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ARTS, LITERATURE, FASHIONS,

Manufactures, &c.

THE SECOND SERIES.

VOL. IX. MARCH 1, 1820. NO. LI.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

CONTENTS.

L. Harrison, Printer, 373, Strand.

TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

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

The communication of Laurence Listless *came too late for insertion this month. If possible, it shall find a place in our next Number.*

Several favours on the subject of Large Bonnets *are under consideration: though the subject is almost threadbare, yet, in some of them, it is entertainingly handled. The letter of "One of the Old School" is, we apprehend, inadmissible without alteration.*

The hint of D. F. *shall be taken. We are always obliged to our friends for such information.*

D. W——r *and* An Old Correspondent *in our next.*

An Esquire, Robin, Sir Marmaduke, *and* Estifania, *are received, and one or two of them will be found in our next publication.*

We have to apologize to our numerous poetical friends for being obliged to postpone their favours, for matters of more immediate interest. They will none of them be forgotten when an opportunity for insertion arrives.

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

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His late Majesty George the Third.

SINCE the period when our last publication was put to press, the reign of GEORGE III. has terminated—a reign attended with more real prosperity and glory to the nation, than perhaps any other in the history of our country. The names of Edward III. and Henry V. may be pointed to as more splendid; but what are mere military achievements, unaccompanied by those solid advantages that make a whole people happy? Yet even in this respect, the reign of his late Majesty may well bear comparison with that of any preceding monarch, when we recollect how the mighty power of France has been humbled by the measures of his government, and the three kingdoms of Spain, Portugal, and the Netherlands freed from the yoke of the most despotic tyranny. It is a common observation, that mighty objects too near the sight do not appear to possess their real grandeur; and this is one reason why the national triumphs of the last reign will not be fairly estimated until the lapse of years has removed them to a distance.

There is, however, another and a very gratifying cause why the glories of the arms of Great Britain, during the last fifty or sixty years, do not appear to shine with as much brightness as actually belongs to them: all splendour is comparative; and it is but too true, that, in the two previous reigns to which we have referred, if the English forces were triumphant, the English people were in a state of misery and barbarism; the light of science, and the cheerful glow of domestic happiness, were lamentably wanting. Far otherwise has it been during the long series of years that George III. ruled the destinies of Great Britain. While her armies and navies were victorious abroad, the unwearied exertions of his Majesty were most successfully directed to promote

and secure prosperity at home: in proportion as sacrifices were required to sustain our system of foreign policy, the increasing prosperity of the nation enabled it to make them with the most devoted loyalty.

Such is the real cause why the foreign conquests of this country do not glitter in all the lustre that actually attends them; their brightness is rivalled by an internal splendour, which, however temporarily obscured, will be permanent, and will exalt the reign of our late benevolent and revered sovereign as an envied model to all succeeding generations. But it is not for us to pronounce an eulogium upon that lamented being, whom all hearts praise with a silent but fervent eloquence, compared with which the language of the pen, however forcible, is feeble and inefficient.

There is, however, one circumstance that peculiarly claims from us a grateful and an humble tribute, and which eminently distinguishes his late Majesty from all his more immediate predecessors: he was the bountiful and fostering patron of the arts and sciences; subjects to which our Miscellany is most especially devoted. Under his late Majesty's paternal and liberal superintendence, painting and sculpture, within the last forty years, have made rapid advances; and all that is useful and ornamental in life, have kept pace with a corresponding progress. He was the founder of the Royal Academy, which has so essentially contributed to the improvement of the art to which it is dedicated; and nothing gave George III. more sincere delight, than to witness its annually increasing success. While his late Majesty retained his sight, he never failed to bestow much attention on its various exhibitions. In music he was a proficient, and his taste invariably directed him to the productions of the best masters: it is known, that Handel and Haydn were his peculiar favourites.

To preserve some memorial of a monarch so universally revered and beloved, will be the object of all classes: merely "to read his story in a nation's eyes" will not satisfy them; and there is nothing that gives greater pleasure, after the loss of some dear friend, than to preserve an accurate resemblance of his features, as nearly as possible such as they were before his departure from this sublunary state. Of course, the engraved portraits of his Majesty are numerous, and many of them excellent; but one only possesses the great recommendation to which we have alluded. It has been engraved from a drawing by Count Munster, so long the intimate attendant upon the late king, who condescended to sit to him very shortly before his Majesty was seized with that malady which occasioned the institution of the Regency. It has been very exquisitely engraved, and presents almost a perfect facsimile of the original.

It now remains for us only to arrange a short summary of the events of his late Majesty's life, devoted as it was to the benefit of his people.

"His ruins, like the sacred carcases
Of scatter'd temples, great and reverend lie,
And the religious honour them no less
Than if they stood in all their gallantry."

MEMOIR OF HIS LATE MAJESTY GEORGE III.

(Including a few Particulars derived from private sources).

GEORGE III. the second child of Frederic Prince of Wales, son of George II. and of Augusta Princess of Saxe-Gotha, was born in Norfolk-house, St. James's-square, the 4th June, 1738. His constitution was sound and vigorous, though he came into the world at the term of seven months. The education of the young prince, upon whose principles and abilities so much of the future happiness of these kingdoms was destined to depend, was conducted upon a somewhat narrow system. His acquirements were neither very extensive nor very important; but the conscious strictness in morals, and the uniform impressions of piety, which he ever so strikingly displayed, are the best proofs, that, in the most essential points, the cultivation of his mind had not been neglected.

The Princess of Wales, his mother, communicated to a friend the following character of the young Prince at the age of seventeen. The passage is in Doddington's *Diary*. She said, that "he was shy and backward; not a wild, dissipated boy, but good-natured and cheerful, with a serious cast upon the whole; that those about him knew him no more than if they had never seen him. That he was not quick; but with those he was acquainted with, kind, pliable, and intelligent. His education had given her much pain. His book-learning she was no judge of, though she supposed it small or useless; but she hoped he might have been instructed in the general understanding of things." He was brought up in great privacy, as far as regarded a familiar acquaintance with the prevailing manners of the young nobility; and the prejudices which George II. entertained against the Princess Dowager, effectually excluded his grandson from the splendours and allurements of a court.

George III. having recently completed his twenty-second year, ascended the throne on the 25th of October, 1760. The death of George II. was unexpected. The young sovereign was somewhat embarrassed by the novelty of his situation; but in his first public act, the good sense and modesty of his character were manifested.

His Majesty very soon evinced, that his consideration to preserve the welfare of his people, by constitutional principles and actions, was not confined to professions. Within six months after his accession to the throne, he recommended the famous alteration of the law, by which the judges were rendered independent of the crown.

The same love of constitutional freedom, and the same desire to exercise his prerogative for the benefit of his subjects, were manifested by his Majesty throughout his life. "The King," said Lord North frequently, "would live on bread and water to preserve the constitution of his country; he would sacrifice his life to maintain it inviolate."

On the 8th July, 1761, the King announced to the privy council his intention to marry. In thus declaring the object of his choice, he manifested the prudence which uniformly characterized him. No

rumours of his determination had previously transpired. The King, by his discretion, prevented that idle curiosity which is ever busy on such occasions. The wisdom of his choice was completely proved, in the long course of happiness which his Majesty enjoyed with a consort, whose best pleasures, like his own, consisted in the exercise of the domestic virtues, and who so long maintained inviolate those principles which uniformly rendered the British court the most virtuous, as it was the most powerful, in Europe. This union was completed on the 7th of the following August.

We pass over the splendid details of the coronation, to notice the following facts, which are strikingly illustrative of his late Majesty's habitual piety. On this occasion, when he received the sacrament, he advised with the archbishop if it were not proper to take off his crown during the solemnity. His grace hesitated. The King immediately removed it, and placed it beside him until that part of the ceremony was concluded. On the same night, when he retired to rest, he composed a solemn prayer, imploring a blessing on his future reign, which was seen on his table the next morning. The preceding facts, and several others which we have collected, are derived from communications upon whose authenticity we can depend. Our object in this brief memoir being only to notice such public events as may illustrate his late Majesty's private character, we must necessarily pass over many of the occurrences of a reign, unexampled in its length as well as its importance. The early years of the reign of George III. were distracted by party conflicts of the most virulent nature. These produced changes of ministry, which demanded from the King the exercise of the strongest forbearance, as well as the greatest address. On the resignation of Lord Chatham in 1761, the King displayed at once the firmness and benevolence of his nature. His Majesty expressed concern at the loss of so able a minister; and to shew the favourable sense he entertained of his services, made him an unlimited offer of any rewards in the power of the crown to bestow: at the same time he avowed himself satisfied with the opinion which the majority of the council had pronounced against that of his lordship. The great minister was overpowered by the nobleness of this proceeding. "I confess, sire," he said, "I had but too much reason to expect your Majesty's displeasure. I did not come prepared for this exceeding goodness: pardon me, sire; it overpowers, it oppresses me." He burst into tears.

The American war commenced in 1773. But although it has been the fashion to ascribe much of the perseverance in that calamitous contest to the personal character of the sovereign, it will, we think, be conceded, that the abdication of so large a portion of his hereditary dominions, was no determination to be lightly or hastily adopted by the King of England.

The riots in London in 1780, which threatened to overturn the very foundations of the government, called forth, in a most signal manner, the energies of the King's

character. It is an undoubted fact, that when the advisers of the sovereign were in a state of confusion and alarm, bordering on despair, he at once decided upon those necessary measures of military assistance, which effectually repressed the tremendous dangers of a populace so infuriated.

The second William Pitt came into power in 1783. This was, without doubt, the most important era of the King's life. Never was an English minister invested with such unbounded power as this great statesman; and never did a servant of the crown better deserve the confidence that was placed in him.

In 1788, his late Majesty was attacked by that malady, which has, for the last ten years, deprived his family and his people of the guidance of his once active and benevolent mind. It is believed, that soon after his accession to the throne, the King had a slight attack of a similar indisposition. The national gloom produced by this severe visitation in 1788, and the universal joy manifested on the sudden recovery of the monarch, are well known events.

The following extraordinary circumstance has, we believe, never been made public: On the 22d of February, 1789, Mr. Pitt and Lord Melville were dining with Lord Chesterfield, when a letter was brought to the former, which he read; and sitting next to Lord Melville, gave it to him under the table, and whispered, that when he had looked at it, it would be better for them to talk it over in Lord Chesterfield's dressing-room. This proved to be a letter in the King's own hand, announcing his recovery to Mr. Pitt.

This was the first notice in any way which Mr. Pitt received of this most important event. The reports of the physicians had indeed been of late more favourable, but Lord Melville verily believed there was not a man, except Dr. Willis, who entertained the smallest hope of the restoration of the King's mind. Mr. Pitt continually declared this opinion to Lord Melville, and they had both determined to return to the bar, as the dissolution of the ministry was then on the point of taking place.

The letter in question Lord Melville took from Mr. Pitt, saying he had a trick of losing papers, and furnished him only with a copy, the original remaining in his lordship's possession. The King wrote the letter at a little table of the Queen's, which stood in his apartment, without the knowledge of any person; and having finished, rang his bell, and gave it to his valet de chambre, directing it to be carried immediately to Mr. Pitt.

During the excesses which grew out of the spirit of anarchy called into action by the French revolution, the King was repeatedly exposed to the insults and attacks of a licentious mob. On each of these occasions he manifested the utmost fortitude and calmness: his personal courage astonished his friends, and awed his enemies.

The same qualities were displayed in 1800, when a maniac, at Drury-lane Theatre, fired at the royal person. The following account of this event is extracted from Wraxall's *Memoirs:* "Few of his subjects would have shewn the

presence of mind, and attention to every thing except himself, which pervaded his whole conduct on the evening of the 15th of May, 1800, at the time that Hatfield discharged a pistol over his head in the theatre, loaded with two slugs. His whole anxiety was directed towards the Queen, who, not having entered the box, might, he apprehended, on hearing of the event, be overcome by her surprise or emotions. The dramatic piece which was about to be represented commenced in a short space of time, precisely as if no accident had interrupted its performance; and so little were his nerves shaken, or his internal tranquillity disturbed by it, that he took his accustomed doze of three or four minutes between the conclusion of the play and the commencement of the farce, as he would have done on any other night."

The King manifested a like extraordinary composure at the prior attempt made to assassinate him by Margaret Nicholson.

During the long contest against the military spirit of France, his late Majesty uniformly sanctioned and warmly supported the struggles of Great Britain, when almost every other country was at the feet of the conqueror. Although most desirous for an honourable peace, he would never listen to any attempt to compromise the honour of his country, by propitiating the favour of the ambitious Napoleon.

We are approaching that period when the independence of the European states appears ready to be entirely swallowed up in the military preponderance of France. The King's heart expanded to witness the glorious rallying cry of his whole people on the prospect of invasion; and he saw in the mighty victory of Trafalgar the total destruction of the naval power of our enemy: but, like his great minister, it was not permitted to him to witness that succession of triumphs, which finally placed this country in the most commanding attitude of her history, and broke down for generations the once called invincible power, which aimed at universal empire. The glories of Spain had just commenced, when, in November 1810, the King was visited by that malady, whose continuance has been so long deplored, and from which he has only been released by the hand of death.

Over the last nine years of his Majesty's life an awful veil has been drawn. In the periods of the deepest national solicitude, his mind has felt no interest; in the hour of the most acute domestic feeling, his eye has been tearless. Almost the last time that we saw this venerable sovereign, was on the day when his people, with one accord, devoted themselves to rejoicing, in honour of his completion of a period of his reign far beyond the common term of dominion. He was blind; but as he rode through the assembled thousands of his subjects, his countenance was dilated by the goodness and the rapture of his heart: he was indeed the object of every one's veneration and love. In a few weeks, one of the most afflicting domestic calamities he had ever experienced, befel him in the loss of the Princess Amelia. The anguish of the father was too great for a wounded

spirit to bear: in his mental suffering his reason forsook him, and it never returned.

The present age has not done justice to the King's abilities. His conversation in public was sometimes light and superficial; but he often had a purpose in such dialogue, and as often entered into it to relieve himself from the weight of superior thoughts. The King taking exercise and amusing himself with those about him, and the King in the cabinet, were two different men. In the discussion of public affairs, he was astonishingly fluent and acute; and his habits of business enabled him to refer with ease to the bearings of every subject. His successive ministers have each borne testimony to the dignity of his manners, as well as the readiness of his address, when he put on the character of the sovereign. Nothing which was submitted to him was passed over with indifference or haste. Every paper which came under his eye contained marks of his observations; and the notes, which he almost invariably inserted in the margin, were remarkable as well for the strong sense as the pithiness of their character.

The temperance of his late Majesty's life has become almost proverbial. He rose in summer and winter before six o'clock. He would take a slight breakfast at eight, and dine off the plainest joint at one. He retired early to rest, after passing the evening with his family, generally amused with music, of which he was passionately fond, and in which he manifested a most correct taste. The King's agricultural pursuits (for, as Burke has justly said, "even in his amusements he was a patriot,") contributed to the strength of his constitution.

The habitual piety of his late Majesty was always the most striking part of his character. Those who have been with him at his morning devotions at the private chapel at Windsor, will never forget the fervour of his responses during the service. This constant sense of religion doubtless contributed to the invariable firmness and serenity of his mind. When one of the young princes was hourly expected to die, the King was sitting on a Sunday reading a sermon to his family. An attendant came in with the tidings of the child's death. The King exchanged a look with him, signifying he understood his commission, and then proceeded with his reading till it was finished.

It cannot but afford some satisfaction under this deeply afflicting event, to add, that his late Majesty's death was apparently unattended with pain: his whole system had gradually decayed, and at a good old age, when life could be no longer a blessing, he sunk into his tomb, without sense of his great change from a mortal to an immortal state. It occurred at thirty-five minutes past eight p. m. on Saturday, the 29th January.

On the following day, parliament was assembled; and on Monday, King GEORGE IV. was proclaimed throughout the metropolis by the gentlemen of the Heralds' Office, amid the loudest acclamations. The same ceremony has since been observed in all the principal towns of the country.

HINTS ON ORNAMENTAL GARDENING.

(Continued from p. 63.)

PLATE 13.—A CENOTAPH.

It is justly observed by a celebrated writer on the embellishments of gardens, that they are usually uninteresting, from want of variety, and insipid, as they induce no sentiment beyond what springs from rural beauty; although their object is, to fill the mind by varied incident and contrasting subject. To this truth, however, many of our best gardens are tasteful exceptions; and Fashion is again adopting the aid of architecture and sculpture towards multiplying the means by which a judicious change and interest are created, which she once abandoned; because mere *eye-traps* and grotesque absurdities were substituted for works of real art, and intrusively thrust upon the observer at every turn and alley of the plantations. —At this time, when great national calamities direct our thoughts and inspire serious reflections, it may not be improper to introduce the annexed design, not merely as an embellishment, but as the model for some monument of veneration, esteem, or respect for departed worth or friendship. Its situation in grounds would properly be the reverse upon which such objections were founded, for a spot adapted and exclusively devoted to meditation and solitude is the only one suited to its erection.

This design for a cenotaph is respectfully dedicated to the memory of our departed and beloved Sovereign, or to his Royal Highness the late Duke of Kent.

MISCELLANIES.

A WRITER OF ALL WORK.

Mr. Editor,

Pray are you in want of a writer of all work? If you are, I offer you my services on the simple condition of being paid for them. During some years I devoted myself to the Muses, who, to say the truth, have played me many a scurvy trick. My attachment to them was for a long time proof to cold, hunger, and threadbare clothes; but at last I am fairly starved out of their service. Will you then, good sir, take me into yours? I possess a fine invention, and such versatility of talent, that I can turn my hand to any thing; there is not a department of your Magazine in which I could not suggest some improvement.

Perhaps you may wonder how it happens, that such talents remain in obscurity. Of all the booksellers and editors, sir, I never could find one who knew how to appreciate merit in my life (the present company you know are always excepted); so, ever since I left my poor uncle Squeezem, I have been a mark for the " stings and arrows

of outrageous Fortune;" and in order to prove to you, Mr. Editor, how abominably the jade has used me, I will just relate the unfortunate accident by which she deprived me of an inheritance of thirty thousand pounds.

I have not much to boast on the score of ancestry, but my parents were useful to mankind in their respective capacities. My mother was a vender of vegetables, and my father an itinerant merchant, vulgarly ycleped a pedlar; both died before I had attained my third year, and I was left to the care and humanity of an uncle, a rich pawnbroker. As he had no children of his own, he soon became fond of me, and expressed a determination to bring me up to his own business, and leave me his property; but never dreaming that a good education would render me less fit for trade, he sent me to an excellent school, and soon had the pleasure of hearing from the master, that I was a boy of uncommon genius and cleverness.

Alas! Mr. Editor, he speedily found that genius is a terrible stumbling-block in the way of a man's becoming a good pawnbroker. As soon as I was old enough to attend in the shop, he took me home, flattering himself that I should speedily be capable of taking the labouring oar; instead of which, he found that I was not only useless but even dangerous in the shop, for I formed my estimate of the money I ought to lend on a pledge, rather from the distress of its owner, than from its intrinsic value. There was another thing too terribly against me: if a female, who was tolerably pretty, came to our shop to redeem any article, it was a hundred to one but I miscalculated the amount of the money she owed us; and these mistakes of mine never failed to be against the interest of my uncle.

