"Greatness of mind, and nobleness, their seat
    "In her build loveliest."

Milton.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the British Lady's Magazine.

LADY JANE GRAY.

We have thought that we could not please our readers better than by offering to them, in the present number, a portrait of the Lady Jane Gray—a name placed above all epithets of admiration and respect. We give it as the continuation of the series we commenced in April last of the portraits of eminent women of Great Britain, which will occasionally include living characters; but all must be aware of the many difficulties to be encountered in procuring them among that sex (we say it honestly and without flattery) whose native and retiring diffidence prevents even some of its greatest ornaments from thus gratifying their friends and admirers. As the nature and respectability of our miscellany becomes better known and understood, we trust that a part, at least, of the objections now existing will be removed.

We have little now to add to the interesting memoir of Lady Jane Gray, inserted in our first number for January, to which we refer our readers. It contains all the facts relating to the exemplary life and melancholy death of this unhappy queen. In the same number is also given an account and extracts of the curious proclamation issued by the Dukes of Suffolk and Northumber-

land, in the name of Queen Jane, in 1553, the original of which is found only in the British Museum.

It is not, we believe, generally known that so widely spread was the fame of the profound learning and Protestant zeal of Lady Jane Gray, that she held correspondence in Latin with some of the chief reformers abroad, and, among others, with the celebrated Bullinger, the successor of Zuingleus, at Zurich in Switzerland. Her letters are still preserved in the public library of the canton with great care; and a friend of our's, who lately had an opportunity of copying several of them, says that the latinity is most pure and beautiful, and the subject treated in a manner to become the language employed.

There is a pamphlet in the British Museum, among the papers of the Earl of Oxford, published in the 16th century, under the following title—"Some account of the Lady Jane Grey, daughter to the Duke of Suffolk, particularly before her death; together with four papers written with her own hand: viz. 1, An admonition to such as are weak in faith, &c.; 2, a conference between her and Mr. Feckenham, in the Tower, a little before her death; 3, an exhortation to her sister, Lady Katherine; 4, her words at her death."

S E
The two first of these are wholly religious; the third is given in Sir E. Brydge’s “Restituta,” vol. 1, p. 231; and from the last we make the following curious extract. It is entitled “The Lady Jane Dudley’s words upon the scaffold before her death.”

“My lords and good Christian people which come to see me die; I am under a law, and by that law, as a never erring judge, am condemned to die, not for any thing I have offended the queen’s majesty; for I will wash my hands guiltless thereof, &nd deliver to my God a soul as pure from such trespass as innocence from injustice; but only for that I consented to the thing I was enforced to, constraint making the law believe I did that which I never understood. I have offended God in that I have followed too much the pleasures of this wretched world, neither have I lived according to the knowledge God hath given me; for which cause God hath appointed to me this kind of death, and that most worthily according to my deserts.”

It is no hyperbole to apply the following glorious passage in Milton’s “Comus” to Lady Jane Grey, the work of whose immortality may be said to have begun before her death. The poet is speaking of a female of unblemished purity.

A thousand liveried angels lackey her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
And in clear dream and solemn vision
Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear!
Till oft converse with heavenly habitants
Begin to cast a beam on th’ outward shape
(The unpolluted temple of the mind),
And turns it by degrees to the soul’s essence,
Till all be made immortal! 

Ed.

To the Editor of the British Lady’s Magazine:

THF FEMALE CLUB.

SIR,

I belong to a set of ladies who are doomed to spend more than half the year in this unsociable metropolis, where it is frequently asserted that every comfort, happiness, and luxury may be procured; but one thing certainly is wanting, and that is society—not crowds or company, but social conversation. This, no doubt, will astonish you, Mr. Editor, who can boast of being a British gentleman, and can select your own society; but it is not the same with the British ladies: we have no claim to the title of learned ladies, nor have we the smallest ambition to attain it; but are merely anxious to form an agreeable, cheerful, conversable society, flattering ourselves that we do come under that description of females who can find topics of conversation without having recourse to a French cap or Spanish mantilla. In this our distress we apply to you, our censor or champion (whichever character you may think fit to assume on this momentous subject), to entreat your assistance; and that you will take into consideration, and give us your opinion, as to the possibility of forming a club for this purpose, which, we persuade ourselves, would contribute to the amusement, and perhaps improvement, of all parties.

Hitherto we have not been able to agree upon a name for our sociable meeting; but do not approve of the Hum-drum, or yet Mum, nor the Ugly Club. What do you think of the Sans Solci? or, perhaps, you would prefer the Sans Six Sous. At present, we have only drawn up the following plan and regulations for your inspection:—

A club, to be composed of fifty members (twenty ladies, thirty gentlemen), to meet once a week, at eight o’clock; doors closed at twelve. Two good-sized rooms to be provided, with folding doors and every accommodation; sofas, taulens, ottomans, &c. &c.; and, as the object of this meeting is to aid and
assist conversation, every thing to be provided that can contribute towards it—such as books, work-table, fox-and-goose, bagatelle, musical instruments, &c. &c.; two chess-tables only can be admitted; solitaire for those who have the head-ache and cannot talk: and one card-table for those who converse better with cards than with any thing else.

1. No member to laugh at their own jokes.
2. No member to make more than two puns in one hour.
3. No member to yawn at a brother member’s long story.
4. No member to raise his voice to a high key when talking politics, on pain of being sent to Coventry by the whole club.
5. No member to talk of their children, servants, or lap-dogs.
6. No books on French cookery admitted.
7. No dogs admitted, and as few puppies as possible.

Query.—Whether it might not be advisable that every female member, previous to her election, should take an oath that her heart is at that time disposed of, lest the superior sex should fancy this said club merely a Catch Club.

I am, sir, &c. Camilla.
March 18, 1815.

To the Editor of the British Lady's Magazine.

THOMAS NASHE.

MR. EDITOR,
Pursuant to my promise I enclose you a short sketch of the life of my ancestor, Thomas Nashe. He was my great-uncle's great-grandfather's grandfather; and, in affectionate remembrance of his worth and talents by my parents, I was made successor to his name. I would send you our tree of genealogy, but I am afraid you would burn it for fire-wood. Yours, &c.

THOS. NASHE, the younger.

Thomas Nashe was born at Leostoff in Suffolk, about the year 1564—the same that gave Shakspeare to the world, with whom, in all probability, he was afterwards intimate; for there was much friendship, much emulation, and no petty rivalry among the wits of that day. At sixteen, it is supposed, he was sent to Cambridge; and, after completing his education at St. John’s College, he took his degree of bachelor of arts in 1585. He then came to London to seek his fortune, and was the companion of most of the men of talent and genius at that time living, and among others of Robert Green, who, after leading a life not of a very exemplary character, died repentant. Nashe seems to have been a great favourite about the court, though, on account of his wild proceedings, few persons openly and steadily patronised him. He was a man of uncommon wit and severity of satyr, as will appear by the following lines, written upon him after his death:—

Sharply satyric was he, and that way He went, that since he lived until this day Few have attempted; and I surely think Those words shall hardly be set down in ink That scorch and blast so as his could, &c.

This satirical disposition, probably, was the cause of his quarrel with Dr. Gabriel Harvey, the friend of Spencer, which produced a long paper war between Nashe and his partizans, and Gabriel Harvey and his coadjutors. Though Gabriel Harvey was a man of very eminent abilities and much wit, he was no match for Nashe, who, in an answer to four letters written by the former, and in a piece called “Have with you to Saffron Walden,” very severely handled his antagonist, whose father happening to have been a rope-maker, Nashe made ample use of the circumstance.

As Winstanley (one of the bio-
graphers of our English poets) observes, "Nashe had a poet's brain and a poet's purse;" and, having involved himself, he was put into prison by his creditors. Here it is supposed that he wrote the "Supplication of Pierce Penyless," which contains the following verse on his own distresses:

Ah! worthless woe,
To train me to this woe!
Deceitful arts that nourish discontent;
I'll thrive the folly that bewitched me so!
Vain thoughts adieu, for now I will repent:
And yet my wants persuade me to proceed,
Since none takes inly on a scholar's need.

Nashe was afterwards released, and wrote some plays; among them was one called "The Isle of Dogs," which, containing matter offensive to great personages, as is supposed, was the cause of a second imprisonment. How long he remained in confinement is not known; but he wrote many pieces, particularly the "Praise of the Red Herring," in compliment to Yarmouth, near which port he was born, which is perhaps the very wittiest thing of the kind written either then or since. Pie was likewise the author of "A Comparison between the White Herring and the Red," and of "Summer's last Will and Testament," with several other small publications abounding in poignant satire and humour.

In consequence, probably, of the death of his riotous friend Green, Nashe seems to have repented soon afterwards, and to have contemplated leaving his native country; which, however, he did not carry into effect. One of his last works was "Christ's Tears over Jerusalem," in which he bids a farewell to "fantastical satyrism." He was the writer of a variety of criticisms upon plays, actors, and authors contemporaneous with himself. He died about the year 1601.

For the British Lady's Magazine.

Miss Sprightly.—"If Gretna Green were but Turnham Green, or Parsons Green, or any of the nice Greens near London, what a happiness it would be for our poor enslaved sex. If people would even make it half-way, I should not so much care; but to be hunted by open-mouthed relations over 300 miles, and at last, perhaps, for them to come in at the death, is a little too much for any reasonable lover to expect."

It is not unentertaining to speculate upon the different notions annexed by different persons to the name of Gretna Green.

The romantic young lady, just escaped from the thraldom of that Protestant nunnery, a boarding-school, imagines that it is a small cheerful village of clean white-washed houses, surrounding a bright green space, sprinkled with grazing or ruminating animals, as Bloomfield calls them. On one side, in her fancy, she beholds a neat rural church, with storied mementos of the dead, and a taper spire, whose gilded vane, glittering in the sun, penetrates through the rustling foliage of some lofty elms. Hard by is the parsonage of the minister (for that he is a blacksmith, she never could be brought to believe); the casements overshadowed and wreathed by ivy and honey-suckle, and the ample and hospitable porch supplied with seats for evening gossip or meditation. Suddenly she thinks she hears the rattling of wheels, the clattering of hoofs, and the smacking of whips; a post-chaise and four, with outriders in gay liveries of blue and silver, dashes down the echoing avenue, and stops at the church-door. The vehicle is opened, and first a gentleman's leg appears (what a leg!) and it is instantly followed by the body of a handsome, well-dressed, chevalier-looking young man; with
careful fondness he hands a lady of most interesting appearance, trembling with love, anxiety, and apprehension; drawing her dear arm under his dear arm, they enter the church with hasty steps; they are there met by the reverend gentleman, and the two fugitives are soon as happy as it seems in the power of heaven to make them!

The anxious parent, on the other hand, figures to herself a picture the very reverse of that drawn by her romantic daughter. The whole scene at Gretna represents itself to her eye as wretchedness and desolation. She sees the broken gables of mud-be-plastered cottages, without other window than a shapeless aperture, which serves also for door. Near them are a few ragged squalid children, paddling in the black sediment of a stagnant ditch; while an angry mother, in capless luxuriance of locks, peeps from an angle, and chides them in tones of penetrating shrillness. On the opposite side (her eye passing over a few scattered dirty geese) she beholds, in imagination, the fatal blacksmith’s shop, filled with old iron, men like iron in brawny bareness, and an old cart-horse just brought in to be shod. She hears the clink of the hammer on the anvil, and marks the alternate flash of the bellows-blown furnace. She, too, hears the rattling of wheels, the clattering of hoofs, and the smacking of whips; she, too, sees a post-chaise approaching, followed by a retinue, not of out-riders in blue and silver, but of out-runners in the variegated liveries of wretchedness. The vehicle drives up to the forge, and is surrounded by hallooing boys, scolding girls, and mothers with screaming infants at their panting breasts. The door of the chaise bursts open, and out leaps a tall, rough, red whiskered Irishman: he, too, has the appearance of a chevalier, but it is that of a chevalier d’industrie! He drags after him a young and timid victim;—the anvil has ceased to resound; and, the cyclops and the villagers having congregated round the pair, the Vulcan of the forge quits the shaggy hoof of a cart-horse for the hand of a delicate, indiscreet, but repentant female. Thus, in a mother’s imagination, ends the journey to Gretna Green.

In order, however, to fix some limits to the generally indefinite and mistaken notions formed upon this subject, we have subjoined the remarks and description of a very eminent and intelligent traveller upon the subject of Gretna Green; and we have added the information regarding the place supplied by the Statistical Account of Scotland. This celebrated scene of matrimonial mockery is situated, as our readers are aware, in Dumfries-shire, near the mouth of the river Esk, so much celebrated by Mr. Walter Scott, nine miles north-west of Carlisle.

Mr. Pennant, in his Journey to Scotland, vol. 2, p. 94, speaks in the following terms of Gretna, or, as he calls it, Gratna Green. By some persons it is written Graintey Green, according to the pronunciation of the person from whom they hear it.

"At a little distance from the bridge stop at the little village of Gratna, the resort of all amorous couples whose union the prudence of parents or guardians prohibits. Here the young pair may be instantly united by a fisherman, a joiner, or a blacksmith, who marry from two guineas a job to a dram of whiskey: but the price is generally adjusted by the information of the postillions from Carlisle, who are in pay of one or other of the above worthies; but even the drivers, in case of necessity, have been known to undertake the sacerdotal office. * * * This place is distinguished from afar by a small plantation of firs, the Cyprian grove of the place, a sort of land-mark
for fugitive lovers. As I have had great desire to see the high priest by stratagem, I succeeded: he appeared in the form of a fisherman, a stout fellow in a blue coat, rolling round his solemn chaps a quid of tobacco of no common size. One of our party was supposed to come to explore the coast: we questioned him about the price, which, after eyeing us attentively, he left to our honour. The church of Scotland does what it can to prevent these clandestine matches, but in vain; for these infamous couplers despise the fulmination of the kirk, and excommunication is the only penalty it can inflict."

The Statistical Account of Scotland gives the subsequent particulars. —"The persons who follow this illicit practice are mere impostors—priests of their own creation, who have no right whatever either to marry or to exercise any part of the clerical function. There are at present more than one of this description in this place; but the greatest part of the trade is monopolised by a man who was originally a tobacco-nist, and not a blacksmith, as is generally believed. He is a fellow without literature, without principles, without morals, and without manners. His life is a continued scene of drunkenness. His irregular conduct has rendered him an object of detestation to all the sober and virtuous part of the neighbourhood. Such is the man (and the description is not exaggerated) who has had the honour to join in the sacred bands of wedlock many people of great rank and fortune from all parts of England. It is forty years and upwards since marriages of this kind began to be celebrated here. At the lowest computation, about sixty are supposed to be solemnised annually in this place. Taken at an average through the year, they may be estimated at fifteen guineas each: consequently this traffic brings in about 995l. a-year. The form of ceremony, when any ceremony is used, is that of the church of England. On some occasions, particularly when the parson is intoxicated, which is often the case, a certificate is given. The certificate is signed by the parson himself, and two witnesses under fictitious signatures."

Upon the legality of marriages performed at Gretna Green we may be allowed to say a few words. Even by the canons and statutes of the church of Scotland, all marriages performed under the circumstances usually attending them at Gretna Green are clearly illegal; for, although it be in that country a civil contract, and although it may be performed by a lay-man or a parson out of orders, yet, as in England, banns or licence are necessary, and those who marry parties clandestinely are subject to heavy fine and severe imprisonment. Excommunication, also a part of the sentence, which was formerly a heavy punishment, is now a mere farce. Therefore, though Gretna Green be just out of the limits of our English marriage act, that is not sufficient unless the forms of the Scotch church are complied with. These marriages, on account of their being so void, are usually re-performed in England, with consent of all parties; for, if the eloquent gentleman has been able to persuade the easily-convinced lady that the contract is binding, parents or guardians, in general, do not deem it expedient afterwards to sue for its annulment. Neither of the immediate parties to the contract are, however, allowed to impeach it, unless under particular circumstances, though it may be set aside by third persons. We shall probably resume the subject in our next number.
To the Editor of the British Lady's Magazine.

Anecdote of Bonaparte.

My Editor,

The following particulars respecting Bonaparte are so characteristic, and have come to my knowledge in so authentic a shape, that I cannot forbear to communicate them for the entertainment of your readers.

When Napoleon was put on board Captain Usher's frigate, for the purpose of being conveyed to Elba, the sailors, with their usual coarseness and good-humour, began to pass their jokes upon him, and to shew some degree of exultation that the great emperor was at last almost a prisoner in a British ship. Bonaparte perceived it; but treated all the men with the greatest affability and kindness, making observations to Captain Usher upon the character of British seamen. He seemed to relish their humour, took every thing in good part, and even made some attempts to talk with the men in their native tongue, laughing with them at his own failures. By the time he had been three or four days on board, he had become what they called "a prime favourite" with the whole crew; and, though he supported his own consequence and dignity, he did it in such a way as was rather pleasing from its condescension than disgusting from its haughtiness. So much had Napoleon wound himself into the good graces of the men, that, when the voyage was nearly ended, the sailors requested the master of the frigate to wait upon the emperor, with expressions of regret that they were so soon to lose him, and with sincere wishes for "all sorts of good luck." They little expected how soon those wishes would be accomplished.

To this address Bonaparte returned a most obliging answer; stating, that the experience he had now enjoyed gave him a respect for British sailors that he had never before felt, although he had ever been one of the first to acknowledge their firmness and gallantry.

When he landed, instead of immediately proceeding to the sort of palace prepared for him, he waited on the shore while his property was landed, and even in some cases, with the greatest willingness, rendered assistance. The sun was at this time intensely hot; Captain Usher, who stood by the side of the emperor, felt it severely, and Bonaparte perceiving it laughed that a British officer, belonging to a profession famed for its patient endurance, should be so affected. After remaining in that situation more than two hours without even sitting down, after the landing of his property was accomplished, he observed that he was going to take a ride to view the country, and invited Captain Usher to accompany him. Captain Usher, ashamed of being out-done by Bonaparte, unwillingly consented; and, as soon as they mounted, Napoleon started at a rapid pace, which increased as he proceeded. Before they had ridden far he was out of sight of Captain Usher, who was unable to keep pace with the man who was so eager to survey his new dominions.

To account, in some degree, for the ease with which Bonaparte sustained the excessive heat of the climate, it is to be recollected that he is a native of Corsica; but the whole story evinces an energy of mind and an activity of body well suited to the new and arduous task he has undertaken. Your's, &c. T. L—— Westminster, May 1815.

To the Editor of the British Lady's Magazine.

Confession of Error.

SIR,

It would give me a very sensible pleasure to see, in your Magazine, a few words upon the confession of error. I lost my mother before I was sixteen; and my father, who is
Confession of Error.

A military man, being soon after ordered to a foreign station, placed me under the protection of his sister. This lady is a widow, and the mother of two very handsome girls, whose beauty she has long hoped to see supply the place of fortune, and raise them to a station in life in which they are formed to shine. I cannot pride myself upon much personal beauty; but I have a cheerful disposition and a handsome fortune —attractions, the last in particular, which have gained me lovers and admirers, or, at least, professors of love and admiration, innumerable. This misfortune of mine has greatly disturbed the serenity of these three ladies, and made our lives one constant scene of altercation: I cannot do or say any one thing which does not afford food for sarcasm or anger; my ears are filled from morning till night with the most cutting reproaches. Upon my cousins sometimes retaliate a little; but this only brings upon me the anger of my aunt in fuller force, and, finding me comparatively unmoved by the mere blame of my own conduct, she has recourse to ill-natured reflections upon what she terms the unpardonable weakness of my mother in suffering me to have a will of my own, and her unaccountable folly in allowing a girl of my age the liberty of thinking on any subject for herself. This never fails of provoking a reply; in consequence of which my aunt falls into a violent hysteric, which is followed by three or four days’ incessant weeping, intermingled with reproaches of my ingratitude in not making allowances for her hasty temper: if she is unjust I ought to submit to it, because I know she has a hasty temper. She considers the confession of an error as a perfect reparation, without feeling herself under the smallest necessity of avoiding a repetition of it. Thus I am subjected to the constant ill-temper of my aunt and that scarcely less constant of her daughters; which they all confess ten times a day, but rather with a sense of their own merit in so doing, than from any regret for the pain they have inflicted upon others.

Having been taught by the best of mothers to confess an error with an intense feeling of shame, and to consider it as a promise of amendment, by which I was as much bound as I could have been by the most solemn oath, this frequent acknowledgment was for a time a matter of surprise to me: but I find it costs nothing to the persons who make it; and I should be glad if you would endeavour to convince these ladies (who are constant readers of your Magazine) that there is really more merit in the correction of one fault than in any number of these gratuitous and unavailing confessions. In the hope that you will not entirely overlook my request, I remain, sir, anxiously,

Anglica.

To the Editor of the British Lady’s Magazine,
sir,
I consider myself much obliged by the polite notice you have taken of my observations. At a future period of leisure I shall be happy to be indulged with an opportunity of communicating my sentiments through the medium of your miscellany. I regret that your readers require the embellishment of engravings; but, I think, if one was given occasionally it might content them: otherwise, it would be better to increase the price of the work than to rob literature for the sake of ornament. There must be something childish in the taste which requires it. A few additional pages devoted to subjects of interest and importance would, by many of your readers, be considered of greater value than portraits; but you are undoubtedly best qualified to determine.

Your’s, E. M.

May 9, 1815.
Anagram on Bonaparte.—St. Valentine’s Day.

To the Editor of the British Lady's Magazine.

ANAGRAM ON BONAPARTE.

MR. EDITOR,

Your readers are doubtless aware that an anagram is the transposition of the letters of a word, sentence, or generally of a name, so as to give them a new and applicable signification. Formerly, during the reigns of Elizabeth and her two successors, it was very common to compose anagrams; and there was scarcely a great man that did not annex one to his title. Thus, for example, James the First—

Charles James Stuart makes

Claims Arthur's seat,

by varying the relative position of the letters. It was used at the time as a convincing proof of the indefeasible right of King James to the throne of his progenitor, the great Arthur.

I took up my pen, however, to transmit you a French anagram upon Bonaparte, which is one of the most singular that ever came within my knowledge, and which I think, afford some entertainment to your speculative readers. It is as follows:

Revolution Française,

Un Roi Corse tué à la fin.

It will be found accurate to the very letter; and, were Bonaparte as superstitious as the English monarch whose anagram is before given, who can say what might not be the consequences of its influence?

Canterbury.

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MR. EDITOR,

A CORRESPONDENT in your magazine for the months of February and March, under the signature of C. P. I. communicated some remarks upon the subject of St. Valentine’s Day; in which, for the most part, I agree.

The observations and quotations

there given induced me to make some further enquiries upon a subject that excites an interest, not merely because it is a popular antiquity, but because it is an antiquity of a peculiar nature, on which the researches hitherto made have not been very successful or satisfactory. Allow me to subjoin the result of my investigations.

Mr. Douce, a gentleman of the highest authority on subjects of this kind, asserts, that the observation of St. Valentine’s Day, the 14th of February, is nothing more than a monkish corruption of a Roman custom on the feast of the Lupercal,* in which the names of young women were put into a box, and drawn out by the men. The pastors of the early Christian church substituted the names of saints for those of females; and he conjectures that St. Valentine’s Day was chosen for the new feast.

This conjecture is plausible, but I do not think it true; because, as your correspondent C. P. I. shews by quotations from Gower, Chaucer, and Lydgate, the choosing of Valentines existed, and probably much earlier than their time, since they speak of it as an old practice. Now, I imagine that our ancestors, even in the time of Richard the Second, were little acquainted with the manners and customs of the Romans; and yet we find that it had again degenerated, in spite of the efforts of the priests, from a religious into a love ceremony: females triumphed over the canonised, and lovers might plead to the clergy that the only difference was that they drew angels instead of saints. Upon the whole, I think probability is on the side of

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* The Lupercal was a feast of purification, solemnisèd in the middle of the month of February, which derives its name from a Latin word, signifying to purify. The day of celebration was called Februaca.—Plutarch.

3 F
your friend C. P. I. in the conjectures that he offers.

The following anecdote from Mr. Douce’s “Illustrations of Shakspeare” is worth transcribing, with reference to this question:—“Madame Royale, the daughter of Henry IV. of France, built a palace near Turin, which was called the Valentine, on account of the great veneration in which the saint was held in that country. At the first entertainment given there by the princess, who was naturally of a gallant disposition, she directed that the ladies should choose their lovers for the year by lots. The only difference with respect to herself was that she should be at liberty to fix her own partner. At every ball during the year each lady received from her gallant a nosegay; and at every tournament the lady furnished his horse’s trappings, the prize obtained being her’s.”—Vol. 2, p. 252.

