonder, it will be dark." The lovers then moved onwards; I followed the voice, but could see no one. The lady was speaking very earnestly, and you know not how much I regretted that she also did not speak the Tuscan, which I much wondered at, as she must have been well acquainted with it. I followed this ignis fatuus above a quarter of a mile, and in a part of the suburbs of the city which I knew nothing of. However, on I went, de-

termined, at all hazards, to see the lovers off. I knew not where St. Dominic's monastery was situated; that it was a numerous society, and in connection with that at Buenos Ayres, was all my acquaintance with it. But it was dark before I reached the east angle of a wall, which I concluded must be the boundary of St. Dominic's. Here I halted, under some orange-trees, and listened to hear the voices; but it was some minutes before I could hear them, and then as if they had gone out of the path, and had been passing to one more to the north-east; while I was got into a thicket, and knew not how to get out, in order to catch the sound which I found to be more distant. Bewildered and confounded, I should, most assuredly, have been obliged to have remained there all night, had not an Indian, belonging to the very people I was in pursuit of, given a signal, which I supposed to have been the one directed by the gentleman; he supposing me, by the rustling I made among the leaves to get out, to be his master. However, before he was undeceived, I heard the gentleman's voice at no great distance, advancing apparently near to where I stood, as I could guess by his voice. He spoke in the Indian language, and was answered in the same by the man; the lady, likewise, said something to him; and they all three went on together. I was, by their movements, convinced, that I could not be far from the path under the wall, and instantly made a grand push through the thicket to get to it, which I happily effected, but not without tearing my garments: luckily for me, the ground was thickly covered with leaves and

blossoms, so that my footsteps were not heard, and I followed at no great distance from the runaways, not without a hope that I should see them when they came to mount; but in this I was disappointed, for when they reached the opposite end of the inclosure which had been on the left, they suddenly turned the corner, and, before I could come up, they were mounted. Three mules passed on in the opposite direction, at a quick pace, and a single one remained with a man for about ten minutes, who was placing something upon it, for though I could not see him, I heard him busily engaged: no one had spoken but the Indian after they turned the corner of the wall, and as the man was adjusting something, I heard him in Spanish anathematize a wine-bottle. I therefore concluded, that the lover, the lady, and the priest were gone on, and this was the Indian charged with the provisions for the journey; and that all my labour was lost, and I was in a pretty situation; to get out of which, it was necessary to be informed of the best means to return to St. Francis. I, therefore, retired back some little way, and then advanced, singing a part of the evening service. The Indian was, in an instant, close to me, when I pretended to be surprised at finding him there. He answered, in very good Spanish, that he was servant to Captain Pedro Aquirre, and was going to an Estancia about two leagues distant; that something had got wrong on the mule's saddle, and he had stopped to set it to rights. I affected to believe what he said, and bade him set me right to regain the Cannada. He

said, I was a long step from it, for I was in the wood of St. Bruno. I asked him to return through the wood with me, as far as the entrance to the Cannada. This, he said, he could not do, as he had staid too long already, being obliged to be at the Estancia by nine o'clock; but he would mount, and go with me to the end of the wall, and then direct me as well as he could. This was poor encouragement for me, and before we came to the end of the garden, I had made up my mind to stick myself in a thicket till daylight, when the sound of the matin-bell would direct me. It was the first time I had ever been led astray by a curiosity to pry into other people's concerns, and I had fully determined it should be the last, notwithstanding I had two hours before resolved to come at the secret of the drowned lady: but this evening was certainly to be one of adventures to me who had never any taste for them; for I am well convinced I should make a very sorry knight-errant, more particularly in affairs of the heart, and being among the descendants of the first knights-errant of Europe, I should most assuredly cut a most lamentable figure: therefore, I shall be content at having, without designing it, made one essay towards obtaining so gallant a character. The Indian completed his engagement, and left me at the end of the garden-wall, with a flourish of his bell-whip, and bawling out, "Hurrah, mula, hurrah!"

