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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

OF

ILLUSTRIOUS LADIES.

The Seventh Number.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS MARY.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS MARY is the fourth daughter of our gracious Sovereigns—she was born April 25th, 1776.—In the biographical sketch of her Royal Highness the Princess Elizabeth, which appeared in our last Number, we had occasion to congratulate the artists of Great Britain upon the countenance and patronage which they derived from the present Royal Family; a patronage which, as we observed, must from its nature have the real honour and advantage of the arts in view, which could not be employed as a cloak for a mere political purpose, or dissembled for any other than a munificent and generous motive.

The encouragement of the fine arts has not unfrequently been one of the devices of arbitrary princes and ministers, to corrupt the manners and rivet the chains of a people; and Machiavel, in his Treatise upon Republican Government, considers the arts so unfavourable to liberty, that he ventures to stipulate for the solid and permanent freedom of his own visionary state, only upon a condition that music, painting, and sculpture should be discountenanced and driven from it.—

“Wherever these arts prevail,” says he,

“there is a corruption and effeminacy of manners, which entirely relaxes and destroys those stronger sinews of character which are necessary to enjoy or create freedom.—The parents of liberty are sobriety of morals, firmness, parsimony, and prudence, and whatever, among the creations of the human fancy, is hostile to these qualities, will be found to flow from the ARTS.—When did the arts flourish in Greece? Under the most decided tyrant of his age, Alexander; the first who overturned the liberties of those glorious states which nourished them, and put shackles upon every thing that was generous and free within his reach. The commencement of the Roman slavery was the importation of the works of art into that country from the plunder of Greece.—MUMMIUS was a true patriot, and knew not the pernicious freightage of his ship; for, could he have foreseen its consequences, he would sooner have left the bones of his whole legion and of himself upon the plains of Corinth, than have carried over with him a destruction to the liberties of his country, and the sure vengeance of a conquered people upon their conquerors.”

Such was the opinion of Machiavel; but it is easy to detect the error upon which it is founded.

The objection which is made to the arts as subversive of the liberty of a state, is of a similar kind with what has been alledged by Infidels against our holy religion, as having produced more mischief and ruin in its propagation, than it has ever effected good by its precepts and practices.—Human nature is every where corrupt and wicked; the passions are at all periods the same, and if sometimes avarice, ambition, revenge, pride, and jealousy, have obtruded themselves upon the world in the shape, and under the mask of religion, none but a shallow observer would impute the evils they have caused to the thing pretended, but to the pretence and pretender themselves.—The Spaniards have a proverb, “The cleanest conduit may convey the foulest water.”—It is thus with respect to the arts.—Instead of containing in themselves any seeds of that corruption and dissoluteness of manners which have been imputed to them, it may be very fairly contended, that they are the sources of virtue, freedom, and sobriety, when beheld in their perfection, and have been seldom found in their glory, but in states remarkable for good morals and good laws.

The æra of the Grecian arts is very properly placed at Athens under the administration of Pericles, at a period when that state was in the most perfect consummation of its liberties; when Athens was the real nurse of arts and school of learning, a model of freedom and morals to all the neighbouring states, and the champion of the liberties of Greece.—It was the arts made Athens what she was.—Alexander found Greece, as a school of arts, made to his hands.—It was his ambition and lust of power which deprived her of her remaining liberties, and, with these, she lost that strictness of morals and purity of character, which are the constant companions of freedom.—“In the day of slavery,” says Homer, “a man loses half his worth.”—This was true of Greece; her morals and her freedom vanished at the same time. But the arts were not only innocent, but serviceable to

her in her first decay. Instead of inflaming the despotism of her conquerors, they tempered and allayed it; they softened the fierceness of pride, and touched the heart amidst the utmost ravages of war. When Alexander entered Athens, he fell before the statue of Jupiter, and remitted a part of the tribute of the conquered people, in order that the temple which contained his image might be supported in its proper splendour and magnificence. He burnt Thebes, but he revered the habitation of her immortal bard.

“The great Æmathian Conqueror did spare,

“The house of Pindarus, when tower and temple

“Fell to the ground——.”

Frequently did Athens owe her safety to the illustrious men she had produced.—“How often,” exclaimed one of her conquerors, “must I spare the LIVING for the sake of the DEAD.”

With regard to Rome, it may truly be said, that it was not the arts of Greece, but the wealth and vices of Greece, which brought a ruin to her liberties, and at last to her empire.—If Europe were resuscitated by any thing singly considered, and not by a combination of causes, in which the finger of Providence was plainly seen, directing every thing for the advantage and triumph of the religion of the Gospel, we should affirm that she owed this resuscitation to the ARTS. The restoration of the arts in the fourteenth and following centuries, first civilized and polished her; subdued the sternness and ferocity of her former barbarism, and opened that day of glory which soon afterwards rose upon all nations. It was under a Cosmo and a Lorenzo, that the family of the MEDICI raised the little state of Florence to a rivalry with the Grecian Athens. But the ARTS were the sole instruments of her elevation; and though the pride and tyranny of the future descendants of this family destroyed those liberties which their ancestors had raised, no objection can be made to the arts on that account, but to the vices of those princes, who, whether the arts had flourished or not, would have destroyed the freedom of any republic which had been under their power.

Leo the Tenth loved the arts, and they flourished under him. He was a man given to indolence, a voluptuary; and the Papal power was first shaken under his Pontificate. But this was not the fault of the arts. It may safely be affirmed that, wherever they have flourished, their tendency has been to create virtue and improve the morals of society; and though these good effects have been often impeded by the vices and profligacy of mankind, it is unquestionable that these vices would have raged with infinitely more fury and mischievous consequences, but for the wholesome curb which the dignified study of the arts imposed upon the passions of mankind. In a word, the study of the arts gives a new spirit to commerce, and opens new sources of wealth, and, concurring with morals, softens the manners of a people, and renders them more obedient to the laws which govern them.

Our readers, who understand our views, in these biographical sketches, will excuse the introductory remarks; and, in truth, they seem naturally to spring from the subject, since the Princess, of whom we are about to speak, is attached to the study of the fine arts with an ardour that does honour to her character; and has attained to a proficiency in them which reflects credit upon her industry and genius.

In our biographical sketch of her Royal Highness the Princess Elizabeth, we had occasion to quote the words of the late President of the Royal Society, Mr. West, in which he speaks of the encouragement which the arts received from the Royal Family, and likewise of the associated labours of the female branch of it.

Of the distinguished compliment which that illustrious man paid them, her Royal Highness the Princess Mary is entitled to her full share.—As an artist, however, she is distinguished from her sisters, the Princess Royal, now Queen of Wurtemburgh, and the Princess Elizabeth.—The former chiefly excelled in copying engravings in pen and ink, in which her talent was so remarkable as to produce the strongest delusions to the eye even of a connoisseur; the latter, as we observed in a former number, is chiefly gifted with an inventive faculty; and excels in allegorical sketches and designs, which are created by her own fancy.—But her Royal Highness the Princess Mary has attained to a particular proficiency in a province of her own.—She excels in copying drawings in chalk, which she does with a vigour and exactness of character equal to the productions of a master. Some of these efforts of her genius are entitled to great credit, particularly one of the comedian, QUICK.—Such is her peculiar line of study. Having pointed out these distinctions in the cultivation of the arts between her Royal Highness and her other sisters, we shall conclude with observing that her talent for musical composition is likewise rare.—She is a perfect mistress of the art; and the day, after the performance of more serious duties, is generally divided between music and painting. It is useless to point out the other qualities of her character. She is as amiable, domestic, and affable, as her other sisters; she holds out the same example to society, and joins with them in giving to the highest virtue the sanction and credit of the highest rank.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN TWO YOUNG MARRIED LADIES,

HARRIET AND CHARLOTTE.

[Continued from Page 293.]

H. To deal plainly with you, there are certain vices at which you must connive, otherwise your repose will be but of short continuance; but above all, take special care never to begin any quarrel, or to trump up any angry stories with your husband in the hour of repose.

C. I own you are tolerably right; but alas! my lot is fallen upon a downright impenitent brute.

H. Come, come, leave off your railing. If our husbands prove bad, it generally must be attributed to our own ill conduct. But, to return to our argument, those gentlemen who are conversant in the ancient fables of the Poets, will tell you that *Venus*, one of the goddesses that presided over matrimony, had a girdle or *cestus* made for her by *Vulcan's* skill.

C. Well, but where can we furnish ourselves with an utensil like this *cestus*?

H. You carry it about you, only you do not make a right use of it. The most powerful charm is virtue joined to a sweet disposition. By these you may make a sober man of a drunkard, a frugal man of a spendthrift, and an industrious man of an indolent loiterer. Always carry in mind, that, whether you are willing or not, your husband must be your husband to the end of the chapter, and the better man you make him, the more advantage you obtain for yourself. But the mischief is, that you only fix your eyes on his faults, and those create your aversion to him; whereas you ought to regard his good qualities only, and take him, as the saying is, by the right handle. You should have considered his defects before you married him; and indeed a discreet woman should not choose her husband only by her eyes, but also take the advice of her ears. All you can do now is to use anodynes, and not to apply corrosives.

C. But what woman, pray now, ever consulted her ears in the choice of a husband?

H. She may properly be said to choose by her eyes who minds nothing but his person and bare outside; as she may be said to choose him by her ears, who carefully observes what falls from him in familiar conversation, what reputation he has among his acquaintance, and what strangers say of him.

C. This is good advice, but it comes rather too late.

H. Give me leave to tell you it is not too late to endeavour the cure of your husband. It will be no small step to this; if you should have any children by him.

C. I have now a fine boy of seven months old and suspect I am now likely to encrease his family.

H. Mercy on us! why, here is a good fruitful soil. This first pledge of your affections, will, I make no doubt, set ye both to rights, if you, my dear friend, will lend your helping hand a little to so good a work. By the bye, let me ask you what sort of character do your husband's companions give him? How is he respected by them?

C. They all agree that he is as easy a man in conversation, as generous, and as ready to do any good offices as ever lived.

H. Better and better still. This gives me great hopes that we shall manage him to your heart's content.

C. Here is the misfortune; I am the only person he shews himself ill-natured to.

H. Do but put the rules I gave you in practice, and I give you leave to say all the malicious things you can of me, if you do not shortly find him much altered for the better. Besides, I would have you consider he is still but a young fellow, not above four-and-twenty years old, and does not know yet what it is to be the master of a family. As for a divorce, I would advise you never to think of it.

C. I have frequently had it in my thoughts.

H. But when it comes next into your head, pray do yourself the favour to reflect what a foolish insignificant figure a woman makes when she is parted from her husband. The principal recommendation of a wife is, that she is dutiful and obedient to her spouse. This language nature dictates to us; this we are taught in the Bible, and the universal agreement of all nations tells us that a woman should be subject to her husband. Therefore think seriously on this matter, and put the case exactly as it stands. He is your lawful husband, and so long as he lives it is impossible for you to have another. Then

let the infant, who belongs to you both, be put in the balance: now, pray tell me, how would you dispose of him? If you carry him away with you, you defraud your husband of what is his own, and if you leave him with him, you deprive yourself of that which ought to be as dear to you as your life. In the last place, I desire to be informed whether any of your relations wish you ill.

C. I have, to my sorrow, a step mother, and a mother-in law as like her as possible.

H. And are you not beloved by them?

C. So far the contrary, that they would rejoice to see me in my grave.

H. If so, I would entreat you to think of them likewise; what more acceptable service can you do them than to let them see you separated from your husband, and become a widow of your own making? what did I say, a widow? nay, to live ten times worse than a widow; for one in that condition, you know, is at liberty to marry again, when and whom she pleases.

C. I must own that I approve of your advice, but I cannot endure to be a perpetual slave.

H. If that be all, recollect what pains you took to teach that parrot to talk and prattle to you; and can you then think it much to bestow a little time and trouble to mould your husband to your own liking, with whom you are bound to live the remainder of your days? What a deal of labour do not grooms undergo to back a horse and make him tractable; and can a prudent woman grudge a little application and diligence to see if she can reduce her husband to a more agreeable temper?

C. What would you wish me to do?

H. I have already told you. See that every thing at home be decent and cleanly, so that nothing may disgust him there and oblige him

to ramble abroad. Behave yourself with ease and freedom towards him, but at the same time never forget that respect which a wife indispensably owes to her husband. Let melancholy be banished out of your doors, and likewise impertinent ill-affected gaiety; neither be foolishly morose, nor unseasonably frolicsome. Let your table be handsome and well furnished; you, no doubt, know your husband's palate, therefore always provide what he most fancies. This is not all; I would have you be affable and courteous to all his acquaintance, and frequently invite them to dine with you. Let nothing but cheerfulness and mirth appear at your board; and if at any time your husband comes home a little in liquor, and plays on his violin, do you bear a part and sing in concert; thus you will in a short time accustom him to prefer home to taverns and other expensive places, and your company to that of every other woman. In the mean time I will at a proper opportunity talk to him, and remind him of his duty.

C. I like your design, but you must take care he shall not know a syllable of what has passed between us.

H. Never fear it. I will so order the conversation, by winding and turning him, that he himself shall tell me what quarrels have happened betwixt you; upon which I shall address him in the most engaging manner I am able, and hope to send him home to you in an excellent temper, especially as I shall take occasion to tell him a fib or two in your favour, and let him know how lovingly and respectfully I have heard you talk of him.

C. Heaven prosper both our undertakings!

H. I do not at all question it, provided you are not wanting to yourself.

ELOQUENT DESCRIPTION OF POMPEIA,

FROM A TOUR IN ITALY AND SICILY, BY M. CREUZE DÉLESSERT, NOT YET PUBLISHED.

I HAVE seen almost all the remarkable objects that Italy presents to the view of a stranger; I have seen the Pantheon, Vesuvius, the Coliseum, St. Peter's; I have seen Milan, Florence, Naples, Palermo, Rome, but what I should be most desirous of revisiting is Pompeia.

Pompeia was a middling town of Campania; it is only a small fragment of antiquity, but it is a fragment the most true, the most curious, and the most affecting. It is not like Herculaneum, a series of cellars in which you can see nothing without the aid of imagination; it is actually an

ancient town, the inhabitants of which fled yesterday, and in which they are discovered to-day. What do I say?—the unfortunate wretches were cut off from the possibility of flight. The more favoured people of Herculaneum had almost all time sufficient to escape the lava that pursued them; but the ashes, more rapid in their effect, buried in a few moments all Pompeia, together with its whole population.

How could it happen that this town was forgotten for such a length of time, or even for a single day? Scarcely did the ashes rise a few

feet above the roofs of its houses, which were by no means lofty. What! had not any of its ill-fated inhabitants a relation or friend in the neighbouring towns that possessed the courage to search for and to rescue some of the unhappy victims from the sepulchre in which they were entombed alive? They would most undoubtedly have succeeded. And why did not the government of that day employ its powerful means in this noble operation? Ah! if in the Alps and other mountains forgotten by nature, unfortunate wretches buried with their cottages forty feet beneath the snow, were disengaged and discovered alive after more than a month, can it be doubted that numerous victims long retained life and hope beneath the ashes of Vesuvius? With what horror must they at length have relinquished both the one and the other? Let due praise be bestowed on the governments of antiquity, but let it not be denied that this circumstance, and many others, prove an indifference towards the misery, and disregard of the lives of men, which no longer exist, at least in Europe. In case of such a catastrophe the worst of modern governments would employ all its efforts, all its resources, and with the chances which were in favour of Pompeia, would rescue many victims from death, and from the utmost fury of still raging volcanoes.

The great road which leads to Pompeia, appears to be almost on a level with its soil. As you approach, you perceive to the left a hill of moderate height, and this is Pompeia, the buried Pompeia, for a very small portion of the town has yet been recovered. You soon reach it, for you have occasion to descend no more than a few feet before you are in the city of the Romans. The first sentiment that is felt on entering this scene of devastation may be conceived but not described. The stranger traverses these solitary streets, where he arrives after Vesuvius; his greedy eyes examine every thing; he wishes that he could see the whole at once. These are the houses of the Romans, these their streets, these their manners; there is not a single object but what is remarkable, not a pebble but what is interesting; the most curious of museums is Pompeia.

You first come to the soldiers' barracks, which nearly resembles a catholic convent; mills, which were used by them, are still found in several of the apartments; they are of ingenious construction, and there are engravings of them in every collection, but what cannot be engraved is the impression made by the bones of a soldier. You still see the irons with which the unfortunate man was fastened at the moment of the eruption; the judges perished with the accused.

The street which has been cleared is very narrow, it is paved with the lava of Vesuvius; you

may still distinguish the tracts of wheels, which prove that the width of the carriages of those days was four feet. There is a foot pavement a yard broad on each side of the street; hence it appears to have been an old custom, and it ought not to have been relinquished.

All the houses are like each other; the smallest as well as the largest have an interior court, with a bathing-place in the centre. Almost all are surrounded with a colonnade, and it is worthy of remark, that the same grand taste in architecture still prevails in Italy; a great number of houses in that country have courts with colonnades, almost all Italy stands upon columns. But to return to the houses of Pompeia. Their distribution is very simple and uniform; all the apartments look into the court or towards the peristyle; they are all very small; many of them have no windows, and receive light only at the door, or from an aperture made above. If to this it be added, that these apartments were in general isolated, and had no communication with each other, the reader will have an idea of the houses of the ancients, and will be convinced that many of our poor possess conveniences superior to those of the rich of that time. It is well worthy of observation, that all the doors are extremely low; and unless the ancients thought fit to stoop whenever they entered a room, it is evident that they were no taller than we are. Here is a new fact to oppose to such as assert that man is continually degenerating.

The Italian taste for painting in fresco is likewise discovered at Pompeia; there are very few apartments but what have paintings of some kind on the walls; several have been already removed, in consequence of a system which I have often censured, but some are still left. The colours must have been excellent, for if a little water be thrown upon them they appear again with some vivacity. These paintings are in general very indifferent, but many are curious on account of the costume of the time, of which they afford a representation, and often the only one that exists; it is in some respect the antiquity of antiquity. Many others exhibit mythological subjects, and are scarcely fit for any thing but to prove how general was at that time the taste for these ingenious fictions, which even triumph over the abuse that has been made of them, and will ever remain the religion, as it were, of the arts.

Several shops may still be distinguished, and in one of them you may perceive the impression made by cups on the marble with which the counter is covered.

A circumstance which proves the fondness of the ancients for spectacles is, that two theatres have been discovered in the little town of Pompeia. The largest affords a complete idea of the

theatres of antiquity, which you may seek in vain to acquire in *Herculaneum*. It is a semicircular amphitheatre, the numerous seats of which are formed out of the ground itself. This is indisputably the most convenient form for permitting every one to see and to be seen. Such has been in every age the twofold objects of spectacles. Under this term must be comprehended the wrestlers, gladiators, and even the *Numachia*. It should likewise be observed, that the theatre was almost always the place of assembly for the people, who frequented it as much on matters of business as for pleasure.

Antiquaries greatly admire a small temple of *Isis* at *Pompeia*; but there are antique temples in other places, and Roman streets, and Roman houses are to be seen no where else. This temple of *Isis* is in perfect preservation; you even find the aperture under the spot where stood the statue of the goddess, and through which probably were conveyed the sounds that were ascribed to her. This temple, like every thing discovered here, has been dishonoured; they have taken away, and conveyed to the insignificant *Portici*, *Isiac* tables, statues, the utensils necessary for the ceremonies, as candelabras, lamps, *pateræ*, &c.; in a word, they have carried off every thing they could; they have not even respected the remains of the ill-fated priests, surprized in the midst of their functions in this temple, which was never intended to be covered, and where, consequently, they had the good fortune to perish immediately.

The more you see of *Pompeia* the more you regret that this invaluable discovery did not fall into better hands. If this town, dishonoured and mutilated as it is, still excites such a lively interest, what would it have done, if, in the progress of the work of exhumation, the roofs had been replaced, the dilapidations of every kind repaired, and every thing religiously preserved in the place where it was found? This the French government would not have failed to do. I say the French government, because it is acknowledged that it has possessed since the age of *Louis XIV.* the noblest public establishments in the universe, and that it still continues to improve and to embellish them.

I think with regret on what it would have done for *Pompeia*, and on what it would still do; for *Pompeia* being but partly explored, this plan might be followed for the rest of the town: and if the Neapolitan government were to demand a small sum from the curious, I have no doubt that the produce would more than defray the expence of excavation, and of persons to take care of the place. But my wishes for the execution of this

idea, in which I am joined by all the friends of the arts, are stronger than my hopes.

The French, who, in 1798, were masters of *Naples* but for a moment, have left behind them traces of their activity at *Pompeia*. It produced, however, no discovery of importance, and under the circumstances in which their researches were made, they were obliged to carry away every thing they found.

One of the most interesting objects at *Pompeia*, and that which strangers generally see the last, is a country house that has been discovered at a very little distance from the town. The way to it is delightful, and this only serves to render the tomb into which we descend the more dismal. Yes, the tomb. This building, though the upper part is destroyed, still affords, by its interior construction, a better idea of the houses of the ancients than any other: the very garden is laid open, you see the basons and the divisions. At *Pompeia*, you only lodge with the Romans, here you may walk with them. You still meet with relics of antiquity; you see amphoræ, once replenished with wine that had undoubtedly survived many consuls; you see—but for my part I could see nothing more after I had visited a subterraneous walk which turns in a square round the garden, and in which were found twenty-seven human skeletons. Here a whole wretched family had time to take refuge; here they awaited that relief which never came, here they long indulged a hope they were at last obliged to renounce; here resounded the cries of terror and the expiring sigh; here horror, hunger, and despair sacrificed their victims. The fiction of *Ugolino* vanishes before this terrible reality. Among twenty-seven human creatures, undoubtedly all were not equally good and equally deserving of regret, but assuredly there was in the number one virtuous man, faithful friends, an affectionate mother, and innocent children. There all human sentiments were burst asunder; there, in profound night, and amid cries of anguish, an old man, the chief of a family, bade the last farewell to his son who was seeking him, to his daughter who still supported him, and to his whole generation which perished with him.

And when I was indulging in these heart-rending reflections, when I contemplated in silence this theatre of destruction, the birds were singing over my head, nature was smiling, the sky pure, the air serene, and even the smoke, creeping along the blackened sides, and on the turbulent summit of the distant *Vesuvius*, was scarcely perceptible.

STRICTURES ON THE LITERARY CHARACTER AND WRITINGS

OF

ANACREON MOORE;

WITH AN ANALYTICAL REVIEW OF HIS LAST PUBLICATION ENTITLED
"EPISTLES."

AN Italian geographer, speaking of the characteristic qualities of the several nations in Europe, says, with equal justice and ingenuity, that "the English are distinguished as a nation by a manly understanding, or that mental quality which, in their own language, they call good sense. This good sense (continues he) has occasionally risen to that energy which constitutes genius, but never dilates into sentiment. Hence the English writers are good moralists, sound philosophers, good satirists, good epic writers, excellent in their characteristic comedy, and admirable in their tragedies, but they have no Ariosto in fancy, no Petrarch in love. Love, as a muse, does not exist in England, and the poet would be ridiculous amongst his countrymen who should pretend to its inspiration."

Mr. Moore is, indeed, almost the first who has rescued his country from this exception to her general excellence. This gentleman has introduced amongst us a species of poetry peculiarly his own. He is the father of the English amatory ode; if he has not actually given birth to it, he has given it a beauty and order which it before wanted. It perhaps existed before him, but it existed as a wild flower scattered in the waste of miscellaneous literature, and in want of cultivation, with but half its natural beauty and fragrance; Mr. Moore has transplanted it into his garden, and under his nurturing hands we behold it in all its natural luxuriance.

It is doubtless in the memory of the greater part of our readers when the town was stunned with the ceaseless larum of the Rosa Matildas, Anna Marias, and the whole meretricious nomenclature; we will not do Mr. Moore even the momentary injustice of considering these dilettante as rivals to his claim of originality. They pretended indeed to write verses on love and beauty, and verses they did write, but we should be as contemptible as critics as they were as scribblers, should we attempt to reduce their lawless nonsense within any description of poetry.

Mr. Moore, therefore, has an undoubted claim to be considered as the first who has introduced to our knowledge and admiration the amatory ode. Whether this child of warmer suns will outlive the careful hand of its first importer,

whether the roses of Anacreon can be brought to flourish on the hawthorn of the north, whether the Adriatic Venus will not be cramped as she rises from the northern seas, we will not stop to enquire; Mr. Moore has effected his purpose for the present, and, following his Anacreontic maxim, we will not detract from present satisfaction by apprehensions of the future; let us hope, that as Anacreon has left us Moore, Mr. Moore may pass his lyre as an heirloom to others of the same loving family.

With one more observation we shall proceed to our examination of Mr. Moore's present tribute. In the cultivation of this species of poetry, this gentleman has ascended to the original sources, he has studied the melody, and even turn of thought, of the Greek Anacreon. This is an additional inducement to the English reader; if he wishes to know what Anacreon was, let him read Mr. Moore's imitations. To judge of Anacreon by his translators would be the same as to judge Raphael by his copyists. We now proceed to the work before us.

The poem which begins this collection, or rosy wreath, is built upon an idea truly poetical. The author is on his voyage to America. The Epistle is thus entitled: "Aboard the Phaeton Frigate, off the Azores, by Moonlight." The author must pardon us for the remark, that the title Epistle is here used without authority, the structure is too irregular for an epistle, it should have been termed an Epistolary Ode.

