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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

OF

ILLUSTRIOUS LADIES.

The Ninth Number.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS MARIA DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER.

Her Royal Highness Maria Duchess of Gloucester, was the second daughter of Sir Edward Walpole, Knight of the Bath, long since deceased. She was married May 11th, 1759, to James second Earl of Waldegrave, and becoming a widow upon the demise of that Nobleman, her hand was solicited by his Royal Highness the late Duke of Gloucester, and their nuptials took place September 6th, 1766. The issue of this marriage was,

1st. Sophia Matilda, born May 29, 1773; an elegant Portrait of whom, together with a biographical sketch, was given in the third Number of this Magazine.

2d. Caroline Augusta Maria, born June 24, 1774, died March 14, 1775, and interred in the Royal vault at Windsor.

3d. William Frederick, born at Rome January 15, 1776, the present Duke of Gloucester.

His Royal Highness's father, Prince William Henry Duke of Gloucester, third son of his Royal Highness Frederick Lewis Prince of Wales, and brother to his Majesty, born November 25, 1743, and by patent, November 14, 1764, created Duke of Gloucester and Edinburgh, in Great Britain, Earl of Connaught in Ireland, Knight of the Garter, Senior Field Marshal of his Majesty's Forces, Colonel of the First Regiment of Foot Guards, Chancellor of the University of Dublin, Ranger and Keeper of Cranbourn Chace, Ranger of Hampton-Court Park, Lord Warden and Keeper of the New Forest, Hampshire.

His Royal Highness died August 25, 1805.—Her Royal Highness lives in a manner extremely domestic and recluse, and chiefly resides at her elegant villa at Brompton.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

ON THE CAUSES AND EFFECTS OF EARLY MARRIAGES.

[*Concluded from Page* 250.]

THE Captain seized the oars, and rowed with all his might towards the vessel, which lay at the distance of about half a mile from the shore. The moon shone in an unclouded sky, and cast its yellow light by partial flakes on all the scenery. The fields that rose from the shore glittered in their garbs of light green; and hanging woods, on a hundred hills, served only as a contrast to the white buildings which peeped from among their dark recesses. All was still and clear, except where at a distance a dewy mist enveloped in a picturesque obscurity the rising banks of distant eminences. The light shone full on the face of Charles. His eyes were fixed on the water, regardless of the lovely burthen which he was ferrying to his ship; a heavy gloom sate upon his brow, and Ellen contemplated with increasing alarm the melancholy that appeared to have settled in his heart. The moon-beam glittered on his eye, but darkness was over his soul. The silver rays danced on the water to the splashing of the regular oar, but all was stillness and sorrow in the bosom of the sailor.

And now they were under the ship, and they ascended its high side. The Captain stepped upon the deck, and, calling to him one of his officers, gave directions that Ellen should be taken care of, and provided for as one of the crew. He then said that he felt himself a little indisposed, and would retire to his cabin for a couple of hours repose. Ellen, unsolicitous for her own fate, kept her eyes still fixed upon Charles; she had marked his fixed and melancholy aspect, and the most horrible suspicions now rushed upon her mind. She slipped from among the sailors on the deck, and, following the Captain to his cabin, saw him fasten his door and enter. She looked about for another entrance, but, to her inexpressible sorrow and dismay, no other door was to be found. At last she observed that a hole had been eaten away, probably by rats, in the wooden partition that formed one side of the cabin, which was large enough to admit a body's passing through. Against it, and on the inside of the room, was leaning a mattrass, which had been placed there to keep out the air. She gently moved back the mattrass, and peeping through the open place, discovered her Charles, sitting with his back towards her, and examining the contents of a medicine chest which stood upon a table before him. Her blood curdled at the sight—for this too cruelly confirmed the suspicions which she before had entertained.—Breathless with terror, she had still the presence of mind slowly to move away the mattrass, so far as to gain entrance into the cabin.—She stood stooping behind the mattrass, observing what farther steps the Captain would take, when she saw him empty a phial into a cup; then, suddedly starting, he reached a pistol from a shelf that was above him.

"This, exclaimed he, will do my business more quickly than the laudanum," and as he spoke he cocked the pistol. "Yet no, he continued, the noise will alarm my crew, and if it fails in its direction, I shall yet be prevented from throwing away my burthen and wretched existence; that cup will be slower in operation, but certain in destruction as the silent course of time itself.—Come, then, consoling draught, to quench the flame that burns within my veins and parches up my soul. Come, thou friendly cup, in which, for the last time, I will pledge myself to her who has forfeited her pledges to me. I have sung her name when gay carousals have challenged every guest to competition for the preeminence in female favour, when every youth has extolled above others the partner or the mistress of his heart. And shall I not pronounce it now, when I am going to seek those dark abodes, where the voice of merriment is quiet, and the banquet is the banquet of worms? Yes, yes, Maria, I have loved thee living, and in death I will love thee still—and still will I curse the spirit of avarice and ambition to whom young love has been offered a premature and memorable sacrifice. Maria! Maria! for ever adieu! When, in the pride and pomp of opulence, amid the splendid pageantry of Spanish festival, and the halls of polished marble, the carpets of richly wrought tapestry, and the swelling train of gorgeous domestics, you and your hated husband shall hear the sad intelligence of my untimely death—will not the festival seem to you my funeral pomp? Will not the marble hall strike you with a monumental chill? Will not the flowing tapestry represent my pall, and the train of servants my procession

of mourners? Then, then, Don Pedro, when thou knowest the mischief thy lingering desires have effected, then shalt thou feel, and oh! mayest thou feel it keenly, the curse of Heaven upon thee and thy possessions, thou hoary sinner! And thou, Maria! sad victim of a father's tyranny, and of a dotard's lust! wilt thou shed a few kind tears upon the flowers that spring about my tomb, and reflect, for a sorrowful hour, upon the days when love and hope sprang together in our hearts, like the flowers which thy tears bedew? Wilt thou remember those sad lines over which we have so often wept in sympathy together?

"Say, wilt thou come, at evening hour, to shed
"The tears of memory o'er my narrow bed,
"When I, sequestered from the world and thee,
"Shall lay my head beneath the willow tree?
"Wilt thou, sweet mourner, at my tomb appear,
"And sooth my parted spirit lingering near?
"With aching temples on thy hand reclined,
"Muse on the last farewell I leave behind,
"Breath a deep sigh to winds that murmur low,
"And think on all my love, and all my woe?"

"Oh God? the picture I have drawn is too shocking even for my own view. Once more, Maria, farewell!"

As he spoke these words, he leaned against the back of his chair; in his right hand was still the pistol that he had apostrophised, and with his left he snatched the cup from the table before him. He was in the act of lifting it to his mouth, when Ellen, rushing from her concealment, stood at the back of his chair, and dashed the cup from his hand. The violence of the motion occasioned Charles to start involuntarily; in the hurry and agitation of that start, the pistol in his hand went off; he heard a loud shriek, and Ellen lay extended before him. The pistol had entered the bosom of the unfortunate girl, and she was now dying at the feet of the man whom her heedless ardour had preserved from suicide. The crew, alarmed by the report of the pistol, had broken open the door, and surrounded the unhappy pair; but what was their amazement, when the disorder of Ellen's dress, occasioned by the wound in her breast, discovered to them the sex of their new companion! The Captain sunk speechless upon a chair; in the mean time, the sailors had lifted Ellen from the ground, and a surgeon was examining her wound. He pronounced it mortal.

She had but a few minutes to live—and she related the cause of her death, and completely exculpated Charles, on whom, of course, the suspicions of every one had fallen. When she had concluded her story, she said,

"Let my unfortunate death, and the causes that led to my rash adventure, be generally made known. I now, too late, perceive the indelicacy of the measures which I have adopted, and perhaps the relation of a history like mine, may caution some romantic girl, who hereafter shall, like me, design such wild and idle schemes, from rushing on the misery which sooner or later must be the consequence of her conduct. If some such thoughtless female shall be saved by my bitter and premature experience, I shall not have died entirely in vain. And now, since in death I may without shame confess my love, now farewell, dearest Charles. I am dying for you, and if you feel grateful to me ——"

"Grateful, interrupted Charles, bursting into tears—grateful!—Oh God! what shall I say? What can I do? Whither shall I fly? Oh that my life, instead of thine, lovely, too tender Ellen ——."

"Be calm, I conjure you, answered she—I am dying for you—in return I conjure you to live for me. For the rash act which you attempted, you already are punished by my misfortune. May Heaven there bid its vengeance pause. Live, live, for your Maria. She may at some time again be free—perhaps be yours. May she possess undisturbed that heart which can never be mine.—May she make you as happy as you deserve, and long, long ——."

Here the tide of life which had been rapidly ebbing, became totally exhausted: she threw her eyes with a glance of inexpressible tenderness on Charles, who was now on his knee supporting her in his arms; and, falling backwards upon his breast, expired without a sigh.

For some moments Charles gazed on the lifeless Ellen with speechless agony. He clasped her fondly to his breast, and kissed the wound that occasioned her death. At length he allowed the body to be removed from his room, and was persuaded by some of the officers to accept of medical assistance. Proper remedies were applied to him; but his constitution, which had suffered greatly from the shocks of the last few hours, was so materially impaired, that it was long before any medicine or restorative could bring back his wonted appetite and colour.

In the mean time the body of Ellen was treated with every possible care, and buried on shore with all the ceremonies due to her unfortunate fate and constant attachment. Charles went as chief mourner, and the ship's crew, dressed in their white and blue uniforms, attended the funeral, in token of deference to their Captain.

The fleet was ordered from its station in the West Indies, and the Captain, by the aid of time and the bustle of business, recovered at length that cheerfulness which Providence has kindly ordained to return even after the heaviest shocks of affliction. Wretched, indeed, would be the lot of man,—beyond the gloomy pictures of the misanthrope, beyond the mournful effusions of the poet, if the mind would preserve undiminished the impressions of past woe, and still lie open for the accumulations of sorrow that flying years shake from their pinions as they pass.

Who shall describe the feelings with which Maria received the melancholy tidings of the death of Ellen, which her husband and father had in vain endeavoured to keep a secret from her. Reproaches and regrets were all in vain; yet Maria could not forbear lamenting the want of fortitude, which, at the end of a short confinement, had induced her to accept of a husband whom she never loved, and whose treatment had now made her abhor him. It is true she was mistress of his fine estates and splendid establishment; but such a husband was a clog, a weight that she dragged about with her every where. Had Ellen been with her, she might have in some degree alleviated, by partaking, her sorrows; but though she mourned for Ellen's death, she could not help feeling a secret satisfaction that the unhappy girl was not united to Charles; for Maria yet cherished a hope, that at some period or other she should still be united to him herself. Yet her grief was not the less sincere; she shut herself in her room for several days, and refused admittance to every one; she kissed a thousand times the little relics of her Ellen's work which she still preserved; and it was with great difficulty that her husband and her father prevented her from travelling to the other extremity of the island to weep over her grave, and water the flowers that sprang round it. The feelings of Don Pedro were of a different description. His mind assumed every day a tone more heavy and sullen, and he seemed as much disposed to regret his own misery, as to repent of the misery he had caused to others. Mr. M. who, with all his harshness, was a weak-minded and superstitious man, apprehended some judgment from Heaven; the ghost of Ellen haunted his dreams, and the complaints of his daughter irritated him by day. Thus all parties were equally wretched, when, after a lapse of several years all of the same dark and sombre hue, a considerable change for the better was effected in the prospects of Maria by the death of her aged husband.

Shortly after the death of Don Pedro, Maria was strolling along the side of the sea, meditating on the event which had set her once more at liberty. She was unattended, and, as she mused on her own fortune, she felt a strong desire of learning what had been the fate of her beloved Charles. My condition, thought she, is now, it must be owned, far happier than it was when my husband was alive—yet even now I feel a void in my heart, which methinks Charles could alone supply. Yes, if ever again I should be so happy as to meet with him, not all the dread of my father's resentment shall influence me to abandon the only chance of happiness that now remains for me. I am of age and mistress of my own fortune; to restraint I will no longer submit. Yet I would not willingly incense my father.—I will go to him, and by gradual confessions, explain to him the state of my affections. As she spoke these words, she was turning to seek her father, who was at that time on a visit of a few days at her house, when, from behind a clump of trees at the water's edge, she saw a boat appear with two men in it. One of them jumped on shore, and left his companion in charge of the vessel. He stopped a moment on the bank, and looking around him, exclaimed, "This must surely be the spot! yes, this is the house of the wealthy Don Pedro, hated name! I will wander round the grounds, and endeavour to catch, unseen, one look of Maria, my still dear Maria, and fly for ever from a spot which contains my heart's dearest jewel, the prize of another." Maria in astonishment stepped forward, and what was her joy and surprize, when, in the utterer of the foregoing soliloquy, she recognized Captain T.! In a few words she explained to him the circumstances of her situation; and he, on the other hand, informed her, that having again been sent out upon naval duty at the distance of only a few miles from that part of the island where she resided, he had not been able to resist the temptation of endeavouring, once more, to see the dear object who was still the mistress of his heart. In conversations of the most delightful nature did they pass away several hours, when they were alarmed by the sound of approaching footsteps, and by the voice of Mr. M. who was heard calling upon Maria. The length of her absence had excited alarm, and Mr. M. with a number of servants, had been searching the environs of the house for a considerable time. Maria, when she heard the voice of her father, was much alarmed.—"For Heaven's sake, Charles, exclaimed she, if you do not wish to ruin me, fly—hide yourself in those trees!" He shot into the underwood, but not so quickly as to escape the notice of Mr. M.—"Oh father, said, Maria, running towards him, I am delighted to see you! I had been wandering alone till I had completely lost my way." "Who is that?" said Mr. M. pointing to the thicket,

whose leaves imperfectly concealed the Captain. "Who? where?" said Maria, counterfeiting great alarm and surprize. And the Captain, who found that concealment was impossible, stepped forward.

When the passionate old man recognised the former lover of his daughter, he was convinced that Maria was secretly intriguing with him: he would have demanded an explanation, but the violence of his rage choaked his utterance, and suspended his breath. The shock was too violent for his constitution, and he sunk insensibly upon the ground;—while Charles, promising to come the next morning in disguise to the house, took advantage of Mr. M.'s fit to escape by the boat that was waiting for him. By this time, some of the servants who had been sent in search of Maria had come up, and by her direction conveyed Mr. M. to the house — The faintness which had overcome him, together with the damp of the evening air, settled upon his frame; he was shortly in a high fever—he languished three days; and after bestowing his benediction on Maria, he entreated her forgiveness for the injuries which he had done to her peace, and expired.

Maria was long inconsolable; and Charles, the innocent cause of Mr. M.'s death, for a great while reproached himself incessantly—but, at length, the healing powers of time and religion closed all the wounds of their hearts, and they sometimes breathed a sigh to the memory of the unhappy Ellen; yet, on the whole, they were truly blest in that union which had been the fondest hope of their youth, as it was afterwards the rational enjoyment of their age.

So much for parental coercion.

H. T.

ON DANCING.

Almost all the arts which have contributed to the civilization, amusement, or fame of the nations in which they have been cultivated, have at some stage of their progress, or at some æra of their revolutions, attracted the attention of persons of taste, who have thought it useful to analyse the principles on which they were founded, to explore the customs from which they sprang, or to illustrate the studies by which they might be acquired. Poetry has been traced to its sources, and guided in its channels. Music has had its historians and enthusiasts. Architecture, painting, and sculpture, have been followed through all their ramifications. The stage, that science whose effects while they last are more forcible than any other of the fine arts, yet whose operations on the heart, being incapable of transmission to future times, strike indeed like a meteor, but like a meteor vanish—all, all have been described and adorned by the pen of the scholar, the philosopher, the historian, the poet, the artist, and even the statesman. But dancing alone, that exhilirating science, which thaws the lingering juices, and wakes the soul while it excites the body, yet which is also the subject only of present delight, not of future admiration, has been unblest by the aids of any of the writers, who have made other arts their pursuit and their pleasure. Is it that the matter in itself is mean? Is it that its birth is low and recent? Yet it is the study of the great, and the subject of our public entertainments. It was in the earliest periods of Grecian refinement the chief diversion of wise and polished nations. *Je suis le Dieu de la danse*, said Vestris, in the pomp and pride of triumph. Shall we deride the apotheosis of this aërial Alexander, and deny to his art the possession of a tutelary God? Let us rather admire his enthusiasm in the promotion of an exercise so elegant and healthful, and honour the zeal of a professor, whose exertions contributed to the placing of his art on a higher and more respectable footing than it had ever before boasted.

Dancing, as well as poetry and music, was in ancient times appropriated to divine worship; and, while it retained that sacred character, the priests who directed and taught it, preserved its reputation and its grandeur. But now, being usually managed by persons, who, from their education and circumstances, cannot be expected to make so considerable a figure as the ancient professors, and who do not always possess any merit, beyond their immediate mechanical skill, the art itself seems to have incurred the imputation of being only an amusing trifle, incapable and unworthy of literary illustration. But yet it seems an argument of its intrinsic desert, that, without any of the advantages enjoyed by its competitors, it has found its way into all nations, and insinuated itself into every rank, as if it were, in some sense, one of nature's universal principles. It began from religion—and in Greece and Rome themselves, it was the necessary qualification of a hero, as it is now the attribute of an accomplished gentleman and man of fashion. And since, hitherto for the most

part, the professors of this science, like the disciples of the Druids, have conveyed its mysteries by oral tradition, from generation to generation, we feel inclined to say something on a subject so generally interesting, fashionable, and useful, and if possible to rescue it from that ignominy by which it has been so long and so undeservedly obscured. In the course of what we shall have to say, we shall be able to adduce many classical authorities and precedents in favour of the art—and while we thus snatch our subject from the contempt of our male readers, we hope to amuse our female students with a sufficient proportion of anecdote and fact. Indeed it is chiefly for the sake of the fair that this account has been collected, since from long and accurate observation we are led to believe, that dancing has more votaries among ladies than among gentlemen. For some time we were much at a loss for a solution of this problem, but we flatter ourselves that at length we have discovered its explanation. According to the present system of dancing, ladies are precluded from the privilege of chusing the partner who may be most agreeable to them; and sometimes are even obliged to sit still, and be the unfortunate spectatresses of the jocund scene, in which their companions are joyfully acting. Now it appears to us, that it is the delightful uncertainty, which in all its shapes, and in all its provinces, in the Stock Exchange, in the Subscription-house, and in Parliament, constitutes the great impulse and spring of action, that here also extends its influence, and, while it agitates the palpitating heart of many a fair candidate for preference, excites that mixed sensation of enjoyment and hope, which compose the pleasure of a ball. Of late, indeed, in some parts of the kingdom, this uncertainty has become a well grounded fear; for even at Bath, the head-quarters of pleasure, and the theatre where this exhibition is most beautifully and successfully cultivated, the number of fashionable young men is so small, and of those so many are too lazy or too conceited to move, that a lady who goes to a ball may indeed feel a wish to dance, but she dares not indulge a hope. But this is a digression—enough for us, if the subject on which we treat be generally interesting, whatever be the causes of its interests.

I fear it must be granted, that modern dancing falls in several respects short of the art which was known and practised by the Greeks and Romans; at least, if we may believe eye-witnesses of its perfection and admirable effects, and if we consider that, in ancient times, inscriptions were written, and monuments dedicated, to the memories of many persons, for the great pre-eminence which they had attained in this art. Yet, perhaps, modern dancing comes nearer than the dancing of the Greeks and Romans to the original institution of it in the early ages of the world, when motion, figure, and measure, made the whole system; for that general imitation of different actions, which was practised on the ancient stage by the pantomimes, was unknown till the diversions of men partook with the worship of the Gods in the solemnity of dancing, and the luxurious tastes of a wanton age, induced a hundred different inventions of pleasure. The dances were received upon the stage; at first, they were exhibited only between the acts, but, in a little while, they usurped an entire entertainment, almost to the exclusion of the drama itself. Indeed, Lucian declares the drama to have been so miserably acted, that the dancing was, in his opinion, preferable. Scaliger prefers it also to singing: "The chorus, the singers, and the dancers, all stood in that part of the ancient theatres, called the orchestra; and among all these," says Scaliger, "dancing ought to have the first place, for motion is of earlier date than speech. Besides, it was from the dances only that the orchestra took its name. Singing is the performance of idleness, effeminacy, and sloth: but dancing is the exercise of vigour, spirit, and activity. Besides, it has been treated with the highest honour, on account of its essential use in military training. And, therefore," pursues he, "the Athenians elected Phrynicus their general, because he performed the Pyrrhic dance extremely well in a play." Nor should this be considered as a silly election of theirs, nor a partial irrational fondness for dances and plays. But, as the nature of this dance was warlike, and afforded opportunities for displaying skill in the discipline and management of a battle; they chose an excellent performer, because they believed that he would exercise, in the field, that spirit and address which he had displayed upon the stage. For since warfare of old was not the distant explosion of gunpowder, but the immediate collision of men, that energy and skill which was graceful before, was likely to be useful now.

Pliny, that great relater of prodigies, tells us of dancing islands, in a passage which is quoted by Cælius Rhodiginus:—

"There is an account that in the Torrhebian Lake, or as some call it, the Nymphæan, there are certain Islands of the Nymphs, which move in a ring at the sound of flutes, and are therefore called Calamine Islands, from Calamus, a pipe or reed; and also the dancing islands, because, at the sound of the music, they are moved by the beating of the singers' feet."

Thus Pliny. But it is certain, that, in Delos, there was no religious worship without music and dancing. There came out chorusses of boys,

with lutes and flutes playing before them; the most skilful of these performed the dance. And some songs, from their constant accompaniments of dancing, were called Hyporchemata. In this kind of worship three kinds of hymns were used: the Hyporchema, the Prosodion, and the Stasimon. The Prosodion, or supplication, was said with a hymn, when the sacrifices were brought towards the altar. The Hyporchema they sang in full chorus, dancing about the altar, when the sacrifices were put to the fire. This dance seems to have been common to both men and women; its best figures were called Prosodiasic, Apostolic, or Parthenic. The song which succeeded the dance, when all stood still, was called Stasimon. When the dancers moved before and in front of the altar, they always went from the left to the right first, in imitation of the Zodiac, whose motion appears direct in the heavens from west to east; and afterwards they moved back from the right to the left, according to the celestial course. It is to these circumstances that Virgil alludes in the fourth book of the Æneid, when he says—

Delon maternam invisit Apollo,
Instauratque choros; mixtique altaria circum,
Cretesque Driopesque fremunt, pictique Agathyrsi.

Which Dryden has translated:—

"Like fair Apollo, when he leaves the frost
"Of wintry Gantheus, and the Lycian coast;
"When to his native Delos he resorts,
"Ordains the dances, and renews the sports,
"Where painted Scythians, joined with Cretan bands,
"Before the joyful altars join their hands."

There is a story, that Theseus being driven from Crete upon the coast of Delos, taught the youths of that country a dance, which represented the mazes of the labyrinth, and in which the several circles were intangled within each other—this they performed before the altar.

From Lucian, in his dialogue *de Saltatione*, and from various other accounts, it is plain that dancing was of old a species of silent rhetoric; when the dancer, by his gestures, his motions, and his actions, without speaking made himself perfectly intelligible to the spectator, in whom he could rouse indignation, or excite pity; whom he could stir to fury, or soothe to love. What more could the fire of the poet, with all the aids of verse, effect upon the soul? or, what beyond this could be performed by the most accomplished masters of the magic lyre? Even in our own time, we have most of us witnesse', with emotions strong enou h to melt our hearts and moisten our eyes, the efforts of the interesting Madame Laborie, in the ballet of *Crazy Jane*. And then shall we be told that dancing deserves no notice among the fine arts—among those arts whose object is to ameliorate the heart by exciting its noblest passions?

But laying aside the estimation which was conferred upon dancing by its religious, military, and theatrical application, we shall find that, even as it is commonly practised in our own days, it deserves the reputation of an elegant and an useful art; since it improves the health, regulates the carriage, invigorates the limbs, and enlivens the mind.

Plato, in his second book of laws, tells us, "Other animals want in their motions the sense of order and disorder, from the due composition and regulation of which arise number and harmony. But men, having been admitted to the company and conversation of the Gods, have received from them a sense of number, of harmony, of sweetness, and of delight, musical measure, and the several kinds of dancing." Nay, a learned man was always supposed to possess great skill in dancing and singing.

The great Locke says, in his Treatise on Education:—

"Since nothing appears to me to give children so much becoming confidence and behaviour, and to raise them to the conversation of those above their age, as dancing, I think they should be taught to dance as soon as they are capable of learning it. For though this consists only in outward gracefulness of motion, yet, I know not how, it gives children manly thoughts and carriage, more than any thing."

Again—

"Dancing being that which gives graceful motions, all the life, and, above all things, manliness, and becoming confidence, to young children, I think it cannot be learned too early after they are once of age and strength capable of it; but you must be sure to have a good master that knows and teaches what is graceful and becoming, and what gives a freedom and easiness to all the motions of the body."

And so we see that the limbs of a good dancer, even in their greatest force of motion, whether off or on the ground, do in no wise convulse, twitch, or seem to disorder the beautiful position of the parts. And this general ease is that great and leading qualification, which, though born in the ball-room, feels itself no stranger nor useless interloper, in the senate, the camp, or the court. This it is which repels the intrusions of false shame, and preserves the faculties cool and collected; which obtains consideration among the fair, and engages patronage from the great. By this, men of indifferent talents are able to palm themselves on the world for men of genius; by this a pedant has passed for a parson, a sophist

for a Machiavel, a quack for an Infallible, and a jester for a wit. Without it, genius itself is but a body without limbs to move it, a lock without a key to wind it up. There is a story of Mr. Addison, which cannot be too often repeated. When that elegant writer, the admiration of an age that he adorned, that wise politician, who from obscurity raised himself to the head of an administration, had occasion, in his political and official capacity, to make some observations on the House of Commons, we are told that he rose in great agitation, and saying, " Mr. Speaker, I conceive—" sate down again. Again he rose, again said, " Mr. Speaker, I conceive—" and again sate down in terror. A third time he addressed himself to the chair, " Mr. Speaker, I conceive—" and once more fell back in despair. Upon which a wag got up in his place, and jocosely said, " Mr. Speaker, the Right Honourable Gentleman opposite to me is singularly barren, for he has conceived three times, and brought forth nothing."

Of the advantage of this becoming ease, and of the superiority which it gives to its possessor, a pretty instance is given us by Barclay, in his *Argenis*. Poliarchus, as he tells us, was distinguished, even in his hidden retreat, at a village of Gaul, by his unembarrassed air and easy confidence, which Barclay considers as a proof of his superior genius and commanding soul. For when he was playing among the village boys, they all ran away, confounded and terrified by the approach of Gobrias, except Poliarchus, who stood his ground, and, with a stern kind of humility, answered his questions, and supported a conversation, without betraying symptoms of awkwardness or terror, at the presence of a stranger whose mien was so uncommon, and whose equipage was so magnificent.

In fact, it is this elegance of manner which constitutes the true man of fashion; which forms the great and evident line of demarkation, between a boor and a man of education. It gives an additional lustre to worth itself, and gains admiration and applause for that which unaided would obtain no more than cold esteem. On some future occasion, we will take an opportunity of saying something farther of this valuable accomplishment.

H. T.

THE HISTORY OF GOSTANZA AND MARTUCCIO.

A FLORENTINE TALE.