Now, had I happened to have been a lover of the fifteenth century, these woods, and wilds, and umbrageous shades, would have been the very essence of place and time; but,

alas! I was three hundred years too young to be enraptured with the sombrescene; and therefore wished, most heartily wished, that I could change it for the portico of the Franciscan church. I made, however, the best of my way, agreeably to the Indian's directions; but still I seemed to be as far from the mark as at first. At length, the moon arose, and I discerned through the

wood a wide opening at no great distance from the spot I had been traversing for above two hours: most joyfully did I leap over the impediments that were opposed to me, and found I was some way on the Cannada. How I could miss the path the Indian told me I should find, is to me most mysterious, for I must absolutely have gone over it several times.

THE EXPLANATION.

(From the same.)

I HAVE acquired the secret of St. Bruno's wood, which I consider a desirable acquisition, or rather a reward for my confinement; and, indeed, the good Father Pablo thought so too. In a former letter I informed you, that our journey to the Conception would commence immediately after the marriage of my lord bishop's niece, which, it is presumed, has taken place, though not exactly with the proposed bridegroom: for, be it known to you, that the lady who spoke in the Indian language to the gentleman in the wood, is the very identical niece of his lordship. My superior was this morning so kind as to come to my room for the purpose of explaining the business. This lady's mother was the sole heiress of one of the most powerful of the Auracan caciques. She was, unfortunately, taken prisoner in an engagement between the Spaniards and her father's people, who, although they were beaten back to the Imperial, yet succeeded in carrying her off. She was the only child left to her father; of five sons that he had, three had fallen in battle, and two by the small-pox.

The father, as soon as he was informed of the fate of his child, immediately set off for the Spanish garrison, with all his troops, and those of his next friend, with a determination to attack the fortress, and put every Spaniard to death, man, woman, or child, that might be found in it. They were not long in reaching the fort to which he concluded his child had been taken. He immediately summoned it, and demanded his daughter. The Spaniards, contrary to their usual custom, answered the summons, not by their cannon, but a herald, with a message that the governor would restore the lady, and proposed articles of peace, that might secure to both parties all they could wish. Whilst the cacique was musing over this new kind of communication, and fearing for his child, well knowing the treachery of the Spaniards, he was surprised to see her conducted towards him by two Spanish officers, bearing a flag of truce. When they came near, she advanced before them, and kneeling to her father, entreated him to listen to the proposals of the governor, who, as

a proof of his sincerity, and determination to abide by all that should be required, he had thought proper to set her instantly free, that she might be a mediator between them. She further said, that she had been treated with the greatest respect by them all, and in particular by one of those that accompanied her, who was son to the governor, and commanded the party which took her prisoner.—The cacique possessed all the greatness of soul that marks the character of an upright man and a hero, for he was one; and more than once had the Spaniards felt the force of his arms, and been driven before him to take refuge in their forts, or they would have been totally routed in the field. He was the chief of all others they most dreaded. The sight of his child, and the assurance of her having been respected, gave to his heart the most grateful sensations; and embracing her, he said, he would listen to what they had to say, and if consistent with the future safety of his people, he would comply with their proposals. The usual time of eight days was fixed for the final answer, and, with his daughter, he took the route towards home. One of the articles was a proposition for the cacique to give his daughter in marriage to the son of the governor. This was an article that was long debated in the council that he called on the occasion; but, at length, by the intercession of the young lady herself, it was agreed to, and peace was finally made on the marriage taking place three weeks after. That peace has been strictly observed by both parties

ever since; although her father did not live long after, and the lady having no brothers or near relations to join in subsequent affairs between the Spaniards and other neighbouring chiefs, the whole of the district belonging to her remained perfectly tranquil. There were two children by this marriage, a son and a daughter. Six years after the marriage, the governor, her father-in-law, was appointed governor of Lima, and his son lieutenant-governor. This arrangement caused them to remove to Peru, and when the boy attained his eighth year, he was contracted to a daughter of the late viceroy, and the young lady to one of his sons, which marriages were consummated; and soon after, another son of the viceroy was married to a daughter of one of the native grandees of Lima. About this time, the present Lord Bishop of St. Jago was appointed to this see. He was brother to the governor's wife, who was a native of Lima. The lieutenant-governor did not long survive the completion of the marriage of his children, and his widow took the veil in a nunnery at Lima. The daughter lost her husband at the age of eighteen, leaving her three children under the guardianship of the present Bishop of St. Jago. Before her year of mourning was quite expired, several gallant Spaniards made her proposals; among them, a highly accomplished Spaniard, arrived at Lima from Old Spain as colonel of a troop of horse. His father had been viceroy, but was dead. His mother and sisters remained at Lima, but he had been sent to the court by his father's