It seems clear that our ancestors, even to the time of Charles II. when the practice of sending written Valentines, which grew out of the elder custom of choosing Valentines, much declined, that they never conceived it to be of Roman origin. They all poetically derive it from the coupling of birds, which begins at that season of the year. This is shewn by C. P. I. in several quotations; to which I beg leave to add some particulars I found in a very scarce book, lent me by a friend, written by G. Wither,*

* This name, I dare say, sounds strange in the ears of your readers. Allow me to propitiate the deities for him, by the following quotation from a poem called "Fair Virtue," which is full of praises of the female sex. He is describing the eloquence of his mistress.

Should you hear her once contend
In discouring, to defend,
As she can, a doubtful cause,
She such strong positions draws
From known truths, and doth apply
Reasons with such majesty,
As if she did undertake
From some oracle to speak;

a poet of the reign of James I. and Charles I. called “Epithalamia; or, Nuptial Poems on the most blessed and happy marriage between Frederick the Fifth, Count Palatine of the Rhine, &c. and Elizabeth, daughter of his most sacred Majesty King James the First.” This marriage was celebrated at Whitehall on the 14th February, 1612; and the author, in his verses, could not fail to make several allusions to St. Valentine and his day. On one of the pieces he observes, “The marriage being on St. Valentine’s Day, the author shews it by beginning with the salutation of a supposed Valentine.” The salutation is this—

Valentine, good morrow to thee:
Love and service both I owe thee,
And would wait upon thy pleasure,
But I cannot be at leisure.

The Epithalamia opens with a reference to the custom of St. Valentine’s Day; and Wither adds, in a note, that “most men are of opinion that this day every bird doth choose her mate for that year.”—The “good saint” is often mentioned, and always with honour and respect.

Cartwright (who, I see, is mentioned in your last number, p. 325,) has a short poem, entitled “No drawing of Valentines;” and I am not disposed to think with C. P. I. that the custom of choosing them by lot was confined merely to the lower orders. I cannot refrain from giving the whole of the poem of Cartwright, which must be admired even by the most fastidious.

Cast not Cloe’s name among
The common undistinguished throng!
I’ll neither so advance
The foolish reign of Chance,
Nor so depress the throne
Whereon Love sits alone:

And you could not think what might
Breed more love or more delight.
Our ancient authors were much more gallant than their modern successors.
The French Revolution in Dress.

If I must serve my passion, I'll not owe
That to my fortune!—Ere I love, I'll know.

Tell me, what god lurks in the lap
To make that council we call hap?

What power conveys the name,
Who to it adds the flame?

And answering desires?
None can assure me that I shall approve
Her whom I draw, or draw her whom I love.

No longer, then, this feast abuse;
You choose and like—I like and choose:

My flame is tried and just,
Your's taken upon trust.

Hail thou, blest Valentine!

And may my Cloe shine to me, and none but me, as I believe
We ought to make the whole year but thy eve.

Your's, &c. T. L. D.
Westminster; May 1815.

To the Editor of the British Lady's Magazine.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION IN DRESS.

(Concluded from our last Magazine.)

MR. EDITOR,

Give me leave to continue the relation of my protracted dream upon this subject. I assure you it occupied only one night; though it might seem necessary that my sleep should have been as long as that of the weary Scotch pedler, who, arriving in a country town the day before the fair, was put into a loft without a window, and waked a day after the fair.

With my two companions, the ladies in the French and English dress, I proceeded to the court of Taste, and, to my extreme astonishment, found that there the judge, jury, and counsel were composed of females; but my surprise ceased in a considerable degree on reading, above the bench, the following quotation adopted as a motto—

"In courts of Taste should women reign supreme."

Above the seats assigned to the jury I also observed the following lines, from the 27th book of Harrington's "Orlando;"

Among the many rare and special gifts
That in the female sex are found to sit,
This one is chief—that they, at sudden shifts,
Give best advice, and shew most ready wit.

The truth of this assertion was, in some degree, exemplified by the practice of the court; for here we found none of "the law's delays" that impede the cause of justice in courts where men preside, where the pretence of deliberation is employed to augment the expences. Having stated to the proper officer the nature of the cause, a jury was immediately impannelled for decision upon it.

I ought to notice that another singularity belonging to this court was, that no fees were charged; and, recollecting who were the officers of it, Sir Walter Raleigh's pun, in speaking of the court of the other world, "that there they had angels, but no fees," might differently, yet fairly, be applied.* The presiding judge was a middle-aged lady, of a very agreeable appearance, whom I will not describe otherwise than as of a very intelligent face, where simplicity seemed to preside over sense, without any of those affected distortions to produce a false appearance of sagacity that made Butler say, "Fools are known by looking wise."
The name of this female was Taste, and the invariable justice of her decisions had procured her the appellation of good.

A jury of twelve females was then duly sworn to administer justice between the parties; and every thing was conducted with great regularity, though, I confess, I thought there was rather too much talking.

The lady who acted as counsel for the French lady, the plaintiff in this proceeding, opened the case in the following terms:—"The real ques-

* Sir W. Raleigh's pun referred to the coin called angels, then current,
tion this day to be decided is not the amount of damage sustained by my client (that being a matter of future arrangement in another place), but a point that peculiarly belongs to this court; viz. which style of dress is most befitting the ladies of Great Britain— that which has recently been imported from France, or that which previously existed in this country. The necessity of change, at some time or other, I apprehend will not be denied. Had it not been for various alterations in apparel, we might now, not have been decked in the ruffs and stuffs of Queen Elizabeth, but actually have walked through Bond-street or the Mall in skins and furs, like our aboriginal forefathers. I might prove the necessity of change from the changes of all natural objects; from the variations of seasons, the ebb and flow of tides, or the alternations of day and night: but that will be granted as well, I apprehend, as the conclusion I draw, that every change is to be taken to be proper until the contrary be shewn;— and why? Because, as in all other things so in apparel, improvement after improvement has been made and adopted. With regard to the particular case, I think the French mode, newly introduced, preferable on many accounts, but chiefly upon two:—1st, that it is most becoming to the person; 2d, that it is most politically advantageous to the state. The first is a matter of opinion, of which you are competent judges; and the last is a matter of fact and argument. Public decorum requires the concealment of the person, and public policy demands that such materials, and such quantities of those materials, should be employed as will give encouragement to our manufacturing establishments. Therefore, I contend that the French fashions ought to be approved by your verdict.”

This logical, but to me not very satisfactory, address having been concluded, witnesses were called in to prove that, in their judgment, the lofty bonnets, large plumes, platter-shaped frills, flounced and furbelowed pelisses, and an incongruous mixture of gaudy colours, were great improvements to the appearance of our English ladies. Being chiefly milliners and mantuamakers, it was objected that they were interested witnesses.

The female counsel in favour of my friend, the English lady, then spoke in the following terms:—“I shall not argue the point, whether, in this enlightened age, we ought to revert to bear and seal skins for clothing, but I will contend against the position laid down on the other side, that every change must necessarily be for the better. All experience shews the contrary in other particulars; and why should dress be excepted? Admitting, for the sake of argument, that French dress is more becoming, how will it be established, that to wear French frippery, smuggled from the continent, will be advantageous to the British manufacturers? Examine the paltry materials, and you will find that the whole dress, if made in England, would scarcely cost twenty shillings! Then, as to public decorum, is it meant seriously to be said that the short petticoats, bare shoulders, and low loose fronts of the French dress, are more consistent with propriety? It is really insulting our eyes and understandings. What I contend for is distinctly this, that the simplicity and neatness of the English dress, such as it existed before the importations from the continent, were infinitely more becoming, more consistent with modesty, and more advantageous to the community in all political and moral points of view. By the blessing of Heaven, English persons do not require such trumpery for their apparel, nor
English faces want such paint for their complexions: it is not common for English women to wear a burning shame upon their fresh and healthy countenances! Then, what authorities are produced on the other side? Not one; while, would your patience permit me, I could quote, perhaps, a thousand. That pattern of her sex, Lady Jane Gray, says, in one of her letters, 'A woman's dress ought to suit her station, no station warranting extravagance; in colour and form it ought to be such as modesty may approve and honesty may allow.' I could read to you whole pages from that high authority, Burton, who, in his 'Anatomy of Melancholy,' notices at length the vice and folly of excess in this particular; and Montaigne, a French author, one of the very nation from whence these novelties are brought, bestows not a little of his good-humoured ridicule upon his garish countrywomen. But I will not fatigue the patience of the court further; I will not even quote several opinions of judicious foreigners, who have been forward to express their admiration of English women and their apparel. I only ask, shall we then forfeit this character, to follow the whims of a nation in regard to dress, whose political vagaries have been attended with such fatal consequences?

This speech produced a strong effect. No witnesses were adduced on the part of the defendant; the matter being left to the weight of authorities and to the good sense of the jury.

The judge then proceeded to sum up on the whole case. "Dress," she said, "has a double influence—upon ourselves, as to the opinion we deserve; and upon others, as to the opinion they will bestow. The mind of an individual who consumes much time in fanciful and gaudy decorations, will be gradually made conformable to the dress; and the judgment of friends and acquaintances will be regulated by the same circumstances.

"It is true that the alterations in female apparel, particularly, are frequent; but it is unfair to say that these changes arise from a mere love of novelty. I do not say, with the advocate for the plaintiff, that every variation is an improvement: the person that so asserts must have forgotten, not only the graceful dresses of the Greeks and Romans, but even those of our Saxon ancestors, formed in a degree after the Roman model; but, upon the whole, it may be asserted that, during the last few centuries, gradual amendments have been made. Not that every successive change in that period has been for the better; but the result shews that we have slowly, but certainly, improved. Therefore, I say that it is not just to assert, that the only motive with women for adopting a novelty is the mere love of that novelty: it is much oftener, indeed almost always, the search after something better than they before possessed; and, if it be not an improvement, the defect is in judgment and not in intention. Singularity is to be avoided; and this is the reason why many adopt sometimes even an unbecoming fashion, for, as one of our sages says, 'that which is established by custom, if it be not wise, at least it is fit.'"

"Many high authorities might be quoted against excessive apparel, and none higher than Sacred Writ. Women are instructed by St. Paul to 'array themselves in comely apparel, with shamefacedness and modesty, not with broidered hair, or gold, or pearls;' and St. Cyprian, one of the fathers of the Christian church, has written a whole book 'on the dress of young women,' in which he exhorts them to throw off their vain,
The French Revolution in Dress.

Seneca, one of the wisest of the heathens, speaking of the disregard shewn to antiquity, exemplifies it by the affected and costly clothes lately introduced. He and many other writers lay particular stress upon the observance of perfect delicacy and decorum.

"Thus, in considering the subject of dress, there are three points to be observed, on which excellence mainly depends: 1, that the apparel should not be too costly; 2, that it should be consistent with propriety; 3, that it should not obstruct the health of the wearer.

"With regard to the first, that must in a great degree depend upon the rank and station of the wearer; for, though the Lacedemonians had a law against expence in dress, we live now in a far different state of society, to which we must accommodate ourselves; and I apprehend that nothing contributes more to the general prosperity of a state, as at present formed, than the diffusion of wealth. The purchase of apparel and its ornaments, by those who can afford them, is only sometimes another way of being charitable and humane; for gold, if dispersed, will naturally descend in time to the lowest level of society.

"The second design ought to be, that the dress be consistent with decorum; all persons must be agreed upon it. If the wish be to please, invite, and captivate, they pursue a very mistaken course who endeavour to do so by making a display, all at once, even of those attractions which by the strictest rules are allowed. That object will soon satiate and fatigue the eye which fills it at once, and leaves no grace or beauty for future and gradual development. In this respect it has ever appeared to me that English women understood the real art of fixing the hearts of beholders: on them 'a pomp of winning graces wait,' that are ever sought and never obtrusive.

"The third point to be attended to is health, which is injured by the dress being either too tight or too loose, too heavy or too thin. I wish that in this respect I could bestow the equally just praise upon my countrywomen; for the system of tight lacing, which prevailed some short time since, was most injurious to health, and, by preventing the freedom of the person, was most ungraceful. It might, by the less grave, be called an armour against Cupid of steel and whalebone; and assuredly, at that time, his darts could not be so effectual. The thinness of the apparel of English ladies was also reprehensible, more especially in our cold and variable climate.

"The gracefulness and beauty of the appearance depends much upon the dress; and it should be one part of the business of the sex to make the three objects before referred to compatible with elegance: indeed, if ease, health, and decorum be attended to, it can scarcely fail that grace, and even majesty, will be wanting; for nothing is more graceful or majestic than the human figure.

"The question then comes to this, which of the two, the French or the English mode of dress, best attains the purposes to which I have referred? It is not my intention to go into an examination of the principles of French apparel; but I must confess, that, in point of warmth and ease, it is to be preferred to the English, unless, indeed, as I am inclined to believe, it goes into the opposite extreme. Most deficient in gracefulness it certainly is, from its great fullness and heaviness of appearance, particularly in the skirts, which widens the form, and compels the wearer to place enormous frills upon the shoulders to keep up the proportion; with this design the high
bonnet was invented, and is worn. As to comparative decorum and propriety, I apprehend you will have no hesitation in deciding. The whole case is in your hands, and, doubtless, your decision will have its due influence and authority."

After an hour’s consultation, the jury delivered a "verdict for the defendant", finding decidedly in favour of the English dress on the whole view of the case, but recommending a slight approximation to the French mode in some of the particulars noticed by the learned judge.

This equal decision seemed to satisfy all persons present; even the plaintiff was pleased with the latter part of the verdict; and the applause and confusion which followed the registry of it had the effect of waking from his dream.

Your obedient servant,

CELEBS.

Little Britain; May 1815.

For the British Lady’s Magazine.

ORIGINAL LETTERS, DESCRIPTIVE OF THE ISLAND OF MADEIRA.

LETTER V.

The vice-consul still continuing too unwell to introduce me to the governor, my friend, Mr. B—, took me yesterday to view the English consul’s house in the mountain road. This is in the neighbourhood of the church of Nossa Senhora do Monte, which I mentioned to you among the objects appearing from the roadstead. To get to it, you ride up a steep hill for about two miles. The road is such as we in England, especially Londoners, should think too unsafe to trust ourselves on horseback, the whole of it being paved, and much steeper than we are accustomed to. The inhabitants, however, ride up and down it without fear, and, as far as I can learn, without danger: indeed, they assured me this was one of their best roads. It has not only the above disadvantages, but at first is extremely dull, from the sides in most places forming two walls; in consequence of the earth being dug through, in order to make the slope somewhat more gentle. As you rise higher, the prospect of the hills above appears extremely magnificent, especially when contrasted with the softness of the vineyards on each side of you. But, before you arrive at the top, and indeed in several places, according to the bending of the road, you have a view of the mountain church; and, a considerable part of the intermediate country being concealed by the banks on each side the road, you might fancy that building almost immediately over your head. This, and many other views of the higher country, very much resemble a Chinese landscape painting, every part seeming in the fore-ground, and every object of its natural size. This deception arises partly from the suddenness of the ascent, and partly from the want of any of those objects by comparing which you might ascertain the relative size of each. Nothing meets the eye but the church and some trees, beyond which you have mountains either barren or only covered with grass. This deception attends many of the other views upwards; but, to a certain height, they are for the most part so studded with white houses, that their comparative grandeur, and the size of their windows, in some degree, removes the illusion, and assists the eye in forming an idea of their various distances and magnitudes. On a superficial glance, the population seems thin, none but the larger houses, or seats, appearing in view; the cottages being all concealed—sometimes covered by the surrounding vines, at other times by pumpkins. As you ride up the hill, these cottages often show themselves in a very peculiar manner. The
back is formed by the rock behind, which is cut into a wall; and frequently one side of the house has a similar support, the natural slope of the hill serving as a gable for a thatched roof. Thus the front and one side-wall, with the roof, is all that is required to form a cottage, which, for the greater part of the year, is rarely used but for sleeping, and to contain the few implements of which the peasants' property consists. The earth dug out serves as a kind of platform in the front of his house, where the family spend most of their life literally under their vine or fig-tree, or more commonly under their pumpkin.

The vines are neither supported in this part of the country by other trees; nor spread along the ground, but horizontally on a net-work of canes, raised about two or three feet from the ground. When the soil is therefore about as high above the road as to meet the passenger's eye below the foliage of the vines, he has a view of the depending bunches of grapes, the trunks of the vines, the supporters of the cane-work, and, at very short distances, a cottage shows itself covered with thatch and overgrown with green, in the manner above described.

Before you arrive at the consul's house, the road affords a most desirable little resting-place both for man and horse—a small rotunda, with seats all round it. This was constructed at the expense of Mr. Murray; and is admirably calculated for commanding a view of most of the country you have passed, and also of the town and sea beyond it. The place forms a kind of foretaste of what you are to expect at the house. As you mount from hence, you have, in the manner of an English avenue, a row of trees on one side, and on the other a high wall, which conceals the trunks of another row. The house itself is built partly in the English and partly in the Portuguese style; the best rooms being on the attic, and one of those on the ground-floor having a door leading to a spacious grass-plot, on which grow orange-trees, and a variety of evergreens unknown to the open air in colder regions. Though the oranges never ripen, yet the trees appear flourishing; and this happy mixture of the beauties of both climates has a very pleasing effect, and is accomplished with more ease here than nearer the town: the climate being so much cooler, and the atmosphere moister, that it has been found necessary to furnish one of the apartments of the house with an English fire-place, which is often brought into use in the winter season.

It is not an easy matter to describe a garden, in many respects so different, yet oftentimes so similar, to the English. Mr. Murray has taken every possible advantage of climate and the face of the ground, which he has directed by a good taste, assisted by an ample fortune, and a spirit equal to both. From the steepness of the ground, you would expect to meet scarcely an inch of flat surface; yet, by strong walls to support the earth at different parts, he has contrived to make the whole flat, excepting the passages from one stage to another, if I may so call these terraces. They are all, however, spacious, and the avenues from one to another so well concealed, that you are hardly sensible, while you ascend them, that they are leading you back to a spot immediately above the one you have passed. Nor is the disposition of these different stages less ingenious or artful. The grass-plot, with evergreen exotics, as we should call them in England, forms the first; above this are flower and kitchen gardens, to which you are led either by a winding shrubbery of the best selected flowering evergreens, or by a straight walk,
which is enlivened by a view of the road, and in one part by the sight of a beautiful waterfall of not less than a hundred and fifty feet. The quantity of water is not, indeed, considerable; but the refreshing coolness of the glen into which it falls, surrounded on all sides by trees, excites the most pleasing sensations, and is well contrasted with this part of the garden, which is open to the sun. That, however, you may enjoy this sight without alloy, a small covered seat is erected, the sides of which are latticed to admit the breeze, while the rays of the sun are excluded. As you ascend still higher, you come to what may be almost called an English garden, exhibiting currant and gooseberry bushes in abundance, with a profusion of hoboy strawberries. The latter bear extremely well, and seem cultivated with much propriety; but the gooseberry and currant trees are too much exposed to the sun, and, instead of being cut so as to spread wide and circular, in the English fashion, are suffered to rise perpendicularly, all the branches pressing against each other. Probably, from these causes, more than the climate, they are not very productive.

The walls are, most of them, concealed by different creeping evergreens; among which the passionflower and Indian ivy are the most conspicuous. The profusion of foliage and flower, which both of these afford, can only be conceived by those who have visited a more genial climate than yours. Above the walls thus concealed are large trees, which hide every thing, excepting that the turrets of the church occasionally force themselves to view. You will easily conceive, when objects above you are so assembled, it is scarcely possible to form any conjecture concerning the geographical situation of the spot you occupy.

Among the trees, the two most beautiful are the foliada and the magnolia. The former is, I believe, a forest tree of the island; the latter probably imported from Florida. The flowers of each, being white, relieved by the deep green of the leaves, form the most pleasing appearance I have ever met with. The magnolia tree is very stately, and well filled with large shining leaves; among these, its beautiful flower, somewhat larger and quite as fragrant as our largest lilies, seems modestly to conceal itself, or only to steal upon our sight by the delicacy of its hue and the elegance of its form.

From several parts of the garden you are led to a wood of chesnut and walnut trees. The house is placed between the garden above it and a wood of this kind below it.

Unfortunately, the latter is the only view the house has, excepting a few trees, natives of other countries, which produce an agreeable variety. Among these is the camphor-tree: the leaves smell strong of camphor, but no part of the tree affords it in substance, so as to show in what manner it is secreted by, or prepared from, the tree. The chesnut wood affords a most delightful shade, and at several openings admits those charming little prospects with which every part of the island abounds. From the nature of the ground, it may be called a series of groves, one below another, the paths of which lead you down by easy slopes. At agreeable distances you meet with fountains and seats, either entirely enclosed in the thick shade of the wood, or commanding the view of the sea, the town, and intermediate country. In this manner you descend till you arrive at another house, belonging also to the consul, which, though in a less finished style, has some advantage from its more rustic appearance, and many more from its uninterrupted prospect.
During our late expedition to the continent we made a few theatrical acquaintances at the French capital; one of whom has done us the favour of writing a letter to us on a subject of a temporary nature, which, we apprehend, will excite considerable interest in, and give great entertainment to, our readers.

It is well known, even to those who remained in England during the last year, that the French, never averse to laughing at their neighbours, especially if they are to be the gainers, when the English flocked to Paris in such crowds during the short reign of Louis XVIII., produced about a dozen pieces at their numerous theatres, in one way or other turning into ridicule the natives of this country, who, they asserted, came to Paris for a little continental polish. We sincerely hope that the visitors of France have come away without it; for the only polish that the French can give them is that "which makes smooth faces and slippery friendships." After the cloth had been cut into all shapes, it was at last worn threadbare; and in the month of October, the period when we were in their capital, the satires against the English (if satires they deserve to be called, which were little better than dull abuse) had in a great degree lost their relish and attraction.

On the landing and advance of Bonaparte, however, and the consequent alarm and flight of the natives of Great Britain, they became afresh the objects of the ridicule of that nation which laughs itself into a fancied superiority; and several of the old pieces that had been worn out and laid by, such as Les Deux Boxeurs and La Route de Paris, were revived with much eclat. This fact we learn from previous letters from friends in Paris; and the following pursues the subject, and gives an amusing account of a new after-piece brought out at the expence of those who thought it prudent to decamp lest Bonaparte should lengthen their stay beyond the period that would be agreeable.—For the sake of inserting this communication of temporary interest, we postpone our criticism on the Horace of Corneille, and on the acting of M. St. Prix, until our next number.

Extract of a private letter from Paris, dated May, 1815.

"I send this letter by the hands of Mr. —; for, although the English post still continues open, considering the contents, I did not think it prudent, under the circumstances, to trust it to the public conveyance.

"You know that, when you left Paris, no very friendly disposition prevailed in this city towards the English, excepting among such persons as were immediately benefited by their presence. Doubtless you have not forgotten what happened at the bridge of Jena, when you and I walked there one afternoon;* and...

* The foundations of the palace of the King of Rome are laid near the foot of the bridge of Jena. On the opposite side of the river is the military school. The writer of this letter and the author of the French theatrical articles in this Magazine took a walk to view the foundations of the King of Rome's palace, nothing but the mere foundations having been finished. While viewing these beginnings of an immense superstructure, some soldiers were standing near us, and A. Z. remarked, that Napoleon had left his palace and his dynasty both incomplete. This was spoken in so loud a tone that one of the soldiers heard me, and replied in these remarkable words—"Esperons encore voir rebâtit le palais et retablir sur le trône la famille! Comment savoir combien de temps la paix pourra durer!" The military did not take much pains to disguise their sentiments even then.—A. Z."
this feeling in favour of Bonaparte has ever since been gradually increasing in strength and diminishing in silence. At last he lands at Canne—all the English here are in confusion; he arrives in Paris, and they have all taken their flight, with the exception, I believe, of two or three families, that, having come permanently to settle, really had not the means of escaping. At any other time the effect of their sudden absence would have been obvious; but such was the confusion, between terror of the royalists and joy of the imperialists in this capital, that no one had time to make remarks upon any other change."

