

LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE.

FASHIONS For JANUARY, 1807.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION.

PARISIAN COSTUME.

No. 1.—A MORNING WALKING DRESS.

Of twill sarsnet, cambric, or velvet, embroidered round the bottom and up the right side, where it confines the front which wraps under it, with three bows and ends of correspondent ribband; long waist, with robin front; and long sleeve, nearly to fit the arm. An erect Vandyke ruff, sloped to a point at the extremity of the waist, terminating with a steel clasp, which secures the belt. An Indian Scarf, or long shawl of crimson, with diversified ends, and border, thrown loosely over the shoulders, and negligently supported by the right hand. A poke bonnet, of woven willow, or fancy straw, blended with crimson velvet; bows of the same in front, edged with velvet; a band of the same passed under the chin, terminating in a bow and ends on the crown. Hair crompt behind, and formed in close curls in front. York tan gloves, and kid shoes.

No. 2.—A PARISIAN BALL DRESS.

A frock of white Italian crape, over a white satin slip; the latter edged with a narrow border of pink velvet at the feet; the frock festooned in gentle curves round the bottom, with single Persian roses; ornamented up the front with the same, placed at regular distances, finishing in front of the waist, and apparently confining a pink velvet girdle. The body of the dress quite plain, lacing behind with a pink chord; and cut so low at the bottom as greatly to expose the bust. A narrow tucker of net, with full corkscrew edge. A full Melon-sleeve formed of alternate stripes of white satin, and pink velvet; finished at the bosom with a trimming of corkscrew corresponding with the tucker. The hair divided behind; part formed in braids, and brought in loose loops over the right eye, the rest folded round the head in a plain band, so as entirely to disclose the ears, and fastened at the back with a cornet comb of pearl; two roses, similar to those which ornament the dress, are placed on the left side. Pearl necklace, earrings, and bracelets; pink satin shoes, with silver trimmings. White kid gloves,

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ENGLISH COSTUME.

No. 3.—A MORNING DRESS,

Of French cambric, made with a train; plain waist, rather high behind, and sharply rounded at the chest; trimmed round the bottom with muslin *à-la-corkscrew*; long and very full sleeves, edged at the hands with the same; a blue ribband round the waist, terminating with bows and ends on the right side. The cap *à-la-cloister*, entirely concealing the hair, flowing loose, and shading the face on the left side, gathered above the right eye-brow in a sort of irregular nose, and simply confined round the head with a blue ribband, which finishing behind with a bow, forms the crown, or caul of the cap. A neckerchief, or shirt, sitting full in the front, and high towards the throat, with a deep falling collar, embroidered at the edge. Limerick gloves, and jean shoes.

No. 4.—MOURNING FULL, OR OPERA DRESS.

A Spanish vest and petticoat of Italian crape, worn over white satin, with a rich border of embossed velvet, terminating at the extreme edge with a narrow Vandyke, or fringe of bugles; the petticoat gathered in a drapery towards the right knee, with a chord and tassels; the front of the vest made high, and formed in irregular horizontal gathers; confined with two narrow bands of bugles, terminating at the corners of the bosom, where the vest flows loose, and forms the square bust, which is finished with a pearl or diamond brooch in the centre. A short full twisted, or rucked sleeve, bordered at the bottom similar with the vest. The hair in a plain band round the right temple, relieved, and terminated by loose curls, which commence on the crown of the head, and flow in long irregular ringlets from the left eye-brow, so as to reach the shoulder. A plain lace veil, with slight border, fastened on the crown of the head, falling over the right side of the bosom, and reaching below the waist. A pearl or diamond ornament, blended with the hair, over the left eye. Necklace, earrings, and bracelets to correspond. White kid gloves, white satin shoes. Fan of ebony, inlaid with ivory, and silver mount.

A GENERAL DELINEATION OF THE FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

THE mourning for the respected, and venerable Duke of Brunswick, though principally designed for the Court, was, on its first commencement, a costume very generally adopted by the multitude; and our public places in consequence exhibited an aspect of gloom and solemnity. The cloud has, however, begun to disperse; and the rainbow tints of fashion and variety again call forth our observation, and attract us more immediately to admire those graces they are destined to illuminate.

The fawn-coloured pelice, and mantle of kerseymere velvet, or sarsnet in diverse forms, have resumed their popularity: nor do we recollect ever to have seen a colour so justly entitled to public suffrage; it is unobtrusively elegant, and attracts by its simplicity. The Russian mantle, given in our last, is much in request; also the plain kerseymere coat, trimmed down the front, round the bottom, collar, and cuffs, with Trafalgar trimming of the same colour; and is worn with a cottage bonnet, or yeoman hat, to correspond. The velvet pelice, flowing open as a robe, and the Cardinal coat, as minutely described in our last Number, are selected by the most tasteful females: but the most novel of this species of habiliment is the Roman mantle. It is composed of a long width of kerseymere, and is trimmed quite round, with a fur of the Leopard's skin. It is cut in the most fanciful form; wrapping round the figure in front, and falling in two points towards the left side, and behind; from which points are suspended tassels the colour of the mantle, which confine it also on the neck, it having no cape. A plain hat, of the same materials as the mantle, is usually worn with it. It has a flat brim, which is gently turned up towards the left side, and lined with Leopard's skin. A silk chord round the crown, finished with full floss tassels in front, is its only ornament. The effect of this costume on an elegant figure, is beyond description attractive and splendid; but to be adopted with consistency requires the accompaniment of a carriage. We have observed a new and useful ornament in the style of a tipper, which we think worthy of description. It is composed of velvet or twill sarsnet, cut in the form of a scarf, with sharp rounded ends, reaching within a quarter of a yard of the feet. The back and shoulders are cut in the form of a coachman's cape, or in the shape of a tippet. The scarf is put in full on the shoulder, and is usually lined throughout with a coloured sarsnet, agreeably contrasted with the outside; and is invariably trimmed with skin, either blue fox, squirrel, or leopard. It is often worn with

a plain pelice of the same material; but is more generally adopted as a shelter from partial air, sometimes experienced at the theatres, &c. and in this capacity it may be considered as combining utility with grace, and taste with convenience. The long scarf *a la Parisot*, composed of mohair, or shawl muslin in imitation, is a most distinguishing ornament. Its colours are generally salmon, cream-colour, orange, and fawn. It has a rich border, happily contrasted with the ground; and on the latter are large variagated spots, where the gold-coloured silk is chiefly predominant.

These scarfs are nearly four yards long; and are worn in various directions; forming a most elegant drapery over a plain white dress. The style most generally adopted by our women of fashion, is, throwing it negligently over the left shoulder, letting it fall nearly to the feet: the other end is passed under the adverse arm; and confined in a sort of festooned drapery, by the natural and unstudied security given by the left hand. Sometimes this end is left to flow loosely behind, mingling with, or forming the train of the dress.

We do not discover much alteration in the general style of gowns since our last. The backs continue to be cut low, though not quite so much in the extreme, as a few weeks back. The frock bosom, and square front still prevail: but are not considered so new as that formed of full reversed gathers, divided in the centre with footling lace, or satin; and trimmed on the top with chenille plaited net, or narrow fringe of silver, &c. Sleeves are for the most part in the opposite extreme, either very high and full, with a plaiting of net, full of lace, or bordering to correspond with the dress; at others they are formed of lace, or richly embroidered, and plainly extended over white satin. The coloured muslin, or shawl dresses, are invariably worn over white sarsnet or satin; and the bosoms and sleeves of these vestments are made quite plain; and either trimmed with fur, or swansdown; or embroidered in a rich pattera of gold-colour. We have seen a dress of Italian crape worn over a pale pink satin slip, ornamented with a border of white bugles in vandyke at the bottom; the bosom and sleeves quite plain, but thickly studded with single bugles; and a high and full tiara to correspond.

A dress of white Italian gauze, with a border and drapery of hoops in foil, has attracted our observation by its novel elegance. White velvet spencers, flowing open from the shoulders in front, and finished with a gold chord and tassel, or band and clasp, are much worn with round train dresses. They have a compact and graceful appearance. The backs of these spencers are cut like the gowns, and have a short but full

Roman sleeve, made high on the shoulder, to meet a plain one, formed of lace or needle-work.

The fronts of most dress gowns are formed so high, that delicacy asks no other shade for the bosom: yet we venture to recommend to the full forms the round tucker of net or muslin, edged with a border of needle-work.

We have recently witnessed a new style of wearing the half neckerchief: it was adopted by a female celebrated for beauty, fashion, and invention; who is somewhat *emboupoint*. The ends were crossed full on the lower part of the neck behind, so as to relieve the extreme lowness of the back, and to form a light contrast to the dress; it was then folded low on the shoulder, and crossed plain over the bosom in a wrap form, meeting on the opposite side of the robe, and terminating at the corner of the bosom, with an emerald brooch. This simple style of shading the bust is particularly becoming, and gives a chaste finishing to the *tout ensemble*.

The hanging sleeve frock, with biased front, has lately been introduced amongst very young women; and is invariably worn over white or coloured satin slips. The waists, however, being much shorter, and the hanging sleeve more tastefully formed, than that of our ancestors, divests it of all formality, and leaves it a costume by no means ungraceful. The simple round train dress of India, or Moravian muslin, if formed agreeable to the fashionable standard, and aided by tasteful, and well-chosen ornaments, must ever be considered unobtrusively elegant, and will attract by its neatness, rather than dazzle by its splendour.

The *Tekeli Cap*, and *Alexina Helmet*, has lately been selected by a few fashionables, who are distinguished for tasteful singularity, and whose beauty and rank entitle them to take those liberties of invention and whim, which do not infringe on the laws of modesty. The above-mentioned ornaments are an improvement on those which are worn by the hero *Tekeli*, and his no less heroic consort, in the celebrated Melo-drama of *The Siege of Montgatz*.

The hair is still much compressed. The Madonna front is sometimes seen, with loose curls flowing irregularly over it; others braid the whole of the hind hair, and fasten it tight with a comb, bringing it across the head in full braids, so as to bind the left temple, and expose the ear; while on the other, are small flat curls. The tiara of raised frost-work in silver, is a very elegant ornament. The pearl crescent, also *bandeaus* of diamonds, &c. are much seen in front of the hair; but no brooches are worn on the head; and the veil, now banished the *toilette*, has retired within the *cloister*. The half kerchief not more than five-eighths square, of fawn-

colour or morone muslin, embroidered richly in white or gold-coloured silk, is fancifully placed at the back of the head with a coronet, band, or other ornament in front, and forms a most distinguished head-dress.

Hats and bonnets are chiefly made of kersey-mere, velvet, or sarsnet, to correspond with the mantle or pelice with which they are worn. Broad black lace plaited full on the forehead, and put plain on the sides, forming the peak of the bonnet, with the fur of divers animals; Trifling trimming and swansdown are their only fashionable ornaments.

The cap *a-la-rusique*, and the simple quartered cap of patent net over white or coloured satin; a broad net lace plaited across the crown, and continued under the chin, without any other embellishment, are much in esteem, and give to the morning dress a consistency and simplicity which is very attractive. These dresses are sometimes made very high round the throat, and finished with the vandyke or plain frill *a-la-Queen Elizabeth*, or the double trimming *a-la-corkscrew*; but those which are considered most elegant, are cut very low behind, with scarce any shoulder-strap; a square front edged with a border of needle-work; and shirt of the same material, embroidered round the throat and up the front, in form of a triangle.

Trinkets continue without any material alteration since our last, except that the pigeon brooch (which still prevails) is now formed of a sort of composition resembling the plumage of the bird.

Dress shoes are chiefly white, and invariably of satin or kid. With white dresses we have seen a few fawn-coloured and melbourn brown, which were singularly neat. All dress shoes are now finished with rosets of gold, silver, or bugles. Walking shoes are usually made high, and tied or laced up the instep.

White kid, Limerick, or York tan, are the only shoes which can be worn consistently in full, or evening dress; on other occasions the selection is optional. The prevailing colours for the season are, fawn-colour, bright morone, silver-grey, and pink.

OPERA OBSERVATIONS,

IN A LETTER FROM ELIZA TO JULIA.

Thank you a thousand times, my dear rustic friend, for your last indulgent letter.

There is something commanding and impressive in an act of generosity, however trifling! It calms the tempest of the soul, subdues anger, and softens the pang which neglect imposes.

My sweet friend, I am just returned from the

OPERA, where we have all been completely charmed; it is surely the most delightful *coup-d'œil* that ever entranced a wondering mortal.

You remember hearing of the celebrated singer Grassini, of whom cousin Mary wrote with such enthusiasm last winter. She was considered as most dignified, graceful, and expressive; but this bewitching Catalani (the present phenomenon of the musical world) is even more. So fascinating, so powerful, so sweet, so transcendent, and so versatile are her powers, that she takes captive the heart; and judgment, entranced in silence, breathes and looks a fullness of approbation and rapture. "I am sure there is a soul in music," my dear Julia used to exclaim, as at the dear parsonage I played to her the simple air of "When pensive I thought of my love." My dear creature, could you but see the delicacy at this Theatre, I am sure you would say there was a soul in motion also.

But now to the main subject which is to ensure a welcome to my epistle. To delineate from life, it is, however, necessary that I confine myself in a great degree to colour; for black, though not absolute, was prevailing. It is not, however, entirely of the sable hue, but is enlivened by a gentle relief, of gold, silver, pearl, or bugle ornaments. The dresses of our most celebrated fashionables are chiefly of Italian gauze, crape, or muslin, over white. Several head-dresses struck me as particularly elegant and becoming, and equally so out of mourning; of these I will say something hereafter; at present listen to a description of the attractive costume worn by my beautiful cousin. It was a round dress of Italian gauze, worn over white satin, the train very short, embroidered up the front in three divisions, round the bottom, bosom, and sleeves in a delicate border of gold leaves; and on her head was a rich diadem to correspond. This with white satin shoes and fan of white crape with gold edge, composed the exterior of her dress. Mine was a habit completely simple, but the effect was, at, and not unattractive. It was formed of unadorned crape worn over white sarsnet; three deep tucks were laid at regular distances round the bottom, and two of the same breadth down the front, each of these tucks were thickly studded with single bugles.

My hair was dressed in a full but plain band on the forehead, so as entirely to expose my ears; the hind part was braided, and formed in a knot; the ends falling in corkscrew curls on the left side of my neck; a row of fine pearl was twisted once through the band in front, and

finished by being entwined in the braid behind. One row of pearl ornamented my neck, and composed also my bracelet. I wore a cable armlet, formed of the hair of my two dashing Cousins. My shoes and gloves were of white kid. In this place of fashionable resort, the veil was partially revived; but turbans seemed almost entirely exploded. The hair in various forms—in the antient Eastern style, or in simple braids and curls, fancifully placed, was universal. The diadem, high tiara, or wreath, formed in an arched leaf in front, and composed of gold, silver, foil, or bugles, was the most prevailing ornaments. I was exceedingly attracted by the effect of one of these diadems, formed of grey fur, spotted thickly with silver foil.

A small yeoman hat of velvet, turned up with deep tiara front, embroidered in silver, with a single ostrich feather, drooping towards the left side, struck me as elegant.

The bosoms of dresses were universally made high in front, and though many were gently rounded, yet they invariably terminated sharp at the corners of the bosom, and left the shoulders, back, and throat, entirely exposed.

The long sleeve was so general this evening, as to attract my particular observation. It was chiefly composed of a very clear material, corresponding with the drapery of the dress, was made very large, and twined round the arm, from the shoulder to the wrist, with a narrow band of gold, silver, pearl, or beads. You cannot form your under dress too scanty to exhibit the drapery which may flow over it to advantage.

I accompany this paquet with an *invisible petticoat*, which I beg you will wear for my sake, and your own. You will find it a most comfortable, compact, and seasonable appendage; and I doubt not will join me in the hope, that it will place the odious and vulgar article which formerly supplied its place, entirely on the shelf. I have occupied my time so agreeably in your service, my dear friend, as to render me unmindful of the lateness of the hour. Nothing is now left me but to take advantage of the general observations transcribed at my leisure, and enclose them for your investigation in their original state.

Good night! dear Julia!—for once in my life I am weary with pleasure; amidst which, the satisfaction of scribbling to you has not been the least; and if any thing is wanting to complete the happiness I experience here, it is the presence of her who will ever be near and dear to the heart of

ELIZA.

SUPPLEMENT
TO THE FIRST VOLUME OF
Bell's
COURT AND FASHIONABLE
MAGAZINE,

CONTAINING A CRITICAL REVIEW OF THE MOST DISTINGUISHED WORKS OF
LITERATURE FOR THE YEAR 1806.

MEMOIRS OF RICHARD CUMBERLAND.

Memoirs of Richard Cumberland; written by himself. Containing an Account of his Life and Writings, interspersed with Anecdotes and Characters of the most distinguished persons of his time, with whom he had intercourse or connection. 4to. Pp. 533. Lackington. 1806.

WE do not know who first set the example of an author becoming his own biographer. If it be certain, indeed, that no one is better acquainted with the incidents of a man's life than himself, it is equally certain, in our humble opinion, that no one is less calculated to sit in judgment upon them. The vanity of the biographer is here as mischievous to the cause of truth as could be any degree of ignorance. If, in points of doubtful faith, as in many parts of history, we consider it a just argument for incredulity, that it is transmitted to us by this or that friend or flatterer, how much stronger is the objection that it is transmitted to us by the man himself.

If this reasoning will apply almost to the narrative of facts in which the writer himself has been engaged, it is still more solid with regard to those judgments and opinions which he shall venture to pass upon himself. We are not so formed by nature as to be the most unexceptionable judges of ourselves; our candour will be suspected even in a generous self-condemnation, and if we are resolved upon the *mihi plaudo domi*, we should, at least, do it with the doors shut.

Supplement—Vol. I.

Cæsar and Xenophon, indeed, have long instructed and delighted the world with the histories of their own expeditions; but, upon one side, it must be remembered that even Cæsar has kept more to his expedition than to his own person; and that with regard to Xenophon, in his account of his expedition, his name so seldom occurs, and is then so cursorily mentioned, as almost to have led to a doubt whether he had absolutely written what has reached us under his name. The ancients knew how to do every thing well; hence, even in these their private histories, assuming an appearance, at least, of impartiality where the reality of it was perhaps impossible, they speak in the third person, and Cæsar and Xenophon as actors, appear perfectly different persons from Cæsar and Xenophon as writers. Here was some sacrifice to propriety.

With regard to an author becoming his own biographer, it cannot escape remark, that as the life of an author is the æra of his writings, and the deeds of an author are the works of his brain, his narrative must be limited to his closet, and he must become the narrator of his own triumphs. This might, perhaps, be excused, but

there is another more offensive incident;—he might be pardoned being his own biographer, if he did not at the same time become his own critic; but in the mention of his own works it is difficult to avoid a detail of their defects or excellencies.

Here, indeed, in the very outset, is our chief source of complaint with regard to the work before us. Mr. Cumberland has here set all propriety at most outrageous defiance; he not only becomes his own critic, but, by a peculiar logic, vindicates his right to assume this judgment chair, and insists that he alone is qualified to fill it. We should not object, from the very principles of equity, that he should plead his own cause, but as we boast to possess common sense, we cannot consent that he should pass an irreversible judgment.

Mr. Cumberland, however, acknowledges no principles of this kind; his modesty is here beyond all example. He protests that, divesting himself of all prejudice, and judging of his own as of the work of a person indifferent to him, his *West Indian* is the best piece that ever was produced on the stage; that his *Fashionable Lover* "in true elegance of writing, and delicacy of sentiment," is, perhaps superior to it; that the two latter acts of the *Choleric Man* have not the wit and brilliancy of the three former; and that his poem of *Calvary*, and his novel of *Arundel* "are most perfect in their kind." We could not have believed all this had we not ourselves read it. With all our regard for Mr. Cumberland, and our admiration of his talents, which are brilliant and solid upon their natural ground, we experienced a sentiment of indignation, that he should fall into these ridiculous vanities. A master of ridicule, the first comic writer of his day, should not have been thus most supremely ridiculous.

With regard to the title-page, we have no hesitation to impute it wholly to the Bookseller. Mr. Cumberland is an ingenious man, a man of truth and simplicity; he would never have promised, as the most prominent part of the book, anecdotes of distinguished characters with whom he had lived and been connected, when such anecdotes do not comprehend one-twentieth part of his volume. The only persons that he particularly mentions are

Lord George Germaine, Mr. Doddington, Lord Halifax, and Mr. Garrick; we had, indeed, forgotten Soame Jenyns and Baron Eyre; he mentions these in such a manner as to excite our most lively regret that he has said no more of them. Mr. Cumberland excels in drawing characters; this is his chief merit, and a merit it is of a very superior worth; it necessarily requires a most acute observation on life and manners.

Mr. Cumberland, upon the side both of father and mother, is descended from a venerable stock; his maternal grandfather was the celebrated Bentley, the great restorer of the classics. If the magnificent patronage of Leo X. brought forth to life and light these more solid treasures of ancient Greece and Rome, the genius and learning of Bentley purified them from the rust which they had collected in the damp of cells, and presented them to the eyes of mankind in all their natural splendor. It too frequently happens, that the very excellence, and full success of an author, are the most effectual means of defrauding his reputation. It has so happened to Dr. Bentley. Seeing the classics in their present state of purity, we think nothing of the hand which has thus brightened them; we see the work done, and think nothing of inquiring by whom it has thus been so admirably effected; with the exception of the more learned scholars of our universities, we question whether much is known of Bentley but his illustrious name.

Mr. Cumberland stickles vehemently for the gentle disposition of this Aristarchus; he relates an anecdote of his kindness for children. This may be, but Bentley was, notwithstanding, a most austere man, yet not perhaps more austere than the same heads of colleges of the present day.

Mr. Cumberland was born in the Master's Lodge in Trinity College, in 1732, under the roof of his grandfather, Dr. Bentley. Mr. Cumberland is now therefore nearly eighty years of age. Whatever we may think of parts of his present book, we have no hesitation to say, with regard to his life, that a life more pure, honourable, upright before God and man, has seldom been passed. It is the praise of this gentleman that he has taught his cotemporaries that religion does not de-

tract from wit, and that as much talent of every kind may be found in the supporters of our faith as in the advocates of infidelity. This is a praise which will hold Mr. Cumberland when time shall have withered the laurels of literary as of more heroic fame.—Mr. Cumberland has here done his duty.

The mother of Mr. Cumberland, and daughter of Bentley, was the Phœbe of Byron's celebrated pastoral, "My time, O ye Muses, was happily spent," &c. Mr. Cumberland gives us a pleasing description of this lady. She appears by his account to have been well worthy of the love of Byron, and, what is perhaps much more, of being the mother of Cumberland. Mr. Cumberland will see that we are willing enough to do justice to his merits, we only request that he will leave it for us to do, and not become the eulogist of himself.

There is an infinite deal too much of the early life and early years of Mr. Cumberland. He is here loquacious in the extreme. We find the more difficulty in pardoning this as Mr. Cumberland must so well know that it is perfectly unpardonable. From a country school Cumberland was removed to Westminster, the *alma mater* of so many of our first men. His life here passed like that of other boys in the same situation, but Mr. Cumberland seems of a different opinion, for he expends nearly fifty pages in relating his school-boy frolics; he should remember that his readers would, in all probability, not be school-boys.—What care they how often he was flogged, or what was his week-money.

This is not all.—Mr. Cumberland is not satisfied with relating his school-boy acts, he must likewise advance one step further in his puerilities, and relate his thoughts and transmit his writings; he gives us half a dozen quarto pages of a continuation of *Romeo and Juliet*, a tragic drama, written when twelve years old. We are here inclined to address him in the words of a celebrated Italian wit, upon an occasion exactly similar:—"My dear friend, you must pardon me if I have no wish to hear at forty, what you wrote when you were fourteen."

The school-fellows of Cumberland, "of future eminence," were Vincent, Hinch-

cliffe, and Smith. He gives a very just character of Vincent, but not with that discrimination which distinguishes his other portraits in this book. Vincent, the late head master, and present Dean of Westminster, is thus described by the pencil of Cumberland:—

"Vincent, whom I love as a friend, and honour as a scholar, has at length found that station in the deanery of Westminster, which, whilst it relieves him from the drudgery of the schoolmaster, keeps him still attached to the interests of the school, and eminently concerned in the superintendence and protection of it. As boy and man, he made his passage twice through the forms of Westminster, rising step by step from the very last boy to the very Captain of the school; and, again, from the junior usher, through every gradation, to that of second, and ultimately of senior master. Thus, with the interval of four years only devoted to his degree at Cambridge, Westminster has, indeed, kept possession of his person, but has let the world partake with her in the profit of his researches. *Without deserting the post* to which his duty had fettered him, his excursive genius led him over seas and countries far remote, to follow and developé tracts, redeem authorities, and dig up evidences long buried in the grave of ages. This is the more to his honour, as his hours of study were never taken but from his hours of relaxation."

We interrupt this extract to express our surprize that a writer of the taste and knowledge of Cumberland should fall into this puerility of style, this unpardonable conceit, as to make his staying at home an antithesis to his being a geographic writer. Mr. Cumberland, with all his purity, is but too often betrayed into similar errors upon the part of writing.

We proceed with our extract, as it will exhibit the talents of Mr. Cumberland in the portraiture of character.

"He stole no moments from the instruction of the boy to enrich the understanding of the man. His last work, small indeed in bulk, but great in matter, was an unanswerable defence of public education, by which, with an acuteness that does honour to his genius, and a candour that reflects credit upon his heart,——"

This distinction of acuteness and candour, the one doing honour to his genius, the other reflecting credit upon his heart, is common-place. It is, at best, careless from the pen of Mr. Cumberland, who

can write so much more precisely. He proceeds:—

“Let the mitred preacher against public schools (*this is bombast*), rejoice in silence at his escape, but when the unmitred master of the Temple, indubitably the finest scholar of his day, leaves the pastor of Westminster in possession of the field, it cannot be from want of courage, and still less of ability, to prolong the contest; it can only be from the operation of reason on a candid mind, and a clear view of that system, which, whilst he was denouncing by his pen, he did not probably recollect that he was himself unequivocally patronizing in the instance of his son. Diversion of thought, I well know, is not uncommon with him—perversion never will be imputed to him.”

We have before said, that this character is not by any means in the best manner of Mr. Cumberland. Dr. Vincent, the present Dean of Westminster, and late head master of that school, is a man of unintermitted application; and as this industry has been continued for a length of years, he has obtained its sure reward in the acquisition of a mass of learning. His parts are rather solid and heavy than brilliant; he is truly learned, but wanting taste and genius, his learning does not appear in the most pleasing form. His slow talents, his assiduous application, his sonorous voice, and lofty and portly person, rendered him the best schoolmaster of the age, and in every respect so well suited to his station at Westminster, that we consider his removal as a public loss.

Mr. Cumberland seems to lament that Dr. Vincent has not yet been advanced to a bishopric. We do not here concur with Mr. Cumberland. The deanery of Westminster has certainly been well earned, but we hope that the worthy Doctor will be taught by experience, that servility is as fruitless as it is unbecoming his learning and station. We confess that we cannot see without indignation the portly person, and austere disposition of the good Doctor, so laboriously curved and distorted into the courtly bow and iron smile. Disappointment may give a lesson which he amply merits.

With regard to Dr. Nichols, he was before our time, and therefore we cannot speak as to the justice of Mr. Cumberland's character of that gentleman. By

what he says, however, he appears to us very different from Dr. Vincent. Indeed we can see no sufficient reason why the station of head master should impose the necessity of a rough barbarism of manners. Dr. Vincent's learning would not be a whit less respected were it united to the manners of a gentleman, and the benevolence of the ordinary intercourse of man with man.

From Westminster Mr. Cumberland passed to Cambridge, where he earned that most difficult of all reputations to a classical scholar,—a mathematical name. Mr. Cumberland here studied too hard, and much injured his constitution. This part of his life is very well related, and we follow him with interest through his several gradations. It was during this time that he wrote a very pretty copy of verses; which, as in a style to which he has not since accustomed himself, we cannot resist our inclination to present to the reader.

SONNET.

“When wise men love, they love to folly,
 “When blockheads love, they're melancholy,
 “When coxcombs love, they love for fashion,
 “And quaintly call it the *belle* passion.
 “Old Bachelors who wear the willow,
 “May dream of love and hug the pillow;
 “Whilst love in Poet's fancy rhyming,
 “Set all the bells of folly chiming.
 “But women, charming women, prove
 “The sweet varieties of love;
 “They can love all, but none too dearly,
 “Their husbands too, but not sincerely.
 “They'll love a thing, whose outward shape,
 “Marks him twin brother to an ape;
 “They'll take a miser for his riches,
 “And wed a beggar without breeches.
 “Marry, as if in love with ruin,
 “A gamester to their sure undoing;
 “A drunkard raving, swearing, storming,
 “For the dear pleasure of reforming.
 “They'll wed a Lord whose breath shall falter,
 “Whilst he is crawling from the altar;
 “What is there women will not do,
 “When they love man and money too.”

This is lively, elegant; the metre suits the tone of the thought, and the thought has a gaiety which recommends itself.

In one of his college vacations, whilst he was preparing to resume his studies, he

received a summons which opened to him a new scene of life. He was invited by Lord Halifax to become his private Secretary. This was, of course, accepted, though, upon the part of Mr. Cumberland, confessedly with reluctance. He here takes occasion to display his favourite, and indubitably most excellent talent, that of describing characters. In his portraiture of Lord Halifax, he conveys to us a lively image of the accomplished nobleman of the present day,—a man educated at Eton, of elegant manners, as far as personal address, and of tolerable classical acquirements. Having some ambition, he obtained the good opinion of the college by his regularity and due performance of the ordinary tasks and duties; he quoted well, and particularly from Horace; made verses, and was fond of Prior.

This is excellent; it will serve for Lord Halifax and the greater part of our noblemen of the present day. It is a good sketch of an ordinary character, and is entitled to the more praise as there was nothing prominent to catch the observation.

His character of Pownal, empty, pompous, an imitator of his Lord, the man of importance in his boarding-house, and the statesman of his club, is equally good. Indeed, we cannot but confess, that these Memoirs improve much upon us as we have proceeded. It is to us at least a most interesting work. We recommend it sincerely to our readers.

A short time afterwards, Mr. Cumberland became a fellow of Trinity-College. His election was doubtless very flattering; the present Bishop of Peterborough was his rival candidate.