successor on affairs of a private nature. At his return, he was appointed lieutenant-governor, and, at the same time, became enamoured of the young widow, who, it should seem, was no less enamoured of him; and, as soon as time would permit, he made his pretensions known, and applied to the bishop for leave to address his niece; but he met with an abrupt refusal. In the mean time, her brother-in-law, or rather her late husband's brother, had repudiated his wife, and applied to the bishop, as the other had done, for leave to address the lady; which was immediately granted, and the lady received directions from his lordship to look upon her relative as her future husband: but the lady proved refractory, and positively refused to accept him, alleging as an excuse, their being so nearly allied by marriage, and there being children on both sides, and the mother of his children still living. But all excuses were vain; her ghostly father was determined upon the match, and she was commanded to come to St. Jago, and remain in one of the nunneries attached to St. Francis. The prelate's mandate was absolute, and she was obliged to obey. Hither then the lady and children came, and here she was to remain till a dispensation for the marriage arrived from Rome.

In the mean time, the repudiated lady's family, considering her as very ill used, sent to Rome a messenger also, with every necessary document, to lay before his holiness, to prevent the dispensation being obtained, backed also by a memorial from the family of the

young lieutenant-governor. When I came to St. Jago, this was the situation in which matters stood, and with which Father Pablo made me acquainted; and that they much feared no dispensation would arrive, as they had heard some vague account of the perilous situation of his holiness. But the bishop was so determined that the match should take place before he set out on his visitation, that every thing had been arranged for the purpose; and the day that the president was taken ill, was the one fixed upon to unite the young widow to a man that it is said she absolutely detested. It was to take place at the summer palace, to which I informed you my superior and myself were to have gone to be present at the marriage ceremony. Happy indeed was it for all parties, that the illness of one great man prevented its taking place. But, although it was obliged to be postponed by the absence of the bishop, yet he still determined on its completion; and the president getting better, the day was once more fixed, and was the very next to that of my affair in St. Bruno's wood, and which, as I told you, caused so much alarm to Father Pablo: for on my relating my adventure, he instantly comprehended the business and the result, he being certain it could be no other than the young widow and her lover at Lima; and he also drew a conclusion, what a confusion and uproar would be at the palace as soon as her flight was known: he well knew, also, the vindictive spirit of his lordship, and the danger I should be in were it to be known that I was in any manner ac-

quainted with it. This was the reason he enjoined my silence, and directed my confinement as in a fever. It was well these precautions were taken, and that none knew of my adventure but the father. There has been, it seems, a great many taken up, as supposed aiders and abettors in her escape; but so well was it managed by the lover, that not the smallest clue as yet has been found to clear up the mystery of her elopement. Every religious house in the city and its

environs has been minutely searched, not having the least idea that she left the house before morning; and by the time she was missed, the lovers must have been at Valpariso, and safe on board a ship; and it was not till yesterday that his lordship thought of sending to Valpariso. Thus you see the *dénouement* of my adventure; and I earnestly hope the lovers are now far beyond the reach of arbitrary power.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

PLATE 4.—HALF-DRESS.

A ROUND dress composed of *velours épingle*: the colour is difficult to describe; it is between a dark fawn and a sage green, without being exactly either, but of the two, it is nearest to the green. The body is made rather more than half high; the back has a little fulness at the bottom of the waist; the fronts are tight to the shape, and sloped a little on each side of the bosom, so as partially to display the upper part of the neck. The body is elegantly finished by a ruff composed of *gros de Naples* and satin, to correspond with the dress; it stands up behind in the Elizabeth style, so as to shade the back of the throat, but is open on each side of the bosom. Long sleeve, of a moderate width; the bottom is ornamented with satin, to correspond with the dress; it is let-in in plaits, and intermixed with twisted *gros de Naples* cord, in such a manner as to form a new and very pretty

cuff. Half-sleeve, of the same materials as the ruff; it is disposed in full oval puffs. The bottom of the skirt is finished by a double fall of lace, between which is a novel and pretty trimming, composed of white satin and white *gros de Naples*. Head-dress, a cap, for the form of which we refer to our print: it is ornamented with pomegranite-flowers. Necklace and ear-rings, dead gold. Black kid shoes, and Limeric gloves.