[The writer here makes some remarks upon political occurrences, which we have omitted, because they are now superseded by events detailed in the public journals. He afterwards proceeds—]

"The theatres here, which in the mean time had reverted to a state of comparative dullness, began to revive, and, after the first ferment was over, they were well filled every night. Trajan was re-produced at the Academie de Musique, with its original splendour, and with the restoration of all those flattering passages that had been introduced to draw a comparison between Napoleon and the Roman emperor, and which had been erased during the reign of Louis XVIII. One specimen is the following, now peculiarly applicable—

Trajan n'attente point pour fonder sa grandeur. —
Quand sa victoire a calmé nos alarmes,
Le bonheur des vaincus est la loi du vainqueur!
Sur son char de triomphe il place la grâce,
Et l'univers adore sa puissance!

"At the Theatre des Varietes a new triumphal piece was brought forward for the occasion, from which I have copied the two following verses, sung by your favourite Martin, who repeated it no less than four times on the first night, and is always required to sing it three times over.*

Rise, Frenchmen, rise! your eagles advance;
Your emperor has 'scaped from his toils!
Barbarians no longer shall desolate France,
And cover themselves with her spoils.
Your emperor returns, your country is free—
Napoleon, the favoured of Victory,
Rise, Frenchmen, rise! see Victory wait
To lead on your hosts to the field!
Shall strangers presume to intrude on your state,
And dictate to freemen to yield?
No; your emperor returns—your guardian is he—
Napoleon, the favoured of Liberty.

"At the Odeon, and at several other theatres, performances of the same, or nearly the same kind, have been represented, that have all been received with applause. I cannot help sending you the following piece of recitative, equal to any of the rest.

The strangers came—traitors betrayed his throne
And us—he suffered for us—was alone
The mighty victim! From the deadly sword
Of barbarous foes he saved us! And, restored,
Is twice our saviour, emperor, and lord!

"But I will now give you an account of a new piece brought out at the Theatre du Vaudeville, upon the subject of the escape, or flight, of the English on the first arrival of the news of Bonaparte's landing in France; which, I think, is quite as full of humour as any of those the representation of which you witnessed when here.

"Of course, the principal characters are supposed to be English, and consist of a Milord, who is repre-
sented as a very corpulent man, delighting in eating and drinking—in short, a perfect professor of gastronomie in all its refinements; his wife, a Milady, of very rustic and low manners, which she endeavours to conceal by awkward attempts at delicacy and sensibility; and their son, a vulgar full-grown boy, or infant, very well accomplished in the English sciences of boxing and driving. They are supposed to come on a visit to Paris to rub off the roughness of their native barbarity, and are stated to be of one of the noblest houses of Great Britain. The name of the family is Higgs—Milord Higgs.

"The first scene consists of a number of persons shouting and singing, in consequence of the receipt of intelligence that Bonaparte has escaped, and will soon be in Paris. A few of the king's guard enter to quell the tumult and disperse the people, but their arms are taken from them; some are beaten off the stage with sticks and stones, and others join the mob in the cry of "Vive l'Empereur—Vive l'Emperatrice—Vive le Roi de Rome," &c. At length they disperse by their own consent, after a declaration that they will live and die with their Emperor Napoleon.

"The family of Milord Higgs is next exhibited at dinner: the table is loaded with an enormous quantity of provisions of all kinds, but chiefly a great piece of beef, nearly as large as an ox, and a plum-pudding, which in size rivals the great globe in the imperial library.* Milord has a piece of beef of large circumference, and a slice of pudding in proportion, upon his plate, and is eating as fast and greedily as possible. Milady affects to have no appetite. The whole dialogue of these three persons is an attempt to imitate the bad accent and grammar of the English. "Pour moi," says Milady, "je ne mange pas rien: mais, milord, mon cher, il aime considérablement les provisions." This remark is addressed to a Frenchman, who has been engaged until dinner in teaching the young Milord to dance: his pupil is very busily employed in cutting up the beef, but he never invites his master to partake, keeping him waiting in the apartment until he has finished. Once or twice great alarm is given to Milady Higgs by Milord, who is in danger of being choked from too great voracity, and is only relieved by his son, who strikes his father violently several times upon the back, observing, "Nous frapper nos pires en Angleterre toujours come ça."

"Before dinner is concluded, a greater cause of alarm is given by a servant, who enters with much joy, exclaiming "L'Empereur est arrivé." Milord starts up from table, with a large piece of meat upon his fork; Milady screams; and the young Milord (called Milord Bobbie) puts himself into the attitude of a boxer; while the servant and the dancing-master caper about the room. Milady observes, "Il faut nous parler toute suite, mon cher:" To which Milord replies, with a face of great grief, "Quoi! avant j'ai jini mendié! Impossible! Il y a encore de soupe, de fricandeau, des omelets, et des petits pates. J'ai seulement mangé, moi, de rost-beuf et de plomb-pudin." While this is passing, Milady has been collecting the numerous articles of her apparel—her shawls, her lace, her flowers, &c. and, the melancholy news being confirmed by another joyful servant, Milord Bobbie's courage gradually declines, and at last he bursts into tears, and, blubbering, runs about after his chere maman.

"Of course, during this scene of
confusion the English family afford great amusement to the domestics, who are overjoyed at the cause of it. At length all is prepared for departure; but, being unable to procure post-horses, Milord Higgs, his lady, and son, are obliged to content themselves with places in the diligence, the conducteur compelling Milord to pay for two persons on account of his unusual corpulency; this, however, is not accomplished without some dispute.—The mention of his fatness reminds me that I omitted to notice one serious and important cause of delay before the English party left their hotel, which was the loss of a receipt-book belonging to Milord, with all various modes of dressing peculiar dishes, without which he refused to go, declaring that it was the only object of his journey to Paris, and that “Les Cuisiniers étaient les plus honnêtes gens de France.”

“The scene in the Place des Diligences* was very entertaining on the arrival of Milord Higgs and his family. Here was a great congregation of English, anxious for immediate departure, and terrified at the bare mention of the name of Bonaparte. Fathers, mothers, and children were mixed in confusion; and among the rest were several very affecting interviews, particularly one between Milord Bobbie and a young lady with whom he had become acquainted. Tears were very abundant on both sides, until those of the young lady were dried by a purse which the young Milord gave her; she then immediately leaves him, as she says, to go to the Palais Royal.

“Next scene opens with the arrival of the English party, in great distress, at an inn on the road from Paris; for it appears by the dialogue that the diligence had broken down, in consequence of the extraordinary weight of Milord Higgs, and no other conveyance could be procured, all the cabriolets and other carriages having been engaged to convey fugitives to the coast.

“Milord Higgs enters, with his lady and son, in a violent passion at the badness of travelling in France, and at the ill accommodation given by the inns to travellers. “Je suis dans un courroux,” he exclaims, while Milady remonstrates, and tells him “Vous devez soutenir beaucoup mieux le honneur de la nation Anglaise,” which produces a warm dispute between them; and it terminates by Milord Higgs declaring, “Je avoir un femme tiabolique.” While this is taking place, the boxes, &c. are brought in by the keeper of the inn and his servants, who are represented as very diligent in rendering assistance; and the young Milord Bobbie is paying attention to the daughter of the aubergiste, with whom he grows very familiar, declaring “qu’il aime beaucoup, beaucoup, les jolies demoiselles bran-gaises.” The first act concludes with a sort of boxing-match between Milord Bobbie and a sweetheart of the girl, who was jealous of Milord Bobbie’s rapid advances. In the end the young nobleman receives a black eye, and runs away crying to his maman for protection. His antagonist is a remarkably small man; and the lamentations of the lady over her cher petit enfant, who is six feet high and stout in proportion, were very ludicrous.

“The second act commences with the same scene; intelligence being brought to the inn that Bonaparte has reached Paris, where he was received with acclamations. Of course, the greatest joy is expressed by all parties but the English fugitives, who are more anxious than ever to make

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* The Place des Diligences is a square in Paris, from which a great number of public conveyances start for various parts of the country nearly at the same time.—A. Z.
their escape. A droll contrast is formed between the joy of the one party and the despair of the other. Milord is made to cry "Goddem" at every other word of his passionate grief at the delay: "Goddem! n'avez vous pas ni les cheval ni les bourriques, ni les cabriolets de poste. Milady, c'est malheureux!" They can procure no conveyance; the great baby, Milord Bobbie, blabbers by his mother's side, who embraces son petit bijou in great agony, exclaiming, "Oh, milord! que ferons nous—Faut il tomber dans les mains de cet terrible empereur—Oh, je tremble beaucoup fort."

"In the midst of their agony two or three gens-d'armes enter, with the tri-coloured cockade in their hats, who produce an order to arrest some spies, who, it was believed, concealed themselves in the house. The head of young Milord Bobbie had been bound up with linen by his careful mother to cure the black eye he met with in the boxing-match, and the soldiers immediately seize upon him, thinking that he conceals his face to avoid detection. A very pathetic scene follows between Bobbie, his mother, and father, who in vain attempt to pacify the gens-d'armes, and to convince them that their dear son is quite innocent. The result is that all three are arrested, and carried before the mayor of the district.* Some entertainment is given by the anxiety of Milord Higgs to obtain a little nourishment before he goes, which he declares absolutely necessary, as he has not eaten for the last half-hour. The gens-d'armes are very civil, and allow him to satisfy his craving upon a large ham: while he is devouring it with the utmost greediness, he continues to cry out "Goddem! je n'ai point d'appetit —j'ai grand peur que je mourerai de faim." He succeeds, however, in a very short time in leaving only the bare bone upon the dish.

"The next and the last scene introduces us to the mayor, who is sitting in form, consulting with some friends respecting the spies in search of whom the gens-d'armes had been dispatched. The description given seems in some degree to accord with that of the English family, but it is not known that they are foreigners. This mayor, as the head of the district, thinks there is but one man superior to himself, and that is the emperor, whose claim he strenuously supports. One of his friends, for the sake of the humour, argues a little in favour of the other party, contending that they make the best rulers for the people who are the greatest fools, because their subjects are under no control. He admits, at last, that the divine right of kings should yield to the more divine right of emperors. The prisoners are then brought in by the gens-d'armes; the procès-verbal is read, and the mayor begins to interrogate the captives, whom he imagines French people in disguise. First, he orders Milord Higgs' corpulency to be stripped off, thinking that it is impossible it can be real, but only put on to favour the concealment: finding his mistake, however, the mayor allows that the owner of it must be a true-born Englishman, for none but an Englishman could have such an amazing protuberance. This produces a few sagacious and severe remarks against English ambition, that would swallow all the world and have stomach to digest it.

"The young Milord's black eye is next disclosed; and the mayor and his companions are still further convinced that the party are not spies, but English endeavouring to make their escape on the arrival of the emperor. It is ordered that they..."
Illustrations of Westminster Abbey. 415

shall be detained until intelligence is received from Paris; but, just as Milord, Milady, and their son, are about to be sent into confinement, a courier enters from Paris with orders that all facilities should be afforded for the departure of all who wished to leave the country. This command gives universal satisfaction; the mayor directs a conveyance to be procured for the English; and the piece ends with cries of "Vive l'Empereur" from all persons on the stage, even from Milord Higgs and his family.

"The scene of examination before the mayor is conducted with a good deal of drollery and spirit; it is much heightened by the airs of importance assumed by Milord Higgs, who gives a long history of his noble family; that he is descended from the great Baron de Beuf, who married the Comptise de Plomb-pudding, &c.—a house that was the respect, admiration, and love of all England.

"The piece was very successful; and is one of thirty produced within the last month, only six of which have been played a second time."

"Your's, &c."

To the Editor of the British Lady's Magazine.

THE AUTHOR OF WAVERLEY AND GUY MANNERING.

MR. EDITOR,

I think that, in the criticism you gave last month of "Guy Manner- ing," you did not do justice to that most admirable work. It was my intention to have sent you for insertion, had you deemed it worthy a place in your Magazine, a few remarks upon "Waverly," which I perceive has not yet been noticed by you. I by no means agree in the general opinion that "Guy Manner- ing" is the superior, though I allow that work a full share of merit, merely because "Waverly" is a historical novel; and upon the advantages of that sort of production you very properly remarked in the cri-
tique you gave upon Miss Porter's "Recluse of Norway." It has besides other advantages, which, if time permit, I will notice in a short article for your next number; but, having been prevented from doing so in the present by accidents that may again occur, I hope you will not hold me positively bound.

In the mean time I can satisfy your doubts, and the curiosity of your readers, by stating who in fact is the author of these two striking publications. His name is Forbes, the son of a baronet in the highlands of Scotland. He was educated at Dr. Valpy's school at Reading, and is now in his six-and-twentieth year. The works cannot disgrace either his name or rank; and I, therefore, feel the less scruple in communicating the fact, which, though an absolute stranger to him, I would not do could the slightest injury arise.

I am, &c.

PHILO-WAVERLY.

London, May.

For the British Lady's Magazine.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

NO. V.

See, how all around them wait,—
The ministers of human fate,
And black Misfortune's baleful train!

GRAY.

The house of Stuart is become proverbial for its fate and misfortunes; a more than usual portion of dark vicissitudes having attended the line, both direct and collateral. In the same vault with the Queen of Scots, but without a monument, lies interred another female of that memorable name, whose hapless destiny may reasonably excite a more unmixed sensation of pity and sympathy in the bosom of youth and innocence than even the melancholy ca-
Illustrations of Westminster Abbey.

tastrophe of the fascinating and culpable Mary; namely, 

THE LADY ARABELLA STUART.

This illustrious victim of cruelty and state policy was the only child of Charles Stuart, Earl of Lenox, younger brother to Henry Lord Darnley, the husband of Mary Queen of Scots. She was therefore cousin-german to James I. to whom, previously to his having issue, she was next in blood for the crown of England, by descent from Henry VII. by the second marriage of his eldest daughter, Margaret; James himself having the priority under both her marriages. The Earl of Lenox died young; but his daughter was brought up with great care, and, as if to add to the mournful peculiarity of her lot, received an excellent education. Her high birth was the source of all her sorrows. Elizabeth, who never lost sight of the claims that might arise out of hereditary pretension, for some years before her decease held the Lady Arabella under restraint, refusing the request of the King of Scotland to give her in marriage to the Duke of Lenox, his kinsman; a request evidently intended to remove her from England and the intrigues of a party unfavourable to the Scotch succession. The pope had likewise formed a design of raising her to the throne of England, by espousing her to the Cardinal Farnese, brother to the Duke of Parma. The latter project is said to have been listened to by Henry IV. of France, from an apprehension that England, when united to Scotland, would become too formidable. — Whatever jealousies these rumours or intentions might have excited before the accession of James, they would possibly have subsided afterwards, but for the ill-concerted conspiracy of some English noblemen, who, indignant at the Scotch ascendancy, sought to set him aside, and advance Arabella in his place. This plot, which was detected, ultimately proved the destruction of the innocent victim of their machinations. For the present, indeed, she was apparently forgiven; but subsequently, when it was discovered that she had privately married the second son of the Earl of Hertford, both husband and witewere committed to the Tower. After a year’s imprisonment, although under the care of different keepers, they contrived to make their escape at the same time; but, unfortunately missing each other, the unhappy lady was retaken. Remanded to the Tower, the remainder of her life was spent in close and melancholy confinement, which finally deprived her of her reason; in which state, after an imprisonment of four years, she expired, not without suspicion of poison, on the 27th September, 1615, aged 38.

Ye towers of Julius, London’s lasting shame,
With many a foul and midnight murder fed!

For, surely, setting poison aside, the death of this lady deserved no other name. Had she participated in the plots which professed to have her advancement for their object, she would not have been pardoned in the first instance; and certainly her marriage was not a crime, as she was then far enough removed from the succession by the birth of three children to James.

While the fate of Mary Queen of Scots has excited universal sympathy, that of the ill-fated Arabella Stuart has been but little regarded; yet James sacrificed her to the same reasons of state to which his mother had fallen a martyr; and, like Mary, her kinswoman possessed talents of a superior order, as is evinced by some of her productions, which may still be seen in the Harleian Miscellany. Happily this poor lady was the last individual who fell a prey to that savage policy which, for a couple of
Illustrations of Westminster Abbey.

centuries, made England vie with Turkey—that, for instance, which bears "no brother near the throne."

As there is no monument to the memory of this lady in the chapel, we may be thought to have gone out of our way to mention her. But it occurred to us, that, while heaving a sigh to the sorrows and frailties of mortality, as excited by the contemplation of the tomb of the unfortunate Mary, a tear might be spared for the less brilliant, but more innocent, victim who moulders so near her.*

THE STUARTS—DUKES OF RICHMOND AND LENOX.

On each side of the tomb of Henry VII. are two small chapels; that on the south side contains a magnificent monument to the memory of Lewis Stuart, Duke of Richmond and Lenox, the nobleman to whom James would at one time have united the subject of our last article. Notwithstanding his affinity to the blood-royal, the Duke of Richmond was in high office and favour with his sovereign, which shows the dread of Lady Arabella to have proceeded from the strength of an English party inimical to the Scotch connexion. The statues of the Duke of Richmond and his duchess (of the Howard family), which are of solid brass, and as large as life, lie under a canopy of the same material curiously engraven, supported at the four corners by as many female figures, representing Faith, Hope, Charity, and Prudence. On the top of the canopy appears Fame, and round about angels, hymens, cupids, &c. in the fantastic spirit of this species of decoration. A double inscription, recording all the titles and dignities of the noble pair, but very modest in other respects, in every sense does honour to their memory.—At the lower end of the tomb, against the east wall, is a small pyramid of black and white marble, to the memory of another Duke of Richmond of the same family, who died at Paris in the eleventh year of his age. Many of its descendants are also buried here without monuments. This line of the Stuarts became extinct in 1672, soon after which Charles II. revived their titles in the person of his natural son by the Duchess of Portsmouth.

The chapel, on the north side of the founder's tomb, contains the monument of that far more conspicuous personage, the elder,

GEORGE VILLIERS, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

This memorable nobleman was one of the last and most striking examples of that domineering greatness which springs out of the weakness of favouritism. The character of favourite has ever been odious in all countries. A sort of respect is preserved even for the errors and crimes of royalty, but the favourite answers both for the vices of himself and of his creator. Villiers, whose family pretensions were those of indigent gentility, owed his elevation, in the first instance, to the childish predilection of James I. for personal beauty. Introduced at youth at court, so taken was the monarch with his appearance that he immediately made him his cupbearer, and kindly took the care of his education upon himself. Delighted with the fruit of these dignified exertions, James showered on his pupil all the dignity, honour, and authority, in his power to bestow. He was advanced to a dukedom, created a knight of the garter, made lord high admiral, master of the horse, and had the disposal of all places both in church and state. He retained nearly the same ascendency under Charles I. until at length, after a long course of eccentric policy, presumptuous gallantry, and almost frolicsome diplomacy, his

* The coffin of the one is placed upon that of the other. 

BRITISH LADY'S MAG. NO. 6.
unconstitutional delinquency excited a clamour against him, which ended in his assassination. The perpetrator, John Felton, a retired officer, was an enthusiast, who, like many more who have embraced their hands in the blood of their fellow-creatures, thought he was serving God and his country. It appeared perfectly clear, from the whole deportment of this unhappy man, that such was his opinion; although Bishop Laud would not be convinced but that the puritans were his instigators, and threatened him with the rack if he did not confess. Felton replied, with great composure, "that, if it must be so, he could not tell whom he might nominate in the extremity of torture; whether his lordship, or which of their lordships, he might name, for torture might draw unexpected things from him." At a subsequent examination, however, Laud persisting, a debate arose, and his Majesty, being present, moved that the opinion of the judges might be taken; who unanimously declared "that he ought not be put to the rack, for no such punishment was known to the laws of England." So much for the Christianity and meekness of the great priestly adviser of the misguided Charles. Felton recovered his senses, and died penitent; and it is to be hoped Laud did the same. The fate of this Duke of Buckingham is connected with a singular story, related by Lord Clarendon, of the apparition of his father, Sir George Villiers, to a tenant, who was enjoined to warn the duke of his danger. This relation of so grave an historian has confirmed many a hesitating faith in the belief of visits from the other world. Indeed, the appearance of Sir George Villiers, and that of Mrs. Veal to Mrs. Bargrave, an account of which is prefixed to the early editions of "Drelincourt on Death," took the lead, for a considerable time, of all the narratives of the kind. The last is an acknowledged imposture; but the first still rests upon its own merits and the credulity of the reader.*

The Duke of Buckingham married Catherine, sole heiress to the Earl of Rutland, who erected this splendid monument to his memory. It is thought to surpass, in beauty of workmanship and costliness of material, all in this chapel, except that of the founder. It is composed of the finest marble, and decorated with many allegorical figures in brass gilt; the principal whereof is Neptune in a pensive posture, with his trident reversed, and Mars with his head crushed. On the tomb rest the effigies of the duke and duchess. The inscriptions to the memory of the former is tumid beyond conception. After running through his numerous titles and dignities, the principal countries in Europe are brought forward in testimony of his great qualities, although the foreign policy of both his masters was the joke of them all. In candour, we trust the private virtues attributed to him had more foundation in truth: they are strongly put —"an indulgent husband, a tender parent, a dutiful son, a most kind brother, a benevolent relation, a firm friend, a beneficent master, and the best of all possible servants; whom kings loved, nobles honoured, the church mourned, and," alas! "the vulgar hated." That the vulgar sometimes hate most vehemently and unjustly every one will admit; but posterity has something more than monumental flattery to convince them that in the instance of Buckingham they hated not without cause.

* Both the believers and opposers of apparitions should read the late Dr. Ferriar's instructive little Essay on the subject.
FACTS, FANCIES, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

Trivial fond Records!—Shakspeare.

P A T H E T I C  M A D N E S S.

In the whole course of our reading we do not recollect a more affecting display of intellect in madness than one related, we think, by Cibber. The tragedian, Booth, the original performer of the Cato of Addison, and one of the few of his profession who united the gentleman with the scholar, had paid considerable attention to Mrs. Verbruggen, an actress of great beauty and celebrity in her day, and widow of the performer of that name. So completely did he succeed in acquiring her affections, that upon subsequently neglecting her, and paying his honourable addresses to Miss Santlow, another actress in the same line of performance, her reason was shaken, and she ceased to attend the theatre. It happened that Shakspeare’s Ophelia was a favourite character with both the ladies; and by some means it became known to the unhappy invalid that her rival, on a certain evening, was to perform it to Booth’s Hamlet. With the most artful reserve she treasured up the fact; and, eluding the observation of her attendants, dressed herself for the part, and at the proper hour proceeded to the theatre. With equal address she amused the astonished green-room until the Ophelia of the night was called for, when, rushing on the stage before her, she commenced the performance, which they were obliged to suffer her to finish. She excelled herself; the touching wildness of her manner, and the master-passion which produced it, identified her with the creation of the poet, and for that night Ophelia and her representative were the same. Exhausted with the effort, when making her final exit, she emphatically exclaimed “It is all over!” and, being taken home, expired in a few days.

ST. WINIFRED’S WELL.

Credulity and simplicity are not entirely confined to the followers of a Johanna Southcott. It is but a year or two ago that the Catholic Right Rev. Dr. Milner, vicar apostolic, &c. &c. wrote a pamphlet to prove the miraculous cure of Winifred White of Wolverhampton, by a pilgrimage to the well of her namesake, St. Winifred; that redoubtable virgin, who marched up a hill after her head was cut off. The zealous Dr. challenged all the world to disprove the fact, to the great indignation of the Rev. P. Roberts, the author of the “Popular Antiquities of Wales,” who, with equal gravity and solemnity wrote a reply.—What a delectable controversy!

PULPIT ORATORY.

Gray, in one of his letters, expresses approbation of the style of preaching adopted by Sterne, and prefers it to the more calm and argumentative oratory which usually prevails in our churches. How far this opinion may be sound we will not undertake to decide; but certainly a species of vivacity, which is a-kin to the manner of that picture-creating genius, is frequently resorted to with great effect in the pulpits of seceders from the establishment. It has been our lot more than once to listen to impressive and highly-coloured sketches from this order of preachers, which, abating a little occasional deficiency in refine-
MEMOIRS OF EMINENT WOMEN OF GREAT BRITAIN.

MRS. SUSANNA CENTLIVRE.

Perfection is not man's!—no—nor woman's neither.