Dr. Smith, head master of Trinity, is thus characteristically portrayed:

“Dr. Smith, who so worthily succeeded to the mastership of Trinity, on my grandfather's decease, was unquestionably one of the most learned men of his time, as his works, especially his *System of Optics*, effectually demonstrate. He led the life of a student, abstemious and reclusive, his family consisting of a sister advanced in years, and unmarried, like himself, together with a young niece. He was a man of whom it might be said,—that philosophy had marked him her for own; of a thin spare habit, a nose prominently aquiline, and an eye penetrating as

that of the bird, the resemblance of whose beak marked the character of his face; the tone of his voice was shrill and nasal, and his manner of speaking such as denoted forethought and deliberation. How deep a theorist he was in harmony his treatise will evince; of mere melody he was indignantly neglectful, and could not reconcile his ear to the harpsichord till by a construction of his own, he had divided the half tones into their proper sharps and flats. Those who fancied they beheld a Diogenes in Mason, might have figured an Aristotle in Smith.”

Mr. Cumberland was now occupied in collecting materials for an history of India in *verse*. He had the wisdom to abandon it before it was half concluded, and the equal wisdom to keep what he had finished to himself. We are sorry that this discretion forsook him in his Memoirs. He has given us about half a dozen pages of extracts from his manuscript copy of this history in rhyme. We shall say nothing of it, but that upon reading the first ten lines we read no farther.

The death of Lady Halifax carries Lord Halifax to town. Mr. Cumberland attends him; and his father, to be nearer to him, exchanges his living at Stanwick for the vicarage of Fulham. Mr. Cumberland now becomes acquainted with the celebrated Bubb-Doddington, afterwards Lord Melcombe, at that time resident at Hammersmith. He displays at great length the character of this singular man, and displays it in his usual style of excellence; the length of it will not permit us to extract the whole, and we have now become too enamoured of the work to mar it by giving it in part. We must again recommend it to our readers as a book of standard excellence.

It was at this period that Mr. Cumberland wrote his first drama, a tragedy, the *Banishment of Cicero*. The subject was as he himself confesses, somewhat too tame. He sent a copy of it to Warburton, and, through Lord Halifax, had it offered to Garrick. Warburton wrote him a very polite note, thanked him for the perusal of “a drama infinitely too good for the stage:” and Garrick seemed to be of the same opinion, as he declined to produce it to the public. Cumberland candidly acknowledges the justice of this sentence.

Cumberland now married his present

lady, the daughter of Mr. Ridge, a gentleman of family and fortune, in Hampshire. This appears to have been the happiest circumstance in the whole life of the author; and we can truly say, upon our part, that we felt sincere satisfaction that a gentleman so deserving of happiness has had the good fortune to find it. It is the most pleasing trait in these Memoirs, that the excellent heart of the writer is every where visible; we should be worse than any cynics upon record, if, with these virtues, we could not overlook a few vanities. Whether Mr. Cumberland's Memoirs shall or shall not answer the expectations of his bookseller (we will, however, predict that it will), of one fruit of his work, he may rest assured, *hominem antea carum carissimum reddet*. It is, indeed, impossible to read this book without becoming attached to the truly amiable author.

Mr. Cumberland now accompanied Lord Halifax to Ireland, together with Hamilton, the reputed author of *Junius*. Mr. Cumberland concurs in the general opinion that these letters have been rightly attributed to that gentleman.

Mr. Cumberland's father, a man not inferior to himself, was now advanced by Lord Halifax to a bishopric. His talents and virtues appear most amply to have merited this promotion.

In the course of his residence in Ireland Mr. Cumberland met many singular characters; these he describes with his usual felicity. George Faulkner, Soame Jenyns, and the character of the Irish peasantry, pleased us much. Cumberland has here the pencil of a master.

Mr. Cumberland now applied himself to a new drama, the *West Indian*. He gives us a long criticism upon this play. We are sorry that he has here committed himself to the ridicule of the reviewers who are not characterized by good humour.—For our own part, we have no hesitation to say that the *West Indian* is to the full as good as Mr. Cumberland describes it. It is the best modern comedy on the stage by a very long interval. In its kind, moreover, in its own peculiar species, it is not exceeded by any of our ancient authors. It is a true, legitimate, classical drama, and well merits the place which it holds.

Whilst we say this of the *West Indian*,

we regret that in justice to ourselves we cannot give the same opinion upon the other numerous comedies of Mr. Cumberland. Indeed, with the exception of the *Choleric Man*, and not the whole even of that drama, we cannot sufficiently express our surprise, that the author of the *West Indian* should thus write. The *Fashionable Lover*, which Mr. Cumberland seems to rate so highly, is to us but a most insipid novel, scarcely equal to the *Discovery* of Mr. Sheridan, and certainly not equal even to the dramas of Kotzebue. The other plays of Mr. Cumberland are too much in the same style, a sickly sentiment, a pedantic humour, virtue out of place, common situations most ungracefully placed upon stilts, and absolutely nothing of life and manners. Such is the humour of his *Lady Paragon*, a lady of reading, and who banters as if she was bred in a college. To us, at least, a lady of this kind would be intolerable in real life; and what we fly with disgust in real life, we do not relish in representation. The picture will not please where the original disgusts. Perhaps, indeed, it may please as an imitation; but this pleasure is very trifling, where the object itself is abhorrent.

Comedy is an imitation of real life. It is not, however, every imitation of real life that constitutes what we have been accustomed to consider as comedy. The aim of comedy is to please. We are pleased with the representation of passion, and action, from sympathy; we are pleased with the ridiculous from a natural propensity of an opposite nature. Such, therefore, are the suitable objects of comedy; passions in which we can sympathize, and folly which we can understand.

Here is the defect of the greater part of the humorous characters of Cumberland. Their humour, or *ridicules* (we are here compelled to employ a French term), is not domestic, not such as we understand, or to which we have been accustomed. The ridiculous, or to be ridiculous, consists in any aberration from the propriety of nature; and the ridiculous becomes so to us, when we can understand that it is such an aberration. But we cannot know any thing to be improper without knowing what would be the propriety; it is by compa-

rison with the rule of right, a rule always present to our reason, that we discover this impropriety. Thus the false Latin of Partridge is ridiculous to those who know it to be so. A parish boy would read it without a smile. It is the same with *Lady Paragon*. The audience does not understand her ridicule, and therefore she is not to them at least humorous.

Mr. Cumberland was a short time after this induced to take a private journey in Spain on a business of much public moment. He was here treated most infamously by the ministry of the day. We found, indeed, no difficulty in giving him full credit, as we need not now be told the character of Lord Hillsborough. The reader will not peruse this part of the memoirs of the amiable writer without a very lively interest in his favour. It would be almost impossible, upon any other authority, to credit a desertion so base, and, on the part of its object, so unmerited.

The treatment of Mr. Cumberland by Lord Hillsborough is ably summed up in his memorial to Lord North. It is altogether so characteristic of Lord Hillsborough, the proud, heavy, and unfeeling Statesman, as destitute of public principle as of private honour, that we present it to our readers at its full length:—

“To the Right Hon. Lord North,

“The humble Memorial of Richard Cumberland.

“Sheweth,

“That your Memorialist, in April 1780, received his Majesty's most secret and confidential orders and instructions to set out for the Court of Spain, in company with the Abbe Hussey, one of his Catholic Majesty's chaplains, for the purpose of negotiating a separate peace with that Court.

“That to render the object of his commission more secret, your Memorialist was directed to take his family with him to Lisbon, under the pretence of recovering the health of one of his daughters, which he accordingly did; and having sent the Abbe Hussey before him to the Court of Spain, your Memorialist and his family soon after repassed to Arenjuez, where his Catholic Majesty then kept his Court.

“That your Memorialist upon setting out received by the hands of J. Robinson, Esq. one of the Secretaries of the Treasury, the sum of one thousand pounds on account; with direc-

tions how he should draw through the channel of Portugal, upon his banker in England, for such further sums as might be necessary (particularly for a large discretionary sum to be employed in secret services); and your Memorialist was directed to accompany his drafts by a separate letter to Mr. Secretary Robinson, advising him what sum or sums he had given order for, that the same might be replaced to your Memorialist's credit with the bank of Messrs. Croft and Co. Pall-Mall.

“That your Memorialist, in the execution of this commission, for the space of fourteen months, defrayed all the expences of the Abbe Hussey's journey into Spain, and supplied him with money for his return into England.

“That your Memorialist took two very long and expensive journeys, the one by Lisbon, and the other by France, no consideration for which has been granted to him.

“That the expences of your Memorialist in Spain, every article being inordinately high, amounted to a very heavy sum that year; the Memorialist was, during the whole of the time, at the expence of all couriers to and from Spain, and relieved many prisoners at his own cost. He took with him out of Spain, by his influence with the Bishop of Burgos, a number of English seamen, and, at his own cost, restored them to his Majesty's fleet.

“That these expences compelled your Memorialist to draw on his private bankers to the amount of four thousand five hundred pounds; of which not one single shilling has ever been replaced by Government, nor one farthing issued to his support during the fourteen months' expensive and laborious duty; the consequence of which unparalleled treatment was, that your Memorialist was stopped and arrested at Bayonne, by order from his remittancees at Madrid. In this agonizing situation, your Memorialist being then in the height of a violent fever, surrounded by a family of helpless women, in an enemy's country, found himself incapable of proceeding on his journey, and destitute of the means of subsisting where he was. Under this accumulated distress he must have sunk, had he not been relieved by the generosity of an Officer in the Spanish service; who, accompanying him into France, supplied his necessities by the loan of five hundred pounds, and thus passed the king of England's bankrupt servant in his own country. For this humane action this friendly Officer was arrested at Paris, and by the influence of the French court, subjected to every species of jealous persecution.

“Your Memorialist now solicits the attention of his Court for the last time; he is persuaded that it is not, and cannot be in your Lordship's

heart, to devote and abandon to such unmerited ruin, an old and faithful servant of the crown.

"And your Memorailst, &c.

"RICHARD CUMBERLAND."

Such was the treatment which Mr. Cumberland received, and such is daily the treatment to which many of the profligates of power subject other men as honest and credulous as Mr. Cumberland. Lord North was, indeed, an amiable man, and would have relieved him, but Mr. Cumberland's memorial was scarcely received by him before he was compelled to retire from power.

We shall now take our leave of Mr. Cumberland, by endeavouring to give our readers some idea of his character. This we cannot do better than by extracting some parts of his work where it insensibly, as it were, breaks forth; that whatever may be the difference of opinion amongst critics as to his merits as a writer, there cannot be a doubt for a moment, that a man more truly respectable, more worthy of general love and esteem, never existed.

This character, as we have said before, will be better understood by certain extracts from his Memoirs than by any thing we could substitute in their stead.

In page 444, speaking of the death of a favourite Spanish horse, given him in Spain by Count Kaunil, the German Ambassador at that Court, and son of the celebrated Count of the same name, he thus proceeds:—

"I thank God I never angrily and unjustifiably chastised but one horse to my remembrance, and that creature (a barb given to me by Lord Halifax) never whilst it had life forgave me. It carried my wife with all imaginable gentleness, but would never be reconciled to let me ride it in peace. I disdain to make any apology for this prattle, nor am I willing to suppose that it can be uninteresting to a benevolent reader. I do not concern myself about those who are not so; the man who is cruel to his beast is odious. In short, I believe I am destined to die as I have lived, with all that family weakness about me, which will hardly suffer me to chastise offence, or tell a fellow-creature he is a rascal, in the fear that the intimation should give him pain. I have been wrongfully and hardly dealt with, I have had my feelings wounded without mercy; yes, I declare to God, that I never knowingly wronged a fellow-creature, or designedly offended.

If, whilst I am giving my own history, I may be allowed to give my own character, this is the truth. I am too old, too conscientious, too well persuaded, and too fearful of a judgment to come, to dare to go to death with a lie in my mouth. Let the censors of my actions confute this if they can."

We have only to say, for our own part, that we most sincerely believe Mr. Cumberland; but we will add more,—we know that his assertions are true. He has here described himself as all his friends, acquaintances, and even townsmen unite to describe him. It is indeed with much satisfaction that we repeat, that a better man than Mr. Cumberland does not exist.

Mr. Cumberland's Memoirs conclude with a most excellent and animated character and account of the latter period of the life of Lord George Germaine, a man who fell under an infamy which he had never merited, and whom posterity has not yet vindicated. We regret that Mr. Cumberland was not here more copious; it would assuredly have been no breach of confidence to have divulged those secrets which would so effectually have corrected the judgment of the day. We are persuaded that Mr. Cumberland is by far too just a man to have withheld these secrets from any other motive: on the side of justice and truth he is not the man who would fear any thing. What if it did tend to commit the reputation of others; is one man to suffer unjustly that the malice of another may not be justly exposed? Is the accused to be left in his unmerited punishment, that by the correction of the injustice the accuser may not be put to shame?

We now conclude our examination of these Memoirs by earnestly recommending them to the perusal of our readers. Their general character is briefly as follows:—the style is loose, and too colloquial and careless even for Memoirs; grammatical barbarisms, and idioms reducible to no syntax, are inadmissible in any work; the subjects are moreover, occasionally too trifling, and such as can only interest the author; there is too much loquacity, and too much gossip. But with these detractions from the general merit, the work is, on the whole, excellent and worthy of its author.

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE OF MARMONTEL.

Memoirs of the Life of Marmontel; written by himself. Containing his Literary and Political Life, together with Anecdotes of the principal Characters of the Eighteenth Century. In four volumes. Longman and Rees.

MARMONTEL, and his peculiar talent, are so well known, that the English reader will enter upon the perusal of his book with a perfect conception of the character of the writer.

The style of Marmontel, like that of every master, is peculiar to himself; he stands at the head of a species of writing, which, before him, had no existence, and since its introduction by him, though daily cultivated, has not been advanced to any higher point of perfection. It stands now at the same degree to which the genius of Marmontel has raised it.

It is difficult, except by a long descriptive periphrasis, to convey any suitable idea of this style. In its general nature, indeed, it is composed of the constituents of a perfect simplicity; a simplicity of thought; a simplicity of feeling, and a simplicity of language; but it is not the simplicity of an English writer. It has no resemblance to Sterne or any of our classic novelists. It is the simplicity of Marmontel, and of Marmontel alone; it is *sui generis*.

The Moral Tales of this writer have established his reputation. But what are these Moral Tales? The answer to this question will convey a more precise idea of his peculiar style than can be comprehended in any verbal definition.

The Moral Tales, in their plan, are a species of Narrative dramas. They have their fables and their characters, and their peculiar scenery. The fable is some action of life and manners; the fidelity of the painting to the original in life constitutes its chief excellence. Here is the characteristic talent of Marmontel.—Having selected for his fable some certain action, something which we daily see passing in the domestic intercourse of life, he follows it through all its parts with a representation as exact as lively. He presents a domestic picture, a moral tale, a

representation of manners as seen in the action which he has chosen for his subject; he presents this as fully to the imagination, as if it existed before us painted in colours.

It is the same with the characters who act as *dramatis personæ*. They are imitated with the same fidelity from common life. He selects the character which he chooses to represent. He follows it through such of its details as is pleasing. He transmigrates, as it were, into the body of each of his *dramatis personæ* by turns, and invests himself in the same circumstances. This substitution, and a mind suited to sympathy, (we here use sympathy in its general acceptance, and not according to our novel writers,) lead him into that strict and faithful nature, which forms his characteristic, and renders him what he is. Hence his *naïveté*. Hence those slight traits which escape the clumsy observer and commonplace writer. Hence, in a word, that amiable simplicity which, occasionally verging on nonsense, has not the less charm; and why so? for no other reason than that it is strictly natural.

Such is the character of the Moral Tales; and such, upon perusal, will be found the character of these Memoirs. Marmontel is here still the same. Had the book come into the world without the name of the author; had it come floating in that inundation of nonsense which periodically breaks forth from the novel shops of the town, we should have had little difficulty to assign the work to the true author.

Marmontel, though an aged and established writer, thinks it necessary to apologize to the world for these Memoirs. He writes at the request of his wife, and for the moral instruction of his children. We confess that the word moral somewhat stuck in our throat; but as he doubtless, uses it in its more precise sense, as ap-

plicable to manners, we shall suffer it to pass without further comment.

This narrative is divided into books. The first book contains his history from his birth to his becoming an usher in the school of Clermont, and the death of his father. As we read, and criticize at the same time, we shall follow him book by book.

We cannot but consider that this first book is the most inestimable of the whole *Memoirs*. Those that follow are more lively, more witty, and more conversant with high characters and the elevated walks of life. But the subject of this is more interesting, and comes nearer the heart. Marmontel is here seen as the son of a peasant. And the French peasantry are here delineated by the hand of a master; one who was as well acquainted with his subject, as he possessed the powers of pencil to exhibit it.

What a mistaken idea have we formed in this country of the French peasantry. We represent them to ourselves in misery, rags, and ignorance; has this arisen from our forming those ideas by such of them as we have seen in cities? This in our own country, indeed, might be no very objectionable rule of judgment. The comfort of the lower class in London, a city of great trade, a trade almost beyond its population, would lead us into an erroneous conclusion with regard to the general state of the French poor. We should justly conclude that as the poor in town were so comfortable from the high wages of trade, they must be in a state of equal comfort in the country, from an improved and improving agriculture. We have carried the same argument with regard to the cities on the Continent. Because we have seen those cities swarming with beggars, we have precipitated ourselves into the same conclusion with regard to the country. There is a reason, however, for the beggary of the populace in the towns on the Continent. There is no trade. They are in a starving condition. It is not so with the peasantry in the country. There is scarcely a peasant without his field and his garden.

Marmontel thus describes a French village, or rather little country town:

"I was born in a place where the inequality of birth or fortune was scarcely felt. A small property, some industry, or a little trade, formed the condition of almost all the inhabitants of Bort, a small town in the Limosin, where I was born. Mediocrity there held the place of wealth."

We here interrupt our transcription to notice the translation, which is occasionally very indifferent. The words, "mediocrity here held the place of wealth," are not the words of Marmontel. He never wrote such insipidity. There are many instances in this book of the insufficiency and vanity of the translator. With this observation we continue our extract:

"The inhabitants of this village, or little town, were all free and usefully employed. Thus the native independence, frankness, and nobleness of mind, were there disordered by no humiliation. During my childhood I knew only my equals."

The situation of the town is thus beautifully described:

"Bort, seated on the Dordogne, between Auvérigne and Limosin, presents a fearful picture to the first view of the traveller. It is seated at the bottom of a mountain which, at a distance, appears to hang over it, and threaten it with impending annihilation. A chain of craggy rocks, like so many watch towers, command the town. But upon the entrance into the valley the aspect of Bort is gay and cheering. This green and woody island lies in the midst of the river a little beyond the town. It is filled with birds, and further animated by the unceasing motion and noise of a mill. On the banks of the river orchards, meadows, and corn-fields, cultivated by a labouring peasantry, form the most picturesque landscapes. In the recess of the mountains is situated the little farm of St. Thomas, the lands of my father, where I used to read Virgil under the shade of the trees which surrounded our beehives. On the other side of the town, beyond the mill, and on the slope of the mountain, was a garden, where, on welcome holidays, my father used to lead me to gather grapes from the vines he had planted, or apples, plums, and cherries, from the trees he had grafted. The charm of my native village is, indeed, involved with the impression never to be erased from my mind of the inexpressible tenderness of my parents. If I have any kindness in character, I am persuaded I owe it to these gentle emotions,—to the habitual happiness of loving and being beloved. What a gift

do we receive from Heaven in kind and affectionate parents."

We here recognise the peculiar genius of Marmontel; that simplicity of feeling, thought, and manner, which addresses itself immediately to the heart. Marmontel appears, by nature, to have been such as we should have imagined him from his writings. He appears to have possessed a heart of soft and gentle feelings, easily sliding into affection; an excellent son; feeble in his resolutions, but from his very gentleness of soul, if we may thus express it, easy to be seduced. His future life exactly answers this description. This child of simplicity is by the natural course of events led to Paris, where a new scene, or rather a new world, opens upon him. He falls into the society of actresses, becomes a play writer, a *petit maître*, forgets all former vows, and becomes the *protege* of a kept-mistress. He no longer appears to us the amiable Marmontel of the village of Bort. But before we follow him into this more splendid scene, we cannot resist our inclination to present to our readers his domestic picture. It will convey a just idea of the happiness of the French peasantry before the period of that hateful revolution which has almost as much, physically as morally, ruined France.—Alas! her villages, her country towns, exist no more. The ferocious bandits of the revolution have laid her village churches in heaps of ruins; the chateau, the convent embosomed in woods, exist no more. But, thanks to eternal justice, the vengeance of heaven has overtaken the greatest part of the authors,—the furious Jacobins; and more hateful, because more cold-blooded villains, the Brissotines, the Condorcets, have vanished from the face of the earth.

The Memoirs of Marmontel will frequently recall what France was in her days of happiness.—Let us hear the condition of the French peasantry:

"With a very little property, we all (the family of Marmontel, at Bort) comfortably and plentifully subsisted. Order, domestic arrangement, a little trade, and above all, frugality, kept us in sufficiency, and content. The little garden produced nearly as many vegetables as the consumption of the family required; the orchard afforded us fruit, and our quinces, our

apples, and our pears, preserved with the honey of our bees, were in winter most excellent breakfasts for the good old woman and the children. The little stock of sheep, that were folded on the seven-acre farm of St. Thomas, clothed the women and children with the wool. My aunts spun it; they spun, too, the hemp of the field which furnished us with linen. The harvest of the little farm afforded us an ample sustenance in bread; the surplus of the wax and honey went to market, and always produced enough for our expences. The oil pressed from our green walnuts was infinitely better in taste and perfume than that of olives. Our wheaten cakes, moistened, smocking hot, with the excellent butter of Mont d'Or, were a delicious treat to us. I know not what dish would have been more agreeable to us than our turnips and chesnuts; and in a winter's evening, whilst these fine turnips were roasting round the fire, and the chesnuts cracking on the bars, who were so happy as we? I well remember, even at this distance of time, it is near threescore years since, I well remember, I say, the perfume of the fine quinces when roasting beneath the ashes, and the pleasure of my dear grandmother in dividing them amongst us. Thus, in one family, where nothing was lost, trivial objects united made plenty. In the neighbouring forest there was an abundance of dead wood, of little or no value; my father was permitted to take his annual provision there. The excellent butter of the mountain, and the most delicate cheeses, were common, and cost very little; and wine was next to nothing."

Such was the life of Marmontel whilst at his paternal dwelling. The death of his father concludes the first book, and changes the scene, character, and very nature of Marmontel. We proceed to read the continuation of his Memoirs with pain.

In the second book he wavers between becoming a Jesuit, a Jansenist, an Abbé, a Poet, or a Man of Letters. He here relates many of that kind of incidents which constitute the irresistible charms of his Moral Tales. These are particularly interesting, from the point of view in which they place the French manners. We have read, in the course of our literary career, the greater part of the tours and travels which have been published within the last century, yet we have no hesitation to confess, that we learned more of French manners from these four volumes, than from all the massy quartos which the rage of travelling has produced.

Nothing appears to us more faithfully delineated than the peculiar manners of the French women. Marmontel has executed this moral picture in his own way. We have several instances of it in the second book. We can only at present refer to them. A muleteer, of Aurillac, undertakes to conduct Marmontel from his home to Toulouse. Marmontel rode on one of the mules, whilst the muleteer walked by his side on foot. The muleteer invited him to remain a few days at his house, on a singular purpose. He entreats him, in God's name, to undertake the cure of his daughter, a beautiful young girl of sixteen. What was her complaint? Devotion. Marmontel undertakes it, and relates the story with a most fascinating simplicity.

Here again we observe a singular difference between French and English life, and the condition of the same classes in the two kingdoms. If Marmontel describes with fidelity, and his manner carries conviction with it, the condition of the inferior classes in France was in every respect infinitely superior to that of the same classes in England. There was more knowledge, more civilization, more polish, in a French muleteer, or carrier, than in

an English country gentleman of the second or third rate. There was, moreover, a romantic generosity through every class of the French nation which does not exist amongst ourselves. The muleteer, finding that Marmontel, in four-and-twenty hours, had cured his daughter of her inflexible resolution to become a nun, takes him to his bureau, and opening it discovers to the astonished Abbé a spacious cavity filled with crowns. He offers these to Marmontel, as a fortune with his daughter; but Marmontel, for some reason or other, thinks it prudent to decline the proposal.

Marmontel continues at Toulouse, in the condition of a tutor, till invited to Paris by a letter from Voltaire. In his way to Paris he undertakes the cure of a young fop, the son of a provincial president, his fellow traveller in a litter. This incident, which is nothing in itself, is rendered peculiarly pleasing by the manner in which it is related. In a word, every page in the book bears testimony to the power of talents; and it is difficult to extract any one part without injustice to others. The translator, moreover, improves as he proceeds.

SKETCH OF THE PROVINCE OF UPPER CANADA.

Sketch of his Majesty's Province of Upper Canada. By Darcy Boulton, Barrister at Law. London. Nornaville.

THE principal information in this book is drawn from the immediate personal observation of the author, whom we understand to be a young barrister of very promising talents in the province which he has so faithfully described in the pages before us. He very justly points out the limits of his purpose, and what, as having alone intended, is alone to be expected of him in his Sketch. The poverty of the time, the oppressive burthen of the taxes, and above all, the debtor laws, which in England render misfortune an object of double dread; converting debt into crime, and exposing every one, by the common

mischances of trade, to the treatment of a felon; these causes, he very justly observes, have induced many to emigrate, and prefer, to their own country, the liberty and happiness of the United States. Perhaps, adds he, another country may yet be found, where the emigrant might find the same advantages without losing the benefit of communication with his countrymen; a country, where English laws, and English habits, exist in all their original purity. The object of his work is to prove that Canada is this favoured spot on earth. It is, therefore, a work which is particularly calculated for emi-

grants; and as such, is entitled to strong recommendation.

The author has visited most parts of the United States, from Pennsylvania to the Penobscot river: he has travelled in every direction through the interior of this immense country, and under circumstances the most advantageous. These countries have been visited by many other writers; and the greater part of them, for private reasons, have concurred in extolling their advantages. Mr. Darcy Boulton does not directly accuse these narratives of falsehood, but very justly observes, that the statement of a traveller, perfectly unconnected with a country, is more entitled to credit and confidence, than narratives from sources where private interest renders the writer insensibly his own dupe. How many travels, for example, have we read in England into the state of New-York and Genesee?—It is now well known, that the greater part of the Genesee district belonged to the late Sir William Pulteney. An author, who has, or may have, or at least who writes under the influence of another, who is possessed of immense tracts of wild and barbarous land, which he wishes to see cultivated, cannot write without some bias on his mind.

Mr. Boulton contends, and, in our minds, proves, that Canada excels, in many most material points, the greater part of the United States. He insists, that in the former country, (Canada) more certain, greater, and heavier crops are raised, on the same quantity of land, than in any of the northern or midland states of the Union. The land in Canada is stronger, and even the climate in general much superior. There are never any of those excessive heats and droughts, which are the certain ruin of the farmer every second year in the United States. The ground, therefore, is never cracked and formed into gulphs and crevices as in the United States. The cold in Canada, indeed, is much greater; but it is always confined to its season, and its season is not long; and what embraces all in one word, the cold has never been known to ruin the crops. Sterility is a more certain effect of heat than of cold. The deserts are immense tracts of burnt up sand; there is, comparatively, but few deserts of ice.

The most fertile State in the Union is, unquestionable, the state of New-York.—Mr. Darcy Boulton forms a comparison between this State and that of Upper Canada, and does not hesitate to prefer the latter. Upper Canada, he asserts, to be more fertile; to grow wheat of better quality and weight, and to be, beyond all comparison, more healthy. The laws of the state of New-York are scarcely different from those of England, the statute-laws excepted, which may, of course, be deemed for the most part local laws. The police of the country varies also in a very small degree; the difference, in short, between New-York and Great Britain, is scarcely perceptible to Europeans in general. The province of Upper Canada adjoins to the state of New-York, being divided from it by the river St. Lawrence only. Mr. Boulton hence infers, naturally enough, that the soil of the two states is nearly physically the same. Why, therefore, in our emigrations, prefer the one to the other?—Why live as a stranger where, as a citizen in the other, you may unite with the same advantages of a new colony, that of the colony being a member of the mother country. This conclusion is powerful.—Mr. Boulton very justly advises, that those who quit their native soil for the western world, should weigh maturely the cause of their departure before they leave their home. If politics form a part of their reasons, he advises them to give a preference to the United States: they will there, perhaps, find a reception more calculated to their taste. But if the object of an emigrant be to find a country where he may turn his industry to most advantage, and upon a small capital, or even no capital at all, but an inflexible resolution to labour for one or two years, be enabled to support and educate a large family, Mr. Boulton is of opinion that Canada is, of all places in the world, the best suited to his purpose.

In order to render industry a sufficient capital for support in a new colony, two circumstances are chiefly necessary, the cheapness of the land, and the fertility of it. It is in vain that the land is cheap, unless it be fertile; as it is equally vain that it is fertile, unless the price is within the compass of the labourer, *i. e.* of that small

portion of the wages of his labour which he can save after a short period of working for another.

Mr. Boulton proves that each of these two circumstances, the cheapness and fertility of the lands, exist in Canada, in a very superior degree. It appears, indeed, by his account, that an honest man may live there in greater ease, and with less labour, than in any part of the Continent. The soil is productive to a degree unexampled. Thirty bushels of wheat per acre is reckoned but a tolerable crop; fifty and fifty-three are still more common. Sixty bushels of Indian corn is the average of the ground planted with that useful corn, but eighty and ninety bushels are no prodigy. The produce of pease exceeds all credibility. The average weight of the wheat is about sixty-two pounds per bushel, two pounds above the average of the best English wheat. So much with regard to the fertility of the soil.

With regard to the cheapness of the price of land, it is as follows:—

Dollars are the common coin of the country. Land is, of course, worth more or less according to its fertility; but as poor land is very rare, the price seldom varies in any great degree. Land is sold either on credit, the payment to be made by distant instalments of one, two, or three years; or it is paid for in money down. Wild land, *i. e.* land uncleared, usually sells for two shillings per acre; that is to say, for twenty pounds, the farm-lot of two hundred acres. Thirty pounds more, with the man's own labour, will build him a log-house, and clear him ten acres of land for the first year. The excess of his produce will buy him his stock at the end of the first, or at most the second year; and he does not require it before, as the ground till that time is not ploughed.