"Mercy upon me!" cried he one day, when a circumstance of the kind which I have just related had occurred, "how abominably given to lying that Mr. Syntax must be, to tell me that such a ninny as you are was one of the cleverest boys in his school! Why I never met with such a blockhead in my life; and as to business, it is lost time to instruct you in it. However, you must do something for your bread, so let us see what trade you will choose: as to mine, you are too stupid ever to make any figure in that; but you are old enough to work for your living now, and you can't expect that I shall always maintain you in idleness."

At these words, I could not help regarding him with an air of disdain. "Be satisfied, uncle," said I; "the obligations which I owe you shall be one day repaid with interest, even greater than what you make by your trade."

"Aye, now that is talking somewhat to the purpose: but when, pray?"

"In three months, three little months, provided I am instantly released from the drudgery of the shop, and allowed to remain quietly in my own apartment."

"As to the shop," cried he indignantly, "I never intend to suffer you to enter it again; but I don't see any good you can do by poking up in that hole of a garret."

"For Heaven's sake!" exclaimed I, "don't shock my ears by

your barbarous phraseology! Speak not so contemptuously of the sacred retreat of the Nine!"

"Retreat of the Nine!" cried he: "I don't know what the plague you can mean, unless you are gibing about the place having formerly belonged to a tailor; and now that I think of it, that's a good profitable business enough, and my neighbour Fitwell wants an apprentice. I don't see that you can do any thing better, so come along. We'll step over to him, and if he agrees to take you, you can be articled directly."

It was with some difficulty I concealed the indignation with which this ignoble idea filled me, but I knew the old gentleman too well to intrust him with my project, which was, to complete a tragedy that I had begun while at school. I had no doubt that it would prove the corner-stone of my future fortune; and I reiterated with such confidence my assurances that I should soon become rich, that my uncle began to suspect there might be something in it. He agreed, though reluctantly, to let me shut myself up, and I set to work directly.

How shall I paint to you, Mr. Editor, the happiness I enjoyed for two months, during which the Muses smiled most propitiously on their faithful votary? I had already concluded the fourth act; my tyrant was the most relentless, my lovers the most impassioned, and my distress the deepest, that had ever been exhibited upon a stage; when one day—oh! day, for ever inauspicious to my fortunes!—I went out, and my uncle, whose curiosity to know what I was about had often annoyed me, took the advice of a meddling neighbour, who was a confidential friend of his, and clandestinely entering my *sanctum sanctorum*, discovered the object of my seclusion lying open on a table.

No words can paint the horror, astonishment, and indignation of the poor pawnbroker, at this, in his opinion, incontrovertible proof that I should never come to good. In the first transports of his rage he consigned the tragedy to the flames, and I entered just as it was reduced to ashes.

The reproaches with which he began to load me were quickly silenced, for I burst into such a passionate lamentation for the loss of my play, that the old man was convinced my intellects were disordered; and heedless of my presence, he began to consult with his neighbour about sending for the owner of a receptacle for lunatics, with whom they both happened to be acquainted, to take charge of me.

In the midst of their consultation I stole out of the room, and got clear of the house before I was missed. Fortunately for me, all the money I had, which amounted to little more than a pound, was in my pocket.

"The world was all before me;"

so I hired a room in a court in the Minories, and there giving myself up to the sublime study of nature, I set about a poem on rural life, which I hoped would compensate for the loss I had sustained by the destruction of my play.

How shall I tell the rest? Though my skies were the bluest, my trees the greenest, and my streams the clearest, that ever were seen in

print, my poem is still in MS. Not discouraged by its fate, I set about another in praise of poverty. Just as I had concluded it, my uncle died, leaving all his fortune to an hospital; and as this poem met with the fate of the former, I had an opportunity of enjoying the delights of poverty: but, to confess the truth, I found them more attractive in theory than in practice. All my attempts, however, to gain those vulgar comforts which money bestows, were vain: those Goths and Vandals, the booksellers, constantly refused to buy my works; and the only way in which my poetical talent was ever productive of pecuniary reward, was by a job which I luckily got, to write some lottery puffs.

But "envy will merit like its shade pursue;" for my employer insisted that I said too much about the Muses, and too little about Fortune, so he discharged me.

Now, Mr. Editor, though I am willing to give you the benefit of my services in prose, yet, as I have by me a large cargo of verse, and I think there generally is a scarcity of that article in your Magazine, suppose you purchase a few things from me? I can furnish you with choice of odes, epigrams, and sonnets. I am your man for stanzas, fables, impromptus; in short, for any thing and every thing in a poetical shape. But if the Muses have no power to charm you, I repeat the tender of my services in prose. By accepting them, Mr. Editor, you will serve yourself in more ways than one; for, independently of the benefit your work will derive from my talents, I promise to hand down your name to posterity in strains which will render it immortal; and to shew my disinterestedness, I'll make you a present of the poem, provided you are willing to be at the expense of printing and paper. I am, sir, your most obedient,

SIMON SCRIBBLEMORE.

IMPROVED METHOD OF WRITING MUSIC.

SIR,

THE diffusion of knowledge is a characteristic of the present day, nor is it less marked by important discoveries and inventions in the higher departments of science. Music, as a science, stands indebted to Maelzel, and perhaps so to Logier, as I am given to understand, for I know nothing myself of music, except its powerful influence. After such an avowal, it cannot be expected I can render the science any essential service: nevertheless, I offer a trifling suggestion to the consideration of the ladies, and shall feel gratified if it is considered worth adopting. Economy may result, but to assist to a pleasing employment of time is the chief object of this communication. Many ladies delight to write their own music, and persevere through all the attendant difficulties; many would delight in doing so but for those difficulties; to obviate them is intended. The chief, I believe, is found to be in making the circular dots to the notes; because a fine pen is necessary for making the lines, which is found to be unfit for the dots, and if used

for them, is afterwards found to be unfit for the lines: moreover, there is a difficulty in making them circular and uniform; whilst in endeavouring to do so, the fabric of the paper is destroyed, and the other side rendered unfit for use. The quantity and quality of the ink, too, forming a globule, is not absorbed for a considerable time, and subjects the manuscript to smears and blots.

Thus elaborate inconveniences are fully comprehended even by those who have not a practical knowledge of the vexatious facts, and the proposed remedy will be better understood. The little instrument called a *punch* most persons are acquainted with in its designation: in the use of it, as a hole is made, a corresponding piece is extracted, which, being perfectly round, is well adapted to obviate the difficulty alluded to, and which I shall call a *pellet*. The proper substances are leather, fine cloth, beaver hat, &c. &c. and pellets may be stamped therefrom without number. Affix one with glue to the end of a camel-hair pencil-stick, and having rubbed Indian ink, not too plentifully, and avoiding the extremes of dilution, take up your ink, and, holding the pencil perpendicularly, apply the pellet to the paper. A light hand is requisite, as also in taking up the ink; and practice may herein (as in every thing) be necessary to make perfect.

By this contrivance, if neatly carried into effect, music may be quickly written, and will present an appearance both novel and beautiful. Superior paper may be used, admitting of more perfect binding than the soft, flimsy kind for pewter-plates (copper-plates not being used for music), and admitting also of adding words in writing, which the paper now in use will scarcely do.

In the knowledge that you, sir, contribute mainly to the encouragement of the arts; knowing also the high estimation in which your publication is held, not less in the calm retirement of domestic life, than in the circles of beauty and fashion, contributing to the pleasure of each; I trouble you on this occasion, as the medium of most extensive circulation, and as affording to the little suggestion of my fancy an importance it could not otherwise obtain, but which its utility may render permanent; and requesting your insertion of this trifle, I am, sir, most obediently yours, W. D.

Jan. 21, 1820.

PARISIAN SKETCHES.

No. V.

THE POST-OFFICE.

Sous le poids de l'horrible masse,
Déjà les pavés sont broyés;
Les fouets hâtifs sont déployés,
Qui de cent diverses manières
Dounent à l'air les étrivières.——ROUSSEAU.

"ANDREW!"—"Sir!"—"Take this letter to the two-penny-post."—"Yes, sir." Andrew left the room, and I finished dressing. This packet, for the transmission of which I was so anxious, con-

tained some verses I had composed at the request of one of the collectors of taxes at the little village of X. who had private reasons for wishing not to owe this obligation to any one of its inhabitants, who might at some future period arrogate to himself the credit my poor friend was desirous of acquiring. If in time for the next courier, this lyrical *morçeau*, carefully revised and legibly written, would reach its destination on the eve of St. Peter, the patron saint of a great man in the village, whose praises would be resounded from every mouth. Andrew returned in about a quarter of an hour; this haste announced some disaster. The rogue never loiters but when he is the bearer of good news: he knows that then the joy produced by his intelligence will usually induce me to omit the scolding I had prepared for his negligence and idleness. "Sir," said he, as he came in quite out of breath, "it is too late; and if you really wish this packet to go to-day——"—"If I wish it! To be sure I do: it must positively go."—"Well, sir, then you must send it immediately to the general post-office." I was going to order him to take it, when the fear of being disappointed through his carelessness, suggested to me, that the best and most certain mode was to put it into the post myself. I therefore sent Andrew away, took my hat and cane, and set out for the rue Jean Jacques Rousseau.

During my walk, I considered the important services rendered to the public by this establishment, which, to use Voltaire's expression, is "le lien de toutes les affaires de toutes les négociations." I was astonished, to remember that the Greeks and Romans had never established a general post; but, however, this is not the only useful invention of which they were ignorant. I need only mention, among other discoveries of later years, gunpowder and the art of printing.

The post-office was established in France under the reign of Louis XI. and has since formed a considerable source of revenue. It is a mine of gold, which governments may always explore with profit, and without fear of exhaustion. All the passions of human nature, in some degree, contribute to the post; by its means, pride announces its projects, friendship its fears, and ambition its daring aims and grasping hopes. The timid petitioner transmits per post the eloquent memorial, in which, with true Gascon humility, he has pompously detailed his insignificant services, and modestly set forth his indisputable claims to reward or preferment.

By the post we receive those elegantly worded little notes from friends, of whose very existence we were ignorant, requesting some service or loan, in order, as they express it, to have the happiness of proving their gratitude at a future period. The civil dismissal, which we are ashamed or afraid to give in person; the sage maxims, which would provoke derision if offered by word of mouth; the artful declaration, which encourages hope without positively engaging oneself; and invitations to dinner, letters of condolence, *billets doux*, funeral tickets, all pass through the post-office to their several destinations.

On entering the rue Platrière,

which has received the name of the author of *Emile* since he resided there, I found myself in the middle of a crowd of foot-passengers hastening towards the post-office. The clock was just going to strike two. Each flung his letter into the box as he passed, with a quickness which shewed his satisfaction at being in time, and retraced his steps somewhat more leisurely than he had come. Instead of doing the same, I amused myself with observing the immense number of people of all ages and nations who were passing before me. I take a particular pleasure in examining the "human face divine;" am a little of a physiognomist, and study to discover the character by the outward appearance. I flatter myself I have been tolerably successful; and, at any rate, I think I may venture to affirm, without much fear of being mistaken, that a pretty young girl, whose countenance was partly hidden by an enormous straw bonnet, and who, by the constant application of her embroidered cambric handkerchief to her lips, seemed desirous of concealing the features still exposed, had not shewn to her parents the little note which she dexterously contrived to slip into the box as she glided by, all the time pretending to be looking another way.

I observed, for some few moments, a man, with whose figure I thought I was well acquainted; and I afterwards recollected having seen him in the ante-chamber of more than one of the present ministers. He was walking to and fro before the office; every now and then he came to the box, raised his left hand, in which, however, I could not perceive any thing, and let it fall immediately, with a smile, at the approach of some persons of his acquaintance, as if surprised and vexed at the rencontre. Repeating this manœuvre too often, the clock struck; the crowd disappeared. Our hero looked around, and sure of not being perceived, he drew from his coat-pocket an immense packet of letters, which he was just going to throw into the box, when the clerk stopped him. I cannot tell whether the strange behaviour of the man had excited his suspicion; whether he fancied, that the precautions he had used could only be necessary for the concealment of some reprehensible action; or whether the thought struck him, as it did me, that the mysterious correspondence of this person was a collection of those falsehoods and accusations, eagerly caught up by people who, unfortunately being themselves *out* of place, are willing to stoop to any means, however infamous, by which they may have a chance of injuring those who are *in:* however, he viewed him with an expression of contempt, not at all requisite for the proper discharge of his duty, and said, gently arresting his hand, "It is too late, sir." He repeated these words, but in quite an altered tone, to a young workman who came running full speed, and who, on hearing them, could only murmur, in a tone of deep distress, "My poor mother!" These words were overheard by one of the messengers employed in the office, who, accosting the young man, took charge of his letter, and went

to beg the interference of another clerk who was walking about the principal court, in which a courier, just arrived, was unloading his mails.

I could not ascertain from what part of France this courier had come, but his bag contained some very extraordinary packages to be sent by post. I imagine, however, they were not charged with a full rate of postage. Before he could get at the letters, he was obliged to drag forth a large earthen jar of Nerac, directed to the secretary, who had already promised it to one of the judges of the Court of Appeals, where he had a cause to be decided in the course of the ensuing week; then rolled out a barrel of Provence oil, intended for the wife of one of the administrators of the posts; after that, a smaller cag of Marennes oysters, a bribe from a strolling actor to the editor of the * * * Journal; and, at last, after setting on one side two Bayonne hams, a Roquefort cheese, and two or three other articles, intrusted to the private care of the courier, the bags of letters made their appearance. These were immediately carried to the sorting-office, and in less than two hours each letter was forwarded according to its address.

No one being allowed to be present at this secret ceremony, I accosted a great man, who seemed to enjoy a certain degree of consequence among the postillions. His dress, which did not announce any particular official situation, consisted of a blue coat, reaching almost down to his ancles, nankeen breeches, and white cotton stockings, set off by two large silver buckles on a pair of well-japanned pumps. He informed me, that he was inspector of couriers, and was usually on duty from daybreak, to see that they returned at their proper time; generally speaking, about eight o'clock. With great civility, he described to me the hurry and despatch which distinguished the business of his administration; the successive arrival of the different clerks, whose punctuality is always in an inverse ratio to their salaries; and the incessant receipt and departure of mails, foreign or inland. He was also so polite as to shew me the different offices for sorting the foreign, inland, and franked letters; not even forgetting the little room where such letters as careless individuals may drop into the post unsealed, are carefully secured.

Whilst I was attending my honest guide through some of the departments, I caught a glimpse of the lovely Madame Cesarine L'—, who, dressed in a brown cloth riding-habit, with a white bonnet, surmounted by a plume of feathers, and enveloped in an elegant cashemire shawl, opened timidly a small yellow door, above which was written, "Poste restante." Her first care in entering was, to observe all the persons who were waiting in the office. At the end of a few minutes she began to shew signs of impatience, by a slight motion of her foot. The clerk, to whom she ought to have spoken, unwilling to try the patience of such a pretty woman, requested to have the pleasure of attending to her. She stooped over the railing, and whispered two words in his ear, inaudible to every one besides. The

clerk looked over the letters from Evreux, where the regiment of La Vendée was then stationed, but could find none addressed to Madame L'——. Her surprise and vexation soon gave way to more painful emotions. She gracefully thanked the clerk for his trouble, while the latter requested permission to forward the anxiously expected letter to her immediately on its arrival. As she passed me, I heard a deep sigh, and saw a tear roll down her lovely cheek.

Whilst unrequited love drew tears from youth and beauty, an elderly woman, who by her dress appeared to belong to that class of honest tradespeople whose industry has enabled them to pass the evening of life free from pecuniary cares, broke the seal of a letter which had just been handed to her. Her countenance brightened on perusing its contents, and her delighted eyes read and read again each sentence; she actually sobbed with joy. "Ah!" said she, in a tone in which honest pride seemed chastened by maternal tenderness, "I was certain my dear Charles would not forget us." His mother! the only woman a man never can forget. And immediately taking from a little leathern purse four old crowns, which had probably been hoarded there for months, she requested to be informed at what office she could deposit them, to be forwarded to her Charles.

The court was now rapidly filling. The couriers appointed to convey the mails were ready. The postillions, with their blue and gold-laced jackets, glazed caps, buckskins, and immense boots, dragged in the empty portmanteaus, and placed them underneath the wooden spouts, through which those packets destined to communicate to the extremities of the world hope or despair, grief or joy, life or death, are poured into them. How many falsehoods these poor couriers are going to be charged with! How many deceitful phrases! How many feigned sentiments! Here promises of friendship, lighter than the paper on which they are inscribed; there vows of love, broken even before they can be received. The great lord who offers his interest through the medium of his secretary, seldom wishes to be reminded of what he has so solemnly promised. The banker, who threatens his unfortunate tenants with a gaol, is on the eve of bankruptcy. The husband, who has exhausted his vocabulary in hyperbolical expressions of tenderness to the wife, without whom he vows he cannot live another week, has just hired furnished apartments near the rue St. Honoré. I shall say nothing of another kind of letters, the arms of malice or cowardice, which, alas! though universally despised, too often leave a mark where they have been impotent to wound.

Four o'clock strikes; the loaded mails are locked; the couriers are seated; the postillions mount; the whips crack; the pavement rattles; they are off. The clerk, whom the welcome sound surprises in the middle of a page, lets fall his pen, and puts off till the morrow the completion of his half-finished work. He joyfully treads the threshold, over which the chiefs and demi-chiefs of the office have

passed above half an hour before, and hastens home to his wife, whom he is pretty certain to find at home at the well-known hour of his leaving business.

The bustling hurry of the morning is succeeded by a profound silence: it is the picture of human life: but to-morrow's light will bring back the same busy scene: nothing can restore to age the activity and gaiety of youth. Whilst making these reflections, I mechanically put my hand into my pocket, and perceived that the pleasure of observing the various objects around me, had caused me totally to forget the object of my errand.

The poor tax-gatherer of X. I had never thought of, his letter, or of my verses. Perhaps it is all for the best: I took good care, however, not to let Andrew know of my carelessness. He would very likely have repeated, what he often says to me when I scold him for the length of time he is absent on any commission: "Sir, at least I never amuse myself till I have performed my business." I doubt I should have been puzzled to answer him.

THE CITIZEN'S FRIGHT.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,

Walking into my counting-house the other evening, which is divided into two or three compartments with partitions, something like pews in a church, I found it, as I supposed, empty, and sat down to the desk I usually occupy. Glancing my eye round, whilst lost in a rumination, whether it would not be better to get rid of my two-pence per diem Exchequer bills, as they were at a discount, I observed, in the corner of one of the desks, what appeared to be a mop, left there by that plague Betty the housemaid; and she is one of that sort who go up stairs fifty times a day, and forget to come down again: I therefore did not much wonder at the mop being left where it was, and accordingly went on with my ruminations.

I did not attempt to lay a plan for paying off the national debt, as it will be at all times enough for me to pay off my own; neither did I think of Mr. Ricardo's plan, Mr. Owen's plan, Mr. Salisbury's plan, nor any other plan, but that of providing for bills coming due, and considering whether my next batch of bills were likely to go down at the Bank; when, lo and behold! the mop, as I supposed, shook its curly locks, and began slowly to rise, with a kind of indistinct noise. I am not exactly afraid of ghosts, nor did I ever hear of the ghost of a mop, though we have had marvellous histories (and true, *because in print,*) of very comical ghosts: however, my nerves were upset, and so I upset the candle; the consequence of course was, that the mop and myself were left to *waltz* in the dark. After tumbling over a stool or two, I got to the door, and was in the act of calling for lights (for I disdained to call for help), when a plaintive voice called out, "It's only I, sir."