PLATE 5.—EVENING DRESS.

A round dress, composed of white figured lace of Urling's manufacture, over a white satin slip. The skirt is elegantly ornamented with lace draperies, which are headed by a trimming composed of white satin intermixed with pearls; each drapery is ornamented at the points with stars formed of white satin and pearls. This trimming is at once light, elegant, and novel. The body is tight to the shape; it is cut a very decorous height round

the bust: the front is formed in the Grecian style with a little point in the centre of the bosom; it is ornamented by a tucker *à l'enfant*, and that is headed by a rouleau of lace twisted with pearl. The sleeve is extremely novel and elegant; it is composed of the same material as the dress, intermixed with white satin and pearl. The hair is dressed in light loose curls in front: the forehead is very little exposed. Head-dress, pearl ornaments, and a superb plume of feathers, one of which droops a little to the right side. Necklace and ear-rings, pearls. White silk shoes, and white kid gloves.

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

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON
FASHIONS AND DRESS.

The most remarkable change in promenade dress since our last number is, that it has assumed a warmer appearance: fur trimmings were last month in favour; now they are universally worn with cloth pelisses, which is the dress generally adopted for walking. The Turkish pelisse is considered most fashionable: the body is full behind, the sleeves very long and loose, and the pelerine generally large enough to descend to the bottom of the waist. The trimming, which goes round the bottom of the skirt, and up each front, is seldom less than a quarter of a yard in depth. The bottom of the sleeve is also ornamented with fur, and the epaulette is composed of it; so that, with the addition of a

muff, and sometimes a tippet, our fair pedestrians are sufficiently defended from the severity of the weather.

Promenade bonnets are not we think, generally speaking, so appropriate to the season as the rest of the dress: beaver and black velvet, it is true, are partially worn, but the greater number are composed of *velours épingle*, fancy velvets, velvet and satin, or *gros de Naples*, intermixed, and their beautiful and brilliant hues have certainly a light appearance for the time of year. Provence rose-colour, which is a peculiarly vivid and beautiful shade of red, is in much request for bonnets, as is also violet; but we still see pale colours worn. It is not easy to tell which is considered most fashionable, winter flowers or feathers. We have noticed the former frequently worn to ornament the bonnet even when the pelisse was trimmed with fur: this may be, and we know it is fashionable in France, but it presents a most incongruous and inelegant mixture; and certainly, in the opinion of all good judges of dress, the effect of it is at once fantastic and unbecoming.

Bonnets afford no novelty in the form; they have not decreased in size since last month. There is a new trimming just introduced for the edge of the brim: it is a rich striped ribbon; the stripes are of silk plush, very much raised; the edges are scalloped, and it is laid on in full puffs; each puff is formed by a little plaited silk band, which is always of a colour to contrast strikingly with those of the ribbon. We should observe, that if the bonnet is ornamented with

flowers, the colour of the ribbon invariably corresponds.

Twilled sarsnet or *gros de Naples* pelisses, lined and wadded, are not so general as we had reason last month to expect they would become; they are, however, worn in the carriage dress: some are trimmed with fur, others with velvet, and a few with velvet and satin intermixed. One of the prettiest that we have seen was composed of bright chesnut levantine: it was made to fit the shape; the waist was of the usual length, and the sleeve wide and very long: it fastened on the inside down the front. The trimming consisted of satin of the colour which the French call *ponceau*: it is a red, something similar to dark ruby, but a more dead colour; it is laid on full in the shape of acorns, each of which is edged with a narrow twisted roll of chesnut-coloured velvet and bright rose-coloured satin. This trimming goes round the bottom and up the fronts on each side. The collar, which stands up very high in the back of the neck, and turns over in a roll, is composed of it. The bottom of the long sleeve is ornamented in a similar way. The epaulettes are composed of *ponceau* satin: they are very full, and the fulness is looped up in four places by narrow velvet bands, which fasten with small silk buttons on the shoulder. The appearance of the pelisse is altogether very tasteful, and the trimming has a beautiful effect.