The thought in the first stanza—

"Sweet Moon, if like Crotona's sage
"By any spell my hand could dare
"To make thy disk its ample page,
"And write my thoughts, my wishes there;
"How many a friend whose careless eye
"Now wanders through the starry sky,
"Would smile upon thy orb to meet
"The recollection, &c."

This thought, we say, is truly beautiful and fanciful, and had we never read but this one stanza, we should acknowledge the poetical genius of Mr. Moore.

We will not detract from his praise by observing that the word *dare* is more adapted to the required rhyme than to the meaning of Mr.

Moore. The word *recollection*, in the last line quoted, is a still grosser fault; recollection is a word of prosaic frame; besides, it has here no precise meaning.

The second stanza in this Ode is defective from the want of proportion between the complaint in the first part and the cause assigned in the latter. We will allow Anacreon, and the children of Anacreon, to consider light sorrows as heavy ones, but we will not even allow Anacreon to mourn his happiness as for ever vanished, because, for the mere indulgence of his own pleasure, he has taken a six weeks' trip to America.

The third stanza is absolute nonsense. The author appears to have in his imagination the image of a swallow, fluttering over the surface of the water in summer, and migrating in winter; under this metaphor he appears to consider his heart; but his language is inappropriate, he talks of reposing in a softened spring, and the heart, that is the swallow, freezing. It is impossible to know what he means.

The fourth stanza makes us noble amends in the following beautiful lines:

"The sea is like a silvery lake,
"And o'er its calm the vessel glides
"Gently, as if it feared to wake
"The slumber of the silent tides."

This is the very excellence of the descriptive; the image, simple and not involved in words and epithets, is presented in its own distinct form to the imagination, and being beautiful, strikes with its full force. The excellence of the true poet is, by the impulse of his own feelings, to select such images, and then present them to the reader in their natural form. Who does not here imagine that he sees before him the sea landscape, a tranquil surface of ocean, a moonlight night of tropical serenity, and the mountains of a new country before him; who does not wish with the poet,—

"Oh could I range those verdant isles,
"Invisible at this soft hour,
"And see the looks, the melting smiles,
"That brighten many an orange bower."

This Ode does not end so well; but as we have said, it has beauties which soften justice into indulgence.

The next poem, entitled *Stanzas*, is very inferior; it is one which Rosa Matilda might have written; it is deficient in thought, in language, in melody, and, what is still worse, in metre. In the first stanza the word "remembering" is used as four syllables; this is wrong; the antepenult is too weak for a distinct syllable; accordingly all our best poets, and Mr. Moore himself, in his following stanza, contract it into three,
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"remember'd." "Pleasure dimming the purity of a flame," is equally incorrect. The idea corresponding to dimming, or shade, is light or brightness, and not purity; the purity of water being dimmed by a mixture would be nonsense. Extatic is a vile word for frequent occurrence in poetry.

The following ode, the "Tell-Tale Lyre," is simple, sweet, and poetical; the idea is pretty, and such as suits an amatory poet, the worthy disciple of Anacreon. The word "stilly," in the third stanza, does not convey the full meaning of the poet, but this is not Mr. Moore's fault; we have in vain endeavoured to find a word which would supply its place. We must quote these verses in our vindication:

"I've heard there was in ancient days
"A lyre of most melodious spell;
"Twas heav'n to hear its fairy lays,
"If half be true that legends tell.
"Not Harmony's serenest touch
"So stilly could the notes prolong,
"They were not heavenly song so much
"As they were dreams of heavenly song."

The last lines are very poetical. The following is an instance of the simplicity which constitutes the beauty of this poetry:

"'Twas there, at twilight time, she stole
"So oft to make the dear one blest,
"Whom love had given her virgin soul,
"And nature soon gave all the rest."

This poem is followed by the "Flying Fish." The thought in this piece is a comparison of the human soul, which, scorning to rest on the surface of the world, endeavours to employ the plume which God has given it, and elevate itself to life and heaven. This poem is but so so; the thoughts are obvious; there is nothing new in it but the Flying Fish.

The Flying Fish is followed by an Epistle to Miss M——e, from Norfolk in Virginia.

This is the first of the poet's American epistles. He went to America upon his private business, apparently with the intention of settling, but something occurred to change his purpose. It is certainly the very last place in the world to which Mr. Moore should have thought of emigrating; the name of Anacreon would there find less respect than that of Baring and Co. Mr. Moore, accordingly, found himself disappointed; he found woods where he had expected cities, and was asked for money where he could have wished to have paid with a song. He seems never to have forgiven the Americans this disappointment of his hopes; he speaks of them with a bitterness which is scarcely consistent with his gentle strain.

He states himself to have sailed for America with very favourable prepossessions. Here, indeed, was his error, and here is the error of many, he expected to find in America what he had left behind him in England, with the only difference of a more easy attainment. With such expectations is it a subject of reasonable surprize that he was disappointed? If he promised himself lands in America for nothing, he should have remembered that he would have to prepare those lands for cultivation by his own labour; he should have remembered that houses do not grow in the woods of America any more than in England; the distinction of America is, that it is a boundless field of unappropriated land, where industry may exercise itself upon its own property, and labour procure a sure return. The towns of America are but little different from the towns of Europe; there is the same knavery and vice. The manners are doubtless formed by the government; and personal respect, and the system of manners as existing in Europe, are not to be expected amongst the members of a republic, which allows no distinction of ranks, nor homage from man to man.

But to return to Mr. Moore as a poet, in which he appears to more advantage than as a traveller.

This first of his American epistles is most insufferably dull, tedious, and without one poetical trait. It consists of about two hundred verses, which are nothing but verses, such verses as may be monthly read in any of our magazines. For example, what novelty of thought, what energy of sense,—in a word, what but dull prose forced into nerveless rhyme, is in the following lines:

"Then haply if a week or day,
 "I lingered from your arms away,
 "How long the little absence seemed,
 "How bright the look of welcome beamed
 "As mute you heard with eager smile,
 "My tales of all that passed the while."

This is *namby pamby* with a vengeance; and this same inanity is continued through the whole poem; there are but six good lines in the whole two hundred. Speaking of the arrival of an adventurer in America, he says prettily enough,

"Hope sings along the yellow sand,
 "His welcome to a patriot land;
 "At once the mighty wood receives
 "The stranger in its world of leaves,
 "Which soon their barren glory yield
 "To the warm shade and cultured field."

We repeat that the remainder of the poem is most insufferably weak. The rhymes, which in this short metre constitute half the line, are the common-place of a rhyming Delia, "from

pole to pole," &c. from the beginning to the end.

The poem which follows, "To Cara," is still more insipid. The thought is beyond all reprobation wretched,—“As a mother, leaving a child in the wood, whilst she wanders to gather fruits or sticks, trembles lest she should not find it on her return; so, my beloved Cara, having flattered myself upon my departure for America that I had left an infant *idea* in your *mind*, I now tremble upon my return, lest it should have perished under the cold wind of neglect.”

Spirit of Rosa Matilda! wouldst thou not have blushed, even in the full flow of thy melodious nonsense, at a conceit like this? Mr. Moore, Mr. Moore, Anacreon and the Greek poets did not teach you to sing in this manner:—

"Concealed within the shady wood,
 "A mother left her sleeping child,
 "And flew to cull her rustic food,
 "The fruitage of the forest wild.
 "But storms upon her pathway rise,
 "She hopes, she fears," &c.
 "So did I think in Cara's *mind*,
 "Though yet to Cara's mind unknown,
 "I left one *infant wish* behind,
 "One feeling which I called my own."

Is not this insufferable. We confess that from the beginning of the poem we expected an infant of a different kind. We speak with due respect to Cara. Here we have, moreover, the same kind of versification of which we have before complained,—a weak thought hammered out into a stanza, useless epithets, a shady wood, and a forest wild, a senseless repetition, "To Cara's mind, though yet to Cara's mind unknown," &c.

This is followed by a second poem to Cara. Whatever might be the charms of Cara, she does not appear to have possessed that of inspiration. If she were Dullness herself, she could not touch her poet with a more leaden sceptre. The fable of Ovid gives Love two arrows, one tipped with silver, and one with lead. With regard to Cara, the poet is evidently struck with the latter. He is evidently suffering under it whenever he speaks of her—

Hæret lateri lethalis Arundo.

This second billet to Cara, is followed by the "Invisible Girl." This is pretty, but that is all. In the poem "Peace and Glory," which follows it, there is much of what must be called cant,—“warrior-men,” is one of those unjustifiable pleonastic epithets which are too frequent in Mr. Moore. We might as well say, baker-men, or butcher-men, or hero men. “Wed together,” will not do for wedded together; it is a confusion of tenses. “The blessed Isle” is cant. Horror’s

eye, and pity's breast, are of the Della Crusca school. A woman cannot be said to be wafted on her feet; it is at least a bad metaphor. This poem is altogether as nugatory, without any novelty of thought or manner, as the three which preceded.

We have nothing to say to the poem which follows, but that it is without address, and without meaning. Its name is expressed by a vacuity of space; its meaning may equally be rated by a cypher. The general character of all these preceding poems, or stanzas, or verses, is the same,—imbecility, a string of thoughts which would be contemptible in prose, and are not less contemptible as they are versified; it is the sickly novel cant thrown into poetry, or rather rhyme.

"To be the theme of every hour
 "The heart devotes to Fancy's power,
 "When her soft magic fills the mind,
 "With friends and joys we've left behind;
 "And joys return, and friends are near,
 "And all are welcomed with a tear," &c.

What is all this but simply—"You are my constant theme; whenever my imagination is occupied with my absent friends, it always presents me, in the first place, with your image." This may do very well in a novel, but it is surely insufferable in a poet to string such inanity into some hundred verses. If we go on in this manner we shall have novels in verse, perhaps an epic poem in four volumes, being the *Memoirs of Cælestina*, or the *Orphan of the Orchard*.—Mr. Southey may take this hint.

The song which follows is more vigorous, and not unworthy of Mr. Moore's reputation.

The ballad which follows, entitled "The Lake of the Dismal Swamp," is of the school of Monk Lewis; we are sorry to see Mr. Moore descend to imitate the author of the *Bravo of Venice*. This ballad, however, is picturesque, and Mr. Moore proves his genius, by not weakening the effect of an impressive image by involving it in words. The last stanza is the best of the whole.—

"On the hills from the Indian hunter's camp,
 "This lover and maid so true,
 "Are seen at the hour of midnight damp,
 "To cross the lake by a fire-fly lamp,
 "And paddle their white canoe."

Here the scene, as composed of its several circumstances, the hills, the Indian camp, the dark lake below, the white canoe paddled by spectres, and the fire-fly lamp, is presented complete before the imagination of the reader; he sees it before him, and may judge of its beauty. This, as we have before said, is the excellence of description, viz. to choose a good subject in nature, to select its most impressive parts, those which

are most beautiful in themselves, and those which, as the most principal parts, enable the imagination, by natural connection, to fill up the whole, and having made this selection, to present it simply to the reader; this is the art of description, and this is done here.

This ballad is followed by an epistle to the Marchioness of Donegal, from the island of Bermudas. This epistle, as a descriptive poem, is truly beautiful. His arrival at this lovely island is thus described; we have omitted, indeed, some intermediate verses, which rather weaken the passage to which they are attached:

"Have you not oft in nightly vision strayed
 "To the pure isles of ever blooming shade,
 "Which bards of old, with kindly magic
 placed
 "For happy spirits in the Atlantic waste.—
 "There, as eternal gales, with fragrance warm,
 "Breathed from Elysium thro' each shadowy
 form,
 "In eloquence of eye and dreams of song,
 "They charmed the lapse of nightless hours
 along.
 "Believe me, Lady, when the zephyrs bland,
 "Floated our bark to this enchanted land,
 "These leafy isles upon the ocean thrown,
 "Like studs of emerald o'er a silver zone;
 "Not all the charm that mimic Fancy gave,
 "Could wake a dream," &c.—
 "The morn was lovely, every wave was still,
 "When the first perfume of a cedar hill
 "Sweetly awaked us, and with smiling charms
 "The fairy harbour woo'd us to its arms.
 "Gently we stole before the languid wind,
 "Through plantain shades that like an awning
 twined;
 "While far reflected o'er the wave serene,
 "Each wooded island shed so soft a green,
 "That the enamoured keel with whispering
 play,
 "Through liquid herbage seemed to steal its
 way.
 "Never did weary bark more sweetly glide,
 "Or rest its anchor in a lovelier tide;
 "Whilst 'long the margin many a brilliant
 dome,
 "White as the palace of a Lapland Gnome,
 "Brightened the wave; in every myrtle grove,
 "Secluded bashful like a shrine of love,
 "Some elfin mansion sparkled through the
 shade."

When we inform the reader that this beautiful island is the scene of Shakespear's *Tempest*, and that here he conjured up the romantic Ariel, he would excuse even a longer extract. We have been the more induced to give it, as it exemplifies in our judgment the peculiar talent of

Mr. Moore—the descriptive. The reader will observe that we have given more than one instance of this excellence.

This poem is followed by the “Genius of Harmony, an irregular Ode.”

We have only to observe of this Ode, that the subject of it is totally devoid of interest, and all capacity for poetry.—It has not even possibility or coherence enough for an absurd system of philosophy; and as a fable, added to the same defects, it is equally without natural imagery, and common sense. It is in fact a kind of poetic mysticism, a kind of classic Talmud, half platonic, half Pythagorean, and altogether a grand total of stupidity.

The thoughts upon which this ode is formed is the Music of the Spheres—*ad harmoniam canit mundus*.—Let our readers, if they can, explain the following stanza:—

“Thou shalt own,
“That through the circle of creation’s zone,
“Where matter darkles, or where spirit beams,
“From the pellucid tides that whirl
“The planets, ———
“From the rich sigh
“Of the sun’s arrow through an evening sky,
“That all is mine.—(*i. e. music.*)”

This may be very classical, but we must remind Mr. Moore that it is very foolish. What is still worse, considered as a theme of poetry, it is as little pleasing in verse, as it is extravagantly ridiculous in nature.—To say no more upon this ode, it is a rhapsody of nonsense.

The following Epistle to George Morgan, Esq. is written from Bermudas. The first stanza is only rendered intelligible by the note. This is a defect, as a poem should be a poem, and not a poem and a note. This poetical head to a prose tail is the *humano capiti cervicem equinam* of the poet. The thought in the latter four verses is otherwise elegant. The images throughout this epistle are pretty, though it is certainly to be wished that it had somewhat more energy. It is too much in the fal lal style of “shepherds I have lost my love.” It has the same fault with almost all this author’s poems. Such epithets as the “timid sail, complaining plank, the haughty mainmast, and rapture’s bed,” add little to the meaning, and detract much from the merit of this epistle.

“Yet though the social bond was wove,
“’Twill serve to make the texture steady.”

Here is a broken metaphor.—A cord cannot be said to be made steady to express its greater strength. Steadiness refers to motion.—In the *Analecta* of Brunck, vol. iii. p. 72, is a Greek epigram of Paulus Silentarius. It is not

elegant though somewhat sickly; Mr. Moore translates it in the course of this epistle, which consists of many parts. The thought, weak in the original, is rendered more weak as it is more diluted.

The following lines exhibit Mr. Moore’s peculiar talent, and exhibit a pleasing description of the Island of Bermudas. As we profess to criticize with the most impartial justice, we give Mr. Moore the advantage of this extract:—

“But bless the little fairy isle,
“How sweetly after all our ills
“We saw the dewy morning smile
“Serenely o’er its cedar hills.
“Oh could you view the scenery dear,
“That now beneath my window lies,
“You’d think that nature lavish’d here
“Her purest wave, her softest skies—
“To make a heav’n for love to sigh in,
“For bards to live and saints to die in.
“Close to my wooded banks below,
“In glassy calm the waters sleep,
“And to the sun-beam proudly show
“The coral rocks they love to steep.
“The fainting breeze of morning fails,
“The drowsy boat moves slowly past,
“And I can almost touch its sails,
“That languish idly round the mast.”

This poem is followed by the “Wedding Ring,” a most insipid string of verses.—“Warming a mystery” is nonsense.—“A soothing beam to bless a bond,” is as bad.—“A tie inwreathing a flower,” is intolerable.—Mr. Moore seems to have learned his Greek in vain. Surely it might have taught him, if not more precision, at least more consistency, in his use of words. Here is, moreover, in these verses, the same number of what we shall call Gradus epithets. Mr. Moore, perhaps, will understand us. Magic power, genial flower, burning eye, &c.—The following verses “On Lying,” are spirited. The first stanza is unusually good.—It is gallant and Anacreontic. It is followed by “Verses to a Lady on seeing her with a white veil and rich girdle.”—These are founded on conceit. The diamonds of the girdle are made to weep—they are congealed tears.

It is followed by “The Resemblance,” which is good because gay; and the short billet which follows it, addressed to ———, has an equal portion of merit, *i. e.* enough to redeem it from censure.

This is followed by a translation from the Greek of Meleager, which is not better for this denomination. The translation is as spirited as the original.—O’er and o’er, however, is a bad rhyme, and more particularly in a short line, where it fills too long a space. The line,

"And let the sound my lips adore,"

is defective in arrangement, as sound or lips may equally be taken for the nominative. This short poem, however, is on the whole not without merit. "The loving Rosebud dropping a tear," is an unpardonable conceit; the limits of metaphor are at least possibility. It exchanges one image for another, but the image substituted must not be so exactly repugnant to that which supplies its place. In a word, a rosebud must not be personified, nor invested with the qualities of an animate being.

The Odes to Nea follow. The first ode is beneath criticism; "unfevered" is a dilettante word, we do not acknowledge it; "enamour" is not properly an active verb. "Hours of idle waste" is a pleonasm. "Unmindful of the fleeting day" is most wretchedly weak and common-place. We regret that we must give the following as a specimen of the greater part of these odes:

"How many hours of idle waste,
"Within those witching arms embraced,
"Unmindful of the fleeting day,
"Have I dissolved life's dream away.
"O bloom of time profusely shed,
"O moments simply, vainly fled."

Is such inanity rendered more tolerable by being termed an imitation of Anacreon? We confess, that with all our predilection for Mr. Moore, we shall not conceive him entitled to forbearance if he continues to write thus.

The "Dream of Antiquity" may be exempted from this censure; it is more vigorous than the poems which immediately precede it, but there is the same want of precision in the language, and want of coherence in the qualities assigned to the metaphoric images. The metaphorical image is confounded with the object of the metaphor, and a ridiculous absurdity thus produced. This defect pervades almost all Mr. Moore's longer poems. It is inexcusable in this gentleman, as his classical attainments should have taught him better. We do not know which of the planets Mr. Moore intends by his term, "the vestal star;" surely this is not Venus.—Mr. Moore is too well read to fall into this singularity. "My heart was full of fancy's dream,"—this is another instance of the poet's carelessness of the distinct meaning of words. The heart is not the seat of dreams,—who ever heard of the heart dreaming?

[To be continued.]

ALPHONSO AND EMILY.

ON a journey which I made a short time since to C——, I one evening took a walk at the foot of a fertile hill, on which stood some very simple country-houses, and the scattered cottages of a hamlet. An ancient castle, nearly fallen to ruin, still overlooked those rustic habitations, once its vassals.

A man bowed by the weight of years, and whose interesting physiognomy still retained the traces of long and severe affliction, stopped not far from me and sighed. Moved by the tears which trickled down his cheeks, I went to him to enquire the cause of his distress, but he prevented me, by asking if I knew the hamlet. I answered that I was a stranger, and that every thing there was new to me. After a short conversation which it is unnecessary to repeat, he began the following narrative:

In the hamlet which you see on the brow of that hill were born and died, about twenty years ago, two unfortunate lovers, who are worthy of remembrance. They were virtuous and tender.

Alphonso de Volsin, the only son of the Marquis of that name, was the sole hope of that family, one of the most ancient in the country. Born with warm passions, and a heart formed for love, he conceived the tenderest attachment for

Emily Vessemar, a charming girl, and well deserving of the heart of Alphonso for her graces and her virtue, had haughty prejudice been capable of acknowledging graces and virtue without illustrious parentage.

No sooner was M. Volsin apprized of his son's passion than he employed all the power of remonstrances and intreaties, hoping to stifle in its birth a passion which appeared disgraceful and unworthy of his name. But it was too late; the impression was made, and that love which already filled the heart of Alphonso was to decide the happiness or misery of his future life. Restraint only augmented its violence, and all the exertions that were made to extinguish it served only to display its power.

Perceiving the inefficacy of intreaties, M. de Volsin was discouraged. From remonstrances he passed to threats, which were soon succeeded by the most rigorous orders. Alphonso, irritated by the severity of his father, and distressed by the invincible obstacles which intervened between him and the sole object of his love, listening only to the dictates of his passion and his despair, signed a promise of marriage with Emily, and thus assured her of his attachment and fidelity as long as he lived.

M. de Volsin, enraged at the imprudence of Alphonso, and despairing of curing such a violent passion by ordinary means, he obtained a *lettre de cachet* for transporting his son to the West India islands. The unhappy young man departed with a soul rent with anguish, but without complaint, accompanied by the regret of a too tender maiden whom his loss plunged into the abyss of despair. The unfortunate girl came herself to deliver to the marquis the fatal promise of marriage, and to enquire by what means he might be made to relent. "Marry any but my son," said the marquis. "That," replied she, "is the only thing with which I cannot comply." She covered her face, bathed in tears, with her hands, and withdrew.

Eight months had elapsed since the departure of Alphonso, and M. Volsin, who, notwithstanding his severity, still continued to love his son, reproached himself, but too late, with his barbarity, and anxiously longed for an opportunity to recal him. He durst not venture, however, to take this step till he had found an effectual expedient for parting Alphonso and Emily and for preventing the consequences of their unfortunate passion. There was but one, and that was the marriage of Emily. But how was he to triumph over her constancy, and to induce her to form another connection? In these points he flattered himself he should succeed, by setting on foot a report of his son's death. His whole family accordingly went into mourning.

The affectionate heart of Emily was easily imposed upon by these tokens of her misfortune; she entertained not a doubt of the death of Alphonso; her soul was overwhelmed with the idea, and the false intelligence of his loss had nearly cost her her life. The first violence of her emotions was succeeded by a grief less extravagant and less acute: she seemed to take courage to endure new sufferings. Alphonso, who no longer lived for her, was ever present to her view; she conversed with him by night, she sought him all day. She repaired alone to the places they had once visited together, and there in silence indulged her sorrows. Time could not sooth her affliction; in vain her friends endeavored to amuse her; the fatal blow was struck. The roses on her cheeks grew pale; her youth was rapidly exhausted in tears; and after a few months of anguish, she expired with the name of Alphonso on her lips, and his image in her heart.

Her cruel and premature death consigned M. de Volsin to the horrors of remorse. The image of a distracted father and a family in tears, renewed more powerfully in his soul the recollection of his son; and seeing no longer any obstacle to oppose his return, he hastened to recall him.

Obedient to his command, Alphonso again

crossed the seas. He returned faithful to that love which time, disappointment, and absence had not been able to erase from his heart. He again beheld the spot where he first drew breath, that spot replete with the revolutions of infancy, which had witnessed his first and his only love. He expected at length to receive again the dear and fatal pledge which he had there deposited. "There, beneath that roof, dwells my Emily," said he, while tears of joy streamed from his eyes. He quickens his pace; he runs; he enquires for her. Emily alas! was no more.

Struck with mute despair at this heart-rending intelligence, at this stroke, not more unexpected than terrible; not a tear, not a sigh escaped him. He was seized with an universal tremor; his knees bent under him; he fell speechless and pale as death. His father, who, expecting his return after such a long absence passed whole days with his eyes fixed on the road by which his son was to come, his father arrived at that moment. He found him extended on the stones, motionless and cold. This unfortunate and guilty father pressed him in his trembling arms, bathed him with his tears, and called him by the tenderest names. Alphonso at length opened his eyes; he revived but to curse his existence, and implored death to end his sorrows. He knew his father, he reclined upon his bosom; but in vain he strove to return the paternal caresses; all the sentiments of his heart were extinguished by his profound affliction.

He was conducted in silence to his father's. He was again in the bosom of his family, he again received their caresses; but every thing had become strange, every thing was already dead to him. Sometimes motionless and overwhelmed with stupid apathy, he would seem bereft of feeling: all at once his eyes would become animated, his physiognomy would assume a terrific air, and he would rave like a madman. These fits of passion, madness, and despair, together with watching and fatigue heated his blood. He was seized with a fever, accompanied by delirium. He would then repeatedly pronounce the name of Emily; he would speak to her, ask her questions, give her answers; he would stretch out his arms as if to hold her, and swear that she should never be parted from him. Some times he went so far as to curse his father, and to reproach him with his inhumanity. The image of the dying Emily then seemed to pursue him; the sight of this phantom made him shudder; a cold sweat bedewed his face, and his eyes appeared to distil tears of blood. Attentions of every kind were paid him; he rejected them all, and at length, they became useless. After a long and painful struggle, surrounded by his family, and in the presence of his disconsolate father, he raised with difficulty

his drooping head, he attempted to speak, his voice failed, and he fell back.—Ah! wretched father, I no longer had a son!