—"And who the devil are you, sir?" I could not help exclaiming. When Betty arrived with the kitchen luminary, viz. a candle of ten to the pound, I at once discovered that the mop—I beg pardon, not the mop, the man—I beg pardon again, not the man, *the thing* that had alarmed me, was neither more nor less than Jacky Jessamy, my tailor's apprentice, who had been sent home with a new great-coat for me. Betty had shewn him into the counting-house after the clerks were gone, and the poor *thing* had fallen asleep; and be it remembered, the aforesaid Betty scorns to remember any thing, and therefore had not told me of his being there.

You must know, sir, that Jacky is an exquisite dandy; and having light locks of his own, has lately got them frizzled out (by what means I know not) into a horizontal mop-like circle, which, I am given to understand, is quite the go and the tippy, and what not besides.

I beg pardon, sir, for troubling you with this absurd fright of mine, but I do it in the hope, that if any other sober citizen, like myself, should be alarmed at what he supposes to be his maid's mop, he will, before giving way to his fears, ascertain whether it may not be a dandy of the *mop species*. I am, sir, your obedient servant,

TIMOTHY TREACLE.

ALL HALLOWS-LANE.

P. S. I really think that a dip in a pail of water, and a good trundling by a strong athletic wench, would be of infinite service to some of the above-mentioned *things*.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE ADVISER.

TO THE ADVISER.

IF ever any body was in want of advice, sir, it is your unfortunate humble servant. I am the wife of a man who possesses every thing that ought to render a rational being happy, and yet his only enjoyment is to make himself and every body about him wretched: all that serves to afford pleasure or amusement to others, is converted by him into sources of lamentation or regret. My temper is the very opposite to his. I am disposed to look always on the bright side of things; but this he is determined to prevent, by perpetually presenting whatever happens in the most gloomy colours. Think then, Mr. Adviser, what a miserable time I must have! I protest I am already almost wasted to skin and bone, though we have only been two years married; and if he continues to go on at this rate, he will as surely have my death to answer for in the course of a little time, as if he had despatched me by a pistol or a dose of poison.

When Mr. Dreadall first paid his addresses to me, I was at the disposal of a guardian, who was so delighted with the prospect of getting me, as he thought, very well married, that he hurried matters on in such a manner as to allow me no time to investigate my intended's temper. I saw that he appeared grave, and I wondered to hear him sometimes express himself in terms of serious regret about

things which I thought could not possibly concern him; but I had no suspicion of the unhappy singularity of his diposition. I believe that we were not a week married, when his character displayed itself in such striking colours, that I would have given all the world to have been free again. The weather suddenly changed from being close and gloomy to a fine clear frost: every body but Mr. Dreadall was delighted at the alteration; but he persuaded himself, and took all the pains he could to persuade his acquaintance, that the frost would last till all the corn in the ground was destroyed, and we should next year have a famine. During ten days, we never sat down to a meal but what was seasoned with bitter lamentations, that the time was approaching when we should have nothing to eat. I found it impossible to enter heartily into such unreasonable fears, but my efforts to remove them served to inspire him with a belief, that I was giddy and insensible; and he frequently hinted at my want of humanity, and the little consideration I evinced for his feelings.

At last the weather changed; it became extremely temperate and pleasant; but his fears then took another direction: he was sure it was too fine to be wholesome, and I was regaled from morning till night with anticipations of all the deaths it would produce, and prognostics that his own would be among the first. A new misery, however, soon drove this grievance from his recollection. He happened to read in a newspaper of some persons having been taken up for adulterating tea, and other articles of subsistence. It is impossible, Mr. Adviser, to give you an idea of the bustle into which he threw our family; every thing we eat or drank underwent the strictest investigation, and Mr. Dreadall gravely declared, that every morsel we swallowed contained a certain portion of poison.

Some proceedings among the radical reformers happily relieved us from the apprehension of death in that shape, but it was only to present it to us in another, for Mr. Dreadall was absolutely certain, that in a very short time we should all be massacred.

I should exhaust both your time and patience, Mr. Adviser, if I were to give a detail of all the miseries which my husband incessantly conjures up to fright away happiness or comfort; suffice it to say, that whatever good occurs he regards as evil in disguise, and whatever evil happens he exaggerates, till it becomes, in his eyes at least, the greatest of all possible misfortunes. Groundless as I know his fears always are, I should not torment myself about them if he vented them in any degree of moderation, but the gloom of his countenance and manners, joined to his incessant lamentations, are really enough to break even the most lively spirit; and I cannot avoid hearing them, because, with his good-will, I must not be out of his sight for any length of time together; and if I do try to escape from him for a few hours in the day, he is sure to treasure up some petty misery or other to regale me with at night. I have tried ridicule, argument, in short, every means that I could think of to cure him of this folly, but all

in vain; he grows worse instead of better. Do, dear Mr. Adviser, if you can think of any expedient for my relief, hasten to communicate it to your humble servant,

DORA DREADALL.

I am sorry to refuse my advice, particularly to a fair correspondent, but I really cannot suggest any other expedient to Mrs. Dreadall than patience; and I fear, from her letter, that her stock of that is already worn out.

I had scarcely finished the last line, when I received the following letter:

TO THE ADVISER.

I am in the oddest situation imaginable, good Mr. Sagephiz. I am addressed by two gentlemen, one of whom I prefer, and have given him every reasonable proof of my regard; the other I do not care a farthing about, and I have done every thing in my power to repulse him: but (would you believe it, sir?) the first is so modest, or rather so unreasonable, that he does not conceive I am really attached to him; and the other, spite of my repeated declarations to the contrary, affects to think I am absolutely in love with him. Only the other day he had the assurance to say in my presence, that a man could never be certain he possessed a woman's heart without she used him like a dog. My other lover was also present, and on his hearing this *modest* declaration, which was uttered with a triumphant air, he abruptly took his leave, with a countenance full of chagrin and mortification.

I was so vexed that I could have cried, and in less than five minutes I left his insolent rival to enjoy his triumph by himself. If I were my own mistress, I would forbid him my house; but I cannot do that, because I reside with my aunt, who is so very partial to him, that he is quite *l'ami de la maison;* and he certainly makes an unconscionable use of his privilege to come whenever he pleases. I am certain, however, that my behaviour to him is so utterly discouraging, that only a fool or a coxcomb could interpret it in his own favour. What am I to do, dear Mr. Adviser? I have said to the one a hundred times, that I will never marry him, but I cannot ask the other to marry me; and though I really believe he loves me, he is so much taken up with the thought of my regard for his rival, that, instead of pressing his own suit, and affording me an opportunity of explaining my sentiments, he is continually giving way to emotions of distrust and jealousy.

You cannot conceive, Mr. Adviser, how teasing this is, and how to put an end to it I know not. I am sure I have done every thing that strict delicacy permits, and I will not compromise the dignity of my sex I am determined, though I own I should be very glad, if, without doing so, I could open the eyes of my too modest admirer. Will you favour me with your advice, good sir? I will not pledge myself to take it, because, to say the truth, I am afraid mine is one of the very few cases that may puzzle even your sagacity, highly as I think of it; but, at all events, tell me what you would have me do, and you will oblige your very humble servant, CANDIDIA.

My fair correspondent should have been welcome to the best advice I could give, had not the receipt of the following letter convinced me, that the publication of her own would answer her purpose better than any thing I could say:

Mr. ADVISER,

I am passionately enamoured of a very lovely and amiable girl, and I would willingly flatter myself, that she is not at all averse to my passion; but there is an impudent fellow who pretends to her favour, and is always boasting that he is certain of enjoying it, upon the singular ground, that she behaves worse to him than she does to any one else. I am not at all skilled in the ways of the sex, Mr. Adviser, and I am very much afraid, that, as an old bachelor, you cannot be much more knowing than myself: nevertheless, your advice, if you will please to give it to me, can do me no harm. Tell me, then, whether you believe there really is any truth in the opinion, that women are all dissemblers? I have heard of some, who vowed and protested that they could not bear their admirers at the very time they had made up their minds to go to church with them. I would fain hope, that my charmer is incapable of such conduct, but yet there are certain symptoms which I do not like. When I approach her, I observe that her manner is often constrained, and at times I even fancy it cold. She does not seem delighted to see me; and once, when I talked of staying some time in the country, I could not perceive that she shewed any concern about it. But what, more than any thing else, induces me to fear that this puppy has too much cause for his boasting is, that on paying her a visit the other day, I found him with her, and on seeing me, she blushed like scarlet. In a few minutes afterwards he said, that a man could never be secure of a woman till she used him like a dog; and instead of combating this impudent opinion, she only gave him a severe look.

Now, Mr. Sagephiz, put all this together, and tell me what I ought to do. I have never made a formal offer of marriage, but she must have seen, from a thousand things, that I love her. Shall I ask her hand, and so expose myself to be laughed at and refused? or shall I stay till I see how things will terminate between her and my rival before I risk an offer? Let me know as quickly as possible, my good sir, which step you would advise me to take, for I shall wait your answer before I decide.

FRANK FEARMUCH.

The letter which I have received from this gentleman's mistress, will, I fancy, have more effect in fixing his determination than any advice I could give. The poor man must have been strangely blinded between jealousy and timidity, or else he could never have been alarmed by the symptoms he speaks of, since, if he had the least practical knowledge of the tender passion, he must have seen that they were in his favour; so at least the widow Heartpierce tells me, for she happened to be with me when I received his letter; and as she is pretty good authority in these matters, I shewed it to her. Though I have no occasion to give

Mr. Fearmuch the advice which he requests, yet I cannot help exhorting him to entertain in future a more liberal opinion of the fair sex. Fools and coxcombs select a few instances of their dissimulation in affairs of the heart, and so brand all women with deceit; but men of sense know better: dissimulation is not the vice of their nature; it is inculcated, generally speaking, from their earliest years; and to their credit be it spoken, it is often inculcated in vain. If Mr. Fearmuch should obtain the hand of his charmer, I hope he will never forget, that mutual confidence must form the basis of domestic happiness: without it, marriage must be a state either of indifference or despair.

S. SAGEPHIZ.

THE GENEROUS LOVER:

A Tale, from the Spanish of CERVANTES.

(Continued from p. 80.)

THE credulous cadi was so overjoyed and delighted at the flattering prospect held out to him by his two slaves, that he gave Mahomet his freedom instantly, and even promised to reward his services by a valuable legacy at his death; then turning to Marius, he assured him that he might expect his liberty on the same day when the lovely Leonisa should yield to his wishes, and that he would send him back in safety to his own country, loaded with presents, sufficient to enable him to pass the remainder of his days in ease and affluence. Never were so many promises lavished on both sides. "Leonisa is yours," repeated the two friends, "provided you permit us to have free opportunity to converse with her."—"That you shall soon have," replied the cadi. "I will desire Halima to pay a visit to her relations, who are Greek Christians, and during her absence, Marius may see her as often as he pleases. I shall cause it to be intimated to Leonisa, that when she chooses, she may converse with one of my slaves, who is her countryman." Thus Fortune at length began to smile on the hapless Richard, and his master and mistress blindly exerted themselves to work his happiness and their own disappointment. The cadi told his wife, on the same day, that she might, if she pleased, pay a visit to her father; but Halima was waiting anxiously for an opportunity of forwarding her own schemes through the medium of Leonisa, and preferred her present solitude to all the pleasures which awaited her at her parent's house. "I am not at present desirous of taking such a journey," replied she carelessly; "but when I may be so inclined, I will take the beautiful Christian slave with me, if you have no objection."—"No, no, Halima," rejoined the cadi, alarmed, "that must not be; for you know very well, she is now the property of the Grand Seignior, and must not be exposed to the view of any man, still less be permitted to converse with Christians; for no sooner will she have been presented

to the sultan, than she will be compelled to embrace our religion."—"I know that," answered Halima; "but she will always be with me: and what signifies her conversing with Christians? Do not I do so? and am I a worse Mahometan for it? Besides, our journey will not be for any very long time; six or seven days at the utmost: you must be convinced, my dear, I never can be happy to be longer absent from you." The poor cadi dared not dispute the point further, for fear of awakening suspicion of the real motives for his refusal.

Friday at length arrived, and the cadi was obliged to go to the mosque, where he usually staid for four hours: scarcely had he quitted the house, than Halima sent for Marius, who flew to obey her summons. A Corsican slave opened the door of the apartment leading to the one Leonisa inhabited, which he approached in such extreme agitation, that he could scarcely support himself. She was seated on a superb couch, adorned in the same magnificent robes as when she appeared in the tent of the bashaws; her face was turned from the door, so that she did not perceive Marius on his entrance. Her lover recognised her instantly, and his emotion became almost uncontroulable; grief and joy, fear and hope, by turns agitated his breast; and scarcely knowing how to accost the lovely being before him, he was approaching with hesitation, when she suddenly turned her head, and her eyes met his. Richard stopped, deprived of power to move a step further, and Leonisa, who believed him dead, was struck with horror; but though she had no doubt she beheld the spectre of her lover, her presence of mind did not wholly forsake her: she, however, rose from her seat, her attitude and countenance betraying her astonishment. "Be not alarmed, adorable Leonisa!" at length exclaimed Richard; "I am yet alive, though my existence depends upon your smiles: recover yourself; I am that Richard whose death Mahomet falsely announced to you, hitherto the most unfortunate of men, but whom one kind look from you would render the happiest of mortals." Leonisa, as soon as she recollected herself, put her finger on her lips, to signify that he should speak lower. Interpreting this signal favourably, her lover took courage, and drew nearer. "Speak softly, Marius," said she, "for I must as yet call you by that name: we are lost if my mistress hears you: she loves you passionately, and would, I fear, sacrifice me to her jealousy. She has even confessed her passion to me, nay, intrusted me to avow it to yourself; and if you feel disposed to return her love, liberty and riches will reward you: but even if you do not value a heart so easily won, you must dissemble; I entreat you, for my sake at least, not to destroy our only chance for freedom."—"What you require of me," replied Richard, "is almost too difficult, yet I cannot venture to disobey the first command you have ever been pleased to impose upon me. I will feign to return the attachment of Halima, since you desire it; but as a reward for so great a sacrifice, deign to inform me how you escaped from the hands of the corsairs, and came

into the possession of the Jew who lately sold you."—" The history of my misfortunes," rejoined Leonisa, " would require more time than I doubt will be allowed to us, yet I will endeavour to satisfy your curiosity.—The day after that in which the tempest separated us, the galley of Ysuf was driven by contrary winds upon the very isle of Pentalaria, which you had been so fortunate as to avoid; the ship was dashed to pieces against the rocks, and the horrible scene which ensued will never be erased from my memory. The corsair to whom I belonged, foreseeing inevitably the loss of the galley, emptied two casks, tied them together, and fastened them round my body. Hastily throwing off his clothes, he tied one of the cords to his arm, and plunged boldly into the sea. I had not courage to follow him, and he was endeavouring to pull me in after him, when a Turk from behind pushed me overboard. I fell senseless into the water, and on coming to my senses, found myself on shore, supported by two of the crew; near me lay the dead body of Ysuf, mangled so as scarcely to retain the traces of a human form, having been dashed against the rocks by the fury of the waves. Only eight persons escaped from the merciless ocean: we remained a week in this island, during which time, some superior power seemed to have tamed the fierce spirits of my Turkish attendants, who treated me with as much respect as if I had been their sovereign. The fear of falling into the power of the Christian garrison, compelled us to conceal ourselves by day in a cave, where we were sustained by some casks of biscuit which had fortunately been cast on shore from the vessel. Unhappily for me, the commander of the fortress had lately died, and the place was defended by only twenty soldiers, who, on account of their numbers, dared not venture beyond the walls of the castle. On the eighth day, a Moorish vessel appeared in sight, making for the very spot where we lay hid. The crew perceived our signals, and having ascertained that we were Turks, took us on board their vessel, in which was a Jew merchant, who carried on an immense traffic in female slaves; indeed, the greater part of the merchandise with which the ship was freighted belonged to him, besides a number of young girls whom he was conveying from Barbary to the Levant. During our voyage, my Turkish masters took advantage of an attachment which the old miser had formed to me, and I was transferred to him for the sum of a thousand pistoles. Tormented by his caresses, and disgusted by his fondness, I declared I would sooner embrace death in the most hideous form, than submit to his desires: my repeated threats so worked upon his avarice, that I succeeded in obtaining a release from his importunities.

" His only care now was, how to get back the enormous price he had paid for me; and having heard that Ali and Azan were in this island, he thought he might possibly dispose of me to greater advantage here than at Scio, whither he had previously determined to sail: he imagined my beauty could not fail to captivate one of the ba-

shaws, and with this view, determined that no cost should be spared in setting off the charms which it has pleased God to bestow upon me; and you know how well his plan has succeeded. Here I first heard of your death, and I acknowledge I regretted you, for I am not wholly ungrateful; yet I considered your fate as more deserving of envy than of pity, as it would have at once delivered you from a load of misery and grief."—"I admit," replied Richard, "that death releases us from the ills of this world, and I have frequently and earnestly prayed for the termination of my earthly miseries: yet, I thank Heaven, that my prayers have not been granted, as this happy hour would then never have been mine.—But, alas!" added he, "this joyful moment only makes me feel more acutely the dangerous situation in which we are placed. The cadi, in whose power we both are, is enamoured of you, and by a strange fatality, has chosen me to be his ambassador. My anxious desire to behold you, induced me to undertake the office: yet, I dread lest my real designs should be discovered; alas! I might then lose you for ever."

Desirous of avoiding suspicion, the two lovers then separated, having first agreed upon the line of conduct which it was necessary to pursue. Leonisa resolved to flatter Halima with assurances, that love and gratitude towards his mistress had been the result of her conversation with Marius; the latter obtaining her permission to delude the cadi with a false account of the success of his persuasions, and happy himself in the prospects of love and liberty, which once again seemed to open before him.

Halima, who, during this conversation, had waited with impatience in an adjoining room for Leonisa's return, flew to meet her, and was transported with joy at the false intelligence that Marius was hers; that her condescension had overpowered him, and that his attachment equalled hers. Leonisa made her believe that he had long silently adored her; that he was eager to throw himself at her feet; but that he added, with regret, that two weeks must yet elapse before he could permit himself to enjoy that happiness.

(To be continued.)

RECOLLECTIONS OF A WOULD-BE AUTHOR.

Chap. XI.

THE PROGRESS OF AN EDITOR, AND SOME ACCOUNT OF MR. PRENDERGAST PERRIWINKLE.

The rapidity with which the thoughts crowded into my brain respecting my new office of editorship, was almost too much for me. The great source of all my faults was impatience; and I hugged the idea of this promised literary greatness as close to my heart, as would the incarcerated felon the reprieve which was once more to give him to light and life. At length I hurried to the publishers, to sound them with regard to parting with the copy-right of the

work which was to bring me fame and happiness. This ended in a desire to know the price, as a friend of mine wished very much to become the proprietor of such a publication. The sellers were tradesmen; so was not I, or I would not have betrayed an over anxiety, which they rebutted by, "The work answered very well; they had no particular wish to sell it: nevertheless, if a liberal offer were made to them, they would have no objection to——:" but all hope was cut off, when they mentioned a sum too large for me to speculate with; in fact, almost as much as I could command. "Ah!" cried I, "too cruel parents, why did you tie up your son's fortune in contingencies, and thus prevent him from realizing a plum, when, with profit and fame hand in hand, he might have been blessed? Alas! where is the man who would join his fate with mine!"