The method of purchasing on credit is as follows:—The terms usually are, to pay the purchase money by instalments, sometimes embracing a period of four or five years. In such cases, the vender usually gives the purchaser a bond, with condition to give a deed of conveyance at a certain period, provided the purchaser shall fulfil his payments. In case of non-performance of these several instalments,

the vender takes back the land, with four or five years improvement on it, and resells it to a fresh purchaser at a great profit.

Mr. Boulton informs us of a circumstance which, we confess, excited in us no slight degree of surprize, *i. e.* that almost all the inhabitants of Upper Canada, with the exception of the military, and the officers of the government, are Americans. He justly observes, that no set of men are better calculated to cultivate, and give value to a new colony. He advises, therefore, and, we think, with great justice, that the European emigrant should never purchase wild land; he should rather seek out some farm-lot which has already been cleared in the first degree; *i. e.* a log-house built, ten acres of land cleared, and an orchard planted; and purchase it of its American owner. He will get such a lot at a far less price than it would cost him to clear it. The Americans, by a long habit, and as it were native instinct, will clear it at a fourth part of the cost which it would require of an European.

Mr. Boulton thus sums up his advice to emigrants;—we shall conclude our account of his work with this extract:

“If a man is of an industrious turn, whether with or without a capital, let him emigrate to Canada. If he is without a family, no matter; if he has a large one, so much the better, the assistance of his children will facilitate his progress to wealth. Let me suppose him to arrive in Canada without a penny, after having paid eight guineas for his passage. He has only to apply for labour for one month; he will get two dollars per day, and may, without difficulty, save fifty dollars in one month. This is enough to begin with. He gets his farm-lot without difficulty on credit. With fifty dollars in advance, he will clear twenty acres of land in about one month for the first year. His first crop will exceed five hundred bushels, that is to say, will bring him in one hundred and twenty-five pounds. Now the land itself only costs him about fifty; so that, after paying for his land, he has nearly seventy pounds in his pocket, besides the lands he has purchased. Many hundreds there are in this country who now own from eight hundred to two thousand acres, and yet began without one penny capital. What country in the world but Canada can boast such rapid means of rendering its inhabitants independent, comfortable, wealthy, and respectable?”

"In Upper Canada every man is happy, because every man has enough. Every man feels the increase of his family as the increase of his wealth. In a country where land is so cheap, and so plentiful, no one can fear any difficulty in providing for his children, though they should exceed even a patriarchal number. No life is so comfortable as that of a Canadian settler.—

Scarcely is there a farmer who does not own a pair of horses and a sleigh, or sledge, and market-cart, with which he pays a number of visits to his distant friends. A farmer thinks it nothing extraordinary to make an excursion of six or seven hundred miles on these occasions.—Happy country—nothing could induce me to remain in England!"

NATHAN THE WISE.

Nathan the Wise, a Dramatic Poem, translated from the German. Octavo.
Pp. 293. Phillips.

It is with some satisfaction, that in the general dearth of interesting literature, we have been enabled to select a book which we can without hesitation recommend to our readers. Such is Mr. Lessing's *Nathan the Wise*.

It has been observed that mediocrity is the only intolerable quality in modern poetry. Every excess has something good. If it be an excess of excellence it carries its own commendation with it. If an excess of another kind, let it be but an excess, and it will not be without its interest.

Mr. Lessing's *Nathan the Wise* has one of these recommendations. In a word, it is so superlatively foolish, so beyond all bounds ridiculous, that we have no hesitation to recommend it to the general perusal of the more intelligent of our readers.

One purpose it cannot fail to answer—To the discouragement of British literature, and to the disgrace of our national taste, we have, for these some years past, been in the habit of translating from the German school, and, as if that were not sufficient, many of our authors have adopted a close imitation of its style. *Nathan the Wise* will enable the public to judge what are the writers which we seek to imitate. In *Nathan the Wise* the German school is displayed at its full length. It is a pure German drama, and from this circumstance, added to its popularity in Germany, we may form no erroneous conclusion as to the national German taste.

The constituents of a drama are its fable,

diction, imagery, sentiment, and moral. *Nathan the Wise*, through all these essentials, has observed with admirable consistency the precept of Horace, *qualis ab incepto*. *Nathan* is as *Wise* in the last as in the first act. The plot, diction, imagery, sentiment, and moral, are all, moreover, most admirably adapted to each other. The diction is not unworthy of the plot; the imagery does not shame the diction; the sentiment is not less absurd than the imagery, and the moral is not a whit more solid, or less reprehensible, than we had expected.

A very few words will enable the reader to judge for himself.

The fable, as far as it can be collected, is as follows:

Saladin the Great is at war with the Christians, the period of the fable being that of the Crusades. The ordinary morning's amusement of this great monarch is to be present at the execution, by the sabre, of three or four dozen of his Christian prisoners. At the time in which this drama commences, he has ordered twenty heads of these unfortunate men to be struck off in his presence. Nineteen are immediately executed according to this sentence, and the sabre is already suspended to do similar execution upon the twentieth, when Saladin is impressed with the resemblance of this twentieth victim to his own brother, who had disappeared some years before the opening of the drama. Under this impression the good Saladin commands him to be set at liberty.

This excellent youth, walking through the streets of Jerusalem, sees a house on

fire, and perceiving a young girl at one of the windows, he flies to rescue her from the flames. The house belongs to Nathan the Jew; the young girl is his daughter, who of course becomes enamoured of her deliverer. The young man, however, being a Christian, and a Knight Templar, no sooner finds her to be a Jewess, than he refuses to have any thing to say or do with her. In this difficulty Nathan, her father, kindly comes to her aid, seeks out the young knight, and, to do away his prejudice, makes a kind of singular confession of his faith. By this confession, for which the author has distinguished him by the name of Nathan the Wise, this honest Jew appears something of a mongrel, between a Christian and a Jew, a Deist and a Turk. The Templar listens to him in raptures, and becomes from that moment his friend and passionate admirer. Of course the young Jewess comes in for a share of her father's reputation.

According, however, to the regular practice of dramatists, it was necessary that something should here occur to interrupt the straight line of the progress of the fable. It accordingly comes out, upon the demand of the Templar to be permitted to marry the daughter of Nathan the Wise, that the young lady is not his daughter, and is any thing but a Jewess. The brother of Saladin, who, as mentioned before, had disappeared from the Emperor's camp some years since, comes out to be the father of this young lady. But this, it seems, was not impediment enough. Accordingly the young Templar himself is,—(let the reader endeavour to guess),—the young Templar, we say, comes out to be the young lady's brother by the same marriage. This reconciles every thing; the lovers embrace as brother and sister, and Saladin pronounces Nathan the Wise to be the wisest of mankind.

If this be the plot, the diction is not a whit behind it.

"Nathan, I swear by God, thou art a Christian,
"Thou art, by God"

A Templar, a soldier, or a bookseller, might certainly swear in this manner, but there was no need for Mr. Lessing to repeat the oath.

The following argument is as good in reasoning as it is in morals:

"I tell thee, do not thus dispute my nation,
"I did not chase a nation for myself—
"Am I a nation then?"

The following is the love scene between the Templar and the Jewess:

Recha.—"Where have you been, where you perhaps ought not.

"Thou naughty man—that is not well."

Templar.—"Up—how d'y'e call that mountain,

"Up, Sinai."

The religion of Nathan is thus admirably described:

"What is religion—

"What is it but the history of the pious?

"Is it not all built on the self same grounds;

"On history, or written or traditional?

"But history must be received on trust.

"You believe yours, and I put faith in mine.

"So it is with religion."

Saladin sends for Nathan the Wise to borrow money, and ask his opinion upon the subject of religion, *i. e.* which of the three religions was best, the Christian, Jewish, or Mahometan. Nathan thus soliloquizes upon this message:

"He calls me Jew, now I would wish to know,

"In this transaction which is most the Jew,

"Or Saladin or me?—He asks for truth,

"Commands me to well weigh my words and thoughts,

"In answer to his query, which faith is best?

"He asks for truth—Is truth what he requires,

"I fear he wants my money more than thoughts,

"And this is but the glue to lime a snare.

"This thought is mean and little, granted that,

"Yet what is found too little for the great."

We shall here take our leave of this precious piece, nor should we have so trespassed on the time and patience of our readers, but that this Lessing is the favourite of the German nation. Nathan the Wise has been almost half a century a stock play upon the German stage, and the author possesses a reputation so established in Germany, that he has long set criticism at defiance. We hope our English readers will now be enabled to estimate, at their due value, the German school of dramatists, and their imitators.

MISS BAILLIE'S PLAYS.

Miscellaneous Plays, by Miss Joanna Baillie. 8vo. Pp. 458. Longman and Rees.

WE had no original intention of having noticed the Miscellaneous plays of this lady, but as they have been in a manner forced upon us, we think this the most suitable part of our Supplement to express our opinion. We repeat that we do it with regret.

Miss Baillie has formed herself wholly upon the German School; the subject, the structure of her dramas, and the very frame of her verse, are all German; and if they had no other defect than that of being an imitation of this illegitimate nonsense, we should refuse them our pardon upon this single score; but it is necessary to add, that Miss Baillie has not only imitated the manner, but in a way even caught the spirit of her German favourites. She is altogether as insipid as Lessing, whom we have reviewed above. The English press never groaned under a more uniform mass of barbarous absurdity, and unvaried, unbroken stupidity.

Miss Baillie asserts that she never read any German plays. We do not wish to contradict a lady, and therefore will only say, that the similarity is a miracle. It was a doctrine of some of the old sects of philosophy, that every thing is created and enters the world in pairs. This has doubtless happened,—she has some kindred soul, some twin imagination at Göttingen, though she may know nothing of it; perhaps Mr. Lessing himself is the object of this philosophical consanguinity. We do not however assent, but would wish to escape from the dilemma of contradicting a lady.

The language of these dramas is but prose versified, and prose of the most insipid sort—prose without meaning. The versification is nothing but the reduction of the words into lines of ten syllables. As to imagery, metaphors, &c. Miss Baillie does not appear to know what they are, or she rejects them with contempt, as ornaments too meretricious for subjects so pure, and sentiments so grave.

Supplement—Vol. I.

The following is a specimen of the language, and its pregnancy as to thought and meaning:

"What means that heavy groan,—I'll speak its meaning,
"And say that thou to Nature's weakness hast
"The tribute paid, and now will rouse thyself,
"To meet with noble firmness what perforce
"Must be, and to a most unfortunate man
"Who holds in this wide world but thee alone,
"Prove a firm, generous wife.—Elizabeth.
"Do I not speak aright?
"Elizabeth. Thou dost, thou dost."

One of the scenes is thus described:

"Scene I.—An open space near the walls of the city, with half ruined houses on each side, and a row of arched pillars thrown across the middle of the stage, as if it were the remains of some ruined public building, through which is seen, in the back ground, a breach in the walls, and the confused fighting of the besieged, enveloped in clouds of smoke and dust; the noise of artillery, the battering of engines, and the cries of the combatants heard as the curtain draws up, and many people discovered in the front of the stage running about in great hurry and confusion, and some mounted on the roofs of the houses overlooking the battle.—Drums beat, colours fly, men holloo, and women shriek."

What is Pizzaro to this? We regret that it has never been exhibited. The words are as prosaic as the thoughts:

"I am, Sir, by a right noble stranger urged,
"Who says he served with your noble father,
"To let him have admittance to your presence.
"Rayner. Served with my father, and thus circumstanced."

The metaphors are those of a writer who knows not what a metaphor is, absurdly imitating what he sees in others:

"This is no time for pride to wince and rear,
"And turn its back upon the patting hail."

To rear and wince are contradictory terms; wince is the quality of yielding, giving way, fear, &c.; to rear, is the quality of spirit, of resistance. Pride turning its back on hail is nonsense.

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We will not weary the patience of our reader by farther extracts. Suffice it to say that all is alike; Miss Baillie's qualities as a dramatist and a poetess, are tameness, tediousness, circumstantiality of narrative, a total want of invention, no manner or

character either of style or thought. If we were to imitate her, and to write to eternity, we could not express her talents better than by these few words,—that she is an insipid prose writer converted into a versifier.

LIFE AND WRITINGS OF LOPE DE VEGA.

Account of the Life and Writings of Lope de Vega. By Lord Holland. Longman, Hurst, Rees, and Orme.

THERE are some families in which abilities appear in a degree hereditary. The family of Fox will ever be considered as one of this number. It is unnecessary to produce any confirmation of this assertion; the memory of the public loss is yet fresh in the minds of men, and the calamity so recent; and, as it were, domestic to every one, that it might be indecorous to recall it. Lord Holland does not degenerate from the talents of his family; he is no unworthy nephew of Mr. Fox.

His Lordship, in the volume before us, has come before the public as an elegant writer. This kind of biography has lately risen into much popular favour from the elegance of the manner in which it has been executed by Mr. Roscoe, a gentleman of more taste than learning, and more genius than judgment.

Mr. Roscoe, in his *Life of Lorenzo*, and the more elaborate work of *Leo X.* has introduced much Italian literature to the knowledge of the English reader. Lord Holland, in the volume before us, has opened new ground. We have often had occasion to lament that our national prejudice prevailed with us even in the subjects of learning and science. The most accomplished amongst us, however well read in their own poets, are in utter ignorance as to those of other countries; they have heard, indeed, of Tasso, Ariosto, and perhaps at the Opera, of Metastasio, but here all their knowledge, and all their curiosity ends. The Spanish poets are as unknown to us as the Welch bards.

Lord Holland has come forward to introduce this knowledge to the learned and

fashionable world. He here does for Spanish literature what so many before him had done for the Italian school; he introduces to us the Spanish Shakespear, Lope de Vega, a name known to most English readers from no other means than the warm eulogy by Cervantes in his *Don Quixotte*.

Lope de Vega lived in an active age, and participated, in some degree, in the spirit which at that period animated every individual in the Spanish monarchy.

Lope de Vega displayed his talents at a very early age. He was born at Madrid in the year 1562, and in the year 1576, that is to say, when he was about fourteen years old, he wrote a drama in four acts. Some of the verses of this drama are quoted by Lord Holland; they are puerile, but not without some fancy, and the characteristic of early genius,—metaphorical allusion. *La Pastoral de Jacinto*, was his second production; it was a classical pastoral, a kind of writing which had long been in favour in Spain.

Monvémayon had set the first example of this elegant species of poetry; the peculiar taste of the Spaniards, however, had adulterated it by the infusion of their superstition and theological disputations. These Pastorals, accordingly, usually consisted of five books, in which love, theology, eulogies on generals, and compliments to kings, made a most singular mixture. Lope de Vega wrote his *Arcadia* upon this plan; and, with all his genius and judgment, has not at all deviated from its characteristic absurdity. The story is as monstrous as the poetry is elegant, and

the texture as ingenious as the first materials are extravagant.

The language and poetry are much discoloured by the same false taste of the age. The versification is often very weak, occasionally very extravagant, and still more frequently low and commonplace. The maxims are trivial and untrue; there is more effort for antithesis than for truth. The illustrations are taken from subjects more obscure to the common reader than the objects which they are intended to illustrate; they are the evident effort of labour and not the creation of fancy. The works of Lope de Vega are defaced by laborious metaphors, forced conceits, and connection of thoughts which have no natural similitude.

Lord Holland observes with equal judgment and elegance:

"This false taste pervades nearly the whole of his long poem, the *Arcadia*. There is one species which occurs in almost every page, and which is peculiarly characteristic of this poet's style in general; it is an accumulation of strained illustrations upon some particular subject, each generally included in the same number of lines, and all recapitulated at the end of the passage. The song of the Giant to Chrisalda, in the first book, is a singular instance of this conceit. It is divided into seven strophes, or paragraphs, most of which are subdivided into seven stanzas of four lines. In each stanza the beauty of Chrisalda, is illustrated by two comparisons, and the names of the things to which she is compared are enumerated in the last stanza of each strophe, which alone consists of six lines, and which is not unlike a passage in the *Propria que maribus*, being chiefly composed of noun-substantives without the intervention of a single verb."

The following is so rich a specimen of this method of writing, a method which our Pope has borrowed, that we think ourselves justified in transcribing it at full length:

"No queda mas lustroso y cristalino
 "Por altas sierras el arroyo helado;
 "Ne esta mas negro el evano labrado;
 "Ne mas azul ta flor del verde lino;
 "Mas rubio el oro que de oriente vino;
 "Ne mas huro, lascivo y regalado;
 "Esperar olor el ambar estimado;
 "Ni esta en la concha el carmesi mas fino,
 "Que frejite, cejas, ojos, y cabellos,
 "Aliento, y boca de mi nympha bella
 "Angelica figura en vista humana

"Que paesto que ella se parece a ellos
 "Vivos estan alti, muertos sin ella.
 "Cristal, evano, lino, oro, ambar, grana."

This stanza is thus elegantly translated by Lord Holland:

"No, not e'en winter-crystal's self more clear,
 "That checks the current of the mountain's stream,
 "Not high wrought ebony can blacker seem,
 "Nor bluer does the flax its blossom rear,
 "Not yellow doth the eastern gold appear,
 "Nor purer can arise the scented stream
 "Of amber, which luxurious men esteem,
 "Nor brighter scarlet does the sea-shell bear
 "Than in the forehead, eyebrows, eyes and hair,
 "The breath and lips of my most beauteous Queen
 "Are seen to dwell on earth in face divine."

There are many passages in this Pastoral which are direct imitations, and even verbal translations, from the ancients. The *Arcadia* furnishes striking instances of the excellencies and defects of the poet; it is full of genius, conceit, judgment and absurdity, taste and capriciousness; in a word, of all those beauties and blemishes into which the usages of an age half barbarous will precipitate the best of their poets.

A short time after this poem, Lope de Vega married; and having offended a gentleman by a satire which he had written against him, was compelled to answer a challenge. His adversary was wounded desperately, and Lope de Vega compelled for a short time to retire from his country.

In a few years afterwards he lost his wife and returned to Madrid. Madrid, however, was now insupportable to him, and in the restlessness of sorrow, indifference, or despair, he embarked in the memorable Armada, which at that time sailed from the coasts of Spain. Lope de Vega lost his brother in this expedition.

Lope de Vega was not indolent during this expedition. He read Turpin, and finding in this whimsical writer, that Angelica had met with more adventures than Ariosto had related, he resolved to take up the subject where Ariosto had dropped it. Hence his poem on the *Hermosura d'Angelica*. Lord Holland enters into a long and elegant detail of this poem and its subject. We cannot extract it, but

must give it, as a critical analysis, our most unqualified approbation.

This poem was the occupation of Lope de Vega during the expedition to England. He seems never to have forgotten it during his future life. Elizabeth is the constant theme of his invective.

A short time afterwards he published his *Dragonlea*, an epic poem on the death of Sir Francis Drake. There seems some conceit in the very name. The poet instructs the reader in his preface, that whenever the word dragon occurs, it is to be taken for the name of that commander. The poet is here most liberal in his abuse of his hero; he is every thing that is diabolical, a tyrant, murderer, ravisher, &c. No care is employed to justify these charges,—he defeated the Spaniards, and that was enough. Every thing that the poet has said against him must be taken for granted.

On his return to Madrid for the second time, he married again; he lost his wife and his children a second time, and laments them with all the feeling of a man and of a true poet.

The spirit of the excellent Lope de Vega sunk under these losses. He retired from the world into a monastery, at the age of about forty-two, becoming a member of the brotherhood of St. Francis.

In becoming a monk, however, Lope de Vega did not cease to be a poet; he seldom passed a year without giving some poem to the press, and some drama to the stage. His *Pastores de Belen*, a work in prose and verse, had confirmed his superiority in pastoral poems. Philip IV. the great patron of the Spanish theatre, at the æra of his accession, found Lope de Vega in full possession of the stage. New honours and benefices were showered upon him in the full profusion of regal favour. He published about the same time his several poems,—*Los Triunfos de la Fe*, *Los Fortunas de Drama*, three novels in prose; *Oeras*, an heroic poem, and *Phitondna*, a pastoral romance.

The following may be taken as a specimen of the manner in which this work is executed:

"I have, perhaps, been led into a more minute examination of Lope de Vega's merits, as a dramatic author, than the subject required, or than

my imperfect knowledge of his works can justify. Of more than five hundred of his plays yet extant, I have read about fifty. This was sufficient to satisfy my curiosity; and the ardour of discovery once abated, disgust at the difficulties, and weariness at the length of the way, succeeded to it. The Spanish editors have taken little or no pains to smooth the paths of their literature to foreigners. The slovenly negligence of their press not only discourages the reader, but has often disfigured the beauty and even obliterated the meaning of their poets. Of late years their types have not only been improved, but the beauty of their letter-press equals, and perhaps exceeds, that of any other nation. The labours of the editor, however, have by no means kept pace with the skill of the printer. Cervantes has, indeed, been elaborately commented upon, and in some few instances the text has been elucidated by modern compilers. The old poems of authors previous to Juan de Mena, as well as a selection of the early ballads or romances, have been neatly and carefully edited: but the late publication of Lope de Vega's poems, though costly and voluminous, is not correct; and his plays can only be read in the old and imperfect editions of Valladolid and Antwerp, or in the miserable sheets which are sold at the door of the theatre. It seems as if the Spaniards in estimating the merits of this extraordinary man, had been scrupulously exact in striking the balance, and deducted every item of preposterous praise advanced to him while living, from his claims on the admiration of posterity. So remarkable a fluctuation in public taste is not to be attributed entirely to the Anguish which succeeds any extravagant transports of admiration, nor even to that envy, which is gratified in sinking the reputation of an author as much below, as favour or accident may have carried it above its just level. External circumstances conspired with these natural causes. The age of Calderon, the brilliancy of whose comedies, aided by the novelty and magnificence of expensive scenery, had somewhat outshone the lustre of Lope's exhibitions, was succeeded by a period of darkness and disgrace, as fatal to the literary as to the political influence of Spain. By the time that the public had sufficiently recovered from the amazement which Calderon's works had produced, to compare him calmly with his predecessors, they had become too indifferent about all that concerned the stage, to be at the pains of estimating the beauties of any dramatic author. The splendour of Philip the Fourth's court survived the defeat of his arms, and the loss of his provinces; but it died with that improvident and ostentatious monarch. Under the feeble sovereign who succeeded him, not only were the theatres shut, and the plays

prohibited, but all ardour in literary pursuits, all genius for poetry, all taste for the arts and ornaments of life, seemed to waste away as rapidly as the resources and glory of the kingdom he misgoverned. In the mean while France rose upon the ruins of her rival. The successors of Corneille refined and improved a language, which the increasing power of the state had made it convenient to surrounding nations to study, and to which the extensive intrigues and wars of Louis XIV. had given, as it were, an unusual currency in Europe. Fashion, which is often as peremptory in literature as in dress, enjoined the adoption of French rules of criticism; and an arbitrary standard of excellence was erected, without any regard to the different genius of languages, and the various usages and modes of thinking which distinguish one people from another. Hence, when towards the middle of last century the love of letters seemed to revive in Spain, there arose a sect of critics, men of considerable information and eloquence, who, in their anxiety to inculcate correct principles of composition into their countrymen, endeavoured to wean their affections from those national poets by whom the public taste had, according to them, been originally vitiated. The names of Vega, Calderon, Moreto, and others, which, in the general decline of literature, had in a great measure fallen into neglect and oblivion, were now only quoted to expose their faults, and to point out their inferiority to foreign models of excellence. The disapprobation of all dramatic performances, the occasional preference of Italian operas, and, above all, French modes of thinking on matters of taste, naturally prevalent at a Bourbon court, threw the old Spanish stage into disrepute; and an admiration of such authors passed with the wits for a perversion of judgment, and with the fashionable for a remnant of national prejudice and vulgarity. Many enlightened individuals also, who were anxious to reform more important abuses than the mere extravagancies of a theatre, encouraged this growing predilection for French literature. They might feel a very natural partiality for a language from which they had themselves derived so much instruction and delight, or they might studiously direct the attention of their countrymen to French poetry, from a conviction that a familiarity with the works of Racine and Boileau would ultimately lead them to an acquaintance with those of Pascal and Montesquieu, and perhaps of Bayle and Voltaire.

"All Spaniards, however, did not conform to this ignominious sacrifice of national genius at the shrine of foreign criticism. Unfortunately the two champions of the old theatre adopted two opposite modes of warfare; each more cal-

culated to confirm than to check the triumph of their enemies. Nasarre, in fact, betrayed the cause he professed, and no doubt intended, to support. While he abandoned Lope and Calderon to all the fury of the critics, and even brought fresh charges of his own to swell the catalogue of their poetical delinquencies, he absurdly pronounced authors whose names were forgotten, whose works he avowedly had never seen, and whose existence even may be questioned, to be the masters and rivals of Corneille and Moliere.

"Such assertions hardly merited the pains taken to refute them. Some plays of Lope de Rueda, as well as of others of his time, are still extant in MS. They are not destitute of invention, and the style is often more simple, but far less poetical and forcible than that of their successors. But, whatever may be their merits, they by no means warrant so strange an imputation on the Spaniards as that of having possessed writers of the first genius and judgment, without having the taste to relish their beauties, the discernment to recognise their excellence, or the sense to preserve their writings.

"La Huerta was a man of more knowledge, and greater talents for literary controversy; he spoke too with some authority on matters relating to the Spanish theatre, as he had supplied it with *La Raquel*, a tragedy which, to many stronger recommendations, adds that of being exempt from the anachronisms and irregularities so often objected to its productions.

"Whatever advantages as a disputant he might possess, he had occasion for them all to maintain the paradoxes he chose to publish. His answer to French critics and their admirers is contained in prefaces prefixed to several volumes of the *Teatro Hespanol*, a selection of plays executed under his superintendence for the express purpose of vindicating the honour of Spanish literature from the strictures of its adversaries. In these he exposes with some humour a few oversights of Voltaire and others, in their remarks on Lope de Vega and Calderon; and he proves very satisfactorily the imperfection of several translations from them. But, like many injudicious defenders of Shakspeare, he was not contented with exhibiting the beauties of his author, and with correcting the mistakes and exposing the ignorance of his opponents. Instead of combating the injustice of that criticism which would submit all dramatic works to one standard of excellence, he most unwarrantably arraigned the models themselves as destitute of all poetical merit whatever. Thus was the cause of his countrymen more injured by his intemperance as a critic, than benefited by his labours as an editor. Few were disposed to judge favourably of

performances whose panegyrist thought it necessary to maintain that the *Athalie* should have been confined to the walls of a convent, and that the *Tartuffe* was a miserable farce, without humour, character, or invention.

"His foreign readers may also reasonably regret the omission of a commentary, and, without much presumption, might dispute the judgment of the selection. Lope de Vega at least might have been permitted to speak for himself; for, among the hundreds of his comedies yet extant, *La Huerta* could have found a better answer to his detractors than a pompous exposition of their numbers, a vague and indiscriminate encomium on his talents, and a lamentation over the sarcastic temper of Cervantes. Nothing concerning the most voluminous Spanish poet is to be learned from the *Teatro Espanol*, but the editor's opinion of him. On the whole, *La Huerta*, far from retrieving the lost honours of the Spanish theatre, only exposed it to the insults and ridicule of its antagonists.

"Insidious imitations of French dramas, and bald translations of modern pieces, in which the theatres of Madrid for some years abounded, have at length done more to restore the writers of Philip the Fourth's age to their due estimation with the public, than the hazardous assertions of Nasarre, or the intemperate retorts of *La Huerta*.

"The plays of Calderon, Moreto, and Roxas, are now frequently acted. Several of Lope de Vega have been successfully revived, with very slight, though not always judicious alterations. Authors of reputation are no longer ashamed of studying his style; and it is evident that those most celebrated for the severity of their judgment, have not disdained to profit by the perusal of his comedies. The most temperate critics, while they acknowledge his defects, pay a just tribute of admiration to the fertility of his invention, the happiness of his expressions, and the purity of his diction. All agree that his genius reflects honour on his country, though some may be disposed to question the beneficial influence of his works on the taste and literature of their nation. Indeed, his careless and easy mode of writing made as many poets as poems. He so familiarised his countrymen with the mechanism of verse, he supplied them with such a store of common-place images and epithets, he coined such a variety of convenient expressions, that the very facility of versification seems to have prevented the effusions of genius, and the redundancy of poetical phrases to have superseded all originality of language.

"The number of poets, or rather versifiers, of his time is almost as wonderful as that of his compositions. Some hundreds of his imitators

are to be found in the list of Castilian poets. A cotemporary author, Don Estevan Emmanuel Villegas, in ridiculing the bad comedies of his time, bears testimony to the facility with which such compositions were produced, and humorously advises his mule-driver to set up for a poet:

"Que si bien consideras en Toledo

"Hubo sastre que pudo hacer comedias,

"Y parar de las musas el denuesto.

"Mozo de mulas eres,—haz comedias."

"A tailor once could comedies produce,

"And break the restive muses to his goose:

"Then by your flights, as is your office, higher;

"And, as you drive a mule, to tragedy aspire."

"It is a common remark in Italy, that in the same proportion as the effusions of *Improvisatori* have acquired correctness and harmony, the excellence of written poems has declined; and that the writings of these voluminous Spaniards which partook so much of the nature of extemporaneous productions, should resemble them also in enervating the language, seems a very probable conjecture. Perhaps it was in the efforts which genius made to deviate from so beaten a track, that it wandered into obscurity, and the easy but feeble volubility of Lope's school might induce Gongora and his disciples to hope that inspiration might be obtained by contortion.

"But the effect of Lope's labours must not be considered by a reference to language alone. For the general interest of dramatic productions, for the variety and spirit of the dialogue, as well as for some particular plays, all modern theatres are indebted to him. Perfection in any art is only to be attained by successive improvement; and though the last polish often effaces the marks of the preceding workmen, his skill was not less necessary to the accomplishment of the work, than the hand of his more celebrated successor. This consideration will, I hope, excuse the length of this treatise. Had Lope never written, the masterpieces of Corneille and Moliere might never have been produced; and were not those celebrated compositions known, he might still be regarded as one of the best dramatic authors in Europe.

"It seems but an act of justice to pay some honour to the memory of men whose labours have promoted literature, and enabled others to eclipse their reputation. Such was Lope de Vega; once the pride and glory of Spaniards, who in their literary, as in their political achievements, have, by a singular fatality, discovered regions, and opened mines, to benefit their neighbours and their rivals, and to enrich every nation of Europe, but their own."

BECKFORD'S LETTERS FROM ITALY.

Familiar Letters from Italy to a Friend in England. By Peter Beckford, Esq. In Two Volumes. Hatchard.