Fool that I am, what did I say? My heart speaks at once the language of nature and of remorse; the horrid truth escapes me, and I accuse myself without intending it. Yes, 'tis I, 'tis I, who am that guilty father, as these bitter tears attest. The victim of an atrocious prejudice, at its instigation I trampled upon nature, and sacrificed my own blood. I planted a dagger in the heart of my son, in the bosom of an amiable and affectionate female, whose only crime was love and fidelity. I have involved an honest and a virtuous family in misery; I have occasioned the death of all that was dear to me, and have consigned the remainder of my days to despair. I was unjust, barbarous, and unnatural; but forbear to curse me; twenty years of horror, of remorse, of hopeless sorrow have sufficiently avenged nature and love which I had outraged; with a conscience laden for twenty years with the murder of my child, abhorred by myself, terrified, haunted incessantly by the image of my son, I mourn, I detest my crime, which I have no hope of ever expiating.

And why should I wish to conceal it? What interest can I have in still dissembling? I have been left on the earth as an example of divine ven-

geance; but my life ended with that of my son, with him was my family extinguished, and my name will perish with me. Alas! my pangs increase when my strength abandons me, and remorse inflicts augmented torture as I approach my end.

As for you, who are so happy as to be born at a time when this barbarous prejudice has lost its power, learn at least to know the crimes which it has caused; and know them in order that you may hate them. May the just horror which they cannot fail to excite, prevent them from ever being repeated! May I be the last perpetrator of them! May they descend with me to the grave, and there be buried for ever! But were there still an insensate and cruel father like myself, a father who sacrificing the propensities of nature to ridiculous notions, should expose himself to the everlasting torment of having occasioned the death of those who owed their existence to him, and of beholding their blood rise up against him in the days of his old age, tell him of my crime, my remorse, and my punishment, of these tears which have flowed for twenty years, and of the slow and terrible journey which I am making to the tomb.

The old man was silent; he raised his tearful eyes towards heaven, and left me.

CURIOUS RESEARCH INTO THE NATURAL HISTORY

OF

GRASSHOPPERS.

SIR,

It is doubtless the aim of your agreeable miscellany to instruct as well as to amuse. To detail the more serious and rugged parts of science cannot accord with your plan, but to familiarise those branches which pass under our daily notice, and which have so long been hidden from female minds by technical jargon and affected obscurity, must doubtless fall within the sphere of a publication so extensive as yours. I shall not therefore be deemed a trespasser, if I attempt to open the eyes of your readers, of both sexes, to some mysteries of natural philosophy, which may so far lay claim to the merit of originality, that I may venture to say they have never hitherto appeared in any treatise upon this science.

Buffon, whose penetration and philosophy few things escaped, and whose chief delight was to discover something agreeable and romantic in every part of the creation, has dwelt very lightly

upon the history of *Grasshoppers*; he has considered them, as all his followers have, as the little, roving, reptile of the hour, chirping in the summer grass, and singing to the mower and his scythe; vanishing with the first frost, and returning with the first promise of spring.

Very different, indeed, Sir, is the history of the *Grasshopper*; this insect is as full of venom and malignity as of noise and vivacity; its ravages, though not so frequent, have been more extensive and pernicious than those either of the caterpillar or the locust. It is true, as the desolations of the grasshopper have not often occurred, and have always been local, they have not summoned much attention; but the infrequency of their ravages is fully compensated by their extent and importance.

When the fields and vineyards of the husbandman have been invaded by an army of grasshoppers, the destruction has exceeded, beyond all comparison, the ravages occasioned by any other

class of reptiles; they have picked the earth, as I may say, to the bone, and wherever the scene of their invasion has been laid, they have left behind them desolation and ruin.

The grasshopper we have been accustomed to contemplate in this country, is generally a little, insignificant reptile, crawling upon the ground, or bounding and skipping among the grass.—If we examine it, we shall find that it is furnished with a species of wings, and many of the green grasshoppers of our meadows have been seen to spring up to a prodigious height, and support themselves a long time in the air; but few have gone so far as to advance that a grasshopper was endowed with the power of flying, and fewer still have suspected it of migration.

The grasshopper, however, is possessed of both these qualities, which I shall proceed to substantiate by the accounts of travellers, whose veracity cannot be suspected, and who, if inclined to deceive, could not, in this relation, be guilty of an imposition.

In the Islands of the Archipelago, particularly in the Island of Cyprus, the visits of grasshoppers are very common.—A thick cloud is sometimes seen in the air, approaching with a warm gust of wind; it is black and heavy.—The Greek of Cyprus knows well what it portends—he is agitated to a point of insanity—thousands of myriads of grasshoppers, about an inch in length, and of the breadth of a nail, immediately dart upon his fields—fire is less quick and destructive; in a few moments the stalks of the plants are levelled on the ground, and devoured; the crops are destroyed, the fields desolated; and all the while this venomous and pernicious creature keeps up the song of triumph, and chirps over the ruin he has made.

The staple traffick of the Island of Cyprus is silk, and, of course, the cultivation of the silkworm is a matter of the first importance.—For this reason the country is studded with mulberry-trees, which furnish the food of this useful and industrious animal; but even these are not spared from the devastation of the grasshopper. After having devoured the harvest, they strip the mulberry-trees, and thus consign to death the little insect which feeds on them. Having destroyed all the fruits, vegetables, and herbs, wheresoever they alight, they next attack the stoutest trees, of which they gnaw off the bark, and, having thus stript them, they descend to the grass.

The first enquiry naturally made is, how insects, which, though furnished with wings, have them of so slight a texture and small a size, are capable of approaching countries surrounded by seas? how they can pass over arms of the ocean, and waters of great extent, and support them-

selves in the air for the space of many hours, and perhaps days? This enquiry is not easily answered. It has been contended, that they were brought over into islands in ships, in which they secret themselves during the voyage, and escape upon their putting into port. This solution, however, is not plausible.—In the first place, these swarms of grasshoppers do not appear but at considerable intervals of time, sometimes of five, sometimes of seven years; but if they were transported in ships, why not appear one year as well as another? Again, it would be impossible that myriads of insects, of the size which I have described, could conceal themselves during a voyage of many days in the hulls and decks of vessels. It cannot be doubted but these grasshoppers arrive from the Continent; that they are formed in the midst of deserts, and, supported and impelled by the winds, are wafted across a neck of sea to some contiguous coast.

M. Sonnini, a most intelligent traveller, speaking of the devastation of these insects in the Island of Cyprus, has countenanced this opinion of their emigration by flight.

“The most Eastern point of the Island of Cyprus,” says this author, “*Cape Saint Andrea*, being distant from the coast of Syria not more than twenty-five leagues, light insects of this nature may easily be wafted hither by a gale of wind. Grasshoppers possess much agility, and derive great support from their wings; and that swarms of them have crossed seas wider than this strait is well attested.—M. Niebhur mentions that an immense swarm of grasshoppers fell in the town of *Dsjidda*, in Arabia, in the year 1762; having crossed the Red Sea, which, at that place, is upwards of one hundred and fifty miles in breadth! Many, he adds, perished in the voyage, but inconceivable numbers were left to do damage to all that were near them.”—The same author adds, “that he himself had seen grasshoppers alight on a vessel, in a voyage on the Western parts of Africa, when he was many leagues out of sight of land.—They were of a species unknown in Europe, being of a *filemot* colour, or pale yellow.

It is pretty clear that French travellers, to whatever part of the globe they go, see stranger and more surprising things than any other class of men; the lores of nature seem hidden for their discovery; her mysteries are prophaned if unravelled by any other eyes than those of a member of the Institute.—But other countries have not been exempt from the ravages of grasshoppers. In the year 1784, an immense swarm of these insects came from the East, crossed France, devoured whatever they met with in their passage, and fell into the British Channel.—*Mexeraui*, the celebrated historian, tells us of another

irruption of grasshopper in the South of France, which destroyed the harvest and vintage all around them. After they had been destroyed, with much difficulty, the eggs which they had deposited on the ground were collected, and were found to fill upwards of seven hundred

bushels; upon a low estimate there were seven millions of eggs to each bushel! They were burnt and thrown into the Rhine.

I shall now conclude, and am, Mr. Editor,

Your reader, and friend,

E. B.

ON THE PROGRESS OF PHILOSOPHY IN GERMANY.

It is impossible to analyse thought without analysing the signs by which it is represented; or, to reason with more precision, it is to those signs alone that analysis can be applied. Grammar, therefore, cannot be separated from logic; and when it is treated systematically, it may in some measure fill its place. I mean reason and universal grammar, which science is extremely abstruse, and the most proper to form the understanding, and teach it to analyse. I do not remember that any German, now living, has written on this science with marked superiority, nor extended its boundaries; the French have taken a much wider range. As to the German grammar, it has in some measure commenced in our days, and it is to the celebrated Adelung, librarian at Dresden, one of the most philosophical minds of the eighteenth century, that it owes its existence. Amongst the numerous works that he has written on this subject, must be remarked, his Complete System of the German Language, his Treatise on the different Dialects of that Language, and his Critical Dictionary.—This last work, the fruit of arduous labour, and indefatigable application, may be compared with the most perfect works of other nations of the same kind. It is not in the numerous materials which he has collected and made use of that consists its principal merit; it is in the philosophical precision with which the author determines the worth of each expression, and their employment, as well in a simple as in a figurative sense; it is in the choice of examples that he

alleges to support his decisions; and the etymological researches by which they are accompanied, and which announce an extensive knowledge of all the languages, and particularly those of the North. Thus, one man in Germany has done what, in other countries, all the academicians have scarcely been able to accomplish, if we except our own Dr. Johnson.

The Germans have no grammarian that can be put in competition with Adelung; notwithstanding, they esteem the essay on the German language that Heynatz, (rector at Francfort on the Oder,) has published for the use of schools; they agree that Junker's Grammar deserves to make Gotsched's obsolete; they render Justice to Stosch, counsellor of the Consistory at Cuttain, and author of the first German Synonyma that have appeared; they esteem Schwab's Dissertation on the Universality of the French Language, and the probability of its long enjoying this glorious privilege; they look upon the new Dictionary, German and French, by Schwan, as very proper to fill one of the principal chasms of their literature; they reckon Moritz, professor at Berlin, among their best grammarians, who, in his grammar for the ladies, and his works of psychology, analyses, with as much taste as precision, the signs of thought; in short, they find in the divers fragments published by Klopstock, on grammar and German prosody, that there are sometimes new preceptions and important remarks.

LEONORA; A SPANISH STORY.

IMITATED FROM AN ORIGINAL UNTRANSLATED TALE OF CERVANTES.

ONE summer's night, when the moon shone with unclouded clearness, at about eleven o'clock, a poor old gentleman returned from taking his walk out of the gates of the city of Toledo, with his wife, on whose arm he leant, his daughter eighteen years of age, and a maid who was his only servant. This old gentleman, indigent

and virtuous, was named Don Pedro; his wife, Donna Maria; his daughter, whose figure was celestial, and whose soul was still more beautiful, was called Leonora.

At that very instant issued out of the city, to take the air, a young nobleman just turned of twenty, named Anselmo, who imagined that his

birth and fortune exempted him from good manners. He was just risen from table, attended by his companions in debauchery, and they were all heated with wine. This noisy troop soon met the old Don and his family: it was the meeting of wolves and sheep.

These young people stop and look insolently at the good mother and her daughter. One of them embraces the maid; the old gentleman wishes to say a word, he is insulted; he, with a trembling hand, draws his sword; Don Anselmo laughing, disarms him, seizes the young lady, and with the assistance of his guilty friends carries her off towards the city.

Whilst the old Don Pedro stood imprecating his own feebleness, Donna Maria was uttering piercing cries, and the maid tearing her hair, the unfortunate Leonora fainted in the arms of Anselmo, who, arrived at his palace, opens a secret door, dismisses his friends, and gains his apartment with his victim. He enters without a light and without being seen by any of his servants; he locks the door, and before Leonora has recovered her senses, he consummates the greatest crime that can be committed by drunkenness and brutality.

Anselmo, after having satiated his desires, remained a few moments undecided as to what he should then do? he doubtless felt some remorse when Leonora recovered. The most perfect obscurity reigned in the apartment; she sighs, she trembles, and calls in a feeble tone, My mother! my mother! where are you? My father! answer me.—Where am I?—What bed is this?—O my God, have you forsaken me? Does any one hear me? Am I in my grave?—Ah! wretched! would to heaven!—

Anselmo at this moment seized her hand; she shrieks, escapes with precipitation, and after a few paces falls on the floor. Anselmo follows her. Then, on her knees, and in a lamentable accent, interrupted by sobs and groans,—O you, says she, whoever you are, you who are the cause of my sufferings, you who have made me a most miserable and despicable creature, if you retain the least sentiment of honour, if you are susceptible of pity, I supplicate you, I conjure you to take my life: you have no other means of repairing the mischief you have done me. In the name of heaven, in the name of all you love, if you love any thing, kill me. You can do it without the least peril: we are without witness, no one will know your crime; it will not be so great as that which you have committed; and I believe, yes, I believe I can pardon you every thing if you grant me this death, now my only resource.

In saying these words, she dragged herself on the floor to embrace the knees of Anselmo.

Anselmo, without making any answer, went out of the room, locked the door, and doubtless went to assure himself that nobody in his house, or in the street, was in the way to oppose him in the design he meditated.

As soon as he is gone, Leonora rises, approaches the walls, and gropes till she finds a window, which she opens in order to throw herself out. A strong iron lattice prevents her: but the moonlight penetrates into the room. Leonora remains motionless, a prey to her reflections, and, looking round, carefully examines the apartment, takes notice of the furniture, the pictures, the tapestry, and on an Oratory discovers a small gold crucifix, which she takes and hides in her bosom. After which, putting the shutters to, she, in darkness attends the barbarian who is to decide her fate.

Anselmo in a short time returned: he was alone, and always without a light. He approached Leonora, tied a handkerchief over her eyes, without speaking a word takes her by the hand and leads her down stairs, out of the house, and into the street, and after many turnings and windings, arrives at the door of the cathedral, quits the arm of the unfortunate girl, and precipitately flies.

Leonora remained some time without daring to remove the handkerchief which covered her eyes. At last, not hearing the least noise, she takes it off, and looks round her. Seeing herself alone at the church door, which she was well acquainted with, her first motion was to drop on her knees, and offer a fervent prayer to God. Her prayer finished, she rose and trembling returned to Don Pedro's house. That unhappy father, together with his disconsolate spouse, was bewailing his daughter at the time. He hears a knock, runs to the door, sees Leonora, and clasps her round the neck, with a shout of joy.

The mother hearing this, runs out, and rushes into the arms of her daughter; they both embrace her, and talk to her both at the same time, they both call her their beloved child, their only joy, the only support of their old age; both together bathing her in tears multiply their questions, and do not allow her time to answer them.

The sorrowful Leonora, after yielding to these tender transports, throws herself at the feet of her father, and with downcast eyes, and a blushing countenance, recounted all that had happened. She was hardly able to finish the recital.

The old Don Pedro raised her, and pressed her to his breast. My dearest daughter, says he, dishonour is only attached to crimes, and thou hast not committed any. Interrogate thy conscience; can it reproach thee for the least evil

action, word, or thought? No, my daughter, thou art still the same, thou art always my virtuous Leonora; and my paternal heart esteems, respects, venerates thee perhaps more than before thy misfortune.

Leonora soothed by these words, ventures to lift her eyes to her father: she shewed him the crucifix which she had brought away, with the hope that it might at some future period be the means of discovering her ravisher. The old man fixed his eyes stedfastly on the crucifix and shed tears on it. O my God, said he, may thy eternal justice vouchsafe to let me know the barbarian who has thus injured my dearest half, may it let me behold him; and, notwithstanding my gray hairs, notwithstanding my feebleness, I am sure I shall avenge this outrage with his guilty blood.

The transports of Don Pedro redoubled the affliction of Leonora; her good mother tries to appease her, wrests the crucifix from the old man, and he forgets his anger, to return to comforting his daughter.

After some time devoted to weeping, the unfortunate Leonora seemed to acquire some tranquillity; she never went out of the house—she fancied every body would read her injury in her face. Alas! she soon had more cruel motives for secluding herself.

Leonora perceived she was pregnant; and her father and mother could hardly persuade her not to lose her life. She was several days without tasting any food; at last, for the love of her parents, and out of respect to her own maternal state, she consented to endure her sufferings.

When the term approached, Don Pedro hired a small country-house, where they retired without any servant. With the assistance of her mother, Leonora was delivered of a beautiful boy; Don Pedro himself carried it to be christened, and it was called after him. The mother soon recovered her health; her tenderness for her son was so lively, the sight of the child became so necessary to her existence, that it was resolved the little Pedro should continue in the house, and pass for a nephew of the old man.

They all returned to Toledo, where no one suspected the motive of their absence. The adventure of Anselmo had made no noise; he, shortly after, set out for Naples: and Leonora, respected, beloved by every body, enjoyed the happiness of the maternal, and, at the same time, the honours of a single state.

In the mean time little Pedro grew apace, and became daily more lovely and charming. His sense and his graces were far beyond his age, which was only seven years, when, on a day on which there was to be a grand bull-fight, the child went to his mother's house door to see the young cavaliers who were going thither to fight, pass

by.—He was alone, he attempted to cross the street towards a troop of young people who were coming that way: at the instant one of them galloped past and rode over little Pedro. The poor child remained lying on the stones, crying and losing much blood from a wound on the head by a horse-shoe. The passengers flock round, when a venerable nobleman, attended by several servants, happened to pass by, in his way to the Amphitheatre; he sees the child, runs to him, takes him in his arms, kisses him, caresses him, wipes the blood off his face, sends for the principal surgeon of the city, and quitting the croud, he takes the child home with him.

Whilst this was passing, Don Pedro and his family heard of the accident. Leonora, almost frantic, ran into the street crying out for her son. Her father could hardly follow her, and she paid no regard to his entreaties not to call the child her's. Every body pitied them, and pointed out the way the nobleman went. They run, they fly to his palace. They ascend crying to the chamber where the child was already under the hands of the surgeon. Leonora gets there first, rushes towards him, presses him to her bosom, bathes him in tears, and wishes to see his wound. The amiable child, who was still crying, began to smile when he saw his mother, and, caressing her, assures her he does not ail any thing.

The surgeon examines the wound, which he finds nowise dangerous. Leonora makes him repeat this a hundred times, whilst Don Pedro and his lady return thanks to the nobleman, telling him that the child is their little nephew, and seek to palliate the extreme love which their daughter shows for him.

At last, after Leonora had sufficiently embraced little Pedro, after she was quite certain his life was not in the least danger, she sits down on the bed, and casts her eyes round the room.

What was her surprise in recognising the same furniture, the same pictures, that she had observed by moon-light! She sees the same Oratory from which she had taken the crucifix—the tapestry is the same—nothing is changed in the apartment—Leonora is convinced she is in the very room into which she was taken by her ravisher.

She now becomes, as it were, stupified; she grows pale, then blushes deeply, and at last faints. They all endeavour to succour her. The surgeon assists in her recovery, and she is sent home in a carriage: they went to take the child too, but the old nobleman opposes this; he requests, he begs it may be left with him, till perfectly cured. Don Pedro, fully engaged about his daughter, yields to the solicitation, and returns home with his wife and Leonora.

No sooner were they alone, than Leonora told them all she had observed, and assured them that the house they had been in, was that to which her ravisher had carried her. Don Pedro immediately went out to procure as much information as he could, about matters so highly interesting to him: he already knew that the old Count's family name was Don Diego de Lara: he soon learnt that he has an only son called Anselmo, that that son is at Naples, where he has been nearly eight years, and that it was said his residence in Italy had rendered him as prudent and well-behaved, as heretofore he had been wild and licentious. To which was added, that young nobleman was the handsomest and most amiable man of the place, and the richest match in Castille.

Don Pedro returned with this news to his wife and daughter. They could not doubt but Anselmo was the man who had dishonoured Leonora; but could they flatter themselves he would repair the outrage by bestowing his hand on a person who, though noble, was the poorest in Toledo? Don Pedro could not hope it, and was already meditating vengeance. Leonora supplicated him to let her manage this business, and not to interfere till she required him. The old man was very loath to make such a promise; but at last he yielded, and Leonora was easier.

She maturely considered what course she ought to pursue. Her child was still with Don Diego, who treated him with the greatest care and kindness. His wound was healing fast, and his mother, Don Pedro and his wife, spent their days with him.

One day when Leonora was alone with Don Diego, whilst the good old gentleman was holding little Pedro in his arms, kissing and caressing him, and talking with peculiar pleasure of the lively and tender affection which attached him to that child. Leonora could not restrain her tears, and vainly endeavoured to conceal them. Don Diego asked her what occasioned them to flow with so much interest and friendship, that at last Leonora, with downcast eyes, and with sobs, told him all that had passed in his house; showed him the crucifix, which he perfectly remembered; and ended by falling at his feet.—Your son, said she, has dishonoured me, and I embrace your knees: your son has condemned me to disgrace and misery, and I cannot help loving you as the most tender father.

Little Pedro, who sees Leonora weep, falls himself at the feet of Don Diego, and with stretched-out arms, prays him not to afflict his good friend; so he called his mother.

Don Diego could no longer resist this moving spectacle: he, sobbing, raised Leonora and her son, he clasps them in his arms, and swears that

Anselmo shall have no other spouse than Leonora.

On that very day he writes to his son to return to Toledo, where he had met with a suitable match for him. Anselmo sets off, and arrives at his father's house. It was agreed that neither Leonora nor any of her family should be at Don Diego's when Anselmo was expected to arrive.

After the first moments given to the pleasures of meeting, Don Diego mentioned to his son the intended marriage, which, as he said, he had contracted for him. He enlarged on the immense riches of his future spouse, and ended with showing him a frightful portrait, which had been purposely painted. Anselmo drew back with horror, and endeavoured to persuade his father, that it would be impossible for him to love such a woman. But Don Diego, in a severe tone, replied, that fortune was the only point to be regarded in a marriage. Upon which Anselmo, with great eloquence declaimed against such a principle, instanced many unfortunate events produced by it, adding, that he had never desired more than to find a good and beautiful woman, whose fortune he might make, and with whom he might find happiness.

Don Diego, dissembling his joy, feigned to combat his son's opinions, when Leonora, her mother, and little Pedro, who came to sup with Don Diego, were introduced.

Never had Leonora appeared so beautiful; it seemed as if, by divine permission, her beauty and graces were incomparably fascinating. They dazzled the eyes of Anselmo, who eagerly enquired who that charming lady was. His father pretended not to hear his question; but on advancing to receive the two ladies, he was grievously struck with beholding the countenance of Leonora assume a deadly paleness, which, together with the trembling of her hands, which he held in his, indicated that the sight of Anselmo would soon cause her to faint. In spite of all her efforts and courage, the affected Leonora immediately fell down motionless; and Anselmo flies to her assistance with an ardour and interest which his venerable father is delighted to behold.

At last she recovers her senses: the company sit down to table, and during the whole suppertime Anselmo's eyes were incessantly rivetted on Leonora. She perceived it, and casts her eyes downwards: she speaks little; but whatever she says is uttered with such a bewitching grace, and likewise in such a strain of affecting melancholy, as continually encreased the charm which irresistibly attached Anselmo to her. Little Pedro also, who was placed near his father, could not help looking at him, unceasingly prattling to

him, and thus exciting his attention and friendship, made Anselmo say, that the father of such a child ought to esteem himself very happy.

They rise from table; Anselmo, deeply smitten with the charms of Leonora, draws his father aside, and tells him in a respectful, but decided tone, that nothing shall ever force him to marry her whose portrait he had seen. It must, however, be done, said the old nobleman, unless thou preferrest that young and noble lady thou hast been supping with.—Ah! exclaimed Anselmo, I should be the happiest of men, if she condescended to accept my hand!—And I the happiest of fathers, if my son, by these nuptials, repaired the crime he is sullied with!

He then recounted to Anselmo all he knows, and drawing from his bosom the golden crucifix: There, my son, says he, there is the witness, and judge of the horrible crime you have committed; there is the emblem of him who will never pardon you till you have obtained the pardon of Leonora.

Anselmo hears, blushes, and runs to cast himself at the feet of Leonora. I have deserved your contempt, cried he; but if the most respectful love, if the most sincere repentance, are worthy of some grace, do not refuse my pardon. Consider that one word from your mouth will render me for ever the vilest and most unhappy of men, or the most tender and happiest of husbands.

Leonora regarded him a moment in silence, her eyes swimming in tears; then turning to little Pedro, she takes him in her arms, and places him in those of his father. There is my answer, said she, with a faltering voice: may that child give you as much happiness as you have caused misery to its mother!

Immediately a priest, Don Pedro, a notary and two witnesses were sent for: the happy marriage was concluded the same evening; and Anselmo, returned to virtue, experienced that there is no happiness but in mutual and honourable love.

THE LADIES' TOILETTE; OR ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF BEAUTY.

[Continued from Page 300.]

CHAP. II.

Continuation of the same subject. There is no invariable standard of physical Beauty. Different opinions of different nations on Beauty. Difference in the tastes of men.

"I COMMONLY see," says Montaigne, "that men are more ready to seek the reason than the truth of things which are submitted to them; they pass over the propositions, but they examine the consequences; they leave things and run after causes. These droll reasoners usually begin in this manner:—How did this happen? instead of asking,—Did it really happen?"

Most of those who have treated of beauty have done like Montaigne's droll reasoners; they have set out with supposing that beauty is invariable, that it had a primitive type, and this being admitted without any further examination, they have sought what are its principles, and what is this original type. This was the very reverse of what they ought to have done; but such is frequently the way of the human mind.