In a part of the Mediterranean sea, and to the east of the shores of Italy, is situated the island of Lipari, whose natural beauty could only be exceeded by those of cultivation; and whose charms of cultivation, at the period of our narrative, were what might be expected from the taste and industry of its inhabitants. As it is more to the south than Italy, it has more of that genial fervour, the soft influence of which is extended as far as itself, and affects no less the face of nature, than the hearts, the minds, and the spirits of men. The surface of the fields was thus covered with the joyful garb of Plenty; the dark green of the herbage, the waving gold of the ripened harvest, appeared to mark it as the seat of Ceres. The happiness of the inhabitants was such as suited the plenty and beauty of the island. The government, as if fortune seconded the efforts of nature, was no less mild than that of the climate, and the latter might be assumed as no imperfect emblem of the effects of the former. Could any state be more enviable than that of the inhabitants of Lipari; could any island be more suited than this for the throne of the Cyprian queen. It was, indeed, natural that Love should here fix his habitation; but could avarice be found in a state like this? Alas, where man is found, the vices of men will follow. The wolves will still pursue the track of their prey.

The wealth of the inhabitants, like that of other islanders, arose from their traffic; and the merchants of Lipari were scarcely less known than those of Venice. The most successful, and therefore the richest of this class of men, was a trader of the name of Lysimachus. The harbours of Lipari were crowded with his vessels; and, as if he set fortune at defiance, scarcely a wind could blow which did not either hasten the arrival, or facilitate the desired departure of some one or other of his numerous ships. The wealth of Lysimachus, though still insufficient to satisfy himself, was in proportion to this extent and success of his trade. His credit was not confined to the narrow limits of his native island; his loans were sought, and his securities accepted by the princes and states of Europe. The family of Medici, at that period the factors of the world, and whose princely magnificence gave new dignity to traffic, did not enjoy a reputation more general, or better established. This was enough to satisfy any reasonable desires;

but the thirst of avarice is not confined within the limits of nature; Lysimachus was avaricious, and the accumulated riches of Europe and the Indies would have been unequal to his wishes.

There are some vices upon which the vengeance of Heaven is immediate, and, in order to effect that purpose, they carry their own punishment; such is that of avarice. It is the nature of this passion that it calls all the powers of the soul to itself, and leaves no vacancy to the enjoyment of any other pleasure than what regards the gratification of its own appetite. Lysimachus possessed a treasure of more value than his almost boundless wealth, and had he not been thus blinded by his predominant passion, had his avarice not suspended the feelings of nature, he would have felt and acknowledged its superior worth; Lysimachus had a daughter of which a father like himself was unworthy. The name of this lady was Gostanza; her beauty, though superior to that of most of her sex, was her least recommendation; all the mild and gentle graces, which are the proper attributes of women, were to be found in her.

The extent of the traffic of Lysimachus required the service of many clerks and assistants. There was one whose activity and ingenuity was more singular than that of his companions; the name of this youth was Martuccio.

Martuccio, whose situation in the house of Lysimachus gave him frequent opportunities of the society and conversation of Gostanza, could not be insensible to her superior beauty, and felt it in a manner suited to his youth and amorous nature. He was not, however, blind to the difference of their conditions; and the ruling passion of Lysimachus, which was an unbounded thirst for gain, was an insuperable bar to the success of his suit. The rash confidence of youth, however, inspired hopes; and finding that his assiduities were not displeasing to Gostanza, he took a speedy opportunity for declaring himself. One day he followed her, unobserved, into the garden, whither she had retired after dinner. She entered a grove of pines, and sat down on a bench in the thickest obscurity of the wood. She had a lute in her hand, which she touched with a most rapturous effect, and then accompanied it with her voice; which, taking part in the feelings of her mind and the pathetic words of her song, faultered with every emotion of tenderness. Martuccio burst from his retreat, and threw himself on his kness before her. The declaration of his love was at once warm and eloquent, and though impetuous, yet tempered by respect. Gostanza did not quickly recover her composure; and when she did, her agitation answered his fondest hopes; and her tongue, at length, confirmed the warm confession of her blushes.

The lovers, after this mutual avowal, had frequent interviews; their constant subject of conversation was their passion, and the little hope which attended it.—Martuccio, though the clerk of a merchant, and therefore himself a member of traffic, had nothing of the love of money common to his class.

The early part of the life of Lysimachus had been passed in a most rigid denial of all desires which had been attended with any expence. He had married to get rid of a debt that he owed to a brother merchant, and which he cancelled by taking his daughter. What reasonable expectations of success could be entertained from an application to a man of this nature? Could he, whose heart only relented to money, be supposed to take pity on the feelings of two lovers, and give his daughter and all his fortune to a man, when compared to himself, a mere beggar? "Yet strange as my proposal is, (cried Martuccio to Gostanza,) I will make it. It is useless to despond where the least spark of hope may be retained; and a reasonable confidence is, at least, our duty, till trial has convinced us that we have to contend with impossibilities." "And what (cried Gostanza,) is more impossible than the consent of my father to make us happy? He will part with his daughter, perhaps, but will still keep his money; and, as for myself, Martuccio, I should show as great a want of love as of prudence, were I to consent to give a beggar to your arms."

The reasoning of his mistress did not deter Martuccio, who one day followed his master out of the counting-house, and with great hesitation, made proposals for his daughter.

Lysimachus was at first surprised, but far from irritated; his countenance, indeed, relaxed into a smile, and he desired Martuccio to take a seat. "My good friend, (cried he, tapping him on the head) do you think me in my senses?"

"Sir!"——

"Yes, Martuccio (he continued), do you think me in my senses? for you or I must certainly have taken leave of them. Now I trust I have mine, because I shall give you a plain refusal; but I much doubt whether you have yours, for making the application."

Arguments were as ineffectual as intreaty to overcome the reluctance of the merchant; Martuccio, therefore, was dismissed without having derived any advantage from his application. The hopes of the lovers were terminated by this conference, and their misery upon this event of their passion was only equalled by the renewed protestation of their love. Gostanza, after the manner of her sex, gave it a vent in tears and complaints; Martuccio did not support it with greater resolution, though his gravity of character, and

greater strength of mind, restrained the expression of his feelings within more narrow limits.—He had lost, however, all relish for his former pleasures; he could no longer fix himself to the discharge of his usual business, his mind was occupied, his attention absorbed, in one only idea. The misery of his situation at length induced him to take a singular resolution; he sought an interview with Gostanza, and she at length attended him at the place of appointment. Her surprize was great at an unusual change in the appearance of her lover; his features, which had lately borne no other expression than that of hopeless love, had now the more lively character of rising hope; his habits were still more singular; he had laid aside the dress of a clerk, and assumed that of a sailor. Gostanza demanded of him the cause of what she beheld. "You appear very happy, Martuccio, (said she, with an air of reproach,) and your dress is still more changed than your features. What is the cause of this levity; alas, can a love so hopeless admit these sports of a mind at ease!"

"You are deceived, my Gostanza (replied he), if you impute what you see to levity, or the sports of a mind at ease. Our love is, indeed, at present hopeless; but the vicissitudes of fortune are as sudden as various, and what she refuses us to-day, she may spontaneously offer to us to-morrow. Behold the aim of my present purpose, and the cause of my changed habits. Your father has no other motive for his refusal to our happiness than that of my unequal fortune; and could that inequality be removed, he would not hesitate to confirm our love by his parental consent. In my present situation, as the clerk and dependant of another, I can have no hope of attaining this eminence of wealth, and therefore, if I remain in the service of Lysimachus, I must submit to see you the wife of a rich rival. To avoid this, I have resolved to leave your father's house, and embark as a sailor on a voyage of adventure. A Venetian Captain, a relation of my father, is now in the port of Lipari; he has invited me to embark with him for the Indies; and, to encourage me to an acceptance of his proposal, has offered me the loan of four thousand ducats to purchace the necessary merchandize. Behold, Gostanza, the source of my present hopes. Yes, my Gostanza, I feel a confidence that Heaven will bless my honest efforts, and that our union is not so impossible, or so distant as it appears."

Gostanza was about to answer, as far as her tears would permit, when they were interrupted by Lysimachus himself, who demanded, with some anger, the cause of her unusual emotion. Martuccio did not hesitate to declare his purpose. Lysimachus for some moments regarded him with astonishment, but at length returning to his usual air of gravity, he demanded of Martuccio, if he were in earnest.

"From this eminence (replied Martuccio), you may behold the ship. My departure is fixed an hour hence."

Lysimachus, upon this reply, regarded him for a few moments in silence; but at length thus addressed him:—"Martuccio, you have served me for some years with equal faith and ability; were your fortune any thing equal to that of my daughter, I should prefer you for a son to any inhabitant of Lipari. The disparity of your fortunes, however, is too great, and if I act in the character, and with the duties of a father, I must not hesitate to oppose your union. It is this which has caused my refusal. I now, however, repeat my promise, that from the regard I bear to you, and from gratitude for your fidelity in my service, if you can find any means to produce a fortune but one half of that of Gostanza, you shall take her. Your present purpose is worthy of your love and courage. Gostanza shall wait unmarried and unsolicited during the space of a year from the present day; if you return within that period, and can produce the sum I have mentioned, Gostanza, with all my wealth, shall become yours. Martuccio, farewell; take an embrace of your mistress, and without further delay depart."

Martuccio did not wait for any second invitation, but embraced her with all the tenderness of sincere passion; nor was Gostanza herself more restrained by the presence of her father; she was not merely passive in the arms of her lover; her embrace had more delicacy perhaps, but certainly equal tenderness with that of Martuccio himself. Lysimachus, who had no other vice than that of avarice, could not regard them unmoved; but perceiving the feelings of his daughter to be too much agitated, he at length constrained them to separate; and, pressing the hand of Martuccio, again addressed him:—"Martuccio, your friend has promised you the loan of four thousand ducats, I will add to them the gift of six thousand; there is that sum in this bill of exchange; it will be paid to you on your arrival at Venice by the Venetian merchant upon whom it is drawn. Go, Martuccio, and may Heaven prosper your efforts. You have the prayers and wishes of Lysimachus."

Saying this, and forcing his pocket-book into the hands of Martuccio, he waved his hand for him to depart. Martuccio, again embracing Gostanza in the arms of her father, obeyed, and a hill soon intercepted him from their sight.

Lysimachus conducted his daughter to the house, and gave her into the care of her usual attendants. Their attempts at consolation were

for some days in vain; and though the violence of her first emotions yielded to the usual remedy of time, the melancholy into which they had subsided appeared wholly incurable.

In the meantime Martuccio had embarked, and the vessel, with a favourable wind, was already upon its voyage. The hopes of Martuccio, and the pleasures of their navigation, had already dissipated a part of his late chagrin; his countenance and heart were animated with a new joy, and he anticipated with all the sanguine confidence of youth and hope, the attainment of his wishes. The voyage was, indeed, through the most beautiful part of the Mediterranean sea. As the science of navigation was less understood at that time than in the present day, it was the custom of the vessels rather to coast along the shores than trust to the open seas. Their voyages were thus more varied and beautiful. Martuccio enjoyed this pleasure; the fancy of the prince of poets has scarcely painted a scene like what daily presented itself to the eyes of Martuccio. The shores of the Mediterranean are alternately mountains, hills, and plains; mountains whose tops are hidden in clouds, hills clothed with the groves of summer, and plains of a verdure like that of emerald. All the varieties both of culture and solitude concurred to the splendor and beauty of this scenery; the eye was now presented with the spectacle of a magnificent city, the gilded summits of whose turrets were glittering beneath the beams of a morning sun. The cheerful sound of the distant bells, the ascending smoke, and the throng of the busy inhabitants,—all composed a morning landscape, the beauty and effect of which can only be conceived by those who have been the spectators of a similar scene. Nor were the scenes of solitude less touching to an admirer of nature; such were the woods whose extent and height seemed to argue their primæval origin; such were the plains which glowed beneath the genial influence of the noon-tide beam. Martuccio, who had hitherto been confined within the narrow walls of a city, and occupied in the cares and hurry of merchandize, was no less surprized than transported at the objects he beheld. "How beautiful (said he), how great in all her works, is the framing hand of Nature! How impossible is it to regard a scene like this without reverting to its mighty original and all wise Author. Thy wisdom is, indeed, legible in thy works; to see is to adore." In this manner passed the greater part of the voyage of Martuccio, and the beauty and novelty of the scenery had infused that tranquillity into his troubled mind, that he had now no images but those of hope. "Yes, my Gostanza, (he would say in his moments of rapture,) the power who thus delights in general good, will not desert us. Seas shall in vain divide us, and more powerful avarice in vain interpose its bar; our love merits and will obtain a superior protection."

The confidence of Martuccio was soon dissipated, and by an event of fortune as fatal as sudden, changed to despair. The third week of their voyage had passed over in this security of hope; the morning which began the fourth at length dawned. Martuccio, who felt the charms of nature with the more sensibility as they were more novel and fresh, was in the habit of rising with the first light, and enjoying in a walk upon the deck of the vessel the freshness of the early hours. Upon the morning, the fatal event of which we are about to relate, he was in the enjoyment of this his usual pleasure, and the beauties of the opening dawn had never more merited the attention of an admirer of nature; the sun, with all his eastern splendour, was rising from the bosom of the ocean, and the sea which bounded the horizon, reflected upon its surface the burnished light; the concave of the heavens formed a bold and lofty arch, and the world of waters beneath received and communicated new beauty and freshness. The inhabitants of the deep seemed not unconscious of the beauty of the scene; the dolphins ascended to the surface of the waters, and displayed their colours to the morning sun; the less shapely monsters of the ocean surrounded the ship, and in long troops upon each side of the vessel, continued to move their unwieldy masses. Martuccio was occupied in the observation of these objects, when, happening to cast a look behind, he beheld at some distance a vessel in full sail. It was as yet hardly visible; its white sails could with difficulty be distinguished from the clouds and waters. The landscape, however beautiful, had appeared to Martuccio to have too much of what the painters call *rest*, in other words, of solitude. This defect was removed by the appearance of the approaching vessel, and such was the transport of Martuccio upon the now finished beauty of the scene, that he could not restrain himself from summoning the friendly Captain to partake his pleasure. After pointing out the various objects which had excited his admiration, he directed his attention to the approaching vessel: "Behold (said he) what crowns the happy scene." The Captain here cast a regard upon the vessel; but its ensigns no sooner met his eye than he started, at the same time uttering a sudden exclamation—"We are lost. Alas, unfortunate men, we have nothing further to hope but death or slavery! the vessel which approaches is a rover from Tunis."

The Captain here summoned his crew; and that no means of preservation might be neglected,

commanded them to man their sails and yards. The fear of the sailors occasioned him to be obeyed with unusual alacrity. Martuccio was not backward in encouraging and assisting the astonished crew. Their united efforts soon put their vessel in a condition of flight; and as the ship was well built, and not too heavily laden, their rapidity was not inferior to that of the Tunisian. The latter ship, however, had now approached so near, that it hailed the Venetian, and commanded them, as they valued the preservation of their lives, to an immediate surrender. Martuccio, who was standing upon the stern of the vessel, made no other reply than by a discharge of his harquebuss. Escape, however, was now impossible; the Tunisian having been built for the purposes of piracy, was already alongside of the Venetian vessel. They were again summoned to surrender. Martuccio and the Captain, having the greatest ventures and the most courageous spirits, again refussd; but the Captain had scarcely uttered the words of rejection, and issued those of preparation for the immediate conflict, when he was pierced by an arrow, and fell dead upon the deck. This incident had an instantaneous effect upon the courage of the crew; the prayers and reproaches of Martuccio were equally fruitless, and the flag was struck. Martuccio, however, was resolved not to survive this united disgrace and calamity; his mind presented to him in one view the whole misery of his situation,—the certain defeat of all his late hopes, the loss of Gostanza, and a future life of slavery. With a resolution, therefore, rather to fall than to submit, and preferring certain death to the greater evil of servitude, he opposed himself to the whole crew of the corsair, who were now entering the surrendered ship. The Infidels appeared astonished, and in some degree confounded by the vivacity of his courage, and from the effect of his single opposition it might have been justly concluded, that had he been seconded by the efforts of the remainder of the crew, the vessel would not have become the prey of the pirates. The remainder of the crew, however, was occupied in other thoughts; the rapidity of the vessel's flight, had brought them upon the opposite coast; the sailors, therefore, now availed themselves of this circumstance, and whilst the attention of the pirates was occupied by the brave defence of Martuccio, they had loosened a boat, and having hastily descended from the ship were rowing towards the adjacent land. In the meantime Martuccio was continuing the conflict, and with the rashness of despair appeared to be resolved upon death. It was in vain that the Captain of the corsair made him the offer of his life; Martuccio returned no other reply, than that they could not dispose of what they had not yet gained. Courage, however, was fruitless against such an unequal force; Martuccio was at length disarmed, and beaten to the ground. The pirates again commanded him to beg his life; Martuccio again refused. One of the Infidels, irritated by the continuance of his obstinacy, raised his sabre to cleave his head, but his arm was arrested by the hand of Hamet, the Captain of the vessel. Hamet was of a character not unusual amongst barbarians; as his chief quality was that of courage, he considered nothing in another so worthy of esteem. The conduct of Martuccio had excited this sentiment, and the preservation of his life was, perhaps, owing to this favourable prejudice of his enemy. Hamet, from the same feeling, arrested the uplifted sword of the pirate. "Why wouldst thou kill a braver man than thyself," said he. Then turning to Martuccio,—"Christian (said he), thy courage shall redeem thee; you shall live, because you have showed yourself worthy of life. The laws of our Prophet require that you shall have the choice, of slavery or our faith. Embrace the religion of Mahomet, and Hamet shall be henceforth your friend, brother, and protector."

Martuccio was so absorbed in the sense of his calamity, that he returned no answer to the addres of the pirate. Hamet, who appeared to have a principle of humanity becoming a better faith, perceiving the cause of his silence, did not resent it; he even committed him to the care of of his own attendants, and commanded him to be carried into his own cabin. They now proceeded to plunder the Venetian vessel, and such was the wealth of the lading, that it well repaid the length and danger of their cruise. Having finished this ransack, and put some of their crew into the plundered ship, they proceeded upon their return to Tunis. As the wind was favourable, they reached the port within a few days.

Hamet, upon entering the harbour, gave a general discharge of the arms of his vessel, and as the Venetian ship was a sufficient evidence of the success of his voyage, he was saluted by the guns of the castle. Tunis was at that time governed by a Dey of the name of Soliman; Hamet, therefore, no sooner arrived than he attended the court of the Dey, and having conducted Martuccio with him, presented him as a slave to Soliman.

"He has a liberal presence, Hamet, (said the Dey,) and appears unfit for ordinary servitude."

"It was this (replied Hamet), which has led me to think him worthy of the service of the Dey of Tunis. His courage is no less liberal than his appearance." Hamet here related his rash resistance to their boarding the Venetian ship. Soliman listened with attention, and apparent

approbation to this narrative, and in the course of it had thrown some favourable looks upon its subject. He now demanded of Martuccio if he understood the language of the Moors of Tunis. Martuccio replied, that his nurse had been a Moorish slave, and that he could speak it with the readiness of a native. "I perceive it (replied the Dey). I accept you, therefore, as the attendant upon my own person. Hamet, I accept your present, and shall return it with the gratitude which it merits." Hamet bowed and retired.

Thus did Martuccio become the slave of the Dey. This was the most pleasing circumstance which had occurred to him since his captivity, nor was he rendered so stupid by his calamity but that he acknowledged this incident as an unexpected good fortune. His hopes of liberty were not so desperate as in the more private servitude of Hamet. His service was not burthensome; it was little more than attendance upon the person of the Dey; his memory, however, still presented to him the image of his lost Gostanza. "To what purpose (said he,) should I now recover my liberty; the Captain, my friend, is dead; my ducats have become the prey of the pirates; Gostanza, therefore, is lost for ever."

In this manner did Martuccio consume the days and nights of his captivity; his former hopes were now succeeded by a more unreasonable despondency; he did not reflect that the designs of the Being who governs the fate of our lives, were seldom accomplished but by indirect means, and that a happy event was sometimes never so near as when to our more limited sight it appeared at the greatest distance.

[*To be continued.*] page 513

REMARKABLE PROPHECY, RELATIVE TO THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

From the propensity of the human mind to ascribe to itself the power of Prophecy, and to endeavour to remove that veil with which futurity is fortunately enveloped, have principally originated the numerous predictions which are now renewed, and some of which are read with interest. There is, in particular, no want of such as relate to the great catastrophe in France. Nostrodamus has had abundance of followers. Among these, the well-known French writer, Cazotte, is eminently distinguished. His prophecy of the French revolution is much more precise and explicit than oracles of this kind in general are. It has made its appearance in a new literary publication of select works of the celebrated Laharpe. Though reason naturally excites a distrust of such visions and predictions, yet the reputation of the narrator demands some attention to the prophetic effusions which he himself heard, in the year 1788, from the lips of Cazotte.

It appears to me, says the aged Academican, as though it had happened but yesterday, and yet the circumstances took place in the year 1788. We were sitting at table, principally members of the Academy, with one of our colleagues. The company was numerous; it consisted of courtiers, men of letters, and others. We partook of a superb dinner. At the dessert, the Malvoisie and Cape wines had elevated the gaiety of the company to such a degree, that it could scarcely be restrained within any bounds. Chamfort had read to us some of his graceless and licentious tales, and yet the ladies who were present, had not, as usual, recourse to their fans. Many impious jests were launched against religion; one read passages from Voltaire's *Pucelle*, amidst universal plaudits; a second rose, and with a full bumper in his hand, exclaimed—"Yes, gentlemen, I am as sure that there is no God, as I am certain that Homer was a blockhead." A third admired the revolution which Voltaire had effected in the empire of the Sciences—"That great man," cried he, "gave the tone to his age; he is read as generally in every anti-chamber, as in the superb apartments of our most illustrious men." One of the guests related, with a hearty laugh, that his hair-dresser had said to him in good earnest:—"Look you, Sir, though I am but a poor fellow, I concern myself as little about religion, as the grandest of you gentlemen." It was the general opinion, that a political revolution would soon arrive, and that fanaticism must give way to the philosophical spirit of the times. They wished happiness to those whose age still allowed them to cherish the hope of witnessing this great work.

Only one individual of the party appeared to withhold his applause from our conversation: he merely laughed now and then at our enthusiasm. This was Cazotte, an eccentric, but amiable man. He at length broke silence, and said, with the utmost gravity, "Make yourselves easy, gentlemen, you will live to see this great and sublime revolution which you so anxiously desire.—Yes, I repeat, that you will live to see it." "That may be," rejoined one of the company; "a man need not be a wizard to foretel any thing of that sort."

"Agreed; but it requires more than a common head to know what is to follow. Do you know what will be the consequences of this revolution, and what will become of you all during it?" "Well, let us hear, then," said Condorcet, with a sarcastic smile. "You, M. de Condorcet, will die in prison, and by poison, which you will take to escape the hand of the executioner. So great will be the happiness of this revolutionary æra, that people will carry their dose constantly in their pocket."

The whole table was convulsed with laughter. "M. Cazotte," said one of the guests, "this story which you have been telling, is not near so pleasing as your *Diable Amoureux* (an uncommonly entertaining novel, by M. Cazotte). But how do you come by prisons, poison, and executioners? What have these to do with reason and philosophy?" "'Tis in the very name of philosophy," answered Cazotte, "in the very name of liberty and humanity, that reason will rule in the manner I predict; it will be the express reign of reason; for to her alone will altars be erected throughout all France, and the other temples will be shut up." "Upon my soul," interrupted Chamfort, bursting into a contemptuous laugh, "you, Cazotte, will not be one of the priests that will perform the worship of reason."—"I hope not; but you, M. de Chamfort, will be one of the most worthy; for you will open your veins with a razor, but you will not die till several months afterwards."—The company looked at each other, and the laughter became still louder. "You, M. de Vicq d'Azyr, will open six veins, one after the other, in a fit of the gout, and die the same night. As for you, Messrs. Nichollai, Bailly, and Malesherbes, you will all three die on the scaffold."—"Thank God!" cried Rouchet, "it appears as if the speaker was determined to wreak all his vengeance on the Academy; he has dispatched the Academicians in a terrible way, but as I am not one of their number, he will surely be merciful to me." "You? no; you too, like the others, will expire on the scaffold." "He must have conspired," was now the universal cry, "to exterminate us all together." "No, I have not." "Are we then to be conquered by the Turks and Tartars? and——" "By no means; as I have already said, you will then live under the sway of reason and philosophy alone; those of whom you may expect such treatment, are nothing but philosophers, who, like yourselves, will have nothing in their mouths but reason and philosophy."—The company now whispered each other, "It is plain, that he is a perfect fool; he always strives to appear eccentric in his jokes."—"That may be," said Chamfort, "but this humourist should be more cheerful; his stories smell too strongly of the gallows. But, tell me, Cazotte, when are all these things to happen?" "Scarcely six years will have elapsed, before all that I predict will be accomplished." "That is wonderful," at length exclaimed I (Laharpe), "and am I then to make no figure in all these scenes?" "You, Sir, are destined for one of their most extraordinary wonders. You will become a Christian." The room shook with violent and universal peals of laughter. "Well," cried Chamfort, "I am easy, if we are not to be dispatched till Laharpe has become a Christian. At that rate, we shall never die." "We women come off the best" observed the Duchess de Grammont, "as we pass for nothing at all in this revolution. I mean not to say, that we shall have no hand in it, but, it is admitted, that our sex——." "Your sex, madam, will not, in this case, protect you; it will avail you nothing that you refrain from intermeddling; you will be treated, without distinction, like us men." "What say you, M. Cazotte? That must certainly be the end of the world." "That I know not; but this I know perfectly well, that you, Madame la Duchesse, will be conveyed in the executioner's cart, in company with many other ladies, with your hands tied behind your backs." "At any rate, then," said the Duchess, "I shall be allowed a carriage covered with black cloth." "No, madam; ladies of still higher rank than yourself will be drawn in a cart, with their hands tied behind them." "Ladies of higher rank? Who can they be?" "The Princesses of the blood royal? Of still higher rank than——." Here the company was in visible emotion; a deep gloom overspread the countenance of the master of the house, and they felt that the joke had been carried too far. Madame de Grammont, in order to bring back the conversation to a more agreeable tone, contented herself with observing—"They will, however, let me have a confessor?" "No, Madam, nobody will have any; the last condemned person, to whom it will be allowed as a favour, will be——," He paused a moment—"will be the King of France."

The host rose abruptly from the table, and his example was followed by all his guests. He went up to M. Cazotte, whom he addressed in a pathetic tone: "Dear Cazotte," said he, "your gloomy fancies have lasted too long; you go too far; you might commit yourself and the whole company." Cazotte took his hat, and was about to retire, without saying a word. Madame de Grammont, who always avoided every thing like gravity, detained him, saying, "Dear Mr. Prophet, we have listened long enough to your prophecies concerning us; but you have not said a word about yourself." Cazotte paused for some time; his eyes were bedimmed with tears.—"Have you, Madam, ever read the siege of Jerusalem, by the historian Josephus." "Undoubt-

edly; who is there but has? But continue, as though I had not." "Well, then, Madam, during this siege, a man went, for seven successive days, round the ramparts of the city, in the face of the besieging Romans, and of the besieged Jews, incessantly crying, with a voice of thunder, 'Woe to thee, Jerusalem!' On the seventh day, he exclaimed, 'Woe to thee, Jerusalem! woe to myself!' and, at the same moment, a prodigious stone, discharged by the enemy's machines, dashed him into a thousand pieces."—After this answer, Cazotte bowed, and withdrew.