THIS is the age of travelling. Mr. Beckford, moreover, seems to think that it is the age of writing, and has therefore this double example to plead in his excuse for having travelled without an object, and written without a subject. The publication before us might have been denominated, "Thoughts during a Journey, Jests, Bon Mots," &c. but as to travels, a journal giving an account of the manners and characters of foreign countries, this publication has as much pretension to that title as a Jest book to be called the Tour of England.

Mr. Beckford begins by informing us that, the greater part of the letters were written in the year 1787, before the invasion of Italy by the French. He justly observes, that were his subject too much limited within his title, the changes in the several countries since that period might have rendered these Letters useless; but when the writer has so little to say on the subject, it is a fact of little importance what the subject may be.

The author is a gentleman of fashion and fortune, and thinks and writes like one. There is a most inexcusable act of puppyism in his very first letter. He is in great terror lest his reader should imagine him a man of learning; he therefore cautiously pre-advises him, that should he mention Polybius and Dionysius, they must not be unjust enough to infer that he knows any thing of Greek or Latin. "I have contented myself with an English translation, and I advise you and all my other friends to do the same."

His language is such as to give the strongest internal evidence of the truth of this assertion, and Mr. Beckford may safely defy all the malice of his enemies who should attempt to brand him with the title of a learned man. We say it, and we hope Mr. Beckford will not suspect us of flattering when we do say it, that in all the course of our reading and reviewing, we have never met with a man of Mr. Beck-

ford's advantages, who has come out from them so complete a blockhead. A Yorkshire Justice is an Aristotle to this prince of Ignoramuses.

Some of the author's anecdotes are pleasant enough, whilst others are of a very different kind. As it is chiefly as an anecdote writer that Mr. Beckford must be considered, our readers may take these specimens:

"The women of Switzerland affect French manners. They pass their evenings in small parties, called societies, to which strangers are frequently invited. It was at one of these assemblies that Mademoiselle G—— lost the heart of our friend Lord W. G. by eating too many *petits pates*. *Petits pates* were at that time much in fashion, and slipped down very easily."

If this be travelling and writing travels Mr. Beckford is a good traveller, and an excellent travel-writer; he proceeds in this style through many hundred pages:

"At a concert I gave whilst in Switzerland, I had ordered to be provided a large quantity of the same *petits pates* I have before mentioned. I was called out between the acts; Toinette, the girl of the house, and who had the management of the sideboard, wanted to speak to me. I found her in tears; I concluded she was taken ill. Toinette, what is the matter with you? Sir, ah, ah, replied Toinette, sobbing, Monsieur S—— (the girl's sweetheart) has been here— Ah, ah, ah, I had left the sideboard but an instant only, and he has eat up every one of the *petit pates*."

Mr. Beckford is particularly fond of *bubble and squeak*, as would appear by the following passage:

"Italy, however, upon my most serious consideration, and divesting myself as much as is possible of all national prejudice, is a most abominable country; there is no such thing as bubble and squeak to be got even at the best taverns. They stare at you when you ask for a sandwich, and have no idea of roast beef. These are substantial blessings, and to many thought beyond an azure sky, and the finest sun in the world. I would not give a sequin for

a country, be its natural beauties, its works of arts, its laws and manners what they may, which had no bubble and squeak."

Of the morality and elegant sentiments of Mr. Beckford, whom, unless we knew to the contrary, we should have thought to have been a kind of philosophic old bachelor, the following is a specimen, which we believe will not much recommend him to the ladies:

"By an old law, in the time of the Medici, the expences attending marriage ceremonies were exceedingly limited; four strangers only were to be invited; four dishes provided; and a gentleman was most severely reprimanded by Government for having laid out a whole Guinea on his wedding-dinner. Compare this with the expences of the present day; three great gala dinners have been given by the family above mentioned, one on the wedding-day, the others on the two following days. All their relations and all their friends were invited. The very sugar-plumbs that it is usual to send on these occasions to their acquaintance, cost the Marquis Riccardi a thousand crowns. Our custom is more decent; we give our dinners before the wedding, and leave the happy couple in private afterwards. In this country the conversation at these public dinners puts modesty to the blush; and the wife hears enough on the wedding-day and those that succeed it, to debauch her mind most completely, if it be not done already. Matrimony, at best, is a very indecent piece of business, think what you will of it, and virtue exposes, in this instance, what vice, with more decency conceals."

Did Mr. Beckford learn this sentiment of Rousseau, and this morality of Voltaire? Surely, surely no man of English manners, and English education, could have thus thought and written of himself.

Mr. Beckford, with all his fashion and manners, is full of vulgar jests against Parsons and Bishops.—He is at no loss to account for the excellent wines of Tuscany when there are so many Bishops to drink them. Every monk is with him an hypocrite, and runs a long score of secret vice to compensate himself for the apparent self-denial of public decorum. Now all this is very illiberal. Allow priests to be at least as other men. Allow them to be men in peculiar circumstances, and allow them that portion of virtue, which, under such circumstances, is natural to the human heart. Say not that every one

is a hypocrite under circumstances the natural tendency of which is to make men better and wiser.

The priest, no offence to Mr. Beckford, is usually the best educated man in his parish, or district, and therefore has the best chance of deriving the common benefits of education; a clearer head and a better heart. There is doubtless such a thing as bigotry, an excess natural to certain minds; but this is a particular, and not a general quality, and must not be suffered to detract from our esteem for the body. It is not the interest of priests to deceive; they do not hold their benefices by the faith of their congregations. The Christian religion is simple, and requires no deceit. The history is written in the record which is in the hands of every one. The comments may be erroneous, but this has nothing to say to the text.

We now dismiss Mr. Beckford.—The following may be given as a specimen of his general manners. It is his letter from Florence; we give it at full length:

"Four thousand crowns is a good Florentine income; a sum, at least, equal to as many thousand pounds in the hands of an Englishman. You have already seen, that the assegnamento of a wife does not cost much—the whole additional expence is computed at one thousand two hundred crowns. The sons, when they become men, are usually allowed ten or twelve crowns a month to find themselves in clothes and pocket money. The daughters, who are found in every thing, have a sequin given them, now and then, that they may have some money in their pockets. Is not a quarterly or monthly allowance preferable? they would then learn to make the most of a little, and know what they have to depend on.

"Every expence in this country is calculated. The usual calculation is two hundred crowns a year for a coach and pair of horses, coachman included: sixty crowns each footman, and forty for each maid. Gluttony is not the vice of an Italian. A Florence nobleman will agree with his cook to provide dinner and supper at the rate of three pauls a head for both; bread, wine, oil, and firing, not included. The pocket never suffers, and the constitution is frequently a gainer. Others fix a certain sum for their daily expences: if they exceed it one day, parsimony the next brings matters even.

"An Italian dinner usually consists of a soup, which never fails winter and summer; a piece of

bouilli; a fry of some kind or other; a ragout; and the roti, which, whether it be a piece of meat, or a few small birds, is served up last. The soup is no better than broth, being the essence of the bouilli only, which, of course, is boiled to rags; and the roast meat being usually soaked in water before it is put to the fire, loses all its flavor. The table-cloth is not taken off neither here nor in France; nor, I believe, in any part of the Continent:—their tables are made of the commonest wood, and are always dirty; our tables are both handsome and clean, so we may use our pleasure.

"Butter, you will sometimes see as a side dish: it is rather a rarity, oil being commonly used in their kitchens. Raw ham, Bologna sausages, figs, and melons, are eaten at the first course. Salt meat, unless it be hams and tongues, is totally unknown. No boiled leg of pork, and peas-pudding; no bubble and squeak;—vulgar dishes, it is true, but excellent notwithstanding: nor have they the *petits plats*, in which the French so much excel, to supply their places. In short, you must not expect good cookery in a country where all the servants are cooks. I have acted in that capacity. I am afraid, the worst is he whose business it is to dress the dinner: my coachman is said to be famous at a made dish.

"Though few breakfast, all sup; a custom that cannot but be unwholesome in a country where it is usual to go to bed immediately after. Johnson, who was not partial to the Scotch, used to say, that if an epicure could remove by a wish in quest of sensual gratifications, he would breakfast in Scotland. If breakfast was that gentleman's favourite meal, he did well not to come into Italy, where the comforts of it are unknown. It is not allowed to servants. It is not reckoned by the Vetturino, who supplies you with every necessary on your journey; and those who indulge in this luxury, are contented with a dish of coffee or chocolate, a few figs, or a bunch of grapes. To complete the day, according to Johnson's idea, I think his epicure should dine in London; take his afternoon's *gouté* in Switzerland; and sup at Paris.

"It would be unpardonable, in writing to an Englishman, to talk of the table, and not mention wine: yet I much doubt if Florence wine, though Cosimo III. made presents of it to most of the Sovereigns in Europe, and though Queen Anne is said to have preferred it to any other, will please a palate accustomed to Claret, Champagne, and Burgundy. The most esteemed are the Alatico, Chianti, and Monte Pulciano. That which you drink in England for Florence wine, is Chianti; even to this brandy is added at Leghorn to give it strength; no other will bear

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the sea. The common wine of the country I conclude is weak, as you seldom see a man drunk in the streets, and in good company never.

"Dress is no article of expence. You are not obliged, as in France, to have different clothes for the different seasons: you are at liberty to dress as you please; and an English frock may be worn throughout the year. We are told, that a country gentleman appeared at the Opera at Paris the beginning of autumn in his summer suit: he was stared at as a monster, and *habit d'été*, *habit d'été*, was repeated all over the theatre. A friend of ours, by some strange fatality, wore a pair of point-ruffles in the month of May: the impropriety would have utterly ruined another man;—this gentleman, who is a man of wit, excused himself by saying, he had a cold. The Florentines are too wise to trouble themselves with numberless suits of clothes, for the sole benefit of their tailors. They go to the Opera in frocks; and, during the Carnival, to the balls in *bauttes*. They have a dress coat, and a gala carriage; the latter lasts them their lives,—nor do they, like some that shall be nameless, change their carriages every two or three years to enrich their coach-makers. They have also gala liveries; but they are made to last as long as they can. Every-day liveries must last two years: those who make a figure, give two; one for the summer, the other for the winter,—but each is to last two seasons.

"I cannot commend their taste; their very magnificence is inelegant. Behind the same carriage you will frequently see one footman very tall, the other very short. I have just met two such, who, being clothed in green, looked like the sign of Robin Hood and Little John. You will also see one with a cocked hat, the other with a round one. There is a want of feeling in these trifles somewhat beyond a want of taste. Strictly speaking, even their hair should be dressed alike; and, if they wear queues, they should be of an equal length.

"In all countries some customs are remarkable. When first I knew Florence, about twenty years ago, an odd custom prevailed at Court;—all the men curtsied to the Grand Duke and the Grand Duchess; foreigners only were permitted to bow, who were supposed to know no better.

"A refusal is expressed by the finger in Italy as in other countries by the head. A common salutation is with the fingers up; and they call you with the fingers down.

"It is said that the voice, in speaking, seldom rises higher, or sinks lower than three notes and a half. It is otherwise here; they change sometimes from their natural voice to a falsetto, till you are ready to laugh in their faces.

"They tell you, that if it rains on the third of

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April, it is to continue to rain for forty days after. We run a risk of losing all our faith to this country.

"The Florentine Nobility were, as I have said, originally merchants; book-keepers were then necessary. They have retained the custom ever since, and in some families not less than eight or ten of those persons are constantly employed—I know not how.

"The Noblemen sell wine, and hang out the sign of an empty flask at the palace window. A retail trade, like this of the Florentine Nobility, an English wine merchant would think beneath his dignity. The best rap going at present is that of the Bishop of Fiesole.

"It is ridiculous to see a Sposa Monaca dressed out to the height of the fashion, and driven about from one end of the town to the other. Mercy on us, what a mistake is here!—Content more easily proceeds from ignorance than conviction; nor is it prudent to indulge in any pleasures that are not always within our reach.

"The kitchen frequently is at the top of the house. I asked a reason of a Florentine friend, and he gave me two;—one, he said, was to prevent the smoke of the charcoal and smell of the dinner; the other, to render it more difficult for the servants to carry any thing away. As they are on board wages, the vulgar adage, *safe bind, safe find*, is never forgotten. Their masters know they are not scrupulous, and never put temptation in their way.

"It was the custom in the time of Juvenal to blow the fire with their mouths,—it is so now. I have a fellow in my family whose mouth is better than any bellows.

"The extreme unction which is administered to those who are dying, is carried publicly, and in procession: a custom as improper as unnecessary. The tinkling bell and hoarse voices of those that accompany it, are unpleasant sounds even to those who are well; and, at a time of epidemic, when deaths are frequent, might be fatal to those who are sick. A Spanish proverb says:—"If you think you shall die, you will die."

"They wear mourning but a short time for the nearest relation, and that not constantly. I have known a husband marry in two months after his wife's decease. It is true he was an elderly gentleman, and had no time to lose.

"Ladies in child-bed keep the house for forty days, and do not get up till the twelfth day; yet many Contadinas, after the third day are out at work in the fields. I have read that in some parts of America the wife is no sooner delivered of her

burden than she gets up, and her husband keeps his bed; she does the work of the house, and he goes through all the ceremonies of a lady in the straw. I had nearly forgotten one custom that I think will surprise you: they feed their cats, and poison their dogs. Though held in less veneration in Italy than in Egypt, the cat still seems to be an object of general affection. Florence swarms with them. Here are people who make a trade of feeding them, and are paid by the inhabitants, who, notwithstanding their great economy, keep more cats than catch mice. Dogs, on the other hand, are scarce: that amiable and friendly animal is not only neglected, but, during the summer months, is poisoned in the streets. If you are here in the summer, take care of Rover.

"I must leave off.—My house is in an uproar of laughter, at the expence of a poor cobbler, my opposite neighbour. My servant having frequently missed different sums of money out of a drawer in my bed-chamber, he suspected the porter, and engaged his friend the cobbler to watch and detect him. The affair did not appear difficult, the money was always taken on a Monday, which was the day my weekly bills were settled; it was also observed, that the robbery was committed at the time the other servants were all of them at dinner: these circumstances caused the porter to be suspected; and it was thought he used a false key, as the drawer was kept constantly locked. The cobbler, who had readily accepted the office, made light of it; he used the common expression of his countrymen, *lascia fare*, and longed for the arrival of Monday to shew his prowess. At length Monday came, and the honest cobbler, determined to take the thief, placed himself where he could best observe all that passed in the chamber, and catch him in the fact. It was not long before he appeared: he was cautious and cunning, he secured the door, he listened if all was quiet: there was a closet in the room, he examined it carefully, and then went to the chest of drawers to begin his operation. The cobbler now thought he had him safe enough, but unluckily, as the devil would have it, the porter, recollecting that he had not looked under the bed, lifted up the valance, and discovered our friend. It is not easy to conceive the ridiculous figure the poor cobbler made, lugged out from his hiding place, taken prisoner, and brought down stairs, as a culprit, by the very thief he had promised to detect. He seems determined never to turn thief-taker again. The porter is discharged."

TRISTIA; OR, THE SORROWS OF PETER.

Tristia; or, the Sorrows of Peter. Elegies to the King, Lords Grenville, Petty, the Bishop of London, Erskine, Messrs. Fox and Sheridan, &c. &c. By Peter Pindar, Esq. London: Walker, Paternoster-row, 8vo.

THOUGH the laurels of this veteran bard are not perhaps so green as upon the outset of his poetical life, it is but candid to confess, that Time, however he may have touched them with decay, has not touched them with dullness. If he wield his satirical scourge with more discretion than formerly, and may, on that account, be thought to apply it with less force and dexterity, it must be considered as a sacrifice to decorum and prudence, and not as any abatement of native powers. Dr. Walcot has perhaps learnt that all popularity is precarious, but none more so than that of a writer whose province is personal satire. If, upon one hand, it is the vice of our nature to be too industrious to pry into the weakness and follies of mankind, and to feel a sort of ungenerous triumph at their exposure! it is no less true, that there is a radical goodness in the minds of most of us, which disposes us soon to forget and overlook them. When the novelty ceases, the jest ceases too; and if we feel any asperity, it is perhaps against the poor satirist himself.

It is thus that upon the long run, personal satire is little injurious to the objects attacked, and most pernicious to its authors themselves. It is a gun bursting upon the recoil, whilst the game escapes, peppered, perhaps, with a few shots, but no more.

But it would be unjust to consider Dr. Walcot as belonging wholly to the above species of writers. His satires, if such indeed they can be called, have nothing of malignity or envy. They glance at weaknesses, and probe follies, but they never wound the essence of characters. They are harmless *tirades* and can scarcely be thought to offend the object themselves.

This talent of merriment is no wise abated with the Poet's decline in life; and in his present publication, the *Tristia*, his ancient humour shoots forth with as much warmth

and luxuriance as ever. We recommend it to such of our readers as having laughed before with this Author, may be willing to laugh again.

It is but just that we make an extract from this work. The Poet continues to wish that he had been so happy as to have been a vote in a Cornish Borough; and, with tears in his eyes, enumerates the pleasures and honours he has lost.

“URCANDA, if a favourite cat lies in,
“Invites her friends to caudle and rich cake:
“But when my Muse is brought to bed, no din,
“No how d’y'e visits my cool neighbours make!
“Or is the Monkey sick, he takes *his* bed,
“Old Slop is sent for to prescribe for Pug—
“Complains the Muse? on what shall rest her head?
“What soul shall send a pillow or a rug?
“O had I been a *Vote*, a *Boro* *Vote*!
“Then fortune would have squeez’d me by the hand;
“Then would my back have worn a different coat—
“Shirts, stockings, shoes, had been at my command.
“Then with his lofty Lordship I had din’d
“With other *Votes*, a numerous band at table;
“Had drank his health, receiv’d his smiles so kind,
“Midst clattering knives and forks, and sounds of Babel.
“Then had I mark’d the wonders of his face,
“Gap’d at his speech and swallow’d ev’ry word;
“Then had I got the promise of a *place*—
“For promises are frequent with a Lord.
“Then had I touch’d his Lordship’s hand or cuff,
“And measur’d him all over, inch by inch;
“Mark’d how his Lordship gracefully took snuff,
“And possibly been honour’d with a pinch!
“Then had I heard of boys the joyous yells—
“To praise the Lord, the cannon’s loud endeavour,
“And guns of marrow bones, and jingling bells,
“Mix’d with sublime huzzas, “My Lord for ever!”

" Then with his Lordship I had march'd the
town,
" With may'r and aldermen, a pompous band,
" To enter the Votes' houses up and down,
" And seen him shake Tom Stirrup by the
hand.
" And now Ben Block the barber, now Sam
Sledge,
" Now Stitch the tailor, now the mason Shovel;
" Old Scrape the scavenger, the woodman
Wedge;
" In short, each happy *wight* that own'd a
hovel.

" Then had I seen the Lord and Grannies greet,
" Seen the old Dames their mouths, for kisses,
wipe—
" Heard the loud smacks of busses, all so sweet,
" And seen his Lordship smoke their stumps
of pipe!
" Then had I seen his Lordship to his chaise;
" Take leave, with May'r and Alderman in
sorrow;
" Hop'd weather would be fine, and good the
ways,
" And that he soon again would bless the
borough."

THE WINTER IN LONDON.

The Winter in London; or, Spectacles of Fashion. By T. Surr. In Three Volumes.
Third Edition. Phillips.

THE wretched trash which has periodically deluged the town, under the name of novels, has very justly sunk the reputation of this kind of writing. We learn with pleasure, that fewer novels have been published within these twelve months, than used almost monthly to issue from the press. This is creditable to the good sense and good taste of the Nation. We might have added that it was not less creditable to the general virtue. We should have little hope of a country in which the unmasked wickedness of a Godwin or Woolstoncroft were received, even with ordinary satisfaction. We learn, therefore, with pleasure, that Fleetwood has sunk to appear no more.

Mr. Surr's novel is of a very different description. He informs the public that he has written for no other purpose, and with no other view, than that of amusing a vacant hour. If he accomplishes this point, he adds, that he most readily relinquishes every loftier aim.

Mr. Surr, however, is doubtless too well informed to consider life as having no other worthy occupation than that of amusement. He is accordingly far from cherishing an indifference relative to the moral effects to be produced on the mind even by a work of fancy. With these principles in view, we observe with unusual pleasure that Mr. Surr has in no

single instance suffered his pages to be stained by licentious images, or any thing unfriendly either to morals or religion. This is no slight praise in an age where the Miss Williams and the Godwins, have done so much to corrupt this public taste. Mr. Surr, with a more solid judgment, and a better heart, has anxiously avoided this most pestilent mischief; and we can assure our readers, that they may not only take up, but read from the first pages to the last, Mr. Surr's novel, without finding any thing which may offend a delicate, honest mind.

The *Winter in London* begins in a style very picturesque.

"It was that season of the year when evening fills the lap of earth with fallow leaves—A sultry day was ended, and as night advanced, the appearance of the heavens denoted a storm.—The moon had risen, amid black clouds, which, floating in various directions, admitted streams of momentary light, and now spread wide a still and dreary darkness."

This is a good description of a lowering night in the end of October. It is not, however, without its faults. It is not this kind of weather which usually portends a tempest. Mr. Surr, we presume, has not lived much in the country.

The Founder of a Family is well described as follows:

"Mr. Sawyer Dickens was well known as

one of the wealthiest Commoners in England. There were not however wanting some persons with strong memories, who recollected that the origin of the wealthy banker was very far from being equally splendid. In truth, the present property acquired by the father of Mr. Dickens, was obtained by the application of his talents and industry to the useful employments of cleaning boots and shoes, and knives and forks, at a public house, in the neighbourhood of Newgate-Market. Ned Dickens was indebted to Yorkshire for his birth, parentage, and education. He was a firm and sincere professor of that celebrated creed, that pence get shillings, and shillings get pounds. This faith cherished him under many a kick and cuff.

"Thus a few years devotion enabled him to become a creditor to the nation to the amount of fifty pounds, five per cent. stock, and promoted him to the rank of waiter. The same saving faith still urged him onward. Ned's master died, and left the good-will of his house and trade to his heir, Tommy Jones, and his buxom widow. Vauxhall, Sadler's Wells, and the Dog and Duck became the exchequers into which Tommy Jones, assisted by certain fair friends, paid the receipts of his mother's bar. These, however, were soon found inadequate to support the follies of this spirited youth. Ned's coffers became the budgets of Tom's wants, Ned kept a good account. Thus the idleness of the master enriched the servant, and by the time that Tommy was five and twenty, he had broken his mother's heart, and spent his last shilling—Tom enlisted as an India soldier, and Ned became landlord of the house."

"Here was one step; fortune soon opened another. For Barbon, an eminent gin man, lived next door to him. Mr. Barbon had gained great wealth, and was a Common Councilman, when he was taken off by a surfeit. Dickens bought the vacant lease and good-will, and bought for one thousand, what was well worth three."

Our limits will not permit a farther extract of this part, but this will be sufficient to shew the talents of Mr. Surr for satire. We understand that Mr. Ned Dickens is no fanciful character, which has no existence but in the mind of the writer. Mr. Dickens is said to be a wealthy banker, not many miles from Temple-bar. We must confess our ignorance of the original. The picture, however, is spirited, and has some appearance of being taken from real life.

We have praised the Winter in London for its general purity in style and senti-

ment. We know not whether we can extend this praise to the character of its satire. This satire is perhaps too direct. The characters are indeed hidden behind feigned names and other circumstances than those in which they exist in life. But the veil is for the most part too transparent. Mr. Surr seems careful that his readers should not mistake. If he does not therefore subscribe his portraits—This is the bear, this is the horse, he draws them with so much precaution, and with so many known circumstances, that it is impossible to miss them.

There is a gentleman, a colonel in the army, very well known to all our fashionable readers, as a kind of general Master of Ceremonies; a gratuitous Chamberlain to all fashionable ranks. He has been the inventor of all the trifles of fashion that have appeared for many years; the Manager of all the private theatricals; the president of Pic-Nics, in a word, having no other business in life but trifles, he has brought the art to a kind of science, and is so laboriously ridiculous, and ostentatiously contemptible, that it would be a considerable injustice to him not to allow that he is the finished fool of the day. Mr. Surr has described this character which is so well known amongst the fashionable circles. Perhaps he has treated him with too much severity. We believe the gay Colonel to be as harmless as he is ridiculous.

"The father of Captain Neville was a Yorkshire Squire, who broke his neck in a fox chase, and left his son just enough to buy a pair of colours in the Guards. By his mimicry and rhyming the Captain rendered himself agreeable to a society of young men around him, and partly by their interest, and partly by their money, he gradually arose to the rank of Captain. Accident threw him in the way of a Lady of Fashion who had written a Play, to which Neville tagged an Epilogue, that became very popular. His fortune was made from that moment. He dressed in the most eccentric manner possible, that he might attract public notice, and when it was accordingly enquired who is he? What is he? The answer was, the Author of the celebrated Epilogue. Among others to whom his fame introduced him, was the proprietor of a newspaper, then recently established, and particularly addressed to the fashionable world, Neville, and a few other minor Poets, wrote

sonnets to themselves, and answered themselves in sonnets again, which were printed in this newspaper, and in which it became fashionable to read, or rather spout, in the first circles.—The newspaper man was of course gratified by the increased sale of his paper, and Neville and his friends, in return, had the exclusive privilege of puffing and praising himself and his friends, and of sneering and scandalizing his foes and rivals. From nonsensical verses the rage turned to a jargon of prose paragraphs, which had the novelty of a particular structure, and which, from their quaintness and absurdity, became very popular."

We have again to observe of this, that the satire is perhaps too direct. Besides, we cannot see any purpose that it can answer, and there is some ill-nature in the useless exposure of a harmless character. Colonel — is as innocent a coxcomb as we know.

The chapter on theatres and dramas is the worst in the whole work. Mr. Surr here defends Reynolds, Morton, and other dramatists of the age, and vindicates their superiority over all other writers of antient or modern times. Perhaps these gentlemen are Mr. Surr's friends. We cannot in any other way account for this perversion of taste and judgment.

It is chiefly, however, as a sketch of real life, that the merit of "The Winter in London" must be rated. Every page contains a portrait of some living character; some of them, as we have before said, are pictured with liveliness and fidelity, whilst others are in caricature, and not to be recognized. Mr. Surr appears to us to excel in this kind of domestic satire. We cannot but again express it as our opinion, that he is somewhat too liberal of it.—Good-nature is at any time preferable to wit.—Vice may merit the utmost severity of justice, but folly, harmless folly, should not be chastised with the same iron rod. Mr. Surr makes no difference.

It would be a task somewhat invidious to endeavour to present our readers with a key to this fashionable satire. In many cases, perhaps, we might be accused of being ourselves the authors of the satire by its unjust application. The characters are not always distinct. The Duchess of Gordon, and late Duchess of Devonshire, two characters that were very different,

are confounded, in "The Winter in London," in one representative. There is, moreover, too much of unmeaning scandal, borrowed from newspaper paragraphs; and, as we have before observed, the whole of it is very deficient in good-nature, which would not so unnecessarily have exposed so much harmless folly. We wish Mr. Surr had not been so liberal of his undoubted talent. A satirist is at best a dangerous companion. For our own parts, were we members of the fashionable world, we should be careful not to expose ourselves to the pencil of Mr. Surr, by giving him the *entré* of our houses.

We must sum up our opinion of this novel by presenting our readers with the following extract, in which the talent of Mr. Surr appears to most advantage:

"Royal Institution!" echoed the Marquis of Arberry, as he entered the breakfast-room, followed by Edward, Captain Neville, and Lord Barton. "Are you for the Royal Institution, Ladies?"

"Even so, Sir," said her Grace, "and you are the very scholars we wanted, to explain the meaning of all the hard words."

"Oh, in mercy, never let such lips as these," said Lord Barton, bowing to the ladies, "be distorted with such terms as hydrogen and oxygen, and caloric and carbonic."

"Fie, Lord Barton!" said the Duchess: "would you have the girls appear downright barbarians?—The chemical nomenclature will be part of the language of fashion this winter; and I shall not be surprised if it were to become as fashionable in a short time, to construe these Egyptian hieroglyphics, as it is now to decorate our apartments with them. In that case an Egyptian master will become as necessary as a French governess."

"But can it be fashionable for young ladies to study chemistry, or attend lectures on Galvanism?"

"O yes, my Lord," said Doctor Hoare, "the fascination of fashion is irresistible. It wrought a miracle last winter far more wonderful than this.—It was then the rage to hear the Bishop of London preach; and there was actually as great a scramble for a pew at St. James's church, as for a box at the opera. There is nothing, therefore, which fashion may not achieve, since it has made fine ladies say their prayers."

"High noon, I declare!" said the Duchess with a yawn, looking at her watch. "We shall lose the exordium."

"A bustle ensued.—The gentlemen had ar-

ranged a morning lounge at Tattersall's. The Duchess, however, would take them to "school," as she termed it. Carriages were ordered, and the whole party agreed to attend the lecture.

"Edward was the only gentleman who had not paired off with a lady. Lord Barton had one arm of the Duchess, who, looking round with an air of captivating sweetness, said, "Mr. Montagu, pray don't let this young man run away with me—do give me your arm!"

"Edward bowed, and her Grace held out her hand.

"Looking at the profusion of superb furniture, all after the antique Egyptian model, the Duchess could scarce refrain a bursting sigh: she smiled, however, and gaily observed, "What a procession we make! We seem like the children of Israel going forth out of the land of Egypt!" alluding to the furniture and decorations.

"True," said Lord Barton; "but whoever is under the same roof with your Grace will never be out of the house of bondage."

"Very well for a young beginner, indeed, Sir! I perceive, as Neville says, you will do very well with a little encouragement."

"When the party arrived at the Institution, the rooms were crowded almost to suffocation. The lecturer was haranguing his fashionable audience on the discovery of Galvani, and explaining its principles and its uses.

"Edward had promised himself some pleasure from this visit, as well as some information. In the latter, at least, he was completely disappointed. So loud was the clamour of ladies' tongues, that the poor lecturer's learning and eloquence were totally wasted upon the greater part of the assembly.

"La! Lady Fane! are you here?"

"So, Sir Harry, you are turned philosopher!"

"Well, of all the things in the world, who should have thought of seeing that jockey, Charles Torrington, at a lecture on Galvanism!"

"Oh, my dear, he has killed so many racers, that he is half ruined in horse flesh; and so he expects, by learning Galvanism, to be able to bring his dead horses to life again."

"Now, why don't you listen, Louisa? that's a most astonishing property of the Galvanic fluid which the professor is describing."

"Dear me, Eliza, how teasing you are! You know I can read all about such things at home in Wilkinson's book; and I am listening to a most delightful piece of scandal now, which I could not hear at home."