A learned modern writer has, however, not reasoned in this manner. He has gone back to the principle of the question, and has proved in a very solid discourse, that there is no such thing in nature as a positive and invariable standard of beauty. He demonstrates that what we call beauty consists only in the ideas which we have acquired from our very infancy, and depends on a kind of mutual conformity established upon the authority of a small number of persons. He

demonstrates that beauty is founded only on the habit, on the fashion, on the prejudices or particular ideas which prevail in every nation, and which cause us to find beauty in objects which we have been most accustomed to behold. He demonstrates that this idea of beauty is, in some measure, subject to the authority of persons who, by deeper study, are supposed to be enabled to judge more soundly of it. He demonstrates that the aptitude to seize the beautiful, which we call sentiment or taste, though partly dependent on a particular modification of the mind of certain persons, must, however, in general be ascribed to education, to the habit of daily contemplating the best productions of art; and that this taste, this sense is improved in proportion to the knowledge we have gained by study and by instruction. Finally, he demonstrates that we have no innate sense of physical beauty, though we have a very distinct perception of moral beauty.

All these assertions are supported by proofs which are highly conclusive; but the author has considered the subject in a scientific point of view that is not adapted to the aim and nature of the present work; and therefore the reader who is desirous of entering deeper into this question, would do well to consult the writer himself.

If any thing be capable of demonstrating that beauty is not invariable, it is the dissimilarity of beautiful women in every country, the disagreement of different nations in the ideas they form of beauty, and the difference of tastes which is found even among the individuals of the same nation.

A beautiful female of France, another of Italy, of England, of China, of Mingrellia, of Negroland, are indisputably beautiful women; the charms of each are extolled by her amorous countrymen; each inspires poets, and turns the heads of philosophers, for there are philosophers in every region; finally, each sways the sceptre in her own sphere; and yet how different are all these beauties!

Let us now briefly examine this variety of opinions among different nations.

We Europeans prefer a head, the general outline of which is of an oval form. The Omaguas and the Caribbees think no head beautiful but what is perfectly round and flat; and to give the heads of their children that figure, they compress them between two boards, that, as they say, they may resemble the full moon. Other nations prefer the square form, and it is then between four planks that they endeavour to mould the heads of their children while the bones are still tender.

The proportions which please us in the forehead would not be much liked by other nations. The inhabitants of the country of Aracan think no forehead handsome but what is large and flat; therefore, as soon as a child is born, they lay a piece of lead upon its forehead to give it that kind of beauty which they hold in the highest estimation. The Siamese, on the contrary, likes no forehead but what ends in a point at the top, in such a manner as to make the head resemble a kind of lozenge, the two points of which are formed by the forehead and the chin. The Mexican women, very different from the natives of Aracan, are desirous of having very small foreheads, and employ all possible means to make the hair grow upon them, though they take great pains to eradicate it over the whole body. The ideas entertained concerning the beauty of hair, are neither more constant, nor more just. We shall have occasion to remark, that in ancient times the nations who were the most polished, the most civilized, and the most skilful in the fine arts, were passionately fond of red hair. The Gauls, the ancestors of the modern French, had the same propensity, though that colour is held in abhorrence by their descendants. They like black hair, which is despised in some regions of Africa, and light tresses which are detested in China. A taste for red hair, however, still exists in vast regions; the Turks

prefer red-haired women. The inhabitants of Tripoli have probably borrowed this taste from the Turks; with the aid of vermilion they give their hair a colour which nature refuses. The women of the kingdom of Decan likewise stain their hair yellow and red.

Small ears are not every where accounted the handsomest. All the nations of the East, and even the Chinese, prefer ears that are very large, very long, and pendent. Those people who are virtuosos in this kind of charm, procure it by suspending heavy weights from their ears. By these means the natives of Laos, among others, increase the hole to such a size that you may put your fist through it.

This nation makes the beauty of the nose consist in its length, and that in its smallness. A prominent nose is a defect among the Chinese, who are accustomed to crush the noses of their children while in the cradle. The inhabitants of Macassar have the same taste, which they gratify by means of the same expedient. The Indians think its beauty proportioned to its magnitude. Among many nations the decoration of the nose is an object of luxury; they suspend jewels from them in the same manner as European women suspend them from their ears. On the coast of Malabar, the cartilage which divides the nostrils, is perforated in young girls, for the purpose of hanging jewels to them. The same practice is found among the islanders in the Persian Gulf, and in California. In the country of the Moguls, on the contrary, and in certain regions of Africa, the men perforate not only the nose, but likewise the ears and the lips; and a young man, anxious to please the *belles* of the country, would make very little impression were he not to suspend trinkets of gold and silver from his nose, his lips, and his ears. It is then the Mogul fine ladies exclaim in their language: "What a charming young man! how gentle! how tasteful! how elegant!"

I should never have done were I to record the numberless whimsical customs which we every where meet with. Some nations draw the two teeth in the middle of the jaw. The females among the Juggas in Africa, go still farther, and one of the charms they are most solicitous to acquire, is to have four teeth deficient, two above and two below, which is infinitely more regular; the woman who should want the courage to have them drawn, would be as much despised as in China a young girl with feet of the natural size. Among the Siamese, the beauty of the teeth consists in their blackness, and they are stained with a varnish which is annually renewed. The natives of Macassar paint them different colours, which is much more lively.

If we pass to the skin, how many different

fashions does not that assume among different nations! Some anoint it with oil or grease, as the Californians; and this, perhaps, is not a bad practice; others stain it with rocou, as the Caribbees;—these paint it, as the women of Greenland, who streak their faces with white and yellow; those of France, who have so long plastered theirs with white and rouge; the Zemblians, who have blue stripes on the forehead and on the chin; the Japanese who stain their lips and eye-lids blue; the women of Decan, who paint the hands and feet yellow and red; the Arabs, who dye their nails red, their eye-brows, and the edges of their eye-lids black;—those engrave ornaments upon it, as the negroes of Goree, who, with a sharp flint, make figures of flowers and animals on their bodies; the Mogul women, who trace flowers upon their skin, and colour them with the juice of roots. In other places they practise tattooing, or pricking the skin and making the punctures black by means of a liquid which is introduced into them. This custom has been found to prevail among the women of Tripoli and of Arabia, and among the natives of the island of Otaheite.

Nor are different nations more unanimous relative to beauty in stature. The Turks and the Germans are fond of *embonpoint* in women; the Chinese prefer meagre ones. Some people prefer a short stature, and the Tripolitans think it impossible to be beautiful without being tall. But what is still more surprizing, we have seen women of a perfectly civilized country alternately affecting a stature excessively short, and a stature excessively tall, which proves their ignorance of what constitutes beauty in that particular: and, what will appear still more singular, most of the men thought both these fashions charming:—so false is the assertion that beauty is always the same, and that it depends neither on fashion nor on prejudice!

The rapid sketch which I have here submitted to my fair readers, is certainly diversified, and must demonstrate that the natives of the different regions of the globe, are far from being unanimous with respect to the nature of beauty.

But, I hear some of you object—these tales, most of which are so absurd, are owing only to the rudeness of certain savage nations. Answer me these questions: Does greater harmony prevail among polished and civilized nations? Are the Chinese barbarians? Were the Greeks, so celebrated for the delicacy of their taste, for the perfection of their works, for their excellence in the fine arts—were the Greeks barbarians? Will you treat the Romans, that sovereign people, as barbarians? Nevertheless, the Greeks and Romans entertained very different sentiments with regard to beauty.

The Romans liked eye-brows that met, and a little forehead; the Greeks were fond of eye-brows wide assunder from each other, and a well-proportioned forehead. The Romans preferred eyes of moderate size, the Greeks wished to have them large. Accordingly Homer, when he speaks of Juno, calls her *Ox-eyed Juno*, in order to characterize her majestic beauty. Examine the busts and the models of the Greeks; compare them with the busts and models of the Romans; and you will immediately perceive this difference of taste.

Not only nations differ from each other, but the individuals of one and the same people differ in their taste for beautiful objects. What diversity of opinions, especially with regard to the beauty of women, which, at the present moment, forms the principal subject of our reflections! How many different causes influence our judgment? Are we prepossessed in favour of a woman, we think her charming, and our imagination, ever in harmony with our self-love, discovers a thousand perfections in the beloved object. This has been admirably expressed by an old French writer, Etienne Pasquier. "To attempt," says he, "to specify, as some pretend to do, whether the excellence of the eye consists in green or black, whether a person of great or small stature is the most estimable, is a real mistake occasioned by the affection we bear to the one or the other; and because we prefer them we wish every body else to conform to our opinion. And to tell the truth, after long reflection on this subject, I protest that I was at last much puzzled to judge and discern whether beauty is the motive of love, or whether love causes objects to appear beautiful. And after turning it a long time in my mind, I am obliged to acknowledge, that love is the only medium of making one object appear more beautiful than another."

One cause which has a much more powerful influence over our ideas of beauty, an influence which I might venture to call eternal, is national taste. We cannot forbear thinking that beautiful which we have seen admired ever since we have been in existence. This influence possesses such power, that, even the most distinguished artists, who, by continual reflection on the art they practise, and by long study on the different styles, ought to have acquired ideas divested of national prejudices, still preserve in their works a tincture of the taste of their countrymen. Of this I could produce twenty examples, but shall confine myself to a single one. Look at the pictures of Rubens. All the female figures that he painted are of gigantic stature, and have excessive *embonpoint*. Will it be said that he had no intention of painting beauty, that he sought only to represent nature such as he found her?

Examine, then, his picture representing the three rival goddesses, disputing, before the shepherd Paris, the apple destined for the most beautiful. Certainly, in this picture, Rubens intended to depict beauty; and yet Minerva, Venus, and Juno, are three tall, robust, fat Flemish wenches. This piece by Rubens is at present in the Louvre, at Paris. None of our handsome females would wish to resemble any of these three goddesses.

First impressions likewise contribute to give a bias to our judgments on beauty. Certain forms please us throughout life, because they were the first that spoke to our senses. We love them, not from a rational perception of their beauty, but because they awaken in us the most violent sensations we ever experienced, those sensations which had all the charm of novelty, a charm, the full value of which we cannot appreciate, till it is no longer in our power to feel it. This cause frequently goes to such a length, as to make us discover irresistible attractions even in the defects, and to create the most singular and ridiculous tastes. Is it not well known that Descartes preserved, all his life, an astonishing predilection for women who squinted? And why? Because the first woman that made an impression

on his heart had that defect; and that defect, wherever he met with it, reminded him of the agreeable sensations he had experienced.

It is, therefore, evident, that it is impossible to say positively wherein beauty consists; and this is admitted by all those who have most profoundly investigated the subject.

I could quote numerous authorities in my favour, but one shall suffice. I shall borrow it from a writer who might be supposed the most violent opponent of the sentiment I am here defending—I mean Winklemann. His words are: "A regular discussion of beauty requires that something should be said concerning what destroys beauty, which is the negative idea of that quality. Cicero says to Cotta, on the subject of the Deity, that it is much easier to determine what he is not than to pronounce what constitutes him. Beauty and ugliness are, in a certain degree, like health and disease; the latter makes itself felt, not the former. To strive to give an idea of its essence, is an enterprize which has often been attempted, but never executed: if this idea admitted of mathematical demonstration, the opinions of men with regard to beauty would not be so extremely various."

THE HEART OF MAN A MYSTERY.

Examination of the Question whether it is useful to Society that the Heart of Man should be a Mystery.

MAN did not proceed wicked from the hands of his creator; he is a frail and feeble being, but naturally good, and his heart was made for virtue. The poets and the philosophers, hurried away by their imaginations, have both lost themselves in fables by opposite routes. The one have created a golden age, in which all was virtue, pleasure, enjoyment; they have transformed man into a god. The others have imagined ages governed by instinct, brutal and stupid, without reason, without morality, without mutual ties, or tender relations; they have made man a ferocious beast. Nature, like truth, takes her course in the middle of the extravagancies and excesses of man.

There was undoubtedly an age more simple and less corrupt than the present, when man knew no other than the necessary relations of the creator and of the creature, of the father, of the son, of the husband, of the brother, of the neighbour, and of the man. The real wants of nature were at first the only ones of which his heart was sensible. Engaged in the invention and employment of some rude implements to facilitate his labour and to

procure him a subsistence, he had, if we may be allowed the expression, no time to be wicked. He found it too painful and too difficult to satisfy his first wants, to have the idea or the leisure to seek or invent such as were imaginary. Numberless arts of every description had not yet made their appearance to extend the domain of opinion and of pride, to multiply riches and factitious privations, to transport man out of himself and out of nature, to bewilder him in a multitude of frivolous desires and adventitious sentiments, which are in a manner added to his soul without being attached to it by any essential ties. Man was then less depraved, because he never commits evil but from motives of interest, and having no other than real wants, he required little of his fellow creatures, as they required little of him. Falsehood and dissimulation did not yet form an art and an established system in the hearts of men who could without blushing acknowledge any rational desire, the object of which was visibly innocent, such as nature had implanted in all.

But the case is very different in the present state

of things amidst this multitude of relations springing from a too complicated society. The simple and genuine propensities of nature are lost in the vast number of those which opinion, prejudices, and the arts have generated. Self-love, irritated by a thousand objects, and incapable of resolving to stifle one single desire, is incessantly comparing them, looks upon all the enjoyments of others from which it is excluded, as insupportable privations, and much less gratified by the distinctions and the preferences which it obtains, than irritated at the sight of those that are withheld, it keeps the heart in a continual agitation and craving. As it is men that distribute the honours and the distinctions which it covets, it obliges us to make our caprices subservient to their caprices, our extravagant propensities to their extravagant propensities, to reconcile incessantly all the discordant tones of their self-love with ours, to secure by artifice what we cannot obtain either as a voluntary gift, or by violence. Hence arises an everlasting enmity, a secret and internal war between all mankind. They meet and cross each other at every step in the same paths, they attack and fight with each other under a mask. A passion which when more free and abandoned to its fury, would

have been spent in a moment, being then circumscribed in every direction and repelled in a thousand quarters, recoils on itself and is decomposed.

Who can wish to have constantly before his eyes the melancholy spectacle of the falsehood of human virtues? Were the mask removed from every heart, we should but too often perceive that the clemency which pardons, is only the movement of a vanity that insults, or of a timidity that dares not punish; that moderation is a coldness of disposition; courage, a fit of ferocity; constancy, a lethargic stupor of the senses; apparent repose, exhaustion; patience, the impotency of revenge; benevolence, a pride that repays itself before hand for what it gives, the art of making small sacrifices the purpose of obtaining greater; fortitude, an obstinacy of character; integrity, hardness of heart; politeness, a commerce of knavery; sincerity, an habitual imprudence. But what should we think, if, instead of this faint outline, sketched at random, and which from the impossibility of comparing it with the original, may perhaps be looked upon as exaggerated, the human heart stripped of the veil which covers it, were exhibited living to our view!

ANECDOTES OF SUPERNATURAL APPEARANCES.

Observations on the danger of perusing Anecdotes of Supernatural Appearances.

MR. EDITOR,

Too much candour, I am convinced, actuates the Editor of *La Belle Assemblée*, to treat the writer with neglect who takes up his pen for the purpose of a fair and impartial investigation of the nature and value of his late attempt at the tribunal of taste.

In the sixth Number of your interesting work I perused, with some attention, a story related with much talent and eloquence, and attested in a manner that would proclaim its full authenticity. I allude to the extraordinary forewarning stated to have occurred to Lady Beresford in Ireland. Though scepticism and casuistry might discover many objections to invalidate the relation itself, and some inconsistencies certainly do appear irreconcilable to common sense, I will not in this place dispute it; the effect of such narrations is all I here wish to consider: whether the female mind, in particular, is benefited by a perusal of them.

In this enlightened age, when the high rank many of the sex of the present day hold in the walks of literature, proclaims the extent of their mental powers, and clearly demonstrates the fallacy of that prejudice which once considered

the female understanding incapable of attaining the heights of science, I know it may be urged, how can solitary facts, seldom occurring, and tending to establish a disputed point among the curious, have a pernicious effect? Can they hurt an understanding formed in society? And female education is now conducted with a liberality so laudable, that there are few, even in the middling classes in this country, but who smile at the tale of an apparition. The objections I would presume to offer are these:—

To the well regulated mind, where religion acts unfettered by superstition, where the principles are formed, and the heart refined and exalted by education, I allow the whole unbounded range of information. The well accredited fact that staggers received opinion, and the tradition of the credulous, may be unfolded without reserve. But are narratives of this kind to be read by none in a popular work but those I have just described? Are there none secluded in the village, and unblest with a sensible monitor, by whom *La Belle Assemblée* will be received with rapture, as the arcana of fashion, and the mirror of the great and the gay world; to whom it will not accredit, in the most dangerous manner, every

tale of horror with which the hamlet is replete? Will they not, in fact, argue wrong, as it were, upon right principles, and infer from an apparent truth, in one instance, derived from the illustrious in society, and conveyed through a channel too superior to be scoffed at, where truth is never supposed to be trifled with by fiction in such cases, the actual existence of every demon which imagination or legend gives to the mouldering remains of a spire, or a turret? And are there none of those young women in the most interesting situation a wife can be, when susceptibilities at such a time are most tremblingly alive, and then the dreadful operations of fear, are too well known, on whom a perusal of the "Extraordinary Forewarning" might not produce the most melancholy effects? Ask the expectant father what must be his sensations in such a situation?

It has ever been admitted, that early impressions take the strongest hold upon the mind, and require all the force of reason, and all the patient attention of tuition to eradicate, if mischievous or unamiable. Parents too often are not aware of the effects of the marvellous upon the minds of children; when it is considered that we are the creatures of imitation, that however superior the talents of maturity, the principles imbibed by the child alone lead to their perfection; that unless gifted with mental endowments beyond the common run of mortality, to teach us to emerge in after-life from the thick cloud of prejudice that is enveloped around us in youth, how cautious should the parent, guardian, and relative be, to lay before its enquiring and delighted view the lessons of virtue and of reason; in stamping firmly on its easily impressed intellect, the sublime truths of our religion, free from the cant of fanaticism, and the dross of superstition. And shall the best energies of the soul be enervated by relations that, soaring above probability, involve the mind in uncertainty? which, if true, can operate almost universally in early life for no useful end, and, if false, are blasphemous. The foreboding spirits said to have been seen by a Villiers and a Lyttelton, and those noticed by some late intelligent writers, the best of men and of Christians have disputed, notwithstanding their various predictions were verified. Microscopic fancy ever acts but too forcibly in these cases, and we believe without examination. Human calamities may be borne, but the bravest and wisest will sink at a dream, who face the battle's rage, and the elemental war unmoved; the very thought of death vibrates with an icy chillness to the heart; for the preservation of our being it is so ordained: from the prognostications of the physician we sometimes recover, but a dream, the vision of a heated, or diseased ima-

gination, unmans every faculty of the soul, and death feels his power anticipated. Christianity wants not a tale to establish its authority, nor the Almighty a messenger to proclaim it. Have we not Moses and the prophets, have we not Christ and the Gospel! who looks beyond is involved in obscurity; who desires other proof is lost to impiety and scepticism.

Neither am I aware, Mr. Editor, that more real injury is not done to revealed religion in the arguments that naturally arise among those of contrary opinions, from the species of narrative I am depreciating, than partial good can possibly result from the inferior and apocryphal proof they purpose to convey of its truth. Do we not often find the heat of argument stifle the more amiable feelings of the heart; the syllogist in investigating the Scriptures for arguments to controvert the opinions of his adversary upon religious points, is not nice in his selection; and each, in exposing the tenets of the other, does a serious injury to Christianity, when the young and the inexperienced are listeners to the dispute. But as anecdote often does more to establish a position than mere aimadversion, I subjoin the subsequent one, well known I confess, but as an elucidation of my arguments.

Eccentric in her disposition, with a flow of animal spirits that renders her gay to volatility, a distinguished female personage in high life has ever to deplore the consequences of an unthinking frolic, from the following event.—An officer in the army, who had been for some time upon foreign service, and connected with the family of the lady alluded to, called upon her in the country to pay his respects on his return and promotion. Having been brought up in the mansion, his first enquiries, on visiting so interesting an object as the scene of his childhood, naturally turned towards those friends and dependants whom memory, as well as their former affectionate attentions, had endeared to him; among others, the family butler was not forgotten. He had left him in the plenitude of health and vigour, and time had not now so far impaired his personal appearance but that he must have been immediately recognized by his youthful friend had he seen him. Solicitous to promote a laugh at the expence of the soldier, and anticipating no ill effects from her scheme, with seeming sorrow, and affected regret, her ladyship lamented, in terms that drew the tear of sympathy from his eye, the loss of so valuable a domestic; said he had been dead more than a twelvemonth, and turned the subject of discourse, without the smallest suspicion of a deception occurring to his mind. On his second visit a select dinner party was invited to witness the astonishment he must experience at the con-

trived introduction of the supposed deceased butler, who had had his lesson given him. From viewing the grounds and improvements the party returned to dinner. Conceive the surprise of the officer at seeing, upon his entrance into the vestibule, a man with a lanthorn in his hand in broad day light, and his agitation in discovering the butler's countenance, whose well remembered ruby tint he could not mistake. Petrified at the object, he hesitated; but the smiling groupe passing by it without notice, and not daring to venture an enquiry before so many women, with wondering eyes he observed it stalk away, and seated himself in the dining-room. Scarce was the first course served, ere the folding doors of an anti-chamber opened, and again the butler stood revealed. An exclamation which now first escaped the son of Mars, seemed to fill the room with alarm; and to his most anxious enquiries, if they saw nothing, a continued negative was given. Restraining his emotion, on its exit he again seated himself. Upon its re-appearance he beheld and examined the figure with mute attention, until for the third time it disappeared. The mock enquiries after the cause of his indisposition, becoming then more troublesome to him, he abruptly left the room. The hearty laugh in which all indulged after his retiring, was soon stifled in sorrow at the severe illness which immediately attacked him, and the melancholy depression of spirits which ensued. No after-explanations could eradicate the gloom it had

spread over his mind, which continued until his death.—If it did not hasten that event, it embittered some portion of his existence; and life, with the blessings of health and good spirits, are too valuable to be trifled with.—I have related this story, Mr. Editor, as I heard it. If not perfectly correct, it at least clearly proves, how many circumstances may coincide to mislead the judgment in cases of this kind.

Now, Sir, had this young man been armed, I will suppose, with a strength of mind which he does not seem to have possessed, and merely considered this occurrence as an extraordinary event, improper to be revealed to any but a most particular friend, or committed to paper, and had suddenly left the spot before the trick was revealed to him, who would have denied a fact attested by a man of honour, who had fought the battles of his country, and in mental and bodily suffering had penned his narrative?—Might not delicacy have prevented its avowal in the family, and might not the circumstance never have transpired until the authors of the joke were no more?

That these cursory remarks, penned amidst other avocations, the hasty effusion of the moment, may influence some abler pen on this subject, is the sincere wish of

Your sincere admirer,

D. V. C. And constant Reader,
August 13, 1806.

J.

MISCELLANIES.

CHARACTER OF THE PRETENDER.

THE Pretender was not so destitute of understanding as he was said to be. I have seen him several times, and had once a conversation of two hours with him. He spoke several languages well, and seemed to be extremely well acquainted with the political interests of the Courts of Europe. That which he praised least was the Court of France, of which he complained on many accounts. Besides the manner in which they had acted towards him in the expedition of 1745, he said that it was at the persuasion of France that he married a princess of Stolberg; and that the duke d'Aiguillon, who was then minister for foreign affairs, had promised him, upon consideration of their marriage, a pension of 250,000 livres, which was never paid him.

HANNIBAL DISSOLVING THE ALPS.

From the desire of making every thing marvellous, it has been represented as a wonder,

that Hannibal had (to use the expression of some authors) dissolved the Alps with vinegar. That wonder, however, is reduced to a very simple process. It no doubt happened then, as it frequently does now, that great masses of rocks fell from the tops of the mountains, rolled into the valley, and stopped up the roads. Livy only says, that, in such cases, Hannibal had a great fire kindled round the rock; and that when it was heated he had a great quantity of vinegar poured upon it, which, insinuating itself into the veins of the rock (opened by the heat and calcined), softened it, and facilitated the means of breaking it easily. Some years ago, M. Dupla, curate of Montgaillard in the country of Foix, renewed the experiment of Hannibal; and by the same process, made a road of a hundred fathoms long, and twelve feet wide, through a hard rock, inaccessible and surrounded by precipices. This road now leads from the town of Foix to Devernajon, and other neighbouring places, and is of the greatest use to that part of the province.

THE PRETENDER IN LONDON.

In a conversation which the King of Sweden held with the Pretender at Florence, on the 1st of December, 1783, the latter told him that, in the month of September, 1750, he was in London with Colonel Brett. The first place where he landed was at the Tower of London. He examined the outside of it, and found that it was very easy to break down the door with a petard. He then went to a lodging in Pall-Mall, where the same evening more than fifty of his partisans assembled, among whom he mentioned the Duke of B——t and Lord W——d; and he assured the King of Sweden, that if he had seen the probability of assembling 4,000 men, he would have put himself at their head. The King of Sweden repeated the conversation, the same day, to Sir Horace Mann, from whom I had it. Mr. Holker, an Englishman, told me, that he had attended him on that expedition; and that the government was informed of it, but was satisfied with watching his motions.