Let the reader open the history of the revolution, and he will find how, and in what day, the events announced in 1788 were accomplished in the years 1792, 3, and 4. Laharpe, as it is well known, escaped; but the atrocities of the revolution, which he looked upon as the consequence of what was denominated philosophy, made such an impression upon him, that, in his last years, he became one of the most zealous defenders of that holy religion, which he had before so furiously attacked.

EXPERIMENTS AND OBSERVATIONS ON THE SINGING OF BIRDS.

MR. EDITOR,

As the experiments and observations I mean to lay before the public relate to the singing of birds, which is a subject that hath never before been scientifically treated*, it may not be improper to prefix an explanation of some uncommon terms, which I shall be obliged to use, as well as others which I have been under a necessity of coining.

To chirp, is the first sound which a young bird utters, as a cry for food, and is different in all nestlings, if accurately attended to; so that the hearer may distinguish of what species the birds are, though the nest may hang out of his sight and reach.

This cry is, as might be expected, very weak and querulous; it is dropped entirely as the bird grows stronger, nor is afterwards intermixed with its song, the chirp of a nightingale (for example) being hoarse and disagreeable.

To this definition of the chirp, I must add, that it consists of a single sound, repeated at very short intervals, and that it is common to nestlings of both sexes.

The call of a bird, is that sound which it is able to make, when about a month old; it is, in most instances (which I happen to recollect), a repetition of one and the same note, is retained by the bird as long as it lives, and is common, generally to both cock and hen †.

The next stage in the notes of a bird is termed, by the bird-catchers, recording, which word is probably derived from a musical instrument formerly used in England, called a recorder ‡.

This attempt in the nestling to sing, may be compared to the imperfect endeavour in a child to babble. I have known instances of birds beginning to record when they were not a month old.

This first essay does not seem to have the least rudiments of the future song; but as the bird grows older and stronger, one may begin to perceive what the nestling is aiming at.

Whilst the scholar is thus endeavouring to form his song, when he is once sure of a passage, he commonly raises his tone, which he drops again when he is not equal to what he is attempting; just as a singer raises his voice, when he not only recollects certain parts of a tune with precision, but knows that he can execute them.

What the nestling is not thus thoroughly master of, he hurries over, lowering his tone, as if he did not wish to be heard, and could not yet satisfy himself.

I have never happened to meet with a passage in any writer, which seems to relate to

* Kircher, indeed, in his Musurgia, hath given us some few passages in the song of the nightingale, as well as the call of a quail and cuckow, which he hath engraved in musical characters. These instances, however, only prove that some birds have in their song notes which correspond with the intervals of our common scale of the musical octave.

† For want of terms to distinguish the notes of birds, Bellon applies the verb *chantent*, or sing, to the goose and crane, as well as the nightingale. "Plusieurs oiseaux chantent la nuit, comme est l'oye, la grue, et le rossignol."—*Bellon's Hist. of Birds*, p. 50.

‡ It seems to have been a species of flute, and was probably used to teach young birds to pipe tunes. Lord Bacon describes this instrument to have been strait, to have had a lesser and greater bore, both above and below, to have required very little breath from the blower, and to have had what he calls a fipple, or stopper.—See his second Century of Experiments.

this stage of singing in a bird, except, perhaps, in the following lines of Statius:

" ——Nunc volucrum novi
" Questus, inexpertumque carmen,
" Quod tacitâ stathere brumâ."
Sat. Syiv. l. iv. ecl. 5.

A young bird commonly continues to record for ten or eleven months, when he is able to execute every part of his song, which afterwards continues fixed, and is scarcely ever altered.

When the bird is thus become perfect in his lesson, he is said to sing his song round, or in all its varieties of passages, which he connects together, and executes without a pause.

I would therefore define a bird's song to be a succession of three or more different notes, which are continued without interruption during the same interval with a musical bar of four crochets in an adagio movement, as whilst a pendulum swings four seconds.

By the first requisite in this definition, I mean to exclude the call of a cuckow, or clucking of a hen*, as they consist of only two notes; whilst the short bursts of singing birds, contending with each other (called jerks by the bird-catchers), are equally distinguished from what I term song, by their not continuing for four seconds.

As the notes of a cuckow and hen, therefore, though they exceed what I have defined the call of a bird to be, do not amount to its song, I will, for this reason, take the liberty of terming such a succession of two notes as we hear in these birds, the varied call.

Having thus settled the meaning of certain words, which I shall be obliged to make use of, I shall now proceed to state some general principles with regard to the singing of birds, which seem to result from the experiments I have been making for several years, and under a great variety of circumstances.

Notes in birds are no more innate, than language is in man, and depend entirely upon the master under which they are bred, as far as their organs will enable them to imitate the sounds which they have frequent opportunities of hearing.

Most of the experiments I have made on this subject have been made with cock linnets, which were fledged and nearly able to leave their nest, on account not only of this bird's docility, and great power of imitation, but because the cock is easily distinguished from the hen at that early period, by the superior whiteness in the wing.

In many other sorts of singing birds, the male is not at the age of three weeks so certainly known from female; and if the pupil turns out to be a hen,

" ——ibi omnis
" Effusus labor."

The Greek poets made a songster of the TETIX, whatever animal that may be, and it is remarkable that they observed the female was incapable of singing as well as hen birds.

I have indeed known an instance or two of a hen's making out something like the song of her species; but these are as rare as the common hen's being heard to crow.

I rather suspect also, that those parrots, magpies, &c. which either do not speak at all, or very little, are hens of those species.

I have educated nestling linnets under the three best singing larks, the skylark, woodlark, and titlark, every one of which, instead of the linnet's song, adhered entirely to that of their respective instructors.

When the note of the titlark-linnet † was thoroughly fixed, I hung the bird in a room with two common linnets, for a quarter of a year, which were full in song; the titlark-linnet, however, did not borrow any passages from the linnet's song, but adhered stedfastly to that of the titlark.

I had some curiosity to find out whether an European nestling would equally learn the note of an African bird: I therefore educated a young linnet under a vengolina ‡, which imitated its African master so exactly, without any mixture of the linnet song, that it was impossible to distinguish the one from the other.

This vengolina-linnet was absolutely perfect, without ever uttering a single note by which it could have been known to be a linnet. In some of my other experiments, however, the nestling linnet retained the call of its own species, or what the bird-catchers term the linnet's chuckle, from some resemblance to that word when pronounced.

* The common hen, when she lays, repeats the same note very often, and concludes with the sixth above, which she holds for a longer time.

† I thus call a bird which sings notes he would not have learned in a wild state; thus by a skylark-linnet, I mean a linnet with the skylark song; a nightingale-robin, a robin with the nightingale song, &c.

‡ This bird seems not to have been described by any of the ornithologists; it is of the finch tribe, and about the same size with our aberdavine (or siskin). The colours are grey and white, and the cock has a bright yellow spot upon the rump. It is a very familiar bird, and sings better than any of those which are not European, except the American mocking bird.

I have before stated, that all my nestling linnets were three weeks old when taken from the nest; and by that time they frequently learn their own call from the parent birds, which I have mentioned to consisst of only a single note.

To be certain, therefore, that a nestling will not have even the call of its species, it should be taken from the nest when only a day or two old; because, though nestlings cannot see till the seventh day, yet they can hear from the instant they are hatched, and probably, from that circumstance, attend to sounds, more than they do afterwards, especially as the call of the parents announces the arrival of their food.

I must own, that I am not equal myself, nor can I procure any person to take the trouble of breeding up a bird of this age, as the odds against its being reared are almost infinite. The warmth, indeed, of incubation may be, in some measure, supplied by cotton and fires; but these delicate animals require, in this state, being fed almost perpetually, whilst the nourishment they receive should not only be prepared with great attention, but given in very small portions at a time.

Though I must admit, therefore, that I have never reared myself a bird of so tender an age, yet I have happened to see both a linnet and a goldfinch which were taken from their nests when only two or three days old.

The first of these belonged to Mr. Matthews, an apothecary at Kensington, which from a want of other sounds to imitate, could almost articulate the words pretty boy, as well as some other short sentences: I heard the bird myself repeat the words pretty boy; and Mr. Matthews assured me, that he had neither the note or call of any bird whatsoever.

This talking linnet is now dead, and many people went from London to hear him speak.

The goldfinch I have before mentioned, was reared in the town of Knighton in Radnorshire, which I happened to hear, as I was walking by the house where it was kept.

I thought, indeed, that a wren was singing; and I went into the house to inquire after it, as that little bird seldom lives long in a cage.

The people of the house, however, told me, that they had no bird but a goldfinch, which they conceived to sing its own natural note, as they called it; upon which I staid a considerable time in the room, whilst its notes were merely those of a wren, without the least mixture of the goldfinch.

On further inquiries, I found that the bird had been taken from the nest when only two or three days old, that it was hung in a window which was opposite to a small garden, whence the nestling had undoubtedly acquired the notes of the wren, without having had any opportunity of learning even the call of the goldfinch.

These facts which I have stated seem to prove very decisively, that birds have not any innate ideas of the notes which are supposed to be peculiar to each species. But it will possibly be asked, why in a wild state they adhere so steadily to the same song, insomuch that it is well known, before the bird is heard, what notes you are to expect from him.

This, however, arises entirely from the nestling's attending only to the instruction of the parent bird, whilst it disregards the notes of all others, which may perhaps be singing round him.

Young Canary-birds are frequently reared in a room where there are many other sorts; and yet I have been informed that they only learn the song of the parent cock.

Every one knows, that the common house-sparrow, when in a wild state, never does any thing but chirp: this, however, does not arise from want of powers in this bird to imitate others, but because he only attends to the parental note.

But, to prove this decisively, I took a common sparrow from the nest when it was fledged, and educated him under a linnet: the bird, however, by accident heard a goldfinch also, and his song was, therefore, a mixture of the linnet and goldfinch.

I have tried several experiments, in order to observe from what circumstances birds fix upon any particular note when taken from the parents; but cannot settle this with any sort of precision, any more than at what period of their recording they determine upon the song to which they will adhere.

I educated a young robin under a very fine nightingale; which, however, began already to be out of song, and was perfectly mute in less than a fortnight.

This robin afterwards sung three parts in four nightingale; and the rest of his song was what the bird-catchers call rubbish, or no particular note whatsoever.

I hung this robin nearer to the nightingale than to any other bird; from which first experiment I conceived, that the scholar would imitate the master which was at the least distance from him.

From several other experiments, however, which I have since tried, I find it to be very uncertain what notes the nestling will most attend to, and often their song is a mixture; as in the instance which I have before stated of the sparrow.

I must own also, that I conceived, from the experiment of educating the robin under a nightingale, that the scholar would fix upon the note

which it first heard when taken from the nest; I imagined likewise, that, if the nightingale had been fully in song, the instruction for a fortnight would have been sufficient.

I have, however, since tried the following experiment, which convinces me, so much depends upon circumstances, and perhaps caprice in the scholar, that no general inference, or rule, can be laid down with regard to either of these suppositions.

I educated a nestling robin under a woodlark-linnet, which was full in song, and hung very near to him for a month together: after which the robin was removed to another house, where he could only hear a skylark-linnet. The consequence was, that the nestling did not sing a note of woodlark (though I afterwards hung him again just above the woodlark-linnet) but adhered entirely to the song of the skylark-linnet.

Having thus stated the result of several experiments, which were chiefly intended to determine, whether birds had any innate ideas of the notes, or song, which is supposed to be peculiar to each species, I shall now make some general observations on their singing; though, perhaps, the subject may appear to many a very minute one.

Every poet, indeed, speaks with raptures of the harmony of the groves; yet those even who have good musical ears, seem to pay little attention to it, but as a pleasing noise.

I am also convinced (though it may seem rather paradoxical), that the inhabitants of London distinguish more accurately, and know more on this head, than all the other parts of the island taken together.

This seems to arise from two causes.

The first is, that we have not more musical ideas which are innate, than we have of language; and, therefore, those even who have the happiness to have organs which are capable of receiving a gratification from this sixth sense (as it hath been called by some) require, however, the best instruction.

The orchestra of the opera, which is confined to the metropolis, hath diffused a good style of playing over the other bands of the capital, which is, by degrees, communicated to the fidler and ballad-singer in the streets; the organs in every church, as well as those of the Savoyards, contribute likewise to this improvement of musical faculties in the Londoners.

If the singing of the ploughman in the country be therefore compared with that of the London blackguard, the superiority is infinitely on the side of the latter; and the same may be observed in comparing the voice of a country girl and London house-maid, as it is very uncommon to hear the former sing tolerably in tune.

I do not mean by this, to assert that the inhabitants of the country are not born with as good musical organs; but only that they have not the same opportunities of learning from others, who play in tune themselves.

The other reason for the inhabitants of London judging better in relation to the song of birds, arises from their hearing each bird sing distinctly, either in their own or their neighbours' shops; as also from a bird continuing much longer in song whilst in a cage than when at liberty; the cause of which I shall endeavour to explain.

Those who live in the country, on the other hand, do not hear birds sing in their woods for above two months in the year, when the confusion of notes prevents their attending to the song of any particular bird; nor does he continue long enough in a place, for the hearer to recollect his notes with accuracy.

Besides this, birds in the spring sing very loud indeed; but they only give short jerks, and scarcely ever the whole compass of their song.

For these reasons, I have never happened to meet with any person, who had not resided in London, whose judgment or opinion on this subject I could the least rely upon; and a stronger proof of this cannot be given, than that most people, who keep Canary-birds, do not know that they sing chiefly either the titlark, or nightingale notes *.

Nothing, however, can be more marked than the note of a nightingale called its jug, which most of the Canary-birds brought from the Tyrol commonly have, as well as several nightingale strokes, or particular passages in the song of that bird.

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* I once saw two of these birds which came from the Canary islands; neither of which had any song at all; and I have been informed, that a ship brought a great many of them not long since, which sung as little.

Most of those Canary-birds, which are imported from the Tyrol, have been educated by parents, the progenitor of which was instructed by a nightingale; our English Canary-birds have commonly more of the titlark note.

The traffic in these birds makes a small article of commerce, as four Tyroleze generally bring over to England sixteen hundred every year; and though they carry them on their backs one thousand miles, as well as pay 20l. duty for such a number, yet upon the whole it answers to sell these birds at 5s. a piece.

The chief place for breeding Canary-birds is Inspruck and its environs, from whence they are sent to Constantinople, as well as every part of Europe.

I mention this superior knowledge in the inhabitants of the capital, because I am convinced that if others are consulted in relation to the singing of birds, they will only mislead, instead of giving any material or useful information *.

Birds in a wild state do not commonly sing above ten weeks in the year; which is then also confined to the cocks of a few species; I conceive that this last circumstance arises from the superior strength of the muscles of the larynx.

I procured a cock nightingale, a cock and hen blackbird, a cock and hen rook, a cock linnet, as also a cock and hen chaffinch, which that very eminent anatomist, Mr. Hunter, some years since, was so obliging as to dissect for me, and begged that he would particularly attend to the state of the organs in the different birds, which might be supposed to contribute to singing.

Mr. Hunter found the muscles of the larynx to be stronger in the nightingale than in any other bird of the same size; and in all those instances (where he dissected both cock and hen) that the same muscles were stronger in the cock.

I sent the cock and hen rook, in order to see whether there would be the same difference in the cock and hen of a species which did not sing at all. Mr. Hunter, however, told me, that he had not attended so much to their comparative organs of voice, as in the other kinds; but that, to the best of his recollection, there was no difference at all.

Strength, however, in these muscles, seems not to be the only requisite; the birds must have also great plenty of food, which seems to be proved sufficiently by birds in a cage singing the greatest part of the year, when the wild ones do not (as I observed before) continue in song above ten weeks.

The food of singing birds consists of plants, insects, or seeds, and, of the two first of these, there is infinitely the greatest profusion in the spring.

As for seeds, which are to be met with only in the autumn, I think they cannot well find any great quantities of them in a country so cultivated as England is; for the seeds of meadows are destroyed by mowing; in pastures, by the bite in the cattle; and in arable, by the plough, when most of them are burried too deep for the bird to reach them †.

I know well that the singing of the cock-bird in the spring is attributed by many ‡ to the motive only of pleasing its mate during incubation.

Those, however, who suppose this, should recollect, that much the greater part of birds do not sing at all: why should their mate, therefore, be deprived of this solace and amusement?

The bird in a cage, which, perhaps, sings nine or ten months in a year cannot do so from this inducement; and, on the contrary, it arises chiefly from contending with another bird, or, indeed, against almost any sort of continued noise.

Superiority in song gives to birds a most amazing ascendency over each other; as is well known to the bird-catchers by the fascinating power of their call-birds, which they contrive should moult prematurely for this purpose.

But, to shew decisively that the singing of a bird in the spring does not arise from any attention to its mate, a very experienced catcher of nightingales hath informed me, that some of these birds have *jerked* the instant they were caught. He hath also brought to me a nightingale, which had been but a few hours in a cage, and which burst forth in a roar of song.

At the same time, this bird is so sulky on his first confinement, that he must be crammed for seven or eight days, as he will otherwise not feed himself: it is also necessary to tye his wings, to prevent his killing himself against the top or sides of the cage.

I believe there is no instance of any bird's singing which exceeds our blackbird in size; and possibly this may arise from the difficulty of its concealing itself, if it called the attention of its enemies, not only by bulk, but by the proportionable loudness of its notes §.

I should rather conceive, it is for the same reason that no hen-bird sings, because this talent would be still more dangerous during incubation; which may possibly also account for the inferiority in point of plumage.

R. C.

[*To be continued.*]

* As it will not answer to catch birds with clap-nets any where but in the neighbourhood of London, most of the birds which may be heard in a country town are nestlings, and consequently cannot sing the supposed natural song in any perfection.

† The plough, indeed, may turn up some few seeds, which may still be in an eatable state.

‡ See, amongst others, M. de Buffon, in his Ornithology.

§ For the same reason, most large birds are wilder than the smaller ones.

AN ACCOUNT OF BERKELEY CASTLE.

MR. EDITOR,

If the following account of a visit to Berkeley Castle be worth inserting in your admirable Magazine it is at your service:—

From the Inn at Newport, on the road between Bristol and Gloucester, on a dirty November day, I walked to Berkeley Castle. The mistress of the Inn would have persuaded me, that the road was not practicable on foot. But I knew that dirt could only injure my garments, which were no part of myself; and was not to be prevailed on either to give up my expedition, or alter the mode of it. The approach to the Castle repaid all my pains. A noble venerable pile of building, though without regularity, seated on a gently rising ground in the midst of beautiful meadows. It is in perfect repair, and inhabited by the noble owner.

I entered by a gateway into a court wholly surrounded by the castle; and visited a number of apartments, none of which were spacious, except the great hall, and the dining and drawing rooms. The two latter were hung with tapestry, and furnished with old fashioned work, well suited to the antique appearance of the mansion. There were many good portraits of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; particularly one of Queen Mary, and one of Queen Elizabeth, both young women. A curious portrait of Jane Shore, and one of Fair Rosamond. The Wise Men worshipping the infant Jesus, on marble, with a natural mark for the star. This last the housekeeper told me was valued at five hundred guineas; but I quote her authority with some diffidence; for she shewed me a portrait of William the Conqueror, which I knew to be that of William the Third; and the stuffed skin of a unique toad, found in one of the dungeons of the Castle, which was that of a seal, or some such marine animal. An ancient painting on board, hung in an obscure corner, as if not designed to be observed by the passing visitor, attracted my notice. It represented two nuns at full length, holding a cup, and my oracle delivered the following history of the legend:—On the scite of the Castle was formerly a nunnery, and in the days of Edward the Confessor two of the nuns were unfortunately seduced by some great man. The godly King was so scandalized at their frailty that he obliged the poor girls to take poison; and, this not sufficiently appeasing his wrath, he demolished their habitation, and gave the lands to Earl Goodwin, who founded the present castle. The painting is much injured by time; I was almost tempted to believe it was as old as the event it commemorates.

The larger and smaller state bedsteads are remarkable; the smallest is said to be four hundred years old, and is prodigiously heavy and curious; the largest does not seem much more modern. It is a mixture of black and gilt wood, and a figure, at least twelve inches in height, stands upon the lower part of each bed post, and supports the upper. The furniture is of late date; yellow silk damask, with a border of green velvet, six inches broad.

I was next conducted to the prison rooms; little, cold, comfortless apartments; without even a fire-place to correct the damp of this gloomy abode. In one of these was a small camp bedstead, of polished black wood, which the housekeeper was directed to shew for that of Richard the Third at Bosworth field: and she added, that together with the chairs, it afterwards went round the world with Sir Francis Drake. We may rest satisfied here, if half be true; for if the bedstead were known to have been lain on by Richard the last night of his guilty life, it would probably not have been trusted on so uncertain a voyage.

Last of all the prison rooms, I was shewn that in which the unfortunate Edward the Second was so shockingly murdered. My conductress informed me that till lately the walls were uncovered, damp, and mouldy, and the two windows were each a small slip in the castle wall; the bed of Edward retained its place, and the identical curtains surrounded it. These, with the counterpane that covered the ill-fated monarch, are now, by order of the lady who governed the mansion, removed to a footman's room, and will shortly be seen no more. I was sorry I had not power to prevent such sacrilegious depredations. At my request I saw them; and found the bedsted in the same style as the state beds, but smaller and not so magnificent; the curtains short and scanty; of scarlet cloth as thick as a blanket, but much heavier and firmer; with a narrow raised embroidery of white silk. The counterpane, on which the moths had begun their ravages, was the same.

The bed which had usurped the place of the true one seemed nearly as ancient, but finer; the curtains were scarlet silk, and almost covered with embroidery; the walls were hung with the same. One of the windows still consisted of about four small panes of glass, placed over each other; the other had been enlarged. Dismal as the apartment was now, I would have kept it in its original state, and almost have respected a cobweb whose antiquity could have been traced up to the time of Edward.

All the prison rooms look upon the Keep Garden, a small green area, considerably elevated above the natural ground, and enclosed by the different prison rooms and the keeper's lodge. The walls are immensely thick. It is some comfort to reflect that the prisoners were allowed to walk here, and enjoy the blessings of light and air. The descent from the Keep Garden to the court yard of the castle is by a flight of steps under Edward's tower, which is the highest part of the building. In coming down I was desired to look at a square hole in the arched roof, and was told through that was thrust the barbarous instrument of destruction, while Edward was sitting on a chair above, and held fast down by aiding assassins. My blood recoils at the horrible idea.

Berkeley Castle is a grand edifice, and a noble monument of antiquity; and I should take a pride in being its owner, and preserving it with a religious care. But to live in it! No, my Lord Berkeley; keep your castle; and give me four little airy brick walls, with large windows to admit the sun. Your habitation is gloomy, damp, and cold; and was designed to keep man safe at a distance from his fellow man. I am, &c.

B. G.

NEW DICTIONARY; OR, A KEY TO THE BEAU MONDE.

ACCURATELY COPIED FROM REAL LIFE.

MR. EDITOR,

If your Magazine be what it professes,—a mirror of the modes, it must be no small gratification to your readers to be introduced to a knowledge of the world of fashion, as it varies from the common world, in its style, language, and ideas. I think, therefore, I am doing you a real favour by furnishing you with the present opportunity. A character in one of our modern comedies observes, that the "modern world is much in want of a new dictionary." I agree with him, and as an attempt to supply this want, enclose you a letter from a young lady, well versed in fashionable mysteries, to her friend in the country upon the subject.—I shall say no more, as the letter is subjoined.

FROM MISS E. H. TO HER COUSIN.

DEAR JANE,

You tell me, my dear, that it is a charity to write to you, and that, next to being yourself an actor or spectator, nothing affords you more pleasure than the representation of the world of fashion. Indeed, there is one advantage, and perhaps not a slight one, in this second-hand instruction. The geographers will tell you that, by the use of their maps, you may travel over the world whilst in your arm-chair, and visit every province in Europe without any expence of posting. It is in the same manner with my letters: you must consider them as a species of chart of the *beau-monde*. By their means you have all the pleasures without any thing of the fatigue of the ball. You can visit the masquerade without a ticket or domino; or hover on the wings of fancy through all the mazes of the ball, without that weariness of dress and preparation which is no small deduction from the satisfaction of fashionable pursuits. Indeed I have not rashly compared this *beau-monde* to a science; for I know nothing more difficult to learn, or which requires more attention or more natural genius. There are some natures which are utterly incapable, either for want of readiness of comprehension, or some other cause, of attaining this knowledge.

One of the first, and in all other respects, most amiable personages in the kingdom, the Duchess of Y——, is of this number; for though she has passed her life in every sphere of fashion, she has made so little progress in its precepts, that she is daily committing a thousand mistakes, which excite the astonishment of the *beau-monde*. She is conscientiously strict in the discharge of every conjugal and Christian duty, though conjugal faith and Christianity are in equal repute—that is to say, are equally subjects of ridicule throughout every circle of the *ton*. She patronizes those public charities which it is the fashion to overlook, and overlooks those polite institutions, the Italian Opera and the Pic-Nic Theatre, which it is equally the fashion to encourage. In a word, she has committed so many of these unfashionable errors, that nothing but her high dignity could secure her from ridicule; and if she continues them much longer, even that dignity will avail her little. It is one distinction of the *beau-monde* that all heretics from its system are excluded from the communion of the faithful. By a word peculiar to the *beau-monde*, and which I must therefore explain, they are voted a *bore*; and they are no sooner branded with this appellation, than they sink into a neglect and contempt from which a Peerage itself will not raise them.

The mention of this word recalls to my me-

mory that part of your letter where you complain that you are frequently at a loss to understand; and add, that your brother's college exercises are more intelligible than many parts of my letters. I will now, therefore, endeavour to relieve you from this perplexity, and present you with a vocabulary, or portable dictionary, of the language of the *beau-monde*. As the definition is sometimes rather long, I shall put the word above, and subjoin to it the explanation.

The human race, according to the moral writers, is divided into two species—good men and bad men. The language of the *beau-monde* preserves this division, but makes a slight variation of the terms. The good and bad of the moralists are changed by the *beau-monde* into good company and bad company.

GOOD COMPANY.

Any one on the list of Peerage; any Member of Parliament; Officers of the Guards; Colonels of every description; any one who is willing to lose, or has credit enough to be admitted to win an estate; Dowagers with good jointures; epicures with good receipts; pimps of ready talents; any one who can dress to the point of the mode, provided only that he exercise no visible trade—that is to say, any one who has no other means of livelihood but his wits:—all, or any of these, are men of fashion, and are comprehended under the general term of good company.

BAD COMPANY.

Any one who is neither on the list of Peerage, nor within the call of the House, and, having neither of these, nor any of the before-mentioned distinctions, has no fashionable talent to supply their defect; any one who observes the divisions of nature, and calls night and day by the rules of astronomy; any one who avoids the gaming-table as a scene of ruin; any one who would hesitate to risk his fortune, and, having lost it to the winner, would not recover it by the sacrifice of his wife's honour; or any one who, though he admired the beauty or wit of the wife of his friend, would hesitate to seduce her:—all, or any of these, are men of no fashion or no company.—The *beau-monde*, moreover, in imitation of the schools, has its negative and affirmative—its *somebody* and its *nobody*. Its *somebody* answers to the description already given of good company; its *nobody* may merit further explanation.

NOBODY.

The *beau-monde*, like the chance world of Descartes, is composed of a certain number of circles; all who live in these circles are the native and legitimate offspring and children of fashion; each of these, therefore, are *somebody*; but as by far the greatest part of his Majesty's subjects are excluded from this distinguishing privilege, they are marked with the general name of *nobody*.