In selecting the life of this lady for our present number, it will not be imagined that we have chosen it merely for the variety or entertainment of the incidents, since the biographical materials are comparatively scanty; nor because we wish to hold up Mrs. Centlivre as a pattern of female excellence—in some respects quite the reverse: but, having, in the characters of Lady Jane Grey, Mrs. Hutchinson, and Lady Russell, given examples for the unhesitating imitation of the sex, we wished to diversify this department of our miscellany with the life of an individual in many respects admirable, and affording a useful and improving lesson, though not deserving of unqualified approbation. If we were to be satisfied only with memoirs of females perfectly sans reproche, we should not be sans peur that the stock would some time or other fail us; and, in the journey of life, our gratitude seems more due to the guide who leads us from impending danger, than to him who conducts us in a plain and beaten path. There is a class of self-conceited persons who, in defiance of experience, in defiance of a long roll of names that have been the greatest ornaments to literature (we say it without flattery), maintain that women cannot write, or that, if they do write, they cannot be read. To such we do not address ourselves, but we are anxious to offer to the attention of the unprejudiced the memoir of a lady of undisputed talents and reputation in one of the most difficult walks of literature, whose fame, having reached our day, bids fair to accompany our posterity.

Susanna Centlivre was born about the year 1680; but whether England or Ireland may claim the honour of her birth seems a matter of doubt. The name of her father was Freeman, who resided at Holbeach in Lincolnshire, a man of considerable property, and of so much importance as to be made an object of persecution at the Restora-
tion for the political tenets he had held and avowed during the wars between Charles I. and the parliament. His estate being confiscated on the return of Charles II. he was compelled to fly, with his wife, into Ireland for security, where it is supposed, by some persons, that his daughter was born. He seems to have been more exposed to resentment on account of his having married into the family of a gentleman of the name of Markham, of King's Lynn, Norfolk, who was also a zealous partisan of the parliament, and whose property, to a large amount, was seized and appropriated by the ultimately successful royalists.

The father of Susanna died in Ireland about three years after she was born, in comparative poverty, never having recovered any part of his estates. Her mother soon afterwards returned with her to England, where it is asserted that she married again, but it does not appear with whom. Whether this second match was happy or otherwise for the mother, the daughter appears, by all accounts, to have suffered severely; her education being much neglected, and being treated with personal cruelty by her step-father. Before Susanna had arrived at her twelfth year her mother also died, leaving her daughter without the slightest provision for her maintenance. Her situation was rendered the more distressing by the poverty of her few remaining relations, both on her father's and her mother's side, in consequence of the obnoxious political principles they had formerly held. She was now left on the wide world without protection; and it is not all clear that her mother's second husband did not, at the death of his wife, actually turn her out of doors.

Certain it is that her situation, about this time, was most distressing and pitiable; and, however we may blame her conduct soon afterwards, the most censorious cannot choose but make many and great allowances for her imprudence. Excluded from that home where she had resided from her infancy, finding that, if she remained in the country, she should only be a burden to persons already heavily weighed down by poverty, she determined to go to London; and at a very early age, some say when she had not attained her fourteenth year, she put herself on foot upon the road.

Near Cambridge she was overtaken by a young student of that university, Mr. Anthony Hammond, the father of the author of some smooth but rather sickly elegies, who was much struck with her youth and beauty;—we wish her innocence and simplicity had also had their due weight with him. He is said to have instantly fallen in love with her, and to have persuaded her to accompany him to college. Surely in this transaction Susanna was not the person principally blameable, though her biographers have laid some heavy accusations upon her. She was quite a child, ignorant of the world and its contrivances: perhaps, she had journeyed on foot the whole day, and, weary and way-sore, at the close of the evening, she saw the peasant welcomed to his cheerful home—the very beasts of the field lie down in their coverts—and the birds of the air, with whizzing wing, hasten to their feathery nests: she had no home, no covert, and no nest; and necessity might almost compel her to accept an offer that she had so little power to withstand. But, without apologising for her offence further than it may fairly deserve commiseration and palliation, we may venture to say that she could not be blamed in the same degree as the man who took advantage of her misfortunes and distresses.

The biographers of Mrs. Centlivre, finding her story began thus roman-
prudently, have, we think, added some circumstances of their own invention; for it can scarcely be believed that she continued, in disguise, to reside in college with Hammond for some time, who made his suspicions, and no doubt scrutinising, companions believe that she was a young male relation, who had come to pay him a visit, in order to see the university. So much, however, of the story seems true, that Susanna did reside for a few months in Cambridge, and that the individual who brought her there supplied her with the means of subsistence. In this transaction appearances are certainly against Mrs. Centlivre; but there is no proof, and the exemplary conduct of her future life deserves that every presumption should be made in her favour: in this respect those who hitherto related her life have invariably done her great injustice, concluding criminality with no proof of guilt. That Anthony Hammond promised marriage is nearly as clear as that he never performed his promise, and his conduct in the whole affair is such as to reflect little credit upon his memory. We cannot keep our patience when we find the relators of this story glossing over Mr. Hammond's conduct as excuseable from the ardour of youth, and, above all, urging this broken promise of marriage as a palliative; while they severely arraign the imprudence and weakness of Mrs. Centlivre, who, at the age of fourteen, suffered herself to be imposed upon by flattery and baseness.

Perhaps in disgust at the unworthy deception practised upon her inexperience, Susanna came to London; and, at the age of sixteen, was married to the nephew of Sir Stephen Fox. She possessed uncommon beauty, and a sprightliness and vivacity of conversation that every where secured her admirers; and we cannot but pay a just tribute to the prudence and good conduct of a girl of sixteen, that thus secured her respectability and happiness in a married state;—something ought to be presumed in favour of such a person.

The first husband did not, however, live long; but, instead of relapsing, after waiting the usual period, she was married again to an officer of the name of Carrol, whom she appears to have loved with great tenderness. She did not long continue happy; for her second husband was killed in a duel before they had been married quite two years. Her first husband had left her scantily provided, and she received nothing but "a world of love" from her last; so that soon afterwards she was obliged to resort to her pen, partly for subsistence and partly for amusement. Her first attempt was a tragedy, called "the Perjured Husband," which was performed at Drury Lane, and published in the year 1700, at which time she was consequently no more than twenty-three years old. The success of this piece was not brilliant; it was such as to induce Mrs. Centlivre not to forsake the stage, but to direct her attention to comedy, for which her vivacity and wit seemed best adapted. In the "Perjured Husband," however, there are passages of considerable poetical beauty; though, on the whole, the language is a little overstrained and turgid.

In 1702 she brought out her first comedy, called "Love's Contrivances;" in which, as the first attempt at comedy, she did not trust too much to her own powers, but translated a considerable portion from Molière, infusing a great deal of the original spirit. The "Beau's Duel, or a Soldier for the Ladies," appeared shortly afterwards, and was received by the town with encouraging applause. Her success gave ardour to her industry, and in 1703 she brought out her third comedy, called...
"the Stolen Heiress, or the Salamanca Doctor outwitted," the plot of which is taken from the Spanish. "The Gamester," her fifth dramatic production, which she professedly borrowed from the French comedy called "Le Dissipateur," was brought out at Drury Lane, and published in 1705. She was not only mistress of French, but she also understood Italian and its antipode Dutch, with something of Latin.

These performances were of course published in the name of Carrol, which she derived from her last husband; but whether she did not find that the profits of dramatic composition were sufficient (being far inferior to what they are at present), or whether she was ambitious of extending her fame, is not ascertained, but about this time she appeared upon the stage, not with as much success as she wished and expected. Several persons, however, bear sincere testimony to the excellence of her private character, which seems to have procured her, in 1706, a third husband, in the person of Mr. Joseph Centlivre, who held the office of chief cook to Queen Anne; a place of considerable profit, importance, and respectability, notwithstanding the sort of nick-name it bears of yeoman of the mouth. The present clerk of the kitchen to the king is a barrister of some eminence and a member of parliament.* At the time Mr. Centlivre fell in love with the then Mrs. Carrol, she was performing in Lee's "Alexander the Great," before the court at Windsor. Directly afterwards she quitted the stage, and resided with her husband at his house in Spring Gardens, continuing, however, very industriously to write for the stage.

That she was at this period much respected for her character and admired for her conversation, we may presume from the names of the individuals whom she numbered among her friends:—Pope, Sir Richard Steele, Rowe, Farquhar, Dr. Sewel, &c. Her acquaintance with the first, however, was not of long continuance; for she was sprightly and severe, and was very likely to turn the little "mark of interrogation" into ridicule, which he was not good-natured enough to forgive. She is said to have written a satirical ballad against his translation of Homer, which induced Pope to introduce the name, and only the name, of Mrs. Centlivre into his "Dunciad," b. ii. l. 413.

"At last Centlivre felt her voice to fail."

Having been married, for the third time, in 1706, she wrote in that year two comedies, the first of which was better received than the last; viz. "the Basset Table" and "Love at a Venture." The "Platonic Lady," which came out in the year ensuing, had but a short run; and, after an interval of two years, she produced the "Busy Body." At this time her fame had a little declined; and, if the anecdotes told are at all true, she was no favourite with the performers—a main point with a dramatic writer, if he intends to succeed. Wilks, a celebrated actor of that day, whose performances are so highly applauded in the "Tatler," absolutely threw down his part upon the stage at the rehearsal, and refused to act in a play that he was sure would be condemned. He did, however, afterwards consent to play Sir George Airy, and the comedy was repeated thirteen successive nights, while Congreve's "Way of the World," produced at the same time at the other theatre, was scarcely endured by the audience. Some persons have been puzzled to ascertain the cause of this difference; but it is precisely this—that, although Congreve's comedy has much more

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* Mr. Kenrick, whose place is worth about 1500l. a year.
real wit than belongs to the production of Mrs. Centlivre, it is not so well constructed; the general plan is bad, and all the beautiful and gay ornaments in the world are thrown away upon an awkwardly-constructed building. Mrs. Centlivre’s plot is bustling, and keeps the attention ever on the alert, and an audience would at any time much rather have its eyes occupied than its understanding: they grow fatigued with listening, and trying to catch and understand the wit and repartee of Congreve. It is in the construction of the plot of all her plays that Mrs. Centlivre is peculiarly happy; and, indeed, there seems something about the minds of all female writers which enables them to imagine and plan a story much better than authors of the other sex. This never was more exemplified than in the case of Congreve. It was in the “Busy Body” that the late celebrated Mrs. Mattocks, whom many of our readers must recollect with delight, took her leave of the stage. The second part of the “Busy Body,” written two years subsequent, called “Marplot,” did not meet with equal success. In 1710 Mrs. Centlivre also wrote “A Bickerstaff’s Burying,” and “Man’s Bewitched;” and, after an interval of some duration, her “Perplexed Lovers.”

She was also the authoress of “Gotham Election,” “A Wife well Managed,” “the Cruel Gift,” and “Artifice,” within the next seven years. “Artifice” was her last performance. The comedies by her, under the titles of “a Bold Stroke for a Wife” and “the Wonder,” are so well known, that it would be almost tedious to make any remarks upon them. They were both reproduced for the sake of Mrs. Jordan, and will no doubt long continue in possession of the stage.

Mrs. Centlivre died in 1723, at her house in Spring Gardens, deeply lamented by her husband and a numerous circle of literary and enlightened friends. She was buried in the church of St. Martin’s in the Fields.

W.W.

POETRY.

Her voice to ages; and informs the page
With music, image, sentiment, and thought.—Thomson.

LINES

Occasioned by seeing Mr. West’s admirable Picture of Christ shewn to the People.

WHENCE bursts this vision on my sight,
As Truth’s eternal radiance bright?
Back rolls the billowy tide of years—
My Saviour! yes—my Lord appears!—
With trembling awe, with deep amaze,
On my Redeemer’s form I gaze;
The “Lord of life,” the Christ I see,
And him “the Man of grief,” who bore
th’accursed tree.

Lo! foremost in the mingled crowd,
Vindictive, vengeful, furious, proud,
Spreading on high his impious hands—
A “wall of brass,” Caiaaphas stands.

Spirits more base around him press,
And glut their malice to excess:
Hate, scorn, and cruelty, conspire
To feed the hellish flame, and fan th’infernal fire.

Dear be that youth,* in whose mild face
Sweet Pity’s softening lines we trace;
And his,t whose manly soul disdains
A triumph over guiltless chains.

What shades of character appear
In the mild eye or brow severe,
While infancy’s endearing day
Still owns Compassion’s claim, and Mercy’s gentler sway.

* The young man in a crimson vest.
† The author has since learned this figure is Joseph of Arimathia.
"BRIEF AS WOMAN'S LOVE."

Oh! say not "Brief is woman's love!"
Else why seek I the myrtle grove?
Why do I mourn, lament, and sigh;
Why wish the tedious hours to fly?
And call on Death to give relief,
And rid me of this load of grief?
The orange and the myrtle bowers,
Where oft I've passed such happy hours,
Are all neglected, all forgot:
'Tis now no more my happy lot
To hear your voice the accents give,
That 'tis for me you wish to live.

The summer of my life is past,
The autumn, too, will flee as fast,
And winter stern, with sullen gloom,
At last will shroud me in the tomb:
When there, the faithful verse shall prove,
Not always "brief is woman's love."

A. M. A.

WATERY SIMILIES:

In answer to the Question, "What is Love?"

Love's sometimes a peaceful river,
Flowing through a gay champaign,
Of each soft adornment giver,
Fertilizer of the plain.
Now a wave from ocean parted,
Rude un Governable billow; Now a rivulet, broken hearted,
Murmuring by a weeping willow.
Dashing here with Alpine wildness,
'Whelming each surrounding feeling; There, with sweet majestic mildness,
O'er subjected nature stealing.
Now the tide's uncertain ranging,
Quitting still, and still returning; Now the lake's expanse, unchanging,
Constant, and without a turning.
Should suspicion, base, injurious,
Cross its path with seeming fact.
Then 'tis passion's cataract,
But, by hope's full radiance lighted,
Love's again the gliding river,
Where we pause to view, delighted,
O'er the wave the moon-beam quiver,
And that ray of hope, though various,
Be the shapes by Love assumed,
To its being, law mysterious!
Is by fate essential doomed.
Hope removed, 'tis love no longer,
Darker name it then must wear;
Foaming, eddying, foaming stronger,
'Tis the whirlpool of despair!

THE EXPOSTULATION.

Why with resentment heaves thy breast?
What fancied wrong now breaks thy rest?
Why dost thou turn thine eye away,
Whose was the fault, and whose the fray?
Did I not bend to chase the storm?
I, though the injur'd—waving form!
Did I not pensive, tender, stand,
And gently press thy youthful hand;
And strive to tune thy ruffled soul,
And sheathe thy passions in controul; And own it but remain'd with thee
To hold a friend, or set one free?
I said, I loved the noble heart
That felt a pang in rage to part;
That fear'd to let the rancour lie
To swell a breast and dim an eye,
To root and fester round the mind,
And leave th' indignant sense behind.

Do I not meet thee day by day,
And join in smiles to cheer thy way?
And, if thou feel the aching ill,
Does not mine ear bend eager still?
In all thy joy, in all thy pain,
Hast thou look'd once, and look'd in vain?

Beware, ungenerous youth, beware—
Friendship but to a point will bear:
Strain'd once beyond, it snaps the tics
Expands its wing, and distant flies.
Crystal submits to little blows,
But strokes prolong'd, in dust it flows.
Withdraw in time the cold disdain;
Let not false pride thy bosom stain;
'Twill make thee friendless and forgot
Though stores of riches be thy lot.
Haste then, be loved again; or know
A friend abused may prove a foe.

Honor.

REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.


Mr. Surr may be termed the Gillray of novel writers: his portraiture is a species of caricature; but, like the productions of that ingenious artist, it is a caricature grounded upon a thorough knowledge of the principles which produce the distinctive and the singular. Few of our female readers are unacquainted with his celebrated "Winter in London," a production which ran through several editions, and excited considerable attention by its significant glance at existing characters in fashionable life. The "Magic of Wealth" is from the same pen, and abounds in similar happy delineations of the humours and eccentricities of crowded society. Nor are these sketches of modes rather than of characters—of habits rather than of principles, valueless either to the cotemporary or to posterity. The first they interest as pictures of what is; the latter inspects them as records of the mental costume of a period which is no more. The great painter of the follies and affectations of his own day was Ben Jonson; and the delight a curious reader now takes in the Bobadils, the Master Stephens, the Master Matthews, the Mammons, the Tribulations, and the Ananiases of the beginning of the sixteenth century, will enable him to anticipate the pleasure of his descendants, in the leaders of fashion, the whip club men, the lisping professors, the led chaplains, the saints, and the proprietors of rosa tinctura and country banks, of the vivacious author before us. If man, as a great writer has observed, be a bundle of habits, he is only to be known by studying him in their diversity; and possibly, in this instance, to attend to the form is as ready a way as any to become acquainted with the substance.

The great defect in the "Magic of Wealth" is the construction of its story. The hero is an English ex-jesuit, who, contriving to become master of the secret treasures of the order at the period of its dissolution, determines to expend them charitably and patriotically in England. Now, as this character, so outre and out of keeping, is a mere vehicle to exhibit the magic of immense riches, we think a better might have been selected. Nor does the agency of this portentous personage produce any thing adequate to the powers which are given to him; so that, contrary to the rule of Horace, a god is called in for what a mortal might perform. Looking over this defect, the "Magic of Wealth" is
precisely what one would expect from the author of "A Winter in London;" full of light and spirited sketching of the odd, the factitious, and the whimsical, with now and then a sombre touch of great felicity. Some of the scenes of this kind in the present work can scarcely be exceeded. Such are the inside of a city workhouse—the breakfast table of a fashionable countess—and the sale at Garraway's. The decline of a landed gentleman of the old school—the rise and fall of a country banker—and the creation of a new watering-place, have equal merit in another way. Pictures of this striking cast are quite out of the reach of those fertile pens to whom our fair readers are chiefly indebted for the valuable articles entitled novels, and, when ably executed, are as instructive as they are entertaining. Mr. Surr's country banker is worth a thousand dissertations upon fictitious paper, and will account for the necessity of corn-bills full as well as a committee of the House of Commons.

Should this gentleman publish again, we would recommend him to get rid of the shackles of a formal story, and adopt some less irksome medium for his pictures of life and manners; as, for instance, an Asmodeus, a Chrysal, or a Gyges's Ring. We cannot call to mind a writer more apparently adequate to the taking off the tops of the houses of the metropolis, and of describing the inside of them. We are aware that this has been done before, but by none so intimately acquainted with the various fry whom the sunshine of commerce and luxury has quickened into existence, like reptiles from the mud of Nile; or who sees the operation of the times upon all ranks and degrees more clearly. We, therefore, venture to promise Mr. Surr, that, if he will undertake a work kindred in plan and spirit to "Le Diable Boiteux," and lay the scene in London—a performance so adapted to his peculiar talent, will double the number of the editions of "A Winter in London."

MEMOIRS OF LADY HAMILTON; with illustrative Anecdotes of many of her most particular Friends and distinguished Contemporaries. 1 vol. Published by Colburn.

If we look through the histories of persons who by vice and crime have risen from the lowest to the highest ranks in society, we shall often find what seems a sort of fatality attending them, and sinking them in their latter days, with aggravated misery, to the degraded level from which they originally ascended. Philosophically considered, indeed, this is to be viewed as a natural consequence, as one of those wise and general regulations of Providence that, to our more blinded judgments, sometimes almost assumes the appearance of a supernatural and peculiar interposition. Baseness and artifice may at first avail; but a time arrives when all their favourable efforts must be ineffectual, and when they return to add to the weight of calamity, that at last crushes the victim.

This remark was never more completely exemplified than in the life and character of Emma Lady Hamilton, of whose memoirs we have just finished the perusal. It is a work drawn up with skill and judgment: now and then it is commonplace and trite in its reflections; but it exhibits a life of immorality and vice in a garb, that, while it does not render it less an object of detestation, enables the most scrupulous and delicate eye to look upon it without offence. Perhaps there never lived a female in whom so many odious qualities were combined, and who, in her decline and beggary, was less an object of regret and commiseration. She supplies one more
contradiction to that benevolent doctrine of the Platonists, that corporeal and mental beauty are companions; and one more proof of the common observation with regard to the female sex, that those who are capable of attaining a degree of perfection nearest divinity are also capable of descending to the lowest depths of human depravity and debasement.

Lady Hamilton, whose first name was Emma Lyon, was born of very mean parents in Cheshire; and, at the age of thirteen or fourteen, was hired as a nursery maid. She afterwards came to London, and obtained the place of a housemaid in a respectable family. Her beauty of person and feature were very striking, and she first made an impression upon Captain (afterwards Admiral) Payne, upon whom she wanted to obtain the release of a relation from his press-gang. The condition of the discharge was soon settled; and Emma Lyon was not long afterwards transferred to the gay Sir Harry Featherston, who left her after having entertained her at Up-park with princely splendour. She was then abandoned to beggary in London, and fell into the hands of an empiric of the name of Graham, who employed her graceful person in his lectures. By these means she was introduced to the notice of many artists, who made her the model of their casts or the original of their designs. Among these was the celebrated rival of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Romney, who fell in love with her while painting her picture; like Apelles, who, under similar circumstances, became enamoured of the beautiful Campaspe. It does not appear, however, that this great artist made any proposals to Emma Lyon; and, after a good deal of whining and reluctance on his part, who had then a wife and family whom he had deserted, we find her consigned to the care of the late celebrated Mr. Charles Greville.

Sir Wm. Hamilton, in many respects seems to have been the weakest and most cunning man of his day (for those two qualities are not at all incompatible), and, seeing Emma at the house of his nephew, he fell in love with and married her, with the full knowledge of her character, and that Mr. Greville had a family by her. Sir William conveyed her to Naples; and in that dissolute court she lived many years on terms of the closest intimacy with the king and queen and all persons of distinction, among whom was that singular character, at once Earl of Bristol and Bishop of Derry. The intimacy between Lady Hamilton and the Queen of Naples, sister to the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, was cemented by the acquaintance of the former with some dangerous secrets of the latter; which, however, frequently occasioned disputes. One of these was not a little singular, for the Queen of Naples and her friend had a regular boxing-match in the palace. The story is thus cautiously and delicately told by the biographer of Lady Hamilton.

"The freedom of access to the royal apartment, which had been given to the wife of his excellency (i.e. Sir Wm. Hamilton) when she first became a favourite and a confidant, proved at last very irksome, by her frequent intrusions when the queen wished to be alone, or when she was engaged in private conversation with some who did not choose to have their opinions witnessed by a third party. One day her ladyship, going as usual to the palace, was stopped in her progress through the rooms by a servant, who respectfully informed her that her majesty was engaged, and desires of being undisturbed by any visitors. The indignant Emma, who knew that the person thus favoured was a country-
woman of her own, and one for whom she felt a great dislike, made light of the prohibition, and forced her way into the presence without the least ceremony. Such a flagrant breach of decorum could not well pass without resentment; but, unfortunately, in this case the rudeness on the one side excited a storm of fury on the other, and a blow from the queen, applied not very gently on the face of the intruder, produced another in return, to the great astonishment of the attendants, who rushed in to separate the combatants. But this strange conflict, which in any other court would have been followed by a degree of perpetual exclusion, was productive of no other consequences than a little idle discourse among the people of Naples, and some merriment on the part of the king and his confidential companions. P. 112.

The whole book is written in this manner, a little circumlocution being employed to swell a few facts into something like a volume of respectable size. This is its principal fault; though the style is in general pleasing, and would be more so were it perfectly free from an affectation of extensive knowledge and peculiar phraseology. A great portion of the work is occupied with transactions at the court of Naples, while Sir Wm. Hamilton continued ambassador there; the most important event of which is the arrival of Captain Nelson, of the Foudroyant, and his first acquaintance with Lady Hamilton, who was then in the plenitude of her influence with the first court of Italy. This was the same person who had formerly been a housemaid in London.

There is no tarnish on the illustrious memory of Nelson so deep as that which was occasioned by his acquaintance with this fascinating, intriguing, and unprincipled woman: the fact is too notorious, but few of the particulars are known. This is the most interesting portion of the volume before us; and we could, did our space allow it, give many curious extracts, shewing the artifices she constantly employed to delude her weak and doting husband, and to inveigle into her silken snare's this gallant officer. No doubt she felt some regard for him at the time of their first acquaintance; but she ever had a double purpose to accomplish, and disinterested affection, even though illicit, could not be expected from a woman of the character of Lady Hamilton. These transactions occupy the story until some time after the victory of Aboukir, and withdrawing of the court from Naples to Palermo, to the recall of Sir Wm. Hamilton to England, accompanied by Lord Nelson, whose victorious arm seemed almost to have been paralised by the luxury and effeminacy of the Italian court. We cannot omit noticing one fact, to shew the real heart, or want of heart, in Lady Hamilton:—after the unjust trial and condemnation of the Marquis of Carraciolo on board the fleet of Nelson, she was able, from the ship of the admiral, to behold unmoved the execution of the sentence, by the hanging of that unhappy nobleman.