ISLAND OF ITHACA.

The island of Ithaca (Théachio, or Thiaki) is separated from that of Cephalaria by a channel three or four miles wide, and is about twenty-five miles in circumference. Those who have asserted that nothing but barren rocks are to be seen upon it, have not visited it; and perhaps have seen it only from a distance at sea, and in the winter, when the vines which cover some of the hills had lost their leaves, and thus given an air of nakedness to the rocks: but in the spring, even from Cephalaria, it presents a smiling aspect. The principal produce of the island consists of grapes of every sort, which are made into wine, or dried. There are also olives, white-mulberry trees for the silk-worm, and all kinds of grain in the valleys: few plains are to be seen, though there are some which are very fertile. Mount Néríté, which still preserves its ancient name, is lofty, and well shaded with fine trees. The town and port are situated at the foot of this mountain; and are thus sheltered from the north and east winds, which render it salubrious. At a distance from Théaci some ruins are seen, which are still taken for the remains of the palace of Ulysses; and the memory of Penelope is even now held there in the greatest veneration.—The town is not very populous; as the inhabitants do not carry on the trade of exporting their commodities themselves, but sell them to the merchants of Cephalaria and Corfu, who come thither. The most pleasing part of this island is the interior; which contains charming dales, views that are truly picturesque, and particularly a narrow valley, through which runs a gentle

and beautiful river. The hills which surround it are ornamented with the finest trees in a state of perpetual verdure, and all together form a scene corresponding with the idea given by Ælian of the Vale of Tempé. This island is subject to the Venetians, and is under the government of Cephalaria. This was written in 1794.

UNFORTUNATE AND AFFECTING INSTANCE
OF LOVE.

The daughter of a country curate in Hampshire being reduced, by the death of her father, to the hard necessity of seeking some mode of subsistence, could find no other than going into the service of an old female friend of her mother, as her maid. Emilia (that was her name) had received from her parents the best education. She was handsome, had a very pleasing figure, was sensible, discreet, reserved, and of the most modest deportment. Unfortunately for her, a young gentleman of good fortune, who was a friend of the family with which she lived, frequently visited the house. The master and mistress keeping only one footman, poor Emilia, who generally assisted in serving the tea, had thus an opportunity of seeing the young man, and fell in love with him before she was aware of the progress of that sentiment in her heart. When she did perceive it, her reason induced her to oppose it, and she made many ineffectual efforts for that purpose: indeed so violent were her struggles, that her health became seriously affected by them. Her mistress, who loved her tenderly, after having consulted several physicians in vain, sent her to the house of a friend at twenty miles distance, to try whether change of air would not be of service to her. The absence of the object of her affection, no doubt, contributed to her recovery. She returned to her mistress's; and having the same opportunities of seeing the young man as before, her passion revived. Firmly resolved to conquer it, or die rather than give way to an attachment which increased in spite of her, she relapsed into the most deplorable state of health. The physicians, not being able to discover the cause of her disorder, thought that she must be affected by some deep sorrow, and pronounced her in danger. Her afflicted mistress entreated her to entrust her with the secret: and, to induce her to do so, told her the danger she was in; and promised not only not to betray her confidence, but to do her utmost to obtain the means necessary for her cure. Oyercome by the affection of her mistress, she acknowledged her passion; begged her to conceal it from him who was the object of it; and received with resignation the news of her

approaching dissolution, which would at last deliver her from an unfortunate passion that all her efforts had been unable to vanquish. Her mistress could not help informing her husband of the discovery. They agreed to sound the young man upon the subject; and finding, by degrees, that he had observed the merit of Emilia, they prevailed upon him to pity her situation. He consented; asked to see her (she being previously prepared for it by her mistress); entered into conversation with her; testified the greatest desire to see her health re-established; and even went so far as to say, that if she could recover, he would be happy to marry her.—“Marry me!” cried she, raising her arms, and fixing her eyes upon him: “Marry me!” and throwing her head back, she instantly expired.

MR. PITT AND THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

The death of George II. caused a great change in the affairs of Europe, and particularly in those of England. That prince had, for some years, been engaged in a war against France, in which he had acquired much glory. Strongly attached to his possessions in Germany, which the French had invaded, he pursued with vigour his successes by sea in the most distant regions, and his arms triumphed in all the four quarters of the world.

Mr. Pitt and the Duke of Newcastle were then at the head of the English administration. The latter, who had grown old in the ministry, held the first office in the government: but Mr. Pitt, by his eloquence in parliament, by his popularity, by the grandeur of his designs, and the energy of his mind, had obtained such a superiority in the cabinet, that he was in fact prime minister; and governed almost despotically a people who, though little inclined to yield to arbitrary power, are sometimes reduced by their attachment to popular leaders. The Duke of Newcastle had been thirty years in the ministry, and was then at the head of the Treasury; the department which, in England, bestows all employments; from which, under the King, flow all favours; and which, from these causes, constitutes the person holding it the prime minister. But Mr. Pitt had silenced the Opposition; had formed all the plans for the war; and had left to the Duke of Newcastle the care of finding money to carry these into execution, as well as the pleasure of giving such places, as did not depend upon his measures. They frequently differed in opinion; but Mr. Pitt always carried his point, in spite of the Duke. A curious scene occurred on one of the occasions:—It had been proposed to send Admiral Hawke to sea, in pursuit of M. de Conflans. The season was unfavourable, and

even dangerous for a fleet to sail, being the month of November. Mr. Pitt was at this time confined to his bed by the gout; and was obliged to receive all visitors in his chamber, in which he could not bear to have a fire. The Duke of Newcastle waited upon him in this situation, to discuss the affair of this fleet, which he was of opinion ought not to sail in such a stormy season: Scarcely had he entered the chamber when, shivering with cold, he said: “What! have you no fire?” “No,” replied Mr. Pitt; “I can never bear a fire when I have the gout.” The Duke sat down by the side of the invalid, wrapped up in his cloak, and began to enter upon the subject of his visit. There was a second bed in the room: and the Duke, being unable to endure the cold, at length said: “With your leave, I’ll warm myself in this other bed;” and without taking off his cloak, he actually stepped into lady Esther Pitt’s bed, and then resumed the debate. The Duke was entirely against exposing the fleet in the month of November, and Mr. Pitt was as positively determined that it should put to sea. “The fleet must absolutely sail,” said Mr. Pitt, accompanying his words with the most animated gestures. “It is impossible,” said the Duke, making a thousand contortions; “it will certainly be lost.” Sir Charles Frederick, of the ordnance department, arriving just at that time, found them both in this laughable posture; and had the greatest difficulty in the world to preserve his gravity, at seeing two ministers of state deliberating upon an object so important in such a ludicrous situation.

The fleet, however, did put to sea, and Mr. Pitt was justified by the event; for Admiral Hawke defeated M. de Conflans, and the victory was more decisive in favour of the English than any other that was obtained over France during the war.

NAIVETE OF MRS. E.—

Mrs. E—t was daughter of a Minister of State of the King of Prussia. Mr. E—t, the King of Great Britain’s Minister at the Court of Berlin, married this young lady, who had never been out of town. Immediately after their marriage, they went into the country.—The new scenery of woods, rivers and rivulets, groves, shady walks, the singing of the birds, cattle, flocks of sheep, fishing, and other amusements of the country, delighted the young lady so much, that in her enthusiasm she said repeatedly, that “it was surprising to her, people had never thought of building towns in the country!”

MEMORABILIA.

BOURSULT'S LETTER.

Boursault, the celebrated French poet, was desired by a person who purposed going to reside in a certain town, to give him a letter of introduction, which he obtained, and was as follows:

"Sir,

"An apothecary, who swears he is related to me, (I swear I know not how), not thinking his townsmen worthy of his genuflections, and intending to establish himself in your town, has begged me to recommend him; and I do recommend him to you. He is a man, who, delighted with his profession, has applied himself solely to it, and for fear of becoming dissipated, has never been willing to learn any thing else. His physiognomy sufficiently justifies him from having any evil designs; and if he should happen to mistake and give arsenick instead of sugar, it will be with the utmost well-meaning, and honest confidence.

"After the portrait which I have now given of him, you may easily judge, that in order to make him pass for a clever man, you must necessarily be an extremely clever one yourself, and I now furnish you with an opportunity of exerting all your ability. I am, &c."

This letter was accordingly delivered, and the apothecary settled in the town in consequence of this warm recommendation, and made his fortune.

Boursault died in 1701. Three volumes of his letters were published in 1738, among which is this one. He knew no language but his own, which he wrote with the greatest purity.

The French editor says, "As to his letters, they are so lively, so curious, so agreeable from the variety of turns, sallies, tales, fables, bon-mots, facts, epigrams, and pretty verses, of which they are full, that one is never tired with reading them, and they are in the hands of every lover of literature."

FRENCH ACTOR.

An actor, named Des Essarts, belonging to the French company of players at the Hague, in 1782, was caught shooting on the private domains of the Stadtholder. The gamekeeper (who had only seen this actor in the character of Princes), demanded by what right he hunted there. Des Essarts successfully made use of his professional talent to extricate himself from this scrape, and with an air and tone of the greatest stateliness answered,

"*De quel droit dites vous ?*

"*Du droit qu'un esprit vaste, et ferme dans ses desseins.*

"*A sur l'esprit grossier des vulgaires humains.*"

"By what right dost thou say?

"That right by which a vast and steadfast mind

"Commands the vulgar herd of human kind."

These verses repeated in a tragical accent, and with theatrical action, imposed on the man so much, that he retreated quite stunned, saying, "Ah! that alters the case; I beg your pardon, Sir, I did not know that."

CERVANTES AND SHAKSPEARE.

The Spanish edition of *Don Quixote*, which was published in Madrid, 1797, in four quarto volumes, by Juan Antonio Pellicer, contains, in the life of Cervantes, the following paragraph:—

"After an illness of seven months died Miguel De Cervantes Saavedra, on the 23d of the month of April, Anno 1616, in Madrid; aged 69. On which day died likewise, the celebrated English poet, William Shakspeare, aged 53."

In 1801 was published, at Paris, an imitation of the *Galatea* of Cervantes, by M. de Florian; who to this pastoral prefixed a sketch of the author's life, which ends thus:—"He died on the 23d April, 1616, aged sixty-eight years, six months, and fourteen days. On the same day, Shakspeare died at Stratford; in the county of Warwick."

Mr. Malone only says, that Shakspeare died on his birth-day, April 23, 1616, and had exactly completed his fifty-second year, without mentioning Cervantes.

The circumstance of those two great men dying on the same day, has not been noticed by any of our biographers.

In the "*Ephemerides Politiques, Litteraires, et Religieuses, jusqu'au premier de Janvier 1803, par Noel*," in twelve octavo volumes or months, containing every thing remarkable which has happened on each day of the month, from the earliest historical accounts; is said, in the volume of April:

"On the 23d died Miguel de Cervantes, at Madrid, author of the celebrated romance of *Don Quixote*; this book was considered as a state-affair for which he was persecuted, under pretence that he decried the spirit of chivalry which constituted the true national character, and that he turned valour into ridicule."

Montesquien, speaking of the Spaniards, says, "The only good book they have, is that which has shown the ridiculousness of all the others."

"*Don Quixote*," said St. Evremont, "is the only book which I can always read; and of all the books I have read, that which I had rather have written; it is my most powerful antidote against tedious weariness and chagrin; I recommend it to lovers who are remote from their mistresses."

Don Quixote has been translated into all the European languages; and there are no less than seven English versions; the first by Shelton (in 1620), Motteux, Ozell, Kelly, Jarvis, Smollet, and Wilmot.

Perhaps no book of the kind has been oftener printed; and almost always with the life of the author prefixed to the work, which may, however, have been seldom or ever read, so that a very concise account of this celebrated man may not appear misplaced here, as it may excite cursory readers to have recourse to the history of his life and works at large.

He was born in 1547, in Alcalá de Henares, a small town seven leagues North East of Madrid. He was engaged in the famous sea fight of Lepanto, in 1571, where his left hand was either shot off by an arquebuse, or so mutilated as to remain useless. Three years after, he was taken by a Barbary Corsair, and carried into Algiers, where he remained five years and a half in slavery, at the expiration of which his redemption was purchased, and he returned to Spain. He says of himself, "I was many years a soldier, and five years and a half a captive, by which I learnt to be patient in adversity."

For the following twenty-two years nothing is known about him, except his writing several plays and other works, (not necessary to be enumerated here). In Smollet's words, "In that period he married, dissipated the remains of his fortune, experienced the ingratitude of those he had befriended in his prosperity, and after having sustained a series of mortifications and distress, was committed to prison, (he himself in his prologue says, 'I work in prison, and the place does not inspire me'), at the age of fifty-eight, in consequence of the debts he had contracted." In this dismal situation he composed that work which is the delight and admiration of all Europe, namely, the first part of Don Quixote, which was published in Madrid, in 1605.

He says, in the second part, which appeared ten years after,—"There are now above twelve thousand of the first part printed." In another place, he says thirty thousand. So that without doubt he was soon released from prison; but his poverty was still so great that he was obliged to sell eight plays, and as many interludes, because he had neither the means nor credit to print them. Notwithstanding his book was so universally known and approved, no one solicited a moderate pension for him, that he might barely subsist on. "For though the protection of his patrons kept him from starving, it did not exempt him from the difficulties and mortifications of want; and no man of taste and humanity can reflect on his character and circumstances, with-

out being shocked at the barbarous indifference of those patrons. What he obtained was not the offspring of liberality and taste, but the scanty alms of compassion; he was not respected as a genius, but relieved as a beggar."

"For a series of years he endured the severest stings of fortune, and wrestled with inconceivable vexation and distress. As none of his family were ever mentioned, it may be supposed that some domestic reasons may have occasioned his own reserve, as well as theirs. Unless we conclude he was instigated to renounce all connection with his kindred and allies by some contemptuous slight, mortifying repulse, or real injury he had sustained; which conclusion is not improbable, considering the generous sensibility of the Spaniards, and the warmth of resentment peculiar to our author, which glows through his productions, unrestrained by all the fears of poverty, and all the maxims of old age and experience."

In the approbation given to the second part of Don Quixote, by the licentiate Torres, he says, after criticising the bad books in his time, "Very different have the writings of Cervantes appeared to foreign nations as well as our own; and strangers are very desirous to behold the author whose works have met with such universal applause in Spain, Portugal, France, Italy, Germany, and Flanders, for the decency, suavity, and purity of their style." He adds, that in 1615, he met with several French gentlemen who accompanied their ambassador on a visit to the Cardinal-Archbishop of Toledo. They were very particular in their enquiries about Cervantes, and were told he was old, a soldier, noble, and poor. One of the cavaliers said, "Why does not Spain provide richly for such a man, and maintain him from the public treasure?" To which another immediately added, "If necessity obliges him to write, please God he may never live in plenty, that he himself being poor, may continue to enrich the world with his writings."

It appears almost incredible that such a man should be suffered to languish in poverty and contempt, while his works afforded entertainment and delight to whole nations.

EATING.

A curious work is now publishing annually in Paris, entitled "Almanach des Gourmands," in 12mo. of about 300 pages each volume. It began in 1803, and the fourth volume appeared last January. The first and second volumes have gone through two or three editions. Those volumes are the most entertaining; the two others, especially the last, consist of little more than in-

dications of the principal taverns, coffee-houses, cooks, confectioners, fruiterers, vintners, grocers, butchers, fishmongers, and other venders of victuals and liquors, in Paris.

The mottos to the title-pages are as follows:—

1803.—*Tanquam leo rugiens, circuit quarens de-
voret.* S. Pet. Ep. i. cap. v. ver. 8.

As a roaring lion walketh about, seeking
whom he may devour.

1804.—*Non in solo pane vivit homo.*

S. Mat. cap. iv. v. 4.

Man shall not live by bread alone.

1805.—*Jejunus raro stomachus vulgaria tenet.*

Hor. Sat. ii. lib. 2.

A hungry stomach seldom loathes com-
mon victuals.

1806.—*Nil actum reputans si quid superesset
agendum.* Lucan.

Thinking nothing is done, if any thing
remains to be done.

The title at large is, “The Gormand’s Al-
manack; or, Nutritive Calendar: being a guide
to the means of procuring the best provisions,
and having excellent cheer.”

Among the gormandizing maxims, reflections,
anecdotes, and follies, are the following:

The method of serving dish by dish is the *gar-
lick* of the art of good eating. It enables us to
eat hot, long, and much.

Soup must be eaten boiling hot, and coffee
drank burning.

Happy those who have their palates delicate
and their throats paved.

Cheese is the biscuit of drunkards.

Hot milk is the true and excellent dissolvent
of oysters.

Mercier says, he, in 1786, saw Crebillon (the
son) eat a hundred dozen of oysters without
bursting; he drank nothing but hot milk during
this meal.

New wine, a common friendly dinner, and
music by amateurs, are three things to be
dreaded.

Five hours at table are a reasonable latitude
for a numerous company at a sumptuous dinner.

A gormand is in his prime from forty to sixty
years of age.

Some persons are afraid to sit at table with
twelve others. We are of opinion that the
number thirteen ought to create no other appre-
hension than that of there being a sufficient pro-
vision made for twelve only. Others are alarmed
at the spilling of salt; the essential point is, that
it be not spilt in a good dish.

A few drops of Ether on a lump of sugar, are
sufficient to precipitate digestion, and to dispose
a person to begin a good dinner over again.

Let a sugar-plumb dissolve in half a glass of
water; if the water whitens, it is to be ascribed
to flour or starch; if it remains limpid, the sugar
is unfixed.

The Abbé Roubaud, in his *Synonyms*, gives
the following definitions, which appear in the
Almanack:—

The Gormand (*Gourmand*) loves eating, and
good cheer; he must eat, but not without
choice.

The Glutton (*Glouton*) runs to his victuals,
and makes a disagreeable noise whilst eating,
which he does with such voracity, that one morsel
does not wait for the other; every thing that is
set before him soon disappears; all is swal-
lowed.

The Goulu eats with so much avidity, that he
barely gives his meat a bite before he swallows
it; he does not chew, but only bolts, or gulps
down.

The Goinfre has such a greedy or rather brutal
appetite, that he eats with his mouth as full as it
can hold; he guttles, gorges himself with every
thing indiscriminately, and devours for the sake
of devouring.

The *Bufreur* is another term for one of this
species.

These terms applied to the fair sex, are *La
Gourmande*, *la Gloutonne*, *la Goulue*, *la Goinfre*,
and *la Bufreuse*.

Some of our turtle-eating aldermen may per-
haps find two English words for the three last
French ones.

The French Encyclopedia defines gorman-
dizing (*la Gourmandise*), a refined love of
good cheer. Lickerishness (*la Friandise*), is
particularly understood to mean, a taste for
every thing in which sugar forms an essential
part.

There is a very large caldron in a house in Paris,
which is called *la Marmite Perpetuelle*, from its
having been on the fire eighty-seven years, dur-
ing which period it must have boiled at least four
hundred thousand capons; and it boils nothing
else. It is situated near the principal market
for fowls, which have thus only a step to take
from the market into the caldron. At any hour
of the day or night, on applying at that succulent
house, a boiled capon issues from that nutritious
gulph, where they are incessantly regenerated in
a wonderful manner.

A little girl, of eight or nine years of age,
one day heard her father discoursing with his
friends on the different kinds of enjoyments at-
tendant on gormandizing and lickerishness.—
For my part, said the child, I prefer being
lickerish, because, after being so, I am still
hungry.

BEAUTIES OF MODERN LITERATURE.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF

LOPEZ FELIX DE VEGA CARPIO.

BY HENRY RICHARD LORD HOLLAND.

THE noble author of this work, of which we are about to give an extract from the part of most interest and importance, having dwelt upon the rivalry and jealous competition of Lope and Cervantes, thus proceeds:—

“How different has been the judgment of posterity on the writings of these two men! Cervantes, who was actually starving in the same street where Lope was living in splendour and prosperity, has been for near two centuries the delight and admiration of every nation in Europe; and Lope, notwithstanding the late edition of his works in twenty-two volumes, is to a great degree neglected in his own.

“Before the death of Cervantes, which happened on the same day as that of Shakspeare, the admiration of Lope was become a species of worship in Spain. It was hardly prudent in any author to withhold incense from his shrine, much less to interrupt the devotion of his adherents. Such was their intolerance, that they gravely asserted that the author of the *Spongia* (Cervantes), who had severely censured his works, and accused him of ignorance of the Latin language, deserved nothing short of death for such literary heresy. Nor was Lope himself entirely exempt from the irritability which is supposed to attend poets: he often speaks with peevishness of his detractors, and answers their criticisms, sometimes in an insolent tone. The word Vega in Spanish signifies garden. In the title-page of his book was engraved a beetle expiring over some flowers, which he is upon the point of attacking. That the emblem might not be misunderstood, this distich was also subjoined:

“Audax dum Vegæ irrupit scarabæus in hortos,

“Fragrantis periit victus odore rosæ.”

“At Vega’s garden as the beetle flies,

“O’erpower’d with sweets the daring insect dies.”

“The vanity of the above conceit is at least equal to the wit.

“But in the prologue to the *Pelegrino*, and in some posthumous poems, he most unreasonably complains of the neglect, obscurity, and poverty in which his talents have been left. How are the expectations of genius ever to be fulfilled, if Lope, laden with honours and with pensions, courted by

the great, and followed by the crowd, imagined that his fortunes were unequal to his deserts?

“He seldom passed a year without giving some poem to the press; and scarcely a month or even a week without producing some play upon the stage. His *Pastores de Belen*, a work in prose and verse on the Nativity, had confirmed his superiority in pastoral poems; and rhymes, hymns and poems without number on sacred subjects had evinced his zeal in the profession he embraced. Philip IV. the great patron of the Spanish theatre, to which he afterwards is said to have contributed compositions of his own, at the era of his accession, found Lope in full possession of the stage, and in the exercise of unlimited authority over the authors, comedians, and audience. New honours and benefices were immediately heaped on our poet, and in all probability he wrote occasionally plays for the royal palace. He published about the same time *Los Triunfos de la Fe*; *Las Fortunas de Diana*; three novels in prose (unsuccessful imitations of Cervantes); *Circe*, an heroic poem, dedicated to the Count Duke of Olivarez; and *Philomena*, a singular but tiresome allegory, in the second book of which he vindicates himself in the person of the nightingale from the accusation of his critics, who are there represented by the thrush.

Such was his reputation that he began to distrust the sincerity of the public, and seems to have suspected that there was more fashion than real opinion in the extravagance of their applause. This engaged him in a dangerous experiment, the publication of a poem without his name. But whether the number of his productions had gradually formed the public taste to his own standard of excellence, or that his fertile and irregular genius was singularly adapted to the times, the result of this trial confirmed the former judgment of the public; and his Soliloques to God, though printed under a feigned name, attracted as much notice, and secured as many admirers as any of his former productions. Emboldened probably by this success, he dedicated his *Corona Trágica*, a poem on the Queen of Scots, to Pope Urban VIII. who had himself composed an epigram on the subject. Upon

this occasion he received from that pontiff a letter written in his own hand, and the degree of doctor of theology. Such a flattering tribute of admiration sanctioned the reverence in which his name was held in Spain, and spread his fame through every catholic country. The Cardinal Barberini followed him with veneration in the streets; the King would stop to gaze at such a prodigy; the people crowded round him wherever he appeared; the learned and the studious thronged to Madrid from every part of Spain to see this phoenix of their country, this "monster of literature;" and even Italians, no extravagant admirers in general of poetry that is not their own, made pilgrimages from their country for the sole purpose of conversing with Lope. So associated was the idea of excellence with his name, that it grew in common conversation to signify any thing perfect in its kind; and a Lope diamond, a Lope day, or a Lope woman, became fashionable and familiar modes of expressing their good qualities.

"His poetry was as advantageous to his fortune as to his fame: the king enriched him with pensions and chaplaincies; the pope honoured him with dignities and preferments; and every nobleman at court aspired to the character of his Mæcenas, by conferring upon him frequent and valuable presents. His annual income was not less than 1500 ducats, exclusive of the price of his plays, which Cervantes insinuates that he was never inclined to forgo, and Montalvan estimates at 80,000. He received in presents from individuals as much as 10,500 more. His application of these sums partook of the spirit of the nation from which he drew them. Improvident and indiscriminate charity ran away with these gains, immense as they were, and rendered his life unprofitable to his friends and uncomfortable to himself. Though his devotion gradually became more fervent, it did not interrupt his poetical career. In 1630 he published the *Laurel de Apollo*, a poem of inestimable value to the Spanish philologists, as they are called in the jargon of our day, for it contains the names of more than 330 Spanish poets and their works. They are introduced as claimants for the *Laurel*, which *Apollo* is to bestow; and as Lope observes of himself that he was more inclined to panegyric than to satire, there are few or any that have not at least a strophe of six or eight lines devoted to their praise. Thus the multitude of Castilian poets, which at that time was prodigious, and the exuberance of Lope's pen, have lengthened out to a work of ten books, or sylvas, an idea which has often been imitated in other countries, but generally confined within the limits of a song. At the end of the last sylvia he makes the poets give specimens of their art,

and assures us that many equalled Tasso, and even approached Ariosto himself; a proof that this celebrated Spanish poet gave the preference to the latter. After long disputes for the *Laurel*, the controversy at length ends, as controversies in Spain are apt to do, in the interference of the government; and *Apollo* agrees to refer the question to Philip IV. whose decision, either from reserve in the judge, or from modesty in the relator, who was himself a party concerned, is not recorded. Facts, however, prove that our poet could be no loser by this change of tribunal. He continued to publish plays and poems, and to receive every remuneration that adulation and generosity could bestow, till the year 1635, when religious thoughts had rendered him so hypochondriac that he could hardly be considered as in full possession of his understanding. On the 22d of August, which was Friday, he felt himself more than usually oppressed in spirits and weak with age; but he was so much more anxious about the health of his soul than of his body, that he would not avail himself of the privilege to which his infirmities entitled him, of eating meat; and even resumed the flagellation, to which he had accustomed himself, with more than usual severity. This discipline is supposed to have hastened his death. He fell ill on that night, and having passed, the necessary ceremonies with excessive devotion, he expired on Monday the 26th of August 1635.