Cloth is now the material most in favour for morning dress; sarsnet is next in estimation; but muslin of every description is exploded. Morning dresses still conti-

nue to be made in a very plain style. We have not noticed since last month any novelty either in their form or trimming.

The materials for dinner dress continue nearly the same as last month. Tabbinets, though so long worn, are still fashionable, and Irish poplins are also considered very genteel; but the most novel and most elegant of the winter materials is the one of which the dinner dress we have given in our print is composed: it was originally of French manufacture, and is now very fashionable in Paris for bonnets. The introduction of it for gowns is a new idea, and will most likely, from the extreme beauty and elegance of the material, prove a successful one.

Dinner gowns, generally speaking, are cut low round the bust, and are made with short sleeves; but for home dress, they are very often made half high, and with long sleeves. Broad flat silk gimp begins to be much used in trimmings. Caps of various descriptions are much in favour, both in morning and dinner dress. Those worn in the morning are always of the mob shape; but both round caps and mobs are in estimation for dinner dress. The one which we have given in our print is, in our opinion, the most strikingly elegant among the former. There are several novelties in the mob, or, as the French call it, *cornette* shape. One of the prettiest of these has a head-piece of tulle, made with very small ears, and ornamented in a pretty but somewhat fantastic way with corkscrew rolls of ribbon of two colours: the ribbon is always narrow, and the colours form a

striking contrast. The crown is a mixture of white satin and lace; the former is disposed in puffs; they are surrounded by full plaitings of the latter, which stand up all round: three of these puffs form the crown.

We shall probably next month have an opportunity of announcing some new materials for full dress to our fair subscribers, as we understand that several of our manufacturers are at present busy in imitating the recent inventions of the French. Lace, tulle, and satin are at present most in estimation. Rich levantines, *gros de Naples*, and spotted silks, are also in request. White is considered most elegant; but violet, *ponceau*, and chesnut-colour are also fashionable.

We have lately seen a full dress, made rather in the French style, which appeared to us pretty, and likely to become fashionable.—The skirt is composed of white figured satin, trimmed at the bottom with a *ruche* of rich white gauze: this trimming consists of several falls, and each is edged with narrow bright rose-coloured

ribbon. This is headed by a trimming composed of rose-coloured and white satin: the latter is disposed in small puffs, which are placed at a distance of about half a quarter of a yard from each other, and between each is a band of rose-coloured satin, laid in three or four plaits crosswise. The *corsage* is formed of rose-coloured silk *pluche*; it is cut excessively low, but a piece of plaited white satin is let in all round the top of the bust. This satin forms the shape of the bosom, in a style at once modest and becoming. A narrow tucker, composed of blond, stands up all round. The sleeve is the most singular that we have seen for some time: there are three rolls, one over another; the upper and lower are white satin, and the middle one rose-coloured silk *pluche*. We must observe, that this last material was very fashionable both here and in France a few seasons back, but it has not lately been at all worn.

Fashionable colours are, bright rose-colour, sage-green, violet, *ponceau*, and different shades of chesnut-colour.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, DEC. 19.