This hardened want of feeling is perfectly reconcileable with the consummate affectation, and pretence to sensibility, of Lady Hamilton after the death of Nelson, evinced in the following fact, not mentioned in these memoirs, that has come to our knowledge.—In the opera of "Thirty Thousand," Brah'm composed a song called the "Death of Nelson," which all our readers have heard and admired for its enthusiasm, if not for its music. Lady Hamilton was present at the first representation, and at the conclusion of the song fainted away. The house was in confusion; Lady Hamilton was conveyed into a private room and was recovered.
She attended at the second representation, again fainted, and again was recovered; at the third, for a third time she fainted, and the same at the fourth: until at length the manager, expecting the regular return of this occurrence, prepared for it, adding to hartshorn and other restoratives a cordial of considerable potency, that was found not the least acceptable. The truth is that it was a mere trick on the part of Lady Hamilton to attract the notice of the audience, which, being changed every night, was not as well acquainted with the contrivance as the manager. She always took care to secure one of the most conspicuous seats in the house.

The painful details relative to the abandonment of his wife by Lord Nelson, are too fresh in the recollection of our readers to need a repetition, little to the honour of our first naval hero. The duplicity with which Lady Hamilton imposed upon the dotage of her husband, while he was still alive, to such an extent as to procure the residence of Lord Nelson in his house, is most disgusting; as well as the base contrivances to conceal the birth of the infant which went by the name of Horatia Nelson Thompson. Subsequent to the decease of Sir Wm. Hamilton, until the death of Nelson at Trafalgar, on what terms he and Lady H. lived need not be stated. Posterior to that event, Lady Hamilton had many severe difficulties to encounter; and, after a long confinement in the King's Bench, she went to Calais, where she ended her days in great poverty. She had been often reduced to absolute beggary; and, to our knowledge, feelingly lamented, long before her death, the vicious course she had pursued. It is scarcely possible for the most candid biographer to state one single act to tire advantage of her memory; and, in conclusion, we may almost apply to her a familiar unpublished epitaph, by an individual who may be considered at the same time one of our best and one of our worst living poets.

“A very old proverb commands that we should
Relate of the dead only that which is good:
But of the great lady who lies here in lead
All the good we can say is—that she is dead.”

THE VEILS; a Poem, by Miss Porden.

We are always anxious, though it is not exactly the system of modern criticism, to read a book before we give an opinion upon it; and for this reason we must defer our remarks upon the “Veils” of Miss Porden, because we have not this month been able to give the poem that attention which its length requires, and its excellence (as far as we are able now to form a judgment) seems to deserve. The subject is singular, being a personification of various objects in natural philosophy, particularly mineralogy; and, before we had ascertained its recommendations, it reminded us of the joke of Mr. Thomas Moore, in his opera of “M. P.” where he ridicules a blue-stocking lady, who was about to write an allegorical poem personifying Chymistry, the heroine of which was to be “the beautiful Ammonia, vulgarly called by the apothecaries Sal.”

Miss Porden, we believe, is not more than sixteen or seventeen years old, and is a remarkably clever girl: her well-tended education has been seconded by great natural abilities, we do not say genius; and almost from her infancy she has been in habits of composition, in consequence of the establishment of a private society which contributes short essays or poems for what is termed “the Attic chest,” a cabinet formed out of a piece of wood brought from Attica. We certainly do not, in ge-
Retrospective Criticism.

I study to bring forth some acceptable work; not striving to shew any rare invention that passeth a mean man's capacity, but to utter and revive matter of some moment, known and talked of long ago, yet over long hath been buried and as it seemeth laid dead, for any fruit it hath shewed in the memory of man.—Churchyard's Spark of Friendship; addressed to Sir W. Raleigh, 1588.

The work this month introduced to the attention of our readers includes the private letters of a man of learning, information, talent, and observation, from the year 1625 to about the year when his master, Charles I. was beheaded, 1649. The bare mention of the period they embrace is sufficient to ensure them an attentive perusal; for many refer to events that are related by the author as an eye-witness and an agent, whose importance has seldom been exceeded in our history. The interest with which this work was read even by those who had perhaps lived through the whole or greater part of the time to which they relate, may be judged of from its having passed through five editions by the year 1678; but with what augmented pleasure will they be perused in our day, not only as the most authentic records of events, but as the communication of them in the most familiar, easy, and agreeable manner, accompanied by pertinent remarks dictated by the freshness of the occurrence.

It is not, however, on this account only that the "Letters of James Howel" are to be read and admired. They are in themselves admirable specimens of the fit style of composition; for, as the author observes, we should write as we speak, and that is a true familiar letter which expresses one's mind as if discoursing; and in no instance has theory and practice better agreed. We now and then find a quaintness in the thoughts and language; but it was the tone of the time, and was not, as it would now perhaps seem, a matter of affectation: it arose from a laudable anxiety to penetrate below the surface of things, and not to deal in the vivid and flimsy trash that too often spoils paper in modern epistles. This fault prevailed in a greater degree about thirty or forty years ago than at present, for since that period we have been gradually, though slowly, improving.

It is, however, to be remembered that, though the greater part of the letters introduced into this book actually were written to private individuals, and are penned in all the familiarity of friendship, some of them, particularly towards the conclusion, are supposed to have been invented by the author to complete the volume, during the period of his confinement in the Fleet, which continued from 1643 until 1649 or 1650; Howel having been made prisoner by the parliamentarians early after commencement of hostilities. He was a Welchman; having been born at Abermarles in Caermarthenshire, in 1594, of which place his father...
was minister. He was sent, at the age of sixteen, to Jesus College, Oxford; and, by the aid of Sir Robert Mansel, was enabled to travel through France, Italy, and the Low Countries, so that his letters are enriched with all the fruits of his experience gathered abroad. On his return home he was made secretary to Lord Scroop, president of the north, and was elected M. P. for Richmond in Yorkshire; he was subsequently employed by Charles I. on an embassy to Copenhagen, where he gained great reputation for some Latin speeches it was his duty to make; and at the opening of the civil war he was appointed one of the secretaries to the privy council. By these means he acquired an intimate knowledge of public transactions, until he was seized by the committee of parliament, and imprisoned in the Fleet. After the restoration he was made historiographer to King Charles II. but did not live long to enjoy his office, dying in his seventy-third year, in 1666.

He appears to have been extremely intimate with some of the great literary characters of the time in which he lived, to some of whom letters are addressed, particularly to Ben Jonson. It is also no small recommendation of him that he was a friend of Lord Herbert, of Cherbury, and Archbishop Usher. Having said thus much of the author and his letters, we shall proceed to make a few extracts that cannot fail to interest our readers. The first respects the first man of his age, Lord Bacon, whose fate all must lament, and with their lamentation mingle a wish that after his disgrace, towards the close of his day, he had conducted himself in a manner worthy of its opening morn and splendid noon.

"To Dr. Pritchard.

"London, Jan. 6, 1625.

* My Lord Chancellor Bacon is lately dead of a long languishing weakness; he died so poor that he scarce left money to bury him, which, though he had a great wit, did argue no great wisdom, it being one of the essential properties of a wise man to provide for the main chance.* I have read that it hath been the fortune of all poets commonly to dis-beggars; but for an orator, a lawyer, and a philosopher, as he was, to die so, 'tis rare. It seems the same fate befell him that attended Demosthenes, Seneca, and Cicero (all great men), of whom the two first fell by corruption. The fairest diamond may have a flaw in it; but I believe he died poor out of a contempt of the help of fortune, as also out of the excess of generosity, which appeared as in divers other passages, so once when the king had sent him a stag, he sent up for the under-keeper, and, having drunk the king's health unto him in a great silver bowl, he gave it him for his fee. He writ a pitiful letter to King James not long before his death, and concludes—'

Help me, dear sovereign lord and master, and pity me so far that I, who have been born to a bag, be not now in my age forced in effect to bear a wallet; nor I, that desire to live to study, may be driven to study to live:

't which words, in my opinion, argue a little abjection of spirit, as his former letter to the prince did of profaneness; wherein he hoped, as the father was his creator, the son would be his redeemer. I write not this to derogate from the noble worth of the Lord Viscount Verulam, who was a rare man, a man * of deep and hidden learning, and born for the advancement of letters,* and, I think, the most eloquent of this isle. They say he shall be the last lord chancellor, as Sir Edward Coke was the last chief justice of England; for ever since they have been termed lord chief-justices of the king's bench; so hereafter they shall only be keepers of the great seal, which, for title

* This remark would apply almost equally to Howel, who died very poor, his salary as historiographer being very small.

† It is really heart-breaking to read some of Lord Bacon's letters; it is most melancholy to think that a mind so lofty, so far above the groundlings of the world, should stoop to such spiritless baseness.

"I prostrate myself at your majesty's feet," says he, in 1624: "I your ancient servant, now sixty-four years old in age, and three years and five months old in misery."—How little has humanity to boast even in her noblest works!
It is not generally known that the whole foundation and the greater part of the superstructure of Parnell's "Hermit," a deservedly favourite composition, is an old story put by the Dr. into verse, the original, as far as we know, not acknowledged by the author. Howel, in a letter to the Marquis of Hertford, gives the following relation from "the Conceptions of that noble speculative knight, Sir P. Herbert," addressed to his son. The probability is, as Dr. Goldsmith observes, that it was derived from the delightful fictions of the Arabians. The reader will observe how closely Dr. Parnell has trodden in the footsteps of his precursor. The letter is dated May the 12th, without mention of the year, but Howel was probably at that time in confinement.

"A holy anchorite, being in a wilderness, among other contemplations fell to admire the method of Providence how out of causes which seem bad to us it produceth sometimes good effects; how it suffers virtuous, loyal, and religious men to be oppressed, and others to prosper. As he was transported with these ideas, a goodly young man appeared to him, and told him, 'Father, I know your thoughts are distracted, and I am sent to quiet them; therefore, if you will accompany me a few days, you shall return very well satisfied of those doubts that now encumber your mind.' Going along with him, they were to pass over a deep river, whereon there was a narrow bridge, and meeting there with another passenger, the young man jostled him into the water and drowned him. The old anchorite, being much astonished, would have left him; but his guide said, 'Father, be not amazed, because I shall give you good reasons for what I do; and you shall see stranger things than this before you and I part, but at last I shall settle your judgment and put your mind in full repose.' So going that night to lodge in a inn where there was a crew of banditti, the young man struck into their company, and revelled with them till the morning, while the anchorite spent most of the night in numbering his beads; but, as soon as they were departed thence, they met with some officers who went to apprehend that crew of banditti they had left behind them. The next day they came to a gentleman's house, which was a fair palace, where they received all courteous hospitality; but in the morning, as they parted, there was a child in a cradle, which was the only son of the gentleman, and the young man, spying his opportunity, strangled the child, and so got away. The third day they came to another inn, where the man of the house treated them with all the civility that could be, and gratis; yet the young man embezzled a silver goblet, and carried it away in his pocket, which still increased the amazement of the anchorite. The fourth day they came to lodge at an another inn, where the host was very sullen and uncivil to them, expecting much more than the value of what they had taken; yet, at parting, the young man bestowed upon him the silver goblet he had stolen from the host who had used them so kindly. The fifth day they made towards a great rich town; but, some miles before they came at it, they meet with a merchant at the close of the day, who had a great charge of money about him, and, asking the next passage to the town, the young man put him in a clean contrary way. The anchorite and his guide being come to the town, at the gate they espied a devil, who lay as it were sentinel, but he was asleep; they found also both men and women at sundry kinds of sports, some dancing, others singing, and divers kinds of revelling. They went afterwards to a convent of capuchins, whereabout they found legions of devils laying siege to the monastery, yet they got in, and lodged there that night. Being awakened the next morning, the young man came to the cell where the anchorite was lodged, and told him, 'I know your heart is full of horror, and your head full of confusion, astonishments, and doubts, for what you have seen,' &c."

The angel then declares himself, and proceeds to "vindicate the ways of God to man," much in the same

* This probably is a monkish interpolation upon the original, which Dr. Parnell has judiciously omitted. His management of the conclusion is much to be preferred to that here related.
way as Dr. Parnel gives it. We have seen the story elsewhere related, but we cannot now call the book to mind. Voltaire's "Zadig" is upon the same plan, as our readers are aware. It does not appear that Howel was ever married; and his judgment of the female sex, as contained in the following letter "to T. D. esq." dated in 1637, will not, we fear, augment the respect of our readers for his opinions on other topics.

"I confess, such is the nature of love and the nature of women such, that, like shadows, the more you follow them, the faster they fly from you. Nay, some females are of that odd humour, that, to feed their pride, they will famish affection, they will starve those natural passions that are owing from them to man. I confess coyness becomes some beauties, if handsomely acted; a frown from some faces penetrates more, and makes a deeper impression, than the fawning and soft glances of a mincing smile: yet if this coyness and these frowns savour of pride they are odious, and 'tis a rule that, where this kind of pride inhabits, Honour sits not long porter at the gate. There are some beauties so strong that they are leager proof; they are so barricaded that no battery, no petard, or any kind of engine, sapping, or mining, can do good upon them. There are others that are tenable a good while, and will endure the brunt of a siege, but will incline to parley at last; and you know that fort and female which begins to parley is half won. Pearl and golden bullets may do much upon the most impregnable beauty. I remember a great lord of this land sent a puppy, with a rich collar of diamonds, to a rare French lady, Mad. St. L. that had come over hither with an ambassador; she took the dog, but returned the collar. I will not tell you what effect it wrought afterwards. 'Tis a powerful sex; they were too strong for the first, for the strongest, and for the wisest man that was: they must needs be strong when one hair of a woman can draw more than an hundred pair of oxen. Yet, for all their strength, in point of value, if you will believe the Italian, 'a man of straw is worth a woman of gold.'"

We will not pursue this ungallant attack, which may be found by those who wish to conclude it at the 291st page of the edition of 1678. Political occurrences, as we have observed (though our specimens are not selected from such letters), occupy a large space in the letters of Howel, as well as in others before and about the same period: in this respect they differ widely from those of more modern date, since the introduction of newspapers. The letters to his literary acquaintances are numerous: those to Ben Jonson, whom Howel styles "his father," supply hints for new works and stories collected in travel, to be converted into theatrical performances; but we have been unable, from confined space, at present to give further extracts. In a future number we shall probably make mention of other parts of the voluminous productions of James Howel.

I. P. C.

FINE ARTS.

Nature-breathing Art!—Thomson.

ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

Of the few historical pictures in this Exhibition, those of West, Stothard, Thomson, Howard, and Allston, are the only ones distinguishable. Mr. West's is the very spirited sketch from which the grand picture of Christ Rejected was painted.—123, Icarus, after his fall, found on the sea-shore, H. Thomson, R.A. moves the affections with touches of delicate pathos. We need not, after seeing this picture, consult Hogarth's Analysis of Beauty to
ascertain the constituents of beauty. We see and feel it in the youth whose ardent soul has been dashed from its corporeal companion, and in the females whose curiosity and concern at the sight rivet their eyes on the immolated body. The girl leaning over timidly to look at it is admirable in its expression of melancholy surprise. Mr. Thomson's Cupid disarmed has a full-toned, yet delicate, power of local and general colour, which heightens the vivaciousness of action and look in Venus as she seized, and Cupid as he snatches at, the heart-stained implements of his occupation. The sky properly glows with the heat of the great source of universal life, but of death to Icarus.

Mr. Thomson's choice of subject is classical, as is, for the most part, his style of treating them. So are Mr. Howard's. His Sabrina, from "Comus," appears to be conceived and executed from the recesses of a mind fraught with classic lore and benign affections; so affectionately do the beauteous bright-eyed water-nymphs "hold up their pearled wrists" to take her in from danger, and so confidently and precipitous does she plunge through the flood to their protection. The same cordiality of feeling warms our hearts in Sabrina quitting the Nereids. The Graces and Charities themselves would not be ashamed of having her mistaken for one of themselves, as she turns her head, with lingering look, at the lovely and hospitable group of dewy-eyed nymphs she is quitting. If Mr. Howard wants more perfection of drawing and touch, he has as much as falls to the share of fifty artists of mediocrity in the essential of tasteful invention and kindly emotion.

The Crucifixion, T. Stothard, is the result of more genius than study, of more vigour of conception than execution. Keen, to a suspension of life, are the feelings of Christ's mother; profoundly observant and venerative of the great Sufferer, are the beloved disciple and Mary Magdalen. The thieves have also their suitable expression—one of guilt relaxing into piety, the other of impenitence. This subject has been so often and sublimey painted by the old masters; such pictorial powers, such anatomical science, and such rapt and solemn feelings, are demanded by it, that the educated eye and susceptible heart are disappointed, and take little interest in any delineation short of pre-eminence. The artist has certainly advanced on the acclivity of his lofty subject, but he is much below its summit of possible attainment. Full of feeling as are all the characters, the sacred part of them have too unelevated an air; and the colouring, light, and shade, are too cheerful for that gloomy hour where the best of beings is suffering death amidst his distracted friends. The atmosphere, the colouring, and indeed all inanimate nature, ought to be seen startled and pausing from her wonted vivacity; the beginning of that universal blank and horror which the Scriptures describe her to have shuddered with on his expiration, when "there was darkness throughout the earth."

299, Donna Mencia, the captive lady, on recovering from her swoon, finds herself surrounded by robbers, W. Allston. This is, we believe, by the same able American artist who painted that noble and much-admired subject for the British Institution, last season but one, representing a dead man raised to life by touching the bones of Elisha. His powers of painting this, so very different a subject, are equally admirable. Our nerves almost feel a shivering sympathy with those of the lady, horror-struck at unexpectedly finding herself in a den of thieves, surrounded by atrocity, and a hag domiciliated...
with her desperate masters. Poor Gil Blas sits in a cross-legged and mournfully-musing position, deploring his own and the lady's fate. This so highly interesting a subject, not only because it refreshes our early reading recollections of the life and heart pourtraving "Gil Blas," but for the peculiarly impassioned nature of the incident, reminds us to suggest a thought or two on an artist's choice of subject, an important point. Novelty, as we have before observed, is one of the main sources of pictorial as well as poetical pleasure. He should, therefore, when he has his own choice, select either a new or an unhackneyed subject. It should also be such as will not strike only for a moment from some local or passing circumstance, but that will be of general and continued interest; and that is addressed, like Shakspere's incidents, to our ever-existing sensibilities, our griefs, our joys, our hopes, and our fears. It is this choice, in his particular province of art, which assists to render Wilkie's works so universally fascinating. It requires no connoisseurship to admire them, but only that the spectator's heart should be made of natural stuff, social, or at least penetrable.

298. The departure of Ishmael and Hagar, H. P. Bone, is what tasteless minds would think beautiful, but other minds pretty; for there is cheerful colour, some graceful turns of limb and tenderness of feeling; but then the colour, action, and tenderness, are all common-place; they are such as have been painted over and over again. In fact, they are either direct plagiarisms or amount to express imitations, by being painted as the great majority of authors, especially those who wish to be dubbed poets, write, from the impressions that have been made on soft brains by the thoughts of others.

Though Mr. Singleton still colours badly and draws slightly, his pictures of Prospero relieving Ariel, and Elijah bringing Fire from Heaven, are above common-place. His execution is at variance with his conceptions, which are always intelligent.

The Model Academy contains many good busts; of which Mr. Chantrey's, of J. Watt, esq. is the finest, notwithstanding the excellence of Mr. Nollekins, &c.

Mr. Hinchliff's Leonidas opposing the Persians at Thermopylae is produced by a hand that executes, with anatomical correctness, what is conceived with justness and power.

Independently of a small degree of deficiency in the size and strength of one of his arms, Apollo discharging his arrows against the Greeks, E. H. Bailey, possesses our imaginations with much of that lively refinement which the Belvidere Apollo, and the habit of regarding that elegant god of the Greeks according to poetical description, have induced: It is just such a mien, such an union of mental with personal dignity and beauty, as a devoted lover would desire to possess to captivate a heart that can be won only by extraordinary attractions. It is a superior intelligence, whose attachment is happiness; and whose enmity, unjustly roused, is deadly. In the latter character he is here described, with a degree of warlike action, and a sternness of look, which give a touch of resentful animation without deteriorating from the majesty and beauty of the god, while he dispatches his unerring arrows against the violators of his religion.

875. Half sized Model of a national Monument, to be erected in St. Paul's, to the late Colonel Sir W. Myers, J. Kendrick, possesses as much interest and is as expressive, perhaps, as allegory can be; a species of art which is cold and far-fetched in comparison with a representation of genuine fact. Allegory
enters the imagination feebly; for if it is obvious, because common, it pleases but little from its want of originality; if it is not obvious, it ceases to please from its obscurity. Whereas facts, naturally represented, are intelligent to the spectator, and must delight, because nature, of which they are the transcripts, is ever delightful to the reflective and feeling. The allegory here is that of a Minerva, the emblem of wisdom, and a Hercules, the symbol of valour, uniting hands in front of a bust of Colonel Myers, on whose neck Valour is resting his hand. The drapery of these figures is elegantly cast; it is light without flimsiness, broad without paucity of fold. We think that the muscles in the left leg of Hercules are rather overstrained. In both the figures there is much of that animated air which is so interesting in the monumental sculpture of Roubiliac in Westminster Abbey.

We think Mr. R. Westmacott’s Model for a Monument in honour of General Sir J. Brooks not above mediocrity. There is some degree of mournful grace and passiveness of limb in the figure of the general; but the soldier, in whose arms the corpse reclines, is insipid. There is a touch of the pensive in the lamenting Indian.

878, Groupe, representing objects of benevolence, is below mediocrity, and, like all Mr. Bacon’s performances, devoid of originality; and, in comparison with works of genuine feeling and science, mannered and pretty.

Mr. Rossi, we think, never cut so bad a figure as in 901, A Monument to be executed in marble in the Factory House at Canton. It is stated to represent History giving to Posterity the virtues of the commemorated; but its stiffness of position and angular limb, will never suffer it to descend to posterity—at least, if the perpetuity of a work depends upon its merit.

900, A Statue in stone of a Lady, to be erected in Ireland, can scarcely be otherwise than eulogised and admired; for it is from the chisel of J. Flaxman, R.A. It represents a lady, lying at full length, in a profound sleep. The little angel at her pillow is perhaps one of the best emblems that can be introduced, as, according to the belief of guardian angels, it conveys the knowledge and assurance of her virtues. If the lady is intended to be described as having her eyes closed by a gentle expiration, the angel then significantly expresses the ethereal nature of the gentle spirit that has just separated from its mortal companion. The nature-folded vest, and the expression of purity in her face and genuine simplicity in her attitude, are, however, in themselves sufficient sculptural assurances of her being robed in innocence, peace, and immortality.

The following landscapes are of a very lofty standard of excellence, some of them approximating to the superlative beauties of the old masters, if, indeed, they do not equal them. 29, The reluctant Departure, W. Collins, A. is of that superior class of common nature where the figures are not, as they are in most landscapes, very inferior in talent to the inanimate objects, but are equal and give more than a double interest to them; inasmuch as rational life is more important than unconscious and inert nature, however beautiful. It describes a lady taking leave of her infant, which she is delivering into the nurse’s arms with an air of lingering fondness. The boy pushing up the boat, and the boatmen advancing with luggage, are touched off with characteristic ease. The morning sunshine, most naturally described in every part, is
exquisitely so, where it illuminates the honest features of the boatmen.

66, *Passage and Luggage Boats*, is the master-piece of A. W. Callcott, R.A. We can hardly conceive a more judiciously balanced mixture of bright and cool tints, more natural undulations and lucidness of water, a more airy atmosphere, or the glorious light of day more identified with the reality.

Besides several well-felt studies, Mr. Hoffland's *View from Richmond Hill* deserves the encomium of the rightly-judging, for its parity of colour with our English scenery; for its bright, silvery, and broad effect; and for the air which appears to breathe over it. We think it rather wanting in force in the fore-ground. This would have given a still more aerial appearance to the mid-distance and off-scape.