We are seldom long in achieving what we very ardently wish, at least as far as it requires not the intervention of a miracle. Among the choice acquaintance whom I had encountered at a certain chop-house, whose little back parlour was celebrated as the occasional dining-room of Addison and Steele, and not a hundred yards from Shire-lane, dined a Mr. Perriwinkle, a *gentleman* who had often sat at the same table with me, and had indeed partaken of my half pint of wine, and also of the supernumerary vegetables with which I was served, and for which he had a way of asking peculiarly his own. His knowledge of books, however (I mean of their time of publication, their size, embellishments, and the printers of them), paid for all these aberrations from gentlemanly feeling; but as money was of no sort of *consequence* to me, he frequently obliged me to call for another half pint, while he acquainted me with such parts of his early history as he deemed worthy to interest posterity. These civilities seemed to create in him some attachment to me—I mean to them. His conduct and costume, however, were so little in unison with my feelings, that I generally left a glass of wine on my departure, well knowing he would remain behind to finish it, and thus eluded his company in the open light.

This, however, became more difficult, as each day improved on our intimacy, or rather on his (for the advantage was all on his side), until at length I was obliged to tell him, that a closer acquaintance was not agreeable, and that I was not in the habit of allowing any one to take my arm to whom I had only been introduced at a place of public resort. I felt no small degree of embarrassment while I made this declaration, aware how much my own feelings would have been injured by it, and made up my mind for a proper degree of resentment on his part, and an entire cessation of our intimacy. No such thing: he only answered me by a particular *Very well;* and the next day was at his post, and at his old tricks, for he *borrowed* a potatoe of me, which he swore to repay the next time we met, but forgot it.

Mr. Prendergast Perriwinkle was the natural son of a very celebrated theatrical performer, who, on his child's growing to maturity, found in him a disposition so very

different from his own, which was good-natured and unthinking, that he dismissed him his house as a little dirty, mean-spirited vagabond, with all the sins of his parents, without their ingenuousness; at the same time taking care, that though he should not absolutely starve, yet that a living should entirely depend upon his own exertions. "Hang the little rascal," he would say, "the devil will take care of him!" and as if that was sufficient, he soon withdrew from him the little protection promised. He was placed as an errand-boy at a bookseller's, &c. in the country, where, after remaining some time as journeyman, and hiding his views from the face of day, he opened a similar mart next door to that of his old master, who, as customers are seldom nice as long as they meet with a cheaper article, was soon deserted, and Perriwinkle contrived to oblige his old friend to seek an asylum in an almshouse. Mr. Prendergast Perriwinkle might here have gained a tolerable fortune, had his conduct been at all consistent; but although he was a pupil of Elwes or Dancer with regard to getting money, he had not attained their art in keeping it. The English of this is, that his pleasures were expensive; not prematurely so, but from, in fact, going the cheapest way to work; and he often lost, from the imprudence of one evening, all that his unwearied industry had been gaining for a month.

His unhallowed inclination for the softer sex ever kept him poor; and amidst all his saving plans to enjoy their company, he would frequently, in the end, become a loser. If the attentions of an ape or an ourang-outang (which is much the same thing, only that the smaller animal is least disgusting,) were gratifying to a simple girl, he would gratify her; and he would, as Sterne says, eat of her meat, and drink of her cup: further the similitude holdeth not. Some of these *belles* he had to pay for; and they deducted so large a sum from his pocket, that, added to the natural sourness of his temper, it gave additional edge to his revenge on the next victim, and he amply repaid it on such damsels as had no brothers or friends to resent his conduct.

At this time also he was fond of spouting, and his literary talents would have placed him in an honourable situation, had he had the decent ambition of promoting himself. I have little doubt he translated French correctly; knew a little of classical authors; was an oracle of a political society, and a reformer of abuses in the chandler's-shop line, in which those abuses came before him. He had, however, at the time I became acquainted with him, without being aware of those amiable weaknesses which I have described, amassed a sum of money more than sufficient for his existence, if such a life might be termed existence, and might have acquired more, had not an affair *de l'amour* determined him to leave C——; and packing up his all, without beat of drum, he arrived in London, where he commenced gentleman, as far as that designation applies to one who has nothing to do: in this capacity he was put up by me, Tristram Gilliflower.

You must do me the justice, Mr. Editor, to suppose me totally unacquainted with his intrigues—I beg pardon, amours; and yet, perhaps with a kind of cunning bordering too much upon that of Mr. Perriwinkle, I thought this man, by his great carefulness, *i. e.* penury, a safe person to coalesce with.

Rough roads become smooth when we have a point to gain in traversing them; and I condescended to call on Perriwinkle in a garret near the Row. Pleased with this attention, his eyes sparkled; he rubbed his hands, scratched his head, and whistled, a sure sign that he was pleased; but it was with the pleasure of the spider, who sees the counterscarps of his redoubt tremble on the intrusion of a fly. I even thought I saw it then, though, blinded by my project, I heeded it not; but I have too often seen his face lighted with the same expression not to remember it.

As he offered no refreshment, we withdrew to a certain house recommended by him in the neighbourhood of St. Paul's, where they only dressed one kind of chop. Peas I remember were in season, and I chose them for my luncheon. He viewed them eagerly, and I readily served him out an allowance from my plate, and ordered more, and paid the bill; while he, with a smirk, declared, that it cost more for my luncheon than he paid for a dinner. We adjourned to another house, where hot spirits and water warmed not him. It is true, he seemed to like the scheme of the magazine, but he was so wary, so hesitating and doubtful, as to drive me nearly out of my senses. I paid the reckoning here also. I walked him up and down the first square we came to, while he, in his turn, trotted me up and down Guildhall: it might or it might not do; the money they wanted was too much; he would see about it. But in what manner he did see about it, I reserve for my next chapter.

COMPARATIVE TABLE *of the* EXTENT, POPULATION, RICHES, DEBTS, REVENUES, *and* TAXES *of* GREAT BRITAIN *and* IRELAND, *and* FRANCE, *for the Year* 1819.

	Great Britain and Ireland.	France.
Surface	21,114,000 *hect.*	52,000,000
Population	12,600,000 *ind.*	29,827,000
Agricultural capital	*fr.* 61,000,000,000	*fr.* 52,522,000,000
Gross produce of agriculture	3,875,000,000	4,679,000,000
Net produce ditto	1,461,300,000	1,345,000,000
Gross produce of manufacturing industry	2,250,000,000	1,404,000,000
Horses, mules, &c.	1,818,000	1,657,000
Oxen, &c.	7,200,000	4,682,000
Sheep, &c.	40,860,000	35,189,000
Value of exports	1,000,000,000	370,000,000
Cotton imported and wrought	25,000,000	10,500,000
Public debt	20,000,000,000	3,050,000,000
Interest thereon	1,000,000,000	232,000,000
Revenue of the state	1,500,000,000	889,210,000
Proportion of individuals	1,800,000,000	827,790,000

The population of Great Britain and Ireland is, according to the best authorities, about 17,000,000 souls.

THE PORTRAIT.

Mr. Hargrave had the misfortune to lose a wife whom he adored, in little more than twelve months after their marriage. His grief was so excessive, that his friends at first feared for his life; and when its violence had abated, it settled into a deep melancholy, over which time seemed to have no power; for more than five years elapsed without his regaining that cheerfulness of temper, for which, before the death of Mrs. Hargrave, he had been remarkable. Among many friends who exerted themselves to console the forlorn widower, the most assiduous and attentive was his aunt Mrs. Melborne. She lamented his loss partly for his own sake, but still more, because she feared that he would never marry again; and as he was the last surviving male of his family, it would consequently become extinct at his demise.

This thought gave the good aunt many hours uneasiness, and inspired her with innumerable stratagems to entrap her nephew once more in the toils of Cupid. The moment a handsome girl was introduced into life, Mrs. Melborne eagerly sought her acquaintance, and left no stone unturned to bring her and Hargrave together. Tho' in general pretty quick-sighted to the faults of her neighbours, she became, on a sudden, the professed panegyrist of all the young and pretty spinsters of her acquaintance, every one of whom possessed, in her opinion, all the requisites necessary to render the marriage state happy: but her persuasions were vain; the image of his deceased Emily guarded the heart of Hargrave against the attractions of every other fair-one; and Mrs. Melborne began to despair of his ever again becoming a Benedict, when an accident raised her hopes, and gave her spirit to begin a new plan of operations.

A young heiress, upon whom she had never formed any designs, because, though pleasing, she was not beautiful, happened to be present one morning when Hargrave paid her a visit. After he was gone, Mrs. Melborne began to expatiate on the attachment he had shewn to his late wife, and the tenderness with which he still cherished her memory. Julia Stanley listened attentively, and said, with some warmth, that to a woman of sensibility, the thought of being so deeply and tenderly regretted would divest death of half its horrors. As she spoke, her countenance, which in general expressed only placid benevolence, was lighted up with unusual animation; and from her heightened colour, and the emotion which her voice betrayed, Mrs. Melborne formed the conclusion, that the youthful heiress was very well disposed to console the sorrowing widower; and by attentively observing the young lady's conduct whenever she could bring her and Hargrave together, she soon convinced herself that such was the fact.

From the moment that Mrs. Melborne made this discovery, she set about accomplishing a union between Hargrave and Julia, as assiduously as if her own existence depended upon its taking place.

As the first step towards having Hargrave completely in her power, she invited herself to pay him a visit at his country seat, where she had no sooner arrived, than she assailed him in every possible way. The lady's fortune, her fine understanding, her many amiable qualities, and the preference which she felt for him, were rung in his ears from morning till night; till at last Hargrave was fairly worried into giving a reluctant consent, that she might arrange the matter if she could, provided the lady would be content with his esteem and friendship; for as to love, that was a passion which he could never again be susceptible of.

Mrs. Melborne piqued herself upon never telling a falsehood, but it is certain, that, in this instance at least, she managed to completely conceal the truth; for Hargrave's sentiments of esteem and friendship sounded in her mouth so much like love, that Miss Stanley's delicacy was satisfied; she gave her consent without difficulty, and the politic aunt had no sooner gained it, than she expedited the marriage, and by manœuvring to keep the affianced pair from being much together before the knot was tied, she contrived to conceal, in a great degree, Hargrave's coolness.

But when the nuptial festivities were over, and the wedded pair left to their own resources for amusement, they soon became mutually dissatisfied. Hargrave had seen very little of his wife before marriage, but that little sufficed to convince him that she possessed an excellent understanding, and that her literary attainments were of a superior order: he consequently expected to find an enlightened and pleasing companion; but instead of that, she was reserved and taciturn, and her whole deportment was so cold and constrained, that Hargrave began very soon heartily to repent of his marriage; and the contrast which he was perpetually drawing in his own mind between Julia and his departed Emily, tended to render him still more dissatisfied.

The feelings of Mrs. Hargrave were still less enviable. She had been accustomed from her birth to the fondest and kindest treatment; during the lifetime of her parents, who were not long dead at the time of her marriage, her wishes were always anticipated, and her fancies gratified the moment they could be guessed at: it is not wonderful then, that the forced politeness and constrained attention of her husband should deeply wound both her affection and her pride; they chilled and repressed her naturally warm feelings, and gave to her air and manner that coldness and reserve which were so displeasing to him. She had not expected to find a doting lover, but she looked for a tender and affectionate friend: unconscious of the effect of her own conduct, she believed that she could neither inspire Hargrave with friendship nor love; and this thought, so afflicting to the heart of a tender and sensible female, preyed incessantly upon her spirits.

Hargrave had a fine portrait of his late wife in his library; Julia learned by accident, from one of the domestics, that this picture used to hang over the chimney in the drawing-room: she immediate-

ly divined that it had been removed on her account, and she longed to beg that her husband would replace it in its former situation; but she was restrained from doing so, partly by timidity, and partly because Hargrave, who grew daily more estranged from her, passed a considerable portion of every day in his library.

Julia once expressed a wish that he would accompany her somewhere; he refused, on pretence of having letters of importance to write. In about half an hour afterwards, she passed his library, and the door being half open, she saw him with his arms folded, standing before the fire, gazing on the picture. Poor Julia's heart felt a severe pang. "He comes here then," thought she, "only to contemplate the features of her, who alone possessed the power to touch his heart; and to enjoy this gratification, he deprives me of the pleasure of sitting with him, seeing him, and sometimes hearing his voice; nay, he even descends to falsehood to escape from my society." These bitter thoughts were Julia's constant companions during the night, and they effectually prevented her from sleeping. At last, the idea occurred to her of copying the portrait, and of placing her copy in the drawing-room. "In this one instance, at least," thought she, "I shall give him pleasure." But a difficulty arose: how was she to get an opportunity of copying the portrait without his knowledge? Luckily for her, he was obliged to pass some days from home; and Julia, who would, upon any other occasion, have regretted his absence, saw him go with pleasure.

She did not lose a moment in setting about her task, and she performed it most happily. Ah! how often, and with what anxiety, did she retouch those beautiful features, which assumed, under her hand, the sweetest and most benignant expression! She worked incessantly, and the picture was at length finished, and hung up on the morning of the day that Hargrave had fixed for returning home.

He was beginning a cold compliment to Julia as he entered the room, but he stopped suddenly, and regarding the picture with a look of astonishment and emotion, exclaimed, "Good Heavens, what is this!" and burst into tears.—"Ah!" cried Julia, "how unfortunate I am! I can then do nothing to give you pleasure."

"You are mistaken, dear Julia: my heart thanks you for this delicate and touching proof of your affection. But how did you contrive to get this picture?"

"I copied it: I knew that the portrait which you have in your library, had been removed from this room; I thought at first of asking you to replace it, but afterwards I changed my design, and determined to copy it. The original was justly dear to you, and I should despise myself if I wished to remove any thing that might remind you of her."

While Julia was speaking, Hargrave gazed upon her with a feeling of admiration not unmixed with a softer sentiment. The noble justice which she did to the merits of his departed Emily, touched him most sensibly; his manner lost its coldness; and Julia, whose heart felt lighter than it had

done since her marriage, was able to converse freely, and without constraint. She had the prudence to seize this first opportunity of gaining his confidence; she led him to talk of his Emily. He was surprised and delighted to find that she listened with interest and pleasure, and that from time to time she renewed this subject so interesting to him, which seemed also to be one of which she never tired. By degrees, he perceived, or fancied he perceived, that in many points of character she resembled his deceased wife; this resemblance gradually drew his heart towards her, and in a little time she had reason to bless her lot. If Hargrave was not a doting lover, he was a truly kind and affectionate husband; he saw that she studied his happiness, and in return, he used every effort to contribute to hers. My young unmarried readers who are far gone in romance, may perhaps exclaim against this sort of sober felicity; but Julia will not join in their exclamations: she has now been ten years married, and every year, as she declares, is happier than the last.

ON THE CHARACTER OF SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

My intention in the following essay is, to explain and account for the pleasure we receive from the representation of Shakspeare's dramatic character of Sir John Falstaff. In treating this subject, I shall, with as much brevity as possible, mention the causes on which our pleasure depends; and then, by a particular analysis of the character, endeavour to establish my theory.

Part I.

No external object affects us in a more disagreeable manner, than the view of suffering occasioned by cruelty; our uneasiness arises not only from the display of calamity, but from the display of an inhuman mind: for how much soever human nature may exhibit interesting appearances, there are dispositions in mankind, which cannot otherwise be regarded than with abhorrence. Of this sort are cruelty, malice, and revenge. They affect us in the representation in the same manner as in real life. Neither the poet nor historian, if they represent them unmixed and unconnected with other ingredients, can ever render them agreeable. Who can without pain peruse the tragedy of Titus Andronicus, or the account given by Suetonius of the butcheries and enormities perpetrated by some of the Cæsars?

Yet with cruelty, malice, and revenge, many useful and even excellent qualities may be blended: of this kind are courage, independence of spirit, discernment of character, sagacity in the contrivance, and dexterity in the execution, of arduous enterprises. These, considered apart, and unconnected with moral or immoral affections, are viewed with considerable pleasure, and regarded with some respect. United with good dispositions, they produce the highest merit, and form the most exalted character. United with evil affec-

tions, though they do not lessen, yet perhaps they counteract, at least they alter the nature and tendency of our abhorrence. We do not indeed, on their account, regard the inhuman character with less disapprobation; on the contrary, our disapprobation is, if possible, more determined. Yet, by the mixture of different ingredients, our sensations are changed; they are not very painful; nay, if the proportion of respectable qualities be considered, they become agreeable. The character, though highly blameable, attracts our notice, excites curiosity, and yields delight. The character of Satan in *Paradise Lost*, one of the most finished in the whole range of epic poetry, fully illustrates our observation: it displays inhumanity, malice, and revenge, united with sagacity, intrepidity, dexterity, and perseverance. Of a similar kind, though with some different lineaments, is Shakspeare's King Richard the Third; it excites indignation: indignation, however, is not a painful, but rather an agreeable feeling; a feeling too, which, if duly governed, we do not blame ourselves for indulging.

We are led imperceptibly, almost by every bond, even by opposite bonds of association, by those of contrast and resemblance, to extend these remarks. There are qualities in human nature that excite abhorrence, and qualities also that excite disgust. We see some dispositions that are enormously, and some that are meanly shocking. Some give us pain by their atrocity, and some by their baseness. As virtuous actions may be divided into those that are respectable, and those that are amiable: so of vicious actions, some are hateful, and affect us with horror; others are vile, and produce aversion. By one class, we have an imaginary, sympathetic, and transient apprehension of being hurt; by the other, we have a similar apprehension of being polluted. We would chastise the one with painful, and the other with shameful punishment. Of the latter sort are the gross excesses and perversion of inferior appetites. They hardly bear to be named; and scarcely, by any representation, without judicious circumlocution and happy adjuncts, can be rendered agreeable. Who can mention, without reluctance, the mere glutton, the mere epicure, and the sot? And to these may be added, the coward, the liar, the selfish and assenting parasite.

Yet the constituent parts of such characters may be so blended with other qualities of an agreeable, but neutral kind, as not only to lose their disgustful, but to gain an engaging aspect. They may be united with a complaisance that has no asperity, but that falls in readily, or without apparent constraint, with every opinion or inclination. They may be united with good-humour, as opposed to moroseness and harshness of opposition: with ingenuity and versatility in the arts of deceit: and with faculties for genuine or even spurious wit; for the spurious requires some ability, and may, to some minds, afford amusement. Add to this, that in fully explaining the appearance, in elucidating how the mixture of different mental qualities, in the same character, affords delight, we must

recollect, as on similar occasions, that when different and even opposite feelings encounter one another, and affect us at the same time, those that prevail, under the guidance of some vigorous passion, carry the rest along with them; direct them so as to receive the same tendency with themselves, and impelling the mind in the same manner, receive from their coincidence additional power*. They resemble the swell and progress of a Tartar army. One horde meets with another; they fight; the vanquished unite with the victors: incorporated with them, under the direction of a Timour or a Zingis, they augment their force, and enable them to conquer others.

Characters of the kind abovementioned, consisting of mean, and at the same time of agreeable, qualities, though they meet with disapprobation, are yet regarded with some attention: they procure to themselves some attachment; they excite neither fear, envy, nor suspicion: as they are not reckoned noxious, the disapprobation they produce is slight; and they yield or promote amusement. What else are the race of parasites, both of ancient or modern times? The *gnathonici*† of different sorts, the direct and indirect, the smooth and the blunt? Those who by assentation, buffoonery, and even wit, or some appearance of wit, varied agreeably to the shifting manners of mankind, relieve the fatigue of sloth; fill up the vacuity of minds that must, but cannot think; and are a suitable substitute, when the gorged appetite loathes the banquet, and the downy couch can allure no slumbers?