"The sensation produced by his death, was, if possible, more astonishing than the reverence in which he was held while living. The splendour of his funeral, which was conducted at the charge of the most munificent of his patrons, the Duke of Sesa, the number and language of the sermons on that occasion, the competition of poets of all countries in celebrating his genius and lamenting his loss, are unparalleled in the annals of poetry, and perhaps scarcely equalled in those of royalty itself. The ceremonies attending his interment continued for nine days. The priests described him as a saint in his life, and represented his superiority over the classics in poetry as great as that of the religion which he professed was over the heathen. The writings which were selected from the multitude produced on the occasion, fill more than two large volumes. Several circumstances indeed concurred to raise his reputation at the period of his death. Had he fallen sooner, the public would not have been disposed to regret a dramatic writer so deeply; had he lived longer, they would have had more certain prospects of supplying the loss. The passion of Philip IV. for the theatre, had directed the attention and interest of Spaniards to all that concerned it. Calderon and Moreto, who shortly after enriched the stage with plays at least equal

and in the judgment of many superior to those of Lope, were as yet so young that they might be considered as his scholars rather than his rivals. We may add that his posthumous works were calculated not only to maintain but advance his poetical character.

"Of the many encomiasts of Lope (among whom are to be found Marino and several Italians), not one gives any account of his life, if we except his intimate friend Montalvan; and even in his eulogium there is little that can throw any light upon his character as a man, or his history as an author. He praises him in general terms as a person of a mild and amiable disposition, of very temperate habits, of great erudition, singular charity, and extreme good breeding. His temper, he adds, was never ruffled but with those who took snuff before company; with the gay who dyed their locks; with men who, born of women, spoke ill of the sex; with priests who believed in gipsies; and with persons who, without intentions of marriage, asked others their age. These antipathies, which are rather quaint sallies of wit than traits of character, are the only peculiarities which his intimate friend has thought proper to communicate.

"As he is mentioned more than once, by himself and his encomiasts, employed in trimming a garden, we may collect that he was fond of that occupation; indeed his frequent description of parterres and fountains, and his continual allusion to flowers, seem to justify his assertion—that his garden furnished him with ideas as well as vegetables and amusement. But I fear we cannot from the primitive simplicity of his employment conclude, with his partial friend Montalvan, that his fortunes did not alter the modesty of his address, or the unaffected mildness and humility of his temper. His ostentatious display of vanity in assuming arms to which he was not entitled, and his ill-founded pretensions to an illustrious pedigree, circumstances which escaped not the keen observation of Cervantes and of Gongora, seem to imply that he was far from that philosophical equability of temper which meets the buffets and rewards of fortune with great indifference. On the other hand, if he was intoxicated with prosperity, he was not contented: nor could wealth, honours, or reputation, cure him of the habit of complaining of ill usage, neglect, and even poverty. Who can read without surprise mixed with indignation his letter to his son, dissuading him from the study of poetry as unprofitable; and, in confirmation of his precepts, lamenting his own calamities, in a strain more suited to the circumstances of Camoens and Cervantes than to the idol of the public and favourite of princes?

"This unreasonable propensity to murmur at

his lot is the greatest blemish in his character. The prodigious success of his compositions, and the general adulation of his contemporaries, were sufficient to palliate some occasional instances of vanity; and though he speaks in some passages of his performances with complacency, in others he criticizes his own works with considerable severity. This is however a privilege which he was by no means inclined to extend to others; on the other hand he was extremely lavish of his praise where he expected a reasonable portion in return.

"As an author he is most known, as indeed he is most wonderful, for the prodigious number of his writings. Twenty-one million three hundred thousand of his lines are said to be actually printed; and no less than eighteen hundred plays of his composition to have been acted on the stage. He nevertheless asserts in one of his last poems, that,

"No es minima parte, aunque es exceso,

"De lo que es a por imprimir, lo impreso."

"The printed part, though far too large, is less
"Than that which yet unprinted waits the press."

"It is true that the Castilian language is copious; that the verses are often extremely short, and that the laws of metre and of rhyme are by no means severe. Yet were we to give credit to such accounts, allowing him to begin his compositions at the age of thirteen, we must believe that upon an average he wrote more than nine hundred lines a day; a fertility of imagination, and a celerity of pen, which, when we consider the occupations of his life as a soldier, a secretary, a master of a family, and a priest; his acquirements in Latin, Italian, and Portuguese; and his reputation for erudition, become not only improbable, but absolutely, and, one may almost say, physically impossible.

"As the credibility however of miracles must depend upon the weight of evidence, it will not be foreign to the purpose to examine the testimonies we possess of this extraordinary facility and exuberance of composition. There does not now exist the fourth part of the works which he and his admirers mention, yet enough remains to render him one of the most voluminous authors that ever put pen to paper. Such was his facility, that he informs us in his Eclogue to Claudio, that more than a hundred times he composed a play and produced it on the stage in twenty-four hours. Montalvan declares that he latterly wrote in metre with as much rapidity as in prose, and in confirmation of it he relates the following story:

"His pen was unable to keep pace with his mind, as he invented even more than his hand was capable of transcribing. He wrote a comedy

in two days, which it would not be very easy for the most expeditious amanuensis to copy out in the time. At Toledo he wrote fifteen acts in fifteen days, which make five comedies. These he read at a private house, where Maestro Joseph de Valdebieso was present and was witness of the whole; but because this is variously related, I will mention what I myself know from my own knowledge. Roque de Figueroa, the writer for the theatre at Madrid, was at such a loss for comedies that the doors of the theatre de la Cruz were shut; but as it was in the Carnival, he was so anxious upon the subject that Lope and myself agreed to compose a joint comedy as fast as possible. It was the Tercera Orden de San Francisco, and is the very one in which Arias acted the part of the saint more naturally than was ever witnessed on the stage. The first act fell to Lope's lot, and the second to mine; we dispatched these in two days, and the third was to be divided into eight leaves each. As it was bad weather, I remained in his house that night and knowing that I could not equal him in the execution, I had a fancy to beat him in the dispatch of the business; for this purpose I got up at two o'clock, and at eleven had completed my share of the work. I immediately went out to look for him, and found him very deeply occupied with an orange-tree that had been frost-bitten in the night. Upon my asking him how he had gone on with his task, he answered, 'I set about it at five; but I finished the act an hour ago; took a bit of ham for breakfast; wrote an epistle of fifty triplets; and

have watered the whole of the garden: which has not a little fatigued me.' Then taking out the papers, he read me the eight leaves and the triplets; a circumstance that would have astonished me, had I not known the fertility of his genius, and the dominion he had over the rhymes of our language.

'As to the number of his plays, all contemporary authors concur in representing it as prodigious. 'At last appeared,' says Cervantes in his prologue, 'that prodigy of nature, the great Lope, and established his monarchy on the stage. He conquered and reduced under his jurisdiction every actor and author in the kingdom. He filled the world with plays written with purity, and the plot conducted with skill, in number so many that they exceed eighteen hundred sheets of paper; and what is the most wonderful of all that can be said upon the subject, every one of them have I seen acted, or heard of their being so from those that had seen them; and though there have been many who have attempted the same career, all their works together would not equal in quantity what this single man has composed.' Montalvan asserts that he wrote eighteen hundred plays, and four hundred autos sacramentales; and asserts, that if the works of his literary idol were placed in one scale, and those of all ancient and modern poets in the other, the weight of the former would decide the comparison in point of quantity, and be a fair emblem of the superiority in point of merit of Lope's verses over those of all other poets together."

STATE OF SOCIETY AND MANNERS.

MANNERS OF THE INDIANS.

[Continued from Page 327.]

THE most copious library in Indostan is that of the university of Benares. It is the deposit of the sacred books; but it is prohibited for a common Indian to have these books in his possession; they are written in the Sanscrit language, which is understood only by the Bramins. If a Bramin should communicate to another person any thing that he may have read in the Veidams, he would be degraded from his cast. This reservedness of the Bramins has long kept the customs and religion of the Indians inviolably secret. Sonnerat is the first French traveller that threw any light on that subject; it is true, the Bramins now a days are more communicative; and the scientific society

of Calcutta which has consulted the monuments of India, both sacred and profane, has at length drawn aside the veil that concealed the superstition and manners of the Hindoos.

We mentioned that Tippoo Saib had a library composed of two thousand volumes. The eldest son of the Nabob of Arcot collected one of four thousand volumes; but these collections of books were admired as a very great rarity. All the learning of an Indian family consists of a few fables, which fathers transfer to their children as an hereditary lesson, and of some oriental tales with which the faquirs repay the hospitality they experience in their peregrinations. It may be

imagined that this kind of literature is studied in a very arbitrary manner, and that it savours a little of the sort of life these literary vagabonds lead.

The Indians have a few stories which are more merry than their natural disposition: these tales, in which the wives are always represented as deceiving their husbands, are the ground-work of all their comedies. Nevertheless, we must not judge too unfavorably of the Hindoos; they are commonly better than they are represented on the stage, and their story-tellers, as well as their dramatic poets, are obliged to give a high colouring to the picture to make it satirical. Nothing is less calculated to furnish subjects to the dramatic muse than the domestic life of the Hindoos, particularly of the higher classes.

The Hindoo women, although enjoying more liberty than the Mahometan, yet lead a very retired and even austere life. The doctrines of the Bramins inculcate that a woman must never go out of her house without her husband's consent; that she must never appear with her bosom uncovered or her neck exposed to view; that she must not laugh without covering herself with her veil; that she must never enter the house of a stranger; never stand at the door or look out of the window. That part of the Gentoo code relative to women, proves that the spirit of gallantry was never pushed very far. Women, say the Hindoo legislators very gravely, have six inherent qualities; the first is, an immoderate love of trinkets, furniture, fine clothes, and good living; the second, insatiable desire; the third, a violent irascibility; the fourth, a rooted and dissembled malice; the fifth, a jealousy which converts the good qualities of others into bad; the sixth, a natural inclination to evil.

But to return to our Indian's house. If the wife he has married should prove barren, she is slighted; ceremonies are performed, and prayers offered up to the Gods to make her fruitful; but if she should bring forth children, particularly sons, she ceases to be considered as the object of the maledictions of heaven and earth. As the married couple advance in years, their family is increased not only by children, but also by collateral relations, who, having lost the assistance of their nearest relatives, seek an asylum with the more distant ones. This custom of supporting indiscriminately all their relations, is observed, even amongst the poorest classes; it is not uncommon to see a mere day labourer maintain, besides his family, half a dozen aunts and nieces, his

grandfather, grandmother and his wife's parents. It would be disgraceful in him to refuse to comply with this sacred duty, and he performs it with the greatest cheerfulness as he is sure that at his death his relations will behave in the same manner to his wife and children.

The Indian, although sober and peaceable, is not exempt from the infirmities incident to human nature. Most of the disorders of Europe are known in India; but medicine is a profession abandoned to those who have no other resource; it consists only of a few forms easily learned, and religious ceremonies; greater confidence being placed in the goodness of the Gods than in the skill of men. I now come to the last moments of an Indian; he has spent his life remote from important events; he has enjoyed no exquisite pleasures, nor has he experienced any poignant distress; each returning sun found him in the same attitude, and his existence passed away in the same happy uniformity as the seasons; like a plant in his garden, he grows, vegetates, and gently drops on the spot where nature caused him to spring up. When death knocks at his door, he seldom finds him occupied with desires or schemes for a long time to come; the summons is the less disagreeable, as coming from the image of that repose he sought throughout his whole life. "It is better," said a wise Indian, "to be seated than standing, to be asleep than awake, to be dead than alive."

My European readers will think that the domestic felicity of an Indian, bears a great affinity to the happiness of the wise man upon his interment; but, like the children of Brama, do not we seek repose? although our manners are different, we nevertheless aim at the same object. In Europe we labour that we may have one day of rest; in India they rest that they may rest on. Nature is always the same in every thing pertaining to universal order; and the wise man finds no difference between the waters of a torrent, rushing hoarsely along, impatient to regain their level, and the chrysal stream, silently reflecting the azure vault above it.

As soon as an Indian has breathed his last, female mourners assemble from the whole adjacent part, for whose lamentations the family pays most extravagantly. The house was considered as defiled by his birth, but it is still more so by his death; water is sprinkled to purify it. If he is of the sect of Chiven he is interred; if of that of Wisnou, his body is committed to the flames.

FAMILIAR LECTURES ON USEFUL SCIENCES.

LETTERS ON BOTANY, FROM A YOUNG LADY TO HER FRIEND.

[Continued from Page 270.]

LETTER XIII.

MY DEAR EUGENIA,

Last night I brought home from my walk a handsome nosegay, composed of various flowers; I have put it in a vase of water, where I kept it as carefully as if it had been given by you; it is for your instruction it was gathered.

While examining it I feel a thirst of writing. This pleasing study is allied to every tender and religious sentiment; and since we pursue it together, I truly taste all its attraction.

I found yesterday the *teucrium chamaedris*, or common germander; this little plant, which I think has some estimable medicinal properties, belongs to the didynamia gymnospermia.

There are several species of *tucrium*, its character is to have no superior lip; this plant is also of the labiate class.

The *chamaedris* does not grow high; its stem is square, reddish, and ligneous; its leaves are opposite, *sissiles*, that is to say, without petiole, or tail, and notched like those of the oak, with which, notwithstanding their size, they have some relation.

Its flowers are verticillate, and close to each other up to the summit, almost without any interval; the petioles which support them are extremely short, and of a red brown, like the calyx and the floral leaves, or bractes that encircle the calyx: the flower is of a delicate rose colour.

The calyx has five divisions. One experiences a lively admiration in reflecting that each of these little swellings and dimples are renewed by nature, whenever she causes a *chamaedris* to expand; and that since the commencement of the world her mould has never been changed.

The under lip of the *chamaedris*, falls like a little frill; it has two little wings, raised and slightly covered with cotton; then tightened and deep within the calyx, the corol monopetalous, on each side rises a little curtain; each approach without uniting, and form a little canopy on the top of the uncovered corol.

This corol having no upper lip, is entirely filled by the stamina and pistil that come out and are sufficiently sheltered by the flowers

which rise above; otherwise they live without roof, like the true inhabitants of a forest, and boldly advance above the inferior lip; the pistil is of a reddish colour, so are the stamina, two of which are shorter and two longer than the rest.

A painter would represent my vase with more effect and elegance, and would, by contrasting the variety of colours and shapes, produce a finished picture. However, my friend, I have described to you the *sedum album*, and we must to-day examine the *sedum acre*, or pepper-stone crop, because the visit it pays to our fields is nearly at an end.

The *sedum acre* clothes the earth without daring to raise its humble head. Its very short stems repose on the ground; its flower is perfectly yellow, as well as its stamina and pistils; these swell above the corol, which they survive, as money does the miser, whose sole occupation has been to amass it.

The *sedum acre* is without leaves, but little fleshy parts, perfectly green, envelope its stem; they are placed like tiles on a roof.

These fleshy parts, whose substance is without doubt intended to nourish the plant, dries up as it becomes older, and with the stem and calyx assumes the pale colour of parchment.

The five petals, very open, surmounted by their stamina and shining pistils, give to the flower the appearance of a star; they are disposed irregularly in tufts at the extremity of their armed stems.

The class is decandria, and the order pentagynia.

LETTER XIV.

MY DEAR EUGENIA,

The *lithrum salicaria*, or purple-spiked willow-herb, is a beautiful plant which arises by the side of streams and rivers, to crown their nymphs. It is there I remarked it; and after numerous efforts, and braving the nettles, I at last obtained this much wished for flower. The storm of yesterday had rather made it droop, but it still preserved its beauty.

Apropos of nettles, you must know that the

prickly part of the leaf is a species of small hollow tube, by which, when it is pressed, escapes a rough and acid liquor, that produces the unpleasant and burning sting.

The *salicaria* rises rather high, its stem is ligneous, light, reddish, and square; its leaves, which resemble those of the willow, are long, smooth, varied, and amplexicanlis, that is to say, embracing the stem: they grow opposite each other.

Its flowers are of a lively orange red, and of the shape of large ears of corn. Nothing can equal the grace of their flexible boughs, softly bending on the tufts of verdure; the fortunate banks on which it grows seem decorated for the triumph of the god of the stream and his smiling Nymphs.

Two little floral leaves, green and light alternately, support the rings of this elegant flower. Towards the summit its flowers are for a long time only buds; the leaves by which they are sheltered are like velvet to the touch, which unite with the calyx, and all extend the better to protect their treasure.

The six divisions of the corol, are purple, and expanded like a star, and appear to me so closely affixed to the superior extremity of the calyx, that it is almost impossible to separate them; I examined the bud, it was shut like a

little purse, at the top of which the six points of the stamina stood erect.

I opened this bud, and found the six petals folded, but nearly as long as when full grown. These petals, folded with an admirable art, are rather violet than red when they first expand. It would be difficult to draw precisely the beautiful shade of this flower, particularly at its different periods.

The *salicaria* is ranged in the dodecandria monogynia; it has twelve stamina, of which six of a reddish purple, are lengthened above the corol, with little brown caps like those of granidien; on opening the calyx six more are found of a lighter hue, and much smaller, with little yellow anthers. It is thought that this little troop succeeds its tall brothers towards the pistil. This pistil is middle sized, all white, excepting the top, which is green.

You ask me, my dear friend, if the system of sexes is well described in plants? I answer that I believe it is; and that the irritability of the parts organized for the production of plants, cannot be exactly explained by mechanical rules.

The operation of the fructification is made only when the flower is expanded. Even aquatic plants, for this reason rise above the water; nuptials should be observed with solemnity.

[To be continued.]

FIGURE AND FORMATION OF THE EARTH.

Thoughts on the Figure and Formation of the Earth, Subterraneous Fires and its Effects, the Deluge, and Origin of Mountains, Continents, &c.; from Whichurst's Enquiry into the Original State of the Earth, Macquer, the celebrated Chymist, and the late Mr. Lavoisier, whose untimely fate will be ever deplored by the Literati.

MR. EDITOR,

I have read with pleasure your elegant publication since its commencement, and must congratulate the public in obtaining a literary production that not only embraces subjects of amusement, but of improvement likewise. Such a publication has been long wanting in modern literature; and you appear to me, Sir, to be actuated more (from the splendid execution of your work) by a desire to please and improve, than the laudable solicitude to profit.

You state, in your prospectus, that *La Belle Assemblée* is particularly intended to please the ladies. You certainly, Sir, do not mean to limit their pleasure or their understandings to portraits and patterns. No, Sir, I am convinced from the tenor of your work, that your ideas and mine perfectly coincide with respect to the extent of the genius and natural capacities of the sex.—For my own part, I have ever thought (from

having been always in the habits of conversing with women of rank and education) that a numerous portion of the sex is fully competent to every development and elucidation on subjects both historical and philosophical. May I then, Mr. Editor, associate at times, my humble talents with your's; and, although at a subordinate distance, join your literary pursuit, in the dissemination of useful knowledge. Your insertion, therefore, of the following thoughts, will flatter many more than your constant Correspondent,

H. W.

No sooner had the fluid mass began to revolve upon its axis, than its component parts began to recede from their axis of motion, and thus continued till the two forces were equally balanced, and the earth had acquired its present oblate spheroidal form.

The component parts being arrived at a state

of rest with respect to the general laws of motion, began a second operation by means of their affinities; for particles "of a similar nature attract each other more powerfully than those of a contrary affinity or quality."

Hence particles of air united with those of air; those of water with water; and those of earth with earth; and with their union commenced their specific gravities: and thus commenced the separation of the chaotic mass into air, water, earth, &c.

Now as air is eight hundred times lighter than water, it seems to follow by the laws of states, that it became freed from the general mass in a like proportion of time, sooner than water, and formed a muddy, impure atmosphere.

The process of separation still goes on, and the earth consolidates every day more and more towards its centre, and its surface becomes gradually covered with water, until one universal sea prevailed over the globe, perfectly pure and fit for animal life.

Thus, by the union of similar particles, the component parts of the atmosphere and the ocean seem to have been separated from the general mass assembled together, and surrounded the terraqueous globe.

To the peculiar laws of attraction may likewise be ascribed that sameness of quality which prevails in strata of different denominations, as calcareous, argillaceous, &c.; and also the assemblage of all other particles into select bodies, of metals, minerals, spars, alts, calks, fluors, chrystals, diamonds, rubies, amethysts, &c.; and many other phenomena in the natural world.

Thus by the general laws and principles, the component parts of the chaos were separated and arranged into the different classes of air, water, &c. The presumption is great that the sun is the common centre of gravity, or the governing principle in the planetary system, and coeval with the bodies governed.

Therefore, as the chaos revolved upon its axis, during the separation of its component parts, may we not thence infer, that as the atmosphere was progressively freed from its gross matter, light and heat must naturally have increased, until the sun became visible in the firmament, and shone with its full lustre and brightness on the face of the new formed globe. This may serve to illustrate the Mosaic account of the sun being created, or becoming visible on the fourth day of the creation.

To investigate the matter in respect to the formation of the primitive islands,

Let us suppose for the present, that during the separation of the chaos, the earth was perfectly free from the attractive influence of all other bodies; that nothing interfered with the

uniform law of its own gravitation, it will then follow, that as the chaos was an uniform pulp, the solids would equally subside from every part of its surface, and consequently become equally covered with water. On the contrary, if the moon was coeval with the earth, its attractive power would greatly interfere with the uniform subsiding of the solids; for as the separation of the solids and fluids increased, so, in like manner, the tides would increase, and remove the solids about from place to place, without any order or regularity.

Hence the sea necessarily became unequally deep, and those inequalities daily increasing, in process of time dry land would appear, and divide the sea, which had universally covered the earth.

The primitive islands being thus raised, by the flux and reflux of the tides, as sandbanks are formed on the sea, we cannot suppose them to be of any great extent or elevation compared to the mountains or continents in the present state of the earth: therefore they can only be considered as protuberances gradually ascending from the deep. Whence it appears that craggy rocks and impending shores were not then in being; all was smooth, even, and uniform; stones, minerals, &c. only existed on their elementary principles.—(See Link's Memoirs on Natural History, and his Observations on the Bottom of the Sea.)

The primitive islands being thus raised above the surface of the sea, in process of time became firm, and fit for animal or vegetable life.—This agrees with the Mosaic account of the creation, and the result of physical reasonings, in so many essential points. For we find the same series of truths asserted in Scripture, which are here deduced from the universal laws and operations of nature.

From this obvious agreement of revelation with reason, may we not fairly conclude, that they both flow from the same fountain, and therefore cannot operate, in contradiction to each other? Consequently, by which ever means the same truths are brought to light, be it by reason or revelation, they will perfectly coincide, and that coincidence may be considered as a testimony of the truth of each.

The instances we find recorded of volcanos and their effects, leave no room to doubt the existence, force, and immensity of subterraneous fires; not only under the bottom of the ocean, but likewise under mountains, continents, &c. in all parts of the world; but from what principles, the time, the place, nor the mode in which subterraneous fire was generated, can be truly ascertained, whilst the phenomena of fire actually existing as a principle in the composi-

tion of bodies, remain in so much doubt and obscurity.

We know most assuredly that a certain degree of moisture and dryness are equally productive of fire in the vegetable and mineral kingdoms; therefore, if we are allowed to reason from the analogy one part of nature bears to another, we should conclude that subterraneous fire was generated from the same elementary principles, and also gradually increased to its full maturity. It seems then to follow that those parts of the globe which first began to consolidate, were also the first which began to generate fire; therefore as the central parts began to consolidate sooner than the more superficial parts, there is greater probability that they were first united.

It has been observed again, that as the earth began to consolidate by the union of similar particles, an universal sameness prevailed either in the same stratum, or in the central part of the earth. Whence it appears, that subterraneous fire was generated universally in the same point of time, either in the same stratum, or in the central part of the earth, and gradually increased to its full maturity.

All bodies expand with heat, and the force or power of that law is unlimited; therefore as subterraneous fire increased, its expansive force would gradually increase until it became equal to the incumbent weight. Gravity and expansion being then equal, and the latter continuing to increase, became superior to the former, and distended the incumbent strata, as a bladder forcibly blown.

Now if this fire was surrounded by a shell or crust of equal density, and of equal thickness, its incumbent weight must have been equal.—On the contrary, if the surrounding shell or crust were unequally thick or unequally dense, its incumbent weight must have been unequal.