214, *Evening: Landscape and Figures*, (the figures by A. E. Chalon, A.) J. J. Chalon. An elegant groupe of trees are on an eminence, with a company of persons as polished in their deportment as those for which Watteau has been so distinguished. These, and a wide-spreading and luxurious valley, with the whole warmed with the amber tinting of the declining sun, constitute a work estimably rich and energetically marked.

255, *A View of Gordale*, J. Ward, R.A. A singular and magnificent scene, representing two immensely-lofty rocks, with a perpendicular opening between, as if separated by some convulsion of nature. The valley in front, with some exquisitely-drawn cattle, is beautifully illuminated by sunshine.

Mr. Turner, however, still bears off the praise of paramount excellence to all our English landscape painters. A volume might be written on the development of the principles of his art in all his pictures in this Exhibition. 258, *The eruption of the Souffrier mountains in St. Vincent's, at midnight*, is, we think, the perfection of painting in such awful scenes. Were it here not magnificently demonstrated, we could not have conjectured that the painter's materials could have elicited such splendid, uncommon, and sublime effects of light, shade, and colour. Night itself seems to come visibly forth from her mysterious obscurity, alarmed at the novel angry aspect, thundering voice, and violent agitation of phrensied nature. The most splendid arrangement of colour, the most melting gradations, with a magnificent composition of landscape and buildings, unite poetically in 158, *Dido building Carthage*.

In concluding our notices of the Exhibitions, we must not omit to mention the singular and, in our opinion, masterly and original, display of intense summer sunshine, in Mr. Havel's picture, *The Walnut Gatherers*, in the Spring Garden Exhibition, which was refused admittance into the British Institution Gallery!! Also a groupe of pathetic statuary, representing the *Death of Miss Johnes*, by that most masterly bust-modeller, Mr. Chantrey. The heart-touching incident bears a close analogy to the exquisite touches of nature in Sterne, and is worth a million of worn-out allegorical sculptures, however well executed. We congratulate the tasteful on the appearance of this real, this Nature as well as Science instructed, sculptor.
THE DRAMA.

—They abuse our scene
That say we live by Vice—indeed 'tis true,
As the physicians by diseases do—
Only to cure them!—Randolph’s Muse’s Looking-Glass.

MR. KEAN’S PENRUDDOCK.

The late Mr. Cumberland’s play
of the “Wheel of Fortune”
may, perhaps, be considered a sort
of medium between the sterling gold
of our old dramatists and the flimsy
paper of modern theatrical circulation. The plot is not badly conceived nor ill developed; but, if we examine the characters, where shall we find one that has the slightest claim to novelty. Penruddock, the hero, under different names, has been brought upon the stage some twenty times; and, for the rest, they are such mere vulgar common-places, that it is almost too much even to listen to the repetition of their names and qualities. I might perhaps except Mr. Sydenham from the remark; who has this novelty, that, whereas others usually keep in with all parties by soothing and flattering them, he accomplishes the same purpose by abusing and reviling them. This, however, is neither the time nor the place to make remarks upon the play itself, further than they are connected with the performance of Mr. Kean.

There is an opinion abroad that this actor has declined of late; which Mr. Whitbread, with all the weight of his managerial authority, endeavoured on a recent occasion to countervail, by pronouncing his performances quite as perfect and admirable as ever: indeed, in some characters, it was asserted he had improved, and I am far from questioning this opinion, but, at least, the novelty is diminish-
ble always appeared), are rejected by Kean for a spruce apparel of light grey, gaiters, and what would be called rather a buckish great-coat, of a fashionable snuff-colour. This is a daring innovation, and his acting is upon the same plan: in general it is very excellent, though I cannot, with every partiality for Mr. Kean, say that it was by any means so striking and effective as that of Mr. Kemble.

It is not to be disputed that the monotonous voice and of manner (if I may so say) peculiar to Mr. Kemble and his school are ill adapted to many parts, more particularly to those where conflicting passions are displayed, in which line Mr. Kean is chiefly admirable. Yet there are some characters where that laboured solemnity of tone and dignified carriage of person are of great assistance, and one of them is Penruddock—a melancholy moping misanthrope, who has quitted the world in disgust at every-day disappointments; and, after living to himself for years, brooding on his hard case, eating his own heart, he is called again, by accident, into the world, to be the instrument of happiness to others, and consequently to himself. He is a sort of witless Jaques, with sensibility enough to feel misery, and with weakness enough to yield to it. To the personification of such a man the light off-hand acting of Mr. Kean, excepting in two or three parts, is not well adapted; and he did not give it a sufficient portion of that sturdy gravity and unbendingness which ought in general to be preserved. He was most successful in the scene with young Woodville; but we certainly preferred Mr. Kemble in that portion of the play where Penruddock observes the likeness he bore to his mother. Kean makes it all out by little bits and patches, and does not carry sufficiently one general prevailing tone through the whole; like a picture of which all the parts are good, but are not united with a general and tasteful harmony of colour.

The plan of repeating a line in a high and strong tone, and then sinking the voice to a low murmuring whisper, is becoming quite habitual to Mr. Kean, and, though very useful, sometimes is tedious and wearing, if for ever employed. It is, however, much admired, and most by those who do not hear the words he utters. Doubtless all recollect the incident of the arrival of Mrs. Woodville to visit Penruddock, and it afforded a striking instance of what I have just observed. Kean, after a loud piece of declamation on the consolations of philosophy, on learning that Mrs. Woodville is about to enter, is much agitated, and mutters “Where is my philosophy now?” I was sure the words were not heard by half the people round me, though all were most vociferous in their applause, and, for satisfaction, I asked one of my neighbours in the pit what he said?—“Where is my philosophical bow?” was the answer; as if the actor was to make some sort of reverence peculiar to philosophers on the entrance of the lady. It is folly however, in general, to expect even reasons as satisfactory as that.

The splendour with which this mask has been got up at Covent Garden Theatre cannot easily be exceeded; but the effect is to convert one of the most beautiful poems into a mere spectacle, the meretricious ornaments of which serve only to distract the attention from the beauties of the composition. If the eye be dazzled by such magnificent changes of scenery, by such splendour of dresses and decorations, the mind has not the power of disentangling itself for the purpose of listening to the language employed; and for such a purpose Mr. Farley...
Mr. Pocock are much more efficient authors than Milton or Ben Jonson. It is true that the celebrated architect, Inigo Jones, used often to employ in getting up the masks of the reign of James I.; but it is a great mistake to assert, that at that period we had arrived at any thing like that profusion of ornament and lavishness of expense which has been called for by the diseased taste of the present generation. What person, with the least relish for poetry, has not derived infinitely more delight from the perusal of "Comus," than from the representation? What person of the least fancy has not, in reading it, had presented to his imagination scenery and decorations that defy the powers of the most refined and skilful artificers.

At the same time it must be confessed that justice is not done to the poetry when it is put into the mouths of persons like Mr. Conway as Comus, Mr. Abbot as the Elder Brother, and Mr. Durusset as the attendant Spirit. In point of person and appearance, if his face were a little more masculine, Mr. Conway is every thing that could be wished; but it is obvious that he does not understand or enjoy one fourth of the lines in his part, and his action is often ungraceful. Mr. Abbot is too vehement and passionate, particularly in passages that are merely descriptive; and Mr. Durusset is a most ungain attendant Spirit, with two or three good tones in his voice, and no further recommendation.

What would not any one who enjoys "Comus" have given to have seen Henry Lawes, the friend of Milton, perform this part, with the Lord Brackley and others, when it was first produced at Ludlow Castle?

There is an opinion, only founded upon ignorance, that Milton has been guilty of a gross plagiarism in this mask, by stealing the greater part of it from the "Faithful Shop-herdess" of Fletcher; but those who ever compared the two will not hesitate to declare the assertion to be a most unfounded libel. It is only promulgated by individuals who take their opinions at second-hand, and, finding those puny commentators upon Beaumont and Fletcher, Messrs. Seward and Symson, in their zeal for their author, endeavouring to establish the position, it is taken for granted that it is true. A more silly inefficient set of proofs than those they adduce could not be resorted to, consisting of two or three passages regarding natural objects, where the same train of thought and expression could scarcely be avoided by two poets. Such gentlemen ought to be a little more circumspect, and to understand a little more of their subject before they venture thus to lay so heavy a crime on one of the constituted and consecrated authorities of poetry.

The Fortune of War.

Mr. Kenney is certainly one of the first comic writers of the day, and has had a success in his numerous productions unequalled, I believe, by any of his dramatic rivals—for not a single piece has been condemned by the public. "The Fortune of War" was written principally while the author was abroad, almost on the sort of scene of action represented; and perhaps the plot was suggested by some events with which he became acquainted. There is one excellence in Mr. Kenney's writings above the general run of compositions of this kind, that, independently of their broad fun and humour, there is generally something to be learnt, some moral lesson enforced. The last farce particularly verifies this statement; for what can be a finer satire upon the friendships of the world than the conduct of Reynard Vanderscamp, alias Baron Wheedleburg, alias Baron Bubblewitz, and the
The Drama.

Susceptible Mrs. Tuffendorf. The former brings intelligence that the lover of the latter and his dear friend has been hanged. The lady swoons, and both declare their grief too deep for tears. In the mean time a penchant is growing between the lady and the baron; supper is brought in, and, while cutting up the body of a fowl, they cut up the character of the poor pendu, till it is at last voted, on the motion of the lady, that, "between themselves, he richly deserved his fate." This lesson is the best part of the piece, and the acting of the admirable Liston and the excellent Mrs. Davenport enabled the audience to enter into the full enjoyment of it.

MISS O'NEIL'S EUFRASIA.

I shall postpone any remarks upon the performance of this most fascinating actress in the "Grecian Daughter" until next month. I do so because, having seen her only once (and that very imperfectly from the upper boxes) in the part of Eufrasia, I do not feel myself competent to speak with the authoritative tone a critic ought perhaps to assume. Thus much I may, however, venture to say, that I prefer her in parts of tenderness and pathos to those of grandeur and dignity. The public seem to be of my opinion, from the great distance between each repetition of this tragedy.

Not being able, from unavoidable and accidental circumstances, to witness the performance of Mr. Kean, on the 24th instant, in the parts of Zanga in the tragedy of "the Revenge," and Abel Drugger in the "Tobacconist," a farce taken from Ben Jonson's celebrated comedy, the "Alchymist." It was wonderful to see two such different characters so completely supported by the same person, and Mr. Kean's high and deserved reputation could not but be increased by that night's performance. The praise of complete verisimilitude and nature belongs equally to both representations; and, in dress, countenance, and demeanour, the revengeful Moor and the half-witted tobacconist were both faithfully presented.

In the character of Zanga we first demand a feeling of the sufficiency of the cause which excites so strongly the passion of revenge: without this the play is unnatural. Mr. Kean, however, let us at once into the soul of the hero, and the emotion with which he told his tale to Isabella, and pronounced the words:

One day, for something, or for nothing, in his pride He struck me—

made every one feel that no revenge was too horrible to atone an injury so deep, and the character became at once true to nature. The continual rankling of revenge was well preserved. The injury and the savage resolutions of hatred were never forgotten; and the triumphant disclosure to Alonzo, in the fifth act, was truly magnificent: the eagerness with which the Moor throws off all disguise, now his end is accomplished, the savage exultation in the agonies of his enemy, were finely portrayed. The blemishes of nature vanish before the energy of feeling; and, in spite of the disadvantages of his figure, the attitude of Mr. Kean, while he stands treading on the fallen Alonzo, is wonderfully sublime.

It is to be lamented that the last
The Opera.

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speech of Zanga is not omitted. The repentance is out of character: but here Dr. Young the clergyman prevailed over Young the dramatist.

But, perhaps, it is more important to speak of Mr. Kean in the character of Abel Drugger. Few doubted his success in Zanga; but many have asked themselves how will this man act the simpleton? how will his expressive features put on the appearance of vulgar stupidity, and fall into an idiot laugh? But this character was as completely realised as any Mr. Kean has attempted. His appearance was so completely changed, so utterly unlike what it had ever been before, that he was scarcely recognised. The gait, the faint laugh, the blank look of astonishment, when the wise man told him unexpected truths,—the expression of low and cunning delight at the prospect of wealth,—all were admirable. The hat fell out of his hands as he exclaimed "So I was!" to the observation of the alchymist that he was born on a Wednesday; and the pipe slipped through his fingers on the approach of his beloved:—those things, in their way, were equal to the finest efforts of his tragic genius. The terror at, and the cunning effort to conceal, the accident when he had let fall the glass jar, and the sly motion of the foot with which he swept away the fragments, were particularly happy; yet all, perhaps, inferior to his tears in sympathy with the distress of the pretended widow.

But the excellence and truth of the parts was not all: in a critical point of view, the correctness and harmony of the whole is more important. Could a common actor have given the vacant laugh or the cry as exquisitely as Mr. Kean did, we should have had nothing else from the beginning of the farce to the end, and we should all have been disgusted. But, no: Mr. Kean gave just enough of these to produce the full effect, and no more; and, consequently, every one lamented the shortness of the entertainment. It is in thus hitting the true medium, and giving neither too much nor too little of particular excellencies of look, voice, and action, that the great difficulty of acting the simpleton consists: inferior actors will often light upon these excellencies, but great actors only know how to use them. To conclude, the excellence of Mr. Kean in Abel Drugger cannot but excite a strong desire that he should shortly attempt other comic characters; and, considering his excellence both in comedy and tragedy, perhaps few characters can be found more suited to his powers than Leon in "Rule a Wife and have a Wife."

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THE OPERA.


THE new comic opera, "Il Consilio Imprudente," the music by Bianchi, in plot and music is rather below mediocrity; we shall therefore refrain from an examination of imbecility, which neither art nor in-
industry on the part of the performers can possibly render interesting.

For the last two months the ballet has claimed the ascendant; and, since our last number, Mr. Armaud Vestris has produced a new ballet, entitled "Mars et l’Amour," the design of which may possibly be more agreeable to our fair readers than the incidents of a dull opera.

The first act commences with a view of a sea port, a temple sacred to Mars, and a multitude of Greeks assembled to offer sacrifices to the god of war. Mars (Vestris, senior,) introduces himself into the crowd under the figure of a warrior, and joins in their sacrifice. During the ceremony the horizon suddenly becomes clouded, and the threatening storm separates the multitude. The god of love (Madame Leon) no sooner appears, than Zephir (Baptiste) arrives, and restores the agitated elements to their former tranquillity. Cupid disguises himself in the habit of a shepherd, and departs; during his absence Zephir calls into existence a flower, which introduces (Milanie) as Flore. Cupid re-enters in his shepherd’s habit, followed by rustics; he appears delighted by their presence and the liberality with which they offer up hearts to his dominion. He feigns sleep, and the shepherds enchain him with a garland of flowers, and Mars enters to release him. Cupid then affects a desire to join the banner of the god, who applauds his determination; and the admission of this new candidate gives occasion to warlike dances, mixed with sham-fights, &c. In this stage of the ballet a pas de trois is introduced between the three Vestris (father, son, and nephew), in the characters of gladiators.—In the second act is given the representation of a grove sacred to Bellona. Mars enters, followed by Cupid, who unsuccessfully invites him to warlike games; love has taken possession of his heart, and Cupid gives a decisive blow by shooting an arrow at him. The warriors arrive, and reprove Mars for his inactivity. Cupid then departs; but returns with Venus (Maugin), accompanied by all her retinue of smiles and graces: Mars is stricken, and confesses the ardour of his passion. The ballet closes with a magnificent representation of a celestial view, prepared by Cupid to celebrate the union of Mars and Venus. Bands of nymphs fly to pay homage to the goddess, who appears in a splendid car, drawn by satyrs. Cupid advances in the midst of the assemblage, takes the hands of Venus and Mars, and ascends with them at the same moment, followed by the whole of the divinities, who majestically ascend the ethereal eminence. The pas de trois of gladiators, by the three Vestris; the garland pas seul, by Madame Leon, assisted by the corps de ballet; and Baptiste’s pas de deux with Milanie, were managed with considerable skill and effect.

THE ORATORIOS.

On Whitsun Eve, the Messrs. Ashley’s, at the one house, and Sir G. Smart and Mr. H. Smart, at the other, had their benefit Oratorios; which were well attended, particularly the latter.

Allowing, readily, that Messrs. Ashley’s are in general anxious to prepare an entertainment that may please the public, because it is their interest to do so, yet they were not very successful on Saturday the 12th May, for the same reason. This was the last Oratorio for the year; no
more will be given until next Lent; and therefore, if a tolerable advertise-
mint and a bill of the performance were made out, whether they
fulfilled their promises was not of much consequence—it would all be
forgotten before next March.

We cannot help thinking that this was, in some degree, the case at
their benefit Oratorio, though we admit that the defects might be owing
to accident. We never saw cho-
russes so incomplete or imperfect as at Covent Garden Theatre on that
night: they were literally not half
filled, and the women singers so un-
supported and straggling, that it
really had a very melancholy and
cold-catching appearance, when we
saw, by the floating of their dresses,
a draught of cold wind passing be-

With regard to the music, there
was nothing very new in it (we do
not complain of it on that account,
although it might have been better
selected, and much better executed,)
excepting two airs from the “Hebrew
Melodies,” the words by Lord Byron,
sung by Miss Stephens and Mr. Bra-

The first was the beautiful
song of “Jephtha’s Daughter,” given
in our last number, and the “Wild
Gazelle.” Miss Stephens was so ill
as to be able to sing nothing else;
but her indisposition rather improved
the effect of the address of “Jeph-
thia’s Daughter,” by the delicate and
dying plaintiveness given to it. It
was received with great and deserved
applause, as well as the other varied
air given by Mr. Braham. We can-
not help wishing that some of the
harmonised airs had been got up for
the evening: they are very harmo-
niously arranged by Nathan, and
would have been liked much better
than the Hallelujah Chorus or Co-
ronation Anthem, performed by very
few more voices than are necessary
for a glee or a cannon. The effect
of some of these Hebrew melodies is
very striking, and the composition
very scientific.

At Drury Lane, for the benefit of
Sir George and Mr. H. Smart,
the entertainment consisted of the
“Mount of Olives,” with which our
readers are acquainted; the “Battle
of Vittoria,” by Beethoven, already
criticised; and a new oratorio, called
the “Liberation of Germany,” by
that celebrated composer, Winter.
Although not so scientific as the
Messrs. Ashley, we must do Sir G.
Smart the justice to say that his
exertions to give satisfaction are un-
abating; and, however we might be
disappointed in the battle-piece called
“Vittoria,” we were highly delighted
with the major part of the “Libe-
ration of Germany.” Winter is one
of the sweetest composers that ever
lived, but his fault is that he wants
spirit and effect for a long piece like
an oratorio. “The Liberation of
Germany,” particularly in the instru-
mental part, has rather too much
sameness of tone about it: it is prin-
cipally composed on the middle notes
of the instruments, which, though
by far the most melodious, require
variety to enhance the enjoyment
even of them. In a private room
the music is enchanting, whether for
the instrument or the voice.

REVIEW OF NEW MUSIC.

Elements of Musical Composition; comprehending Rules for Thorough-
Bass, and the Theory of Tuning. By
William Crotch, mus. doc. prof. mus.
Oxon. Longman. 21s.

After wading through the tedi-
ous theories of Rameau, Pepuch,
and Marpurg, it is refreshing to fall
in with an author who combines the
New excellencies of the classical scholar
with those of the profound musician.
Dr. Crotch, being a man of reading
and observation, has taken as much
of the old leaven as will conveniently
mix up with modern refinement, and
has produced a work in which every
thing necessary is treated of and no-
thing superfluous. "A knowledge
of the elements of musical composi-
tion," he says, in the preface, "and
of thorough-bass, is happily become
almost indispensable to a musical
education. The present work was at
first intended for the author's pupils,
but is now published with the hope
that it may become more generally
useful." Without wishing to antici-
pate the pleasure and improvement
our fair readers will imbibe by a
perusal of this work, we will just
mention the heads of each section.
The first chapter treats of the dia-
tonic, chromatic, and enharmonic
scales; tables of major and minor
keys; method of ascending and de-
scending. Chap. 2, of concords;
consonant and dissonant triads; me-
thon of knowing the key; diatonic
and chromatic succession of triads;
rules against consecutive 5th and 8ve
closes and cadences. Chap. 3, of
discords, diatonic, by addition, sus-
pension, transition, and syncopation;
inversions, resolutions, omissions, &c.
The other chapters treat of melody,
music in parts, tasks for students,
time; modulation, gradual, chroma-
tic, natural and unnatural, sudden
and transient; of canon, fugue, and
imitation; vocal and instrumental
music, compass of voices and instru-
ments; church and oratorio music;
opera, concert, and chamber music.
Tuning and temperament form a
new and prominent feature in this
treatise. After discussing the deri-
vation of the scale from the harmo-
nies, the author gives the following
account of the monochord:—"Py-
thagoras was the inventor of the
harmonical canon, or monochord;
which is merely a string, having a
board under it of exactly the same
length, upon which may be deline-
at ed the points at which the string
must be stopped to give certain
notes. This delineation of ratios:
renders them capable of being com-
pared, and their respective propor-
tions accurately measured and ascer-
tained. Take a board made too
thick to warp, having at each end
two supports for the string, of which
it is required that the internal sides
must be perpendicular and the upper
edge not rounded off, that the length
of the string and that of the board
may exactly correspond. The ends
of the wire are attached to a peg at
each end, placed at right angles to
the string. The manner of using
the monochord is first to place it on
a table, which acts as a sound-board
to it, augmenting its power. Next
tune the string to C, the second space
in the bass, to the pitch fork. Pinch
the string with the finger and thumb
of one hand, and bow with a violin
bow in the other. Then draw lines
on the board parallel to the string,
and on them mark the places where
he is to stop the string, in order to
produce the notes.—By this process
a simple and certain method is ob-
tained of dividing a string so as to
produce all the semitones of the
scale. And having seen the impos-
sibility of perfection on an instrument
which has any limited number of
sounds in an octave, the student may
next proceed to the study of tempe-
rament; viz. of the distribution of
the unavoidable imperfections re-
sulting from the limited number of
sounds. Equal temperament is when
all the fifths are too flat and the
thirds too sharp, and by which all
keys are rendered equally imperfect.
Unequal temperament is that wherein
some of the fifths, and consequently
some of the thirds, are made more
perfect than others. Of this there
are many systems. The student will
find much amusement in studying the systems of Kollman, Kernberger, and Lord Stanhope; and in noticing the various attempts to improve the scale by increasing the number of notes in the octave, such as that of the two additional notes at the Temple organ, of the five additional notes in Mr. Hawke’s instruments, and of the twelve additional notes in those of Mr. Loeschman."


These exquisite melodies, which are dedicated to the Princess Charlotte of Wales, are the joint compilation of Messrs. Braham and Nathan. If we have heard and admired these wild strains in the synagogues, we are still more delighted with the regular and scientific form they have here assumed. Might we venture to point out any in particular, where all are good, we should mention "the Wild Gazelle,—On Jordan’s Banks,—Jephtha’s Daughter,—I saw thee Weep,—The Harp the Monarch Minstrel swept;" the latter with rich and varied embellishments. We are quite charmed with this number; and are happy to hear that a second will shortly appear, to consist of songs, duets, and glees for three voices.

Les Delices; in which are introduced the most admired Pandean Airs and Waltzes. By F. L. Hummel. In Numbers.

As the lighter pieces, such as marches, waltzes, are now the fashion, the numbers of this work are likely to obtain celebrity. The execution will not be difficult to those who are used to the modern style of exercising the open pedal. But we must here caution our fair readers against the too frequent use of the open pedal, till they have acquired a neat and distinct execution with the finger, as it will bring them into the way of scrambling over the keys in a loose desultory manner, and quite destroy the beautiful polish manner, and quite destroy the beautiful polish playing.

Le Troubadour; a Divertimento. By T. Latour, Pianiste to the Prince Regent. Chappell. 4s.

Mr. Latour’s music has long been a favourite with the public: his easy overtures are played by all learners in particular. His introduction to the Prince Regent a few years ago seems to have stimulated him to a more noble daring, and formed a new era in his style of music: instead of easy pieces he now attempts superior things, and boldly enters the lists with the best composers of the age. "Leiber Augustin," "Sul Margine," and "Le Troubadour," are proofs of this, and display a higher polish than his compositions of a more early period.