My dear SOPHIA,

OUR promenade dress has now assumed a more wintry appearance than when I wrote to you last. Muslin gowns have disappeared; they are replaced by cloth dresses of various descriptions. Gowns, great-coats, and pelisses are all in favour, but the only material used for them at present is cloth. Owing, however, to the va-

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riety of colours which are in fashion, as well as to the difference in the make of gowns, there is a good deal of variety in promenade dress. I will begin with our great-coats, which, by the bye, are certainly at present misnamed, for they ought rather to be called *little-coats*, since they are very scanty in the skirt, and quite tight in the body and sleeves to the figure. The skirt is gored; it is tight to

the shape, except in the middle of the back, where the fulness is disposed in a profusion of plaits: sometimes it wraps across in front; at others it only meets. The body, still as long as ever in the waist, is made to fit the natural shape. The back has seldom any ornament: sometimes, however, one sees a silk button in the shape of an olive on each hip. The front is entirely covered with bands of silk braiding placed crosswise; this forms a stomacher; each band is finished by a button at the side, and the pelisse fastens by a row of buttons up the middle of the front: they are always in the shape of olives. The sleeve has rarely any ornament at all. I must not forget to say, that the braiding always corresponds in colour with the cloth.

The promenade gowns are made as tight to the figure as the pelisses. A stomacher, of the same material as the dress, is let in up the middle of the front; it is narrow almost to a point at bottom, but about half a quarter wide at top; it is usually finished with a narrow band of velvet, to correspond with the dress: this goes down at each side. A similar band edges the girdle, which is still worn very broad: there is a very full half-sleeve, confined to the arm also by a velvet band. The long sleeve is made quite tight to the arm, except just at the bottom of the wrist, where it falls loosely over the hand: it is finished by a little turned-up velvet cuff. The bottom of the skirt is sometimes left plain, at others adorned with three or four velvet bands. Pele-rines of a moderate size are always worn with these dresses: they fas-

ten behind, and are either trimmed or left plain, according to the fancy of the wearer; but if they are trimmed, it is always with velvet.

Great-coats and pelisses are so nearly alike with us, that a description of one will serve for the other. I have, however, seen within the last few days a pelisse, which I will describe to you; because, though it is not very novel, it is pretty, and appropriate to the season. It is composed of pale drab cloth; the body is made with a double front, or rather, to express myself more clearly, the fronts are open, and there is a waistcoat underneath: the waistcoat buttons up the front, and on each side there is a light embroidery in braiding; it forms a little wave, and is in a feather pattern. The lappels of the fronts, which are thrown back, are lined with *velours simulé*. The collar is composed of *velours simulé*, which is laid on full, and formed into bands of the shape of lozenges by rich silk cord. There is a full half-sleeve, similar to the collar: the bottom of the long sleeve is finished with a little cuff of *velours simulé*, and the skirt, which I should observe buttoned up the fronts, had no trimming.

Now for *la tête*, the adorning which, in one way or other, is the business of a French lady's life: while she is young and pretty, the outside claims her peculiar care; as she advances in life, she begins to think a little of the interior, in order, that when she is forced to resign her claim to beauty, she may commence wit; for to be one or the other is absolutely essential to a Frenchwoman's happiness. But to return to the outside of the

French head, which is all you care for. Our *chapeaux* continue to be made of the same materials as when I wrote last, with the exception of *gros de Naples*, which is now never used. The brims are still very large; the crowns are of a moderate height, and of various shapes. Some are oval, others round; a good many are tacked in like the caul of a cap, and a few are still seen in the shape of a dome: this last shape, however, which has been for a considerable time in fashion, is now but little in estimation.

Hats are variously ornamented at the edge of the brim. Those of satin are generally trimmed with silk down of a different colour to the bonnet. This trimming is always put on very broad, and it is sometimes passed across the crown as well as the edge of the brim. Many *belles* place above, and at some distance from the border of down, another of puffs of ribbon. Sometimes a band of satin finishes the brim: this band is ornamented with leaves of stamped velvet, placed at some distance from one another. A third kind of edging is the granite or chenille stuff, which is used to border the brim of a good many hats, and laid on very broad; and a fourth is a trimming of *pluche*: this last has something of the appearance of a plaid ribbon; it is too showy, but has a very rich effect.

Feathers and flowers are the ornaments still used for bonnets: the former are mostly of down; the latter consist of China and Provence roses, pomegranate flowers, daffodils, geraniums, and a variety of fancy flowers. A bonnet has

been recently introduced by one of our *élégantes*, who is remarkable for bringing up *outré* and unbecoming fashions; and really I do not think, that the most fantastic leader of the modes ever invented a head-dress more calculated to disfigure even a lovely face, than the one I am going to describe to you.