Hence it appears, that as the primitive islands were uniform protuberances gradually ascending from the deep, the incumbent weight must have been unequal; for as the specific gravity of stone, sand, or mud, is greater than that of water, the incumbent weight of the former must have been greater than that of the latter; consequently the bottom of the sea would ascend by the expansive force of the subterraneous fire sooner than the island, which would therefore become more or less deluged as the bottom of the sea was more or less elevated; and this effect must have been more or less universal, as the fire prevailed more or less universally, either in the same stratum, or in the central part of the earth; therefore, since it appears that subterraneous fires operated universally in the same stratum, or in the central part of the earth, with the same degree of force, it seems much more

probable that the deluge prevailed universally over the earth than partially, and more especially when we consider the elevation of the antediluvian hills.

But the tragic scene endeth not with an universal flood, and the destruction of terrestrial animals; for the expansive force of the subterraneous fire, still increasing, become superior to the incumbent weight and cohesion of the strata, which were then burst, and opened a communication between the two oceans of intellectual matter and water, the two elements coming thus into contact, the latter would be instantly converted into steam, and produce an explosion infinitely beyond all human conception; for it is well known, that the expansive force of water thus converted into steam exceeds that of gunpowder in the proportion of 14,000 to 500.

The terraqueous globe being thus burst into millions of fragments, and from causes apparently seated nearest to its center than its surface, must certainly be thrown into strange heaps of ruins: for the fragments of the strata thus blown up, could not possibly fall together again into their primitive order and regularity; therefore an infinite number of subterraneous caverns must have been formed, probably many miles, or many hundreds of miles below the bottom of the antediluvian sea.

Now it is easy to conceive, when a body of such immense magnitude as the earth was, thus reduced to an heap of ruins, that its incumbent water would immediately descend into the caverns and interstices thereof; and by approaching so much nearer towards the centre than in its antediluvian state, much of the terrestrial surface would be left naked and exposed, with all its horrid gulphs, craggy rocks, mountains, and other disorderly appearances.

Thus the primitive state of the earth seems to have been totally metamorphosed by the first convulsion of nature at the time of the deluge; its strata broken, and thrown into every possible degree of confusion and disorder. Thus, those mighty eminencies, the Alps, the Andes, the Pyrenean mountains, &c. were brought from beneath the great deep; the sea, retired from those vast tracts of land, the continents, became fathomless; environed with craggy rocks, cliffs, and impending shores; and its bottom spread over with mountains and vallies like the land.

With respect to the horrid effects of the convulsion caused by the two elements of fire and water coming into contact, and converted into steam as before proved, it must be further observed, that as the primitive islands were more ponderous and less elevated than the bottom of the sea, the former would more instantaneously

subside into the ocean of melted matter, than the latter. Therefore, in all probability, they became the bottom of the antediluvian sea; and the bottom of the antediluvian sea being more elevated, was converted into the post-deluvian mountains, continents, &c. This conjecture is remarkably confirmed by the vast numbers of fossil shells, and other marine exuvium, found imbedded near the tops of mountains, and the interior parts of continents, far remote from the sea in all parts of the world hitherto explored.

The above phenomena have generally been ascribed to the effects of an universal flood; but we presume such conclusions were too hastily drawn; for it manifestly appears, upon a more strict examination of the various circumstances accompanying these marine bodies, that they were actually generated, lived and died in the very beds wherein they were found; and that those beds were originally the bottom of the ocean, though now elevated several miles above its level. Thus we find a further agreement between natural phenomena and the laws of nature.

Hence it appears, that mountains and continents were not primary productions; but of a very distant period of time from the creation of the world.

It may, perhaps, be objected, that many of the above fossil bodies are natives of very distant regions of the earth, and could not have existed in climates wherein they are found, according to Link's Geology, which is the description of order in which natural bodies are found, and constitutes physical geography.—To avoid prolixity in the investigation of the deluge, &c. many interesting phenomena respecting earthquakes have been omitted. We shall therefore take this opportunity of introducing some of them, before we proceed to shew the improbability of a second universal flood.

1. Previous to an eruption of Vesuvius, the sea retires from its adjacent shores, and leaves its bottom dry till the mountain is burst open, when the water returns to its former boundary.

2. Before volcanos burst open the bottom of the sea, the water rises in those places, considerably above its former level, runs in mountainous waves towards the less elevated parts, and deluges distant shores.

3. Again, the earth is frequently burst open many miles in length, and discharges such vast quantities of water as to deluge the adjacent countries, of which we have had several instances both in Europe and South America. In the year 1631, several towns were destroyed by an eruption of boiling water from Vesuvius; and in the year 1755, an immense torrent of boiling water flowed from *Ætna*, a mile and a quarter

broad, down to its base.—(See Sir Wm. Hamilton's Observations on Vesuvius and *Ætna*, p. 82.)

4. Eruptions are generally accompanied with thunder and lightning, and succeeded by incessant rains.

5. On the 1st of November, 1755, the memorable era of the earthquake at Lisbon, not only the sea, but the lakes and ponds were violently agitated all over Europe.—(See Philosophical Trans. vol. 79.)

Most of these phenomena testify the immense force of steam generated by melted matter and water in the bowels of the earth; for, in the first instance, Mount Vesuvius and its adjacent shores being more elevated by the steams than the bottom of the distant sea, the water retreats from the shores, towards the less elevated parts, and leaves its bottom dry. When the steam finds vent by the eruption the mountain subsides to its former level, and the water returns to the shore.

The second instance shews, that the bottom of the sea is more elevated than the land; therefore the water retires in mountainous waves, towards the less elevated parts, and overflows the coast.

The third is not only a corroborating instance to shew the expansive force of steam, but likewise coincides with the Mosaic description of the deluge:—"The fountains of the great deep were broken up."

The fourth seems to have some analogy to that dreadful event.

The fifth phenomenon seems to arise from the same cause. When the strata incumbent on the melted matter are elevated by the force of steam, the impending roof is apparently separated from the liquid mass; and this separation may be laterally extended to the distance of many miles from the original source of the steam, according to its quantity, and the degree of its expansive force.

Now if these conjectures are true, the consequences thence arising are manifest. The strata immediately over the steam first generated being more elevated than those in the act of separation, the horizontal position of the earth's surface must consequently be altered, so as to produce an undulation of the water in lakes, ponds, &c. as in vessels suddenly elevated on one side more than on the other, and thus continue in motion, alternately overflowing the opposite banks, until the *momentum* acquired by the first impulse is gradually overcome.

That steam is the principal agent whence these phenomena arise, I presume will be readily granted by those who have carefully read any of the learned observations on the cause of earth-

quakes. Now, as one of the properties of steam is condensation by a small degree of cold, the same degree of expansive force can only exist during the same degree of heat: therefore the incumbent weight cannot become elevated to any greater distance than subterraneous fire is continued. This being granted, it seems to follow that as the waters were thus agitated on the first of November, 1755, through an extent of country not less than 3000 miles, there must have been one continued uninterrupted mass of melted matter of the same extent at least, and this idea seems to be corroborated by those vast explosions which were heard in some of the Derbyshire mines, about ten o'clock in the morning so fatal to Lisbon.

The above examples serve to illustrate the powerful and extensive effects of steam, produced by melted matter and water; truths well known to founders, particularly to those conversant in casting gold, silver, copper, brass, and iron. "Some years ago a most melancholy accident happened from the casting of brass cannon, at the foundery in Moorfields, where many spectators were assembled to see the metal run into the moulds. The heat of the metal of the first gun drove so much damp into the mould of the second, which was near it, that as soon as the metal was let into it, it blew up with the greatest violence, tearing up the ground some feet deep, breaking down the furnace, untiling the house, killing many people on the spot with the streams of melted metal," &c.—This is mentioned fully in Cramer's Art of Assaying Metals.

The inflammable vapour or damp, in mines, occasions violent explosions; but they are only momentary, as the firing of gun-powder. On the contrary, those from volcanos frequently continue many months, with great violence, which

plainly shews that those streams must be continually generating from the above causes.

Now, as the distention of the *strata*, as before mentioned, may appear highly improbable to some readers, I take this opportunity of reciting the observations of a learned author in an excellent treatise on the elasticity and compressibility of stone, &c. "The compressibility and elasticity of the earth are qualities which do not shew themselves in any great degree in common instances, and therefore are not commonly attended to. On this account it is that few people are aware of the great extent of them, or the effects that may arise from them, where exceeding large quantities of matter are concerned, and where the compressive force is immensely great.—This compressibility and elasticity of the earth, may be collected, in some measure, from the vibration of the walls of houses, occasioned by the passing of carriages in the streets adjoining to them. Another instance, to the same purpose, may be taken from the vibration of steeples, occasioned by the ringing of bells, or by gusts of wind; not only spires are moved very considerably by these means, but even strong towers will sometimes be made to vibrate several inches, without any disjoining of the mortar or rubbing the stones against one another. Now, it is manifest, that this could not happen, without a considerable degree of compressibility and elasticity in the materials of which they are composed."

Now, if so short a length of stone as that of a steeple, visibly bends by so small a degree of force as the ringing of bells, or a blast of wind, may we not conclude, that the *strata*, in the primitive state of the earth, might become considerably distended, by an unlimited force, and therefore occasion an universal deluge.

H. W.

FINE ARTS.

MR. WILKIE'S NEW PICTURE.

ACCORDING to our promise, we hasten to resume the subject of the Fine Arts; and it is matter of no small gratification to us, considering the barrenness of the late Exhibition, that we are enabled, by stepping a little out of our road, to introduce our readers to a knowledge of a picture, which will make ample atonement for all the mortification the amateur must have felt at the late display of the Royal Academy.

In a word, a work of peculiar excellence has

lately been produced, which, though not belonging to the Exhibition of the present year, yet, from its peculiar excellence, and its being the work of a young artist just struggling for fame, has a just claim upon the attention of the public. It is a picture by Mr. Wilkie, the gentleman who, in the last Exhibition, introduced a work of such distinguished merit, as to create no little surprise and admiration amongst the lovers of the arts.—A criticism upon that picture ap-

peared in a former Number, but he has since produced another, which not only serves to convince us that his former picture was not a work of accident,—a mere lucky casualty,—but that his powers are those of a regular, steady, and improving genius; for we do not hesitate to assert, that the work now under our review, not only excels what he first exhibited, but that it exceeds, in a vast degree, every thing which, in a similar style, and of its peculiar class, has hitherto proceeded from the British pencil.

The subject is that of a “blind fiddler, playing on his fiddle, in a house where he has stopped to rest himself, for the entertainment of the master, his wife and children.”—The fiddler is seated in the act of playing; next to him is his wife, with her child on her lap, and at her feet a basket, containing the little *pedlary* wares which she has got to sell.—At the feet of the fiddler is his fiddle-case, and some scattered domestic utensils, and kitchen herbs just brought in for the use of the family. The groupe of figures at the other end of the picture which balances in composition that of the fiddler and his wife, is composed of the mistress of the house, and her child on her lap; the master of the house snapping his fingers, and looking with great glee upon his child, with the design of inviting it to laugh and dance, and exhibit its perception of youthful joy at the sound of the fiddle. Near the master of the house, stands, with his back to the fire, a sober, thinking man, seemingly the grandfather of the younger part of the family. He listens with great complacency to the rustic musician, but is evidently more impressed with a humane compassion at the situation of the *Poor Fiddler*, than delighted with the efforts of his skill. At the fire-place sits a young lad, in the train of the fiddler, wrapt up in the comforts of the chimney corner, and indifferent to every thing besides.—Between the mother and the fiddler are two children, a boy and a girl; the girl exhibits a fondness for music, and presses forward with an eager familiarity; but the boy is peevish, and sulky, and shews that he neither likes the music nor the company of the fiddler or his family. Behind the mother is the eldest boy, about twelve years old; he has in his hands a small pair of bellows, which he has placed under his chin, in imitation of the blind man's fiddle, and with a stick, in mockery of the bow, is ridiculously aping the fiddler.—Near him is a girl, somewhat older than himself, who rebukes him for the unmannerliness of his jest and is endeavouring to shame him out of it. There are altogether twelve figures. The front of the chimney forms the centre of the back ground, on which are shelves containing a variety of domestic utensils, and upon the uppermost shelf are books, in the midst of which is a plaster

bus; in appropriate colours, of a dissenting clergyman; and in order to shew that the family are not without a taste for the *Fine Arts*, besides that of music, the walls are ornamented with drawings on pieces of paper, representing soldiers, ships, and horses, evidently the manufacture of the boy above noticed. Near the boy, who is mocking the fiddler, is his dog, in deep dudgeon at this disturbance and intrusion upon his domestic repose.—The light and shade of this picture are equally fortunate with the expression of the characters. The principal light, as well as the brilliancy of colour, falls upon the mistress of the house and her child; this is balanced by a second light at the other end of the picture, behind the fiddler, which is admitted by the door, and thus, by means of these two principal lights, the fiddler is placed in a kind of half tint, which gives a surprising breadth and repose to the composition; whilst the shadow, occasioned by the groupe of the husband, the grandfather, and the children, gives to the whole a general and accumulated force, and renders the half tint over the fiddler clear and transparent. The general tone over the back ground is a cool aerial tint, which gives great relief and strength to the colours of the draperies.

When we contemplate the different characters of the figure, we find in the fiddler the man who has no other pursuit than the occupation of his present trade; in his wife, the care of her child, asleep upon her lap, and the charge committed to her of her little *pedlary* articles, impresses her countenance with perfect impassiveness as to any enjoyment for the music, and does away all concern but of that which might be the compensation of her husband's talents, and their treatment upon the conclusion of the tune.

The master and mistress of the house seem to have no other pleasure than that which the music is supposed to give to their child.—These are the leading points in one of the most extraordinary pictures, in this line of art, which has ever made its appearance in England by a native.—Whether we consider the ingenious manner of bringing the materials of this picture together, the diversity and justness of the characters and expressions of the figures, with the correctness of drawing even to the most minute parts; the light and shade, as well as the truth of colour, and the neatness of execution,—whatever parts we singly consider, it would be matter of difficulty upon which we should most fix our admiration.—We must congratulate Mr. Wilkie upon his most perfect success in this second effort of his pencil; and our congratulations are no less due to the worthy Baronet for whom this picture, we understand, is painted.

(To be continued.)

POETRY,

ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

THE TOAST:

ADDRESSED TO THE LITTLE CIRCLE OF MY
FRIENDS.

THE glasses fill'd, a truce to care,
Misfortune at our heels attends;

A toast? I have but one, I swear,—
“The little circle of our friends.”

And who is he that sighing takes
The glass, while thought its anguish lends?
He thinks what havoc sorrow makes
In the small circle of his friends.

Estrang'd from home, with tearful eyes,
Who o'er his glass in absence bends?
With aching heart he trembling cries,
“The little circle of my friends.”

And who the toast in sadness hears,
While grief his heart in silence rends?
The glass receives his bitter tears,
For he no circle has of friends.

And who, in life's sad knowledge vers'd,
Declines the glass which temp'rance tends?
He thinks how death has long dispers'd
The little circle of his friends.

Oh! rather be this heart entomb'd
Untimely, where its sorrow ends;
Than in this world of care be doom'd
To beat the fall of all its friends.

Then D—— let the bottle sink
As round our little sphere it winds;
Come fill, for I will deeply drink,
“The dear small circle of my friends.”

Wolverhampton. Q IN THE CORNER.

THE ROSE.

ON EMMA'S fair bosom a Rose in full blossom
Expanded its beauties and borrow'd fresh
charm,

The lilies contrasted spread soft bloom upon
them,
And dwelt amidst mountains of snow free
from harm.

Its beauties, though brilliant, in vain strove to
heighten,
Or the fair faultless features of Emma improve,
The soft spotless bosom it dwelt with delight in,
Is sacred to virtue, to friendship, and love.

At morning it bloomed on her beautiful bosom,
With envy repining 'twas drooping at noon:
At evening it died 'midst the sweets it reclin'd on,
And found on her bosom an enviable tomb.
Kingstand. J. M.

TO MY NIGHT CAP.

How oft with satisfaction's smile,
When tir'd with wand'ring a mile,
I've welcom'd thee with pleasure;
And when fatigued with life's rough storm,
Thy friendly solace oft would warm,
And prove a poet's treasure.

Thy form shall clasp my aching head,
When anguish hovers round my bed,
And bid my sorrows slumber;
But virtue must preside within,
For sleep avoids the soul, where sin
The conscience doth encumber.

If matters not of what thou'rt made,
Of humble yarn, or rich brocade,
If peace the mind possesses;
For vice on down shall not be blest,
But virtues sink to sweetest rest,
Though straw alone it presses.

August 2, 1806.

J. M. L.

ON LOVE.

LET no one say that there is need
Of time for love to grow;
Ah no! the love that kills indeed
Dispatches at a blow.

The spark which but by slow degrees
Is nursed into a flame,
Is habit, friendship, what you please;
But Love is not its name.

For love to be completely true,
It death at sight should deal;
Should be the first one ever knew,
In short, be that I feel.

To write, to sigh, and to converse,
For years to play the fool;
'Tis to put passion out to nurse,
And send one's heart to school.

Love, all at once, should from the earth
Start up full grown and tall;
If not an Adam at his birth,
He is no Love at all.

OTIUM DIVOSQUE.

WHEN jolly Jack afar is bound
Some hundred leagues from British ground,
His course rude Boreas stopping;
He looks askew at low'ring skies,
Thinks of his Sally's sparkling eyes,
And longs for ease and Wapping.

In London, Negro Beggars pine
For ease in huts beneath the line,
Remote from beadles sturdy;
The poor Savoyard, doom'd to roam
In search of halfpence, sighs for home,
And spins his hurly gurdy.

Ease loves to live with shepherd swains,
Nor in the lowly cot disdains
To share an humble dinner—
But would not for a turtle treat,
Sit with a miser or a cheat,
Or canker'd party-sinner.

Care's an obtrusive craz'd physician
Who visits folks of high condition,
And doses them with bitters;
Claps causticks on the tend'rest sores,
And won't be turn'd from great men's doors
By footmen or beef-eaters.

Some to avoid this frantic pest,
Sail to the North, South, East, or West—
Alas! Care travels brisker;
Light as a squirrel he can skip
On board an eighty-four gun ship,
And tweak an admiral's whisker!

The lamp of life is soon burnt out,
Then who'd for riches make a rout,
Except a doating blockhead;
When Charon takes 'em both on board,
Of equal worth's the miser's hoard,
And poet's empty pocket.

THE FLATTING MILL,

AN ILLUSTRATION,

*Written by William Cowper, Esq. (not inserted
in his Work.)*

WHEN a bar of pure silver, or ingot of gold
Is sent to be flatten'd or wrought into length,
It is pass'd into cylinders often, and roll'd
In an engine of utmost mechanical strength.

Thus tortur'd and squeez'd, at last it appears
Like a loose heap of ribbon, a glittering show;
Like music it tinkles, and rings in your ears,
And warm'd by the pressure is all in a glow.

This process achiev'd, it is doom'd to sustain
The thump after thump of gold-beater's
mallet;

And at last is of service in sickness or pain,
To cover a pill for a delicate palate,

Alas! for a poet who dares undertake
To urge reformation of national ill!
His head and his heart are both likely to ache,
With the double employment of mallet and
mill.

If he wish to instruct, he must learn to delight,
Smooth, ductile and even, his fancy must flow,
Must tinkle and glitter like gold to the sight,
And catch in its progress a sensible glow.

After all he must beat it as thin and as fine
As the leaf that enfolds what the invalid swal-
lows,

For truth is unwelcome, however divine,
And unless he adorn it, a nausea follows.

BALLAD STANZAS.

I KNEW by the smoke that so gracefully curl'd
Above the green elms, that a cottage was near,
And I said, "If there's peace to be found in the
world,

"A heart that is humble might hope for it
here!"

It was noon, and on flowers that languish'd
around,

In silence reposed the voluptuous bee;
Every leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound
But the wood-pecker tapping the hollow beach
tree.

And "Here, in this lone little wood," I ex-
claim'd,

"With a maid who was lovely to soul and to eye,
"Who would blush when I prais'd her, and weep
when I blam'd,

"How blest could I live, and how calm could
I die!

"By the side of yon sumach, whose red berry
dipp'd

"In the gush of the fountain, how sweet to
recline,

"And to know that I sigh'd upon innocent lips,
"Which had never been sigh'd on by any
but mine!"

TRANSLATION OF THE BASIA OF
CATULLUS.

My Lesbia, let us live and love,
Nor heed the frowns of dull cold age;
Leave fortune to the Powers above,
And wisdom to the frosty sage.

Yon Sun, that shines so lovely now,
Shall sink into the Western Sea,
But soon, with bright unclouded brow,
Again shall gild each flow'r, each tree,

But we, alas! when murky night
Has spread her dark wings o'er our day,
No more to rise—far from our sight
Receding pleasures flit away.

Give me again that melting kiss ;
 Give, oh give, ten thousand more.—
 Now, now, repeat the balmy bliss—
 Now kiss me swifter than before :
 And when the power of numb'ring's gone,
 Each honied kiss we will recal,
 And tell the envious, when they're flown,
 A little precious kiss—was all.

ANSWER

TO A SONG OF ANACREON MOORE,

By Miss Owenson.

Oh! should I fly from the world, love, to thee,
 Would solitude render me dearer?
 Would our flight from the world draw thee closer
 to me,
 Or render my passion sincerer?
 Would the heart thou hast touch'd more tu-
 multuously beat
 Than when its wild pulse fear'd detection?
 Would the bliss unrestrain'd be more poignantly
 sweet
 Than the bliss snatch'd by timid affection?
 Tho' silence and solitude breath'd all around,
 And each cold law of prudence was banish'd—
 Tho' each wish of my heart and the fancy was
 crown'd,
 We should sigh for those hours that are va-
 nish'd.
 When in secret we suffer'd, in secret were bless'd,
 Lest the many should censure our union;
 And an age of restraint, when oppos'd and op-
 press'd,
 Was repaid by a moment's communion.
 When virtue's pure tear dew'd each love-kindled
 beam,
 It hallow'd the bliss it repented;
 When a penitent sigh breath'd our passions wild
 dream,
 It absolv'd half the fault it lamented;
 And so thrillingly sweet was each pleasure we
 stole,
 In spite of each prudent restriction,
 When the soul unrestrain'd sought its warm
 kindred soul,
 And we laugh'd at the world's interdiction.
 Then fly, oh! my love! to the world back
 with me,
 Since the bliss it denies it enhances;
 Since dearest the transient delight shar'd with thee
 Which is snatch'd from the world's prying
 glances;
 Nor talk thus of death 'till the warm thrill of love
 From each languid breast is retreating;
 Then may the life pulse of each heart cease to
 move
 When love's vital throb has ceas'd beating.

LOVE'S MIRROR.

BY A WIDOWER.

THE Mirror once possess'd by thee,
 I found when thou wert gone,
 And fondly hoped thy face to see—
 But only saw my own.

Though long the faithful glass was used
 To show no form but thine;
 The fickle thing that form refused,
 And still reflected mine.

Aside the treach'rous toy I threw,
 And scorn'd its flattering art;
 Then inward turn'd my eyes to view
 Thy image in my heart.

Aug. 1, 1806.

T. Y.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

OUR bugles had sung, for the night clouds had
 low'r'd,
 And the sentinel stars set their watch in the
 sky;
 And thousands had sunk on the ground, over-
 power'd,
 The weary to sleep and the wounded to die;
 When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
 By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the
 slain,
 At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
 And twice, 'ere the cock crew, I dreamt it
 again.
 Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
 For, far had I stray'd on a desolate track,
 Till nature and sunshine disclos'd the sweet way
 To the house of my father, that welcom'd me
 back.

I flew to the pleasant field, travers'd so oft
 In life's morning watch, when my bosom was
 young;
 I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
 And knew the sweet strain that the corn-
 reapers sung.
 Then pledg'd we the wine-cup, and fondly I
 swore
 From my home and my weeping friends never
 to part;
 My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,
 And my wife sobb'd aloud, in the fullness of
 heart—
 "Stay, stay with us, rest—thou art weary and
 worn!"
 And fain was the war-broken soldier to stay;
 But sorrow return'd at the dawning of morn,
 And the voice in my dreaming ear melted
 away.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

HAIL, loveliest of the stars of Heaven,
Whose soft, yet brilliant beams display
The mildness of advancing Even,
The splendour of retiring Day!

Star of delight! the rosy sky
Sheds tears of joy for thy return;
Around thy car the Breezes sigh,
Nymphs of thy train, the Planets burn.

All earth is gladdened by thy rays;
And every flower, and shrub, and tree,
Boasts fresher bloom, and grateful pays
A tribute of perfume to thee.

Day for thy partial smile contends;
Night boasts for her thy glories shine;
Before thee tranquil Pleasure bends,
And Beauty whispers, "Thou art mine."

Yes, thou art Beauty's friend and guide;
Conducted by thy means so sweet,
She wanders forth at even-tide,
The chosen of her heart to meet.

All grace she moves—with steps as light
As Rapture's bliss or Fancy's dream;—
More soft her thoughts than dews of night,
More pure than that unwavering stream.

Thy beams disclose the haunt of love,
Conspicuous 'mid the twilight scene;
For Spring its leafy texture wove,
And wedded roses to its green.

Fair Wand'rer of the sunset hour,
Approaching to the ruddy west,
Where fairy forms prepare thy bow'r
With blooms from heavenly gardens drest—

Behold the light that fills her eye,
The flushes o'er her cheeks that move:
Can earth a sight more sweet supply,
Than Loveliness improved by Love?