I received, a few days ago, a letter from a fashionable friend, in which was the following passage:—

"There is nothing, my dear, so dull as this dullest of all towns: the streets, indeed, are crowded, but there is really nobody here. The playhouse was so full, and so warm with the odious multitude, that I had much difficulty to support it; but though I threw my eyes into every corner of the house, I saw nobody. The public mall is every day crowded; but the company consists of nobody. I have enquired the character, quality, &c. of the stranger we met at the Wells: I find she is very charitable, and much beloved in her sphere, but that she is nobody; I have therefore dropped the acquaintance."

There, cousin, I hope I have now explained this term *nobody* to your satisfaction. To confess the truth, it has put me to no small trouble to give these definitions. The language of the *beau-monde* is so peculiar to itself, and so contrary to our usual acceptance of the terms which it employs, that it will require some time and some efforts of study to comprehend it. But do not despair; every thing is possible to industry, united with genius. To do you justice, you do not want the latter; and I flatter myself I shall be able to excite you by a spirit of emulation to the former.

To proceed, therefore, with my definitions of the vocabulary of the *beau-monde*, I again summon you to attention, for you will have need of your utmost wit. If you have ever read your grandmamma's *Whole Duty of Man*, you must remember the remark, or precept, that the system of our duties depends in a great degree upon our situation, and that every state has duties peculiar to itself. It is in this manner with the *beau-monde*. The other part of the world is governed by a system of duties which we call morality—the *beau-monde* by a system which is distinguished by the name of honour.

HONOUR.

Honour, as may indeed be collected from what we have above said, may be considered as a more lax morality; it is a principle whose curb is less sharp, and whose reins are less strict than what morality imposes upon their humbler fellows. Thus morality teaches us to discharge every due; but honour extends this precept only to those debts which it dignifies with its own name. Morality teaches us to abstain from every injury, whether upon the peace or property of our neighbour; but honour limits this prohibition to the narrowest bounds—it allows us to seduce either the wife or daughter of a friend,

but commands us to give him satisfaction—that is to say, to endeavour to shoot him through the head. Nor is it less easy with regard to our attempts upon his property; for should a man of fashion understand a game, and know his friend to be utterly ignorant of it, honour will allow him to make every advantage of his superior skill, and win the fortune, even to the last shilling, of his credulous adversary. And should this adversary be a woman, and she find it in any manner inconvenient to pay the full amount of her loss, honour will allow her to complete the balance by the sacrifice of her person. In a word, honour is a species of fashionable morality which can justly be compared to nothing but an *Highgate oath*: it admits every thing to which one can feel the slightest inclination, and prohibits nothing but what one might easily avoid without such prohibition.

I have mentioned, in a preceding paragraph, a letter which I received a few days since from a young lady of fashion. As it contains all these fashionable terms, I will present you with the whole, and it may serve you as a kind of exercise in the preceding vocabulary. As it cannot fail to improve you, perhaps to entertain you, I shall give it you, without the abridgement of a single word, in its full length. I shall have occasion, however, in some places, to make my remarks upon it; for as you are not as yet perfect in the science of the *beau-monde*, there are parts which will require a comment.

TO MISS E. H.

"MY DEAR CREATURE,

"I am really dead, and you must consider this letter as coming rather from my shade than myself. This most odious of all towns!—Horrible town! What crime have I committed that should merit a punishment like this—a banishment from the capital in the very meridian of its splendour, and a confinement to the dulness of a provincial city? Could not my uncle have been troubled with the gout, but I must be called to attend him, and in the course of attendance, be perhaps killed with the spleen? Really there is nothing more troublesome than these relations. A prude, in a celebrated French comedy, wishes that the human race might be propagated and kept up like cabbages; and though a woman, I could almost join in the wish to escape from the tribe of impertinent relations.

"It was no later than yesterday fortnight that my father sent me one of the most extraordinary letters ever received by a girl of fashion. He commanded me to take no more of my moonlight walks with Colonel Brilliant. Could any thing be more absurd than such a prohibition? The Colonel, as every body knows, is a man of the first fashion, and therefore it can be no disgrace to be seen in his company. Besides this, I might add that we never are seen; for as the Colonel admires solitude, we are careful to chuse the most solitary walks, and such as are the greatest distance from the town. Add to this, that my maid, Flippant, always attends behind us, and that I have given her a strict command never to be out of call; so that, should the Colonel be rude, I could always summon her to my assistance. The Colonel's man, moreover, Setter, has taken a fancy to the girl; and as he is employed in entertaining her during the conversation of his master and myself, he is no less at my call than the girl herself, and would doubtless remonstrate with his master, should he attempt any rudeness.

"You may perceive, from these circumstances, how very innocent and very secure these walks must be, and therefore how unreasonable are the complaint and prohibition of my father! But, as the Colonel says, all fathers are alike, and there is but one way in which a girl of fashion should receive such remonstrances—that is to say, she should treat them with the contempt they merit."

I shall here, cousin Jane, give you a short comment upon the above passage. There are two things (as the Parsons say) to which I must here direct your attention. In the first place—you cannot fail to remark with what attention my fashionable friend regards her relations, and more particularly her father. She justly considers that it is a thing of chance, and not of choice, to be a father; and that as the gift of her life cannot be considered as any voluntary favour to herself, she cannot imagine herself bound to owe any thing upon that score. You will find some difficulty, I fear, to comprehend the whole force of this argument; and, to confess the truth, I did not understand it myself till my Lord had the goodness to explain it to me: but I now comprehend it perfectly, and have by these means got above those country prejudices, which impose upon us that heavy burden of obligation to our more immediate relations. If my uncle should have a gout, I would not indeed hesitate to help him to his crutch; but having given it to him, I should think it a very sufficient support without adding the offer of my arm.

In the second place—this passage of my friend's letter will confirm my definition of the morality of the *beau-monde*. How would they stare, in your odious country, should a young lady indulge herself in any of the innocent liberties of which she had made mention!—yet the morality of fashion—I mean the manners of high life, permit it all. Indeed nothing can be more common, or less thought of, than a walk by

moonlight. If the husband of a fashionable woman be out of temper—if he treat her with too much neglect, and any intolerable harshness, a man like the Colonel is always at hand to accompany her in a walk by moonlight, and the lady returns in the best temper and in the most agreeable spirits. Is a young Miss devoured by the spleen or vapours, a walk by moonlight with a man like the Colonel is certain to restore her. I have indeed frequently seen some of these ladies on their return from these moonlight wanderings, and have been sometimes surprized at the sudden and favourable change of their looks and appearance. Their complexion, which but a few minutes before were of a deadly pale, have been suddenly improved into the glow of health, and their eyes appeared to sparkle with new lustre. Such is the efficacy of the moonlight walks of the people of fashion.

I will now present you with the remainder of my friend's letter, but with the omission of those passages which are not to my present purpose. After some flourishes, she thus proceeds:

"What could Lady Belle mean by saying that I should find any body here? I have been here these two months, but I have as yet seen *nobody*. The church is indeed crowded on a Sunday, but there is absolutely not a soul there. There is not a man of fashion within fifteen miles of us, and even at that distance there are only two—one of them Mr. Shuffle, (who has lately lost an estate at hazard,) and Colonel Cog, who won it. These are the only two men of fashion in the country. I pray my stars that I may soon escape from it!

"Lady Belle moreover added, that there was not unfrequently some GOOD COMPANY in the next town of ———. I really wish to know what my Lady Belle can mean by this egregious misrepresentation. You will ask me, perhaps, whether so rich a neighbourhood cannot afford one circle of good company. No, my dear, not one! I hear, indeed, that the Dowager Countess ——— had a rustic route, and that with some difficulty she had summoned some good company. Shuffle and Cog were both there, and, with about three more of their companions, made up all the fashion which attended. It is really a wretched neighbourhood!—nothing to be seen but great trees—nothing to be heard but the ear-piercing whistling or boisterous merriments of village hinds. Oh that I could again return to the dear bustle of London!—but the wish is vain, for my uncle's gout has returned.

"I have no news to write; for as you know nothing of one here, you would hear about their concerns with as much indifference as myself. I had almost forgotten to tell you that Mr. Shuffle is to dine with us to-morrow. It is said that his estate is scarcely sufficient to pay his losses to the Colonel; but as Shuffle is a man of most undoubted honour, it is believed he will find some way to supply the deficiency. He is the guardian of an heiress of great property: he may turn this, perhaps, to some account, though it is rather believed he will endeavour to persuade his wife to surrender her settlement.

"There is one circumstance which gives great strength to this report. His wife and himself were lately on what we call *fashionable terms*—that is to say, on no terms at all: but now that the husband has lost his estate, the wife seems to have regained his affection. This change is therefore justly suspected to point at her settlement. I cannot, however, determine with any exactness upon this point, but I will venture to assert as certain, that the Colonel will not lose a guinea of his full demand; for Shuffle is a man of such perfect honour, that he will pay his loss, though he should sell both his wife and ward.

"Your's, &c. &c."

There, my dear, what think you of this letter, which I have given you word for word? It will give you no small insight into the language and principles of the *beau-monde*. Read it again and again: you cannot expect to become a woman of fashion without much pains, and a long and steady attention. You shall want nothing that I can confer for this purpose. Next to the pleasure of learning is that of teaching: I again, therefore, promise that I will describe with equal fidelity and minuteness whatever scenes I may happen to visit.

I have written this long letter in the interval between dressing and dinner, and I hope, cousin, it has served to enliven you. Hark!—the bell rings, and I must attend below.—But first I will consult my glass!—I have pleased myself prodigiously! What would my uncle think, were he to see me now?—Adieu!

Your's,

E. H.

CURSORY THOUGHTS ON PUNISHMENTS.

THE sense of shame has been employed with advantage to promote the noblest purposes of morality: it is found to be a more powerful corrective than the dread of corporal pain. Youth, ingenuous youth, is peculiarly susceptible of its force. The most able masters of seminaries of learning deprecate the use of the birch—that should be the *dernier resort*; expulsion should inevitably follow a third flagellation. Instead of the usual scholastic discipline, various means may be resorted to of rendering shameful to the rest, and thus odious to themselves, the faults and *peccadillos* of youthful scholars. The dunce, for example, may be condemned for an hour or more (according to the degree of his offence), in the most conspicuous part of the school, to hold up with both hands his unlearned book: he who neglected his writing should in the same manner be exposed; the ill wrote copy should be nailed over his head. By such methods *capital* punishments would be almost abolished, and by similar methods the frequency of capital punishments might possibly be decreased in civil society.

We cannot, however, approve the fixing any indelible marks; they tend to render callous the offender, they shut the door against a return to duty; a total and dangerous depravity alone can warrant branding in the hand or forehead. The practice of applying cold iron in common cases, though truly ridiculous, is better than what the letter of the law ordains. The pillory is one of the most efficacious remedies in the whole *materia juridica*. But as this punishment (though excellent in effectually exposing the offender) does not of itself denote the nature of the offence; this should always be explicitly declared by a suitable inscription. "Suit the words to the sense, the actions to the words," says the immortal bard; and why not by the same parity of reasoning, suit the punishment to the offence? This *jurisprudential desideratum* cannot always be attained; but when done, the effect has been surprizing. The *lex talionis*, so peculiarly consonant to the idea of justice, is more or less universally adopted; it is, however, frequently carried to excess; as in Turkey, where the butcher, repeatedly convicted of using false weights, is suspended on a hook in his own shamble, and there left to his fate; where the baker, notorious for imposing on the poor, is baked in his own oven. A late Emperor of Morocco, following this law, punished his secretary, who accidentally, in sealing a letter, dropt some hot wax on his Majesty's sacred fist: he took the unlucky secretary by the hand, and heating the wax till it was on fire, seared him with it in the palm. On the same principle, Peter the Great sentenced the author of a severe invective against his Government—the sentence was ingenious, the punishment exemplary:—The libeller was exhibited on a public scaffold, and there obliged to eat his own performance.—Hence, by-the-bye, might arise the expression of such a one getting into bad bread. This mode of punishing libellers might, in my opinion, with fine effect, be introduced in a certain country where the most atrocious libellers abound, and where the authors of them, the genuine *genus irritabile*, are much in want of wholesome food and physic. They certainly could not complain if treated with those rich *olios* which they have taken such pains to render palatable to the public, and which they expected the public would swallow with avidity; it might be an improvement to permit, or constrain each author to feast on the whole impression of his work.

An ingenious friend of mine is rather too extravagant in his notion of the *lex talionis*. We hang, says he, indiscriminately on the same stick, the parricide and the thief, the incendiary and the housebreaker. Thus half the effect intended to be produced is totally lost. Discrimination ought to be made. Women, he observes, were formerly burned for coining. Suppose we burn the man who sets his own or his neighbour's house on fire, or who plunders the sufferer at such a calamity. Suppose the horse or sheep-stealer, for the first offence, were set in the stocks, and distinguished with a skin of the animal stolen; this would render signal the act of justice; it would at once denote the nature, and excite a detestation of the crime. But enough of high crimes and misdemeanours. We have for minor culprits many most excellent inventions of our ancestors, venerable for their antiquity, which, in my opinion, cannot be too highly valued, nor too strongly recommended; they proceed from the principle of that law which prescribed "an eye for an eye, &c."; such were the ancient punishments inflicted on the disturbers of the peace at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, which are worthy notice, and deserve to be revived. A common drunkard was led through the streets as a spectacle of contempt, covered with a large barrel, called a Newcastle cloak, one end being out, and the other having a hole made through it, sufficient for the offender to pass his head through

by which means the vessel was rested on his shoulders.

The scold underwent the discipline of the ducking stool, or wore an iron engine called the branks, in the form of a crown; it covered the head, but left the face exposed; and having tongue of iron which went into the mouth, constrained absolute silence from the most violent brawler.

H.

SINGULAR ANECDOTE OF THAT VETERAN HERO GENERAL PUTNAM.

In the town of Pomfret is a cave, rendered remarkable by a humourous and daring adventure of this General. This cave is described, and the story elegantly told, by Colonel Humphrys, in his life of that hero.

Soon after the General removed to Connecticut, the wolves, then very numerous, broke into his sheepfold, and killed seventy fine sheep and goats, besides wounding many lambs and kids. This havoc was committed by a she-wolf, which, with her annual whelps, had for several years infested the vicinity. The young were commonly destroyed by the vigilance of the hunters, but the old one was too sagacious to come within the reach of gun shot; upon being closely pursued, she would generally fly to the western woods, and return the next winter with another litter of whelps.

This wolf at length became such an intolerable nuisance, that General Putnam entered into a combination with five of his neighbours, to hunt, alternately, until they could destroy her; two, by rotation, were to be constantly in pursuit: it was known that, having lost the two toes from one foot, by a steel trap, she made one track shorter than the other: by this vestige the pursuers recognized, in a light snow, the route of this pernicious animal. Having followed her to Connecticut river, and found she had turned back in a direct course to Pomfret, they immediately returned, and, by ten the next morning, the blood-hounds had driven her into a den, about three miles distant from the house of Mr. Putnam; the people soon collected with dogs, guns, straw, fire and sulphur, to attack the common enemy. With this apparatus several unsuccessful efforts were made to force her from the den; the hounds came back badly wounded, and refused to return; the smoke of blazing straw had no effect, nor did the fumes of burnt brimstone, with which the cavern was filled, compel her to quit the retirement. Wearied with such fruitless attempts (which had brought the time to ten o'clock at night), Mr. Putnam tried once more to make his dog enter, but in vain: he proposed to his negro man to go down into the cavern and shoot the wolf; the negro man declined the hazardous service;—then it was that their master was angry at the disappointment, and declaring that he was ashamed to have a coward in his family, resolved himself to destroy this ferocious beast, lest she should escape through some unknown fissure of the rock; his neighbours strongly remonstrated against the perilous enterprize, but he knowing that wild animals were intimidated by fire, and having provided several strips of birch-bark, the only combustible material which he could obtain that would light in this deep and darksome cave, prepared for his descent. Having accordingly divested himself of his coat and waistcoat, and having a long rope fastened round his legs, by which he might be pulled back at a concerted signal, he entered head foremost, with the blazing torch in his hand.

The aperture of the den, on the east side of a very high ledge of rocks, is about two feet square; from thence it descends obliquely fifteen feet, then running horizontally about ten more, it ascends gradually sixteen feet towards its termination. The sides of this subterraneous cavity are composed of smooth and solid rocks, which seem to have been divided from each other by some former earthquake; the top and bottom are also of stone, and the entrance, in winter, being covered with ice, is exeeedingly slippery.—It is in no place high enough for a man to raise himself upright, nor in any part more than three feet in width.

Having groped his passage to the horizontal part of the den, the most terrifying darkness appeared in front of the dim circle of light afforded by the torch; it was silent as the house of death; none but monsters of the desert had ever before explored this solitary mansion of horror; he cautiously proceeding onward, came to the ascent, which he slowly mounted on his hands and knees, until he discovered the glaring eyeballs of the wolf, who was sitting at the extremity of the cavern: startled at the sight of fire,

she gnashed her teeth, and gave a sullen and horrible growl. As soon as he had made the necessary discovery, he kicked the rope as a signal for pulling him out. The people at the mouth of the den, who had listened with painful anxiety, hearing the growling of the wolf, and supposing their friend to be in the most imminent danger, drew him forth with such celerity, that his shirt was stripped over his head, and his skin severely lacerated. After he had adjusted his cloaths, and loaded his gun with nine buck shot, holding a torch in one hand, and the musket in the other, he descended a second time. When he drew nearer than before, the wolf, assuming a still more fierce and terrible appearance, howling, rolling her eyes, snapping her teeth, and dropping her head between her legs, was evidently in the attitude and on the point of springing at him. At this critical instant, he levelled and fired at her head. Stunned with the shock, and suffocated with the smoke, he immediately found himself drawn out of the cave; but having refreshed himself, and permitted the smoke to dissipate, he went down the third time. Once more he came within sight of the wolf, who appearing very passive, he applied the torch to her nose, and, perceiving her dead, he took hold of her ears, and then kicking the rope (still tied round his legs), the people above, with no small exultation, dragged them both out together.

W.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE NATURE AND GENERATION OF OYSTERS.

Oysters adhere to rocks at the bottom of the sea, and to the keel and hulls of ships; they instinctively avoid, as much as possible, all places abounding with plants and the *alga marina*, because the fat slime produced by these plants would suffocate them and their spawn (being specifically lighter than the sea water), rising to the surface, would corrupt and perish amongst the plants where there was no undulation, or in a calm sea.

In viewing them attentively by the microscope, a milky humour is discovered, which may be called semen, or sperm of oysters, and of all other testaceous fishes. This liquor is found to be composed of a great number of small eggs, which float in a viscid humour; and each of these eggs contains an oyster, or an animal of its species.

Oysters are good for eating, and exceedingly nutritive, but this only, when they are full of this fecundating humour, and as long as their eggs, in their ovaria, continue white, and have not as yet assumed the form of oyster; but when their substance has once arrived at this point of perfection, and is organized, then the fecundating humour grows thick and blackish, and every one of the little oysters begins to be covered with a small shell, and the mother oysters become hard, and consequently cease to be good or wholesome food. The same happens when they have shed their milts, or cast their spawn, for their belly dries up, and the rest of their flesh, their muscles, and their beards, as commonly called, harden, and become more rough and solid.

The prolific liquor of oysters does not acquire its degree of maturity till the end of spring; and the oysters continue to shed it during the whole summer. This liquor, which floats, as I mentioned before, on the surface of the water, fastens, by means of its viscidity, to rocks, slime, or branches of trees growing in the vicinity of the sea, and touching the water; and the little oysters, finding a suitable aliment, grow in a short time. On account of their having no progressive motion, Aristotle gave them the name of aquatic plants. A great number of them perish before they receive any growth: as for instance, all the spawn that adheres to the alga, or a liquid slime, is corrupted by the badness of the aliment, or the place; though indeed the crabs which keep amongst marine plants, seem to thrive therein, and are very fond of such nourishment.

H.

ORIGINAL DESCRIPTION OF BUENOS AYRES.

MANNERS OF THE INHABITANTS, AND OTHER CIRCUMSTANCES OF IMPORTANCE TO THE MILITARY AND TRADING WORLD.

MR. EDITOR,

The attention of all my countrymen being now solely attracted to this settlement, and circumstances having enabled me to gain a more particular knowledge of it than I believe is common amongst the mercantile world (I judge thus from the errors of the public papers, and the miserable nakedness of all the pamphlets which have been published on the subject); I say, Sir, from these causes, I have been induced to transmit to you the following particulars. I am not accustomed to writing, Sir, and therefore you have my leave, and will have my thanks, if you throw my remarks into a form suited to your purpose *.

Buenos Ayres, and South-America, Sir, are very different from what the public papers have represented them. I say South-America, for the good people of England have been pleased to consider South America and Buenos Ayres as the same thing. I will observe by the way, that Buenos Ayres is to South-America what Gibraltar is to Europe, or the Cape of Good-Hope to Africa. It is the mouth of one of the rivers of America, and that is all.

Buenos Ayres, like every town in Spanish America, is a small town situated on an area of great extent, I can give you no better idea of it than that upon recollection it strikes me as bearing an exact resemblance to Epping. Imagine the entrance of Epping to be a river, and the direction of the main street to be due north, the river running east and west, and you have an idea of the scite of Buenos Ayres. The town, therefore, does not lay along the banks of the river, but the street, commencing on the bank, runs up into the country; this is the main street, which is divided about the middle of its length by a street running parallel to the river.—This is Buenos Ayres. The suburbs are allies, or narrow streets, which run into one or the other of the main streets.

The main streets, four in number, that is to say, the bisections of the main streets with each other, have a show of opulence and taste; most of the houses are of stone, but none of them exceed two stories in height, the greater part are but one, I mean a ground floor. The *Calle del Santa Trinidada*, or Trinity-street, and the *Calle del San Benito*, or Benedict-street, is by far the handsomest of the whole; the first, which runs the whole length of the town, is very regularly built, and occupied by only the better sort of the inhabitants. Almost every house has a garden before and behind, and all those that can afford it have balconies, with sun-shades and lattice-work, adorned with the most beautiful shrubs and flowers that the earth produces; here the family sit the best part of the day and night when they are not visiting, and take their coffee and chocolate, or play upon their guitars and mandolines. Most of the ladies have fine voices, so that the man who strolls about the town in the evening may enjoy the pleasure of a concert gratis, as he passes along.

The cathedral, which is built in a kind of Grecian architecture, is a very noble building, and deserves a better metropolis; it has a cupola of very excellent workmanship, and a portico to the western door, the design and execution of which would do honour to the most celebrated artist, it exactly resembles our St. Martin's Church, in the Strand. This cathedral was the work of the Jesuits before their expulsion. The interior of this edifice, however, is, I think, too richly ornamented with carving and gilding, which gives it rather a tawdry appearance, but the inside of the dome is painted in a very tolerable manner, in compartments representing the acts of the Apostles; the choir is adorned with paintings from the same subject.

The Bishop, Governor, and Major-General, have each a separate stall, very superbly decorated with purple velvet, embroidered and fringed with gold; the Governor's stall is, moreover, surmounted with the king's arms in gold and coloured velvet, which has a very grand effect. But, perhaps, a still more pleasing effect is produced by a very fanciful custom peculiar to the country, that of covering the whole inside of the churches with flowers and branches, which hang from one saint's day to another, and as fast as any of them die, or fade, their place is very carefully supplied by fresh.

* In justice to Navigator we think it necessary to add, that we have not found it necessary to make use of this permission, but have given his MS. as we received it; and have no doubt that our readers will be of opinion that any slight inaccuracy of style is more than compensated by that superior liveliness of colouring which belongs to ideas conveyed in the original language of the mind which conceives them.—EDITOR.

The church of St. Francis, and that of the convent of Mercy, are likewise very beautiful buildings, with cupolas and high steeples, in the same style as the cathedral, but not so profusely decorated. The church and convent of St. Francis stand in the street of the same name, which runs obliquely from the water to the grand square in the middle of the city, where the soldiers are sometimes exercised, as on the parade. On one side of this square stands the Town-Hall, a very large handsome building, erected on a plan of the Jesuits, who certainly may be called the fathers of architecture in this part of the world.

There are a great many other convents and nunneries dispersed over the city, some of them very large, and of a noble appearance, and all of them very well inhabited. Nuns are here as plentiful as monks, though they have not the same liberty of going in public. All these edifices, with the houses of the Governor and Major-General, together with the office of the Receiver-general of the province, and a public hospital, are all built of stone; this stone is as white as milk, and is found in a plain in the immediate vicinity of the town. The barracks of the soldiers are of brick, as are some few of the houses; these have a miserable appearance, when contrasted with the beautiful whiteness of the public buildings, the fairness of which is preserved in a great degree by the frequent visits of the pampero, which wind is a most excellent bleacher. The fort, which commands the Island of St. Gabriel, was considered as very strong before the late attack, being provided with many brass cannon; but the chief defence of the city was trusted to the dangerous navigation of the river Plata, which abounds in shoals, and in many places is but a sheet of water of a few inches depth, extended over a meadow or plain. Keep this idea in view, Sir, as it will enable you to judge of the difficulties of any future expeditions up that river.

The city of Buenos Ayres is seen to most advantage when viewed from an eminence. It then affords a pleasing prospect enough from the gardens and trees with which it abounds, contrasted with the whiteness of the houses, which in their colour, height, and form, greatly resemble those in the British colonies of North-America. But the effect of every thing is destroyed by the extreme dirtiness of the inhabitants, whose natural indolence is here cherished by the effects of the climate, and thus carried to the most fatal excess.

I have visited the United States, and what a contrast, Sir, between the cleanliness and activity of the Americans and the Spanish colonists; those most useful domestic articles, the mop and brush, are here totally unknown; scrubbing and scouring have no place in the Spanish dictionary, and I do believe, have never been heard of. The rooms of the wealthy are swept with a kind of broom made from a peculiar sort of grass, or flax, which grows in the swamps where the wild sugar cane is found; this is collected into a large tuft, not unlike a mop, and with this the slaves sweep, or rather wipe the rooms, which in summer are covered with a beautiful matting woven by the Indians, and in the winter with a carpet from Europe. White-washing would be far more grateful here than in the northern colonies, or United States, yet I do not believe that it is ever practised.

The whole life of a woman is here one complete scene of indolent monotony, and she would think herself degraded to the very lowest point of servitude, were she expected to take any active part in domestic economy. The servants and slaves follow the example of their superiors as sedulously as in Europe, and no one of them will do the most slight work more than their alloted portion, be the consequence what it may.

I sometimes conjecture in my mind in what manner our officers and soldiers now at Buenos Ayres can exist as to the food of the country. Beef is, indeed, in great plenty, but the cooks and butchers of Buenos Ayres have as little idea of roast or boiled meat, or any tolerable way of cooking, as the Hottentots themselves; they slaughter animals, it is true, for their tables, but the flesh is cooked in such a mawkish way, or rather in no way at all, that I can call cooking, and is so messed up with fish, eggs, onions, oil, and garlic, that it requires the stomach of an Esquimaux to venture even to touch their most splendid dinners. As to roast beef, it is as little seen or known in South-America as an ingot of pure gold in the streets of London.