"No, no, Madam; I tell you it was the Duchess of Belgrave."

"Ma'am, I have it from authority that it

was the Duchess of Drinkwater. They have actually discharged sixteen of their servants, and put down no less than four carriages."

"There you're wrong again, ma'am!—Six servants and two carriages, if you please; and they do say things may be settled without selling an acre of land."

"Such was the confused collision of sounds that struck the ears of Edward, instead of the scientific lecture he had anticipated.

"At the upper end of the room he observed the Beauchamps and the Signor Belloni. Seats were reserved for the Duchess of Belgrave's party, very near them. The parties mingled.

"As Edward was standing in one corner of the room, endeavouring to catch a part of the lecture, he felt his coat twitched, and turning round saw Dr. Hoare at his elbow. "Step this way," said the doctor:—"yonder I see Ogilvy." Edward followed him out of the lecture-room.

"Well, my old friend," said the Doctor, "what do you say to the moderns now? Here are golden times, when science is not only patronised by fashion, but when it is absolutely necessary to be scientific to be fashionable!"

"Psha!" said Ogilvy. "Science! Nonsense! The world is absolutely turned topsy-turvy, and the people are all run mad. Don't profane the name of science by associating that word with this depository of pots, pans, and potatoes.—Don't call that science,

"That with clipp'd wing, familiar flirts away,

"In Fashion's cage, and parrot of the day:

"The sybil of a shrine, where fops adore

"The oracle of culinary lore."

Shée's Rhymes on Art.

"But, my dear Ogilvy, does not science gain at least some honour by having such a splendid train of lovely votaries as are in the next room?"

"No?—its a burlesque worship. There is not half a dozen among the women there who have a real love for science; and that's the only consolation I feel; the bubble will burst ere the novelty is well over."

"You do not then approve, Sir," said Edward, "of the dissemination of the higher branches of knowledge among the fair sex?"

"I don't approve of the present system, of making prattling philosophers in petticoats. I see no good that is to result to society from having our wives or daughters discharging electric or Galvanic batteries at our heads, or of converting our cook-maids into chemical analysers of smoke and steam."

"But are not the scientific pursuits of the present day at least as beneficial to society as the

old amusement of working carpets and chair bottoms?" said Dr. Hoare.

"No; they are not. The end of such occupation was to render our homes, a word now almost obsolete, agreeable to their masters; whereas this mania of philosophy has a direct contrary tendency, converting our parlours into chemical laboratories, and our drawing-rooms into debating societies."

"But, Ogilvy, you must make some allowance for the progress of refinement, and the growth of luxury. Ladies of fashion now-a-days would faint at the sight of a tambour frame; and at the introduction of a spinning-wheel they would actually expire!"

"I grant you, Jonathan, that there is a necessary change in the manners of the great.—As wealth increases in a state, the number of those who live without labour must increase; and still further I grant, that the increase of population, the source of that wealth, makes it a duty that the rich should not do those services for themselves, to do which forms the subsistence of the poor. I do not, therefore, wish to see duchesses of the nineteenth century working carpets, or spinning cloth;—but, zounds, man, is there no alternative? Have they not music and dancing? Have they not drawing and poetry? Have they not the exercise of fancy and taste in all the articles of dress? and all the arrangements of routs, balls, and assemblies? Besides, I would even allow them a dip into botany and horticulture;—all this may do well enough for amusement. But let me not hear the studies of abstruse sciences called feminine

amusements, and the severest labours of human intellect termed pastimes for ladies!"

"To be serious, Ogilvy," said Dr. Hoare, "I feel no inclination further to contest a subject on which it is impossible there should be a difference of opinion. But, if you are not an approver of this Institution, may I ask what brings you here?"

"I have not condemned the Institution.—On the contrary, with some exceptions, I admire its plan. The avowed purpose of its establishment was 'the diffusion of knowledge, and facilitating the general introduction of useful mechanical improvements;' and had your duchesses and marchionesses contented themselves with the honour of subscribing to the expence of such an institution, I should have applauded instead of censuring their conduct. I am myself a subscriber. Their lectures I think worse than useless; their pot and kettle manufactories, and their roasting and boiling experiments, should, I conceive, have been distinct branches, entirely separated from and unconnected with the literary or scientific parts of the establishment!—An union of soup and science!—Good Heavens!—What cannot fashion do;—But you ask what brings me here? The news-room and the library. These are supplied with more than fifty periodical publications, in English, French, and German, with all the London, and many of the foreign newspapers.—Here I frequently loange away the morning, more independently than in a private library, and more comfortably than in a public coffee-room."

THE STRANGER IN IRELAND.

The Stranger in Ireland, or a Tour in the Southern and Western Parts of that Country, in the Year 1805.—By John Carr, Esq. of the Honourable Society of the Middle Temple.

"HISTORIA quoquo modo scripta delectat" is the characteristic adage applied by Pliny to history. It is perhaps still more applicable to the narratives of travellers. There are many who are perfectly indifferent to what the world was some centuries back. There are few who are without curiosity as to what it is at present. History, moreover, appeals chiefly to the reason, and therefore, to the few who can think; travels to the senses, and

therefore to the many who can read. In a word, history relates past actions—the traveller produces present images—history has for its subject the mind of man—the traveller the face of nature.—Travels, therefore, will be read, where history will be neglected.

The ancients appear to have a very contemptible estimation of this modern art, that of travelling and writing travels; scenery, dancing, and sky-gazing, are

each dignified with their respective muse, as the divine president and inspirer of their several votaries. There is no muse of travelling. The tour-writers, like the poet of Hudibras, were left to seek the inspiration of their bottle or pot, and amongst the manuscripts of Herculaneum, though there are many on cooking, and more on metaphysics, there is not one traveller.

Our admiration of the ancients, however, must not blind us to the different circumstances of the times. It is the peculiar felicity of modern times that we have a greater proportion of idlers, and that idlers, from a necessary prudence, are held in higher estimation. There are thus many who have nothing to do but to read, and still more who have nothing to do but to write. History requires much thought, painful research, and some talents. Science demands a long application, but travelling is comparatively moderate in its several requisites. A couple of shirts, a couple of guineas, a ream of paper, and a quart of ink, has been the capital of many a traveller on the tour of Europe. Mr. Carr indeed seems to have been somewhat better supplied, but adhering, with a kind of professional point of honour to the long usage of his brother travellers, though he may have exceeded them in the number of his shirts and guineas, he has religiously preserved the standard, of the necessary portion of learning, knowledge, taste, and modesty of his brother travellers.

Mr. Carr approves of a strict method in the arrangement of his thoughts and subjects. We will hence imitate him, and proceed to prove, by a just examination of his work, the following three simple points:

1st. That Mr. Carr is a tolerable ignoramus.

2d. That he is a decent coxcomb.

3d. That he is a *perfect* traveller.

The following is a worthy specimen of the style of Mr. Carr. He is replying to Twiss's well-known jeer at the Irish ladies.—Port if you please.

"To reply to this imputation would be to hurl a rock at a fly. This writer, well knowing that a love of ridicule is a predominant passion with most of us, has feathered his arrow with falsehood, to wound the purest bosom which truth is bound to protect."

Supplement—Vol. I.

If this be not nonsense, it is an example of that clouded, muddy, bombastic stuff, which, amongst those who set up for writers without a suitable education, has usurped the name of an English style. Holcroft, and the democratic philosophers, who have a very natural contempt for Latin and Greek, as making no part either of the necessary tools of their trade, or matters of their education, were the first who introduced this gibberish amongst us. It has since pervaded almost every comedy on the stage, and, without one exception, every novel of the Leadenhall market. Mr. Carr has now carried it into his travels.

Mr. Carr thus proceeds in the same passage with increased mawkishness:

"If we suffer from satire, it is a requital for indulging ourselves in the weakness which is gratified by it. To such an extent is that imbecility permitted to range, that the happiest efforts of human genius have been shaken by the most contemptible occurrence."

In page 140 is the following new use of the word *approach*.

"Impossible as it is to describe by verbal painting a just idea of this exquisite scene, I approach an attempt to describe it with considerable apprehension."

We have given this passage with more satisfaction, as in the narrow compass of four lines it contains not only a perfect specimen of Mr. Carr's style and attainments, but an equally perfect example of what we have above called an English style, *i. e.* of a style which may and must be written by those who are ignorant of the classical languages, which they so foolishly affect to despise. The reader will there see that ingenious misapplication of words which distinguish the school of the Holcrofts, Godwins, &c. words, which as derived from the Latins, and retaining in their translation their original signification, cannot be *precisely* understood, nor *particularly* applied, without a good knowledge of the original tongues. Had Mr. Carr understood the passage which he has quoted in the close of his volume, he would not have written thus:

Speaking of the Irish ladies, Mr. Carr expresses himself in the same mawkish, and heavy inelegance:

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"The Irish ladies possess a peculiar frankness of manners. In this open sweetness of deportment the libertine finds no encouragement; for their modesty must be the subject of remark and eulogy. The instances of consubial defection are fewer in Ireland for its size, than in any country of equal civilization."

Again, he accounts for this modesty as follows:

"I do not think that the modesty of the Irish ladies is owing to any peculiar cause; it is the effect of principle, and not of a coldness in the organization of nature. The fruitfulness of the women is a proof that when married they have a proper respect for the embraces of their husbands. It is therefore my decided opinion, and I give it after duly weighing the subject, that the Irish ladies are chaste."

If this were railery, it might be pleasant enough. But Mr. Carr gives it as sober philosophy, and a solid remark on the manners of the Irish.

Mr. Carr neglects nothing which can furnish matter for a page. He enters into the following learned discussion on a subject of doubtless real interest—the derivation of the word *Gee-ho*.

Pursuing the same subject, *i. e.* an examination of the peculiar manners of the Irish, he thus proceeds:

"The purpose of these sheets, and these travels, is to render more known the characteristic manners of the people of so important a member of the British empire. The reader therefore must pardon me, if, in the progress of this subject, I may be somewhat elaborate. The description of the peculiar manners of a people is as difficult as it is interesting.

"A good many people in Ireland are drivers of horses. These people set their horses in motion by the word *Gee*, or *Gee-ho*, *Dobbin*. *Gee* seems to me to be the imperative of the German verb, *gehen*, to go; it is used in that sense by the waggoners, and when it is accompanied by a stroke of the whip, the horse understands it, and accordingly goes on. The word *Who-ah*, *Wo*, is in the same manner used to retard the motion of a horse. This I believe to be derived from the Danish word, *Ho*, to stop. When the kings, in ancient times, presided at tilts and tournaments, and wished to stop the combatants, the king threw down his baton, and the heralds cried out in the Danish language, *Ho, Ho, Oh, Oh*."

Oh! Ho! Mr. Carr. Where did you learn to write quartos thus?

The suitable object of travellers is to relate what may peculiarly be called the manners of the people, those characteristic traits which distinguish them from the neighbouring nations. The state of agriculture, the rent and purchase of land, manufactures, &c. are each of them equally important to be known. Of a traveller in Ireland, the first questions we should ask, would be such as follow: What is the Irish method of farming? What is the proportion of their stock to their rents? What is the average rent? How are the farms divided? What are the usual leases? Is this body of men rich? If not, what is the cause? What is the present state of the linen manufacture, and other Irish manufactures? What is the supposed capital employed in it? Is it rising, or decaying?

The greater part of these questions, however, Mr. Carr is totally unable to answer, because he has applied no care to inquire. Mr. Carr's information is of a very different kind. He can tell us how many streets there are in Dublin, and give us an aqua-tint engraving of the Castle. He picks up some of the *slang* of the lowest ranks, and gives it as national traits. He travels by a direct road about fifty miles into the country from Dublin towards Cork, describes the face of the country by the road-side, that is to say, the face of the road, and calls this travelling in Ireland. In a word, in these Travels of a summer in the kingdom of Ireland, Mr. Carr does not appear to have been fourteen days absent from the city of Dublin. Three parts of his immense quarto at least, are occupied in the description of this metropolis. Mr. Carr appears to us as little suited for travelling, as almost any literary man. He is an invincible coxcomb, and his talents and knowledge, not a whit superior to the most contemptible of the travellers of the day.

Mr. Carr is peculiarly fond of a *joke*. His Travels are a tolerable collection of these witticisms. He went to Ireland to see *bulls*, but though he saw many *cows*, he did not see more than a due proportion of *bulls*. This is his favourite jest, and to which he recurs more than once. Low humour is an irresistible bait to Mr. Carr, and however indifferent to the manners,

agriculture, and manufactures of a kingdom, he never for a moment suffers to slip an opportunity of relating a low Irish joke. A poor merit this for a quarto so extensive as Mr. Carr's.

The following is a specimen of Mr. Carr's talents at narrative:—

"A celebrated lawyer, whose client had suffered from his hasty disposition to anticipate an argument, took the following method of reproaching it:—Being engaged to dine in company with the Noble Lord, he delayed going so long that the company were at dinner when he entered the room. He apologized for his absence, apparently with much agitation, stating that from a melancholy event he had just witnessed, he found himself unable to master his feelings. I was passing through the market, said he, a calf was bound to a post; the butcher had drawn his knife, and was just advancing, when a most beautiful child ran across him, and, O my God! he killed—the child, exclaimed his Lordship. No, my Lord, the calf; but your Lordship is in the habit of anticipating."

We cannot here but exclaim, not so much against authors as against booksellers, who, for their own private advantage, have introduced a practice of publishing all travels, light or heavy, in this quarto size. The profit of the bookseller is thus doubled, at the expence both of the public and the author. The novelty of the subject will exhaust a sufficient impression to repay the ordinary profit, even before the character of the book is known. The public is thus often duped by a most worthless commodity. With regard to the author, his suffering from this avarice of the trade is of a different kind, but he suffers equally; he suffers in his reputation. Many a trifle might pass unnoticed in the common form of an octavo, or a twelves, which, produced in the more pompous promise of a heavy quarto, disgusts from the disproportion between the expectation excited and the actual reality; a quarto is too serious a personage to be allowed to play the fool; no one would give, with his eyes open, 2*l.* 5*s.* for this string of commonplace and buffooneries. Two decent octavos, for a Guinea, would have easily comprehended all the matter of Mr Carr's quarto. This is a trick of trade that cannot be too much reprobated.

There is another error in which Mr. Carr has evidently fallen; he has mistaken

the distinct offices of a traveller and a gazeteer. The description of places, the local description, the number of churches or chapels in a city, the divisions of the streets, all this belong to a gazeteer; these have been described so often, that there is certainly no necessity for a traveller leaving his own country for this purpose.—What is the office of a traveller, a traveller who writes? What but that of relating the novelties he has seen, by bringing home what was unknown before, of adding to the stock of minor knowledge; what, therefore, does Mr. Carr mean by giving us chapter after chapter describing Dublin, Cork and Limerick? Is this travelling into Ireland, or journeying into Cork, Limerick, and Dublin? a Rider to the Irish Linen Company could have told us all this; had Mr. Carr visited these several places in a stage coach, or had he not visited them, he could have written as fully and as usefully.

We have said so much of the style of Mr. Carr, that very little now remains to be said; but that our criticism may bear its justice upon its face, we refer our reader to the following passages.

Of the heavy style, the following is an excellent specimen:

"Whilst grave politicians, with cold procrastinating logic, are projecting and discussing systems of amelioration for the wretched, it seems destined that these noble patriots shall be preceded by the active, noble enthusiasm of those to whom we owe our greatest measures of felicity here, who act whilst we calculate, and frequently leave us to wake from our boasted proud pre-eminence of wisdom, to rub our eyes, and find the work upon which we have laboured in thought so long, already accomplished with all the detail of ardour, and with that promptitude which is the best, because the most seasonable relief of the miserable."

We were for some time at a loss to understand the author's meaning by this lagging sentence "of those to whom we owe our greatest measure of felicity here," for not a hint does he give us of it, till we fortunately recollected Mr. Carr's coxcombical way of writing. Mr. Carr in this phrase, "our felicity here," intends nothing but a compliment to the ladies. We have no objection to these compliments, but when we remember the price of the

book, we do not like to pay so dear for them; with a true city maxim, we wish to have something more for our money besides this pepper and salt.

"Since the Union the *price* of land has increased very much; about Cork and Kildare it is as high as ten pounds an acre."

Who would not think by this passage that Mr. Carr means the purchase of lands, the price in purchase—instead of which he is speaking of the rent. But this is his usual way whenever he is touching upon a subject upon which information is really wanting, and would be of value. Mr. Carr's book may possibly entertain, though even that in a very inferior degree, but as to utility, in the whole compass of nearly six hundred pages, there is not *one* useful observation. Mr. Carr is totally out of his element when he falls upon any grave or important topic. He can describe a church or a turnpike-road as well as Holcroft, or any of the race, but when he begins to reason, he relapses into the superficial coxcomb. He has named his book well, "The Stranger in Ireland."—We have only to inform our readers, that every page of it bears evidence to its being written by a "Stranger to Ireland."

Notwithstanding what Mr. Carr tells us in his title-page of his being of the Honourable Society of the Temple, &c. we should almost be induced to conclude, from his style of writing, that his education was not the most respectable. He appears grossly ignorant of the right meaning of words in his own language. The following is one amongst the specimens of his ignorance:

"I had the pleasure of mingling with many distinguished men, who *were more agreed* in paying those courteous attentions to a stranger, which so eminently distinguish the Irish, than in their opinions respecting the interest of their own country."

Who taught Mr. Carr this use of the verb *agreed*? We sometimes employ it as a passive impersonal, but never in this manner. We say, it is agreed, it has been agreed, by him or them, but never—I am agreed to it—they are agreed to it. This is tradesmen's gibberish. "I am agreeable to it, &c."

The following is an instance of Mr. Carr's talent at figurative language:

"When the light of reason beams upon the cloister, the cowed mummery of the cloister retires, like those animals that prowl only in the night, and are dazzled and confounded at the break of day. Disloyal priests had no influence on that *scanty groupe* of insurgents of education who headed the late troubles."

If we were writing an essay on the vile style of the present day, and wished to exemplify it in its several barbarisms, inelegancies, and heaviness, we should require no other source than Mr. Carr's works. A more inelegant book we have never perused. The Lord Lieutenant is thus ungracefully paraphrased:

"An Englishman who had never visited Ireland would be surprized to hear that Catholic priests of high rank are frequently honoured by invitations to the Castle, and are noticed with the gracious attention which are due to the character by the representative of Majesty."

"The same proselytising spirit, before mentioned, has aimed at affecting a *closer adherence* between the Catholic Church and the State."

Could Mr. Carr have written thus if he had learned his Latin grammar?

Where Mr. Carr gets on a plain subject, and speaks plainly on it, he is tolerable enough. But, according to his own term, he has not a head for remark or philosophy. He is one of those triflers and gossips who are well enough for an hour's conversation in the morning, and might be agreeable as a companion in a sauntering ride. But when he falls upon the weightier subjects of political economy and legislation, and endeavours, with all due gravity, to deliver and enforce an opinion, he is a perfect coxcomb, and his folly is less excusable because it is unnaturally heavy. Mr. Carr finds that the poor in Ireland are in a very wretched state. What is the remedy he proposes?—why, to encourage population. He is indignant against inclosures and the grazing system, because it is a means of starving the poor. He wishes for a law to compel the farmers to plough their land. He has no great objection to potatoes, but doubts whether they could be adopted with any effect in any of our iron founderies.

Amongst the "mortuary peculiarities,"—who would understand this term?

Having said much of this gentleman's work, we think it but justice to introduce him in person. The following detail on the manners and characters of the lower Irish, is the best chapter in the book, and no unsuitable specimen of the manner of the author:

"I have in the course of this tour mentioned some circumstances to illustrate the character of the low Irish; and a little closer view of it may not be unpleasant.

"In this class of society, a stranger will see a perfect picture of nakedness. Patt stands before him, thanks to those who ought long since to have cherished and instructed him, as it were "in mudder's (mother's) nakedness." His wit and warmth of heart are his own, his errors and their consequences, will not be registered against him. I speak of him in a quiescent state, and not when suffering and ignorance led him into scenes of tumult, which inflamed his mind and blood to deeds that are foreign to his nature. We know that the best when corrupted become the worst, and that the vulgar mind when overheated will rush headlong into the most brutal excesses, more especially if in pursuing a summary remedy for a real or supposed wrong, it has the example of occasional cruelty and oppression presented by those against whom it advances.

"The lower Irish are remarkable for their ingenuity and docility, and a quick conception; in these properties they are equalled only by the Russians. It is curious to see with what scanty materials they will work; they build their own cabins, and make bridles, stirrups, cruppers, and ropes for every rustic purpose, of hay; and British adjutants allow that an Irish recruit is sooner made a soldier of than an English one.

"That the Irish are not naturally lazy, is evident from the quantity of laborious work which they will perform, when they have much to do, which is not frequently the case in their own country, and are adequately paid for it, so as to enable them to get proper food to support severe toil. Upon this principle, in England, an Irish labourer is always preferred. It has been asserted by Dr. Campbell, who wrote in 1777, that the Irish recruits were in general short, owing to the poverty of their food; if this assertion were correct, and few tourists appear to have been more accurate, they are much altered since that gentleman wrote; for most of the Irish militia regiments which I saw exhibited very fine looking men, frequently exceeding the ordinary stature; and at the same time, I must confess, I do not see how meagre diet is likely to curtail the height of a man. Perhaps the Doctor might have seen some moun-

taineer recruits, and mountaineers are generally less in all regions, according to the old adage—

"The higher the hill, the shorter the grass."

"If I was gratified by contemplating the militia of Ireland, I could not fail of deriving the greatest satisfaction from seeing those distinguished heroes, the Volunteers of Ireland: this army of patriots, composed of catholics as well as protestants, amounts to about eighty thousand men; when their country was in danger, they left their families, their homes, and their occupations, and placed themselves in martial array against the invader and the disturber of her repose: they fought, bled, and conquered; and their names will be enrolled in the grateful page of history, as the saviours of their native land.

"What they have done, their brethren in arms on this side of the water are prepared and anxious to perform; and whenever the opportunity occurs, will cover themselves with equal glory.

"The handsomest peasants in Ireland are the natives of Kilkenny and the neighbourhood, and the most wretched and squalid near Cork and Waterford, and in Munster and Connaught. In the county of Roscommon the male and female peasantry and horses are handsome; the former are fair and tall, and possess great flexibility of muscle: the men are the best leapers in Ireland: the finest hunters and most expert huntsmen are to be found in the fine sporting county of Fermanagh. In the county of Meath the peasants are very heavily limbed. In the county of Kerry, and along the western shore the peasants very much resemble the Spaniards in expression of countenance, and colour of hair.

"The lower orders will occasionally lie, and so will the lower orders of any other country, unless they are instructed better; and so should we all, had we not been corrected in our childhood for doing it. It has been asserted, that the low Irish are addicted to pilfering; I met with no instance of it personally. An intelligent friend of mine, one of the largest linen manufacturers in the north of Ireland, in whose house there is seldom less than twelve or fifteen hundred pounds in cash, surrounded with two or three hundred poor peasants, retires at night to his bed without bolting a door, or fastening a window. During Lady Cathcart's imprisonment in her own house in Ireland, for twenty years, by the orders of her husband, an affair which made a great noise some years since, her Ladyship wished to remove some remarkably fine and valuable diamonds, which she had concealed from her husband, out of the house, but having no friend or servant whom she could trust, she spoke to a miserable beggar-woman who used to come to the house, from

the window of the room in which she was confined. The woman promised to take care of the jewels, and Lady Cathcart accordingly threw the parcel containing them to her out of the window; the poor mendicant conveyed them to the person to whom they were addressed; and when Lady Cathcart recovered her liberty some years afterwards, her diamonds were safely restored to her. I was well informed, that a disposition to inebriation amongst the peasantry had rather subsided, and had principally confined itself to Dublin.

"The instruction of the common people is in the lowest state of degradation. In the summer a wretched uncharacterized itinerant derives a scanty and precarious existence by wandering from parish to parish, and opening a school in some ditch covered with heath and furze, to which the inhabitants send their children to be instructed by the miserable beardless being, who is nearly as ignorant as themselves; and in the winter these pedagogue pedlars go from door to door offering their services, and pick up just sufficient to prevent themselves from perishing by famine. What proportion of morals and learning can flow from such a source into the mind of the ragged young pupil, can easily be imagined, but cannot be reflected upon without serious concern. A gentleman of undoubted veracity stated, not long since, before the Dublin Association for distributing Bibles and Testaments amongst the poor, that whole parishes were without a Bible.

"With an uncommon intellect, more exercised than cultivated, the peasantry have been kept in a state of degradation which is too well known, and which will be touched upon in a future part of this sketch.

"Their native urbanity to each other is very pleasing; I have frequently seen two boors take off their hats and salute each other with great civility. The expressions of these fellows upon meeting one another, are full of cordiality. One of them in Dublin met a camrouge, in plain English, a boy after his own heart, who, in the sincerity of his soul, exclaimed, "Paddy! myself's glad to see you, for in troth I wish you well." "By my shoul, I knows it well," said the other, "but you have but the half of it;" that is, the pleasure is divided. If you ask a common fellow in the streets of Dublin which is the way to a place, he will take off his hat, and if he does not know it, he will take care not to tell you so (for nothing is more painful to an Irishman than to be thought ignorant); he will either direct you by an appeal to his imagination, which is ever ready, or he will say, "I shall find it out for your honour immediately;" and away he flies into some shop for information, which he

is happy to be the bearer of, without any hope of reward.

"Their hospitality, when their circumstances are not too wretched to display it, is remarkably great. The neighbour or the stranger finds every man's door open, and to walk in without ceremony at meal-time, and to partake of his bowl of potatoes, is always sure to give pleasure to every one of the house, and the pig is turned out to make room for the gentleman. If the visitor can relate a lively tale, or play upon any instrument, all the family is in smiles, and the young will begin a merry dance whilst the old will smoke out of the same pipe, and entertain each other with stories. A gentleman of an erratic turn was pointed out to me, who with his flute in his hand, a clean pair of stockings and a shirt in his pocket, wandered through the country every summer; wherever he stopped the face of a stranger made him welcome, and the sight of his instrument doubly so; the best seat if they had any, the best potatoes and new milk, were allotted for his dinner; and clean straw, and sometimes a pair of sheets, formed his bed; which, although frequently not a bed of roses, was always rendered welcome by fatigue, and the peculiar bias of his mind.

"Curran, in one of his celebrated speeches, thus beautifully described the native hospitality of his country. "The hospitality of other countries is a matter of necessity, or convention; in savage nations, of the first; in polished, of the latter: but the hospitality of an Irishman is not the running account of *posted* and *legered* sourtesses, as in other countries: it springs, like all his other qualities, his faults, his virtues, directly from the heart. The heart of an Irishman is by nature bold, and he confides; it is tender, and he loves; it is generous, and he gives; it is social, and he is hospitable."

"The peasantry are uncommonly attached to their ancient melodies, some of which are exquisitely beautiful. In some parts of Ireland the harp is yet in use: but the Irish bagpipe is the favourite instrument. The stock of national music has not been much increased of late years. The Irish of all classes are fond of music. Amongst the higher orders of Irish, capable of appreciating the unrivalled extent of his genius in music, I heard the name of Viotti mentioned with the admiration which is due to his talents, and the respect which belongs to his character.

"Of the accuracy of their ear, Sir J. Hawkins, in his *History of Music*, vol. v. mentions the following instance. Speaking of the celebrated Dubourg, he says, that he often wished to enjoy, unobserved, the spirit of the Irish fair; and that an opportunity of gratifying his wish soon occurred at Dunboyne, near Dublin, where the

greatest fair in the country is annually held. Having disfigured himself as a country fiddler, he sallied forth amongst the tents, and was soon engaged by a groupe of dancers, who stood up to dance, but who, instead of dancing, became fixed with rapture, although he exerted himself to play in character, and as discordantly as he could. At length the crowd thickened so much, that he thought it most prudent to retire.

“A Sunday with the peasantry in Ireland is not unlike the same day in France. After the hours of devotion, a spirit of gaiety shines upon every hour, the bagpipe is heard, and every foot is in motion. The cabin on this day is deserted: and families, in order to meet together, and enjoy the luxury of a social chit-chat, even in rain and snow, will walk three or four miles to a given spot. The same social disposition attaches them to a festive meeting, which owes its origin to the following circumstance:—In the province of Munster and Connaught, and other counties, there were several fountains and wells, which in the early ages of Christianity, were dedicated to some favourite saint, whose patronage was supposed to give such sanctity to the waters, that the invalids who were immersed in them lost all their maladies. On the anniversary of each saint, numbers flocked round these wells for the united purpose of devotion and amusement: tents and booths are pitched in the adjoining fields; erratic musicians, hawkers, and showmen assembled from the neighbouring towns, and priests came to hear confessions: the devotees, after going round the holy well several times on their bare knees, the laceration of which had a marvellous effect in expiating offences, closed the evening by dancing, and at their departure fastened a small piece of cloth round the branch of the trees or bushes growing near these consecrated waters, as a memorial of their having performed their penitential exercises.

"In the year 1780 the priests discontinued their attendance, but the patrons, as those meetings were called, still continued the same, and to this day attract all the country for ten or twenty miles round. At these assemblies many droll things are said, many engagements of friendship are made, and many heads are broken as the power of whiskey develops itself: but revenge rises not with the morning. Pat awakes, finds a hole in his head, which nature without confining the energies of his mind, seems to have formed in contemplation of the consequences of these festive associations; he no longer remembers the hand that gave the blow, and vigorous health, and a purity of blood very speedily fill up the fissure. I have before given instances of their native humour, and as they occur, I shall give others. The following story is an instance of

that quality united to considerable shrewdness. An Irishman, on having knocked at the door of a very low priest after one of these patrons, and requested a night's lodging, the priest told him that he could not accommodate him, because there were only two beds in the house; one for himself, and the other for his niece, pointing to their rooms. Pat begged permission to sit down; and, whilst the priest and his niece went out for something, he took the bellows and put it in the young lady's bed, and calling about five days afterwards, found it there still.

“ A faint trait of Druidical superstition still lingers amongst the peasantry of Munster, where, if a murder has been committed in the open air, it is considered indispensable in every Roman Catholic who passes by to throw a stone on the spot, which, from a strict adhesion to this custom, presents a considerable pyramid of stones. In the counties of Tipperary and Kerry, also, these stony piles are to be found, which are beautifully and expressively called *clogh-breegh*, or *stones of sorrow*.