"Yes far more sweet!" Methinks the while
I hear thy accents whisper low;
"Tis Beauty with her angel smile
"Inclining o'er the couch of woe."

RETROSPECT OF POLITICS FOR THE MONTH OF AUGUST, 1806. FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC.

ON A PRECAUTIONARY PEACE.

Being an Examination of the Conduct of the French, from the Treaty of Luneville, to the Commencement of the present War.

THE desire of Ministers to conclude a peace has been sufficiently evinced by the mission of an Ambassador to Paris. It is the general opinion that this embassy has proved unsuccessful; let us, however, be permitted to call the attention of our readers to the probable situation of affairs, should this pacification, contrary to all present hope, be suffered to take place.

In every crisis the first point of prudence is to consider the peculiar line of conduct which it demands. In a state which has been hitherto untried, this cannot be inferred from analogy, that is to say, by reasoning upon those past states of circumstances which are nearest in the parallel with the present. The course of things, and of men, the actors in them, under the same impulse, are uniform, and with a full knowledge of the wind and tide, and a necessary allowance for currents and lee-way, there will be no difficulty in the solution of the problem, whither such winds, such tides, under such impulses and

such currents, must drive or conduct the vessel. The conclusion is always good, that that will happen again which has happened before.

Let us not be misunderstood in this inquiry. We do not enter into the question of the necessity of Peace.—The Ministry are desirous to conclude it, and the general wish seems to demand it, and so let it be. But we wish to put our countrymen upon their guard,—to impress one truth upon their minds, that even in peace they must but rest upon their arms, and that the peace will be but another step towards the elevation, another post of starting, to the French Chief,—what he shall gain by peace is so much gained, confirmed, and therefore done with,—he has to make new demands, invent new objects, and employ his power already consolidated towards facilitating the attainment.

The state of this country upon a peace will in no one single circumstance differ from its former state upon the Peace of Amiens with England, and the Treaty of Luneville with Austria.—We have the same man, *i. e.* the same faith, the same ambition, the same political profligacy, to contend with,—there is but one difference, that he is an Emperor instead of a Consul,—he has

that power absolute, undivided, which was before weakened in its effects by Colleagues, a Senate, and the want of public confidence.

It is in the conduct of France therefore, whatever it might be after the treaty of Luneville, that we must look to draw our inferences of what we have to expect.—The state of things is precisely the same. There is not a perceptible point of difference.

The conduct of France, immediately after the peace of Luneville, may be distributed according to its objects into three points,—Infractions of the peace with regard to Germany,—Infractions with regard to Switzerland, and Infractions with regard to Italy.—It is only by this distribution that the mind can be enabled to take a general review of what party and ignorance have equally concurred to confound.

1. In the first place, with regard to Germany, the infractions of the treaty were direct and positive.

It was stipulated in the seventh Article of the Treaty of Luneville, "That as several of the Princes of the German Empire had lost a part of their territories in consequence of the cession of a part of Germany to France, that this loss should be distributed in equal proportion upon the whole, and that the Empire in its Diet should adjudge such indemnities."

It was moreover stipulated in the fifth Article of the same treaty, that the Grand Duke of Tuscany should receive a complete indemnity in Germany for the loss of his Italian States.

Here were two plain Articles,—how were they executed?

In the first place, by France assuming the right, standing upon the ground of this Article, of completely revolutionising Germany, and annihilating her Constitution. Instead of observing the stipulation of the article, that the Empire itself should adjudge the indemnities, France by an intrigue procured the consent of Prussia,—drew up a complete project of her own,—this project was in the instant transmitted from the French Consul to a deputation of the States of the Empire, and that nothing might be wanting to the full measure of insults, the term of two months fixed for its completion.—This conduct was called *MEDIATION*.

Such was the execution of the seventh Article of the treaty.—Let us see what was the fate of the fifth.

It was this,—that in the system of the indemnities a lot was adjudged to the Grand Duke of Tuscany, containing about one half of the territorial surface,—a fifth part of the population, and four-tenths of the revenue of his former possessions. Such was the complete indemnity promised to him by the treaty of Luneville. But the Grand Duke was a member of the Imperial House, and

to have fulfilled the article with regard to him in good faith would have been to have, in some degree, repaired the ruin of the Austrian power.

Whilst the Princes faithful to the Emperor, and therefore objects of distrust to France, received these disproportionate equivalents, the Princes in its interest received double, treble, and in many cases even ten times to the amount of their loss.

Thus was the treaty observed with regard to Germany. Perhaps the history of nations does not present another example of such complete and undisguised tyranny, and profligate injustice, as was exhibited before the eyes of Europe in the memorable affair of the German Indemnities.

2. This was nothing, however, to the infractions of the same treaty of Luneville with regard to Switzerland. Let us examine it, and learn what we are to expect from the amicable sentiments, and return to the relations of peace, of the French Emperor.

The eleventh article of that treaty was as follows:—"France guarantees the independence of Switzerland, Holland, and the Cisalpine and Ligurian Republics, and the full power of the inhabitants to adopt that form of government which they may deem most eligible."

Now, what was the clear meaning of this stipulation, except that France thereby surrendered all pretensions to prescribe laws to the Swiss,—to fix their Constitution by its direct interference, or substitute its own will and laws in their independent election. Assuredly, moreover, it could not but acknowledge the integrity and sacredness of the territory of a state as fundamental parts of its independence.

Let us examine how this stipulation was fulfilled with the most slight attention to good faith.

Switzerland, in consequence of the Revolution which France had effected in 1798, was divided into two parties at the period of the Treaty of Luneville,—the one of which sought for its object the re-establishment of the old Constitution as far as was possible in the actual circumstances, the other decided for a pure Republic.—The first party may be denominated the Old Swiss, and comprehended an infinite majority of the people. The other party were called the Republicans. At the period of the Peace of Luneville, Switzerland had out a provisional Constitution, and was engaged in forming one.—Each party wished to give its own.—France in the Treaty of Luneville acknowledged their independence, and apparently at least left them to themselves.

The Republicans, though infinitely inferior in number, and still more so in character and respectability, had obtained, through the assistance of France, the possession of the Provisional Government.—This gave them a powerful ad-
SE

vantage.—They formed a constitution suited to the taste of themselves and their friends,—the Court of Paris,—and having seized what they deemed a favourable opportunity, called a Diet of the Swiss Nation, and submitted it before them. The Diet, however, rejected it almost unanimously; and having gained the upper hand supplanted the Provisional Government, and put an end to the Diet.—A new Senate of twenty-five persons was appointed, and amidst the general acclamation of his countrymen, Reding, the head and leader of the Old Swiss, nominated Landamman.

The constitution submitted by the first Provisional Government, and rejected as above stated by the Diet, was called the Constitution of the twenty-ninth of May, (1801),—it was rejected, and Reding appointed Landamman, on the 28th of October in the same year.—For the sake of precision these things should be remembered.

The Republican party was of course the favourite at Paris.—Reding knew this, and likewise suspected what would be the good faith of Bonaparte.—To avert if possible this object of his dread he made an immediate journey to Paris,—the 30th of November 1801,—saw Bonaparte, was treated with hypocritical kindness, till it was at length deemed time to drop the mask, and make the peremptory demand that Reding should consent to divide the authority with the heads of the opposite party.—Reding returned with this answer, and in the consciousness that all opposition must be fruitless, punctually obeyed the command.—Six Members of the Republican Party were immediately added to the Senate, and the office of Second Landamman created to admit a Chief of that party.

Who would not have thought that Bonaparte was now satisfied?—Not at all.—It was resolved at Paris that Reding should be destroyed, and that Switzerland should not be independent, even in appearance. On the 13th of April, 1802, the Senate had adjourned its sittings for eight days, to celebrate the Easter Festival, and Reding suspecting nothing, had set off to his family in a distant place. The chief authority for the interim, was entrusted to the Select Committee, and by the imprudent departure of one or two of the Old Swiss Party, the whole power was in the hands of the opposite faction.—They availed themselves of this unexpected conjuncture,—reversed every thing that had been done towards forming the constitution of the 29th of May.—Having done this, they adjourned the Senate *sine die*, “till it should please the Secret Committee to assemble it again.”

It might have appeared doubtful from what quarter this revolution was effected, had not the French Resident Minister rendered this doubt impossible, by a letter congratulating them, “that

they had made so wise a use of their legislative power.”

The assembly of 47, convened by the select Committee, met at the appointed time, *i. e.* within one fortnight after their summons, and being all in the French party, accepted the Constitution of May 29th, which had been formerly rejected by the Diet of the nation.—Reding, and the true Swiss Party, in vain remonstrated; by a daring artifice, which had been frequently and successfully practised during the French Revolution, their protests were considered as resignations, their seats declared vacant, and others of the victorious party elected immediately in their place.

Switzerland now rose in one general insurrection against this infamous faction, which had thus seized the Government, and imposed its own will as a Constitution. The true Swiss Party prevailed, and effected a second return to the old order of things. The Convocation of the Diet at Schweitz completed and confirmed this their beloved Constitution,—*i. e.* a Constitution which with a due consideration of the change of times and circumstances, preserved as much as was possible of their ancient federal and individual Government. This Revolution occurred in September, 1802, making three Revolutions in one year.

It was now that Bonaparte discovered his good faith, and honourable observance of the treaty of Luneville. The French army was ordered to march into this independent country,—to march for what? to imprison the Diet,—to impose the constitution of the Select Committee,—to levy a contribution of 600,000 livres,—to seize the strong posts of the country. Such, added to the general disarmament of the whole nation, were the object and effects of this flagitious invasion, this direct violation of the treaty of Luneville. The Convocation of the Swiss nation met again at Schweitz, and with the simplicity and dignity of virtue, under uncontrollable misfortune, resigned their power, and submitted, according to the language of the Protest on the occasion, to the force of foreign arms, which, contrary to the treaty of Luneville, had invaded their country, and imposed upon them a law which they were unable to resist. Such was the French faith with regard to those articles in the treaty of Luneville, which guaranteed the independence of Switzerland.

S. With regard to Italy, it would be an injustice to this subject of importance to enter upon it at present.—We shall resume it in our next Number. If the spirit of the French Government is to be collected from any thing, it is from its conduct to all the governments of Europe in the interval of the treaty of Luneville and the commencement of the present war.

LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE.

F A S H I O N S

For SEPTEMBER, 1806.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION.

GALA FASHIONS IN AUGUST.

PLATE I. FIG. 1.—PLAIN MUSLIN DRESS.

Plain Muslin Dress a walking length; bodice of white sarsnet, cut low, and ornamented in the back; a hollow roll of muslin round the armhole; a scarf of coloured sarsnet, thrown over one shoulder, and only confined by the hands, as they fall naturally to secure it; a shirt of patent net, gathered into a deep standing frill of lace; sarsnet cap the same as the scarf, with lace border put on plain, and formed into a rose in front; bow, with long ends, on the left side; straw-coloured gloves and shoes.

FIG. 2.—A WALKING DRESS.

A Walking Dress of India muslin, with double flounce round the bottom; spenser waist, trimmed round the back and down the sides to correspond, the front made high and gathered in the centre of the bosom into a long gold broach; the throat covered with a sort of stock, with a frill of lace on the top; a straw hat of the turban form, turned up, deep before and behind, and bending downwards on the sides with a narrower curve; gloves, shoes, and parasol, of silver grey.

PARISIAN SUMMER FASHIONS.

PLATE II. FIG. 1.—FULL DRESS.

A round train dress of Moravian worked muslin, with correspondent border, worn over white satin; white satin sash, tied in front; long waist, with robing back; round bosom, cut low, embroidered border round; no neckerchief; a short full sleeve, gathered into a puckered roll the size of the arm; the hair parted near the forehead, the front in close curls, divided from that which forms the crown by a tiara of frost-work studded with antique medallions in the centre, the rest of the hair formed into various horizontal braids,

twisted into a knot on the crown of the head, and fastened with a gold comb, the ends formed into curls; necklace and ear-rings of amethysts, linked with wrought gold; India muslin scarf, richly embroidered with an embroidery of purple and gold; white satin shoes; and white kid gloves.

FIG. 2.—EVENING WALKING DRESS.

Plain muslin dress, a walking length, a rib-band laid flat round the bottom; a patent net apron, with an embroidered border in stars, and a lace put full all round; the bosom of the dress cut rather low, and a full plaiting of net all round; a short sleeve rather full, confined with a plaited band of muslin the size of the arm; a small straw hat, a little turned up on one side, no rim on the other, but the vacancy occupied by field-flowers, or roses; a band of yellow sarsnet is passed under the chin, and tied in a bow on the top of the crown; no hair is seen but on the sides; a half square of lilac muslin, embroidered with a border of laurel leaves in white, is thrown negligently round the neck, and confined simply with the right hand; necklace and ear-rings of pearl; gloves of yellow kid, tied above the elbow with a bow of lilac ribband; sandals of the same, laced with lilac; lilac rib-band round the waist, and tied with a small bow and long ends behind.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON THE FASHIONS.

Our fair correspondents will be aware that at this season of the year, there is little necessity, or opportunity for a lengthened description of full dress. The retirement of many of our fashionable women to their country seats, where an elegant simplicity of attire takes place of

splendour, or to watering-places, where a sort of equilibrium between the former and the latter, is considered as the criterion of a good taste; will confine us more immediately to that style of costume which by many is considered as the most becoming garb in which our fair countrywomen can be exhibited.

There is a sort of interesting negligence in a well-chosen half-dress, which attracts more than the eye. The brilliancy of full dress, with all its splendid decorations, will dazzle by its lustre; it is the studied ornament which has custom and rule for its guide; and is often necessarily adopted in conformity to some established law, and to keep up that nice distinction of order in a community which is the regular and separating quality in politics and morals.

But in the half dress, which is only methodized by the taste and elegance of the wearer, you read something of the real character, and a penetrating observer will trace many of the properties of the mind and of the heart. "Show me a lady's dressing-room," says an author well acquainted with human nature, "and I will tell you what manner of person she is;" surely then a more decisive opinion may be formed from the general attire of a female.

After these remarks, it is but justice to observe, that the majority of our present race of females need not shrink from the scrutinizing eye of enquiry on this head; for in looking back to the various habits of their predecessors, we cannot but acknowledge their improvement in simplicity and elegance.

Never was there a period which exhibited a greater variety of female decoration; and it is almost as difficult to find a costume to condemn, as to describe that to which we give a decided preference. Our general observation of style and effect, differs little from the communications of last month. Short dresses continue as a morning habiliment. They are either made high in the neck with collars or ruffs; or cut low, and worn with an embroidered shirt of the same. The shirt handkerchief is now invariably worn without a collar, by those females whose throats will bear exposition; the shirt, however, sets close round the throat, and is finished either with a border of needle-work, or a plaiting of net. Dress gowns are made with long trains, and generally high in the bosom, so as to preclude the necessity of a handkerchief. The perfectly square fronts prevail over every other; and are particularly becoming to a round well-made bust. The backs are still very low, and the shoulders quite exposed, except where the ever graceful veil falls tastefully from the head which it ornaments, and, kindly considerate, casts over them the shade of modesty. The long

sleeve of worked muslin, or spider net, is sometimes worn in an evening, but the short sleeve is more general, as well as more consistent; they are worn rather more full on the top than formerly, and are sometimes looped up almost behind with broaches of various descriptions, at other times so short as to admit a falling of lace. We have observed the sash adopted lately by many *élégantes*, some flowing from the edge of the waist behind, others tied with a small bow in front, and the ends of the ribband put into a sort of tassel of floss silk, formed like a tube, and finished with a cone, or round button, of the same, which passes through, and is suspended from it. The Gipsy cloak still retains its place in the estimation of our fashionable females, but the ribband is not, as formerly, passed through the hem, but is now laid flat all round; and is generally of the changeable, or mistake ribband. The *spenser à la Turk*, as described in our last Number, is much worn in a morning. The coloured silk bonnet, formed of handkerchiefs, are very general, as are those of sarsnet, covered with leno, or muslin; these are mostly of the turban, or Minerva shape. Caps of lace, muslin, or spider net, are much in vogue; they are worn either with a plaiting of net round, which is often continued under the chin, a flower is sometimes introduced in front, or on the side; the mob cap is on the decline.

The coloured tambour, or shawl bordering, is making rapid advances in the sphere of fashion; when attached to a printed dress, the latter ornament must ever be considered as a redundant and vulgar addition, but a border of tambour or embroidery in well-chosen and well-arranged colours, on cambric muslin, or even a delicate printed border on plain jaconet, or mull muslin, has an animated and pleasing effect. We are led to believe that this last mentioned decoration will be generally adopted in the winter, as also white and coloured bugle trimmings.

The Turkish robe of lavender coloured sarsnet, is a very new and elegant habit; it is lined with white, and has a plaiting of net round a falling collar, continued down the sides of the robe, which flows open, and discovers a chemisette of the same material as that of which the robe is formed. Straw hats are not so distinguishing an ornament as formerly; those of the gipsy and double turban form are the only ones admitted by females of the *haut ton*. Bouquets are but partially adopted, and are never seen but on women of taste; we could wish to observe this simple and native ornament more prevalent; a rose, a sprig of geranium, myrtle, or jessamine, either separate, or blended, has a most lively effect, and attracts by its simplicity. Large silk shawls have been seen on many of our women of

fashion; they were lately the distinguishing ornament of two young brides, celebrated for their rank and beauty; who wore them thrown over one shoulder, and the contrary end brought under the opposite arm, and flowing in a kind of Grecian fold over a dress of white muslin. These elegant and interesting females wore their hair in simple curls on the forehead; the one had a diamond brooch in front, and a comb to correspond; the other wore the comb only. The pea blossom of foil is a new and attractive ornament, it is generally worn in front of the hair, or on the side of the temple over the left eye. We observe very few females with plain bands of hair, they are now relieved with a few curls; the common mode of wearing the hair is by parting it near the forehead; and that which ornaments the back of the head is twisted in the form of a cable, or formed into a small bow, and fastened with a diamond, pearl, or gold comb; the velvet band is often seen, and ornaments of various kinds. Shoes and gloves of Melbourn brown, dove-colour, or straw. The prevailing colours are lavender blossom, pink, yellow, and lemon. The mistake ribband is much used in trimmings on the gipsy cloak, or at the bottom of a plain muslin dress it has a particularly striking and pleasing effect. Work and lace is introduced in all parts of the dress; and the feathered border of tufted cotton, or lamb's wool, in colours, is quite a new invention, and is likely to become very prevalent.

LETTER ON DRESS.

MATILDA TO CAROLINE, FROM HER RESIDENCE
IN LONDON.

From the contents of my last letter, dear Caroline, you will doubtless be surprised at the date of this. But as I am yet only a pupil of fashion, I am not much shocked at being seen in London in the middle of August. What a contrast to the beautiful, soul animating scenery of Windsor Park. Since my last letter, I have passed a delightful three weeks in this enchanting spot with my fair friend and her enamoured spouse.—Yes, enamoured spouse, my dear Caroline; accuse me not, I beseech you, of either a vulgarism or a solecism, in forming these words into a compound epithet; I acknowledge it would not be at all times a consistent expression, but we are told, you know,—that wonders will never cease, that there is no rule without an exception, &c.; however this may be, I can now assure you, that were you to see the conduct of Lord George to Lady Louisa, you would, I think, relax a little of your severity in favour of husbands, or at least allow it possible for a bridegroom to remain enamoured three weeks after marriage.

My time passes, with this lovely and amiable pair, in the most pleasant way imaginable. Soon after our arrival at the country residence of Lord George, we received the complimentary visits of the neighbouring nobility and gentry; and we attended a few dinner parties prior to our trip to the metropolis, where we arrived on the tenth. Lord George having business of moment to transact with his solicitor, we shall be detained here a few days longer, when we are to proceed to some watering-place for the autumn.

Now I am sensible that my dashing little friend is running over this part of my letter with the utmost rapidity, in expectation that each succeeding line will commence with the fulfilment of my preliminary articles, and give her an insight into those little changes which have taken place in the fashionable world since my last. It is in pity only, my dear Caroline, to your misfortune in being doomed to vegetate the whole year round in the neighbourhood of a country town, that induces me to fulfil my task with any degree of cheerfulness. You tell me, however, that you do occasionally attend a dinner party at the Squire's and the Vicar's; and that owing to the fashionable intelligence contained in my last, you was allowed to be the most elegant dressed woman at the last Session ball. Now this is merely a little flattering finesse of my friends, a sort of complimentary coaxing, to induce me more willingly to aid you in the cruel intention of eclipsing the rival beauties of your neighbourhood at the ensuing county election. Ah! cruel and unconscionable friend! why, why so bent upon conquest which is seldom worthy the exercise of your artillery? If you must commence a siege, look out for the man of probity and honour, the man of integrity and worth; and then if (as is sometimes the case) an attractive external will lead such to investigate and acknowledge those amiable qualities which are (with all her little vanities) the property of my friend, I shall be happy in contributing my part, to render that external not only the magnet that attracts, but the loadstone which points out the sphere of merit.

Now then, dear Caroline, if you should have infringed on your next half-year's allowance, you will be pleased to hear that your gipsy cloak may still be considered as fashionable; but if, on the contrary, you have ready cash at command, and are inclined to provoke the envy and ill-nature of the surrounding Misses, purchase immediately about two yards of the finest worked leno, patent net, or muslin. Let it be ell or yard wide. Trim one end with a thread lace, put on easily full, from a nail to half a quarter deep. Bind, or lay a ribband flat on the reverse end, and the two sides, placing a floss tassel, of the tube form,

at those ends which are not finished with the lace. Let it be thrown over one shoulder, so that the corners which have the tassels fall in drapery just below the knee. Bring the other end across the back, under the opposite arm; let it meet the other side of the scarf at the corner of the bosom, and fasten it with a diamond pin, or broach.— Thus it forms the square front of your dress; and the end which is trimmed with lace sits close round the figure, and gives the appearance of a short wrap, while the other flows in loose negligence on the opposite side. This is an article entirely new; I have only seen it on one female, who was of high rank and beauty. It is the most distinguishing ornament, both for novelty and grace, displayed this season.

On the 12th of August, dear Caroline, I made one of the grotesque assembly, collected at Vauxhall Gardens, to commemorate the anniversary of the Prince of Wales's birth-day. Lord George dined out; but Lady Louisa's brother, with his friend Colonel N—, came in about half past nine, and persuaded us to accompany them to this crowded scene. We were vulgarly early; but I, who love to observe nature in her various gradations, and to contemplate characters as they differ from education, situation, or circumstances, found abundance of occupation for my cogitating powers. A little before twelve we were going to the carriage, being sufficiently gratified with the brilliant spectacle which the gardens exhibited, (and which was to me a new and splendid scene) and highly diverted with the numberless and all-devouring parties who had judiciously secured to themselves every vacant box, and were in the actual enjoyment of the good things of this life.

Here we saw a voracious city dame, whose high-fed corpulency was a letter of recommendation to her husband's credit. There a race of happy-looking graziers, swaggering over a bowl of rack punch; thread and tape men, strutting in dashing consequence, with their opera-hats and canes; and foreign merchants drawing, on the credit of their characters, to entertain a ruinous tribe of extravagant Cyprians; while, possibly, some cliaster object of their former love, (like *Maria*, in *George Barnwell*.) were mourning over their sensual estrangement in secret sorrow.

Waiting a few moments near the grand entrance, while the barouche drove up, we observed the family carriages of the Viscounts E— and M—, together with the equipages of some few Earls and Barons. This circumstance gave fresh animation to our party; we, therefore, joined that of Lady B—, and returned to the

scene of pleasure. A number of genteel people were now assembled; and we passed an hour in agreeable observation, and pleasant amusement.

The evening being damp from the preceding rain, the Turkish robe was worn by many fashionable women. The veil was also prevalent; but the head-dress, which most attracted my attention, was formed of a half-square of net, with a rich tambour border; it was made to sit close to the crown of the head, showing the hair through, which was very smooth and bright. The ends of the handkerchief were brought from behind the ear-rings under the chin, and tied towards one side in a bow. A puffing of white or coloured ribband, very full, of an oval form, confined it immediately over the left eye. On the opposite side, the hair appeared in flat curls, and exhibited the border of the handkerchief to a becoming advantage.

The Flora cap is also very new, but of too singular a style to suit any but a very beautiful or very elegant woman, and is too fantastic to bear description.

Work is now let into dresses in the form of a wrap, rather than up the middle; broad white satin ribband is, however, introduced up the front, and in full dress has a very distinguishing effect.

Do not put the coloured bordering I sent you upon a cambric dress—it has a vulgar and heavy appearance. The muslin which best receives a coloured border, should not be clearer than a mull, nor thicker than a jaconot. The fashion for trinkets continues agreeable to my last description. The broach, the necklace, and ear-rings, the armlet and bracelet, &c. all universal and various.

Adieu! *ma chere* Caroline! After having said thus much, I need not add more to assure you how sincerely and affectionately I am,

Yours,

Aug. 20, 1806.

MATILDA.

DIED

August 21st, in the forty-third year of her age, Mrs. ASPERNE, wife of Mr. JAMES ASPERNE, Bookseller in Cornhill, who, with two sons and six daughters, have deeply to lament their irreparable loss. She possessed as good a heart as ever inhabited the human breast; and the whole study of her life was to discharge faithfully the respective duties of wife and mother.