The fish at Buenos Ayres are delicious if they were not spoiled by the same cruel manner of dressing; the beautiful gold fish which we admire so much in Europe, are caught in shoals in the Plata, some of them a foot long, and proportionably large. During my abode in Buenos Ayres, about twelve years since, I had one of them served up for my dinner, cooked in plain water, and without any other sauce than pure unadulterated butter instead of their nauseous oil. You must not misunderstand me when I talk of butter in Buenos Ayres, I do not mean such as you call butter in England; the Buenos Ayres butter is of a very different kind, it is made not of cream, but of the fat of an ox, melted down and refined, a composition, in form and taste, exactly resembling what our English cook-maids call dripping; it was at least preferable to their horrible oil. This was the best dinner I ever made during my

long stay at Buenos Ayres, and this will give you and your readers some idea of the good living in Spanish America. The manners of the inhabitants differ very much from those of the mother country. The Spaniards of the New World have none of the gravity of the old Castilians; the young men are coxcombs, and what women there are, Parisian coquettes. The young men wear a dress much more tasty than the Spaniards of Europe, it is made more airily, and, instead of cloth, their trowsers, doublets, and cloak, are made of black cotton, the latter, however, is most frequently scarlet. Their hats are of Genoese velvet, and their shoes and stockings of silk; the latter, instead of buckles, have large tufts of silk. There are very few of them who have not an English gold watch, and gold-headed canes were coming into fashion when I left Monte Video. The watches are carried in a girdle which is bound round their waist.

There is another peculiarity of Buenos Ayres which I must not forget, that is, the dexterity and science of their irrigation; every garden has its reservoir, the water is supplied from the river, which is conducted to the reservoir through a kind of sluice made of osiers woven very strong and thick, which open like our flood-gates used in inland navigation. The water, thus admitted, is sent in small channels round the parterres, and most commonly a quantity of it is retained in a second large bason, or reservoir. These receptacles are formed of brick, strongly cemented, and surrounded with walls about five or six feet high, with steps on the outside up to the margin, and down likewise on the inside to the bottom, which is usually, from the elevation of the wall, about twenty feet. When this supply is very low, a circumstance which often happens, occasioned by the north-east wind, which repels the waters of the river towards the sea, in this case it is difficult beyond conception to procure a sufficiency of water for the consumption of the city. The reservoirs, therefore, are most carefully attended to, and irrigation, as to the gardens and fields in the immediate vicinity of the city, studied and practised as an art.

There is another circumstance of the first concern to our brave soldiers and officers now on this scene of action, and which, unless duly provided against, may even have an effect upon the success of our expeditions in future,—this is the water of La Plata, and its singular and fatal effect upon Europeans. The water of this river is clear as crystal, and sparkles like Champagne, but its coldness, when drank, brings on dysenteries and other dangerous diseases; the most fatal complaint, however, and one that never fails to attack Europeans,—I say never, for I never knew an instance of an entire escape from it, is what I call the black fever; I believe it has no name in the *Materia Medica* of England or Europe, and being the only disease known there, it is called simply the fever. It is a most horrible malady; I can give you no other idea of it than by stating its apparent cause,—a general stagnation, and consequent mortification of the blood; the veins are as tense and tight as if ready to burst.

I will not trespass farther upon your limits than by another remark, which is, the surprizing difference of a *coup d'œil* in Europe and America. Every thing there is on a gigantic scale. There is one only exception, and that is with regard to the feathered tribe. The birds of America, the smaller kinds, are little larger than twice the size of a large bee; but this defect on the part of magnitude, is most amply compensated upon another score,—that of beauty. The province of Chili, Paraguay, and La Plata, is celebrated for producing birds of the most beautiful plumage, the banks of the river being nearly covered with those lovely little creatures of almost every description; among which the most remarkable is the celebrated humming bird, so well and so often described by naturalists and travellers; here they are natives, and frequently I have seen swarms of them, when walking on the banks of La Plata, flying on every side like so many bees, resting on the shrubs, and sucking the flowers, which form the principal part of their sustenance. They are very tame, so much so, indeed, as at times to be very troublesome, when they come by dozens together, humming around your head.

Such, Mr. Editor, is the province which has become the conquest of his Majesty's arms. I will add, that please God to spare my life, and to furnish me with the opportunity, I could wish to end my days in this part of the world; but this, you will say, is nothing to you or your readers; certainly not, except that as it leads to this conclusion, that notwithstanding all its drawbacks it is a perfect paradise; and that if a man undervalues the risk, his ease, his happiness, and perhaps his fortune, would be ensured by a residence at Buenos Ayres. But the province of Chili,—O, Mr. Editor, is a heaven upon earth, and without one drawback. Excuse this loquacity, Sir, and believe me your admirer.

NAVIGATOR.

THE GOLDEN MIRROR;

OR,

THE KINGS OF SHESHIAN:

A TRUE HISTORY, TRANSLATED FROM THE SHESHIANESE.

[*Continued from Page* 414.]

THE Sultan had not slept so well for several weeks as on the first reading with which the Sultana Nurmahal had entertained him the last night; and had not the page, whose business it was to wake him for morning prayer, so ill taken his time as to disturb him in the middle of a dream about King Dagobert, the end of which he was curious to see, his highness would have been all day long in the best humour possible.

The fair Nurmahal, therefore, failed not to appear the following night at the customary time, to make the second trial of her opiate which had so well succeeded on the former, and withal had the advantage of being the most harmless of any that could have been administered.

We must here, once for all, observe, that this lady, who, probably, had already perused the history of Sheshian in her own closet, and, as we are assured, was a woman of sense, reading, and sagacity, did not think herself so strictly bound to the letter of the text in reading, as not at times to abridge the narrative, or to enrich it with her own reflexions, or to make any other alteration in the style or tenor of it, according as the present disposition and humour of the Sultan might suggest. It may, therefore, be expected that she should sometimes discourse in her own person, and sometimes let her author speak, without our being obliged, at every turn, to give notice who the person speaking is; a circumstance in which the reader is but little interested, and which we may calmly resign to his own penetration.

Your highness, began she, recollects the condition wherein we yesterday left the Sheshianese. It was so desperate, that only from a revolution in the government was any alleviation of their misery to be expected. An opportunity for this could not long be delayed. Ogul, the khan of a neighbouring tribe of Tartars, perceived the moment, when some princes, from motives of but small importance, had driven the former king from the throne, and could so little agree among themselves and with the rest concerning the choice of a new one, that at length almost as many kings were proposed as there were provinces in Sheshian. As none of these rivals would bear another near him, this unhappy kingdom experienced all the calamities and cruelties of anarchy and tyranny at once; one half of the nation was exterminated, and the other was brought to such a pass, that any one who, by whatever means, pretended to free them from their oppressors, was reverenced by them as their guardian deity. Many, who had every thing to hope for, as they had no longer any thing to lose, took the side of the conqueror. The less powerful rajahs and grandees of the kingdom followed their example; and the rest were the more easily subdued as their dissentions prevented them from acting impressively on the common enemy.—Ogul Khan, therefore, became in a short time the peaceful possessor of the kingdom of Sheshian. The people, who were gainers in more than one respect by this revolution, never once thought of prescribing conditions to their deliverer. The former grandees, who did think of it, were no longer the people who could venture to take such liberty with their conqueror, and were obliged to be content to receive as a boon from his hands even the little that was left them of their lost consequence. The constitution of the new kingdom of Sheshian was, therefore, that of an unlimited monarchy; that is, the kingdom had no constitution at all, but depended in every thing on the will of the conqueror, or on the degree of wisdom or folly, good nature or frowardness, reasonableness or unreasonableness, to which his temperament, circumstances, humour, and other adventitious circumstances, might determine him from day to day.

Fortunately for the vanquished, King Ogul, as the generality of Tartarian conquerors are, was a very good kind of a prince.

If I may venture, without interrupting you, madam, said Shah Gebal, I should be glad to know what you mean by your very good sort of a prince?

Sir, returned the fair Nurmahal, I confess that nothing is more indefinite than this expression, and that what is usually called a very good sort of a prince, is frequently a very bad sort of a prince. But in the present case it was not so. Ogul Khan had, indeed, some considerable fail-

ings. He was so jealous of his arbitrary authority, that a man might easily have the misfortune to offend him; when offended, he was vindictive, and in his vengeance cruel. Besides, he had the bad habit of considering every handsome woman as his property; and, if he had been less fond of wine, even the famous Sultan Solyman must have yielded to him in this respect. But these failings—

They are very material failings, said Shah Gebal.

Undoubtedly, Sir, returned Nurmahal; but few nations and times are so happy as to be blessed with a prince, whose very failings are amiable, if failings they can be called, which have their source alone in the superabundance of certain excellencies.

Thou little flatterer! said Shah Gebal, patting gently her arm, which her wide sleeve, thrown back, left entirely visible in all the delicacy of its form; a slight circumstance which might have rendered the best lecture at the bed side of his highness entirely fruitless, if time and habit had not made our Sultan a complete philosopher in this particular.

These failings then, (continued Nurmahal, without letting fall the said sleeve) were compensated by several very substantial virtues.—Ogul Khan paid great attention to affairs of government; he brought agriculture into repute, restored the desolated towns, built new ones, allured the arts from the neighbouring states into his own, sought out for talents and merit in order to reward and employ them, honoured virtue, and at certain times could bear to be told the truth.

This last quality reconciles me again with your Ogul, said the Sultan, smiling. If he had been less fond of wine, he might have deserved a place among the great men of his age.*

Ogul Khan, to all these good qualities, added one other, which, under due limitations, does great honour to a prince, whenever he is so unfortunate as to have occasion for it. It happened pretty often, that in the ebullitions of his passions, he was cruel and unjust: but, as soon as the wrong was done, he returned to himself; and then he used never to lay his head to rest till he had made all possible reparation to them that had suffered by it.

For example, how then used his Majesty Ogul Khan to act when without reason he had caused a man's head to be cut off? asked Danishmende. Did he cause one of wax to be put on? or, did he perhaps possess the secret of the magical pastills with which Prince Thelamir replaced the heads of his brother and the fair Dely, which he had cut off by mistake in a fit of jealousy?*

How eagerly the doctor snaps at this opportunity for displaying his great reading in the stories of ghosts! whispered the young Mirza to the Sultan.

Danishmende, said the Sultan, has the trifling fault of now and then abusing that liberty of being impertinent which becomes him as a philosopher. We should not be too scrupulously nice with these gentlemen. But he ought to let my friend Ogul alone, if, moreover, a philosopher is capable of hearkening to good advice.

In one word, proceeded Nurmahal, Ogul, with all his faults, was so praise-worthy a prince, that even the bonzes of the time in Sheshian vied with each other in speaking well of him. "He was deficient in nothing, said they, for being the best of princes, excepting that, notwithstanding the hopes we had reason to entertain of him, he went out of the world without ever offering a sacrifice to the great monkey."

Do you know, my fair Sultana, said Shah Gebal, that nothing more was necessary than what you have just been mentioning to set me irrevocably at variance with your Ogul? By the beard of the prophet! the king whose bonzes vie with each other in praising, must be ——. I chuse not to say what he must be. Go to, go to, Nurmahal, tell me no more of your Ogul. He must have been a weak, empty, credulous, faint-hearted fellow; that is as clear as daylight. His bonzes praised him! What demonstration in Euclid is more plainly demonstrated than this?

If philosophy might ever be allowed, said Danishmende, stammering, to address the king of kings, my Sovereign—

Well, doctor, interrupted the Sultan, let us hear what thou hast to say in behalf of thy adorable lady. I am in a disposition to bear with impertinence. Proceed, out with it; but no stammering, Mr. Danishmende, or I shall ring—

The best Sultan, as we see, is always Sultan still. This threat, accompanied with a certain look, which at least gave him to apprehend that

* It scarcely needs remark, that Shah Gebal was the soberest Sultan of his time, and a mortal foe to drunkenness in others. His enemies have not neglected, at least, to depreciate the value of this virtue, which they could not deny him to possess, by depriving him of all the merit of it. But we think it needless to propagate the effect of their malice, by reciting their malicious suppositions. Poor Shah Gebal had not so many virtues as to allow us to call in question the few that he had.—*Remarks of the Chinese Translator.*

* Bibliotheque des Genies, tom. ii.

he might be capable of making a serious affair of it, was not very much adapted to embolden poor Danishmende. But, luckily for him, he knew the Sultan, his sovereign. Therefore, without suffering himself to be dismayed, he said: Philosophy, Sir, is an impudent slut, as your highness has been pleased to say; for she hesitates not a moment to tell even kings that they are in the wrong, when kings are in the wrong. But in the present case, it is my humble opinion, that your highness and philosophy may both be in the right. That praise of the bonzes, which, in your eyes, is the greatest reproach that Ogul could have drawn upon himself, was undoubtedly so, if it came from the heart.* But this is precisely the question; or rather it is no question: for, how could it come from the heart, since they retracted all the good they said of him by a single *but?* Of what avail were all good King Ogul's virtues to him? Did not he go out of the world without having sacrificed to the great monkey? Your highness knows these gentry too well not to understand the whole force of such an accusation.

Thou wilt, however, acknowledge, replied the Sultan, they would have extolled him to the skies, if he could but have brought himself to sacrifice to the great monkey?

* For the benefit of certain ingenious persons, we must here make a threefold observation: namely, First, that the words bonze, fakir, and dervise, whenever they occur in this history, are always to be taken in the strict sense, as signifying nothing more than bonze, fakir, and dervise. Secondly, that Danishmende cannot here be acquitted of all suspicion of a flattering complaisance for the unreasonable judgment of his sovereign. And, thirdly, that the pretended demonstration of the Sultan is evidently built on a sophism, and, therefore, can by no means fit the bonzes, whom, moreover, we are far from intending to justify.—*Note of the Latin Translator.*

Nevertheless, all things duly considered, the Sultan could not be supposed to judge otherwise. He argued thus: my bonzes speak evil of me, and I construe their censure to my honour; therefore, their praise is dishonourable: for, were it honourable, then would it be a shame to me not to deserve it. But, now this is a sentiment that I cannot endure; it is, therefore, false; and what holds good of me, holds good also of Ogul Khan: for, do I not shew him the greatest honour possible by valuing him as my equal?—This mode of reasoning is not, indeed, justifiable either by the logic of Aristotle or of Messrs. de Port Royal. But, since the world began, self-love has never reasoned otherwise.—*Note of the German Translator.*

With permission of your highness, said Danishmende, that I do not acknowledge. In that case they would easily have found some other pretext for enervating their hypocritical praise. Your highness knows that there is but one way of acquiring the sincere applause of the bonzes; and Ogul (with all the veneration that I owe him, be it spoken) seems not to be the man so plagued with ambition as to purchase so dear a commodity.

What if I order my iman to be fetched, that he may decide the question? said the Sultan.

His sentence may be easily guessed, without pretending to understand more of the cabala than others, returned Danishmende. He would pronounce against the bonzes. How should bonzes be deemed to be in the right by an iman?

I think that Danishmende has brought himself off very tolerably, said Shah Gebal.

Your highness shews, by your aversion to the bonzes, that you are a good mussulman, said the fair Nurmahal. But, that we may abide by the history, I must say, that the bonzes, in speaking well of Ogul Khan, had good cause for so doing. It is true, this prince betrayed, perhaps, an extravagant hope, which they imputed to what could not rationally be the foundation of such an hope, as being merely the result of wise maxims of government. But the respect, which, in pursuance of these maxims, he shewed to their order; the protection they enjoyed from him; and the cautious manner in which he used to proceed in all matters that related to the senseless but established worship of the great monkey, certainly entitled him, if not to the gratitude, at least to a certain degree of equity on the part of the bonzes. And, even granting that they would not allow him this virtue, without proof; it is, however, to be supposed, that they had so much prudence as to do from fear what ordinary people would have done from a nobler motive.

During this speech of the fair Nurmahal, a sound escaped the Sultan, which seemed an intermediate somewhat between sighing and yawning. The emir gave the lady the sign agreed on, and she was about to break off, when Shah Gebal, who was in perfect good humour, gave them to understand, by a nod, that he was not yet tired of the story.

Ogul Khan, continued she, had several successors, who just crossed the stage, and disappeared, without having done any thing, either so good or so bad, as to deserve the notice of posterity. Accordingly, they are termed in the year-books of Sheshian, the nameless kings; for the nation had so few opportunities of hearing

their names, that very few could tell how the reigning Sultan was called. If this circumstance gives posterity but a very mean idea of their merits, it must, however, be owned, that their contemporaries were not the worse for it. The silence of history seems at least to prove this much, that Sheshian was not unhappy under their unrenowned administration; and to be not unhappy, is at least a very tolerable condition.

Only it cannot last long, said Danishmende; for this vacant state of a whole nation, seems to me exactly the same as with an individual, the middle state between sickness and health; one of these must ensue, either the patient must recover, or he must languish to death.

Perhaps this might have been the case with the Sheshianese, continued Nurmahal, if the last of these nameless kings had not been so fortunate as to possess a mistress, by whom his government became one of the most remarkable and brilliant in the history of that kingdom.

Excellent! cried Shah Gebal; I admire the kings who are indebted to their mistresses for the mention that is made of them in history.

I must not forget, Sir, said the fair Nurmahal, that the Sheshianese in this particular had a custom by which, as far as I know, they differed from all the other nations of the globe, a custom that would considerably swell the number of the nameless kings in all nations, if it were generally introduced. Nothing that happened under the government of a king was attributed to the king, unless he had done it himself. Excellent laws and regulations might be made, battles won, provinces conquered, or, what is at least as good, preserved and improved, and yet the fame of the king receives not the least augmentation. All that happened, good or bad, was ascribed to them that did it; and the king who had done nothing was, and continued to be, a nameless king, even though the most signal events had happened in his time.

Nothing can be more reasonable, said the Sultan. Let every one have his due. To ascribe to a prince the good that his minister does (I except the case where they are merely the instruments, or, so to speak, the members whereby he works as the soul of the whole body politic), would be just as if it were to be ascribed as a merit to him that his country was fertile, because he allowed the sun to shine and the rain to fall.

Nurmahal, Danishmende, and the young Mirza, bestowed abundance of applause on this remark, and all the admiration which it the rather deserved as being really more disinterested than Shah Gebal might, perhaps, flatter himself it was.

[*To be continued.*] page 16.

BEAUTIES OF MODERN LITERATURE.

DR. BEATTIE'S AUDIENCE WITH HIS PRESENT MAJESTY.

Sir William Forbes, in his "Account of the Life and Writings of James Beattie, L.L.D." has given, from the Diary of that author, the following very interesting narrative of the doctor's interview with their present Majesties. His pension, the deserved recompense for his Essay on Truth, had been already awarded to Beattie; he had also previously attended the Levee at St. James's, where he was presented by Lord Dartmouth, and graciously received by the monarch.

I set out (writes Dr. Beattie,) for Dr. Majendie's at Kew-Green. The doctor told me that he had not seen the King yesterday, but had left a note in writing, to intimate that I was to be at his house to-day; and that one of the King's pages had come to him this morning, to say, "that his Majesty would see me at a little after twelve." At twelve, the doctor and I went to the King's house at Kew. We had been only a few minutes in the hall, when the King and Queen came in from an airing, and as they passed through the hall the King called to me by name, and asked how long it was since I came from town. I answered, about an hour. "I shall see you," says he, "in a little." The doctor and I waited a considerable time, (for the King was busy) and then we were called into a large room, furnished as a library, where the King was walking about and the Queen sitting in a chair. We were received in the most gracious manner possible, by both their Majesties. I had the honour of a conversation with them, (nobody else being present, but Dr. Majendie) for upwards of an hour, on a great variety of topics, in which both the King and Queen joined, with a degree of cheerfulness, affability, and ease, that was to me surprising and soon dissipated the embarrassment which I felt, at the beginning of the conference. They both complimented me, in the highest terms, on my Essay which, they said, was a book they always kept by

them; and the King said he had one copy of it at Kew, and another in town, and immediately went and took it down from the shelf. I found it was the second edition. "I never stole a book but one," said his Majesty, "and that was yours; (speaking to me) I stole it from the Queen, to give it to Lord Hertford to read." He had heard that the sale of Hume's Essays had failed, since my book was published; and I told him what Mr. Strahan had told me, in regard to that matter. He had even heard of my being at Edinburgh, last summer, and how Mr. Hume was offended on the score of my book. He asked many questions about the second part of the Essay, and when it would be ready for the press. I gave him, in a short speech, an account of the plan of it; and said, my health was so precarious, I could not tell when it might be ready, as I had many books to consult before I could finish it; but, that if my health were good, I thought I might bring it to a conclusion in two or three years. He asked how long I had been composing my Essay?—praised the caution with which it was written; and said, he did not wonder that it had employed me five or six years. He asked about my poems? I said, there was only one poem of my own, on which I set any value, (meaning the Minstrel,) and that it was first published about the same time with the Essay. My other poems, I said, were incorrect, being but juvenile pieces, and of little consequence, even in my own opinion. We had much conversation on moral subjects; from which both their Majesties let it appear, that they were warm friends to Christianity; and so little inclined to infidelity, that they could hardly believe that any thinking man could really be an atheist, unless he could bring himself to believe that he made himself; a thought which pleased the King exceedingly: and he repeated it several times to the Queen. He asked whether any thing had been written against me. I spoke of the late pamphlet, of which I gave him an account, telling him, that I had never met with any man who had read it, except one Quaker. This brought on some discourse about the Quakers, whose moderation, and mild behaviour, the King and Queen commended. I was asked many questions about the Scots universities, the revenues of the Scots clergy, their mode of praying and preaching, the medical college of Edinburgh, Dr. Gregory, (of whom I gave a particular character) and Dr. Cullen, the length of our vacation at Aberdeen, and the closeness of our attendance during the winter, the number of students that attend my lectures, my mode of lecturing, whether from notes, or completely written lectures; about Mr. Hume, and Dr. Robertson, and Lord Kinnoull, and the Archbishop of York, &c. &c. &c. His Majesty asked what I thought of my new acquaintance, Lord Dartmouth? I said, there was something in his air and manner, which I thought not only agreeable, but enchanting, and that he seemed to me one of the best of men; a sentiment in which both their Majesties heartily joined. "They say that Lord Dartmouth is an enthusiast," said the King, "but surely he says nothing on the subject of religion, but what every Christian may, and ought to say." He asked, whether I did not think the English language on the decline at present? I answered in the affirmative; and the King agreed, and named the Spectator as one of the best standards of the language. When I told him that the Scots clergy sometimes prayed a quarter, or even half an hour, at a time, he asked, whether that did not lead them into repetitions? I said it often did. "That," said he, "I don't like in prayers: and excellent as our liturgy is, I think it somewhat faulty in that respect." "Your Majesty knows," said I, "that three services are joined in one, in the ordinary church service, which is one cause of those repetitions." "True," he replied, "and that circumstance also makes that service too long." From this, he took occasion to speak of the composition of the church liturgy; on which he very justly bestowed the highest commendation. "Observe," his Majesty said, "how flat those occasional prayers are, that are now composed, in comparison with the old ones."—When I mentioned the smallness of the church-livings in Scotland, he said, "he wondered how men of liberal education would chuse to become clergymen there," and asked, "whether in the remote parts of the country, the clergy, in general, were not very ignorant?" I answered, "No, for that education was very cheap in Scotland, and that the clergy, in general, were men of good sense, and competent learning." He asked, whether we had any good preachers in Aberdeen? I said, "Yes," and named Campbell and Gerrard, with whose names, however, I did not find that he was acquainted. Dr. Majendie mentioned Dr. Oswald's Appeal, with commendation;—I praised it too; and the Queen took down the name, with a view to send for it. I was asked, whether I knew Dr. Oswald? I answered, I did not; and said, that my book was published before I read his; that Dr. O. was well known to Lord Kinnoull, who had often proposed to make us acquainted. We discussed a great many other topics; for the conversation, as before observed, lasted for upwards of an hour, without any intermission. The Queen bore a large share in it. Both the King and her Majesty shewed a great deal of good sense, acuteness, and knowledge, as well as of good nature and affability. At last, the King took out his watch (for it was now almost three o'clock, his hour of dinner) which

Dr. Majendie and I took as a signal to withdraw. We accordingly bowed to their Majesties, and I addressed the King in these words:—"I hope, Sir, your Majesty will pardon me, if I take this opportunity to return you my humble and most grateful acknowledgments, for the honour you have been pleased to confer upon me." He immediately answered, "I think I could do no less for a man, who has done so much service to the cause of Christianity. I shall be always glad of an opportunity to shew the good opinion I have of you." The Queen sate all the while, and the King stood, sometimes walking about a little. Her Majesty speaks the English language with surprising elegance, and little or nothing of a foreign accent. There is something wonderfully captivating in her manner, so that if she were only of the rank of a private gentlewoman, one could not help taking notice of her, as one of the most agreeable women in the world. Her face is much more pleasing than any of her pictures; and in the expression of her eyes, and in her smile, there is something peculiarly engaging. When the doctor and I came out, "Pray," said I, "how did I behave? Tell me honestly, for I am not accustomed to conversations of this kind." "Why, perfectly well," answered he, "and just as you ought to do."—"Are you sure of that?" said I.—"As sure," he replied, "as of my own existence: and you may be assured of it too, when I tell you, that if there had been any thing in your manner or conversation, which was not perfectly agreeable, your conference would have been at an end in eight or ten minutes at most." The doctor afterwards told me, that it was a most uncommon thing for a private man, and a commoner, to be honoured with so long an audience. I dined with Dr. and Mrs. Majendie, and their family, and returned to town in the evening, very much pleased with the occurences of the day.

STATE OF SOCIETY AND MANNERS.

A DESCRIPTION OF LONDON.

MR. EDITOR,

In the fourth Number of your Magazine, you gave a description of London, collected from the various works of Dr. Johnson. The following paper is taken, with alterations, omissions, and additions, from an anonymous collection of Essays which was published above thirty years ago, and as they have long been out of print, perhaps you will not deem it unworthy of being preserved as a supplement to the Doctor's account, being equally applicable to this great metropolis at present as it was in 1769; painting the advantages and disadvantages of a commercial capital of immense population and riches.

If it be asked what superior attractions are there in London, where the majority of the inhabitants must, as long as they continue there, bid adieu to Nature, and shroud their heads in darkness, smoke, and cloudy vapours.

It may be answered these are many and various, well adapted to a variety of tastes and characters. Some are indeed criminal, others merely frivolous, and others again of a laudable nature. Let us take a cursory view of the principal.

The gay and the ambitious, whose enjoyment is centred in making a figure in the world; who are willing to undergo a thousand miseries, if they may but appear happy, will naturally crowd to the metropolis as to the proper theatre of exhibition.

That place best answers their purpose which contains the greatest number of eyes, and an universal neglect of admiration would render them completely wretched.

The beauties of creation can wear no charm to those whose attention is perpetually turned on themselves. Lawns, groves, and rivers, neither compliment nor flatter; but to this class of beings, all other language is insipid. Therefore they fly with impatience to a spot where that dialect chiefly abounds.

But the inconveniences attending so great a conflux of the rich and gay are obvious. Their multitudes pall the sight, until a chariot and a dray-cart pass equally unnoticed; or should studied splendour awaken the attention of the public, yet those rays of admiration are unhappily divided and subdivided into a thousand diverging and enfeebled fragments, which each fondly wishes to be collected in one focus, and to be centred upon himself,—"The world the pedestal, himself the statue, and all mankind the lookers on."

With these we will associate the numbers who

consider pleasure as the first business, the worthy pursuit of life, and to such London is the grand mart, the Paradise of Mahomet, where they may revel the whole circle of the hours in scenes of the most refined, or of the grossest dissipation. They may wander from auctions, morning exhibitions, and idle amusements innumerable, to plays, operas, balls, concerts, routs, masquerades, gaming-tables, taverns, brothels, &c, till they have exhausted the largest patrimony, the most promising health, and their whole stock of credit, character and morals.