The abbe seems to have dedicated his muse exclusively to variations; we have met with nothing else from his pen. After an introduction, by way of prelude, a Saxon air is brought in as the theme; ten very difficult variations then follow, and the piece concludes with a pastorale, or waltz. No lady should attempt these variations without possessing a brilliant finger and a six-octave piano-forte.
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ANNOUNCEMENTS

IN LITERATURE, PHILOSOPHY, TASTE, AND THE ARTS;
Including NOTICES of NEW WORKS in the Press, or preparing for Publication.

SUMMARY of the Musical Lectures of Dr. Crotch.—Lectures III. and IV. the Music of Corelli and Handel.—Dr. Crotch considered Corelli to be the inventor of concert, or instrumental, music, as a separate style. The instrument for which he chiefly composed was the violin; on which he excelled, being reckoned the best performer of his time. His compositions are deservedly celebrated, and consist of trios, or sonatas, solos and concertos, &c.—Dr. C. characterised his Sonatas as generally original, animated, and elegant. His celebrated Violin Solos he praised for their dignity, elegance, expressiveness, and variety of style. They are generally considered to be the most excellent of Corelli's compositions; but, though Dr. C. did not seem inclined to rank them first among his works, he allowed them to possess great originality and merit, and peculiarly adapted for the exercise of the student on the violin, well calculated to repress wandering or extravagance, and to form a good and correct style in playing; and accordingly he advised every violin student to commence his studies with Corelli's Solos, agreeing with Giar- dini, who was of opinion, that, if two students of equal talents were to begin to study the violin—one from Corelli, and the other from Geminiani or any other master,—the student of Corelli would infallibly prove to be the best performer. His Concertos the lecturer considered as Corelli's master-pieces, original, dignified, and chaste, clear and rich in harmony; though they possess little variety, and abound in repetitions. The eighth (composed for the Nativity) he conceived to be decidedly Corelli's finest and best production; and, upon the whole, he was of opinion that, though Corelli may have been excelled by more modern composers in intricacy of harmony and variety of melody, yet that he was still unrivalled in correct and clear harmony, elegant modulation, and in originality and simple grandeur of style.

The Fourth Lecture of Dr. Crotch was devoted to an examination of the merits and characteristics of the numerous works of G. F. Handel, whom he considered as the great original of the English school of music. To him also we were indebted for the invention, or at least for the introduction of the Sacred Oratorio into England. He arrived here in the year 1710. No works have been more the
subject of caprice and prejudice amongst musical critics and pretended amateurs than the compositions of Handel; which, on the one hand, have called forth, and still continue to excite, the exclusive admiration of his partisans, and, on the other side, have had to encounter the total and undistinguishing contempt of the admirers of more modern music. These opinions are equally capricious, unjust, and unprincipled. Each party pretends to distinguish Handel's music by his peculiar style, and, this being discovered, they admire or condemn it accordingly. Dr. C., however, thought no composer occasionally more unlike himself than Handel; and is convinced, that, if such critics be put to the test, they will often fail in the attempt; and he has known even competent judges deceived in their endeavour to distinguish and decide on Handel's music by style alone. The truth is, said Dr. C., that Handel is to be distinguished only by his general merit, originality, and sublimity; which superiority he attained by the judicious and assiduous study and imitation of his great predecessors in the science—Corelli, Pergolesi, Scarlatti, Hasse, and others; the beauties of whose works he discriminated and imbibed, and even occasionally imitated, drawing from their pure fountains to nourish, enrich, and embellish his own native genius. This Dr. Crotch considered perfectly compatible with the utmost originality, and an allowable and constant practice in music as in all the other fine arts; and he advises all students to pursue the same course: for the skilful artist does not rely entirely on his own genius, but studies the models and master-pieces of his art in order to attain to a more just and correct imitation even of the works of nature. The lecturer traced and noticed some instances of plagiarism, or imitation, by Handel, from the works of Corelli and others. It appears, indeed, that Handel was not ashamed to own that he sometimes adopted or imitated the beauties of the earlier Italian masters: for, upon being once charged with having copied some fine passage from one of his predecessors, he candidly avowed the theft; and added, moreover, that he used and introduced it whenever he could; for, said he, with the modesty of true geniuses, "I know that I cannot produce any thing equal to it myself."—Dr. C. proceeded to ascertain the character and merits of the various works of Handel:—his Organ Fugues, Cantatas, Harpsichord Lessons, Concertos, Operas, Overtures, and Chorusses. He considered his organ fugues to be much superior even to those of Sebastian Bach,* and, consequently, as excelling every other composition of that kind. Handel's opera songs, though less known than most of his other works, Dr. C. esteemed, in general, as very elegant and beautiful compositions, and excellent studies for the vocal performer; and, though they did not possess the uniform beauty or elegance of those of Pergolesi or Hasse, yet considering that, exclusive of his oratorios and other various works, he composed no less than thirty-nine operas after he came to England, the contrast, beauty, and variety of his numerous vocal melodies will appear astonishing. His harpsichord lessons were the best compositions of the kind at the time Handel wrote them. Dr. C., however, admitted, that in the ornamental style he was equalled by some even of his cotemporaries, and has been greatly surpassed by many subsequent composers. Handel's concertos, if not the best of his works, were still among the best compositions of their kind, combining a variety of excellence. The eleventh concerto Dr. C. considered one of the most fanciful, beautiful, and spirited, of any of Handel's pieces. Many critics, who acknowledge Handel's excellence in vocal music, deny his superiority or merit in instrumental composition. Dr. C., however, instances his numerous overtures to operas and oratorios, particularly his overture to the opera of "Pastor Fido," as convincing proofs of Handel's skill and pre-eminence in this species of composition, though they were not remarkable for instrumental effect. The excellence and superiority of Handel's chorusses are universally allowed; their general and prevailing character is grandeur; and Dr. C. observed, that their arrangement was so skilfully constructed that no part could be changed without injuring the effect of the whole, which was not the case with the chorusses of some other composers. In estimating the merits of Handel, the number and variety, as well as the excellence, of his works were to be considered. That composer who excels in every species and in every style of music—the grand or sublime, the beautiful and the ornamental,—must be exalted above those who have attained to eminence in only one or two of the styles; and, though Handel has left but few examples of the ornamental style, yet the grandeur, beauty, and harmony, and other perfe-

* Mr. S. Wesley, no doubt, differs in opinion with Dr. C.
tions displayed by him, particularly in the higher branches of the science, induced Dr. C. to consider him, upon the whole, as still the greatest of all musical composers.

**British Museum.**—It appears, from the papers of accounts relative to the British Museum, which have been printed by order of the House of Commons, that, besides a very considerable grant (upwards of 8000L.) for general purposes, nearly 3000L. of public money are given annually by parliament, for books of manuscripts.

Letters from a Medical Officer attached to the army under the Duke of Wellington, during the campaigns of 1812-13-14, addressed to a friend in England, are printing in an octavo volume.

Mr. G. Dy er has in the press, in a large octavo volume, the Privileges of the University of Cambridge; to which will be subjoined copious additions and some emendations to his History of the University.

Miss Charlotte North has in the press Original Poems, with Translations from the French, Italian, and Spanish, and a Play in five acts.

The author of Sketches of Character is about to publish another novel in three volumes, called Varieties of Life.

Mr. Donovan is preparing for the press two periodical works on British Fossils; one on the English Antediluvian Zoology, the other on the Vegetable Remains under the title of the English Antediluvian Botany.

The Rev. J. Whiteley, head master of the Free Grammar School in Leeds, is preparing for the press Sermons and Essays, in two octavo volumes; including a few Sermons by the Rev. J. Leadley, late fellow of Magdalen College, Cambridge, which he left in the author's hands for publication.

Dr. Aikin has in considerable forwardness Annals of the Reign of George the Third.

The second _livraison_ of the splendid French work on Egypt has made its appearance, and is principally devoted to the remains of ancient Thebes. Many of the plates measure six feet. Among other remarkable objects, the celebrated colossal figure of Memnon, which was said to emit an harmonious sound at the rising of the sun, still exists in the plain of Thebes. It is remarkable that the French artists attest that they heard similar sounds at sun-rise in another place covered with blocks of granite. Is it possible that the rapid change in the temperature of the air can, by its action upon the stone, produce this effect?

In the palace and tomb of Osymandias is still standing one of the largest and most beautiful colossal figures of rose-coloured granite, which must weigh upwards of two millions of pounds, and have been brought thither from a quarry 200 miles distant. The palace of the Propylæa, as it is termed, contains a hail supported by columns, the dimensions of which may afford some idea of the prodigious magnitude of these remains. It is 50 fathoms in length, and 25 in breadth; 134 pillars, each 65 feet high, support the roof, which is composed of immense blocks of stone. The whole church of Notre Dame, at Paris, would stand in it.—"We can scarcely express," say the writers, "the disagreeable impression made upon us by the first works of Grecian architecture that we saw, after a residence of eight months among these antiquities. The elegant Corinthian columns appeared slender and without solidity, and their rich capitals an unmeaning decoration. It required some time before we could recover our former taste. Grecian architecture possesses the utmost elegance and beauty of proportion; the ancient Egyptian, a noble simplicity, not destitute of elegance, and a grandeur that elevates the mind."—This work opens a new world, a boundless field for inquiries concerning ancient history, commerce, literature, and science.—Much that modern writers have hitherto only conjectured, relative to the ancient intercourse of nations, and the higher degree of their culture, is here reduced to certainty.

Dr. Whitaker, vicar of Whalley, is preparing for the press an edition of Thoresby's _Ducatus Leodiensis_, with considerable alterations and additions, in two folio volumes, illustrated by about forty plates. The original text, reprinted verbatim, will be given at the end of the second volume.

Mr. M. Gregson, of Liverpool, has prepared a few choice MSS. for the press, under the title of Fragments of the History of Lancashire.

Mr. Reynolds, cook to the Duke of Portland, has nearly ready an entire new work of Receipts in Cookery.

Captain Algernon Langton's translation from the Spanish of the Life and Adventures of the Squire Marcon de Ovregon, is in great forwardness for publication.

Mr. Ford proposes to publish, on the plan of Mr. Britton's Architectural Antiquities, a Series of Engravings from drawings by Mr. Palmer, of Cheetham's College, in Manchester; to be followed by a similar series of Christ's, or the
Collegiate Church, one of the finest specimens of Gothic architecture now remaining.

The Speeches of the Right Hon. Chas. James Fox, in the House of Commons, with Memoirs, &c. will soon appear in six octavo volumes.

Mr. PHILIPPART has in the press Dispositions, Military and Political, of Bonaparte, which will contain a correct narrative of all the late important events.

The Rev. John Jebb has a volume of Sermons nearly ready for publication.

Mr. CHARLES SMITH, the artist, one of the English who was, by the unjust policy of the French emperor, detained as prisoners or hostages during the whole war, has in the press, and is publishing by subscription, a sacred epic poem, entitled The Mosiad; or, the Deliverance of Israel from Egyptian Bondage.

Mr. W.C. LINDSAY proposes publishing by subscription, under the patronage of his Royal Highness the Commander in Chief, a set of Twelve Views in the Islands of Mauritius and Bourbon, from original drawings taken on the spot by an Officer in the Army.

The author of the Celtick Researches is preparing for publication a small volume on the subject of the Conversion of the Jews.

Mr. Thomas Howell is preparing an Account of Shrewsbury and its Environs, illustrated by views of the principal public, religious, and charitable buildings, engraved on wood.

Sir John Malcolm's History of Persia is in great forwardness.

In a few days will be published an Introduction to the Study of Conchology, illustrated by coloured Plates.

Account of the Literary and Scientific Pursuits which are encouraged and enforced in the University of Cambridge; with various notes.

BANNINGTON MOWBRAY, esq. has a new work in the press on the Breeding, Rearing, and Management of Domestic Poultry, Pigeons, and Rabbits, from memorandums made during nearly forty years' practice, accompanied with a practical and experimental account of the hatching the eggs of various fowls by artificial heat, after the method of the Egyptians.

An offer has been made to government to convey the mails to the different parts of the kingdom, at the rate of nine miles an hour, by steam: the details of the plan are so far complete and satisfactory as to have obtained the serious consideration of the Executive.

At the Theatre de Vaudeville, at Paris, there is now acting a little piece, called "Garriek." It is said to be founded on an adventure in the life of that eminent actor. The English Roscius, it appears, before his journey to France, had conceived that the French actors, however skilful, were deficient in nature. His foreign rivals, having heard this, employ a petition to overturn his chaise on the road to Paris, and, having him to themselves, make him go through a variety of odd circumstances and scenes, without his smallest suspicion of the character of his tormentors. At length they discover themselves to be the celebrated Lekain, Previle, Dangeville, and Gansin. The Englishman is then made to renounce his prejudice, and to allow that these actors must have performed naturally who could deceive so great a master.

The town has been recently amused with a pasquinade, entitled "Bonaparte-Phobia, or Cursing made Easy." It is a dialogue ingeniously constructed to introduce the various epithets applied to Bonaparte since his return to France, by the editor of the Times newspaper, who since that period has written "Nought but plain cannon, fire, and smoke, and bounce!"

However great the cause of anger, there is something so childish and contemptible in excessive and continued scurrility, that, for the credit of the diurnal press of the country, we should like to see it put down. Calling of names, the impotent resource of an over-matched school-boy, is disgraceful in the contests of nations or of men.

We are happy to announce the determination of the magistracy to enforce the law of the land with respect to the exposure of persons in the small-pox; a very proper example having been made of a female, who, with the most malignant obstinacy, persisted to endanger the lives of all around her, and actually caused the death of several individuals. — At the Court of King's Bench, Sophia Vautandillo, who had suffered judgment to go by default, on an indictment at common law, for wilfully and unlawfully carrying her child, then infected with the small-pox, into a certain public high-way, called White Lion-passage, near which were dwelling houses, and through which his Majesty's subjects passed, was sentenced to three months' imprisonment. It appeared by affidavits, that the prisoner's child had infected eleven persons, one of whom, a young woman, nineteen years of age, and seven children, had died of the disease; another of the children lost an eye.
The Lady's Correct List of the Amusements, Exhibitions, Lectures, &c. in the Metropolis, for May, 1815, with the Times and Terms of Admission.

Communications from Persons interested in New Announcements, &c. will receive prompt Attention.

Literary and Philosophical.

Royal Institution, Albemarle-street.—Annual course of Lectures. Ladies’ admission to the Series, annually, 2l. 2s.

Surrw Institution, Blackfriars-road. London Philosophical Society, Scots’ Hall, Crane-court, Fleet-street.—Lectures and Discussions alternately every Thursday, at 8 in the evening.—Admission by tickets from members; Sec. T. Pettigrew, esq. F.L.S. Bolt-court, Fleet-street.

City Philosophical Society, Dorset-street, Salisbury-square.—Lectures and Discussions alternately every Wednesday, at 8 in the evening.—Admission by tickets from members; Secretary, Mr. Shepherd, 176, Fleet-street.

Paintings.

Royal Academy, Somerset House; 9 until 4. Admittance, 2s.

Annual Exhibition of the Society of Painters in Oil and Water Colours, at the Great Rooms, Spring Gardens. Admittance 1s. catalogues 6d.

Three Original Pictures, from Paris, of the celebrated David, No. 20, Bedford-street, Covent Garden. Admittance 2s. with descriptions of each picture: viz. Passage of Mont St. Bernard; Bonaparte in his Cabinet; and Pope Pius VII. and Cardinal Caprara, his Legate. Magnificent Pictures, by Annibale and Ludovico Caracci, &c.; Pall Mall.—10 till 6. 1s.

British Gallery, Pall Mall.—A selection of celebrated Pictures, by Rubens, Rembrandt, Vandyke, and other eminent Artists of the Flemish and Dutch Schools, with which the Proprietors have favoured the British Institution. 10 till 6.—1s.; catalogues, 1s.

British Gallery of Drawings and Specimens of Engravings from Pictures by great Masters; 51, New Bond-street.—9 till dusk. 1s.

Historic Gallery, 27, Pall Mall.—Guericke’s celebrated Military Altar-Piece, from the church of St. Grisogono, at Rome.—1s.

Lucien Buonaparte’s Magnificent Collection of Pictures is now open to the public; 60, Pall Mall.—1s.; descriptive catalogues, 1s. 6d.

Panoramas.

Barker’s, Leicester-square.—Island of Elba, and Battle of Paris.—10 till dusk. 1s. each Painting; descriptive books, 6d.

Barker’s, near Surrey-street, Strand.—Interior of Paris, and Battle of Corunna.—10 till dusk. 1s. each; descriptive books, 6d.

Mr. Immanuel’s Panoramic Exhibition of Paintings on Velvet, Lyceum Theatre. Admittance, 1s. 6d.

Natural History, &c.

Exhibition of Fruit Trees, Vauxhall, in two parts; admission to each, 1s.; from 6 until dusk, Sundays excepted.

Bullock’s London Museum of 25,000 Specimens of Natural History, Antiquities, and Curiosities of Nature and Art, near St. James’s-street, Piccadilly.—The Museum of Birds and Curiosities, 1s.; Pantherion, or Quadrupeds, 1s.—10 till dusk.

Polito’s Royal Menagerie, Exeter Change, Strand.—Three Apartments, 1s. each, or 2s. 6d. the three; opens at 10, shuts at 9.

Serpent Alive.—The Boa Constrictor, sixteen feet long; 349, Strand. 10 till dusk. 1s.

Miscellaneous.

Views of the Alps, taken in Relief by an Artist; pointing out the roads of the Alps, the sources of the principal rivers of Europe, the different degrees of the vegetable world, and the strata of mineral of which these gigantic masses are composed; each object being in its proper colouring. No. 201, High Holborn; admittance from 11 to 4; 1s.

Miss Linwood’s Galleries of New Pictures in Worsted, Leicester-square.—9 till dusk. 2s.; children, Is.

Du Bourg’s Large Cork Models of Ancient Temples, Amphitheatres, Mausoleums, &c.; 60, Lower Grosvenor-street. 2s.; children, 1s.

Weeks’s Museum of Curious and Surprising Mechanism, Tichborne-street, Piccadilly.—9 till 9. 2s. 6d.

Mrs. Salmon’s Royal Historical Wax-Work, Fleet-street.—9 till 9. 1s.

Theatre of Grand Philosophical Recreations, by M. Garnerin, Great Rooms, Spring Gardens.—Opens at 7 o’clock in the evening. 4s. and 2s.
RETROSPECT OF POLITICS.

O! World, thy slippery turns!—Shakespeare.

If any persons in this country have deluded themselves into the expectation of peace, their hopes are now at an end. The war is virtually declared, and the preparations on both sides are proceeding with an activity commensurate to the magnitude of the conflict—at least, this is the case with Great Britain, Prussia, and France. With respect to Austria and Russia we are not so well informed; but we have the ministerial guarantee for similar energies on their part. Thus, to quote the address of Louis XVIII. "all Europe is advancing to dethrone Bonaparte;" and the world, for the first time, witnesses a confederacy of potentates upon the avowed principle of enmity to an individual. If finally compelled to hail him brother, the future historian will want language to describe their abasement; and this, without complete success, must eventually be the case; there can be no medium between friendship and enmity with a ruler of France.

In the mean time this extraordinary adventurer remains in Paris, doubtless to be present at the Champ de Mai, which is to take place the 28th instant. The elections are proceeding with rapidity, and are remarkable for the revival of names which his previous despotism had consigned to oblivion, and among the rest that of La Fayette. This is conclusive as to the intended policy of re-uniting every feeling connected with the political renovation of France. His constitutional inauguration over, we suppose Napoleon will immediately proceed to the frontier, where his arrival may be considered as a portentous omen of the approaching destruction of thousands.

Great hopes seem to be entertained by ministers of insurrectionary movements in various parts of France; and that many such symptoms are visible, the French papers distinctly admit. The last manifesto of Louis XVIII. even goes so far as to say, that, with the exception of a portion of the army, the whole of his subjects are desirous of his return; and that invitations to that effect reach him from all parts of his kingdom. Exaggeration in these kinds of addresses is to be expected; but, at the same time, it is more than probable that the concealed partisans of the house of Bourbon are encouraged, by the declarations of the allies, to shew their predilections, and to annoy the existing government to a very great degree. We apprehend, however, that all this falls very short of open resistance; while, on the other hand, it is quite clear that the executive can, and does, put arms into the hands of the great mass of the population. The system of volunteer associations, for instance, is encouraged to an extent that will shortly enrol every able-bodied man in France into some description or other of armed force. To those who see every thing through their wishes, this may certainly appear a heartless view of things; but we cannot disguise from ourselves the glaring fact, that the major part of France, civil as well as military, are decidedly for Napoleon. We have great respect for testimony, but still more for the evidence of our senses; and we can—

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.—The charge, 1s. 9d. exclusive of subsequent demands.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.—Admission to the top, 4d. various small charges for the different parts shown.

The Monument, Fish-street-hill,—9 till 3; admission to the top, 6d.

THE THEATRES open during the month are,—The Opera; Drury-lane Theatre; Covent-garden Theatre; Surry Theatre, at the Obelisk, St. George's-fields; Sadler's Wells Theatre; Islington-road; Astley's Amphitheatre, Westminster-road; the Regency Theatre, Tottenham-street, Tottenham-court-road.

RETROSPECT OF POLITICS.

EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS ON VELVET. 29, New Bond-street. 1s.

EXHIBITION OF ROYAL WAX-WORK, 67, Fleet-street.—10 till 10. 1s.

THE BRITISH FORUM, a Debating Society, at No. 22, New Bond Street.—Every Thursday evening, at 7. 1s.

British Museum, Great Russell-street. Open every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, in each week. Admission gratis, from 10 till 2.

Tower of London.—Lions and other Beasts, Armoury, Regalia, &c.—Charges according to the various parts seen.
not comprehend his extraordinary capabilities at the present moment upon any other principle. Nor is this preference a mere affair of inclination, it is also a feeling of interest: myriads, who care little for Bonaparte, dread the re-establishment of a family whose first formal signature implied the illegality of the only tenure by which half the property of France was held by its possessors.

Decidedly, therefore, as this country is for war—and it cannot be denied that the leading part of its inhabitants contemn the executive in its determination,—we are certainly not encouraged to it by any reasonable hope of a bloodless contest. On the contrary, every thing we hear of is indicative of special and determined resistance; and the policy of invading a military population of twenty-five millions, upon a principle of internal interference, will shortly be elucidated by that kind of experience which will set the question at rest for ever. We speak of policy; for as to right, that on all sides seems bounded only by power.

Formidable, too, as is the confederacy from the part of the allies, we cannot cast our eyes around us without an involuntary doubt of their ability to fulfil the stipulations to which by treaty they are bound. Four powers, for instance, agree to bring into the field 600,000 men; but, situated as three of them are in Italy, in Poland, and in Saxony, even with the aid of British gold, can they spare so large a force for direct aggressive warfare in proper France? And as to the fourth (speaking of Great Britain), at least one half of our own quota must be furnished in specie, as we really have not at this time 60,000 regulars in Europe. With respect to the minor powers, it is quite clear that few of them can move without being taken into British pay; nor, after the system of spoliation pursued by the

* Lord Castlereagh has since asserted their determination and ability to bring forward upwards of a million of soldiers. The other inference, with respect to Great Britain, is admitted: we supply an army of 50,000, and a subsidy of two millions and a half to the smaller powers in lieu of the remaining 100,000.

Congress, is it evident how far they may be depended upon, if employed. At all events, the views there unfolded have excited so much disgust and alarm, that the same confidence and union which caught Bonaparte in the recoil, and overthrew him, is never to be expected again. The smaller powers of Europe are, indeed, in the situation of the sensible ass: they cannot rationally be interested for either side; although more indignation may be excited by abuse in the face of profession, than when entirely misdirected. At least, the Danes, the Saxons, and a few more, may be excused if they think so, and act accordingly.