“ In Ireland the grim tyrant is noticed with eccentric honours. Upon the death of an Irishman or woman the straw upon which the deceased reposed is burned before the cabin door, and as the flames arise the family set up the death howl. At night the body with the face exposed, and the rest covered with a white sheet, placed upon some boards, or an unhinged door, supported by stools, is waked, when all the relatives, friends, and neighbours of the deceased assemble together, candles and candlesticks borrowed from the neighbourhood, are stuck round the deceased, according to the circumstances of the family, the company is regaled with whiskey, ale, cake, pipes and tobacco. A sprightly tourist, whose name does not appear in his book, observes, that—
“ Walking out one morning rather early, I heard dreadful groans and shrieks in a house. Attracted by curiosity I entered, and saw in a room about fifty women weeping over a poor old man, who died a couple of days before. Four of them, in particular, made more noise than the rest, tore their hair, and often embraced the deceased. I remarked that in about a quarter of an hour they were tired, went into another room, and were replaced by four others, who continued their shrieks until the others were recovered; these, after swallowing a large glass of whiskey, to enable them to make more noise, resumed their places, and the others went to refresh themselves.”

"Miss Edgeworth's admirable work, called *Rack-Rent*, states,—^f After a fit of universal sorrow, and the comfort of an universal dram, the scandal of the neighbourhood, as in higher circles, occupies the company. The young lads

and lasses romp with one another, and when the fathers and mothers are at last overcome with sleep and whiskey, the youths become more enterprising, and are frequently successful. It is said that more matches are made at wakes than at weddings. A very disgusting circumstance occurred whilst I was in Dublin, to the disgrace of the civil government of a city so noble and polished. A man was found drowned in the Liffey; he was taken up, and instead of being carried to some bone-house to be owned, the body was exposed in the street for two days, near the Queen's bridge, upon straw, with a plate of salt on his breast to excite the pity of passengers to place money upon it, for the purpose of appeasing the manes of the deceased with a convivial funeral.

"Amongst the mortuary peculiarities of the Irish, their love for posthumous honours, which I have before glanced at, is worthy of remark. An elderly man, whom a much esteemed clerical friend of mine attended in the last stage of existence, met death with fortitude, but expressed his grief that his dissolution should take place at a time when the employments of spring would prevent his funeral from being numerous attended. This is a general national trait; and a grievous imprecation in the Irish language is,

"May your burial be forsaken;" they have also another very figurative malediction, "May the grass grow green before your door."

"Their oaths are frequently very whimsical; the following are specimens: "By the seven pipes that played before Moses the night he was born, and that's musical?" "swear by your father's beard, and that's a hairy oath;" they also swear by St. Patrick's tooth, by the bones of St. Ruth, and the black bell that finds out truth. They have an expression of anger, which at first might be well mistaken for a benediction. "May God bless you," says a low Irishman to the person who has offended him, by which he means that he cannot obtain the blessing of man.

"Some of their customs are singular and characteristic. On the anniversary of Saint Patrick, the country people assemble in their nearest towns or villages, get very tipsy (but not bled by surgeons as some author has asserted), and walk through the street with the *trifolium pratense*, or as they call it, shamrock, in their hats, when whiskey is drank in copious libations; and from a spirit of gallantry, these merry devotees continue drunk the greater part of the next day, viz. the 18th of March, all in honour of Sheelagh, St. Patrick's wife."

SIMPLE TALES.

Simple Tales, by Mrs. Opie. Four volumes. 12mo. Longman, Hurst, Rees, and Orme. 1806.

THE name of Mrs. Opie is tolerably well known in the novelist's vocabulary; for these some years past, she has maintained a distinguished place on the shelves of Circulating Libraries; and even as a poetess, has aspired to and obtained greater honours than have been awarded to most of her sex. We will not undertake, indeed, to say that she has not been praised too much; but we will maintain that she has had enough of what Reviewers have it in their power to bestow; since, by what means we know not, she has plainly got to the blind side of these gentlemen, and those who agree in nothing else, have agreed in praising her.

Justice obliges us to confess, that her talents and her works have been much over-rated. When compared with a Mrs. Radcliffe, a Mrs. West, Madam D'Arblay,

or Charlotte Smith, she sinks very low indeed. Her poetry has something of simplicity and *naïveté*, but her own ambition could scarcely, we should think, flatter her into an imagined rivalry with the latter authoress; and as an amusing and moral instructress, what are her pretensions when compared with any of the above names?

Her Tales of the "Mother and the Daughter," and the "Father and the Daughter," deservedly attained her credit. The stories in each, though they smacked somewhat of a German palate, and were occasionally vitiated with those extravagant and unnatural passions which have disgraced the compositions of that school, were nevertheless animated with very warm and just descriptions, and supported by a vein of true pathos which did honour

to her head and heart. But when surveyed by a calm, critical perusal, as works aspiring to solid repute, and permanency of fame, they sink into nothing. They are precisely of the same class, though of a quality a little improved, with those that issue from the novel shops in periodical quantities; and which, as they are read to forget others, are all in their turns read and forgotten. The true level of Mrs. Opie's reputation is that of standing distinguished amongst these benefactors to the rich, the idle, and the luxurious: who, but for the employment of reading novels, and having their sensibility occasionally worked upon by a pretty tale of love, or a pretty tale of grief, would be infinitely less idle than they are used to be, and therefore, in all probability, more mischievous.

This station, which is Mrs. Opie's just station, long may she preserve;—may the fountain of her invention never be exhausted; may it alternately sparkle with love, and murmur with grief; may it supply, as shall be wanted, streams of tears,

and gushes of tenderness; may the pool never be stagnant, and never, never let it overflow with the "bitter waters of disappointment."

The present work, which she has entitled "Simple Tales," has the general characteristic of her style and manner of thinking. The work consists of sixteen or twenty tales on different subjects. Some of them are very interesting, and prettily related: though they can maintain but slender claims to original invention, or to force and novelty of character. These tales are, for the most part, composed of the same materials which have been immemorially employed in all edifices of the same sort.

The characters present few features which are not familiar to novel readers. The heroes are gentlemen, and the heroines gentlewomen. The style is the best commendation. It is uniformly simple and graceful, and tolerably correct. It is never much animated, and derives little vigour or beauty from illustration; but it is, in one word, the style of an accomplished Lady.

MEMOIRS OF A TRAVELLER NOW IN RETIREMENT.

Memoirs of a Traveller now in Retirement, written by himself. In Five Vols. 12mo. 25s. Phillips.

THIS work, after much unnecessary concealment, is at length acknowledged to be the production of Mr. Dutens, a gentleman of some credit in the Republic of Lettes, the author of an *Itinéraire* through Europe, and the Editor of the German Philosopher Leibnitz. The title of the present work is somewhat too pompous. The "Memoirs of a Traveller at Rest" turn out to be the relations of Court intrigues, the gossipings of Lords and Ladies, and the idle tattle of the great; collected by an industrious memory, which would have done honour to a *valet de chambre*, but which reflects little credit upon a professed Member of the Corps Diplomatique, and a gentleman of literary pretensions.

Supplement—Vol. I.

The French have a less ostentatious name for these flutterings of an idle fancy, this farrago of nothingness, which derives its only importance from being connected with more splendid characters and circumstances, and which is tolerated as opening scenes of domestic life amongst the great and the eminent, and repeating intrigues which have, perhaps, influenced affairs in a manner greatly disproportionate to their real importance. For these idle, frivolous, but not unamusing trifles, the French, as we observed, have a more modest name. They call them *souvenirs*, *reveries*, *memoirs*, *pour servir à la histoire*: they consider them as trifles, and never elevate them beyond their value. Mr. Dutens, however, is of a different opinion,

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as he dignifies a narrative of trifles with a pompous name, so he treats them as if they were the only important matters of life; and it must be confessed that, from the present sample, we have no reason to conclude that he had a capacity for any thing higher. His talents, his knowledge, his genius, seem to bear only upon trifles; and though cast in some very splendid and bustling scenes of diplomacy and politics, he comes out of them with just as much information and knowledge as might be expected from a confidential valet, or a groom of the chamber.

In a word, it is a matter of surprise to us, how a gentleman of Mr. Dutens' opportunities could have made so mean a use of them; how a man fairly, if not regularly educated, and of considerable taste, should have taken upon himself to relate the narrative of a long and splendid life, and have given us nothing but a tissue of trifles. Mr. Dutens seems to have mixed familiarly with the Ministers of all nations in Europe, and he tells us that, for many years, the secrets of almost all the Cabinets were at his mercy. Delicacy might have prevented him from revealing many, but surely taste and propriety would have suggested to him, that the private history of an opera dancer, or the *bon mots* of a favourite fiddler, the rebuffs of presumptuous gallants, and the intrigues of Duchesses and Countesses, were not the things to be expected from his pen, or such as could be proper amusement for the class of readers to which he aspires. Yet such, with some of the *petite* conversations of people of quality, the jests, frolics, and good things of these about a Court, is the matter of which this book is principally made up. If sometimes Mr. Dutens attempts better things, he relates them with that kind of levity and frivolity which spoil their effect. Like a true Frenchman, he is always on the titter, and immersed in self-vanity, struggling to bring in himself, and to inform the reader of the opinion in which he was holden by such and such a lady; what this Princess and that Marchioness said to him; how the Duchess flattered him, and the Duke confided in him, and what important events were directed and produced by his interference and management. It must be con-

fessed, however, that there seems to be that obsequiousness, softness, and pleasantry about him, which are the best recommendations to the favour of the great, and which, standing in lieu of other qualities, procured him that patronage and success amongst them, to which the more lofty and sterner virtues aspire in vain.

The secret of pleasing the great, by becoming necessary to them, Mr. Dutens has certainly discovered; and it is but justice to say that his success does not appear to have been at the price of his virtue.—His bitterest enemies can accuse him of nothing more than harmless vanity, and are at the same time obliged to leave him as his vindication, a successful and not dishonourable career. If his life has been spent in trifles, they appear never to have corrupted his honesty: and if he does not laugh and instruct, he certainly laughs and pleases.

But it may be asked who Mr. Dutens was?

Mr. Dutens was a Frenchman born, of Protestant parents; but as the policy of the old French Government had excluded all Protestants from every civil profession, whether law or arms, and had debarred them, by this most injudicious prescription, from almost every other avenue to wealth and independence, Mr. Dutens seems early to have meditated the resolution of escaping from a country in which, though a native, he was watched with more jealousy, and treated with less indulgence, than a foreigner or an outcast.

His parents were in a station of life which he calls genteel, and they took care to give him an education suited to their circumstances. He appears, however, to have been of a temper extremely roving and romantic; at school he falls in love with the Pedagogue's daughter; and being about fourteen years old, and laughed at for his folly, he runs away in a fit of spleen, and makes a trip to Paris. He manages, by some artifice or other, to get introduced to a knot of minor wits; he writes a play, which he gets presented to one of the theatres, and which, of course, is rejected.

After continuing a few months in Paris, he forms, by unexpected good luck, an intimacy with two English ladies; one of

whom was a Miss Pitt; the sister of the late Earl of Chatham, then the celebrated leader of a party, and Minister to the King of Great Britain. Miss Pitt, in the warmth of female kindness, gives him letters to her brother, and to the people of repute in England, and with this freightage of introduction, he sets sail for England, where, at first, he is received with much complacency by Mr. Pitt. Unfortunately, the kindness of his patroness, Miss Pitt, not only declined from his absence, but was succeeded by a fit of dislike; and she revokes the recommendations in his favour; which had already produced him the good offices of Lord Chatham. This source of patronage failing, Mr. Dutens returns to France, but is again summoned to England by better prospects, and, after a short time, is introduced to Mr. Mackenzie, the brother of Lord Bute, who, upon being appointed Ambassador to the Court of Turin, joins Dutens in his mission, as Chaplain and Private Secretary.

The character of Lord Bute, as sketched by Mr. Dutens, is worth extracting.

"Lord Bute was a man of dignified, elegant manners, and of a handsome person: he was endowed with great talents, and a comprehensive mind; his knowledge was extensive; and he possessed a spirit of magnanimity that despised difficulties, and proved how admirably he was fitted to share in the greatest enterprises. So free from ambition, however, was he, that scarcely was he married, when he retired to the Isle of Bute, of which he was proprietor: where he devoted himself to various studies, and a tranquil and happy life; dividing his time between the improvement of his estates, and the enjoyment of his books and his family. Here, perhaps, he would have ended his days, had not the landing of the Pretender in Scotland, in the year 1745, obliged him to change his manner of living. Upon that occasion most of the Scotch nobility who were attached to the reigning family, withdrew from Scotland that they might not be suspected of an attachment to the Stuarts, and to testify their zeal for the Court. Lord Bute, though bearing the name of Stuart, and one of the chiefs of that illustrious family, was among the first to repair to London, and offer his services to the King. When he appeared at the Court, it was divided into two parties: that of the King; and that of the Prince of Wales, who frequently opposed the measures of his father.

The Prince of Wales was much pleased with Lord Bute; and sought his friendship by so many marks of distinction, that his lordship soon renounced all other engagements; and devoted himself, without reserve, to the service of a prince who loaded him with honours and kindness. By degrees he became so necessary to the Prince of Wales in affairs both of business and of amusement, that nothing could be done without him. The death of the Prince, which happened some years after, far from diminishing his influence, considerably increased it. The Princess of Wales honoured him with unreserved confidence; and consulted him not only upon her own concerns, but upon the education of the Prince of Wales, her son. By her influence with the King, Lord Bute was appointed First Lord of the Chamber to the young Prince; and this early mark of favour excited against that nobleman the jealousy of many of his competitors, and was the cause of that animosity which afterwards broke out so strongly against him.

"In proportion as George II. advanced in years, the Prince of Wales, and the Princess (who had the natural ascendancy of a mother over him), acquired more influence. The ministers began to pay some attention to this rising court; and Lord Bute, who was its oracle, consequently enjoyed great power.

"It was during this period that his brother, Mr. Stuart Mackenzie, was appointed envoy extraordinary to the Court of Turin. Mr. Mackenzie, of all the men I have ever known, possessed the most good qualities with the fewest faults. He was endowed with a prudence which made him avoid the possibility of danger, and with a penetration which constantly pointed out to him the surest means of success in every undertaking.—His greatest pleasure was to do good; his greatest care to conceal it: and if he loved power, it was that his friends might reap the fruits of it. He had a stock of honour and integrity very uncommon in the time he lived; and which never failed him in any circumstances, however difficult and embarrassing: he was humane, charitable, and generous: he possessed great talents and information: his manners were dignified, yet affable; and in company he was cheerful and pleasant: he was not fond of the pleasures of high life, but preferred the application of his time to the study of the sciences, in which he was well versed, particularly in mathematics, algebra, and astronomy.

"His wife, Lady Betty Mackenzie, was the daughter of the famous John, Duke of Argyle and Greenwich, who for thirty years made so conspicuous a figure at the head of the British army, and in the House of Lords. She had an air of dignity and goodness, which won the love

and esteem of all who approached her: the wish to please appeared so genuine in her, that she must have succeeded in her object, even if she had not employed all possible means to accomplish it, which she never failed to do."

We have mentioned that Mr. Dutens was appointed Secretary to accompany Mr. Mackenzie to the Court of Turin. This is the first scene in the diplomatic life of the author, and he appears here to advantage. Mr. Mackenzie seems to have felt for him more than the common kindness of a patron; it was to him that he was indebted for his reception in public life, and for the basis of his future fortune. By Mr. Mackenzie's interest our author obtained a situation on the pension list of 800*l.* per annum, and some valuable church preferment; and upon his death, he was left his executor and residuary legatee, which Mr. Dutens confesses was tantamount to a very handsome fortune.

To return to our narrative. At Turin, Mr. Dutens became, in his capacity, acquainted with the whole tribe of European negotiators. At that period Turin was the seat of petty intrigue, and was occupied in matters of business very disproportionate to its seeming importance. From the smallness of the Court, of which the diplomatists themselves formed a majority, they met at the social board, and sat round, *en famille*, to discuss the affairs of Europe. At this *table d'ôte*, which was kept in the palace of the King of Sardinia, Mr. Dutens met many singular characters, and brings away with him many singular anecdotes. But here is his characteristic failing; here is the original sin of his whole work; whether from vanity or from indolence (we will not presume from incapacity), he is industrious only about trifles; he is perpetually telling us some insipid story and *bon mot*; he writes as if he were talking to a drawing-room of ladies; and flutters through half a volume with such an idle and disgusting vanity that the sensible reader can scarcely tolerate him. Mr. Dutens appears here in his glory; he is invited to all the *conversations* and *petite soupées*, of the women of rank and beauty in Turin; and he boasts sufficiently of his reception; he is ready enough to tell us how he found a partner for Signora, and reconciled the Countess

and her gallant; how he took a pinch of snuff out of the Prince's box, and formed a party when a secret was whispered which was as yet blown but amongst a few. High life, and high-lived people, are the only class he condescends to mix with. He has a most invincible *penchant* for stars and garters, for titles and ribbands, and what not; like the fop spoken of in Wycherley's *Plain Dealer*, he would not know a man who had not three thousand a year.

In truth, however, scarcely a person, untitled or unpensioned, is thought worthy of a mention in these memoirs. They form a perfect court calendar of their time.

The ill health of Mr. Mackenzie obliges him to leave the Court of Turin, and Mr. Dutens, who is employed to transact his business in his absence, is appointed *charge des affaires*. This is the brilliant period of his life, and he makes enough of it in all conscience. He now gossips and gabbles for a score of pages together, and all the time, takes care to remind us of his modesty and self-distrust, in words and half sentences like these—"If I had not been most strictly on my guard against the *amour propre*, I might, perhaps," &c. &c.—Or sometimes in a more decided strain—"I have been above vanity all my life."—"It has been a part of my study to keep down all selfish intrusions as long as I have lived."

As sure as Mr. Dutens commences a page in this style, we know what is to follow.

It is about this period that our author is seized with a literary mania; and though his education, and line of life, do not seem to have qualified him to excel much in this profession, he undertakes to edit the works of Leibnitz, the German philosopher. He tells us that he undertook this task without being at all acquainted with mathematics, and wrote a preface which D'Alembert commended, though that philosopher's opinion is not expressed as to any other portion of his work.

This edition of Leibnitz we can have no curiosity to see. To edit Leibnitz, without knowing any thing of mathematics, might properly subject our author to a similar sarcasm with that of Warburton's upon Mallet's *Life of the Duke of Marl-*

borough. "He has written the life of Marlborough," says he, "without knowing any thing of the military art; and he is now proposing a life of Bacon, which he will execute, and knows as little of philosophy."

Mr. Dutens did not continue long at Turin; and, upon his return to England, was employed as a sort of secretary to Mr. Mackenzie in a negociation for peace with France.

To the praise of his virtue, Mr. Dutens here let pass many golden opportunities which more sordid spirits would have grasped at.

"At this period I might have made a considerable fortune, if I had chosen to avail myself of the opportunity. It is well known that the public funds in England are the barometer of the State; they rise and fall as affairs are prosperous or adverse: peace always raises them; thus any one who is in the secret, and knows how to take advantage of the favourable moment for buying into the stocks, may make an immense profit without laying out any money. Several bankers proposed to give me half the profit, if I would communicate to them the proper time for purchasing: but I constantly refused their offers; and could never be prevailed upon to engage in such a traffic, as I considered it would be in some measure betraying the confidence reposed in me."

As Mr. Dutens had his eye constantly fixed on the circumstances of the day, he has preserved some in these Memoirs which are well worth extracting. Such is the following one:—

"There happened about this time (May, 1763) an occurrence in private life, which seemed to interest all London as deeply as if it had been an event in the issue of which the whole kingdom was at stake. It was attended with such extraordinary and affecting circumstances, that I conceive the reader will not be displeased at finding the particulars detailed in this place, carefully collected from the most authentic testimonies.

"Lady Molesworth was the widow of Lord Molesworth, a field-marshal in the British army: she was a lady of great accomplishments, handsome, intelligent, amiable, and affable; and devoted her whole care to the education of her family, which adored her. An unfortunate accident destroyed, in a few hours, the happiness of several years. A fire broke out in the house of Lady Molesworth at four o'clock in the morn-

ing: her ladyship was in bed with her eldest daughter, who was about sixteen years old; suddenly awaking, "Henrietta," said she, "I hear a noise; I am almost suffocated with smoke; is the house on fire?" Miss Molesworth leaped out of bed immediately, ran to the chamber door, and attempted to open it; but the lock of the door was so hot that it burnt her hand. Finding herself almost stifled, she ran to the window for air: and as she opened it, the door gave way to the violence of the flames; which, filling the room in an instant, obliged Miss Molesworth to throw herself out of the window, and she fell senseless. There were pointed iron railings in the front of the house; Miss Molesworth fell upon one of these; and broke both her leg and her thigh. She was carried into an adjoining house, which happened to be Lady Grosvenor's. Lord Grosvenor, her son, who had been informed that the fire was near his mother's, had hastened thither; and he now received the unfortunate young lady, whom he knew, and whom he loved. Nothing more was ever heard of Lady Molesworth: it is supposed that she was suffocated immediately after she had called her daughter; as her ring was found among her bones, and the remains of the bed.

"To return to Miss Molesworth.—As they were carrying her up stairs at Lady Grosvenor's, she first opened her eyes, fixed them upon Lord Grosvenor, and, without recollecting him, said, "Sir, are you my uncle?" He replied, "No; that he was Lord Grosvenor." "Well, Lord Grosvenor," said she, "pray take care of me," and then relapsed into her former state of insensibility. The surgeon had already been called in: he was decidedly of opinion that she could not live, unless her leg were amputated above the knee, the operation was performed before she recovered her senses. When she came to herself, it was thought advisable not to acquaint her with the loss of her leg, lest her grief at the circumstance might prevent that repose which was so necessary to her recovery; and the fever continuing, she remained in this state of ignorance for nearly two months. During that time, she frequently complained of painful shootings which she felt in her legs; and sometimes in the foot which in fact she had lost. This illusion in the sense of pain, is easily accounted for. Sensation is in the nerves; the extremities of which were formerly in the foot, but since her loss they terminated above the knee: and the mind, accustomed to refer pain to different parts of the nerves, and ignorant of any part having been taken away, continued to think that the pain, which was felt at the extremities, proceeded from the leg or the foot. To deceive Miss Molesworth, her other leg was wrapped up with paste-

board and bandages, and a second wrapper of a similar kind served to conceal from her the loss she had sustained. A lady, one of her relations, who was always with her, and who was appointed to acquaint her with her loss, at a suitable opportunity, told me that she was more than fifteen days in devising different plans of informing her of her condition, so as to prevent such unexpected tidings from being fatal to her health. For this purpose, she told her by degrees that the wound grew worse, and that it was probable she might be obliged to have her leg amputated. At last she brought her to express a wish that the operation had been performed while she was insensible, and she seized that moment to tell her that it was already done. When she heard this she turned pale, was silent for a minute or two, and then raising her eyes to her friend, "Well," said she, "I am very glad that the operation is not now to be performed."

"During six months that she remained in the house of Lady Grosvenor, Lord G. omitted no attention which might contribute to soothe her misfortunes. When she was in a state to receive him, he passed the greatest part of his time with her, and exerted himself to amuse her; sometimes by a select company which was agreeable to her, and sometimes by little concerts: and such was his assiduous attention, that it was supposed there was some mixture of love in it. In fact, he was in love, but the delicacy and generosity of his conduct were not affected by his passion; his love was confined within the strictest bounds of compassion and respect, and he took every possible precaution to conceal even the effects of it. Among other things, he went to Miss Molesworth's guardian, and gave him a considerable sum, which he begged him to dispose of in favour of his ward, in case the accident that had happened should have injured her fortune by destroying the family papers; recommending to him, at the same time, the most rigorous secrecy: and it was not till some years afterwards, that Miss Molesworth, having occasion for the assistance, was informed of this.

"Young Lord Molesworth was then at Westminster School: his mother had sent for him on the evening of the accident, to pass some days with her; but by some mistake he never received the message, or he would in all probability have perished.

"Two children of eight or nine years old were burnt in their beds, no one being able to rescue them from the flames.

"Two others of her daughters, twelve or thirteen years old, went up to the top of the house with their governess. The crowd, assembled in the street, had placed mattresses and feather-beds upon the pavement, and called out

to them to throw themselves down. The governess threw herself off first: she fell upon the pavement, and was shockingly mangled by the fall before the eyes of her pupils. The eldest, frightened at the height she had to leap, said to the other: "Sister, I see that there is no other way of saving ourselves but by throwing ourselves down, yet I have not courage to do it; pray push me off, and jump after me." The youngest, without waiting any longer, pushed her sister, and jumped after her, and fortunately they both fell upon the feather beds which had been spread out to receive them, and were saved.

"I pass over in silence the grief of these young ladies for the loss of their mother, but I cannot help relating a very singular instance of the misfortune that pursued Miss Molesworth.

"Some years after this accident, a young nobleman, who was both rich and amiable, became enamoured of that lady. She consented to become his wife; the marriage articles were drawn and the wedding day fixed; when, as they were riding together on horseback, the lover was thrown from his horse and killed on the spot, before the eyes of his mistress. She, however, married afterwards, and had several children.

"One of the two youngest sisters who had thrown herself from the top of the house, afterwards married Mr. Ponsonby, son of the Speaker of the Irish House of Commons."

About this time Mr. Dutens again returned to Turin, which he leaves with a farrago of his customary anecdotes and trifles. Mr. Mackenzie had now procured him a living from the Duke of Northumberland, who was the joint minister, with Lord Bute, of the day. Mr. Dutens' character of the Duke of Northumberland is worthy of an extract.

"I waited upon the Duke of Northumberland, to thank him for the living which I had just taken possession of; not that I was indebted to him for it (for he had bestowed it at the request of Mr. Mackenzie, without knowing any thing of me); but merely out of form, and in order to omit nothing which might be proper. The Duke was universally allowed to be the most magnificent nobleman in England; and this circumstance was an additional inducement to me to wait upon him, in the hope of knowing him better. I was received with all that politeness and affability which so particularly distinguished him. He spoke to me of my work in favour of the ancients, which he had read; complimented me upon it; invited me to dinner; and made me so welcome, that in a short time I found myself almost as well established in his good graces,

as if I had passed my life with him. As the whole of my time was afterwards, during a considerable period, devoted to him, it may not be improper, in this place, to make my reader acquainted with him.

"The Duke of Northumberland had been one of the handsomest men in the kingdom; he possessed great talents, a mind highly cultivated, and more knowledge than is generally found among the nobility. Born of genteel, though not illustrious parents, he had been raised by his marriage with the heiress of the name and wealth of the house of Percy; and he shewed that he was worthy of them. By the wisdom of his economy he improved the immense estates of that family; and so increased its revenue, that this now amounted to more than fifty thousand pounds a year. He restored the ancient splendor of the Percies by his taste and magnificence. Alnwick Castle, formerly the residence of the Earls of Northumberland, had entirely fallen to decay: he completely rebuilt it; and out of complaisance to the Duchess, his lady, ornamented it in the Gothic style, which he himself did not like; but he did it with so much taste, that he made it one of the most superb buildings of that kind in Europe. He embellished Sion House, a country seat not far from London; and exhausted the resources of art, at an immense expence, to embellish those two houses with master-pieces of taste, and to render them worthy of their possessors. He was created an Earl, received the Order of the Garter, was appointed Viceroy of Ireland, and afterwards created Duke; and he supported all these honours by an expenditure unexampled in his time. He was not generous; but he bestowed his pecuniary favours so judiciously, that he at least passed for being so.

"The Duchess of Northumberland was of the highest birth: she was descended from Charlemagne by Joscelin de Louvain; who had married Agnes de Percy, sole heiress of the house of Percy, in the year 1168. She brought, as a portion to her husband, several titles of nobility, the name and arms of Percy, and a princely income. She possessed great elevation of mind, natural and easy wit, a good and compassionate heart, and above all, a strong attachment to her friends, whom she took every opportunity to distinguish and to serve.

"Such were the two persons to whom I consecrated most of my time and of my attentions, with that zeal which enthusiasm alone can give. I was dazzled by the magnificence of the Duke, enchanted by the politeness and attention with which he honoured me, and particularly flattered by the distinction paid to me by the Duchess. Having then more pliancy of disposition than

now, I employed the whole of it to interest them in my favour. The Duke was fond of the arts and sciences; I entered into all his tastes, conversed with him upon every subject, and he found more variety in my conversation than in that of any other person. The Duchess, on the contrary, was pleased with little witticisms in a circle of friends; and amused herself by collecting prints and medals, and by making other collections of different sorts. I appeared to her as if I had never known any other employment; and in the evening I partook of her social amusements, and studied every means of adding to her pleasures."

Having gained the confidence of the Duke of Northumberland, and ingratiated himself yet more with the Duchess, Mr. Dutens became alternately domesticated at Northumberland House, or at Alnwick; and, as he appears all through these Memoirs, to be a gentleman convertible to many family uses, such as will easily suggest themselves to our readers, having once made his footing good, he is not easily to be shaken.

A little time elapses, and Mr. Dutens again makes his appearance on the public stage in the character of a bear-leader to Lord Algernon Percy, the youngest son of his noble patron. They commence their tour of Europe together; and, in the different courts which they visited, most of those anecdotes, *bon mots*, relations of intrigues, and characters, are gleaned, which compose the mass of this work.

Amongst the variety here collected, are many of general interest and pleasantry; they open new light upon eminent characters, and make us laugh at the expence of those whom, having surveyed at a distance, and moving only in the sphere of a court, we have been accustomed indiscriminately to admire. Such are those anecdotes which are related of Frederick the Great of Prussia, the founder of that atheistical structure which, only that it augments the present mass of evils which overwhelms Europe, every wise and virtuous man must rejoice to see levelled with the ground. Berlin was, at this period, the head-quarters of those stray *illuminées* and philosophers, who had either been driven from their own countries, by having taken too great liberties with certain establishments, and having abused the press

by the most intolerable licentiousness, or who, by the encouragement holden out by the vanity of Frederick to men of letters, had sought a court which professed to patronise and reward them, and distinguish them with the acquaintance of a king.— Frederick was, or pretended to be, an author, and therefore was a good subject for flattery.