The town affords a transient entertainment to the occasional visitor, who is amazed at a mode of living so opposite to native simplicity. The bustle of the city, the splendour of the shops, the parade of business, the variety of carriages and equipages, the immense congress of people strike him as a superior kind of perspective-box, or magic-lantern, and he recites after his return, the wondrous tales of what he has heard and seen, to his listning and astonished family.

London is also the stage of action for a man of business, whose principal object is the accumulation of wealth, and who, sportsman like, places all his bliss in the pursuit, being destitute of either leisure or taste for the enjoyment of his wealth.

A man of this character cares not where he lives nor how he lives, provided he can but engross the means of living; and let him but possess a large number of the tickets of enjoyment, he is by no means anxious whether they be drawn prizes or not. The whole extent of his desires is to make a figure on the 'Change; to render the firm of his house familiar to all Europe, and to both the Indies; to be able to influence the price of a commodity, and to affect the rise and fall of Stocks. To such a man, London is, as it were, the important spot, the point, the *fulcrum* on which he may place his commercial lever, and where, provided his lever have a sufficient purchase, he may be able to move the world at will.

The city is the most encouraging mart for superior abilities in all departments. It gives an equal chance to every trade and profession; it is a place where the meanest of employments may become the sources of wealth; and where chimney-sweepers, old-clothes-men, hair-dressers, tailors, and quacks, sometimes acquire affluence, and frequently enjoy the privileges of being ranked in the class of gentlemen. But the inconveniencies and misfortunes are, that the man who brings his talents to sale, is often starved before he can find a purchaser: that the arts are generally encouraged in an inverse proportion to their utility, and those which most administer to the luxuries and vices of mankind, are the most certain of rapid success: that the forward and self-consequential, wrest from the rich and powerful that patronage which is due to modest merit: that the ingenious artist and manufacturer has such temptations to indolence, extravagance, and profligacy, as greatly endanger his complete ruin. He who is able to set these various hands at work, often becomes rich by their ingenuity, while the promoters of his abundance suffer all the miseries of dependence, and the insults of capricious wealth.

London is the happiest place of resort for the numerous gangs of sharpers and swindlers of different denominations. It is here they may follow their various honourable professions, appear in numberless shapes and characters with impunity; may meet with unsuspicious dupes in abundance, and, by frequent acting, become so perfect in their parts, as to be able to deceive every one who has the misfortune to fall into their way.

With these we may class the whole tribe of pick-pockets, thieves, house-breakers, girls abandoned to vice, bullies, hireling constables, and trading justices, who conspire together to be the terror and pest of all decent and sober families.

Single men, whose circumstances or whose apprehensions will not suffer them to enter into the conjugal state, too easily find in town all their wants supplied. The whole city is their own, if either the proper use or the abuse of any thing deserves that title. The adage that "a good man is always at home," may in a certain sense be claimed by them. For they may breakfast in one place, dine in a second, sup in a third, lodge in a fourth, or not lodge at all, without being missed, or responsible to any one. It is here that their virtue is put to the utmost proof: that goodness shows itself to be the genuine offspring of an upright heart and just principles, and not the illegitimate produce of prudential regard to character: and it is here also that an unblemished reputation and foul deeds are by no means incompatible; and that prudence, decorum, and hypocrisy may long serve a man instead of all the abstemious virtues.

And yet, these roving privileges soon grow tiresome to such men as lead such a life; they are for ever strangers to the dear delights of the social state, and the enjoyments of a well regulated family. He that is indiscriminately at home is never at home, and he feels himself a stranger or a visitor amidst his closest connexions.

To the busy politician who leaves all his domestic affairs in confusion, to settle those of Europe; who is more anxious about the national debt than about his own; and who patiently re-

signs his family to indigence and beggary, provided the public commerce be in a flourishing condition: And to the eager newsmonger who continually craves after fresh intelligence; who imagines that nothing can be of importance that is three days old; and who feeds as heartily upon trials, bankruptcies, fires, shipwrecks, battles, executions, murders, and deaths, as upon the most interesting and happy occurrences, the numerous coffee-houses and other places of colloquial intercourse become the centre of happiness.

London is certainly in a high degree favourable to sociability. Its inhabitants have superior opportunities of chusing their company. Here persons in similar pursuits, of congenial tastes, and whose ideas perfectly amalgamate, may associate in a friendly club, and spend their evenings in agreeable converse. Yet it is a pity that late hours, and temptations to intoxication, should often render it prudent for a cautious man, not to frequent convivial meetings.

Men who retain religious principles, and whose education or conviction teach them to prefer one mode of worship to another, may in this great city, worship their creator according to their inclinations, or the dictates of their consciences; or rather, they may chuse which road they please in their journey to heaven. And it is not to be doubted but that the honest and good in each road will find their way. Quakers, Anabaptists, Presbyterians, Independents, Methodists, Roman Catholics, and Jews, as well as churchmen, may there worship according to their own particular modes, and associate with those of their own persuasion. While the peculiar circumstances of the place, frequent intercourses of a commercial nature, and a general inattention to every other part of a man's character, except that of honour in his vocation, give to persons of these different beliefs, the fortunate habit, if not the virtue, of universal and reciprocal toleration.

To those pious souls who place the sum of religion in punctually frequenting lectures and sermons, and who dream that constantly going to school and learning their duty is exactly the same as practising it, London is "a little heaven below." Tabernacles, conventicles, morning, noon, and evening lectures amongst the disciples of Whitfield and Wesley, among Antinomians, Hutchinsonians, and Sandimanians, besides occasional preachers in Moorfields and other convenient places of open exhibition; may so fully occupy every portion of their time, as scarcely to allow them leisure to censure those who by omitting some few of these forms of godliness, enjoy more frequent opportunities of conducting themselves by its genuine power.

London is also a place very advantageous to the student in his pursuits of various branches of science; where, by attending on different Professors, conversing with men of genius, learning, and experience, consulting libraries, visiting museums, exhibitions, &c. he may enjoy the means of making the most desirable progress in his studies, if he have sufficient resolution to escape the dangerous dissipations of the place.

The town may also be thought the proper school of manners; where the collegiate may wear off his pedantry, and the country squire his awkwardness. The town in this sense must mean the multitudes of strangers who occasionally assemble there, and from whom true politeness and courtesy of behaviour may sometimes be acquired. For the plainest rustic would not improve much by his commerce with the natives. Very few of those whose education has been confined to London are examples of address and engaging deportment; considering Europe as the most important part of the globe, England as the most important part of Europe, the metropolis as the most important part of England, and perhaps the place of their residence, as the most important part of the metropolis, these citizens of accumulated consequence, treat with airs of childish superiority and disdain, all those unlucky objects who were not born within the sound of Bow bells. These gentry are also very apt to mistake negligence and inattention for ease; a dull repetition of the contents of a newspaper, for edifying conversation; pert reflections and satirical insinuations upon country life and manners, for wit and humour; whilst their good ladies substitute affectation for politeness, a passion for every whimsical fashion for taste, and extravagance for grandeur. And they both unite in the opinion, that all strangers are bound to admire every thing peculiar to the place, even to its noise, confusion, and filth. In a word, they seem to claim the privilege of behaving as they please; and forgetting that London may not be the first mart for manners, though it be for various other articles, they exhibit their own coarse goods, for the very best of the kind.

But, to take the town in its most ample signification, as the resort also of persons of fashion and distinction, it is indubitably a place where a countryman may rub off his rust; but still he must be careful what he rubs against, or he may exchange country dirt for city coom; he must be cautious not to lose in good sense more than he gains by refinement; not to part with his honest plainess for duplicity of manners, or substitute a courteous bow and fine promises, for real offices of benevolence and friendship.

The capital is a place worthy the temporary residence of the speculative philosopher who thinks "the proper study of mankind is man."

By conversing with a diversity of characters he may acquire a considerable insight into the modifications of the human heart. Here he will constantly behold the force of evil example counteracting the original bent of a virtuous education; the power of sordid interest over one who had early imbibed the principles of strict integrity, perhaps of generosity; and of criminal pleasures over the pupil of sobriety! He will learn in time to calculate the weeks or months requisite to metamorphose the son of a humble peasant into an insolent footman; of a plain farmer's lad into a coxcomb or fine gentleman! He will lament to see the labours of a pious parent, who, when he was teaching the "young idea how to shoot," strove to make it shoot towards heaven, and watered the tender plant with many a supplicating tear; he will lament to see all this fostering care rendered abortive by the attendance, during a single month, upon some disputing club, or seminary of systematic vice! where the porter-inspired orator affects to laugh at his former principles, as the dull notions of dotards, unworthy a man of spirit and free enquiry, stands forth the champion of infidelity, or, prompted by vanity, becomes the hypocrite of sin! dares to deny a faith which he still believes; openly dispute tenets he secretly reveres, and argue against convictions which in his retired moments "harrow up the soul."

Our philosopher will discover the power of connexions and example, of interest or of pleasures, to change the principles and dispositions of men; and he will remark how easily those who have no *stamen* of their own, no genuine unshaken rule of conduct, no settled notions of virtue, and rational fear of heaven, how easily they yield themselves up to foreign impressions, like wax to the seal; or bear a diversity of vicious resemblances according to the moulds in which they may accidentally be cast.

After he has made general observations of this nature, for which this great city will furnish ample materials, he may study the leading characteristics, the distinguishing type of each division.

In the western quarter he may contemplate the proud and fastidious courtier, uniting the extremes of haughtiness and servility; swoln with the idea of his own importance, and yet courting the admiration of every transient spectator; meanly cringing to those in power, but treating his inferiors with disdain; lavish of his bounty to sycophants and panders to his pleasures, but deaf to the cries of indigence, or the demands of justice; betraying his country for gold, and risking that gold on the turn of a die! supercilious to those who are dependent on his smiles, himself a stranger to the independence of a man; destitute of every moral excellence, but vain of his manifold titles and trappings of pre-eminence; ridiculing the rigid restraints of virtue and religion, and torn asunder by the contest of irregular passions, or corroded with diseases generated by criminal excess.

After he has studied this portrait of modern greatness in our sex, which, with a few honourable exceptions may be too close a resemblance, he may cast his eyes on that whimsical and insignificant thing called a *fine lady*; in whom, although she thinks herself the most important personage in the whole creation, he will search in vain for those characteristic excellencies of women, winning softness, modest reserve, delicate sensibility, and the regular management of domestic affairs, filial, conjugal, and parental affection, and a heart attuned to friendship, sympathy, and love. He will perceive the whole business of her life to be pleasure, and the indulgence of her capricious humours; and that she is, notwithstanding, a novice in her profession. He will find her a slave to fashions which disfigure that person she is so anxious to adorn; a stranger to elegance and taste, although what she chiefly affects; and disgusted with the very amusements which occupied all her thoughts. He will smile to see her mistake affected airs for gentility, impertinence for familiarity, haughtiness for dignity, volubility for eloquence, trite ideas, and a round of hackneyed phrases for sentiment, the most absurd prostitution of strong expressions upon trifling subjects for sublimity of thought, a troublesome pettishness of disposition for a delicate sensibility of nerves. And he sometimes will have reason to be shocked at her breaking the modest, the amiably timid restraints of nature, and considering impudence as a womanly virtue. At her affecting to disbelieve the truths of religion, whilst she is the dupe of childish credulities; braving her maker with more than masculine infidelity, and yet screaming and trembling at the sight of a frog or a mouse. He will observe her strictly maintaining all the appearances of friendship but totally lost to its reality; making generous offers of assistance to those who do not want it, and neglecting common civility to the needy and oppressed; classing herself among the warmest of your friends in your presence, and sporting with your person, character, and situation in your absence; estimating the worth of her associates according to their rank in the fashionable world, and yet lavishing all the confidence of friendship to her chambermaid, and the best affections of her sophisticated nature to parrots, lap-dogs, and monkies!

He will observe her most serious occupations to consist in receiving and paying irksome cere-

monious visits, in which her expressions of the happiness she feels at the interview, can only be equalled by the real languor and disgust she experiences; or in answering cards of unmeaning compliments; or in satirizing her own conceptions of friendship and politeness, by sending round an empty equipage, attended by a train of servants, to enquire after the welfare of her most intimate acquaintance! In the evenings he will see her seated at the card-table with anxiety, impatience, avarice, anger, envy, and other evil passions in her train; and perhaps he may detect her, under the sanction of her sex and quality, practising at the pool the dirty tricks of a sharper and common cheat.

Thus, from a general review of her whole life, will our philosopher either be tempted to turn a partial Mahometan, and doubt whether some of the fair sex may not be formed without a soul, or he will place the existence of such a being among the inscrutable mysteries of Providence!

Satiated with these sights, he will not be much disposed to visit the purlieus of the Haymarket, Cockspur-street, and Piccadilly, where the dependants and appendages of greatness chiefly resort; or he might here contemplate human nature in a masquerade, if possible still more fantastic! He might behold persons descended from the meanest parentage, and educated in the humblest walks of life, suddenly springing up, like gaudy and pernicious weeds in the place of nutritive grain; and in their professions of barbers, hair-dressers, tailors, milliners, linguists, dancing-masters, singers, musicians, players, &c. assuming the airs, and aping the manners of their superiors.

If our philosopher should take a walk among the new buildings in Marybone, he will not fail to admire the provisions so commodiously made for administering to vice, and preserving the appearance of virtue. Here he may chance to see many a sedate head of a family toying with a girl of the town. Ladies of strict honour, punctual in their appointments with their gallants; kept-mistresses, counterbalancing infidelity to their benefactors by generosity to strangers; and females of unquestioned virtue destroying the constitutions of sober youth.

Passing through St. Giles's, he may have opportunities of seeing man reduced to the lowest scale of villany. He may behold vice enthroned on a dunghill, surrounded with a retinue of begging impostors, pick-pockets, thieves, housebreakers and highwaymen, enjoying in common all the privileges, without the chains of marriage; and acting over again, in garrets and in cellars, the crimes of the abandoned rich!—He may pick up these valuable truths out of the filth—that dissolute manners are universally odious in rags—that vice appears in all its deformity and ignominy, where external splendour is wanting to varnish the crime, or dazzle the eye; and he may feel the force of the Poet's adage:

"It is the fall degrades her to a * * * * *;
"Let greatness own her, and she's mean no more."

Let our observer visit the city, and he will behold the full power of interest, and the various modifications of that ruling principle, the love of money! He will observe the virtue of industry swallow up almost every other virtue; or, like subtile leaven, insinuate itself into every action and every motive. He will find this at the bottom of many a vice, and largely blended with many a virtue—the bond of all social connexion, as well as the general cause of discord.

The city is a place where almost every act of courtesy and politeness may be set down to the score of policy, where subscriptions and donations to misery shall mostly be regulated by some latent expectations of advantage; where the views of interest shall accompany the man to the tavern, to the play-house, to the public gardens, and authorize expensive dissipation and midnight revels! Nay, it shall even mix with his very religion, influence his choice of a preacher, or direct his dubious steps to a place of worship, where he may learn "not to love the world, nor the things of the world."

He will find the distinguishing character of the ladies to be an eagerness to pay the most extravagant compliments to their husband's wealth, and, by various arts of dissipation, put his gains and credit to the utmost proof. In a word, he will observe such a general spirit of luxury, such an affectation of affluence amongst our city dames, as to discountenance the very appearance of economy, and render them a willing prey to milliners, laundresses, and their own domestics! He will see such a rage for imitating the prevailing fashions, as breaks down every distinction, and confounds every class; so that he shall find it difficult to distinguish the mistress from the waiting-maid, or decipher the wife or daughter of a butcher, baker, poulterer, or tallow-chandler, in a public assembly, from a rich heiress, or the consort of an opulent merchant! He will frequently hear of affectionate wives, who plunder their dear partner at home, that they may support his reputation abroad; and, in league with their servants, advance the price of every marketable commodity in their daily accounts, to raise a fund for these laudable secret services. He will often meet females stepping out of paltry shops, and little dirty courts, like heroines on the stage, from a cottage or a prison, in all the pomp of dress! and he may some-

times detect the notable housewife performing her common domestic drudgeries in silks, laces, and muslins, either from her insurmountable passion for finery, or because the poverty of her wardrobe will not allow her the necessary change of suits.

In the out-skirts of the town, our inquisitive observer may be witness to an odd assemblage of character and situations. He will find a few who desire to live, and deserve to live, and are so fortunate as to succeed; many who would live and cannot; numbers who might live and will not; and greater numbers who do live, and do not deserve it.

He will often discern numbers in silent want and sickness privately struggling with woe, whilst imposture intercepts the plenteous streams of mercy, which would otherwise gladden their hearts! He will remark with a mixture of pity and indignation the cruel policy of the times, which sets open such multitudes of houses for the purposes of intoxication and riot; and thus debauches the morals of the people, in order to increase the public revenues! To this cause will he principally attribute the frequent sight of insolence in rags; of spirits grown uncontrollable by being lost to every sense of decency; of men reduced to the lowest ebb of wretchedness, even so as no longer to feel their own misery; and terminating their worthless existence by falling victims to the laws, through crimes of which the laws themselves have been the parents, the nurses, and the guardians.

By the river side he will contemplate the sons of Neptune. He will see an impetuous race, equally ready for great and noble exploits, or for riot and confusion, as the most trivial circumstances shall decide; he will find them generous, because thoughtless and imprudent; brutal, because they are themselves hardy; and courageous, because they are ignorant of danger; in the same persons he may witness instances of the most exalted virtue and heroism, mixed with the vices of a ruffian.

He may sometimes behold a city mob doing wrong, in order to rectify abuses; sallying forth to revenge real or imaginary evils, and committing still greater in the attempt; meaning well, and actuated by right principles in the first instance, but in the next degenerating into a lawless banditti; hissing, hallooing, pelting, or leading in triumph, a prince or a beggar, according to their ideas of merit or demerit; but changing these ideas with every wind that blows.

If curiosity or commiseration shall induce him to visit the numerous prisons, he will see places intended for schools of reformation become nurseries of vice; he will observe men rendered tenfold more daring and experienced in iniquity by their punishments; lost to every sense of shame, except that of having any remaining virtues; and familiarized to ignominious deaths, until they placidly contemplate them as natural events.

To conclude our observations on London, should our speculative, chance to be at the same time a practical philosopher, he will retire with due expedition from a place where, although there is so much to learn, there is so little to please. But if destiny should oblige him to take up his residence there, he will make the best of the matter; prudently enjoy all the advantages the town affords; convert his knowledge of mankind, if possible, to their use, and judging with Horace,

Stultus uterque locum immeritum causatur iniquè;
In culpa est animus.—Lib. i. Epist. xiv.

"Fools only, fault with places find;
"The fault is solely in the mind."

He will seek happiness within himself, by the practice of virtue, and the pursuit of useful science; which, fortunately for man, require no particular soil of town or country, but will grow and flourish equally well wherever they are properly cultivated.

T.

THE FIRST PLAY-BILL ISSUED FROM DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

By His Majesty's Company of Comedians,
At the new Theatre in Drury-lane,
This day, being Thursday, April 8th, 1663,
Will be acted, a Comedy called
THE HVMOVROVS LIEVTENANT.

The King.....Mr. Wintersel.
Demetrivs.....Mr. Hart.
Selevcvs.....Mr. Bvrt.
Leontivs.....Major Mohvn.
Lievtenant.....Mr. Clvn.
Celia.....Mrs. Marshall.

The play will begin at three o'clock exactly.
Boxes 4s. Pitt 2s. 6d. Middle-Gallery 1s. 6d.
Upper-Gallery 1s.

Govent-Garden Theatre opened in the year 1732, with "*The Way of the World*," under Rich. Admittance to the Boxes 5s.

FAMILIAR LECTURES ON USEFUL SCIENCES.

THE CULINARY SYSTEM.

[*Continued from Page* 213].

THE price of starch depends upon that of flour; the best will keep good in a dry warm room for some years; therefore when bread is cheap it may be bought to advantage, and covered close.

Pickles and sweetmeats should be preserved from air; where the former are much used, small jars of each should be taken from the stock jar, to prevent frequent opening.

Some of the lemons and oranges used for juice should be pared first to preserve the peel dry: some should be halved, and when squeezed, the pulp cut out, and the outsides dried for grating. If for boiling in any liquid, the first way is best. When these fruits are cheap, a proper quantity should be bought, and prepared as hereafter directed, especially by those who live in the country, where they cannot always be had; and they are perpetually wanted in cookery.

When whites of eggs are used for jelly, or other purposes, contrive to have pudding, custard, &c. to employ the yolks also. Should you not want them for several hours, beat them up with a little water, and put them in a cool place, or they will be hardened and useless. It was a mistake of old, to think that the whites made cakes and puddings heavy; on the contrary, if beaten long and separately, they contribute greatly to give lightness, are an advantage to paste, and make a pretty dish beaten with fruit, to set in cream, &c.

If copper utensils be used in the kitchen, the cook should be charged to be careful not to let the tin be rubbed off; and to have them fresh done when the least defect appears, and never to put by any soup, gravy, &c. in them, or any metal utensil; stone and earthen utensils should be provided for those purposes, as likewise plenty of common dishes, that the table set may not be used to put by cold meat.

Vegetables soon sour, and corrode metals and glazed red ware, by which a strong poison is produced.

Vinegar by its acidity does the same, the glazing being of lead or arsenic.

In hot weather, when it is difficult to preserve milk from becoming sour, and spoiling the cream, it may be kept perfectly sweet by scalding the new milk very gently, without boiling, and setting it by in the earthen dish or pan that it is done in. This method is pursued in Devonshire, and the milk is not skimmed under twenty-four hours, and would equally answer in small quantities for coffee, tea, &c.

Cream already skimmed may be kept twenty-four hours if scalded without sugar, and by adding to it as much powdered lump-sugar as shall make it pretty sweet, will be good two days, keeping it in a cold place. Syrup of cream may be preserved as above in the proportion of a pound and a quarter of sugar to a pint of perfectly fresh cream, keep it in a cool place two or three hours; then put it in one or two ounce phials, and cork it close. It will keep good thus for several weeks, and will be found very useful on voyages.

To cool liquors in hot weather, dip a cloth in cold water, and wrap it round the bottle two or three times, then place it in the sun; renew the process once or twice.

The best way of scalding fruits, or boiling vinegar, is in a stone jar on a hot iron hearth, or by putting the vessel into a saucepan of water, called a water-bath.

The beautiful green given to pickles formerly was made by the use of bell-metal, brass, or copper, and consequently very injurious to the stomach.

If chocolate, coffee, jelly, gruel, bark, &c. be suffered to boil over, the strength is lost.

Marbles boiled in custard, or any thing likely to burn, will, by shaking them in the saucepan, prevent it.

Gravies or soups, put by, should be daily changed into fresh scalded pans. When there is fear of gravy-meat being spoiled before it be wanted, season it well, and lightly fry it, which will preserve it two days longer; but the gravy is best when the juices are fresh.

The cook should be encouraged to be careful of coals and cinders: for the latter there is a new contrivance to sift, without dispersing the dust of the ashes, by means of a covered tin bucket.

Small coal wetted makes the strongest fire for the back, but must remain untouched until it cake. Cinders, lightly wet, give a great degree of heat, and are better than coal for furnaces, ironing stoves, and ovens.

[*To be continued.*]

EATING.

[*Concluded from Page* 368.]

A Boy, who had crammed himself as much as he could at a grand dinner, fell a crying. He was asked what made him do so. I can't eat a bit more, said the boy.—Well, then, fill your pockets, whispered his neighbour.—I have, replied the child.

RECEIPT TO BOIL A LEG OF MUTTON.

The leg of mutton is to be closely wrapt up in a clean white napkin. The water in the kettle must boil with great bubbles before the mutton is put in, and continue in a state of ebullition. The leg should boil as many quarters of an hour as it weighs pounds, and one quarter more, if it is intended to remain sanguineous; but if it is required to be thoroughly done, then it must be kept in the boiler two quarters more.

RECEIPT TO ROAST A SIRLOIN OF BEEF.

The sirloin must be sent to the tallow-chandler; and when the tallow is ready to boil, is to be dropped, by means of a string, into the caldron, and left there till parboiled. It must then be taken out to drain dry, and hung up in a cool place, in order that the tallow, when cold, may form a wrapper of crust, all round the loin.—When it is required to be roasted, spit it and place it before a clear fire, which will cause the tallow to melt and drop into the dripping-pan; but the meat is not to be basted with it.

This tallow having penetrated into all the pores of the loin, has prevented the juice from running out; so that when it is enough done, served up at table, and then cut in thin slices, it yields gravy in such abundance, as to appear like an inundation.

A preserver *(une garantie)* is a breadth of more or less ells of that very thick and coarse woollen cloth which was formerly used for the clothing or habits of the Capuchin friars. The breadth is about three-quarters: all along the list, small hooks are fastened at a foot distance from each other, which catch into pins with eyes, fixed to the backs of all the chairs in the drawing-room. When the guests are seated, the preserver is fastened; and, surrounding the back of all their chairs, and falling quite down to the floor, intercepts all the cold winds, and keeps their legs completely warm.

It is surprising that this cheap and simple method of remaining warm, or at least, not suffering from cold, during the repast, is not universally adopted. It was well known to the gormandizers of the last age, who never met at meals without being enclosed in a preserver; which, cherishing under the table a gentle and natural warmth, enabled them to digest their food properly, which cannot be done if the legs are cold. As to the feet, they are placed on a carpet, which remains, or ought to remain, nine months in the year, on the floor of the dining-room.

A preserver is, therefore, a necessary as well as economical piece of furniture; for it supplies the want of fire, when the cold is not very rigorous, although sufficient to make the legs uncomfortable without such a substitute.

It has been objected, that the guests are in some measure prisoners, because they cannot leave the table whilst the preserver encompasses them, and the whole must be taken off to let a single guest depart. But, as a well-bred guest never thinks of quitting the table without the rest of the company, and that the cases which may compel him to this incivility are extremely rare, we do no think the objection important enough to forego the good which a preserver does to the legs and the stomach.

As to the *amphitryon*, or master of the house, who from the duties of his place is sometimes obliged to rise and retire a few moments, as the preserver is always, both beginning and end, fastened to his chair, he can easily disengage himself, without disturbing the company.

There results from all these details, that the preserver ought to be in general use during two-thirds of the year in the dining-room of those *amphitryons* who wish their guests to enjoy every elegant comfort at their hospitable board.

A Mr. Beyer, to whom France owes the construction of the principal conductors *(Para-tonnerres)* in that empire, possesses one of the completest collections of electrical machines in Paris, in *la Rue de Clichy*, No. 33. His magnificent battery, of sixty feet in circumference, kills an

ox in a second of time. It is powerful enough to kill an elephant. An infinitely lesser shock kills the largest species of game, such as deer and hares; and a still slighter, all sorts of volatiles, as turkies, geese, &c.

As soon as the animal is put to death by these means, the flesh acquires a degree of tenderness which is really wonderful. There is no time to be lost in passing it from the electrical machine to the spit. This effect is more or less rapid, according to the season, the species, and above all, the size of the subject on which the operation was performed.

We invite all those persons who wish to have their poultry or pigeons made immediately tender and fit for the cook, to send them alive to Mr. Beyer. He will direct, for those who may desire it, electrical machines to be made, and disposed in such a manner as to make the flesh of their fowls, &c. soft and tender in the twinkling of an eye.