It is composed of crimson velvet: the brim is large; the crown low and round; the shape is so dowdy, that if it was not for the manner in which it is decorated, one would not look at it a second time; but the edge of the brim is finished with silk down of a beautiful pale pink; a wreath of full-blown roses, of the same delicate hue, encircled with bright green leaves, goes round the bottom of the crown, across the top of which is a band of pale pink ribbon, with a bow in the middle: this ribbon ties the bonnet in a full bow, under the chin. I need not observe to you, how strikingly ridiculous a contrast pink and crimson form, but it is a common one here, as we frequently see a crimson dress and a pink bonnet; but even that does not look so bad as a mixture of pink, crimson, and green in the head-dress.

You must not, however, judge of all our *chapeaux* by the one I have described; the generality of them are pretty, and some very tasteful: among the latter is *le chapeau à la Sicilienne*; it is composed either of white satin or purple velvet; the brim is large, the crown moderately high: a piece of the same material, something in the shape of a handkerchief, covers the crown; this piece has three

points, each of which is finished by a tassel; one of these points falls in front, and the others at the ears: a gold band goes round the crown next to the brim, and five down feathers are placed upright in front. The edge of the brim is finished by a full fall of blond.

Dinner gowns are composed either of Merino cloth or silk; if of the latter, they are either *gros de Naples* or levantine, sarsnet being very little in use, and satin not at all. I do not remember having observed during the last four years, that whole and half-dress gowns were made at any time less trimmed than at present. I must, however, except ball dresses, the skirts of which are now ornamented at the bottom with flowers. Tulle, which has lately been very little used, is now again in favour for dancing dresses; it is worn over white satin or white silk tissue: this last is a beautiful material—light, soft, and rich; it looks, in my opinion, better than white satin under lace or tulle.

The hair now begins to be a good deal covered in full dress. *Togues*, which have been long disused, are coming again into fashion; and we see also a few dress caps composed of tulle, and ornamented with flowers. The white satin hats which I described in my last, are, however, more in favour; and the same shape in black velvet is in universal estimation in full dress, particularly with those ladies who have diamonds to display: those who have not, content themselves with steel beads and feathers. I saw the other day one of those hats of a novel shape, and one that I should consider more gene-

rally becoming than the plain round brims. The brim was small, but a little broader at the sides than either before or behind; it was lined with white satin, and cut round in scollops; it was edged with small cut steel beads: a beautiful plume of white ostrich feathers was placed upright in front, at the base of which was a black velvet bow, ornamented with small steel beads. These beads look remarkably well on black velvet. Pearls are a good deal used to ornament white satin hats; they are worn also in the hair, but not so much as coral ornaments, which are now in very high request.

I must bid you adieu to call upon some friends, whom I am going to take to the Exhibition at the Louvre: it is as much as ever the fashion to lounge away the mornings there. The French speak of it with enthusiasm, and I do not wonder at it, for it really is a credit to their nation. You cannot delight them more than by praising it, for every one regards whatever you say in its favour as a compliment to himself. I was there the other day with our friend Miss D. who never slips an occasion of satirizing the vanity of the French. A grave-looking gentleman, who was certainly past the age of romance, exclaimed aloud, "Surely I am in Fairy-land, for all this cannot be the work of mortal hands!"—"There's hyperbole for you!" said Miss D. to me in a low tone, but loud enough for him to hear.—"Not at all, madam," said he, turning quickly round; "it is natural enough to think one has got into a land of enchantment, when one sees such figures as this mirror

reflects," pointing to one opposite to which she stood. The poor girl is certainly ugly enough to be mistaken for a malignant fairy, but she took the compliment *à la Française*; that is to say, in the most fashionable light; and the gratification to her own vanity put her into so good a humour, that she forgot, during the rest of the morn-

ing, to abuse the vanity of the French.

The Louvre had almost put it out of my head to tell you, that *ponceau*, violet, brown, olive-green, apple-green, drab, and rose-colour, are the fashionable hues.

Adieu! Ever your

EUDOCIA.

FINE ARTS.

INTELLIGENCE REGARDING WORKS OF ART.