In this court Mr. Dutens saw and noted many curious things, which he has brought together in these Memoirs. An anecdote respecting Quintus Icilius, a favourite of the monarch, is worth extracting:—

“ It is proper that I should inform my readers who this Quintus Icilius was. His father was a potter at Magdebourg, and was named Guischard. I do not know by what accident the King happened to see him, when he was only ten years old. He was pleased with his repartees, and thought he perceived in him the germ of future talents: he therefore sent him to study in Holland; and young Guischard profited so well by the lessons of his masters, that he soon made a great proficiency. He applied himself particularly to the study of the classics, and to acquiring a knowledge of the tactics of the ancients: he even wrote a work upon that subject, which he dedicated to the King of Prussia; and as he appeared very fond of the Romans, the King, on the following occasion, gave him a Roman name. One day, when his Majesty made a great promotion, he appointed, at his levee, all the officers who were present; and among others, he said that some battalions should be commanded by Quintus Icilius. Every body stared, and was anxious to know who this new colonel was, that they had never heard of before. The King perceiving their embarrassment, told them that their curiosity should soon be satisfied. The troops were accordingly drawn up, the King directed every officer to place himself at his new post, and taking Guischard (who had never seen an engagement) by the hand: “ Gentlemen,” said he, “ this is Quintus Icilius;” and he placed him at the head of three battalions, which he afterwards employed at Dresden and in the environs, and in operations in which there was not much fighting.

“ Quintus Icilius, for a long time, enjoyed the greatest favour with the King: he had talents and information; and though a pretty good courtier, he was not a servile flatterer. He fell in love with a young widow, who was very amiable and rich: she was fond of him, and they were engaged to be married. It was necessary, however, to obtain the consent of the King: who

did not like his friends to marry, because he said that he could then no longer venture to trust them with his secrets; for fear of their communicating them to their wives, who would not fail to divulge them. Quintus made several attempts to obtain this permission from the King, but in vain. “ Why do you wish to leave me, my dear Quintus?” said his Majesty one day to him, embracing him: “ you are of service to me, I am attached to you; and I foresee that, if you marry, we must separate.” This refusal vexed Quintus exceedingly. He scarcely ever spoke to the King. He continued to dine every day at his table, but always seemed in an ill humour. The King perceived it; was affronted, and resolved to be revenged, in a manner which he thought delicate.

“ At table he had a custom of jesting with his guests. The Marquis d’Argens, who dined every day with him, had been his *butt* for twenty years: but he had left Potsdam six months before, on a visit to his native country; so that poor Quintus, in his absence, was most commonly the subject of the King’s jokes, and one day he resolved not to spare him. Seeing him, therefore, in an ill humour, “ Quintus,” said the King, “ I am strongly tempted to write your life.”—“ As you please, Sire,” answered the other: “ I am not afraid of any thing.”—“ That is as it may happen,” said the King: “ suppose, for example, I should begin with these words: There was one Guischard, the son of a potter of Magdebourg.”—“ Well, Sire, from the potter to the porcelain merchant there is only one step.” Every body knows that the King of Prussia had established a manufactory of Porcelain, which was sold for his advantage. The prince, a little offended, proceeded: “ It happened that this Guischard had the honour of being admitted to a familiar intercourse with the King, wholly unworthy of it as he was.”—“ So much the worse, Sire, for the King who admitted him to it.” All the guests were astonished at the boldness of Quintus. “ Furthermore,” continued the King, “ though he had never seen an engagement, he had the command of three battalions; with which he did not engage the enemy, but pillaged and robbed.”—“ Oh! as for that, Sire, you know that we divided the spoils between us.” He alluded chiefly to the affair of Count de Bruhl. The King understood him, but every body else was ignorant of his meaning. The King knit his brows, and every one present was embarrassed. At last, after some sharp sallies, followed by repartees as keen, the King concluded by saying: “ Well, Quintus, what do you say? am I not a good historian?”—“ Faith, Sire, if I must tell you frankly, kings are generally but indifferent authors: they would do

much better to occupy themselves with the government of their states, and leave literature alone; for it is very rare that they succeed in it." At these last words all the company cast their eyes down upon their plates, and did not venture to look at the King. They expected, every moment, to see Quintus thrown out at the window: the King, however, subdued the anger which he really felt. This was at the conclusion of the repast. The company rose from the table, and went into an adjoining room to take coffee; with the exception of Quintus Icilius, who retired to his apartment. The King, not seeing him, asked, "Where is Quintus Icilius? Does not he come to take coffee?" They answered, that he had retired. "What!" said he, "is he affronted? Let some one go to look for him, and let every thing be forgotten." They went to Quintus, but he refused to come. The King sent the Abbé Bastiani, to tell him that he positively insisted upon seeing him. He still refused: "Tell the King," said he, "that if he wishes to have buffoons at his table, he should pay them better." (The King allowed him a pension of two hundred guineas.) The Abbé Bastiani entreated him to reflect upon the consequences of such an answer; but he persisted in it, and would send no other: and the Abbé, though he was his friend, was obliged to convey it to the King; who only laughed at it, saying, "He will be in a better humour to-morrow." The next day, at four o'clock in the morning, Quintus Icilius left the palace of Sans Souci, and went to Potsdam. The King, being informed of the circumstance when he arose, was really offended: however, he did not suffer his vexation to appear.

"Some time having elapsed, Quintus wrote to the King to beg that he would allow him to marry. He did not return any answer. Quintus sent another letter, which was equally ineffectual. He wrote six letters without the King's deigning to take any notice of them. At last, in reply to the seventh, the King wrote to him: "Quintus, you have offended me exceedingly; however, if you will renounce marriage I pardon you, and restore you to my favour." To this letter Quintus replied: "Sire, I ask no other favour from your Majesty, than permission to marry." The King granted him permission, but would never see him again."

Having completed their tour of Europe, Mr. Dutens and his pupil return to England, where the former is received by the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland with a warmth of gratitude and affection, which gave rise to very sanguine hopes. The Duke offers him an annuity of five

hundred pounds per annum to come and pass his days with him, which Mr. Dutens refuses, as he dislikes the restraint, and, probably, by this time, began to have no very favourable opinion of the Duke.

This nobleman, indeed, was a proverb for encouraging and disappointing the expectations of his adherents; and Mr. Dutens feels that resentment against him at last, which, notwithstanding his habits of courtly kindness, and dislike to find any fault with the great, he expresses tolerably freely in several parts of these Memoirs.

Lord Algernon Percy having married, there was no further occasion for a tutor. Mr. Dutens, therefore, takes leave of the family. If he had not much reason to be satisfied, he had certainly not much cause for complaint. He had a pension of three hundred pounds per annum on the civil list, and a living of about eight hundred a year; this was at least, if not according to his own idea sufficient for his merit, certainly enough for competence and comfort.

Our author appears to be one of those who are not formed for domestic quiet.—In Italy and France he had great acquaintances and splendid connections, and he again quits England for the Continent; this, we believe, is his fourth or fifth tour. It is the most interesting portion of his work. He is introduced to the society of all the eminent men, of whatever description, in politics, church, or the army, in both countries; and though his ambition is still to report trifles only, his narrative is here extremely interesting and pleasant.

He becomes domesticated with the Duke and Duchess of Choiseul, at their celebrated seat of Chanteloup. This was, indeed, an assemblage to which any man would have been proud to have been introduced. The Duke of Choiseul was the only worthy minister, of his time, in France; the only patriotic minister of a despotic monarchy; the only man who, at the same time, served a tyrant and his country. At Chanteloup were collected all the celebrated wits of the age, and many of their conversations, which are here detailed, are truly brilliant and interesting.

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Mr. Dutens returns to England; and upon paying his respects to the Duke of Northumberland, he relates the following anecdote of that family:—

“At my arrival in London, I found that the Duke of Northumberland and his family, as well as Mr. Mackenzie and the greater part of my friends, were already retired to the country. I went into the North of England, to pass the summer with the Duke: he pressed me to join him in the autumn, when I should have arranged the affairs of my benefice, at another estate which he had in the South of England, in Devonshire. I was so much devoted to his wishes, that though these journeys were burthensome to me, I crossed England to go and spend some days with him and the Duchess; and I returned with them to London. Three months after, the Duchess of Northumberland died very suddenly. I had passed the day with her: she had company; and was, as usual, very cheerful and entertaining. The next morning I went to see her; and as I was leaving her, she made me promise to come and spend the evening with her. I said that I would come at nine o'clock. About seven o'clock a servant came from her, to beg me to come to her immediately. I ran thither, somewhat alarmed at this message; and as soon as I arrived she made me sit down, and said to me: “I am ill: I am persuaded that I shall not live long; and I am afraid of losing my faculties before I take leave of you, as I have something to confide to you.” Astonished at such language, I said all I could to remove the idea from her mind; but she was so fixed in it, that all my efforts were useless. “It has been foretold to me,” said she, “that I shall not pass my sixtieth year; and I shall be sixty on Thursday: I feel that the prediction will be accomplished; let us, therefore, not waste time in vain reasoning.” She then told me all that she had to entrust me with; and took leave of me, as if she never expected to see me again.

“For my own part, as I could not persuade myself that she was so near her end, I shewed less concern. I saw her the next day, but she was so much altered that she scarcely knew any one. During a moment of recollection, however, she raised her eyes towards me, and said to me, “Adieu, for ever!” On Thursday night she asked what o'clock it was; she was told, six. “I have then still two hours to live,” said she, “for I was born at eight o'clock;” and, in fact, at about eight o'clock she died, having completed her sixtieth year.

“In her I lost not only a true friend, but a powerful patroness; and I lost her at the mo-

ment when the influence which her husband had just recovered at Court was to be employed by her for my advancement. The Duke was sensibly afflicted by this loss, and on that occasion he had an opportunity of experiencing my zeal and my affection for him.”

Mr. Dutens shortly after becomes disgusted with the great, and finds, on a longer acquaintance, those vexations to be real, which, in the ardour and ambition of youthful hope, he had fondly flattered himself were imaginary. He breaks out into the following reflections, which at once display his vanity, his unsettled disposition, and the gradual improvement of his mind in seriousness as he grows older. Notwithstanding all we have said, there is a sort of simplicity and candour of vanity in this author, which takes off the disgust naturally excited by too much of the *amour propre*.

“If I had profited by the frequent lessons which I had received of the dangers of forming connections with the great, it was now time for me to think of a retreat. The state of my fortune, my age, my taste for study, every thing called me to a retired life: but I was not yet cured of my rage for the society of the great.—I must confess that, in my intercourse with them, I had acquired a refinement in my manner of living, thinking, and even speaking, which rendered every thing that differed from it insupportable to me. I liked that urbanity, that taste, that elegance of manners and conversation, which were to be found in no other class of men so much as among them. I therefore resolved to form no more engagements of interest with them, to rely no more upon their promises, but merely to devote my time to those, whose kindness and friendship I had experienced.—Armed with these precautions, I thought I might, without danger, not only live in their circle, but perhaps still enjoy my independence among them. In this persuasion I determined to make a tour in Italy, again to view the beauties and antiquities of that charming country, and there pass my time until certain projects, then in embryo, were brought to maturity.”

We are now encroaching upon our limits. Mr. Mackenzie, the early friend and patron of our author, at length dies, and leaves him his executor, and residuary legatee. This, Mr. Dutens tells us, was equal to a handsome fortune. Years now come fast upon him, and our traveller

proceeds to "Rest," in about the seventieth year of his age. He now, we believe, resides on his benefice, in Yorkshire, and long may he live; though we cannot add, "to write another book."

We shall conclude our account of this work with an extract relative to "society in England."

Mr. Dutens thus proceeds in the delineation:—

"It is more difficult for foreigners to form acquaintance in England than in any other country. The reader will judge, by what I am going to communicate, and which is taken from a little work which I formerly published for the instruction of foreigners.

"Society in England is not at all upon the same footing as in Paris, Vienna, Rome, or Naples: it is formed upon a plan which suits the English; they enjoy it in their own way, and foreigners may participate in it.

"The greater part of the men who compose the first class of society are in Parliament: some are peers of the realm, and belong to the House of Lords; their sons, relations and friends, and the rest of the nobility, are members of the House of Commons; as well as the country-gentlemen, who come to reside in London during the sitting of Parliament. The hours of Parliament are extremely uncertain: they frequently sit till midnight, or till one or two o'clock in the morning, and sometimes later. From this custom arises the difficulty of having regular dinners during the sitting of Parliament; except on Saturdays and Sundays, and some days in the holidays. The ladies, however, have large parties at night: but from the same reason, there is a much greater proportion of females than gentlemen, at these assemblies; partly because the men, after breaking up of Parliament, go to dine together at each other's houses, or at their club; and partly because it is so late, that they do not think it worth while to give themselves the trouble of dressing. These are the first class.

"Among the better sort of citizens there are also some members of Parliament; and there are some who, without belonging to the House of Commons, are employed in public affairs, and are fond of talking of them. These likewise have their clubs; and the greater part of them like assembling there, much better than going to play at cards with the female friends of their wives. I must add, that among this class there is very little gallantry: every one is constant to his wife, whom he is sure to meet every night at supper with the rest of the family. Besides,

almost all the English have some business, some favourite amusement, some studies, or some pleasures, to which they devote themselves with as much attention as to business. They prefer spending the rest of their time in their own houses, to the dull pleasure of frequenting assemblies, which however are very numerous.—There are not, perhaps, less than two hundred houses in London, where two or three assemblies are given during the winter; so that there are sometimes three or four on the same night. The company begin to meet at nine or ten o'clock. People of fashion, both males and females, who are invited to them, all go to each; and stay there a longer or shorter time, as may be agreeable. Some are going in as others are coming out; three or four hundred people meet without seeing each other, and speak to one another without waiting for an answer. Card-tables are prepared in the different rooms, and card-playing lasts till one or two o'clock in the morning. In some houses suppers are given; but that is not common. If any French gentleman or lady should come to London, this compliment is paid to them: it is thought to be what they like best; but it must not be imagined that this is the general custom. Being at Paris some years ago, at the Prince de Conti's, I met the Viscount de Noailles, who had just returned from London, where he had been six weeks.—He was giving the company an account of the living at London; and, among other things, he said that they supped there, but did not dine. I was a little astonished at this assertion; and took the liberty to tell him that I had been absent from London only six months, and that was not the custom when I came away. He assured me very seriously, that I should find it so when I returned; as if a nation altered its manners in six months. It is thus that we are mistaken, when we form general opinions upon the little we see.

"Besides this way of meeting, there are, during the winter and spring, dinners of families, and their common friends, who come in turn: these are settled dinners, to which no one goes who is not invited. Thus there is not a city in Europe, where a person is less likely to fail in at the hour of dinner, at a friend's house, than in London. You run the risk of finding that he is gone to dine with a friend; or that he has a select party, and his table is full; or that he is dining alone, and does not choose to be taken unprovided. There are, perhaps, some exceptions, but I do not know them; besides, exceptions do not make the rule.

"As for the clubs, every body knows that they are assemblies of men, who elect among

themselves the members of their society. They have houses which they pay, to which they can go at any time; and there they read the newspapers, play at cards, and sup. There are clubs for all ranks, and all classes, even for mechanics: the latter content themselves with a private room in a tavern or coffee-house.

"In the country towns there is a little more sociability. The shackles of Parliament do not exist there, and they assemble more freely; in other respects there is little difference. The life they lead in the country is upon another system. It is there that the English display their luxury, and make their principal expence; it is there that they exercise their hospitality. There are no considerable noblemen or gentlemen, or men of fortune, who have not an estate and a house suitable to their condition: some magnificent and noble, but all good and convenient. There they receive their friends and foreigners willingly. However, they are glad to be previously informed of the time when they are to come: because they themselves might happen to be gone to pay a visit for some days to some of their country friends; or that their house was full; or that they had arranged the plan of their living, which they would not like to change.

"The manner of living in the country is more or less free, according to the disposition of the master of the house. In general, the company breakfast, dine, and sup together: those who absent themselves form an exception to the rule. At breakfast, parties are made for walking or riding: every one has perfect freedom in this respect. They return to dine; and after dinner, talk or play at cards till supper. The hours are more regular than in town; and as there is no business here, it is in the country that the English may be best seen in their natural disposition. They are not so gloomy as is supposed; on the contrary, an air of gaiety prevails in the country which greatly astonishes those who know the English nation only through the romances written by foreigners that have never set their foot in England.

"Men of letters do not form a body in London, as they do at Paris: it is not a profession. There is no one house which the *literati* frequent more than another: they do not know what is meant by a *bureau d'esprit*. A lady of rank attempted, some years ago, to form one, and to have one day in the week set apart for an assembly of that sort; but it at last became

ridiculous. If the English, who are really learned, were boasters, they might be more proud of not pretending to be so, than of setting up for men of letters. Men of learning, and writers, are to be found in all conditions of life, from the peer of the realm to the mechanic: one to please himself, another for his amusement, and a third for his emolument. Those whose objects of study are the same, assist each other, and communicate together; but we do not see, as in other countries, the naturalist, the poet, and the mathematician meeting to agree to praise each other, without being qualified to appreciate each other's merit.

"Society does nothing in England for the sick; I mean the bed-ridden. In France and Italy, a man goes a hundred miles to be at the bed-side of his sick friend. Here, if he is in the house, he quits it. His disorder may be contagious; or the sick man himself wishes to be quiet. Perhaps they are right. I wish neither to praise nor to blame; I only mention the fact.

"I have, perhaps, dwelt too much upon this subject: but I have thought that if these memoirs should one day become public, they would be as much read upon the Continent as in England; and the state of society in this country being so different from others, and arising from its constitution, every one must be pleased with me for giving him a just and clear idea of it. I have carried the subject further, because I never saw a traveller who did not complain of the difficulties he found in getting into company in London. I have said that it arose from the public business: I will add, that the spirit of party, which ordinarily prevails with more or less violence in company, and even creeps into families, produces obstacles which are fatal to the harmony of society, and which destroy all its charms.

"Happily for myself, my condition and situation excused me from forming political opinions; and if I possessed them, I should be fully sensible that it was not proper for me to avow them openly in conversation. In consequence of this reserve, I have always had the good fortune to have friends among all parties; and however difficult it has sometimes been to maintain it, I think I have so far succeeded, as never to have forfeited the good-will of any one; except in the instance already mentioned, for which, I will venture to say, I never gave sufficient cause."

THE MISERIES OF HUMAN LIFE.

The Miseries of Human Life; or the Groans of Samuel Sensitive and Timothy Testy: with a few Supplemental Sighs from Mrs. Testy. In Twelve Dialogues. 12mo. Miller. London. 1806.

THE plan of this work is original, and as such, of itself, would be entitled to merit; it has, however, a still further claim, it is pleasingly original, and has a meaning as well as spirit. It is a raillery of those minor miseries, those petty disappointments, those minute obstructions of comfort which constitute the character of life, and occasion many to imagine themselves as superlatively miserable as those who are suffering under objects of more dignity and magnitude. The pinch of a shoe, the concussion of a stone and a corn, the start of an over-drawn stocking, the fall of a dish or a tumbler, a spoilt dinner, and such like, are perhaps the greater part of the calamities of the larger portion of mankind; and upon which foundation they gravely assert the "Miseries of Human Life," and cross themselves with the holy exclamation, that "Man is born to trouble, as the sparks fly upwards."

In high, low, and middle life, how many of those beings do we see who are too gross for any other feelings than such as result from these petty miseries. In one part of their lives or other they may doubtless meet with heavier calamities; the loss of children, or friends; but, with a happy insensibility, whatever may be their sensations for a moment, the duration is so short that they can scarcely be added to the catalogue of their misfortunes. Their misery is of a different kind; the misery of fretfulness, and a mind ingenious in self-tormenting.

This folly is a worthy object of ridicule, and the author of the above work has performed it well; he has introduced two characters in the dramatic form, as exposing this folly in their own persons; but he has sometimes varied the sameness of his scene by the introduction of a lady, the wife of Mr. Testy, the acknowledged hero of the piece.

This good lady is fretful, with a vengeance. The dialogue, together with the

form, has much of the spirit of comedy, though occasionally disfigured by the formality of a college, and the ungraceful pedantry of a learned man labouring at a joke.

Mr. Testy is a man of hardy and sententious make; his stream of life is every moment worked into agitation, but presently clears itself by its commotion. His friend, Mr. Sensitive, on the other hand, is described as a languid, yet fretting current, which, by a peculiar and happy attraction, collects to itself all the *colluvies* through which it moves, which it has not afterwards the strength to precipitate or disperse. In plainer words, Testy is the angry, passionate man, who flies out upon all occasions, and bounces with a load of misery at his back, the accumulation of his own folly. He is always in a state of ebullition; the cauldron of his calamities is always boiling over; the daily and most petty occurrences of life supply him with perpetual fuel, and he flames away, with a vigour and permanency of heat, which is never extinguished but when burnt out.

On the contrary, Mr. Sensitive is a man of nerve, a man formed for all the finer quietudes, of quivering susceptibility and feverish fastidiousness, which are so well calculated to make any possible state of life so perfectly miserable. He is well said to be an ambidexter in misery, and to possess a most laudable ingenuity in the art of self-martyrdom. These characters are not kept distinct beyond the introductory dialogue; in the progress of the work, Sensitive and Testy are the same.

There is another character who is perhaps the most pleasing of the assemblage, namely, Mr. Testy, junior. This gentleman literally understands the old adage, "Life's a jest, and all things shew it." It is his employment to act the part of a chorus to the scenes of Testy senior and Sensitive, and to furnish a kind of ludicrous moral to their dialogue. He con-

verts every thing into a pun, and is perpetually lying in wait to intercept, in the current of conversation, something to supply food to this favourite propensity. His puns are sometimes very ingenious, though, for the most part, they smack of the college, and are too pedantic and abstruse for the comprehension of general readers. Sometimes the train is too ostensibly laid for them, and a whole page of dialogue is introduced for the purpose of bringing in a long meditated joke. This is too artificial, and easily seen through.

Mrs. Testy is occasionally brought forward for the purpose of introducing a few supplementary groans, which are borrowed from those miseries which are peculiar to ladies. She must certainly be allowed to acquit herself well to her sex; and to do full justice to those scenes of sorrow and vexation which disturb the serenity of female life. The groans which she reports from the dressing-room and the ball-room, though with all the aggravation of her natural temper, and for the purpose of supporting her character, are truly comical; and such as are daily endured, though in a more serene and philosophical manner, by most of our female readers, if we may be allowed to make this conjecture.

Such are the *Dramatis Personæ* who open this Pandora Box of misfortune. They are assembled together at the house of Mr. Testy senior, which is the settled rendezvous of these malcontents. It is here they strive, in sullen emulation, to shade the canvas with the blackest tints; and, in this strife of misery, this contest of calamity, each draws from his peculiar fund, his own personal bank, some contribution to the capital stock of calamity.

This dolorous disposition, this habit of submitting to the tyranny of small troubles, and the incursion of petty disquietudes, of suffering the general system of life to be vexed, fretted, and rubbed in parts, by those minor anxieties, which take off its polish, obstruct its tranquil progress, and sometimes, perhaps, throw it off its balance; but, in truth, menace nothing more dangerous than an occasional discomposure, which fancy alone swells to magnitude, and colours with aggravation; this disposition, we believe, is almost peculiar to this country, which, in the words of a witty and

sarcastic Frenchman, has been denominated the land of fogs and spleen. That it does not arise from the want of philosophy, or true dignity of mind, is sufficiently evident; its real source is in the possession of too much of the above qualities. Our habit, as a people, of the constant thought, and balancing of every thing, of feeding our patience and philosophy with every sort of material, whether favourable or not to our dispositions,—this habit it is which gives the dignity of consideration, the importance of reflection, to those minor disquietudes, which the mercurial temperament of the Frenchman never suffers to take hold of him, which the sullenness of the Dutchman does not feel, and the German shuffles off in habitual indifference. This, in truth, is one of our most prominent national foibles; and, as its origin is air, so its food is air. Its camelion-like quality is suited to every light, and will harmonize with every object. We draw in this spleen almost with our mothers' milk, and perhaps its cure, if possible, would present no very solid advantages. It might impair that national sobriety of character, and constitutional propensity to meditation, the effects of which have been our advancement in the scale of rational society, and our improvement in all the comforts and benefits of civil life.

If the philosopher demands pardon for the foibles of a good man, the physiognomist of manners may safely exact it for those traits (frailties if you please to call them) of national character, which, as the crust that envelopes the diamond, cannot be removed without injury to the stone.

The author of this work, however, is not without praise in his attempt, and, in having elicited wit and humour from subjects, which, as the mere grievances of fancy, the caricatures of spleen, are the most laudable topics of jest, he deserves to be numbered amongst those wits who have raised a chaste and harmless merriment upon the noble and eternal basis of virtue and utility.

We shall make a copious extract from this amusing work, and we trust that such of our readers who are not in possession of it, will speedily add it to their libraries. The Dedication is as follows:

"TO THE MISERABLE.

"Children of misfortune, wheresoever found, and whatsoever enduring,—ye who, arrogating to yourselves a kind of sovereignty in suffering, maintain that all the throbs of torture, all the pungency of sorrow, all the bitterness of desperation, are your own—who are so torn and spent with the storms and struggles of mortality, as to faint, or freeze, even at the personation of those ruined wretches, whose stories wash the stage of tragedy with tears and blood—approach a more disastrous scene! Take courage to behold a pageant of calamities, which calls you to renounce your sad monopoly. Dispassionately ponder all your worst of woes, in turn with these; then hasten to disil from the comparison an opiate for your fiercest pangs; and learn to recognise the lenity of your destinies, if they have spared you from the highest of those mightier and more grinding agonies, which claim to be emphatically characterized as "The Miseries of Human Life;" miseries, which excruciate the minds and bodies of none more insupportably, than of those heroes in anguish, those writhing martyrs to the plagues and frenzies of vexation, whose trembling hands must shortly cease to trace the names of

TIMOTHY TESTY,
SAMUEL SENSITIVE."

The work is divided into twelve Dialogues; from the second Dialogue we shall make our first extract:

MISERIES OF THE COUNTRY.

Testy senior and junior.—Sensitive.

"*Test.* The sole of the shoe torn down in walking, and obliging you to lift your foot, and limp along, like a pig in a string: no knife in your pocket, nor house within reach!

"The boot continually taking in gravel; while, for a time, you try to calm your feelings by believing it to be only hard dirt, and vainly hope that it will presently relieve you by pulverising."

"Suddenly rousing yourself from the ennui of a solitary walk by striking your toe (with a corn at the end of it) full and hard, against the sharp corner of a fixed flint:—pumps."

"While you are out with a walking-party, after heavy rains, one shoe suddenly sucked off by the boggy clay; and then, in making a long and desperate stretch (which fails), with the hope of recovering it, the other left in the same predicament: the second stage of ruin is that of standing, or rather tottering, in blank despair, with both bare feet planted, ancle deep, in the quagmire. The last, I had almost said the dying scene of the tragedy (that of deliberately cramming first one, and then the other, clogged polluted foot into its choked-up shoe, after having scavengered your hands and gloves in slaving to

drag up each separately, out of its deep bed, and in this state proceeding on your walk), is too dreadful for representation. The crown of the catastrophe is, that each of the party, floundering in his, or her own gulph, is utterly disabled from assisting, or being assisted by the rest.

"*Sen.* The delights of hay-time! as follows: After having cut down every foot of grass upon your grounds, on the most solemn assurances of the barometer that there is nothing to fear—after having dragged the whole neighbourhood for every man, woman, and child, that love or money could procure, and thrust a rake, or a pitch-fork into the hand of every servant in your family, from the housekeeper to the scullion—after having long overlooked and arimated their busy labours, and seen the exuberant produce turned and re-turned under a smiling sun, till every blade is as dry as a bone, and as sweet as a rose—after having exultingly counted one rising haycock after another—at such a moment as this, Mr. Testy, to see volume upon volume of black, heavy clouds suddenly rising, and advancing, in frowning columns from the south-west; at the signal of a thunder-clap, they pour down their contents with a steady perpendicular discharge, and continue the assault till every meadow is completely got under. When the enemy has performed his commission by a total defeat of your hopes, he suddenly breaks up his forces, and quits the field; leaving you to comfort yourself under your loss, by gazing at his colours, in the shape of a most beautiful rainbow."

MISERIES OF GAMES, SPORTS, &c.

"*Test.* When you have imprudently cooled yourself with a glass of ice, after dancing very violently, being immediately told by a medical friend, that you have no chance for your life but by continuing the exercise with all your might; then, the state of horror in which you suddenly cry out for "Go to the devil and shake yourself," or any other such frolicksome tune, and the heart-sinking apprehensions under which you instantly tear down the dance, and keep rousing all the rest of the couples (who having taken no ice, can afford to move with less spirit)—incessantly vociferating, as you ramp and gallop along, "Hands across, Sir, for Heaven's sake!"—"Set corners, ladies, if you have any bowels!"—"Right and left—or I'm a dead man!" &c.

MISERIES OF LONDON.

"*Test.* As you are hastening down the Strand, on a matter of life and death,—encountering, at an archway, the head of the first of twelve or fourteen horses, who, you know, must successively strain up with an over-loaded coal-waggon, before you can hope to stir an inch—unless you

prefer bedevilling your white stockings, and clean shoes, by scampering and crawling among, and under coaches, scavengers' carts, &c. &c. in the middle of the street.

"Sen. While on a short visit to London—the hurry and ferment—the crossing and jostling—the missing and marring—which incessantly happen among all our engagements, purposes, and promises, both of business and pleasure, at home and abroad, from morning till midnight; obstacles equally perverse, unexpected, unaccountable, innumerable, and intolerable, springing up like mushrooms through every step of your progress. Then (when you are at last leaving London), on asking yourself the question whether any thing has been neglected, or forgotten, receiving for answer—"Almost every thing!"

"While walking with your charmer—meeting a drunken sailor, who, as he staggers by you, ejects his reserve of tobacco against the lady's drapery. Now is not this too much, Sir?

"Ned Tes. Yes, that's exactly what it is; and therefore you should have cried out in time,—*Ne quid nigh miss!*"

MISERIES OF PUBLIC PLACES OF ENTERTAINMENT.

"Going to Vauxhall alone (without having previously consulted the barometer), for the purpose of joining a delightful party, whom you had appointed to meet; your only apprehension being that you may possibly fail to find them out in the immense crowd; then, on entering the gardens, and eagerly throwing round your eyes, espying only six or seven scattered solitary outcasts, standing as stiff as pokers, and as grave as judges, under shelter from the coming storm—one poor singer, quavering, like Orpheus of old, to the trees, and two or three savages, form an almost empty orchestra—the cascade locked up safe from the rain—the fire-works put entirely out of countenance by the water-works—and, of the few lamps that were originally lighted on so unpromising an evening, the far greater part shattered, or extinguished, by the wind and wet.