The foregoing narrative, of the sudden death of animals, and of the speedy mortification of their flesh, is taken from the second Almanack of the Gormands; and from the fourth, we have translated the following curious account of frogs as an aliment:—

Frogs are a very delicate kind of food, being light and wholesome, agreeing with every stomach, and equally suitable to the invalid and the robust gormandizer. But they are only in season in Lent, which is the period they are generally served up at the Parisian tables.

No other part is used but the thighs, which are eaten fried, or as a white fricassee, with pastry.

Sometimes broth is made with them, which is very wholesome and nourishing, and is given with success to consumptive persons.

There is now living at Riom, in Auvergne, a publican named Simon, who has a peculiar talent for dressing frogs. He does not make any secret of his method of cooking them, and fricassees them in presence of every person who wishes to see it: notwithstanding which, among all the cooks who have witnessed his proceedings, and who have imitated them exactly, not one has been able to catch his method, nor to make the frogs, as he does, so nicely crisp, that the bones cannot be distinguished.

Gormandizing travellers often turn twenty leagues out of their road to go to Riom, solely to eat frogs; and this is also one of the greatest treats to the inhabitants of that town.

What proves at once the goodness of this mess, and the impossibility of counterfeiting it, is, that its author has gained above two hundred thousand livres (about ten thousand pounds) by this trade, although he sells a dish, which contains three dozen of frogs, for a shilling; so that he must have sold above seven millions of frogs.

When a person has once tasted them, he thinks he can never eat enough; and as it is almost impossible they should cause an indigestion, the very salubrity of this aliment turns to the profit of the cook. He not only serves them up in his own house, but supplies many private families, and all the taverns in the town, and is not able to furnish enough for the consumption required.

His manner of preparing them is this. After having skinned the frog, and cast away all but the thighs, he throws them into cold water, which cleanses and whitens them; he then steeps them in whites of eggs, powders them with flour, and fries them. When in the dish, he squeezes a little lemon-juice over them, and sends them to table burning hot.

As every body may easily do the same, there is reason to believe that the exquisite quality of M. Simon's frogs, proceeds much more from the manner in which he feeds them, than from his way of dressing them. No one knows of what that food consists: this is a mystery which he has never been willing to discover. It is only known, that in his immense cellars there are a vast number of large tubs of water, filled with thousands of frogs, which, with their perpetual croaking, make a music which appears delightful to the gormandizers who are within hearing.—But M. Simon is the only one who enjoys it nearly; for he takes special care to lock himself in when he visits his boarders.

We have one important remark to make, which is, that although frogs, as we have already mentioned, are only in season in Lent, they are, with M. Simon, delicious all the year round, even in spawning time, which is so prejudicial to all aquatic animals.

Does this proceed from the food he gives them, or from some particular precautions? This is impossible to be known; and on this subject we have only leave to form conjectures.

We have now extracted the quintessence of these four Epicurean Calendars, and have only to add, that there is a fabric or manufacture of barley-sugar, in Paris, which, during ten months of the year, (excluding the two hot months,) boils daily, three or four times, thirty or forty pounds of sugar each time; and this prodigious consumption is to be attributed as much to its goodness as to its moderate price.

In the article of Guinea Fowls, (*Poules Pintades*), the author says, "The interesting *Cla-*

rissa Harlowe took great pleasure in feeding and taking care of these birds."

De Lolme, the Swiss author of a well-known work, on the *Constitution of England*, which was published in 1775, told the writer of this account, that he had gone purposely at midnight, after having just finished reading the interesting story of *Clarissa*, merely to look at the outside of the house where she is feigned to have died, at the corner of King-street, looking into Covent-Garden. It is at present an orange-shop.

It is remarkable that no mention is made of turtle.—We shall be obliged to any of our turtle-eating readers, if they will have the goodness to send us a particular description and account of the dressing the *callipash, callipee, green fat*, &c. in order to form a precious and acceptable article in the almanack for the ensuing year. Such account shall be translated and forwarded to the French editor, and honourable mention shall be made of the contributor, who will thus stand a fair chance of being immortalized in the next almanack.

FINE ARTS.

A LETTER ON LANDSCAPE-PAINTING.

FROM AN EMINENT ARTIST.

SIR

You are of opinion, that an account of the route I have pursued, to acquire so late in life some proficiency in the arts, might be both useful and interesting. How much it were to be wished that many artists had done so before me! What advantage should we derive from it, were we to find in the lives of painters a history of their art; the means by which they attained to excellence; their difficulties, and how they surmounted them; together with the observations they made during their progress to perfection. Their works would, perhaps, be less learned than those of profound connoisseurs, but they would contain many useful reflections, that occur to the artist in the exercise of his profession, which the mere critic can never have an opportunity of making. Thus, for example, the work which Lairesse began to write, after he had attained the highest degree of excellence, contains the most useful materials and things which none but a Lairesse could have observed with such accuracy, during his studies and those years in which he executed his best performances. How invaluable is the little work of Mengs, which furnishes more subjects for useful reflection than are to be found in ponderous folios! If as a philosopher he is sometimes obscure, yet his remarks as an artist are highly energetic and luminous; they manifest such a refined taste, such a spirit of observation and research, as can be expected only of the greatest artist of the present age.

But to return to myself: I am almost afraid to perform my promise. I fear I shall have nothing to say but what is of little importance. In this case, however, I shall only have troubled you with an insipid epistle, which may share the same fate as letters of that description generally experience: and for your own sake as well as mine you will not suffer it to be the only blemish in your work.

You know that I was never intended for an artist, and therefore, in my youth I had no inducement to cultivate the arts. Though I was continually occupied in daubing, yet these attempts were nothing more than childish amusement, without object or motive. The natural consequences were, that I could not make any progress, and I lost much of my inclination for the pursuit.—The beauties of nature and the correct imitations of that original made, nevertheless, the deepest impression on my mind: but my taste for the art was only an undefinable sensation, unconnected with the knowledge of its principles.—Hence I was led to prefer another mode of expressing my sentiments and the delight with which I contemplated the beauties of nature—a mode which requires less mechanical practice, but the same talents, the same sensibility, and the same attentive observation of her charms.

The daily opportunities I enjoyed of examining the valuable collection belonging to my late father-in-law* revived my passion for the arts;

* M. Henry Heidegger, who died in 1763, was from his youth an admirer and connoisseur of the liberal arts. His cabinet is one of the best in our native city, and contains the best engravings from the Flemish school, and likewise a complete collection of the first impression of Frey's work, consisting of the best copies that have yet appeared of the sublime productions of the Roman school.

and, in my thirtieth year, I formed the resolution of trying whether I could attain to such proficiency as would procure me reputation among artists and connoisseurs.

My inclination led me more particularly to landscape; and I employed myself assiduously in drawing: but the same obstacles, which so many others have met with, impeded my progress.—Nature is doubtless the best and the most perfect model. Thus I thought and resolved to draw after nature. But what difficulties had I not to encounter, because I had not sufficiently studied in the works of the best masters the different methods of expressing objects! I followed nature too closely, and found myself involved in minute details, which destroyed the effect of the whole; and I seldom caught the manner which, without being servile or laboured, preserves the true character of objects. My grounds were overloaded with complicated details, my trees were tame and not arranged in imposing masses, and the whole was too much broken by labour without taste. In a word, my eye was not yet accustomed to consider nature as a picture; I was yet ignorant of the method of adding, or of omitting what it is not in the power of art to express; but at length I found that it was necessary to form myself by the works of the best masters. Is not the error into which I fell, the fault of those ancient artists, who practised the art in its infancy, and consequently had no good models? They copied nature so closely, that the least important objects in their works are often finished with as much care as the most conspicuous. On this account their pictures want the effect they ought to possess. Later artists, observing these defects, endeavoured to avoid them, and made themselves acquainted with the principles of beauty, relating to disposition and variety, masses, light and shade, &c. It was therefore necessary to study after these, and to abridge my route as much as possible, I selected for models only the best and most distinguished performances of their kind. This careful selection of the best works ought to be made the first fundamental principle both by the master and the pupil. Mediocrity is the most prejudicial, and ought to be avoided more than very bad productions, whose defects are more striking. How much might not engravers contribute to the improvement of good taste, if they would endeavour to obtain the approbation of connoisseurs, as well by the judicious selection as by the execution of their performances. What a number of indifferent works that never deserved the labour of a day, have many of them multiplied and been dispersed in the world. Or is it not worth while to reflect a little to what purpose we shall apply the labour of so many months? It is a most pernicious loss of time in the instruction of young artists, to detain them with works of mediocrity. It is not thus that they will acquire a taste for what is really beautiful; the *mediocre* becomes supportable to them, and cherishes pride and conceit, because they find it easy to come up so nearly to their originals. Let a young artist study the heads of Raphael, and the sweet, insipid countenances of many of the moderns will become insupportable to him.—Let him, on the contrary, copy the works of many fashionable artists, and then delineate the Apollo or Antinous; he will transform them into common figures or bad dancers; and what is still worse, he will not be sensible how ill he has accomplished his task.

In my studies, I found it the best plan to go from one principal part to another. He who attempts to forward the whole together, certainly adopts the most laborious method; his attention is too much divided and must be fatigued by the numerous difficulties he meets with at once amid such a variety of objects. My first attempts were trees, and for my model I selected Waterloo, of whose works I found nearly a complete collection in the above-mentioned cabinet. The more I studied him, the more I discovered the true character of nature in his landscapes. I practised his manner till I could with facility express my own ideas. At the same time I did not neglect to consult other masters, who, though their manner was not that of a Waterloo, nevertheless imitated nature with success. I accustomed myself to work after Berghem and Swanefeld; and whenever I met with a tree, a trunk, a bush that particularly engaged my attention, I always made a more or less hasty sketch of it. By this mixed practice I acquired more facility of expression and more originality of style, than when I attached myself to Waterloo as my only model. I proceeded from one part to another. For rocks I chose the bold masses of Berghem and Salvator Rosa, and the drawings of Felix Meyer, Ermel, and Hackert, in which they have copied the true character of nature. For hills and grounds I took the luxuriant scenes and softly-fading distances of Lorrain; the gently-flowing slopes of Wouwerman, which, illuminated by a moderate light, are covered with a tender verdure, that too often, indeed, resembles velvet; and Waterloo, whose grounds are nature itself, so that in this particular he is very difficult to copy. For sandy or rocky grounds, with patches of grass, shrubs and underwood I preferred Berghem

I found my efforts much less laborious, when I again returned to the study of nature. I now knew in what originality of style consisted; I had learnt to observe a thousand objects in na-

ture which had before escaped me, and, with greater ease, to give expression in cases to which the principles of art will not apply. At first I had often sought in vain in my walks for objects for picturesque design; I now discover some at every step. I may often look in vain for a tree whose whole form is beautifully picturesque: but now that my eye is accustomed to it, I can find in a tree, otherwise of a bad figure, some individual part, some well-formed branch or mass of foliage, some particular portion of the trunk, which, if judiciously introduced, imparts truth and beauty to my works. A stone may furnish me with a model for the finest mass of rock; I can expose it to the sun in any point of view I please, and observe the most pleasing effects of light and shade, *chiaro oscuro* and reflection.—But in this mode of studying nature, I am obliged to be upon my guard not to suffer myself to be led away by a taste for singularity; but, on the contrary, to seek what is noble and simple, otherwise I may easily acquire an extravagant style, and overload my compositions with fantastic figures.

My studies from nature were neither laboured nor superficial, whether I designed small portions or whole views. The more interesting any part of my subject appears, the more I finish it on the spot. Many artists content themselves with borrowing from nature some grand idea in a hasty sketch, which they finish at some future time. But how? In the manner they have adopted; the truth and peculiar character of the objects are lost. This deficiency cannot be compensated either by the magic of colouring, or by the highest effect of light and shade. The spectator is enchanted, but only for a moment; the scrutinizing eye seeks truth and nature, but these are not to be found.

But when I wished to complete any subject I had taken from nature, and to make such additions as to form a picturesque whole; I found myself embarrassed, and often introduced factitious circumstances, which would not harmonize with the simplicity and truth of those parts which I had selected from nature. My landscapes wanted grandeur and harmony; the light was too much dispersed, and there was no great and striking effect. I was therefore obliged to study how to produce a more perfect whole.

I was particularly anxious to discover those artists, who appeared to me to excel with regard to ideas and the choice and disposition of their subjects. In the landscapes of Everdingen I found rural simplicity, even in scenes in which reigns the greatest variety; impetuous torrents, craggy rocks thickly overgrown with bushes, where contented poverty has constructed its simple abode. All his works display boldness, taste and originality; but for rocks it is necessary to have a superior model, and such a one is Dietrich. His productions of this kind are of such excellence, that we are ready to take them for performances of Everdingen, in which he has surpassed himself. I admired Swanefeld's noble ideas, which are executed with such effect, and the reflected lights that fall on his vast masses of shade; the daring genius of Salvator Rosa, and the boldness of Rubens in the selection of his subjects. These and several others I now studied for a whole, as it was my principal object, to impress my imagination with the true sublimity of their style. At length, I began to attach myself exclusively to the two Poussins and Claude Lorrain. In these I found real greatness; not a servile imitation of nature, but a selection of the most beautiful objects she affords. In the Poussins a poetic genius unites all that is great and noble; they carry us back to those times, for which history and poetry fill us with veneration, and transport us into countries, where nature is not wild but varied and luxuriant, and where, under the happiest climate, every vegetable production arrives at the utmost perfection. Their buildings are in the beautifully simple style of ancient architecture, and their inhabitants possess all that dignity which our imagination, warmed by their great actions, attribute to the Greeks and Romans.—An air of loveliness and content pervades all the scenes which Lorrain's pencil has created; they excite in us that rapture and those tranquil emotions, with which we contemplate the beauties of nature. They are rich without wildness and confusion; though diversified they every where breathe mildness and tranquillity. His landscapes are views of a happy land, that lavishes abundance on its inhabitants, under a sky, beneath which every thing flourishes in healthy luxuriance. [*To be continued.*]

POETRY,

ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

AN ADDRESS TO THE ROBIN RED-BREAST.

BY PETER PINDAR, ESQ.

SWEET warbler, thy song on the thorn
Inspires me each day with delight,
I hear thy soft carol to morn,
And thy minstrelsy charms me at night.

But the blossoms of summer must fade,
And thy beak will be robb'd of its fruit;
The groves will deny thee a shade,
And with sorrow thy voice will be mute.

I mark thee forlorn in the wood,
All leafless, a tear in thine eye;
I see thee a stranger to food,
And knowing not whither to fly.

Then wing thee to Rosalind's bow'r,
Whose song is a rival to thine;
Her goodness will gild the dark hour,
For the virtues in Rosalind shine.

Thou wilt gather the crumbs from her hand,
And shake from thy pinions the snows;
Thy wish will her myrtles command,
To yield thee from storms a repose.

How chang'd then thy fate and the scene!
When her green-house resounds with thy lay;
Unruffled by winter's stern reign,
Forgetting the sunshine of May.

VERSES

Written by a Lady, to whom a Gentleman had sent a present of a pair of fashionable Garters, in which was woven, as a motto, the charge given to the men just before the battle of Trafalgar —"England expects every man will do his duty."—HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE.

If once a single Garter could surprise,
And lure a courtly circle's wond'ring eyes,
Could draw from Majesty a royal charter,
And cause an institution of the Garter:
If such high honours were, as said to be,
Shown to a lady's ribbon from her knee;
What! ought not I a grateful sense to show?
If, fast as thought, the power of words could flow.
But, since nor words nor language can impart,
My vast susceptibility of heart,
Permit me just to say, respecting charters,
I reverence most *your* Order of the Garters.

THE ROLLING YEAR.

LINES ADDRESSED TO A LADY.

PENSIVE I sat, with melancholy fear,
To watch the movements of the rolling year,
And from my eye did gently fall a tear
For Sarah.

Ah, cruel girl! to steal my heart away,
And leave the spot where oft' I wish'd to stay,
The brightest object of the fairest day,
My Sarah.

The curling lock, thy lovely sparkling eye,
Thy look so cheerful as the morning sky—
Ah! happy place, when thou art nigh,
My Sarah.

Thy heart so gen'rous, kind, and free,
And glowing with sweet piety—
Oh! deign once more to look on me,
My Sarah.

Could I but follow your retreat,
(The thought e'en makes my heart to beat,)
No hill nor dale should stop my feet
From Sarah.

Ah! why not tell me where you dwell?
There many a tale I would you tell,
And never more could say 'Farewell'
To Sarah.

My anxious breast heaves oft' a sigh—
Tell me, O friends! if she be nigh,
On wings of Love that I may fly
To Sarah.

But all is silent and serene—
She's gone!—and no more can be seen—
To village cot and pasture green—
My Sarah.

A heav'nly voice thrills thro' my ear—
"Be still, and watch the rolling year,
"She has a heart, and loves sincere"—
Ah, Sarah!

I will be still, and wait the day
Of her return, like blooming May,
And then I shall for ever say,
My Sarah.

A. M.

Somerset-House, August 23, 1806.

MOMENTS OF REFLECTION,

In the Hermitage of a Gentleman's Park, in Norfolk.

FRIENDS of my youth! as dear as ye are few,
And ye enchanting scenes!—romantic shades!
I yield me all to solitude, to you,
And not a meaner thought the dream invades.

The aweful silence of this dark retreat,
At times dispell'd by choral warblers' notes,
Where the wood-pigeon, melancholy sweet,
With thrush and black-bird tune their mellow throats.

Or breeze Æolian, whisp'ring in the grove,
Skimming the surface of the winding lake,
As gently rustling through each green alcove,
A sickly fancy might suggest it spake.

All ask thy pen, Oh Hammond! to diffuse
The glowing tenderness their sounds have lent,
As mem'ry's retrospective charm renews
Voluptuous hours with sweet associate spent.

But memory's pleasures ever mix with pain;
They not alone present existing friends,
But those who in their narrow mansions lain,
Heed not the tribute such remembrance sends.

The mystic characters my hand gave place,
(Oh, sacred name upon my heart imprest!)
On yonder bark some searching eye may trace,
When hand and heart with long lost kindred rest.

Then may yon fane, that rears its gilded spire,
Now imperceptible athwart the gloom,
Kindle in them, as animate desire,
Of future worth to meet a future doom.

May this lone Hermitage, (which now reminds
That time bears lightly in his rapid flight,
The day* that scatters to inconstant winds,
Licence of childhood for each vain delight.)

Amend the faulty, and maintain the good,
Dismiss an Anchoret in ev'ry guest,
With mind that, free from folly's blinding hood,
Excludes pale envy from th' admiring breast.

In cell surrounded by this rich domain,
I pray not fortune for a splendid gift,
If one sole point my constancy shall gain,
Let other mortals plod for worldly thrift.

The noble owner of this smiling plain,
Whose stores are ample as his bosom's warm,
Feels not more pleasure in the wide champaign,
Then I in pausing on each sep'rate charm.

Friends of my youth! I quit Elysian bow'rs
Without one sigh, I bid these haunts adieu;
For pass some quick-revolving round of hours,
And ev'ry step shall bring me nearer you!

G. A. G.

* In allusion to the writer's approaching majority.

STANZAS.

ON silver wings exultant borne,
See the midnight fairies glide,
A dew-drop wreath their locks adorn,
Reflected by the sleeping tide.

Now, o'er the dew bespangled lawn,
The splendid elfin circle move,
Glide o'er ripe fields of golden corn,
Or tell the fairy tale of love.

Or sportive chase some brilliant star
Swift shooting from its heav'n-bright sphere,
Or ride, 'midst elemental war,
Their fairy car on evening tear.

Or chase some comet's fiery form,
Whose flames night's shadow'y vale illume;
Or ride unhurt the light'ning storm
Or tend some sister fairy's tomb.

Or up the slanting moon-beams climb,
Or chase some meteor's rapid ray,
Till morning comes, "sweet hour of prime,"
And warns the Sylphed tribe away.

Kingsland. J. M.

IRREGULAR SONNET.

THE THEFT.

I STOLE a kiss!
A kiss, than incense sweeter, or the gale
That sighs, luxuriant, o'er the blossom'd vale,
Rifling nectareous dews! extatic bliss!
Not all the honey'd stores of balmy Spring,
Or Autumn bearing the replenish'd horn;—
Nor pleasures, of the bright-eyed Fancy born,
Which fleet across the brain on gilded wing,
And, ever as the faint ideas hold,
Diffuse their raptures o'er the charmed mind,
Can with such raptures all the feelings bind
As sweet affection's kiss!—then be not cold,
But, chaster than the mate-enamour'd dove,
Impart the sacred pledge, the bond of love.

C. L. C.

TO THE WATERFALL.

Is this the spot where, drunk with pleasure,
Beneath embow'ring shades I lay?
Is that the rock from whose brown summit
The streamlet dash'd its headlong way?

Ah see, where pour'd the limpid torrent
O'er stones and moss its foaming tide,
Now glistens bright a crystal column,
Depending from the tall cliff's side.

How dull the grove, stripp'd of its honours,
Where once beneath the darksome shade,
Among the gently-waving foliage
The zephyrs with the blossoms play'd.

How lovely gleam'd the dancing sun-beams,
The thick o'erarching boughs between,
On the soft moss, the stream, the flowers—
How dreary now—how chang'd the scene!

But soon again shall spring returning
With freshest verdure clothe each bow'r;
Again dissolve the ice-bound current,
And shed around its gladd'ning pow'r.

O then beneath your shades receive me,
Where free from care my hours may fly,
As, list'ning to the cascade's murmur,
Upon the mossy bank I lie.

Then shall the dark wood and the valley,
Th' enamell'd plain and breezy hill,
And ev'ry simple vernal flower
My heaving breast with transport fill.

Nor kings nor princes then I'll envy
As near the cool stream I recline;
And, while my senses swim in pleasure,
I quaff with glee the gen'rous wine:

Or when, beneath your shady bowers,
The Muses glowing themes inspire,
Whose streams shall, e'en in unborn ages,
Each breast with virtuous ardour fire.

THE HARP OF SORROW.

I GIVE my Harp to Sorrow's hand,
And she has ruled the chords so long,
They will not speak at my command,
They warble only to her song.

Of dear departed hours,
Too fondly loved to last,
The dew, the breath, the bloom of flowers,
That died untimely in the blast:

Of long, long years of future care
Till lingering Nature yields her breath;
And endless ages of despair
Beyond the judgment-day of death—

The weeping Minstrel sings;
And while her numbers flow,
My Spirit trembles thro' the strings,
And every note is full of woe.

Would Gladness move a sprightlier strain,
And wake this wild Harp's clearest tones;
The strings, impatient to complain,
Are dumb, or only utter moans.

And yet to sooth the mind
With luxury or grief,
The Soul, to suffering all resign'd,
In Sorrow's music feels relief.

Thus o'er the light Æolian lyre,
The winds of dark November stray,
Touch the quick nerve of every wire,
And on its magic pulses play;

Till all the air around,
Mysterious murmurs fill,
—A strange bewildering dream of sound,
Most heavenly sweet—yet mournful still.

O snatch the Harp from Sorrow's hand,
Hope! who has been a stranger long:—
O strike it with sublime command,
And be the Poet's Life thy song!

Of vanished troubles sing,
Of fears for ever fled,
Of flowers, that hear the voice of spring,
And burst and blossom from the dead

Of home, contentment, health, repose,
Serene delights, while years increase;
And weary life's triumphant close
In some calm sunset hour of peace;

Of bliss that reigns above,
Celestial May of Youth,
Unchanging as JEHOVAH'S love,
And everlasting as his truth;—

Sing heavenly Hope!—and dart thine hand
O'er my frail Harp, untuned so long;
That Harp shall breathe, at thy command,
Immortal sweetness thro' thy song.

Ah! then this gloom controul,
And at thy voice shall start
A new Creation in my soul,
And a new Eden in my heart!

RETROSPECT OF POLITICS

FOR OCTOBER, 1806.

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC.

THE FOURTH COALITION.

ITS PROBABLE EVENTS AND CONSEQUENCES.

A Fourth Coalition has at length been formed against France. It cannot but be generally interesting to endeavour to collect its probable event. The present circumstances of Europe, and the coalasced Powers so nearly resemble those of the commencement of the year 1805, the period of the Third Coalition, that something may doubtless be deduced from the analogy.

To what were all the misfortunes of the Third Coalition to be imputed? To nothing but their errors. The first consideration in the present moment is to avail ourselves of our past experience, and, standing on the ground of knowledge so dearly purchased, to avoid a repetition of the same fatal faults.

The detail of the circumstances of the Third Coalition will answer two most important ends, that of exhibiting before our minds the causes and fatal effects of these errors, and by this historical analysis, enable us either to elude, or apply correctives to such of the same events, as from the similarity of circumstances may be expected again to occur.

The first cause of the disasters of the Third Coalition was the celerity of the motions on the part of Bonaparte, and the comparative tardiness on that of the Allies. The treaty of coalition was signed at Petersburgh about the end of April, 1805, but every motion was suspended till Novoziltzoff should return from his mission to Paris,—a mission upon which he had not at that time departed. The union was endeavoured to be concealed on the part of Russia and Austria under the pretext of an armed neutrality. Bonaparte, however, was not the dupe of this finesse. He replied to it with equal dexterity by collecting an immense army at Boulogne, under the pretext of invading England; whilst Novoziltzoff, therefore, was negociating, Bonaparte was acting,—collecting his army, and animating his people.

Let us recall to our minds this singular man during the months of July, August, and September, 1805.—Observe him not a moment inactive. In council, on the parade, at Paris, at Boulogne, at the Hague, every where almost at the same time, moving with the simplicity, and therefore all the unimpeded velocity of his natural character. By his impulse every thing is put in motion,—the *Moniteur* reasons, the Bishops preach, men of learning write, the Prefects address their several districts, public opinion is cherished and animated on all sides.—All France moves to Boulogne, and songs of anticipated triumph precede the march.

Let us return from this review to that of the allied cabinets. What are they doing all this time?—They are negotiating. Novoziltzoff is writing dispatches to and from Berlin, and referring to public law, which Bonaparte acknowledges about as much as the Tartar hordes themselves. In the cabinet of Vienna cabal, dissention, jealousy, disunion; every thing, in a word, which is contrary to simplicity, force, directness, and a confirmed purpose.

Thus was the comparative state of the preparation on the part of the coalesced Powers and France. Is it necessary to say, upon which side was the most promising appearance of a favourable result.

2. Let us hasten from this preparation to the commencement. The mission of Novoziltzoff failed, the French armies was collected, and the Allies saw that not a moment was to be lost. The march accordingly began,—let us see according to what plan, to what point, and with what concert.

In the first place, Austria was to concentrate herself in some strong point of her empire, behind the Inn, and there to wait the junction of the Russians who were marching through Moravia.

In the second place, the Russians were to march in three bodies or divisions, about 60,000 each,—the two divisions to the west of that which marched direct for the Inn, were to proceed by Prussia and Sweden, and endeavour to collect the forces of these two monarchs, of whose intentions the coalesced Powers made too certain. The union effected, they were all to march direct for the common point of junction. Suabia, Bavaria, and Franconia would thus have been the theatre of war.

In the first place, a strong army was to have been stationed in Italy, the *avante garde*, as it were, of the German army, and that which, in the event of any success, must have effectually completed the ruin of the French armies in Germany.

Such was the plan of the campaign. Was there any thing here to censure?—No; let justice be done to Mr. Pitt, it was a coalition worthy of

him and the Russian minister—It was great in every part, and had every human promise of success. But man contrives, and Heaven controuls.