As persons who display cruel dispositions, united with force of mind and superior intellectual abilities, are regarded with indignation; so those whose ruling desires aim at the gratification of gross appetite, united with good-humour, and such intellectual endowments as may be fitted to gain favour, are regarded with scorn. "Scorn*, like indignation, seems to arise from a comparative view of two objects, the one worthy, and the other unworthy, which are nevertheless united; but which, on account of the wrong or impropriety occasioned by this incongruous union, we conceive should be disunited and unconnected." The difference between them seems to be, that the objects of indignation are great and important; those of scorn little and unimportant. Indignation, of consequence, leads us to expressions of anger; but scorn, as it denotes the feeling or discernment of inferiority, with such mixture of pretensions as to produce contrast and incongruity, is often expressed by laughter; and is, in a serious mood, connected with pity. Disdain is akin to indignation, and implies consciousness of inherent worth. You disdain to act an unworthy part:

> Disdain, which sprung from conscious merit, flush'd
> The cheek of Dithyrambus.——GLOVER.

Contempt does not so much arise from such consciousness, as from the perception of baseness in the object. To despise, denotes a sentiment between disdain and contempt, which implies some opinion

* Hume's *Essay on Tragedy.*

† Terence.

* Essay on Richard III.

of our own superiority, and some opinion of inferiority in the object; but neither in their extremes*. Disdain, like indignation, is allied to anger; contempt, like scorn, or more so, is connected with pity: but we often despise, without either pitying or being angry. When the meanness, which is the object of contempt, aspires by pretensions to a connection with merit, and the design appearing productive of no great harm, we are inclined to laugh; we are moved with scorn.

But in what manner soever we understand the terms, for they are often confounded, and may not perhaps, in their usual acceptation, be thought to convey the complete meaning here annexed to them, the distinctions themselves have a real foundation; and that which we have chiefly in view at present, is fully illustrated in the character of Sir John Falstaff. In him the effects arising from the "mixture of mean, grovelling, and base dispositions, with those qualities and dispositions of a neutral kind, which afford pleasure; and though not in themselves objects of approbation, yet lead to attachment; are distinctly felt and perceived." In what follows of this essay, therefore, I shall first exemplify some of the baser, and then some of those agreeable parts of the character that reconcile our feelings, but not our reason, to its deformity.

RICHARDSON.

(To be continued.)

* Perhaps it denotes a kind of which disdain and contempt are species: we contemn a threat, we disdain an offer; we despise them both.

THE FEMALE TATTLER.

No. LI.

> The glowing dames of Zama's royal court
> Have faces flush'd with more exalted charms:
> The sun that rolls his chariot o'er their heads,
> Works up more fire and colour in their cheeks:
> Were you with these, my prince, you'd soon forget
> The pale, unripen'd beauties of the north.
>
> *Cato*, act I. sc. iv.

I HAVE received several letters on the subject which occupied me through my latter papers, and I have every reason to be satisfied with them. They all, however, seem, more or less, dissatisfied: while my general notions of beauty, and my reasoning upon it, both moral and physical, are favoured with the most flattering marks of approbation, they consider my reasonings as deficient, from a want of definitive description, and a particular statement of those positive, as well as comparative proportions, on which beauty more or less depends. Opinion is never so arbitrary as to produce a general effect; and there is no object which produces such a variety of private opinions as that of beauty. A precise standard, by which a general assent to its perfection can be effected, is hardly to be attained. If the form of the celebrated statue of the Medicean Venus could be realized in any one living female, it would scarcely obtain universal admiration: nevertheless, it is supposed to have been a combination of what was most perfect in the various beauties that the art-

ist could select in a country, which is celebrated for the superior forms it produced in either sex, to excite the skill and emulation of the Athenian sculptors. I repeat, if such a form could be discovered and dressed in the fashion of the day, to which the admiring eye of the men was habituated, I have my doubts whether it would command or obtain an unvarying opinion of its perfections.

I will, however, in obedience to the wish of my obliging correspondents, give such a standard, or description, of the different parts of the female human form, as have been considered by those who have given their peculiar studies to the exterior anatomy of the female figure, in all its features and members; and who are considered as having established, by their descriptions, an analysis of the beauty of woman, to which art applies for its instructions, when it is called to represent the important subject in its whole, or its detail.

On the Beauty of the principal Parts of the FEMALE FORM.

1. The *head* should be well rounded, and look rather inclining to small than large.

2. The *forehead* white, smooth, and open (not with the hair growing down too low upon it); neither flat nor prominent, but, like the head, well rounded, and rather small in proportion than large.

3. The *hair* either bright black, brown, or the latter tinged with a reddish hue, which forms the auburn: it should not be thin, but full and waving, and falling in moderate curls: the fashion of the hour must here be allowed to offer its interfering influence. The black, however, is best qualified to set off the whiteness of the skin.

4. The *eyes*, black, chesnut, or blue; clear, bright, and lively; and rather large in proportion than small.

5. The *eyebrows* well divided; rather full than thin; semicircular, and broader in the middle than at the ends; of a neat turn, but not formal.

6. The *cheeks* should not be wide, but possess a degree of plumpness, with the red and white finely blended together, and should have the appearance of firmness and softness.

7. The *ear* should be rather small than large, well folded, and have an agreeable tinge of red.

8. The *nose* should be placed so as to divide the face into two equal parts; it should be of a moderate size, straight, and well squared; though sometimes a little rising in the nose, which is but just perceivable, may give a very graceful look to it.

9. The *mouth* should be small, and the lips not of equal thickness: they should be well turned; small rather than gross; soft even to the eye, and with a living red in them: when closed, the outline should possess the form of the Cupid's bow of the antique. Some have said, that a truly pretty mouth is like a rose-bud that is beginning to blow.

10. The *teeth* should be of a middle size, white, well arranged, and even.

11. The *chin* must not exceed a moderate size; at the same time, white, soft, and agreeably rounded.

12. The *neck* should be white,

straight, and of a soft, easy, and flexible make; rather long than short; less above, and increasing very gradually towards the shoulders. The whiteness and delicacy of the skin should be continued, or rather go on improving, to the bosom.

13. The *skin*, in general, should be white, properly and delicately tinged with red, possessing an apparent softness, and a look of thriving health in it.

14. The *shoulders* should be white, gently spread, and though some appearance of strength is appropriate to them, it should be very inferior to what is generally seen in those of men.

15. The *arm* should be white, round, firm, and soft; and more particularly so from the elbow to the hands.

16. The *hand* should unite insensibly with the arm, just as it does in the statue of the Venus de Medici. They should be long and delicate; and even the joints and nervous parts of them should be without either hardness or dryness.

17. The *fingers* should be fine, long, round, and soft; small, and lessening towards the tips of them; while the nails are long, rounded at the ends, and pellucid.

18. The *feet* should be finely turned, and little.

The statue already mentioned will give the most perfect example of the other parts of the female human form.

Now, even supposing that a female figure might be produced, with all the attributes that have been just described, it is possible that it might not create that kind of admiration which is the forerunner of real love; that is, a pure, refined, and exalted sentiment, which gives the object a decided superiority in the heart, the mind, and consequently the animated judgment of him who is empassioned by it. Character, manners, qualities, and unison of thoughts, are the grounds of matrimonial happiness. Beauty may strike, but superior attainments must confirm and render lasting the force of first impressions. Beauty may be the flower, which may be loved for the short-lived moments while its colours last. The passion which is generally known by the name of *love*, is in itself of a transient character, if more solid attractions do not bind and consolidate it. If it, in short, does not become affection, which is a lasting principle, and involves all the best motives, the noblest sensations, the most animated delights, and the most virtuous incentives of the human character.

Aristotle was once asked, why every person was so fond of beauty: to which the philosopher replied, "It was a blind man's question."

It is indeed generally considered, that beauty consists in the union of colour with a just proportion of parts. Some are of opinion, that a beautiful person must be fair, while others conceive brunettes to be most handsome. The difference of opinions with respect to beauty in various countries is principally as to colour and form; and this difference generally arises from national customs.

If we were to wander through the different countries of the globe,

and especially those which are most remote from general association, the contrasted preponderance of customs could hardly be reconciled to rational impression.

In ancient Persia, the person who had an aquiline nose, was deemed worthy of being made their sovereign. The modern Persians have a strong aversion to red hair, as a most disgusting object; while the Turks, on the contrary, consider it as highly ornamental. The ladies in Japan gild their teeth, and those in some part of the Indies paint them red; and in some parts of America, they are considered with dislike if they are not of the blackest dye. This subject might be carried on to a great extent. Hence there is no arbitrary principle, as I have already mentioned, by which beauty can be ascertained; but, in all its varieties, is, ever has been, and ever will be, an object of *love*.

F—— T——.

I have received a long, and rather curious, letter from a young lady, who appears to be, or at least chooses to represent herself as violently in love with a gentleman, who does not appear to be sensible of the honour, or at least sufficiently so, to give her the least hopes of making an adequate return. On this difficult and delicate subject she earnestly requests my advice, and she may be assured that I will sincerely give it; not, I must own, with any hopes that she will profit by my counsel (for when do ladies in love think any counsel so good as their own?) but as it may be of use to others who are not in her unfortunate condition; and may thus obtain a portion of that preparatory knowledge which may guard them, in some measure, against the evils attendant upon an incautious and a tender heart. My next paper will be employed in that friendly office.

F—— T——.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

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

Mr. Sor's vocal compositions have gained such favour among the higher order of musical dilettanti, that a new set of arietts, from his pen, causes almost as much sensation, as the publication of a new novel by the author of Waverley. As for ourselves, we greet the appearance of Mr. Sor's productions with the delight with which we hail a mild sunny day at this season of dreary frosts and fogs. They warm and cherish our musical spirits amidst the numerous and dense clouds which so often overhang our critical labours. It does our heart good to pick his works into minute pieces (in a friendly way of course); they not only can stand the microscope, but, like the works of nature, present unexpected beauties, the closer they are analyzed. The more we examine them, the more we recognize a correspondence, a sympathy between the feelings which gave birth to such strains, and our own; we behold, as in a

mirror, our musical self. We say to ourselves, "Thus should we have sung, had nature granted us the talents, and education the cultivation of them, to give musical utterance to our sentiments."

As it is, we are but a critic (and to that office chance led us): but if we cannot create, we can deeply feel what is great and good in the art; we can drop an involuntary tear at the thrilling harmonies of Mozart's *Requiem*, and laugh heartily at Cimarosa's humour in the *Matrimonio Segreto*.——But we are getting astray:—to our subject!

Among the many important requisites and obligations of a lyric composer, the most essential, although the most neglected, is that of *just declamation*. Nature, the surest guide in the arts, demands that a melody should rise or fall, the measure quicken or slacken, according to the rules of perfect elocution: melody should be a mode of musical parlance. Sing as you would speak! The observance of this fundamental principle is sure to keep the composer in the right course; it is from this principle, that some few general rules have been deduced, which a sensible musical writer will seldom infringe. According to those, the most expressive word in a phrase receives a higher note; a question is melodized in ascent; low sounds agree best with the sedate, the tranquil, the awful, &c.; while high notes are chosen for the gay, for violent emotions, &c. That this general principle is to be put in practice with discriminating judgment, that its application is to be tempered by good taste, is a matter of course. Poetry is not read exactly like homely prose, and melody does not declaim exactly like poetry, although the latter furnishes the guide, the hint to musical declamation.

This principle established, and it will follow that, other essential requisites not being wanting, a melody which enables us to guess the general purport of the text, comes near to perfection. We say the general purport, for it will hardly be expected, that mere sounds should become the unerring interpreters of every kind of sentiment and idea which language has it in its power to convey. Musical diction will ever be limited to impressions of a general nature: it has its uncertainties and imperfections; and these probably add to its advantages, perhaps to its beauties.

Just declamation forms so striking a feature in Mr. Sor's compositions, that in this respect they stand perhaps unrivalled. This secret charm constitutes one of the principal attractions in his arietts.

Mr. Sor feels what he has to say, and that feeling is not merely true, it is deep and intense, and thus again forms a second distinctive feature of excellence in all his labours. In his pathetic bursts, in his plaintive strains, and in his melting accents of tenderness, we think we recognize the characteristic fervour of his country.

A few words on their mere musical merit will complete the general characteristics of Mr. Sor's compositions. We will begin negatively. About three fourths of the songs which line the panes of most of our retail dealers in harmony, are of a stamp either to demonstrate intelligibly, what is

meant by vulgarity of musical diction, or to cause astonishment how the mere virtue of new plates and paper can give new currency to stale and hacknied phrases, familiar even to our cook-maids; and if per chance we behold an attempt at something like sense *(rari nantes in gurgite vasto!)* we generally are compelled to bewail the premature fate of the mental offspring; the poor thing is killed in the birth. The crude limping, unfinished phrase wines a requiem worthy of the abortion. To turn to the brighter side of the picture: it would be but a poor compliment to the subject of this article, to say, that of all these negative distinctions, Mr. Sor's works offer no trace. Not to be vicious is not virtue. What we wish to convey to our readers is, that of all these failings, we behold in this gentleman's writings the opposite extremes in full force. His ideas are pure and noble; they breathe that chaste simplicity, which, in the sister art, distinguishes the works of Greece: they are, moreover, fully developed, so as to form a matured whole. His harmonies are neither trite nor extravagant; always select, frequently of the higher order as to combination, never proffered at random, but invariably chosen with reference to the expression aimed at; and whatever be the harmony, Mr. Sor is sure to exhibit it with the least possible expense of sounds, but with the utmost attention to the effect intended. We do not recollect to have seen one bar of his, which would not be materially deteriorated by the loss of a single note.

In point of originality, too, Mr. Sor's compositions maintain a conspicuous rank. Originality in music is more often mentioned than understood. What is it? In harmony, we fear, it is not much more than a combination *not frequently* made use of. A combination of sounds *never* before put in practice makes its appearance more rarely than a comet. Its first *début* is an abomination in the eyes of the orthodox, who launch their anathema against the musical freethinker. It gains currency by time only. How many harmonic combinations, absolutely new, are there in all the works of Haydn or Mozart?—In melody, novelty is more within reach, but by no means so common as people proclaim it. To be new, the phrase must never have existed. Who has heard all, who remembers all that he has heard, to pronounce the judgment? And if the whole phrase have not appeared before, are all its component parts of virgin originality? The composer himself frequently imagines he has invented, when that invention is nothing more than a resuscitation of ideas which may have lain dormant during years.

But we must put an end to all digressions and speculation, lest our readers suspect us of the critic's habits, of wilfully lengthening the exordium, to make up for the brevity of the matter more immediately under consideration. To the arietts at once!

The following lines form the text of the first:

Ch'io mai vi posso lasciar d'amare?
Non lo credete, pupille care,

Ne men per gioco v'ingannerò.
Voi foste e siete le mie faville
E voi sarete, care pupille,
Il mio bel fuoco fin che vivrò.

After a few bars introduction, the lover, whose mistress appears to have doubted the constancy of his flame, bursts out, "That I should ever cease to love you." This exclamation, set in recitativo, is absolutely an imitation of nature. Perhaps a less decided termination, than that of a perfect cadence, would have still stronger expressed the true tone of declamation. The second line, "Non lo," &c. (p. 1,) is perfection itself. The lover drops into a strain of endearing protestation, "Do not believe it, my dearest eyes!" and the reiteration of this line, with augmented emotion, "No, no, no, non lo credete," &c. is uncommonly characteristic and emphatic. In the last line (p. 1,) the repetition of the same thought to "Ne men per gioco," and to "v'ingannerò," *Even in joke would I scorn to deceive you,* seems to us to convey an idea as if two separable phrases were in the text; but this may be an excess of critical refinement. To the subsequent recurrence of the same sentence (p. 2, l. 1,) our remark would not apply. Here the whole line is propounded in one idea, of exquisite effect; the melody assumes greater fervour, proceeds through transient modulations into G, and is supported by a masterly contrapuntal accompaniment. "No" is once or twice more ejaculated betwixt luxuriant instrumental progress, until a pause closes the first main portion of the song. The judgment in making this full stop is conspicuous: the text now assumes a different import: "Voi foste e siete," &c. *You were and are still my fostering flame,* &c. The expression required by these words is obvious; they demanded those accents of melting melodious sweetness which have been allotted to them in a superlative degree; the passage is enchanting, and its softness is even assisted by the accompaniment; a pedal bass on C, with continued G's in the tenor.

The effect of a pedal bass, or point d'orgue, is that of blending and softening down the harmony; whereas a fundamental bass carries with it energy: its determined character often borders on harshness. Its use in old music is more frequent than in modern, which also often substitutes the inversions of the primitive chords, as being more mellow.

The remainder of the text now follows in succession, under appropriate melodies; and amplified figures of semiquavers tend to infuse spirit and animation into the winding up, which takes place p. 3, b. 4. From hence the whole of the stanza is once more gone through, with considerable additions and variations. Here the beginning, "Ch'io mai," &c. presents itself in a form both novel and highly pathetic. The exclamation in this instance is not in recitativo; it is a tempo, but eager with anxious emotion, richly and excellently accompanied. Imagination could not fancy it better. In the beginning of p. 4, the line "Ne men per gioco," &c. receives a new and interesting character from a sequence of rising fourths and ascending fifths in the bass. In the two next lines, a further novelty

attracts our attention: it is a very elegant and florid accompaniment of independent instrumental melody to the words "Voi foste e siete," &c. We cannot detail the remaining parts of this page; they are all new ideas conceived in the best taste. In the 5th page (the last), the lover, as if he could not forget the painful and unmerited accusation, "I ever cease to love you?" once more bursts out with increased agitation. This line again baffles description; and the languishing, affectionate expression in the next, at "care," must be heard to be felt. The song now proceeds to a conclusion, amid passages of vivid emotion, which the author's good judgment has sparingly propped with accompaniment. The instrumental termination, or symphony as we call it, demands distinct notice: it is terse, full of precision and elegance.

But we perceive, too late, that our predilection has carried us far, far beyond our usual limits; and there are *two more ariells* before us. —What is to be done?—Go on, and neglect for once the other candidates for musical fame? This would be unfair indeed. We rather resort to the alternative of deferring the two ariettes to our next. This liberty we take with some hesitation. Our readers will be indulgent; they will, we likewise trust, pardon us if our critique should have appeared to them too minute and tedious. The value of the subject seemed to us amply deserving of detail, and of our best endeavours to do it justice. Those of our friends who may be induced to procure these ariettes, will, we have no doubt, concur in this opinion, and perhaps, too, derive some gratification from a comparison of the work with our observations upon it.

Nine Variations on the pathetic Air, "The Maid of Lodi," for the Piano-forte, composed, and respectfully inscribed, with permission, to W. Shield, Esq. by R. T. Skarratt. Pr. 2s. 6d.