We are aware that all these pleas are pleas of expediency, and that a line of argument may be assumed against which expediency is availing: such is that of a great statesman, who, although generally in opposition, has joined the ministry in the present question of war. "If it could ever be demonstrated," says Lord Grenville, "that the more profitable course would be to refrain from hostilities, with a just cause to commence them, I would still contend that they would become more necessary as they appeared Unprofitable." Now, we admit there may be a species of virtuous despair that may be allowed to disregard the adequacy of means to ends; as, for example, a Denmark defending its fleet, or a Norway itself: but does a march to Paris, to dethrone a particular individual, call for similar decision? We think not; neither are we of opinion that the political existence of one man must necessarily keep the world in arms, if the world would choose to believe that, extraordinary as the man is, like all other men, he must yield to the force of the circumstances which surround him. It is those circumstances, and not his inclinations, which merit attention: the latter may never change; but let him not be called upon to head armies, and the former must control him for the rest of his life. Possibly, if there is one man in France, unfriendly to the Bourbons, who secretly wishes the allies to hold on their course, that individual is known by the name of Napoleon Bonaparte.
rendered incapable of ever again ministering his sacred functions. It is reported that a handsome provision has been made for him by the gentleman in consequence of the misfortunes which his misguided conduct has brought upon him.

The crown, which had been somewhat injured by the late attack, has been completely repaired. Part of the gold work had been loosened; but not one of the jewels was missing. It is now restored to all its former splendour, and replaced in its situation in the Tower.

The lady whose matrimonial indiscretion has lately been the subject of public animadversion has 20,000£ per annum in her own right. The case will not be tried before next term.

The following is a correct description of the smallest dwarf ever known, who has been exhibited before the Queen, the Princesses Elizabeth, Mary, and Charlotte of Wales, the Prince Regent, the Dukes of York and Clarence.—His name is Simon Paap, a native of Zandyoori, near Haarlem, in Holland. He is 26 years of age, weighs only 27 pounds, and is only 28 inches in height. He is considered the shortest man ever seen. He is well made and well proportioned for his size. He has not grown any since he was six years of age, and no cause could be assigned by the faculty. He goes through the military exercise with a gun proportionate to his size. He smokes tobacco and takes snuff freely. He prefers the house to the open air. His appearance is that of a child between four and five years of age, but his age is visible in the features of his face; his disposition is very lively, and he will hold a conversation in his own language.

At the sale of Mr. Edward's collection of books in Pall Mall, London, the first edition of Livy, in vellum, was purchased by Sir M. Sykes for 950£.

Miss O'Neil's benefit, at Covent Garden Theatre, netted 1000£ over and above all expenses.

The Duke of Baccleugh and Queensberry, much to his honour, has given the poetical Ettrick shepherd, Mr. Hogg, a pastoral farm, at a merely nominal rent, in that tract of romantic country from which Mr. Hogg derives his title.

Mrs. Mountain, who has so long and so deservedly been a great favourite of the public, lately took her farewell of the stage, at the King's Theatre. In the course of the evening Mrs. Mountain delivered, or rather attempted to deliver, an address of respectful gratitude to the public for the long and warm patronage which she had experienced—her feelings...
The picture represents Louis XVIII. Bonaparte, and the young King of Rome, sitting in a café, the Corsican reading the last-mentioned journal. His Majesty says, very politely, “Sir, when you have done with the Empire, I will thank you to let me have it.” and Napoleon, pointing to the boy, replies, “Sir, I am sorry it is not in my power to oblige you, for it is bespoke for this young gentleman!”

Bonaparte has granted permission to the benevolent Mr. Webb to visit any part of France. A gentleman of the city of Derby, who is agent to Mr. Webb, has been requested to meet the philanthropist in Paris in a few weeks.

Connoisseurship.—An action, during the last month, was brought in the Court of King’s Bench, upon the balance of accounts, by a picture-dealer, against a hop-merchant in the Borough, for pictures; one item of which was a charge of 24l. for a landscape on copper by Laraisse, a celebrated painter of Brussels. This picture was returned, when, instead of being a painting by the supposed master, it proved to be an old tea-tray, with the edge cut off and set in a frame. The plaintiff, in a conversation, admitted that he could not warrant it a genuine production, but said it was the fashion of the trade to name pictures with the name of some eminent painter, otherwise they would not sell. Mr. Parke called a witness to prove that he knew the picture in its humbler character of a tea-tray, which was offered to him for a guinea, being a pretty drawing, but he refused. It was afterwards shown of its standing edge, put in a frame, and fathered upon Laraisse, and then was valued at 24l. It was, however, agreed to refer the whole account, and save the exposure of the taste of the parties.

The will of Joanna Southcott passed the seal of the Prerogative Court of Canterbury on the 28th; the letters of administration granted in January last to William Southcott, the brother, having been previously revoked. She has left a few trifling legacies to relations, and the residue, in case of no issue male, to Mrs. Jane Townley and Ann Underwood, her executrix. There is a clause, directing restitution of the various presents made in expectation of the birth of a male child, in case of no such event, to the respective devotedes; and reference is made to a book containing a catalogue of their names and offerings, which it has been necessary to record with the testamentary papers. Every possible want and accommodation seems to have been anticipated with scrupulous attention.

There are cradles, robes, mantles (some
of white satin), bows, caps, and napkins out of number, several articles of plate, money from "six guineas" to "a pretty sixpence," so denominated; "three nutmegs" by one contributor, and "a pin" by another.

At Union Hall, Mary Welch, a native of Ireland, was brought before Mr. Sergeant Sellon, on a charge of attempting to hang her own child, a girl about eleven years of age. The prisoner was fully committed for trial.

The Rev. Arthur Young, in an advertisement published in the Bury Post, announces his intention of leaving England, and settling on an estate of 9000 acres, in the Crimea, "the most beautiful province in the Russian empire, where the proprietor (the reverend gentleman himself), during a residence of five years, never saw the face of a tax-gatherer! nor ever paid a single farthing for taxes, except a stamp upon the purchase!"

Ancestry.—In a trial at Lancaster assizes, in which Colonel Plombe was the plaintiff, and the Earl of Derby and Sir T. Stanley, bart. were the defendants, the plaintiff's title to the manor in dispute was traced from the era of the reign of Alfred the Great!

The Baron's-hall, at Arundel Castle, the romantic seat of the Duke of Norfolk, is fitting up with increased magnificence, preparatory to a fete which the noble owner is about to give to all the barons of England. It will be conducted, it is said, with much chivalrous ceremony, and according to old English hospitality.

Lord Byron has presented a silver vase to Mr. Walter Scott, which is estimated at the value of 300/.

MARRIAGES.

At Mary-le-bone, the Hon. M. Rodney, son of the late Lord Rodney, to Sarah, eldest daughter of R. Withy, esq.

At Edmonton, Lieut.-Col. Sir Victor Von Arentsschild, to Dorothea Henrietta, daughter of Quarles Harris, esq.

At Hanover-square, Lieut.-Colonel G. Wyndham, 20th light dragoons, to Mary, only daughter of the late W. Blunt, esq. M.P.

At Westminster, Captain Keene, 9th light dragoons, to Mary, only daughter of the late W. Blunt, esq.

At Hanover-square, Lieut.-Colonel G. Wyndham, 20th light dragoons, to Mary, eldest daughter of Sir Geo. Armitage, of Kirklees, bart.

Sir Geo. Buggin, of Great Cumberland-place, to the Right Hon. Lady Cecilia Gore, sister to the Earl of Arran.

At Tiverton, Rev. John Pitman, to Miss Keats, niece of Vice-Admiral Sir R. G. Keats, G.C.B.


DEATHS.

At his house, Edward-street, Portman-square, Viscount Wentworth, 70. The viscounty is extinct; but the barony of Wentworth descends to his sister, Lady Milbanke, whose daughter, Lady Byron, is now the next in inheritance to it.

Sir John Ingelby, bart. of Ripley.

At Burlington, Lady Boynton, relict of the late Sir Griffith Boynton, bart.

The Right Rev. Dr. Wm. Cleaver, Lord Bishop of St. Asaph. His lordship was first raised to episcopacy in 1787, being then made Bishop of Oxford.

At a very advanced age, the Rev. Wm. Willies, archdeacon of Wells, and rector of Christian Malford, Wilts.


Dr. John Fleming. He formerly contributed to many of the journals of the metropolis.
LADIES' FASHIONABLE DRESSES.

MORNING DRESS.—An elegant lace cap, ornamented with a full bunch of lilac or other flowers, lined with coloured crape; a Marmot of handsome lace over the crown, and fastened under the chin.

The Theresa bonnet; the front tastefully woven in straw and chenille, trimmed round the edge with blond lace; the crown made of peach-blossom satin, also richly trimmed with blond lace; a handsome bunch of flowers or feathers to correspond.—The hair very full of curls in front, and divided in the middle.

Morning dress of India muslin, with triple flounces of worked muslin, each drawn with peach-blossom ribbon. The body full, fitted to the shape by a letting-in of lace; French back, drawn with a handsome fullness from the shoulders; the sleeves in-lot with lace and peach-blossom ribbon. The dress is trimmed round the bosom with a double frill of very fine lace put on as full as possible.

A French spencer of Maria Theresa-coloured satin, with a large cape and standing collar. Full sleeves fastened at the top of the arm and round the wrists with rich cords and tassels of the same colour. A French worked-muslin ruff

At Albury Park, Surrey, C. Wall, esq. Near Chertsey, 59, Mary, widow of the late J. Tippett, esq. of the East-India Company's service.

79, John Horton, esq. an alderman of Bath.

Mrs. Carteret, widow of Admiral Carteret, and only sister of Sir J. Sylvester, bart. recorder of London.

At a very advanced age, the Rev. Dr. Adney, for 55 years rector of Uplowman and Sumpford Peverell, Devon.

At Clifton, near Bristol, the Right Hon. Lady Frances Flood.

At Lisbon, Frances, fourth daughter of Sir Edmund Cradock Hartopp, bart. of Four Oaks Hall, Warwickshire.

Mrs. Charlotte Brown, 69, wife of J. Brown, esq. of St. Alban's, Herts.

At Southampton, Sir Geo. Thomas, bart. of Dale Park, Sussex.

At Kettering, Northamptonshire, the Rev. Andrew Fuller, many years pastor of the Baptist church in that town, and secretary of the Baptist Missionary Society from its commencement in 1799.


At Taunton, the lady of Capt. Thomas P. Durell, R.N.

Benj. Garlike, esq. formerly minister at the court of Berlin.

At Ivy-bridge, Devon, Mrs. Campbell, wife of Capt. Campbell, R.H. and daughter of the late Sir C. Douglas, bart.

At Brentford, Mrs. E. Trimmer, daughter of the late Mrs. Trimmer, authoress. Mrs. Marsh, relict of the late Dr. Marsh, of Highworth, Wilts.

Miss Mary Collingwood, eldest sister of the late Lord Collingwood.

At Lisbon, Bartolozzo, the engraver.
DINNER DRESS.—Lilac and white striped sarsenet dress, trimmed with rich silk fringe. Three-quarter body. Lilac satin cape, ornamented with fluted satin.

A white crepe turban, ornamented with flowers and pearl beads.

The hair dressed à la-Grecque. Necklace and ear-rings of cut ivory, as worn at the Russian court. White kid shoes and gloves.

The tunic frock is also a very fashionable dinner costume: it is made always with jacconet or figured muslin, and generally worn over a white sarsnet or sattin slip. The front consists of a triangular piece of lace, like a stomacher, let in to a piece of muslin on each side of the bosom, forming the shape elegantly. The sleeves are very short, and generally composed of white lace or muslin to correspond. The dress is made shorter than the petticoat, and is trimmed very full all round with lace.

EVENING DRESS.—A white sattin Spanish hat, looped up on the side, ornamented with real pearls, and a rich plume of seven ostrich feathers. The hair dressed very full, but in soft curls.

A dress of gauze, with rich sattin sprigs trimmed with tulle, and festooned up with jessamine and honeysuckles. The body drawn full behind with cords and tassels. A French front of an easy fullness; white sattin cape, also trimmed with tulle. This dress, which is much admired for its elegant simplicity, is worn over a slip of white or primrose sattin.

A scarf of lace, thrown carelessly over the shoulders. Necklace and ear-rings of pearls or diamonds. Primrose-coloured shoes and gloves. Fan of rich lama silver.

We are indebted to Mrs. Etches, of No. 91, New Bond-street (who conducted the late Mrs. Bingley's business), for the above elegant fashions.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.—The only novelty in colours this month is that called the Maria Theresa, which is as yet too little known to be generally adopted. The most prevailing colours are lilac, peach-blossom, imperial-green, Saxon-green, pale pink, straw, or primrose.

Flowers are also still universally worn, as are feathers.

HINTS.—Our fair countrywomen may be congratulated on the improvement made in the fashions this month. Those frightful French bonnets, &c. having given place to the more simple, but elegant, English taste, it is to be expected that some credit is due to Celebs for his satirical allegory on this subject, &c.

HORTULANA.

JUNE.

Copious dispenser of delight, bright June,
All hail! the meadows swell with flow'ry pride,
Shed from thy lavish hand.

In this season of midsummer Nature is clothed in her gayest garb. The beautiful herbs and flowers which now meet the eye in every direction, by their brilliance gratify our vision, and by their fragrance our sense of smelling; and, while they contribute to embellish our gardens and fields, they also promote the purification and renovation of the atmosphere. Warm weather is generally established in June, yet the heat is rarely excessive, and it is frequently tempered by refreshing showers; or, when the meridian heat is too great, it may be luxuriously avoided in the aromatic shades.

Half in a blush of clustering roses lost,
Dew-dropping Coolness to the shade retires;
There, on the verdant turf or flow'ry bed,
By gelid founts and careless rills to muse;
While tyrant Heat, dispreading through the sky
With rapid sway, his burning influence darts
On man and beast, and herb, and tepid stream.—Thomson.

About the beginning of this month the pimpernel, thyme, the bitter-sweet nightshade, white bryony, the dog-rose, and the poppy, have their flowers full blown.
Towards the middle, the flowers of the valerian begin to open; mullein, viper's bugles, borage, dog-wood, vervain, the vine, water hemlock, and the bee orchis, have their flowers full blown; and towards the end of June there are to be seen in flower goats' beard, deadly nightshade, meadow-sweet, the day-lily, the jasmine, and the holy hock. The several sorts of corn come into ear this month, as well as most of the numerous species of grass. The small fruit also begins to ripen—as strawberries, gooseberries, currants, cherries; and the hay-harvest commences.

The summer solstice happens on the 22d of June, which is the longest day; and at this period there is hardly any night, especially in the northern parts of the island, the twilight continuing from sunset to sunrise.

The solemn midnight wears unusual smiles,
If midnight we may name where softer shades
Lend only milder beauties.

Plant out, in a showery time, all the hardier annuals, into the different parts of the garden where they are to remain; viz.—French and African marigolds, chrysanthemums, pericaricas, amaranthuses, scabious, egg-plant, stramonium, love-apple, palmachristi, also balsams, capsicums, Chins asters, Indian pinks, ten-weeks stocks, larve, convolvulus, &c. Transplant the bulbous roots that have done blowing and such as blow in autumn, coleuchens, crocuses, narcissuses, and hyacinths, on their leaves withering. Transplant from the seed bed wall-flowers, stocks, sweet-williams, and columbines, sown in March and April; likewise holly-hocks, tree primrose and foxglove, Canterbury bells, Greek valerian, single rose, Campion rockets, scarlet lychnis, and such other perennials as were sown two or three months since. Assist carnations in blowing, by opening their pods a little. Take up tulips when their leaves are decaying. Take up also crown-imperials, narcissuses, jonquils, fritellarias, snow-drops, spring crocuses, and other bulbous roots; also, in a dry day, ranunculus and anemone roots—all when their leaves are decaying. Carnations and pinks, raised this year from the seed, should now be removed into a nursery bed. Carnations, pinks, and double sweet-williams, may be increased by layers.

Clean borders and shrubberies; remove snails and other vermin, and keep down the weeds; clip box-edgings; remove luxuriant branches from apricot, peach, nectarine, and other wall-trees, and thin the wall-fruit; stir the earth about the roots of trees; water frequently, where necessary. Stone-fruit may be budded or inoculated in the third or fourth week, and new plantations of strawberries made.

As to the greenhouse plants, bring out all such as are still remaining in the house, clear them from dead leaves, and give them a little fresh earth; shift such as require it into larger pots; plant cuttings of geraniums. Oranges, lemons, citrons, pomegranates, and the curious jasmines, may be still increased by inarching. Myrtles, jasmines, pomegranates, granadillos, oleanders, and such like shrubs, may be propagated by layers. Exotics, raised this year from seed, should now be transplanted into larger pots, and plunged into a moderate hot-bed.

Shade melon-plants in the heat of the day, give them plenty of air, and put on paper-frames. Let those under hand-glasses, as well as cucumbers, have full liberty to run out. Thin cucumbers sown last month, and sow still fresh seed, which will ripen in August and September.

MONTHLY KALENDAR.

JUNE.

O June! prime season of the annual round,
Thy gifts with rich variety abound:
Though hot thy suns, they luscious fruits mature;
Though loud thy thunders, coolness they procure;
Pleasing thy twilight to the studious muse,
Thy evening coolness and thy morning dews.

JUNE is represented by a young man in a mantle of dark grass-green, his head decorated by a coronet of bents, king-cobs, and maiden-hair, bearing on his right arm a basket of summer fruit, and on his left an eagle; at his side the sign
Cancer, or the Crab, which the Sun enters on the 22d.—This month took its name from the Goddess Juno; or, according to some authors, from Junius Brutus, the great assertor of Roman liberty. It was by the Savons called Weyd-monat, or the month when the beasts did weyd, or feed, in the meadows.

1. Thursday.—Nicomede. This saint was a native of Rome, and a priest. His honourable zeal in burying the body of the martyr, Felieula, caused the discovery of his being a Christian during the persecution of Domitian, and he was beaten to death by plummets.

2. Friday.—Days increase 8 h. 30 m.

3. Saturday.—Saturn rises 1 h. 46 m. in the evening.

4. SECOND SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.—King George III. born June 4, 1738.


Boniface was a native of Devonshire, and the apostle who carried Christianity into Germany; where he was, by Pope Gregory II., appointed archbishop and legate of the holy see. He fixed the metropolitan see at Mentz, which still retains the supremacy. Pepin the Short of France was crowned by him at Soissons. Such was his zeal, that, in 754, when above seventy years of age, he consecrated Lullus archbishop of Mentz, and set out, with fifty pious associates, to preach to the savages of the northern parts of East Friesland; where, after making many converts, he and his associates were murdered by the populace.

6. Tuesday.—Jupiter sets 1 h. 13 m. morning.

7. Wednesday.—New Moon, at 4 in the afternoon.

8. Thursday.—Mars rises 0 h. 57 m. morning.

9. Friday.—The Moon eclipses Mercury at 57 minutes past 1 in the morning; and Venus at 41 minutes past midnight.

10. Saturday.—Venus is with the Moon at 1 in the afternoon.

11. Sunday.—St. Barnabus, originally named Joses, is by St. Luke styled an apostle, though not one of the twelve chosen by Christ. He was a Levite, and a native of Cyprus, where he had a large estate; and, as one of the seventy disciples of Jesus, he preached the Gospel in various countries for fourteen years. He accompanied St. Paul, particularly to Antioch, where first, under their auspices, the Christian religion took a name. At Salamis, in Cyprus, he was stoned to death by Jews. He wrote an Epistle, which is extant and allowed to be genuine, though not admitted into the canon of the church.

12. Monday.—Mars is in his quadrature at midnight.

13. Tuesday.—Trinity Term ends.—First Quarter of the Moon, at 8 in the morning.

14. Wednesday.—Mars is in his quadrature at midnight.

15. Thursday.—Sun rises 3 h. 45 m.; sets 8 h. 15 m.,

16. Friday.—Jupiter is with the Moon.

17. Saturday.—St. Alban. He is styled the proto-martyr, having been the first who suffered for Christianity in Britain. He was born at Verulam in Hertfordshire, now called St. Alban's in honour of him. In his youth he travelled to Rome, and served seven years as a soldier under Diocliesian; but, on his return to England, he became a thorough convert to Christianity, under the auspices of a holy priest named Amphialus. Being discovered as a Christian, he was, by order of the Roman governor, cruelly tortured, and then beheaded, about the year 286.

18. Monday.—Fourth Sunday after Trinity.

19. Tuesday.—Sun rises 1 h. 43 m.

20. Wednesday.—Trinity Term ends.—First Quarter of the Moon, at 8 in the morning.

21. Thursday.—St. Alberan's feast day.

22. Friday.—The Pleiades rise 1 h. 43 m.

23. Saturday.—The Longest Day. The Sun rises 3 h. 43 m.; sets 8 h. 7 m.—Length of the day 16 h. 31 m.; length of night, 7 h. 26 m. Full Moon, at 6 in the evening.—An eclipse will take place of the Moon; commencing 24 m. past 1 in the afternoon, and ending 49 m. past 7, but invisible here.

24. Sunday.—The Summer quarter commences at 9 in the morning, the Sun then entering the northern tropic, the sign Cancer, or the Crab.

The following remarkable prediction appears in Moore's Almanack at this crisis—"A certain emperor scene gaining ground and in favour with the French nation or French government, to the mortification of a certain exalted family."
23. Friday.—Jupiter is in his quadrature at ½ past 5 in the afternoon.

24. Saturday.—Midsummer. "On the vigil of this day," says Bourne, "men and women were accustomed to gather together in the evening, by the sea-side, or in some certain houses, and there adorn a girl, who was her parents' first-begotten child, after the manner of a bride. Then they feasted and leaped, after the manner of bacchantes, and danced and shouted as they were wont to do on their holidays. After this they poured into a narrow-necked vessel some of the sea-water, and put also into it certain things belonging to each of them; then, as if the devil gifted the girl with the faculty of telling future things, they would enquire with a loud voice about the good or evil fortune that should attend them. Upon this, the girl would take out of the vessel the first thing that came to hand, and shew it, and give it to the owner; who, upon receiving it, was so foolish as to imagine himself wiser as to the good or evil fortune that should attend him."

St. John Baptist. St. John was the son of Zacharias, a priest, and Elizabeth, cousin to the Virgin Mary. When Zacharias was offering incense in the temple, he was saluted by an angel, who announced that his wife, though reputed barren and stricken in years, should bear him a son, to be named John, who would be filled with the Holy Ghost even from his mother's womb. In his tender years he retired to the wilderness, and lived an austere life, feeding on locusts (a sort of large grasshopper) and wild honey. Here he proclaimed the coming of the Messiah, and introduced and preached baptism. The Redeemer himself went thither from Nazareth, and was baptised. The liberty with which he reprehended the incestuous marriage of the Tetrarch Herod with Herodius cost him his life. After having been a year confined in prison, Herod, on the request of Salome, a daughter of Herodias, instigated by her wicked mother, ordered the head of St. John to be brought on a charger. Thus died the great forerunner of our blessed Saviour, about a year before his passion.

25. Fifth Sunday after Trinity.

26. Monday.—Saturn rises 10 at night.

27. Tuesday.—Jupiter rises at 1 in the afternoon.

28. Wednesday.—Mars rises at midnight.

29. Thursday.—St. Peter. His original name was Simon, and he was by trade a fisherman. He and his brother, St. Andrew, having seen and been satisfied of Christ, the redeemer of the world, and having their faith farther confirmed by the miraculous draught of fishes, became constant attendants on Christ, who gave Simon also the name of Cephas, signifying a rock, which is by us changed to Peter, from a Greek word of the same import. He was the chief of the twelve apostles; and, after the ascension, he preached and converted many thousands, both Jews and Gentiles, in various countries. He was crucified at Rome about the year 65.

Last Quarter of the Moon, at 10 at night.

30. Friday.—Venus sets at half past 10 at night.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

An Old Witch will find that we have attended to one of her requests, and we hope in our next number to accomplish the other.

We regret that S. H. B. on "Protestant Nunneries" came too late for the present number; it will certainly appear next month; as will B—X on "Affected Generosity," and the "First Letter of an Artist to an Amateur."

The "Furnace of Renown" and the "Vision of Fancy" will appear as quickly as our present stock of visions will admit. The penchant of many of our correspondents for dreaming is astonishing.

The "Danger of Delay" and "Sir Eldred" are under consideration.

Y. Z.'s hint will be attended to.

Susan, Sarah, and Sophia, shall have a peep into the Casket next month, if possible. When the conclusion comes to hand, the "Drop of Common Sense, a fairy tale," shall be inserted.

The lines of Poetaster, "Margaret, a fragment," "Verses on the Ettrick Shepherd," "A Vain Vision," will all meet with early, if not with the earliest, attention.

The present number completing our First Volume, a Title-page and Index to the same will accompany our number for July.