3. In this manner, therefore, the armies marched. Now, indeed, commences the period of their errors. The Austrians, rendered timid in their councils by long misfortunes, still attempted to disguise their purpose, and resolution of hostility, when disguise was no longer possible; but, as leading to indecisive uncertain measures, was attended with the most extreme danger.—With this purpose, to prove to Bonaparte that they were unwilling to attack him, the Austrian cabinet delayed its negociation with Bavaria. Nothing was settled when the Austrian army arrived in the territories of this Electorate, and this Prince began to balance between two allies almost equally formidable. The tardiness of the negociation on the part of Bavaria, the high tone and severity of Austria with regard to that power, the evident intention of the Austrian cabinet to disregard her decision, and in any event to treat her as an enemy, added to the circumstance of the son of the Elector being at that time at Paris, prevailed, and this Prince connected himself with and declared for Bonaparte.

Here, therefore, was a most fatal error,—that of indisposing a Prince, whose interest might otherwise have induced him to become an ally, at least a neutral.

The first error led of necessity to a second. It was no longer possible to wait for the French behind the Inn, as had been previously concerted with the Court of Petersburgh. The Austrian armies, therefore, found it necessary to pass the Iser and the Lech, and advance towards Augsburgh and Dunavert, in the hope of sustaining the first shock of the French arms in Suabia.—They hastened therefore to the fatal spot, and employed themselves in securing defiles, and entrenching themselves in their positions. They calculated that Bonaparte could not reach them by the ordinary course of march till the Russians had joined them; they forgot, however, that this extrordinary man is not accustomed to do any thing in an ordinary manner. Here was their third error,—an error as to the character of their enemy; and a most fatal error did it prove.

4. Let us now look for Bonaparte.—On the first of October he entered Germany at the head of the French armies, and swept every thing before him. He approached the enemy,—Bernadotte was separated from him by the territory of Anspach. It was impossible to attack the Austrians unless united with Bernadotte. But was Bernadotte to march round the territory of Anspach, so as to effect the union without violating the territory of the King of Prussia? The Russians might arrive before the union was effected. What was to be done?—Bonaparte gave orders for an instant march across the territory of Anspach, and effected his union.

5. A fourth error was in the manner in which the Austrian army under Mack, when thus surprised, where they should doubtless have been prepared against every thing, received the French, in scattered parts and divisions, instead of entrenching themselves in one position, and suffering the French to exhaust themselves by repeated attacks. If Mack had held out in this manner, one of two events must have happened,—either that he would not have been subdued till the arrival of the Russian armies, or that the French armies, in subduing him, would have so exhausted themselves as to be unable to meet the fresh armies of the North. Mack, however, was a traitor, or a coward,—corrupted or panic struck. The French no sooner reached the scene of action than victory succeeded victory, to the ruin of the Austrian monarchy. Bonaparte had entered Germany on the 1st of October,—on the 2d he violated the territory of Anspach,—on the 3d he fought at Vetringen,—on the 7th he reached the Danube,—on the 9th he fought at Guntsburg,—and on the 11th at Memmingen. The Austrian forces met the French in detatchments, and were successively subdued by superiority of numbers. Perhaps the whole history of mankind cannot parallel the folly, the insanity of General Mack.

The event of the battle of Memmingen concluded the drama. Ulm fell of course. The Austrian army was annihilated, and Vienna exposed.

This detail will enable our readers to form a judgment of what may be expected to be the event of the present coalition, a coalition which has nearly all the force of the Third Coalition, without its principle of weakness.

The Third Coalition consisted of the five Powers of Europe, Austria, Russia, England, Sweden, and Naples. Austria is not indeed in the Fourth Coalition, but her place is occupied by a Power more strong, more compact, and what perhaps is still more than all, unbroken in spirit by the long habit of defeat.

There is still another consideration in favour of the Fourth Coalition,—if it be not assisted, it is at the same time not impeded by the Austrians. The Austrian cabinet contributed in no slight degree to the misfortunes of the Third Coalition, and the Russians gave up every thing to their decision. These things are all in favour of the Fourth Coalition; and if the resolution of Prussia continue (of this we are sorry to add that we entertain a considerable degree of doubt) some-may thing be expected.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS FOR OCTOBER.

COVENT-GARDEN.

ON Monday the 13th, the Tragedy of *Macbeth* was performed at this Theatre.

The *Macbeth* of Kemble, and the *Lady Macbeth* of Mrs. Siddons, have been so often repeated, that we have nothing to add upon the point of their performance of this boast of the English drama. But we cannot abstain from some remarks upon what is equally material to the perfect effect of this Tragedy, the little taste, or rather the absolute want of taste, in what regards the management of the Stage, and the propriety of mechanical apparatus.

It is one of the essential rules of the drama, as of painting, that the scenery should always have the same general characteristic as the fable and main action. This rule is undoubtedly wholly artificial, as nature, or rather fortune, does not always follow this propriety, and it is no uncommon thing in the varied incidents of life, to see misery amidst scenes of gaiety, and melancholy amidst general joy. But if the rule above mentioned be but an artifice, it is one of those artifices which the poet has a right to employ, and which, by the accumulation of similar images, all concuring to one effect, produce the most powerful emotion of the mind, and elevate simple astonishment, and imperfect wonder, to the full swell of the sublime and terrible.

In the stage management of *Macbeth* is a most glaring deficiency of this poetic propriety. The images of sublimity and horror belong not to light and meridian splendor. The proper field of the great and sublime is the field of darkness,—the barren, blasted heath,—the wide waste of night and desolation.

"Where Heav'n peeps through the blanket of the dark
"To cry—Hold, hold!"

Why then is the house more then usually lighted as the Witches come forward? Why do they come so forward, as if fearful of not being seen?

Is there any thing in Shakespeare, or in this noble Tragedy, more sublime, more truly an image of horror, than the Witches' cauldron? By what strange perversion of taste is it diminished into a carpenter's pitch kettle? In a word, why is the effect of this whole scene thus miserably marred? Why is it made as ridiculous on the stage as it is awful in the closet? Why is *Hecate* turned into an old mumbling termagant, and every Witch, young and old, rendered laboriously ridiculous? Shakespeare has indeed written his magic in vain, and with all the good sense and solid taste of an English audience, this scene, the best worked in the play, is scarcely endured. With the real taste of Mr. Kemble this is more than surprizing.

The afterpiece of *Robin Hood* was brought forward for the purpose of introducing Mr. Bellamy, from the Dublin Theatre, in the character of *Robin Hood*. This Gentleman possesses a fine *bass* voice, including at least two perfect octaves, equally distinguished by its strength and flexibility. We were at one time inclined to believe, from this circumstance, that his voice was a *barytone*, but it proved to be a *bass*, of larger compass than usual. In this line of characters, we doubt not that Mr. Bellamy, with the aid of a manly figure, and action more graceful than belongs to the general mass of singers, will render himself both useful and popular.

A young Lady of the name of Bolton, made her first appearance on Wednesday, the 15th, in the character of *Polly*, in the *Beggars' Opera*.—We never remember to have witnessed a more interesting appearance.—She was received with that kindness which the first introduction of youth and beauty always ensure, and in proportion as her merit developed itself, with a rapturous acclamation.

But it is chiefly as a singer that she must expect the continuance of her present reputation.—As a singer she delighted us beyond any actress for this long period—Her chief characteristic here, as in acting, is simplicity, and natural sweetness. She warbles her "native woodnotes wild" with a melody and effect which excited the surprise of the house.—The duet, "Were I laid on Greenland's coast," and "The Miser thus a shilling sees," she gave with equal harmony and natural feeling. In the duet, "How now, saucy jade," she wanted force,—this duet is not only out of the character of Miss Bolton, but of the general character of *Polly*—*Polly* is here confounded with *Lucy*.—The song, "Cease your funning," was intended by the Author, and is formed by the Composer, so as to be a direct burlesque on the bravuras of the Opera-House.—It required therefore a peculiar force, and science, which Miss Bolton does not as yet possess.

In every other part of the character she was all that we wished, and is beyond all possibility of dispute, with the exception of Mrs. Mountain, the best *Polly* on the stage. We think it but justice to say this.

Mr. Melvin, the new actor from York, has appeared twice in the character of *Walter* in *The*

Children in the Wood, without much awe from the reputation of Bannister, or fear of the censure of the critics.—Courage is commendable sometimes in its overthrow; but we fear that Mr. Melvin has nothing to soften his ill success from any degree of merit which he has shewn in the contest.

The part of *Walter* requires some analysis.—There is a distinction between a character well drawn, and a character which furnishes an opportunity for being well acted. The first requires a good writer, the other an excellent actor. On the part of the writer nothing more than a sketch is here necessary; the actor fills it up. It is a great help to the Comedy writers of the present day, that the actors are for the most part as excellent as the authors are absurd. An instance of this in the tragic drama is Kemble's *Octavian*, and perhaps his *Rolla*. In the comic line no example stands more prominent than Bannister's *Walter* in *The Children in the Wood*. A more naked insipid piece of dulness was never perhaps put to paper; a finer or more effective piece of acting was never witnessed on the stage. The genius of the actor here comes to the relief of the author; the author has simply to say, "Give me an honest carpenter," and the actor furnishes the rest.—It is the latter who imitates life, and, with real talent, gives to every character, and every mode of character, its proper traits; selecting those which have most effect, and rejecting others which might lessen its force, but in his selection, as in his rejection, still within nature. Bannister's *Jobson* is another illustration of this remark; except that *Jobson*, as written by Moliere, is almost pourtrayed with as much talent as it is acted.

It is in the part of *Walter* that Melvin appears in competition with Bannister. Melvin's *Walter* is a laborious and most unsuccessful effort; he has no nature, no feeling; every thing is acted, and even not acted according to a just idea. He twists, doubles, shrugs, &c; he is an antic all through; a character which is not natural in this nation, and that for the best reason in the world, because it is not rational. The common people of England may be characterised as a people of strong sense. Affectation alone makes antics; but affectation is not the vice of low or middling life. Melvin's *Walter* was perhaps the *Walter* of the Comedy,—a most insipid, feeble, insufferable piece of dulness. It excited no one emotion whatever; it only served to impress us with a sincere regret at the absence of Bannister from the other house.

DRURY LANE.

On Thursday the 16th was performed Reynolds's drama of *The Will*, for the purpose of introducing a lady of the name of Forbes, in the character of *Albina Mandeville*.

The character of this play, like every other of Mr. Reynolds's, is somewhat difficult to give; it is like those persons in common life, of whom all are unanimous in saying that they have no character at all. By long habit the taste of the town has been formed to these things, so that better would not be understood. It is a lamentable era in the public taste when it is thus corrupted; there is then little hope of any amendment, as all possible source of such amelioration is itself the channel of corruption.

Authors first corrupted the stage; the stage now corrupts authors.

To compare great things with small, something of this kind happened in the decline of Roman wit. A Seneca appeared who had excellence enough to recommend and introduce a bad taste; he was followed by others who had all his faults but little of his excellence; and this class was succeeded by a third, who had all his faults, and none of his merits. We do not here mean to compare Mr Reynolds to Seneca. We will not even put him in the second or even third class of corruptors; but "if in the lowest deep a lower still remains," we shall assign it as the fit station for this arch destroyer of sense and grammar. We certainly do not wish to see a religious inquisition adopted in literature; we will allow sects in wit as in faith; but where heresy rears so tremendous a head, we should be almost inclined to recommend the ancient application of the *faggot*, not indeed to the persons, but to the works of these authors.

Whilst we say this of the dramas of Mr. Reynolds and his cotemporaries, we think it but justice to add, that it is our opinion that he writes rather to please the town than to please himself; he doubtless laughs at his own comedies, and perhaps from another impulse than his audience.

Mrs. Forbes appeared in *Albina* in this play.—Her figure is graceful and interesting; and she seems to understand her business. The character has a good deal of effect, though nothing which can properly be said to resemble either nature or art; it has not the propriety of the one, or the skilfulness of the other. We remember it with pleasure in the hands of the inimitable Jordan,—Mrs. Forbes must be considered as a second to her.

FASHIONS

For NOVEMBER, 1806.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION.

ENGLISH COSTUME.

No. 1.—A Walking Dress.

A Walking Dress, of plain cambric muslin, with a simple wrap front, and frock back. A pelice of fawn-coloured sarsnet, trimmed all round with a mohair fringe, flowing open, but which is occasionally wrapped round the figure, as taste or inclination may direct. Mountain bonnets of natural straw, worn low on the forehead. Bow of fawn-coloured ribband on the left side, continued under the chin, and terminating there, with bows and ends. High shoes, and parasol of fawn-colour, with white fringe and bows. Limerick gloves.

No. 2.—An Evening Dress.

Plain clear muslin petticoat, with short train; worn over white sarsnet; bordered at the bottom, a little above the hem, in a Vandyke of shaded green *chenille*. A Spanish demi-robe of white satin, sloped in the form of a crescent behind and before, and terminating on each side in a point, from whence is suspended a tassel of *chenile*; the under waist, plaited in front, and a demi-wrap commencing on the right shoulder crosses the bosom, and terminates on the left side of the waist; worked backs, somewhat higher than usual; an under sleeve of white satin, embroidered at the edge, to correspond with the bottom of the dress; a muslin sleeve over, full at the bottom, and gathered into a pearl broach in the centre of the arm. Lace tucker to shade the bosom, quite straight. Flora cap of green velvet, with a flowing border of deep lace, caught up in front with a pearl ornament. Hair in crossed bands, with a few simple curls beneath, falling on one eyebrow. Pearl necklace, earrings, and bracelets. White satin shoes; and white kid gloves, above the elbow.

PARISIAN FIGURES.

No. 3.—Walking Dress.

A plain frock of French cambric, simply open, hemmed at the bottom; the bosom cut low, gathered into a narrow worked band, and buttoned down the back; full sleeve, gathered into two rows of puckered net, and tied at the back of the arm with pale pink ribband; a sash of the same colour fastened behind in small bows, with unequal ends, not exceeding one yard. Bonnet of white straw, *à la Pamela*, tied so close as nearly to conceal the chin; crown of pink figured sarsnet; a puffing of ribband round, and bow and ends in front. Hair in loose curls. Brown India shawl, checked with pink. Amber earrings, and broach. Brown kid high shoes, laced with pink cord. Tan-coloured gloves, fastened above the elbow with a puckered glove-top. Pink parasol.

No. 4.—Full Dress.

A white crape under dress, white satin over it, embroidered up the front and round the bottom with a border of tulips. A Circassian robe of lilac sarsnet, embroidered with the same, in natural colours; robin back, cut very low; sleeves of white satin, very full, with crape cuffs, embroidered in colours to correspond with the robe; plain round bosom, very low, with a simple tucker of plaited net, an erect plaiting of Vandyke lace, commencing from the edge of the shoulder, and continuing round the back. A white silk fringe round the bottom of the petticoat, and up the sides of the robe. Bandeau of laurel leaves in foil, round the temples and across the forehead, totally obscuring the flow of hair. Plain bands, however, are seen above, united in a bow on the top, and attached to a Jockey crown of white satin, ornamented with foil. Three curled ostrich feathers in front. Diamond necklace and earrings. Gloves, accidentally below the elbow. Shoes of white satin, with bows of silver embossed ribband. Fan of white crape, ornamented in natural flowers of foil.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON THE FASHIONS.

ALTHOUGH we have seldom witnessed a more delightful autumn, yet the severity of the air has worked a sensible change in the face of nature. The foliage has for some weeks past assumed its robe of various hues. Withering leaves sigh in the eastern blast, and rattle in dreary dissonance through the deserted walks. Trees, shrubs and flowers, yield to Nature's resistless mandate, and gradually sink into their annual rest, while her votaries are cheered with the pleasing thought that

"Another May, new buds and sweets shall bring,"

and the spring of nature be wafted back on the wings of time.

While these changes take place in the vegetable kingdom, the more animated part of creation shone in the general metamorphose. The chilly autumnal gales, the partial and enfeebled sun-beams have obliged our fair country-women to discard the outward vestment of texture fine, and fabrick clear; and the form is now wrapt in the chaste pelice, or sheltered by fur tippets, mohair shawls and cloaks, and spencers of diversified forms.

The Spanish pelice, and Tuscan robe of fawn-coloured sarsnet, is admired for its novel and graceful appearance. Sarsnet bonnets of the same, trimmed with Turkish ribband or swansdown. The form *a la provencale*, or, the double arch front. These, with black chip, and a few fancy straw intermingled with velvet, will be considered as most fashionable till the winter standard of taste shall be established.

The Persian cravat is a new and distinguishing covering for the throat; it is formed of muslin half-yard wide and two long, worked all round in a rich border of embroidery, and lined throughout with coloured sarsnet. It is simply tied once round the throat, and the ends are left loose. When the spencer or pelice is made without a scarf, this cravat, worn on the outside, has a very good effect.

The Circassian robe of fawn-coloured muslin, flowing loose from the shoulders, trimmed with a broad Turkish ribband, and exhibiting a chemizette, and petticoat of white satin, is very elegant for an evening dress. Coloured muslin dresses (chiefly brown), of various forms, are very universal. They are occasionally trimmed with Vandyke lace, silver fringe, and swansdown.—Frocks of plain crape muslin are most simply elegant. They are worn over white satin slips, and a white satin ribband is tied flat round the bottom, at the edge of which is a deep lace, put on nearly plain. A few of our *haut ton*, distinguished for youth and beauty, have adopted the short frock of French cambric, with high tucker, and trowsers of the same texture, edged with lace. This dress is, however, much too singular to be general.

At a splendid *dejeuné*, given lately at Margate, a new-made bride, of rank and beauty, appeared in a new and elegant Grecian wrap; the drapery of which fell full from the left shoulder, crossing the figure, and finishing on the contrary side at the edge or the train; it was then regularly festooned, at the distances of a quarter of a yard, with bands of pearl, till it reached its commencement. It is impossible to give a full idea of the chastity and elegance of this habiliment.

The backs of dress gowns are worn rather higher of late. The bosoms (if of plain muslin) plaited small, are formed of alternate rows of white satin ribband, and footing lace of equal widths. The sleeves various, either plain as a frock, full *à la Spanish*, or festooned *à la Circassian*, but still very short. The long sleeve continues very general, but we never wish to see it on young women in full dress. We neither expect nor hope to witness the decline of that becoming covering called the shirt-kerchief. It is still as universal as we ever remember it; but the double trimming of fine muslin *a la corkscrew*, and the ruff of moderate dimensions, *à la Queen Elizabeth*, either plaited or quilled, either plain, or in Vandykes of lace or muslin, are happily substituted for the masculine collars of antecedent adoption. In dress, the robe is made so high in the bosom as seldom to require any other covering. In a full form, however, we recommend a lace laid flat, or the round tucker of embroidery. Coloured embroidered borders on plain muslin, together with foil, or bugle trimmings, are often adopted by those families whose fortunes, rank, and frequent assemblage with the great and the gay, warrant and render necessary, a versatility of attire. We are concerned to notice the decline of the ever graceful veil. The hair is now so much compressed as to render the head rather unproportionably small. We observe, however, with pleasure, the fall of those weighty, graceless, and unnatural bows of hair which sometime since gave so heavy and cumbrous an appearance to that intellectual part, unworthy of the taste and genius which often reigned within; but the loose flowing tresses, redundant in beauty, who but must admire. The braids and bands which now encircle the temples have rather too pedantic an effect. Let a few simple curls flow beneath, and above the bands on the opposite side, and with the small embroidered half square of lace, now much adopted, the external will excel in elegance, and best tally with internal grace. We have little to ob-

serve as to the fashion of trinkets since our last communication. The Maltese crop, broach, and diadem, continue as distinguishing ornaments. Diamonds and pearls can never be considered a vulgar decoration. The latter, for the neck, is formed in the stripe laurel-leaves, linked together with small chains of the same. The bracelet is worn on the outside of the glove. The necklace of mocho-stone, set in wrought gold, is now held in esteem; and broaches, of various precious minerals, are variously applied. The cestus, and clasp, are fast reviving. Bouquets, it is thought, will be generally adopted during the winter. The Parisian females wear at this time two drooping roses; an emblem, we trust, of revolutionary decline. The hunter's cap has made its *entrée* within this last month: it is of velvet, of the pheasant brown, and decorated with feathers, termed the partridge plume.

LETTER ON DRESS.

MATILDA TO CAROLINE.

MY DEAR CAROLINE,

ALTHOUGH the subject which forms the chief of my literary commune is not exactly congenial with my feelings, yet is my task not wholly void of interest; and I candidly confess, that so grateful a heart as Caroline's deserves to be indulged in all its innocent propensities. While Caroline so studiously endeavours to "set off what is already best," can she lay her hand on her heart, and affirm that her motives are always innocent? Alas! I fear, many neighbouring swains bear testimony to the contrary; and that the jealous whispers of many a cotemporary Miss, has made you pay the tribute exacted from superiority of taste and beauty.

I am going to furnish you with a few auxiliary weapons; by which means, I shall, in some degree, stand amenable to my conscience for the bleeding hearts which may be sacrificed at the shrine of your vanity. Jesting apart!—Now that I am about to be abundantly indulgent, in devoting to your service a whole morning, it is but justice that my filagree subject be relieved with a little sound logic and salutary advice. It is all very natural for a handsome woman to honour the bounteous gifts of nature by well-chosen, well-adapted, ornaments; but who does not know, that a superabundant decoration, like an over-strained representation, or a too copious definition, destroys the effect; and the substance of nature and truth is lost in the torturing maze of art.

Pardon me, dear Caroline, if I moralize! for since I am requested to direct your taste towards selecting a becoming covering for the body, it would be unpardonable where I not occasionally to point at those more important ornaments which should adorn the mind; for without good sense, beauty has but a weather-cock influence—destitute of good humour, wit becomes offensive—without decorum, mirth is folly—and without modesty, fashion exposes and ensnares; and superior advantages subject us to tenfold dangers.

Since my last address, I have been wandering from one gay scene to another. I have been at Margate, at Brighton, at Worthing, at the grand *fetes* of Lord L——; at the *dejeunés* of Sir F. M——; on summer excursions, directed by the whim of the moment; and at stately parties, preceded by a fashionable notice of three weeks.

I address this to you from Portman-square, where we arrived three days since. Two of the mornings have been fully occupied in shopping with my fair hostess, who accompanied her Lord to town for the express purpose of procuring a sort of interregnum for her wardrobe. By describing what this elegant friend has selected, you will be best informed of that which is considered most stylish amidst the endless variety which is offered to our view. A fawn-coloured pelice of twill sarsnet, lined with white, made to set close to the throat, with a high collar of reversed gathers. It wraps tight round the figure; and at the back of the collar is fastened a width of the same sarsnet, three yards long, which falls over each shoulder in the form of the canonical scarfs worn by our divines, except that the ends are gathered into a silk tassel of the same colour. Many are trimmed with Turkish ribbands to correspond, but Lady Louisa wears her's quite plain. Spencers are made in the same form; and from their somewhat novel appearance, are esteemed graceful and consistent. So partial a covering must, however, soon be relinquished for one of more universal warmth. The Spanish cloak, of velvet, with spencer waist, trimmed with swansdown, is a most elegant appendage; but is only adapted for those favoured females on whom fortune has bestowed the luxury of a carriage.

But, to proceed, and give you a description of Lady Louisa's very pretty, very little, and very fantastical cousin. Fashion (I have somewhat tritely remarked) is very versatile; and this honourable little article of Parisian mould seems her favourite child. She is like a sprig of mignionette in June—sweet, fresh, delicate, and fair; bending to the murmur of every passing zephyr, and coquetting with every bee and butterfly that flutters in her court. Singularity, with this little witch, is the order of the day. It must be allowed she has so much symmetry and

beauty, it were impossible to disguise her. She is in her nineteenth year; and yet possesses all that sense of her attractions which is sometimes found in handsome women of a more advanced period. She is all *naiveté* in appearance and effect, and all design in execution. It requires some portion of Lavater's skill and observation to acquaint yourself with her real character; her thirst for admiration and popularity, induces a singularity of costume which needs not the aid of beauty to arrest attention.

She came over to us, while at Windsor, on a beautiful Arabian horse, attended by two outriders; and wore a pale fawn-coloured habit; the jacket of which was precisely that of a boy's second suit, on his commencing the masculine character. Her trencher-hat was of black beaver; and her exuberant hair was turned under it without a comb, and appeared in irregular and dishevelled curls on her forehead. She threw off her hat with an air of involuntary simplicity, on entering the drawing-room, and down fell her redundant tresses of bright black, which reached half a yard below her waist; and she sprung on the neck of my friend with all the apparent energy of native tenderness. The next morning several gentlemen breakfasted with Lord D——, and this singular *she* made her *entrée* amidst the group, in a frock of French cambric, scarcely reaching below the calf of her leg; with trowsers of the same, at the bottom of which was a broad French lace, whose transparent texture exhibited clearly to view the beautiful ankle they affected to shade. Her hair was confined under a foundling cap, she wore a sandal of lemon-coloured kid, and her whole contour gave you the idea of a full grown cherub. Her evening dress was generally a plain clear muslin frock, above the ankle, with a lace falling from beneath the hem at the bottom, and worn over a slip of undressed white satin, a plain sleeve entirely formed of lace. The back and shoulders exposed, and only a drawn tucker of narrow lace shaded a small yet full and beautifully formed bosom. Her slippers were of white satin, with an elastic sole; her sash of the same; and her open-wove stocking was of a cream colour. She wore her hair without a single ornament, braided on one side, and fastened with a plain comb, and flowing in loose curls on the other. Her earrings were a single pearl, the size of a large pea; and her necklace one row of a smaller size, through which, when conversing, she twisted (as if by accident) the rosy tips of her white and taper fingers. She danced with the graceful agility of youth and ease, more captivating than the highest scientific execution; and though studious of admiration, she seemed unconscious and indifferent. I have seldom seen so finished a coquette, and never in so diminutive a creature such attractive loveliness.

Are you tired of your white dresses? if so, border them with the Turkish ribband which accompanies this. If that will not satisfy, purchace a fawn-coloured muslin, and let the sleeves, bosom, and bottom, be ornamented with this article. Let the sleeve be formed in a plain wrap, to meet the seam of the back, or turned up in a cuff of Vandyke form, or a full sleeve gathered into a broach in the centre of the arm. Should all this (however fashionable) be too gay, let a thread of Vandyke supply its place, or a narrow trimming of swansdown. The Parisian ladies wear the backs of their gowns lower than ever, even to a striking degree; but our English *belles* have very politically advanced theirs within these last three weeks. Surely the compressed shoulders, and consequently distorted back, must exhibit a most uninteresting spectacle. To some gowns are placed a small cape, to others a moderate ruff of the nature of those worn by Queen Elizabeth. Wear broaches as much as you please; not only for the neck of your shirt, and bosom of your robe, but one of a larger kind, to fasten your pelice at the knee, when the weather is such as to permit its being thrown open at the bosom. Choose your hat, for a fortnight to come, of brown twill sarsnet, or fawn-colour; ornamented with Turkish ribband of the same, in colours, or with swansdown. Your shoes and gloves should be kid, or velvet, of the same. Wear your morning dresses very high, but no collar.

Adieu, *ma chere amie*; I can write no more. For what I have omitted I refer you to the *Dictionary of Taste*, which accompanies this.—Good night,—the curtains of my eyes are closing; I go to my dear peaceful couch, from which nothing but death or a dun can remove me; who after several months' residence in the gay world, dread neither the one or the other. Dear, dear pillow! I long to converse with thee. Good night, once more, monopolizing Caroline! take the last efforts of your exhausted, yet faithful

MATILDA.

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