"At the play—the sickening scraps of naval loyalty which are crammed down your throat faster than you can gulp them, in such Afterpieces as are called "England's Glory,"—"The British Tars," &c. with the additional nausea of hearing them boisterously applauded.

"Arriving at the Masquerade, long before the rooms have begun to fill; with the awful farce of blank, lifeless buffoonery which presents itself at your entrance; till, at length, you are exhilarated by the average allowance of lethargic Harlequins, drunken Hermits, buckish Magicians, sneaking Emperors, august Tinkers, dejected Merry-An-

draws, hoydening Abbesses, drivelling Minervas, lusty Ghosts, &c. &c. what little character there is, lying, exclusively, among the Dominos."

MISERIES OF TRAVELLING.

"In the room of an inn to which you are confined by the rain, or by sudden indisposition, the whole day, finding yourself reduced to the following *delaissémens de coeur*; and first for the Morning:—examining the scrawled window-panes, in hopes of curious verses, &c. and finding nothing more *piquant* than "I love pretty Sally Appelby of Chipping-Norton."—Sweet Dolly Meadows!"—A. B. G. M. T. S. &c. &c. dined here July the 4th, 1739."—"I am very unhappy. Sam. Jennings."—"Life at best is but a jest."—Wm. Wilkins is a fool;"—with "So are you," written under it—"dam pit," &c. together with sundry half-finished initials scratched about.

"Then for the evening recreations:—After having, for the twentieth time, held a candle to the wretched prints, or ornaments, with which the room is hung—such as female personifications of the Four Seasons, or the Cardinal Vertues, daubed over, any how, with purple, red, and raspberry-cream colours—or a series of halfpenny prints, called "Going out in the morning,"—"Starting a Hare,"—"Coming in at the Death," or a Jenny Jessamy lover in a wood, in new boots, but without spurs, whip, horse, or hat, with his hair fall dressed, on one knee, in the dirt, before a coy May-pole Miss in an old-fashioned riding dress; both figures partly plain—or a goggling wax Queen bolt upright in a deep glass case, among the minikin pillars of a tawdry temple, wreathed with red foil, tinsel, and bright green varnished leaves—or the map of England, with only about four counties, and no towns in it, worked in a sampler by the landlady's youngest daughter, "aged 10 years,"—or a little fat plaster-man on the chimney-piece, with his gilt cocked hat at the back of his head, and a pipe in his mouth; being the centre figure to a china Shakspeare and Milton, in harlequin jackets, at the two extremities—after getting all this by heart, I say, asking, in despair, for some books; which, when brought, turn out to be Bracken's Farriery—three or four wrecks of different spelling books—Gauging made easy—a few odd volumes of the Racing Calendar—an abridged Abridgment of the History of England in question and answer, with half the leaves torn out, and the other half illegible with greasy thumbing—an old list of Terms, Transfer days, &c. with Tax Tables, &c.—in each of which you try a few pages, nod over them till nine o'clock, and then stumble to bed in a cloud of disgust."

SKETCH OF THE LATE CAMPAIGN IN GERMANY,

AND OF THE PROCEEDINGS OF

THE FRENCH AND PRUSSIAN ARMIES;

WITH A COLOURED PLAN OF THE BATTLES OF JENA AND AUERSTADT;

And a Map, describing with the most correct Statistical Accuracy and Geographical Precision, the present seat of War, and adjacent countries, from Hamburg to Petersburg.

THE treaty of Presburgh had left the Continent in a state of agitation which resembled war in every other circumstance, but that undisputed victory was suffered to remain with the French, without any other of the contending parties being inclined to put their existence to the hazard of future battles. The French camps were not yet broken up in Germany; their armies still assembled beyond the Rhine; a confederation of the minor princes of Germany, by the instigation of France, and at the head of which that power was placed, was brought about by the presence and menace of her hostile force; and whilst it served to strengthen the influence, and protract the stay of the French in Germany, it diminished in the same proportion that of the House of Austria, and was a blow perhaps more fatal than any she had received.

That kingdom, indeed, was now fast crumbling to dust, and the treaty of Presburgh was rather a respite before an execution, than an act which had any tendency to her future safety and restoration.

France had conceded this peace to Austria, from causes necessary to herself. She seemed to rise from a banquet of victory, to which she might return whenever leisure served, and appetite invited. It was only her business to take care that the services should not be removed, or the way barred to her return.

The peace was such as was to be expected from the circumstances on both sides. It sowed such numberless seeds of contention, that the succession of the crops could scarcely fail under any management; and the fuel for lighting up future wars was so thickly spread, that it seemed as if nothing less than the inability of both parties, or

the destruction of one, could ever bring them to a final conclusion.

The peace, however, was such as was necessary to the immediate preservation of Austria; but from the very nature of its conditions, and the never-ending train of consequences which they were capable of producing, could no longer be endured by the party aggrieved, or indeed by any of the other powers of Germany, than while some degree of similar necessity was prevalent.

Such was the state of things between Austria and France, and such, though with some deterioration of the chances of Austria from the late successes of France against Prussia, is the state of things now. But a short time can possibly intervene either between the total subjection of Austria, or her restoration to her former weight in the European balance. She is now in a state of motion. Peace cannot stop her. She must advance, or she must recede. She must rise, or she must fall.

Meantime, what was the state of Prussia? The conduct of this Court has been so mean and dastardly through all the calamities of Europe, so determinedly selfish, so narrowed to the petty systems and intriguing views of the day; in a word, every thing so contrary either to good policy, as it respected the other States of Europe, or as it tended even to her own honour and conservation, that the fall of this power, but that it augments the general mass of our misfortunes, would be unpitied, and almost unnoticed.

According to her natural interests, and those necessities which she has been taught at length by a hard misfortune, Prussia should have been our ally through the whole of the last war. But, on the contrary,

Count Haugwitz had signed a treaty in December 1805, by which that power necessarily became our enemy, and by which she let pass the glorious opportunity of working the salvation of the Continent, an honour which, whilst the armies of Austria and Russia were whole, and in Germany, and her own force unbroken, she might without much difficulty have accomplished.

Prussia was the arbitress of the fate of Europe in December 1805. She had only to have decided for the allies, and have put herself at the head of the confederacy, and, in spite of the treachery of Mack, and the defeat of Ulm, the battle of Austerlitz would not have been fought.

The policy of Haugwitz, fatally for Prussia, prevailed at Berlin, and that Power not only deserted the confederacy, but, if any thing, acted against it.

It is not our purpose to enter into a detail of the general conduct of Prussia, or to dwell upon those artifices by which she at length disgusted her real friends and only useful allies, without gaining over her enemies. It is needless to dwell on the seizure of Hanover, and the yet more disgraceful barter with France of those provinces which were esteemed the cradle of the Prussian empire. It is useless to expose the impolicy of that system which has at length broken up itself. Suffice it to say, that a great change of politics took place at Berlin in August last. Haugwitz, and the peace sycophants and traitors, were removed, but not time enough to save their country. Prussia, bankrupt in honour and virtue, was lost,—lost to every chance of safety, before the noble-minded Hardenburgh succeeded to the management of her affairs.

The public mind now underwent a surprising revolution. To the fearful, acquiescing policy of Prussia succeeded, as in extremes, the most hasty and passionate determination of war. As peace had been preserved too long, war was now decided upon too soon. Both extremes have been equally fatal to this Court.

The French party, with Haugwitz at their head, represented that war must lead to the utter destruction of Prussia, in exposing her empire to a manifestly unequal conflict, and breaking that hitherto

almost indissoluble bond of alliance which had subsisted so long between the Courts of Berlin and Paris, and by which Prussia had been benefited to a degree that had raised her to an arbitress of the German Empire, and, under the protection of which she must ever remain not only safe, but increasing in dominion and glory. They added, moreover, the usual ingredients of this advice,—a jealousy of Austria, who must naturally be gratified in seeing her rival torn to pieces, or at least maimed, in this ill-matched contest; and who would thus, from the natural course of things, seize the opportunity to compromise with France, by abstaining from all assistance to Prussia, as Prussia, in similar circumstances, had done by her; and by this policy would rise to that place in the estimation of France which Prussia had formerly filled. They concluded that Prussia was not, at that period, any wise equal to the war; and that neither her own internal situation, nor the general aspect of public affairs in Europe, rendered it a season favourable for a quarrel with France. Russia, at an immeasurable distance, however well disposed, was any thing but an ally. It was the misfortune of this Power, that she could seldom reach the stage, till the curtain had dropt upon the catastrophe.

In regard to England; irritated by the seizure of Hanover, it would be something to overcome her disinclination to Prussia, even by her evident interest, in having the Court of Berlin as one of the confederates in a war exclusively her own. This Court had considered itself as injured; its ambassador was now at the levee of Talleyrand; but granting that it was warmly disposed towards the Prussian interests, the Continental assistance of England, which was the only assistance the Court of Berlin required, was necessarily tardy, and, from this cause, ineffectual. England, indeed, had money; but the gradual, pecuniary exhaustion of a campaign, was not so much to be dreaded. The event would be decided by a few battles, and not by the purse of an ally.

Such was the summary of the arguments of the peace party at Berlin.

The war party, at the head of which, as we have said, was Hardenberg, supported by the whole influence of the Queen,

was now in possession of the popular sentiment.

It was necessary for the glory, if not for the safety of Prussia, that the system of compromise and neutrality should be done away. It was at once treacherous to Europe, and dangerous to Prussia. The benevolence of the Chief of the power of France towards Prussia, had its source in any thing but good-will. Prussia was cherished as a friend, because, under present circumstances, she was feared as an enemy. She was therefore in the most dangerous connection in which a smaller power could possibly be with a greater. She was indebted for her whole importance, and a dissembled friendship, to those circumstances, which excited a dread, and imposed a restraint, upon France, and which, as originating with Prussia, made her more feared and more courted than any other state. These were shackles which France resented, and which she hated, because obliged to endure.

To these arguments were added an appeal to the honour and magnanimity of the Prussian nation. The Prussian armies, it was affirmed, were composed of the best soldiers in Europe; their unbroken strength, their severe discipline, their unrivalled tactics, in addition to that military ardour and patriotic spirit which animated every corps, must ensure them success against an enemy, victorious rather from the want of skill and courage in its assailants, than from any intrinsic qualities of superiority. Moreover, Prussia, wrung in every part, by the conditions and consequences of the treaty of Pre-burgh, and with a thorough knowledge that the evils and dangers already produced, would, instead of lessening, every day increase, must find it more her interest, even in a cold calculation of chance, without regard to comparative estimates of strength and weakness, to put every thing to the hazard of war, than to submit, without an effort, for the sake of a short-lived security, to the silent and inevitable approach of ruin, under the insidious cover of peace.

The success of the war-party was confirmed by these representations; and the Council was no sooner broken up, than couriers were dispatched to every power in Europe, announcing this change in the

temper of the Court of Berlin. Shortly after, the negotiations, carrying on by Lord Lauderdale in Paris, were broken off; and M. D'Oubril, who had signed a provisional treaty with the French Government on the part of the Emperor of Russia, contrary to his powers, was recalled from Paris, the ratification of his act was refused by the Emperor and his Ministers, and the negotiator himself disgraced.

The fourth coalition, which owed its birth to the conduct of Prussia, was now about to come into action. In the middle of September the Prussian troops marched with the greatest rapidity from Berlin; they entered Saxony, advanced to the frontiers of the Confederation, and threatened an immediate irruption.

On the 24th of September, the Imperial Guard quitted Paris for Bamberg, where it arrived on the 6th of October. Orders were issued for the army to march, and it immediately began to advance.

The Emperor Napoleon set out from Paris the 25th of September; the 28th he arrived at Mentz, the 2d of October at Wurtzburgh; and the 6th at Bamberg.

On the 7th, his Majesty the Emperor received a courier from Mentz, sent by the Prince of Benevento (Talleyrand), with two important dispatches. One was a letter from the King of Prussia.

The Emperor, before he finished the reading, turned to those about him, and said, "I pity my Brother the King of Prussia! he understands not French.—Surely, he cannot have read this rhapsody?" This letter was accompanied by the celebrated Note of M. de Knobelsdorff. "Marshal!" said the Emperor to Berthier, "they give us a rendezvous of honour for the 8th. They say a handsome Queen is there, who desires to see battles, let us be polite, and march without delay for Saxony." The Emperor was correctly informed; for the Queen of Prussia was with the army.

The Emperor set out from Bamberg on the 8th, traversed the forest of Franconia at day-break; on the 9th proceeded to Ebersdorff, and thence to Schleitz, where he was present at the first action of the campaign.

On the 7th, Marshal Soult advanced to Bayreuth. The 9th he pushed on to Hoff,

where he took possession of the enemy's magazines, and made several prisoners. He advanced to Plauen on the 10th. Marshal Ney followed in his rear, at the distance of half a day's march.

On the 8th, the Grand Duke of Berg (Murat) advanced with the light cavalry from Cronach towards Saalburg; he was attended by the 25th regiment of light infantry. One Prussian regiment appeared inclined to defend the passage of the Saale; but after a cannonade of half an hour, apprehensive of being turned, it abandoned its position.

On the 9th, the Grand Duke of Berg advanced upon Schleitz, where a Prussian General with 10,000 men was posted. The Emperor arrived at noon, and ordered the Prince de Ponte-Corvo, to attack and take possession of the village, which he deemed of importance. The Prince disposed his columns in order, and advanced at their head. He carried the village, and pursued the flying enemy. In the course of the night a great number of prisoners were taken. Four companies of French light infantry, which were posted in a plain, were charged by the Prussian hussars, but they were repulsed. A Colonel of the Prussian regiment was among the dead, two pieces of cannon taken, 300 were made prisoners, and in the whole 400 men were killed.

On the 10th, the Prince de Ponte-Corvo removed his head-quarters to Auma. The 14th, the Grand Duke of Berg arrived at Gora. Lesalle, General of Brigade of the cavalry of reserve, cut off an escort of the Prussian baggage.

The left wing of the French was equally successful. Marshal Lannes entered Coburg on the 8th, and advanced against Grafenthal on the 9th. He attacked, on the 10th, the advanced guard of Prince Hohenlohe, which was commanded by Prince Louis of Prussia. The cannonade did not last above two hours; it proceeded only from a half of the division of General Suchet. The Prussian cavalry was cut off by the 9th and 10th regiments of hussars. The Prussian infantry were unable to make an orderly retreat; part were cut off in a marsh, the remainder found shelter in the woods. The French made 1000 prisoners, 600 were left dead on the field, and 30

pieces of cannon fell into their hands.—Prince Louis of Prussia, a brave and loyal soldier, seeing the rout of his corps, opposed himself singly to a Marshal Des Logis, of the 10th regiment of hussars. "Surrender, Colonel," said the hussar, "or you are a dead man!" The Prince answered by a blow of his sabre; his antagonist ran him through the body, on which the Prince instantly fell dead. His end was such as he desired, that of a good soldier!

Neither Dresden nor Berlin were covered by an army. Turned on its left, taken in the fact at the moment when it committed itself to the most hazardous operations, the Prussian army at the very outset was placed in the most critical situation. On the 12th it occupied Eisenach, Gotha, Erfurt, Weimar. The French army occupied Saalfeld and Gera, and was about to advance to Naumburg and Jena.

It was at Jena that the battle so fatal to the Prussian monarchy was fought. The Prussians had committed a grand fault at the outset of the campaign. Such had been their ardour for war, that the extravagance of their enthusiasm had bewildered their understandings. Not only the populace, but every description of military men, from the soldier up to the General and the King, conceived that they were marching out to a triumph, and that it was a sort of treachery to the common cause to admit the smallest doubt of victory.

Under this delusion they issued out, rather resembling an army of barbarians, than troops educated in the school of the Great Frederick. It was a battle that they wished to fight, not to conduct a campaign. They collected their whole force almost into one mass, and were prepared to hazard the empire on its single success. This kind of war, which might very well suit an invading army, whose object it should always be, to spread a panic by a first and leading victory, was the most pernicious system that could be adopted by a country which had to defend herself, and whose duty it was rather to multiply her chances by being prepared for repeated battles, than to reduce them to a single throw. Such, however, was the error of the Prussians, that they made no provision but for

the most complete success. Every strong town was emptied of its garrison; the arsenals and store-houses were left destitute of all supplies; even in case of a retreat, no place was appointed for a rendezvous of the different corps; but officers and soldiers alike, thought no further of any exertions, or any matters that related to the conduct of the war, than such as were to be called forth in one single battle.

The Prussians were likewise guilty of another error, of not much inferior magnitude. They might have saved their country; they might, perhaps, have ensured success, had they commenced the campaign a few days before; but, on the contrary, they suffered the French to accumulate their force in Saxony; regiments of the enemy arrived daily at the Grand Army, and Bonaparte was yet at his Capital, when Prussia, with a step alternately advancing and retreating, menacing a blow, but afraid to strike, lost that opportunity of probable victory which was never more recovered.

We must now pass to the battle of Jena. It was fought on the 14th of October. There is no other relation of this battle but what is to be found in the Fifth French Bulletin. We must make use therefore of this, the only source, and extract the Bulletin at length. Our readers will make the proper allowance for the natural exaggeration of a victorious army.

BATTLE OF JENA.

"The battle of Jena has wiped away the disgrace of the battle of Rosbach, and in seven days concluded a campaign which has wholly quieted all the dreadful preparations for war with which the Prussian heads were so much possessed.

"The following was the position of the army on the 13th:

"The Grand-Duke of Berg and Marshal Davoust were with the corps of their army at Naumburg, having a part at Leipzig and Halle.

"The corps of Marshal Prince Pontecorvo was on the march to come up to Naumburg.

"The corps of Marshal Lannes advanced to Jena; the corps of Marshal Augereau was placed in the position of Khala.

"The corps of Marshal Ney was at Rotha.

"The head-quarters were at Gera.

"The Emperor was on the march to proceed to Jena.

"The corps of Marshal Soult was on the march from Gera, to take a more convenient position upon the straight road from Naumburg to Jena.

"The position of the enemy was the following:

"The King of Prussia wished to commence hostilities on the 9th of October, by bearing down his right wing on Frankfort, with his centre on Wurtzburg, and his left wing on Bamberg. All the divisions of his army were disposed for the accomplishment of this plan; but the French army turning him upon the extremity of his left wing, was found in a few days at Saalburg, at Lobenstein, at Schleitz, at Gera, and at Naumburg. The Prussian army seeing itself turned, occupied the days of the 9th, 10th, 11th, and 12th, in calling in their detachments, and on the 13th formed itself in order of battle between Capelsdorff and Auerstadt, being about 150,000 men strong.

"On the 13th, at two o'clock in the afternoon, the Emperor came to Jena, and on a small elevated flat, beset by our advanced guard, reconnoitred the positions of the enemy, in order to manœuvre in such a way as next day to force the different passes on the Saal, and so to fall on. The enemy made a vigorous opposition, and seemed by their dispositions, on an inaccessible position on the highway between Jena and Weimar, to think that the French could not stretch out upon the plain without previously forcing that passage. It did not appear possible, in fact, to bring the artillery upon the flat, which was so small, that four battalions could scarcely open out their ranks upon it.

"The men were set at work the whole night to make a way over the ruts, and at length succeeded in bringing the artillery upon the height.

"Marshal Davoust received orders to defile near Naumburg, for the purpose of defending the defiles of Koesen, as the enemy wanted to march upon Naumburg, in order to reach Apolda, and fall upon his rear in case he remained in the situation he then was.

"The corps of Marshal Prince Pontecorvo was destined to stretch out by Naum-

burg, in order to fall upon the rear-guard of the enemy, in case he bent strongly toward Naumburg or Jena.

"The heavy cavalry, which had not yet come up with the army, could not be entirely brought on by mid-day. The cavalry of the Imperial Guard was at the distance of thirty-six hours march, notwithstanding the heavy journey which it had performed since it left Paris; but it was come to that moment of the war, when no single consideration should outweigh to deprive them of the advantage of being the first to meet and fall upon the enemy.

"The Emperor placed the whole corps of Marshal Lannes in order of battle upon the level height, which the enemy seemed to overlook (they occupied a position over against it). This corps was placed under the care of General Victor; each division formed a wing. Marshal Lefebvre ordered the Imperial Guard into a square battalion upon the highest point. The Emperor kept the watch in the midst of his brave men. The night presented a remarkable spectacle: two armies, the one of which extended its front upon a line of six hours march, fired the air with its lights; the other, the lights of which seemed to be brought into one small point; and in the one, as well as in the other, all watchfulness and motion. The lights of the two armies were at half cannon shot distance respectively; the sentinels were almost touching; and there was not a single motion on either side, which could not be heard from the other.

"The divisions of Marshals Ney and Soult took up the whole night in marching. At break of day the whole army was under arms. Gazan's division was disposed in three ranks; the left on the level height; Suchet's division formed the right; the Imperial Guards occupied the summit of a height. Each of these corps had their artillery in the little spaces between.

"From the town and neighbouring valleys the passes had been discovered by which the troops, which could not be placed upon the level height, might extend themselves in the easiest manner; and this is surely the first occasion when an army had to defile through so small a pass.

"A thick fog obscured the day. The Emperor passed before the different lines:

he commanded his soldiers to take care of the Prussian cavalry, which had been described as being so formidable; he bade them remember that a year was not elapsed since Ulm was taken; that the Prussian army, like the Austrian then, was surrounded; had been driven from their line of operations, and lost their magazines; that they at the present moment no longer fought for honour, but for a retreat; that they alone sought to make themselves an opening upon different points, and that the corps of the army which should let them pass, would lose its honour and its glory.

"To these inspiring words the soldiers answered with a loud cry of *Let us onward!* The light troops began the action. They opened a very brisk fire. Good as was the position of the enemy, he was nevertheless driven out; and the French army marched out in the plain, and began to form in the order of battle:

"The enemy's army, which on their side had no other view than to fall on whenever the fog should have cleared up, took up their arms. An army of 50,000 men from the left wing posted itself to cover the defiles of Naumburg, and to get possession of the passes of Koesen. But this was already anticipated by Marshal Davoust. The two other armies, one amounting to 80,000 men strong, placed themselves before the French army, which was opening out from the level height of Jena. The mist hung over both armies, lasting two hours; but at length was dissipated by the brightness of the sun. The two armies mutually beheld each other at the distance of less than cannon-shot. The left wing of the French army, supporting itself against a village and the woods, was commanded by Marshal Augereau. The Imperial Guard poured their fire upon the centre, which was maintained by Marshal Lannes; the right wing was drawn together out of the corps of Marshal Soult, who had only a small corps of 3,000 men, purely composed of troops which had arrived of his light corps.

"The enemy's army was numerous, and displayed a fine cavalry; their manœuvres were exactly and rapidly executed. The Emperor had chosen to delay coming to an engagement for two hours, in order to watch the positions which the enemy should take after the action of the morning, and to give

the necessary orders to the troops, especially the cavalry, which required the greatest care. But the impetuosity of the French was too ardent for him. Several battalions had begun to engage in the village of Hollstedt. He saw that the enemy was in motion to drive them out; he gave immediate orders to Marshal Lannes to march with expedition to the support of the village. Marshal Soult had attacked a wood on the right. The enemy having made a movement with his right wing upon our left, Marshal Augereau was commanded to repulse them, and in less than an hour the action was general. Two hundred and fifty, or three hundred thousand men, with seven or eight hundred pieces of artillery, scattered death in every direction, and exhibited one of the most awful events ever witnessed on the theatre of history. On one side, as well as on the other, every manœuvre was performed as if it were on a parade.

"Among our troops there was not for a moment the least disorder; the victory was not uncertain for an instant. The Emperor had all along by him, besides his Imperial Guards, a large body of troops, as a reserve to act in unforeseen events.

"Marshal Soult having got possession of the wood, which occupied him two hours, made a movement in advance. At that instant the Emperor gave orders that the division of French cavalry in reserve should begin to take post, and that the two new divisions from the army of Marshal Ney should take station on the field of battle by the rear. All the troops of the reserve were advanced to the foremost line, which being thus strengthened, threw the enemy into disorder, and they instantly retired.

"They retrieved themselves during the last hour; but were cast into dreadful confusion, at the moment when our division of dragoons and cuirassiers having the Grand Duke of Berg at their head, were able to take a part in the engagement. These brave cavaliers, fearing that the fate of the day would be determined without their assistance, then bore the Prussians down before them in great confusion wherever they met them. The Prussian cavalry and infantry could not withstand the shock. In vain did they form themselves into a square; five of their battalions were put to the rout, artil-

lery, cavalry, infantry, all were surprised and taken. The French came at the same instant to Weimar as the enemy, who found themselves pursued for six hours.

"On our right wing Marshal Davoust did wonders. Not only did he maintain his ground, but he followed fighting for the space of three hours against the great body of the enemy's troops from the defiles of Koesen.

"This Officer, to a distinguished bravery joins a vast deal of firmness, the first recommendation of a warrior. He was supported by Generals Gudin, Friant, Morand, Daultranne, Chief of the General Staff, and by the steady intrepidity of his brave light corps.

"The result of the battle is from 30 to 40,000 prisoners of war, and more are continually coming in; three hundred pieces of cannon, immense magazines, and quantities of provisions. Among the prisoners are more than twenty Generals; among others several Lieutenant-Generals; one is Lieutenant-General Schmeitau. The amount of the loss of the Prussian army is enormous; it is estimated at above 20,000 killed and wounded. Marshal Mollendorff is wounded; the Duke of Brunswick and General Ruchel are killed, and Prince Henry of Prussia is wounded desperately. According to the account of deserters, prisoners of war, and flags of truce, the disorder and confusion in the remainder of the enemy's army is at the utmost.

"On our side, we have only to lament the loss of Brigadier-General De Belli, a brave soldier; and the wound of Brigade-General Couroux. Among the killed are Colonels Verges of the 12th Infantry of the Line, Lamotte of the 36th, Barbenegre of the 9th regiment of hussars, Marigny of the 28th Chasseurs, Harispe of the 16th Light Infantry, Dalemhourg of the 1st Dragoons, Nicholas of the 61st of the Line, Viala of the 81st, and Higonet of the 108th.

"The Hussars and Chasseurs displayed a valour on this day, which entitles them to the highest praise. The Prussian cavalry were never able to stand against them, and all the attacks they made upon the Infantry were successful.

"Of the French infantry we shall say nothing. It is known long since that it is the best infantry in the world. The Em-

peror declares, that the French Cavalry, after the experience of the two last campaigns and last battle, has not its like.

"The Prussian army has, in this campaign, lost every point of retreat in its line of operations. Its left wing, followed by Marshal Davoust, begins its retreat to Weimar, at the same time that its right wing and centre take their retreat from Weimar towards Naumburg. The confusion was therefore extraordinary. The King was forced to retreat across the field at the head of his regiment of cavalry.

"Our loss is 1000 to 1100 men killed, and 3000 wounded. The Grand Duke of Berg is at this moment close up to Erfurt, where is a corps of the enemy commanded by Marshal Mollendorff and the Prince of Orange.

"The General Staff is occupied in preparing an official relation, which shall make known, with every detail, all the different Corps and Regiments that have distinguished themselves, to entitle them to the esteem and acknowledgments of the nation; if any thing were wanting, they have testified it amply in the enthusiasm and love they have shewn for their Emperor in the thickest of the fight.

"At one moment there was room for a doubt; every mouth was at once filled with the universal cry of *Long live the Emperor!* a sentiment which ran through every heart in the midst of the battle. The Emperor seeing his wings threatened by the cavalry, set forward at full gallop to the spot, to direct other manœuvres, and order a change of front.

"He was every moment annoyed with the shouts of *Long live the Emperor!* The Imperial Foot Guards, enraged not to be allowed to press on while they saw that every other corps was in motion, and that they were left inactive, several voices among them cried out, *Forward!* 'What is this?' said the Emperor: 'This can

come from none other but some beardless boy that will give orders independent of me: let him wait till he has commanded in thirty battles, before he takes upon him to advise me.'

"In the heaviest of the fire, when the enemy had lost almost all his Generals, it might be seen what Providence has done for us, which had spared our army. Not a man of distinction, on the side of the French, is injured or wounded. Marshal Lasnes was grazed by a musket-bullet on the breast, but escaped unhurt. Marshal Davoust had his hat and clothes shot through in several places with small bullets. The Emperor was continually surrounded, wherever he appeared, by the Prince of Neufchatel, Marshal Bessieres; the Grand Marshal of the Palace, Duroc; the Grand Master of the Horse, Coulin-court; his Aides-de-Camp, and Equerry in Waiting. A part of the army did not fire a single shot.

"Erfurt is taken; the Prince of Orange-Fulda, Marshal Mollendorff, several other Generals, and a considerable number of the troops are prisoners of war."

Such was the fate of this memorable battle, which, in its portentous results, and the unmodified ruin which it produced, exceeded every thing in the history of European wars. A whole empire was lost by this single battle.

Let us review some of the consequences of this defeat. Every town and fortified city surrendered upon a summons; even Magdeburgh, which seemed the strongest by situation and art, was delivered up to the French the moment they appeared before it.

Upon the 25th of October, the Emperor Napoleon entered Potsdam; and upon the 27th, Berlin. Great treasure and vast ammunition were found in the Capital of Prussia, and the people every where peaceably submitted.

PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF JENA,

On the 14th of October 1806, between the Prussian-Saxon Armies, and the French Army, under Napoleon.

- A On the 12th of October, the Corps of Prince Louis, consisting of about 6,000 Prussians and Saxons, was attacked, near Saalfeld, by 30,000 French, under Bernadotte, and drove back.
- B Advance of the French Army, under the command of Napoleon, near the river Saale.
- C The same, in order of battle.
- D Prussian Army in order of battle, under the command of the King, between Weimar and Auerstadt.
- E The King's attack of the centre of the French Army.
- F Attack of the French right wing, near Auerstadt, to take in flank the left wing of the Prussians.
- G Retreat of the Prussian Army over Erfurth and Weimar.

CORRECT PLAN of the BATTLE of JENA & SAALFELD, in OCTOBER 1806.



A MAP of the PRESENT & PROBABLE SEAT OF WAR, in GERMANY & POLAND, 1806.



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No. 5. Princess Augusta	M. P. King	Five Ditto
No. 6. Princess Elizabeth	Reeves	Five Ditto
No. 7. Princess Mary	Dr. Busby	Five Ditto
No. 8. Duchess of York	Davy	Five Ditto
No. 9. Duchess of Gloucester	Dr. Kitchener	Five Ditto
No. 10. Duchess of Cumberland		Four Ditto
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SUPPLMENT.

A Portrait of His Majesty George III.
Map of the present Seat of War, and Plan of the Battle of Jena.