If we were called upon to give a general opinion on these variations, we should say, that they bear obvious marks of the author's familiarity with classic writers, of a praiseworthy aim to do well, and of great diligence and care in giving his labour all the perfection in his power. Although Mr. S.'s zeal has led him into all sorts of cross-roads and bye-paths in the fields of harmony and melody, the journey has been performed without any glaring *faux pas*; two or three transient stumbles are all that we have perceived. Perhaps, in the laudable endeavour to be select, too much of Mr. S.'s *sçavoir faire* has been bestowed upon *one* essay; and occasional intricacy, together with a want of simplicity, has been the result. Too much seasoning in *one* dish might cloy even an epicure.

The first variation is good; the semiquaver passages proceed in a natural flow, and the bass falls in well every where. No. 2. is distinguished by a very meritorious set of bass evolutions, which adapt themselves kindly to the accompanying treble. Laudable care is here conspicuous. In No. 3. we may notice a couple of responsive bars neatly contrived. The march, p. 4, is planned with peculiar ingenuity; here and there, its tex-

ture is a little artificial, and hence productive of executive intricacy: the 14th bar is awkwardly harmonized. The 5th variation sets out well, and its active amplifications are entitled to our commendation, with the exception of bar 9, the descent of which is meagre, and falls, with octaves, into bar 10. The concluding formulas, bars 4 and 12, are liable to twofold objection: they are ungraceful in themselves, and unrhythmical on account of the bass closing a quaver's time too late: the close, according to the nature of the subject, should fall upon the half bar. The 6th variation, although bars 2 and 5 be not quite pure, calls for our decided approbation; it is written in very good taste, particularly the latter half of part 2. which exhibits smooth flow and roundness. No. 7. is good; and in the well-combined passages of No. 8. wholesome practice will be found for both hands. The beginning of No. 9. is rather unmeaning and common, but the sequel improves at every step. We miss a coda, which serves well to wind up compositions of this sort, and to break their monotony by modulations and ideas of a determined character.

In the above observations, sincerity and impartiality have guided our pen: a promising specimen of this description appeared to us to claim a more particular analysis, and we trust Mr. S. will not be deterred, by any thing we have said, from pursuing the path which his good taste has opened to him. A critic has done his duty when he has stated *his* opinion candidly, whatever that opinion may be. It is, after all, but the opinion of one individual, who may be mistaken; for opinions in matters of taste are, more than in any thing else, liable to error.

"*Hospitality*," *a familiar Sonata for the Piano-forte, composed, and dedicated to Miss Pittman*, by J. Monro. Pr. 2s. 6d.

This is an easy and pleasing sonata, eminently fit for performers of moderate abilities; not intricate in harmony or execution, and yet not commonplace in point of ideas. The motivo of the allegro is agreeable; its plain bass we suppose to have been intentional, at all events it has the sanction of good writers of former times. To the 13th bar there is a decided objection. The transition, in the first place, from G 3 to A 7 is too abrupt; and secondly, the fifth A E in the extreme parts is harsh. Fifths are hard, even without being followed by others. We should have written in the bass C 3; B 6; &c. The beginning of the 2d part might have been more different from that of the 1st. The air of "Ellen Aureen" forms the middle movement, and is followed by a very pretty rondo. The subject of the latter is light and sprightly: considerable developement occurs in the 8th page, which altogether presents a succession of good materials; and in p. 9, the subject appears neatly cast into a minore form. The conclusion also is in proper taste.

A Series of Caledonian Airs, with Variations for the Piano-forte, by J. F. Burrowes. No. I. Pr. 2s. 6d.

The writings of Mr. Burrowes, numerous as they are, always afford us real pleasure. They exhi-

bit an instinctive tact (*Angl.* knack,) for propriety and correctness; good taste has become habitual to him, and it is moreover guided by a proper knowledge of theory. Mr. B. if we may be allowed the expression, is firm in the saddle of harmony. All these qualifications are so eminently exemplified in this first number of his Caledonian Airs, that we need only hope, what we have no reason to doubt, that the ensuing numbers will be of the same stamp. The variations are conspicuous for their diversity of character, the active amplifications under which they represent the theme, and the ease with which the most rapid passages fall under the hand. The coda is masterly: imagination here has taken the wing, modulations in the *grand genre* take us by surprise, and afford a bold specimen of conclusion for this sort of composition.

Boosey and Co.'s Antologia Musicale, being a Selection of the best Overtures, Sonatas, Rondos, Divertimentos, Marches, Waltzes, &c. for the Piano-forte, by the most celebrated Composers, many of which have never been printed before. No. VII. Pr. 2s.

In quantity and quality, this number of the "Antologia Musicale" distinguishes itself favourably among those that preceded it. We have a prelude by Albrechtsberger, the great German theorist; whose compositions, however, are in general more scholastically pure, than universally attractive to ears of modern taste. A very interesting allegretto by J. W. Hässler, introduces this author, scarcely known here, in an advantageous manner. The third piece is a Cossac dance, by Moscheles, a trifle of some originality, not unworthy of the author's fame. The graceful Rossini appears next with a charming polacca from the opera of "Tancredi;" and Beethoven brings up the rear with an excellent allegro (B ♭, $\frac{3}{4}$) from the "Men of Prometheus." Surely all this is ample value for the moderate price of two shillings.

Pleyel's celebrated Symphony, adapted for the Piano-forte; with Accompaniments for a Flute, Violin, and Violoncello (ad libitum), by S. F. Rimbault. Pr. 5s.; without accompaniments, 3s.

Most of our readers know this symphony well; it is even at home in our theatres. E ♭, the allegro $\frac{3}{4}$. We doubt whether Pleyel has made a better: it is full of life, and, like all Pleyel's works, abounds in melodious subjects. To us it has the further charm of reminding us of the spring of our days, when, with the enthusiastic glee of youth, we often joined in its performance a happy circle of friends. Mr. Rimbault has arranged this symphony very satisfactorily. The middle adagio, in particular, is extracted from the score with great care and judgment. As a caution, we will add, that the allegro and minuetto must be taken as fast as possible. It would be a great advantage to many, if Mr. R. would take the trouble of marking the proper time metronomically.

The Overture and favourite Airs in the celebrated Opera of "Das Donau-Weibchen," composed by Kauer; arranged as Solos for the Flute by John Parry. Pr. 5s.

This opera, while it delighted the mass of the German population,

and brought treasures into the coffers of many a theatrical manager, had the misfortune of displeasing the awful tribunal of the critics. Much ink was spilt to write it down, but it became, and still is, an universal favourite; and many of its airs have absolutely established themselves as national songs. The critics themselves, grumbling as they went into the pit, felt their hearts leap at every successive piece. The fact is, without much display of science or deep skill, Kauer found the way to please. "Das Donau-Weibchen" is full of gaiety, full of charming lively ideas, easily understood by all, and sure to delight any but the fastidious big-wigs in harmony: hence it may even be relished in the simple form of flute-solos, and more so than any opera we know. Mr. Parry has extracted the pieces which adapted themselves most readily to his purpose; and flute-players, we think, will thank him for having undertaken the task. An extract of this opera for the piano-forte could hardly fail to succeed in this country.

Hodsoll's Collection of popular Dances for the Piano-forte, Harp, or Violin. No. XXIX. Pr. 1s.

We have noticed, in former reviews, some previous numbers of this collection of dances. In this book, as in the prior ones, the good predominates. The dances of foreign origin, in the present collection, have our preference. "Miss Flora" will be found very attractive. The Breslaw waltz is also good; and "Vulcan's Cave" equally claims favourable mention. The "Legend of Montrose" has a pretty trio. "Delvin House" we cannot relish; it contains, like some other not unpopular dances, a seasoning of fifths in the second part, far too strong for a critic's digestion.

PICTURESQUE TOUR OF MOUNT SIMPLON.

PLATE 14.—VIEW OF VILLA.

THE road, after it leaves Domo d'Ossola, for two leagues crosses the plains that are watered by the Toccia, and conducts the traveller to Villa: the bridge at this place has been newly constructed. The houses of this delightful village are surrounded by innumerable walnut-trees, and the vigour with which they flourish, evinces the richness of the soil and the temperateness of the climate. Behind the houses, the vine is cultivated in the form of bowers: farms are here and there interspersed, over which the chapel of the place rises superior.

These hills and mountains no longer present the dry and barren aspect of those of Switzerland and the Valais; their shapes are rounded and softened, and a fresh and smiling verdure covers the eminences on all sides. This view, looking at its general features, bears a strong analogy to that of the bridge of St. Maurice in the Valais, and gives a notion of the striking difference existing between the picturesque character of the countries on one side of the Alps and on the other.

The remainder of the lower val-

ley of Ossola, presents to the amateur of painting no point of view particularly interesting. On leaving Villa, the traveller passes over fertile plains: from thence the road proceeds to Porto-Mazzone, where a beautiful bridge over the Toccia is in the course of construction; it will resemble that of Menangione, which is passed two leagues further on. It is 163 paces in length, and rests on abutments of stone and six wooden pillars. The plain is here extensive, unbroken, and well cultivated. The mountains, more sterile than in the upper part of the valley, all have a pyramidal form, very disagreeable to the eye. At length the traveller reaches Feriolo, on the banks of Lake Major, after having crossed vast meadows, extending themselves from Orvanasco to Gravelona.

THE SELECTOR:

Consisting of INTERESTING EXTRACTS *from* NEW POPULAR PUBLICATIONS.

PRELIMINARY OBSERVATIONS.

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

(Continued from p. 118.)

SOME of the most common and cheap drugs do not escape the adulterating hand of the unprincipled druggist. Syrup of buckthorn, for example, instead of being prepared from the juice of buckthorn berries (*rhamnus catharticus*), is made from the fruit of the blackberry bearing alder, and the dogberry tree. A mixture of the berries of the buckthorn and blackberry bearing alder, and of the dogberry tree, may be seen publicly exposed for sale by some of the venders of medicinal herbs. This abuse may be discovered by opening the berries: those of buckthorn have almost always four seeds; of the alder, two; and of the dogberry, only one. Buckthorn berries, bruised on white paper, stain it of a green colour, which the others do not.

Instead of worm-seed (*artemisia santonica*), the seeds of tansy are frequently offered for sale, or a mixture of both.

A great many of the essential oils obtained from the more expensive spices are frequently so much adulterated, that it is not easy to meet with such as are at all fit for use; nor are these adulterations easily discoverable. The grosser abuses indeed may be readily detected. Thus, if the oil be adulterated with alcohol, it will turn milky on the addition of water; if with expressed oils, alcohol will dissolve the volatile, and leave the other behind; if with oil of turpentine, on dipping a piece of paper in the mixture, and drying it with a gentle heat, the turpentine will be betrayed by its smell. The more subtle artists, however, have contrived other methods of sophistication, which elude all trials; and

as all volatile oils agree in the general properties of solubility in spirit of wine, and volatility in the heat of boiling water, &c. it is plain that they may be variously mixed with each other, or the dearer sophisticated with the cheaper, without any possibility of discovering the abuse by any of the before-mentioned trials. Perfumers assert, that the smell and taste are the only certain tests of which the nature of the thing will admit: for example, if a bark should have in every respect the appearance of good cinnamon, and should be proved indisputably to be the genuine bark of the cinnamon-tree; yet if it want the cinnamon flavour, or has it but in a low degree, we reject it: and the case is the same with the essential oil of cinnamon. It is only from use and habit, or comparisons with specimens of known quality, that we can judge of the goodness either of the drugs themselves, or of their oils.

Most of the arrow-root, the fecula of the Maranta arudinacea, sold by druggists, is a mixture of potatoe-starch and arrow-root.

The same system of adulteration extends to articles used in various trades and manufactures: for instance, linen tape, and various other household commodities of that kind, instead of being manufactured of linen thread only, are made up of linen and cotton. Colours for painting, not only those used by artists, such as ultramarine*, carmine†, and lake‡; Antwerp blue*, chrome yellow†, and Indian ink‡; but also the coarser colours used by the common house-painter are more or less adulterated. Thus, of the latter kind, white lead§ is mixed with carbonate or sulphate of barytes; vermilion‖ with red lead.

Soap used in house-keeping is frequently adulterated with a considerable portion of fine white clay, brought from St. Stephen's in Cornwall. In the manufacture of printing paper, a large quantity of plaster of Paris is added to the paper stuff, to increase the weight of the manufactured article. The selvage of cloth is often dyed with a permanent colour, and artfully stitched to the edge of cloth dyed with a fugitive dye. The frauds committed in the tanning of skins, and in the manufacture of cutlery and jewellery, exceed belief.

The object of all unprincipled modern manufacturers seems to be, the sparing of their time and labour as much as possible, and to

* Genuine ultramarine should become deprived of its colour when thrown into concentrated nitric acid.

† Genuine carmine should be totally soluble in liquid ammonia.

‡ Genuine madder and carmine lakes should be totally soluble by boiling in a concentrated solution of soda or potash.

* Genuine Antwerp blue should not become deprived of its colour when thrown into liquid chlorine.

† Genuine chrome yellow should not effervesce with nitric acid.

‡ The best Indian ink breaks, splintery, with a smooth glossy fracture, and feels soft, and not gritty, when rubbed against the teeth.

§ Genuine white lead should be completely soluble in nitric acid, and the solution should remain transparent when mingled with a solution of sulphate of soda.

‖ Genuine vermilion should become totally volatilized on being exposed to a red heat; and it should not impart a red colour to spirit of wine, when digested with it.

increase the quantity of the articles they produce, without much regard to their quality. The ingenuity and perseverance of self-interest are proof against prohibitions, and contrive to elude the vigilance of the most active government.

The eager and insatiable thirst for gain, which seems to be a leading characteristic of the times, calls into action every human faculty, and gives an irresistible impulse to the power of invention; and where lucre becomes the reigning principle, the possible sacrifice of even a fellow-creature's life is a secondary consideration. In reference to the deterioration of almost all the necessaries and comforts of existence, it may be justly observed, in a civil as well as a religious sense, that *in the midst of life we are in death.*

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

PLATE 16.—WALKING DRESS.

A HIGH dress, composed of black bombasine: it is made to lace behind; the waist is the same length as last month; the front of the bust is ornamented in the stomacher style with narrow pipings of crape. Long sleeve, of an easy width, surmounted by a full epaulette, also composed of bombasine: it is formed into bias puffs by narrow bands of black crape, placed lengthwise: the bottom of the sleeve is finished by a broad crape band. The trimming of the skirt corresponds with the epaulette, but is much broader, and has a very striking effect. The pelisse worn with this dress is composed of fine black cloth: the back is plain at the top, but has a little fulness at the bottom of the waist, which is of a moderate length; the fronts are tight to the shape. The sleeve is set in in a manner very advantageous to the figure; it is of moderate width, except just at the wrist, where it is almost tight to the arm. The trimming consists of three bands of black crape cut bias and doubled; they are of different widths, and are set on at a little distance from each other: this trimming goes round the bottom and up each of the fronts. The collar, which stands out at some distance from the throat, is ornamented to correspond, as is also the epaulette and the bottom of the sleeve. Head-dress, a *cornette* composed of white crape, and a bonnet of black crape over black sarsnet; it is something smaller than we have lately seen them: the crown is round; the brim is lined with white crape doubled, and is finished at the edge by a deep fall of black crape: a full bunch of roses, of the same material, is placed at one side of the crown, which is encircled by a plain band of black crape; another band confines it under the chin, and forms a full bow at the right side. The ruff is of white crape, and very full. Black leather half-boots, and shamoy gloves.

PLATE 17.—EVENING DRESS.

A black crape round dress over a black sarsnet slip: the bottom of the skirt is finished by a single

flounce of the same material, set on full, and fancifully ornamented at the edge by black bugles: this is surmounted by a trimming composed of two rows of puffs; they are shaped like a shell, and are let in above each other in a drapery style. The *corsage* is cut very low all round the bust, which is tastefully ornamented, and in part shaded by a tucker of black crape, made to correspond with the trimming of the skirt: a double row goes from the front of the shoulder round the back of the bust. Short full sleeve, decorated in the middle by two rows of puffs, placed crosswise, to correspond with the trimming of the skirt, and finished at the bottom by a leaf-trimming, also composed of crape. Head-dress, a black crape *toque:* a band of black bugles goes round the bottom next to the face; the top part is round; it is ornamented with bugles, scattered irregularly over it: a broad band of bias crape, doubled, goes round the top, and stands out at some distance from it; this band is also ornamented with bugles. A crape tassel, edged with bugles, falls on the left side, and a plume of black feathers droops over the tassel. Necklace and ear-rings, jet. Black shamoy gloves and shoes.

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

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

The sombre hue which this department of our work assumed last month, in consequence of the death of a Prince universally and deservedly beloved and regretted, is destined to be continued on an occasion even still more melancholy: our excellent and venerable Sovereign, the true father of his people, to whom, for a period of nearly sixty years, we have looked up as the model of private and public virtue, is taken from us. The King of kings has at length rewarded his tried and faithful services with an incorruptible crown. His Majesty was mercifully spared the pangs usually attendant on dissolution, and the consciousness that some of those whom he best loved had gone before him. Long and tenderly will his memory be cherished by all classes of his subjects; for to all, of whatever sect, party, or denomination, did his private virtues render him an object at once of respect and love.

We anticipated in our last number what the lord chamberlain's orders for the court mourning would be, and we find that our anticipation has been correct; but we observe with surprise and regret, that the mourning is by no means of that deep and appropriate description which the occasion calls for. The lord chamberlain's orders are in very few instances strictly attended to: black poplins, velvets, and silks of various descriptions, none of which can with propriety be called mourning, being as much, or more, worn, than black crape or bombasine. Norwich crape, the proper material for undress, is not used at all.

Out-door costume affords us very little room for observation: the most elegant, as well as most ap-

propriate novelty in that way, is the pelisse which we have given in our print. We have noticed several black velvet pelisses, very full trimmed with crape: one of the most striking of these was made in the Turkish style; that is to say, with a large falling pelerine, and loose in the body: the trimming consisted of a very broad band of black satin, laid on plain, and cut bias: on this band was laid a row of black crape puffs, of a lozenge shape; they were edged with a narrow band of bias crape, set on double, to stand out from the puff; between each puff was a small true-lover's knot of crape: this trimming went round the bottom, up the fronts, and round the pelerine. There was no half-sleeve, but the pelerine, which fell very low, completely covered the shoulders; the lower part of the sleeve was ornamented, but upon a smaller scale, to correspond with the trimming of the skirt.

Black velvet and black Leghorn bonnets are generally used both for carriage and promenade dress; they are usually ornamented with crape, but in a great many instances black feathers are mingled with it. Bonnets appear to be of a more moderate size than they have lately been, but we do not observe that the shapes have varied since last month.

Morning dress consists of black bombasine, black silk, or sometimes black poplin; but the latter is less fashionable than either of the former. Plain high gowns are generally worn in dishabille: they are trimmed either with the material of which the dress is composed, or with crape, but the latter is more generally used: in the first case, the trimming consists of flounces; in the last there is more variety, the crape being disposed in puffs, rouleaus, or bias bands: the last is a neat and simple style of trimming. The bands, from three to five in number, are about two inches broad; they are tacked on so as to stand out a little from the dress: sometimes a broad black silk gimp is laid on the tacking, but we have observed, that a narrow corkscrew roll of crape is more generally used, and has a better, as well as more appropriate, effect.

We have noticed a variety of pretty caps and *fichus* in morning costume. One of the most simple and becoming of the former, is a *cornette* of plain muslin, made with very small ears: the crown is round; it is set in very full, and is quartered by easings drawn with black ribbon. A narrow triple border, with broad mourning hems, through which also a narrow black ribbon is run, goes round the head-piece; it fastens under the chin by a bow of narrow black love ribbon; another bow is placed on one side of the head-piece, and a third ornaments the middle of the crown.