THE following are the medals distributed by the Royal Academy:

The gold medal, for an original historical composition of *the Cave of Despair*, from Spenser's Fairy Queen, to Mr. Severn.

The gold medal, for an original model of *Jacob wrestling with the Angel*, to Mr. Gott.

The gold medal, for the best design of Pliny's *Villa at Laurentinum*, as described in Pliny's Letters, to Mr. Smirke.

Each of the above medals was accompanied with the Lectures of Sir J. Reynolds and Mr. West.

Two silver medals were delivered for the best copies made in the Painting School, the first to Mr. Shepherdson, the second to Mr. Smith.

A silver medal was given, for the best drawing from the living model, to Mr. Edwards.

A similar medal was given, for the best model from the same, to Mr. Behnes.

Two medals were presented for the best drawings from the *Gladi-*

ator, the first to Mr. Graham, and the second to Mr. Watts.

A silver medal, for the best model from the *Apollo*, to Mr. Hughes.

The first silver medal in each school was accompanied with the Lectures of the Professors Barry, Opie, and Fuseli. The latter gentleman presided in the absence of Mr. West, who is, we regret to say, too much indisposed to admit of his performing the more laborious duties of the chair.

ROYAL PRESENTS.—His Grace the Duke of Wellington has received two magnificent royal presents, of exquisitely beautiful china dinner and dessert services, the one from his Majesty the King of Prussia, the other from his Majesty the King of Saxony; and with the latter are six sets of the finest and most costly Damask table linen, all of which are of Saxon manufacture, accompanied with a letter from his Majesty to his Grace. The Berlin china excels in number and splendour; that from Dresden, in taste and quality.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

IN the press, and will be published 1st Jan., the First Part of the *Second Tour of Dr. Syntax in Search of the Picturesque*; a poem, in eight monthly numbers; forming a second volume when complete. Written by the same author, with designs by the same artist, T. Rowlandson, Esq.; and with the same arrangement of them both as produced the original work, with that title of which *eight unexampled editions* have been so eagerly demanded by the public, and which have given rise to so many shameless deceptions, spurious imitations, and gross impositions.

Analytical Essay on the Construction of Machines, translated from the French of Lanz and Bétancourt, is nearly ready for publication by Mr. Ackermann.

Mr. Accum has in the press, a *Treatise on the Adulterations of Food, and Culinary Poisons*; exhibiting the fraudulent sophistications of bread, wine, beer, tea, coffee, cream, spirituous liquors, cheese, mustard, olive-oil, vinegar, pepper, pickles, confectionary, and other articles employed in domestic economy; and the methods of detecting them.

Early in this month will be published, *Facts and Observations on Liver Complaints*: demonstrating the various and extensive disorders of the constitution which originate from this source; prescribing a successful mode of treatment, illustrated with cases: the fourth edition, considerably enlarged; by John Faithorn, M. D.

Important Invention in Hydraulics.—There is at present circulated in Paris the prospectus of a new machine, which, if we may believe the authors, will overturn all our present system of hydraulics. They engage to supply a small portable steam-engine, which will raise the water to the height of sixty feet, at the rate of fifteen quarts per minute. The machine will consume no more than the value of one pennyworth of coals in an hour, to raise nine hundred quarts of water to this height. It will cost 600 francs, and will last more than a hundred years. No payment is required till the engine has been tried, and given satisfaction; till it is fixed, and raises the water from the well to the roof of the house, which will thus be secured against fire. They offer, for progressive prices, machines which shall raise double, triple, decuple quantities of water to double, triple, decuple heights (i. e. 120, 180, or 600 feet), and this in infinite progression. The authors had at first concealed their names, and this mysterious conduct excited suspicion. They have now made themselves known. They are Messrs. Croisseu, brothers, both pupils of the Polytechnic School, and one of them commandant of artillery, whose talents inspire the greatest confidence. They keep their discovery a secret, and will not divulge it till they have raised subscriptions for 20,000 inches of water, according to their way of calculating.

The Repository, 1820

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OF

ARTS, LITERATURE, FASHIONS,
Manufactures, &c.

THE SECOND SERIES.

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