The prettiest of the *fichus* have a collar, or, as the French call it, a *collarette*, which forms at once a collar and a little cape: this is sometimes eased with black ribbon, and generally finished by a trimming cut bias, and tacked on double, in those large plaits called *wolves' mouths*.

Bombasine and black figured or plain silk, trimmed with crape, are the materials used for dinner dress, the form of which has suffered no material alteration since last month,

except that the front of the bust is not now so generally made in the stomacher style. We observe in a great many trimmings, that the crape is mixed with satin; this has a rich but by no means an appropriate effect: where the crape is disposed in flounces, they are edged with satin, and headed perhaps by a narrow satin rouleau: if the trimming is of shells, the edges are generally satin. Sometimes the bottom of the skirt is ornamented by a fulness of black crape, intersected by bands of black silk gimp, which form the fulness into pointed puffs: this sort of trimming is generally finished at each edge by a bias edging of crape, which stands out a little from the dress, and a broad black silk gimp.

Black crape over black sarsnet is universally worn in full dress: the trimming is always of the same material, ornamented either with bugles or jet beads. Since the mourning, the bust has been less exposed than before. Waists remain as they were last month. Short sleeves, the only ones worn in full dress, are also about the same length.

Black or white crape flowers, or jet ornaments, are worn in full dress by those ladies who appear in their hair: crape turbans, ornamented with feathers, are in very great request; the feathers are always black, but the turbans, with few exceptions, are white. We have, however, noticed some few in black crape, decorated very tastefully and appropriately with jet beads and jet aigrettes: these head-dresses are particularly becoming to fair beauties. Caps are not at all worn in *grande costume*, but they are very fashionable in half dress: they are made always in white crape, are in general round, of a simple form, and are decorated with crape flowers.

Black shamoy leather gloves are always worn; but though full dress, as well as promenade, shoes are black, they are as often of stout silk as of leather.

Fans continue the usual size: they are now made of plain black crape.

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

PLATE 15.—A SUITE OF DRAPERIES FOR DRAWING-ROOM WINDOWS.

APARTMENTS the best suited to this decoration are those that have in them ranges of windows in uneven numbers, as three, five, seven, or nine; but in that of three more particularly, such draperies are usually disposed with the best effect; and in the annexed design, Mr. Stafford, upholsterer, of Bath, has taken advantage of the agreeable disposition of the windows there represented, to display a graceful contour of continued festoons, calculated to embrace a further number of windows, and to a considerable extent.

The playful external swags in blue are properly relieved by the buff sub-curtains, which are more simply arranged in Greek mantle forms, and are made to combine with the white transparent veils in the well-approved harmony of colour constituted by blue, buff, and

white. The suspending rod, the lines, tassels, and fringes, are of the best kind; and Oriental vases are introduced in the piers, as being highly ornamental, and as elegant depositories for perfumes or flowers.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THE opening of the Exhibition of works of British artists at the Gallery of this Institution, was postponed from the beginning until nearly the end of last month, in consequence of the much-lamented death of our late beloved Sovereign, who was the august patron of this establishment, under whose auspices the Royal Academy was founded, and who was the beneficient encourager of the fine arts of our country.

The present Exhibition consists of 316 pictures, and seven sculptural works. Many of the former are by our most distinguished artists; and among the productions of our students in art, we were glad to see some pictures which would have done credit to more experienced men. The directors have, at considerable expense, improved the light of the gallery. They have erected a new roof, and the alteration is so effectual, that it is almost impossible to find a bad light in any part of the building.

We shall now give a rapid sketch of the principal works in the gallery, entreating, at the same time, pardon from those artists to whose pictures want of room precludes us from adverting; and premising with our readers, that they will find many works in this establishment well entitled to their notice, though, for the reason we have mentioned, it is impossible for us to enumerate every good picture it contains.

Several royal academicians have exhibited in this collection. The venerable president, Mr. West, has no less than six pictures here. They are not of late execution, and time has given a mellowness to the tone of colouring, which has a very agreeable and pleasing effect. Among them is his fine original sketch for the large picture of *Death on the pale Horse*, which was so much admired by David, and the other eminent French artists, when Mr. West visited their capital in 1802. We think the sketch a finer conceived production than the large work, which the venerable president afterwards executed, with some alterations in the mode of introducing the seals. The sketch is full of vigour, and there is a good deal of grandeur in the composition.

Devotion, a Study of Nature, at Florence.—A Female in a Roman Costume.—J. Jackson, R. A.

These pictures shew, in a strong degree, the brilliancy and clearness of colouring which distinguish the works of this artist, and the taste with which he applies his

peculiar power. The eyes are particularly sparkling.

Hero and Leander.—Henry Howard, R.A.

'Till gain'd at last the Sestian shore he treads,
Her door he found, and there in silence blest:
Panting and faint, she strain'd him to her breast;
Whilst all his hair the briny ocean fill'd,
And drops slow trickling in her arms distill'd.
Mr. Morrit's *Translation from the Greek of Musæus.*

This is a fine production by the accomplished artist whose name is subjoined to the description. It is beautifully felt. The idea of Cupid holding the torch is most poetical; indeed the whole of the colouring and general effect cannot be too much admired. The work is that of an artist who warmed with his subject, and felt like a poet.

A Student.—A Design.—M. A. Shee, R.A.

Call them what you will, Mr. Shee, these are portraits, and, as such, not admissible into the Gallery of the British Institution; but there is something so bright in the colouring, and so full of truth and nature in the expression, that we are almost compelled, on account of the pleasure such pictures impart, to rejoice, in this instance, in the infringement of the strict rule of the Exhibition.

A Highland Whiskey-Still at Lochgilphead, Argyleshire.—A veteran Highlander, who served at the Battle of Minden. — Bacchanalians gathering Grapes. — D. Wilkie, R.A.

We have often, in common with the public at large, admired the force and truth of Mr. Wilkie's pencil; and with reference to the first and second of these pictures, we have only to repeat the warm tribute of our praise—they are excellent. The veteran seems to have not only sat for his portrait in Mr. Wilkie's visit to Scotland, but also to have furnished the artist with a model for his comfortable and keen-looking figure near the whiskey-still. We mention this circumstance, to shew the discrimination of character which the artist commands, and the variety he can impart to the same object. Of the poetical picture we shall only say, that it is not in the artist's *forte*. His great power is in familiar description; there he exhibits his whole strength of portraiture. He travels out of his line when he attempts the brilliancy and delicacy of Rubens and Titian. Hogarth made a similar slip when he attempted historical painting.

The Coolin, from Loch Scavigh.—Dunrobin Castle. —W. Daniel, A.R.A.

These are very excellent specimens of this artist's skill.

A Scene from the Devil upon Two Sticks.—Maternal Happiness.—A.E. Chalon, R.A.

These are very tasteful in composition, but the colouring in the first is not as well as usual; it looks as if stained with lake. The equal quantities of white at each side of the last picture, when opposed as they are to the strong colours of orange and blue, do not look harmonious. The artist, however, deserves much credit for his composition.

Hercules killing the Man of Calydon with a blow of his fist.—W. Etty.

It is no less true, than complimentary to Mr. Etty, to state, that

his colouring reminds us of the purity of Paul Veronese. If we mistake not, the artist has copied from an academy group. Though the artist cannot, if our conjecture be right, claim the merit of conception in the composition of this subject, he is yet entitled to praise for truth of colouring and skilful execution.

Contemplation.—C. R. Leslie.

There is a beautiful effect of moonlight in this picture, and a soft, devout, and contemplative character, which is striking and appropriate. It is a pleasing specimen of considerable proficiency in a high department of art.

Waterloo Evening.—G. Jones.

This picture, we have heard, was painted for the Directors of the British Institution. It represents the advance of the British troops at the close of the day, and utter rout of the French army. The Duke of Wellington is on the height, commanding and leading the attack; a regiment of guards, and General Adams's brigade of light infantry, are closely pursuing the flying enemy. In the rear of his grace is a corps of English cavalry, advancing under the orders of the Marquis of Anglesea and Lord Edward Somerset. In the fore-ground, the Prince of Orange, wounded, is retiring from the field, conducted by the Earl of March, now Duke of Richmond; and close to the latter two soldiers are bearing off Col. Sir W. de Lancey. The commanding officers of artillery, Sir George Wood and Sir Aug. Fraser, are near the guns; and in the distance, Marshal Ney is attempting to rally the routed army. The heights towards La Belle Alliance, with the observatory, and wood of Hougoumont, form the horizon. Such is the outline of the work which Mr. Jones has executed. This picture has doubtless a good deal of merit. Whatever may be the advantage of placing the principal figures in the middle-ground, to afford space, it is incomplete if due attention be not made to a proper scale of proportion in the general arrangement of the composition. We do not think the artist has paid that attention with sufficient accuracy; the consequence of which has been, that many of his figures appear a diminutive race, and the grandeur, which should always characterize the delineation of a battle scene, is, in some degree, lessened. Notwithstanding this defect, the picture has, in other respects, much merit, though the artist has not been able to have managed the whole of his complicated and difficult subject as successfully as we should have wished. It is, after all, perhaps a subject so interwoven with our national glory, that we expect too much from the artist who undertakes to present to the eye an outline of the memorable scene. The picture, though large, is yet not striking. It certainly conveys a good idea of the *coup d'œil* of military manœuvring, but it has not, as much as it might have had, of the bustle, the energy, the uproar of a battle. The artist has chosen a glorious moment for his subject, and he might have introduced in his fore-ground, the single efforts of some desperate few, who, while all hope was gone, determined to fall like soldiers in the field; instead of which, we are in-

voluntarily led out of the scene of action with the wounded, who engross a place in the picture (the fore-ground) which would have been better filled by objects calculated to exemplify the energy and daring of a sanguinary conflict. There is some excellent painting in the picture, and it is a bold and creditable effort of Mr. Jones.

The Day before the Wedding.—M. W. Sharp.

A very brilliant display of colouring strikes the eye, on viewing this picture. It has also a pleasing delineation of character; there is great humour and archness in the expression of the figures, and a gaiety and liveliness that cannot be too much admired.

View on the Thames, looking towards Vauxhall.—Charles Deane.

In Calcott's style, but at a great distance from his execution. An equal degree of hardness pervades the picture, for which no brightness of colour will adequately atone.

Danger.—Wm. Willes.

"Danger, whose limbs of giant mould
What mortal eye can fix'd behold?
Who stalks his round, a hideous form,
Howling amidst the midnight storm;
Or throws him on the ridgy steep
Of some loose hanging rock, to sleep."
Collins's *Ode to Fear.*

The artist has embodied the poet's subject with forcible and excellent truth. His figure of *Danger*, flung upon the edge of the precipice, is bold and striking; the light of the flash of lightning sheds a fine illumination over the back-ground; and the colouring is so harmonious and pleasing, that it reminds us of the pencil of Mr. Jackson.

Jack Cade and his Rabble condemning the Clerk of Chatham. Henry VI. Part ii. sc. ii.—John Cawse.

The feeling for humour in this picture is a little too broad, and borders perhaps on caricature. The painting and drawing are good, and a little more attention to character would make the subject complete. Shakspeare, however familiar with the whole range of human character, never presents it with that coarseness which savours too strongly of vulgarity. His exquisite taste forbade such a feeling. The artist should have kept this in mind in his subject. The picture has, however, a good deal of merit, and is much admired.

The Visit of Sir Hudibras to the Lady.—F. G. Stephanoff.

"Madam, I do, as is my duty,
Honour the shadow of your shoe-tie."
Vide *Hudibras*, Part iii. canto i.

This is a very excellent specimen of the artist's vivid and lively colouring. All the accompaniments are complete; the antique ceiling and floor are extremely beautiful, and also the delicate expression of the lady. The grotesque appearance of Hudibras affords a fine contrast, which the artist has happily employed. The drawing in this picture is as perfect as the colouring is beautiful.

Idea of Titana, from the Pira Grove. Vide *Pau. Cor.* c. xi.—J. M. Gandy.

There are several other compositions of a similar description by Mr. Gandy in this Exhibition; they are all of corresponding merit. They display a fine classic feeling, guided by a pure and correct taste.

Macbeth.—John Martin.

[Macbeth, upon his return from the Highlands, after the defeat of Macdonald, meets the weird sisters on the blasted heath before sunset.]

Macbeth. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more.

Banquo. Whither are they vanished?

From this scene, in the noble tragedy of our immortal bard, Mr. Martin has selected his subject. In his style and execution, this artist perhaps too much resembles himself: when we see one of his pictures, we see the compass of his efforts. There is, however, an improvement in the colouring of this picture. The artist evidently soars in the region of his own imagination, and now and then opens to us sublime prospects. He has a great genius for art, but his defect is a want of the variety which nature gives. He lapses into a monstrous uniformity, that fatigues the spectator, notwithstanding the energy of the artist's pencil. This picture has many fine parts, but, to be correct, Mr. Martin must give us something more resembling the Highlands of Scotland: his hills "out-top the Andes:" his storms are also somewhat too extravagant; they must be made more to resemble those of the visible heavens. Real sublimity has its foundation in truth; and, with great deference to the fine imagination of Mr. Martin, we think this picture, notwithstanding its evident merit in many parts, wants it.

The Upas or Poison-Tree, in the Island of Java. Vide *Darwin in his Lives of the Plants.*—Francis Danby.

There is a grand and solemn tone in this picture, which partakes much of Mr. Martin's style. It has a desolate appearance, which is characteristic: the drawing is correct.

Venus, Cupid, and the Graces.—R. T. Bone.

A very good display of colouring, much taste and skill, and pure harmony in the combination, characterize this picture.

London, from Hampstead Heath.—G. Samuel.

Mr. Samuel's scenes are well chosen, but want a little vigour: more brown, and less green, would improve his colouring.

L'Escomateur, or the Jugglers: a Parisian Scene.—J. J. Chalon.

This picture has the air, gaiety, and humour of French character. The artist is equally successful in his other pictures in this Exhibition.

Earthen Ware, oh! — Still Life.—*Battle, a Study.*—A. Cooper, A. R. A.

Fine productions, by a very clever artist, particularly the last, which is one of the sweetest pictures of the kind we have ever seen. The composition is full of vigour, and the execution perfect in its kind. The colouring equally corresponds.

Calandrino, a Florentine Painter, thinking he has found the Elitropia (a black stone), and thereby become invisible, is pelted home by his Companions.—H. P. Biggs.

Calandrino sentendò el duolo levò alto al Piè e commenciò a soffiare.

Decamerone di G. Boccaccio, Giornato viii. Nouvell. 3.

The expression of the principal figure is excellent, and the execution is equally good. The proportions, however, do not seem uniformly correct.

Bitch and Puppies.—T. Christmas.

The eagerness of the puppies is excellent; and nothing can be better than the drawing, and execution of the whole.

View of Edinburgh, from the Calton Hill, Evening.—G. Vincent.

This artist possesses a good taste; he has a great deal of merit, but, like others, he has peculiarities, from which it would be well if he could be divested. He wants the art of concealing the means by which he produces his effect. The richness of some colours and the glare of ultramarine, are not the media by which nature charms us. The artist might improve a little in his drawing, as well as pay more attention to his local colour.

The dull Lecture. — G. Stewart Newton.

A beautifully coloured picture, with a display of delicate humour. The preacher seems full of eagerness to impress his homily on the dosing beauty. The picture is very well painted.

View of Snowdon from Mount Gwynant, Caernarvonshire. — Copley Fielding.

This picture has a strikingly classic appearance. It has more of Poussin's character, than of the scenery of this country.

Grove Scene.—J. Starke.

A very good specimen of this artist's excellent representation of nature.

Rural Breakfast.—W. M. Craig.

The subject is well handled in point of character, but it has all the appearance of a water-colour drawing.

Alpine Mastiffs re-animating a distressed Traveller.—E. Landseer.

This is truly an extraordinary picture. The sentiment it conveys is commanding and impressive. In drawing, colouring, and expression, it is complete. The artist gives dignity to a subject in a manner at once as unexpected as it is noble.

We repeat our regret at being unable to go into further details of this Exhibition, which displays the gradual yet certain growth of the fine arts of our country. Besides the works we have alluded to, there are others in the gallery well entitled to commendation. Among them, we refer the visitor to the productions of Mrs. Carpenter, Miss Gouldsmith, and the other ladies who have graced the gallery with their skill and taste. Also to the works of Mr. Northcote, R. A. Mr. Westall, A. R. A. Mr. Corbould, Mr. Hayter, Mr. Ellis, Mr. Ingalton, Mr. Cregan, Mr. Ross, and a number of other artists.

There is nothing particularly remarkable in the sculpture, some of which is now re-exhibited, and already noticed by us in our review of last year's Exhibition at the Royal Academy.

INTELLIGENCE REGARDING WORKS OF ART.

BUSTS, in plaster, of his late Majesty, the beloved and lamented George III. are now executing by Mr. Matthew C. Wyatt, from his original model, done from life a short time prior to his Majesty's late illness, and executed in bronze for the Right Hon. the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury, to be placed in their board-room. For

its faithfulness as a likeness and correct expression, it has been honoured with the particular approbation of the Royal Family; and Mr. Wyatt is about to prepare fac-similes in bronze, and busts in marble, which will as justly transmit to posterity the features of our late venerable Monarch. A specimen may be seen at the Repository of Arts, Strand.

Mr. Ackermann has nearly ready for publication, a *Picturesque Tour from Geneva, over Mount Simplon, to Milan*, in one volume imperial 8vo. This work, which cannot fail to claim the particular attention of the Continental traveller, will contain thirty-six coloured engravings of the most interesting scenery in that romantic tract, and especially the most striking points of view in the new road over the Simplon, one of those stupendous undertakings, by which alone it were to be wished that the reign of the late ambitious ruler of France had been distinguished. The engravings will be accompanied with copious historical and descriptive particulars respecting every remarkable object along the route.

The same publisher has likewise in great forwardness, at his lithographic press, a Series of characteristic Portraits of the Cossacs attached to the Russian army which occupied Paris in 1815 and 16; which, with ample details of the history, manners, and customs of the different tribes to which they belonged, will also form an imperial 8vo. volume.

Mr. C. Muss, of Warren-street, Fitzroy-square, is occupied on the following works in enamel, &c.: Two large enamels, after Raphael and Leonardo da Vinci, for the Marquis of Lansdown; an enamel for the Countess of Caledon; a large enamel for Lady Stepney; a portrait, in enamel, of C. J. Fox, after Sir Joshua Reynolds, for Miss Fox; a pair of highly finished paintings for Sir Thomas Baring, Bart.; a portrait, in enamel, of Lord Byron; a large enamel, after a beautiful painting by J. Ward, R. A.; two portraits, after J. Jackson, R. A. and several minor works.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

Mr. Ackermann proposes to publish, in six monthly parts, *Picturesque Illustrations of Buenos Ayres and Monte Video:* consisting of Views, and faithful Representations of the Costumes, Manners, &c. of the inhabitants of those cities and their environs, taken on the spot by E. E. Vidal, Esq. and accompanied with descriptive letter-press. Independently of the high interest which recent political events have attached to the important cities of Buenos Ayres and Monte Video, they possess strong claims upon the attention of the curious, from the peculiarities in the habits, manners, and customs of their inhabitants, concerning which so little is known in Europe, and of which we have not yet been furnished with any graphic illustration. The series of delineations here announced, will therefore contribute to fill the chasm which exists in our information respecting

this half-civilized and half-barbarous portion of the South American continent, and, doubtless, prove an acceptable addition to those picturesque works, from which accurate notions of men and manners may be acquired, without the danger, fatigue, and expense of visiting remote regions of the globe. This work will be printed on large wove elephant vellum paper, corresponding with the Histories of Oxford, Cambridge, Colleges and Schools, Westminster Abbey, Microcosm of London, and Tour along the Rhine. The first part will be published on the 1st May next, and be succeeded by a part every month, until the whole is completed. Each part will contain four highly coloured engravings, accompanied with descriptive letter-press, printed with a new type, and hot-pressed.

In the course of this month will be published, in demy 8vo. the first part of a *History of England during the Reign of George III.* from the pen of Mr. Robert Scott. The work will be written with the strictest impartiality, and embellished with numerous portraits, and other engravings.

A Monody on the Death of his late Most Excellent Majesty King George III. with emblematic illustrations, by J. Bisset, Esq. author of the Patriotic Clarion, &c. &c. is preparing for the press.

Mr. W. Phillips will shortly publish a new and corrected edition of his *Familiar Lectures on Astronomy*, designed for the use of young persons, and those not conversant with the mathematics.

Mr. Curtis, who has made so much improvement on the hearing-trumpet, by forming it on the principle of a parabolic conoid, and on several other inventions for assisting hearing, has lately brought forward a most ingenious and well-adapted instrument, for injecting liquids into, and inflating the ear from the back part of the mouth, by the eustachian tube. The value of such an invention seems to have been little known in this country, though the original hint was given nearly a century ago by the Sieur Guyott of Versailles, who being deaf, and finding no relief, had recourse to a similar instrument, of his own construction, whereby he cured himself. He afterwards presented it to the Royal Academy of Paris, and is fully described by Gaungeot, an eminent French surgeon. Mr. Curtis, from his knowledge of anatomy, has made the original instrument more simple and easier in its application, and consequently better adapted for the purpose, which will bring it into more general use in those obstinate cases of deafness which have hitherto proved so perplexing to practitioners. For this improvement he deserves equal credit with the original inventor, as, without such an instrument, many persons would have remained irrecoverably deaf for life. Its use produces no pain, which is a great recommendation to it, and it entirely supersedes the precarious operation of puncturing the tympanum.

A STATEMENT, *exhibiting at one View the* WAGES OF LABOUR *generally in the Town of* MANCHESTER, *and the other principal Seats of the* COTTON-MANUFACTURE; *with an Account of the* PRICES *of sundry Articles of* PROVISIONS, *and of the* MONIES *expended for the* RELIEF OF THE POOR *chargeable to the Township of* MANCHESTER, *during the Years* 1810 *to* 1818, *and to November* 25, 1819; *founded on the most accurate Information.*

	1810.	1811.	1812.	1813.	1814.	1815.	1816.	1817.	1818.	1819.
	£. s. d.	£. s. d.	£. s. d.	£. s. d.	£. s. d.	£. s. d.	£. s. d.	£. s. d.	£. s. d.	£. s. d.
PROVISIONS*.										
Flour, per doz. lbs. (good seconds)	0 3 9	0 3 5	0 4 9	0 4 2	0 2 10	0 2 7	0 3 0	0 4 6	0 3 5	0 2 9
Meal, per ditto	0 2 6	0 2 6	0 3 9	0 3 3	0 2 4	0 2 2	0 2 1	0 3 2	0 2 8	0 2 3
Potatoes, per score lbs.	0 0 0	0 0 10	11*d.* to 22*d.*	9*d.* to 15*d.*	0 0 11	0 0 11	8*d.* to 14*d.*	9*d.* to 17*d.*	0 0 8½	0 0 8
Butchers' meat, per lb.	0 0 8	0 0 8	0 0 8	0 0 8½	0 0 9	0 0 8½	0 0 7½	0 0 7½	0 0 8	0 0 8
Ditto, ditto, coarse pieces	0 0 6	0 0 6	0 0 6	0 0 6½	0 0 7	0 0 6½	0 0 5½	0 0 5½	0 0 6	0 0 6
Bacon, per lb.	0 0 11	0 0 9	0 0 10	0 0 11	0 0 11	0 0 10½	0 0 8	0 0 7	0 0 10	0 0 10
Irish butter, per lb.	0 1 1	0 1 2½	0 1 2	0 1 1½	0 1 2½	0 1 2	0 0 11	0 0 11	0 1 2	0 1 0
Cheese	0 0 8½	0 0 8½	0 0 9	0 0 8½	0 0 8½	0 0 8½	0 0 6¾	0 0 6¾	0 0 8	0 0 8
SPINNING†.										
Fine spinners	2 2 6	0 18 0	1 10 0	1 7 0	1 12 0	1 12 0	1 12 0	1 12 0	1 12 0	1 12 0
Coarse ditto	Will run from	20s. to 28s.	per week	during the	whole of the	time.				
Women ditto	0 0 0	0 0 0	0 15 7	0 14 2	0 17 0	0 17 0	0 17 0	0 17 0	0 17 0	0 17 0
Reelers	0 12 0	0 6 0	0 9 11	0 8 2	0 10 0	0 10 0	0 10 0	0 10 0	0 10 0	0 10 0
Stretchers	0 15 6	0 8 5	0 13 5	0 11 8	0 14 0	0 14 0	0 14 0	0 14 0	0 14 0	0 14 0
Pickers	0 11 3	0 5 6	0 10 1	0 8 8	0 10 0	0 10 0	0 9 0	0 9 0	0 9 0	0 9 0
WEAVING‡.										
Nankeens	0 16 3	0 12 6	0 13 0	0 12 6	0 15 7	0 13 2	0 13 2	0 9 6	0 9 6	0 9 6
Best 74-7-8 calicos	0 0 0	0 9 6	0 11 4	0 12 8	0 13 8	0 10 10	0 9 2	0 8 4	0 9 8	0 8 3
Third ditto	0 0 0	0 0 6	0 6 8	0 6 8	0 15 3	0 11 8	0 8 1	0 6 4½	0 8 1	0 6 0
Strong 9-8 ditto	0 13 0	0 8 9	0 9 7	0 8 9	0 11 4	0 8 9	0 7 4	0 6 1½	0 7 0	0 7 0
Velveteens	0 12 0	0 10 10	0 9 0	0 8 5	0 10 10	0 10 4	0 7 8	0 5 7	0 6 1	0 8 9
Bolton cambric, 60 reed 6-4	0 16 10½	0 9 0	0 9 5	0 10 8	0 15 4	0 10 5	0 8 4	0 6 4	0 8 0	0 7 8
Manchester 80 ditto ditto	0 14 0	0 10 9	0 10 3	0 11 1	0 16 9	0 10 3	0 8 3	0 6 9	0 8 10	0 7 9
Quiltings 36 ditto	0 16 5½	0 12 7	0 9 6	0 11 5	0 15 0	0 13 0	0 11 11	0 9 8	0 9 8	0 9 8
Ditto, fine	0 17 2	0 14 9	0 14 0	0 14 0	0 18 0	0 18 3	0 15 6	0 11 1	0 11 0	0 11 3
Fancy articles	1 1 0	0 14 8	0 14 2	0 15 6	1 0 0	0 18 3	0 12 2	0 9 5	0 11 9	0 10 3
PRINTING AND BLEACHING.										
Calico-printers	1 6 0	1 6 0	1 6 0	1 6 0	1 6 0	1 6 0	1 6 0	1 6 0	1 6 0	1 6 0
Bleachers and finishers	0 18 6	0 18 6	0 18 6	0 18 6	0 18 6	0 18 6	0 18 6	0 18 6	0 18 6	0 18 6
Block-cutters	The rate of	wages has not	varied, but	their actual	earningshave	been from	22*s.* to 30*s.*	per week.		
Fustian-cutters	0 14 0	0 14 0	0 14 0	0 14 0	0 14 0	0 14 0	0 14 0	0 14 0	0 14 0	0 14 0
Warpers	0 16 0	0 16 0	0 16 0	0 16 0	0 16 0	0 16 0	0 16 0	0 16 0	0 16 0	0 16 0
Dyers and dressers	0 15 0	0 15 0	0 15 0	0 15 0	0 15 0	0 15 0	0 15 0	0 15 0	0 15 0	0 15 0
Skain-dyers	0 16 0	0 16 0	0 16 0	0 16 0	0 16 0	0 16 0	0 16 0	0 16 0	0 16 0	0 16 0
Hat finishers	1 7 5	1 3 1	1 5 6	1 3 8	1 4 10	1 2 2	0 18 6	0 18 10	1 9 8	1 5 8
Tailors	0 18 6	0 18 6	0 18 6	0 18 6	0 18 6	1 1 6	1 1 6	1 1 6	0 18 6	0 18 6
Porters	0 18 0	0 18 0	0 18 0	0 18 0	0 18 0	0 18 0	0 18 0	0 18 0	0 18 0	0 18 0
Packers	1 0 0	1 0 0	1 0 0	1 0 0	1 0 0	1 0 0	1 0 0	1 0 0	1 0 0	1 0 0
Shoemakers	0 16 0	0 16 0	0 16 0	0 16 0	0 16 0	0 16 0	0 16 0	0 16 0	0 16 0	0 16 0
Iron-founders	1 11 3	1 8 0	1 7 4	1 11 6	1 12 3	1 12 1	1 14 8	1 13 8	1 15 10	1 11 6
Whitesmiths	1 5 0	1 5 0	1 5 0	1 5 0	1 5 0	1 5 0	1 5 0	1 5 0	1 5 0	1 5 0
Sawyers	1 5 0	1 5 0	1 5 0	1 5 0	1 5 0	1 5 0	1 5 0	1 5 0	1 5 0	1 10 0
Carpenters	1 5 0	1 5 0	1 5 0	1 5 0	1 5 0	1 5 0	1 5 0	1 5 0	1 5 0	1 5 0
Stonemasons (allowing for loss of time in the winter months)	1 2 0	1 2 0	1 2 0	1 2 0	1 2 0	1 2 0	1 2 0	1 2 0	1 2 0	1 2 0
Bricklayers (ditto)	1 2 6	1 2 6	1 2 6	1 2 6	1 2 6	1 2 6	1 2 6	1 2 6	1 2 6	1 2 6
Painters (ditto)	1 2 0	1 2 0	1 2 0	1 2 0	1 2 0	1 2 0	1 2 0	1 2 0	1 2 0	1 2 0
Slaters (ditto)	1 1 0	1 1 0	1 1 0	1 1 0	1 1 0	1 1 0	1 1 0	1 1 0	1 1 0	1 1 0
Plasterers (ditto)	0 19 0	0 19 0	0 19 0	0 19 0	0 19 0	0 19 0	0 19 0	0 19 0	0 19 0	0 19 0
Bricklayers and plasterers' labourers	0 15 9	0 15 9	0 15 9	0 15 9	0 15 9	0 15 9	0 15 9	0 15 9	0 15 9	0 15 9
Spademen	0 15 0	0 15 0	0 15 0	0 15 0	0 15 0	0 15 0	0 15 0	0 15 0	0 15 0	0 15 0
	1809-10	1810-11	1811-12	1812-13	1813-14	1814-15	1815-16	1816-17	1817-18	1818-19
Money actually paid in relief of the poor, exclusive of county rates and constables acts. in the town of Manchester	26300 17 8	25021 10 9	34123 15 2	45774 9 6	33286 14 8	21038 4 0	23961 0 6	53969 9 9	43827 4 4	31681 8 0
Deduct for money gained by the labour of the poor in the house	178 12 5	168 14 9	223 2 3	263 18 7	157 14 10	119 13 5	112 11 8	321 10 0	187 12 11	114 8 1
	26122 5 3	24852 16 0	33900 12 11	45510 10 11	33128 19 10	20918 10 7	23848 8 10	53647 19 9	43639 11 5	31566 19 11
The average number of poor in the house throughout the year, with the average weekly expense per head for food only, for each year	385	372	485	513	445	366	408	526	462	423
	0 4 2½	0 4 4	0 3 11	0 4 5¼	0 4 1¼	0 3 8¼	0 3 3½	0 3 8¾	0 3 5¾	0 3 4

* These are the average *retail* prices of each year, according to the best information that could be procured.

† In the years 1811, 1812, and 1813, the earnings of a part of the spinners were reduced by a restricted allowance of work, and not by a reduced rate of wages.

‡ These are the nett earnings of the weavers taken on the average of each year, after deducting two-pence halfpenny in the shilling for winding the weft, flour, &c. used in dressing the warp, and other outgoings. Of this deduction, the greater part is for winding, which is generally done in the family.

*** The principal articles of manufacture, and the earnings of men of ordinary skill working twelve hours per day, have formed the basis of this statement.

A considerable proportion of the weaving of plain goods is performed by women and children, and their earnings will be according to their strength and skill.

The present rate of wages is rather lower than the average of the whole year 1819.

Poetry.

From a MONODY

ON THE

DEATH OF HIS LATE MAJESTY.

By Mrs. M'Mullan.

When summer-blossom, fragrant, soft, and fair,
Yet frail as fragrant, hails the matin air,
Just blooms in sweetness, but ere day restore
The beams of gladness, all its bloom is o'er;
We scarcely mourn the flow'ret's transient date— [fate.
It bloom'd unknown—and myriads share its

Not so we feel when sinks the lofty oak,
By lightning blasted, or by tempest broke;
A mournful crowd behold the ruin'd form,
Their summer shade, their shelter in the storm,
Sigh o'er the wreck, and on the Dryads call
To weep the awful, the majestic fall.

So now Britannia binds the cypress wreath,
And wanders pensive on the lonely heath,
From princely Windsor to Devonia's vales
—Where erst, 'twas said, health breath'd in balmy gales— [knell,
Whilst sacred spires proclaim the Monarch's
Ere ceas'd for Edward the cathedral bell,
Ere ceas'd the sighs for Coburg's lovely bride,
Ere for the Queen fair Virtue's tears were dried.

* * * * * * *

Model of virtue and connubial truth,
A bright example from her earliest youth,
Our valued Queen felt nature's task was done,
And died—supported by a duteous son.

Cold is that heart, to patriot love unknown,
Who feels not woe when grief assails the throne, [appears,
Who mourns not now when death's dark hand
Arm'd with unerring, with unpitying spears;
Subdues the manly, points the destined dart,
And, still insatiate, strikes the Monarch's heart.

* * * * * * *

Enshrin'd in memory, George the Third will live,
And holiest records simple annals give:
His date protracted to the longest reign,
Mark'd by no act to give his subjects pain;
But mild and gentle, as the zephyrs glide
Along the bosom of the summer tide.
Foster'd green Erin with Britannia's smile,
And made one people of the triple isle.
His country's rights determin'd to maintain,
The British lion never rear'd in vain;
The wreaths of conquest, and the trump of fame, [fame.
At once adorn'd and spoke the Monarch's
To the wide limits of the utmost zone,
The fleets and armies of our state were known:
Where'er the red-cross ting'd the ocean-wave,
'Twas Freedom's signal to the bleeding slave;
Whilst peace at home rewarded deeds of arms, [charms.
And Windsor's turrets glow'd with virtue's

* * * * * * *

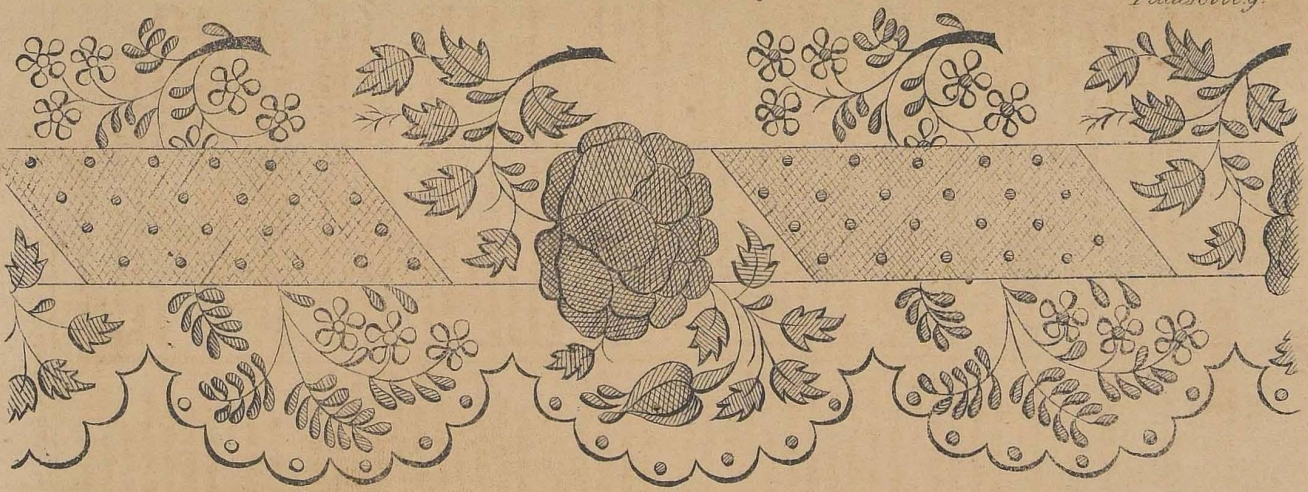
For thee, lov'd Consort of a Prince so dear,
The faithful pray'r will shrine each Briton's tear,
In tender sympathy each heart expand,
And hail thee still a daughter of our land;
With grateful fondness on thy infant smile,
And deem the babe the blossom of our isle.
Should Heaven her destiny so high dictate,
To wield the sceptre of the British state,
Her royal father's virtues will preside,
Endear the princess, bless the widow'd bride.

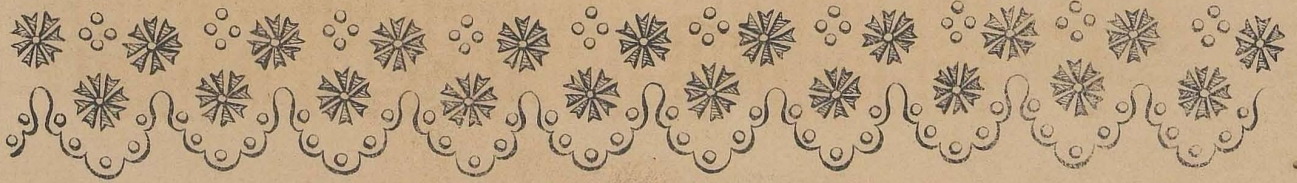
* * * * * * *

Full many a bard will pour the plaintive line, [mine:
But none more faithful, more sincere than
Though lowly as the heath-bell's unsought leaf,
I dare participate my country's grief:
Not *general* woe alone my heart-strings swell,
When thus I sigh a long, a last farewell:
Of Claremont's princess and of hope deprived, [rived;
My joys were wither'd and my soul was
When gracious Edward bade hope's cheering ray
Again return to light my widow'd way,
Vouchsafed attention to my frequent pray'r,
And taught my soul to soar above despair.
With path now darken'd, and with prospects drear,
My feast is memory, and the boon a tear.
Ere clos'd this humble, this spontaneous lay,
—A simple tribute gratitude would pay—
Such pray'rs as erst have reach'd the fountain-head, [fed,
When prophets bless'd, and indigence was
Again may prosper, and again may bring
Joy to Britannia and her patriot King.

London, *Feb.* 1, 1820.

L. Harrison, Printer, 373, Strand.





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